

LACE LORE.



GRANDMOTHER'S STORIES OF OLD LACE.

"Here the needle plies its busy task;
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flower,
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds its blossom; buds, and leaves, and sprigs,
And curling tendrils gracefully disposed,
Follow the nimble fingers of the fair—
A wreath that can not fade, of flowers that blow
With most success when all besides decay."
—COWPER: *The Winter Evening*.

"Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door,
Pillow and bobbins all her little store—
Content though mean, and cheerful if not gay,
Shuffling her threads about the livelong day—
Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light."
—COWPER.

I AM glad that my grandmother was a lovely old lady, and that she had been in her day a beauty; that she is embalmed in my memory, first as a sweet-tempered, gentle-mannered woman, as unpretending in her words and ways as she was in her plain black gowns, always made in the same style, with a French pelerine crossed on her

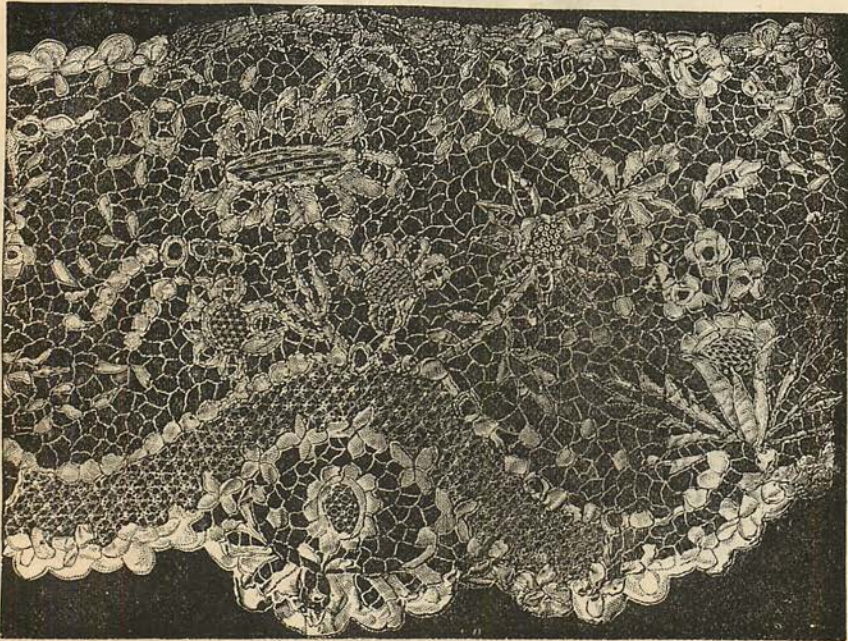
bosom over an inside kerchief of the finest and sheerest white lawn, and a cap to match, with neatly crimped borders, guiltless of lace, or that exquisite embroidery which my grandmother wrought so swiftly with her long shining needles; and secondly, as the original of the portrait of a wondrously lovely girl that hung on the unpainted walls of the quaint, old-fashioned, Frenchified house in which my eyes first saw the light. Such old ladies as my grandmother exist no longer; they have passed away like the fashions of her gown and cap. On the wrinkled faces of the old ladies of to-day dwells no such summer calm of golden charity as smiled on my grandmother's lips and beamed from her soft eyes. And yet she had been a beauty. For the portrait on the wall was that of a woman not only rarely beautiful, but of one who might have been the admiration of courtly circles. The beautiful French blonde hair, arranged *à la*

Pompadour; the brown eyes to match, modestly veiled by their long lashes; the lovely contour of the face and bosom, which was, in fact, too fully exposed for modesty by the low, square corsage of her dress, trimmed with fine laces of old Venise point; the jewels in the ears and the rich necklace told the story that my grandmother had been in her day a ball-room, if not a court, belle. And the traditional beauty, by rights, always becomes the cross old beldame (*grandmother*) living her petty triumphs over again, and bitterly railing at the changes that have taken place since she was young. But sometimes the story of a life's discipline is told in one little incident.

"Grandmamma," I said one day as I sat

and womanly accomplishment of "working with the needle curiously." The wheels and open cut-works with which she adorned her daughters' and her granddaughters' best gowns were filled in with exquisite lace stitches, the art of making which is now lost. The illustration on this page represents one specimen of my grandmother's open cut-work. Much of the patience, gentleness, and reticence which the practice of that tedious work taught is lost with the lost stitches.

My grandmother wore no laces when I was a little girl, but wondrous were the treasures of antique points—d'Angleterre and Malines, d'Argentan and Venise and d'Alençon—which were contained in many



OPEN CUT-WORK, SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

at her knee, "why did you look down when your portrait was painting?"

A faint flush rose in her faded cheek, and she smiled.

"Because my mother made me wear that low-necked dress," she replied, "and I could not look the young portrait painter in the face while I wore such a dress. It was not modest."

"Who was the painter, grandma?"

"He was not your grandpapa, my dear"—and she sighed, but smiled again, and added, "but he might have been."

How many noble men, how many lovely women, have been made so by an early disappointment!

My grandmother was educated in a French convent. There she learned the excellent

a beautiful box that had been sent to her from time to time during her fifty years' residence in America by her sister, my grand-aunt Ursule, who lived in Paris. These passed into the hands of her children and their children, but I began the study of my subject—lace—poring over them forty years ago, before the family distribution began. Some of those laces were then four hundred years old, heir-looms that had been handed down from mothers to daughters for generations. Most of my grandmother's laces are lost now, but the beauty of the few that have been preserved is as much above that of any modern lace production as a cathedral of the first three centuries after the Renaissance surpasses in the grandeur of its inspiration the dead,

cold imitations of Gothic architecture made at the present day.

Many a story did my grandmother tell her grandchildren as we gathered around her little work-table, and watched her fingers plying the shining needles or deftly arranging her stores of embroideries and laces. From her lips I first heard the story of the origin of that fine patternless guipure which is, par excellence, "*point de Venise*."

"In the islands of the Lagunes," said my grandmother, "there is related a legend of the origin of this charming lace. I did not hear the story in Venice, but from a Venetian girl, one of my school-mates in the convent. The story is, that a sailor youth from the Indian seas brought home to his betrothed, a worker in needle points, such as *point coupé* and *lakis*, a bunch of delicate, pretty coralline, telling her that it was the lace which the mermaids wove in their coral caves under the transparent waters of the Indian Ocean.

"'Pretty as it is,' said the young lace-worker, 'I will make something with my needle far prettier. My bridal veil shall be of mermaid's lace.'

"The sailor lover sailed away, and was gone for months. Day by day the young girl worked with her needle, forming the white knots and tiny stars, and uniting them by delicate '*brides*,' until an exquisite long scarf of guipure was produced, so marvelously beautiful that when she wore it for her bridal veil it became the admiration of all Venice. Noble ladies, princesses, and queens became the patrons of the young worker in mermaid's lace, and finally the guipure, which she had invented to please her lover, became the taste of all Europe.

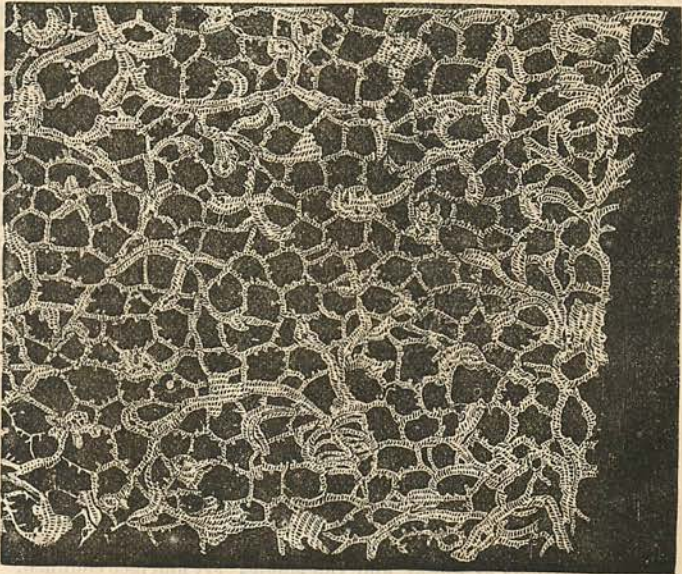
"Numerous kinds of lace were produced by the Venetian women, and in the palmiest days of the Queen of the Adriatic so many points were in use it would be impossible to enumerate them. Certain Venetians, however, among whom were Parasoli, and Vinciolo, and Mignerak, a Frenchman, collected many of them into pattern-books, with which Venice supplied the world, as well as with her points. Many of those old original pattern-books I have seen myself in the

convent in which I was educated in France, before the terrible Revolution came and our convents were destroyed."

One day my grandmother took up a piece of old and tarnished gold-lace, and, after telling us the Bretagne version of the story of Blue-beard, she said,

"This is the kind of lace that Comorre, the Bretagne Blue-beard, found in the hands of his wife, trimming her baby's cap with it, when he returned from one of his long journeys, in which he had selected the girl that was to be her successor."

In one of the drawers of a quaint old wardrobe, which my grandmother always kept carefully locked, but which she one day opened to show us its contents, there was, neatly folded over blue tissue-paper, a white dress of fine Quintaine, almost covered with open cut-work, and trimmed with



VENICE POINT.

old and yellow laces, and a square lace veil, so large that when my grandmother took it from the drawer and threw it over her head, with one point touching her forehead, the other fell in shimmering waves beyond the hem of her black dress.

"Oh, grandmamma!" we all cried, "why have you never shown us this before?"

"Because, my dears, this was my bridal dress and veil; and among the ancient families in Bretagne a bride wears her lace-adorned dress but twice—once on her wedding day, and again at her death, when she lies in state for a few hours before her body is placed in the coffin. After the marriage ceremony we carefully fold away our dress in the finest linen, intended for our winding-sheet, and each year, on the anniversary of

the wedding day, we put into it fresh sprigs of lavender and rosemary, until the day of mourning comes. Then the white marriage garment and veil leave their resting-place, and once more deck the lifeless form of her who wore them in the hour of joy and hope. This morning I sent you into the garden to gather lavender and rosemary, and now, my children, for the first time I am showing you the dress and veil in which I will be arrayed when my body will be put away from your sight forever."

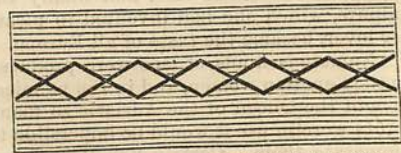
My grandmother could make beautiful lace stitches, but she was not versed in lace lore. She could only tell us whence originated the art of making that delicate tracery, seemingly wrought by fairy fingers out of mist and cobwebs, almost out of nothing, *point de Venise*, the earliest known lace, dream-lace, looking as if it had in that magic city of the sea suffered "a sea-change into something rich and strange," with blobs of sea-weed, star-fish, and spires and curves of shells, and even that little horror, the sea-horse, and many a tiny grotesque monster besides, gleaming at us out of the delicate confusion of its wondrous mesh.

I shall not attempt to give my readers a detailed history of the art of lace-making, nor to settle the disputed point as to its being of ancient or of mediæval origin, whether it grew out of the "raiment of needle-work" in which the Psalmist describes the king's daughter to have been arrayed, or the "cauls and veils," the "nets of checker-work," and the "tapestry," with which Solomon's "virtuous woman" is said to have clothed herself, or whether it had a later origin. When we turn our eyes to the land of the Sphinx and the Pyramids, and gaze into the dim Ptolemaic period, we can certainly see traces of the filmy tissue. Homer, Herodotus, and other Greek writers make repeated mention of the cauls and veils, the networks and the gold-embroidered garments, of the patricians of Egypt, and the effigies on the tombs of this remarkable people are clothed in tunics, with what looks like a border of lapped or netted or crocheted edgings darned around the hem in marvelously diffused patterns, wrought in gold, silver, and divers colors. Isaiah speaks of the Egyptians as "they that work in fine flax and weave net-works." And in confirmation of these writers there appears in the celebrated Abbot collection of the New York Historical Society a female mummy of the Ptolemaic period, on whose head is a cap of lace, an example of the "réseau" or ground, such as our grandmothers called "Grecian net." The toilet of this mummied monument of the age of fable bears witness of the luxury of the period, for upon her withered form are ornaments of gold and pearl. Gazing on this relic of time, it does not require a very strong imagination to conceive Cleo-

patra and the dusky ladies of her voluptuous court clothed in point-lace and diamonds; but I do not think they were ever thus arrayed. Egyptian lace was probably a very crude and primitive creation. Imagination must not lead us too far.

From the Egyptians it is reasonable to conclude that the Greeks and Hebrews learned, and perhaps made some improvements in, the art of lace-making; and from Greece, through captives taken in war, with other refinements of the wardrobe and luxuries of the household, lace must have reached Rome. But their "nets" and "checker-works" were not known under the name of lace, and it is not probable that the ancients ever attained any degree of perfection in the art, for if this had been the case, we would have more evidence of the fact. Mrs. Miller, an Englishwoman, in a series of "Letters from Italy," written in 1770 and 1771, speaking of the cabinet of Portici, mentions an elegant statue of Diana, dressed in "a purple gown worn after the manner of the Roman ladies, the garment edged with lace exactly resembling *point*. This lace is an inch and a half broad, and has been painted purple." Ancient statuary, however, affords but meagre hints on this subject. Very little of the classic work of ancient Greece exhibits a tendency to ornament. We look in vain for fret or bossing on the matchless works of Phidias and Praxiteles. When they clad their statues at all, there was no departure from the stern simplicity of the Doric period of art. Later, however, we find lace copied in marble. In the celebrated gallery of the Brachia Nuovo, in the Vatican, are several pieces of statuary richly adorned with sculptured lace, and among them a full-length figure of Augustus the Younger, the hem of whose robe is most delicately fretted.

But not to those polished nations of antiquity alone was the knowledge of embroidery and lace confined. The gentle handicraft was no doubt a domestic art in Scandinavia. Odin and his followers, it is thought, brought over this, among other arts, from the fabulous East, for in the *London Almanac* of 1767 there is an account of the opening of a Scandinavian "barrow" or burrow near Ware-



GOLD-LACE FOUND IN A SCANDINAVIAN BARROW.

ham, in England, and within it, in the hollow of an oak, among many bones covered with deer-skins neatly sewed together, was, with other things, a piece of gold-lace four inches long and two and a half inches broad.

It was much decayed and blackened with age, but it was genuine gold-lace of the old lozenge pattern that is found almost invariably on the borders of the coats and other garments of the ancient Danes.

But the few specimens of the lace-workers' skill of those remote periods, some of which are found in the South Kensington Museum and in various public and private collections of antique laces in Europe, merely prove that the art of lace-making was, like that of painting or of Gothic architecture, only in its infancy, in its archaic stage, in those early days. It did not reach perfection while it was a purely domestic art, nor even when it passed into the feudal castles of the nobles, and became a collateral art with that of making tapestry in the hands of the lady châtelaines and their attendant damsels of noble birth and high degree, who resided with them to be educated in all the arts that became a gentlewoman. But the types and forms of the art originated in these the early days of the Renaissance, just as the types of architecture and painting took their first forms then, and no doubt from the same cause—the effort of the human mind to deliver itself of its most inward and spirit-haunting emotions: the same feeling that moved the human soul to express itself in pictures of the Virgin and Child, of

saints and angels. At this period wrought, no doubt, Tennyson's lovely Lady of Shalott. Her "magic web of colors gay," on which she worked by night and day, doubtless was lace, for much of this early mediæval lace is colored. My attention was first called to this by an artist friend, Madame Esther, a Devonshire lace-worker, who showed me several colored specimens of antique guire.

On a certain day we visited together a Belgian gentleman and his wife, in whose possession were two of the most remarkable

pieces of modern point-lace (needle point) that I have ever seen. The first was a three-cornered point or shawl, and was made of creamy white diamond-shaped silken pieces joined together for a ground, upon which glowed the forms, colors, and shades of from fifty to one hundred field flowers and exotics, delicate wistarias, blue-eyed forget-me-nots, gorgeous dahlias and roses, and many a floral gem of name unknown save to the practical botanist or florist. The web was as delicate as if woven of the spider's most attenuated thread, and as strong and elastic

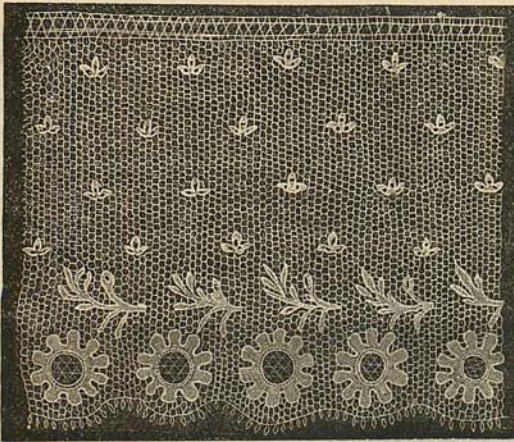


UNFINISHED WORK OF A SPANISH NUN.

as horse-hair. It was, in fact, needle point in both white and colored silk. The whole piece was so filmy fine it could be drawn through Madame Esther's wedding ring. I burst into a rapture of delight when M. Eugène held it up between us and the light.

"I have found it!" I exclaimed; "I have found it! This is the magic web with colors gay woven by the fairy Lady of Shalott. I always suspected that wondrous web to be lace, and now I am sure of it."

"Softly," said Madame Esther, smiling. "I think this is modern *point de Bruxelles*,



MECHLIN.

and none but the deft fingers of Belgian girls could have perfected these flowers. The Lady of Shalott was no doubt a lace artist, and her web was doubtless colored *passement au fuseau*, but it was not equal to this. Beautiful, beautiful, indeed! It is the rarest piece of work of the kind I have ever seen, and in my day I have handled the laces of imperial and royal wardrobes. Here are flowers of a hundred tints and forms growing into beauty, and arranged and grouped by an artist's hand."

M. Eugène: "The hand of D'Huyghens himself"—gazing fondly at the marvelous creation, as he held it up in such a manner as to show to the greatest advantage the glowing hues that were imprisoned in its delicate mesh. "D'Huyghens designed the pattern, and then painted each flower, petal, leaf, and tendril separately for the parchment lace-workers, and the fingers of no less than eighty experts in needle point were employed a whole year in executing this wonderful triangle."

This *chef-d'œuvre*, fit for an empress or a queen of American society, would have found its place among the treasures of some crowned head of Europe, along with the lace dress of as marvelous beauty that was brought with it to this country, if it had not been for the late Franco-Prussian war. In fact, both pieces were made with the expectation of finding a purchaser for them in the Empress Eugénie. But the revolution in European affairs which banished Napoleon III. and Eugénie from France seriously affected the lace industries of Belgium as well as those of France, and the lace artists of M. Eugène's manufactory are to-day engaged in selling oranges in the streets of Brussels or are starving, and his beautiful laces are in the hands of the New York Custom-house officials. Such pieces of work as the bankrupt lace manufacturer brought over are not at present in demand

in Europe. Political affairs there are too unsettled, the situation too uncertain, for even queens and empresses to order \$25,000 dresses or \$5000 shawls.

I claim for the beautiful creation, lace, that it is as truly an art creation and emanation of religious affection in the feminine artist soul, which found no other method of expression than that of the needle, as that the productions of Fra Angelico, Fra Bartolomeo, Guido, and Michael Angelo are creations of high art. And as a proof of my position, let us look at the early productions of lace in the convents of Spain, Italy, and France. Some of these unfinished works, handed down to us and preserved in the

works of Madame Palisser and M. Seguin, contain crude types of form, the *réseau* or ground, the pearl picot, the *point gaze*, *punto a reticella*—every thing, in fact, that we afterward find perfected in the centuries following the Renaissance, and that resulted in the exquisite points of Brussels, Mechlin, d'Alençon, the *points de France*, *de Chantilly*, the laces of Valenciennes, and that mysterious *point d'Angleterre* whose origin it is impossible to discover. To the works of Madame Palisser and M. Seguin I must refer my readers for the history of the various kinds of lace that from time to time became the fashion in Europe, and that still form the employment of hundreds of thousands of workers in its various countries.

The passion for wearing lace reached its height in the reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. In 1653 we find an account of the great Mazarin, while engaged in the siege of a city, holding a careful correspondence with his secretary, Colbert, concerning the purchase of some points from Flanders, Venice, and Genoa. He advises Colbert to advance 30,000 or 40,000 livres for the laces, adding that by making the purchase in time he will derive great advantage in the price, but as he hopes the siege will soon be at an end, they may await his arrival at Paris for his final decision. It seems, however, from Colbert's answer to Mazarin that these laces were destined as patterns for the improvement of the French manufactories; for in the inventory of Mazarin's effects after his death there is no mention of Italian points or lace coverlets, "*dentelles d'or ou d'argent*." There is no doubt that the minister and his secretary were then meditating the establishment of those *points de France* that Colbert instituted so successfully in 1665 at d'Alençon. The history of the establishment of this manufacture is interesting in itself, and may afford a lesson for our republic that could be taken advantage of in

a shorter time than might be deemed possible by some. In 1660 the French government issued a sumptuary ordinance prohibiting the use of all foreign "*passemens*," *points de Gènes*, *points coupés*, and any French laces and *passemens* exceeding an inch in width. The ordinance then goes on to condemn the canons which, it states, have been introduced into the kingdom with an excessive and insupportable expense by the quantity of points of Venice and Genoa with which they are loaded. The use of these canons was entirely prohibited, unless they were made of plain linen or the same stuff as the coat, without lace or any ornament. The lace-trimmed "canons" of Louis XIV., as represented in his interview with Philip IV., in the Isle of Pheasants, previous to his marriage in 1660, give a good idea of these extravagant appendages. The ordinance of 1660 had but little effect, for various others were issued in the following year, with the oft-repeated prohibitions of the points of Genoa and Venice; but edicts were of no avail. No royal command could compel people to substitute the coarse, inferior laces of France for the fine, artistic productions of her sister countries.



LACE-TRIMMED CANONS OF LOUIS XIV.



POINT D'ALENÇON.

Colbert, therefore, determined to develop the lace manufacture in France, and produce fabrics that should rival the coveted points of Italy and Flanders, so that if money was lavished upon those luxuries, it should not be sent out of the country.

In 1665, at the recommendation of the Sieur Raoul, he selected Madame Gilbert, a lady of Alençon, who was acquainted with the manner of making Venice point, and giving her an advance of 50,000 crowns, established her at his own château, Lonray, near Alençon, with thirty expert lace-workers whom he had at great expense caused to be brought over from Venice. In a short time Madame Gilbert arrived in Paris with the first specimens of the fabric produced by herself and her workers. The king, inspired by Colbert with a desire to see the work, during a supper at Versailles announced to his courtiers that he had just established a manufactory of point more beautiful than the finest of Venice, and appointed a day for an inspection of the specimens.

On the day appointed the king and his courtiers came to Colbert's house in Paris. Madame Gilbert, instructed by Colbert, had arranged the laces, the beautiful *points d'Alençon*, in the most artistic manner on the walls of a room hung with crimson damask, where they showed to the best advantage. When the king and the nobles entered the room, they were perfectly delighted. The Grand Monarque ordered a large sum of money to be given to the happy Madame Gilbert, and turning to his courtiers, said,

"Gentlemen, I hope I will see no other lace worn at my court than this new fabric, upon which I bestow the name *Point de France*."

Scarcely had Louis retired, when the courtiers rushed back, and, at exorbitant prices, paid to Madame Gilbert, stripped the room of its contents. The approval of

the monarch was the fortune of Alençon. *Point de France*, adopted by court etiquette, soon became as fashionable as it was compulsory. All who had the privilege of the "casaque bleu," all who were received at Versailles or were attached to the royal household, could only appear, the ladies in trimmings and head-dresses, the gentlemen in ruffles and cravats, of the royal manufacture.

An ordinance of August 5, 1665, founded upon a large scale the manufacture of *points de France*, with the exclusive privilege for ten years, and a grant of 36,000 francs. A company was formed, its members rapidly increased, and in 1668 the capital amounted to 22,000 livres. Eight directors were appointed, at salaries of 12,000 livres a year, to conduct the manufacture, and the company held its sittings in the Hôtel de Beaufort, at Paris. The first distribution of profits took place in October, in 1665, amounting to the enormous profit of fifty per cent. upon each share. In 1670 a second distribution was made, and 120,000 livres were distributed among the share-holders. The distribution of 1673 was still more considerable. In 1675 the ten years' privilege ceased. The money was returned, and the remainder of the profits divided.



POINT DE FRANCE—PRESENTATION OF THE GRAND DAUPHIN TO HIS FATHER.



COLBERT, 1683.

Colbert likewise set up a fabric at the Château de Madrid, built by Francis I., in the Bois de Boulogne. Such was the origin of point-lace in France. Colbert's plan was crowned with success. He established a lucrative manufactory that brought large sums of money into the kingdom, instead of sending it out. Well might he say that "Fashion was to France what the mines of Peru were to Spain."

From the fourteenth to the eighteenth century the art of lace-making continued to increase and spread in all the countries of Europe. It would be impossible to enumerate all the different points that are spoken of in the histories of lace that have from time to time been written, or that occur in the inventories and wardrobe accounts of kings and queens, priests and prelates, in those five centuries. Every country of Europe—nay, every section of the various countries—had its particular point. This is measurably the case at the present day. The lace industries of Europe form no small item in the revenues of those nations. In spite of the inventions in the way of machineries that weave imitations of every old or new point, thousands of women and children earn their livelihood by the manufacture of needle or pillow lace (hand-made), working mostly in their own cottages, in the open air, or at the windows, on the flowers or designs which are generally given out to them from the central manufactory, where the designing is done, and where the whole is put together by "bride" or "réseau" workers after the outside flower workers have finished their part of the work.* It is

* All lace is divided into pillow and point lace. The first is made by the needle on a parchment pattern, and termed needle point, *point à Vaiguille*, or *punta in aca*. Pillow lace is sometimes improperly called point. The manner of making it is thus described: The "pillow" is a round or oval board, stuffed so as to form a cushion, which is placed on the knees of the workwoman,



MODERN HONITON LACE.

estimated that there are 500,000 lace-workers, mostly women and children, in Europe, of whom nearly one-half are employed in France. Almost all of these lace-workers perform their labor at their own homes. In Belgium, where there are 900 lace schools, many of which are in convents, there are no less than 150,000 women engaged in lace-making. In Auvergne, in France, there are 130,000 thus employed, most of whom work in their homes in the environs of Le Puy, which was one of the earliest centres of this

and sometimes on an elevated frame before her. On this pillow a stiff piece of parchment is fixed, with small holes pricked through to mark the pattern. Through these holes pins are stuck into the cushion. The threads with which the lace is formed are wound upon bobbins, formerly bones—from whence the name "bone lace." Now the bobbins are made of small round pieces of wood about the size of a pencil, having round their upper ends a deep groove, so formed as to reduce the bobbin to a thin neck, on which the thread is wound, a separate bobbin being used for each thread. By the twisting and crossing of these threads the ground of the lace is formed. The pattern, or figure, is made by interweaving a thread much thicker than that forming the groundwork, according to the design pricked out on the parchment. Such has been the pillow, and such the method of using it, with slight variations, for centuries; certainly ever since 1581, as is shown by a painting of Martin de Vos, of that date. Again, all lace consists of two parts, the ground and the flower. The plain ground is styled in French "entoilage," on account of its containing the flower or ornament, which is called "toile." The honey-comb net-work or ground, in French, "réseau," "fond," "champ," "treille," is of various kinds: wire ground, Brussels ground, trolly ground, etc.; fond clair, fond double, etc. Some laces are not worked upon ground at all. The flowers are made, and then connected by irregular threads, termed, variously, "brides," "legs," "pearl ties," and "coxcombs." All the gipures are made thus.

industry, and where it still continues to flourish.

England produces a large quantity of pillow lace. Very beautiful specimens of the laces of Bedford, Wiltshire, Dorset, Northampton, Buckinghamshire, and Devonshire are given in Madame Palisser's *History of Lace*; but the principal lace-producing town of England is Honiton, in Devonshire. Honiton is the best known of the English laces on this side of the Atlantic. This lace was brought into modern notice and made fashionable by Queen Victoria, who, commiserating the condition of the lace-workers of Devonshire, and wishing to bring their work into demand, ordered her wedding dress of it. Her two daughters and the Princess of Wales following her example, by ordering their wedding dresses also of Honiton, have made it a fashionable and expensive lace ever since.

The only attempt to introduce the art of lace-making into this country was made by a Honiton lace-worker, Madame Esther, whose name I have mentioned in another part of this article. A genuine artist and an enthusiast, she opened a small school of design for lace two years ago in New York, which is only partially successful for want of capital to carry on the enterprise.

Now I dare say if Madame Esther was as devout a Catholic as my good grandmother was, she would appeal to St. Jean François Regis for aid in her work. The legend of St. François, and how he came to be the patron saint of lace-workers, is preserved among the charcoal-burners and water-carriers of Auvergne, as well as among the lace-workers of that region. It is that in 1640, in the month of January, the town authorities of Le Puy posted up at the four



TOMB OF BARBARA UTTMAN, AT ANNABERG.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

corners of the streets an ordinance of the Parliament of Toulouse, forbidding, under pain of heavy fines, all persons, of what degree soever, to wear lace upon their garments after the seventh day of the month of February following. The reasons assigned for this ordinance were that so many women were occupied in working lace that it was difficult to obtain domestic service, and also that it was desirable to do away with the class distinctions that the wearing of lace marked. This caused a great sensation in Le Puy and Velay among the mer-

many. She sleeps in the church-yard of Annaberg. Under an old lime-tree rises the tomb erected to her memory by the pious Annabergers. On it is inscribed:

"Here lies BARBARA UTTMAN, died 14 January, 1575, whose invention of lace in the year 1561 made her the benefactress of the Hartz Mountains.

"An active mind, a skillful hand,
Bring blessings down on the Father-land."

The honor of introducing pillow lace making into Germany is by common consent accorded to Barbara Uttman, or rather Barbara Etterlein, for that was her maiden name.



LACE-MAKING, AFTER MARTIN DE VOS, 1581.

chants, as well as among the unfortunate women who existed only by the proceeds of their lace-working. They appealed to the great preacher of that day, Jean Francois Regis, who procured a revocation of the edict; consequently when he was canonized he became the patron saint of lace.

I can not close this desultory chat about lace and lace-workers without relating the legend of another lace saint, who, if she is not canonized by ecclesiastical law, is at least in the hearts and memories of the dwellers in the Hartz Mountains of Ger-

She was born in 1514, in Etterlein, a small town of Saxony, which derives its name from her family. Her parents, burghers of Nuremberg, had removed to the Saxon Hartz Mountains for the purpose of working some mines. Here Barbara married a rich master-miner, Christopher Uttman, of Annaberg. It is said that she had learned the art of making pillow lace from a native of Brabant—a Protestant lady, whom the cruelties of the Duke of Alva had driven from her country. Barbara had observed the mountain girls occupied in making net-work for the

miners to wear over their hair; she took great interest in the work, and profiting by the knowledge derived from the Brabant lace-worker, she succeeded in making her pupils produce, first, a fine-knitted tricot, and afterward a kind of plain lace ground. In 1561, having procured aid from Flanders, she set up, in her own name of Barbara Uttman, a workshop at Annaberg, and there began to make laces of various patterns. This branch of industry soon spread from the Bavarian frontier to Altenberg and Giesen, giving employment to thirty thousand persons, and producing a revenue of one million thalers. Barbara Uttman died in 1575, leaving sixty-five descendants, children and grandchildren. It is said that

when she was taking lessons from her Brabant teacher, after she had completed her first attempt at making lace ground or *résseau*, her teacher took the small piece in her hand and carefully counted the stitches which Barbara had made.

"Why do you count the stitches?" inquired Barbara of the gentle lady.

"Because," she replied, "I wish to know how many of your children will weep at your funeral."

"How many?" again inquired Barbara, never doubting the fulfillment of the prophecy, for that was in the Middle Ages.

"Sixty-five," was the answer. Barbara believed her friend, and so it actually came to pass.

THE LAUREL BUSH:

An Old-fashioned Love Story.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

PART V.

"Shall sharpest pathos blight us, doing no wrong?" SO writes our greatest living poet, in one of the noblest poems he ever penned. And he speaks truth. The real canker of human existence is not misery, but sin.

After the first cruel pang, the bitter wail after her lost life—and we have here but one life to lose!—her lost happiness, for she knew now that though she might be very peaceful, very content, no real happiness ever had come, ever could come to her in this world, except Robert Roy's love—after this, Fortune sat down, folded her hands, and bowed her head to the waves of sorrow that kept sweeping over her, not for one day or two days, but for many days and weeks—the anguish, not of patience, but regret—sharp, stinging, helpless regret. They came rolling in, those remorseless billows, just like the long breakers on the sands of St. Andrews. Hopeless to resist, she could only crouch down and let them pass. "All Thy waves have gone over me."

Of course this is spoken metaphorically. Outwardly, Miss Williams neither sat still nor folded her hands. She was seen every where as usual, her own proper self, as the world knew it; but underneath all that was the self that she knew, and God knew. No one else. No one ever could have known, except Robert Roy, had things been different from what they were—from what God had apparently willed them to be.

A sense of inevitable fate came over her. It was now nearly two years since that letter from Mr. Roy of Shanghai, and no more tidings had reached her. She began to think none ever would reach her now. She

ceased to hope or to fear, but let herself drift on, accepting the small pale pleasures of every day, and never omitting one of its duties. One only thought remained; which, contrasted with the darkness of all else, often gleamed out as an actual joy.

If the lost letter really was Robert Roy's—and though she had no positive proof, she had the strongest conviction, remembering the thick fog of that Tuesday morning, how easily Archy might have dropped it out of his hand, and how, during those days of soaking rain, it might have lain, unobserved by any one, under the laurel branches, till the child picked it up and hid it as he said—if Robert Roy had written to her, written in any way, he was at least not faithless. And he might have loved her then. Afterward, he might have married, or died; she might never find him again in this world, or if she found him, he might be totally changed: still, whatever happened, he had loved her. The fact remained. No power in earth or heaven could alter it.

And sometimes, even yet, a half-superstitious feeling came over her that all this was not for nothing—the impulse which had impelled her to write to Shanghai, the other impulse, or concatenation of circumstances, which had floated her, after so many changes, back to the old place, the old life. It looked like chance, but was it? Is any thing chance? Does not our own will, soon or late, accomplish for us what we desire? That is, when we try to reconcile it to the will of God.

She had accepted His will all these years, seeing no reason for it; often feeling it very