

down, though in the north of Scotland it is looked upon more as an old man's bonnet than anything else. Well, if you do take up golf, pray do so with a will. You will be well rewarded. It affords plenty of good exercise, fresh air, sufficient excitement and enough calmness to cause you to forget every worldly care and worry. Golf as a cure for sleeplessness I frequently recommend. It is ten times better than poisonous and dangerous sleeping-draughts.

3. *Cricket* may be recommended for large families. I do not believe in girls and boys playing the game indiscriminately. However, it might be introduced with advantage in large schools. It is excellent exercise, only you can't take it by yourself, and at the best there is a good deal of standing about and waiting, during which one is apt to catch cold.

4. *Lawn tennis*, although one of the sports and recreations I have written a long treatise upon in *Cassell's Book of the Household*, I was never very much struck with as a health restorative. You do not play constantly, and so are apt to catch colds and rheums. There is much good to be said for it nevertheless, and as a health pastime it is infinitely to be preferred to the ridiculous old game of croquet. I have heard this was coming in fashion again. My advice to you, girls, is this: don't take up with the game till you are forty, and—don't then.

5. *Walking*.—I have spoken so much and so often concerning this that I need add but little, except to remind you that it is no good unless gone into with spirit; unless you take long earnest walks, preferably with a purpose such as the study of botany, or making a collection of wild flowers, or sketching in

summer; that you must dress lightly and warmly, and wear stout shoes—not necessarily heavy—that will not pinch. N.B.—A good walking shoe should have a soft pliable upper and a broad strongish sole with plenty of steel tacks or even a plate to protect the part you wear most. Walking exercise must be taken with great regularity day after day, and in this a spurt is now and then permissible; it does not hurt the heart so much as spurting on the cycle, or in a boat does.

6. *Boating*.—Oh yes, very good indeed if it can be taken regularly, or boating might be taken one day and walking the next. Learn to row neatly and to keep good time. Have an extra garment to wear when it gets a bit chilly. A Shetland wool light comforter will be found invaluable on the river or sea. In rowing the strongest girl should be stroke, the weakest bow or coxswain. It may seem unnecessary to tell you this, but we constantly see mistakes made in this way. Rowing expands the muscles of the chest, and arms, and neck, and also helps the lungs if you do not spurt. Always take some tiffin with you when going for a good long row, because you are apt to be hungry. Don't forget a bottle of milk and one of water with fruit also. So shall you gain health and strength.

7. Talking of boating naturally leads me to think of *fishing*. I have been all my life an enthusiastic fisherman. I began, you know, with tadpoles and minnows, got promoted to trout and salmon, then to sea-fishing around our shores, and finally to bonito, dolphins, sharks and whales. Of course my readers know that some of these are not fish, but they call it fishing, and if your boat were attached to a whale that was towing you through the sea at the rate of twenty miles an hour, with a

wall of green water rising a yard above your bows on each side, I believe you would think it reasonably exciting, and wonder where you were going to land, up in the sky or under the ice. Well, fishing is such a big subject and my heart is so much in it that I must leave it for some future paper if our Editor wills. Meanwhile let me tell you that ordinary river or lake fishing gives one abundance of exercise and fresh air, and that it is in my opinion the most calmative of all pastimes.

8. *Gardening*.—This is the last health pastime I shall speak about to-day; it is within the reach of so many girls; it is so interesting, instructive, so bracing and calmative that the wonder is, more of our readers do not go in for it. It is like playing the fiddle too in one sense, no matter how clever you are there is always something more to learn.

I would advise girls who can, to take up with the combined flower and cottage garden. This is more interesting than flowers alone. You do not require many tools to begin with, say, a light spade, an ordinary hoe and a push or Dutch hoe, a tiny garden rake and a digger, a garden fork, and a tiny forklet for your flower beds.

You must have a hand-book; there are many good and cheap ones, and you ought to take a gardening paper, most of the articles in these can be relied on. You may ask questions of gardeners if you have a chance, but some of these men are old-fashioned and faddy, and there are great differences in taste even in gardening. My rules are, perfect cleanliness and tidiness, constant attention, constant war upon weeds, plenty of nutrient material, and no over-crowding. If you over-crowd or over-shadow then everything comes up spindly, weak and worthless.

## A RELIC OF THE GOOD OLD TIMES.



HERE can be no doubt that the book lying before me is a genuine antique. *The vellum binding is stained, soiled and worm-eaten, and the leaves are of rough brownish paper, written over in pale, faded ink, and evidently by six or eight different hands, some neat and clerly, some scrawling and illegible, and the spelling of most of the recipes looking most quaint to our eyes.*

It is a large square book, and has been rather badly treated, for leaves are torn out,

and children have scribbled their names, and made rough attempts at drawings on all the blank pages, but there are still more than two hundred and fifty manuscript recipes for all manner of home-brewed nostrums, and elaborate eatables.

The first page is torn out, so we do not know to whom it originally belonged. The earliest date given in it is that of a business receipt, "Re'cd April ye 3, 1718 of Dame Ballard £3. 0. 0." That transaction took place in the reign of George I., our Queen's great, great, great-grandfather, and it is evidently by no means the oldest entry in the book, which has been judged to be probably two hundred years old.

It seems to have belonged to some lady of rank, as one heading is, "My sister, Lady Wrights recipe for tarts," and others were given by "Lord Chesterfield," "Lady Musgrave," "Lady Digby," "Lady Cavendish," and "Mrs. Penelope Barkleye;" but the name most frequently scribbled by children is Bowater, "John Edward Bowater," "Maria Bowater," and "Sarah Ord," and in a well-formed hand there is a pencil note to "Mrs. Ord," as follows:—

"Will you, my dear good Mama, come and see me to-morrow, and in return will do myself the pleasure to drink tea at your house. John Bowater. Friday evening, 19th March, 1786." The said John having apparently stepped in to see his "dear good" mother—or mother-in-law, the name being different—and finding her absent, for lack of a sheet of paper, scribbled his message on the blank page of her cookery-book. How strange that so trivial an invitation should be still there after more than a century has past, when the actors have been so

long dead, and forgotten. The book has been for more than ninety years in the writer's family.

In 1801 my great-grandfather took a house in the little town of Reigate from a family named Bowater, and we suppose that this old book was left behind by them as rubbish, and was laid away and forgotten, till it turned up a few years ago to be welcomed and kept as a valuable curiosity.

Some of the medicinal recipes are most extraordinary. Those for food are not so strange, but very extravagant to our modern ideas, dealing largely in "quarts of cream," "the yolks of fifteen eggs," and a whole pound of fresh butter as one ingredient of an elaborate sweet sauce for a pudding.

We will quote some of the medical prescriptions first, but some are really not fit to print, and are enough to make one feel thankful one did not live in those days to be dosed with such repulsive messes.

"For a Pin, or anything that sticks in the Throat.—Take a thimbleful and a half of gunpowder, put it in a spoon. Wet it with a little beer, or butter, stir it, and put it down the throat with a little beer after it."

We have more faith in the nursery prescription of a hard crust to remove a fish bone than in gunpowder cold.

"*Histericall Water to suppress Vapours.*—Take three quarts of canarie sack, and three very great handfulls of rew, two very great handfulls of Mother Time, one ounce of single piony seeds, the rinde of orang, a dram of campher. You must shred your herbs, and braise your seeds, and slice your orang rinde, and put them all into your sack for a day



or two, shaking them together being close stopped, pass up your still, and draw it off with a pritty quick and certain fier."

The "still room" was an institution in great houses in those days, and the faith in the virtues of waters distilled from most incongruous mixtures was firm.

"A restorative water for a consumption or any decaying weakness," contains fifteen ingredients to be distilled together including milk, wine, a young cock, raisins of the sun, dates, conserve of roses, cinnamon, coltsfoot, and maiden-hair.

"A Cure for ye Dropsy.—Take sixteen large nutmegs, eleven spoonfuls of Broom ashes, dried in an oven; an ounce and a half of mustard seed braised; an handfull of horse radish scraped; all to be put in a gallon of strong mountain wine and stand three or four days; then a gill or half a pint to be drunk fastin every morning, and to fast an hour or two after it."

A remarkable instance of ye good effects of this remedy is one who was given over by all his friends, and physicians, and his legs were soe swell'd, and insensible as not to feel any pain when put into a kettle of boiling water, but upon taking the above medicine was cured in a few weeks to the surprise of all his acquaintance.

"A Receipt, through Mercy to cure all goutis in one night.—Take half a pint of strongest ale yeast, as much of ye soot of a baker's chimney yt burnes onely wood finely sifted and seired. Mix these very well together with ye white of five or six new laid eggs. Then cut two soles out of ye coarsest brown paper can be gotten even with ye length and breadth of ye feet of ye party afflicted. Binde them gently with a broad woolen binder to ye soles of ye feete, when ye party goes to bed, and by ye blessing of God ye will be cured before ye morning as many have lately been. Probatum."

The mixture was probably to be spread on the feet as plasters, but that item the writer leaves out. Another omission in a recipe signed in full, "Annabella Bayly," might have had serious, or even fatal consequences, for no quantity is given, the wording being simply as follows: "For ye chin coff. Viteral dropd upon lumb shugar!"

There is a long recipe for, "The Greater Palsy Water," containing thirty-four different ingredients, which were to be soaked, and stewed, and distilled and re-distilled in the most elaborate fashion. It includes lavender, rosemary, Aqua vitæ, malmsey wine, borage, bugloss, cowslips, peony seeds, mace, nutmeg, aloes, "Ambergreese and prepared pearl," musk, saffron, red roses, &c., and winds up with this panegyric: "This water is of exceeding virtue in all surrounding, in weakness of heart, and decaying of spirits. It is of great virtue in all appoplexies, palsy, epilepsey, also in all pains of the joints coming of cold, in all bruises outwardly bathed. Its virtues are more than man would conceive. It strengtheneth and comforteth all animall, vitall, and natural spirits, and cleareth the external senses, strengtheneth the memory, restoreth lost appetite, all weakness of the stomach. It taketh away giddyness of the head, helpeth lost hearing, and can be no better remedy in palseys, helpeth lost speech, and cold dispositions of the liver. In sum, none can express sufficiently, the virtues of this incomparable water."

This simple faith that anything elaborate must be good for any ill that flesh is heir to, is very amusing. If one ingredient fails to

cure, some other surely would! Several ointments and salves are frankly declared to be "good for any ache or pain," and the same lotion is recommended for "sore eyes, or a cancer."

Here is a cruel recipe.

"To make Swallow Water.—Take forty or fifty swallows when they are ready to fly, bruise them in a mortar to pop, (pulp?) feathers and all, add to them two ounces of castorium in powder, put it into a rose still with three pints of the best white wine vinegar. Make not your fire too hot. There will be but a pint of the best. You may give a spoonful, two or three at a time with sugar.

"The Virtues.—It is very good for falling sickness, for sudden swooning, fits of the dead palsey, lethargy, or any distemper proceeding from the head. It comforteth the brain, is good for those that are distracted, and in greatest extremities of sickness one of the best things to be administered." This is signed, "The Lady Newton."

Another recipe is for swallow oil, in which the unhappy little birds are to be pounded with rosemary and strawberry leaves, fried in May butter, and strained for ointment. Such unfortunate "small deer" form the basis of a good many nostrums.

"To take away Corns.—After the corn is well cut, drop upon the place one or two drops of the water of a black snail, which will come from her if you prick her with a pin or needle."

The following is inserted between "Crust for tarts," and "pickled sturgeon," but one cannot believe that it was prepared as an ordinary article of food, although no ailments are mentioned as being cured by it.

"Viper Jelly.—One quarter of a pound of hartshorne, one viper boiled in three quarts of water till it comes to one quart, let it stand till next day. Then to be made as other jelly is made."

"To cease a Foul Sore.—Kill a great toad, and let it hang in the sun to drye, and when it is hard as a stick, let it be beaten to powder, bones and all, so small as may be. Cast that powder on the sore, and let it lie three or four days, then wipe out the dead flesh, and the sore will heal easily."

This last is about the most horrible recipe in the book, being far more likely, according to modern knowledge, to cause blood-poisoning than to heal a wound.

Most of the medicinal ideas are strangely unscientific. Here is a test, "How to know the King's Evil. Take a ground worm alive, and lay it on the swelling, or sore, and cover it with a leaf. If it be the King's Evil, he will turn into earth; if it be not he will remain whole and sound." Then follows an elaborate recipe for a salve of red lead, bee's wax, and burgandy pitch to be used as a remedy.

Patients used to be taken to the reigning sovereign to be "touched for the King's Evil." The last king who went through the ceremony was James II., but as a physician tells me that the disease so called, was the deep-seated constitutional one of scrofula, it is hard to believe that either earth-worm, salve, or royal touch could have much effect upon it.

The most oddly spelled recipe in the book is "Mrs. Hopkinses Surfet Pope Water."

"Take 2 pound of raisins of ye Sun Stoned 2 ounces of brown Sugar Candy beaten 2 of liquorish Slised 2 ounces of aniseed brused 3 penny worth of Saffron 3 Gallons of Red Poppies put all in to a Gallon of Brandy Stir ym once a day for three weakes and yn strain

ym out and keepe it for your age you may if you please Still ye leaves and seeds putting in some grounds of strong bear it will be a pritty cordiel water to give poor people yt have coulds or a Surfet or Agush."

This is evidently the production of some worthy dame, perfectly innocent of the art of punctuation, and having, like Mrs. John Gilpin, "a frugal mind," she liked to comfort the poor at small expense with a "pritty cordiel" compounded from the refuse of her costly one.

"The only Re<sup>t</sup> against the plague."—Take 3 pints of muscadine, and boil therein a handful of sage, and a handful of rue, until a pint be wasted, then strain it, and set it on the fire again, then put thereto a pennyworth of long pepper, half an oz. of nutmegs all beaten together, then let it boil a little and put thereto three pennyworth of treacle, and a quarter of the best angelica water you can get.

"Keep this as your life above all worldly treasure, and take of it always warm both morning and evening a spoonful; or two if you be already infected, and sweat thereon. In all the plague time, under God, trust to this, for there was neither man woman nor child by this deceived. This is not only for the common plague, but for small pox, measles, surfeits and divers other diseases."

In a very cramped, and illegible hand is written the following:—

"if bein coach Sick to prayvent it take a sheete of writing papper, and duple it, and put it down your stoummach nexte you and it seldom fails."

One recipe begins, "Take a quart of a red cow's milk," and another for broth, "Take a good sixpenny cock chicken." How amazed a modern poulturer would be at the request for a good sixpenny chicken!

The effect of the following must have been cure by counter-irritation if the ants were left in.

"Mrs. Archers re<sup>t</sup> for the falling sickness."

"Take an ant hill yt has thyme on it, and let ye thyme side be laid to ye stomach; lay on fresh every morning for three weeks, and take bittany with everything you eat and drink for three weeks."

There are numbers of recipes for cowslip wine, clary wine, wine from the sap of birch trees "as made in Sussex;" one "To make Harbe soop," very much like a modern vegetarian dish. Almond cheese cakes, "orange loves," (cakes strongly flavoured with orange peel), and such a lavish use of lemons, citron, cinnamon, almonds, saffron, "ambergreese, perfumed plums, and duple refined shugar" that it plainly shows that the book belonged to a family in affluent circumstances, such luxuries being so much more costly in the olden time.

There is one recipe neatly written in pencil which must have been put in for a joke.

"To make boys good.—Take a twig out of a large birch broom, and soak it in salt and water and apply it with great force."

This, like the rest of the book, has come to be considered an old-fashioned and obsolete method.

There may be much to lament in the time in which we live, but the more I study the history of the times that are past, I feel inclined to say to those who sigh for the "good old times," in the words of the wise king, "Wherefore sayest thou that the old times were better than these, for thou dost not enquire wisely concerning this."

MAUD MORRISON.

