



VOL. XI.—No. 529.]

FEBRUARY 15, 1890.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

LACE:

I.—LACEMAKING BEFORE THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. CUT-WORK AND DRAWN THREAD-WORK.

By MRS. ERNEST HART.

ITALY and Belgium were the homes and nurseries of the art of lacemaking. The Italians are said to have learnt the art from the Greeks. Of the lace that was made before the sixteenth century we have no actual specimens, but in pictures of great ladies by Bellini, Carpaccio, and others, they are represented with collars and stomachers of white lace, and there is no doubt that bobbin and point laces were made in Venice and Genoa at least four hundred years ago. The laces and damasks of Venice figure in the descriptions of great and royal ceremonies of those times; but lacemaking was not then, as it became later, the favourite amusement of great ladies; the nuns were the chief makers, and the decoration of the altar or priestly robes was the object of their labours.

The making of lace by means of the pillow and bobbins was practised in Flanders in the fifteenth and probably in the fourteenth centuries, and it is from Flanders that the art spread all over Northern Europe. Some Flemish refugees, flying from the cruelties and persecutions of the Duke of Alva, found an asylum in England, and founded the Honiton and Buckinghamshire lace industries; and the great industry of the Torchon lace of Saxony was due to a Flemish refugee, who taught bobbin lacemaking to Barbara Uttmann.

Greece and the Greek Islands were celebrated in quite early times for their gold embroideries and silver net-work, which latter was probably a kind of lace. Much ancient Greek lace has been preserved to us in anything but an agreeable manner. Lace was used for the shrouds of great persons, and the catacombs have been searched for these relics of the past.

In Sweden, lacemaking seems to have been a very ancient art, and the Swedish nuns were celebrated for their netted caps of thread, worked in with gold and silver.

Lace, such as we now understand it, with its infinite variety of stitches and patterns, did not really become an art nor an industry till the sixteenth century. Isolated nuns in convents made special pieces of needlework, which approached lace more or less in character; but except in Flanders, where pillow-lace flourished at an early age, lacemaking was not, as it

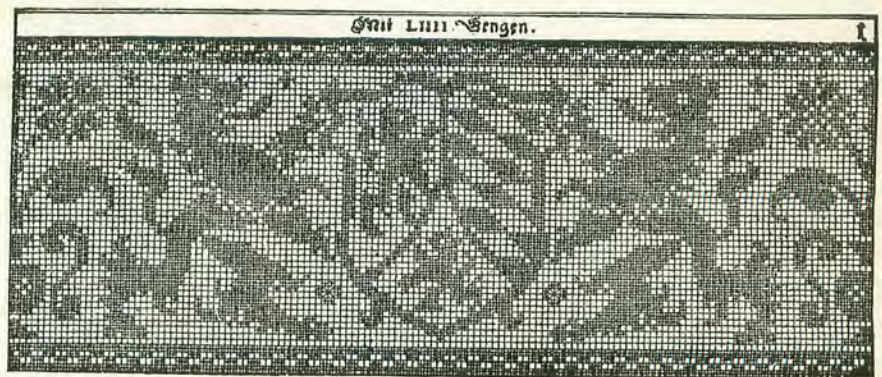


FIG. 1.—CUT-WORK.



FIG. 2.—DRAWN THREADWORK, PROBABLY FRENCH.



FIG. 3.—DRAWN THREAD-WORK—EMBROIDERY ON MUSLIN.

became in the following century, an industry employing hundreds of thousands of workers.

Embroidery is evidently a more ancient art than lacemaking. Frequent mention is made in the Bible of embroidered ephods and other garments cunningly wrought with needlework; and there is no doubt that the Egyptians and Greeks valued and practised embroidery. In the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries Anglo-Saxon ladies were celebrated for their beautiful needlework; in fact, the gold weavings and scarlet and purple embroideries of English ladies of these far-away days were sought after by popes and kings.

It is obviously only a step which an ingenious worker would naturally take to draw out some of the threads of the linen on which the embroidery was being solidly worked, so as to give lightness and a lacet appearance to the interspaces. This is what was actually done,

and at a very early period it was customary to draw out the threads or unravel the edges of sheets and towels, and work the threads together in geometric patterns. Linen shirts or smocks were decorated in this way in the most elaborate manner, and finally the most beautiful articles of dress and church decoration were made of cut lace and drawn thread-work. Fig. 1 is an example of cut-work, which is taken from an old German pattern-book, published in the year 1604.

Cut-work is usually made in this way. A network of thread is first made in a frame; beneath this net-work is gummed a piece of fine or coarse linen—generally a linen in which each thread is very distinct. The net-work is then sewn to the linen, and the pattern which is to remain thick is edged with the needle. When completed, the cloth not required is cut away from under the net, and the net also above the

patterned linen. Sometimes no solid linen is used, but the pattern is made by darning, as is now the custom in the Azores. By varying the arrangement of the threads in the foundation net-work, a great variety of effects can be produced. Altar cloths and burial sheets are still preserved to us, edged with beautiful specimens of cut-work. I see no reason why this work should not be revived, not as an industry to be carried on on commercial principles, but as a hand industry for girls who like to make home beautiful.

Drawn thread-work reached such a pitch of perfection towards the end of the last century, that the specimens left us of the industry and skill of our great-grandmothers make us marvel at the strength of their eyesight. Fig. 2 represents a fine example of this kind of work. The flowers are embroidered on muslin, in buttonhole stitch, in polished flax; the petals and border are produced by drawing the threads, and elaborately overcasting and stitching those which are left into geometrical patterns; the variety of these is amazing, every half inch of the fichu being worked in a different design. Fig. 3 is another specimen of drawn thread-work. The base of this was originally muslin. The solid satin stitch embroidery was first worked on the muslin; the threads were then drawn, and the lace stitches worked in to form the petals; and what looks like net was made by drawing the threads of the muslin, and stitching those remaining into six-sided spaces. "What a labour to undertake, to make a piece of net!" we may well exclaim nowadays, when net may be bought for a few pence a yard; but these triumphs of needlework were made before the bobbin-net machine was invented, and when a yard of pillow-made net cost £5. Drawn thread-work forms an important part of the embroideries which reach us from Persia and Turkey, of which Figs. 4 and 5 are examples.

At the present time all fine specimens of underlinen made in France are decorated on the ruffles and collars with drawn thread-work or veining. Indeed, there has been quite a revival lately of drawn thread-work for sheets, towels, and all domestic and decorative linen, etc., but as coarse-made machine work is soon turned out, to suit those who require only what is at the same time cheap and fashionable, there is small chance of the old art of *punto tirato* being revived in all its glory, unless young ladies have the patience to excel in beautiful needlework.

Fig. 1.—Sample of cut-work from the pattern-book of Job Sibmacher, published 1604; republished in 1886, by Wasmuth, Berlin.

Fig. 2.—Fine example of drawn thread-work, from the collection of the author.

Fig. 3.—Interesting example of embroidery on muslin, with drawn thread net base and point stitches, from author's collection.

Fig. 4.—Turkish drawn thread-work and silk embroidery, from author's collection.

Fig. 5.—Edging of Turkish towel. Drawn thread-work, and silk and gold embroidery, from author's collection.

TALES OF GREAT FAMILIES.

By EDWARD WALFORD, M.A.

THE ROMANCE OF THE BARONY OF FAIRFAX.

It may be ranked, we imagine, among "things not generally known," that there is a Scottish peerage whose possessor does not own a single acre in Scotland, and has never been known to have visited this island, and whose ancestors have resided, by preference, for over a century and a half in Virginia and Maryland. This

peerage is the Barony of Fairfax, which was conferred in 1627 by Charles I. on Sir Thomas Fairfax, of Denton, in Yorkshire. His son, however, the second Lord Fairfax, did not feel very grateful to the king for that honour, for in the breaking out of the Civil War he became general of the Parliamentary forces in Yorkshire, and held the chief command at the

battle of Marston Moor, where he routed the Royalist army under Prince Rupert. Dying shortly before the king, he was succeeded by his son, the third baron, who followed in his father's footsteps, was made by Cromwell general of the Parliament army, routed the king himself at Naseby, and afterwards drove him out of Oxford, while he forced his son,

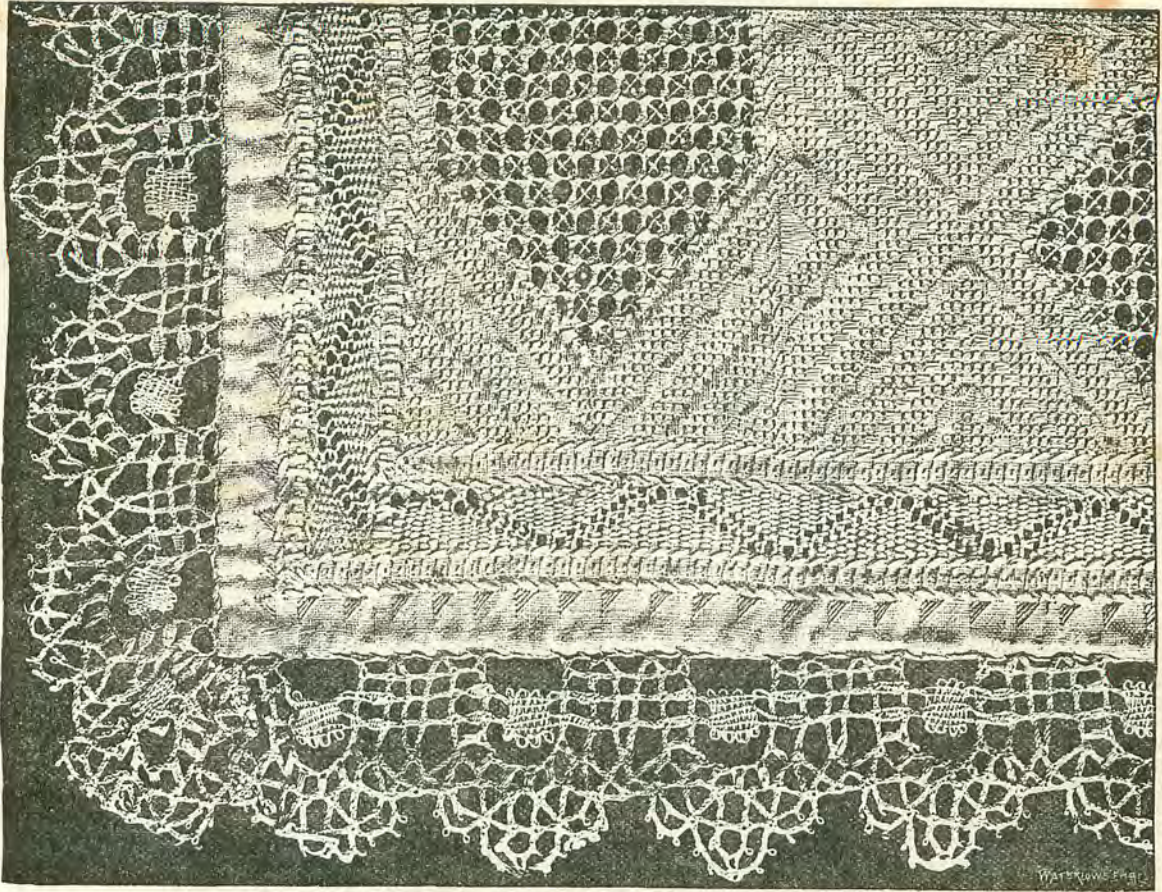


FIG. 4.—TURKISH DRAWN THREAD-WORK AND SILK EMBROIDERY.

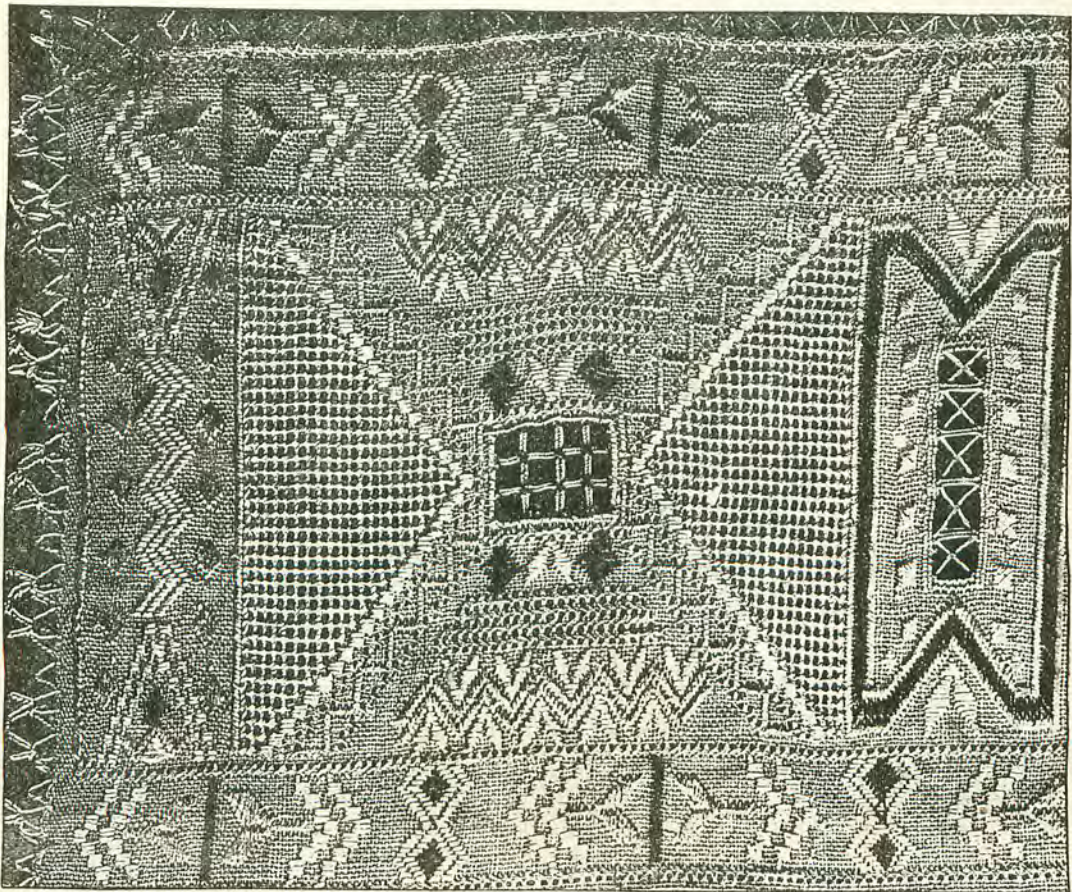


FIG. 5.—TURKISH DRAWN THREAD-WORK.



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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

LACE.

BY MRS. ERNEST HART.

PART II.

VENETIAN POINT LACES.

VENICE, which was in the Middle Ages the nursery of so many arts, and the home of so much magnificence and luxury, was also the seat of origin and manufacture of many of the most beautiful needle laces of the seventeenth century. At what period the Venetians first began to make point lace is a disputed question; but that Venice was the city to which other nations looked for beautiful trimmings and laces before they learnt to make them themselves, there can be no doubt. At the coronation of our King Richard III., it is stated that there were worn "fringes of Venice, and mantel laces of white silk and Venice gold." In the inventory of Queen Elizabeth's wonderful wardrobe, frequent mention is made of Venetian laces, which are

often spoken of as made of gold thread and coloured silk.

The cut lace and drawn thread-work, described in a former article, had been brought to such perfection, and the patterns worked were so elaborate and intricate, that it was a natural step for the workers to take to dispense with the foundation of lace or muslin, used in them, and to make the whole of the lace *in aria*, or in the air, as it was called. Point laces are those which are made with the needle. Laces can be broadly distinguished into point laces and pillow laces; but the distinction cannot always be maintained, as some of the most beautiful laces are combinations of pillow-work and point-lace stitches. These we shall describe later on. The laces for which Venice was famous were strictly point laces.

Point lace is, like many beautiful things,

exceedingly simple in its fundamental idea; its beauty consisting in the design and in the minute care and patient zeal with which the handiwork is executed.

There is but one stitch used in Venetian point lace, and that is button-hole stitch; but the variety of ways in which this simple stitch is treated gives the lace a most elaborate and rich appearance. Venice point was made in this way. The pattern was first drawn on green or white paper, and under the paper was tacked a piece of stout linen. The outlines of the design were then edged with two or three strands of thread, which were attached by transverse stitches to the linen beneath. These threads were covered with close button-holing, and the *cordonet* or edge was thus made. The space between the *cordonet* was then filled in with button-hole stitch, treated so as to form a variety of fancy fillings. The connecting



FIG. 1.—VENETIAN ROSE POINT (PUNTO A RELIEVO). From *Lace* the property of Mr. Biddle.

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brides or bands were finally worked. The raised *loops and circles*, which give so much richness to Venice rose point, as in figs. 1 and 2 were made afterwards, and sewn on to the fillings and *cordonet*. The lace when finished was detached from the paper and linen by cutting through the stitches which bound down the outlining threads.

Any girl who will pay a visit to the South Kensington Museum, to see the wonderful collection of laces there shown on large screens in a good light, so that they may be carefully examined and studied, will find not only the most *splendid examples* of Venetian point lace, but also pieces in every stage of incompleteness, so that she can study, and, if she likes, copy the exquisite and apparently simple methods of working.

The great period of Venetian lace was the first half of the seventeenth century. Lace was worn at that time by the great and wealthy for the large collars, which were then the fashion, as well as for ruffles and stomachers. It was looked upon as a sign of good breeding not only to wear fine lace, but to know the difference in the working and value of the various points in vogue;

"To know the age and pedigrees

Of points of Flanders and Venise," as Hudibras says. Queen Elizabeth delighted in a present of lace from Venice, and among a list of her Christmas presents it is mentioned that she received "a smock of cambric, wrought about the collar and sleeves with black silk; the ruffe wrought with Venice gold, and edged with a small bone lace of Venice gold." The trade of Venice in lace must have been enormous. Lace-making is said to have occupied the whole of the working female population of the city, and the fine thread of point lace, not only round the wrists and neck, but round the knees, and along the edge of the boots, and on the rosettes of the shoes. Such extravagant sums were spent on these laces that laws were passed prohibiting their use, but to no avail. Fashion will generally contrive to drive a coach and four through any law made for its suppression. Colbert, the wise minister of Louis XIV., found (as will be told when talking of French laces) a way of suppressing the use of Italian laces, by teaching

the French how to make as good and better. This was a great blow to the Venice lace-makers; but they suffered still more severely in the following century, when the gauzy pillow laces of the Netherlands became the rage. The Venetian point lace trade lingered on and then died, and nothing now remains of it but the treasured specimens of a lost and beautiful art. One of the most splendid and perfect examples of fine Venetian rose point extant is an alb which was presented to Cardinal Wiseman, and which is now the property of Cardinal Manning, who kindly lent it last summer to be shown at the Ecclesiastical Exhibition. This alb is of the same character of lace as fig. 3.

A few words must be said about Genoese laces, which are often mistaken for Venetian points. They were, however, all pillow laces, though very splendid and costly, and much sought after. They were often made of gold and silver thread, for the manufacture of which Genoa was celebrated. Fig. 4 is an example of Genoese guipure lace. Macramé lace also emanated from Genoa.

(To be continued.)



ALDYTH'S INHERITANCE.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," etc.

CHAPTER III.

GUY LORRAINE.



ALDYTH rose early the next morning, that her letter might be finished and posted ere the morning mail went out. The clock had not long struck seven, when she threw wide her casement, and let in the fresh, delicious air. Birds were chirping beneath the eaves, and fluttering to and fro; the dewy grass was sparkling in the sun, and the garden looked most tempting; but Aldyth turned resolutely from the window, and seated herself at her writing-table.

One may often gain insight into a girl's character by a glance round her room. Aldyth's room, in which she took some pride, as girls do in a place that is their very own, revealed that she had a refined and cultured mind. There was nothing luxurious in its arrangements, but it was a pretty room despite the disadvantage, that, owing to the old-fashioned construction of the house, the ceiling sloped sharply on one side. Flowers stood in glasses on the dressing-table, and bees were buzzing over the mignonette planted in a box on the window sill; water-colour drawings adorned the walls, some of them painted by Aldyth, and some the

gifts of school friends, and here and there were photographs of Aldyth's favourite heroes—Carlyle, Ruskin, and Charles Kingsley, Tennyson and Browning. The little wooden bookcase held a selection of books any girl might be proud to possess. There were daintily-bound editions of all our greatest poets, with some of our noblest works of fiction, and standard works of prose, too, showing that Aldyth did not read for mere entertainment, though in reading she found one of the highest pleasures of her life. For Aldyth loved books; she stinted herself of many of the pretty things girls love, that she might spend her pocket money on books, and at any time a bookshop had more attraction for her than a milliner's.

In a handsome frame on the mantel-shelf stood the latest portrait of her mother which Aldyth had received. A similar one, reduced in size, Aldyth wore constantly in a gold locket, suspended by a slender chain from her neck. It was the photograph of a lady who might have been thirty years of age, but looked no older, with a beautiful face, faultless in form and feature, and luxuriant masses of hair dressed high on the crown of the head, after the fashion of the day. The pose of the head was queenly, the exquisite lips had a somewhat disdainful curl, as though conscious of their beauty. It was a face which demanded admiration; whether it would as readily call forth love the portrait did not reveal. It is never safe to judge a person from a photograph.

This was Aldyth's beautiful mother, of whom she had dreamed all her life.

Often did her eyes rest on the portrait with a sense of hungry, yearning love, and she longed for the time when she could lean her head on her mother's bosom, and meet the kiss of her sweet lips. With passing years the longing came to have somewhat of the bitterness of a deferred hope. There were hours when it was positive pain to Aldyth to think of the love she had missed through the long separation from her mother. But her nature was too bright and hopeful for this thought to sadden her long. She was more wont to look forward to the perfect joy of the long-deferred meeting, and dream of the happiness that would then be hers.

Near Mrs. Stanton's portrait were portraits of the two daughters who had been born to her in Australia. They were taken as children, but even these juvenile portraits showed that the elder one, a girl about thirteen, had inherited the beauty of her mother, while the little one, dark, heavy-browed, and somewhat stolid-looking, was unlikely to develop good looks.

Aldyth's eyes turned instinctively to her mother's picture as she laid down her pen, after signing herself, "Your ever-loving daughter."

"Oh, mother! when will you come to me?" she cried in her heart.

If she could have had her own way, Aldyth would long ago have sailed to join her mother at Melbourne, but Mrs. Stanton had reasons for wishing that Aldyth should remain at Woodham with her aunt. Five miles from Woodham lay Wyndham, the family estate of the Lorraines, and at Wyndham Hall lived

absurd, and his comments on the incident were *not entirely* agreeable to Miss Lorraine, who had taken a great fancy to John Glynne.

"How any man can make himself so ridiculous as to go grinding about the country on one of those trumpery machines is beyond my comprehension," he said. "A good horse is worth fifty of them. I should be very sorry to sit astride such a thing."

"There is no reason why you should, you have always a horse at your com-

mand," said Aldyth. "I have no doubt Mr. Glynne would think a horse preferable, if he could afford one; but a horse is expensive to buy and expensive to keep, whilst a bicycle is no trouble at all, and its rider is delightfully independent."

"Yes, especially when he falls off and cuts his head open," said Guy, laughing.

"Now, Guy, I will not have you laugh at Mr. Glynne's misfortune," said Miss Lorraine. "For my part I was glad the accident happened when and where it

did, since it made us acquainted with so nice a man. He is not one to ridicule, I assure you. He is a B.A. of the Cambridge University, and a highly-cultured man. I hope we may be able to induce him to give us a course of lectures during the winter."

"Lectures!" exclaimed Guy, lifting his brows; "what—to you and poor dear Aldyth?"

"Don't be absurd; you know that is not my meaning. We want him to give a course of lectures on literature at the Town Hall, or some such place, which any lady or gentleman may attend, who chooses to take a ticket."

"Whatever is the good of that?" asked Guy, with a simplicity which made Aldyth laugh.

"The good is that we shall have a chance of improving our minds and gaining some fresh ideas," said Miss Lorraine. "It will be a great advantage to the young people, if we can arrange for such lectures. You must take a ticket, Guy."

"I will take a ticket with pleasure to oblige you," he said. "But please do not ask me to sit for an hour on one of those hard benches in the Town Hall, and listen to a dry lecture. I could not do it really. What is the good of it?"

"Guy, you are shockingly lazy!" said Aldyth. "I am just longing for the lectures to begin; and I know that Hilda and Kitty Bland will be delighted when they hear of our grand scheme. I have no fear that the ladies of Woodham will not muster strong at the lectures. I believe we read and think more than the men do."

"Of course; you have nothing else to do," said Guy, who, like many persons who enjoy unlimited leisure, was able to persuade himself that he led a busy life. "But why women want to study so hard, I cannot think. They are no more attractive, in my eyes, for knowing a good deal. Indeed, I dislike learned women."

"They are so much more difficult to talk to, are they not, Guy?" said Aldyth, mischievously. "But I see you want to be off, so I will get my hat."

As they walked to the Blands', Aldyth and her cousin met Mr. Glynne hurrying along on his way to the school. It was but a few steps from his lodgings, and he wore his gown and college cap, which made him rather an imposing spectacle in the High Street. As he lifted his cap the patch of plaster on his brow was plainly visible. Aldyth smiled frankly as their eyes met, and received a bright smile in response. Guy looked at the new master with cold, critical eyes.

"How ridiculous to wear that mortar-board!" he said. "If that's your grand lecturer, I don't think much of his appearance."

"I never said that he was handsome," replied Aldyth; "but I think he looks strong in every way."

Breakfast was still on the table in the Blands' dining-room, and Hilda sprang up with rather a shame-faced look as the Lorraines entered the room.

"Yes, Aldyth, it is very shocking, I know," she exclaimed, as her friend

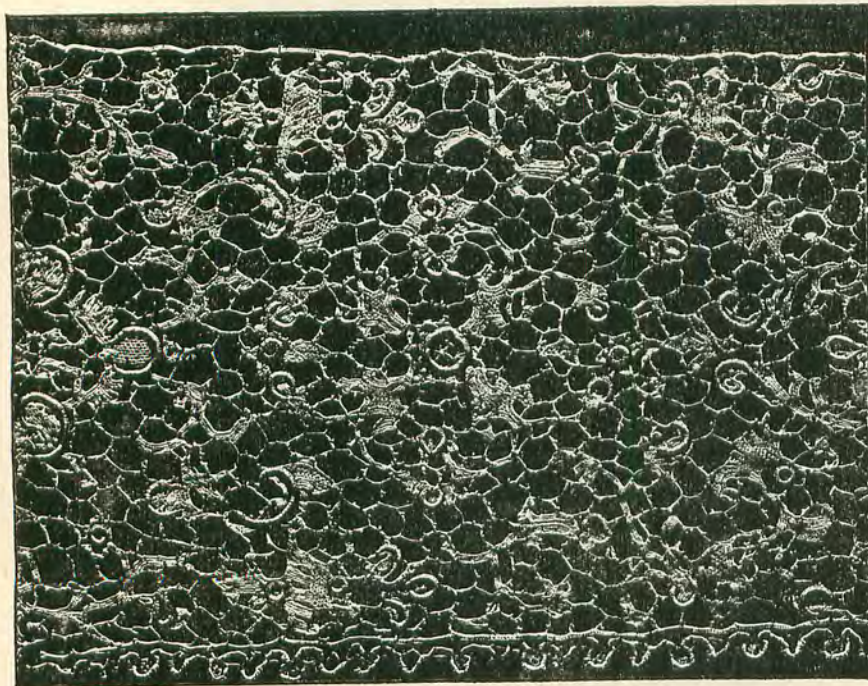


FIG. 3.—FINE VENETIAN ROSE POINT. (From a specimen belonging to Mrs. Ashley.)

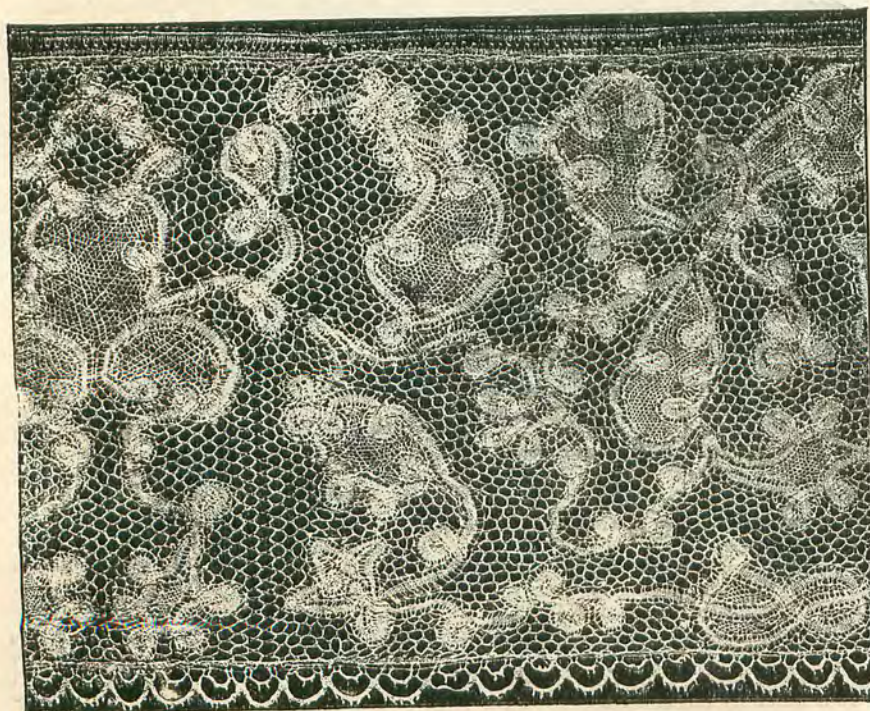


FIG. 4.—GENOESE GUIPURE. (From Mrs. Ernest Hart's collection.)



FIG. 2.—VENETIAN ROSE POINT (PUNTO TAGLIATO A FOGLIAMI). From Lace the property of Mr. Biddle.



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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

LACE.

By MRS. ERNEST HART.

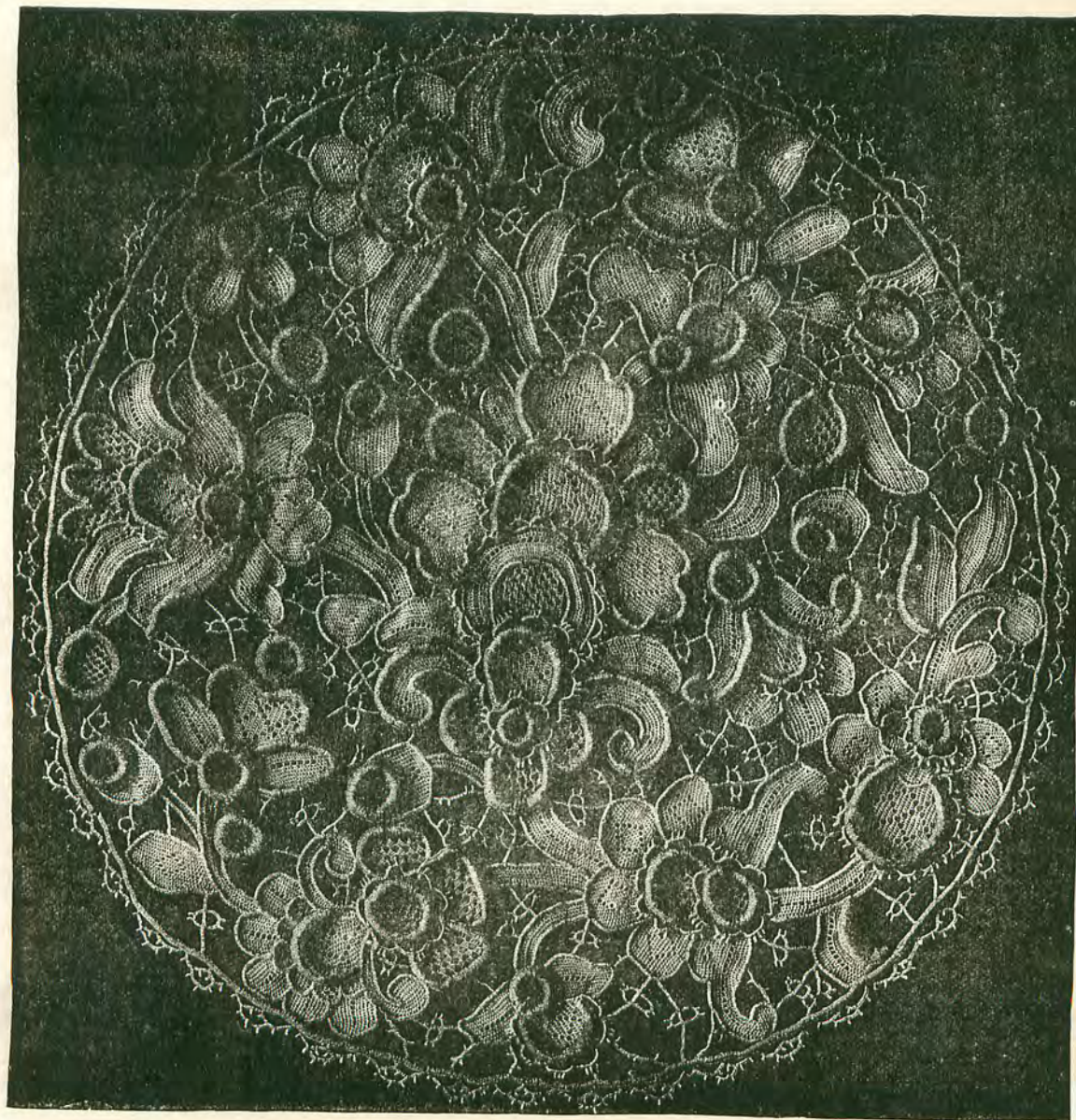


FIG. I.—POINT DE COLBERT, OR POINT DE FRANCE. (From *Lace* in Author's collection.)
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PART III.

FRENCH LACES.

THE history of the lace industry in France is interesting and instructive. The French, with their innate good taste, could not help being fond of beautiful lace, but as they had no manufactures of their own, they were the chief patrons of Italian and Flemish laces up to the middle of the seventeenth century. At this time fine point lace was worn for the magnificent collars which fell back over the doublets of the men or the bodices of ladies, and which are noticed in so many of the portraits of great people of that period, also for ruffles and *revers* round the wrists, and for "canons," a deep fall of lace worn at the end of the knee-breeches; as well as to trim cravats, aprons, boots, and garters; in fact, fine point lace was introduced into the dress wherever it was possible. Such large sums of money were paid to Italy and Flanders for these luxuries that sumptuary laws were passed forbidding courtiers to wear foreign lace, or, in fact, any lace at all. But to no avail; more lace was worn than ever. Finding that laws and fines did not prevent the French spending their substance on foreign laces, Colbert, the Minister of Louis XV., bethought himself that if they insisted upon wearing costly laces in spite of all the edicts, they should wear French laces, and thus the money should be kept in the country. He therefore selected a lady of Alençon, Madame Gilbert by name, who knew how to make Venice point, and placed her in his moated castle of Lonray, with thirty Italian lace-makers, whom he induced with great difficulty to come over from Venice. He made her a liberal grant of £12,000, and she and her lace-makers set to work to produce a French lace which should resemble, but yet excel, Venetian point. In a short time she had succeeded so well that she came to Paris to show Colbert specimens of the new lace. The King became interested, and went with his courtiers to inspect the work, and was so delighted that he gave orders that no lace should be worn at Court except the new lace, which he named Point de France. Royal favour, a compulsory law, and an enterprising company which was formed made the fortune of the new French lace, and soon thousands of women were employed making it. The

demand became much greater than the supply, and, as the Point de France was very costly, pillow lace industries were started to supply cheaper kinds of lace.

In the reign of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. extravagance in dress was unexampled, and lace was used, not only for dress, but to decorate furniture, to trim bed-linen, etc., and for the service of the church and the robes of the priests. We read of lace bed coverlets, with pillow-cases, bought for the Queen, which cost £30,000; of a visit being made to a great lady when ill, who is described as "lying in a State bed, under a coverlet made of a single piece of Venice point, with sheets trimmed with Point d'Argentan, which could not have cost less than £10,000." When the eldest daughter of Louis XV. was married to the King of Spain, the item in her trousseau for laced sheets amounted to £25,000. To such a pitch was, in fact, this rage for point lace carried, that it was said a Frenchman would go without a shirt, but would still wear lace ruffles, and that the footmen would not eat roast beef for fear of soiling their ruffles.

All this wicked extravagance led to the tragedies of the French Revolution. Hundreds of thousands of workers had toiled at starvation wages, so that the rich might squander. Lagging retribution came at last, and in the sudden uprising of a desperate people the lace industries of France disappeared. On the establishment of the Empire at the beginning of this century the lace industry of France revived, owing to the direct patronage of Napoleon; and although it has had great difficulties to contend with, it has lasted to this day.

The chief point laces of France are three in number: they are Point de France, Point d'Alençon, and Point d'Argentan. For a long time they were often all included under the name of Point de France, but each of these laces has a distinct character of its own. The Point de France is a lace with brides; the Alençon and Argentan Points have net grounds. Point de France was originally made in direct imitation of Venice point, but the French lace was more elegant in design, and the brides were more elaborate and decorated. Fig. 1 is an example of this royal lace.

Point d'Alençon is one of the most beautiful

needle laces ever made. The gossamer-looking and yet wonderfully strong basis of net which supports the solid, minute, and slightly raised flowers, spots, and designs, make a combination which is satisfactory both to the eye and the critical taste. This lace passes through the hands of twelve different workers; the ground is first produced, then the flowers are worked in button-hole stitch, and the brides of the open spaces made; finally all the different pieces are sewn together by invisible stitches. Figs. 2, 3, and 4 are fine examples of Point d'Alençon.

Point d'Argentan differs from d'Alençon chiefly in the bride ground, in which the sides of the meshes are worked over with fine button-hole stitch, so as to form hexagonal spaces. The designs were bolder, and the work was more Venetian in character than Point d'Alençon (Fig. 5). In 1788 it is stated that Argentan produced annually half a million pounds' worth of lace. The industry disappeared with the Revolution, and has never been revived, though Point d'Alençon is again being made.

The pillow laces of France have had a long and prosperous career. Caen, Bayeux, and Chantilly produce beautiful white and black blondes; Le Puy, torchon and gold and silver laces; Lille, thread laces; but the most celebrated of all the French pillow laces is the Valenciennes. It is said to have been first made in the fifteenth century, and in the eighteenth century four thousand women were employed in the city alone making this lace. It was made, however, not only in the town, but in all the outlying districts, but what was called "Vraie Valenciennes" was only made in the city itself. Old Valenciennes was extremely fine, and the flowers had the appearance of fine muslin (Figs. 6 and 7).

The work was very slow, and it was done chiefly by girls who lived in underground cellars, and who worked, it is said, from four in the morning till eight at night. The Normandy peasants greatly value "Vraie Valenciennes," and once in a lifetime spend large sums on this lace, to trim the lofty structures they wear on their heads on fête days. Valenciennes lace is now made in Belgium.

France remains still the country where beautiful laces are worn and appreciated.

A BUNDLE OF NERVES.

By MEDICUS.

I WAS sitting in my garden study last Easter Monday morning, wondering whether I should write a paper for our girls, or go for a ten-mile spin on my cycle and hear the birds sing, when Jack came down the garden path.

N.B.—If ever I happen to be very particularly engaged or engrossed in my garden study, Jack is sure to come down the garden path. It may be a letter, or it may be a telegram, or a parcel by train, or a flock of sheep on the front lawn, or a newspaper reporter, or the gas rate, but it is sure to be something.

"Well, well, Jack?" I cried, impatiently, before the lad had a chance to knock. "What is it now?"

"Which a woman 'as called, sir, and please, sir, could you see her? Which she's bitten 'er 'and mos' dreadful, sir."

"Bitten her hand, Jack? Bitten her own hand?"

"I don't know, sir, rightly. I 'speak it was a dog or a cat, or may be an old poll parrot. She's a kind o' upset about it. Maybe she's taken the hyderaphoby; but my eye! hain't she been a bleeding just!"

And Jack's eye did sparkle like a young savage's.

I found Miss Adley in my surgery, her hand tied up loosely with a sadly ensanguined handkerchief. Miss Adley is one of the "lean kine," and generally somewhat pale, but to-day she was paler than usual.

"Pray sit down," I said. "You've cut your hand? How did it happen?"

"You'll laugh at me when I tell you, sir," she replied; "but tell you I must. In fact, I'll have to make a sort of confession to you."

"Well, you might do worse, Miss Adley." "I'm but a bundle of nerves at the best, sir."

"That is because you are always thinking about troubles, Miss Adley, which often enough don't exist. You want to cross the stream before you come to the bridge, and all that sort of thing. But go on."

As I spoke I undid the handkerchief, and sure enough there, on the thick or fleshy part of the middle finger of the left hand, were the wounds, four in number, and evidently made by teeth.

"I've tried all sorts of cures for my nervousness," said Miss Adley; "and the last I think is the worst."

"So it would seem. What was it?"

"A black cat, sir."

I looked at her and smiled. It was rude, but for the life of me I couldn't help it.

"Well, Miss Adley, it is the first time ever I heard of a black cat as a cure for nervousness."

"Let me explain, sir."

"With pleasure."

"It was old Mysie Wilson that told me of the cure. She is skilled in herbs and all that sort of thing, you know, sir."

"I know the crone," I said. "She is a rival practitioner; gathers herbs by moonlight, rubs joints, banishes aches and pains by the motions of her fingers, sells philtres for anything I know, and cures rheumatism with slug oil. A hundred years ago honest Mysie would have been ducked as a witch. And so she prescribed the black cat?"

"Yes, sir. 'Animal electricity,' she called it. I was to get a black cat, and every morning I was to place my left hand on his throat, with my thumb on one shoulder bone and fingers on another, then stroke his back with my right."

"To be sure."

"Well, sir. I got the cat, and a fine big brute he was. I fed him well for two days,

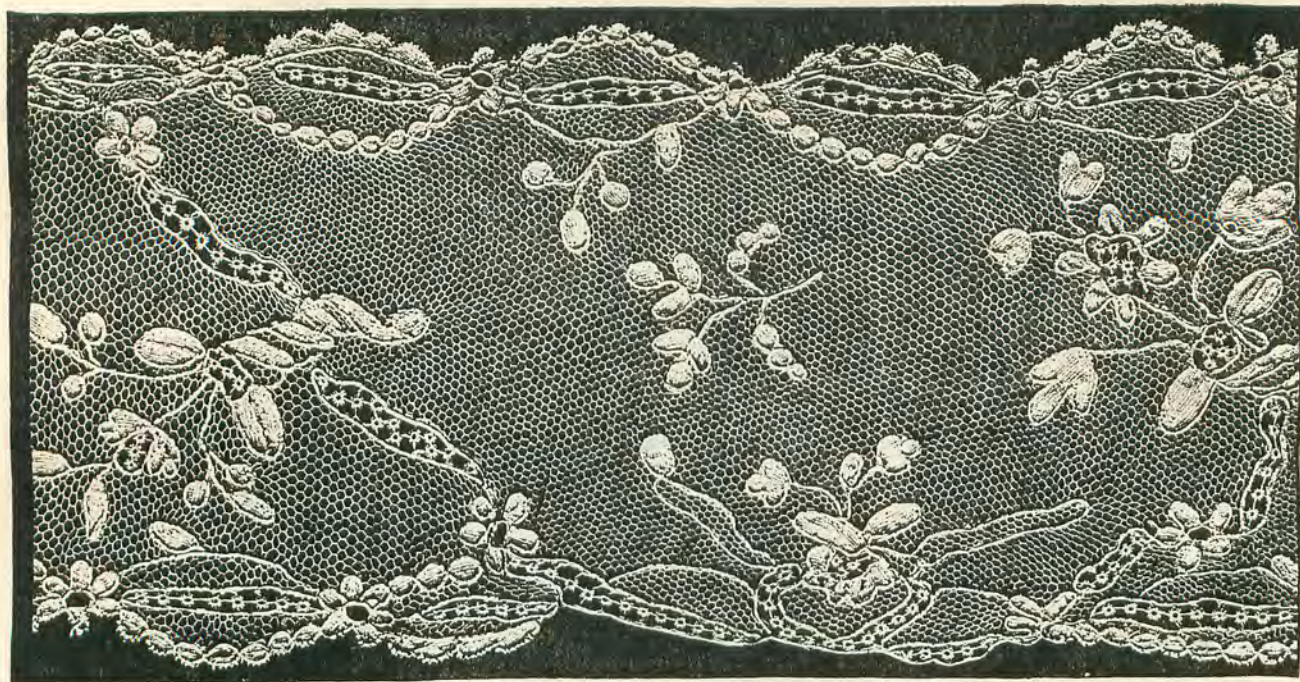


FIG. 2.—POINT D'ALENCON. (*From Lace belonging to the Hon. Mrs. Ashley.*)



FIG. 3.—POINT D'ALENCON. (*From Lace belonging to the Hon. Mrs. Ashley.*)

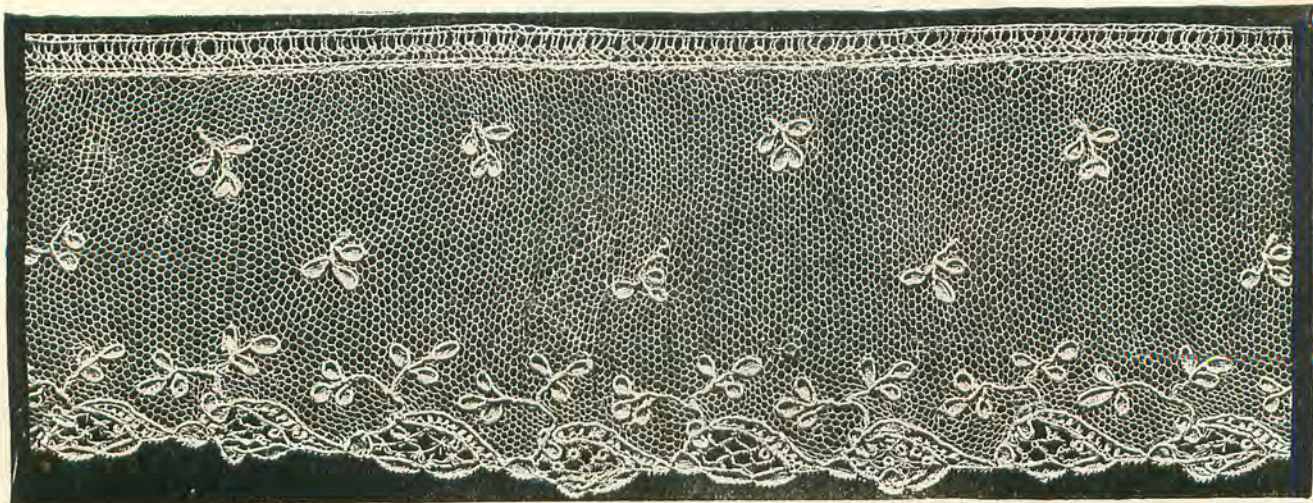


FIG. 4.—POINT D'ALENCON. (*From Lace in Author's collection.*)

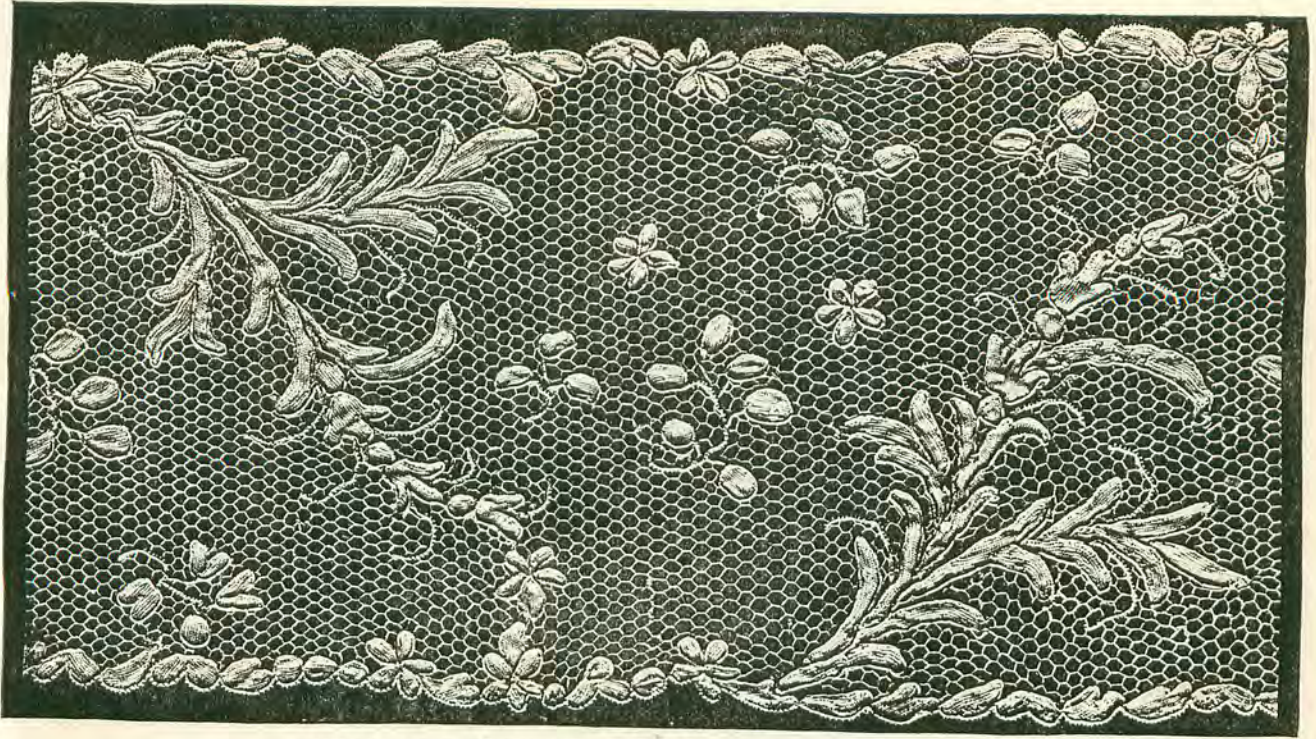


FIG. 5.—POINT D'ARGENTAN. (*From Lace the property of Mr. Biddle.*)



FIG. 6.

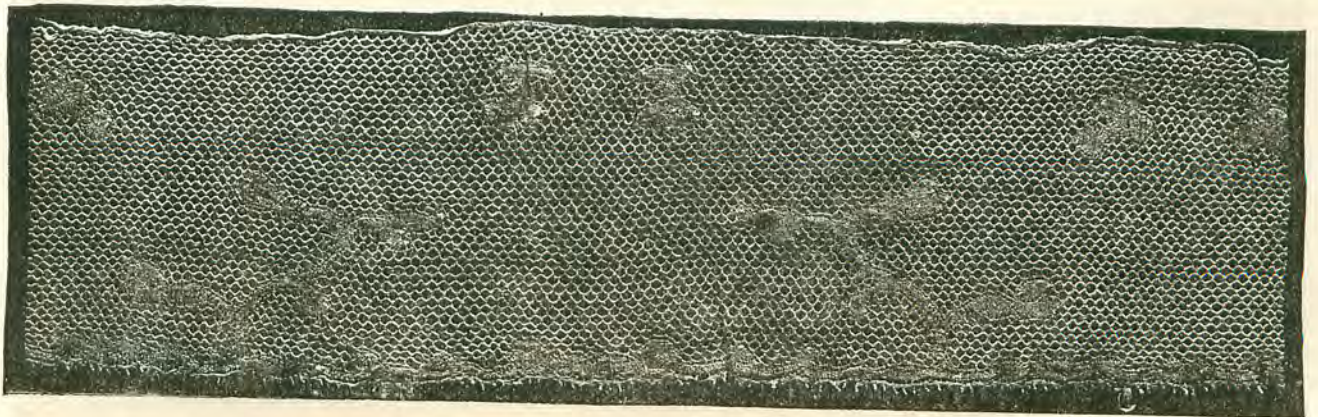


FIG. 7.

VRAIE VALENCIENNES. (*From Lace which has been over 100 years in the family of Mrs. Foot.*)



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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

FLEMISH, BRUSSELS, AND MECHLIN LACES.

By MRS. ERNEST HART.



FIG. 3.—CAP OF POINT D'ANGLETERRE, PARTLY PILLOW LACE AND PARTLY NEEDLE-POINT.
All rights reserved. (From a specimen belonging to the Hon. Mrs. Ashley.)

PART IV.



Low Countries, which was the home of many arts, such as painting, weaving, and wood-carving, was also the nursery of lacemaking. There seems to be little doubt that the earliest pillow lace was made in the Netherlands. In an altar-piece which was painted by Quentin Matsys towards the end of the fifteenth century, and which is in a side chapel of the

choir of St. Peter's at Louvain, a girl is represented making lace on a pillow with bobbins; and in the following century an artist called De Vos painted a series of pictures showing the occupations of the seven ages of life. In the third, which represents the occupation of mature life, a woman is depicted making lace with a pillow on her knees, and her hands are busy with the bobbins. It is improbable that either Quentin Matsys or De Vos would have introduced lacemakers and their pillows into their pictures unless pillow lace-making had been in their time one of the common industries of the country.

England, Germany, and France (with the exception of Alençon) all learnt the art of lacemaking from Flanders; it was the Flemish lacemakers who, fleeing from the religious persecutions of Duke Alva, taught the Devonshire and Buckinghamshire girls how to make lace; and a refugee from Brabant taught the art of throwing the bobbins to Barbara Uttmann, the founder of the lace industries of Germany. After Colbert had established the lace industries of France, Flanders became so alarmed at the exit of her lacemakers to that country, that a law was passed threatening to punish those who enticed away her workpeople.

In spite, however, of exile and emigration, in no country has the lace industry flourished so continuously as in the Low Countries. With an origin lost in the obscurity of ages, it has held its own through all the chances of fortune and the changes of fashion up to the present day, and is now, as it was two hundred years ago, a great source of national wealth, and employs a large proportion of the female population of the prosperous little kingdom of Belgium.

The teaching of lacemaking is a subject of national female education in Belgium. The nuns are now, as they were in bygone times, the principal teachers: and the lace-schools, of which there are a large number, are either attached to convents or are supported by private charity. Children begin to learn at five years of age, and at ten they are able to earn their livelihood. A quaint writer of the seventeenth century gives a picturesque description of the dexterity with which the lace-maker flashes her bobbins, and weaves her thousand threads into a pattern, and says—"In this her amusement she makes as much profit as the man earns by the sweat of his brow; and no maiden ever complains at even of the length of the day." And "this web, which shows grandly round the throats and hands of kings, is of the lightness of a feather; but in its price is too heavy for our purses." This enthusiastic writer saw, however, only the brightest side of lacemaking, and concealed, or ignored, the fact that the making of these web-like laces was so trying to the eyes that the workers are said to have generally lost the precious gift of eyesight at thirty years of age. At such cost are luxuries often produced. Figs. 1 and 2 are examples of old Flemish laces. In both specimens it will be noticed how extremely fine is the thread of

which the lace is made; indeed, it looks like the thread of a spider's web, which a breath can blow away, and in reality it is almost as fine. It was in the making of this exceedingly fine thread that the Flemish excelled all other people, which gives their lace its peculiarly delicate appearance. The cost to health and eyesight at which it was made was great. Contact with dry air caused the thread to break, so it was spun in dark, damp underground cellars. To enable the spinner to see this almost invisible thread, in the spinning of which she was guided almost more by the sense of touch than sight, black paper was placed behind the distaff, and the room was so contrived that only one solitary ray of light fell upon the wheel at which she worked. Only the most skilled spinners could make this fine thread, and the worker was highly paid, though no payment could compensate for the unhealthiness of her life. A pound weight of this wonderful thread cost £240. Machine-made thread and Scotch cottons have now taken its place.

The beautiful gossamer Flemish laces were so much appreciated in France, where the heavier needle points were chiefly made, that very large sums of money were expended for them by the wealthy people in France. To prevent the money leaving the country the French Government levied heavy duties on Flemish laces. When fashion, however, demands something which the laws have made it difficult to obtain, the perverse ingenuity of man will generally discover some way of supplying the wants of extravagant people. The consequence of this law against the importation of Flemish laces into France was that it led to all kinds of illegal smuggling. Many and various were the devices resorted to to conceal the lace till it had been got across the frontier. One of the favourite and for a long time most successful plans was to pet and fatten a dog in France, and when it had grown big and heavy it was taken across the frontier and given over to the care of a Belgian, who half-starved and ill-treated the poor brute. When it had grown thin and lank, the skin of a bigger dog was fitted over it, and the intermediate space was filled with lace; the skin was then stitched up and the dog let loose. It naturally found its way back to France, to the home where it had been well treated, where it was welcomed with its borrowed skin and contraband burden. This trick was discovered, but some thousands of dogs were caught and killed before it was put a stop to.

To turn now to Brussels lace. The city of Brussels has been the home and centre of an important lace industry for many centuries. Two hundred years ago Brussels lace was known as Point d'Angleterre, and the name has sometimes led to the mistaken idea that England really produced the beautiful laces known by this name. The story of how it came to be called Point d'Angleterre is not a very creditable one. In the time of Charles II. Flemish laces were greatly in demand for the lace ruffles which were then in fashion, but the English Parliament, like other foreign governments, became alarmed at seeing such large sums of money leaving the country for foreign laces. A law was therefore passed prohibiting their entry into England.

The courtiers and fashionable people were in despair. What could they use for their ruffles so elegant and beautiful as the gossamer Belgian laces? At first an attempt was made to induce the Flemish lacemakers to come to England and make their lace here; but this did not succeed, as the flax of which the hand-spun thread was made could not be cultivated in this climate. The English merchants then thought that they would deceive the government by means of a name, so they went to Brussels, bought up all the finest laces,

smuggled them into England, and sold them as "English Point." Brussels lace bore this name for many years both in England and France. Fig. 3 is a beautiful example of Point d'Angleterre.

In Brussels point lace every kind and art of lacemaking is introduced. The flowers which form so important a part of Brussels lace are made either on the pillow or by the needle. They are all made separately; and in the old Brussels lace they were attached by brides (fig. 4), or by a gossamer net, which was made either with the needle or on the pillow. In most modern Brussels lace the real lace flowers are appliquéd on to a machine-made net. Each part of the lace is made by a different worker. One makes the net ground, another the edging, a third the needle-point flowers, and another the pillow-made flowers and sprigs; a fifth worker makes the open-work stitches in the ground, and a special worker unites all the different pieces of the ground together by an invisible stitch, which can only be detected by the aid of a magnifying glass, and the stricture finally sews the flowers on to the net. The needle-point net-ground is only made now for the lace used in royal trousseaux. Much of the most beautiful modern Brussels lace is a combination of needle-point and pillow-made flowers with machine-made net-ground and point-lace stitches. Needle-point or pillow-made flowers are used as the artist or designer wishes to obtain the different effects of lightness or richness. The introduction of machine-made net led to an enormous development of the Brussels lace industry, while it greatly lowered the price at which it could be produced. Much larger pieces, such as shawls and deep flounces, are now produced, which formerly were impossible owing to the enormous cost of making the ground-net by hand. The designs for these laces are the subject of the most constant and careful study, and beautiful and artistic combinations of flowers with birds, butterflies, and cupids, etc., are frequently shown in Brussels lace. At the Paris Exhibition last year the exhibits of Brussels lace excited the admiration of the whole world. Flounces, both in black and white lace, were shown, singularly beautiful and graceful in design, and fans which were real works of art. I remember seeing a fan, representing a flight of swallows, in black thread, which was more like the work of the engraver's tool than the result of the throw of the bobbins. Point gaze is a Brussels lace much sought after. In it the flowers are either needle or pillow made; they are edged by a cordonet, which is not made of button-hole-stitch, but of a thick cord-like thread, bound down by stitches; the whole is connected by a delicate needle-made net. The least expensive of the Belgian laces is that known as Duchesse, in which pillow-made flowers are connected by brides.

There is no doubt that Brussels lace is the most fashionable and popular of laces; and this is due to the beauty, originality, and endless variety of the designs. The success of this industry is an illustration of the old adage, "If a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing well." While we in England and Ireland let our lace industries well nigh perish for lack of encouragement, and our designs degenerate for the want of practical art teaching, the Belgians, both publicly and privately, have always taken every possible means, by schools and technical or artistic teaching, to carry their lace industries to the highest pitch of perfection, and in this they have succeeded.

The Mechlin laces are among the most charming of small laces, and suitable for ruffles, etc. They are made entirely on the pillow. The patterns are generally small, and consist of sprays of flowers or leaves, which are outlined by a coarser thread of silk-like flax.

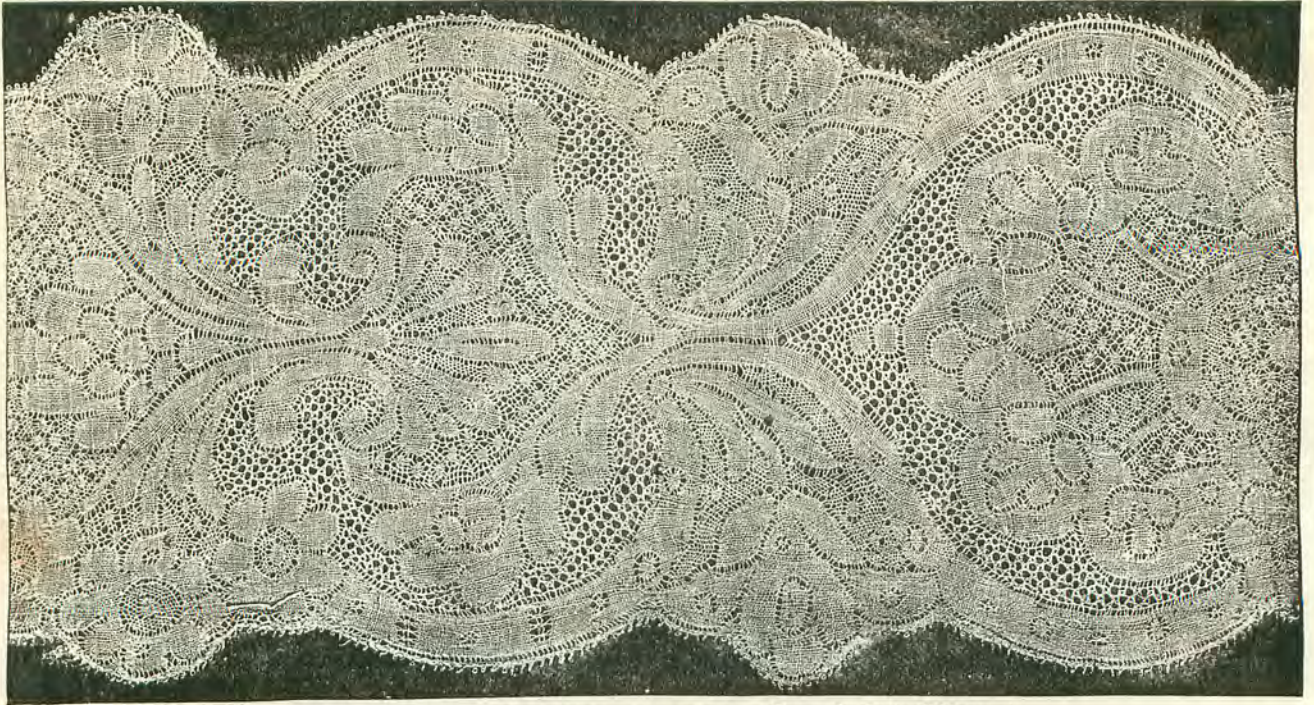


FIG. 2.—OLD BRUSSELS LAPPET, PILLOW LACE. (*From Author's Collection.*)

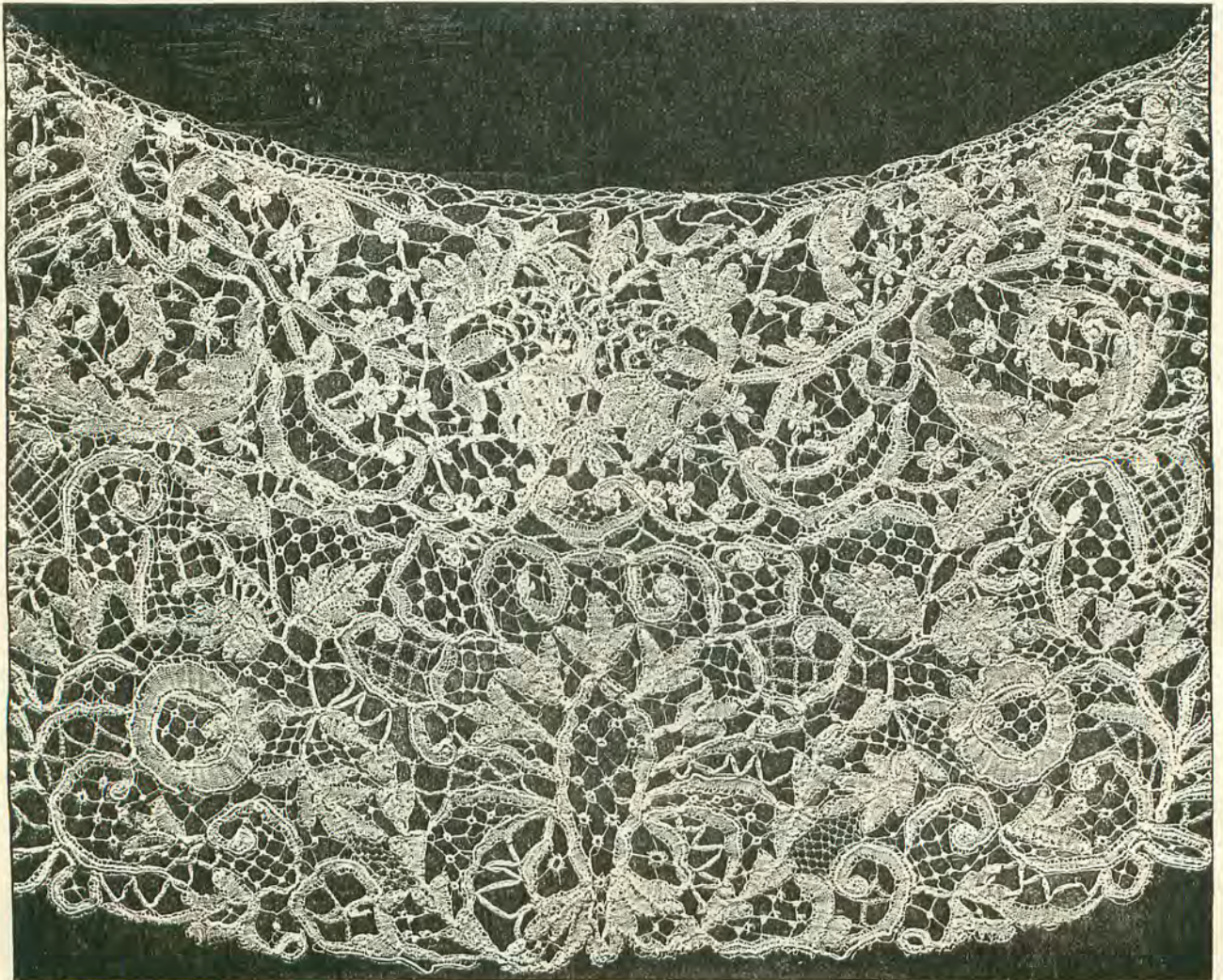


FIG. 4.—COLLAR OF OLD BRUSSELS LACE. (*From Author's Collection.*)

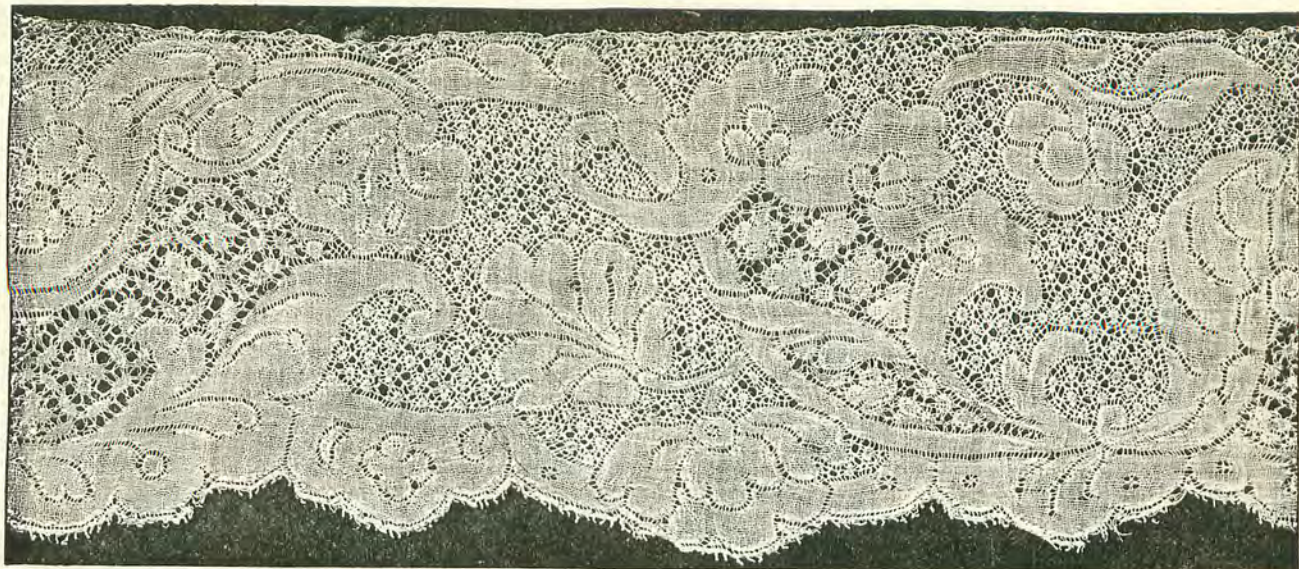


FIG. 1.—OLD BRUSSELS PILLOW LACE. (From Author's Collection.)

will hardly believe the good news I have to tell you. I can hardly believe it myself, though it makes me so happy—I cannot tell you how happy I am. But I must explain. On Saturday mother had a most polite note from Mr. Lorraine, begging her to come on Monday with her two daughters to spend the day at Wyndham. The carriage should be sent for us at any hour that would suit our convenience. You may imagine how surprised we were, for Mr. Lorraine has been barely civil to us since the day he called here and behaved so rudely, and I do not think mother had forgiven him for telling her she did not look after her daughters properly. However, I persuaded mother it was her duty to forget that now, and Kitty wanted to see the horses at Wyndham, and I— Ah, I need not tell you how I felt about it! Anyhow, mother accepted the invitation, and about noon we started for Wyndham. The dear old man—yes, I can call him dear now—received us with charming courtesy. He had arranged that Guy should take me and Kitty for a ride in the afternoon; was it not good of him? You can fancy how delighted Kitty was, nor was I less so; and as for Guy, I never saw him in such spirits. Kitty rode Pansy, and the lovely creature was so tricksey. She does not get exercise enough now you are away.

"But now for the most wonderful item of my news. It was easy to see that the squire was in a very good humour with Guy. Well, whilst we were riding Mr. Lorraine had a long talk with mother, and told her he had decided to let Guy take his own way with regard to his marriage, and if he still wished to marry me, he was free to do so.

"And, to make a short story of it, Aldyth, we are now engaged, and in a day or two all Woodham will know it. But, of course, you must be the first friend to hear of it; I know how glad you will be. You can sympathise with me in my happiness as no one else can. Oh, I am happy! I can say with Juliet—

'My true love is grown to such excess,

I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.'

"I wonder what people will say when they hear of my engagement? It will be a surprise, for it has always been said that you would marry your cousin. But, talking of gossip, what do you think is Miss Rudkin's latest piece of news? She declares that your uncle went to London by the first train on Wednesday morning, and that he drove all the way to Wickham, and took the train there, in order that people should not know that he went! Did you ever hear anything so absurd? I suppose you have not seen him in town?"

There was much more in the letter, which Aldyth read several times. She was delighted to hear of Hilda's happiness, and inclined to esteem Guy more highly than she had ever done before. It never occurred to her that she had any cause to deplore the engagement as likely to be detrimental to her own prospects. Aldyth was not wont to concern herself greatly about her future, and she had never felt anxious to know her uncle's intentions with respect to his property. A healthy, happy girlhood has no temptation to be greedy after wealth. It seemed to her a fortunate circumstance that her uncle's horse had run away, since Guy's gallant conduct had so softened the old man's feelings as to make him for once renounce a cherished wish.

And so people had said that she would marry Guy! It was not surprising, but it vexed her to think of it. Had Mr. Glynne heard it said? The colour deepened in her cheeks as she asked herself the question. Well, if so, he would now know that it was a mistake. Aldyth was glad to think this; she did not like the idea of his supposing that she would be willing to marry Guy.

Hilda's letter had put Aldyth into excellent spirits. But when she hastened to share the news with her mother and sister, the brightness of her mood was

checked. Mrs. Stanton heard it with feelings that were beyond control.

"You can pretend to be pleased at this, Aldyth?" she asked, in a tragic tone.

"There is no pretence about it, mamma. I am unfeignedly glad that Hilda is to marry Guy. I used to doubt if he were good enough for her; but I think better of him now."

"You ought to be ashamed to talk so!" cried her mother, in tones sharp and high. "I have no patience with you. To think that you might have been the mistress of Wyndham! You should bewail your folly instead of rejoicing. One would think you had no sense."

Aldyth stood silent; but it was not without a strong effort that she kept herself from uttering hot, indignant words.

"Now you have crossed his wish, I daresay your uncle will not leave you a penny," continued Mrs. Stanton. "You might, for the sake of us all, have played your cards better than that. I hope you will not infect Gladys with your stupidly romantic notions."

Here the flow of Mrs. Stanton's eloquence ceased abruptly, for Aldyth turned without a word and quitted the room.

"You need not have dragged my name into the discussion, mamma," said Gladys, with scorn in her tones; "you might know that I belong to another order of being, and could never act like Aldyth."

"I hope not, indeed," said Mrs. Stanton, devoutly. "I trust you have more wisdom."

"I don't know about that," said Gladys; "though the Bible does say that 'the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light.' You and I belong to this world, mamma. I rather fancy Aldyth must be one of the 'children of light.'"

"What do you mean by speaking in that absurd way? It is not like you, Gladys."

Aldyth had hurried from her mother's presence that she might not be overmastered by an impulse to relieve her

GERMAN, SWISS, DUTCH, DANISH, AND SWEDISH LACES.

By MRS. ERNEST HART.



FIG. 1.—STATUE OF BARBARA UTTMANN, ERECTED TO HER MEMORY.

PART V.

IN the history of lace-making there is no pleasanter story than that of the foundation of the lace industry of Saxony. What in many places arose out of the attempt to supply the luxuries of the rich, began in Saxony in

the noble-hearted efforts of a woman to supply the needs of the poor. Barbara Uttmann is acknowledged to have been the founder of the lace industries of Germany. She was born in 1514 of burgher parents, in the little town of Etterlein, in the Hartz mountains, which town derives its name from her family. She married Christopher Uttmann, a rich master-miner, and became the mother of a large family. Domestic cares did not, however, entirely absorb her attention, for we read that she learnt lace-making from a Brabant Protestant who had fled from the cruel persecutions of the Duke of Alva. She soon turned this accomplishment to account, for noticing that the mountain girls were in the habit of making a net for the miners to wear over their hair, she taught them gradually to produce a simple kind of knotted lace by means of the pillow and bobbins. This developed into the plaited or "eternelle" lace, which, owing to its strength and cheapness, has ever since remained a lace greatly in demand for all kinds of domestic and personal decoration, and which is still made under the name of torchon or yak lace, in enormous quantities in the Hartz mountains, the Erzegebirge, and in the Vosges. In 1561 Barbara Uttmann obtained teachers from Flanders, and set up a workshop in her own name at Annaberg, and had lace made there of various patterns.

The new industry spread rapidly, and before long gave employment to 30,000 persons. Barbara Uttmann died in 1575, and left sixty-two children and grandchildren, thus fulfilling an alleged prophecy that her progeny would equal the number of the stitches of her first piece of lace. She sleeps in the churchyard of Annaberg, and on her tomb is inscribed—

"Here lies Barbara Uttmann; died January 14, 1575; whose invention of lace in the year

1561 made her the benefactress of the Hartz mountains.

"An active mind, a skilful hand,
Bring blessings down on the Fatherland."

A statue, one of the few erected to women, has been raised by a grateful country to this remarkable woman. It is reproduced in Fig. 1.

I have had the opportunity of seeing the results of Barbara Uttmann's labours in the lace districts of the Erzegebirge. In these mountain villages a large proportion of the female population are employed, particularly during the winter months, in working pillow laces. Mothers begin to teach their children at four years of age, and at seven or eight they have attained such rapidity of execution that one's eyes cannot follow the quick movements of the little workers' fingers. Small technical classes have been started in the mountain villages to train girls both in pillow and point laces.

The ordinary torchon laces of commerce are too well known to need illustration, but Figs. 2 and 3 are from small specimens of the finer kinds of torchon lace made in the Erzegebirge. They are worked in silk, and when broad strips of similar designs are joined together with invisible stitches, large pieces of lace, such as skirts, curtains, and bed coverlets, are produced of extraordinary richness and beauty, and yet moderate in price.

Point laces are also made in the same districts, particularly in a village called Gottesgab. The laces represented in Figs. 4 and 5 were worked in this village. They are beautiful examples of the perfection to which modern needlework can be carried. Fig. 4 is Greek in motive, but much finer in work than most Greek laces, either modern or ancient. In the symmetry of the design and in the perfection of the workmanship this specimen shows that the finest laces could still be produced in the mountains of Bohemia, if only there was sufficient demand for such. The collar represented in Fig. 5 was made at Gottesgab. The variety and delicacy of the fillings, and the rare beauty of the lace stitches in the wheels, cannot fail to be a source of delight to a lace connoisseur; but the design is so fussy that the simplicity of the main lines is lost; the spaces between the flowers are not open enough, and are crowded with minor motives, exquisite truly in execution, but which are not only not necessary in carrying out the idea, but are destructive of it. The work is, in fact, too distinctly Teutonic in character—that is, laborious and conscientious, but rather deficient in grace.



FIG. 2.—SILK TORCHON LACE MADE IN THE ERZEGEBIRGE.

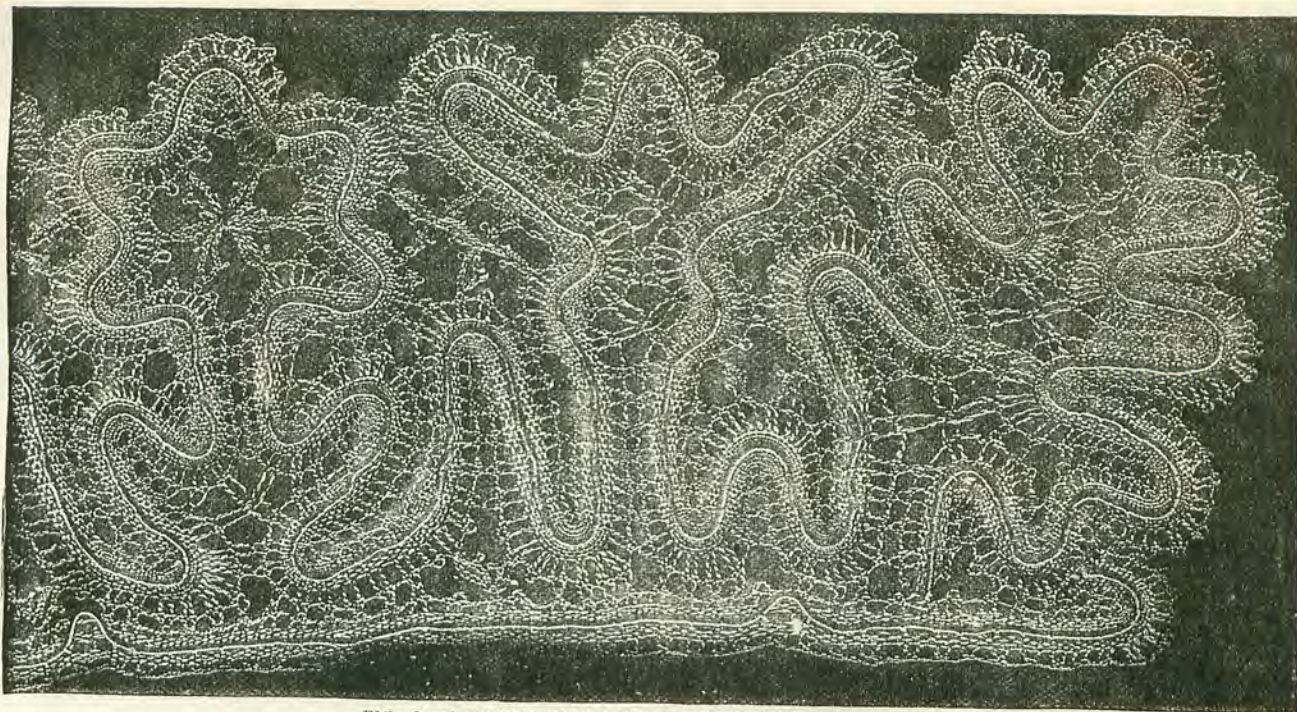


FIG. 3.—SILK TORCHON LACE, MADE IN THE ERZGEBIRGE.

An old Venetian lacemaker would have produced this collar with half the labour, and yet have made it twice as beautiful by means of greater grace of line and simplicity of treatment; but it would have been difficult for any laceworkers at any time to have executed finer and more delicate work with the needle.

The earnings of the Bohemian laceworkers are small, and do not amount to more than 4d. to 8d. a day. The women and girls work at their homes, and the lace is collected by factors, from whom the workers obtain thread and patterns. The price paid for German laces, which is below a living rate of wages, is kept down by the keen competition between the workers for orders, and they ruthlessly undersell each other. There is no possibility of improving the earnings and condition of

the laceworkers till they form Unions among themselves, which to be effectual should be international, so that lace, which is an unnecessary luxury, should not be purchasable by the rich at the cost of the degradation of the poor.

Lace like Brussels point *gaze*, but coarser, is also made in Saxony and Bohemia.

Dresden was at one time celebrated for a special kind of lace which was a combination of drawn thread-work and point-lace stitches. In the middle of the last century it was greatly in demand, and prizes were given in England and Ireland for the best imitation of Dresden point. The industry has now entirely disappeared. Hamburg, Berlin, Hanover, Leipsic, were all once the seat of flourishing lace industries, due to the emigration from France of refugee workpeople after the Revocation of

the Edict of Nantes; but these are now extinct, as well as the lace industries of Nuremberg and Augsburg, of which the best records are to be found in the pattern-books published in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and still extant.

Switzerland owed her lace industries also to the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which filled the country with refugees, many of whom were lace-makers. The Brussels pillow laces were so well imitated in the seventeenth century in Switzerland, that they were considered to be equal to the real. No such fine laces are now made in Switzerland; it is the home of machine-made imitations, and Swiss lace is synonymous with imitation lace.

In Holland, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the use of lace became the rage, as elsewhere, and we read of door-knockers being

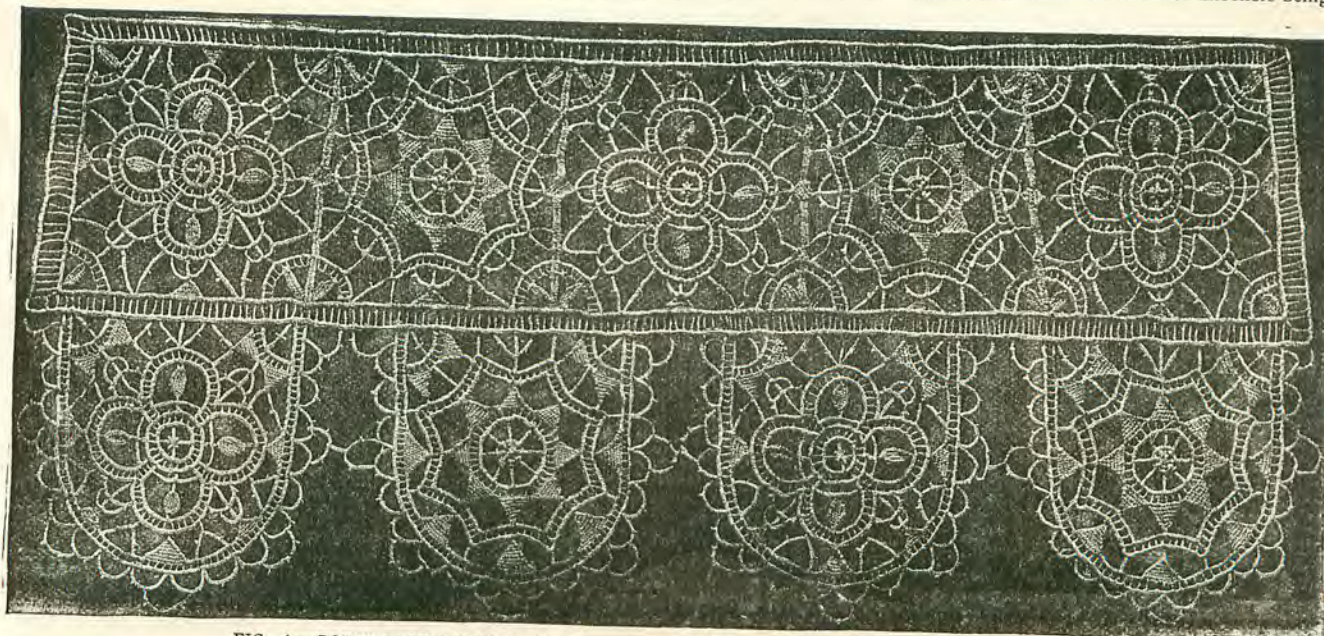


FIG. 4.—POINT-LACE WORKED AT GOTTESGAB, IN BOHEMIA. (From Author's Collection.)

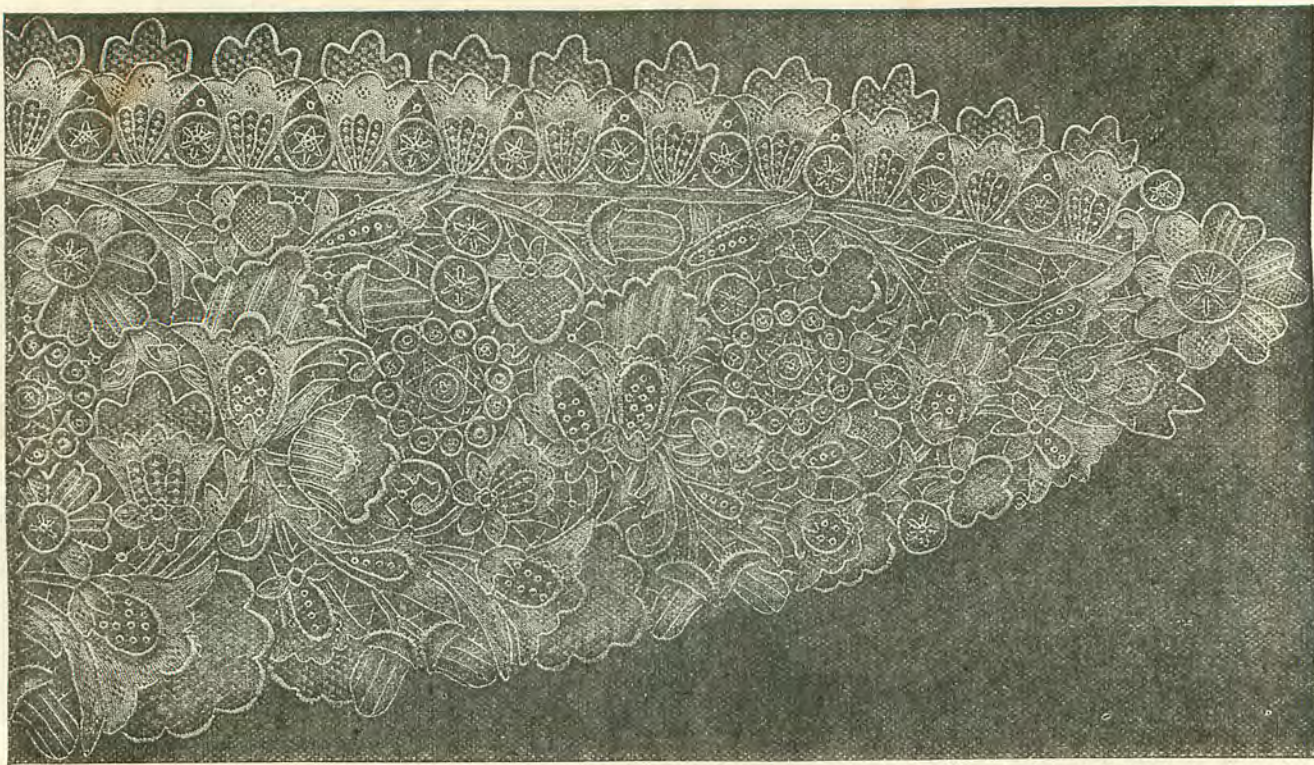


FIG. 5.—PART OF POINT-LACE COLLAR, WORKED AT GOTTESGAB, IN BOHEMIA. (*From Author's Collection.*)

tied up with rich point to announce the birth of an infant, and of warming-pans being muffled up in point and cut work. The French refugees were received with open arms in Holland, and for a time the lace industries flourished: but they seem to have been extinguished by the more brilliant success of the manufactures of the sister country.

The far-famed lace of Tønder, which Denmark produced in the seventeenth century, was much sought after by lace connoisseurs, and was so highly prized that King Christian IV. thought it not beneath him to mention frequently in his letters and journals the fact of the purchase of lace; he sent a piece of Tønder lace to his chamberlain, with an autograph letter, ordering him "to cut out of it four collars of the same size and shape as Prince Ulrik's Spanish lace, to contrive also to get two cuffs out of the same." The Tønder lace industry was due, as in so many other instances, to the enterprise of a private individual, and to his patriotic insight and energy in importing foreign teachers to

stimulate local effort. A merchant named Steenbeck induced twelve lace teachers to immigrate from Dortmund in Westphalia, in 1647, and to settle in Tønder. These teachers are described as very old men, with long white beards, which they gathered into bags when at work, to prevent the hair from being entangled in the bobbins. Under their tuition and the King's steady patronage, the Danish peasants made such progress in lace-making that Tønder lace became celebrated, and a system of "lace postmen" was established to carry the lace throughout Scandinavia.

For nearly two hundred years the Tønder lace industry flourished. In the beginning of this century, when it was at its zenith of prosperity, we are told there were twenty thousand peasants employed in and around Tønder alone. "Even little boys were taught to make lace till strong enough to work in the fields, and there was scarcely a house without a lace-maker, who would sit before her cottage door, working from sunrise till midnight, singing the ballads handed down from the Brabant

teachers." The introduction of cotton thread and the improved condition of agriculture are given as the causes of the decadence of the Tønder lace industry, which must now be counted among dead manufactures. Tønder lace does not seem to have had any special character of its own. Old Flemish, Mechlin, French, and Maltese laces were all copied. Cut-work and drawn thread-work have always been specialties of Danish handicraft. Tønder lace was chiefly valued for the excellence of its workmanship and the durability and beauty of the flax-thread of which it was made. One cannot but regret the extinction of industries which embodied so much of the worth and character of a nation.

In Sweden, lace-making is a very ancient handicraft, though it has rarely, except in the case of Wadstena, risen to the importance of an industry. The ladies and peasants of Sweden make now, as they did three hundred years ago, beautiful lace and cut and drawn thread-work, for personal adornment and the decoration of their houses.

TUDOR QUEENS AND PRINCESSES.

By SARAH TYTLER.

VIII.—ANNE OF CLEVES* (BY MARRIAGE A TUDOR).

THREE years passed after the death of Jane Seymour, in 1537, before Henry VIII. wedded a fourth wife. According to his enemies, the cause of his delay was the unwillingness on the part of suitable princesses to run the risk of sharing the fate of two of their predecessors. According to his partisan, Henry was in no haste to replace the queen whom he had loved and honoured to the last—who had borne him the fair son on whom the King set such store.

But it is certain that in the interval he looked for a wife in more than one direction.

The princesses whom he would have preferred as royal partners appear to have been a French princess, the widowed Duchess of Longueville, better known as Mary of Guise, mother of Mary Queen of Scots, and another young widow, Christina, daughter of Christian of Denmark and of Elizabeth of Austria, and widow of the Duke of Milan. However, Mary was already promised in marriage to James V. of Scotland, as the successor of his poor, consumptive girl-bride, Magdalen of France, daughter of Francis I.

and the good Queen Claude. As for Christina of Milan, the beautiful girl-widow of sixteen, of whom Henry had two portraits done expressly for him by Holbein, the larger being the very marvel of the painter's art, and the glory of the recent Tudor Exhibition, she was destined to take for her second husband Mary of Guise's brother, the Duke of Lorraine. According to tradition, Christina dismissed Henry's proposal with the saucy speech that she had but one head; if she had two, one should be at his Highness's service. The fact that she sat for the portraits which were to be sent to this formidable suitor is an implied

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