

TRAVELS IN BELGIUM.

INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF HABITS AND CUSTOMS.

The City of Mons—Walks about Namur—The Wallon Country—Methods of Courtesy—Cheese—Etc.

[From Professor E. Kemm.] Leaving Brussels and the Flemish country for a while we take a closer course and reach the city of Mons, close to the French frontier. This is a fortress of some importance. Everything looks French here—language, manners and dress. On the public squares cafes abound, and in the afternoon, during summer time, a large number of officers in their gay uniforms may be seen, sitting around tables on the outside and sheltered by awnings, playing dominoes and idling away time. The most remarkable edifice in town is the St. Waudru church or cathedral, distinguished through its elegance and boldness of style; the court-house, the theater and exchange deserve also special mention. Mons is quite an industrial center, and large coal mines are in operation in its neighborhood. A great portion of those mines known as Valenciennes are made here. Making a short stay in Mons we take an easterly course and passing Charleroi we reach Namur. Our road may be said to have been literally through clouds of smoke the whole way; for we had to pass through a dense, black smoke arising from hundreds of chimneys belonging to glass factories, iron-works, foundries and machine-shops. Namur is a strongly fortified town, and lies on the banks of the river Meuse. Its population is 60,000. Behind it extend the Ardennes, a chain of mountains separating Belgium from France. A curious sight meets our eyes in the streets of Namur; every third person we meet is either a soldier, a nun or a monk. If the garrison of the fortress is represented by a large force of soldiers, it seems that the holy orders are equally well represented by legions of monks, curious and inquisitive. There are indeed no less than a dozen convents, not counting the regular clergy, which forms a little army of itself. We are now in the heart of

THE WALLON COUNTRY.

The patois or idiom, known by that name, is a mixture of Neo-Latin, Spanish and French words. Traces of the history of that country can easily be found in its composition; it shows the domination under which it has been in past ages. A particularity, however, is to be noticed. While the Wallons have conserved a number of Spanish words, the Flemish and Dutch, who were under Spanish rule at the same time, did not incorporate any Spanish words. The Wallons, as we have said, are a gay people, free from care and addicted to pleasure. They delight in laughing, singing, dancing and drinking. They are very talkative, curious and inquisitive. A stranger entering an estaminet or inn, in a small town, is at once the object of public attention. The loudest and most animated conversation is hashed immediately, and everybody scrutinizes his exterior, dress, etc. After awhile, if his appearance is satisfactory to the assembly, the head speaker goes up to him and invites him in a polite manner to join the company, and, at the same time, he shows him his exterior, dress, etc. After awhile, if his appearance is satisfactory to the assembly, the head speaker goes up to him and invites him in a polite manner to join the company, and, at the same time, he shows him his exterior, dress, etc.

COURTSHIP IS DONE IN THIS WAY.

Two days in the week are set apart for Amor's worship, Sundays and Thursdays. A lover will visit his sweetheart alone, but will be accompanied by friends. A number of young men meet and agree upon the place to visit in the evening. They generally number from four to six. Assembling at the house of the village belle, refreshments are served to them, after which a game is instituted in which the old folks participate. Meanwhile things are so arranged that one of the men has to entertain the young girl in his exterior, dress, etc. After awhile, if his appearance is satisfactory to the assembly, the head speaker goes up to him and invites him in a polite manner to join the company, and, at the same time, he shows him his exterior, dress, etc.

much for the embellishment of the town, promenades, diversions, races, etc.

THE TWO GAMES PLAYED. At the bank are roulette and trente et quarante. It is not unusual to see men lose fifty thousand francs in one day. An amusing anecdote was told us of a countryman who visited the bank one day. Being tempted to play he had the good luck to win a thousand francs. Taking his money he went out and asked for his umbrella at the vestibule. As he had no change to pay for its keeping he returned to the play-room, but was told there that his change was given out except what he actually played. So he put down a gold piece at roulette and lost. He continued, and lost again, and getting excited, lost all he had won and the money he had brought with him besides. We heard of another accident which was not amusing for one of the actors. An English nobleman was playing, when he was accidentally called away. Forgetting about his stake he did not return immediately. In the meanwhile his stake won a number of times in succession, until a big pile of gold was waiting for him. A Frenchman, who had seen him leave and had watched the game, could not endure the sight of seeing all this gold disappear at one throw of the dice, and he went to inform the English man of his luck and asked him to take away his money. The Englishman told him to mind his own business. Words followed; the next morning they had a duel, and the Frenchman

GOT A BULLET FOR HIS PAINS.

Many fortunes are yearly lost at Spa, and suicides are of common occurrence, but, the same as at Monaco, they are kept secret for fear of hurting the town. Departing from Spa in party with our countrymen far as Liege in order to reach Antwerp. This time we travel, for curiosity's sake, in a third-class car, and have a good opportunity to study popular customs. Although third-class travel is not so comfortable as first-class, they are by no means used exclusively by the lower class of people. Except ladies of the better class, who do not travel in them, they are patronized by all grades of society, and especially because smoking is allowed. By the time we reach Liege our car is crowded. Among the passengers there are a number of Wallon workmen and peasants in their blue linen blouses or smock-frocks and colored caps; women with their strangely formed straw hats, which are extremely wide in front and stand up straight about a foot, while the rear end closely fits the head and sticks out about six inches. A piece of white cloth is fastened to the top of the hat and hangs down the back. We notice in the crowd a short fat Fleming in his velvet, brass-buttoned jacket and fur cap, accompanied by his better half, wearing a short dress, low and gold-buckled shoes and a linen bonnet, or rather nightcap, with lace on the sides of her face and gold plate; her forehead is covered by a gold ring, and she wears gold earrings nearly four inches long; her fingers are full of rings and half of her body is covered with trinkets.

A PARTY OF HUNTERS.

With their guns and outfit, make themselves conspicuous through their arrogant manners, though we could not think, to save our lives, where they could find any game in a country in which the smallest hare can find a place to hide. There are other sportsmen in the car with their fishing apparatus and poles, which are especially calculated to add to the comforts of the passengers. There is also a sprinkling of tradesmen and merchants from the larger cities, among whom that irrepressible individual, called commis-voyager or drummer, shines in all his glory. The United States, with its book agents, peddlers, and so on; but when it comes to the regular drummer, or commis-voyager, we must concede the palm to Europe. Every car, every stage-coach and every hotel is infested with them. In Belgium, especially, they are distinguished by their manners and dress. Wearing a stylish dress and affecting polite manners when coming in contact with refined people, the commis-voyager in the more ostentatious and conceited braggart in the world. While traveling he delights in selecting a poor victim for his commonplace jokes, endeavoring to render it ridiculous, and feels proud of the laughter his sarcasms have called forth. A stranger who enters the car in our car, and soon monopolized the conversation, which had been carried on rather noisily by a number of young men. His darts of wit and repartee were followed by great applause. He exhausted his store of information, his glance lighted on the honest and simple face of the fat Fleming, of whom we have already spoken. The train had just left Liege and was ascending a steep mountain by means of a cable; its locomotive was left behind, and the arrangement is similar to the San Francisco cable-roads, with the difference that large trains are pulled up at a greater speed. The distance may be five miles. The cable is a heavy wire, and is supported by towers and cannot be seen from the cars when in motion. This road has been in operation thirty-five years, which proves that the dummy arrangement of San Francisco is not a new invention.

THE GOOD OBSERVER OF NATURE.

The good observer of nature exists in fragments, a trait here and a trait there. Each perceives what it concerns him to see. The fox-hunter knows pretty well the ways and habits of the fox, but on any other subject he is apt to mislead you. He comes to see only fox-tracks in whatever he looks. The bee-hunter will follow the bee, but lose the bird. The farmer notes what affects his crops and his earnings, and little else. Common people, St. Pierre says, observe without reasoning, and the learned reason without observing. If one could apply to the observation of nature the sense and skill of the South American rastroador, or trailer, how much he would track home. This man's eye is keener than the eagle's, and he can see no more elude him than he can elude fate. His perceptions are said to be so keen that the descending of a leaf or pebble, or the slipping down of a spire of grass, or the removal of a little dust from the fence, are enough to give him the clew. He sees the half-obliterated foot-prints of a thief in the sand, and carries the impression in his eye till a year afterward, when he detects the thief in the suburbs of a city and the culprit is tracked home and caught. I knew a man, blind from his youth, who not only went about his own neighborhood without a guide, turning up to his neighbor's gate or door as unerringly as if he had the best of eyes, but who would go many miles on an errand to a new part of the country. He seemed to carry a map of the township in the bottom of his feet, a most minute and accurate survey. He never took the wrong road, and he knew the right house when he reached it. He was a miller and fuller, and ran his mill at night while his sons ran it by day. He never made a mistake with his customers' names or wools, knowing each man by the sense of touch. He frightened a negro who he detected stealing, as if he had seen out of the back of his head. Such facts show one how delicate and sensitive a man's relation to outward nature through his senses may become. Highten a little more and he could forecast the weather and the seasons, and detect hidden springs and minerals. A good observer has something like the quickness and quickness of perception. All the great poets and naturalists have it. Agassiz traces the glaciers like a rastroador, and Darwin misses no step that the slow but tireless gods of physical change have taken, no matter how they cross or retreat the course. In the obscure fish-erm he sees an agent that has kneaded and leavened the soil like giant hands.—John Burroughs, in the Century.

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FREERHAND NOTES.

A VISIT TO THE NEW CALIFORNIA SUGAR REFINERY.

Kate Castleton and Fer Janney Head Gear—Styies of Women—A New Mass—Lenteludrum—A Reception.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 11, 1883. The new California Sugar Refinery is an astonishing edifice. I went over it last Friday and amused myself in an intricacy of engines, tramways and figures, compared to which political machinery is the merest child's play. Like little Paul's doubt as to whether twenty Romuluses made a Remus, or three times four was Taurus a bull, in his first struggle with knowledge under Miss Blimber's tuition, it was an open question at last whether they spent \$45 an hour in drying the under side of cube sugar, or the centrifugal machines held 1,000 pounds or tons, or made 50,000 revolutions a minute or cost \$1,900. But sparring numbers and dimensions, the two lovely ladies, being after all a shell and a lava cameo, cut with different mythological heads. One of the lava plaques is a dark claret color, the rest of the more usual olive gray. The acorn crown of one of the plaques is cut with an exquisite elaborateness, each tiny irregularity of the being perfectly reproduced. When the box was opened a most delicious perfume exhaled from it, but it was found to be a perfume of almost too dear a cost. A bottle of the perfume at the roses that had been among the contents, had broken open its long journey, and luxuriously sighed its soul away in a web of Maltese lace. PHILIP SHIRLEY.

SEASONABLE FASHION NOTES.

The fashion writer in the New York Post says that tailor-made costumes are growing in favor. They have now arrived at perfection in the way of fit and finish. Some of the costliest of these have the bodice-lining of soft and pliable, but exceedingly firm, ribbed silk. Promenade costumes, more suitable for carriage driving, are made of more elaborate and more appropriate suits of tweed, ladies' cloth, chevot and flannel. Black will be in high vogue for the two coming seasons, both in thick and thin materials, and many superb evening dresses are being made of this somber hue, enriched with such accessories as gold trimmings or colored flowers. An immense quantity of lace will be worn as trimmings, and the magnificent bead garnitures—tabliers, panels, applique bands, berthas, lace and passementerie, and other ornaments, each new design being more intricate and beautiful than the last. Bodies with ornateled edges are still in favor. The tabs are trimmed in many different ways—with braid-work, cording of silk, and passementerie, or with embroidery or beaded applique ornaments placed in the center of each block. Pointed bodices, very narrow at the sides, are much worn, with the oversleeve or tunic applied to the under sides of the corset, not hanging to the outside as formerly. The round basque is cut very short and the position basque is cut with the center seam opening over a shell pleating or a double pleat inserted in each side.

MANLIAN YELLOW IS ONE OF THE LEADING SHADES OF COLOR THIS SPRING.

Manlian yellow is one of the leading shades of color this spring; in fact, all shades of yellow, from pale primrose to deep orange, will be fashionably worn, a rich yellow bronze dore being especially admired. Costumes of this handsome color are being made of such materials as golden brown satin brocade, form very elegant costumes designed for carriage and visiting wear. The vivid terracotta shades and still brighter color, varied by deep shades of red, and the complexion of late, each so trying to the vogue and to every color with which they come in contrast, are rapidly giving place in public favor to a drier color from the fall series, which is in the habit of resorting. Their nature brings them to the water, whether there is food there for them or not. Provided with superior means of flight, they seek inland feeding grounds upon the plain, about the small ponds and creeks, and return again in due time to deep water. The fact that the duck does sometimes disappear from waters where "bags of a hundred or more could be made up, and the farmer complains of the scarcity of food, nor yet the presence or increase of the mud-hen. While "bags of a hundred or more" were being made of one, the other was unmolested and allowed to increase, and the farmer diminished in numbers—the one driven away by constant attack, the other remaining in unobtrusive security. All things in nature are equalized, and hinge upon a balance. Whenever man interferes, believing he can improve them, he creates an error. It is an error, too, says an ornithologist, to suppose that the mud-hen is not eatable. Its meat is tender, he continues, and not very scarce, and the farmer, by his approach, is not to that of the chicken. The antipathy to them, and their unpopularity as food, arose from an attempt to prepare them without removing the skin, which contains an oil that having a fishy odor, and is not so palatable as delicacy. Their value exists, too, in the vast numbers of fish and other inhabitants of the lake waters, which are destroyed by them, preventing decay and putrid odors.

THE CARVER-BOGARDUS CONTEST.

The contest between Captain Bogardus and Dr. Carver for the championship of the state as a wing shot, was in its beginning stigmatized by some sporting journals as a "gambling game," and it was stated that each contest would be won by the party who could afford to buy the most ducks. Both these men have a reputation of gentlemen, and no such reflection should have been made. Both are also in affluent circumstances, and do not drive to their exterminy of dishonorable means to obtain money. These sporting journals, to sustain Dr. Carver, astounded all Europe with his skillful marksmanship, giving exhibitions of his wonderful ability before crowned heads, and was everywhere received with honor and respect. Courtesy and consideration, not alone because of his marksmanship, for he enjoys an honorable social standing as well. Captain Bogardus has carried the title of champion of the state, and has defeated every competitor; he earned the title justly and honorably and sustained it with the highest degree of skill. Like the former, he has enough of worldly wealth, and had by his own industry, and he has no less a peer with which to contend. That he has been beaten does not detract from him as a good shot. He has found his match, and has laid down his title to a worthy adversary. He should be proud of the fact that it required the skill and science only to be found in Dr. Carver to deprive him of his laureled title.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A correspondent in American Field, from Fairbault, Minn., April 2d, says: "Prairie chickens and quails have suffered badly in this vicinity during the winter. Large numbers being reported by farmers as frozen." The above indicates to California sportsmen the contrast between that and our own climate, and as an evidence of what sportsmen in the East have to contend with to keep up the supply of game birds. Here in our mild winter months the quail flourishes at his best. None are killed off by exposure; we do not have to trap and feed them during winter in order to preserve a number for propagation, as in many places in the East. And yet their number is being diminished. What a reflection upon the people of this State that, with all our advantages, we are exterminating them by allowing the game laws to be violated with impunity. We hear a curious law point discussed. A man was driving across our lake recently, near where some holes had been cut and lined fixed by a fisherman. He noticed that there was a bite at one of the holes, sprang out, pulled in a three and a half pound fish, flung it into his sleigh, and was off before the fisherman could reach him. Was it a thief—or, in other words, to whom did that fish belong? It seems probable that it belonged to the man who pulled it out, for the rule about game—fish, flesh or fowl—is that it belongs to whoever actually gets possession of it, and to no one till in his actual possession. Pretty sharp practice, though.—[Litchfield Conn.] Enquirer. There was a noticeable absence of mallard ducks in our markets during the season just passed. During former seasons this variety was plentiful. Their decrease has been gradual year by year, and is due, perhaps, to a warty practice, followed by some protection during the breeding season has not been duly regarded; our fields are more

FOREST AND STREAM.

A STROLL AMONG GAME AND BY BROOK.

The Crusade Against Mud Hens, and Their Values—Carver and Bogardus—Miscellaneous Sporting Items.

The publication of conclusions hastily drawn from observations that may have the semblance of possibility in their character and appearance it may seem, when witnessing the activity and wide-awake attention of the mud hen while feeding in deep or shallow water, that the duck would have but little chance to pick up a meal after them. Conclusions based upon such observations may be expressed by honest convictions, and a firm belief entertained of their correctness; yet it is more than likely they were hastened by a feeling of injury, induced by small bags of game and diminished profits. These hasty publications lead hundreds into an erroneous belief, an error leading to a warty and injurious practice, that would lead to the extermination of a most valuable fowl. The mud hen, in a degree, subsists upon the same food as do the ducks—both being a species of scavenger, devouring decaying fatty and other nutritious floating upon or lying under the water. While the mud hen can only with his sharp-pointed bill pick up the larger morsels and particles, the duck has the same ability, with the additional capability of taking up the smaller; in fact, particles of food too small for the eye to observe. His broad bill takes a quantity of water, is closed, the water ejected therefrom automatically through the nostrils, and other particles upon the sides of his bill, retaining every particle of solid matter the water may have contained. While the mud-hen is more dextrous and quicker in its movements, he, the duck, is more cautious, allowing much to escape his attention, which the duck, in his more deliberate methods, observes and captures. Upon land the same advantages are to be seen. The duck gathers the fine particles of seeds washed off the shore by the water by its waders, while the mud-hen content himself with the larger. The duck will take up a bill full of earth or mud, thrust his bill into the water, strain every particle of food therefrom, and retaining whatever of bug, worm, animalcula, germ or small seeds it may contain. An army of mud-hens may have passed over the same ground, plucked it bare of vegetation and larger particles of food, and the mud-hen, in his more deliberate method, coming to death, while a flock of ducks, starved after them, would grow fat upon that which the former were unable to take. Let us reverse the order, however, and place the duck in the mud-hen's shoes before the mud hen. It is possible for the duck to devour every vestige of food the mud hen is capable of procuring. It is an impossibility, therefore, that the ducks can be driven from the water, which they are in the habit of resorting. Their nature brings them to the water, whether there is food there for them or not. Provided with superior means of flight, they seek inland feeding grounds upon the plain, about the small ponds and creeks, and return again in due time to deep water. The fact that the duck does sometimes disappear from waters where "bags of a hundred or more could be made up, and the farmer complains of the scarcity of food, nor yet the presence or increase of the mud-hen. While "bags of a hundred or more" were being made of one, the other was unmolested and allowed to increase, and the farmer diminished in numbers—the one driven away by constant attack, the other remaining in unobtrusive security. All things in nature are equalized, and hinge upon a balance. Whenever man interferes, believing he can improve them, he creates an error. It is an error, too, says an ornithologist, to suppose that the mud-hen is not eatable. Its meat is tender, he continues, and not very scarce, and the farmer, by his approach, is not to that of the chicken. The antipathy to them, and their unpopularity as food, arose from an attempt to prepare them without removing the skin, which contains an oil that having a fishy odor, and is not so palatable as delicacy. Their value exists, too, in the vast numbers of fish and other inhabitants of the lake waters, which are destroyed by them, preventing decay and putrid odors.

ONE STEP AHEAD.

What a Country Doctor Did Not Live to See—The Triumph of To-day.

The writer's father was a country doctor, and with all their faults country doctors are, as a class, noble and self-sacrificing men. Through all weathers, in all seasons, and over the worst of roads, they drive on missions of mercy—generally for small compensation, and often for none at all. To the country doctor in question, as he sat in his buggy, an Irishman, who had stopped him on the road, was relating his suffering from what he called "a dreadful pain in his chest."

"Oh, Pat," said the doctor, perhaps impatient at the d. tention, "put a mustard plaster on your chest."

"An' will that snuk out the pain, Doctur?" asked Pat, wanting a foundation for his faith.

"It won't hurt you any way, Pat," answered the doctor, whipping up his horse. Then continuing to his companion: "My son, I wish somebody would invent a plaster that would snuk out pain, as Pat put it. I have plenty of plasters, some of which I make myself and others that are patented, but I am free to them to that there isn't much virtue in any of them."

This was years ago, and the good doctor is gone where, we are told, no one is ever sick. He didn't live to see or hear of BENSON'S CAPSINE POLIUS PLASTER, which, in Pat's rude phrase, "snucks out" so much pain to-day. The doctor, in accordance with his practice, kept a little village drug store, where he dispensed the cheap and common plasters of the time, "whose merits," he used to say, "must reside in the holes, for he didn't see to it that they had any other."

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