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OCTOBER 15, 1898.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

OLD ENGLISH COTTAGE HOMES; OR, VILLAGE ARCHITECTURE OF BYGONE TIMES.

As our papers upon "The Characteristic Church Towers of English Counties" appear to have interested our readers, it is possible they may be willing to peruse these remarks upon the old dwellings, and some other objects which surround country churches.

We fear there can be no doubt that our village architecture has deteriorated, and that the cottage of to-day is scarcely, if ever, as beautiful as that of former times.

Nor is this our only cause for regret, for, unfortunately, our beautiful old village architecture is disappearing so rapidly, that it is to

be feared there will be nothing left to convey to the minds of those who come after us any idea of its charm.

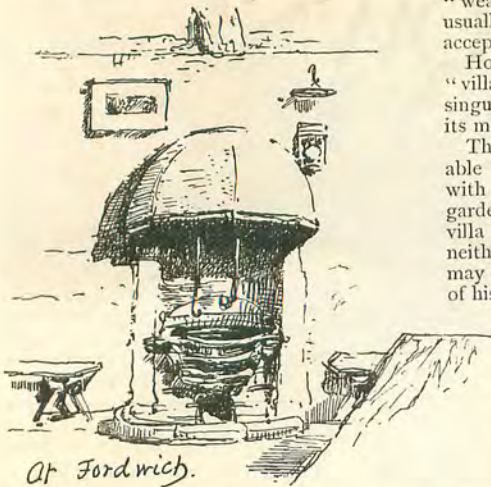
When one speaks of "English villages," it is advisable to point out that those small country towns which are erected after the same manner and method are included; that is to say, those which are contained in one single parish, and which possess houses of small scale with rustic adjuncts, gardens, orchards, farm-buildings, etc. There is architecturally no difference between a village and a town of this description. It makes no

difference whether the houses are built in rows or are detached. The beautiful village of Ayot St. Lawrence, in Hertfordshire, has houses arranged in rows, and so had Eaton, in Norfolk, before its rebuilding some years back. The notion that country houses should always be detached, or semi-detached, has led to much injudicious arrangement in suburban building estates. If there is land to spare, isolate your houses, but if not, no good end is answered by detaching them so as to leave wretched narrow passages between them, which are always damp, gloomy, and too frequently become



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COTTAGES AND MILL AT AMERSHAM.



At Fordwich.

receptacles for disused and broken articles, which would be far better put on the fire or given to the dustman. If houses are detached, or semi-detached, there should always be a space twelve or fifteen feet between them (unless, of course, the houses are very low), otherwise the rooms bordering upon the opening are damp and cold.

English country towns differ completely from continental ones chiefly for this reason. On the Continent, towns were nearly always fortified and surrounded by walls, though often their population was that of a mere village. These little fortified places are in Germany called "dwarf cities," to distinguish them from the "dorf," or village. In England, however, small towns were rarely fortified or walled, except when they were situated upon the sea-coast, where they had to be ready to resist the landing of some foreign enemy. Lyme-Regis, Dorsetshire, is an example of a small English fortified town, and it is quite strange how much the place (of course we refer to the old portions of it) impresses one with its continental aspect, because directly a town is "circumvallated," every building within it has to be erected upon a contracted space, and the houses are consequently developed in height, so that they in no way differ from those of a city; in fact, the small town might, architecturally, be a piece of some large city.

Such English towns as Amersham, Lavenham, Clare, Wheathamstead, etc., are, architecturally, large villages, and probably originated in the same manner—i.e., they were dependencies upon some lordship or monastery.

The English word "village" is derived from the Roman word "villa." The villa was the castle or manorial house of the proprietor of the land surrounded by a series of humble structures inhabited by his labourers and "serfs." This was the "village" or dependency of the villa, and hence its inhabitants were called "villains" (villani). Now we are aware that some modern writers attempt to derive these words from the German

"wealth" (a welchman), yet the old and usually received idea seems so obvious that we accept it.

How the meaning of the words "villa" and "villain" have been changed, and yet how singularly the old word "village" has retained its meaning!

The modern stucco, semi-detached "desirable residence," with its four or six rooms, with its "rustic porch" and gritty front garden, is a strange parody upon the stately villa of old, and the good, honest villager is neither a "villain" nor "a Welshman." He may sometimes be the latter, and justly proud of his origin, but, in any case, he is very unlike our conception of a villain. If recent newspaper reports can be trusted, that character is rather personified by the London "loafer" and his most modern representative "the Hooligan."

When the villages increased in size and became important, usually in the 13th century, many of them claimed municipal privileges, were called towns, and erected "town halls," which are often highly-picturesque structures. That at Ledbury, Herefordshire, is an interesting example which probably dates from the 16th century. They are generally supported upon pillars so as to leave the ground-floor an open, covered space which served as a market.

Very charming are these villages and small country towns with their quaint old cottages and picturesque little houses bordering the wide street. Great elms shade the foot-path,

and sweet gardens are at the side or back of each dwelling. Perhaps a clear river winds its way amidst the ruddy buildings, its banks converted into diminutive kitchen-gardens, and crossed here and there by bridges. The long low building of a water-mill seems to block the way altogether, but in reality it simply utilises the water to turn its wheels, and we shall find the river on the opposite side with its waters banked up some six or eight feet higher, changed in character, looking more still and deep, reflecting the surrounding objects in a still, silent pool, shaded by lofty trees, its banks clothed with deep grass plantains, huge docks and marsh mallows, a spot where, on a sunny day, an irresistible inclination seizes one to lie down on the cool earth. The clinging foliage seems to second the invitation, and one throws oneself down upon this sweet verdant couch to "dream with one's eyes open," for who could close them in such an enchanting spot? But somehow or other, whether it is the "whirr" of the water-wheel, the fragrant scents of the plants we are crushing, or the peace surrounding one, time seems to glide away, and, upon consulting our watch, we discover the mysterious fact that the day has become two hours shorter! Of course we have not been to sleep!

Such village scenes and sensations are to be witnessed at Amersham, Cringleford, and many other spots in England which have still retained their old village surroundings.

(To be continued.)



TOWN HALL, LEDBURY.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A GOOD black straw hat and bonnet, changed at the seasons with suitable blossoms, is the most economical and ladylike fashion, but the artificial flowers should be very good of their kind—those with silk or velvet petals look the best and most natural, and can be used a second season if carefully brushed and put away.

THOSE who have to wear spectacles and eye-glasses should be very careful that the centre of the glass is exactly opposite the centre of the eye. If not, they should be altered to make them so.

If hair is washed with soap it is apt to make it brittle, so it should be afterwards rinsed with a little borax in water.

A LITTLE ammonia in the water in which china is washed makes it glossier and nicer in appearance.

A DRESS well made and of good material outlives several that are not, and gives more satisfaction to the wearer, but it should be carefully chosen as to colour, and not be too aggressive in pattern or tint.

OLD ENGLISH COTTAGE HOMES; OR, VILLAGE ARCHITECTURE OF BYGONE TIMES.

PART II.

THE village architecture of England, though more ancient than that to be found elsewhere in Europe, does not date so far back as the ecclesiastical. There are many reasons why this is the case. The churches and monasteries were erected with great solidity, because, being for religious uses, it was presumed that they would be required for all times, but the more humble domestic dwellings were rather constructed with a view to the wants of those who had to live in them. Then also, the church was subscribed for not only by those who lived in the immediate neighbourhood, but often by the powerful and wealthy, who, though not being connected directly with the locality, were moved by charity and generosity to assist in works of piety.

The cottages in early times were probably of a very humble character, built of "wattle," or osier twigs intertwined like an ordinary basket, and plastered over with mud or clay. In eastern countries, Egypt for instance, the heat of the sun was sufficient to convert this clay or mud into what is called "crude brick," which was very durable, but in England it required constant renewal, and in the course of

time the wattle rotted away from damp. In marshy districts the cottages were built of turf or peat, as is still the case in parts of Ireland and Scotland. Upon the borders of Staffordshire and Worcestershire, curious caves are to be found which are in some cases still inhabited, and are probably among the earliest human habitations in this country. Some of the Derbyshire caves also were converted into habitations, and many of the holes burrowed in the cliffs all round our coast were similarly utilised. In after times they became very convenient hiding-places for smugglers and their illicit wares.

It is a singular fact that English school-boys, and we much fear even girls, take a delight in digging caves and crawling into them, and as it requires a good deal of "wholesome correction" to put a stop to this dangerous practice, it may be a question whether there is not some natural or hereditary instinct which prompts children to work so hard at this kind of mischief. Of course, the delightful notion of being a "bold robber," or a "ferocious bandit," adds some zest to these very risky operations.

A friend of ours once discovered his children hard at work at the construction of a cave in

his back garden. They proposed to be a terror to the neighbourhood, and he told them all about the shocking things that were done by robbers who lived in caves, how "they rushed from their concealed hiding-places and robbed the unwary traveller," etc. He was met by the remark, "That is exactly what we propose to do, pa." "How they stocked the cave with provisions which they had raided from law-abiding folks." The chorus came as before, "That, papa, is what we intend to do." "At last, my children, they were all captured, the smaller ones well beaten, and the older ones hanged." The chorus was far less jubilant. "Oh, pa, we don't expect that." "Well, my children," said he, "you must receive the rewards for your prowess." He found a few days afterwards that the cave was completely abandoned.

The earliest cottages or village residences in England, if we except such buildings as Winwall and Armenhall in Norfolk, or Combe Pyne in Devonshire, which are simply portions of larger buildings converted into cottages, do not date earlier than the fifteenth century.

It is somewhat remarkable that the "home counties" should be richer in village architecture



AT EWHURST, SURREY.



AT EWHURST, SURREY.

than any other part of the country, and it is not a little singular that many of the best examples are to be found within a radius of some thirty miles of the metropolis.

The beautiful little village of Ewhurst, in Surrey, contains charming examples, some dating as early as the sixteenth century. Ewhurst is now fairly well known to Londoners who take an interest in beautiful scenery and picturesque architecture, but thirty years back was as much a *terra incognita* as Dettelbach in Bavaria, where the inn-keeper told the writer that he had never seen an Englishman before, and was very much astonished to find that he did not after all "differ so very much in appearance from a German."

The two cottages which we have sketched at Ewhurst are very characteristic examples

constructed in what is called "post and pan work." That is to say, the walls consist of a framework of timber called "post," which is subdivided into panels called "pan." These "pans," or panels, are filled in with brick-work. In the first example the brick is laid in herring-bone pattern, but in the second example the whole of the upper storey is covered with scalloped tiles, a treatment almost peculiar to Surrey and Sussex. On the ground floor storey the brick-work between the timbers is plastered over.

The first cottage, which is of sixteenth century architecture, has a very prettily arranged external staircase, protected by the sloping eaves of the roof.

The second cottage, which is seventeenth century work, has an unbroken and uninterrupted roof from end to end, which is the usual

treatment, for it must be pointed out that the genuine old English cottage does not "break out all over" in ornamental gables, dormers, spirelets, finials, and spikes; even when most picturesque, it is remarkably sober and simple in outline and is as far as possible removed from the modern "Bijou cottage," or "Cottage Ornée," a class of building which is to architecture what "that pride which apes humility" is to virtue. The genuine cottage is the residence of the humble hard-working peasant, and its picturesque charm springs from its appropriateness, simplicity, and absence of fussiness or ostentation.

The first cottage which we illustrate is a superior building to the second, but it has a marked sobriety and simplicity about it which assimilates so well with its humble surroundings.

H. W. BREWER.

"OUR HERO."

A TALE OF THE FRANCO-ENGLISH WAR NINETY YEARS AGO.

By AGNES GIBERNE, Author of "Sun, Moon and Stars," "The Girl at the Dower House," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

SOME ACCOUNT OF ENGLAND'S HERO.

AN excuse need hardly be offered for giving here a few details as to the past history of General Moore, if only in explanation of Denham Ivor's supreme devotion to the man, and of Jack Keene's more outspoken admiration. Though Moore's name is inscribed in letters of blood upon the deathless roll of our national heroes, not so much is known about him by people in general as ought to be known. Ninety years ago a common mode of referring to him in the

country, and still more in the Army, seems to have been simply as "Our Hero." And of this tale John Moore is the real centre.

In those times of perpetual warfare, officers often reached high rank early. In the year 1803 he was still in the prime of manhood, having been born in 1761.

His father, a Scotch physician of eminence, and also a very successful author,* must have occupied a different position from that of the average medical man of those days. He was appointed to

be the guardian and the travelling companion of the young Duke of Hamilton, and he showed himself well fitted for the trust; while his son from the first shone as a star in whatever circle he might be placed. The doctor's wife was a daughter of Professor Simpson, of Glasgow University. When the doctor started on a lengthy Continental tour with his charge, he took also his eldest son John, then about ten years old, and the absence lasted nearly five years. No small trial this to members of a most affectionate family, but heavy money losses made it impossible for Dr. Moore

* His novel, *Zeluco*, was an inspiration to Byron.



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OLD ENGLISH COTTAGE HOMES; OR, VILLAGE ARCHITECTURE OF BYGONE TIMES.

PART III.

We have already pointed out the simplicity of outline observable in old English cottages, and the absence of exaggeration and that disagreeable fussiness brought about by too much striving after the picturesque. It must not, however, from this be concluded that ancient village buildings are always plain and do not at times possess elegant ornamentation and graceful details.

The general outline, however, is always simple and quiet, for, as will be seen by the examples we give (two of the most elaborate cottages in England), the roof lines are very little broken up or varied.

The first of these buildings is at Clare in Suffolk, and the second is at Newport in Essex, the latter being one of the richest counties in England for cottage architecture, many of its villages retaining quite a mediæval aspect down to the present time.

We will now say a few words upon the methods of applying ornamental detail to cottages adopted in mediæval times, and we shall commence with those structures erected in "Post-and-pan" construction. We trust that our readers have not forgotten what is meant by the ugly-sounding expression "Post-and-pan," and regret that we are quite unable to discover or invent some more elegant name for this description of building. Some years back a number of architects and



AT CLARE, SUFFOLK.

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archæologists were examined before a parliamentary commission. The commission objected to the words "Post-and-pan" being used in their report, and suggested to the witnesses that they should find some more scientific expression for this kind of work! It was found, however, impossible to invent any one which conveyed the idea so concisely and satisfactorily, so the old-fashioned name "Post-and-pan" received parliamentary sanction! This being the case, our girls need not scruple to use it, and may it not, after all, be as valuable for the formation of the lips as the "prunes" and "prism" of Little Dorritt?

There are several ways of applying ornamentation to "Post-and-pan" buildings. The first is to add mouldings, tracery or carving, to the doorways, windows, cornices, corbels and other constructive parts of the building.

The second is to arrange the "posts" in patterns by introducing curved beams amongst them, or other woodwork, forming a kind of tracery pattern.

The third is to adorn the "pans" (panels) either with stamped plaster-work called "pargeting," or with coloured plaster-work, or wood-carving.

The first of these methods is seen in the beautiful example which we have sketched at Newport in Essex: here it will be noticed that the bow window of the upper storey is adorned with wood tracery, and its corbel

richly carved with figure subjects, all executed in oak. The "spurs," as they are called, which carry the projection of the upper storey, are richly moulded and rest upon elegant little colonnettes. The pans are filled in with brickwork laid in herring-bone patterns. The centre of the building is recessed back, but in order to preserve the severe and simple lines of the roof, the latter does not follow the line of the recess, but is supported upon an arched beam, from the centre of which projects a lifting-crane, a treatment quite peculiar to the home counties and the south of England.

Of course this building is far more elaborate than most cottages, and the tradition of the place accounts for this by the supposition that it was formerly the dwelling of a farm bailiff to the Abbot of Westminster.

The beautiful little village of Newport has several examples of interesting domestic work and a very noble church.

The building which we illustrate dates from the 15th century, and is still in excellent repair though not in any way restored.

The very elaborate cottage represented in our first sketch is an excellent example of pargeting, the surface of the pans being covered by a rich kind of shawl-pattern executed in hard plaster, like the Newport example. The constructive portions of the building are elaborately treated. We are

unable to account for the amount of elaboration bestowed on this cottage, but as it is close to the church, which is a very handsome building and liberally endowed with chantries, it is very probable that this may have been the dwelling of one of the chantry priests.

Clare was an important place in the Middle Ages and possessed a castle, remains of which are still to be seen. Richard Strongbow, the Conqueror of Ireland, is said to have lived in it.

The Manor of Clare in later times belonged to Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March. There was also a priory here, built in 1248 by Richard, Earl of Gloucester.

A very curious poem exists in the form of a dialogue, "betwixt a secular askyng and a frere answering at the grave of Dame Johan of Acris" (of Clare). It is a quaint example of Old English and begins in rather a curious manner.

Q. "What man lyeth here, sey me, Sir Frere?"

A. "No man."

Q. "What ellis?"

A. "It is a woman."

Then follows her pedigree all in rhyme, from which it appears that she was a daughter of King Edward I., and the remarkable circumstance is stated, that she was borne of her "moder"!

As the poem is about three pages long and all pretty much like the sample we have given, we will not inflict it upon our readers.

H. W. BREWER.



AT NEWPORT, ESSEX.



COTTAGE AT PINNER.

OLD ENGLISH COTTAGE HOMES;
OR,
VILLAGE ARCHITECTURE OF BYGONE DAYS.

PART IV.

WE will now describe a few examples of village architecture in the immediate neighbourhood of London, with illustrations from Pinner and Acton. The first, which is in "Post-and-pan" construction, is a simple but pleasing example of Gothic work, dating from the reign of Henry VIII., sketched at Pinner. The second is a porch to a cottage in the same pretty village; it is one of the most picturesque examples we know of, and the lovely rose bush which shades it adds much to its beauty. When we first saw it great clusters of these exquisite flowers clung around the ancient timbers and spread themselves over the ruddy tiles of the roof. It would be difficult to conceive a more charming bower, but, although some mending has been recently carried out, it will probably not last through many more winters; some cruel wind may wreck it, or some tempest ruin it, but when this catastrophe takes place it will have served its purpose for nearly four centuries, and can a wooden porch be expected to do more? As we heard an archæologist say, "it will have earned a right to tumble down." Alas, we fear that most of the old village architecture in England has earned this right, and will, before very long, take advantage of it.

In addition to this the wholesale "improving" away of picturesque village architecture in the vicinity of the metropolis will leave little for those who come after us to study or admire.

A few years back how beautiful a place was Willesden, with its mediæval cottages, ancient wooden parsonage, inns and country houses surrounded by gardens, farm-yards, barns, wooden

granaries, etc. All but one or two have lately disappeared, and they are threatened.

What a pretty country village Acton was, but now how changed! The old forge still remains to speak to us of village life of the past; it is sweet and charming, its walls mantled with creepers and overshadowed with great elms and poplars. A quaint little garden with brick paths separates it from the road. The building itself is of brick partly framed in timber, though not of "Post-and-pan" construction, as the wood is simply introduced by way of bond, a kind of construction which came in towards the end of the seventeenth century. The chimneys are older than the house, and look quite Elizabethan. It is altogether a lovely village bit and strangely out of gear with the smart suburban villas growing up all around it.

It is strange that in times within the memory of the writer the villages closely surrounding London were so countrified. Hampstead, Highgate, Acton, Fulham, Barnes, Kew, Richmond, Bow, Stratford, Bromley were quite separated from the metropolis and surrounded by pleasant fields, approached by lanes shaded by elms and tall hawthorn hedges, full of good old-fashioned houses shut in with lofty red brick walls, over which fruit trees might be seen, laden in autumn, with ruddy apples, golden pears or purple plums, offering a temptation to the passer-by. Fields of cabbages or fragrant beans, (can anything surpass the scent of a bean-field in full bloom with the sun upon it?) market gardens, orchards, and acres of more delicate vegetables, cucumbers, etc., grown under glass; great waggons laden with



COTTAGE PORCH, PINNER.



VILLAGE FORGE AT ACTON.

the produce of the land jolting and jingling along the road or stopping for refreshment for man and beast in front of some well-shaded wayside inn. A four-wheeled cab might be seen occasionally, when folks would look at one another, and say, "What can be the

matter? Here's a cab going to the Smiths'. Can it be a lawyer going to draw up the old man's will, or has his son, after so many years, come back again from India?" See the neighbourhoods now with their huge warehouses, manufactories or smart suburban

streets and rows of shops, omnibuses, motor cars, etc. How few years, comparatively speaking, it has taken to effect these changes, and one wonders whether any country at all will be left in the days of our grandchildren.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

A FABLE FOR CRITICS.

A lamb strayed for the first time into the woods, and excited much discussion among the other animals. In a mixed company, one day, when he became the subject of a friendly gossip, the goat praised him.

"Pooh!" said the lion, "this is too absurd. The beast is a pretty beast enough, but did you hear him roar? I heard him roar, and, by the manes of my fathers, when he roars he does nothing but cry ba—a—a!" And the lion bleated his best in mockery, but bleated far from well.

"Nay," said the deer, "I do not think so badly of his voice. I liked him well enough until I saw him leap. He kicks with the hind legs in running, and with all his skipping gets over very little ground."

"It is a bad beast altogether," said the tiger. "He cannot roar, he cannot run, he can do nothing—and what wonder? I killed a man yesterday, and, in politeness to the newcomer, offered him a bit, upon which he had the impudence to look disgusted and say, 'No, sir, I eat nothing but grass.'"

So the beasts criticised the lamb, each in his own way; and yet it was a very good lamb nevertheless.

TAKING DOWN THE CLOTHES-LINE.

"We had at one time in our service," says a modern housekeeper, "a very simple young woman, who came to us through one of the registry offices in our town."

"She showed the quality of her intelligence on the very day she came. She was told to go out into the yard and take down the clothes-line, which was stretched upon half-a-dozen posts set up for that purpose."

"Bridget was at the task so long that we began to wonder what on earth had become of her. We went out to see what she was doing, and found her working away vigorously with a spade. She had dug up three of the posts and had almost completed the work upon a fourth. She did not stay with us long."

TRUTH IS ALWAYS EASIEST.—It is hard to personate and act a part long; for, where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return and will peep out and betray herself one time or other.

THE GIFTS OF FORTUNE.—"I generally divide my favours," says Fortune, "by giving a gift to one and the power to appreciate it to another."

NATURAL BAROMETERS.

From the earliest times observations have been made on the signs exhibited by members of the animal world indicative of changes in the weather.

Rain and storms have been predicted by asses frequently shaking and agitating their ears; by dogs rolling on the ground and scratching up the earth with their forefeet; by oxen lying on their right side; by animals crowding together; by moles throwing up more earth than usual; by bats sending forth their cries and flying into houses; by sea-fowl and other aquatic birds retiring to the shore; by ducks and geese flying backwards and forwards and frequently plunging into the water; by swallows flying low, etc.

Fine weather, on the other hand, has been foretold by the croaking of crows in the morning; by bats remaining longer than usual abroad and flying about in considerable numbers; by the screech of the owl; and by cranes flying very high in silence and ranged in order.

COURAGE.—There is nothing like courage even in ordinary things. Let us be willing to try at anything we wish to accomplish. It often happens that those who try at it do it.

OLD ENGLISH COTTAGE HOMES;

OR,

VILLAGE ARCHITECTURE OF BYGONE TIMES.

PART V.

IN our last paper upon this subject we described some examples of cottages in the immediate neighbourhood of London, and we propose devoting this one to a continuation of the same subject.

Close to the Church of Ryslip, and opposite to its western end, is a group of cottages, one of which is undoubtedly of early date, probably 16th century. It is long and low, the ground floor storey being of brick, and the upper portion of "Post-and-pan," so that it is what is architecturally known as a "half timber" structure; one end has been plastered over in later times, and the whole forms a row of small cottages. We are in some doubt whether, as originally arranged, it may not have formed one single dwelling-house, the whole, or, at any rate, the centre portion of which was the parsonage. It has some curious features about it. A large black cross of brick is built into the wall, it is of the form known in heraldry as a "Cross Calvary" that is, it stands upon three steps. We do not, however, suggest that it has any heraldic signification, as its position seems to point to a different purpose. This cross is not in the centre of the building, but is placed exactly opposite to the western door of the church, and immediately over it are three windows, the centre one of which is much longer than the other two, and is now blocked up, showing that it was unnecessary for giving light to the room. These peculiarities seem to point out the fact that in former times this was the residence of the rector or vicar of the parish. The cross was placed there to mark out the house to any who might need his ministrations, and the long window over it to give light to his "study," where he might write or read, and at the

same time look out upon the church door to see who went in or came out of the sacred edifice. All the other windows are very small and high up, because those who resided in the other cottages, not requiring to read and write, and having no special interest in watching the church door, could do well enough without extra light in their rooms. The whole group of cottages is very interesting. The oak beams are well moulded, and have stood the test of time admirably. If our suggestion is correct, these buildings have a peculiar interest, as there are so very few mediæval parsonages in existence. Some thirty years back an interesting one was to be seen at Willesden, but in improving the churchyard they "improved" this venerable relic of church history off the face of the earth. It was of the same homely but substantial and picturesque character as the building at Ryslip.

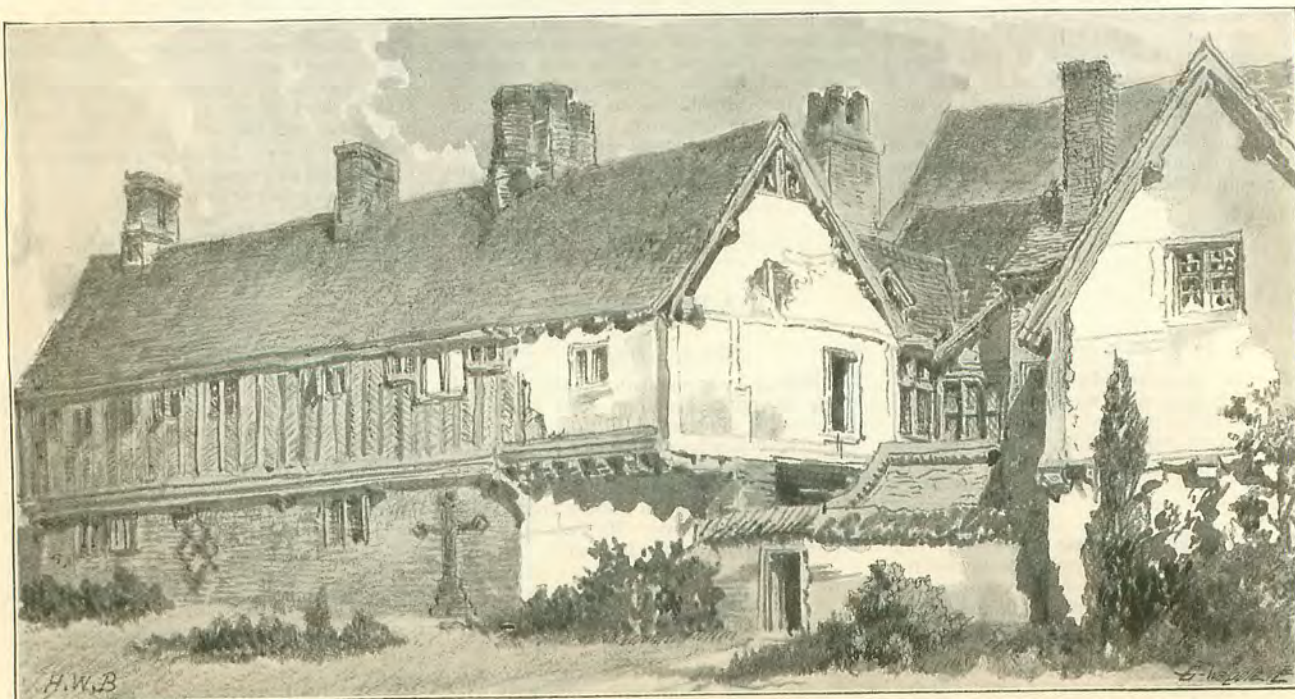
Our second sketch represents some of those thatched and whitewashed cottages which are common all over the home counties. They are for the most part built of wattle clogged with clay, and covered over with a thin coating of lime mortar, whitewashed all over, and roofed with thatch composed of rushes or straw; they are comfortable and cheerful little abodes, cool in summer and warm in winter, with a thorough look of home about them. They, however, have two great drawbacks: they are liable to fire, and are less durable than buildings constructed of more solid materials. Consequently we rarely come across examples which are above a century old, though we not unfrequently find portions of the timber framing considerably more ancient, especially the angle posts and "spurs," which have been protected by that judicious arrangement, followed in all ancient timber buildings in England, of making the

upper storeys of the structure project over the lower. Some writers tell us that this was done to save ground space! This, however, cannot be the case because land in a country village could never have been of sufficient value to have caused such a peculiarity in construction. The idea undoubtedly was to protect the ends of the upright beams from wet, because when wood is cut "with the grain," as it should always be when used for constructive purposes, the ends of the beam absorb the moisture, but the sides are little affected. Now by making the storeys overlap as they ascend, and the roof overlap the top storey, however lofty a house may be, its timbers are thoroughly protected from the rain.

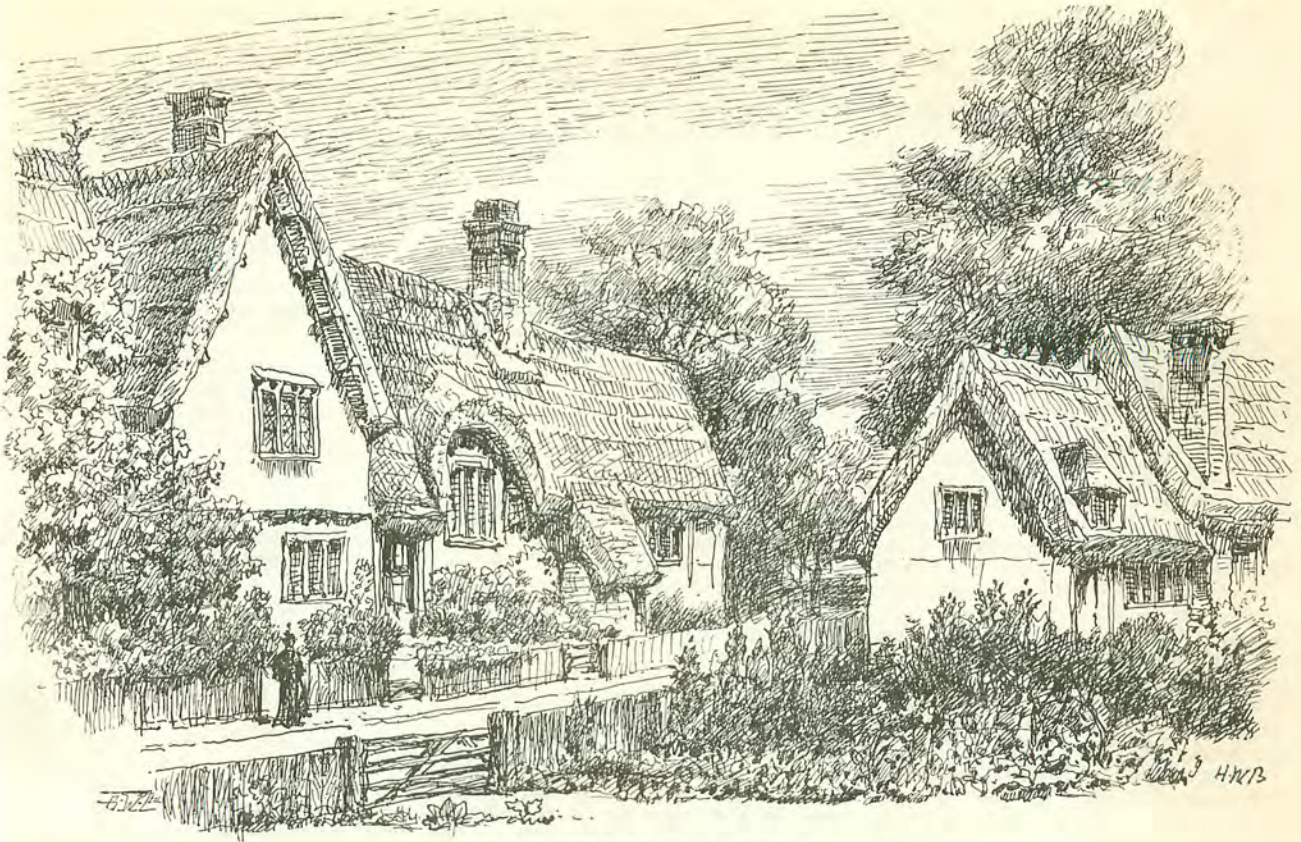
The general effect of a village consisting of thatched and whitewashed cottages is very pleasing, especially when there is an ancient stone or flint-built church in their midst. The clean bright whitewash forms a lovely contrast to the soft velvety look of the thatch. The red brick chimneys, grey lichen-covered walls of the old church, the lofty elms, and brilliant patches of garden, combine together to form a charming scene of peaceful and homely life.

Up to within some five years back an old thatched cottage stood at Shepherd's Bush green, and another close to Paddington churchyard; both have now disappeared, and we do not know of the existence of any old thatched cottages within four miles of Charing Cross. Don't let our readers imagine that we should suggest the building of thatched houses in London or any great city. Such structures would be contrary to all architectural propriety in such localities, and dangerous in case of fire.

(To be continued.)



COTTAGE HOMES AT RYSLIP.



THATCHED AND WHITE-WASHED COTTAGES, ESSEX.

"OUR HERO."

A TALE OF THE FRANCO-ENGLISH WAR NINETY YEARS AGO.

By AGNES GIBERNE, Author of "Sun, Moon and Stars," "The Girl at the Dower House," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

A GLIMPSE OF LOVELY POLLY.

"Now, my dear Polly, I pray you make the very most this evening of your charms. For somebody will be there whom you little think to see."

Polly and Molly, both on a visit to the Bryces in London, looked up sharply.

"Yes, indeed, and you may guess, but I vow you'll never guess the truth. Two young maidens to have such good fortune! Had it come to me in my young days, why, I think 'twould have driven me out of my senses with joy. But you may conjecture—you may conjecture, Polly. Who in the world can it be?"

Polly was seated upright on a straight-backed chair, looking as usual exceedingly pretty. Her eyes, softer and more than ever like brown velvet, took a far-away expression, and the delicate tinting of her cheeks grew roseate. She said demurely, after a pause—

"If I might conjecture that which my desires would prompt, ma'am, I would say—Captain Ivor!"

Mrs. Bryce tapped the floor impatiently with her slippered and sandalled foot.

"Pish—pshaw! To be sure, that is proper enough, my dear. But now you may rest satisfied that you have said what propriety demands. And since Captain Ivor is a prisoner in foreign parts, and likely so to remain for many a long year to come, being therefore out of the question, we'll e'en dismiss the thoughts of him, and I'll ask Molly whom she would most desire to meet at the dance to-night."

Molly sat upon a second high-backed chair, busily netting. At sixteen—close upon seventeen, indeed—she was more altered from the child of twelve than her twin-brother in the same lapse of time. She had not grown tall, and she was more rounded than in earlier years. Her black eyes looked less big and less anxious, partly because the face had lost its peakiness. A healthy complexion and an expression of straightforward earnestness served in place of good looks. Molly Baron would never be a "belle," but she might become a woman to whom men and women alike would turn, with a restful certainty of finding in her what they wanted. Her reply was more prompt than Polly's had been, and it consisted of one single syllable.

"Roy!"

"But Roy, like Captain Ivor, is a prisoner, child. Like to remain so also. Who next?"

"Jack!" Molly said, with equal rapidity.

"Nay, Jack is nobody. Jack is one of ourselves, and is in and out perpetually. Jack's a genteel young fellow enough, I make no question, but somewhat better than Jack awaits you this evening. Eh, Polly—what if it be—no other than Captain Peirce?"

"Captain Peirce better than Jack! Nay!" Molly said indignantly.

Polly's colour went up again, as it was wont to do on slight provocation, delicately and prettily. Polly also tossed her head, and arranged the light scarf, which covered her shoulders.

"Captain Peirce is welcome enough, ma'am," she made answer carelessly.

"I do not like Captain Peirce," murmured Molly.

"Nobody desired you to like Captain Peirce, my dear Molly. 'Tis vastly more to the point whether Polly likes him, since of a certainty Captain Peirce's affections are engaged in a certain direction, which may be named without difficulty. Captain Peirce is a

OLD ENGLISH COTTAGE HOMES;
OR,
VILLAGE ARCHITECTURE OF BYGONE TIMES.

PART VI.

WE now have to consider cottages erected of different materials and constructed in a totally different manner to those which we have hitherto described, and this variety in methods of building naturally leads to a distinct treatment of details and decoration.

We find all along the Kentish sea-coast houses and cottages, the chief materials entering into the construction of which are flint, sometimes cut so as to form the surface of their walls, and sometimes left irregular in shape, and the wall surfaces chiefly formed by the mortar in which the stones are embedded. This is called flint rubble. Where the flint is cut to a surface the angles, doorways, and window openings are constructed of stone or brick, and these are the portions of the building which receive ornamentation and give the character to the design, but where the flint is uncut and used as rubble, not unfrequently the whole surface is covered with a coating of plaster which is adorned in various ways, sometimes by simply drawing over it a toothed implement like a saw, sometimes by stamping or "pargeting," and occasionally by mixing the plaster with coloured

materials of several shades and arranging them in patterns.

This last method is somewhat akin to what the Italians call "sgraffito." I do not think that genuine sgraffito was ever executed in England, but that in some parts of this country they obtained a very similar effect by other means. In genuine sgraffito a layer of dark coloured plaster is placed over the wall, and when that is dry a layer of white or lighter coloured plaster is spread over it while wet: this second coating is scraped away in places so as to form a pattern or design over the darker material.

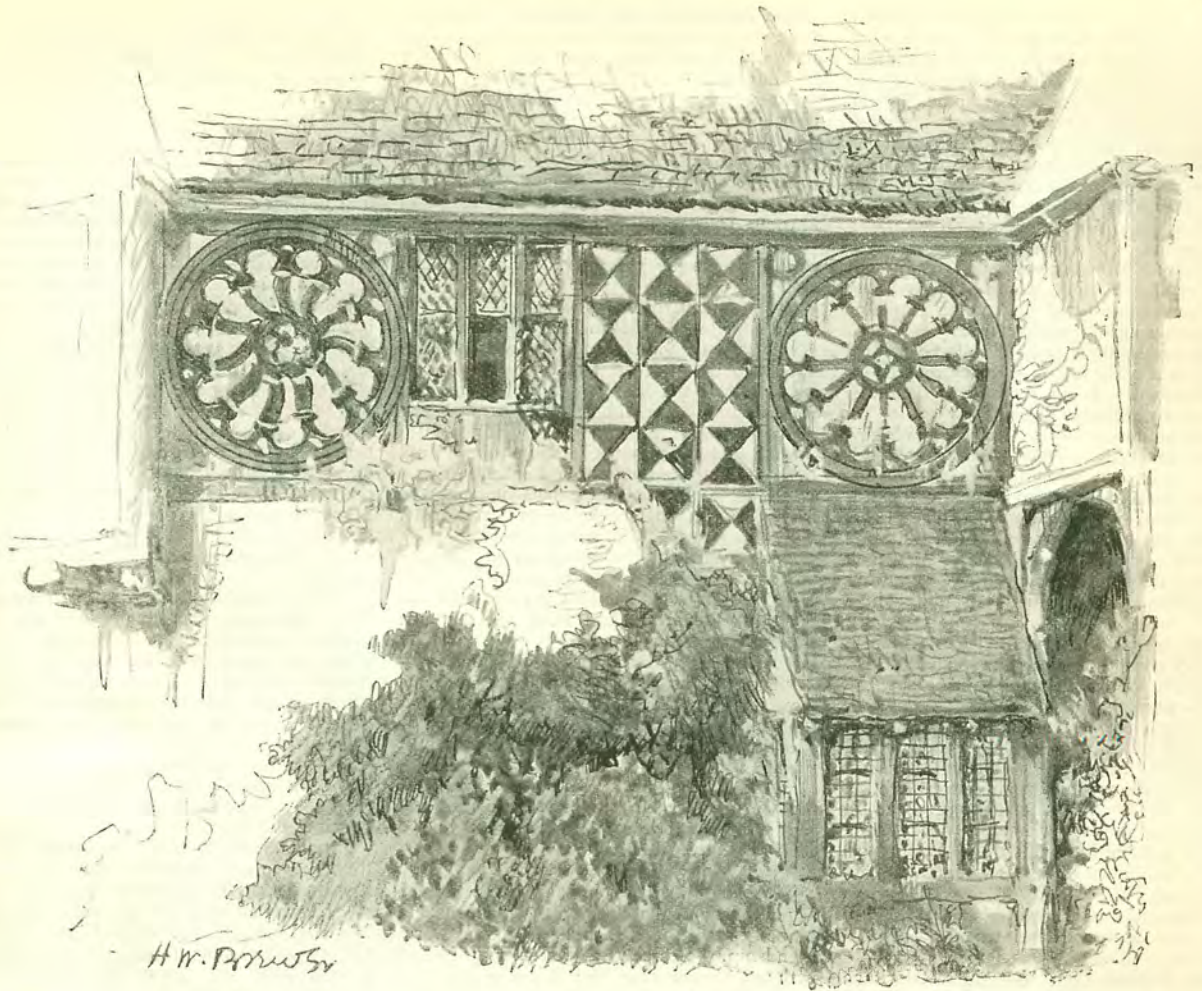
The ornamentation of which we give a sketch from Calais-Court, near Dover, appears to have been done by coloured plasters placed side by side, not one over the other. We are not, however, quite sure about this, as the lower portions of the work have either been destroyed or never executed, so that it is difficult to examine it closely. The two wheel patterns are very curious and are probably inspired by the wheel windows of ancient churches. One of them is not unlike the east window of Barfreton church a few miles away. This kind of imitation of wheel windows is not uncommon in old decoration. The

church of Chastleton in Oxfordshire has a floor of encaustic tiling entirely composed of this ornamentation. It is difficult to ascribe any exact date to this work at Calais-Court; it is probably not earlier than the sixteenth century. The house or cottage has been so much pulled about and altered, at later periods, that it is impossible to say whether it forms a portion of a larger structure or was always of its present humble proportions.

The first example we give is from a farm called "Hundred Elms," between Harrow and Sudbury. It is now used as a stable with a loft over it. I think it was originally a dwelling-house, though as the whole of the interior has been dismantled and altered, its purpose cannot be distinctly traced; its great peculiarity is that everything is constructed of brick, the window-mullions and tracery being very neatly cut out of that material and put together with no little skill. It is thought that the Archbishops of Canterbury, in early times, had a residence at Hundred Elms (in the fourteenth century), and that afterwards they removed to Headstone, where there still exists a moated grange, now a farmhouse.



AT HUNDRED ELMS, NEAR HARROW.



AT CALAIS-COURT, KENT.

The Rev. W. Done Bushell in the "Harrow Octocentenary Tracts" has entered into all the arguments connected with the question, and they are very interesting, but too long to quote here, nor would they help us in ascertaining the history or purpose of this interesting little building, as the Archbishops must have left Hundred Elms farm some two centuries before it was built, as it is evidently a sixteenth century work.

Brickwork in England, it should be observed, is rarely found in houses before the commencement of the sixteenth century. Although brick-making was never quite abandoned, yet it was very little used during the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. The only important brick church erected during this

period is Holy Trinity at Hull, which is of fine red brick. The thirteenth century walls of Yarmouth show dressings of white brick, used like stone, and brick vaulting constructed exactly after the manner of stone is to be seen in the ground floor of the Bishop's Palace and the Chapter House of the Blackfriars monastery at Norwich. At the commencement of the sixteenth century brick was probably regarded as a luxury and was more expensive than stone. This explains the fact that the palaces and great mansions of the nobles are erected of this material in all districts where it could be procured. In the second quarter of the century, it became the practice to build all the better class of houses of brick in the eastern and home counties of

England, though not so in the north or west where fine building stone was much more easily procurable. It is, however, very remarkable that even in the eastern counties, where beautiful brick was to hand, we scarcely ever find this material used for churches. There was evidently an idea prevalent in the minds of our forefathers that churches should be built of stone, and houses of brick, and this prejudice, to a great extent, prevails to the present day, and is very curious because it does not pertain in any other country in Europe. I think nearly all girls and women dislike brick churches, yet why they should do so it is difficult to understand. We should like some of our clever girls to tell us.

(To be continued.)

HIS GREAT REWARD.

CHAPTER III.

It was Tuesday afternoon in the week following Easter week, and Mrs. Heritage and her daughter were together in the tiny drawing-room of their house in York Road, when a knock at the street door made them turn and look at each other in surprise.

"Whoever can it be, mumsie darling?" exclaimed Marielle, pausing in her occupation of arranging bunches of yellow daffodils in brown jars on the mantelpiece. Fresh and

fair and sweet as the Lent lilies, some of which she had pinned in the bosom of her dress, looked the girl herself, as she stood there in her simple black gown, which only served to set off her delicate complexion to greater advantage.

"I'm sure I don't know, dearie. It is not very likely to be a visitor for us any way, since very few of our old friends seem to care to trouble themselves about calling nowadays. It was different when your father was alive." And Mrs. Heritage's lips quivered a little as

the recollection of social triumphs, long gone by, flashed through her mind.

How true it is that "a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things!"

Marielle had only time to cast a loving glance at her mother in answer, for the opening of the door and a slight rustle outside warned her that a visitor was approaching.

"Mrs. Duncan!" was announced by the little maid who, with faithful old Mysie the cook, constituted the whole of the domestic establishment at No. 27.

be lost. By forced marches and the utmost expedition the first and most perilous stage was accomplished. The River Esla was crossed—and not too soon. Napoleon, pushing furiously forward, bent heart and mind on getting to Benevente before the English, found himself twelve hours too late. Moore had precisely reckoned his time and had neatly baffled Europe's Conqueror.

A few days later, on the 1st of January, 1809, Napoleon underwent a second dire mortification. He reached

Astorga, for which he had been aiming, again straining every nerve with the hope of cutting off Moore's retreat—and as at Esla, he was once more a day too late. A second time Moore had quietly slipped away out of his grasp.

While here, Napoleon had unexpected news. He heard of the fresh alliance between Russia and Austria; and he heard that an attack upon France during his absence was being planned. This altered the face of matters. The crushing of Spain, delayed by Moore's action,

had to be put off indefinitely. Napoleon, with a large body of troops, hurried back to Paris. But he left Soult and Ney in command of about sixty thousand men, in two columns, one to attack Moore in rear, the other to take him in flank, while thousands scattered about the country were advancing to support the attack.

Enough, in all conscience, one would imagine, to deal with a retreating force of less than twenty-four thousand!

(To be continued.)

OLD ENGLISH COTTAGE HOMES;
OR,
VILLAGE ARCHITECTURE OF BYGONE TIMES.

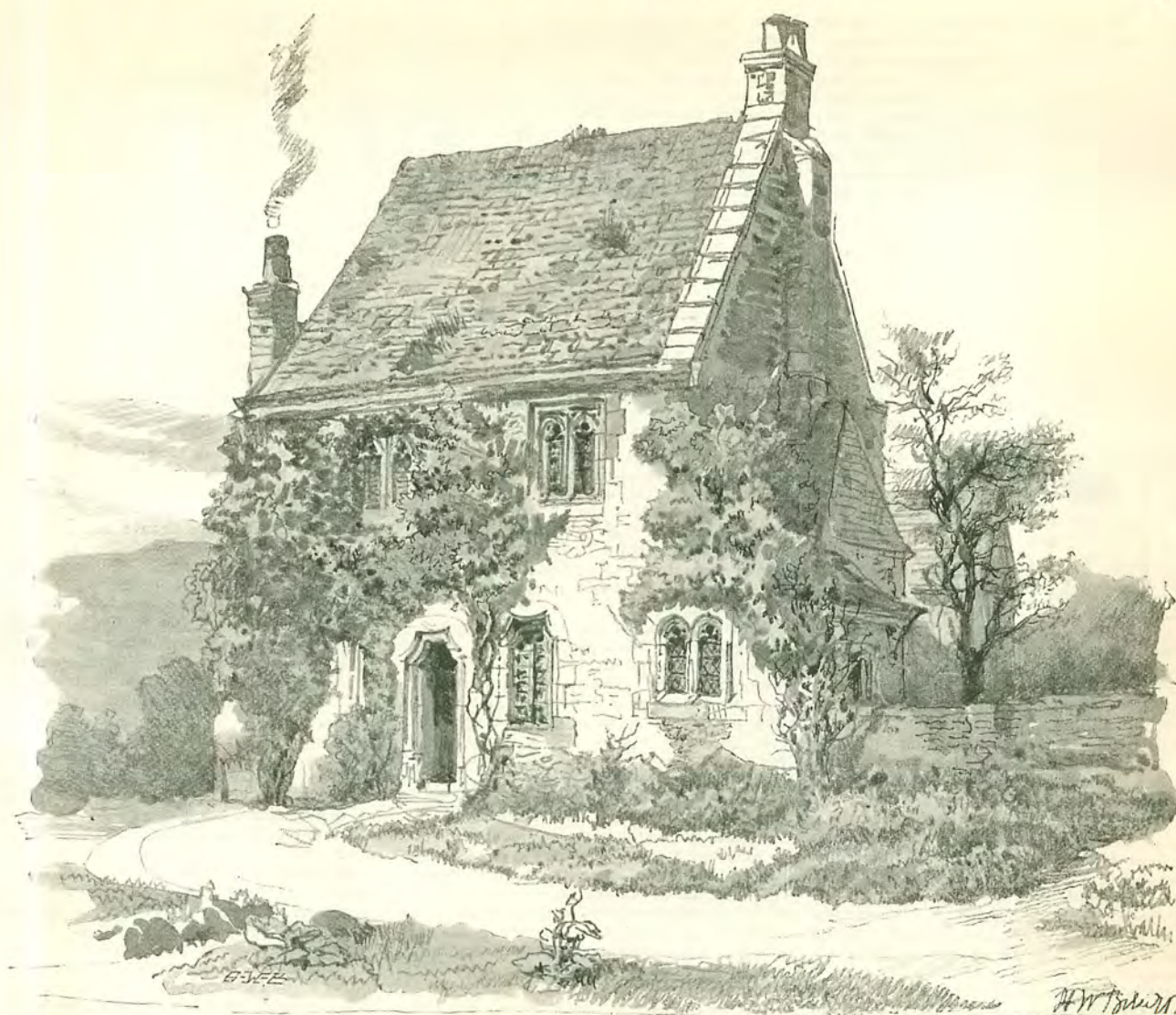
PART VII.

BRICK seems, as we pointed out in our last paper, to have been generally preferred to stone for house and cottage building in this country from the sixteenth century, but during the earlier centuries, and in places where good

stone was easily procurable, the latter was frequently used, even in the erection of cottages. A charming example dating from the fourteenth century exists in a very perfect condition at West Dean in Sussex. It has graceful and elegant traceried stone-cut windows and doorways, and is a carefully constructed little building showing excellent though simple Gothic details.



AT AMERSHAM.



AT WEST DEAN, SUSSEX.

Cottages built of brick with stone "dressing" are common all over England, especially in almshouses. At Amersham are six little cottages built round an open courtyard. An inscription over the archway leading to the garden informs us that these cottages were built by "Sir William Drake, Barronet (*sic*), in the year of our Lord 1657, to the glory of God, and for the relief of six poor widows well reputed in this parish." It is a pleasant home for these good old people and a pretty retreat where they may spend the remainder of their days in peace. There are many such in England: would there were many more! How far more pleasant it is to think of these poor old souls quietly living out the few months or years of existence, waiting for God to call them, in such an abode rather than in a workhouse, with its hard and fast rules, or some pretentious-looking asylum where official charity seems to stare one in the face at every turn. No doubt in these modern institutions sanitary arrangements are better, and matters are more practically attended to, but something seems to be wanting in them: they do not look like "homes." We may perhaps be too sentimental, and possibly are arguing from what we should ourselves feel if placed in a similar situation, indeed we have known cases in which the poor old folks in the country have rejoiced at their quaint old

habitations being pulled down and replaced by brand new houses.

We were once drawing two streets, one a bit of a pretty old village, and the other a modern suburban street which we had tried to make look as detestable as possible, when a lady called upon us and looked at the two. "Ah," said she, "I am so glad that these tumbledown old cottages are going to be replaced by your smart and cheerful-looking villas!" We thought at first that it was a joke, but no, she was absolutely serious!

A few years back a very eminent Member of Parliament succeeded to the possession of what was at that time the most perfect mediæval village in England, every cottage dating back to the sixteenth or seventeenth century. I was told of this absolutely unique place and went to see it. To my horror I found a large gang of workmen busy upon what appeared to be wholesale destruction. Upon inquiry I was told that Sir — was such an excellent landlord that he was rebuilding all the houses of his tenants! There appeared to be little reason for this work, as the old cottages which were being pulled down looked as if they would stand quite as long as the new ones, and even if modern requirements were supposed to necessitate different arrangements to those which satisfied our forefathers, the beautiful old gables, with

their ornamental oak badge-boards and timber framing, might have been preserved, as the line of frontage was not changed or the street widened.

This feeling is, however, by no means universal, and we have known cases where those who have lived in old cottages which have been condemned to destruction have offered to buy the sketch we were making, as a recollection of the "dear old home."

Unfortunately, however, now people have no "homes" for the most part, our population is becoming nomadic, and folks move about every three years.

A friend of ours told us that he had "moved" eleven times in ten years! Now what love of his home can a man feel who spends ten months in each house. At Rothenberg in Bavaria, I was buying some bread at a baker's shop, when I happened to see a carved stone sign over the doorway dated 1590. I remarked to the baker, "It is rather a coincidence that it should have been a baker's then." "Oh," said he, "it has always been a baker's, and always in the hands of the same family." What is still more remarkable is the fact that at Mont St. Michel in Normandy, until some three or four years back there was a house which had been for six centuries the home of the same family, but now the last member of the old stock is

dead. Now that was indeed a home, but what "rolling stones" we have all become! Our very cats shame us. Pussy often absolutely refuses to move. I once took a house, and the cat belonging to the former tenants insisted upon remaining in the house. They took him away with them, but he came back with the milkman in the morning. We turned him out again, but he took up his residence in an outhouse, and had his eye so fixed

upon the back door that the moment it was opened, he found his way in and sat in front of the kitchen fire. In vain did the cook "rout him out," and declare that he had "no rights in her kitchen." He maintained his rights, and point-blank refused to budge. At last we absolutely took a great liking to the animal, which showed such an attachment to his home. Directly he gained his way he became very affectionate, and was a most

amiable companion to the children. By a curious coincidence he died the very day before we left that house!

Love of the very place called "home" is a sentiment which should in every way be encouraged, and it is greatly to be regretted that it seems to be dying out, and we much fear that "flats" will give it its death-blow.

(To be continued.)

OUR MEDICINE CHEST.

By "THE NEW DOCTOR."

PART II.

THE MEDICAL DRAWER.



OW many of our readers know how to perform artificial respiration? Only a very small proportion, we are afraid. Yet everyone ought to know how to do it, for rarely does a girl go through her life without encountering a situation

where a knowledge of how to perform artificial respiration would be the means of saving the life of one of her fellow creatures.

Every girl ought to be taught how to perform artificial respiration when she is at school. This immensely important aid ought to be able to be rendered by every man, woman or child in the world. It is the most important, and perhaps the easiest of all measures for the saving of life.

Let us see if we can explain to you how to perform artificial respiration. Two persons are required. Place the patient on her back, open her mouth, pull her tongue forward and wipe out her mouth and throat, so as to clear it of any blood or whatever it may contain, which would hinder the air from entering her chest.

Each of you must then take hold of one arm, with one hand grasping the forearm and the other grasping the upper arm. Now start. Slowly draw the arms away from the chest and elevate them above the head. Pull the arms as high above the head as you possibly can. Rest for two seconds, then slowly bring the arms down again to the side of the chest, cross them over the chest, press upon the chest, and gently press upon the pit of the stomach. Again rest for two seconds, then elevate the arms again and repeat the performance as long as necessary. Never be in a hurry. The performance is no good at all unless it is done slowly.

Now we will tell you where artificial respiration is necessary.

Suppose you are on the scene when a person is dragged out of the water after drowning. The person is unconscious, but not dead. What are you going to do? Place her on her chest, and squeeze out of her chest any water that you can. Wipe out her mouth and throat. Pull out her tongue, turn her on to her back, and perform artificial respiration. Get someone else to wrap her up in blankets, and apply warmth to the extremities. But do not discontinue the artificial respiration until a surgeon arrives, or until the patient breathes regularly in a normal way, or until some other pair of philanthropists relieve you.

If you find a person hanging, cut her down, wipe out her mouth and perform artificial respiration at once.

If someone is found unconscious in a room where gas is escaping, bring her out into the

fresh air and perform artificial respiration at once.

If a person is suffocated in the smoke of a fire, or an infant is smothered by the bed-clothes, take her out into the fresh air and perform artificial respiration at once.

In all these cases, the patients are in the greatest peril of their lives, and if you run after assistance, they will die in your absence. But one might almost say that a person cannot die while proper artificial respiration is being performed upon her.

Now let us wander to another emergency—the treatment of acute poisoning.

First find out if you can what poison the person has taken. Most poisons cause vomiting, intense pain in the stomach, collapse with pallor and coldness of the fingers and toes, and cold sweats. Purging, cramps in the calves, unconsciousness, and heavy noisy breathing are also common.

The cause of the symptoms of poisoning is the presence of the poison in the body. Therefore the first item of treatment is to get as much of the poison as you can out of the body. Therefore make the patient vomit. Give her an emetic for every poison except the strong mineral acids (sulphuric, nitric and hydrochloric acids) and the strong alkalies (caustic soda, caustic potash, and strong solution of ammonia). In poisoning from these you must not give an emetic.

The best of all emetics is a large tablespoonful of mustard in a tumblerful of tepid water. Therefore in poisoning from anything except the six drugs mentioned above, give mustard and water before you do anything else.

Then loosen the clothes about the person's neck, and apply warmth to her extremities. The further treatment depends upon the nature of the poison.

For the strong acids, sulphuric, nitric, hydrochloric and acetic, give the patient magnesia, if you have it handy. If not, give her dilute solution of soda.

For the alkalies, caustic soda, caustic potash, or ammonia, give dilute vinegar. For poisoning with copper or mercury salts, give white of eggs. For oxalic acid or salts of lemon or salts of sorrel, give lime or chalk. For opium, give hot coffee and perform artificial respiration. For prussic acid or cyanide of potassium, apply cold water to the spine, and perform artificial respiration.

If you have done these things, the doctor, when he arrives, will probably find the patient at all events alive. The further treatment, of course, belongs to him. But if you have rendered your first aid, it will make a very great difference to the patient.

Let us leave this chapter of horrors. But one moment—we want to say something to you about fainting. We suppose it has been the experience of very nearly everybody to see a girl faint in church.

It is rather a hot stuffy day in July, and Miss Jones goes to church; but the place is

rather more crowded than customary, for the sermon promises to be more interesting than usual.

About the middle of the service Miss Jones feels "queer." She reels a bit, utters a faint cry and falls down "in a heap" fainting. Confusion at once reigns. The gentlemen about her lift her up, elevate her head and take her out of the church.

What is a faint? It is the momentary cessation of the heart's action. The heart stops for a second. The brain is deprived of blood. It instantly ceases its function. The body drops as if inanimate. It is this dropping down in a heap which prevents the brain from being deprived of blood for long. It is this which saves the person from danger.

When a person falls down in a faint, leave her alone. Unloose her collar if you like, but under no circumstances should you elevate her head. Let her head be the lowest part of her body. Remember this! Let the head of a fainting person be the lowest part of the body.

Afterwards you may give her a little sal volatile and fresh air. But it really does not matter what you do as long as you pay attention to the position of the head.

Oh, by the way, we were talking about our medicine chest! Let us return to our subject, and exactly describe the box and its fittings. The box should be made of metal, not wood. The reason for this is that metal is such a clean material, and when it has been soiled, it is a simple matter to wash it, whereas wood holds the dirt, and is not by any means so easily cleaned.

A japanned cash-box makes as good a medicine chest as anything. One about twelve inches long, six inches broad, and six inches deep, makes a capital medicine chest. Certainly it is quite large enough! What would you have? What is the good of a medicine box that you cannot carry about?

We keep a medicine chest of the size above mentioned. We find it quite large enough for when we are travelling "off duty." It is quite sufficiently large to carry all that we require for emergencies. Of course it is furnished differently from what yours should be; but, as regards size, it is only ten inches long, six inches broad, and six inches deep.

A new cash-box makes the best of all medicine chests. No, you do not want partitions, nooks and crannies. The simpler the box is the better. But it must be clean. When you have got your box, dust it and rinse it out with warm carbolic solution, and let it thoroughly dry.

Now let us start to furnish it. Surgical necessities first.

A glass syringe, about eight inches long, with the piston fitted with an asbestos plug, and not wound round with string. This is



OLD ENGLISH COTTAGE HOMES;
OR,
VILLAGE ARCHITECTURE OF BYGONE TIMES.

PART VIII.

IN the first number of these papers we pointed out the fact that the cottages and small houses in fortified villages exhibited a totally different character from those in open and un-walled villages. Owing to the space being confined within the walls, any increase in the number of inhabitants had either to be provided with accommodation by adding to the height of the existing habitations or by setting up dwelling-houses in out-of-the-way places. Our sketch of Lyme Regis shows the outlet of a river which here flows into the sea; the fortified walls are continued along the banks; the principal street of the village is carried over the river by a bridge consisting of a lofty and elegantly proportioned Gothic arch, evidently of thirteenth century date. Cottages or small habitations cling to the walls supported upon wooden corbels, and are

bracketed out from the parapets of the bridge, giving the latter more the effect of a gateway than of a bridge. The whole scene is strange though very picturesque, and those who are accustomed to the ordinary English village, with its detached cottages, surrounded by gardens, are naturally surprised at the singular effect brought about by such changed conditions. Those, however, who know the fortified villages of Germany, France, and the Low Countries, are quite familiar with such scenes, and regard them as usual in villages prepared for war, as contrasted with the ordinary villages of our country where peace was the normal condition.

It is indeed a matter of congratulation that our English ancestors were able to live in abodes unsurrounded by fortifications, and to pursue their humble avocations without the dread of invasion by some foreign foe; but as it does not seem to be the design of Divine

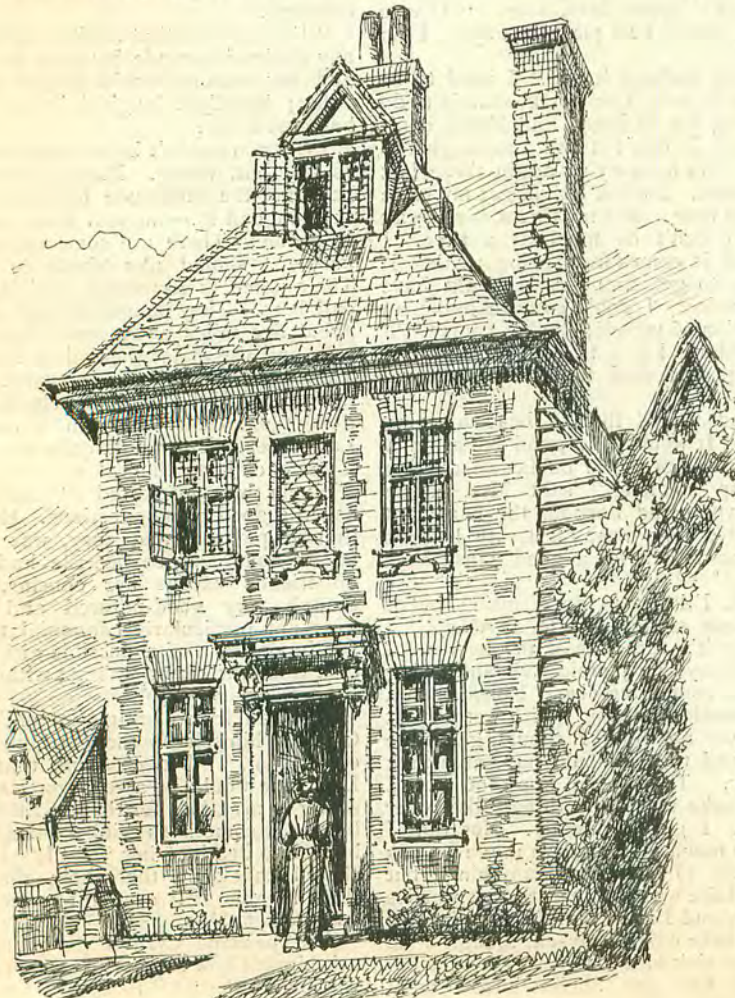
Providence that man should pass this life without troubles and anxiety, civil wars were not unfrequent, even in this happy isle. And even when this affliction was absent, our towns were visited by pestilence, for our historians tell us that in the neighbourhood of Warwick alone thirty villages were depopulated and allowed to fall to ruin during that fearful visitation called the "Black Death." Their very sites cannot now be traced, and their names are mere tradition. Even where they were partially spared, the population of many villages was so reduced as to cause a very singular arrangement. We refer to the distance between the church and the village. Now there can be no doubt that parish churches in the country were nearly always in former times erected in the villages or towns they were intended to serve, and the only way of accounting for their now being at a distance from one another is by supposing that some great pestilence has at some period swept away the population of that part of the village which adjoined the church. That the pestilence should attack that particular portion of the village more than another is highly probable, because its proximity to the church and churchyard would render it more liable to infection. This, however, is a very gloomy subject to contemplate, and we refer to it only to account for certain peculiarities which it has introduced into old villages.

Our other sketch represents a cottage or village house of much later times, probably the Hanoverian period, built of various coloured bricks, in some places arranged in patterns. The great peculiarity of the design, however, is its diminutive scale. Were it not for the fact that the presence of any human being near to it immediately dwarfs it, the front might be that of an important house. This is a well-known fact in architecture. There is nothing for bringing down the scale of a building like a very tall girl. An architect we know built a beautiful little church on a small scale, but he was shocked to find that a very tall, and it must be confessed graceful, girl sat close to the first column of the nave. Our friend said, "Really that girl completely dwarfs my columns. I shall have to speak to the clergyman and see whether she can be prevailed upon to take a seat in a less conspicuous place." He suggested this idea to the reverend gentleman, who seemed a little confused.

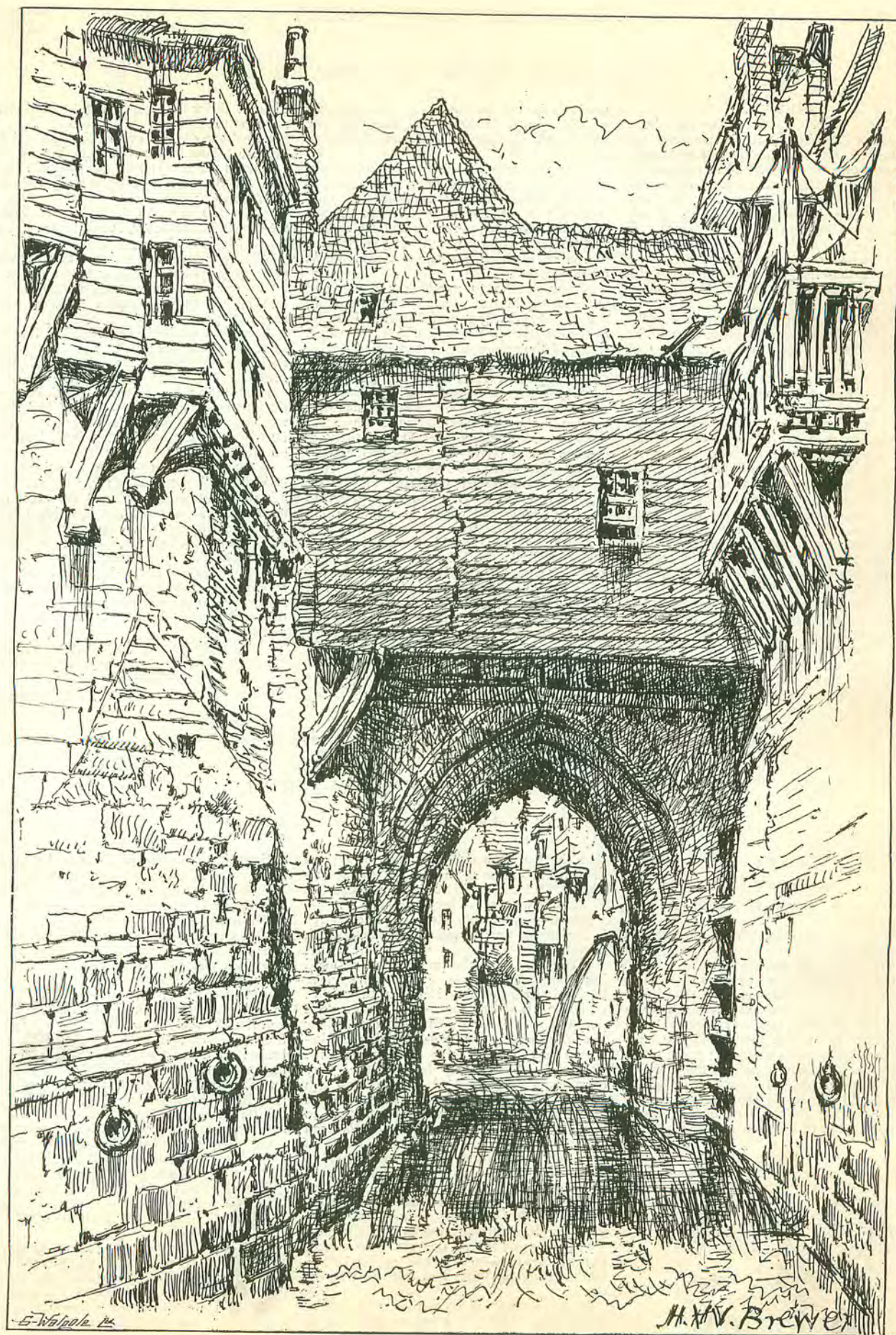
"Well," said he, "I fear that can scarcely be done, as that young lady will in all probability become more closely connected with the church. The fact is, we are going to be married next month."

It is rather a strange thing that a tall man does not "bring down" the scale of a building to the same extent as a tall woman. Probably the dress of the latter is accountable for this.

The diminutive scale of the house at Amersham has its counterpart in many Georgian buildings—Hamper Mill and the old school-house at Watford, for instance. Yet we can scarcely charge the architects of that time with an attempt to give a false scale to their buildings, as they seem so well suited to their surroundings.



GEORGIAN COTTAGE, AMERSHAM.



COTTAGES AT LYME REGIS—A FORTIFIED VILLAGE.

THINGS IN SEASON, IN MARKET AND KITCHEN.

By LA MÉNAGÈRE.



GLORIOUS June! Can anyone complain of a lack of the least good thing? Rather we have *unembarras de richesse*; so much so, indeed, that we hardly know what to select for our typical *menu*. Look at the vegetable market,

for instance. See the piles of snowy cauliflowers, the crisp cabbages and spinach, the quantities of salad stuffs, cucumbers, spring carrots and turnips, asparagus, artichokes, peas and French beans, while the very potatoes look attractive. Then see the fruit, the ever-welcome green gooseberries, strawberries, early raspberries, and ripe cherries galore. The fruiterers have golden apricots, nectarines, custard apples, and many other luscious things. The fishmongers are showing plovers' eggs in their little nests of moss, the pinkest of prawns and crabs, scarlet lobsters in a garnish of parsley, magnificent salmon, salmon-trout, speckled trout, and beautiful fine soles, with mackerel that glisten like the whitebait.

Game is, of course, of no account now; but young chickens are coming to the fore, and pigeons are excellent, so also are the plovers.

Then look at the wealth of June blossom that is poured into the market. Can anything surpass the beauty of these roses? Lilies and hydrangeas, snowy narcissi, gorgeous tulips, iris, and peonies, and if you can find a sweeter or a more splendid flower than a blush peony of the Dutch variety, you will be clever indeed. Sweet mignonette, sweet peas, and still sweeter pinks, make the air quite heavy with their fragrance. Then we have quantities of beautiful grasses, mosses, ferns, and foliage plants here for all sorts of purposes, for June is the harvest month of the floral decorator. Dinners, balls, receptions, weddings, at homes—all make great demand on the markets this month.

The place of game at fashionable dinners is taken by plovers' eggs, or by an aspic jelly. As the eggs are usually sold ready boiled, and require no accompaniment, we may leave them without further remark; but it might be useful here if we considered the making of a simple aspic jelly such as could be manufactured by the home cook.

Aspic Jelly.—Get a knuckle-bone of veal and one of ham and crack them in pieces. Put with them a large onion, with two cloves, a large carrot, a bunch of savoury herbs, and two quarts of water. Let these simmer gently in a brown stone jar for several hours, then strain off. To a pint of this stock (which should be perfectly clear) add one ounce of Swinborne's isinglass previously soaked in cold water, also a teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper, a tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar; and then a wineglassful of strong sherry. Stir over the fire until it nearly boils, then break into the liquor the whites of two eggs and the shells, stir well, and draw to the side of the fire; let it simmer for a quarter of an hour, then strain through a jelly-bag three or four times until it is perfectly clear. Keep the mould in a very cold place until it is wanted. The quart should make two moulds of jelly. A good jelly will keep for some time, and is often most useful for an invalid.

An aspic of game or poultry makes an excellent luncheon dish, and will prove an easy and dainty way of serving up the remains of cold poultry, etc.

Pour some ready-made aspic jelly into the bottom of a plain round mould which has been wetted with cold water. Next make a layer of stars and diamonds from the white and yellow of a hard-boiled egg, a few fine sprigs of parsley, and the red part of a cold tongue here and there. Let this set, then lay on thin slices of cold fowl and ham, leaving plenty of space to run more jelly in between. Fill the mould up to the top with jelly, then put it away to set. When quite stiff turn it out on to a dish.

Suppose that for our June *menu* we take the following:

Bisque of Crab.
Devised Whitebait.
Grenadines of Veal. Jardinière Sauce.
Aspic Jelly.
Saddle of Lamb. French Beans.
Gooseberry Tart.
Cream Cheese. Oaten Wafers. Coffee.

Bisque of Crab.—Wash well in several waters half a pound of the best rice, put it into a saucepan with a quart of the best clear white stock, and add a little milk. Add also an onion, a small piece of cinnamon, a little salt and pepper and a good bit of butter. Let the rice simmer a long while, then add to it the pith from the body of a freshly-boiled

crab, and another pint of milk or stock. Rub all carefully through a sieve, then pour it into a stewpan with the flesh from the claws torn into flakes, add a teaspoonful of the essence of anchovies, a teaspoonful of arrowroot dissolved in a little milk, and a few drops of cochineal to deepen the colour. At the last moment, before serving, after the soup has boiled up once, add a small cupful of hot cream.

Devised Whitebait.—To fry whitebait a good depth of clear frying fat is needed, and a frying basket in which the fish can all be plunged into the fat at once. They should be carefully wiped, then lightly shaken in a well-floured cloth, just so as to coat them sufficiently. Plunge into boiling fat for about three minutes, then withdraw them from the fat, sprinkle them with black and red pepper, return to the pan for another minute, then drain and serve on a napkin with fried parsley as a garnish. Send quarters of lemon and brown bread and butter to table with them.

Grenadines of Veal, Jardinière Sauce.—A slice of the best lean fillet of veal, about two-thirds of an inch thick, should be shaped into small pieces, and then dipped into beaten egg and into a mixture of breadcrumbs, minced ham and seasoning. Fry these carefully on both sides to a light brown, then put between two plates and stand in a hot oven.

For the sauce take a pint of stock, and one onion, a large carrot, a turnip, a few French beans, a few peas, and any other available vegetable. Mince these finely and evenly, fry them in dripping, drain and add to the stock. Thicken this with a spoonful of potato flour, and season highly. Boil gently for a while, then pour in the centre of a hot dish and set the grenadines around the edge. Let boiled potatoes (small ones) accompany this dish.

The saddle of lamb should be simply roasted and served with its own gravy; the French beans boiled first, then sautéed, in butter with chopped parsley, and potatoes, if liked, treated the same way. Pass mint sauce around as well.

Cream should accompany the gooseberry tart, and strawberries with cream might appear at the same time, or in lieu of the tart as preferred.

A roast duck and green peas might take the place of the saddle of lamb, according as means and circumstances permit.

OLD ENGLISH COTTAGE HOMES;

OR,

VILLAGE ARCHITECTURE OF BYGONE TIMES.

PART IX.

THERE is a kind of cottage, chiefly found in the North of England, but also not unfrequently to be seen in the western and central counties; it is constructed entirely of stone or granite. The mullions of the windows, "dressings" of the gables, doorways, and sometimes the walls themselves, are built in "ashlar." "Ashlar," in England, means stone brought to a smooth surface, not only on face but round the sides as well. Now this is rather important for all who are engaged in building operations, because "ashlar" means a different thing in England

from what it does in other parts of the United Kingdom. In Ireland, for instance, "ashlar" means stones brought to a smooth surface in front alone, the edges being left irregular, and if you require them to be cut smooth and squared at the edges, you have to specify that they shall have "even beds and joints."

A curious trial occupied the Irish Law Courts for many weeks some time back. An English architect and an Irish builder were engaged in erecting an important edifice in Ireland. The architect in his specification stipulated "ashlar" for the frontage of the structure. The builder carried it out in the English manner and then sent in a heavy bill

of extras for "beds and joints." This was opposed by the architect on behalf of his clients. At the trial all the Irish witnesses maintained that the builder was right, and all the English that he was wrong. The judge and jury became thoroughly puzzled, and could not understand the disputed point, as evidently both sides were perfectly sincere. At last the judge, perfectly bewildered, appealed to a very eminent counsel who was engaged, and said to him—

"Mr. —, can you explain what all this means? We have been for some days listening to the apparently endless dispute about 'beds and joints.'"

"Well, my lord, I can only suggest that it must be in some way connected with a question of *board and lodging*," answered the counsel.

The matter remains unsettled, I believe, to this day. Of course we use the word "ashlar" in its English signification.

In addition to all the northern counties stone cottages are found in Derbyshire, Warwickshire, Worcestershire, Herefordshire, Monmouthshire, Oxfordshire, Somersetshire, Dorsetshire, Devonshire, and Sussex.

They are usually very solidly built, and, though they present sometimes a stern and severe aspect, they are well suited to a rough climate, as they are warm and comfortable, and so substantial that they can resist the floods which often inundate mountainous districts. The group of cottages which we sketched some years back at Glossop, in Derbyshire, bore up against a singularly severe catastrophe. The little mountain stream shown in the foreground was dammed by a very solid earthwork higher up the valley so as to form a reservoir. During a terrible storm of wind and rain the dam was swept away, and the vast torrent of water poured down the valley, sweeping everything before it, and completely submerging the lower part of the village. The old stone houses shown in our drawing were flooded to their upper storey. A man who described the occurrence to us said—

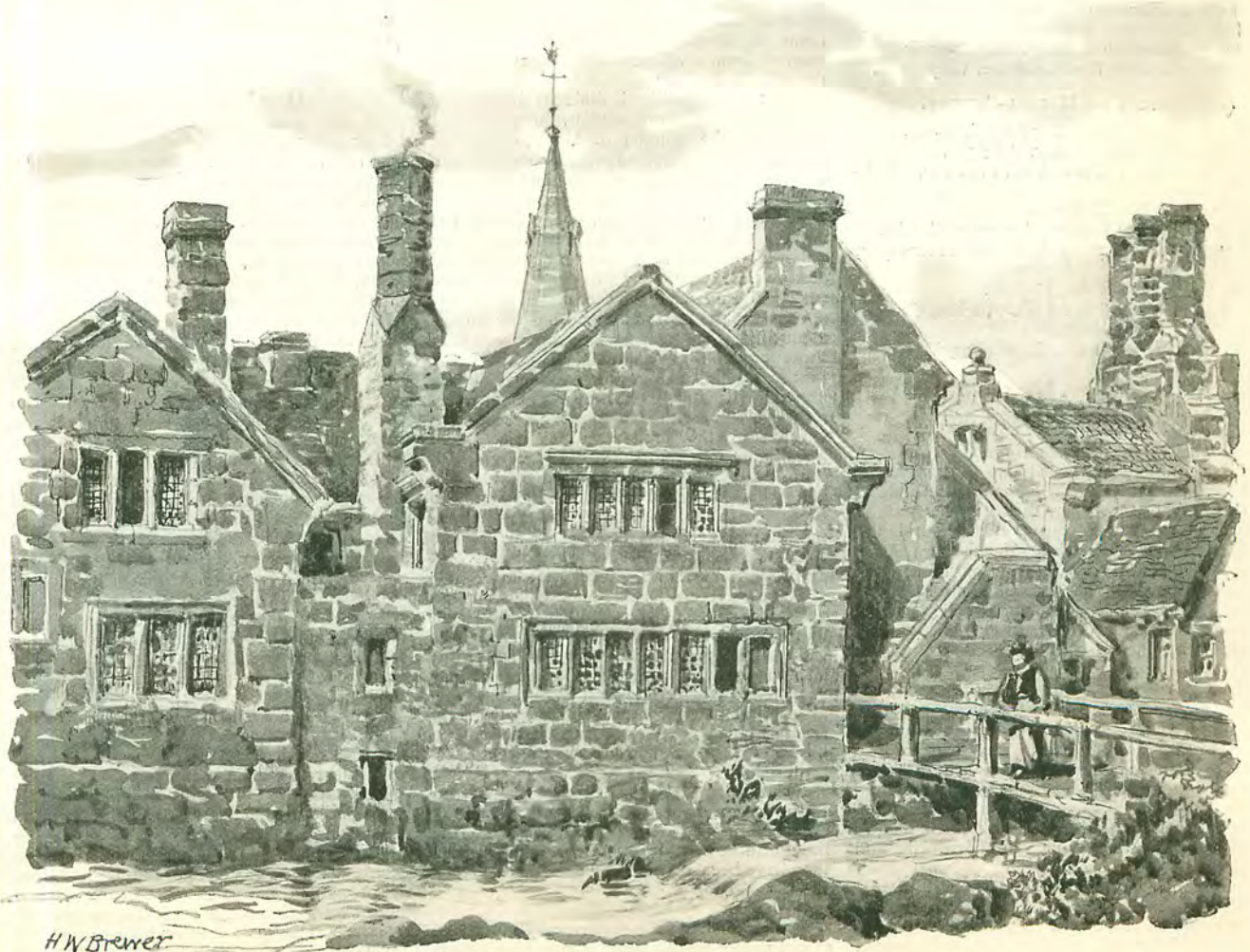
"It was all so sudden-like. I heard a loud

roar, followed by a rushing noise, which made the house seem to rock. I jumped out of bed and found myself up to my knees in water. I got my wife and children to stand upon the table and chairs, while I tried to find out what was going on, half expecting that the old house would come down, but it stood like a rock; and when the water subsided, it was as good as ever, though some of the modern houses were reduced to ruin."

These stone cottages, with their heavy mullioned windows and low-pitched gables, continued to be built down nearly to the end of the last century. Of course, they must have been expensive; but their durability seems to prove that the extra outlay was, in the end, true economy. Artistically, they appear well suited to their bleak grey surroundings. These great, wild woodlands, interspersed with shapeless and fantastic



LOOSE STONE AND PEAT COTTAGE, SCOTLAND AND N. ENGLAND.



STONE COTTAGES, GLOSSOP, DERBYSHIRE.

rocks and strange-looking bowlders, swept by howling winds, so that no tree can lift its head save under shelter of the hillside, are not so unkindly as they seem.

We once knew a beautiful and delicate girl who had to leave London and, with her parents, live in one of these wild-looking districts. After a short time she grew strong and still more beautiful. Later on she married, and went with her husband to live in a southern land under the influence of a more genial climate. But, alas, it proved less friendly to her than the rugged North, for

within six months she died. Three days before this sad event she said to her husband—

"If I could only feel the wind over the great moor I think I could live."

He would have given all he possessed to save her, but the doctors assured him that she would certainly die on the journey. Health is often to be found in these rugged stone houses of the North country, stern and sombre as they look when compared with the cheerful half-timber cottages of the South.

In some out-of-the-way districts of Northern England, Scotland, and Ireland, cottages are

built of "loose stone"—i.e., stones fitted together without mortar, and are thatched with peat. Sometimes the angle-stones, window and door openings, have mortar joints, the rest being left open. In all stone counties of England walls constructed in this manner divide the fields instead of hedgerows, the top row of stones being fastened together with mortar when the wall is more than breast high. This is a very ancient method of building, and is found in almost every country of the world.

H. W. BREWER.

(To be continued.)



"MY FAVOURITE CONTRIBUTORS" COMPETITION.

PRIZES OF ONE GUINEA.

Jessie Offin, Loughton, Essex.
 "Christabel," Poole, Dorset.
 "Pansy," Beverley, East Yorkshire.
 "Rose," North Muir, Forfar.
 "Wild Orchid," Croydon Grove, Croydon.
 Agnes Ward Strong, Moseley, Birmingham.
 Nellie Turner Godfrey, Redhill, Surrey.
 Ada Alice Gaze, Norwich.
 Emma Elizabeth Epps, Redhill, Surrey.
 Elizabeth Kerr, Port Charlotte, Islay, N.B.

PRIZES OF HALF-A-GUINEA.

Edith Mary Foyster, Brentwood, Essex.
 Félicie Buisseret, Namur, Belgique.
 Evelyn Agnes Forster, Crowthorne, Berkshire.
 Edith K. Ellis, Highgate.
 Florence Marie Benton, Swavesey, Cambs.
 Lilian Grundy, Lynwood, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancashire.
 M. Evangeline Hulse, Carlisle.
 "Modest Violet," New Whittington, Chesterfield, Derbyshire.
 Mary Agnes Parker, Peterborough, Northampton.
 Agnes Mary Vincent, Warwick Square.

HONOURABLE MENTION.

Mabel Jenks, Cambridge; E. Flesch, Brunn, Mähren; Gwendoline Doughty, St. Leonards, Bridgenorth, Salop; Kate Kelsey, Crossleigh, Montpelier, Bristol; "A grateful old woman," Ballymena, Ulster, Ireland; Millicent H. Warwick, Manchester; Mary Adèle Venn, West Kensington Park, W.; Helen Elizabeth Howitt, Dunoon-on-Clyde; A. Park Pearson, Halifax; Laura Buck, Potters Road, New Barnet; Alice Dunn, Brisbane, Queensland.

REPORT.

From the time our first competition was announced until now, it has been a real pleasure to look over the papers sent in by our readers, who seem always to have understood the spirit and object of the various competitions we have placed before them and to have entered into them enthusiastically and naturally. The consequence is that their papers have been full of interest and instruction as to matters we never could have learned by books or by travel. The barrier behind which thousands of lives are lived could never have been broken down but for the ready help of the girls themselves. Their

papers have made our views of life broader, they have evoked sympathy and admiration for the toilers in our great cities; they have permitted us to stand side by side with them as they work and struggle and fight for what they know to be good and pure; they have made us free of their homes, whether in the farm kitchen, or in the streets of our great cities, so that one can sit down and picture them all, whether in a London factory, a country farm, a village rectory, or away in our far-off colonies.

But *this competition* is different from any of those which have preceded it, for the Editor has asked the opinion of his thousands of readers as to their favourites among the staff of writers, artists, and musicians whom he has employed for the last twenty years. It is a bold thing to have done, and yet it is but natural that a man who has devoted the best years of his life to a certain object should desire to know how his methods have answered and whether the material he has offered for the instruction and healthy amusement of girls has met with the approbation of those for whom he has catered. It is no easy task in the present age when independence is growing rampant, to influence girls and surround them with an atmosphere which, without in the least coercing them, will keep them pure and gentle and womanly.

So throwing caution to the winds, the editor has submitted himself and his staff to the microscopic criticism of his many thousands of readers, and begged them to select ten out of the number whom they like best and to give a reason for their preference.

We have received some hundreds of papers, each of which has been conscientiously read and pondered over. Each competitor has stamped her paper with her own individuality; she knows exactly what she prefers and why she prefers it. One and all regret that they are limited in their choice to ten of the staff, seeing that all are so good, but there seems to have been no hesitation as to the chief favourites.

In awarding the prizes, we have taken into consideration not so much the handwriting and decoration of the manuscripts as the thoughtfulness and intelligence with which they have been written.

SIDE-LIGHTS.

Widespread as we consider our knowledge of girl nature by this time, competition papers often spring upon us surprises, showing us we have much to learn upon the subject. We

confess that, although we have always taken care to provide our readers with subject-matter for deeper thought, still we were scarcely prepared to find that in the majority of cases the first things read were these graver articles and the papers dealing with instructive and interesting matters, the stories as a rule being kept till the last. In one paper only were all the favourites chosen for stories.

QUOTATIONS.

1. I can safely say all the stories and articles in the "G. O. P." are the best to be had. In truth one puts down the "G. O. P." with better feelings and higher aspirations than when one took it up. Years ago my father found me reading a paper that he did not think fit for a girl to read, so he promised to buy me a magazine if I would read only such books as he provided. I promised, and he set about getting me suitable reading. As a result, he was shown the "G. O. P.," and brought it home to me, and for twenty years I have been a reader of the "G. O. P.," and hope to be for as long as I live, for I do not think I could get a better.

2. May I suggest another competition to you? You have already had one for girls who work with head and hands—will you not also have one for those who are preparing to work with head or hands? I am sure there would be many interesting pictures of student life at our colleges among the papers sent in. I feel that the "G. O. P." decided my life for me. In April, 1881, when I was eight years old, we bought the number for the month. There was an article in it on the North London Collegiate School; it mentioned the pupils who were graduates—some were doctors or medical students. I said I would be one too; the idea stayed with me. At last the way was opened for me, though it is harder than I thought.

3. May I hope you will read this as a friendly letter from American girls who do not wish the pleasure they have received from your paper to remain unexpressed.

4. I am very proud to be able to say I commenced taking in the "G. O. P." on the 2nd October, 1880, being the beginning number of the second volume, and ever since I have taken the greatest interest in it. When I got married, one of the first pieces of furniture we bought was a book-case to put my favourite books in; I often take one of the old volumes down for information—I appreciate them more every day for the kind and practical help they give.

OLD ENGLISH COTTAGE HOMES;

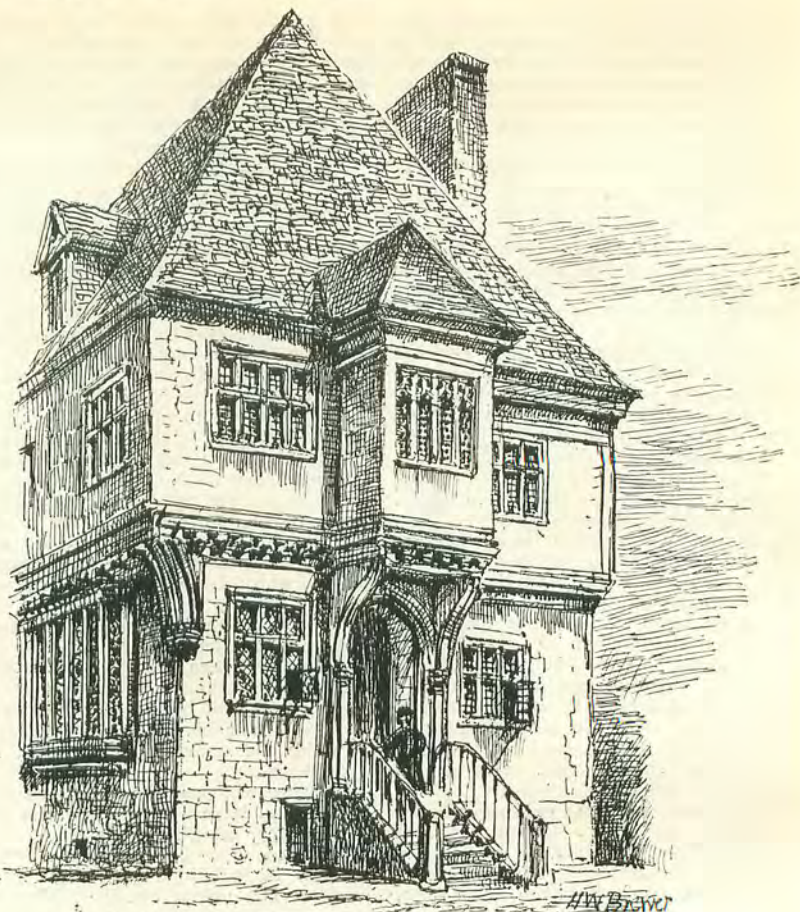
OR,

VILLAGE ARCHITECTURE OF
BYGONE TIMES.

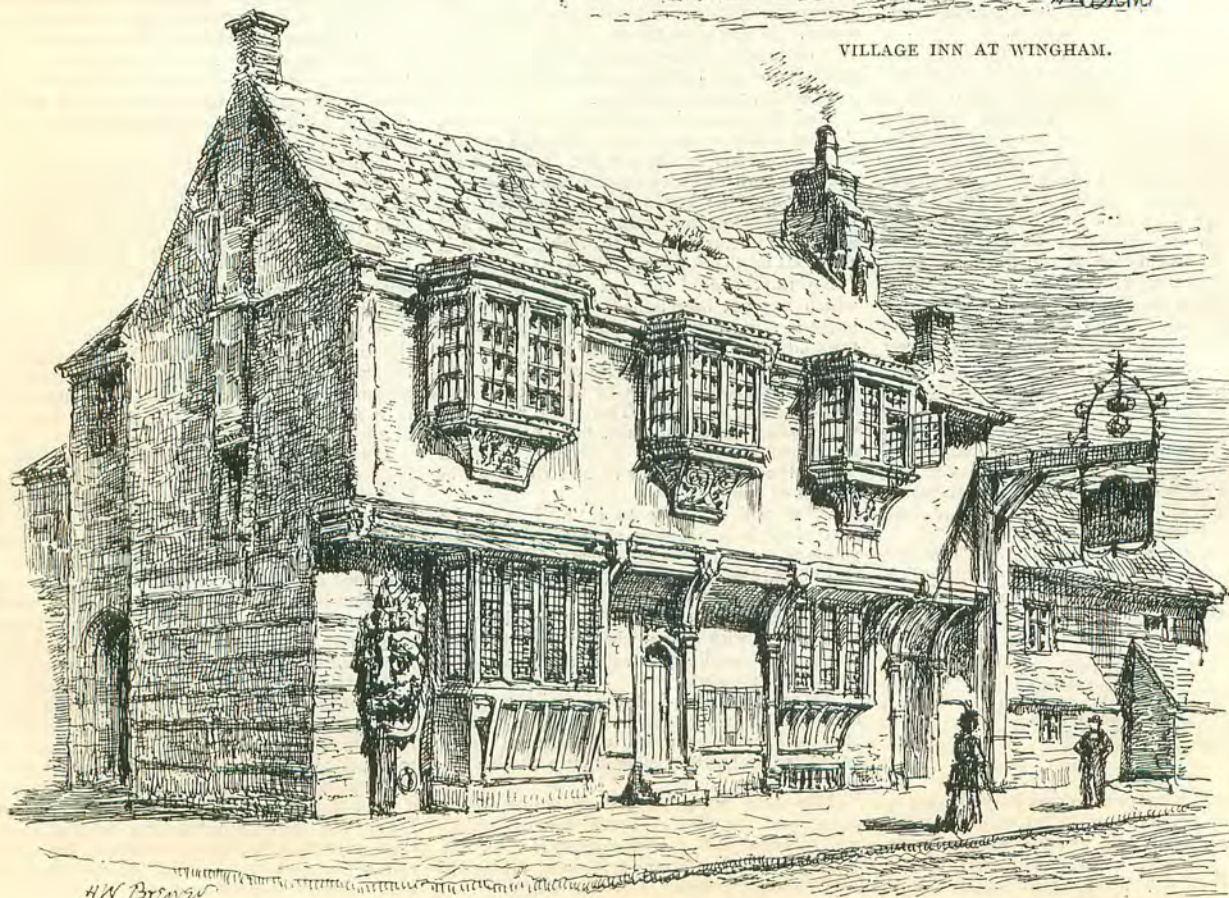
PART X.

THE VILLAGE INN.

THOSE who recollect "coaching times" can alone realise the idea of a "village inn." Railways have created "country hotels," but the modern hotel is so different from the old-fashioned inn that it gives one little idea of the kind of hostelry at which our fathers broke their journeys when going from *London to York, Norwich, or Bristol*. Possibly the attendance was none of the best and the accommodation not all that could be desired, yet they had somehow or other a charm about them. They were homely and not luxurious, and the company was decidedly mixed, yet there was more good-fellowship and kindly feeling among the guests than can be found in the modern hotel. Of course, we speak alone of country inns and hotels. Some of our new London hotels are quite what is wanted in a large busy town, and are distinctly an advance upon the metropolitan hotel of our grandfathers' day. *But everyone who* recollects travelling by coach has a kindly corner in his heart for the old roadside inn. How briskly everyone got down from the coach when the landlord advanced from the porch of the cheery old building, or the pleasant-looking landlady came to the door, with her pretty and healthy-looking daughters, to welcome the ladies. There might, of course, be some bilious old gentleman or cantankerous old lady amongst the



VILLAGE INN AT WINGHAM.



A VILLAGE INN, ALFRISTON, SUSSEX.

arrivals, but the cheerfulness of the scene and the healthy appetite generally pacified even these unamiable folks.

What friendships were made, and who does not remember some pleasant act of kindness connected with the old inn? One of the earliest recollections of my life is of such an act.

I was a child, and was being taken down to Norfolk to be put to school. We sat down to dinner, my father on one side of me and a strange, but very gentle, married lady on the other. My father got very interested in a conversation with another clergyman on "dangers threatening the Church." I felt miserable, frightened, and ready to cry when a sweet voice whispered in my ear, "What is the matter, my little man? Ah, I see your hands are cold and you cannot cut up your dinner." So she took my hands and warmed them in her own fair palms. After a minute she addressed me again. "Why, my dear child, you don't seem to be at your ease even now." I was too silly or shy to tell her what was the matter (and perhaps a little bit ashamed), but her quick woman's wit soon found out what was wrong. I saw her whisper to one of the girls who were waiting, and very quickly a *child's* knife and fork were placed before me. I had never before handled

a large knife and fork. How grateful I felt to that kind and thoughtful lady. I never saw her again; and although it is more than half a century since this act of kindness was done, I shall never forget either her or it.

Now, recollections of this kind seem to cling around old-fashioned inns. And what quaint-looking buildings they were, with their projecting bow windows, long low rooms, and great beams supporting the front externally and the ceiling internally.

Few indeed of these old village inns now remain, but we give two, one from Alfriston in Sussex, and the other from Wingham in Kent. The former is an excellent example of Tudor work, half timbered construction, with wooden mullions, bow windows, and doorways, with a most curious fragment of a sign representing a dragon preserved at one corner. Since we made this sketch the building has, we believe, been restored, but we trust the old dragon has survived. The roof is covered with thin slabs of stone called "shingles," not an uncommon kind of roofing in neighbourhoods where stone is cheap and plentiful.

The other inn, which we have sketched at Wingham, Kent, is a very remarkable building, portions of which certainly date

from the fourteenth century. The great roof, which is visible from the upper rooms, is very interesting, and seems at one time to have formed a kind of hall undivided from end to end (the porch with its bow windows above it is a charming feature). Possibly it may have been a primitive *concert room*, and resounded with those sweet old English madrigals of Bird, Dowland, and Orlando Gibbons.

There is a fine old Gothic inn at Glastonbury with a front of entirely cut stone, and the picturesque old "King's Head" at Chigwell, the original of Dickens's "Maypole" in *Barnaby Rudge*, is a good example of the Stuart period.

The bishops and clergy of various denominations who have started "The People's Refreshment House Association, Limited," have no doubt the idea of replacing the ordinary village "public-house" by something more nearly resembling the old "hostellerie," in fact, of replacing the mere drinking-shop by an establishment where rational refreshment can be obtained by those who require it, and should they succeed in their enterprise they will earn the thanks of all thinking people and be doing a good work in the cause of temperance.

H. W. BREWER.

(To be continued.)

CHRONICLES OF AN ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN RANCH.

By MARGARET INNES.

CHAPTER IX.

MORE ABOUT THE CHINAMEN.

ONE man I remember especially among these, who led us a fine dance! He was a tall, thin, intellectual-looking fellow, with a handsome but most cruel face. Some friends from a distance had sent us word that they were coming over for the day, and I had provided a turkey for dinner. All that I could prepare beforehand had been done. Dinner was to be at one o'clock, and I began to be uneasy as the time passed, and I knew the turkey to be lying white and cold and unstuffed upon the kitchen table. It was dangerous ground to seem to interfere, or advise much, and I had already twice said, and the last time with emphasis, that the dinner must be punctual and the turkey well done. After anxious and secret family consultations, however, as the time grew very late, and I knew the great white thing to be still lying on the kitchen table, I went in and told him that he must get the turkey into the oven at once. He made no reply, and went on perfectly quietly with some unimportant job; I waited a moment, and still getting no reply, I repeated my order, adding, "Do you hear, Wong?"

Then he looked round at me, with a leer on his handsome face, and still gave no answer. "Dinner is at one," I said, trying to keep quiet. "When will that turkey be ready?"

After a moment of silent laughter, when I could see his back shaking, he said, "Turkey leady allie lightie to-morrow, not cookie him to-day—no time!" Then his back shook again, as he bent over his bit of work.

I confess I did not know how to deal with this. Nowadays, in such a plight, I should storm and get very angry, and try to frighten him, for they are all cowards. But I was too uncertain then, and our friends were due directly, and I did not dare risk anything.

However, the end of it was, dinner was just a little late, but to our amazement everything was beautifully cooked and served, and there

was no sign of that alarming mood in the grave alert man who waited on us.

I had not then realised how marvellously quick they are; what seeming impossibilities they can accomplish without effort, slipping about in their loose, heelless little shoes with apparently tireless steps. They are very methodical and orderly, and no doubt this is the secret of their quickness. They certainly get through a great deal of work, and with ease too, and have plenty of leisure besides.

One man we had always spent his leisure in sleep. He disappeared regularly after the washing-up of the midday dinner. It was only by chance that we discovered where he took his siesta. One of us went to fetch something from the "cool" cellar we had dug for ourselves, and of which we were very proud, and were startled to find a white figure lying prostrate, stretched across three empty lemon boxes, in the middle of the floor.

So that was where Quong disappeared to, and that was why at times the cellar was locked and the key gone, as we had noticed once or twice. I did not tell the rest of the family so, but I believe he also made his Chinese toilet there, combing his pigtail, and generally setting himself in order all among the milk-pans, and the butter, and the tarts!

He explained, smiling and unmoved, that it was "welly cool, welly nice for rest there." However, we said he must not sleep there any more.

Most Chinamen are wonderfully clever gardeners, especially delighting in growing vegetables; and when once that nimble white figure is seen busy at work in the kitchen garden, one may pick up some hope that the new cook will quietly settle down in his new place, for some months at least, and that the charms of the gambling houses and opium dens of Chinatown will fade from his mind for a little while. Our present man, who is a capital servant, has rejoiced our hearts lately by making himself very busy in the kitchen garden. Knowing what contrary creatures

they are, always doing the opposite of what one expects, we try to "rejoice with moderation," as an old friend used to advise; but, after all, why not enjoy one's pleasure with a free heart, and to the full, while it lasts?

We have never done admiring and wondering at the way our present cook, Yung, does his gardening, accomplishing so much, and in such a curiously casual way, popping out between-whiles in his little embroidered velvet shoes, and finishing each time some fresh piece of work in a masterly fashion.

Then besides the hope in one's mind that this interest will bind him to his place for a time, there is the thrilling expectation of some day eating these same vegetables. One has to live on a ranch, out of reach of Chinese vegetable carts, to know how pleasant that prospect seems.

The first years of a ranch demand so much work for the trees, and all the business connected with the ranch itself is so pressing, that even if a kitchen garden is made at once, as in our case, the vegetables get such poor attention that they are of very little use. Nothing grows here without the closest tending; but with constant care the growth is like a fairy tale. However, very few ranchers find time for vegetables in the first years, at any rate.

Some Chinamen, too, are great readers, and bring with them quite a library of small paper-backed Chinese books. I asked one of these studious ones if they were the books of Confucius that he was reading so diligently, at which he seemed much amused, grinning and shaking his head.

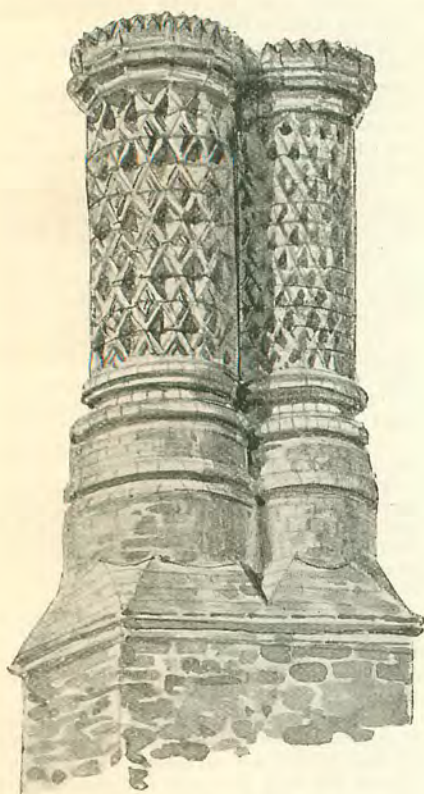
After our fatiguing time of domestic troubles, when the winter season was over, and San Miguel was once more the half empty, easy-going little town, and good Chinamen were ready to take even a place in the country, we got quite a passable cook, bad tempered, however, and very rough in his ways at such times. But we were thankful to have the work done fairly well, on any terms, and we pretended not to notice his almost brutal manner.

OLD ENGLISH COTTAGE HOMES;
OR,
VILLAGE ARCHITECTURE OF BYGONE TIMES.

PART XI.

INTERIORS AND DETAILS.

IT is remarkable what pretty bits of detail we often come across in old cottages; unfortunately, it is sometimes difficult to ascertain for certain whether these are "in situ" or



BRICK CHIMNEY, AMERSHAM.

whether they have originally belonged to more important buildings and have found their way down to the cottages, just as ladies' dresses find themselves after some time in more humble hands than those for which they were originally intended. A beautiful partition, or screen, which we give from a small farmhouse or cottage at Toppesfield, in Essex, is a case in point; it may have always formed a portion of the building in which it now stands, or it may have been removed from some more stately one. It is singularly well preserved, but seems to be almost too elaborate and costly a work to have been made for a house which is little more than a cottage. However, as we have seen from examples at Clare and Newport, the exteriors of cottages were sometimes elaborately adorned; and if the exterior, why not the interior?

The screen or partition at Toppesfield is carved in oak, and what is very remarkable is the fact that while the four lower ranges of panels are English in style, the top range, with the heads introduced, is like French work.

The two mantelpieces and fireplaces, which we illustrate, are certainly in their original places, and have not been removed. The example from Alfreton dates from the second half of the sixteenth century, and the very singular one at Amersham from the earlier part of the seventeenth. The latter has a

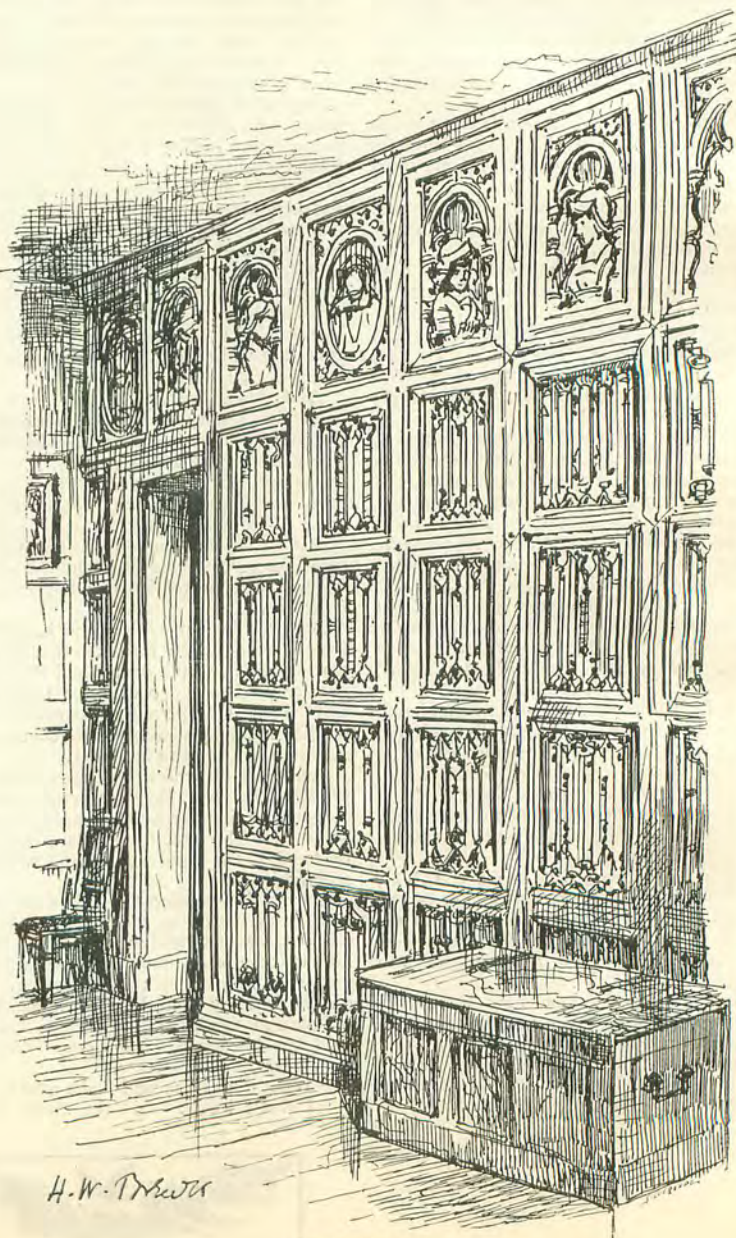
pretty but very uncommon feature about it. The ingle nooks are pierced by little windows, so that when sitting down to warm yourself at the fire you can look out of the window at the same time, a great advantage to the aged and infirm, who cannot move about very readily, and yet get tired of looking always at the fire or always out of the window.

Sometimes the ceilings of the rooms in cottages are very pretty examples of ornamental plaster work. A cottage at Margate, which was recently pulled down, had a singularly elegant plaster ceiling, with the same motto repeated over and over again, and in every case misspelt; the words were intended to be "Ich Dien," but the mistake "Ich pien" was repeated throughout.

While speaking on ornamental plaster work

it is known that during the sixteenth century rye-dough was frequently mixed with the plaster to obtain sharp and delicate work. This material dries very hard, as any of our girls who have been educated at a German school will know from their experience of black bread which is over a week old.

Our remaining sketch represents one of those prettily-cut brick chimneys which are so very ornamental in Tudor houses and cottages. The example here given is at Amersham. The two chimneys are almost of the same design, which in one case is nearly four times the scale of the other, and it is worthy of notice how totally different is the effect of the same pattern in a large and a small scale. A complete and thorough understanding of this fact is all important to the architect and the

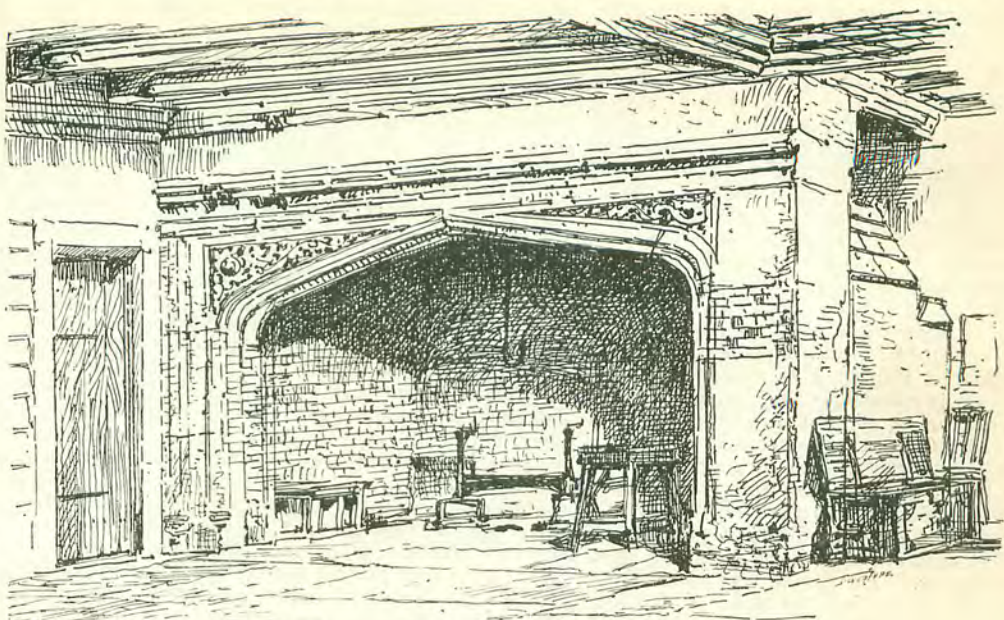


AT TOPPESFIELD.

decorator! Chimneys are often very beautiful objects. Perhaps the most magnificent examples are to be seen at East Barsham Hall, near Walsingham, Norfolk. This building, the finest example of Tudor domestic work in the country, deserves better treatment than it has received. Portions of it are in ruins, and one part of it cooked up into a farmhouse. How it is that this splendid mansion was ever abandoned and left to fall into ruins is unintelligible. Nowhere is more elaborate or beautiful carved brickwork to be seen. Great coats-of-arms, badges, lions, and elaborate Gothic tracery are all to be found carved out of the finest red brick.

But the beautiful architectural works in Norfolk, which are rapidly being reduced to ruins, are indeed a sad story for those who are interested in ancient memorials or beautiful works of art.

(To be concluded.)



H.W.B.

AT ALFRETON, ESSEX.

SHEILA'S COUSIN EFFIE.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN, Author of "Greyfriars," "Half-a-dozen Sisters," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE GATHERING STORM.

"I AM sorry you feel like that about it, my dear. She seems to me a nice little girl enough—rather fascinating indeed. She appears very much liked here."

Mrs. Cossart's reply was something like a snort, and the toss of her head and set of her mouth showed from whom Effie had inherited some of her little tricks of manner.

"And she is such a nice companion

for Effie," concluded Mr. Cossart after a brief pause.

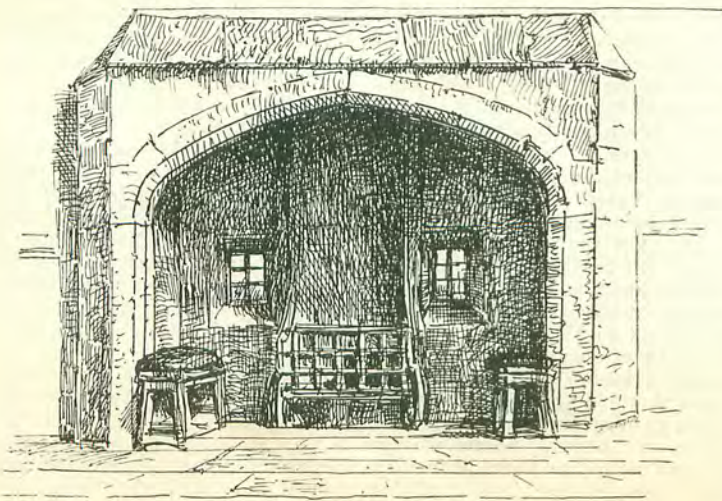
"A fine companion indeed!" retorted his wife. "A wonderful lot of time she spends with Effie! I call it simply shameful the way she is going on! We bring her out with us at great cost to be a companion for Effie, and here she is from morning to night running after some new people, just because they are rich and well connected, and she hopes to catch the young man for a husband!"

Like many rather easy-going and

phlegmatic people, Mrs. Cossart took a good deal of rousing, but when once an idea had thoroughly taken possession of her mind, there was no getting it out, and if it happened to be one of an irritating and disturbing kind, it would gradually work like leaven in her nature, and entirely upset her natural equilibrium. She had been brooding for weeks over the turn affairs seemed taking, but this was the first time she had spoken quite so openly to her husband, and Mr. Cossart was decidedly taken aback.

"Really, my dear, I don't think such an idea has ever entered Sheila's head. She is such a child still. She is fond of Miss Adene and these Dumaresqs, and they have taken a fancy to her; but I don't think you need think such things of her. She is just as happy playing with the little boy as being with young Dumaresq; and it seems to me that he pays quite as much attention to Effie. I have taken care to let him know, in an indirect kind of way, that our little girl will have a pretty dower when she marries. And in these days young men think of such things. High time too, with the land depreciating as it is!"

"Yes, and perhaps if Sheila were not here something might come of it. Effie has twice the character of Sheila, but there is something about the way that little flirt goes on that takes the fancy of people in a way I can't understand! And if you would believe it, on New Year's Eve, when I thought Ronald



AT AMERSHAM. (See page 716.)



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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

OLD ENGLISH COTTAGE HOMES;
OR,
VILLAGE ARCHITECTURE OF BYGONE TIMES.



H.W. Brewer

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AT ARMINGHALL, NORFOLK.

PART XII.

At the commencement of these papers we attempted to describe the growth of English villages and their origin as the surrounding adjuncts of the villa, or residence of the proprietor of the district, or lord of the soil. In Roman times this residence was called a villa; in Saxon and Norman times it became a castle, and after that important wave of civilisation which passed over this country in the 13th century, curtailing the power of the barons, it became "the manor house." Now although the manor house of the 14th century was a less formidable building than the Norman castle, it was generally an important structure, and at times possessed considerable architectural beauty. Very few early manor houses are perfect now, or in any way complete, as they were nearly ruined, if not destroyed, during the "Wars of the Roses." Sometimes, however, we may still trace fragments of them attached to modern cottages or houses. The finest fragment of the kind we know is to be seen at the little village of Arminghall, about ten miles from Norwich. A cottage or small farmhouse here possesses a doorway which is, perhaps, the finest example of domestic Gothic architecture in the country. It is improbable that it was originally intended to serve its present use as an entrance to a cottage porch, and the traditions of the place point to its having been a fragment of an ancient manor house, called by the people "The Old Hall." Little or nothing seems to be known about it, and if it really did form a portion of some ancient mansion, with the solitary exception of this arch, everything else has disappeared. As will be seen from our sketch, it is a very elaborate work of remarkable design, and from its style there can be little doubt that it dates from the reign of Edward III. Between the mouldings which enclose the arch runs a broad band of carved foliage chiefly representing a vine, with lizards looking through the leaves. On either side of

the arch are very elaborate niches in two ranges filled with statues of knights and ladies. Delicately-treated pinnacles and finials adorn these niches, and the whole work is remarkable for elegance and most finished workmanship, somewhat resembling the fragment of the hall of the bishop's palace at Norwich. The inner doorway of the porch

way, was carried out, or, what is perhaps still more probable, whether after the work had been abandoned for centuries, it was again resumed, and carried out in a much plainer and less costly style, of which the inner doorway is the only existing portion, it is quite impossible to say. However the case may be, there can be no doubt that this cottage at

Arminghall has the most beautiful doorway of a house in England. There is nothing whatever of interest in the cottage itself apart from its entrance.

Manor houses of the Tudor times are by no means uncommon in our English villages, but it should be pointed out that most of the mansions erected in what is called the "Elizabethan style" are really works of the time of James I., or that of Charles I.

We have now completed our task of describing the cottages and other architectural objects in English villages as they existed in bygone times, a few have escaped destruction down to our own day, but it is too much to be feared even these will, in a few years, have ceased to exist. The last half century, over which our personal recollection extends, has witnessed such a vast amount of destruction that it is difficult to believe in anything remaining at the end of another half century.

The fact is, railways, competition, machinery, the concentration of our "industrial classes" in large cities, the gradual extinction of the yeoman class, and the difficulty to obtain a bare subsistence as a small tenant farmer, have completely changed the condition of country life, and if we are ever again to have pretty villages they will be inhabited by ladies and gentlemen glad to escape occasionally from the toil of town

life, and to recruit themselves in pretty cottages amidst charming scenery, pleasant gardens, and all the sweetness of a country life without its sordid toil, losses and vexations. We give a view of a home of this kind situated amidst the exquisite scenery of the Surrey hills as a pattern cottage of the future.



A MODERN COTTAGE.

forms no portion of this beautiful work, as it is late Tudor, and the curious slabs over the doorway look like seventeenth century carvings. Now whether this magnificent doorway is a portion of some mansion which was completed at the same time, or whether no portion of the architectural scheme, except the door-

VARIETIES.

A LADY PHYSICIAN IN THE HOLY LAND.

A Scottish clergyman tells us that when travelling recently in Palestine, not far from the fountains of Baniyas, he saw the Stars and Stripes fluttering in the breeze.

"Coming up," he says, "we found a cluster of tents, and standing to welcome us an American lady who is doing a splendid work as a physician in Palestine and northern Syria. For eight months of the year she lives in tents, moving from Acohs in the south to Baalbek in the north. Having a full medical qualification, she is the only lady permitted to practise in Syria, and as she is something of a specialist in eye diseases, she draws patients from far and near."

WHO WANTS WORK?

We cannot all be heroes,
And thrill a hemisphere
With some great daring venture,
Some deed that mocks at fear;
But we can fill a lifetime
With kindly acts and true;
There's always noble service
For noble souls to do.

C. A. Mason.

TO WHICH CLASS DO YOU BELONG?—"The human race is divided," says Oliver Wendell Holmes, "into two classes: those who go ahead and do something, and those who sit and inquire, 'Why wasn't it done the other way?'"

BORROWED MONEY.

Mrs. Smiley: "I make it a rule never to ask a lady to return money she has borrowed from me."

Mrs. Dobson: "Then how do you manage to get it?"

Mrs. Smiley: "Oh, after I have waited a considerable time, if she fails to pay up, I conclude that she is not a lady, and then I ask her."

MUSICAL PERFORMERS.—The question has recently been asked whether it is justifiable for a pianist to express to her hearers what she conceives to be the emotional characteristics of the music she is playing by facial play and gesticulations? Certainly not.