

other days of the week, or if it might not lie in their power to lighten or brighten what all must have known could not fail to be but a sombre life for so young a child. One of the oldest among them, who remembered the second marriage of Christopher Aitkin's father, said the child had a great look of her Italian grandmother, and those who heard the speech hoped that the likeness did not go further, and that she would turn out better—and then they thought of her no more. The recollection of the days when Lucile was among them, but not of them, still rankled; and the memory of the mother was not a legacy upon which the daughter could draw for sympathy and kindness.

Venetia, sitting, standing, or kneeling, very still and bolt upright in her corner of the long pew, gave her uncle no cause to complain of her conduct in any way; but if he could have known how her mind was occupied during those parts of the service in which, as a unit of the congregation, she had no share, it is very certain that he would have found most serious fault with her. For, little as one would have thought it from the childish gravity of her manner, and the conscientious regularity with which she joined in responses, and took part in psalm and hymn singing, Venetia enjoyed her Sunday mornings at church in a most worldly spirit. It was indeed to her the most amusing and interesting time of the whole week. Here she could sing with all the strength of her sweet shrill voice without any fear of Mrs. Piggott's "hush"; and this was a great pleasure, for Venetia loved to sing, and her notes were true, and clear as those of a bird. She felt her voice upborne by the organ and the loud treble of the school children who performed the duties of the choir, and carolled so joyfully through the tuneful double chants of that old-fashioned time, as now and then to draw down upon herself a look of surprise from some less musical neighbour.

But it was when the singing was over, and the rector had put on his spectacles, and spread his sermon before him on the pulpit cushion, and cleared his throat to begin the reading of his half hour's discourse, that she was most happy. She listened carefully for the text, looked it out in her Bible, and learned it by

heart—for her uncle would require her to repeat it to him on her return to the house; but, having done this, she put it away in her memory, which she knew to be a trustworthy keeping-place, and from which she was certain of being able to produce it at the proper time, and did not listen to one word of the sermon. She was much too busy in looking at all the faces within her range, and imagining for herself a score of possible and impossible things in connection with them. There was a little blind boy, who sat by the side of his sister among the Sunday-school children, who interested her immensely. When the sermon began, the sister, who was quite a big girl, used to take the little fellow's hand and keep it clasped in hers the whole time; and Venetia would not have missed seeing this for any inducement. If the day was hot and he fell asleep, the sister made a pillow for his head against her shoulder; and then she found herself wondering how the blind boy knew when he was going to sleep, since he was always in the dark with closed eyes. Quite near to her uncle's pew, at the end of a form, so that she could see him from head to foot, sat a character well-known to all Rockly as "Silly Billy"—a middle-aged man with a small head out of all proportion to his heavy, high-shouldered body, who was, in fact, the village idiot. He came regularly to church, and always held a prayer-book upside down, making hideous grimaces as he looked at it. This poor creature had an overpowering fascination for Venetia. She had heard his story from Mrs. Piggott, and knew that he was the only son of a poor old widow, who loved him and devoted herself to taking care of him. There were mothers, then, the little girl thought, who loved their children, even when they were idiots and never gave them anything but anxiety and pain; and though she could not have explained how it came to be so, the knowledge that his mother loved him gave a peculiar importance in her eyes to the poor idiot. One day, in passing the open door of the widow's cottage, she had seen the poor old mother feeding her helpless son, and the pitying tenderness in the expression of the wrinkled face had made a strong impression upon her

young mind. She recalled this scene every Sunday when she saw poor "Silly Billy" in church, and speculated with childish interest as to what dinner his mother would get ready for him before she came to meet him at the church door, his infirmities making an escort necessary even for so short a distance.

Then there was a family of naughty little children on the left hand, who behaved so badly that one or other had always to be taken out of church before the service was ended; and sometimes this scene gained additional excitement when the culprit set up a cry, which he made no attempt to restrain, in the very aisle. The rows of Sunday-school children too were a never-failing source of interest to Venetia, who, though she knew none of them, had given them all names; and it would have been very hard to persuade her that the fair little girl with the rosy cheeks, who could not be kept awake by any device known to her teacher, was called Sarah Ann and not "Nellie." No sermon was ever too long for Venetia, who thus occupied herself week after week without growing weary of the familiar strange faces of those around her.

Sunday afternoons were more tedious, unless the weather was fine enough for her to spend the long hours in the garden. For her uncle slept in the parlour with a coloured silk handkerchief over his head, and Mrs. Piggott slept also, sitting by the kitchen fireplace in her large arm-chair, with the skirt of her black silk dress folded back upon her knees, and there were no sounds in the house except the heavy breathing of one sleeper and the snoring of the other. Venetia would have liked to go to the Sunday-school, more, it must be confessed, with a view to making the acquaintance of other children there than with any desire for spiritual benefit; but a suggestion which she made to that effect was so ill received by Mrs. Piggott that she never repeated it. When cold or wet kept her indoors on Sunday afternoons she sought entertainment in reading; and one happy day she found an old copy of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, a book which she read again and yet again, until her thorough knowledge of its contents obliged her to lay it aside.

(To be continued.)

SPANISH, GREEK, MALTESE, RUSSIAN AND POLISH LACES.

By MRS. ERNEST HART.



HE lace mantilla enters so largely into the romance, the poetry, and the art of Spanish life, that we are not surprised to find lace-making an industry which has always been highly patronised in Spain. Point d'Espagne has, indeed, enjoyed as great a reputation as Point de Venise. Vanity of dress and the requirements of fashion did not, however, give so great an impetus to lace-making in Spain as the ceremonies of the Catholic Church, of which the Spaniards have always been devout observers. In the churches the numerous images of the patron saints and "Our Lady"

were, in the time of Spain's wealth and greatness, dressed and re-dressed daily in garments decorated with the most exquisite and costly lace. "Of so great value," says Beckford, "were the laces of these favoured madonnas, that in 1787 the Marchioness of Cogaludo, wife of the eldest son of the semi-royal race of Medina Coeli, was appointed mistress of the robes to Our Lady of La Solidad, at Madrid, a much-coveted office." Beautiful point laces were also used for the albs of the priests and the decorations of the altar.

Point d'Espagne, the most splendid of Spanish laces, was worked in gold and silver thread, and was often further enriched by embroidery in coloured silks. It was much

sought after in France, particularly during Louis XIV.'s reign, when it was used to trim velvet and brocade coats and dresses, and to decorate the hangings of royal bedsteads at Versailles. Towards the end of the sixteenth century the manufacture of Point d'Espagne was introduced into France by Simon Châtelan, a Huguenot, who, in return for his good services, received special protection from the minister Colbert. Point d'Espagne figures in the ceremonies of the Inquisition. The oldest of their banners, that of Valladolid, was bordered with real Point d'Espagne of a quaint Gothic design; and at the autos-da-fé we are told that the grandees of Spain and the officers of the Holy Office attended dressed in cloaks with



FIG. 1.—SPANISH SILK BLONDE LACE. (*The property of Mr. Biddle.*)

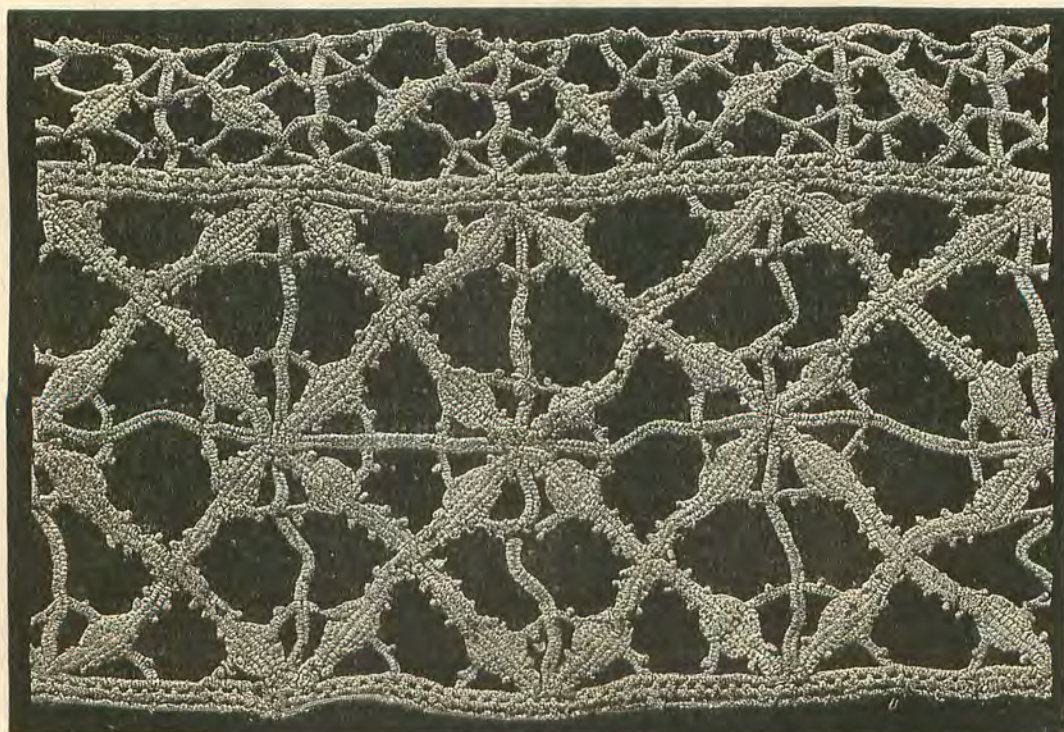


FIG. 2.—SPECIMEN OF GREEK RETICELLA LACE. (*From Author's Collection.*)

black and white crosses edged with this gold lace.

In *The Letters of a Lady*, published in London in 1679, the extravagance of Spanish ladies, in the matter of lace, in the seventeenth century is graphically described. The lady writes: "Under the vertigale, of black taffety, they wear a dozen or more petticoats, one finer than the other, of rich stuffs trimmed with lace of gold and silver to the girdle. They wear at all times a white garment called "sabenqua"; it is made of the finest English lace (Point d'Angleterre), and four ells in compass. I have seen some worth 500 or 600 crowns. . . . So great is their vanity, they would rather have one of these lace sabenquas than a dozen coarse ones, and either lie in bed till it is washed, or else dress themselves without any, which they frequently enough do." Describing the visit to the Princess of Monteleon, she says: "Her bed was of gold and green damask, lined with silver brocade, and trimmed with Point de Spain. Her sheets were laced round with an English lace, half an ell deep. The young Princess bade her maids bring in

her wedding clothes. They brought in thirty silver baskets, so heavy, four women could only carry one basket. The lace and linen were not inferior to the rest." This account hardly agrees with the opinions so often expressed of the simplicity of life in the "good old times."

The fine church laces which were made in the convents were, however, little known in Europe outside of Spain till the dissolution of the Spanish monasteries in 1830, when large quantities of the finest laces were suddenly discovered and dispersed. These were not only the heavy points but the most delicate and exquisite laces, the work evidently of nuns for the decoration of the effigies of their favourite saint—labours of love for which no money could pay.

Spanish mantillas are made of blonde laces, both white and black. The white mantilla is only worn on State occasions. A Spanish woman's mantilla is held sacred by law, and cannot be seized for debt. The blondes are pillow laces, and are manufactured by women and children in Catalonia, principally in and

around Barcelona. The workers follow their own fancy in the designs, which are chiefly naturalistic sprigs of flowers worked solidly in a lustrous silk, set in a gossamer net ground (Fig. 1).

Spanish Rose Point differs little from the Venetian; indeed, it is almost impossible for the most competent connoisseurs to distinguish one from the other. They were both made almost exclusively under the direction of nuns, who were frequently transferred from one country to the other, and thus carried their art with them. In Spanish Rose Point the pattern is splendid, the fillings are intricate, and show the most patient care in execution, and the cordonnet is heavy and rich in appearance.

Greece was doubtless the birthplace of European laces, and as long ago as in the fourteenth century Cyprus was celebrated for its gold and silver network and its embroidery. Cut-work, which was afterwards called "Reticella" by the Italians, who learnt the art from the Greeks, originated in the Ionian Isles, and is the true Greek lace. The designs are geo-

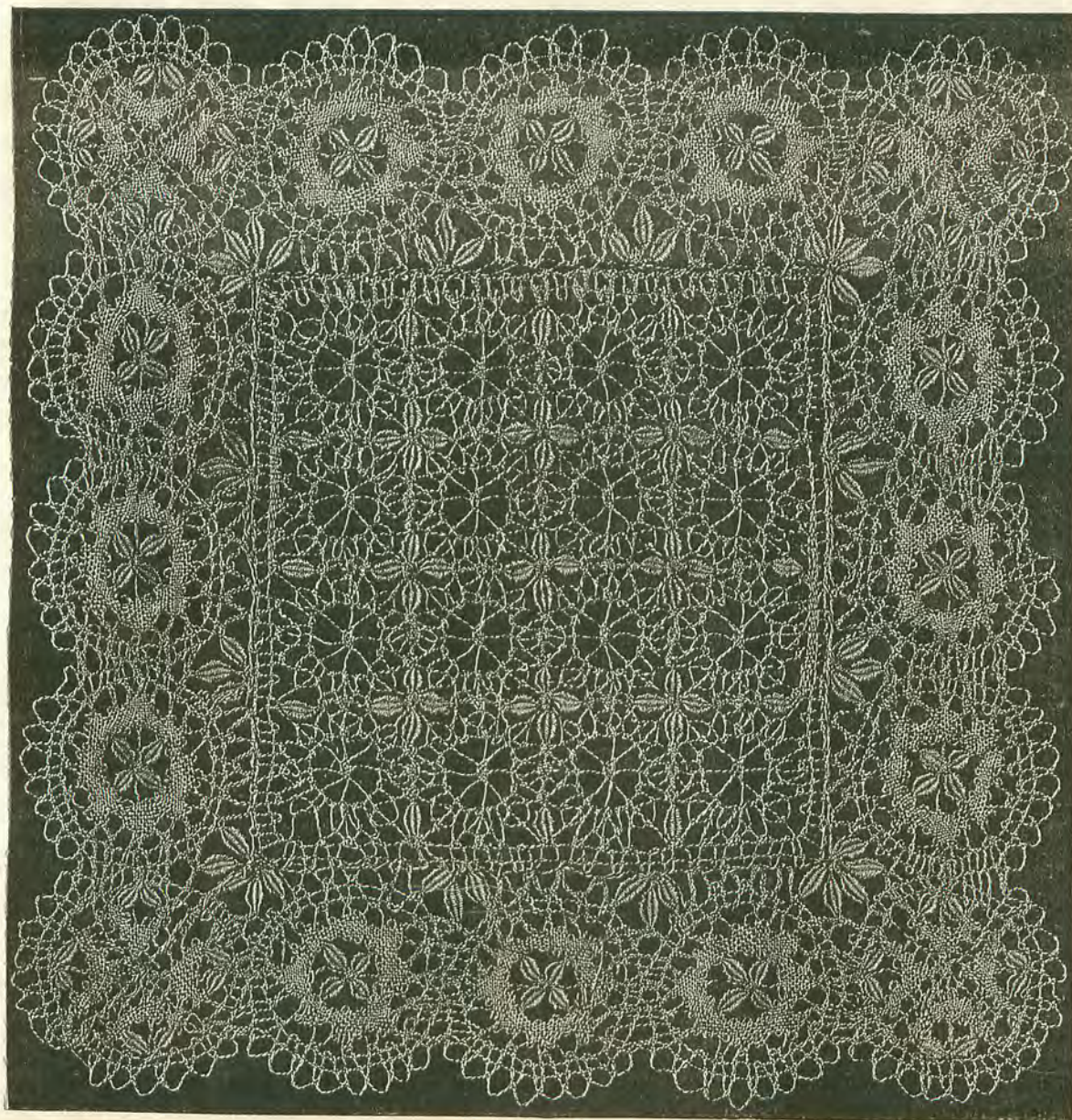


FIG. 4.—SPECIMEN OF MALTESE LACE.

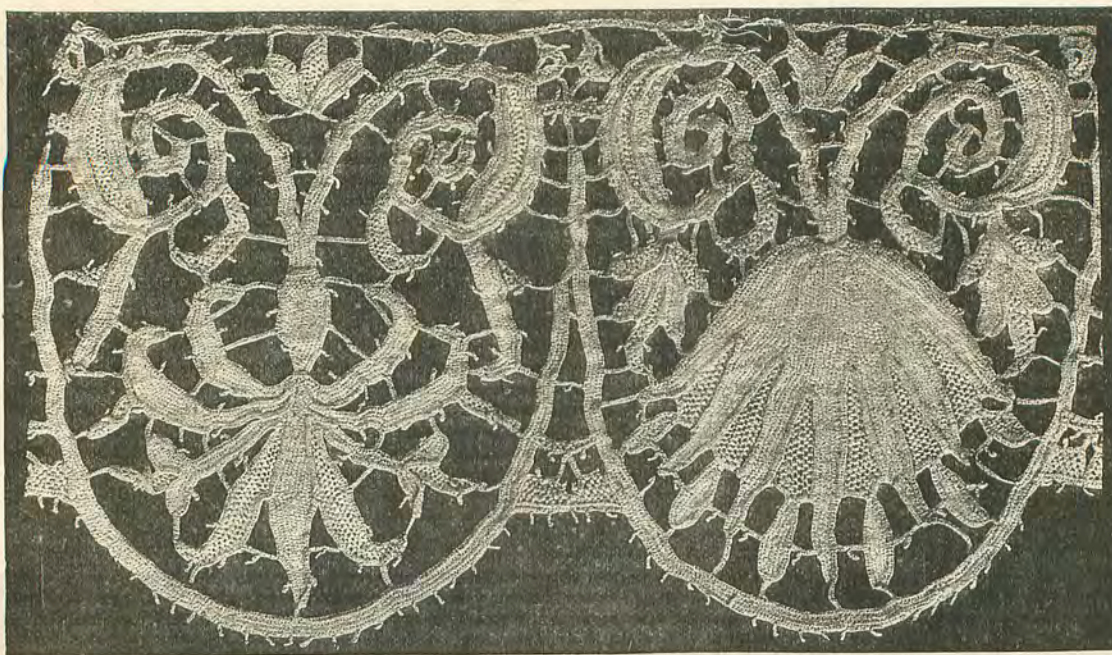


FIG. 3.—SPECIMEN OF GREEK NEEDLE LACE. (*From Author's Collection.*)

metrical in pattern. But little of the lace is made now in the Greek Islands, and specimens of fine lace have to be searched for. Figs. 2 and 3 are from specimens of old Greek laces which I bought in Corfu last year. Coarse pillow laces of good design were till recently made in the Ionian Islands, and are used by the peasant women to trim the aprons and kerchiefs they wear on *fête* days.

A society called the Cyprus Society has recently been formed to stimulate the industrial arts of Cyprus, and it is very much to be hoped that its members will collect fine specimens of old Cyprus embroidery, cut-work, and lace, and set the peasant women at work reviving an industry the traditions of which are so ancient and good.

Maltese lace is an imitation on the pillow of old Greek Reticella. It owes its origin to Lady Hamilton Chichester, who in 1833 induced a woman of the name of Ciglia to copy the lace of an old Greek coverlet. The lace which had previously been made in Malta was a coarse pillow lace resembling Valenciennes. The Ciglia family began then to make both black and white pillow lace on the Greek model, and, the industry spreading, it became one of the

most important in the island. Maltese lace (Fig. 4) is a kind of torchon, or plaited lace, and it is chiefly made in black and in white silk.

It is calculated that every great merchantman and ironclad which calls in at Malta leaves about £200 behind, chiefly in exchange for laces. After passing so many days at sea, everybody on board ship is anxious to land and eager to buy something to take home as a memento of the island, and lace being easily carried, and "sure to come in useful" to some lady friend, vast quantities of it are bought by buyers whose ignorance and credulity are easily imposed upon by the clever Maltese lace-dealers. The lace has, however, the advantage of cheapness and of making effective and pretty trimmings.

Russian lace is of very ancient manufacture, though it has never had a great reputation in Europe. It is quaint, and Byzantine in design. It closely resembles much of the pillow lace made in Bohemia. Peter the Great established a lace school in Novgorod, but it fell into decay. No needle points were made in Russia till the present century, when a lady founded a school in Moscow under the patron-

age of the Czarina for the making of old Venice Point. The school has been very successful, and Point de Moscou is, though Italian in stitch, original and Russian in design. In Poland a lace school has recently been established at Zakopane, in the Carpathians, one of the principal patrons of which is Madame Modjeska, the well-known actress. The peasants, who are an agricultural people, are glad to work at lace-making during the winter, when out-door work is impossible. They show great talent, and are not only quick at copying French and Italian laces, but they cleverly produce original designs and work of their own. The school has many branches, and is now self-supporting. The Polish girls generally work at lace-making only in their early youth. They keep the money earned by it for a dowry, and, once married, they abandon the work to younger companions, who have not house, husband, and children to look after. Lace-making may in this way be a most valuable industry, not as the employment of a life-time, but as the occupation of otherwise idle hours, by means of which extra money can be earned to lift the family out of poverty.

A DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE OF TREGARON.

By MARY E. HULLAH, Author of "Ella's Experiences," etc.

CHAPTER I.

GABRIELLE and I are foster sisters; she is one of the Tregarons of Veryan Court, and I am Eleanor Lea, the daughter of a farmer. Gabrielle was a weakly baby when she was first brought to Veryan Court, and my mother saved her life—at least, that is what Gabrielle always says—and it is one of the reasons that she gives for loving me as dearly as if I were her own sister.

"The Tregarons have always been true to their friends, Nellie, and I am a real Tregon in looks and disposition."

At any rate, if my darling, like her ancestors, has a hot temper, she is honourable and straightforward, and that, I am sorry to say,

some of her relations have not been. But to go back to the beginning of the story. When I was about thirteen years old my mother died, and I went to live at the Court. I had always spent a good deal of my time there, but now it became my home. Gabrielle is really only a few weeks older than I am, but nobody would think so to see us together; for she has a very dignified manner (and had when she was a little child), and makes the impression of being much older than she really is. She is the only direct descendant of the Tregarons, and her grandfather, Sir Philip Tregon, ought to have thought a great deal of her; but he was terribly disappointed that she was not a boy, who would have inherited

Veryan Court. Now, as a matter of course, both estate and title would go to a distant cousin, a lawyer in London; and though Gabrielle lived at the Court, Sir Philip did not in those days take any notice of her.

Lady Tregon was an invalid, and lived apart in her own rooms; she spent her time chiefly in making embroidery for the drawing-room furniture, and could not bear the noise of children. Consequently, Gabrielle was left a great deal to herself. She had governesses, of course, but none of them ever stayed very long, or gained any influence over her.

I remember quite well the first evening that I arrived at the Court. Sir Philip was in the hall, scolding one of the servants for some



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' AUGUST 29, 1891.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

IRISH LACES.

By MRS. ERNEST HART.

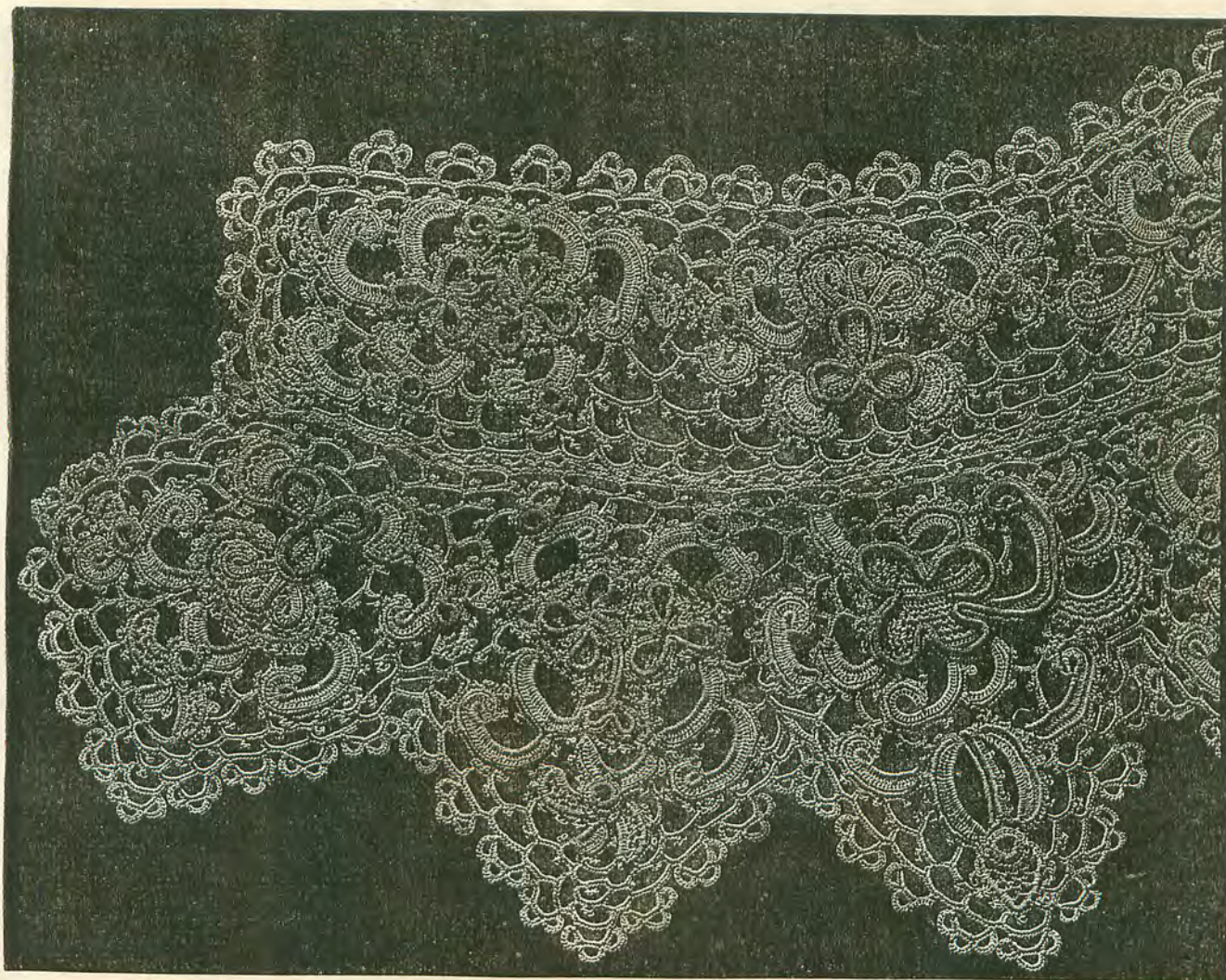


FIG. 5.—CLONES CROCHET LACE COLLAR.

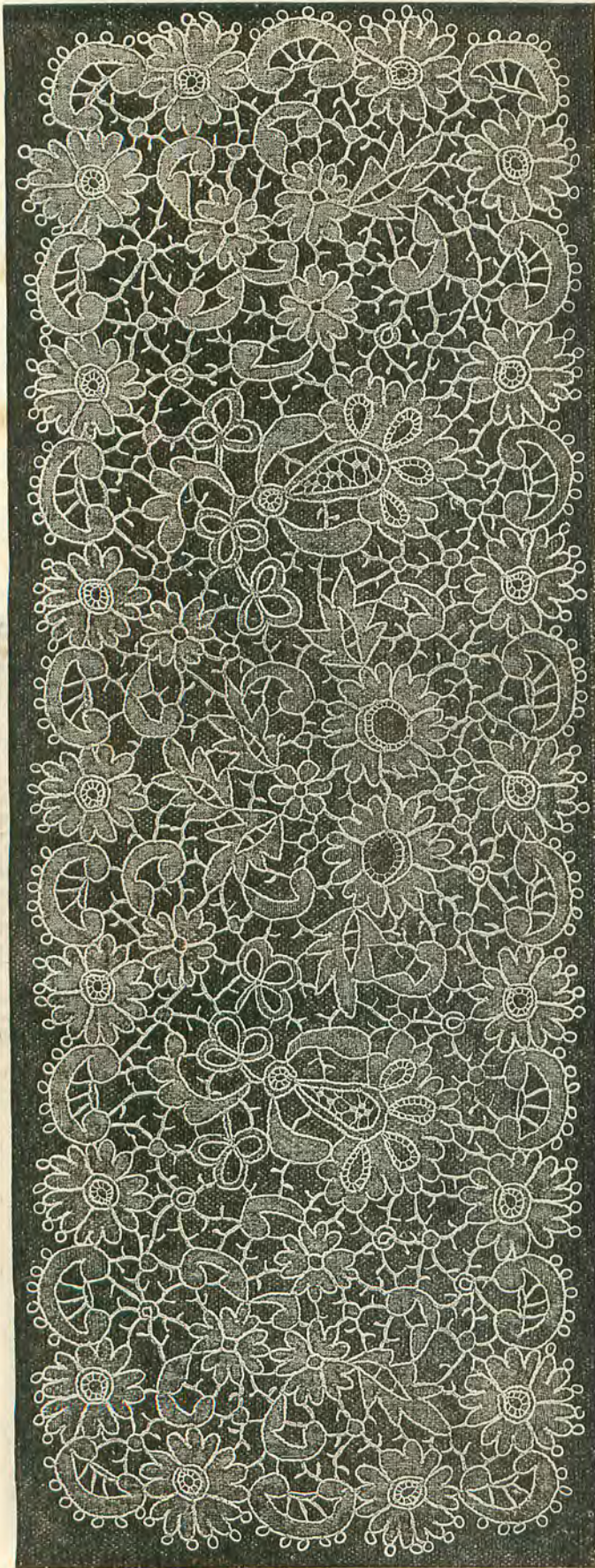


FIG. 1.—CARRICKMACROSS GUIPURE LACE.

LACE-MAKING in Ireland has had a variable history. The industry has from time to time flourished under the patronage of the great and fashionable, or from the impetus given by the poverty and distress of the poor; but it has declined again when incentives to work have been removed.

We have no records by which to fix the period when lace was first made in Ireland; but we read that great encouragement was given the industry towards the middle of the eighteenth century by a club of Irish patriots, called the Dublin Society. Acting under the advice of Lady Arabella Denny, money prizes were given by this Society for the best reproductions of Brussels lace, Dresden Point, and bone lace, as pillow lace was then called. At this time there was a strong national feeling in Ireland, and patriotism was extended even to lace; and we are told that enthusiastic young Irishmen, anxious to stimulate home manufactures, refused to toast any lady or to consider her beautiful if she wore French laces or foreign fopperies. Ladies, on their part, exerted themselves to found schools, and to have children taught the art of making lace. Gold and silver lace was at this time so well made in Ireland, that in 1778 the Irish Parliament passed an Act prohibiting the importation of such manufactures from England or any foreign port. But troublous times came upon Ireland. The Dublin Society ceased to exist. Lady Arabella Denny died in 1792 at the age of eighty-five, and the lace industry of Ireland languished and expired for the lack of support and encouragement. It was not till the third decade of the present century that the severe distress of repeated potato famines, and the terrible suffering, the starvation, and death caused by the great famine of 1846-7, induced many ladies, whose hearts were deeply stirred by the misery around them, to make serious efforts to revive the Irish lace industry, and to try and find in it the means of support for a starving people. How they succeeded will be told in the following pages.

Irish laces may be divided into Carrickmacross, Limerick, Youghal Point, Innismacsaint Point, and Crochet.

1. *Carrickmacross*.—This lace is of two kinds—appliqué and guipure. In appliqué the pattern is made of the finest muslin or cambric, which is applied to net by point-lace stitches. In guipure the flowers are attached by brides, into which are worked characteristic little loops or projecting spurs (Fig. 1). When well made, appliqué Carrickmacross resembles Brussels lace. Carrickmacross lace originated in 1820, in the efforts made by Mrs. Grey Porter to teach her servant, Ann Steadman, to copy a piece of Italian lace. Miss Reid, of Rahans, near Carrickmacross, taught herself and her sister the new art, and subsequently established a school, in which poor children were taught lace-making as a means of supplementing the earnings the family obtained from working the little farm. The town of Carrickmacross is in the Bath and Shirley Estates. When, in 1846, Mr. Tristram Kennedy became manager of the Bath Estate, he was so much impressed by the benefit conferred on the neighbourhood by Miss Reid's lace school, that he raised a public fund and built seven lace schools in and around Carrickmacross. He subsequently secured a grant of £100 from Parliament to teach drawing and designing in his schools. Mr. Kennedy's schools, and the lace industry which sprang from them, were of the greatest help to the poor during the famine years. Many of them were subsequently closed; but the central school at Carrickmacross is still in existence, and does good work, owing to the annual grant still paid it by Government.

Limerick Lace is one of the best known of Irish laces. It is of two kinds—Tambour and Run lace. In the former, a hooked or crochet needle loops a fine linen floss or silk thread in a chain stitch through net stretched on a frame. It is truly embroidery, and the same stitch and method are adopted in Oriental embroideries, especially in those made at Damascus. When, however, the net is fine and the design good, Tambour lace is very effective and "lacey," and has the merit of being inexpensive, strong, and of washing well. In Run lace, the design and filling are formed by darning in the net in threads of different thicknesses. An appliqué *re'*, resembling Carrickmacross, and called "Curragh," was also at one time made at Limerick.

The Limerick lace industry owed its origin to an Englishman, Mr. Charles Walker, who, on marrying the daughter of a lace manufacturer, determined to try and make a commercial success of an industry which had at that time a most feeble existence. He brought over twenty-four girls from England as teachers, and in a short time a large amount of good lace was being made in Ireland. During the famine, lace-making was one of the great resources of the district; and through an association of ladies, who worked hard to help the poor in their distress, a considerable sale was obtained for Limerick lace. This was the time when lace fichus, berthas, ruffles, and frills were much worn by ladies, both young and old. The lace made at this period was very fine, good in design, and delicate in execution.

After the famine, when death and emigration had greatly diminished the population of Ireland, and the desperate need

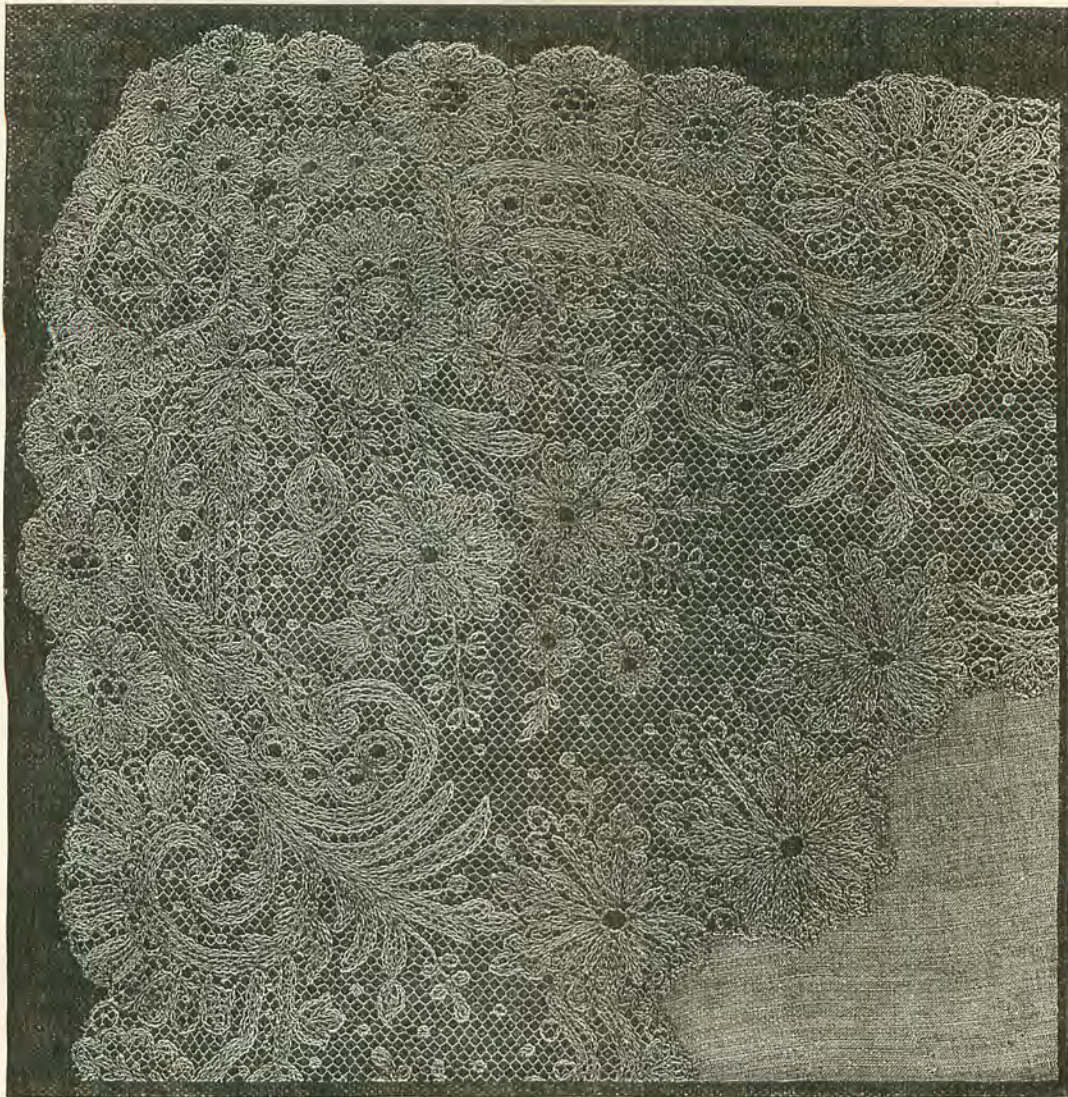


FIG. 2.—LIMERICK TAMBOUR LACE.

of an agricultural population to make some extra earnings, however small, had passed away, the Limerick lace industry declined. Public interest in it was lost, good designs were no longer furnished the workers, Limerick lace fell out of fashion, and till a few years ago only the coarsest kinds of the poorest design were made, and sold at very low prices. This pretty old lace was in this degraded condition when it was taken in hand, five or six years ago, by Mrs. Vere O'Brien, the adopted daughter of the late W. E. Forster, Chief Secretary for Ireland, who, on marrying an Irish gentleman, and settling near Limerick, opened a school, at which to teach again the making of the charming old lace of the district. Under this kind and wise influence the industry has revived, and at Mrs. Vere O'Brien's school are now produced the most beautiful Run and Tambour laces, which are both fine in execution and artistic in design.

Youghal Point is essentially the Irish Point lace. It has a distinctive character of its own, which makes it easily recognised. (Fig. 3.) The stitches, it will be noted, are very varied. Most Youghal lace fails, however, in point of design. The rose and the shamrock, particularly the latter, appear *ad nauseum*. In some Irish Point, however, which has been recently made from designs furnished by the South Kensington Museum Lace Committee,

Italian motives prevail, and under this influence the lace has greatly improved.

Irish Point owes its origin to the earnestness and ingenuity of a nun in the convent at Youghal, who was anxious—as all good nuns of Ireland always have been, and still are—to find industrial employment for the children of her schools. Chancing to come across an old piece of Italian Point, she unpicked it, studied the stitches of which it was composed, and reproduced them with success. She then determined to teach some of the poor children who were in need of bread to learn and make point lace as a means of livelihood. She succeeded so well that the first specimens of Irish Point were sold at a high price. New point stitches were invented and designs were improved, and in a short time Irish Point became, owing to the devotion of this kindly nun to her poor children, an established success. It is now made in many convent schools; but that made at Kenmare, Kinsale, and Youghal is the best. American ladies greatly admire this lace, and when passing through Ireland, on their way to Europe, they frequently give large orders for it at the convents.

Youghal Point also fell into a low condition owing to the poor designs and coarse thread used; but of late years the Lace Committee at South Kensington, and the School of Design

at Cork, have done excellent work in stimulating the production of good lace designs, and in aiding the workers and teachers to obtain them; and Youghal Point has again taken its position as one of the finest laces made.

Innishmacsaint Point Lace.—Away in that wild and desolate county, Donegal, in the midst of Lough Erne, there is a holy island called Innishmacsaint, to which the poor peasants of the district often come on pilgrimage, or to perform penance. Extremely poor the peasants of Donegal always are, but in 1846 their condition was desperate. An old piece of Italian Point lace excited the attention of Mrs. Maclean, the wife of the rector of the parish of Tynan, exactly as a similar relic had attracted the nun at the convent of Youghal. The old piece of lace awoke in each lady similar trains of thought, and induced each to make the same effort to help the starving children about her. This old piece of point was unpicked, and the stitches of which it was composed discovered, and Mrs. Maclean began to teach the making of Rose Point to the girls of her parish. Private orders sustained the school, and the earnings made were a great boon to the people. Innishmacsaint Point is heavy, and has not the delicacy and richness of the Venice and Spanish Points. Lace of the same kind



FIG. 3.—YOUGHAL POINT LACE.

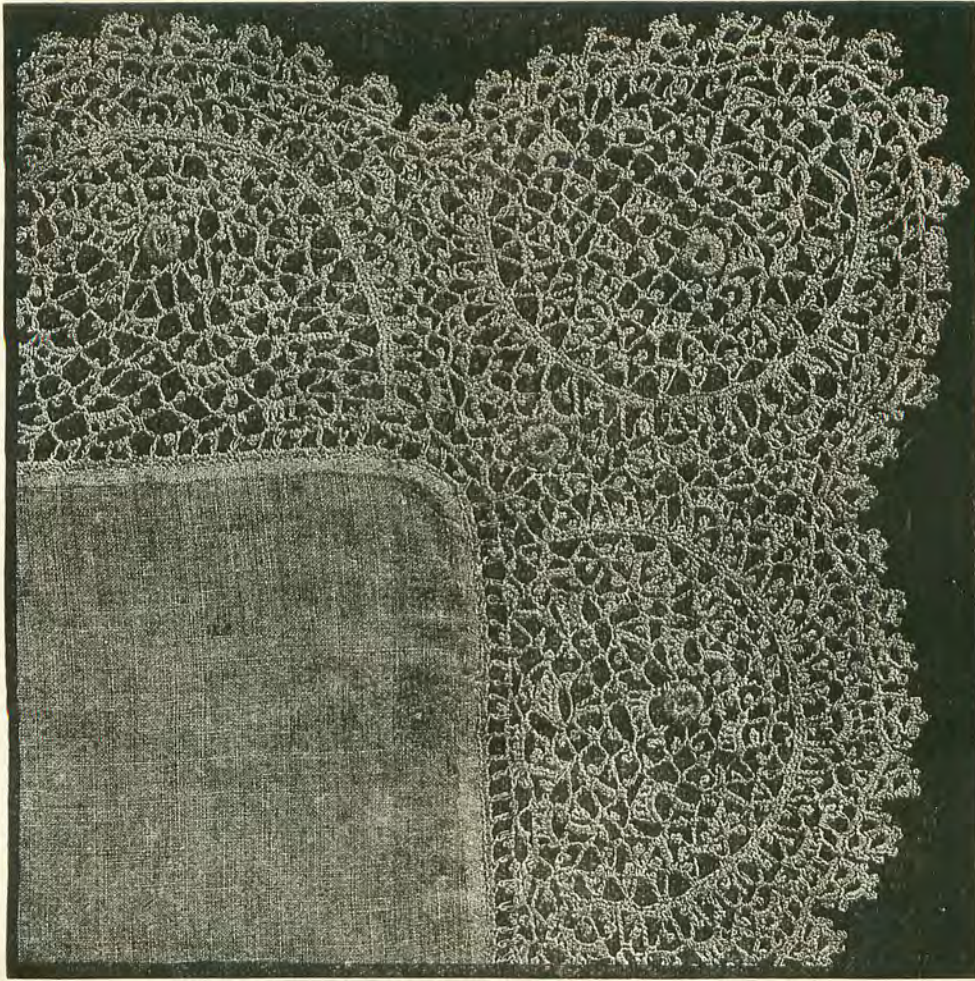


FIG. 4.—CORK CROCHET LIFTED AND KNOTTED LACE.

but of a higher quality is made at Miss Keane's school in Cappoquin, Co. Waterford.

Irish Reticella.—A school at which reproductions of Greek and Italian reticella lace are made has been established by Mrs. Hall Dare, at Newtonbury. The lace produced is admirable, and nothing finer was made in Italy in the sixteenth century than the reticella turned out from Mrs. Hall Dare's school in Ireland.

Crochet.—Irish Crochet is known all over the world. When the hooked needle—which was probably introduced from the East to produce Tambour lace—was first used independently to make looped stitches *in aria* is not known. Crochet is probably an old art, and was known and practised on the Continent, chiefly in convents, as long ago as in the sixteenth century. About the year 1836 it became fashionable in England owing chiefly to the pattern books published by Madame del Riego, a lady who was always deeply interested in promoting the crochet industry in Ireland, and who, when she died, two or three years ago, left her fortune to be devoted to the encouragement of lace schools in the south of Ireland. It was, however, the great famine of 1846 which stimulated the crochet industry, when, owing to Government grants, the energetic action of benevolent ladies, and the intelligent industry of convent schools, crochet lace became the chief hope of the people in Co. Cork, and gave an immense amount of employment during a period of dire distress.

The nuns of the Ursuline Convent at Blackrock, Co. Cork, had already begun to teach

their scholars to make crochet lace before the famine, and it is recorded that in 1845 their pupils had earned £90. When the unhappy country lay prostrated by the scourge, the crochet industry springing from this industrial centre became the main support of the people. The little hooked needle was turned indeed into a very wand of hope. Crochet was taught in almost every convent, and ladies exerted themselves to form classes, to introduce and invent new designs, and to keep up and improve the standard and quality of the work. The names of two ladies are particularly associated with this effort to save a starving people by creating a new industry—namely, those of Mrs. Roberts, of Thornton, Co. Kildare, and Mrs. Hand, the wife of the Vicar of Clones, Co. Monaghan. These ladies took as their models of design fine old Italian guipures and Venice Points, and adapted them to crochet; and it is due to their intelligent direction that much of Irish crochet is so rich and Venetian in appearance. Every girl taught was obliged to teach three more, and she could not get employment till she gave evidence that three girls had been taught by her to do good work. In this way the spirit of Christian helpfulness spread, and thousands of girls were soon employed earning money to support their families, and to save them from starvation.

The principal Irish crochet laces are the Cork and the Clones. The Cork is divided into the lifted and the knotted. The pattern is small and dainty, and the work fine and intricate. (Fig. 4.) It is difficult to make. In Clones crochet the sprigs, leaves, and

flowers are made independently, and are joined together by brides, which vary much in fancy. In Clones crochet, Venetian and Spanish Points and Greek laces are reproduced with extraordinary skill. (Fig. 5.) Irish crochet laces, for which sympathy with suffering created so great a demand, fell, unfortunately, out of fashion, and a ruining trade competition, and the demand for cheapness, so degenerated the once beautiful work, and lowered wages, that the industry almost died out. Mr. Biddle has of late years done much to revive it, and has supplied the Irish workers with beautiful designs. He has also introduced a splendid crochet lace in lustrous silk, both black and white. These new Irish laces, as well as the Limerick and Carrickmacross, excited the greatest admiration, even from the connoisseurs and lacemakers of Belgium and France at the great Exhibition at Paris last year, and were awarded the silver medal. The Queen, in order to patronise Irish lace, recently wore a quantity of black silk Irish crochet guipure at one of the Drawing Rooms, since when this lace has been called Royal.

Before concluding, I must mention an effort now being made to introduce the pillow, and the making of Torchon or plaited laces, into Ireland. Mrs. Dawson, of Headford, Co. Mayo, has been for many years engaged in this work, and has taught numbers of girls to make good Torchon lace. I have also, in Gweedore, Co. Donegal, made an effort to establish pillow lace as one of the industries of the place, and have opened a lace school, where girls are taught Torchon and Kells laces. In carrying out this work, I was aided by the vote made

me in Parliament in 1887, for the purpose of village technical teaching in Donegal. The industry is still small, though a number of girls now make excellent lace.

The story of the lace industries of Ireland illustrates in a striking manner what valuable services women can render who care for the poor, and who are anxious to serve others.

Women have been in Ireland the very mothers of industry. What has been begun by them out of Christian love for a suffering people, has been taken up by traders, and has been made by them a great commercial success. A competition, which was as unwise as it was cruel, has too often subsequently degraded and ruined an industrial art which

had both life and beauty. But the lace industries of Ireland have now passed through their period of decadence, and in the convent schools, and in the classes of Mrs. Vere O'Brien, Mrs. Hall Dare, and Miss Keane, it is being demonstrated again that the human sympathy and quick intelligence of women can give new life to an old art.

A FORTUNATE EXILE.

A STORY OF SWISS SCHOOL LIFE.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "The Mountain Path," "The Hill of Angels," etc.

CHAPTER IX.



FEEL quite happy about Honor Drayton now," declared Miss Arundel to her friend and *confidante*, Miss Grahame, one evening, as the two were strolling in the lovely garden.

Merry voices and the noise of balls resounded from the asphalt court where tennis was in full progress.

"Do you ever cease thinking of your bairns, Constance, I wonder?" enquired the other half affectionately, half playfully.

"What else should I think of? Whom else have I to live for?" replied the other with a touch of melancholy in her voice. "I am a mother by deputy, you know, and I tremble to think what would become of me if I had to give up my school. I hope I should not survive it."

The shrewd, kindly little Scotchwoman was thinking, "That is hardly a common feeling among schoolmistresses; but this love for her work is just what gives Constance Arundel her power." She did not express her thought, but merely said, "As to Honor? You were saying—"

"That I feel satisfied about the child. She was a weight on my mind at first. So clumsy and awkward; but worst of all, so self-conscious and distrustful of everybody! Such characters sometimes develop into morose, unhappy women—like fruit soured and spoiled for lack of sunshine, that nothing can sweeten. Oh! if people only realised, in using that word *spoil*," declared Miss Arundel

with animation, "that far more children are spoiled by too little tenderness than by too much! I should like to preach some of these 'parents and guardians' a sermon. I would tell them some home truths."

"But I think Mrs. Drayton is getting to feel differently about this poor 'ugly duckling' in her brood. She wrote quite kindly as to Honor's singing lessons, and actually speaks of the youngest daughter coming to me in September."

"I am sure if she could only see the child she need not be ashamed of her," indignantly cried Miss Grahame, with whom Honor was a favourite.

"No; she really is wonderfully improved already—in bearing and appearance. And what a sweet expression she is getting in those big wistful eyes of hers! She makes me feel inclined to cry sometimes when she watches me about. And her voice! Oh! if you only knew how glad and proud I am of that voice! It will be such a resource to the girl. And to have stopped that wearisome strumming on the piano! The time wasted by girls over that instrument when they have no taste or capacity!—there is another text, now, for a lecture on education!" declared Miss Arundel with vehemence.

"You are quite eloquent to-night, Constance."

"Because I love my subject. Honor's improvement is a favourite theme. Was it not sweet of her to buy that absurd album—very expensive too—for that cross old *duenna* at home?" enquired Miss Arundel with irreverence. "She responded most readily to my view of the case; and when I touched on the point that even if she deemed Miss Courcellis her enemy, it was the part of a Christian girl to return good for evil, her eyes filled with tears. She is susceptible to every right motive, and has, I am sure, come to think seriously of late in many ways. In fact, her influence in the house is all for good, and I hope her mother will leave her to me for many a long day."

In this wish Honor would ardently have concurred. It is not to be supposed that our heroine suddenly shed all her faults like autumn leaves; that in a week or two she became blameless in temper, devoid of self-consciousness, straight as a poplar, elegant as a swan, an ornament to society, and a pattern to her sex.

But she was improving so fast that Miss Arundel could—

"Reach a hand thro' time to catch
The far-off interest"

of her efforts day by day. And the knowledge of her delightful new power was a wonderful help to Honor. *I can*—no words impart such dignity and happiness as these.

On the next Saturday a long-talked-of expedition was to take place; an excursion that every May gladdened the heart of the schoolgirls, to a mountain hamlet far above the lake, where "*la floraison des narcisses*" offered a vision of never-to-be-forgotten beauty. It was exquisite weather when they started off in high spirits, rendered additionally high by a most unusual permission. They might speak English on this excursion if they would promise not to chatter too loud.

There was a brief railway journey along the margin of the lake, and then the happy party climbed a wooded hill and proceeded inland among the mountains. The path led through a forest, delicately green with the young foliage, and musical with the rush of a torrent down in the depths. The girls were walking two and two, and many were the confidences stirred and fostered by the entrancing influence of the spring. There was scarcely one of Miss Arundel's girls who had not her ambition as to her future life.

Honor and Maud Seymour were walking together, and their talk was all of music. Each was an enthusiast, and each, it proved on discussion, had an exalted view of the claims of her art. Neither meant to fritter away her powers in ephemeral, frivolous music for voice and piano; the silly, sentimental drawing-room ditty, the after-dinner piece intended to promote conversation, were to be rigorously eschewed. Beauty and artistic value were to enter into all they sang or played. If the two girls rhapsodised a little they may be forgiven, for they were young and ardent, and Honor was still aglow with the delight of her new-found treasure. She could not echo the veneration of Maud the disciple for her gifted master, Herr Steinthal, whom Honor remembered with dismay; neither could Maud express unbounded admiration for Signor Bianchi's genius and benevolence; but each was willing to listen to the other, and in this way they harmonised very well.

"'Tis like one of the fairy stories *la madre* used to tell us," and Tonine smiled his assent, too pleased to speak.

Never was there such a dinner as that dinner. The grateful southern natures warmed to the givers of such a treat, and many of the Italians declared, in the *fulness of their content*, that England was after all a lovely country (for it happened to be a most charming day, sunny, and very warm), and the people, ah! so good.

After dinner Tessa and Tonine were asked to play. At one side of the large field there was a sort of colonnade, where some plants were sheltered in bad weather: these having been cleared away, chairs and stools were brought

from the house, and the *signori*, as Tessa said, came to listen to their performance.

One gentleman, a clergyman, had observed with much pleasure that the children had bowed their heads for a minute or two before they began their dinner, and also when he returned thanks for all they were the first to rise. He therefore determined to watch these lonely little ones, and while the servants were placing chairs, etc., ready for the guests, he went up to them and spoke to them.

Seeing the protecting air Tessa had for her brother, he asked her how much older she was than he.

"We are twins, *signor*, but *la*

madre, before she went to heaven, told me, as I was the stronger of the two, I was always to take the care of Tonine. Ah! *signor, il misfratel*—merging into half Italian and half English—"he so weak, for he cannot to eat what is possible to buy. He was—ah! the words will not come."

"Speak in Italian, my child—I can understand you, for I have been in your beautiful country."

Tessa clapped her small brown hands with pleasure, and then in voluble language told the Rev. Mr. Jones their history. He was much moved at hearing of the struggles two such young children had had to go through.

(To be continued.)

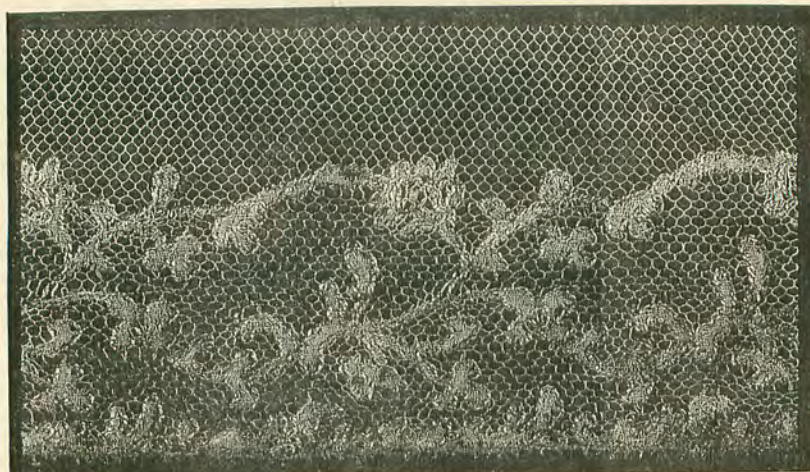


FIG. 1.—ENGLISH "LILLE" LACE. (From Author's Collection.)

ENGLISH LACES.

By MRS. ERNEST HART.

"THE spinsters and the knitters in the sun, and the free maids that weave their threads with bone," of Shakespeare's day were not the first who made lace in "merrie England." Cut work and fancy trimmings had been already made in imitation of Italian wares, and were worn by royal and noble persons; but lace, characteristically English, was not made till the sixteenth century. To an unfortunate Queen, who loved her adopted country and her unfaithful husband only too well and loyally, English pillow lace probably owes its origin. When Catherine of Aragon was obliged to renounce her home and throne, and bow to the will of her fickle husband, she retired to Ampthill, in Bedfordshire, to spend her time mostly in weeping and praying. In her wretchedness she did not, however, forget the poor, who felt deeply for the deserted Queen, and became greatly attached to her; and she taught them some of the arts of needlework and lace-making of her own country. "Cattern's Day," in memory of good Queen Catherine, was kept as a holiday by the Bedfordshire lace-makers for three hundred years after her death. Queen Elizabeth was a great patron of lace, and in the inventories of her wonderful wardrobes all kinds of laces are described; but they are mostly foreign—Italian, Flemish, and Spanish. English cut work and pillow lace were not, however, disdained by great ladies, and Queen

Anne, the consort of James I., provided herself largely with English "nidell worke" and "bone lace" on coming to the throne.

The greatest impetus to English lace-making was not given, however, by royal or great persons, but by the immigration into England of Flemish refugees, who taught the English workers good designs and better methods. Bitter complaints were notwithstanding made that these foreigners "do keepe their misteries to themselves."

In the time of Charles I., lace of the finest description was used not only for collars and ruffles, but to trim every article of the toilet. The English lace-makers had so greatly improved in their art, that we read of Henrietta Maria sending presents of English lace to her sister, Anne of Austria. In a letter still in existence dated February 7th, 1636, from the Countess of Leicester, who had been requested by her husband to procure for him some bone lace of English make, she writes: "The present for the Queen of France I will be careful to provide, but it cannot be handsome for that proportion of money which you do mention, for these bone laces, if they be good, are dear; but I will send the best, for the honour of my nation and my own credit."

During the Commonwealth the lace industry did not thrive; but on the Restoration it revived, though Flemish laces were certainly

more in fashion than English. It was under the royal patronage of William III., who spent thousands of pounds yearly in lace for his own wardrobe, that English lace prospered; and later, owing to the influence of French refugees, it improved immensely in character. Defoe speaks of Blandford point selling at £20 a yard. Laws were passed protecting English lace, but with little effect in keeping out foreign importations. To try and overcome the taste for French lace and fineries, a society, called the "Anti-Gallicans," was established in the reign of George II. They held quarterly meetings, and gave prizes for pillow and point lace of English make, and they succeeded in a great measure in making English laces fashionable. The attempt, however, to prevent foreign laces being imported, only led to smuggling. All were engaged in the contraband trade, and ladies of title, wives of judges, and gentlemen of position, were not ashamed to recite their successful ventures, and to describe the clever way they had eluded the vigilance of the Custom House officers.

Many and strange are the stories told of the steps taken to try and compel fashionable ladies and gentlemen to wear clothes of English manufacture. George III. was a determined promoter of English manufactures, and at the marriage of his sister, the Princess Augusta, to the Duke of Brunswick, he issued a royal command that all the stuffs and laces worn

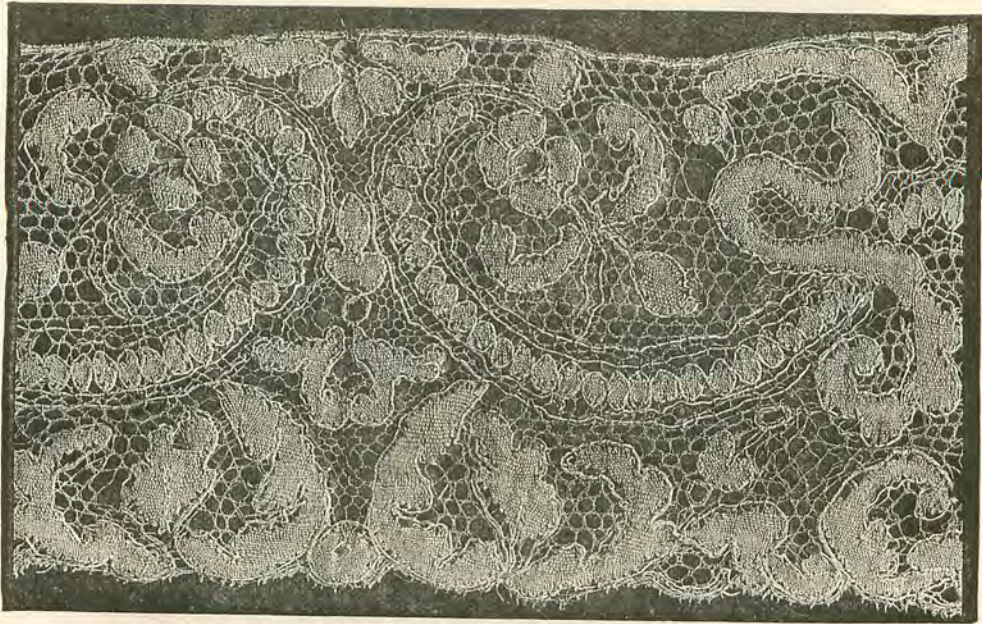


FIG. 2.—BEDFORDSHIRE "REGENCY POINT." (*From Author's Collection.*)

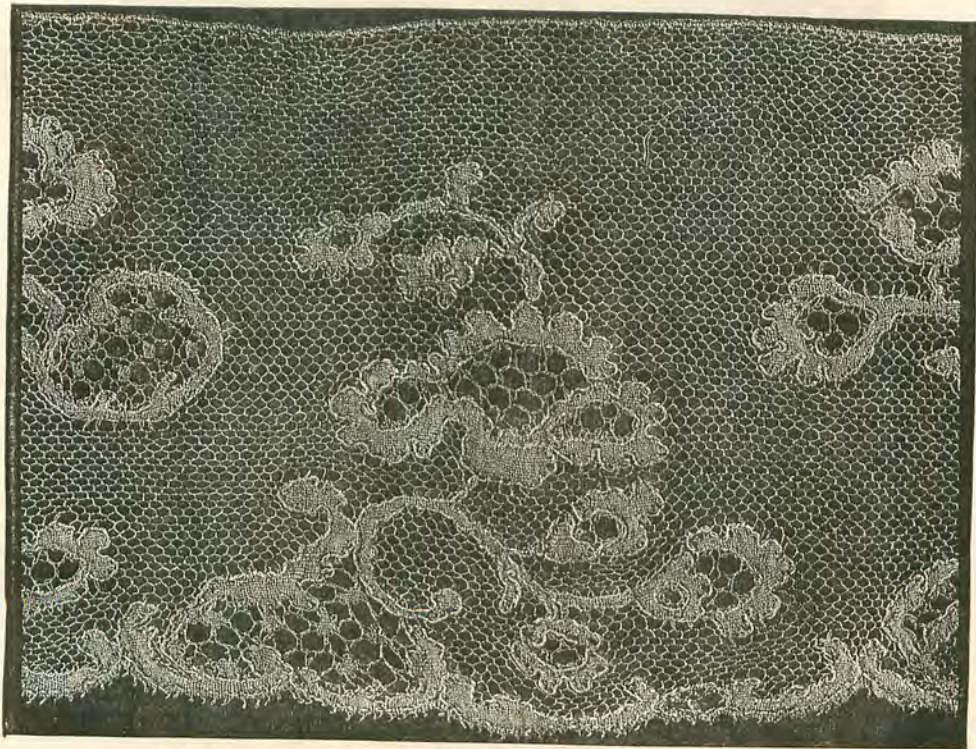


FIG. 3.—OLD BUCKINGHAMSHIRE LACE. (*From Author's Collection.*)

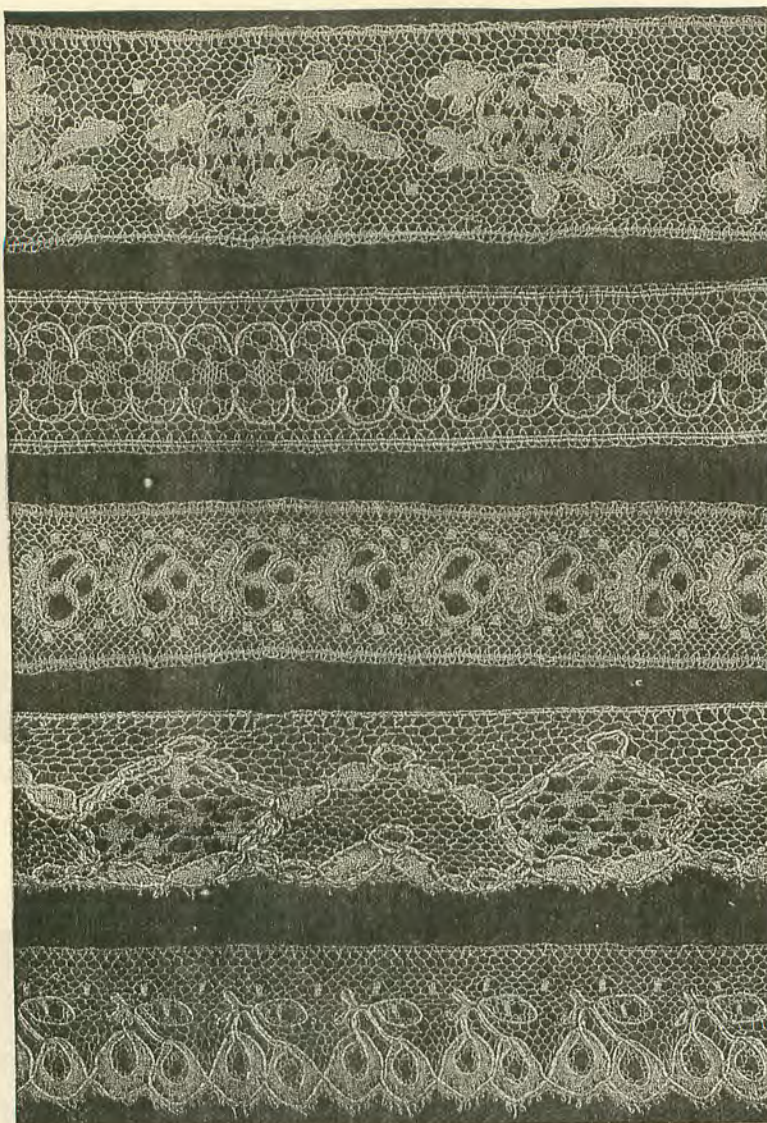


FIG. 4.—OLD NORTHAMPTONSHIRE AND BUCKINGHAMSHIRE "BABY LACES."
(From Author's Collection.)

at the wedding should be of English make. Little heed was paid to this decree; but three days before the wedding the officers of the Customs paid a visit to the fashionable French *modiste* of the day, and on finding that nearly all the clothes in preparation for the wedding were of foreign manufacture, they were seized and confiscated, to the great dismay of the ladies, who thus lost their laces and damasks.

Valuable French laces were frequently seized and publicly burnt, and ladies wearing lace mittens of foreign make were stopped in the streets, and had them cut from their hands. These drastic regulations resulted for a time in compelling ladies and courtiers to appear at Court in laces and silks of English manufacture. The workers themselves took care to see that this was done; and in 1765 we read of the lace-workers and the silk-weavers of Spitalfields going in procession to Westminster and demanding of the lords the total exclusion of foreign goods. They were told that it was too late, and that they must wait till next session. They assembled again before St. James's at the next *levée*; when finding that all the gentlemen were dressed in English-made stuffs, they retired without further clamour.

But in spite of all these efforts to protect

English fabrics, the *beaux* of the period persisted in preferring Mechlin and Brussels ruffles to the pillow laces of Nottingham and Buckinghamshire.

The classical style of dress introduced at the end of the last century was the greatest blow to the lace industries of Europe, from which they have never recovered. Fine soft muslins were then sought after, and old points were thrown aside as no longer wearable. After many years the points became again the fashion, and were hunted up, and found often in the most unlikely places. The Exhibition of 1851 did a great deal to stimulate the demand for English laces; but the introduction of the bobbin net machine and Nottingham machine-made laces finally overwhelmed them with ruin, and the lace-workers of England can now be counted by the hundred.

The principal counties in which lace was made were Bedfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Northamptonshire, Dorsetshire, and Devonshire, and the laces were called after them.

Bedfordshire Lace.—It has already been told how tradition ascribes the origin of this lace to Catherine of Aragon. The Flemish refugees, however, who arrived in England in 1568, did much, doubtless, to create this industry; and thus all the old Bedfordshire laces

are of patterns of Flemish character. The ground is net, through which runs a wavy design. This lace so much resembled Lille, that it was called English Lille, and a mark was put on it when exported to foreign countries, to distinguish it from true Lille. (Fig. 1.) The lace was very popular, and immense quantities of it were made in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries for home and foreign consumption.

"Regency Point" was much made at the beginning of the present century. It is a pillow lace, but handsome and effective. Fig. 2 is a good example of this lace.

The Bedfordshire lace industries flourished up to within forty years ago. There were lace schools in every village, and thousands of people were employed. By the caprice of fortune the demand for these light and dainty pillow laces ceased, the Bedfordshire workers forsook their old designs and traditions, and took to making plaited and Maltese laces, and this coarser work has destroyed their hands for the finer productions of their mothers. Torchon laces are still made in small quantities in Bedfordshire and Oxfordshire.

Buckinghamshire Lace.—This was considered superior to Bedfordshire, though of the same character. The chief seats of the industry



FIG. 5.—OLD NOTTINGHAM LACE, IN IMITATION OF MECHLIN. (From Author's Collection.)

were Great Marlow, Olney, Aylesbury, and Newport Pagnell. All writers speak of this industry as a very large one, employing thousands of people, and producing lace not much inferior to Flemish; though in matter of design the English were always behind their neighbours. (Fig. 3.)

The late Duke of Buckingham did much to revive the almost extinct lace industries of Buckinghamshire, and at the Health Exhibition in London in 1884, of which he was President, a Buckinghamshire lace dress manufactured for the Queen was exhibited, and girls were to be seen at work on their pillows. Being frequently appealed to by ladies interested in the Buckinghamshire lace industries to help the workers, I am trying to introduce these lace edgings and insertions as trimmings for underlinen. I have supplied the workers with fine linen thread and good old designs, and Buckingham lace edgings are now being produced to trim the underlinen made under the direction of the Donegal Industrial Fund in Ireland. There is no reason, in my opinion, why this old industry should not again become a living means of assistance to the agricultural poor of our villages, if ladies would be patriotic enough to ask for and obtain lace trimmings of home manufacture.

Northamptonshire Laces were all imitations of foreign pillow laces. That known as English Lille was the most popular. The ground was a fine net, through which ran a dainty flower or leaf pattern. In narrow widths it was also called "baby lace" (Fig. 4), as it was used greatly for trimming babies' caps, which were at one time an indispensable part of a new-born infant's layette. Some of the patterns were run with a needle on a net ground. Laces in imitation of Valenciennes were made in large quantities in Northampton, on the closing of our ports against the French in the war. They were also cleverly made in imitation of Mechlin lace (Fig. 5). Raised plaited laces have more recently employed the Northamptonshire workers.

Dorsetshire Lace.—Blandford and Lyme

Regis were celebrated in the last century for their fine pillow laces, which were of so high a quality that they fetched long prices. The fire which destroyed the town of Blandford, in 1751, seems to have killed its lace trade, and the low earnings made by the lace workers of Lyme Regis gradually brought about the extinction of the industry.

Devonshire Laces.—The art is here an old one, but it was the refugee Flemings who taught the Devonshire workers the use of fine thread, good designs, and how to make various lace stitches. Honiton has always been the principal centre of the trade, and here, in the seventeenth century, lace was made in very large quantities, and of a high quality. The making of sprigs has always been the chief art of the Honiton workers. They were made separately, and either sewn on to net or attached together by brides of point lace stitches. The net on which the sprigs were sewn was a most lucrative object of manufacture before the bobbin-net machine was invented, and a maker of fine net was highly paid. The custom was for her to spread the lace ground on the counter, and to cover it with shillings, and as many coins as could find place on the net she earned for her work.

In the middle of the last century, lace as fine as Flemish was made in Honiton; but the lace workers unfortunately forsook their old traditions, and began to make coarse and meaningless designs, and the lace fell out of repute and the workers into distress. Queen Adelaide, who was appealed to on behalf of the Honiton lace workers, gave orders for a splendid dress to be made, but commanded that every design in it should be copied from nature, which order was obeyed. Royalty has done its utmost to stimulate the old industry, and the bridal dresses of the Queen, the Princess Royal, the Princess Alice, and the Princess of Wales, were all made of Honiton lace.

Honiton sprigs are still made in considerable quantities in the Devonshire villages. The same worker makes the same sprig over and over again for years, till great exactness and

proficiency are obtained. The sprigs are collected and attached by button-hole brides, and made into handkerchiefs, edgings, flouncings, etc. The lace is delicate in execution, extremely pure and white in colour, and it rivals, and in many ways excels, Brussels Point Gaze. It is to be regretted that this lace, because it is "only English," should not be more sought after by English ladies. Figs. 6 and 7 are admirable examples of fine modern Honiton lace, excellent in design and refined in execution.

My task is done, and I have told the story of lace making in all the countries of Europe. It is a story strangely human, full of lights and shadows. On one side we see folly and extravagance driving both worker and wearer to ruin; and on the other, splendid examples of pity ministering to the needs of the poor and despairing, and lace, airy, fairy lace, which none need wear, and which is yet so universally worn, the object of efforts great, noble, and base. As we cast our eyes over the half thousand years during which lace has been made in Europe, we see emerging from the dim past the figures of nuns patiently plying the needle for altar or priest; the "Great Monarch," with his minister Colbert, resplendent in collars and "canons" of Point de France; Barbara Uttmann in the mountains of Saxony, earnest to help the poor, laboriously inventing the mysteries of knotting threads with bobbins; Queen Elizabeth, greedy to obtain still another present of new lace; and Irish ladies, with the cry of famine daily in their ears, unravelling the stitches of Italian points and brides. These, and many more, pass before us, and also memories of the millions of toilers; and the thought rises unbidden, *Cui bono?* Well, to live we must work, and the lace worker earns enough in the long winter evenings to keep poverty from the door; but the wearer should temper her sense of satisfaction at dainty ruffle or sumptuous flounce, with the recollection of the cost of time and patience and eyesight with which the thing of beauty has been wrought.



FIG. 6.—MODERN HONITON LACE. (*From Mr. Biddle's Collection.*)

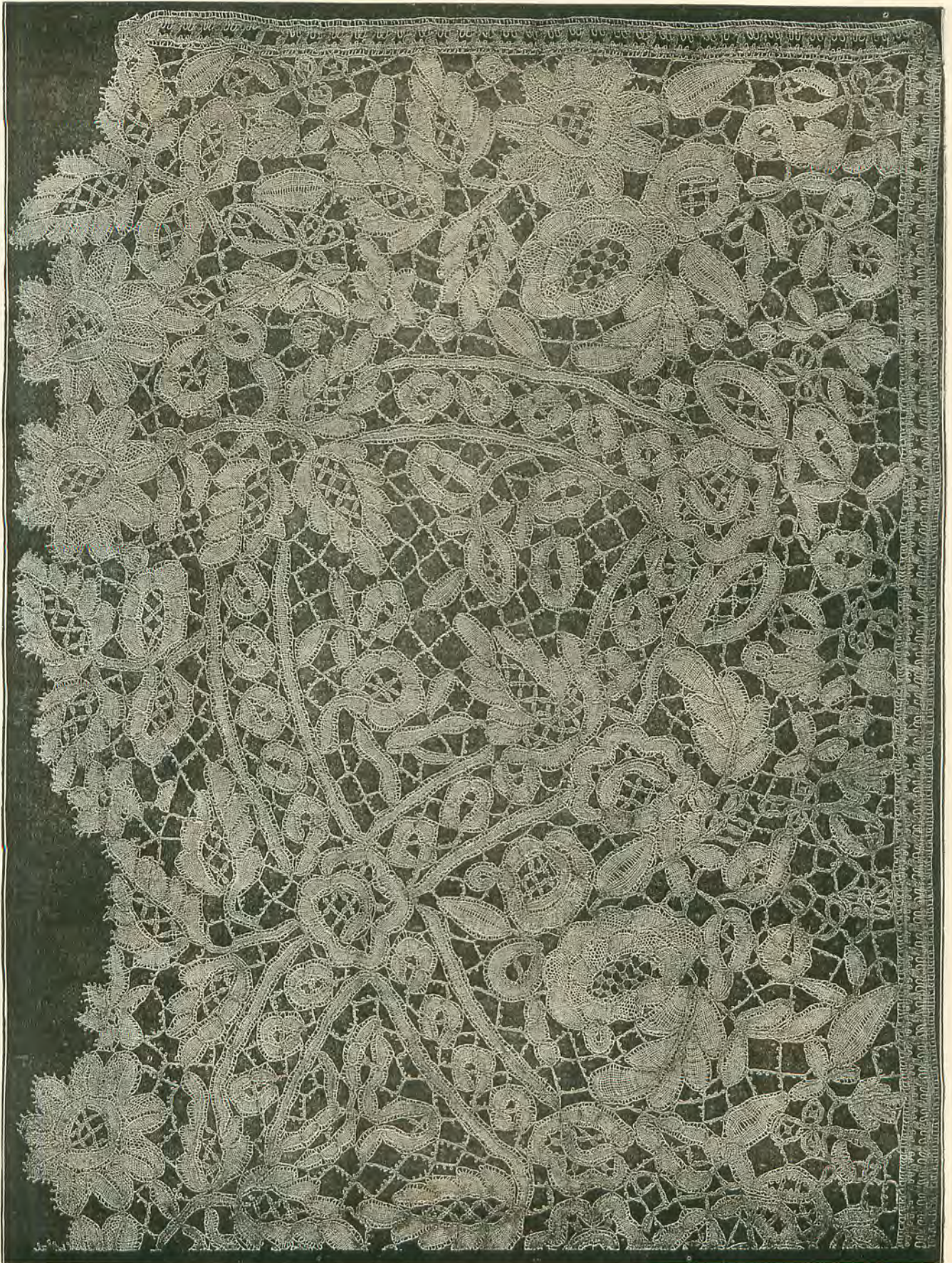


FIG. 7.—MODERN HONITON LACE. (*From Mr. Biddle's Collection.*)