

Victorian Times

Vol. 1-1

July 2014



*Victorian Birthday Cards • Life in an English Village • Flowers in History
Mary's Little Lamb: The True Story • Girls of 1850 vs. 1900 • Sweet Pickles
A British Lady's Travels in Texas • A Mischievous Jackdaw • Women Warriors
How to Wait at Table • Tea: The Cup that Cheers • Impertinent Questions*

Victorian Times

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Moira Allen, Editor - editors@victorianvoices.net
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The Girl's Own Paper* *Cassell's Family Magazine*

Welcome to *Victorian Times*!

I never imagined that walking into a used bookshop in East Sussex would change my life. The shop was in Hastings, where we were preparing, in 2007, to spend the next 15 months of our lives. It was a small, dingy place, occupied by a chain smoker (not surprisingly, when Britain's smoking ban went into effect a few months later, it went out of business). An ancient, leather-bound volume caught my eye, and since it was only £6 (\$12 at the time), I grabbed it.

It turned out to be a volume of *All the Year Round*, a magazine edited by none other than Charles Dickens! Little did I know that it would also turn out to be the first step on my road to addiction: Addiction to Victorian magazines.

Another Hastings bookshop (Boulevard Books—it's still there, and I highly recommend it) introduced me to *The Strand* and *The Girl's Own Paper*. By the time I left England, I was hooked.

Considerations of the pocketbook constrained me to seek out the cheapest editions I could find; hence, I tended to come home with magazines that were tattered, coverless, and reeking of damp. (One was in such bad shape it was sold in a plastic bag!) Reading them proved a challenge: If they didn't actually fall apart in my hands, they left those hands stinking of mildew. So I began scanning them. And that, basically, is how VictorianVoices.net* was born: As an archive for those scans.

But for years I dreamed of doing more. These magazines contained gems that deserved to be brought back to the light of day—and the love of a new generation of readers. Of course, they also contained plenty of dross; even Victorian magazines are subject to Sturgeon's Law (I won't repeat it here; you can find it on Wikipedia). Today's readers aren't too likely to want to read endless, sentimental poems about dead children or the importance of being really, really *good*. (Don't worry, you won't, at least not in *these* pages!) The challenge was sorting the gold from the lead.

In this magazine, you'll find the gold. You'll find articles on Victorian life—on how to manage a proper Victorian home, the duties expected of servants, the best way to decorate your sitting room on next to nothing. You'll find tidbits on etiquette—which prove to be surprisingly less stuffy and more “common sense” than one might imagine! You'll find glorious recipes and gorgeous craft projects. You'll find travel tales, and glimpses of exotic foreign lands (like America). You'll find history, folklore, and antiquities. You'll find glimpses of Victorian life in the city and the country, upstairs and downstairs. You'll find fabulous artwork (Victorian magazines had wonderful illustrations). And you'll find a few poems (but not, I promise, about dead children or being good).

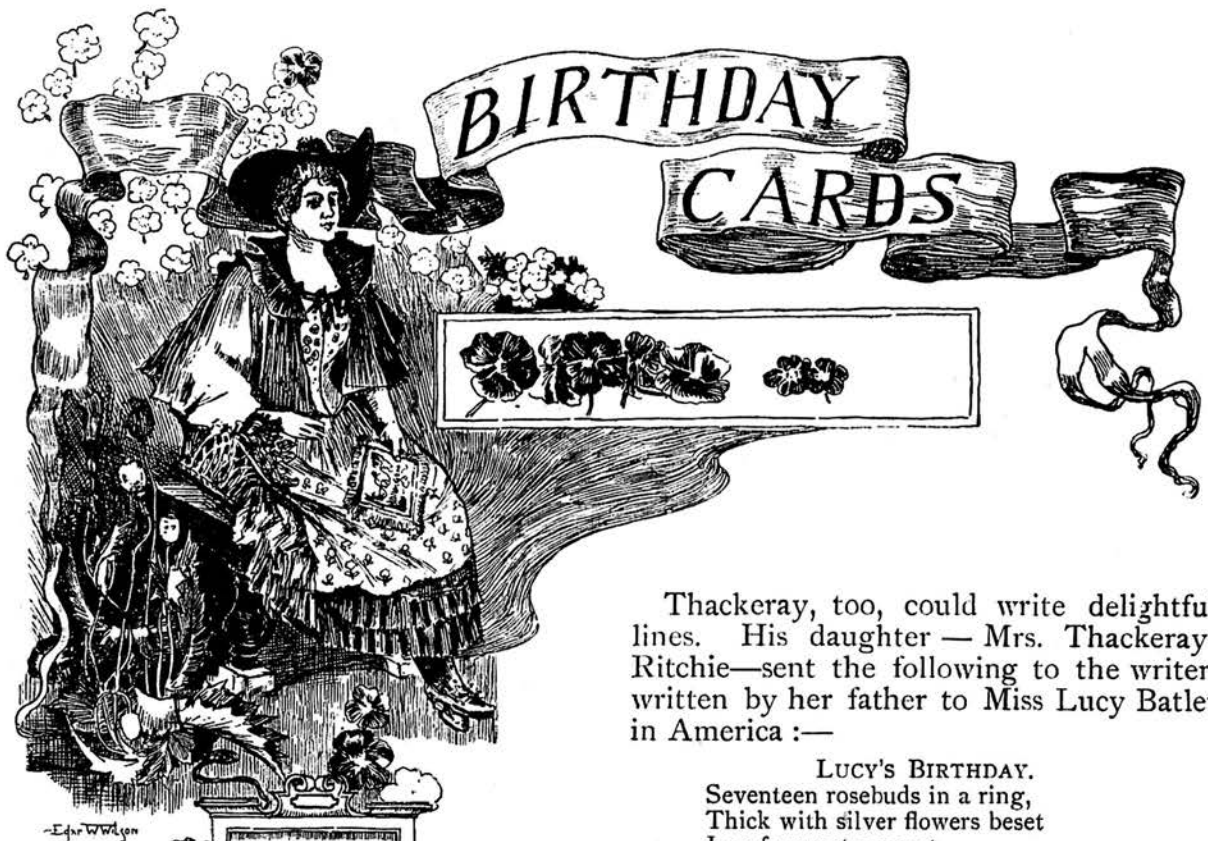
Best of all, you'll find it all for free. *Victorian Times* is available electronically for absolutely nothing! Just use our handy sign-up form at Mostly-Victorian.com to subscribe, and every month you'll get an e-mail with the link from which you can download that month's issue.

We're also providing a print edition of each issue, which will be available through Amazon.com. In time, we hope to be able to develop a print subscription (so if that's something you'd like to have, please let me know!). And at the end of each year, in classic Victorian tradition, we'll put together a print annual.

To subscribe, download back issues, or access the print editions, please visit our magazine page at www.VictorianVoices.net/VT/index.shtml. And now, please settle yourself comfortably on the settee, pour yourself a cuppa, and *enjoy!*

—Moirra Allen, Editor
editors@victorianvoices.net

*VictorianVoices.net was originally launched as Mostly-Victorian.com - we changed our name in February 2015.



Thackeray, too, could write delightful lines. His daughter — Mrs. Thackeray-Ritchie—sent the following to the writer, written by her father to Miss Lucy Batler in America :—

LUCY'S BIRTHDAY.

Seventeen rosebuds in a ring,
Thick with silver flowers beset
In a fragrant coronet,
Lucy's servants this day bring.
Be it the birthday wreath she wears,
Fresh and fair and symboling
The young number of her years,
The sweet blushes of her spring.
Types of youth, and love, and hope,
Friendly hearts, your mistress greet,
Be you ever fair and sweet,
And grow lovelier as you ope.
Gentle nursling, fenced about
With fond care, and guarded so,
Scarce you've heard of storms without,
Frosts that bite, and winds that blow !

Kindly has your life begun,
And we pray that Heaven may send
To our floweret a warm sun,
A calm summer, a sweet end.
And where'er shall be her home,
May she decorate the place,
Still expanding into bloom,
And developing in grace.

To-day our birthday poets are limited—not in numbers, for the publishers of cards are inundated with verses—but in those of merit. One firm, indeed, during the last twelve or thirteen years has received no fewer than 150,000 compositions, of which number only some 5,600 have been found usable ; not a very great number, when it is remembered that something between ten and twelve millions of cards pass between well-wishers in this country alone every year, and that a similar

THE birthday card, as we know it now, can scarcely have been with us more than

fifty or fifty-five years, and there is very little doubt that the more ancient reminder of St. Valentine's Day suggested the idea of putting a verse, appropriate to a birthday, in the place of the often far-fetched sentiments of February the fourteenth. Nearly all our later poets have contributed to birthday literature, and we may presume that the delightful *morceaux* which came from their pens were written on a card or sheet of paper, and quietly dispatched to the recipient. Eliza Cook, Tom Moore, Burns, Cowper, Johnson, Tom Hood, Charles Lamb, and Mrs. Hemans have given to the world the most beautiful of thoughts within the limits of a four-line verse. Where is a more suggestive sentiment—considered by many the finest of all such verse—than that which Pope addressed to Martha Blount ?—

Is that a birthday ? 'Tis, alas ! too clear
'Tis but the funeral of the former year.



MISS HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

quantity are exported to the United States, India, China, and the Colonies. From five shillings to two or three guineas represents the market value of a birthday poem, and the shorter such expressions are, the greater is their value. But eminent writers of course obtain much more. Lord Tennyson was once asked to pen a dozen birthday poems of eight lines each. A thousand guineas were offered for the stanzas—but, alas for birthday literature, the great poet declined to write verse on order, even at the rate of ten guineas a line.

The Bishops, too, have been approached on the subject, for verses of a religious tendency are more sought after than any others; those of the late Frances Ridley Havergal are an instance. But the worthy bishops frankly admitted that the gift of poetry had not been allotted to them. The

late Bishop of Worcester said: "I have not poetical talent enough to write short poems." Dr. King, Bishop of Lincoln, said: "I am sorry, but I am not a poet." The Bishops of Manchester and Liverpool also honestly confessed to being no poets, whilst Dr. Temple, Bishop of London, said: "I am afraid I should make a great mistake if at my age I began to write short poems;" generously adding, "the Bishop of Exeter is a genuine poet."

Perhaps the most popular writer to-day is the lady whose initials—H. M. B.—have been appended to many millions of cards—Miss Helen Marion Burnside, of whom we give a portrait. Miss Burnside was born at Bromley Hall, Middlesex, in 1843, and at twelve years of age was seized with a severe attack of scarlet fever, the result of which was that she lost her hearing. A year later she commenced to write birthday poetry, and her prolific abilities will be understood, when we mention that she has written, on the average, two hundred birthday poems yearly ever since. Miss Burnside, too, is clever with her brush, and before she was nineteen years of age the Royal Academy accepted one of her pictures of fruit and flowers, and, later, a couple of portraits in crayons.

We now turn to the designs for birthday cards—for though the motto is the principal



OLD STYLE.

consideration, a pretty and fanciful surrounding is by no means to be despised.

Royal Academicians really do little in this branch of art. Though both Mr. Poynter and Mr. Sant have applied their brushes in this direction, and Sir John Millais has before now signified his willingness to accept a commission, it is presumed that R.A.'s prefer not to have their work confined to the narrow limits of a birthday card. An R.A. could ask a couple of hundred pounds for a design, and get it. Mr.

Alma Tadema, when asked what he would charge to paint a pair of cards, replied—£600. Ordinary designs fetch from three to six guineas, though a distinctly original and novel idea, be it only in the shape of a score of splashes from the brush, is worth from ten to fifteen guineas.

Both the Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice have done some really artistic



work, but their efforts have not been made public—save in the instance of the Princess Beatrice, whose Birthday Book is well known. Cards designed by Royalty have passed only between members of the Royal Family. They are very simple and picturesque, flowers and effective landscapes with mountain scenery figuring prominently. It is indisputable that women excel in such designs. Theirs seems to be

a light, airy, graceful, and almost fascinating touch; there appears to be no effort—they seem only to play with the brush, though with delightful results. Amongst those ladies who are just now contributing excellent work might be mentioned the Baroness Marie Von Beckendorf, a German lady, whose flowers are delicate and fanciful to a degree. Miss Bertha Maguire is also gifted in the way of flower-painting, whilst Miss Annie Simpson paints many an exquisite blossom combined with charming landscape.

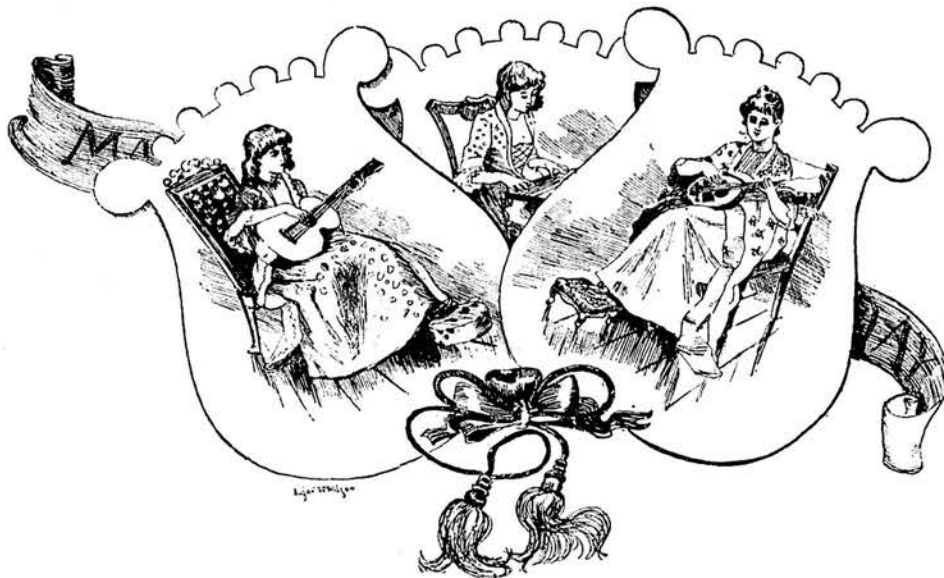
The illustrations we give show a page of what have now become ancient cards, and another of the very latest modern styles.

It will at once be seen how the birthday card has grown out of the valentine. The two designs in the top corner of the first are essentially of a fourteenth of February tendency. Note the tiny god of love, that irrepressible mite of mischief, Cupid, playing with a garland of roses; and there, too, is the heart, a trifle too symmetrical to be natural, with the customary arrow, almost as big as young Cupid himself, cruelly thrust through the very middle of it. The centre card is a French design, embossed round the edges with lace paper, with a silken cross and hand-painted passion flowers laid on the card proper, which is of rice-paper. The remaining specimen is exceedingly quaint in the original, and has passed through more than forty birthdays. It is almost funereal in appearance, as indeed were most of those made at that period; indeed, many of the specimens of old-time birthday cards we have examined are made up of weeping willows, young women shedding copious tears into huge urns at their feet, and what, to all appearance, is a mausoleum in the distance. And above all is written, "Many happy returns of the day!"

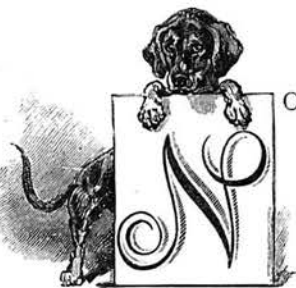
The other set of cards, the modern ones, are all suggestive of the good wishes they carry with them. Many of them are of satin with real lace, delicately hand-painted marguerites, pansies, and apple-blossoms, whilst the elaborate fan, with its flowing ribbons, is edged with white swan's-down and gaily decorated with artificial corn and poppies. These are from designs kindly placed at our disposal by Messrs. Raphael

Tuck & Sons. The printing of the cards is in itself an art. One of the largest printing establishments in the world devoted to this purpose is that of Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons, in Germany, whence comes the greater portion of those required for the English market. In the little village of Rendnitz, just outside Leipsic, from a thousand to twelve hundred people find employment. Here may be found a room containing no fewer than thirty-two of the largest presses, on which colour-lithography is being printed. Every machine does its own work, and the amount of labour required on a single birthday card is such that many cards pass through eighteen or twenty different stages of printing, and in some exceptionally elaborate instances the number has run up to thirty-seven.

The cards are printed on great sheets of board, and from a thousand to fifteen hundred such sheets, so far as one colouring is concerned, constitute a good day's work. These sheets measure 29 inches by 30 inches, and when the various colours are complete, they are cut up by machinery into some twenty or more pieces, according to the size of the card. Nor is the printing of birthday cards confined to cardboard. Effective work has been of late years produced on satin, celluloid, and Japanese paper; and prices range from as low as twopence half-penny a gross to as much as seven and eight guineas for each card. The production of a birthday card, from the time it is designed to the time when it is laid before the public, generally occupies from eight to nine months.



Mr. Smith.



O lineage, and no degree,
No influential kin or kith,
No prestige, no *bon ton* has he—
Our Mr. Smith.

Big ears—big feet—a trifle fat !
His pose grotesque, his walk a waddle !
Meek eyes and lashless ! hair
quite flat
On his flat noddle !



No lineage & no degree.

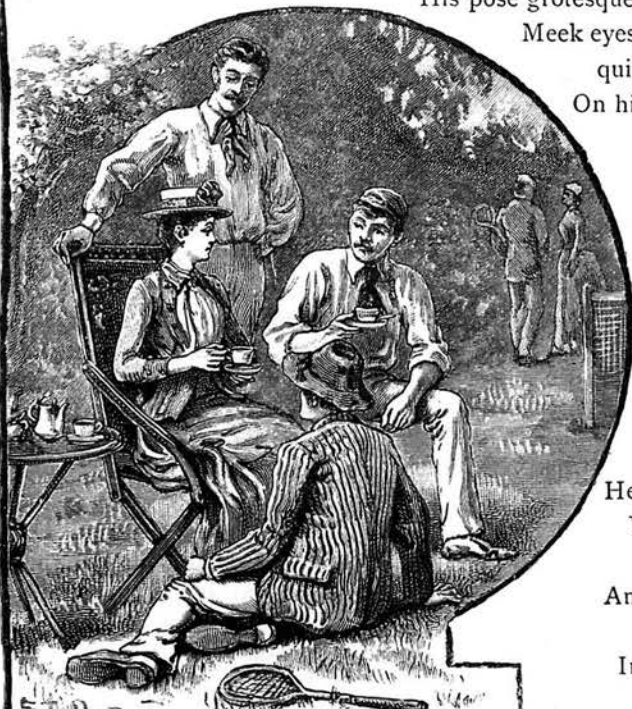
He's not a poet nor a wag,
He's not one scientific notion ;
But no spoilt chit or wit can brag
Of more devotion.

Oh, Mr. Smith, you're "nuts to crack !"
But money ! Is he rich and thrifty ?
He's but the coat now on his back ;
He's right down shifty !

He never worked in all his days,
Yet eats and drinks to full
satiety ;
And keeps (ah, me ! my
blighted ways !)
In good society.



Yet eats & drinks to full satiety



ST.D. —
But no spoilt chic

Of him no rich and kind papa,
No scheming poor mamma afraid is.

He's lots of friends—is loved—yah ! bah !—
By two sweet ladies !

By two ; and one—yes, either now
(But for that Smith—ill-fortune take
him !)
Might be my bliss, my—oh, their
row !
Or I would shake him !

Eh ! oh ! my life's a humdrum jog—
Its dream dreamed out—its goal
a myth ;
And what recks he—that stub-tailed
dog—
That grovelling Smith ?

WILFRED WOOLLAM.

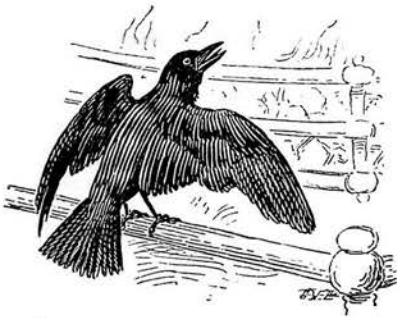


Or I would shake him

But for that Smith—

ST.D.

MISCHIEVOUS JACK.



I AM gradually learning to estimate rightly the responsibility of having a jackdaw loose upon the premises.

There is really no way of circumventing Jack's craftiness except by keeping him shut up all day in an outdoor aviary. I feel sorry to be driven to this course, and would far rather let him roam where he pleases; but his mischievous pranks have become unendurable.

I thought to-day I had made a great discovery, and that by placing a large stuffed flamingo at the open French window I should effectually frighten the jackdaw from entering.

I found him in the drawing-room on my writing-table busy about some evil deed, so I held up the great stuffed bird, at which Jack cast one horrified glance and then fled precipitately out at the window as if his last hour had come. Now, I thought, by placing the flamingo near the window, I could leave the room with an easy mind. Vain hope! I came back after a few minutes and found the impertinent jackdaw hopping about as happy as a king. He had pulled to pieces a rare foreign insect I had just been setting on a piece of cork. He had overturned all the small curios he could find, had pulled all the pins out of a pin-cushion, and, worst of all, he had opened a Mudie book and torn its map and pages to ribbons. That book will have to become my property and remain a monument of Jack's misplaced energy.

It was humiliating to think how he must have chuckled at my flamingo. He had seen through the device at once and had no idea of submitting to be scared away by such a bogie.

During the winter months we do not often have weather which will admit of open windows, so Jack exercised his talent for mischief out of doors by hiding the padlock of the aviary, pulling up flower labels, and drawing nails out of the walls. In these varied occupations he managed to spend his hours of idleness.

As a rare treat he was sometimes allowed

to bask on the fender before the fire, and, charmed by the delicious warmth, he would assume the various attitudes shown in the illustration. His wings and tail expanded, his head on one side and beak wide open, he looked like a dying bird, but we knew that in reality he was in a state of ecstasy.

When next summer arrived Jack was again kept in the aviary, and I am sorry to have to reveal a very dark page in his moral character. He was usually content with raw meat and sopped bread; but, alas, he much preferred to catch his own dinner! And when, attracted by his food, innocent little robins, chaffinches, and sparrows found their way into his domain, I grieve to record the dreadful fact that none came out alive! Jack feasted on their small bodies, and left only a little bunch of feathers to show what he had been doing.

I have said enough to

One day in the height of summer Jack was perfectly electrified by a visit from six lively young magpies. The aviary door happened to be open, and these birds came hopping in with their usual free and easy manner, chattering to each other and coolly abstracting any morsels of food which suited their taste. At first Jack tried to drive out these audacious visitors, but they ignored him altogether and at last he had to stand aside and watch their depredations, a very discomfited and astonished bird. The magpies came at intervals for several days in succession, and then I suppose they went off to the woods, for we saw them no more.

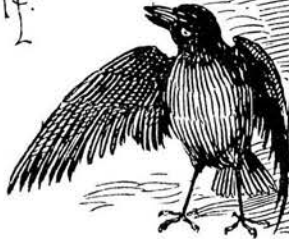
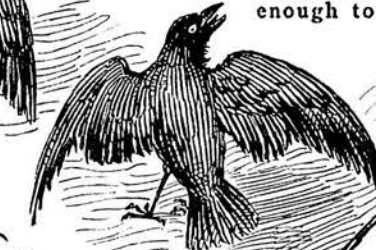
It is rather curious that the mating instinct has not led Jack into the bands of matrimony. I have seen several attractive specimens of his own kind making overtures to him, but he treats them all with lofty disdain and elects to remain a bachelor.

Perhaps next year he may yield to the fascinations of a wild mate, and settle happily somewhere in my woods. It would be the best thing that could happen, only I fear we should all eagerly bid him good-bye without the addition of *au revoir*.

ELIZA BRIGHTWEN.



"Jack" sunneth himself.



prove that Jack is neither to be loved nor respected; but he is unquestionably clever, and evidently has his own thoughts and ideas.

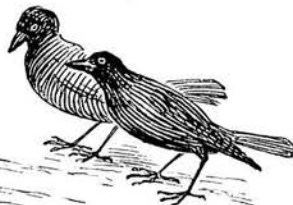
He will fly at one's hand like a fury even when food is being given him; but when his mood changes and he wishes to be caressed, he picks up a twig or a dead leaf. This is a signal of peace, and whilst he continues to hold it in his bill he is quite safe, and may be stroked and petted.



He studieth Entomology.



He arrangeth the Table.



He disdaineth the Fair Sex

MOTIVES FROM OLD JAPANESE EMBROIDERIES FOR ENGLISH NEEDLEWORKERS.

By GLEESON WHITE.



FIG. 1.

THE true lover of Japanese art is in no way depressed by the mournful plaint of the dealers in cheap bric-a-brac, when they assure him that the Japanese style is going out of fashion. They certainly choose a curiously inapt moment for their prediction. For just recently it would seem as if English *cognoscenti* were at last beginning to awake to the real masterpieces of the art of Japan. The gallery at the British Museum, recently filled with a superb array of hanging pictures (*Kakemonos*); the printed books on view in the King's Library of the same building; the magnificent loan collection of lacquer and pottery now displayed at South Kensington Museum, and the various exhibitions in different Bond Street galleries, devoted to *kakemonos*, *surimono*s, *netsukés*, sabre-guards, and fine lacquer, hardly indicate declining interest in Japanese art.

What may possibly be true is, that the inferior rubbish produced in Japan for a special class of buyers,



FIG. 3.

avidity, not concerning themselves at all whether it be a real work of art or a ghastly caricature of the same, so long as it be "the mode" to possess examples.

During the Japanese craze that has found so many followers, it is sad to observe how few, comparatively speaking, cared in the slightest degree for the art so freely lavished by that most artistic of all people—the quick-brained and deft-fingered Japs. For if any land ever had a population of artists, in the true sense, it is surely Japan. Whether, alas! owing to Western immigration one ought not to use the past tense in speaking of this, is indeed doubtful, for while it is impossible to believe that



FIG. 2.

the fine art (?) displayed with the other odds and ends at a cheap drapery store, and the libellous imitations of the true decoration upon English-made articles, are at last beginning to pall upon the taste (?) of the general public.

The thought that this view may indeed be true is entirely pleasant. For when the fickle goddess of fashion patronises an art, it is usually a deadly influence against its well-being. The people whose tastes are guided by mere fashion rarely attempt to think for themselves, and welcome either a disrespectful parody or a cheap and brutal imitation of the genuine stuff with equal



FIG. 4.

a populace with the instinct for beauty, the outcome of the hereditary legend of centuries, can be losing that innate feeling for colour and design which has hitherto betrayed itself in all they touched, from the least to the greatest; yet it is too true that the sudden invasion of Western ideas has evidently disorganised their taste, and left them, for a time at least, in a mood to produce degraded work that would have been simply impossible some few years ago.

Again, it is a matter for regret that the Japanese marvels, in all the plenitude of their beauty, reached our shores too late in this century to secure the sympathy of the author of "Modern Painters." It is an acquired taste for the English public to believe in an art critic at all, but when they do their unanimity is wonderful; and had Mr. Ruskin, in the days when his pen was always ready to champion a new crusade for beauty, chanced to hap upon some of the treasures of old Japan, there can be little doubt but that the master would have exploited its beauties, and that the mass of English people to-day would have had, if not very knowledge, at least some adequate regard for Japanese



FIG. 5.



FIG. 6.

art—some recognition that a great and living school of artists imparted dignity to the things they are apt to regard merely as interesting curios and bric-a-brac. As it is, it is depressing to see cultured people, who would turn in disgust from a cheap oleograph after a great master's work, and disdain a clumsy forgery of a piece of *Capo di Monti* ware, quietly accept the most evident burlesque of Oriental art, if it be but labelled Japanese. For a vast amount of the lacquer and pottery now sold—whether made in Japan itself or not, matters little—is unmitigated rubbish, produced for the lowest class of fancy goods dealers in the European market, and, as art, barely up to the level of the legion of worthless trifles that flood the commonest of our London bazaars. This plentiful supply of inferior stuff has confused the popular appreciation. At a show at the Fine Art Society's rooms one saw magnificent pieces of old lacquer passed, with the comment, "How odd they should show these glove boxes, just like one gets in the shops!" Yet the people who uttered such banal criticism would have been shocked to pass the Blenheim Raphael with the remark that it was a copy

of a Christmas card they had already seen, or to sneer at a Greek marble because itinerant Italians had hawked about bad plaster casts from it.

But more than all the factors that have helped to degrade Japanese art in the estimation of many, is beyond doubt the atrocious burlesque of its design, scattered broadcast as "Anglo-Japanese." To many worthy people any ornament placed in a lop-sided, diagonal fashion becomes at once "Japanese." If its details are apparently of chopped patchwork, arranged by a lunatic, with a casual stork here and there, and a few English bulrushes, nobody could persuade them to doubt its authenticity. The terrible eccentricities of American type-founders, whereby concert programmes, tradesmen's cards, and dozens of otherwise respectable placards have an eruption of nasty little bits of ornament (a fan, a stork, or a vase placed on a flight of stairs, that are governed



FIG. 8.

by neither rhyme nor reason) are still more serious offences in the same direction.

Yet it is true enough that design in the West is a dead language, its best utterances but scholarly and refined echoes from schools once living, but now sleeping or dead. Whether Classic or Romantic art inspire the decorator to-day, his works as a rule are based upon styles that grew and ripened to maturity long years ago. But the art of design in Japan is, or was but yesterday, in full vigour of life, producing beautiful patterns and lovely ornaments inspired only by nature, and speaking as a vital sentient art that, if it never reached the supreme dignity of the frieze of the Parthenon, or found a great architectural expression like the Mediæval cathedrals of Europe, is yet in its own way as noble a style as any the world has seen.

But excepting a very small section of artists and a smaller proportion of the public, it would seem that Design is an art that fails to interest them. Of course they like "pretty" patterns, but, as a rule, they admire them for their pictorial effect, not for their harmony of colour and composition of lines, which are the main features of design. So now that Japanese ideas have lost their novelty, they have thereby lost their one saving virtue to a modern, and

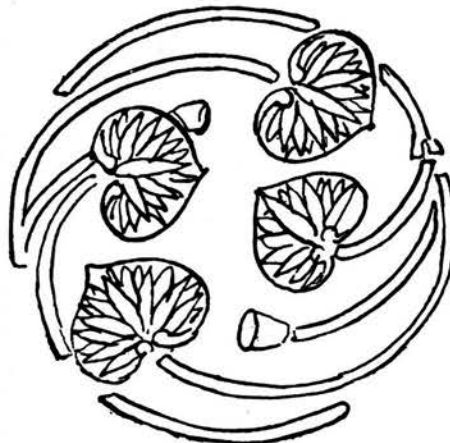


FIG. 7.



FIG. 9.

may pass unregretted to the dustheap of oblivion, for all their once passionate devotees care.

That popular admiration of Japanese trifles has had nothing to do with a liking for their intrinsic beauty is easily proved. Take, for example, the average treatment of a palm-leaf fan. This pretty screen, sold for one or two pence, is, in its natural state, a thing of great beauty, exquisite in colour, in lines, and in

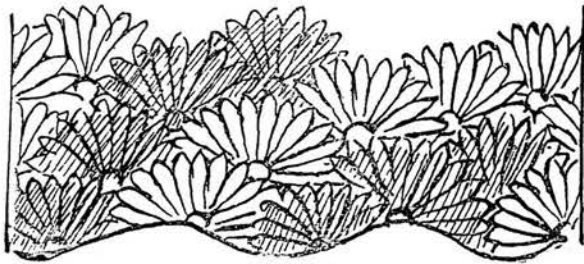


FIG. 10.

texture—as lovely in its own way as a piece of carved stone ornament with the Greek honeysuckle wrought thereon at the best period of Classic art; but to this simple thing, entirely exquisite in its untouched state, they bring some Aspinall's enamel (also an excellent thing in its right place), some ribbons, some plush and fringe, and even, perhaps, some gruesome artificial flowers. Then they bedaub the fan with colour, crumple it into a hideous shape, and "drape" it with hideous millinery, until the result—"a wall-pocket tidy"—is a sheer horror to anyone with a grain of feeling for beauty, and an insult to anyone with the least smattering of knowledge in the arts. No savage tribe could parallel the ghastly thing that began life so sweetly as a thing of beauty, and ends it as a vile dust-collector.

This is an extreme case, but a very common one. The monstrosities of bamboo tripods and brackets, wherein are set panels of cheap lacquer; the vulgar china, made after the taste of decadent French Third Empire, and gilded in a way no true Japanese would dream of enriching his work, show that, at the fountain-head, vulgar people are sully the clear stream of the arts of Japan.

The windows of the crockery shops show dozens of ghastly examples of ill-digested study of Japanese art. For absolute unloveliness, a commonplace tea or dinner service with a printed design, in what everybody (not a native of Japan) agrees to call the Japanese style, may be set against the worst examples of any former period, and yet keep its place as distinctly inferior to any.

In spite of the Schools of Design, or of the really fine work shown at the Art and Craft

and arrogates to itself all sorts of spurious dignity and sham culture.

It may be, of course, that the transition period has arrived, and that the frantic efforts to be artistic will in time secure the result they profess to attempt; but this can only be when the simple laws of good ornament are generally recognised—not as admirable maxims for text-books, but as real motives for everyday application. When we read a Bradshaw we

obey its direct teaching, and do not insist upon a modified form of a train table for our own purpose. Yet, for the sake of symmetry, to alter all the dates of the starting of its trains, so that they read as pretty arithmetical patterns, would hardly more fully destroy the use of that unpoetic daily manual, than taking a useful article and crowding it with false ornament destroys its fitness for use. In neither case would

an attempt to improve succeed, for whether it be a thing for a cottage or a castle—a milk-stool for use by a dairy-maid, or a casket to hold a queen's diadem—directly the so-called ornament hinders the common use of the thing decorated, or adds a spurious prettiness to the original by such entirely needless adornment, the milk-stool or casket becomes less, not more, beautiful by the false decoration.

In considering any branch of Japanese art, to fully appreciate its plethora of beauty, it is as well to touch upon the vital principles of decoration—those underlying qualities that are equally observed in good examples of the Classic or Romantic schools alike, and equally ignored and contradicted by bad ornament of any style or period. To regard the naturalistic art of the Japanese as merely another pretty method of decorating trifles is to do it a gross injustice. For the Japanese craftsman, never in the past—and even at the present far more rarely than his Western brother workers—forgets the true canons of decoration.

It is curious to note how completely the convention of modern civilisation crushes out the natural instinct for the right use of ornament. From the basket-work, the carving of weapons, or the war canoes of savage tribes, to the gorgeous complexity of the Alhambra, or the elaborate detail of the Taj Mahal, we find ornament applied logically and well. But with our modern refinement so-called, we apparently aim solely at vulgar display. The masses appear to have lost all sense of the gulf that yawns between the treatment of a picture and an ornamented surface, and to think that all decoration should be pictorial imitation. They confuse entirely the true

Now pictures, however good, simply stuck on to the work, be it the most simple thing or a vast and ornate structure, are in no sense decoration. If good, they have all their interest in themselves, and owing nothing to the object to which they are applied, neither do they help really to beautify it. If bad in themselves, and as pictures it is hardly likely that really fine art will be lavished upon the decoration of any object, they are still more evidently misapplied skill.

The sprays of Fig. 1 show how easily the designer has followed the natural appearance of the form, and yet with very little conventional treatment has brought them easily and with naive simplicity to fill the prescribed place. In Fig. 2 three leaves (of the maiden-hair spleenwort, apparently, or a plant of kindred growth) are set like the three legs on a Manx coin, and yet yield a fresh idea of great beauty and immense value as ornament. Fig. 3 is the most typically Japanese design I have dared to quote; the fine flower forms, irregularly dispersed with the conventional waves, according to their usual symbol when employed by this people, give a motive of great charm. Simple as it is, it would take a great master of decoration to beat it, in its own way; the effect of a few such groups dotted over a piece of satin or other material would be at once reticent and splendid.

The refined accomplishment of the Eastern artist shows strongly in this design. Fig. 4, well adapted for use on a large scale for coarse appliqué work, is more humorous than any yet chosen. In spite of their essentials being simplified, their bird forms are truer to nature than many a more finished attempt. The grouping, obvious though it is, leaves the round they create capable for use in any position, and in the whole effect of a curtain (for example) powdered with these, would seem only a series of circular ornaments with no effusive demonstration of their subject, which reveals itself only upon more detailed inspection. The flower, Fig. 5, is valuable as an example of the way leaves and flowers can be treated for appliqué or embroidery. A skillful worker could design miles of pattern from this one motive, and proves (when you are shown the way, whether to make an egg stand by a Columbus, or to invent a new decoration by a Japanese) how easily any flower could be made decorative and conventional in similar fashion. Fig. 6 is another version of the motive that inspired No. 4, but in this the birds are still more simplified, to become almost an unmeaning mass of dots and lines, and yet by a happy touch are not untrue to nature. Fig. 7 is a charming arrangement of leaves and seed-vessels. Fig. 8 will be found useful either as a circular ornament, or with its three component parts used separately or rearranged in other ways.

The wisteria in Fig. 9 is treated in its natural colours in the print from which it was traced; but a not dissimilar one reproduced in *Artistic Japan* had its pendulous clusters of bloom in different colours. The form is so akin to the laburnum, that with no special incongruity it might be coloured after the scheme of that flower, if preferred; or even, if used for a long border, made up of both the lilac and the yellow blossoms varied at the will of the worker.

In Fig. 10 a motive, ordinary although it be, is made fresh by its treatment; the flowers are in white and a golden yellow (the shaded ones), and arranged in diagonal lines to form a border. The charm of this dainty pattern is lost in the black and white, but on a soft French grey ground its beauties are not easy to over-estimate. Figs. 11a, 11b, and 12 all show various treatments of the circle, and are (I believe) crests of the *Daimios*, from the Japanese equivalent to Burke's "Pecrage."

(To be continued.)



FIG. 11A.



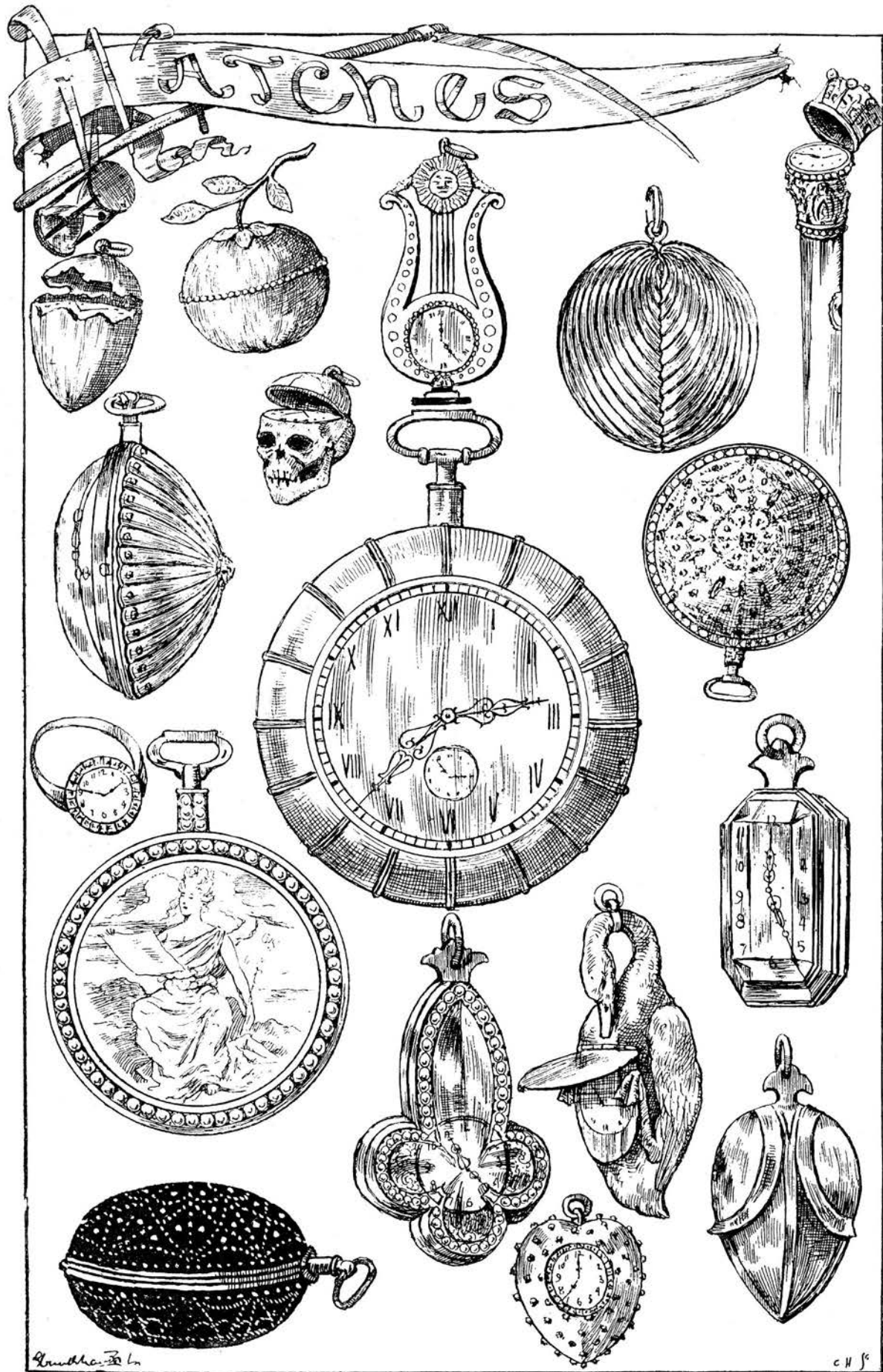
FIG. 11B.

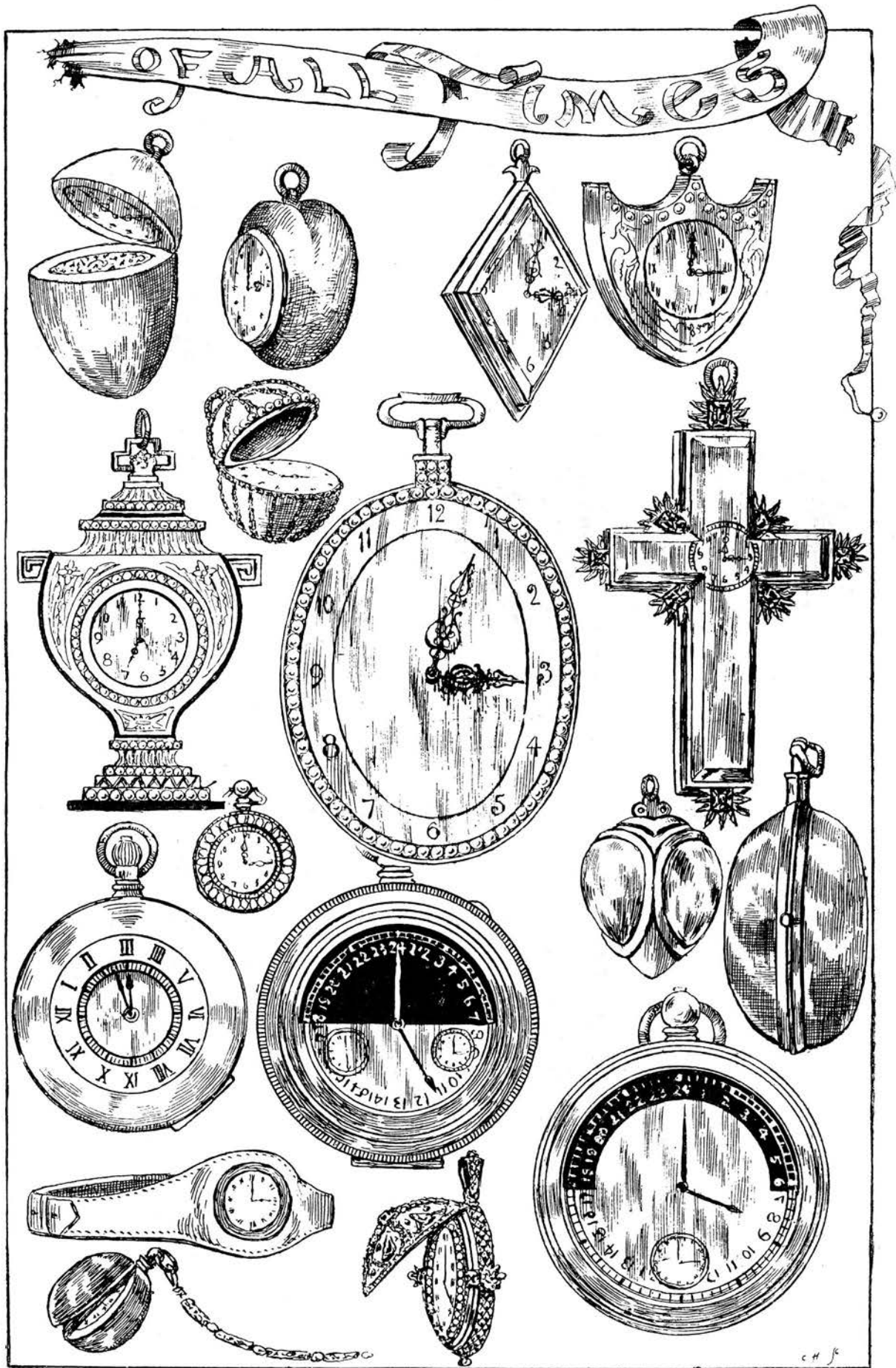


FIG. 12.

Exhibitions; in spite of the good taught by William Morris, Walter Crane, and dozens of others, the popular taste for ornament to-day is hardly better than five-and-twenty years since, for then it was generally at its worst, but innocently vulgar and unpretentious in its triviality. Now, while too often no whit better in its design, and neither fit nor sufficient in the object it professes to beautify—the crude and vulgar ornament labels itself "Art,"

nature of ornament. As a popular lecturer has put it, it should express the joy of the workman in his work. Having laboured to the extent of his ability to make his work neat, strong, and admirably fit for its future purpose, he is loth to let the object of so much care go from his hands, until with a few scrolls here, a bit of carving on this feature, or a painted decoration on that surface, he has made his finished work beautiful beyond its actual need.





THE CUP THAT CHEERS.



UR meals and meal-hours have passed through great changes since the first records of English home-life were written.

Our early English ancestors took four meals a day

—breakfast at 7 a.m., dinner at 10, supper at 4, and "livery" at 8 or 9, after which they retired for the night. The middle-class

—persons employed in trade and labourers of all kinds had three meals a day; breaking their fast at 8 a.m., dining at 12, and supping at 6 p.m.

The nobility and gentry rose at 6 a.m., and at their breakfast, as at all other meals, they had no drinks but wine and beer. Queen Elizabeth rarely varied hers from the latter, as she feared that the former might cloud her faculties. Dr. Johnson says that the Earls of Arlington and Ossory imported tea from Holland in 1666—the year when the Plague broke out in London—and that the great ladies of the country were taught how to make use of it by their two respective wives. He also gave it as his opinion that this was the first appearance of tea in England. But in this latter assertion he was mistaken. Notices of it, scarce as it was, are to be found of earlier date. If you have a copy of "Pepys' Diary" in your home library, you will find a mention of his taking "a cup of tea, a 'China drink'"—which he had never before tasted—on the 25th of September, 1660. That same year a duty of eightpence a gallon was laid on all tea and chocolate made for sale; and in the previous year (1559) tea was sold in nearly every street in London, although at enormous prices. Indeed, in 1661, a couple of pounds and as many extra ounces were presented as a worthy gift to the Sovereign himself by the

Honourable East India Company. Although exceedingly scarce at first, tea dates back some years earlier in the 17th century than the periods already named.

The real date of its first introduction is ascertained to have been at about 1635; and for some twenty or thirty years afterwards its price varied, according to the quality, from £6 to £10 per pound. A certain Thomas Garraway, tobacconist and coffee-house keeper, was the first to sell tea by retail at the more reasonable price of 16s. up to £2 10s. the pound. "Doctors differed," but "patients" did not "die" from their conflicting opinions about it. According to one advertisement, it was "by all physicians approved"; but amongst other detractors, Guy Patin, a French doctor, denounced it as an "impertinent novelty of the age." So absurd was the prejudice of some, that a man who indulged in this fragrant non-intoxicating beverage was even charged with "effeminacy" by a writer in the *Weekly Journal* of June 27th, 1723. Walking through the rows of tents pitched for the camp in St. James's Park, the champion of the Bottle, *versus* the Teapot, beheld, as he says, "a number of

knicknacks standing on the table" in some officer's tent. He supposed that the occupant was an engineer, and the "knicknacks" represented "some fortification." To his surprise, the officer raised one of the "bastions" to his mouth, when the disgraceful fact became apparent that the supposed engineer was nothing better than "an effeminate tea-drinker"; and that the "knicknacks" (or cups), representing the bastions, were "the equipage appurtenant to that unmanly practice." After such a sight, he thought that "Misses from a boarding-school would do very well for officers," being versed in the dress and management of the tea-table.

Another "champion" of the stronger drinks, by name Henry Saville, the nephew of Secretary Coventry, writing in the year 1678, abuses the drinking of tea after dinner, instead of enjoying the bottle and pipe, and calls it "a base, unworthy Indian practice." Even the poet Young denounced the tea-drinking parties as much as Dean Swift, and, no doubt, much evil-speaking of neighbours often disgraced them in the last century; but the decoction, not being intoxicating, was assuredly innocent of the charge brought against it. Washington Irving also has remarked severely on the mischievous fattening that used to go on at tea-drinkings, and winds up by expressing his preference to "a newspaper roasting," adding—

"But spare me, O spare me, a tea-table
toasting!"

No doubt, when sold at such high prices, it was a source of great expenditure, and led to much extravagance; and I dare say the writer in the *Female Spectator* of 1745 was quite right in saying that the tea-table then cost more for its support than "two children at nurse."

In one of our earliest newspapers, dated "September 30th, 1658," we find an advertisement, probably the first, in reference to this the favourite beverage of modern times—

"That excellent, and by all physicians approved, *China* drink—called by the Chinese *Tcha*, by other nations" (our Irish peasantry included) "*Tay*, alias *Tee*—is sold at the 'Sultanness Head' Cophee House, in Sweeting's Rents, by the Royal Exchange, London."

But whatever may be the conflicting opinions expressed, and the real, or evil qualities of this popular beverage, I cannot omit to give you Florence Nightingale's observations respecting it; as every girl must, sooner or later, act as a nurse to some sick person or child—

"A great deal too much against tea is said by wise people, and a great deal too much of tea is given to the sick by foolish people. When you see the almost universal craving in English sick for tea, you cannot but feel that Nature knows what she is about. But a little tea restores them as much as a great deal. I should be glad if any of the abusers of tea would point out what to give an English patient, after a sleepless night, instead of tea? At the same time, you should never give tea to the sick, as a rule, after five o'clock in the afternoon."

It is time now that I should tell you something about the plant itself. No one appears to know when its use was recognised in the land of its origin; but it is said that it grew spontaneously on the mountains in China, that a duty was raised on it nearly 800 years before the birth of Christ (B.C. 780), and that it was the East India Company that commenced the regular importation of it. They began by sending out for 100 lbs. from their agent at Bantam (much frequented by the Chinese junks from Canton), for making presents to their friends at Court. Now there is more tea drunk in England than in all

the countries of the world put together, except China.

Amongst the several kinds sold in the English market are the Orange and the Flowery Pekoe, Bohea, Souchong, Congou, Capar, and Campoi, the two of Pekoe being the most expensive of the black teas, and only suitable for flavouring one of the others. The green teas are known as the Gunpowder and Pearl Gunpowder, the Hyson, Imperial, and Twankay. There is much adulteration of tea, the black being dried on copper plates to give the green colour, and the leaves of the ash, elder, sloe, and white thorn are often mixed with real tea in England, as well as other familiar herbs. This is not done to any extent, however, since the price of tea has been so much reduced. Old tea leaves dried form the chief adulteration in our day.

The shrub is small, and somewhat resembles the myrtle; the blossoms are white and perfumed, and not unlike the white rose, and these are succeeded by soft green capsules, containing two or three white seeds, which are crushed for oil, and much employed in China. The tea plant grows also in Japan, Cochin China, Tonquin, and Java, and we have been growing it ourselves in Assam. When six or seven years old the leaves become of little value, and the old wood is cut away to make way for young shoots, or else removed for new trees. Several kinds of plants are said to be employed in China to add to the flavour and perfume of tea. The Chinese drink it, generally, without sugar, and always without milk. Sometimes they beat up the yolks of eggs with sugar, and mix this with it, and in Russia, and other parts of Europe lemon juice is substituted for milk. Some of the nomadic tribes of Tartary not only drink it as a decoction, but, mixing the leaves with some gelatinous substance, they press them into moulds, and pack them together like bricks. When required, they scrape off a portion, and boil it with flour, butter, milk, and salt.

This reminds me that some funny stories are told of the mistakes made by the first purchasers of tea in this country; though, according to the Tartars, they were not very wrong after all.

Mrs. Hutchinson's great grandmother sat down to enjoy the novelty provided by the first pound of tea that reached the town of Penrith.

No directions accompanied the present, and the good ladies assembled were at a loss what to do with it. So they chanced the boiling of the whole quantity at once in a bottle, and then turning the leaves out into a dish, they ate them with butter and salt, as if they had been ordinary vegetables, and great was their surprise that any one should have thought the dish a nice one!

Lastly, my young housekeepers, I must warn you never to be careless in your tea-making. Warm the teapot and cups, wait till the steam puffs from the spout of the kettle, or lid of the urn, before you pour the boiling water on the tea. Half fill the cups, and then add more water to the teapot before filling them up, unless quite sure that it holds all that will be required without being replenished. Also, never forget the "cosy" cap, which, should there be none as yet amongst the other appliances of the breakfast table, I advise you to manufacture forthwith for yourselves.

S. F. A. CAULFIELD.



GIRLS OF FIFTY YEARS AGO AND NOW.

By EMMA BREWER.

"Fashions alter I know, my dear,
Things are different year by year
Not a bit what they used to be,
When your grandfather courted me."

F. E. Weatherly.



VERY now and then I think of my visit to a sweet old lady of eighty-four, who still takes a deep interest in the doings of her friends and whose mind and judgment are still remarkably clear.

I was not surprised, therefore, when she suddenly asked, "And what are you working at just now?"

"Nothing at present," was my reply. "I am only thinking."

"What about?" was her next question.

"The girls of fifty years ago and those of to-day; I want to write about them and compare them."

"My dear," she said excitedly, "you

are undertaking an impossible task; you can't compare them; they are of separate worlds, with no habit, custom or occupation the same; why, their speech even is different. The girls of fifty years ago and those of to-day! Why, a great genius would not dare to compare them! Give it up, my dear, give it up."

"Oh, I can't do that, the subject fascinates me," was my reply.

"Well, go your own way," was her last word.

Yet, as you see, in spite of the warning and disapprobation of my dear old friend, I am setting about this task, and I do it because I love girls, and also that it has been one of the pleasures of my life to note, year by year, their gradual physical and mental development, their bravery and increasing reliability.

The last fifty years have been remarkable for many changes, discoveries, and developments in the artistic and scientific world; in religious and secular teaching; as well as in the literary world; but in no direction have the changes and developments been more remarkable than in the condition of our girls and all that belongs to their daily life.

Of course, it may be that the changes and developments in all their surroundings may have helped materially to influence their character, for there is no doubt that what my dear old lady says is true—a great change has come over them.

A favourite song by Weatherly recognises this when it says—

"Girls were simple and timid then,
Now they fight in the world like men."
* * * * *

"Then they sang at the milking pails,
Lads were blithe as they swung their flails,
All was humble and sweet content,
No one troubled what grandeur meant."

What was it that made girl-life so colourless, so monotonous, so objectless in the earlier days? Looking back with the eyes of 1900, we should say that first and foremost it was the absence of liberty and the lack of responsibility and independence; their limbs even had not fair play, their mental horizon was so limited that a few books, narrow in thought and scope, were all that the mind had to feed on, while thought, free, original and comprehensive, was impossible, and self-reliance and independent action were regarded by the elders with serious displeasure.

Such a notion was unnatural and detrimental to the destiny of the human race, which is really and truly in the hands of women and girls.

If we try to picture the girls of the earlier period, it is as sweet, gentle, timid creatures, who submitted themselves to the wills of those in authority over them, who neither thought for themselves, nor were even allowed to walk alone, whose education consisted of the three R's, as they are called, a little French, and sufficient music to play the "Battle of Prague," and whose deportment was considered good if they knew how to enter and leave a room with a graceful curtsy, and treated their parents and superiors with deference and reverence.

There was nothing to break the monotony of their lives and every opportunity to indulge in the sins of emptiness and gossip. Tidings, we know, travelled slowly, means of getting about were expensive and cumbersome, there was so little they might do, and so very much they might not do, that their lives became a daily round of *don'ts*, and so were bound to be colourless.

Had they wanted to work for their living, there was nothing open to them; every avenue was blocked, for at that time there was no honour attached to girls' work.

Of course, there were exceptions when girls made first-rate housewives, good needlewomen and excellent dairymaids; and, as we know, every now and again, girls came to the front having broken the fetters which bound them, and became known to the world as writers, musicians and artists; but in order to do this they had to face the prejudices of the age, which required all their courage and determination to surmount.

Do not think I am underrating the girls of fifty years ago. On the contrary, I acknowledge that they had characteristics which would be extremely valuable in toning down the recklessness which takes possession of some of our girls to-day, especially in the less educated class, but what I contend for is that there can be no healthy action without full liberty of the individual, and it is towards this that girls and women have been striving through all the years between then and now.

A change such as that which has occurred in girl life could only have come about gradually, for had it been a sudden movement the whole world would have stood up against it. Imagine a sudden leap from the slow graceful minuet or maypole dance to what are called Kitchen Lancers and the Wild Waltz; or a proposal of marriage on bended knee to a coy blushing maiden to the nonchalant offer made to a girl while at the piano, who receives it laughingly or scoffingly; or from a seat on a pillion to one in a hansom cab, or, stranger still, to one on a bicycle. Why, it would not have been tolerated; I am taking extremes, not filling in the details, between then and now.

Again, fifty years ago, an unmarried woman of, say, thirty-five, regarded herself, and was so regarded by others, as a hopeless old maid; she took to caps, and had to stand by while her younger sisters took part in pleasures and amusements which she was supposed to be too old to enjoy. The only relaxations considered suitable for her advanced age were Dorcas meetings, church tea parties, and an occasional bazaar. Now all this is changed. No one of thirty-five need be on the shelf now unless she

places herself there. If you look round you will find her in the thick of the fight for work and taking her recreation with a zeal equal to the girl of fourteen, and as bright and cheerful as any of them. The idea of a girl in a cap in these days almost makes one laugh. It is hardly allowed to those who have white hair.

In every new venture the pioneers have a rough time of it, and some of our girls paid heavily for stretching their wings and breaking the fetters which crippled them. They were regarded as altogether unfeminine and found favour with neither men nor women. They made many blunders in their early efforts after a fuller, nobler, and more practical life, but in spite of everything they have made their way and have had the courage of their opinions, until now they take their place worthily in the many professions and trades open to them, and scarcely anyone sneers or looks askance at them for using their talents outside the limit set by ancient custom. Nor are they less womanly or less helpful in their homes because they lead fuller lives.

Whether they are happier or better girls than those of fifty years ago is a matter of opinion. We are not asked to discuss that question, but rather are they using the talents with which God has endowed them to His honour and glory, to the advantage of those around them, and to their own well-being?

If so, surely this is a condition more in accordance with our idea of rational responsible beings than sitting down with folded hands to wait what the future will bestow in the shape of a husband, or a legacy, or what their parents, by the sweat of their brow, may leave them. Anyhow, the time has passed when the matter lay in the balance; the die is cast and girls have settled it for themselves.

Ridicule and contempt were freely pointed at them, but, like many noble souls before them, they cared for none of these things.

As their powers developed science supplied them with instruments for exercising them, such as had never been dreamed of in early days, and they have, as a rule, been most careful that in any career chosen by them, their work should be well done. They have dignified the simplest of work by doing it to the best of their ability.

Nor has the position now occupied been arrived at without hard study and self-sacrifice. Girls have submitted themselves to training so severe as to be more like that of the ancient Greeks when preparing to run races at the Olympian games—it was necessary for their success.

As the position gained becomes more and more firmly established, the recklessness and dash which marks some girls' manners will disappear, for certainty of position acts upon the character like oil on troubled waters—it produces calm.

Girls are indebted for their present position, first, to liberty, for which they have fought inch by inch, and to the knowledge gained that all work, however humble, is ennobled by the way in which it is done.

Beyond these came railways to their help, which allowed girls to emerge from the quiet home life and to travel from place to place and from country to country, and so gain knowledge of the doings, manners, customs and education of other girls. Then came the penny postage, which made communication of ideas freer and easier, and the gradual decrease in the price of good literature which improved both mind and taste. And of the utmost importance was the introduction of the typewriter and photography in affording occupation to clever brains and nimble fingers. Nor must we forget the openings for girls in the Post

Offices and Telegraph Offices. Opportunities for the exercise of girls' powers surrounded them on every side, such as the opening of good schools for teaching cooking, shorthand, indexing, cataloguing, scientific gardening, and book-keeping.

Then came the personal influence and example of Florence Nightingale, who made nursing an honourable occupation for girls, and this led on to other professions such as dentistry and surgery. In fact almost every profession has opened its doors to women.

In all these it is necessary that the start should be made upon a good sound liberal education—an education that would have been thought preposterous, even if possible, for girls fifty years ago, but which is now rendered possible by the very excellent High Schools and Colleges scattered throughout the land.

The change that has come over girl-life has not been limited to any special class; it embraces the highest and the lowest—the Royal Family and the factory girl alike bear witness to this.

Formerly single women, whatever their rank, left helpless and alone, had no chance of earning a pittance but by teaching needlework or domestic service; now think of the careers open to them if they are in earnest.

Great was the prejudice against the first lady doctors in England, and lady surgeons were regarded as utterly improper. I remember in the early days being present at a reception in the house of a celebrated physician, whose purpose it was to introduce a lady student who was preparing to be a doctor. I feel ashamed now at the manner in which we looked upon her; it was rather as we should have regarded a new animal at the Zoological Gardens. Yet she was a quiet graceful girl, well dressed and dignified in manner. She has since made her mark in the world.

Notwithstanding the former opposition to girls entering medical life, there are now some hundreds of women doctors practising in the United Kingdom, some of them holding very important appointments and possessing talents of high order. The demand for women doctors is great both at home and abroad, a sign that the public now recognises their value.

Many girls have become chemists and druggists, and it is quite a usual thing to see them occupied as dispensers in hospitals. I have seen several so engaged in Egypt, Italy, and Germany.

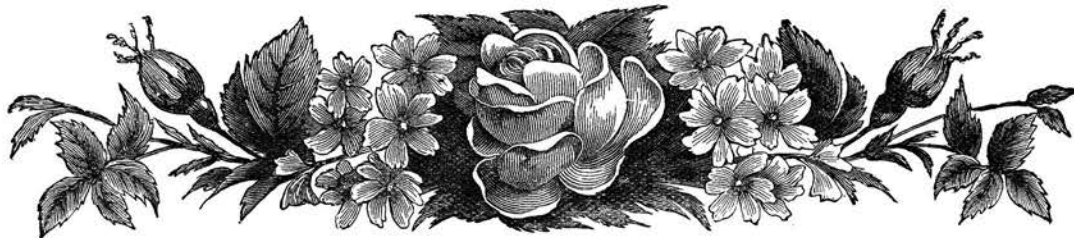
Many are recognised dentists, although the qualifications necessary for registration are almost equal to those required in medical men.

Extremely good appointments are open to women in the General Post and Telegraph Offices in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, in addition to ordinary clerkships.

The demand for trained nurses grows day by day, and I might go on enumerating the occupations of girls of the present day, some of which were not even known by name to those of fifty years ago.

It was thought that with the new and independent life girls would give up the idea of marriage altogether as being incompatible with the full liberty enjoyed, but the girls of to-day can no more do without the loving home-life than those of fifty years ago, and in the words of the song already quoted—

“Yet in spite of it all, my dear,
Hope still comes with each coming year;
For hearts still love that are true and pure
And that's an old fashion that shall endure.”



JULY.—VILLAGE LIFE.



DELIGHTFUL as it undoubtedly is, towards the close of a London summer to think of nature in her matured beauty as an attainable blessing, there are, perhaps, but few responsible heads of families having made the tour of convenient watering-places, and knowing the outskirts of the Continent by heart, who would not, but for "the children," and "the usages of society," prefer remaining quietly at home in the dull season, to deciding the oft-repeated question of "where shall we go." So many conflicting advantages are desired that the "happy valley" of Rasselas itself could scarcely have combined them. "The air should be bracing on Fanny's account," suggests one parent; "but Charlie cannot bear a cold atmosphere," responds the other: so a happy medium in this respect is indispensable. The situation must be accessible on account of the gentleman, whose business ties are only partially relaxed. Not too accessible, however, resolves the lady—we go out of town for our own benefit, not for that of our acquaintances. Then, without touching on other requirements, the Paradise must have a good family house to let, on terms unprecedentedly low.

All these difficulties it had been my lot to encounter year after year; and at the end of one particular July I had made up my mind that for this season we must be contented with such measure of rurality as could be secured by an occasional trip to Richmond, and an habitual recourse to the convenient privileges of Kensington Gardens and our own square. But circumstances enabled me to reserve this expedient against some period of more urgent need. The head of the family was summoned abroad on a business mission, which, though likely to be of some duration, presented neither excuse nor attraction for a pleasure trip on my part. The children chanced to be invited about the same time to make the acquaintance of some Yorkshire cousins; and thus I was left desolate and almost homeless; for the servants were on board wages, the painters had taken possession, and I was evidently regarded as an intruder in my own house. At this juncture I called to mind an invitation given me years before by a maiden lady, *c. cousin* of my mother's, living in a secluded country village in the west of England. This seemed the very moment to avail myself of it, for the delightful freedom of village life presented strong attractions to my imagination. So, after giving a three days' notice, I packed up my wardrobe, and started by the Great Western Railroad.

On a short branch line to which I was in due time transferred, stands a quiet little Gothic station, called Ashmore. This was my place of destination; and when the train had scudded off, I found myself on the little platform, listening, if the expression be admissible, to the intense silence around. The inquiry of a rustic youth, whether I was the lady for Miss Drysdale's, and the information that he had brought a barrow to take my luggage, comfortably assured me that I was an expected guest; and I started full of pleasant anticipations to traverse the two miles of green lane which lay between the station and the village from which it rather disingenuously took its name. As I had paid several visits there in my juvenile days, the sudden turn which presented certain of its features to my view revealed no unfamiliar scene. There was the triangular green, with the linen laid out to bleach as usual; the little pond with its white railing, and flock of goslings—lineal descendants, no doubt, of those I remembered there fifteen years before. There was the "great house," belonging to the Lord of the Manor, enclosed within its massive iron gates. I could just see the façade of ornamented red brick and the innumerable long narrow casements, gleaming through the thick layers of the cedar branches. So far, Ashmore was unaltered; but, on advancing towards the more frequented regions, I noticed several innovations, to which I could at first scarcely reconcile myself. A small row of staring white houses had sprung up from the enterprise and capital of some village builder. The old barn-like school-house, which had been the *alma mater* of half the village, had given place to a smart Gothic building, bearing the arms of the Ashmores—from which noble house the village derived its name. As some consolation for me, however, there remained many of the antiquated thatched cottages, half buried in the luxuriant vegetation of their little garden-plots; the common pump occupied its wonted position; and the blacksmith and his forge looked as busy and as picturesque as ever. These various observations had tempted me to loiter unconsciously; but, as I happened to glance onward at the square grey tower of the church which faced the village, and seemed to be keeping watch and ward over the morals of its inhabitants, a gleam of sunshine lighted up the golden letters of the clock, and drew my attention to the serious fact that the hands were at seven—an hour later than the Ashmore tea-time, which I remembered to have been, as the laws of the Medes and Persians, unalterable. I hurried up to the range of white frontage, which my cousin and the medical man divided between them, and reached it just as the former, warned of my approach, had issued forth to meet and welcome me.

Having resigned my travelling gear into the care of a neat-handed Phyllis in attendance, I was ushered into the little bay-windowed dining-room, where the tea equipage, arranged on a table exhibiting the utmost polish of which mahogany is susceptible, presented no small attractions to a hungry and weary traveller. The evening's hours sped away pleasantly enough in the interchange of news and reminiscences of former days; so much so, indeed, that when the bed-room candlesticks made their appearance at the first stroke of ten, we both expressed our regret, and I boldly suggested, whether, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, half an hour's grace might not be permitted. As there seemed some difficulty about the matter, I did not press my request, but was forthwith conducted in state to my apartment. Although it was a warm evening in July, I shivered involuntarily as I entered; for it was soon evident that the dismal honour of the best bed-room had been bestowed upon me. There was the unmistakable carved four-post bedstead, with its crimson moreen furniture and ostentatious green and white checked watch-pockets; and that snowy mountain of a bed, sloped and rounded with such marvellous precision, that one felt it ought not to be lightly invaded. There was the magnificent painted chimney-board, which shut out all suspicion of air in summer, and dissipated in winter any visions of a fire to which the polished fire-irons might have given rise in inconsiderate minds. The chimney-piece bore its habitual burden of everlasting flowers and feather-grass at either end, and small shells, arranged with mathematical precision, to form connecting links with the china teapot in the centre; while, from above, the worthy Dr. Drysdale, in the act of writing a prescription, looks down approvingly on them and me. There was scarcely an ornament or an article of useful furniture in the room—from the lofty chest of double drawers, with their brass handles, down to the small selection of the old divines, suspended on shelves against the wall—which did not look like the ghost of a departed age. In due time I managed to compose myself to rest; but the sense of my position scarcely deserted me throughout the night.

After breakfast, on the following morning, I expressed a desire to unpack my boxes, of which, for some mysterious reason, I had not been allowed to have full possession on the preceding evening. My cousin hesitated, and finally requested me, with some embarrassment, "to adjourn," if I did not mind, to the convenient laundry across the yard, for the purpose of opening my wardrobe, as it could then be purified from all London associations before its admission into the "best bed-room." I meekly ventured a few words in defence of London generally, and my property individually, and then adjourned to the regions where the malignant articles were performing quarantine. Much against my will the whole household was assembled to assist; the process was happily brought to a conclusion before dinner-time. I knew that it was the custom of my hostess to repose for a couple of hours after her midday meal, and, therefore, announced my intention of taking a stroll down the village, and renewing my acquaintance with the pretty churchyard, while she did so. But I was met with so pathetic an inquiry what the neighbours would think of her if she suffered me to walk out alone, and so earnest an exhortation to follow her example, that I obediently extended myself on a companion sofa, in a state of hopeless watchfulness, and occupied myself with a leisurely revision of my former views on the freedom of village life. In due time I was released from durance, and we seated ourselves in state at the drawing-room window, for the combined purposes of observation, needle-work, and social converse. After a few general remarks, Miss Drysdale, with an air of considerable gravity, requested my advice on a subject of importance, which, she said, had been pressing heavily upon her mind for many days. Jane, the pretty housemaid, who, as I might have noticed, carried personal neatness to an almost unnecessary extent, had been seen to emerge for three successive Sunday afternoons in the double glories of a parasol and veil. She, herself, she continued, did not approve of either, in reference to the lower classes; but, having no wish to be severe, would be glad if, as the mistress of a family, I would tell her which might be retained with least injury to the character of the establishment. After many pros and cons, it was agreed that a brown parasol, of useful size, but without fringe, might be conceded for Jane's comfort; and this matter settled, we proceeded to our tea, with the conviction that its enjoyment had been fairly and honestly earned. The evening terminated in a walk to the nearest town, and the selection of a new cap, which, in conjunction with Miss Drysdale's best maroon satin, was intended to do honour to any little festivities which might be instituted on my account.

My first day at Ashmore did not close, without some slight misgivings as to my own fitness for the enjoyment of village life and the justice of my views as to liberty; but, in despite of these doubts, some pleasures were in store for me. I had acquaintanceships of former days to renew, and old remembered landmarks to revisit, which revived many an association and memory as brightly in my mind as though they had been but of yesterday. It must not be supposed, however, that on memory alone I was dependent for entertainment. To say nothing of four select tea-drinkings, organized entirely in my honour, we were present at the school festival held in the clergyman's paddock, and at the annual entertainment, given by an amiable middle-aged bachelor in his summer-house, as a compliment to the ladies of the village.

Of course some intervals occurred during which we were thrown upon our own resources, but even then fortune continued to favour me. Preserving time made its appearance, and the business connected with it was extended, by proper management, over four mornings, giving great animation to the household. Then we received two new volumes from the local book society, consisting of a religious novel and travels in the East; which we read aloud alternately at the rate of five pages a day. There was a temperance meeting, too, held in the school house, which we attended, in common with the rest of the neighbourhood. The excitement of feeling it created was so great, that lecturer, committee, and audience afterwards adjourned to the village pump, to bestow the appropriate tribute of a crown of flowers on the emblem of total abstinence. Occasionally, when in want of a decided change, we walked over to the little post town and improvised a commission at the linendrapers with the view of inspecting his novelties. It is true the same rolls of Welsh flannel, the same squirrel vicetrines, and print dresses always greeted our eyes, but at any rate we had tasted the pleasures of hope on our way thither.

Notwithstanding these varied amusements, I must confess that before the expiration of the month fixed as the period of my stay, I had begun to feel a little weary of this life in miniature, indifferent to the trifling interests around me, and impatient of the small miseries so frequently presented for sympathy. Under these circumstances I resolved to run no risk of tarnishing my character, and wearing out my welcome by a longer stay. The solitary officer at the station saw me once more, and I took my departure from Ashmore, amidst the hospitable regrets of my good cousin. I knew, however, that she would soon have the cares of the washing day to divert her mind (for I must own I had meanly timed my departure, with a view to escape that family epoch); and therefore had no drawback to the satisfaction I felt, at finding myself once more at home—free to come and go, to dine at strange hours or not to dine at all, if I preferred it; in short, to follow the inclination of the moment, unrestrained by the barrier which had so perpetually encircled me at Ashmore, of "what people would think of it."

Mary and Her Lamb

Special to The Morning Journal.

BOSTON, December 14.—The death of Mrs. Mary Tyler in Somerville Tuesday took from the world a character more widely known to the children of English-speaking communities than any other ever known except, perhaps, Mother Goose.

She was the original Mary who had a little lamb. All the children in Somerville knew her. She was eighty-three years old and had survived her husband, Columbus Tyler, eight years. In her early life she attended school in the town of Sterling, where the episode of the historic little lamb occurred, and where the little old school-house to which the lamb took so strong a liking is still pointed out to strangers.

A hundred and more years ago there was built in Somerville a little, low-roofed house, which to-day looks as it did then, except that the trailing vines that cover a goodly part of its front and the shrubbery about it are of recent growth.

In that house, eighty-two years ago, Mary E. Sawyer (Mrs. Tyler's maiden name) was born. There was at that time no road leading to the house from either direction. There little Mary's ancestors had made a clearing where the house stood and planted an orchard. About a third of a mile, in a northerly direction, was the little district school-house, where the children from all the country round came and pursued their studies, and of them all Mary was a favorite.

About a year ago Mrs. Tyler told the correspondent of THE MORNING JOURNAL the story of the lamb and the poem which is so celebrated. She said:

"I was always very fond of animals, and from the time I could toddle out to the barn I was with the dumb beasts not a little of the time. One cold bleak March morning I went out with father, and after the cows had been fed we went to the sheep pen, and found two lambs there which had been born in the night. One of them had been forsaken by its mother, and through neglect was about dead from the cold and for want of food.

"I saw it had a little life and wanted to take it into the house, but father said no; it was about dead anyway, and at the best could live but a short time. But I couldn't bear to see the poor little thing suffer so, and I teased until I got it into the house, and then I worked upon mother's sympathies. It couldn't at first swallow, and the catnip tea I had mother make for my sick friend it could not take for a long time. I got the lamb warm the first thing, which was done by wrapping her in an old garment and holding her in my arms beside the fireplace. All day long I nursed the lamb, and at night it could swallow just a little. Oh, how pleased I was. But I wasn't then satisfied it would live, and I sat up all night with it, fearing it wouldn't be warm enough unless there was some one there to look out for its comfort.

"The day the lamb went to school my brother Nate said: 'Let's take the lamb to school with us.' I thought it would be a

good idea, and I consented, and she followed along right behind me. When the schoolhouse was reached the teacher had not arrived, and but few scholars were there. Then I began to think what I should do with the lamb while school was in session. I took her down to my seat—you know we had old-fashioned, high, boarded-up seats then. Well, I put the lamb under the seat, put on her blanket, and she lay down just as quietly as could be.

"By and by I had to go out to recite and left the lamb all right, but in a moment there was a clatter, clatter, clatter on the floor, and I knew it was the pattering of the hoofs of my lamb. Oh, how mortified I felt. The teacher was Miss Polly Kimball, who was the mother of Loring, the circulating library man of Boston. She laughed outright, and of course all the children giggled. It was rare sport for them, but I couldn't find anything mirthful in the situation. I was too embarrassed and ashamed to laugh, or even smile, at the unlooked-for appearance of my sheep out on the floor. I took the lamb out and put it in a shed until I was ready to go home at noon, when it followed me back. Usually I did not go home until night, as we carried our lunch with us, but I thought I would go at noon that day.

"Visiting the school that forenoon was a young man named John Roulstone, who was a nephew of the Rev. Lemuel Capin, who was then in Sterling. The young man was much pleased with the school incident, and the next day he rode across the fields on horseback, came to the little old school-house and handed me a slip of paper which had written upon it three verses, which are the original lines, but since then there have been two verses added by a Mrs. Townsend. The verses were written together when I got them, as follows:

"Mary had a little lamb;
It's fleece was white as snow;
And every where that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

"It followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rule.
It made the children laugh and play
To see the lamb at school.

"And so the teacher turned it out,
But still it lingered near,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear."

"From the fleece sheared from my ewe my mother knit two pairs of nice stockings, which for years I kept in memory of my lamb. When the ladies were raising money for the preservation of the old South Church I was asked to contribute one pair of these stockings, which I did for the benefit of the fund. The stockings were unravelled out, pieces of the yarn being attached to cards having my autograph, and these cards were sold at quite a sum apiece, realizing, I am told, about \$100.

"I have not told you about the death of my little playmate. It was Thanksgiving morning. We were all out in the barn, where the lamb had followed me. It ran right in front of the cows fastened in the stanchions, running along the feed-box. One of the creatures gave its head a toss, then lowered its horns and gored my lamb, which gave a piercing, agonizing bleat, and came toward me with the blood streaming from its side. I took it in my arms, placed its head on my lap, and there it bled to death. During its dying moments it would turn its little head, look up into my face in a most appealing manner, as though it would ask, if it could, if there was not something that I could do for it. It was a sorrowful moment for me, for my companion of many of my romps, my playfellow of many a long Summer's day, had given up

Editor's Note: This article came from a worn scrapbook with no date, but Mrs. Tyler died in 1889. Sadly, the last lines were buried under another article. For more information, visit <http://tinyurl.com/kpeyk2x>

From the same scrap album...

HOUSE-CLEANING

Taking down the pictures,
Dusting off the wall—
"Not at home this morning
Should there be a call!"

Toast and eggs for breakfast—
Things turned upside-down—
Wife and girl a-jawing—
Husband skips for town.

Taking up the carpets—
Tacks and dust for lunch—
Boy, for asking questions,
Gets from me a punch.

Washing off the windows—
Doors all open—wide—
She with pail and dust-pan
Used to be my bride.

No fire in the furnace—
Bell goes on the ring—
"Cleaning house to-day, m'm,
First day of the spring."

Night! a doctor calling—
Wife done up in bed,
Husband scoots for drugstore;
Clerk asks who is dead.

Night reporter's item:
"Coroner had a ring
For a 'stiff' found floating—
First one of the spring."

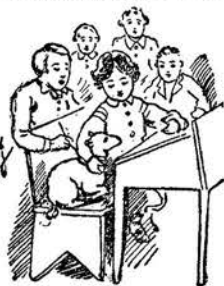
Verdict of the jury—
Foreman, sly old mouse—
"Suicide from torment,
Caused by cleaning house."
— *Chicago Herald*

THE PASTOR'S APPEAL

I have sixteen pairs of slippers,
And they're all of them too small;
I own twenty-one watch cases,
And they're mostly on the wall;
I have thirty-five penwipers
In my desk quite safely stored;
So I modestly request you,
When you add unto my hoard
Of sweet Christmas gifts and wishes,
To recall these facts are so;
And I'd humbly like to mention
I've *one* watch, which doesn't go.
— "Judge"



The Lamb's Mary.



The Lamb at School.

A LADY'S JOURNEY TO TEXAS AND BACK AGAIN.

I.—THE VOYAGE OUT.



FEW years back, my husband having experienced great losses in business, we resolved to try what a new country could do for us—or rather what we could manage

to do in another land, with a fresh field for labour before us, in the way of retrieving our fortunes as well as making a living for ourselves and child.

Having heard a great deal about Texas, of its beautiful climate, the richness of its soil, the abundance of game, fruit, &c., to say nothing of the cheapness of the land, which only wanted to be cultivated to make it the most yielding of the world—we made up our minds that Texas, without a doubt, was the place for us, and to Texas we would go.

And thus it was that my husband, our little boy, aged two-and-a-half, and myself, started on our long voyage of over 5,000 miles to the wild Far West.

On the 10th of December, 1880, on board of the good ship T—, of the Dominion Line, we dropped down the Mersey. It was a bright, cold day, but we remained on deck till we could see land no longer, and by night time we had passed the last lights on shore, and were far out at sea. The following day we sighted some of the Welsh mountains, in Pembrokehire, I believe, and during that night we passed Land's End. It was rather squally weather, and those who were not seasick began to "take stock," as they express it in Texas, of their fellow travellers. We had about thirty cabin and two hundred steerage passengers, most of whom were bound for Texas or Florida.

The captain, a good officer, and a kind and genial man, exerted himself to amuse us, and did his utmost to render our passage agreeable. It was particularly satisfactory to us to see, every Sunday morning after the service, that at a signal from the boatswain's whistle the crew mustered on deck, every man going direct to his assigned place in the ship's boats, and prepared as if to lower them to the water. This practice Captain C— strictly enforced, so that in case of any serious accident all would know without fail to which boat they belonged, and there would then be no confusion.

On the 14th of December, a bright, starry, and moonlight evening, we steamed into the charming little bay of Corunna, the scene of Sir John Moore's death and burial.

Of course we went ashore the next morning, and saw all that was to be seen; but of this more another day. We were very sorry when our time was up, and after one delightful day ashore, we weighed anchor early on the morning of the 16th, and were soon once more on the open sea and in the so-called stormy Bay of Biscay. Stormy, we did not find it so; the sea was as smooth as the most nervous or delicate of travellers could desire, and more than they expected, a clear sky and a fresh breeze made the passage of the Bay one of pleasure and not of fear. Soon we got into warm seas, and, indeed, before long we found an awning on deck a great boon. For some days, while in the Atlantic, we had a very

heavy, rolling sea, the consequence of bad storms further northward. We found plenty of amusement looking out for the curiosities of the deep. Of flying-fish we saw plenty; we were much disappointed as to their size, they being smaller than we expected. Further south—for we were making for Havanna—we saw shoals of sharks, which would follow the vessel for some time, and occasionally a large albatross would fly over our heads at a great height.

Beautiful, too, were the miniature fleets of Portuguese men-o'-war, or nautilus, which would float gracefully by with their tiny sails outspread, sometimes of a lovely violet colour. We mostly spent our evenings on deck, watching with admiration the beautiful phosphorescent lights that followed our track in the water.

Christmas time was approaching—the glorious English festival—and all our thoughts were turned to those at home, and we wondered if they were sitting round the dear old fireside, thinking or talking of us, far away in southern seas. Naturally we began to plan how to make Christmas Day as enjoyable as was possible under the circumstances, especially to the little ones, of whom there were about fifty on board. A Christmas tree was suggested. No doubt my young readers will be highly amused at the bare idea of a Christmas tree in mid-ocean, and be puzzling their brains as to how such a suggestion could be carried into effect. But it was, and this is how we managed it.

With the aid of the carpenter a stand and arrangement of wood was made, which, with the help of copper wire wound round, and spreading in all directions, formed the basis on which to work. This was all pasted over tightly with brown paper, and with the same material, cut to resemble leaves, and fixed on with care, was painted green, and formed a capital substitute for the orthodox one of fir or yew, and as long as it answered the double purpose of being "lighted up," and of bearing presents, would amuse the little ones as much as an expensively got up one at home. Tinfoil was found, and some small wax-tapers, with a little ingenuity and a little wire, were fixed on to the branches all ready for the eventual time. The gifts then had to be prepared; and as no one had had any idea before sailing of having to assist at fitting up a Christmas-tree at sea, it was a marvel how the toys were found or made. Boxes were ransacked, and busy hands set to work in earnest. Some made rag dolls, and painted their faces; another drew and coloured large figures on cardboard, which, when cut out, were set dancing by careful arrangement of strings to pull. Others worked muslin or ribbon bags and filled them with candies; worsted balls were made; little pictures drawn or painted; and plenty of biscuits, apples, oranges, nuts, and cakes were brought from the ship's store to add to the number of good things for the tree. To crown all, a fine old "Grandfather Christmas" was made, all covered with snow—that is, cotton-wool carefully arranged—and bearing in his hands a banner with the dear old English welcome, "A Merrie Christmas and a Happy New Year to all!"

Strange it seemed to us to meet each other with the good wishes for that Christmas morn, with the bright blue sky overhead, and the sea with hardly a ripple on its fair bosom; and while we lay under the awning, shaded from the hot sun, to picture our friends far away enjoying the good things of Christmas round the blazing fire, or joining in the ever-glorious strains of the "Adeste Fideles."

After a dinner, which consisted of mock-turtle soup, roast beef and turkey, plum-pudding and mince-pies, healths were drunk all round, and to all absent; and then the tree was lighted up, and the rest of the passengers, with their children and the crew, crowded

into the saloon. Bursts of applause from the steerage passengers, and shouts of delight and clapping of hands from the little ones, testified at once how great was the surprise; and merry were the children that evening, as each received his toy and sweets from off the tree. Games succeeded, and with songs and stories we passed a very jolly evening. The Spaniards who had embarked at Corunna were delighted with the Christmas-tree; but the old game of "snap-dragon" particularly took their fancy. They were not satisfied till they tried their luck with the fiery raisins, and laughed heartily over the burns their unpractised hands received.

Both on Christmas Eve and that night, when we had retired, the sailors paraded the decks and saloons, singing carols and ringing bells. This they also did on New Year's Eve, as the old year was dying out.

On the 3rd of January, 1881, we passed the "Hole in the Wall," and sighted the Bermudas—the "still-veged Bermoothes" of Shakespeare's *Tempest*; and by noon the Bahamas passed like a beautiful panorama before our charmed and enchanted gaze. Great was the excitement on board at once more beholding land, and glasses were handed round freely, so that all might have a good view of these pretty isles. Of the Bermudas we could really see nothing; but the Bahamas are rather low-lying, but well wooded, and the scent in the air from their cedars and groves of spices was delicious. A vessel has to be very careful here in steering, for the sea is full of coral reefs all round these islands, some standing high out of the water, forming a large semicircle, and covered with seaweed and shells. St. Salvador, one of these isles, was the scene of the first land fallen in with by Christopher Columbus in his first memorable voyage in 1492. The islands with their white houses looked so charming and inviting that we were truly sorry when they faded from our sight, without our being able to go ashore and make further acquaintance with them.

That evening we had a performance, *Trial by Jury*, which went off exceedingly well. We ladies made the wigs for judge and counsel and the correct lappets for the latter's collars; altogether the different characters were got up very well. The evening finished up with a concert, the proceeds going to some charitable fund for seamen.

On the 4th of January we passed along part of the Coast of Florida, which portion we saw was very flat and uninteresting.

Early the following day—a glorious fine day it was, too—we entered the port of Havanna. This is one of the finest and most secure ports in the world, being completely land-locked. The channel from the sea to the harbour is very narrow, and about half a mile in length, and the entrance is well protected by two strong fortresses, El Morro and La Punta, and an almost continuous line of batteries along both sides of the shore. There are high hills all round, so that the town and harbour are completely sheltered from strong winds.

As soon as we had anchored, our vessel was surrounded by boats, which, partly covered with gay-coloured awnings, and with their picturesquely-attired occupants jabbering away in a mixture of Spanish, English, &c., soliciting our attention, was amusing in the extreme. Many boats, too, were filled with fruit—pineapples, oranges, limes, bananas, plantains, &c.—and I assure you they found us good customers. It was such a treat to get delicious fresh fruit in such quantities, and so cheap. Cheap they seemed then; but we found, on going ashore, that the rascals had made us pay more than double the value, asking us about 5d. or 6d. for a pine, when 2d. was at most the proper price to give for one.

After breakfast some of our party engaged a sailing-boat and coasted round the harbour,

and then ran ashore on the country side and took a good walk. It was intensely hot, and we soon became very thirsty, and on reaching a hut, outside which were seated several negroes, we asked for some milk, for there were a number of goats about. This they freely gave us, and also some red wine and water. We picked some oranges and limes from a grove there, and a quantity of wild flowers, with which we returned to the ship. After an early dinner we left the children on board, for they were tired with their morning walk, and most of us went to the town.

It is quite Spanish in appearance, and has some good buildings and shops; but everything was very expensive in the way of clothing. We went in extensively for iced milk, and took a large bottle back to the ship for our little boy.

Everywhere we received great attention and politeness; and once that afternoon, while we were having some refreshment at a restaurant, several Japanese beggars, who infest the town, followed us in, and kept on pestering us for money. A gentleman entered, and seeing them among us, drove them away. He joined us afterwards, and told us he was English, and in answer to our inquiries, said that he had never found Havana unhealthy, and had lived there for forty years. Europeans, he said, when first they arrive, live almost entirely on the fruit, and so weaken their constitution; and if they also habitually take strong drinks, fall an easy prey to "Yellow Jack," that scourge of tropical climates; and hence the cause of so many deaths from that terrible fever.

He asked us to guess his age, and we put him down at sixty, at the most. "I am ninety-nine now," said he, "and I served under Lord Nelson at the Battle of Trafalgar. I trust that I may yet die in Old England. God bless her, and God bless her Queen!" As the old gentleman said this he reverently raised his hat, and brushed his hand hastily across his eyes.

He gave us to understand that he held a prominent position in the town, and walked a great part of the afternoon with us. He arranged to meet us the next day, but we never saw him again, for on our return to the ship we found that Captain C— had given orders to weigh anchor the next morning instead of a day later. This was very disappointing to us, particularly as it was a *fête* day (the Epiphany), and was to be a gala day also. There was to be a grand market of fruit, a bull-fight (which, however, we did not wish to see), and other festivities. Already the town was gay with flags and other decorations. We had very much wished to visit the last resting-place of that great discoverer of the Western Continent and isles, Christopher Columbus, whose remains, removed from St. Domingo after that town was ceded to the French in 1795, lie in one of the churches in the town.

The captain, however, was anxious to be off, for he feared for the conduct of his crew, as there is always great danger of raw spirit being smuggled on board through the fruit boats, which, if it is drunk in any quantity, and in that hot climate, drives the unlucky and foolish imbibers almost crazy, and may lead to fights and perhaps mutiny.

One thing I may notice here that arrested our attention almost directly we entered the harbour, was a large shed-like building on a sort of landing-stage, standing out in the water. On inquiry we found this was the old slave-market, where the poor Africans and other unfortunates were landed from the slave-ships, and there waited patiently for their turn to be bought or sold. Since that disgraceful traffic has ceased, the building is used as stores for the produce of the island by different merchants.

At Havana we parted with our Spanish

passengers. They all came to the harbour to see us off on the morning of the 6th January, and by noon we were well out to sea. A little land bird from the island accompanied the vessel, and became so tame directly, perching on our shoulders and eating crumbs from our hands. It disappeared in the evening when after a lovely day a heavy thunderstorm succeeded. It was our first experience of rain in the Tropics, and it came down as it only can there; and the lightning was magnificent. The following night we had another storm, and the weather became much colder than we had anticipated, though we knew we were steering for a more northern latitude.

In the evening of the 8th January, we sighted the lights at the entrance of the Mississippi River, and slowly we steamed up it towards New Orleans. The water was very muddy and of a yellow colour, the land all along lay low, and was almost entirely covered with swamps; an occasional orange-grove or a few negroes' huts the only objects that broke the monotony the whole of the seventy dreary miles from the delta to the city. We spent all Sunday, the 9th of January, in the river, as the captain did not want to get in before Monday morning. It was dismal and depressing in the extreme, wet and bitterly cold; and we felt it the more severely, having but three days previous been revelling in the brilliant sunshine by day, and the almost as brilliant nights in the West Indies, with the thermometer at 95 degrees in the saloons.

Monday morning saw us safe in dock at New Orleans, and under a very searching examination at the hands of the Custom House officials, who took good care to fine nearly everybody on board for some part of their belongings, even on old articles, such as a saddle, gun, blankets, and an iron chair-bedstead. They were the more severe, as an English vessel from Liverpool had arrived a day or two before with a quantity of jewellery secreted about the persons of the passengers, one having as many as twenty gold watches hung round his waist. They expected to have disembarked at Havana, but the vessel did not touch there at all.

Our luggage was all examined on the open quay in the cold and rain, and occupied from nine a.m. till three o'clock in the afternoon, when we bid farewell to the good ship T—, and her gallant captain and officers, after exactly a month's voyage by the date. Then in a large party we set off in various vehicles, over the roughest roads I ever saw in any *civilised* country, to Cassidy's Hotel.

Thankful we were to get to a good fire, and after a hearty tea-supper, we enjoyed a good night's rest. There had been snow before we arrived, and the weather continued very cold.

The next day, the 11th January, we all, to the number of about thirty, started in the railway cars for San Antonio, Texas, which was then the terminus of the line, and our destination for the present. The jolting of the cars was very unpleasant, and many of us were quite "land-sick," or whatever it may be called. Added to this, whenever we tried to doze, we were awakened about every quarter of an hour throughout the night to show our tickets, so that with the continual ringing of the bell on the engine, it was impossible to get any rest.

At eight o'clock the next morning we arrived at Houston city, in Texas, where we had an hour for breakfast, and changed trains. The line the whole way from New Orleans was very uninteresting, not so much as a hill to be seen, and nothing but forest land and swamps almost the whole way, till one could not help calling to mind the journey and subsequent disappointment and sickness of Martin Chuzzlewit, and his humble friend and companion, Mark Tapley, who continued "jolly"

even when at the worst, and in such hopeless surroundings.

Houston was almost under water. This city is one of the principal in Texas; most of the houses, as usual there, being built of wood, and about half the population consisting of coloured people. Some of our party separated from us here, and we continued our way to San Antonio.

After twelve more hours in the cars, through large tracts of prairie-land, we arrived at the end of our long journey from the old country; and thoroughly tired we took the street car from the depot to the Central Hotel in the Main Plaza. After supper we gladly retired to rest, to dream of our future life in Western America, and what adventures and success Providence had in store for us.

I must reserve for some future time the relation of our life in San Antonio and up country, during the better part of a year, and bid my readers farewell for the present.

JULIA CONRON.

USEFUL HINTS

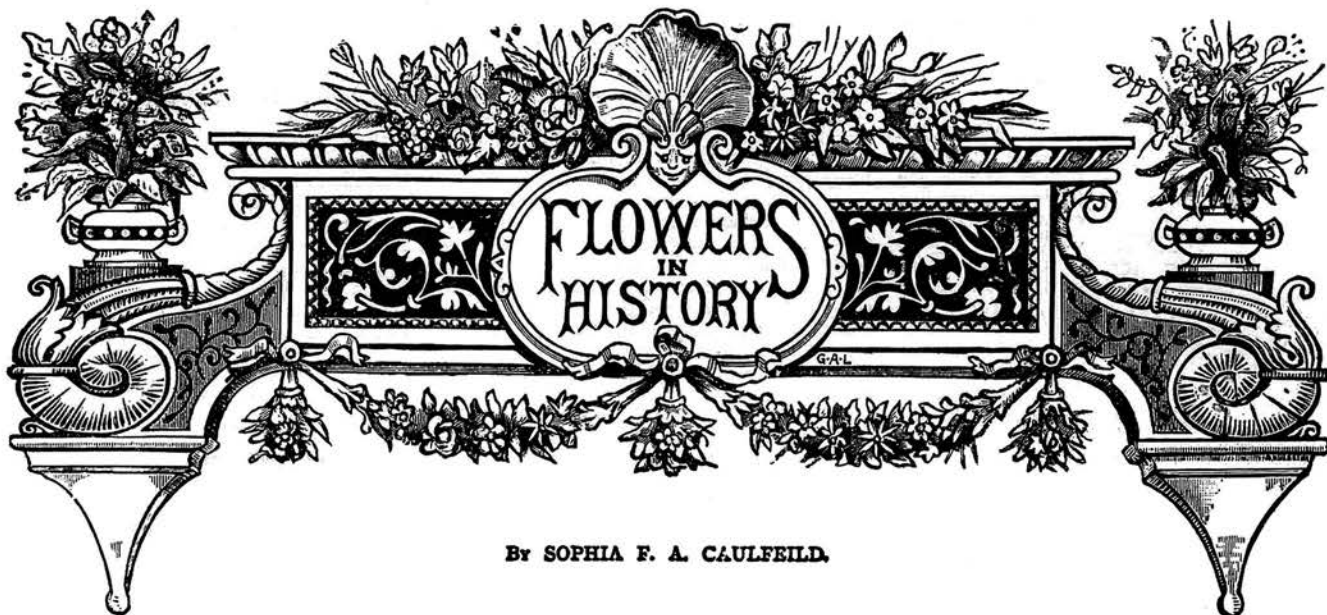
FRIED BREAD CAKES.—Take any pieces of bread you may have left after meals, soak them in milk, or milk and water, until perfectly soft; mash fine; add two eggs, pinch of soda, salt to taste, and enough flour to make them fry nicely; drop the spoonfuls into hot butter or lard. These are inexpensive and good.

CREAMED POTATOES.—One cupful of milk, a teaspoonful of butter, salt and pepper to taste; put the butter in a small frying-pan, and when hot, but before it browns, add enough flour to thicken; stir till smooth, and gradually add the milk; have your cold boiled potatoes ready sliced, turn them into this, and let them gradually heat through; a very little nutmeg grated over the potatoes before frying improves the flavour. Salt and pepper and serve.

CHICKEN FRITTERS.—Cut into neat pieces some tender cold chicken and let them stand awhile in a mixture of lemon juice, salt and pepper. Make a batter of milk, egg, flour, and salt, stir the chicken into it, and then fry in boiling lard, putting one bit of chicken in each spoonful of batter. Serve very hot, taking care to drain the fat off well. Garnish with parsley.

SPANISH FRITTERS.—Cut some slices of bread into any shape you like, pour a little brandy on each piece; mix two eggs with two tablespoonfuls of flour and a little milk; cover the pieces of bread with this batter, let them rest for half an hour, then fry in lard or butter, and serve hot with a little preserve on each fritter.

LAVENDER WATER.—One quart of spirits of wine, one ounce of oil of lavender, one ounce of essence of bergamot, one ounce of essence of musk, quarter of an ounce of essence of ambergris, quarter of an ounce of orris root in two pieces, three drops of oil of cinnamon, fifteen drops of oil of nutmeg, five drops of otto of roses, five drops of oil of orange flowers, half a pint of distilled water. Put all these ingredients into a large glass bottle, cork it tightly, and let it remain for three months, shaking it frequently during that time. At the end of three months, filter it through blotting-paper, put it into bottles, and cork it closely. The longer it is kept the better it becomes.



By SOPHIA F. A. CAULFEILD.

To those who have read the series of articles on "Heraldry" and "The Days of Chivalry," the employment of flowers as badges, devices, and heraldic insignia, of emblematic significance and historic interest, must be familiar. To treat such a subject exhaustively could not be attempted within space so limited; thus I can only select an example here and there amongst those best known to fame.

Many amongst those made historical by their adoption as devices or heraldic cognisances were specially chosen on account of their emblematic character or traditional interest. Thus were they classified under the various distinctive headings to which they might lay claim, perpetual repetitions would be rendered unavoidable.

anemone, myrtle, poppy, rose, and violet were all dedicated to Venus; the anemone credited with having sprung from the tears, mingled with his blood, which she wept over the body of Adonis. The poppy, the dittany of Crete, and all wild flowers in untrodden dells, were symbols of Diana, named, as the special Deity of the Ephesians, in the "Book of Acts." The sunflower was assigned to Apollo, and poppies to Ceres and Somnus, the god of sleep. The narcissus formed alike the emblem of Pluto and the Fates, because their sweet and powerful odour was thought to produce madness. The couch of Zeus and Juno was composed, amongst other flowers, of the asphodel, the iris, poppy, white lily, pomegranate, and dittany being emblems.

The victors in the athletic games wore wreaths of tree foliage or parsley, not flowers; but at the sacrificial rites and feasts, garlands of the latter were employed to deck the victims sacrificed, and the idol deity to which they were offered. To this practice reference is also made in the Book of Acts xiv. 13.

Some of my readers may be acquainted with Kingsley's "Heroes," and need not that I should extend this part of my subject. Suffice it to add that flowers formed a species of sacrifice, offered in great profusion on the occasion of the Roman Fontinalia, which took place on the 13th of October, in honour of the Naiades, or guardian spirits, who protected the streams and wells. Garlands were then hung over the wells, and bunches of flowers thrown into the fountains, while the water nymphs themselves were crowned with flowers and sedges.

In imitation of the rites of classical times, the floral games of the ancient city of Toulouse were instituted A.D. 1324, and these games were revived under the auspices of Charles IV. and his bride, who endeavoured to reanimate the ancient literary character of the city, and induced the "Capitouls" to offer a golden violet to the successful poet competitor of the province and city. This floral prize was awarded to Arnaud Vidal, of Castelmandry. Another revival took place through the instrumentality of Clemence Isaure, the poet, who died A.D. 1540. She was a woman of fortune, who left the greater part of her wealth to the reintroduction and maintenance of these annual

fêtes, held the first week in May, for the bestowal of prizes for poetic merit. These prizes were presented to them on the occasion of the floral games. At this their fresh revival Pierre Rousard was the first to receive the silver eglantine blossom, a silver crown and the title of Poet of France, which distinction was confirmed by Francis I. A golden amaranth was awarded for the best lyric composition. On the high altar of the church of "La Daurade," where Clemence Isaure was buried, the golden flowers subsequently won by poet competitors at these floral games are still, it is said, preserved.

In the year 1694 the *Jeux Floraux*, which had again revived after a season of disuse, received a new impetus from the powerful support of Louis XIV., and were regularly kept up under the instrumentality of a society inaugurated by him, and that with considerable magnificence.



CONVENTIONAL ACANTHUS LEAF.

To obviate this difficulty I shall consider them in alphabetical order, treating them under every aspect in which they merit to be seen. So, when my young readers take a stroll—whether through the stately walks of some ancient country seat or manor house, with its geometrical parterres, balustraded terraces, and its wilderness shrubberies, where Nature is permitted to cast off all restraint, and weave wild garlands at her own sweet will; or whether the stroll be restricted to the bounds of a cottage flower plot—it may be that my sketches of flower lore may enhance the pleasure of the hour. Thus I invite them to wander with me to what must seem little more substantial than dreamland, where, amongst more glowing hues of sky and land, we may view the games and sacred rites of ancient Greece and Rome, in which floral decorations formed so important a feature.

In the study of their mythology we find that a flower, plant, or tree was employed as a distinctive emblem of every god and goddess, having reference to supposititious incidents in their several histories. For instance, the



THE ALMOND.

In our own country, I need not remind our readers, floral fêtes and religious rites have obtained since their institution by the Druids. We have also had our May festivals, with the garland-hung maypoles and the flower-crowned "Queen of the May." At Knutsford (Canute's Ford), Cheshire, this pretty

fête is still kept up, and it is to be regretted that with the decadence of these simple historic customs the wholesome simplicity and loyalty of our country-folk should undergo a process of deterioration and decay likewise. It is recorded that noble and simple met together in kindly fashion on the occasion of such like festivities; the proud and haughty Henry, and his good Queen Katherine of Arragon, having danced together round the maypole in the early days of their wedded life. We have also our floral commemoration of the Canterbury Pilgrims in Kent, when little girls walk in procession, carrying baskets containing the emblematic flowers, each dedicated to some saint belonging to that original pilgrim band.

In all Christian countries we find that flowers have been specially dedicated to certain Christian anniversaries, such as the holly for Christmas, lilies for Easter, etc., and to so well-known a fact I need but make a passing allusion. I now proceed to specify certain flowers, as I proposed, in alphabetical order, which have been dignified by historical significance, and woven into lives of celebrated men and institutions, often of world-wide importance.

The first to which special notice shall be given is the *Acanthus*, which must carry us back to classic times. To this beautiful plant we owe the most elegant of all our designs for the capitals of pillars, the Greek architect, Callimachus, originating the idea of its representation. The story runs thus. After the interment of a young Corinthian girl, her trinkets were collected and placed by her loving nurse near her tomb in a basket, which she covered with a tile to preserve it from the inclemency of the weather. It was placed over the root of the *Acanthus*, and on the return of spring, when the stalks and leaves burst forth, they spread around the sides of the basket, and shooting upwards met with an obstruction in the corners of the tile. This caused them to bend backwards, and attracted the notice of the architect on his chancing to pass the spot. He seized the idea at once, and carried it out in the design of the capitals which surmount those elegant fluted pillars known as "Corinthian."



THE AMARANTH.

The Romans, as well as the Greeks, made much use of the *Acanthus mollis* for artistic purposes, and Roman drinking cups are found

decorated with its leaves; while the northern nations preferred the *Acanthus spinosus*, which is both smaller and rougher in character. Virgil says that the *Acanthus* formed the basis of the design which was embroidered on the mantle of Helen of Troy.

Amongst the earliest in the year of tree blossoms are those of the *Almond*, whose beautiful pink flowers appear in advance of the long narrow leaves. This tree has been rendered specially remarkable in its historical character by the miracle performed upon a rod taken from it, "Aaron's rod that budded." (Book of Numbers xvii. 8, and Heb. ix. 4.) There are other historic references made to it in Holy Writ, as for example in the Prophecies of Jeremiah i. 2, and the Book of Ecclesiastes xii. 5; and the third mention of it is to be found in Jeremiah i. 12, which refers to the meaning of the Hebrew word from which it is derived—*shaked*, signifying "haste" or "awake early," a name appropriate to a tree blossoming before all its fellows. The prophet says, "I see a rod of an almond tree. Then said the Lord unto me, Thou hast well seen: for I will hasten My word to perform it." This tree, *Amygdalus communis*, of the family *drupacea*, is a native of Persia and temperate India. It spread westward to Palestine, but did not grow in Egypt when Jacob gave a



THE ASPHODEL.

present to Pharaoh, on the occasion of his sending for corn. It spread afterwards through middle Europe, and was imported into England about 300 years ago; but the blossoms do not bear fruit in this climate, which is imported from Malaga and Valencia. Thomas Moore uses the symbol of the tree in blossom thus—

"The hope, in dreams of a happier hour,
That alights upon Misery's brow,
Springs out of the silvery almond flower
That blooms on a leafless bough."

The blossoming almond tree, together with the white iris, white lily, and narcissus, are assigned in sacred art as emblems of the Virgin Mary. Pope Pius II. adopted a hand holding "Aaron's rod that budded" as his device, with the motto, *Inspesata floruit*—"It flowered unhopd for"—in allusion to his unexpected elevation.

The *Amaranth* must be familiar as a "household word" to all students of the poets, as an emblem of immortality. Milton speaks of it as the

"Immortal amaranth, a flower that once,
In Paradise, fast by the 'Tree of Life,'
Began to bloom."

The *Amaranth* is an annual of many species,

having crimson, green, or purplish flowers in large spiked clusters. The widow of Vespasian Colonna, Giulia Gonzaga (1566), great granddaughter of Louis III., Marquis of Mantua, who, according to history, was the most lovely woman of her time, adopted the amaranth as her device, together with the motto, *Non moritura*, "undying," to indicate the unchangeable character of her love for her husband, and never-ceasing grief at his loss. All proposals of marriage were rejected by her, even those of the Emperor Solymán, who endeavoured to seize her by force, and for that purpose sent Barbarossa, the Corsair, to make a descent upon Fondi for that purpose. But the faithful mourner effected her escape at night on horseback. The name of this flower is derived from the Greek *Amaranthus*, being descriptive of its unfading character. This order and genus of plants includes 500 species. The Greeks regarded it as the emblem of friendship, and used to employ it, as well as the myrtle and polyanthus, in their funeral rites, the dead being crowned, and the mourners otherwise decorated, with the blossoms. In Longfellow's beautiful poem, "The Two Angels," allusion is made to both the amaranth and the asphodel, of which latter flower I shall now speak.

The *Asphodel* denotes, in the "language of flowers," "My regrets follow you to the grave." It has not many varieties of species, and these are, for the most part, natives of those countries bordering on the Mediterranean. One kind, the *Asphodelus ramosus*, is found widely spread over the southern parts of Palestine, and very abundantly in Italy also, and is regarded as good food for sheep. The asphodel is a species of lily, belonging to the order of *Liliaceae*, and it is thought to be that to which allusion is made in the Canticles, "He feedeth among the lilies."

The common English name for Asphodel is "daffodil," and the golden ones are dedicated to Eastertide. They are also known as "Lent lilies." No flower, perhaps, has been more frequently woven into a garland of song than the asphodel, under its several names, Old Herrick, Milton, and Shakespeare being amongst the most remarkable. Speaking of Easter, the poet Drayton says—

"See that there be stores of lilies,
Called by shepherds 'daffodillies.'"



THE BROOM
(*Planta Genista*).

By the French these "Lent lilies" are designated "*Pauvres filles de Ste. Claire*." The yellow-blossomed *A. luteus*, the white *A. albus*, or "king's spear," and the branching *A. ramosus*, are all very ornamental garden plants. The Greeks used to plant the asphodel

round their tombs, under the belief that its seed supplied the dead with nourishment.

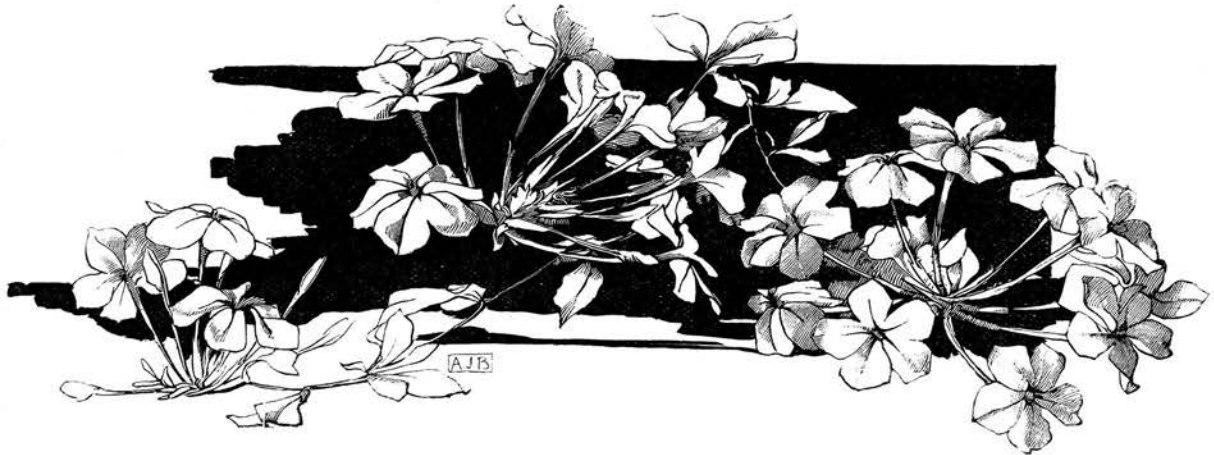
The *Broom*, of the genus *Cytisus*, is a favourite flower in heraldry. So early as the year 1234 St. Louis made it the insignia of a new order of knighthood, entitled *l'Ordre du genêt*, the hundred knights of which formed his bodyguard, and wore a chain composed of golden blossoms of the genêt and white enamelled fleur de lys, suspended from which was a cross of gold, with the motto, "*Deus exaltat humiles.*" Our Richard II. was a member of the order, The broom, as you know, gave their surname

to our Plantagenet princes. By some it is said that Fulk of Anjou was the first of the race so designated, but others maintain that it was his son Gefroi, Earl of Anjou and father of Henry II., the Empress Matilda's husband, from the fact that he wore a plume of the broom (or *Planta Genista*) in blossom, the *gen* of the Celts and the *genêt* of the French.

It has been suggested that when Gefroi laid claim to the sovereignty of the province of Brittany, he assumed the ancient badge of the country, which seems a very natural idea; but according to a legend, Gefroi was on his way

to the battlefield, through a rocky pathway, on either side of which the yellow broom clung firmly to the boulders upholding the crumbling earth. Breaking off a sprig he fixed it in his cap, observing, "Thus shall this golden plant ever be my cognisance—rooted firmly among rocks, yet upholding that which is ready to fall." He thenceforth assumed the name "Plantagenet," and transmitted it to his descendants. Its first official heraldic was on the great seal of Cœur de Lion, and it remained the family device down to the time of Richard III. (inclusive).

(To be continued.)



A CHAPTER ON "SWEET PICKLES."

BY P. HOWARD DAVIS.



"SWEET Pickles!" What a paradox! yet what a bewitching, entrancing, delicious novelty for our English tables! Try "sweet pickles" with hot meats, fish, stews, ragouts, &c. Try "sweet pickles" with cold meats. Try "sweet pickles" with a piece of nice bread and butter when your appetite is jaded or cloyed. Put "sweet pickles" on your table in pretty glass dishes, and note how your friends will be pleased with, and surprised at, this innovation. We use chutneys, why not then use the "sweet pickles" which are so popular in the United States?

Ah! perhaps you don't like the peculiar name. Well, "there's not much in a name," says somebody, and as Shakespeare remarks—"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," so would "sweet pickles" be equally delicious if called anything else. Possibly you would like the words "spiced fruits" better; that being so, "spiced fruits" they shall be.

Of course there are varieties of these spiced fruits too numerous to mention; by this I don't mean variety in the fruits, but variety in the methods of preparation and the consequent results. All are good, but some are good—for nothing.

My fancy takes me into an English kitchen, where everything is as clean as paint; the housewife or cook wears a nice white apron, weighs and measures all her ingredients, and follows implicitly the instructions

given in CASSELL'S MAGAZINE—a copy of which lies open before her on the kitchen table for frequent reference. From such a source our "sweet pickles" or "spiced fruits" will be delicious enough to set before a king.

The very best and nicest all-round "spiced fruits" (for we will so name them) are made by the undeviating rule of proportion as under:—

7 lbs. pared and trimmed ripe fruit,	
4 lbs. pounded white sugar.	
1 pint strongest malt vinegar.	
Whole cinnamon,	} To taste.
" cloves,	
" ginger,	
	} Tied up in muslin.

A few of the special, fine, delicate, or extra juicy fruits require the proportions to be varied, and of these particular mention will be made. Apples, peaches, and pears should be peeled; stone fruits of all kinds, tomatoes, and fruits with thin but toughish skins, should be "docked" or pricked; fine berries will be treated of elsewhere.

The method is simple. Lay the prepared fruit in a preserving kettle, in alternate layers, with the sugar; heat slowly—very slowly—till all comes just to a boil, when at once add and stir in the vinegar and spice. Allow five minutes' actual boiling—not more—and then remove the pan from the fire. With a skimmer pick out the fruit and allow it to cool; put the syrup, with the spices in it, back on the fire, and let it boil till quite thick. By this time the fruit (being only lukewarm) should have been put in slightly warmed glass bottles, pots, or jars, and the thick boiling syrup should be poured in over it. Let all get stone-cold, and then

close the spiced fruit in such a way as to render it air-tight.

Let me give a word or two of kindly warning. Sometimes it happens that the spiced fruit (if not quite air-tight) will show signs of fermentation. The reasons for this are twofold: first, the contents are not air-tight; and, second, the fruit has been removed from the pan with too much of the half-cooked syrup adhering to it. The remedy is to draw the corks or coverings of the vessels the fruit is in, and then, while uncovered, stand them in a large pan, with enough cold water to reach within an inch or so of the mouths. Put the pan on the fire till the fruit is scalding hot, but not boiled. When cold, seal the bottles, &c., so that they *will be* air-tight.

These spiced fruits improve very much with age, and should rarely be eaten in less than a month from the time they are prepared.

EXTRA RECIPES.

Blackberries.—The best proportions are: Seven pounds of picked, dry, ripe, fresh fruit, to three and a half pounds of sugar, one quart of best strong vinegar, one and a half ounces each of cloves and cinnamon, and half an ounce of whole ginger. The method is as given above.

Cherries.—I shall have to allow my readers to use discretion in putting up this spiced fruit; it varies rather considerably in the quantity of saccharine matter it contains, and no rule can be laid down to apply to black, red, and white cherries, and the varieties of each. The formula I have generally adopted for black cherries will be a guide—simply that, and nothing more. Fourteen pounds of picked, dry, sound fruit, four pounds of white sugar, one gallon of the strongest brown (malt) vinegar, and a table-spoonful each of ground cloves and ground cinnamon tied in a piece of thick clean calico.

Currants.—The same remark applies as to cherries. My proportions for black currants were: Eight quarts of berries—free from stalk, leaves, &c.—four pounds of sugar, and only one pint of vinegar—with spices as for cherries. These require an hour's boiling, and are not fit for use in less than three months.

Green Gooseberries.—Eight quarts of trimmed fruit to six and a half pounds of sugar, one pint of best vinegar (the fruit is very acid itself), and one ounce each of whole cloves, cinnamon, allspice, and ginger. Use half the sugar to all the berries, and a tumblerful of water (or slightly more), and allow to boil from two to three hours, according to the class of fruit. When nearly done, add the rest of the sugar, and boil all for half an hour. When *quite* done, remove from the fire, add the spices and vinegar, stir, cover the pan with its lid, and stand at the side of the fire to simmer for another half-hour.

Pears.—Peel, core, and quarter a peck of nice juicy and sweet pears. Steam them over boiling water till they are so perfectly tender as to go into pulp if squeezed between the thumb and finger. Remove, and allow to get cold. Make a syrup with three pounds of sugar, one and a half pints of vinegar, and half a pint

of fresh cider, in which is a small bag of the usual mixed spices. When the syrup thickens, put the fruit gently in, and let all boil for half an hour. Now bottle, &c., as usual.

These spiced pears will be found to be the very pink of perfection for imparting a particularly appetising zest to made dishes and entrées of all kinds. They are also excellent when spread on bread and butter, or taken with blancmange or oatmeal porridge—in fact, “sweet pickled pears” are the handiest things imaginable in a house.

Many years ago, when I lived in California, I knew a lady from Florida who made the most exquisite sweet pickles of lemon and orange peels that I ever tasted. They were the envy of our social circle, and were sent far and wide as special presents. A bottle of Madame B——’s sweet lemon pickle was something to be proud of; it was something which nobody could match, and its preparation was most religiously kept as a mystery. Madame B—— was inexorable; she had “taken great pains to perfect the recipe, and it was preposterous to expect it to be given away, as though it was of no value.” But on the eve of my departure for Europe, the old lady relaxed her arbitrary decision; she unbent, and positively gave me the recipe! Unfortunately, I have never been able to personally put it to use during the whole seventeen years I have had it, but I have given copies of it to my friends very frequently, and have always heard it highly spoken of. Here it is:—

SWEET LEMON PICKLE.

Cut the rinds from the lemons and oranges in large pieces, and then with a sharp knife shave away as much of the inner white pith as will only leave a paper thickness of it adhering to the yellow. Use three parts of lemon-peel to one part of orange-peel. Cut these rinds into pretty cuttings, thin strips, dice, &c., or with small tin pastry-cutters into various small-sized designs. Make a brine of salt, saltpetre, and water, strong enough to float an egg on its surface; put the cut rinds into it, and allow them to remain there for ten days. Take them out of the brine, and put them into clean water to soak, changing the water daily, for another ten days. On the twenty-first day strain the rinds, and wash them by holding them in a colander under the water-tap; then cover the rinds with clear water in the preserving-kettle, heat slowly, and boil for just five minutes. Now take the rinds out, *plunge them instantly into ice-water*, and leave them in it till next day, when strain it off, and give the peels a very, very gentle boil up for five minutes in strong alum-water; simmer very gently in this, as a hard boil will ruin them. Change *directly* from the alum to the ice-water again, and let the rinds lie in it quite undisturbed for four hours. It is now time to boil up again; use the same water as the peels are in, boil for five minutes, and let them lie over-night in the water they were boiled in, so that they will be nice and tender. Twenty hours after, strain away the water, and put the rinds in the preserving-pan, with enough fresh cold water to cover them, and sufficient

sugar to make it sweet, but not a syrup. Let the rinds simmer gently in this for ten minutes; strain them, and spread them on large dishes to cool. (The sweet lemon-water from the last boiling makes a pleasant beverage.)

The actual syrup is now to be prepared. This requires sugar to the same weight as the peels, half a pint of water for every two pounds of sugar, and half an ounce of sliced white ginger to every gallon of the finished pickle. Melt the sugar in the stew-pan, and when the syrup is quite hot, but not boiling, put the rinds into it, replace the lid, and simmer them till they look quite clear. Take them out; spread them on dishes to cool once more, and commence to work up the syrup by putting into it: for every pound

of sugar, one pint of the strongest malt vinegar; to every gallon of finished pickle, one heaped-up table-spoonful of powdered turmeric; also put in mace and cinnamon, or cloves and allspice, to taste. Boil up this syrup to perfect it into a fine, bright, golden-yellow, thick liquid, and then put in the rinds for a final slow simmering of fifteen minutes' duration. Remove from the fire, and, when slightly cooled, fill into glass jars or bottles, and seal them up air-tight.

This recipe is seemingly complicated and troublesome, but will amply repay all the requisite attention. One taste of the resulting pickle will be a reward which is not to be soon forgotten or thought lightly of. In my own case, the enchanting flavour of it, seventeen years ago, haunts me still.



THE FIERCENESS OF GLOUCESTER.

A STUDY IN THE TAMING OF SQUIRRELS.



If any one wishes for a fund of never-failing amusement, let her cultivate and tame wild squirrels!

It takes some years of patient feeding and coaxing, but when the confidence of the graceful little animals has once been won, they reward their friends with never-ceasing antics and gambols, fierce little scimmages and fights among themselves,

and with a succession of such charming attitudes that one longs for them to sit still quietly enough to allow one to sketch them.

Very frequently I am visited at breakfast-time by as many as nine or ten of these active little rodents. They well know it is feeding-time for them, so they congregate outside the window waiting most impatiently until it is opened, then they are rewarded by

a shower of nuts. Soon there are ten little furry people thoroughly happy, each flinging his nut-shells about with saucy abandon, keeping his black beady eyes fixed on his neighbours lest they should be meditating a sudden aggressive assault if opportunity occurs.

All this is charming, but the real amusement begins when the store of outside nuts is exhausted and the squirrels come trooping into the room to see what they can find. They spring upon a table, where my doves Peace and Patience reside in their large cage, and scout around to find more food.

Several of the squirrels are tame enough to take the nuts out of our hands, others boldly run off to the cupboard where their food is stored, and they have taught themselves to leap, first up to a shelf, and then into a box, where we soon hear the little marauders cracking the nuts.

But how shall I describe the amusing squabbles that go on?

One, sitting on the window-ledge, is knocked over by another leaping in; both

reach the ground together and have a tussle, squeaking and grunting the while, others join in the fray, then there is a race round the room ending with a dissolving view of squirrels' tails disappearing out at the window. It is all play, for no real harm is done, it is only the effervescence of high spirits and keen appetite.

Some years ago a tame squirrel was sent to me from Gloucester to be let loose in the garden. For some time we could not feel sure of her identity, she mingled with the others and did not show any special tameness.

Of late, however, "Gloucester," as we have named her, has become a very marked character, tameness has merged into a more and more defiant aggressiveness not altogether to be desired. Whilst I am peacefully writing my letters, Gloucester springs suddenly upon my table, walks over my note-paper, regardless of the smudges she leaves behind her, leaps on to my shoulder, and with an angry growl the small tyrant intimates that nuts must be forthcoming instantly or else she will

make her claws and teeth felt in a way that I shall remember. At present I meekly obey, for peace sake, but I only hope that the time may never come when "Gloucester" will have to repent of her effrontery and find her liberty curtailed.

When an animal or bird has been reared from its early years with care and kindness it is remarkable how invariably all its faculties are developed and brought out. The native instincts remain, but being cultivated, they result in many curious traits showing unusual intelligence.

Gloucester having been petted from her babyhood is just an instance of educated ability. I must pay a tribute to her skill and perseverance by relating what I saw her achieve in my dining-room when she thought no one was observing her. The heavy oak door of the nut cupboard was closed but not latched; Gloucester wanted to get some nuts, and when she found that she could not get at them, she sprang up to the handle and sitting upon it, she pushed with all her might against the door-post and actually made the

door open sufficiently for her lithe, little body to squeeze through into the cupboard. It certainly showed a measure of reasoning power, thus to carry out several varied actions in order to attain a desired end.

I do forgive the terrible virago a good deal because of her cleverness, but when she sits loudly cracking nuts on the table-cloth within three inches of my plate at breakfast-time, and yet will not allow me to take up my fork or spoon without a growl or a snap, and when I know how severely she bit a gentle little girl who merely wished to "stroke the pretty squirrel," I think my readers will agree that Gloucester carries the emancipation of the female sex to a very serious length.

Squirrels vary a good deal in their appearance according to the season of the year. They are in their fullest beauty in April and May when the fur is thick and of a rich red brown, the ears are adorned with long additional hairs called pencils, and the tails are thick and bushy. Now, in the month of June, having worked industriously making their nests (dreys) and having families of

young squirrels to maintain, the little parents' furry coats show signs of wear and tear; the ear-pencils have fallen off, and all the tails have become cream colour which gives them rather a bizarre effect as they flit rapidly across the lawn.

We often see the squirrels busily stripping off the inner fibre of the lime-tree branches, of which soft material they form their dreys. The fibre is held together by small interlacing twigs of larch, and the nest is usually placed in the fork of a branch very high up in some fir-tree where the foliage is thick enough to afford perfect concealment. Sometimes a hole in a tree-stem is chosen, but wherever it is, the future home is carefully lined with moss, leaves and fibres, and is a cosy retreat for the baby squirrels.

I often wish we could see the little ones when quite small, but they never appear at the window until they are nearly as large as their parents. Nor do I quite look forward to the day when Gloucester will present to me a whole family of young persons as insolent and bullying as herself.

RECIPES FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Beef Olives.—Cut cold underdone beef in slices half-an-inch thick, and four inches square; cover them with crumbs of bread, a little fat, finely-shred onion, pepper and salt. Roll the slices up and fasten them with a small skewer, then put them into a stewpan with the gravy of the joint and a little water, and stew them till tender. Serve with beef gravy.

Stuffing for a Turkey or Chicken.—Take some bread-crumbs and turn on just hot water enough to moisten them; put in a piece of butter, not melted, the size of a hen's egg, add a spoonful of pulverised sage, a teaspoonful of ground pepper, and a teaspoonful of salt; mix thoroughly, and stuff your bird.

To Fry Chickens.—Cut up the chickens, and season them with salt and cayenne pepper; roll them in flour, and fry them in hot lard; when the whole are fried, pour off the lard, and put in a quarter of a pound of butter, one teaspoonful of cream, a little flour, and some scalded parsley chopped fine for the sauce.

Brandy Snaps.—One pound of treacle, three quarters of a pound of sugar, three quarters of a pound of butter, boil them for about five minutes, then pour it on three quarters of a pound of flour, add ground ginger to taste, then drop the batter on tins. Cut in squares and bake in the usual way.

Minced Veal and Eggs.—Take some remnants of roast or braised veal, trim off all browned parts, and mince it very finely; fry a shalot or onion chopped small in plenty of butter; when it is a light straw-colour, add a large pinch of flour and a little stock, then the minced meat, with chopped parsley, salt, pepper, and nutmeg to taste; mix well, add more stock if necessary, and let the mince gradually get hot by the side of the fire; lastly add a few drops of lemon-juice. Serve with sippets of bread fried in butter placed round, and the poached eggs on the top.

Scalloped Tomatoes.—Peel some fine ripe tomatoes, cut them up in small pieces, and put in a pan a layer of bread-crumbs, then a layer of tomatoes, with pepper, salt, and some pieces of butter; then put another layer of bread-crumbs and tomatoes, and so on till the dish is full. Spread some beaten egg on the top, and set it in the oven and bake it.

Sheep's tongues in Savoury Jelly.—Skin the tongues, lard them, and cook in good veal broth or any white stock until they are quite tender. Take out the tongues, boil down the liquor to a stiff, clear jelly, and pour enough of it over to cover them. To be eaten cold.

Veal Balls.—Two ounces of beef suet, two ounces of veal, the yolks of one raw and one boiled egg, one small onion, pepper, salt, mace, nutmeg, and lemon peel to the taste. Beat them all well together, fry, and serve in gravy.

Calves'-Feet Fricassee.—Soak them three hours, simmer them in equal proportions of milk and water until they are sufficiently tender to remove the meat from the bones in good-sized pieces. Dip them in yolk of egg, cover with fine bread-crumbs, pepper and salt them, fry a beautiful brown, and serve in white sauce.

Gingerbread Cake.—Heat in a stew-pan three-quarters of a pound of treacle, half a pound of moist sugar, quarter of a pound of butter, and half a gill of milk; have in a basin one pound and a quarter of flour, one ounce of ground ginger, half a teaspoonful of soda, and three eggs; pour in the treacle, sugar, and butter from the pan, then add fruit—raisins, almonds, or peel; put the mixture in a greased cake tin, and bake in a slow oven for two hours.

Cauliflower and Cheese.—Boil the cauliflower. When done, put on the top a table-spoonful of grated cheese, and an ounce of butter in small pieces. Melt it well into the cauliflower before the fire or in the oven, slightly browning it. As a sauce for it, mix a teaspoonful of flour, two ounces of grated cheese, two ounces of melted butter, two table-spoonfuls of cream or milk, two well beaten eggs. Stir all well together in a saucepan over the fire, and strain through a colander, if not perfectly smooth.

To roast an Ox Heart.—Wash it well and clean all the blood carefully from the pipes; parboil it for ten or fifteen minutes in boiling water, drip the water from it, put in a stuffing which has been made of bread-crumbs, minced suet or butter, sweet marjoram, lemon thyme, and parsley, seasoned with salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Put it down to roast while hot, baste it well with butter, froth it up, and serve it with melted butter and vinegar; or with gravy in the dish, and currant jelly in the sauce-tureen. To roast, allow twenty minutes to one pound.

Citron Pudding.—Line your dish with puff-paste; slice thin, orange, lemon, and citron peels, of each one ounce, six eggs (leaving out four whites) well beaten, a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar, and a quarter of a pound of butter melted; whisk all well together, and pour into the dish, bake one hour and serve.

Codfish Cakes.—Boil a piece of salt cod (take out all the bones), and with it equal quantities of potatoes. Season it with pepper and salt to your taste, then add as much beaten egg as will form it into a paste. Make it into thin cakes, flower them, and fry them of a light brown.

Cauliflower Salad.—Boil a cauliflower till about two-thirds done; let it get cold, then break it in branches, lay them neatly in a dish, adding salt, pepper, oil, and vinegar, and serve.

Rabbit Pie.—Skin two rabbits, wash them thoroughly, and cut them into small joints. Have some lean bacon and one pound of rump or beef steak; cut both into small pieces; place them all on a large dish, or on a chopping-board; sprinkle them with salt, pepper, chopped parsley, and thyme, mix all well together, and put them into the pie-dish, adding forcemeat balls or the yolks of hard-boiled egg. Fill the dish with water; cover the whole with a light paste; beat up an egg with a pinch of salt, glaze the pie with it, and bake in a moderate oven for two hours.

Ham Cakes.—A capital way of disposing of the remains of a ham, and making an excellent dish for breakfast is: take one pound and a half of ham, fat and lean together, put it into a mortar and pound it, or pass it through a sausage-machine; soak a large slice of bread in half-a-pint of milk, and beat it and the ham together; add an egg beaten up. Put the whole into a mould and bake a rich brown.

Raspberry Vinegar.—To a quart and a half of ripe raspberries put one pint of the best vinegar. Bruise them well, and let it stand for three days. Strain the juice through a bag, and add its weight of sugar. Boil it, skim well, and bottle it closely.

Lemon Mince Pies.—Boil four lemons until quite soft, beat the pulp and rind very fine, add one pound of currants, one pound of loaf sugar, one pound of beef suet, chopped fine. These pies are exceedingly rich; this quantity will make four pies. The currants should be well washed and dried before they are used.

Almond Puffs.—Two table-spoonfuls of flour, two ounces of butter, two ounces of pounded sugar, two ounces of sweet almonds, four bitter almonds. Blanch and pound the almonds in a mortar to a smooth paste; melt the butter, dredge in the flour, and add the sugar and pounded almonds. Beat the mixture well, and put it into cups or very thin jelly-pots, which should be well buttered, and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes or longer should the puffs be large. Turn them out on a dish, the bottom of the puff uppermost, and serve.

Savoury Dish.—Melt a quarter of a pound of good cheese in the oven; when sufficiently melted, add one egg and a wine-glass of milk, beat together till it resembles a custard. Bake in a hot oven a light brown.

Duck à la Mode.—Take half-a-pint of rich gravy, a bunch of sweet herbs, two shalots, and an anchovy split; let these stew till the anchovy is dissolved. Take a duck, divide it into four quarters, fry them brown; pour off the fat, strain off the gravy and put to them; let these stew gently till the duck is done enough, adding a little more gravy if it seems too dry; then take it out. Let the sauce boil a little, and be sure to skim off all the fat; lay the duck in the dish, and pour the sauce over it.

HOW TO WAIT AT TABLE.



o much of the success of a dinner depends on how the waiting is managed, that it is worthy of the utmost attention of both mistress and servants.

It is a sort of torture to some people to be noisily or roughly waited upon. Of course, in the case of experienced servants, everything is easy enough, but there are so many who have not experienced people about them, and there are so many young servants who are willing to learn, but whose mistresses are

unable or unwilling to teach them, I trust that to some of these a few plain directions may prove useful.

I will, as I did in "How to Lay a Dinner-table," begin with a dinner *à la Russe*. We will suppose a dinner for twelve people, which, served in this way, can be well managed by having three servants in the room, one to carve and one for each side of the table. Of course, everything must be brought to the dining-room door by a fourth person. Supposing there is only one man-servant (a butler) in the house, and two hired waiters or two women servants to wait; when all the guests have arrived the soup and plates are placed on the side table, and the butler announces that "dinner is served." The chairs are placed sufficiently far from the table to allow the guests to pass between them and the table and seat themselves; as they do so the waiters on either side of the table see that their chairs are close enough in for them to be comfortable.

It is otherwise very awkward for a lady with a great deal of skirt to get a heavy dining-room chair up to the table. The servant must, when his help is needed, take hold of the back of the chair and gently push it forward.

We will suppose the dinner to consist of two soups, two kinds of fish, two entrées, a relevé, a joint, a roast, two entremets (sweet dishes), cheese, ramaquins, ices.

The butler helps the soup, and the waiters begin simultaneously handing it to the ladies on the right and left of the master of the house; they go straight down the two sides of the table; each waiter carries two plates of soup, one of each kind; he goes to the left side of each guest, and would say, "Clear soup or thick, ma'am?" or else name the two soups, as "Spring soup or oyster, ma'am?" But he would never say, "Will you have" or "Will you take." He simply names the dishes offered, saying sir, or ma'am after. It is the same



"TURNING THE COVER WELL UP."



"TAKE HOLD OF THE BACK OF THE CHAIR, AND GENTLY PUSH IT FORWARD."

with wine. When the soup is served the butler takes round the sherry; he goes to the right side of each guest, commencing with the lady on the right-hand side of the host, and pours the wine into the glass as it stands on the table; he proceeds straight round the table, for at a formal party ladies are not helped before gentlemen, but the seats are taken by rotation in serving. The soup plates are removed as they are finished with, and the butler helps the fish, and at the same time puts on each plate the sauce to be eaten with the fish on it. The waiters again take a plate of each kind of fish in either hand, and proceed, as with the soup, naming the fish to everyone.

When there is cucumber, that is handed, not put on the plates. As the fish plates are removed hot meat plates are substituted for them, ready for the entrées. With the fish, the butler takes round the sherry and hock; with the entrée he takes the champagne; and it is his duty, during dinner, to replenish the glasses from time to time; this he does in the intervals when he is not carving.

A tablespoon and a large fork are put into each entrée dish. Supposing there are two dishes of each, the waiters take them down the table, changing the plates as they are emptied, and giving a clean plate, with a knife and fork on it, to each person. But supposing only one dish of each entrée is provided, it is best for one waiter to hand one dish down one side of the table, while the other entrée is handed down the other side. When they meet at the end of table, the two change dishes, and the second entrée is offered to those who have not partaken of the first. Those who have taken the first handed have their plates changed as soon as they have finished it, and are offered the second entrée. Plates are removed as finished with; knives and forks are given as required, being placed on the table, the knife to the right and the fork to the left. The butler then proceeds to carve the joint; he puts a nice slice on each plate, with gravy, &c.; sometimes, if the potatoes are served dressed, he puts one with the meat, so as to leave only the other vegetable or vegetables to be handed. More knives and forks are put on as the meat plates are removed, and the next course is served in the same way. Should there be a salad or green peas, it is customary to offer them to those who refuse the "rôts," as well as to those who take it. After this

course, as the plates are removed, pudding plates, with spoons and forks in them, are given ready for the sweets, which are handed for people to help themselves (with the exception of a fruit tart, should there be one, which the butler serves at the side table). The waiters proceed, as with the single dishes of entrées: one is taken down one side of the table, another down the other, and changed at the end of the table.

After the sweets, clean pudding plates are again given, with small knives and forks in them. Rapaquins, or some other cheese or savoury dish is handed, after which cheese, butter, and biscuits are offered; these are either handed in a special dish with three divisions, or in small glass dishes placed on a silver salver. After the cheese plates are removed, all the glasses (full as well as empty ones), salt-cellars, water-bottles and knives, spoons and forks are taken from the table. One waiter carries a tray, and the other puts the things on it off the table; they then go one to the top, the other to the bottom of the table, fold the slips (without brushing them) in three, so that the crumbs will not fall out, draw them down the table and remove them, then the small slips from the top and bottom of the table are taken off, and grace is said.

The dessert plates are put on table, and ices are handed, water ice on one side, cream ice on the other, the waiters again changing dishes at the end of the table, and handing the second ice to everyone, as most people eat cream and water ice together. Wafers or vanilla biscuits are handed with ices. The ice plates are removed, and the fruit is handed. If there are grapes, the butler divides the bunches, and they are handed on a plate; the same with any fruit that has to be cut up. Some people take two or three kinds of fruit on to their plates. The butler takes round the after-dinner wines. When every one is served, he places the decanters in front of the host and leaves the room, followed by the other servants. He takes care that the decanters are replenished if they need it before he puts them on table, and if more wine is required after he leaves the room, it is rung for.

The butler and another servant take the coffee to the ladies in the drawing-room, and then to the gentlemen in the dining-room. The servant carries a tray with coffee cups, cream, milk, and sugar, and the butler follows him with a coffee-pot on a silver salver. The guests take cups, into which they put cream and sugar; then they put their cups on the butler's salver, and he pours coffee into them.

After the gentlemen join the ladies, tea is handed.

A dinner *à la Russe* may be much longer or shorter than the one I have supposed. If there are few people in proportion to the number of servants, more waiting is done. For instance, sauces can all be



"HE PUTS HIS GLASS ON IT."



THE FISH SAUCE.

handed; but I doubt whether there is any advantage in being more waited on; it interferes a good deal with conversation.

We will now take waiting at table where it is a parlour-maid only. Women servants in announcing dinner say "Dinner is on table." It sounds rather less pretentious than "Dinner is served."

The door should be opened wide enough for people to leave the room; it is most objectionable to speak round the door.

As people seat themselves, the parlour-maid pushes the chairs up; then waits behind the master's chair until grace is said. She then removes the cover from the soup or fish, turning the cover well up as she takes it from the table, so that the steam from it shall not drop. She then takes the plates from the carver. Supposing there are guests at table, she goes first to the lady on the right-hand side of the host, then to the one on the left, then straight round the table, it not being customary now to help ladies first, except where there are only the family or very few at table. It is less likely to cause confusion to go straight round the table.

After handing the fish and sauce, the cruet is taken round; then the water or wine is poured out.

Though all dishes and plates, and also ale, are offered on the left-hand side, water or wine are poured out on the right side without removing the glasses from the table. It requires some little practice to pour out wine well—to fill the glasses and not drop the wine on the cloth.

If draught ale is drunk, the maid takes the jug and a silver salver, which she holds on the left side of the guest. He puts his glass on it; then the ale should be frothed in pouring it out. Bottled ale is poured out at the sideboard, as it is necessary to hold the glass a little slanting in the hand to fill it. It is handed on a waiter after it is poured out.

Fish is not put on table until the soup is removed. After the meat is served the maid hands the vegetables and sauces, taking a dish in each hand; then the cruet is handed. A parlourmaid is always expected to be on the alert to notice when anything is required. When a plate is empty she says, "A little more chicken?" or whatever it may be, not "Will you take," or "Will you have." When finished with she removes the plate, puts the knife and fork in separate sides of the knife-box, and the plate in the plate-basket, if she has one, if not, makes a pile of plates on her tray. The host's plate is always the last one removed, and after it is taken off she brings her knife-tray or a plate to the table, and removes the carvers and knife-rests. The carvers and spoons, after every course, are taken off in this way, then the dish is removed.

If there is a vegetable course, it is ordinarily served after the meat, though it may be served as an entrée before the joint, whenever one is to be handed; or if there is an entrée, a hot plate with a knife and fork

on it must be placed before each person, when the dirty plate is removed. When the pudding plates are wanted they are put on with a pudding spoon and fork in each, as the plates from the preceding course are taken off. The same is done with the cheese plate and knife. After cheese the table is cleared. A small tray can be carried in the left hand and filled with wine glasses, &c., then the cloth is brushed, or the crumbs are removed with a scoop, and the parlourmaid pauses to allow grace to be said before she puts dessert on table. The white cloth is left on, and she first arranges the dishes of fruit, then puts the plates, with finger glasses, &c., round, then the wine glasses. She puts as many glasses on a small tray as she conveniently can, then puts them on table from the tray; lastly she puts the decanters of wine between the host's plate and the fruit, she then leaves the room. Coffee is handed in the dining and drawing-room, but it is poured out before being taken into the room, and handed on a tray with milk and sugar.

Throughout dinner the parlourmaid rings the dining-room bell when she is ready for the next course. If there are three servants, the housemaid should bring the dinner up into

the room, so that the parlourmaid need not leave the room; if there are only two, a house-parlourmaid and a cook, the cook must bring the hot dishes to the outside of the dining-room door; the cold must all be in the room before dinner. Having to fetch the dishes in, a house-parlourmaid cannot do quite as much waiting, and things must be arranged according to the number to be waited on.

With regard to waiting at table, when a general servant only is kept, what can be done depends so much on the individual servant; but however little is done, let it be done the right way. The following suggestions may be useful to some who wish to know a little about waiting at table.

Never wear boots or shoes that make a noise when you walk. Never be in a hurry; be quick without seeming to be in haste. Remember that it takes as long to put a thing down noisily as quietly. Do not forget that there can never be an excuse for reaching in front of anyone. Endeavour to concentrate your attention on what you have to do, so as not to be distracted by the conversation at the table. Have your dresses made so that there is nothing to catch in door-handles or chair-

backs, and make you nervous. Hold dishes very firmly when you hand them; you can take a serviette in your hand to hold a hot dish on. Wrap a serviette round a champagne bottle to pour the wine out of it.

I must conclude with a few words to young housekeepers with young servants. If you wish to teach a girl to wait, do not begin by telling her everything at once. Were you teaching a child to read, you would begin with little words, and go on to long ones; and so you must do with teaching one who is probably intellectually a child. One day teach her how to do one thing, the next day add something, and so every day, and you will probably make a tolerable waitress of her in six progressive lessons. If one tells too much at once, a girl gets confused and loses courage. Many, too, are very nervous; so it is best, when you are teaching, to shut your eyes to mistakes when they occur, and correct them afterwards; a girl gains more confidence this way, and does not get into the habit of looking at her mistress all dinner-time instead of what she is doing. If a table is properly managed, there will be no occasion for a mistress and servant to look at one another during a meal.



ODE TO KITTENHOOD.

KITTEN mine! how full thy face is
Of the most perplexing graces.
Wingless butterfly thou art,
Lightest throb on Nature's heart.
When I o'er thy sweetness rave,
Or of thee affection crave,
Thou dost give a toss of scorn,
Followed by a—rosy yawn!
I could censure if I would
Such coy pranks of kittenhood!

Life is a chromatic scale
Of scampers after mouse and tail.
And thy gladness never wavers,
Breaking out in sharps and quavers.
For thy days together flow
One perpetual Allegro!
Oh! that Music's measure could
But describe thy kittenhood!

Then that sidelong pirouette,
Dancer never rivalled yet!
And my poet's tongue must fail
To convey that witching tail.
Now a note of exclamation!
Now a curved interrogation.
Point, to indicate each mood
Of a changeful kittenhood.

What a serpentine emotion
Thrills thee at some novel notion;
Head to tail there runs that shiver
In an undulating quiver.

Then to roll—a ball of fur
With a liquid, crooning purr.
Life to thee is all so good,
Optimist of kittenhood!

Thou art but a Merry Thought,
Luring pleasures out of nought.
Shivering shadows thou dost woo,
And the dancing sunbeam too;
For all shadows are to thee
Potent deep reality!

And all the trees in every wood
Just made for blithest kittenhood!

Was thy little silken gown
Spun from floating thistle-down,
With its rings of light and dark,
Each a tiny water-mark?
Wavelet thou from Fairy ocean,
Ever in a bright commotion.

Thou, for wonder, daily food,
In thy dainty kittenhood.

What a spell of witchery lies
In those wide-orbed saucy eyes!
Magic little mirrors blue
That the sky has looked into.
Art thou fay or prison'd Peri,
Thou that never seemest weary?
Not yet art thou understood
Through each maze of kittenhood.
Shadeless glancing kittenhood!
Blue-eyed dancing kittenhood!

V. R.





KITTENHOOD.

[From photo: Photographic Union, Munich.]

USEFUL HINTS.

SUCCUMB—SPANISH DRINK: AN EVENING REPAST.

Ingredients.—One quart of milk, quarter ounce of cinnamon and cloves, quarter of white sugar, yolks of eight eggs, one pint of best muscatel wine.

Boil these together for ten minutes; strain the milk, beat well the yolks of eight eggs, add the wine to the yolks, and beat together. Pour the milk into it, but not too hot, and serve. This is brought in like coffee, in cups on a silver tray.

HOW TO MAKE BREAD LOOK PRETTY FOR A PARTY.

Pull a new loaf into small triangular pieces with two forks, put into the oven and lightly brown, serve in a plate basket and napkin.

ROLLED VEAL.

Take seven pounds breast of veal with the bones taken out, one pound of sausage meat, half pound cushion of bacon, four hard-boiled eggs.

Make half pound veal stuffing, batter it to make it thin, and lay the sausage meat, &c., in rolls, and roll it up tightly and tie with thick tape; skewer it at the ends, pin it up securely in a clean cloth, and let it simmer, *not boil* (this is important), for three and a half or four hours. When you take it out lay it on a dish with a heavy weight on it to flatten; when quite cold take off the cloth and glaze (one ounce will suffice—costs five-pence). Save the liquor in which it is boiled, and boil with the bones for soup.

NORWICH PUDDING.

Ingredients.—One pound of plums, six ounces of suet, two eggs, half pint of milk, half pound of flour, pounded sugar.

Stone the plums, chop them very fine, also the suet; beat two eggs into half pint of milk, heat half pound of flour, and mix with the milk and fruit and suet. Butter a basin which will exactly hold it, and boil six hours. Serve with pounded loaf sugar and a little wine sauce.

HOW TO MAKE BEEFSTEAKS TENDER.

Prick them with a fork and sprinkle over with vinegar, and hang them up while they will keep good.

WOMEN SOLDIERS.

“The maid with helmet head,
Like a war goddess, fair and terrible.”



HIS scarcely sounds like a description of the military women we have at present in our midst, the wonderful body-guard of King Bedazin of Dahomey; but in times past it has been a truthful portrait of some heroines of the battle-field,

who have made in some instances chapters in the romance of history, and who may justly claim a place in the niches devoted to military glories in the temple of fame.

If we go back to the times of the Crusades we find frequent references made to the parts women played in these holy wars. Heroines often appeared in the *mêlée*, and disputed the prize of strength and courage with the bravest of the Saracens.

Omad of Ispahan speaks of the Christian heroines who mingled in the fight. He adds that the young women fought, and the old women animated them by their cries.

Of really British origin we have not a great many Amazons. True, we had our Boadicea, whose courage in leading the Iceni against the legions of Suetonius deserved better fortune. We had Alfred's daughter, Athelfleda, who directed the slaughter of the Danes in the streets of Derby, and even Queen Elizabeth herself, whose Amazonian tendencies were prodigious. In her reign the bellicose barons were almost constantly at war, and they used to leave their liege ladies at home to fight any enemies who might choose this time to make a raid upon the castle.

The Dudleys of Northampton are said to owe their crest, a helmeted female with bare bosom and dishevelled hair, to an Amazon named Agnes Hotot, who fought a neighbour on behalf of her sick father about some disputed land, and the neighbour, it appears, got the worst of it.

Then there is Mary Ambree, or English Moll, who distinguished herself in the attempt to recover Ghent from the Prince of Parma in 1584. She was at the head of 1000 men, and sustained an equal combat with 3000 Spaniards for seven hours. When compelled to leave off she went into a castle and defied the enemy, challenging any three Spaniards to try their

pro prowess against her single arm, and when summoned to surrender she said “No.”

“No knight, sir, of England or captain, you see,
But a poor simple lass called Mary Ambree.”

Another notable example is Hannah Snell, or James Gray, the Worcester hosier's daughter, who had such an extraordinary career: first enlisting in Captain Miller's company of Guise's regiment at Coventry, and finally becoming the possessor of a public-house at Wapping.

Christian Kavanagh or Welsh fought in the war of the Spanish Succession, and received innumerable wounds and a pension from Queen Anne. She married a soldier named Davis at Chelsea, and at her death she was buried with full military honours in the burial-ground of the soldier's hospital.

Mrs. Christian Davis, the trooper of the Scots Greys, commonly called “Mother Ross,” was a hardy Irish Amazon who led a strange and decidedly romantic career, and was wounded at Ramilies, at which battle the Greys took sixteen or seventeen colours and standards. These are only a few examples of female military courage picked out at random, but there are hundreds of instances which might, if space permitted, be cited.

There were also naval Amazons who did good service as able seamwomen, such as Ann Mills, who served as a seaman on the Maidstone frigate, and on board the *Queen Charlotte* an African woman served for eleven years, receiving frequent commendation for her excellent work. Then there was Rebecca Ann Johnstone, who fought and died on board one of Nelson's ships.

Women played no inconsiderable part in the American Revolution. They helped to write some of the truly animating, patriotic songs which served to cheer and encourage the soldiers of both armies; they housed and sheltered those who were in danger; they carried despatches which, entrusted to other hands, would never have reached their destination, and some few of them fought themselves. Of these few perhaps the best known were Katherine Steel, or “Katey of the Tosh,” as she was wont to be called, Jane Gaston, Mrs. Pickens, the general's wife, Mary Gould, Mrs. Wright, brave Deborah Samson, who served in the army as Robert Shirliffe, and was at the storming of York Town, Nancy Hart, “the honey of a patriot, the devil of a wife,” who never by any chance looked in a mirror, so ugly was she with her cross eyes and her broad angular mouth.

There are others whose names are revered

in many parts of the States as brave, fearless mothers, wives and sisters, who forgot everything but their family and their country's honour in those terrible days when the States were deluged with blood, when homes were confiscated, and broken hearts and limbs the most common of possessions.

In speaking of famous military women we naturally turn to France, which has given birth to more courageous sword-women than any other country. From the time of the invasion of Gaul by Julius Cæsar, to the days of the First Empire, and even later, France can reckon to herself a whole series of heroines gathered from all ranks, from the throne to the most obscure women of the country. Lamartine says of these Amazons that all nations have somewhere in their annals a few miracles of patriotism, of which a woman is the instrument in the hands of God. When all is lost and seemingly hopeless in a national cause, still one must not give up hope if there remains one corner of resistance in a woman's heart.

The subject of military women is one which has been deemed worthy of all honour in France, and in addition to the many mentions of such heroines in the works of some of the greatest authors and poets, there is a delightful volume on *Les Femmes Militaires de la France*, by Alfred Traucleau and Jules Ladimir, which gives details of the life and work of every heroine who has won fame and glory amongst the ranks of the French Army.

The first we learn of the military heroines of France is of Saint Geneviève (451), Frédégonde, Hermangarde, Emma, and those remarkable women of the second crusade, known as “Les Dames aux Bottes d'or et ses compagnes,” Blanche of Castille, Jeanne de Montfort, Jeanne de Blois, and the beautiful Jeanne de Belleville, whose husband's death was due to the treachery of the Lord Salisbury of the day (1343).

In the next epoch we have the women of Orleans, and amongst them the military gem of many stars of female military glory, the intrepid Joan of Arc. Her exploits are too well known to need recapitulation here, so we will pass on to the ladies of Compiègne, who did so much towards the successful defence of that city on the Oise, the twelve brave *chevalières* of Angevines with Marguerite de Bressieux-Anjou at their head; Marguerite d'Anjou, another woman warrior whose deeds are familiar as household words to English readers, La Dame de Brétigny, Jeanne Hachette, and Catherine de Lire. The third epoch introduces us to many interesting women, including Rénée de Balagny, La

Chevalière d'Eon, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Anne de Vaur, all those heroines which French chroniclers name "Les dames de la Rochelle," "Les dames de Lille," and the dragoon—Geneviève Premoy.

Finally there are the heroines of the eighteenth century, the Chevalière d'Eon de Beaumont, whose manifold capacities were tested as lawyer, ambassador, writer, courtier and warrior. Her parents ardently desired a son, and when Charlotte was born they did not reveal her sex, but brought her up as a boy, giving her a boy's education. Her career was such an extraordinary one, her military achievements so great, that I can only recommend those who are not acquainted with the facts to read them for themselves. Madame Drucourt, who so bravely withstood the siege of Louisburg in New England (1758), when eighteen thousand English, twenty-three line-of-battle-ships, and eighteen frigates stormed the walls of that city. She was the wife of the governor of Louisburg, and throughout the siege, day and night, she was to be found on the ramparts, her purse in hand, encouraging the soldiers with money, sometimes loading and firing the guns herself, and in every way sharing the perils and the glory of her husband. After Madame Drucourt we must mention the beautiful Corsican patriot, Princess Marie Laetitia Ramolino Bonaparte, mother of the first Napoleon, whose prowess and endurance during the civil wars of her own country would have rendered her famous, apart from the fact of her being the mother of one of the greatest of France's heroes. We must not omit a mention of the Amazons of the French Revolution. These were a battalion of young ladies who, under the name of Amazons, took up arms in 1789, after the taking of the Bastille. They wore a specially designed soldier's dress, they did all a soldier's work, and amongst the outlying districts of France they rendered yeoman service by the way they went about firing the enthusiasm and the love of liberty of the peasantry. These Amazons were never guilty of any excess, they lived pure if strangely quiet lives, and when the revolutionary movement degenerated into what it did, they disappeared from the military arena, finding their way back to the homes they had left to take up their country's cause, and leaving their place to those shameful women, who, under the name of *Tricoteuses*, dishonoured France and their own sex. From 1789 to 1829, there are two or three dozen military women whose exploits made France ring with their praises, not forgetting brave Citoyenne Théroigne, general of the army, who was publicly whipped on the terrace of

the Tuilleries May 31st, 1793, and Louise Andu, or La Reine Des Halles; there were also Jeanne Lacombe, the comedian who forsook the dramatic for the military arena; Madame de Champrond, the young sisters Félicité and Théophile Fernig, Rose Barreau, the grenadier who was nicknamed "la liberté," and who received in 1805 a military pension from Napoleon I.; Angélique Duchemin, decorated in August 1851, with the Legion of Honour, and who lived at the Invalides until 1860, where she died at the age of 88; Marie Schellinck, one of Napoleon's best officers under the Italian campaign; Theresa Figueur, or as she was known in the regiment "Sans Gène," who had seen four horses die under her, and many others. In Hungarian history the most popular figure is that of Zrimyi Ilona, a female warrior of some merit. She defended the Fort of Munkacs for upwards of three years against the German troops, who on various occasions gave up the bombardment.

I would scarcely be doing justice to the subject of warrior women if mention were not made of those famous creatures, who, according to Orellana, who discovered it, gave the name to the majestic stream which runs through the centre of South America from the Andes of Peru to the Atlantic. The Amazons of South America were at the commencement of the sixteenth century one of the vexed questions of the day in Spain. Every traveller told of their existence, many of futile efforts to trace them, whilst the historians always included some mention of them in their accounts of the country. On the other hand, there were numbers of people who refused to believe in there being such tribes. Humboldt appears to have testified to the existence of tribes of women who lived independent of men. His solution of the matter was that he thought it possible that some women in all parts of America got tired of enduring the state of slavery men imposed upon them, and they resolved to migrate to some part where they might hope to live unmolested, their desire to retain their newly-achieved independence making them into warriors. Thus it seems that the first idea amongst bellicose women was to separate themselves from men; but later experience of them points to a desire to join the ranks of the sterner sex, to adopt their apparel and accoutrements, and in fact to throw off as much as possible the elements of femininities.

In the accounts of Columbus's voyages, there is frequent mention of tribes of women living independently of men in the West Indies. No doubt whatever can be entertained

of the existence of the female warriors of Dahomey. Have we not seen them at their martial drill and dances, and heard them singing their strange war-songs and triumph-hymns, one of which runs thus—

"Dahomey, thou art master of the universe,
Thy daughters are more courageous than
the men."

"We, the Amazons, defend our king," etc.

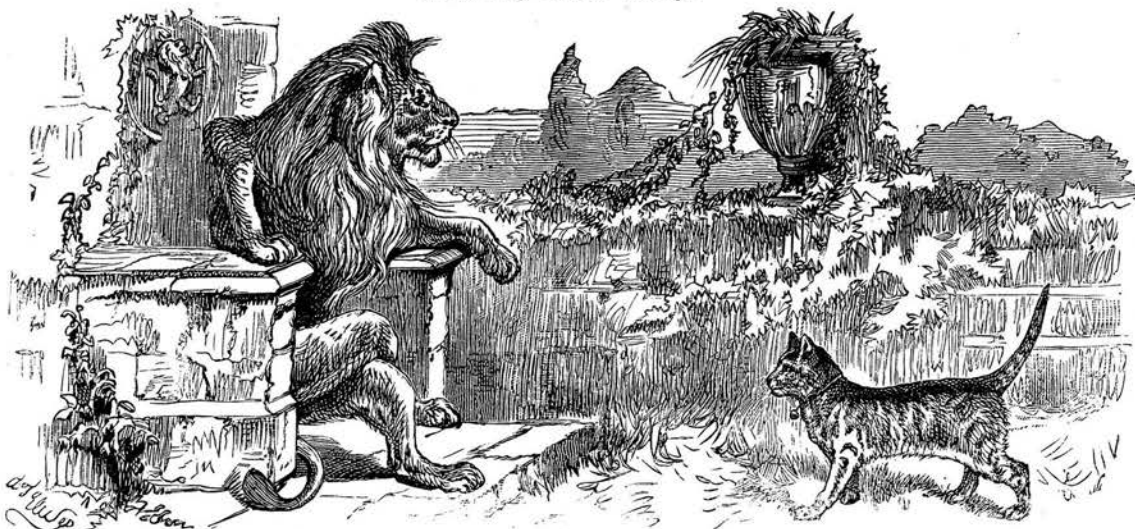
A great deal that is interesting has been written about this Pretorian guard of the Dahomeyan monarch, several articles appearing in the French reviews in 1889-90-91, soon after the French operations in West Africa, and the memorable attack on Kotonou; and lately our English journals have devoted some space to these Amazons or "Minos" as they are styled at home. These women are very jealous of their soldier rivals, and seem to be afraid of losing or even of sharing the king's affection. They are continually employed in dancing before their master, and in singing him songs in which they tell him that he is stronger than the lion, that with him nothing is impossible, and that they will conquer his adversaries and devour their glens, which declamations apparently please his Dahomeyan majesty greatly. There are about fifteen thousand of these women, who all lived in the king's palace of Abomey, and who, although they are divided into two battalions, the "Elephants" and the "Alligators," the former being the better battalion, are both under one chief.

The French troops found these women-soldiers very formidable antagonists in Dahomey, and some of the encomiums passed upon them by the French army were certainly testimonials of their military skill and extraordinary courage.

In the face of these emancipated females from Africa, whose native country can certainly not claim the title of civilised, with the remembrance of the hundreds of women of all ranks and all countries who in the unlightened days of the Crusades and other wars, threw off the trammels of womanhood and fought side by side with man for the same object, with the same fervour, how is it that every step woman takes in the direction of securing her own rights is met with sarcasm and put aside with ignominy? With all the boasted civilisation of the nineteenth century, we have no better examples of great female courage to show than those given by the Joan of Arcs and the Maids of Saragossa of olden days.

Laura Alex. Smith.

A cat may look at a king.



A TEMPERANCE TALE.

A mouse fell into a beer vat, poor thing, and a cat passing by saw the struggling little creature. The mouse said to the cat—

"Help me out of my difficulty."

"If I do I shall eat you," said the cat.

"Very well," replied the mouse; "I would rather be eaten by a decent cat than drowned in such a horrible mess of stuff as this."

It was a sensible cat, and said—

"I certainly shall eat you, and you must promise me on your word of honour that I may do so."

"Very well, I will give you the promise. I promise."

So the cat fished the mouse out; and, trusting to the promise, she dropped it for an instant to clean her own mouth of the abomination of the vat, thinking she had better do so before she took a meal off the mouse.

The mouse instantly darted away and crept into a hole in the corner where the cat could not get him.

"But didn't you promise me I might eat you?" said puss.

"Yes, I did," replied the mouse; "but, don't you know that when I made that promise I was in liquor?"

And how many promises made in liquor have been broken!

They were of many kinds—kings, queens, and famous people, country scenes, and, not least, delightful pictures of animals, drawn by Mr. Harrison Weir, to illustrate anecdotes.

I took the pictures as they came, and the little one listened with great attention to my account of each and all. But after a while she turned her winsome little face, and said in the most polite way, "Please would you never mind telling me about the fine ladies and gentlemen, and tell me all about the doggies and things?"

Like every tender-hearted and right-minded wee maiden, she loved dumb animals, doggies being deservedly first favourites, and would rather hear about their wise-like doings than about all the royal finery in the world.

So we confined our attention to the "doggies and things," and were very happy until we came to the very tail end of our animal tales. Then my little maiden was distressed that there were no more; so I looked amongst some unprinted papers, and found two letters, written years ago to my own little folks, from Heidelberg, and in 1874. They were vastly delighted with them at the time, and my small friend opened her large eyes wider, and clapped her hands and laughed as I read them to her. This made me think perhaps some other quite small girls would like them too. That is, if there are any children left young enough! For, alas! the small people go to school so very soon, and learn so many "ologies," and talk so wisely themselves, that sometimes I feel ever so much younger than my own little friends. I cannot imagine them doing the foolish things that I did, as a child; with my garden for instance, I can remember sowing seeds and planting cuttings, and turning the ground over a couple of days afterwards, to see if the seeds were springing, or gently drawing up the cutting to see if there were signs of a root! How a child of the same age would curl her lips and turn up her bit of a nose now at the idea of my being such a simpleton! And, old as I am, how very small I should feel if she did so!

Well, in the hope that there are some children left young enough to laugh at a little true incident told in the shape of a nonsense story, I will write two such, and send them to THE GIRL'S OWN, for that is the paper read by all the nice young people, and all the still-young old ones.

The first will just be a copy of portions of those two letters—"A Mouse's Tale," the other a proper "Doggie Story."

LETTER I.—LONG TAIL, ESQUIRE, IS INTRODUCED.

MY DARLING CHILDREN,—Once upon a time a gentleman mouse lived with Mrs. Mouse and a charming family of four small mice in this old city of Heidelberg, where we are now staying. He was a very good sort of fellow, only he was rather inclined to express a better opinion of his human neighbours than they deserved. This is not at all a common fault amongst human animals, for



A NEW USE FOR BEES.—The anger of bees was once turned to profitable purpose. A small privateer, with forty or fifty men, having on board some hives made of earthenware and full of bees, was pursued by a Turkish galley manned by five hundred seamen and soldiers. As soon as the latter came alongside, the crew of the privateer mounted the rigging with their hives and hurled them down on the deck of the galley. The Turks, astonished at this novel mode of warfare, and unable to defend themselves from the stings of the enraged bees, became so terrified that they thought of nothing but how to escape their fury; while the crew of the small vessel, defended by masks and gloves, flew upon their enemies sword in hand, and captured the vessel almost without resistance.



TWO CHAPTERS FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER I.

A MOUSE'S TALE.

I WAS sitting one day with a dear little girl on my knee, amusing her by telling her stories about the pictures in a book before us.

they are apt to think and speak evil of their mouse neighbours, and to keep them at as great a distance as possible.

Mr. Mouse—or to give him his proper title, Long Tail, Esq.—was fond of rambling, and often nearly frightened his loving wife and family into fits by not making his appearance at meal-times. When he did drop in home, he would brush away Mrs. Long Tail's tears with the tips of his whiskers, and assure her that her fears on his account were perfectly absurd. "Had he dined or taken tea?" as the case might be. "Of course he had. That excellent giant, Mr. Smith, a near relative of John Bull, Esq., had laid a luxurious meal for him on his dining-room carpet. He only wished that domestic engagements had permitted his dear wife to accompany him, that she too might have shared the sumptuous provisions with him."

Seeing him safe and sound and in such high spirits, Mrs. Long Tail smiled cheerfully, and tried to make home as pleasant as possible, in order that her husband might be induced to stay there. She talked of the children's beauty, bade him notice what a fine curve the eldest boy-mouse's tail had, and how bright the baby's eyes were getting. But no matter what their wives do, some husbands will run and find amusement outside the domestic circle. Long Tail was most kind-hearted, and a devoted husband and father, but he liked to take frequent excursions in search of adventures.

One evening he told Mrs. Long Tail that he was "off for a stroll," and he said it in such a manner that she knew he meant, "You need not say a word against it, for go I shall."

The wife kissed him tenderly, and as she turned away to draw her paw across her eyes, she murmured in a broken voice, "You will not be late, dearest, will you?"

"Of course not. But do not sit up for me. Remember, you have lost a good deal of sleep since baby has been cutting her teeth. Take care of your health for my sake and the children's," and blowing kisses right and left to her and the little ones, away went Long Tail, looking his handsomest.

Poor Mrs. L. T. In spite of the ir junction she could not close her eyes, though like the obedient little wife she was, she went to lie down at the usual time. She heard all the large clocks in Heidelberg strike the hours and the quarters up to four in the morning, and then, feeling dreadfully alarmed at the continued absence of her spouse, she could lie still no longer. She managed to put baby down; for the dear little thing had been restless, upset, no doubt, as babies are apt to be, by their mamas' troubles, and listening with one ear lest it should wake again, she strained the other to catch the first sound of her husband's returning footsteps.

It was just half-past four when she discerned—O blessed sight!—her husband. He was alive, but how sadly different from the handsome spruce Long Tail of a few hours before! He dragged himself wearily along, as if scarcely able to move. His coat bore marks of wet; his tail—the beauty and length of which had ever caused him to be distinguished above his fellows—was dragged, and there were traces of suffering in every feature.

Mrs. Long Tail rushed to meet and support him. She did not begin to ask questions before he had breath or strength to answer, or say, "Where have you been? Who have you been with?" or remark derisively, "A pretty pickle you are in! Nice company you must have chosen in place of me!" Like a dear, loving little wife as she was, Mrs. L. T. was so glad to see her husband back again that she quite forgot to scold him for being late, if she had ever intended to do so. And further, she was quite certain in her own

mind that Long Tail's present hapless condition was his misfortune, and not the result of any fault on his part. All the gossips in Mouseland could not have induced her to listen to a word against her husband, and I should not have liked to be the one that made such an attempt.

So Mrs. L. T. brought out some tempting bits, put aside from supper, coaxed him to eat, and then insisted that he should lie down and rest, before he even explained the cause of his sad condition.

Was she not a model little wife?

Poor Long Tail! He was deeply touched by her patience and tenderness, and only too glad to follow her wise advice. He embraced her affectionately, then, still holding her paw in his, he sank into a deep sleep. So, as Mrs. L. T. must wait until her husband wakes for an account of his adventures, you, darlings, must wait for me to explain what this story means in my next letter.

LETTER II. (Written from Rorschach two days later.)

Did you not wonder, my darlings, what I meant by that last letter, with its tale and "Tail?"

Very early on Monday morning last, and before it was light, I was roused by hearing a queer sound like a little rushing noise, and then as if water were running down somewhere in the bedroom. Almost at the same moment I heard papa call out from his couch at the other side of the room, "What noise is that? Surely, water must be running in at the open window!"

I jumped out of bed and went to the window, but there was no sign of rain, and the floor underneath was quite dry. Then I obtained a light, and on looking towards the wash-stand I saw a small fellow sitting on his hind legs, and with his two forepaws held up in a beseeching fashion. His eyes were so bright, and he had such a frightened look, that I felt quite sorry for him.

Can you guess who he was, children? No other than that roving mouse, Long Tail, Esq., of whom I told you in my last letter. He had wandered into the Grand Hotel de l'Europe, in order to dine again at the expense of John Bull's relative, Mr. Smith. Having been startled by the entrance of a cat, he had rushed upstairs and concealed himself in our bedroom, of which the door happened to be open, for the chambermaid was arranging it for the night.

She closed the door after her, and Long Tail was safe from the cat. But he found no way of getting out, and was not a little concerned at the anxiety which his loving wife would suffer during his prolonged absence. When we came into the room matters were not improved, for we only opened the door to close it again immediately.

After all was still and the room dark, Long Tail began to run round in the hope of discovering some cranny by which he might escape. By some unfortunate mischance he slipped into the wash-basin when he only intended to drink, and the noise we heard was caused by his jumping wildly up the sides and then falling back again into the water. Of this there was enough to make him feel very wet and miserable, but not sufficient to drown him, so long as he propped his forepaws against the side of the basin.

Long Tail looked at me and I looked at him, feeling the while not a little puzzled what to do with this uninvited guest.

I told papa, and he first said, "Leave him where he is;" then, "Take him by the tail and drop him out of the window."

But when I saw his pitiful wee face I said "No" to both proposals for disposing of the hapless Long Tail.

There was a deep, smooth, white earthen-

ware pail in the room, so taking hold of mousie I dropped him into it, thinking that he would be safe there until morning, when I would set him free in the garden. I gave him a piece of flannel for a bed, for he was wet, and the earthenware would be a cold couch for the shivering thing. Then, with a comfortable conscience, I put out the light and returned to my own resting-place.

In the morning I went to look for my captive, but Long Tail, Esq., was gone.

How he scaled the high smooth walls of his prison, how he found a way out, is more than I can tell. You know he did get out, and he did find his way, for we left him sleeping off his fatigues, watched by his loving wife, having arrived at home just after half-past four in the morning.

You would, of course, like to know what Long Tail said when he awoke refreshed after a sleep of many hours. With tears streaming from his eyes and running down to the tips of his whiskers, he told Mrs. L. T. that his roaming days and nights were over. He related all that had befallen him, and avowed his determination to act like a family mouse for the future.

To this day he delights the young people with stories of his adventures and escapes. He still alludes kindly to the two-legged giants called men and women, and believes in the good feelings of the latter towards him. But he objects to the male giants who wear hats, coats, and trousers, because it was a creature who called himself a man that would have had him left to drown, or thrown him out of the window at the risk of breaking his bones.

P.S.—It seems probable that Long Tail got out of his earthenware prison by means of the lace curtain which, in passing, I had swept, over the pail and left hanging inside. I had also opened the window wider to ascertain if rain were falling. Before I did so there was a mere crack. He descended to the ground by means of a spout, and was thus enabled to rejoin his family.

(To be concluded.)



POLITE ANSWERS TO IMPERTINENT QUESTIONS.

Few of us would quite agree with Victor Cherbuliez when, speaking through the mouth of one of his characters, he tells us that "Rien n'est plus impertinent qu'une question, car répondre est toujours une fatigue et souvent un embarras"—"Nothing is more impertinent than a question—answering it is always fatiguing, and frequently embarrassing."

Too often, with persons of scanty ideas and meagre power of expressing themselves, a running fire of questions is the only way of keeping up conversation, while even with our greatest men, intelligent questions happily put have been known to act as an intellectual stimulus, and to issue in such brilliant outpourings as the world would not willingly lose.

At the same time, it is an indisputable fact that in our journey through life we are constantly exposed to a great many questions which are distinctly offensive. Unfortunately, too, it is not only with persons who are deficient in breeding, and strangers to the niceties of social life, that such questions are matter of daily occurrence—they may be put unwittingly by the very politest of people.

It is therefore of no little importance, if we would avoid on the one hand answering these questions, and on the other transgressing any of the laws of courtesy, that we should give some little thought to the different methods of dealing

with these objectionable experiences. It is easy enough, perhaps, to avoid answering an impertinent question when the circumstances are such that a polite snub is not undesirable or inadmissible. But when the necessity for refusing to answer coexists with a strong desire not to offend, then the difficulties in the way are very considerable. So indeed they are in those cases where the question has been prompted by no malicious feeling, and where it would seriously discompose the guiltless blunderers if their *gaucherie* were made evident.

Raillery sometimes affords a valuable means of escape from the difficulties of the position, as when, for instance, one lady having been asked by another where she had bought her delicious fish, replied that she hadn't bought it at all. "The fishmonger, when he heard you were coming to lunch, presented it to me. Unlike Dr. Faustus, my fishmonger absolutely refused to sell his sole (soul)." As a matter of fact, the much lauded fish had come off the truck of an itinerant vendor of "Mackerel all alive, oh!" but motives of false shame made the lady interrogated dislike to avow this.

Everyone is familiar with the nursery formula for dealing with any indiscreet query as to a person's age. But people who would scarcely care to answer that they were as old

as their tongue and a little older than their teeth might with advantage borrow a hint from the young married woman, whose precise age had been a subject of much discussion before some friend, more daring than the rest, hazarded a point blank enquiry—"How old are you?" "How old am I!" she echoed gaily; "let me see. Why, with my new bonnet and best gown on I am only seventeen. On the other hand, when I swathe myself in a shiny mackintosh, and poise a deerstalker's cap on the back of my head, I am not a day younger than fifty. My actual age, as you know, is somewhere between those limits."

One other way of dealing lightly with this question as to age, when it is a woman who is victimised by it, is to say laughingly—"Oh, we women are supposed to be only as old as we look. You do not need to ask me, therefore; you have simply to look at me." Yet another way, likely to be popular with those who rejoice in a good French accent, and are pleased at any opportunity of displaying it, is to rattle off some appropriate French quotation, prefacing it with the statement that you don't see why people should ever want to know anybody's age, since—

"Aux âmes bien nées,
La valeur n'attend point le nombre des
années";



or you may remark, that when you die no one will be able to say of you, as the French poet did of the young girl—

"Et Rose, elle a vécu, ce que vivent les roses,
L'espace d'un matin!"

Still another way is to answer with a touch of melancholy—"Alas! I am old enough to have been chief mourner at the funeral of many hopes," when the interrogator will probably feel that his or her question has set you on a track of sad reminiscences, and in curiously wondering what these dead and gone hopes can possibly have been will cease to speculate over your age. On the whole, however, a tone of cheerful banter best befits answers to the question, "How old are you?" and selection may be recommended from among the following: "Young enough to have preserved many illusions, one of which is, that a woman is always permitted to keep her years a profound secret"; or, "If I told my age to-day, ten years hence I might regret it"; or, "Women, like music, should never be dated"; or, "To tell you the truth, I have now arrived at that age when questions about age are always to be evaded." If the indiscreet friend persists further, and says, "But what age is that?" one has only to answer, "Why, the age that I am, to be sure," and so the discussion terminates in a circle.

While raillery, in many cases, is a very effective weapon, it must be sparingly used with those whose age, station, or intellect lift them above one's own level. Even with one's

equals, too, one may not always *choose* to resort to it. There are occasions when it is well to signify disapproval of an impertinent question, and to administer an unmistakable rebuff. But even then it is best to inflict the snub in a perfectly polite manner, so that the blame which attaches to the offender's rudeness may not also be extended to one's own curtness.

"Will you accept Captain Vavasour if he proposes to you?" said an illbred young girl to a friend of hers who had been singled out by the captain as the object of many attentions.

"My dear Celia," was the cutting reply, given in gentle but firm tones, "that is one of those questions which are seldom asked—" She paused, then added, with significant emphasis—"and never answered."

Nothing in its way could have been more admirable than this particular rejoinder, which in its cold reproof but absolute courtesy must have effectually put the fippant interrogator to the blush. This same answer, given in a slightly different tone, may be used too in those cases where the feelings of the person have to be considered. It is what one may call a colourless answer, which can be made to gently check or to harshly repress, according to the manner in which it is delivered.

Another colourless answer which can be returned to all questions, prefaced with an "If you will forgive my asking," is the following: "I could forgive you for asking, but not myself for answering." A slight modification of this same idea is to be found in the well-known rejoinder which a volatile

young widow elicited from a man of the world whom she had been pestering to answer a very indiscreet question.

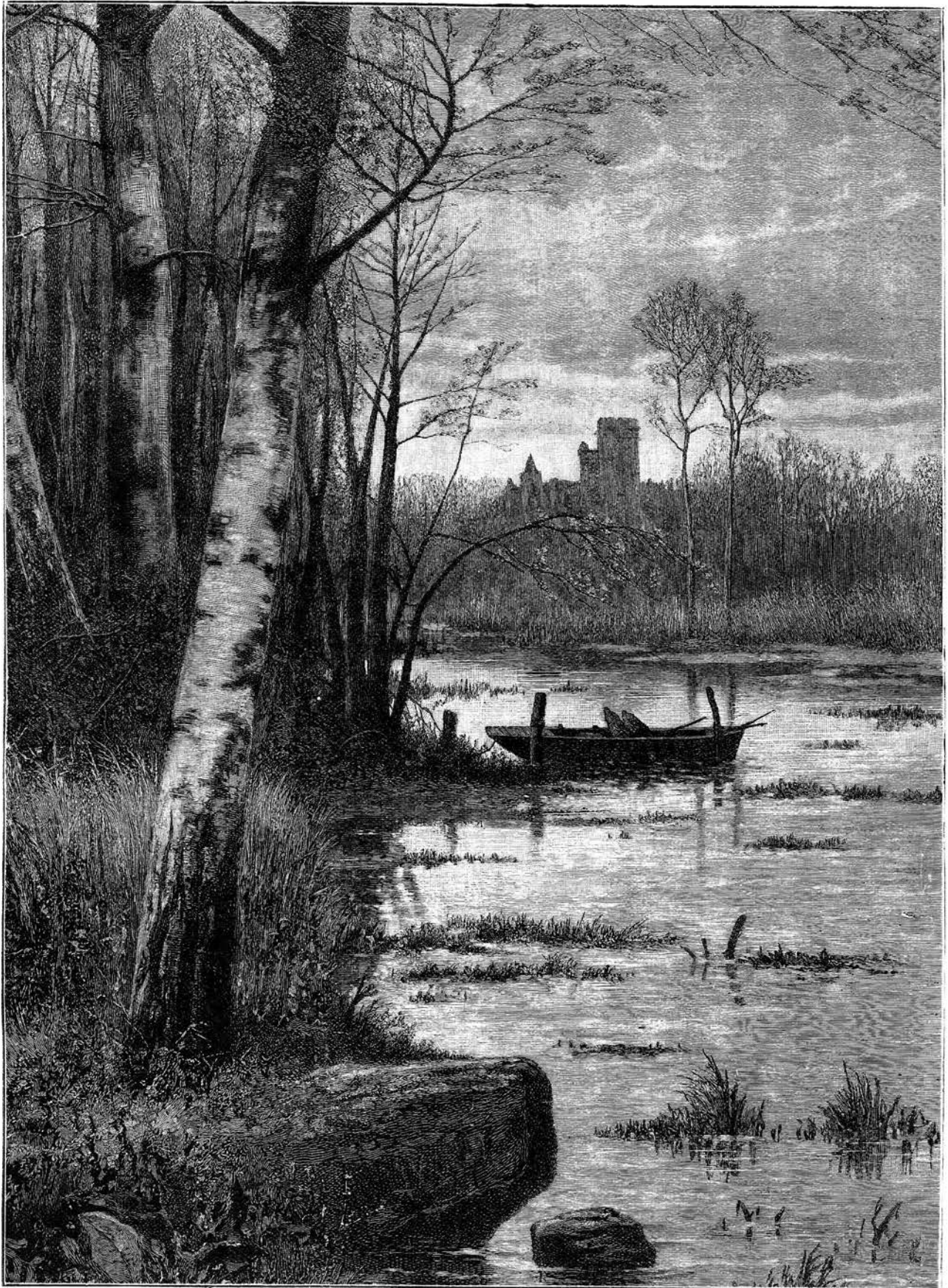
"My dear Mrs. —," he cried; "the world pardons the woman who asks these questions, but not the man who answers them."

It is not a bad plan when anyone, by way of an afterthought, after putting an impertinent question, murmurs apologetically, "Pray don't tell me if you would rather not," to seize the offered road of escape, and to say, "I will be as frank as you are considerate—I would rather not."

Sometimes, too, the Yankee plan of meeting a question with a question can be successfully tried, and you may say, "What makes you ask?" when, if the reply be, "Oh, simply for curiosity," the answer, "So bad a reason doesn't deserve an answer," will be found to be very adequate.

But after the above simple hints everyone's own sagacity will be equal to discovering methods of politely answering impertinent questions, or, to be more accurate, methods of not answering them. I may remark, in conclusion, though, that just as much practice in exercise and gymnastics leads to ease in ordinary walking, so much taxing one's ingenuity over appropriate answers to hypothetical, silly, or impertinent questions will ensure great facility in dealing with the usual commonplaces of every-day inquisitorial blundering.

ADA HEATHER-BIGG.



The Girl's Own Paper, 1898

SOLITUDE.

[From photo: Copyright 1892, by Berlin Photo Co.]

Odds and Ends.

WOMEN are very steadily broadening their field of labour. The latest innovation is the appointment by one of the vestries in London of a woman to collect the church rates.

IN the days of the Venetian Republic the Doge's wife was obliged to take an oath, upon her husband's election to the office, that she would accept no gifts but flowers, sweet herbs, balsam, leaves, and rosewater; that she would not write on behalf of any man to her husband or to his council; and that she would never ask for any favour or office for any one. Private intrigue and domestic considerations was thus militated against. In the earlier days of the Republic the lot of Venetian women was not particularly happy. They lived in the most rigorous seclusion, rarely leaving their gloomy palaces even for church. This state of things continued until the Greek wife of Doge Servo introduced habits of luxury from Byzantium. Her "evil custom of washing her whole person," her baths of dew and her excessive use of perfumes, were at first regarded with horror, but her down-trodden sisters were not slow to profit by her example.

THE Secretary for India has appointed Miss S. B. Williams as principal of the Girl's High School at Trivandrum. Miss Williams took the Victoria University degree of B.A., with honours in history before she went to Oxford. She was elected a scholar of Somerville in 1892, and graduated in the honours school of modern history at the University. Her brilliant record speaks well for her future work, which entails great responsibility.

THE Queen's private dining-room at Balmoral is a very homely and simple apartment. Its principal decorations are water-colour sketches, which are more remarkable for the fact that they are the work of various members of the Royal Family, than for any special talent they display.

A LADY'S hairdresser has been divulging secrets. The largest quantity of false hair comes from China and Japan. It is so plentiful that it only costs about 45s. a pound for tresses of upwards of a yard in length. It is, however, rather coarse and hard. The highest price is gained by blonde hair, which fetches as much as twenty guineas a pound, and comes almost entirely from the Scandinavian Peninsula. Italy, the Black Forest and the country districts of Thuringia are also sources of constant supply.

GERMAN women are the most domesticated in the world. But the flood of feminine advancement has at last reached Berlin. A club for ladies has been opened in the Königgrätzer-strasse in that city under the name of the "Victoria Club." It is the first institution of the kind and will supply a very urgent need, as in Berlin it is not considered correct for ladies to go to refreshment-rooms alone as they may in London. At this new club they may see the papers, write letters and have meals at a very reasonable price.

EVERY time the Empress of Austria uses the State jewels she is obliged to give a written receipt for them. Consequently her majesty prefers to choose from her own private collection which is estimated at the value of three hundred thousand pounds.

AMERICA is certainly the land of promise for women. Miss Elizabeth Fleming has been appointed crier of the United States District Court at Portland, whilst in Kentucky a Miss Tompkins has been appointed assistant marshal of the United States Supreme Court.

THERE are sixty banks in America where women are employed, and curiously enough, out of the whole number all, save one, are either married or are widows. Another curious feature of this employment is that no two women are found in any one bank, and no two banks where women hold positions of any kind are located in the same city or town. This proves incontestably that the employment of women in American banks is not merely an experiment but that the conviction of woman's ability obtains in no less than sixty communities. The posts filled range from bank trustees, presidents, vice-presidents, to cashiers and assistant cashiers.

THE year 1899 saw the birth of many famous men. Mendelssohn, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Tennyson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Professor Blackie, and Darwin, all having seen the light first in this year. And with one exception all these great men have lived to be eighty or thereabouts.

MEDICAL opinion, *apropos* the rage for cycling amongst women, declares that the exercise is peculiarly harmful for young girls, and that it is a fruitful source of consumption and heart complaint.

THE now well-renowned Mudie's Library was first started by the late Mr. Charles Mudie, who died in 1890, in a small newspaper and stationery shop in Southampton Row in 1844. He lent out cheap books at a penny a volume, and from this modest beginning the present system with its wide ramifications has developed.

THIS is the opinion of Madame Loiseau, a celebrated French lady poet, novelist and playwright who has been crowned by the French Academy, on English women writers: "What I do admire in the England of womanhood is the earnest educational ideal aimed at. I consider that you ought to be quite as proud of women like Mrs. Everett Green or Miss Toulmin Smith as of the showier writers of startling fiction. Women have a great field before them in the patient collation and editing of valuable historical documents. This is the tapestry to be worked by the refined dames of to-day. If other work did not beckon me, I could end my days happily in the sweet drudgery of a State-paper office, working for some French Camden Society."

THIS story indicates the opinion in which the inhabitants of certain towns are held in the North, where it is very well known. The conversation is supposed to be between a bus-driver and conductor in a North-country city. "Who is in the bus?" asks the driver. "Well!" replies the conductor, "there's a Liverpool gent, a Manchester man, an Oldham chap, a Glasgow body, and a fellow from Wigan." The varying degrees insinuated by the titles are most ingenious.

IN China amongst the poorer classes, tea-leaves instead of being thrown away are carefully dried and used instead of straw to stuff pillows, cushions, and mattresses.

THE annual stock-taking of the Mont de Piété—the municipal pawnshop of Paris—has just been made. Amongst other things it was discovered that a wedding-ring pawned in 1857 was redeemed last year after the ticket had been renewed thirty-six times; seventeen francs had been originally lent upon it, and over fifty francs had been paid in interest. The tickets had been renewed annually for many years on several other articles, amongst them a pair of cotton curtains pledged for four francs twenty-two years ago, and an umbrella, originally pawned in 1849, being the most noticeable. Sentiment is probably the explanation of these continuous renewals.

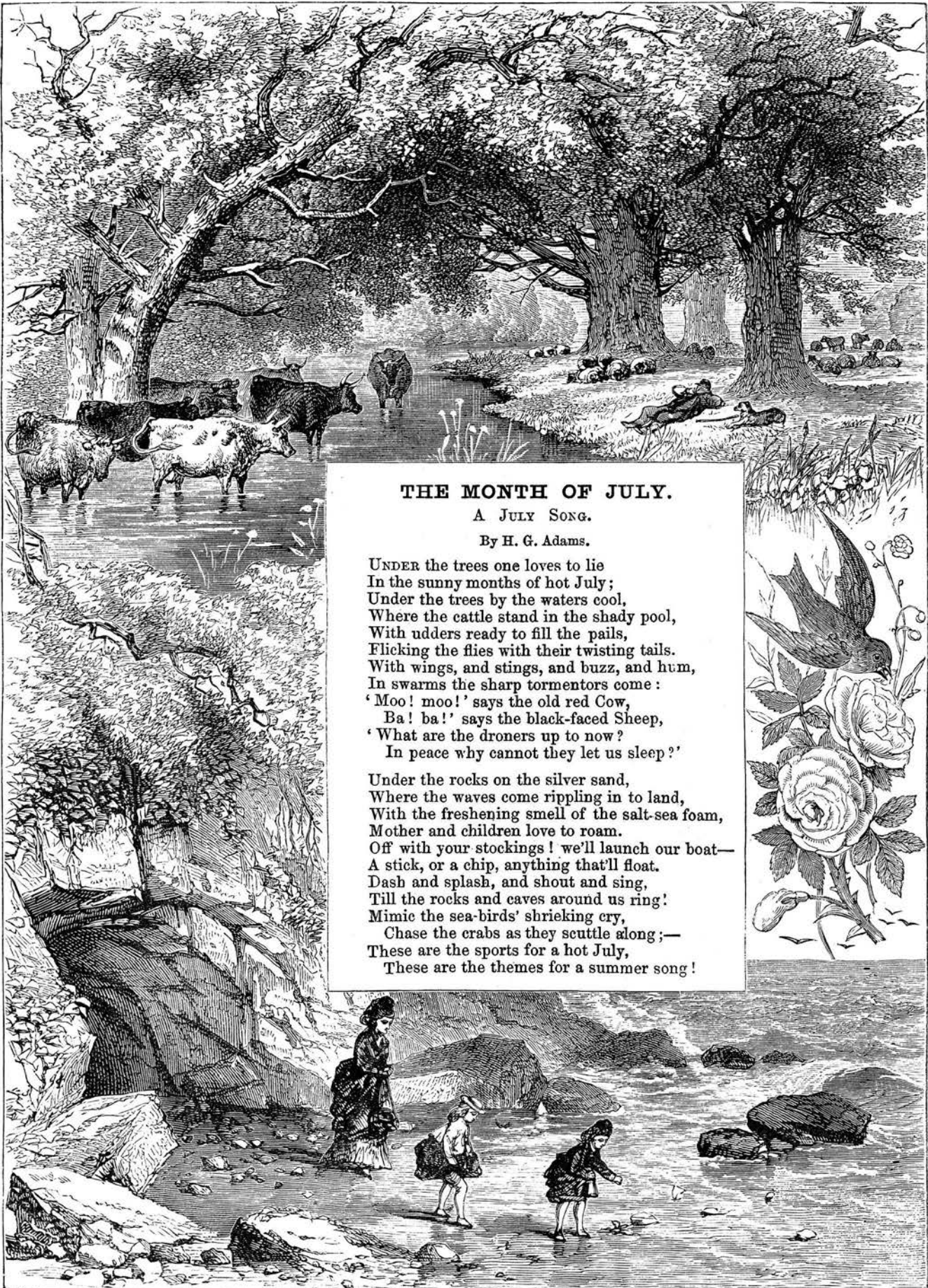
AT Russian Royal weddings a most unbending etiquette is followed in the matter of dress. The ladies of the Court wear a specialised form of the national costume, consisting of a low neck bodice with puffed sleeves, a white satin petticoat embroidered with silver, and a velvet train embroidered with gold. A diadem is worn on the head from which hangs a long tulle veil. The maids of honour to the reigning Empress always wear scarlet, and also a blue shoulder-knot bearing the initials of their mistress in diamonds. The average cost of one of these dresses is said to be at least three hundred pounds.

IT is a curious thing that the sovereign's head upon the coinage is, with a change of reign, altered alternately from left to right profile. Thus the profile of George III. was represented as facing the right; that of George IV. as facing the left; of William IV. as facing the right; and of the Queen again as facing the left. It would be interesting to know if there is any explanation of this alternation.

FOR the first time a woman's college has been helped by County Council and Parliamentary grants. This is Bedford College, which, thanks to the £1,200 given by these two bodies—£700 and £500 respectively—has been able to materially reduce its fees. Bedford College is the oldest existing institution for the higher education of women, older even than Newnham or Girton. Amongst its students have been George Eliot, Miss Anna Swanwick, Miss Frances Lord, Madame Belloc, Miss Beatrice Harraden, and several others.

THERE are now in England three lady-churchwardens. By an odd coincidence they are all dowager ladies of titles. The Dowager Lady Hindlip officiates in a church in Worcestershire, the Dowager Lady Heathcote at the church of North Ealing in Hampshire, and the Dowager Lady Londonderry at Machynlleth in North Wales.

A CHARMING story is told of the little Queen of Holland who is just fourteen years old. She is more capricious and precocious than is usual with children of that age, and her mother, the Queen-Regent, finds it necessary to be occasionally severe. One day the girl-queen, wishing to speak to her mother, knocked with some show of temper at the door of the room in which the Queen-Regent was sitting. "Who is there?" "It is the Queen of Holland!" (imperiously). "Then she must not enter" (peremptorily). To this unexpected reply the little queen made no answer. Then after a pause she said softly, "Mamma, it is your own little daughter that loves you and would like to kiss you." "You may come in."



THE MONTH OF JULY.

A JULY SONG.

By H. G. Adams.

UNDER the trees one loves to lie
In the sunny months of hot July ;
Under the trees by the waters cool,
Where the cattle stand in the shady pool,
With udders ready to fill the pails,
Flicking the flies with their twisting tails.
With wings, and stings, and buzz, and hum,
In swarms the sharp tormentors come :
'Moo! moo!' says the old red Cow,
'Ba! ba!' says the black-faced Sheep,
'What are the droners up to now ?
In peace why cannot they let us sleep ?'

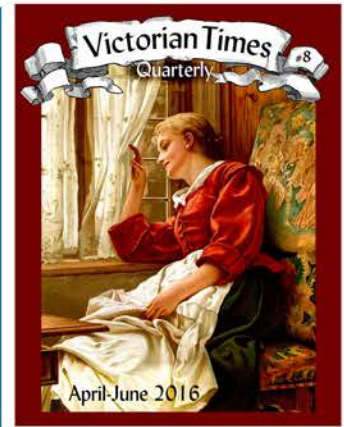
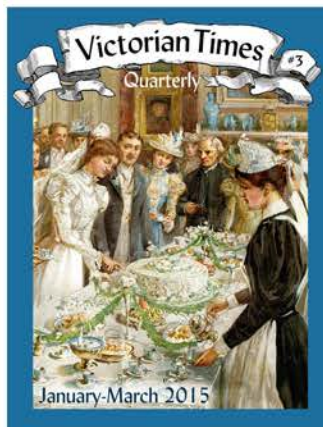
Under the rocks on the silver sand,
Where the waves come rippling in to land,
With the freshening smell of the salt-sea foam,
Mother and children love to roam.
Off with your stockings! we'll launch our boat—
A stick, or a chip, anything that'll float.
Dash and splash, and shout and sing,
Till the rocks and caves around us ring!
Mimic the sea-birds' shrieking cry,
Chase the crabs as they scuttle along ;—
These are the sports for a hot July,
These are the themes for a summer song !

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