

Victorian Times

Vol. I No 3

September 2014



*Favorite Dogs of the Princess of Wales • American Slang & Catchwords
Tips on Deportment • A British Lady in Texas • Pressing Autumn Leaves
Japanese Embroidery Motifs • How to Have an "American Sale"
Anchor: A Stag-Beetle • Flowers in History • The Village Shop*

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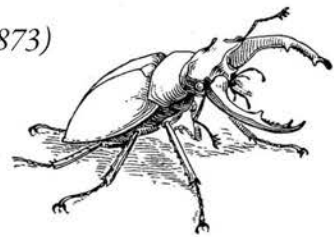
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*The Girl's Own Paper **Cassell's Family Magazine

Making Tough Decisions

One thing that quickly becomes apparent to any reader of Victorian literature (fiction or nonfiction) is that the concept of “political correctness” was utterly unknown in the 19th century! Material that is otherwise interesting, informative, or entertaining is often marred (at least by 21st-century standards) by racist statements or jokes, sometimes simply as throwaways that added nothing of value even when first written.

In short, the vast majority of Victorians regarded people of color (any color) as inferior, and did not hesitate to portray them as such in Victorian literature. This is true of both British and American “Victorians.” Nor were “people of color” singled out for discrimination; to many British Victorians, anyone who wasn’t actually *English* was inferior. One suspects that a great many Victorians took the “Grand Tour” simply so that they might rejoice, upon coming home, in being English.

There are, certainly, Victorian writers who did not share this general attitude, and who regarded (and wrote about) people of other cultures and races with respect and admiration. Sadly, those were in the minority. On the whole, Victorian writers speak of other races and cultures with a tone of often contemptuous amusement—yes, they are odd, but then, what can one expect, seeing as they are not English? Poor things, they cannot help it!

This attitude presents a challenge to the 21st-century editor like myself, however. Shall I republish articles that contain material that could be considered offensive? Conversely, do I censor material that was written more than 100 to 150 years ago because its long-dead writers did not share our 21st-century views? Should I condemn an author who has much to share with today’s reader, simply because not *all* of that author’s views mesh with today’s sensibilities?

It occurred to me as I pondered this problem that the reason it is a problem at all is *not* because we, as enlightened 21st-century beings, are so far beyond it ourselves. We do not find such attitudes troubling because we have moved so far past them as to have forgotten them. We find them troubling because we are still in the *midst* of trying to change those very same attitudes. “Political correctness” emerged a scant few decades ago. Most of us undoubtedly know people today who hold much the same views about “others” as the Victorians did.

It seems unrealistic (and perhaps unfair), therefore, to condemn Victorian writers for displaying attitudes that only began to be challenged decades later—and that are still a problem more than a century after those works were written. We challenge such attitudes today not because those of us born in the 20th century were somehow, miraculously, born a more enlightened people. Rather, we challenge such attitudes out of an enlightenment that has been hard-won by decades of effort and education that did not even *begin* until the middle of the 20th century. It’s easy to say that the Victorians should have “known” better—but in that case, so should we.

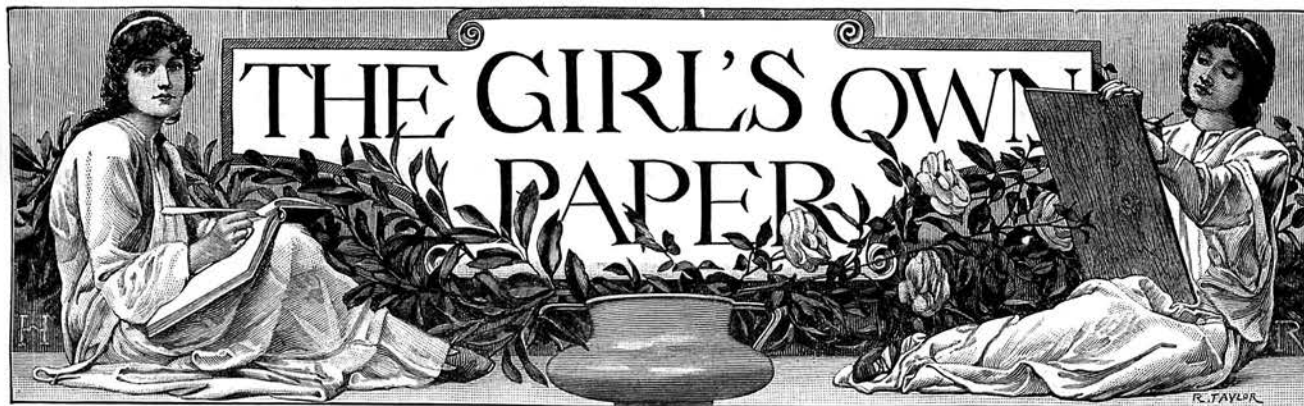
That being said, however, I still return to the question of what to publish and what to leave in obscurity. In this issue I faced that decision over the article on “American Slang.” It’s a charming article (though it does, I think, show rather clearly the British attitude of amusement toward anyone non-British—even Canadians!). But right in the middle was a lengthy section about “amusing” talk of “the negroes.”

What to do? Should I cast aside the entire article because of this section? I’m not wild about censorship, but I’m also not wild about reprinting blatantly offensive material. Of course, as an editor, I could simply trim anything I don’t care for, just as I would if someone were submitting a piece to me today. But my goal is to present genuine Victoriana, not to “sanitize” the works of Victorian writers for modern consumption.

I decided upon a compromise. In this magazine, the offensive section is removed—for without it, the article actually reads more smoothly. On the web, one can read the article in its entirety. (See the Bibliography on page 39 for the link.)

I’m sure that this type of “tough decision” will arise again in *Victorian Times*. And I hope that my choices will continue to make this magazine an enjoyable, entertaining and informative resource for its many and diverse readers!

—Moirra Allen, Editor
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Vol. XXI.—No. 1068.]

JUNE 16, 1900.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

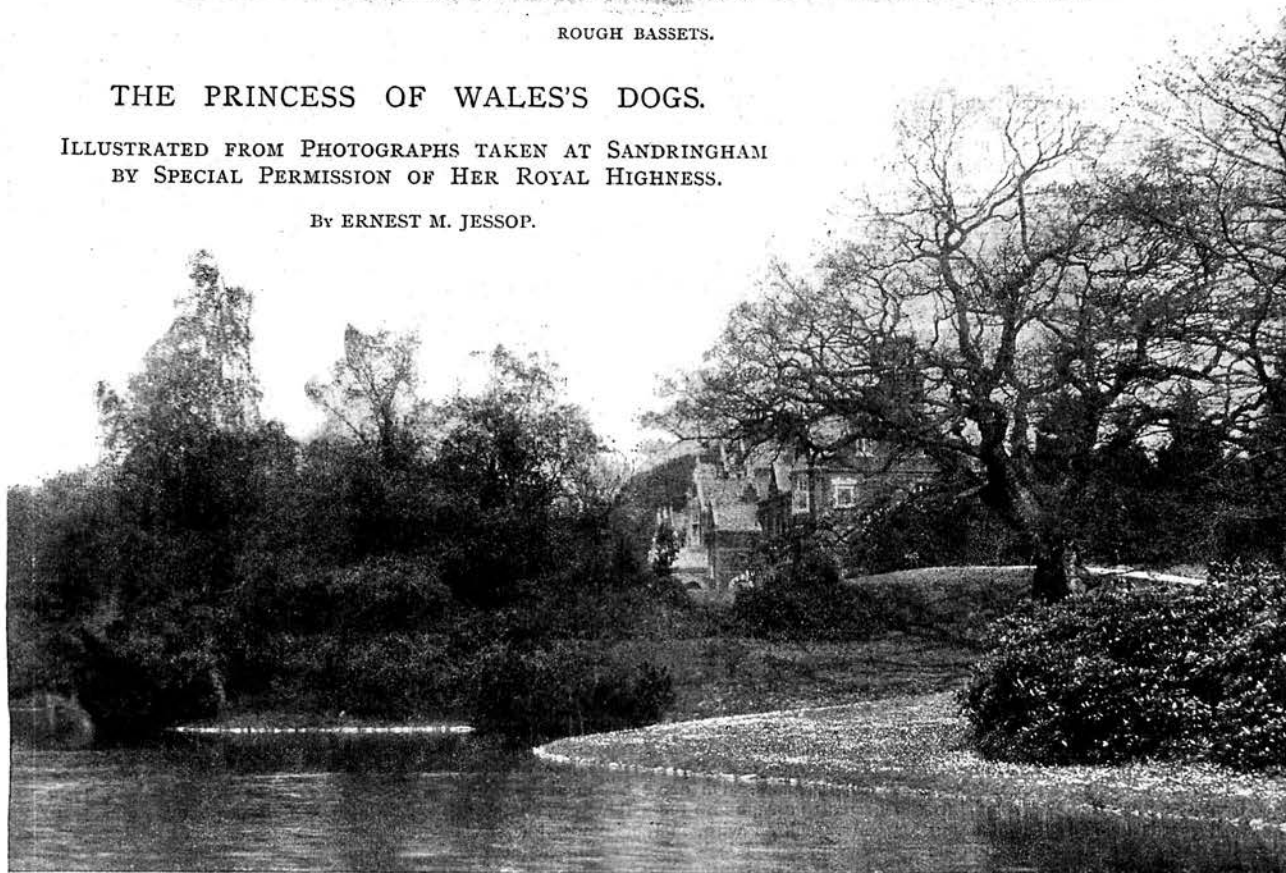


ROUGH BASSETS.

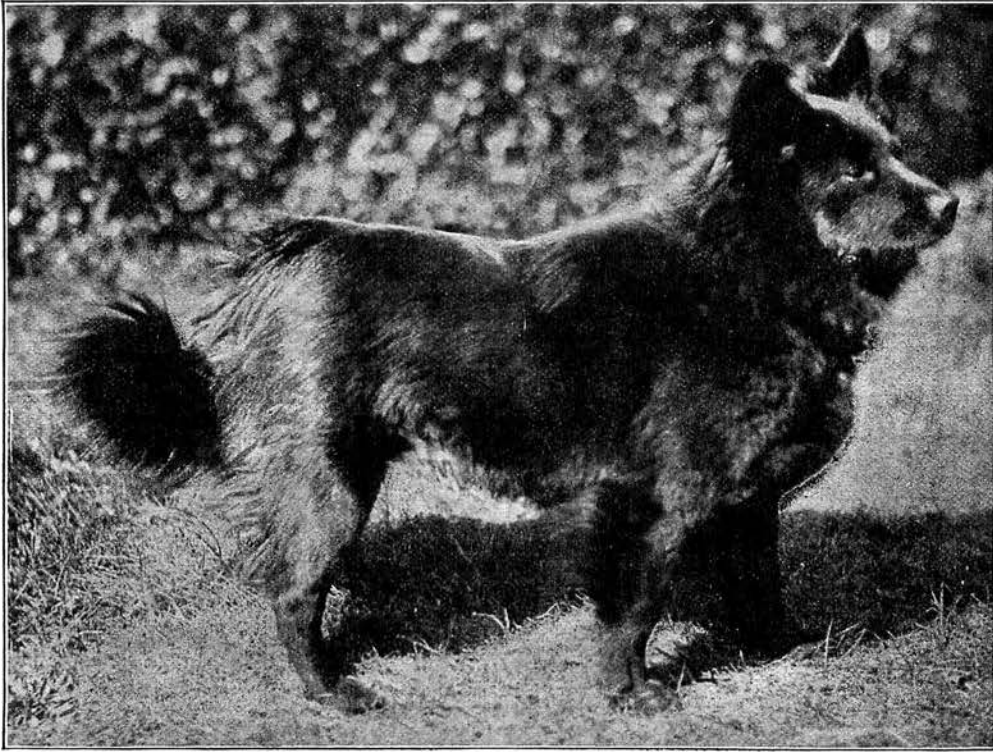
THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S DOGS.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN AT SANDRINGHAM
BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS.

By ERNEST M. JESSOP.



SANDRINGHAM FROM THE LOWER LAKE.



TUFI.

THREE-AND-A-HALF hours of bone-shaking and nerve-shattering in a carriage that might "stagger humanity" did but the Great Eastern Railway show it in a railway exhibition; fleet as an arrow to studious Cambridge, and thence creeping slow, and ever slower, from rustic station to yet another rustic station, under the charge of officials who seemingly take no heed of time, over the flat pastures and past the old-world windmills, at last we arrive at pretty, rural Dersingham. Here the matter of transport is taken in hand by a smart dog-cart and a high-stepping bay mare, which makes but short work of the remaining two miles to the House—Sandringham House, if you please, for there is no other House with a capital H in this district. Next to kindly Mr. Beck (the Prince's agent) in his lovely ivy-clad house to get your credentials signed, and, if you have the luck to arrive at breakfast time, to taste, among other dainties, cream that makes you mentally resolve on your return to deliver your family milkman into the unsympathetic hands of the public analyst, and bacon which causes you to wonder that pig so good was ever allowed to attain maturity.

Now, armed with your pass which allows yourself and photographer to wander anywhere over the estate at any time, you start in search of the kennels. These are easy to find if you first pull up at the pretty little house of genial Mr. Jackson, the Prince's head keeper, who, as well as Mrs. Jackson, is always ready with both help and information. Passing through Mrs. Jackson's garden, which is a perfect blaze of colour from its old-fashioned flowers, kept in the trimmest of order by its kindly mistress, we first come to a railed-in space of evergreen turf, much used for doggy exercise. This is the paddock, where may be seen on Sunday mornings our own Princess, in garden hat and great white apron, almost overwhelmed by the caresses of some sixty or seventy dogs of all sorts, shapes, sizes and breeds, from the miniature Jap spaniel to the lordly St. Bernard, one and all contending for a special little notice from the much-loved mistress. A yard or so behind stands, with

baskets well filled with bread and biscuits, the watchful attendant Brunson, the chief kennelman, a fine stalwart figure with long fair moustache and kindly eyes, clad in his Sunday uniform of Lincoln-green coat with gilt crested buttons, drab breeches, black tops, and bowler hat surrounded by a gold cord knotted in front with acorn ends. He carries a smart little silver-mounted whip, but, as he tells me, only as part of his uniform, the dogs all being too fond both of their Royal mistress and himself ever to require the use of such an article. Well, well, and so for a good half hour or more go on the bread-throwing, the laughter, the barking, and the caresses before the eyes of admiring guests until all are satisfied; and so, as such matters are not for us to see, we will stroll along with Brunson.

Now let us look at the creeper-clad and moss-grown wall which forms the back of the kennels: here in front of it, bedded in flowers, shall one notice the simple little grave of poor Beatie, who, as his tombstone says, was "for ten years the faithful companion of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales." Beatie was a white Siberian. He was most devotedly attached to his master, and invariably accompanied him in his walks and drives. The day after his death the Prince made a special visit to the kennels to thank the attendants for their care of his pet in his last illness.

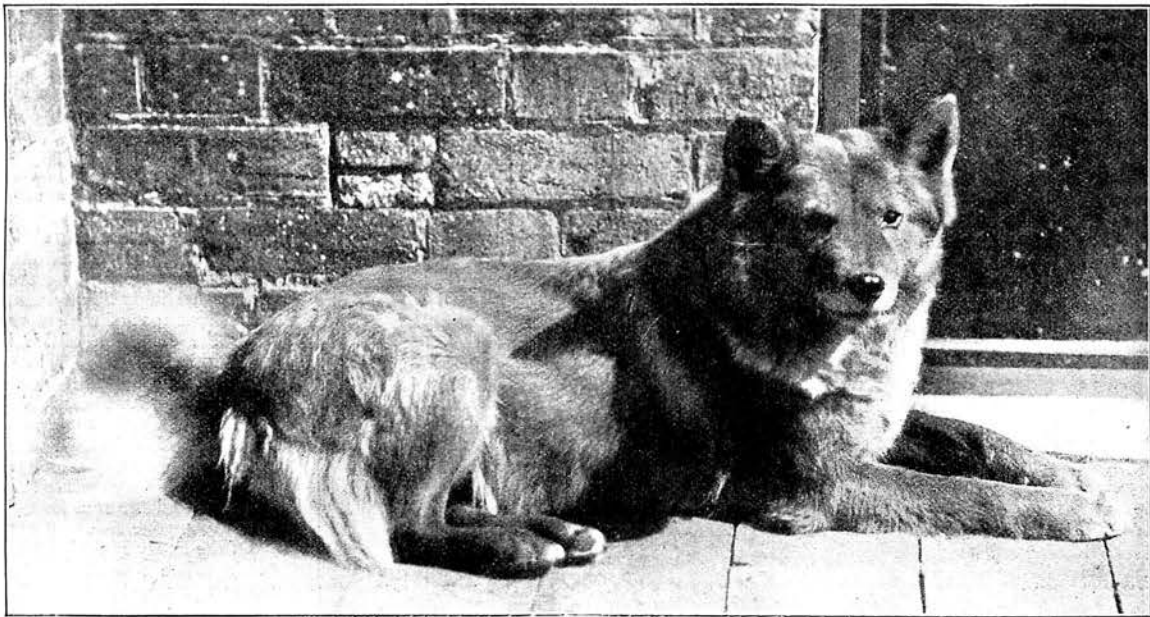
Nearly opposite to Beatie's tomb is the site of an old bear-pit, formerly occupied by Charlie and Polly, two American black bears, which have now been deported to the Zoo, greatly to the pleasure of their former attendants, to whom they were somewhat of a trial. Polly was fairly affable, and could usually be coaxed into her den while the daily cleansing of the pit took place, but Charlie would pace around the pit for hours, wearing a grim smile on his sable countenance at Brunson's efforts to persuade him to vacate the premises. On one occasion also he managed to escape into the paddock and indulged Mr. Jackson with, in the immortal words of Besant and Rice's Phineas P. Beck, a little bit of "bar hunting," "bar behind." After

Mr. Jackson's narrow escape it was considered time for Charlie and his mate's departure, and with a warm leave-taking, from which their proffered hugging was luckily omitted, they left for the Zoo, where, midst a wealth of indigestible buns, they meditate on their lost royal home with its many advantages.

And now let us to the dogs. These live in a range of fourteen kennels, very similar in appearance to those of the Queen which I have already described. Each kennel is about fourteen feet by eleven in size, with an outside yard measuring sixteen feet by eleven, floored with solid brick. Every yard contains a large metal water-vessel, into which a tap is continually dripping. All the kennels are heated by hot-water pipes, and have a most efficient system of drainage and ventilating apparatus, as well as windows which can be kept open or closed according as the season of the year requires. The dogs' beds, some eighteen inches above the floor, are made of iron laths in a hinged framework, which can be raised for sleeping or let down flat against the wall. Dried bracken is used for bedding instead of straw, as it is considered more healthy and it does not harbour vermin.

The routine of life followed in the kennels is as follows. Early in the morning Brunson takes some thirty of the biggest dogs for a five or six miles' scamper while his assistant does some of the washing up. On the dogs' return they go into their clean kennels while their fellows are taken out in the same way. Then a light meal is given, and afterwards, weather permitting, the occupants of each kennel in turn have a run in the paddocks, and for the rest of the day the dogs remain in their own yards. Their heavy meal is given before kennelling up for the night. The foods used are biscuits, oatmeal, and bullocks' and sheep's heads all properly cooked and prepared together.

The range of buildings includes store-rooms, with a beautifully-kept apparatus ready for instant use in case of fire, a distemper house, a hospital, and a large, clean, well-fitted kitchen for the preparation of the dogs' food.



FOXEY.

While learning all these details on my first visit to the kennels, our constant companion was a small, smart-looking pug, who rather assumed the post of interpreter, seeming, as he stopped with a somewhat supercilious air, to remark to the other dogs, "You will pardon this man; merely the Press, you know, come to describe things. A great bore, of course, but it is one of the penalties one has to pay for being a Royal dog. Don't bark! The man with the three-legged machine, which he calls a camera, is quite harmless—only makes pictures." His little superciliousness turns out on inquiry to be Bully, who was given to the Princess by the Prince on his departure for India, and who held the position of first favourite for many years. He went the way of all good dogs some short time since, having attained the patriarchal age of nineteen, but to the last claimed all his

privileges, insisting, when Brunson was a bachelor, on sharing his bed, and in later days making a pillow of his baby.

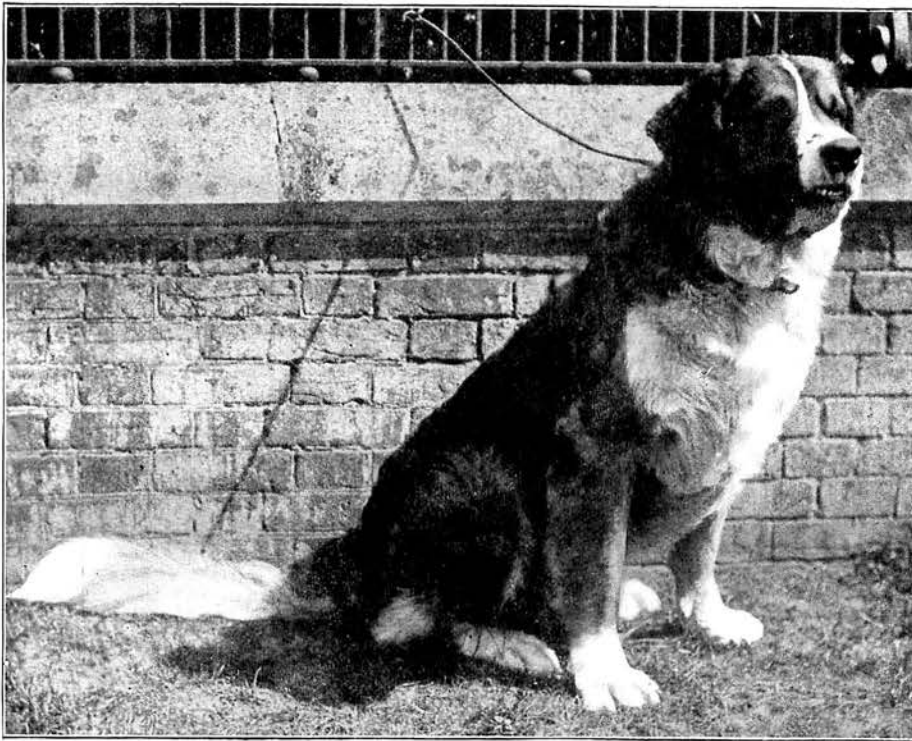
Then there was Blackie, a most lovable little toy Spitz, whom the Prince brought from Homburg as a present for Princess Victoria. He only weighs about four pounds, but was the bugbear of my photographer. Keep still he would not. Play, play, play, was the cry of the mercurial little imp; a ball was fetched, keys were rattled, a tin whistle was tried, even a dinner bell was of no use; until that patriarch of all birds, Cockie, the Princess's cockatoo, who had been an interested spectator of the proceedings, after assuming an attitude of profound thought, suddenly grasped the situation and gave vent to a prolonged series of such awful yells that even Blackie was quiet for the moment wanted by the rapid shutter to do its work.

A great contrast to Blackie as models were the pretty group of rough grey and tan bassets. Babil and Bijou and their family. At the word of command they assembled in their little yard and grouped themselves in the most picturesque attitudes, seeming to be only too proud of the notice taken of them; small tails wagged, ears were pricked and tiny paws placed in the most dainty way, anything in fact to please such a kind keeper as Brunson. And when attention was drawn to the camera lens every eye was at once fixed on it as though it were some wonderful fetich. The parents of this beautiful little family of dogs were brought from France in 1887, by H.R.H. the Comtesse de Paris, and presented by her to the Princess.

Another prized companion of our walks round the kennels was Perla, a Lapland sledge dog, with the loveliest, snow-white



MARVEL. (SMOOTH BASSET.)



SANDRINGHAM COUNT.

coat and the blackest of eyes and noses. Of the most amiable and cheerful disposition, Perla is naturally a favourite of everyone on the estate, but I am afraid she is a little inclined to flirting, as she persistently declined to face the camera, moving first a yard one way, and anon to the other side with a whisk of her tail, and a look of human intelligence in her fine dark eyes, evidently trying to tell us that something was wanting. At last Brunson remembered. "Oh," said he, "she won't be quiet without Bizoff." So at a call up trots Bizoff, a large, handsome blue and grey Norwegian dog; pretty "Miss Perla" wags her tail, gives a bark of satisfaction and at once stands at attention beside him while the photograph is taken. Perla, I learn, has been many times exhibited, and owns a very large number of first and special prizes. She was presented by Baron Oscar Dickson in 1887.

Now the whole group of us gets scattered by the friendly rush of a pet, who by means of a tremendous bass voice has been making himself conspicuous for some time past, and has at last been let loose to go to his (evidently) beloved Brunson. This is the great St. Bernard, Sandringham Count, who in the extremity of his delight nearly knocks down the stalwart Brunson by putting his paws on his shoulders, at the same time as he whisks the camera off its legs with a wave of his tail. These pets of thirteen stone weight are sometimes embarrassing in their attentions. But in spite of his size and high spirits, "the Count" is particularly obedient and sits most quietly for his portrait, although I must say his best picture is obtained when he is allowed to nestle his great fine head against his beloved keeper's hand. However, the portrait taken, and "the Count" told to go home, off he trots most contentedly to his kennel, merely knocking down a few small dogs by the way, and narrowly missing the present writer.

In the days that have gone, one of the nicest of the Princess's dogs, and certainly the greatest favourite, was Plumpie, a red

Chinese Chow-Chow. For many years she was her Royal mistress's constant and faithful companion, and was photographed times out of number with the Princess whom she so dearly loved. She is now, alas, dead. I think the last portrait taken of her was a drawing in silverpoint made by myself, which Her Royal Highness did me the honour of purchasing from me.

But Plumpie has left some reminiscences of herself in her offspring Buz, Fuz and Foxey, whose father was the Prince's Beatie.

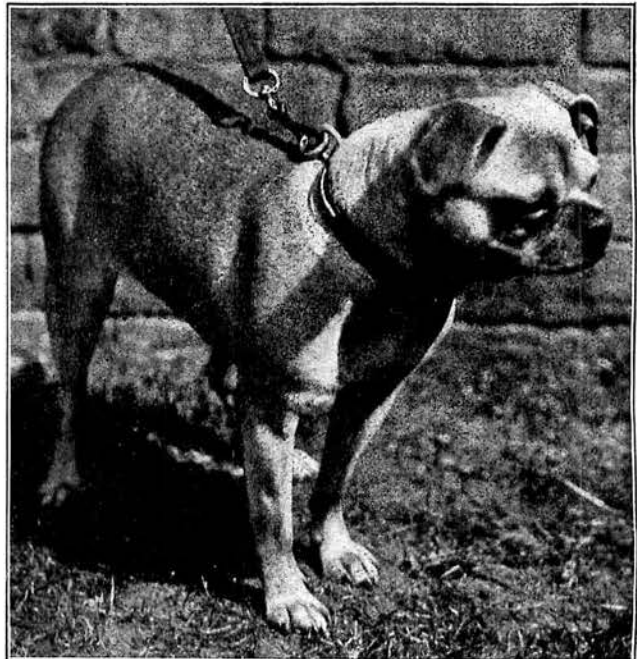
Buz and his brothers have the reputation of being rather short-tempered with strangers, but I must do them the justice to say I found no indications of it. On the contrary whether it was from Bully's introduction, or that they looked upon me as the man with the bits of meat, I do not know, but most certainly we were on the best of terms during my visit. They are handsome creatures with splendid thick red coats. All the Chinese dogs on their first arrival at Sandringham were very savage and self-willed, but, in consequence of their kindly treatment, soon became the most docile of creatures.

Brunson scorns the idea of a whip being required in the kennels save as a portion of his dress livery, and shows me, as a proof

of the merits of his system of training by kindness, a splendid jet-black Chow named Tuff, who, when she arrived at the kennels, could not be touched without danger, but now follows him about like an affectionate puppy. Here is Luska, too, who came straight from Siberia to Sandringham when he was eighteen months old. On his arrival, after his long journey, he was a dilapidated-looking object, with a coat mainly consisting of tar and paint, and an overwhelming desire to bite anyone with whom he came in contact. Now he is a strikingly handsome dog with a marvellous coat of the snowiest white, with the exception of his head and ears, which are all black, save for a white streak on the face. In his Siberian days Luska had lived entirely on fish, but soon took to Sandringham diet. He is now as quiet and well disposed a dog as one could wish for, but he is very reserved and shows more marked affection for the Princess than for anyone else.

Of the lovely Borzoi, Alix, the Princess's prime favourite, so much has been written, and so many photographs taken, that any more notice here would be superfluous. I think a few words ought to be given to Zero and Marvel who, especially the former, are perfect patterns of what their breed should be. They are known as smooth bassets. Zero is a most uncommon-looking dog — one of the finest of his breed in existence. His colours are black, white and tan. He has wonderful length of

body and great power of limb; but his chief beauties are his lovely head, with its great silky drooping ears, and his big, soft melancholy brown eyes, of which the iris is curiously tinged with deep pink. In spite of his heavy build he is a very fast galloper, and was formerly the constant companion of the Princess in her rides, being well able to keep up with the fastest of hacks, and, like all the other dogs, never likely to stray far from his mistress. Marvel, a female dog, is smaller and of slighter build, but is yet a model of her kind, and is



BULLY.



BLACKIE. (BLACK TOY POMERANIAN.)

noted for her affectionate disposition as well as her long pedigree. Her colours are black and white.

A beautiful meek-faced collie who constantly follows us about, neglecting no opportunity of calling attention to herself by giving an affectionate lick to one's hand, is Newmarket Nicety. She and her brother, Newmarket Tip, are special favourites of the Princess, and are frequently kept "in the house."

To my mind the nicest, and certainly by all who knew him the best-loved, dog in the Sandringham kennels was dear old Snowdrop (now dead). He was a pure white collie of the most aristocratic appearance with the loveliest coat imaginable. His manners were so kindly and yet so effusive, and his appearance so intelligent, that sometimes it was difficult to realise he was merely a dumb creature. And the patience of him! He seemed quite to understand that he was wanted to sit for his portrait. Being delicate, a mat was placed to cover the cold stones when he at once tried various attitudes to please us. Position after position was assumed with a questioning look upwards, or over his shoulder, as though he would say "How would that do?" and when at last he was settled, there he remained, like a beautiful statue, until told the picture was finished. But this was not all. He remembered things. Whenever I called at Mr. Jackson's house, where he lived his last years,

he would first give me a most kindly welcome, then retreat to his mat and pose himself in exactly the same position he had been required to assume when his likeness was taken, greeting with a sedate wag of the tail the appearance of my sketch-book from my pocket. At my last visit to the kennels, I am pleased to say that I was enabled to give reproductions of his portrait to his best friends, by whom the picture of their lost pet was almost greeted with tears.

With Snowdrop under the care of kindly Mrs. Jackson lived, as doggy companion, dear little Tiny, one of the smallest and smartest of black Spitzes, or as it is the fashion to call them, toy Poms. Tiny and Snowdrop were practically inseparable, and it would be difficult to find a prettier picture than the pair made, when the silky little black head of Tiny was pillowed on the lovely white coat of her big friend and champion. Poor little Tiny is also now, alas, dead, only having survived her companion a few short months.

Space is now running short, so I must stop descriptions of individual dogs, or I should like to have mentioned many others, notably the Clumber spaniels and Sam, the Princess Victoria's curly brown poodle, who possesses many accomplishments, such as the turning of somersaults and other acrobatic feats, and who is privileged to carry her letters every morning to his mistress.

Then, too, there are the Princess's tiny

Japanese spaniels, whose chief attraction is their smallness and their beauty, coupled with the fact that they never leave their Royal mistress. Their names are Punch, Little Billee, and Facey. I must conclude by saying that there are usually between sixty and seventy pet dogs in the kennels, exclusive of those used for sport, which are kept elsewhere. The Princess names all her own dogs herself, and knows each one by name. Never a day passes, when they are in residence at Sandringham, without both the Prince and Princess visiting the kennels, and personally attending to the comfort of their occupants.

The Duchess of Fife's favourite dogs are Blenheim spaniels and dachshunds. Princess Charles of Denmark prefers fox-terriers, and of the Princess Victoria's Blackie and Sam I have already spoken. The Queen has been many times to the kennels, the arrangement of which she greatly admired. The Duke of York also takes great interest in them, but naturally his tastes incline more to sporting dogs. And so one must conclude a pleasant visit by a call at the Princess's little sitting-room, where are to be seen brilliantly-polished collars, leads, etc., intermingled with photographs of old favourites, certificates of prizes won, the perfectly-kept stud-book, and, prized above all by the custodians, the autographed portraits of the well-beloved Royal masters and mistresses.



DEPARTMENT : SOME CONSIDERATIONS OF THE SUBJECT.

By AN ARTIST.



HERE nothink's intended, nothink is meant," remarked that mythical mirror of wisdom, Mrs. Brown, to her friend when she took umbrage at some sentence from the august lady above-mentioned, which was quite innocently devoid of intention, but nevertheless touched a sore spot in the conscience of Mrs. B.'s friend.

Now I, fearing that among the vast number of readers of this popular magazine may be some to whom one of my remarks or more may appear personal, take the opportunity in this brief preface to assure one and all that "nothink's intended," consequently "nothink is meant."

This little paper, essay—call it what you will—is neither written as an attack upon the sins of deportment or misdeportment, nor has it any hopes of converting that section of the British nation who may chance to peruse it to a proper sense of the true value of so important a science; but is rather a collection of remarks and considerations founded upon careful and constant observation by one who may be right or wrong, but who considers a proper carriage as one of the parts, not least important, which help towards perfect beauty.

A favourite sauntering ground with me is the West End. There one with the faculty for observation may see and learn to distinguish each class by other indications than the clothes, particularly by the carriage—I do not mean the wheeled vehicle, but deportment, and even to make some shrewd guesses at character. It does not take long: the brain

acts with a rapidity far beyond the most instantaneous mechanism. The figure is observed, style and bearing noted, with other peculiarities, and in "less than no time" the label is filled in and pinned to the human parcel—mentally.

But other considerations have a place. The great pleasure anyone with the slightest appreciation for beauty gains by watching the graceful motions of a good walker, man or woman, boy or girl, is incalculable, and the impression lives and becomes a "joy for ever." The movement of a woman or girl is perhaps the more graceful, owing to the delicate lines

that marks boy from man and girl from woman.

"Yet, ah! that Spring should vanish with the rose,
That youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!"

A beautiful face will not redeem a bad form, and many spoil a good form by bad deportment. Of these persons the most irritating to look upon are, first, the woman who appears always in a violent hurry, and, hugging her umbrella or sunshade to her, strides along with body bent forward to an angle of thirty-five degrees, whilst the pad at the back of the dress—called, I believe, an "improver"—bobs up and down like a cork on a stormy pond.

Another, with an impossible waist, sways violently before you, and her dress swings to and fro like a ground-swell under the counter of a yacht, arms akimbo and a sunshade trimmed square like a yard, to rake you as she passes.

Number 2 is less of a nuisance than an eyesore. She is dressed to the waist as a man; thence, as divided skirts have not yet become fashionable, she necessarily remains a woman, at least in costume; in motion she yet strives to represent a man. This figure provokes one to laughter, calling to mind as it does that hybrid, the mermaid, which was neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, nor good red herring.

Again, what is more tiring than that mincing step so many affect, and what more tiring to the walker?

One more, the 5th—the girl who carries herself too well—that is to say, who pulls her shoulders back until it appears she could fall backward at a touch; the body is perfectly rigid; all the work is done from the hips downwards, which is manifestly not right. What does a doctor tell you about walking? It is the best exercise possible because it brings into play *all* the muscles of the body.

The natural movement is always the more graceful, and the beauty of motion is the ripple of the whole form, the beautiful sway of a beautiful line. The wonderful construction of the human body is expressed best in walking, each muscle giving and taking its share in the work.



"AN EYESORE."

of the figure, and for that very reason faults of deportment in this sex are more noticeable and jarring; so when one sees a woman slouching along with shoulders drooping forward and arms moving at all angles, or wobbling with ungainly swayings owing to over-tight lacing, or too small boots, or high heels, one can scarcely repress a shudder, for, knowing the capabilities of the beautiful human form, one is stung to distraction by this libellous caricature. A badly deformed person does not strike you in the same way: you insensibly make allowances for the accident of birth, and are sorry; but to the being who murders his or her form by the various beauty traps of fashion, one feels much as the artist would towards the brute who should smash up the beautiful Venus of Melos.

The beauty of youth is proverbial, and in spite of the Venus one always admires the Cupid and Psyche and the young Antinous more; the limbs are finer, the movement more "airy light" and less conscious; the buoyant motions, the free elasticity of limb which makes ungainly action almost impossible in youth, are charms which many, no longer young, strive in vain to imitate, vainly, because the suppleness and unconsciousness quickly pass away, and because propriety will not allow of that abandonment in years of discretion which is the very life and soul of those years that lie the other side of the boundary



"SHE COULD FALL BACKWARD AT A TOUCH."



"WITH BODY BENT FORWARD."

Department does not, as may be premised from the fact that it is a science to be learned, teach unnatural carriage; but, on the contrary, being a science, it teaches the proper use of the limbs, and their just balance in all positions; and surely that is carrying out entirely Nature's design, which must have been for a person to advance by means put purposely at

its disposal, and not by throwing the weight entirely off its balance, and tumbling forward like a rock set loose upon the hillside.

It is more than amusing in fine or wet weather to watch the constant stream of people on the streets, and another pleasure to take note of the varied costumes, as diverse as the characters they cover. The artist, forced

by his profession to be extraordinarily observant of human nature, watches for and notices well all peculiarities, and many of the characters regarded by the inexperienced as unreal or overdrawn are actually studies from life. Since calisthenics have become so fashionable in the feminine world, grace and beauty should surely increase, and much good come of it.



AMERICAN SLANG, CATCH-WORDS AND ABBREVIATIONS.

By DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.



ELL as I knew the quaintness of the "slang," and, indeed, of the American colloquial language altogether (which perhaps should hardly be called "slang"), I never was quite so much struck by it as

last year, when I traversed the United States and Canada on my journey to the "Great Show," i.e. the Columbian Exhibition at Chicago. Some of it is so comical, and the fun is added to a thousand times by the fact that no one looks at it in that light; and the words or expressions are so common that they have ceased to be noticed.

Beginning with the old lady who travelled with me up to Niagara, and told me she had lost so much money, as well as her farm, and "she felt it considerable to have to climb down and take a back seat at her time of life." "I'm going to visit round for a spell," she continued. "My daughter lives out west in Nebraska. I should admire to see you out there; she's gotten her a good home, and she's a real smart woman, though she ain't much to look at. She favours her par, and he was as homely as a brushwood fence." We had great talks together, mine ancient chum and I, and she "took quite a shine" to me, as she kindly said. One of her many confidences was, that "she had gotten religion, and in all her troubles had been a waiter on Providence!" The last I heard of her was, her advice to me to "hustle" or I'd never catch the train. "You have to hustle," she said, "and don't you forget it at the Bridge." And I did "hustle" indeed! but I thus caught my train successfully.

When you land in Canada, the word "hustle" is the most constant sound you hear, and everyone impresses on you that "you'll have to hustle," whatever you are about to do. You "hustle" to the tram-cars, and the train, and if ever, by any chance, you have to meet anyone, you "hustle" more than ever. As to the telephone, it is the most dreadful "hustle" in the world.

"I'm just death on cake," exclaims a young lady, who also says everything is "just too sweet," and she has "seen such a lovely man," while she also talks about a "brainless" woman, this word being much applied in America to people and to things. A "brainless" newspaper means clever and able, in the sense of imaginative. "You have a brick in your hat," if you get tipsy; and if this be not your business, you reply, "It's not my funeral" (which it certainly is not, in the sense that you are not yet dead).

"Takes the cake" and "bad hat," or, as the Californians say, "a bad egg," have both

made their bows before an English audience; and we also know the ugly and everlastingly-used word "boodle" and "boodler." This is really a Dutch word meaning, in its proper sense, "property left by a relation," a "testator." It always means money in its present sense; but not money honestly got. In contradistinction to "boodling," a man will assure you that the money is "straight money," i.e. honestly come by. Judging by the charges made in various newspapers, political money is always "boodled."

"He just tore past me like a streak of greased lightning. I guess that buggy won't be worth shucks when he stops," is a vivid description of a runaway of double-distilled swiftness. "Shucks" are the outer skins of the corn-cobs, and of course are quite valueless. If you have got on your "store clothes" you are what we should call a "swell," but if you are "going it" to an even greater extent, you are "cutting a big swathe," a term derived from the wielding of the scythe in hay-time.

An "air line" means the most direct route. If you were in the backwoods you would say, you "went across lots," i.e. across the fields. "Slantendicularly" means to go crookedly, or on one side. "I can't gee with her," is the method of saying that you don't get on with a person; and if some plan or attempt have been a failure, if you said, in the west, that it did not "pan out right," everyone would understand that the man who "bossed" the job had made a failure in some way, and matters had not turned out as was anticipated.

"As mad as mad," and "as savage as a meat axe," are both ordinary expressions. "Acted real mean" is another; and if you were abusive you would probably be exhorted to "dry up and not pile up the agony like that." It is a very funny habit also when you ask someone: "Is this yours?" to hear them say, "Well, it's not anyone else's;" and "don't you forget it," is the commonest addition to every piece of proffered information. "You didn't think I belonged to that crowd, did you?" was the scathing answer to an inquiry as to the invited guests at a picnic.

In Canada you hear much of the "Chore boy," and in the backwoods in May, when the black flies are bad, he weeds the garden "enveloped in the smoke of a smudge," the latter word meaning a smoke made by kindling a fire in an old tin pan with damp wood. A smudge is used to keep off mosquitoes; and I have seen half-a-dozen burning round a house on a summer evening, in the hope of affording a little rest from their torture.

In the north-western parts of Canada you drive about on a "buckboard," which is a machine having four wheels, a floor laid between them on the springs, and a seat in the centre—a dreadfully ramsackle affair.

But when you go over the country roads and find that your horse picks his way through rocks, and that your carriage is expected to go over them, you realise that nothing very solidly built could surmount such difficulties and such real dangers. But oh! the beauty of the woods in Canada in May, when the dogwood and the lilies are all in flower; the dog's-tooth-violets also, and the forget-me-nots blossom under-foot. Or, when in the hush of the early morning you waken in time to hear the great forest around you wakening up too, with the "drumming" of the partridge, or the prolonged cry of the whip-poor-wills, there is a peculiar enchantment in your surroundings.

Out on these northern lakes they catch fish by "trolling," and when a man says he "trolled home," you know he has hung a fishing-line from the stern of the boat, with a bit of tin to glitter and attract the fish. And it is in these "diggings" that, when you "go to see your best girl," the process called courtship becomes of a more electric nature, and is called "sparking." There, too, they take "store pay," which means that wages are paid in kind, by an order on the store for a certain amount. There also whiskey becomes "tangle-leg," a very good name too, for it does cause much confusion amongst men's legs sometimes; and you make acquaintance with the word "crank," a much-meaning term, and if they look out for their own interests, "they have an axe to grind." "Bass" is in universal use, and "the boss has been there, and knows all about it," and most likely you will find he is "the biggest toad in the swamp." The expression that most rejoiced me was "stay put." "I've put it up several times, and it won't stay put." What lots of things I have known in life that don't "stay put!"

The quaintness of the native American humour is at times wonderful. A very good instance of it was given the other day in a weekly paper, in the shape of a story about a distressed and deeply-mourning widow. A friend who is inquiring for her, says sympathetically, "Poor dear, I suppose she takes no comfort out of anything, not even music." "Oh, yes she does," was the answer, "she plays the piano, but on account of her mourning she only uses the black keys."

In an American paper I found the following collection of political proverbs, which I think are excellent, terse, sensible, and witty:—

"Thar's never a short crop ov polliticks."
"A statesman that stays pore, ought never to be out ov a job."

"'Honerable,' before some men's names don't kno what it is thar fer."

"A politishan that kin lie, and won't, is kep purty bizzy exercizin his ability."

"Some men that is in favor of paper money

will vote for silver, and take their pay in gold; and *visy versy*."

"Don't look a boughten vote in the mouth."
"An angel in polliticks will shed its wings after the first campan."

The use of abbreviations in America is very extraordinary, especially on the railroads. A gentleman told me he had gone to the ticket-office—I think, in Chicago—and had asked what was the best route to St. Louis; the clerk said at once, "St. Louis? Go over the C. B. and G., C. R. I., and P. A. T., and S. F., C. and A. I. C. I., and S. W." This seems what would be called over there "as clear as mud;" but, after all, it is only the names of the railways you must traverse to get to your destination.

The military term "baggage" does duty where we, in England, should use "luggage," and here we have not yet adopted the "All aboard," which is the universal signal for the starting off of every form of conveyance, from a "buggy" to a tramcar or railway train. Nor have we either the term "deadhead" for the person who holds a free pass; nor yet adopted the phrase "He's a rustler," though, in its place, we do say, "He's a daisy," meaning much the same thing.

When the true American inquires "Where are my gums?" you need not think she is alluding in any way to her mouth; she only means to inquire for her goloshes; and should she ask your "given name" you will know she means what we should call the Christian name and not the surname. The funniest misnomer which one hears is in the northern parts of Canada, where people talk about "lunch;" if you chance to arrive in the middle of the night, the meat you would partake of would be called "lunch," and if you started with an early breakfast, that would be "lunch," too. In fact, I found that all meals eaten out of due season were "lunches," and the real lunch has no existence where there is perpetually early dinner.

And now I think I have almost come to the end of my notes, save one, which I must chronicle. Upon one of the northern lakes of Canada someone in my hearing asked, "What So-and-so was doing now?" (meaning, of course, whether he had any employment). The answer of his brother was at once funny and spoke a volume as well. "Oh, he ain't doing much, he mostly takes it out looking round," and I will end with the Western and Southern form of salutation and adieu—

"So-long, So-long!"



THE MARRIED MAN.

Adown the street the married man
Starts off with hurried tread,
But from the door a wifely voice
Calls, "Don't forget the bread."

He smiles and nods and turns to go,
The careless married man,
When loud the servant calls him—"O,
You haven't got the can!"

He nods again, in fretful style,
But pulleth down his hat,
And lo, his sister with a smile,
Cries, "Won't you bring my hat?"

"Oh, yes," he shouts, and, truth to tell,
He need not shout so loud;
But shrills his son, with stunning yell,
"Theater tickets for the crowd."

His daughter from the window high,
Estops him with a call:
She wants a fan, a pair of gloves,
A new pink parasol.

He hears no more; far down the street
His echoing footsteps fly:
And all day long, in measure fleet,
He hums "Sweet buy-and-buy."

But when the evening respite brings,
And this day's toil is done,
Though told to get a hundred things,
He hasn't brought home one.



APPLES, AND WHAT TO DO WITH THEM.

It is expected that apples will be very plentiful this year, plentiful and consequently cheap. Let us hope that the expectation will be realised. Apples are delicious and wholesome; they can be prepared in a hundred different ways; they keep well, and last long; they are universally popular, and they possess many most excellent qualities. We are speaking within the mark when we say that the apple is the most useful fruit we possess.

I have heard it said that there are 1,500 varieties of named apples. I cannot answer for the truth of this statement, but I willingly acknowledge that apples are of all sorts and sizes, tastes and flavours. There are apples sweet and apples sour, apples juicy and apples dry, apples soft and apples hard, apples mellow and apples rough, apples large and apples diminutive. The true connoisseur in apples generally judges of an apple by its smell; if this is good, appearance is for him a comparatively minor consideration.

For a long time apples have been largely imported from America, and now they are sent to us from New Zealand and Australia. I had some apples given to me a few months ago which came from Sydney, and they were excellent both in quality and flavour. It is said that this year we shall not need to have apples from anywhere; we shall have quite enough at home. This is good news, yet I confess that, when the time comes for them, I hope we shall have Newtown pippins. In my opinion no apples are to be compared with Newtown pippins. For years English gardeners have been trying to reproduce this apple, and they have grown something very nearly equal to it, but possessing not quite the same delicious flavour. The worst of Newtown pippins is that they are not good keeping apples, and on this account fruit dealers are

chary of purchasing them, because unless sold off quickly there is sure to be loss connected with them. People who are very fond of apples would find it a good plan to buy one or more barrels of Newtown pippins, according to their requirements, as soon as they come into the market, and then use them straight away. Apples are very much cheaper bought in quantities thus, and, if care be taken of them, they will prove very serviceable. Where there is room for storage, this plan is to be recommended also for English apples, care being taken always to buy sound fruit of a kind which keeps well. For the use of my own family I have bought Blenheim oranges and Flanders pippins, and these two varieties have with me kept all through the winter, and been good to the last.

Apples which are to be stored for winter use should be picked from the tree carefully, they should not be thrown about, and they should be handled as little as possible. Those which are sent from a distance should be unpacked as soon as may be, and they should be wiped carefully with a soft cloth, because moisture will cause them to decay sooner than anything. They should be examined carefully before being put away, and those which show signs of decay should be put aside for immediate use. This process of looking over the fruit should be repeated regularly at intervals, say of a week, for decomposition quickly communicates itself from one apple to another. A little straw should then be spread on the floor or shelf, and the apples should be put in rows side by side, and they should not be allowed to touch. The room or outhouse in which the fruit is kept should be cool, dry, and airy.

Delicious as apples undoubtedly are, they are not so delicious that they cannot be improved by additional flavour. Old-fashioned cooks are accustomed to put one or two cloves with apples, in cooking them. I have sometimes had apple pie, in which the taste and the aroma of the cloves overpowered that of the apples. Grated lemon rind is also employed for the same purpose, as are also cinnamon, grated nutmeg, and in all cases sugar, and, whenever it can be obtained, cream.

Individual taste must, of course, determine what flavour is to be used; therefore, in giving recipes later, I will not repeat this information in each case. May I, however, suggest to those who have not tried the combination, that apricots or quinces, and apples, should be put together. A great epicure once said that quinces, though of little value in themselves, improved an apple pie beyond the power of words to describe. One quince is sufficient for a moderate-sized apple pie.

Dried apples or chips are imported in large quantities from America, and, though there is a great difference in their quality, good dried apples are both excellent and economical. They need to be soaked all night in cold water, and then stewed gently in the same water till soft, before being used. Sugar should not be put with them until they have been stewed for some time. As it is difficult to judge the quality of dried apples by their appearances, intending purchasers should be careful to procure them of a respectable dealer. Inferior dried apples are a great delusion.

I will now give a few recipes for the preparation of apples, and I shall make no mention of apple pie, the ordinary boiled apple pudding, apple dumpling, apple tart, apple sauce, apple fool, or baked apples, because I should think that by this time the girls of our cookery class know as much about these preparations as I do.

Compôte of Apples.—Cut four good sized apples into quarters, then peel them, and throw them at once into water with lemon juice. (It saves time to quarter apples before

peeling them, and it preserves their colour to throw them into water to which lemon juice has been added.) Make a little very thin syrup with loaf sugar and water. Boil this till clear, put in the apple quarters, and simmer them very gently till they are soft, without breaking. Take them up and put them aside to cool. Add more sugar to the syrup, and boil it again till it is very thick. Arrange the apples in a circle, colour the syrup either with a few drops of saffron water or a little cochineal or red jelly, and serve cold. A pennyworth of saffron may be bought of the chemist, and a portion of this should be soaked in a tablespoonful of boiling water, until the liquid is a deep orange colour. A very pretty compôte may be made by peeling, coring, and stewing the apples whole, and putting a little red jam in the centre of each when dishing them. This dish may be further ornamented by putting little strips of angelica or of marmalade on the top of each apple.

Apple Fritters.—Make a little frying batter by mixing smoothly four ounces of flour with two dessertspoonfuls of salad oil, and a gill of lukewarm water. This batter may be made thus far before it is wanted. About ten minutes before it is used, stir in lightly the whites of two eggs which have been beaten to a froth. Choose three or more large, firm apples. Peel them and cut them across the core in rounds as thin as a shilling, and stamp out the core. Make some dripping hot in a stewpan. As soon as it is still and a blue smoke begins to rise from it, take up the apple rings one by one by means of a skewer put into the centre hole, dip them into the batter to cover them completely, and drop them into the fat. Three or four fritters, as many as the pan will hold without their touching, may be fried at one time. Have ready a sheet of kitchen paper on a plate. When the fritters are lightly browned on one side, turn them quickly on the other; when this side also is coloured, they are done. Put them on the paper to drain, and keep hot, till all the fritters are cooked. Arrange them in a dish, sift white sugar over them, and serve. Some cooks use apple chips in making apple fritters. When this is done, they must be soaked well and stewed a little before being fried, or they will be hard.

Apple Charlotte.—Take a plain round mould, about five inches deep; butter this inside. Cut some thin, stale bread into strips for the sides, and a round for the bottom of the mould; melt some butter, dip the pieces of bread into this, and line the mould so that there are no vacant places, thus making a bread mould within the other mould. This is most easily made (by people who have not had experience in making a Charlotte Russe) by making the strips of bread overlap each other. Stew some apples to make a pulp, which must be firm and well sweetened, melted with butter, and flavoured with lemon juice. Very little, if any, water must be used; but it is impossible to lay down an exact rule, because the nature of the apple must determine the quantity. Fill the mould with the pulp, lay a piece of buttered bread on the top, put a plate, or cover, with a weight to keep the fruit in its place, and bake in an oven for about three-quarters of an hour, till the bread is deeply browned; turn out carefully, and serve with cream or sifted sugar. A simple variety of this dish, known under the name of Brown Betty, is made by filling a buttered dish with alternate layers of apples and bread-crumbs, intermixed with butter and sugar, and flavoured with lemon-peel or nutmeg. Bread-crumbs should form the uppermost layer, a little melted butter be poured over all, and the pudding baked till well browned.

Apple Cheesecakes.—Peel some apples and grate them to the core; take equal weights of

grated apple, castor sugar and butter, and flavour with a little grated lemon-rind; melt the butter, add the other ingredients, and mix thoroughly, then add one egg for each quarter pound of pulp; line cheesecake tins in the usual way, half fill them with the mixture, and bake.

Apple Gâteau.—Soak half an ounce of gelatine in water, to cover it; peel, core, and slice two pounds of good baking apples; put them into a stewpan, with water to cover them, and let them simmer till quite soft; drain off the water and beat the apples till smooth, or press them through a sieve, and add a little grated lemon-rind and sugar to that; put the water which was drained off into a saucepan, and add the gelatine. When this is dissolved, stir in the apple, first allowing it to cool, mix all thoroughly; pour into a damp mould, turn out when cold, and serve with cream and sugar. If liked, one or two tablespoonfuls of cream can be put with the apple pulp, which may then have a pint of good custard poured round it.

Apple Custard Tartlet.—Peel, core, and quarter some good baking apples to fill a quart basin, and stew them with very little water till quite soft, being careful not to let them burn. Add a flavouring of lemon or cinnamon, sugar to taste, a good slice of fresh butter, and an ounce of flour. Beat the flour till smooth, and stir the mixture over the fire for a few minutes to cook it. When the apple pulp is cool add, one at a time, two well-beaten eggs. Line large tartlet tins with pastry, spread the apple custard on them, garnish with pastry leaves or twists, and bake in a good oven. Serve hot or cold.

Apple Custard.—Stew some apples to a firm pulp, as in the last recipe; sweeten, and flavour. Put the fruit into a glass dish; when quite cold pour some thick custard over, garnish with angelica or strips of lemon-rind, and serve with sponge fingers. If liked, the apple pulp can be put into a pie-dish, custard can be poured over, and then gently baked, or the apple pulp can be laid on sponge biscuits which have been spread with apricot marmalade, and soaked in syrup.

Apples and Tapioca (a simple wholesome dish for the nursery).—Soak overnight two tablespoonfuls of tapioca, then stew it gently in the same water till it is clear. It must not be over thick. Peel, core, and quarter six large apples, and stew them in the oven, or steam them till they are slightly softened. Put the apples in a pie-dish, sprinkle sugar over them, sweeten and flavour the tapioca, pour it over the fruit, and bake gently till tender. If liked, the tapioca can be coloured with cochineal, or sago may be used instead of tapioca.

A refreshing drink for invalids is **Apple Water**, made by pouring a pint of boiling water upon three juicy apples (which have been peeled, cored, and sliced) and a little lemon-rind; then sweetening to taste. When the liquid is cold it may be strained, and is then ready for use.

A peculiar, but by no means disagreeable, pickle or relish to eat with cold meat may be made by mixing some apple grated with its bulk in finely-chopped onion, to which are added a little red chili cut up small, salt, and vinegar to moisten the whole.

PHILLIS BROWNE.



A LADY'S JOURNEY TO TEXAS.

PART III.

UP COUNTRY—CONTINUED.



HAVING parted with the last of our cheery and hospitable company, we set about putting the finishing touches to our house, such as fixing the doors on, and partitioning off a part of the room (for the whole house consisted but of one large room), to act as a sleeping apartment. While these arrangements were being carried out, we continued to cook and bake at our camp fire, sitting round it for our meals, a picnic which lasted some days, and which was highly delightful in the beautiful atmosphere, so warm, yet with a refreshing breeze; and amid the lovely flowers of those hills just bursting into bloom.

There, in the evenings, when the wind was in a suitable quarter, we fired the long dry grass for many acres around our dwellings, and in the valley where we were going to plant our crops. In my last chapter I believe I described the *modus operandi*, so will only say that it was a beautiful sight, and afforded us much amusement in stopping its course at the proper places, and grand fun for the children to witness at a safe and respectable distance.

The next thing to be done was to prepare the ground for our crops; and having got a couple of steers from a Polander*, they were yoked to a plough in order to commence operations on the virgin soil in the valley, about 500 yards from our shanty, and alongside of which ran the creek, which contained our water supply for home purposes.

Well, do you think those beasts would stir? Not a bit of it! "Gee-up" and "Wo" had no effect on them whatever, and when at last they consented to move, they went round and round, and in all directions but the right one; so they were taken back to their former owner as useless for ploughing. Truth to tell, the animals were good workers, and on the Polander taking them in hand himself, did their duty well, but were only accustomed to the Polish lingo, adorned by a few Mexican oaths, which latter they seemed to understand in a most marvellous manner. There being no time to teach them English, or for us to learn the elegant dialect to which they had been used, we left them with the Polander, and sought elsewhere, and obtained, another pair, to which the English language was not altogether unknown.

As we were so late for the season of planting, we could not do very much in the way of crops—but managed to raise some very good potatoes—Irish, as they call them in the South, to distinguish them from the yams, or sweet potatoes, which are more commonly grown here. Also some beans, onions, peas, water-melons, &c. The ground had then to be fenced round to protect it from being trampled by the herds of cattle passing over the land. This was done by cutting small trees down, making posts of them, and twining the branches in between.

Our food at this time consisted of bacon, very fat as it invariably is here; corn-meal, and bread made with white flour, and eggs from our chickens. Also beef when there was any to be got in Bandera city, where they

* Name given to the Polish settlers there.

killed one beast only, once a week. Then there was game to be had, such as deer, wild turkeys, prairie-chickens, &c., throughout the winter months; but during the hot weather they retire into the recesses of the forests, and could not be obtained except by the regular hunters, who gave up their whole time to their pursuit. It soon became too hot also to get beef, or if bought, it would be quite fly-blown before it could be brought to the rancho, even when carefully covered. We found the small wild rabbit, known there as the cotton-tail, very good eating, and very plentiful. These we drove out of the brush by means of dogs, whence they would make for hollow live-oak trees, as they do not burrow as with us here. We would then block the hole, and with an axe chop an opening, about two feet from the ground, in the trunk of the tree, thus easily taking the rabbit out with our hands; keeping our cartridges for better sport. Cat-fish were the largest fish to be caught in the river, and very good eating. They weigh up to 60lb., and will devour any bait, live or otherwise. Black bass, perch, and eels were also very plentiful. The river was, however, infested with garfish—the alligator-gar as they are generally called. They are a terror to the other fish, and we lost a great many lines by them, as they would snap them and swim off with the bait. We would throw out floating baits, and when they rose, shoot them. They have a hard, scaly skin, and a jaw quite four inches long, full of a double row of sharp teeth. These fish run often up to three feet in length.

Coffee was our drink, as is usual in Texas, for every meal, and drunk without milk or sugar; for milk is a scarcity, and sugar an expensive luxury. We were very anxious, however, to get a cow for our little one, but, strange as it may seem, in that land where cattle abound, a milch cow is hardly to be obtained for love or money. We tried in every likely place, but with no success at that time. The large cattle-men do not trouble to milk the cows in their herds, and so they wander through the country increasing and multiplying. Sometimes one may see a cow with a family of two calves, a yearling and a little one keeping alongside of her. Those who keep their cows for the sake of their milk will not part with them.

The early part of April was very hot, and it was then that we had a terrible time of trouble, for our little boy was taken suddenly very ill, and before many hours he was in strong convulsions. A kind gentleman from Ohio, who owned a rancho some miles off, and who had formerly practised as a doctor, came over and did all in his power for the poor little fellow, who lay insensible for many, many days. We had to fetch a physician, too, from San Antonio, and he told us there was little or no hope. It was a sort of sunstroke, coupled with dysentery and blood poisoning. Again we tried to get a cow, and, with a great deal of persuasion, induced a woman to part with one of hers, together with its calf, for a fancy price; and no doubt the milk, from which the child had been deprived for three months, assisted greatly in pulling him round, though he never was as strong again.

In order to get the milk we found it necessary to pen the calf, and so depend on its mother returning to it every day. Many a time, however, she would join a herd of cattle and wander off a long distance, having to be "cut out of the bunch," and "rounded up" by my husband on horseback before she would return, after an absence of thirty-six hours.

Cattle not being housed or fed as in our colder climes, they instinctively attach themselves to the wandering herds and graze far away from home, even apparently forgetting their calves left behind.

Other cows we had later, but they required to be roped and secured before they could be

milked, so unaccustomed are they to the operation.

The country was at this time, until the end of June, in its glory. The shrubs and cacti were beautiful, and the ground was a gorgeous carpet of flowers up to the doors; and every day we discovered fresh beauties among them, many resembling, if not exactly similar to our carefully-tended foreign hothouse plants, and which were there blooming in profusion around us. Only the pen and brush of Miss North can describe their varied forms and tints. As far as the eye could see, the bank appeared a living carpet of ever-changing loveliness. Day after day we filled our shanty with fresh specimens of the choicest blossoms, whose perfume deliciously pervaded the air, and which made the little place sweet and cheerful within, as well as bright without.

By the river side (the Medina) the scene was one of indescribable charm. The sluggish stream, at this point about 100 feet wide, wound its way between steep bluffs on the one hand and soft grazing land on the other; but fine cypress and cedar trees grew along either bank. Many of them had been cut down, the former for lumber, the latter being mostly cut into "shingles," used for roofing houses; but their fine trunks remained, many of them being 12 feet in circumference, and covered with a luxuriant growth of creepers with lovely blossoms and wild vines. Here, by the river, the flowers grew in the wildest profusion, the eye being almost dazzled with the brilliancy of the colouring, the dark foliage of the trees setting off their beauty still more.

We often came here to fish, at least up to the end of June, for it was too hot later to ride the two miles there, and very little chance of sport in the heat; but once there, we would be forced to stay till the sun had set, and then ride home by moonlight. From choice we did not care to do this, for the river and banks were infested with snakes, the most obnoxious of which was the moccasin, whose bite is deadly. Many a time we shot as many as half-a-dozen during the course of a day's fishing; and often we have seen them dive into the water from the opposite bank, and make direct across to us; and unless we were always on the alert would have struck us silently, swiftly, and surely. The moccasin is about four to five feet long, not so big as the rattlesnake, and of a dark grey colour. They have not the nobleness of the latter, which always warns its enemy, and only strikes in self-defence.

An Englishman, who was fishing with us one day, had a narrow escape from one of these moccasins. It was moonlight, and we were preparing to return home, when he drew his line from the water, feeling a strong pull, and hauled out what he took for a fine eel. In another minute he had it in his hand, and with the other was going to take it off the hook, when someone near saw what it was, and made him drop it, and it was quickly despatched.

Occasionally we found them under the house and near our water-hole, or in the creek, when we flew them to pieces with gun or pistol. Needless to say we were always armed, never stirring from home without a loaded gun, such being the invariable and very necessary custom in the backwoods and prairies.

There are several other kinds of snakes which abound in Texas. The chicken-snake, a large reptile often eight feet long, is not venomous, but is a terrible thief, lying in wait for young chickens and eggs, and after gorging itself would retire into a bush, where we would find it coiled among the branches, and, too torpid to move after such a full meal, allowed itself to be shot or otherwise killed without offering much resistance. I heard an amusing anecdote of a chicken-snake which happened to some neighbours. I must tell you first that these snakes will come into houses at

night in search of mice, or, better still, eggs, and we have often heard them gliding about the floor of our shanty.

Well, one night our neighbours heard one in their room, but being well used to them did not trouble about getting up to hunt it away. Towards morning there was a commotion in the cupboard, where the wife had placed some eggs for safety as she supposed. On rising to discover the cause, they found a large snake wriggling about amongst the crockery, trying to extricate himself from a very great dilemma. He had discovered the eggs, and had swallowed one or more, and in endeavouring to reach another had passed his head through the handle of a jug. He had taken another, when something must have disturbed him, as he was hastily preparing to beat a retreat as our friends approached him, but found it more difficult than he had calculated on. He could neither advance nor retire, for the eggs inside of him forbade it either way. There he was helplessly fixed, with the thin part of his neck in the handle, and the eggs swelling him out at both sides. Mr.— and his wife were so amused, they waited to see how the creature would get out of his difficulty. They had not long to wait, for his struggles brought both him and the pitcher to the floor, as he was either unwilling or unable to disgorge the latter part of his booty; and, smashing the jug in his fall, was free, only to pay the penalty of his greediness and want of perception.

There is a very beautiful snake called the king or coral, but I do not know the scientific name for it. It runs mostly from two to four feet long; its colours—red, black, yellow, and white—are laid in regular rings round its body, the red and yellow bands being about an inch wide, divided by narrower rings of the black and white. This gives it a most dazzling appearance as it glides along in the sun. Some reckon it among the venomous kinds; others, Texans and Mexicans principally, deny that it is so. They aver that it is perfectly harmless, and will pick them up and twine them round their sombreros, and let them remain there while they ride or walk, as long as the beautiful snake likes their company. However, we did not care to make an experiment with them on ourselves, and made a practice of killing all reptiles we came across.

The vine snake is very pretty too; it is small, only about two feet long, and is usually found in the tendrils of the wild vines, and being of the same shade of delicate green as the leaves, it is almost safe from discovery while resting quietly.

I need hardly describe the rattlesnake, he is too well-known—at least by description. Suffice to say, we killed a great many of them. One large one we found within 200 yards of the house; my husband "rocked" him first, and as the creature turned and bit itself, maddened by its wounds, he sprang quickly on its head, crushing it to death. We kept the skin afterwards, together with the rattles, nineteen in number, therefore it must have been twenty-one years old. It was over six feet long.

Of lizards there were plenty, but they are such active little creatures that it is no easy job to catch them. One large one we caught among our garden crops. He was an extraordinary looking beast, about a foot long from his mouth to the end of his tail, and he had an arrow-shaped head (much resembling that of a rattlesnake), which is believed to be the form of any venomous snake or lizard. Whether he was so or no I cannot say, only he fought furiously when caught, snapping and biting at a stick or stone put near him, his sharp teeth holding on firmly. We killed it, of course, and, strange to say, we never saw another like it while we were in Texas. It was of a grey colour, marked with darker shades and green,

and had a bright yellow band round the neck, which gave it the appearance of having a snake's head fastened to a lizard's body.

The quaint-looking little horned-frogs were great pets with us all. We generally found them in the grass by the water, when we would catch them without much difficulty, and bring them up to the houses for the children, for they are quite harmless. They are about four inches long and of a grey colour, and covered with sharp (but only in appearance) points on their skin; two little horns project from the forehead, and as they look up at one, they resemble more than anything the comical little imps in the old prints from Holbein, and the fanciful heads so often to be found in our ancient architecture here, more frequently in the sculpture of our old churches.

They are terrified of the snakes, and if teased with anything like one will make a curious little cry, not unlike the bark of a very tiny dog. These funny little things will exist for a long time without food, and have been sent on long journeys in cardboard boxes, and even in a strong envelope; the stamping at the post-offices not seeming to affect them in any way. Had we been returning direct to England we would have brought some of them over.

Our days were spent much alike, indeed so much so that we hardly knew what day of the week or month it was. The time we could always tell by the sun, also to guide ourselves by it and our shadows in the daytime, and by the stars at night when away from home. We rose at sunrise, as early as four o'clock in the heat of summer, and cooked and ate our breakfast, after which my husband went to work, and I put a large sun-bonnet on our little boy, and let him run about near the house or stay with his father until the sun became too hot for him, which, after his illness, would be about seven or eight o'clock; after that hour he would have to take shelter from the sun indoors till five in the afternoon. Meanwhile I cleaned the rooms, made the beds and baked our corn-meal, or white bread, or did whatever washing and ironing there was to be done. The washing I found the hardest work of all, especially in the very hot weather, not having been used to it before. Here it may not be out of place to pass a few remarks on a subject of which I often thought and spoke then, while leading a wild and rough life in the backwoods.

Why should not all girls, in whatever sphere of life they may move, be taught, not theoretically only, but made to practise, the household work necessary to be done should

they go, as I did, to an almost uncivilised country, where they can obtain no help, and must perforce work for themselves, or live in a state of perpetual untidiness and dirt?

Perhaps they think they may never go abroad, or have any need to work; but who knows what may happen to us at any time? Miss — may-to-day marry a wealthy man, and having been brought up in every luxury, with no idea of work in any form, gives no thought of looking forward to a rainy day; never dreaming that their wealth may become a thing of the past—that there are such misfortunes as failures in business, breaking of banks; wars, which influence the markets and undervalue the bonds in which their money is secured. All these things and worse may come to pass at any moment, and the husband ruined, and unable even to afford a servant, must begin life over again, naturally looking to his wife to assist him to the best of her power and share the burthen.

How is this to be done if the woman knows nothing whatever of management or needlework or household work? How is she to set about buying and cooking the dinner, washing and mending the linen, keep her rooms clean and tidy, and look after the children, if she have them?

Not having learnt before, she will find it very hard at first; but to those who have had parents sensible enough not to consider it *infra dig.* to make their daughters practise the humble arts of life, it will not come so irksome to them, and they will easily fit the shoulder to the burthen, and cheerfully show their husbands that they can make themselves good housewives at home, as well as shine as ornaments in society.

Let me add a few words more on this subject. I have seen a great many self-styled "ladies" who think it degrading and lowering themselves to do any little menial office, fearing it will spoil their hands or their complexion or their figure, or again what people—people of their own set—may say of them. These are, generally speaking, the women whose intellectual capacity can go no further than in following the fashions, and trying to outvie their neighbours and friends by the extravagance of their toilette, fancying that money makes the lady; whose mornings are spent in bed over a trashy novel, and their evenings in attending balls and parties.

They do not seem to remember that good old saying, "like mistress, like maid," and that if the mistress neglects her duties, she cannot expect her servants to trouble them-

selves about theirs, and they will never respect her. These are the women who put on the airs and graces and fastidious manners which they seem to imagine to be essential to a lady, considering it quite beneath them to enter their kitchen, examine their larder, handle a piece of raw meat, mend a sock, or ride in a third-class railway carriage; totally forgetting, or rather seeming to ignore the fact, that no amount of menial work or poverty can alter a lady born. If she is a lady, she will always remain one; it is an indelible stamp which nothing but the loss of her own self-respect can efface, wherever she may be, or to whatever position and hardship she may be brought.

Well, after having had my little say, I must now return to our everyday life in Texas.

During the very hot weather I let the stove fire die out after baking, &c., and sat in the doorway at my needlework until four or five o'clock, when I re-lighted the fire and cooked our supper. At noon we contented ourselves with some milk and bread and honey, or molasses, preferring to have our bacon and beans, &c., when the heat was less intense. This, our last meal, we always tried to have over before the sun went down, on account of the number and variety of winged insects which, on the arrival of the lamp, would flock into the room, covering our food. This nuisance began about the beginning of April, and continued throughout the hottest part of the summer. It was a case of continually clearing our eatables and coffee; and without the lamp on the table, or close to us, we could not well see the invaders. The evenings, too, are so much lost time after dark for the same reason, as one cannot do any needlework or reading in peace for the little creatures buzzing and crawling everywhere, on our necks and faces, and up our sleeves, and darkening the lamp with the bodies of the too venturesome. We gave it up as hopeless, and used to sit outside till we retired to bed. The nights were glorious; the stars so brilliant, and the atmosphere so clear that it was our pleasantest time sitting outside our shanty looking forward to the cool breeze which usually blew from the Gulf of Mexico before midnight. Often, when it was too hot to sleep, we would wander about in the moonlight, sometimes chasing the "cotton-tails," for everything was as clear as daylight for miles around, without the glare and dazzle of the sunshine; and, flooded with the soft radiance of the Queen of Night, the country was lovely indeed.

(To be concluded.)



USEFUL HINTS.

ŒUFS A LA NEIGE.

Four whites of eggs beaten to a whip, a pint of milk kept boiling; toss a spoonful of whip into the boiling milk; take it out immediately with a strainer, and put it on a dish of custard made of the yolks of the four eggs, and pile it into graceful shapes; bonbons, mille couleurs, may be added.

FRENCH STEWED STEAK, OR OTHER MEAT.

The peculiarity of this method is that the gravy is always prepared before putting in the meat and vegetables.

Place in the stewpan two ounces of butter, and when thoroughly melted add a tablespoonful of flour, enough to absorb the butter, leaving sufficient moisture to stir easily about

till it becomes of a rich brown colour: this will take fifteen minutes. If you wish for a paler gravy, for what is called a white ragout, the mixture must be taken off the fire while it is still pale, adding three turnips sliced, two onions sliced, the steak at the top. The turnips to be laid at the bottom of the stewpan, then the onions, lastly the steak. *No water* (this is important); stew them till tender—one hour and a half or more—then take out the steak, strain the gravy from the vegetables through a sieve, take off the fat; mix it in a basin with a teaspoonful of flour, add pepper and salt, mix it all well together, then add the gravy to the vegetables; give it one boil up and pour it over the steak, and put the steak in the stewpan till wanted. Be careful

to shake the pan occasionally to prevent the steak burning; flavour it to your taste.

HOW TO BOIL RICE AS IN INDIA.

Two quarts of water, one pint of rice, one tablespoonful of salt.

When the water is boiling throw in a tablespoonful of salt, then the rice, after it has been well washed in cold water; let it boil twenty minutes; throw it into a colander and strain off the water. When the water is well drained off put the rice back into the same saucepan, dried by the fire, and let it stand near the fire for some minutes, till required to be dished up; thus the grains appear separately and not mashed into a pudding. Excellent with a little butter.

A LADY'S JOURNEY TO TEXAS.

PART IV.



POSSIBLY my readers may be interested if I mention a few of the insects which annoyed us so much indoors, together with some others. Moths of all varieties, large and small, dull-coloured and beautiful, cockchafers, or may-bugs, as they are sometimes called; flies of all sorts, and later on in the very hot weather came some most extraordinary looking insects, many of which were venomous. Among the numerous specimens of the grasshopper there was one of a very beautiful shade of pale green, quite three inches long, and with extremely long legs. While still they are exactly like a leaf folded, and when in the branches of the trees in the daytime are not easily distinguished from the leaves. They are very noisy too, and make a loud chirruping, and will keep up their music all night long in the rafters, and in the trees day and night. There was a smaller kind, of a grey-brown colour, which caused us more trouble than all the other insects, excepting the ants; for it was continually to be found in the beds and mosquito curtains, and the dresses, etc., hanging on the wall. It would make great holes in them, eating them away far quicker than the moths, and was difficult to catch and kill, for it would spring at us from a great distance with a loud chirrup, and bite.

Of mosquitoes, those noisy little revellers of the night, we had enough, but they were in far greater numbers in the cities like San Antonio, where the land lies low, and by the rivers and swamps. They will attack newcomers for preference, passing over old stagers to taste the blood of the last arrival. We had mosquito curtains, or bars as they are called in America, but when very hot we found it almost impossible to keep them around us, as they seemed to exclude the air. Towards morning the flies were, if anything, more tormenting than the mosquitoes, and during the day they gave us no peace, till at last we set a trap for them, and thus got rid of thousands daily.

Perhaps the most curious-looking insect is a creature of the grasshopper kind, for it has long legs, and can spring a great distance. It is called the devil's horse, and is venomous. Some are small, and I believe they are harmless, though we did not care to try, notwithstanding that we heard that people made pets of them. They are of a light brown colour, and when they settle resemble a man kneeling at prayer with his hands folded. The neck is long, and they have a large round head, with very prominent eyes, which they turn about in all directions, apparently watching everything. The large ones are three to four inches in length. We often amused ourselves watching them and the large green grasshoppers, between which there seemed to be constant war; and wondered at first why the devil's horse kept the two front antennae folded in such a curious manner under the mouth, but were not long in discovering the motive. The ants, of which I shall speak presently, would run over the table, and here the devil's horse would sit, and, as they passed by him, would drop these arms or claws on them, and pop them into his mouth. It was amusing to see how the green grasshopper would fly in and creep round in the shadows and prepare to make a spring on the devil's

horse, and the other, always on the look-out, would spring at the same instant and hide in the bouquet of flowers which I always kept on the table. There was another curious insect which varied in length, sometimes being four inches long, and was of a grey or brown colour, and which was so like the slim twig of a dead plant that, until it moved its slender legs, which seemed to form the shoots and small branches of the twig, it was quite impossible for an inexperienced eye to distinguish it from the dead grass or plant on which it invariably settled. We understood that it was a poisonous insect.

Of scorpions we had plenty, often finding them in the wood collected for the fire, and sometimes on ourselves and in the beds, but luckily none of us received a sting from them. Their sting is very painful, making the part affected swell and smart for several hours, but is not dangerous. We discovered a nest of them under a cupboard, and close to the head of one of the beds. The large centipede, often eight inches long, is very venomous. Each leg has a sharp claw, and in crawling over a person injects poison at each step it takes.

The tarantula spider is perhaps the most dreaded of any insect; its bite is said to drive a man mad if he do not die. We killed a great many of them, one being on the pillow in the bed as I laid our little boy down for the night. Another we found at the bottom of our corn-box when we were destroying some nests of mice. I killed one which I saw crawling across the floor of the sleeping-apartment one night. The largest we found were about two inches across the body irrespective of the legs, and were covered with hair. They would sit up on their hind legs and show fight directly they were approached, and had nasty-looking fangs and claws for attack and defence. The dogs, too, would keep a wide berth when they scented or saw one, and always called our attention to its presence, when, if it were hiding under a bit of rock and would not come forth, we blew it up with gunpowder.

The ants, of which there were several kinds, gave us a great deal of anxiety, for they would make a raid on our vegetables, and in a night destroy a crop which the day before was almost ready for consumption. These were the large red ants, nearly half-an-inch long, with large heads, and they would suddenly appear in myriads where none were to be seen a few minutes earlier, their presence being accounted for by a piece of bacon-rind or rabbit thrown outside for the dogs. These ants sting terribly; indeed, if a child were to fall on one of their nests, it would be stung to death in a very short time. Of their voracity you can judge, when I tell you we have killed and thrown the body of a large snake on one of their nests, and in a day or two at the utmost have found nothing but the bare bones left.

The musk ant is a still greater pest. It is small and red, with a strong musky smell, so strong that everything it touches or gets into tastes and smells horribly of it, rendering it almost, if not quite, uneatable. It will work its way anywhere and everywhere; nothing is safe from it. We tried suspending a tin of honey from the rafters, but they found it out, and crawled down the string, and, though the tin was covered, some managed to get in, and flavour it so as to destroy it. Kerosene oil rubbed on the legs of the tables had no effect after a short time, and the cupboard and our provisions swarmed with them. To stand everything in tin and place them in water was the only way to baulk them; but water was scarce, and thirsty dogs, cats, and chickens were sure to drink it up directly one's back was turned. If, by pouring boiling water on their nests, we tried to destroy them, they would reappear a short

distance off and recommence hostilities; and then again water was too precious, and had to be carried too far, to allow of its being wasted in such quantities. It was wonderful to watch their ingenious plans, carried out in such marvellous order, and the rapidity with which they communicated intelligence of any fresh prey, or the removal of articles of food from one place to another.

The mud-dauber is a large insect, not unlike a hornet, but is black and has very long legs. They build their nests of mud (hence their name) somewhat in the style of swallows, all over the roofs of dwellings, and fly in and out all day long. We used to knock their nests down carefully and examine them. They were of an elongated shape, about two inches in height. The inside was divided into honey-comb cells, each of which was filled to the top with the bodies of small spiders. These were all in the same position, with their legs drawn together and brought forward over their head. On being taken from the nest and laid on the table, they seemed to revive, but were very feeble and not able to stand. We formed the opinion, whether correct or no I cannot say, that the mud-dauber had some means of rendering them torpid or insensible, so that (as a spider can live in captivity a long time without food) the egg, which it had laid at the bottom of each cell, as it hatched and gradually matured as a maggot, found its food fresh daily, which could not have been the case had the spider died. Each cell contained on an average a dozen spiders; and as soon as the maggot had worked its way to the top, it lay in a chrysalis state for some time; and after emerging from the latter state, would burst its mud cell and become a full-blown mud-dauber, and set about building nests on its own account.

The dung-beetle is a natural scavenger. It is large and black; the legs so formed that it can roll its load and crawl either backwards or forwards equally well. It abounds in other warm climates; Italy, Sicily, etc.

The granny-spiders, as the Texan children call them, have a small round grey body, with extremely long legs. They do not make webs, but appear in great numbers towards the end of summer on the walls and on the rafters of the houses, whence they seem to take a special pleasure in dropping on to one's face in the night. I do not believe they bite, but they irritate one sufficiently, in both senses of the word, to make amends.

Before passing on to other subjects I must say that, in order to balance the agreeable with the disagreeable, there are many beautiful and harmless insects too; to wit, the butterflies, which are large and lovely in colouring, and the fireflies, which glance in and out of the trees and bushes all night, their beautiful light proceeding from the under part of their bodies. They are easily caught, for they will fly into the house and alight on the dress or hair, retaining their bright appearance all the while. Then there are the charming little humming birds, so brilliant in plumage, and many other birds in the earlier part of the year and winter months.

Throughout the spring, until the end of May, we had very violent thunderstorms. The storms in our own country are but child's play to them. They are often preceded or followed by a "norther," and the rain would come down with such force that it seemed as if the shingled roof would fall in. Later, when the storms were few and far between, we put every available basin, bath, and kettle out to catch the rainwater, should there be any. We dug hole after hole in the valley, and succeeded sometimes in striking water, generally near the nests of the large ants; but in the course of a couple of days these would go dry too, and we had to begin again somewhere else.

This was very hard at the time that I was laid up, and my husband sick with the "chills and fever," the terrible illness which so prostrated Martin Chuzzlewit and his "jolly" companion. Often we each had to content ourselves with but half a pint of water a day, not knowing sometimes when we could get more, and this during the intolerable heat, and in fever. Many a day had to go by without being able to spare water for washing ourselves or linen.

One of our principal cares was to salt our cattle regularly every other day, otherwise we should have had them constantly round the house. We were much astonished at first to see the strange cattle come up to us, when we were hanging clothes out to dry, and deliberately chew a towel, pinafore, or anything else that was within their reach, and make off with it; and no amount of "rocking," *i.e.*, throwing stones at them, would induce them to stand and deliver. One cow, an ugly animal she was too, made herself so conspicuous as well as obnoxious by her powers of dodging us, and by securing something every time she happened to cross our ranche, that she was nicknamed the "munching cow." One night I was awakened by a violent battering of the wall at the head of my bed. My husband got up and went out to see what was the matter. It was the "munching cow," and she had partially broken with her horns our meat-safe, in order to get the bacon. My husband pelted her with rocks, and the dogs hunted her for some distance. Meanwhile I cleared the safe of everything, and then we went to bed again; but not for long before the noise recommenced. This time she succeeded in smashing it to pieces, and was busy licking the wood when my husband discharged a blank cartridge at her from his gun, which had the desired effect, and she retired from the scene of action, and left us in peace for a time.

As I have said elsewhere, these herds or "bunches" wander about from year to year without their owners looking them up, and of course are not salted, and so take what they can get as a substitute. Indeed, they will chew almost anything. At one time my husband and another gentleman were camping out on the San Jeronimo Creek, and while they were sleeping some cattle came up and munched their sombreros, which they had on, while lying by their camp fire. On rousing, they saw others busily engaged in chewing the harness, and they gave chase to the thieves, who dropped the harness bit by bit and made off. This necessitated them remaining awake to guard the place till daylight, not knowing where to put their hands on the missing pieces, there being no moon, and fearing a return of the beasts should they go to sleep again. That was not all. When daylight came they found the bacon and bread gone, and their ground coffee upset, and so, hungry and tired, had to ride forty miles before reaching any place where they could replenish their bag of provisions.

While on the subject of cattle, I may as well describe the process of branding them. Out here a man's fortune is judged by the number of his cattle, each being valued at 15 dols. (£3) per head. In order to prevent their being stolen, the owner brands them either in numbers, figures, or letters, which must be registered in the county. The beast to be branded is hunted as near as possible to the fire, lassoed, and the rope no sooner over the horns than the rider gallops round it, allowing the rope almost to drag on the ground, when a sudden pull is given. The animal's four legs are drawn quickly together by this means, and it is thrown sharply to the ground: the rider dismounts, the horse, being trained to this work, does not stir, and the man secures the beast's legs firmly, applies the hot branding-iron to

the hide, gently applies some ointment kept for the purpose, and the animal is released.

My readers may imagine that when I say the cattle are allowed to roam at will from year to year, that, notwithstanding the branding, nothing more may be seen of them or their brand; but such is rarely the case; the owner, riding constantly about the country, knows pretty well where they are, and a cattle thief if detected is lynched.

When the traders come from the Eastern States to buy cattle from the large ranchmen, and they cannot themselves bring together the number required for their market, they seek for and employ the much-abused cow-boy—abused only by the genuine Yankees from the north and east, who know nothing of them or their hard lives beyond seeing accounts of scrimmages with firearms, and no allowance made for their hot southern blood being roused when an insult is offered.

The cow-boy is then told the brand, if he does not know it, which is rarely the case, and the number of cattle wanted, and these he is left to round up and drive to the spot assigned by the buyer, and is paid one dollar per head for all he brings up.

It often happened that "bunches" of cattle several thousand strong passed our ranche, and we were greatly interested in watching the movements of the cow-boys in "holding" them together, especially towards sun-down, when they would gallop round and round the herd flourishing their long cowhide whips until the beasts became quiet and at rest for the night. Even then the cow-boy's work was not finished, for while one or two made the camp fire and cooked the bacon, the others continued to ride round the "bunch" all night, each taking his turn at the fire and his share of food.

This would continue day and night till they reached their destination, often driving the cattle "on the trail" 1,400 miles, about sixteen cow-boys being in charge of three thousand beasts.

When a storm arises, the cow-boy's skill is put to the test, and nobody but a cow-boy could hold the herd then. The storms in these regions are often sudden and terrible, but infinitely grand and beautiful, the whole heavens seeming to open and be a dazzling mass of flame; the thunder, rolling majestically from hill to hill, appearing to come from the very bowels of the earth, and accompanied by rain in torrents. The terrified animals stampede, and if not checked by the cow-boys they would be dispersed and lost, and destroy crops, and perhaps themselves in their mad career. These gallant "boys" then gallop at full speed round the "bunch," and at the risk of their lives continue to do so until the storm has abated and the poor frightened beasts quieted.

Few know what hardships these men have to endure; for many months together they are out in the open prairies, exposed to the scorching sun by day, and sleeping out at night, often with no companion but their trusty mustang.

Wild as is the life they lead, and hardened as these men are to danger in many a form, still so sensitive are they to the least approach to doubt of their honour, that the offender would have to answer for it on the spot, unless, should he desire to escape from the deadly aim of the insulted cow-boy's six-shooter, he retracts and apologises. No doubt it is owing to this, and to the habit usual to them and others out West, when gambling in the saloons, to lay their revolver across their money on the table, as a challenge to anyone daring to cheat, that has given rise to the idea prevalent amongst most people that the cow-boys of Texas are a desperate and lawless set of men, all more or less of the Jesse and Frank James type.

This I most strongly deny, and short as was my stay in Texas, my experience of them during that period was not small, and I gladly and boldly stand forward in their defence.

Merry and light-hearted they always are, and never have I met such true gentlemen by nature, respectful and courteous to every woman; and, I venture to add, none more ready and willing to stand by and shed his last drop of blood in defence of a woman, be she who she may.

Of the Indians we saw nothing, though they occasionally came within a few miles. They were peaceable and friendly, but one never knows when they may cease to be so. A family of whites was massacred by them at no very great distance from us, during our stay there. Sometimes they made raids on the farms and ranches further out West, taking the horses and cattle; however, we did not fear any danger of an attack from them.

Ladies thinking of going out to Texas to live up country will no doubt be glad to know what things, clothing principally, they would be likely to require.

For winter use any ordinary dress of cloth, or serge made lightly, and in the hot weather, loose cotton dresses are the most comfortable and useful, and under-linen of a fine and light texture and make, having no more material in them than is absolutely necessary.

A riding habit is indispensable, and is best made of a strong though light material, and as short as possible. Grey of a light shade or pale brown are colours which would attract the sun the least.

An English saddle also she should take with her, although she would in all probability have to pay duty on it; but ours for men are of no use, those of Mexican make alone being serviceable, having the "tree" in front for the lariat, and for securing articles for camping out, etc.; also the stirrups are large, and have a covering of leather for the feet, as a protection in going through the "brush."

Men seldom wear any but the coloured flannel shirts, finding them in reality healthier than the linen and cotton next the skin, for the latter, in the heat, get saturated almost immediately with the perspiration, and strike cold and clammy, and are very apt to chill. Ladies, too, I feel sure, would find a soft flannel or merino vest to be an advantage; and with the necessary under-linen and white or coloured cotton petticoat and dress, sufficient clothing during the warm weather. Corsets, while it is so hot, are almost out of the question, for, as I said above, the looser the clothing, so much the cooler.

It is better to wear strong boots all the time up country, thin shoes being of no service when one is in and out of the house so much, the grass, etc., being full of tiny shrubs covered with thorns, and also as a slight protection from the ants and other stinging insects. Besides, the heat causes the feet to swell, and without the ankles are properly supported become unsightly as well as uncomfortable.

A large sur-bonnet made of any white or coloured cotton material is worn throughout the summer by all women and children: standing far out from the face to protect the eyes from the glare, and kept in place by slips of cardboard let in for the purpose. A long curtain at the back keeps the sun from the neck and shoulders.

I took out with me from England a good stock of needles, cottons, buttons, tapes, darning wools, etc., and I was very glad I did so, as everything in that way is very dear, a reel or spool of cotton costing 5 cts. or 2½d.—and so on with the rest. Cotton materials for dresses, etc., can be bought at the stores in the cities, but did not appear to be of a very superior quality.

I would advise all to take out a well-stocked medicine chest with them. Quinine in powder form is very necessary, and for the "chills and fevers" (malaria and ague), which are so prevalent there and throughout the States, is an invaluable article. It is very expensive if bought out there, and can only be got in the large cities. Cooling medicines, such as Seidlitz powders, citrate of magnesia, etc., which we brought in large quantities, proved very useful and refreshing, forming a delicious beverage when overheated and tired.

It was owing to my husband being so very ill with the chills and fever that we determined to leave Texas and go North. We had no difficulty in selling the lease of our rancho and belongings, as many were anxious to secure our land, as it was considered by far the best for grazing in the county.

When my little girl was born, my husband, sick as he was, had to act as doctor and nurse in one, so difficult is it to obtain any assistance. On the fourth day after, our little boy ran in to tell me the grass was all on fire; and so it was, and rapidly spreading towards the houses. My husband had left by moonlight the night before to go some fifteen miles off to "round" a cow up that had joined a "bunch." I got up and dressed, and prepared to get the horses, which were grazing in the valley, for the fire continued to spread, and though we had taken the precaution on first arriving of burning the long dead grass all round the houses, still we were seriously alarmed, for we were almost surrounded by the flames, and the heat was that of a furnace, with a blazing sun overhead. Some other rancho-men and cow-boys had seen the fire, and came to our assistance and beat the fire down near us; but it burnt all that day and night, and in the morning 400 acres were found blackened and useless for grazing that season.

My husband returned towards morning, riding home by moonlight. He was always better as soon as the sun went down, and at last, when the chills took such a hold on him, he became insensible every day about ten o'clock when the sun was almost at its height, returning to consciousness at sundown, and was then able to get about, though weak, and do the "chores"—a Yankeeism for the odds and ends of house work, such as drawing water, chopping wood, etc.

As soon as I could travel we bade adieu to our rancho and shanty, and once more started for San Antonio. We were some days on the road with the waggon, and camped out at night as before. The rainy season had commenced, and while it was cooler for driving, was not quite so pleasant under foot, the wheels of the waggon often sinking up to the axles, making it difficult to get along in some parts of the track, not being able to do more than twelve miles a day. Nevertheless, it was a great boon to be able to find water all the way both for the horses and ourselves. The heat being less intense, too, my husband regained his strength, the attacks of the "chills" being of less frequent occurrence.

Arrived in San Antonio, we remained a fortnight at a boarding-house kept by an Englishman who came out to Texas at the same time as ourselves, being a fellow-passenger on board the ship. Here we waited until the sheep arrived, which were being driven there from the hills, and were bound for the Chicago market. My husband went with them to Chicago, starting twelve days before me. I then left San Antonio with the two little ones for New York, where we had arranged to meet in a certain hotel. It was a Saturday morning when I took the cars, and very warm weather. On the Tuesday at eight a.m. we arrived at St. Louis, and it was bitterly cold, a dull day, and a hard frost.

The night before we had been shunted for

four hours at Sedalia, a town where a few years back during the war there had been a terrible massacre of soldiers. The conductors and porters had a jovial time of it, for they took turns in going to the saloons, each spending a couple of hours in the town. I was the only lady in the Pullman car at the time, and so, not being able to go out at that time of night and get any food, the conductor sent a darkey to me with a "lunch," as they call any slight refreshment, consisting of a piece of fried chicken, a roll, and a cup of coffee. I went to bed, and was then left the solitary occupant of the car, except for the two children, for the better part of four hours.

Another night, when in bed, we felt a violent shaking and bumping, and all the men sprang out of their bunks and rushed frantically to the door where the conductor was standing. He quietly told them in answer to their inquiries that he "Guessed they had only gone off the line a little way." Somehow we managed to get on again after a short delay and a little bit more bumping.

St. Louis is one of the largest cities in the States, but of course I had not any opportunity of seeing it, except from the railroad, having the little ones with me. The waiting-room is very large, open to all in a country where there is no distinction of classes; and when we entered it was occupied by quite three hundred people, most of whom were German emigrants who had been there all night, waiting for the cars in the morning to take them out West. Some were awake and others still slumbering; the floor strewn with the refuse of broken victuals and paper.

There were a couple of stoves in the room, and a refreshment stand at the further end. To this we made our way, but with some difficulty, and managed to get some coffee and a stale bun for my little boy and myself; then we seated ourselves on our hand-bags almost frozen with the cold, for it was out of the question trying to get near the stoves. After a while I contrived to get part of a seat, and we proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable as was possible under the circumstances with our wraps. Shortly after, a sad incident occurred. A very old lady, whom I had noticed seated by one of the stoves all day, and who, I understood afterwards, was expecting her daughter to meet her there, suddenly received the news that the young woman had just died on the way to her. The shock was too great, and the poor woman fell down in a fit, and was stricken with paralysis. The police, who constantly pass in and out of the room, lifted her up and desired me to let her lie on the seat and use my wraps. She lay there for some two or three hours before she was moved, and taken tenderly away by some friends in a dying state.

We had to wait in that room till seven p.m. for the cars to go on to New York. On the Wednesday we crossed the Detroit River into a portion of Canada. Passing thus into British Dominion, our luggage was examined, formally only, and ticketed accordingly.

That night late we arrived in Buffalo. This is the usual point for alighting to proceed to the Niagara Falls. Being dark, I could only see the great expanse of water, but could hear in the distance the grand thunder of the giant falls. We were now again on American soil, and the following morning (Thursday) at six o'clock arrived at Albany. There we had once more to change cars; and, strange to say, I had hardly seated myself, when in the dull grey light of the early morning I saw my husband walk through the car.

He had just arrived from Chicago, having been a fortnight on the railroad.

We greatly enjoyed the last few hours of our journey to New York. The line from Albany to New York is charming on a bright sunny morning such as that was, although the

beginning of November. The railroad runs along the banks of the Hudson, through pretty country towns and villages and past a great many charming residences.

New York was reached soon after noon, and here we remained nine months before returning to dear old England once more.

So much has been written about New York and its inhabitants by more experienced travellers and authors, notably our own Charles Dickens, that I will content myself with saying that I hope this little narrative may prove of some interest and use to any lady contemplating a life in Texas, more poetically termed the "Lone Star State."

JULIA COURON.



There's a Boy in the House.

A gun in the parlor, a kite in the hall,
In the kitchen a book, and a hat, and a ball
On the sideboard a ship, on the bookcase a
flute,
And hat for whose ownership none can
dispute.
And out on the porch gaily prancing nowhere
A spirited hobby-horse paws in the air;
And a well-polished pie-plate out there on
the shelf,
Near the tall jelly-jar which a mischievous
elf
Emptied as sly and slick as a mouse,
Make it easy to see there's a boy in the house.

A racket, a rattle, a rollicking shout,
Above and below, around and about,
A whistling, a pounding, a hammering of
nails,
The building of house, the shaping of sails;
Entreaties for paper, for scissors, for string,
For every unfindable, bothersome thing;
A bang of the door, and a dash up the stairs
In the interest of burdensome business
affairs,
And an elephant hunt for a bit of a mouse,
Make it easy to hear there's a boy in the
house.

But, oh, if the toys were not scattered about,
And the house never echoed to racket and
rout,
If forever the rooms were all tidy and neat,
And one need not wipe after wee muddy feet;
If no one laughed out when the morning was
red,
And with kisses went tumbling all tired to
bed;
What wearisome work-a-day world, don't
you see,
For all who love wild little ladeles 't would be;
And I'm happy to think, though I shrink like
a mouse
From disorder and din, there's a boy in the
house!

—Phrenological Journal.

BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

A SAGACIOUS COLT.

A GENTLEMAN whose pretty garden adjoined a park in which a number of young colts were grazing was much annoyed by the inroads of these animals. He took every precaution to prevent their entrance, but to no purpose. Fences were examined and found intact, the gate was kept shut, and yet one or more of the colts would soon be found devastating flower-beds, or browsing in the kitchen garden. The provoking part of it was that no one could discover how the creatures obtained an entrance.

At length men were hidden in the trees to watch, and the problem was speedily solved.

A colt trotted up to the gate and inserted its head between the bars, with the evident intention of raising the latch. He made several vain attempts, but had not mastered the trick. The latch remained in its place, and the colt outside.

For a few moments the animal stood cogitating, then trotted rapidly back to the spot where he had left his companions. He singled out one of the most frequent visitors to the garden, and, by some language peculiar to colts, made known his difficulty. The other at once returned with his companion to the gate, inserted his head below one of the bars, and by a dexterous movement displaced the

latch, and the gate swung open. Then, throwing back his head as if to say, "See how easy it is when one knows how," he went back whilst the other entered the garden.

It was noticed by the watchers that this last had not previously been seen within the forbidden precincts, but the one that opened the gate for him had been particularly troublesome. The fact that he was specially selected for the office of porter showed no little sagacity in the would-be visitor to the garden. But, much as the cleverness of the animals might be admired, care was taken to render its exercise useless for the future.

RUTH LAMB.



A SHORT article on the origin and development of Book-plates (*Ex Libris*) must of necessity only skim the subject; but in so doing let us be careful to get only the cream, then those who feel themselves more deeply interested in the matter may turn for greater repletion to the wholesome milk—those authorities to whom we are, remember, indebted in a great measure for the cream we intend to condense, if possible, into a few columns.

Book-plates, to quote *Chambers's Encyclopædia*, is the somewhat awkward name given

to the labels denoting ownership fastened inside volumes. These labels may be anything, from a simple typographical inscription to the ambitious armorial, or the allegorical, symbolical, or pictorial design suggested by the tastes or hobbies of their respective owners; but the prince of all devices is the handsome, richly mantled armorial plate—the plate proper—although to appreciate these thoroughly one must possess some knowledge of that most cunning and fascinating art, heraldry.

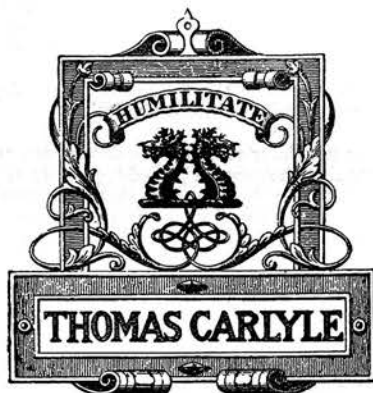
The typographical label is in these days certainly inexcusable; for one may have a design reproduced and quite a quantity of prints made for a few shillings, and even if one cannot design for one's self, our little circles of friends must in this era of Government Art Schools, include at least one artist with sufficient talent to produce the necessary small design.

On the continent, book-plates are invariably termed *Ex Libris*, and in England the Latin phrase also is often used. Our only book-plate society styles itself The *Ex Libris* Society, and issues monthly an interesting journal devoted entirely to book-plate lore, and freely illustrated after famous old plates or noticeable modern ones.

The phrases *Ex Libris*, *Ex Bibliotheca*, *Ex Catalago Bibliotheca*, *Ex Musæo*, etc., were not used generally on French book-plates until

about 1700; but the German plates bear the *Ex Libris* on some of the earliest prints.

Book-plates, roughly speaking, may be said to have come into use contemporaneously with printing, of course not generally; but it would be difficult to say how uncommon they were in the early years of the printer's press, since though but very few have survived the four



THE BUXHEIM PLATE.

centuries elapsed, we cannot ascertain how many may "have gone their destined way;" and if two or three were printed, why not half a score or more?

About the earliest extant book-plate there seems some little uncertainty; but the honour of producing the first *Ex Libris* belongs, without any doubt, to Germany, and it seems but fitting that the fatherland of the printing press and of heraldry should also claim the same honour for *Ex Libris*.

The first known book-plate is a rough wood-cut representing a hedgehog with a flower in its mouth, and beneath, the motto, "*Hanns Iglter das dich ein Igel kuss*"; it belonged to the chaplain to the family of Schönstett. This plate is approximately dated 1450.

The next, chronologically, is the Buxheim *Ex Libris*, a quaint little wood-cut of an angel with a shield bearing arms, an azure field upon which is a silver ox having a black ring through its nose. These plates were fixed into books presented by Brother Hildebrand Brandenburg of Biberach to the Carthusian Monastery at Buxheim, about 1480.

The earliest French and English plates bear, curiously, the same date (1574), by which it will be seen that the Germans forestalled us, and indeed all other nations, in the use of *Ex Libris*, by quite a century. This may be accounted for by the fact that they did not indulge in the richly embroidered and embossed covers that were common to their more luxurious neighbours, particularly the Italians. These covers bearing often the arms, in colour or gold, or monogram, or other personal device of owners, may be in a manner styled *Ex Libris*, though it would not be at all permissible to call them book-plates. In this manner we see that the former term may have a wider significance than its English equivalent within limitations.

In England we find but three book-plates dating from the sixteenth century; one bearing the date 1518—the earliest dated book-plate in existence, *Liber Hieronymi Ebner*, is its senior by but two years; the second, the plate of Sir Thomas Tresham, 1585; and that of 1574, the beautiful armorial plate of Sir Nicholas Bacon, father of the celebrated Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Chancellor of England and Essayist.

The earliest extant French *Ex Libris* bears the same date, viz., 1574, but cannot be compared with the English plate, as it is only a typographical label which belonged to one Alboise of Autun.

The earliest book-plates are almost entirely armorial; in aed, it would be surprising if it were otherwise at a period when almost every-

body could read coat armour and but few a typographical label.

It is curious to note that the first *Ex Libris* were of large size as if intended only for great volumes, although one would more readily expect small books to go astray. Prints of coat armour exceeding ten inches by eight inches were possibly too large for *Ex Libris*; at any rate the extreme limit might be set at thirteen inches by ten inches, though there are none at present known of such a size, says one authority, and certainly it seems an ungainly size for the purpose. The plate has gradually

Upon the latter point Mr. Walter Hamilton, in his thorough and interesting work, *Dated Book-plates*, says: "Of the many thousands of dated plates I have examined, I should say that not more than one per cent. have false dates, and even these, in nearly every case, prove of interest, as fixing the period of the acquisition of some property or a title, or a change of name, or a record of some other event in the history of a family."

It sometimes happens that of two prints of identically the same plate, one bears a date, and is therefore of course the more valuable.

The various mottoes, verses, etc., on book-plates are in themselves a source of amusement and instruction. The following, directed chiefly against the unconscientious borrower, are interesting:—

"The ungodly borroweth and payeth not again" (Psalm xxxvii. 21), occurs on a plate of 1756 and another of 1760.

In Latin, on a plate of 1730, belonging to the Cloister of Wessenbrunn:

"I am the good possession of the Cloister of Wessenbrunn, Ho, there! Restore me to my master; so right demands."

Yet another indulges in quite a lengthy exhortation of the volume:

"If thou art borrowed by a friend,
Right welcome shall he be,
To read, to study, not to lend,
But to return to me.
Not that imparted knowledge doth
Diminish learning's store,
But books I find it often lent
Return to me no more."

And so the mottoes run on *ad infinitum*.

On a coloured plate belonging to one John Giles Knoringen, are some lines which the Hon. Leicester Warren translates as follows:—

"These are the famed insignia of my sires
Which in their proper tinctures thou
may'st see,

Not bribes, as is the fashion of these days,
But virtue raised them to nobility."

The translator remarks of coloured armorial plates that they are all probably prior to 1600, accounted for by the fact that the present system of tincture lines in heraldry came into use about 1640, and made application of colour to coat-armour designs unnecessary, though the early specimens of the new method are not always trustworthy.

The amount of detail crammed on to some book-plates is astonishing. On one plate alone will be found over and above owner's name and device, his horoscope, occupation,



Thomas Windham of Tale in Devonshire Esq. one of the Grooms of his Majesties Bedchamber, third son of S^t. Edmund Windham of Cathanger in Somersetshire, Esq. Marshall of his Majesties most Hon^{ble}. household, and lineally descended of the antient family of the Windhams of Crown-Thorp in the County of Norfolk.

decreased in size, and now a small plate is usually made to serve for all volumes. Some book-owners, however, indulge in several sizes, and others, even, in many designs; but of the latter fashion it is difficult to discover the advantages.

We have already seen that the earliest dated book-plate is that of *Liber Hieronymi Ebner*, 1516; the earliest signed book-plate is but a few years later, being that of Dr. Pomer, by "R.A.," 1525.

It may be mentioned here that a manuscript date upon a book-plate does not constitute a dated plate, and in a few cases the printed date upon a plate may be greatly anterior to the execution of the design.



REBUS PLATE.

an epitaph, and address. Another will have all his quarterings on separate shields, himself, in full panoply of war, mounted on a careering charger surrounded by allegorical figures or symbols of such virtues as Truth, Justice, Piety, etc.; or the professions, the Army, Navy, Church, State, Law, Art.

The list of artists who have lent their genius to the designing and engraving of book-plates contains many an illustrious name. Albert Durer produced some twenty plates, and surely no genius could have been more apt to the work. His love of detail, care, and crispness of touch, and his superb decorative qualities made him an ideal book-plate designer.

Glancing through the long lists we catch sight of such names as Lucas Cranach, Siebenburger, Hogarth, Bartolozzi, and Bewick, to quote but a few men familiar to us from childhood, and promising valuable artistic interest as an additional lure to the study of *Ex Libris*.

With regard to the arrangement of collections of book-plates, the best authorities are agreed that the most convenient is that which is guided by style. Space forbids entering minutely into explanation, but the following list of terms will sufficiently explain themselves. They are: (1) Early English, or

trait Book-plates; (10) Book-pile, Library Interior, and Literary Book-plates.



CHIPPENDALE.

The collector will at the commencement find it perhaps most convenient to simply keep the plates loose or pasted upon thin boards. Only the tiniest corner should be pasted, so that at any time the plate may be easily removed. Each board bearing a plate should be numbered and indexed, and they may be best kept in an ordinary letter-case made in book form. As the collection increases the collector will add a case until, perhaps, he will find it necessary to have a separate case, or even two or more for each style.

The easiest method of removing book-plates from old covers, without doing harm to either book or book-plate, is to soak a piece of thick white blotting-paper, slightly larger than the plate to be removed, in boiling water and lay it over the plate for five minutes, more or less as the case requires, then gently raise an edge with a blunt paper-knife, and the plate should come away without the least trouble; but, above all, be careful to ascertain first that the plate and book together have no peculiar value in their association.



Samuel Rogers.

WREATH AND RIBBON PERIOD.

Early Armorial; (2) Jacobean; (3) Chippendale; (4) Allegorical; (5) Wreath and Ribbon, circa 1770 to 1790; Festoon; (6) Urn; Landscape; (7) Seal book-plates; (8) Rebus, *i.e.*, name of owner represented by objects, as an eye and a tun for Eyton; Ash-bee, an ash-tree and a bee; Canting Arms, similar to Rebus plates only taking heraldic form; Mock Heraldry, *i.e.*, made-up arms, for example, a collector of postage-stamps might have a shield charged with a postage-stamp; argent, a postage-stamp gules; (9) Portrait Book-plates; (10) Book-pile, Library Interior, and Literary Book-plates.



Thomas Potter
of the Middle Temple

1745

JACOBEAN.

Those of my readers who are fortunate enough to live in Town, and have the *entrée* of any of the large libraries, will be able to gain fuller information from the following authorities:—

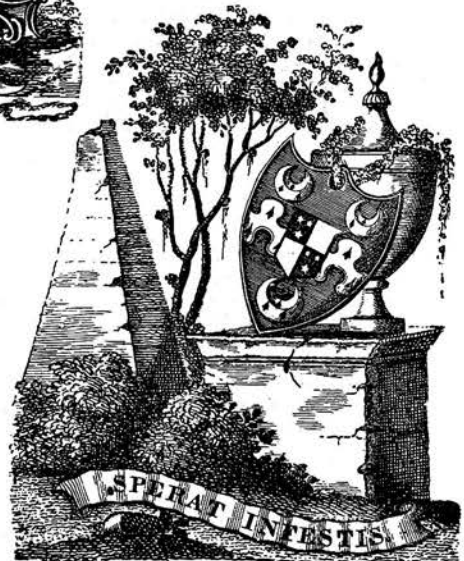
The Hon. Leicester Warren, *A Guide to the Study of Book-plates*. This is the first English work on the subject (1880).

Walter Hamilton, *Dated Book-plates*, 1894, published in three parts. A most exhaustive and thorough work.

By the same author, *French Book-plates*.

Egerton Castle, *English Book-plates*.

These authorities will be found ample, and will themselves give further references to foreign works on the subject if required.



Rev. Salenham Feast Wylder, B

BRISTOL 1779

URN AND LANDSCAPE.



FIG. 27.—JAPANESE ROBE.

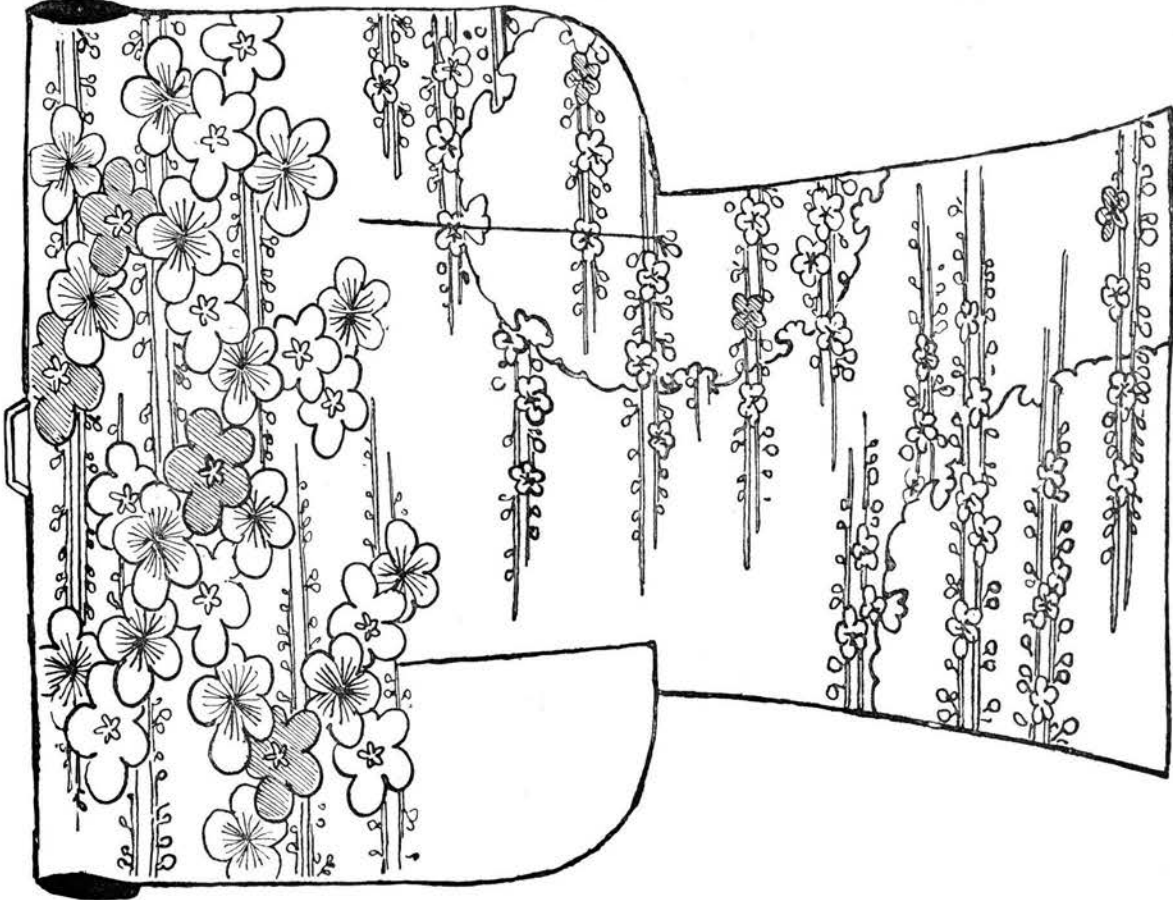


FIG. 28.—JAPANESE ROBE.

BY GLEESON WHITE.



FIG. 31.

PART III.

APPLIQUÉ embroidery is obviously somewhat a makeshift for the real thing, but for bold work it is telling; and owing to the increased richness possible when velvets, plushes, and cloths of gold are applied in this way, many effects quite legitimate may be obtained by this method, at far less labour than by the needle alone; but at its best it cannot compare with the patient stitching that creates the whole pattern with no adventitious help.

If it be desired to reproduce a Japanese design in a Japanese way, it is almost impossible, without the study of an actual example, to describe the method of the native worker. In one part, minutely-elaborated detail is expressed with a prodigal amount of stitching; in another, a few long stitches suggest the sprays of fir trees against the sky, or the movement of cloud forms, the dashing of spray, or the delicate stems of grasses, in a way that betrays the artist, and can no more be imparted by dull words, than the masterly strokes of a Rembrandt etching or the bold splashes of a clever water-colour sketch. In

all manifestations of art, it is just what is unteachable, that quality that comes from within, that betrays the artist. You may acquire critical knowledge, geometrical precision, and become learned upon styles, to avoid anachronisms or blunders; but the finest touch that is 'Art' is often an unknown quality to those who employ it. Why he did so and so—that apparently spontaneous line or blot of colour—why his design took this form or left out that one—the inventor himself knows not; he felt it was right and did it, is all he knows and all we know; but the guiding influence that makes for art, is and must always be a dead secret. For art, in its very essence, is inimitable, and entirely a personal expression of the worker's mood. No matter if it is in embroidery for a d'oyley, or a fresco for a Campo Santo, the wilful egotism of the craftsman who trusted entirely to his own feeling, and did what, so far as he knew, nobody had done before, is usually the genesis of art. Yet a fine frenzy is not necessary, nor is the magic success always a spontaneous easy effort. The happy moment when the

right way became the only possible one to follow may happen at the first touch, or may be after a heart-breaking series of failures; but the critical verdict of the worker—the other attribute of art—knew in the first case that the first thought was best, and knew in the latter that not the second nor the third, nor, may be, the seventy-time-seventh, was the one he waited for, but when it came he knew it, and forbore further quest.

From my own collection of Japanese books, embracing several hundred volumes and many thousand designs, I have selected a few that seemed best suited for modern needlework. These were chosen, not because they were the best art, still less because they were the most original and un-English, but for practical reasons. Yet to make any selection is almost a hopeless task, for only those who appreciate originality in design, and can realise the supreme difficulty of gaining effects that are totally new from ordinary details that are the commonplace material of every designer, can fully understand the prodigal abundance of Japanese motives for decoration. The native artist seems to find any object, natural or artificial, capable of use, and from the meanest motives works out unexpected yet delightful patterns.

To study even a single text-book of ornament in these volumes leaves one aghast at the fertility of invention and construction displayed by its artist, and when after becoming familiar with hundreds of their books, a new one turns up, it is as spontaneous and fresh as though it were a first harvest from virgin soil. When one recalls the limited motives that are the stock-in-trade of many styles, the endless arabesques of one school, and the comparatively limited ideas of even the German Renaissance, which is perhaps the most abundant of any Western school, and compares it with the literally inexhaustible riches of Japan, only a fellow-enthusiast could tolerate the exuberant and unmeasured praise such beauty rightfully deserves.

For the mass of this wonderful decoration is no mere shifting of a few motives into new patterns, as a kaleidoscope will transform a few broken pieces of glass to an infinitude of different forms. The likeness in such variation is as strong as the difference; but in the Japanese mind a fresh treatment accompanies every fresh idea, and since under their magical touch any motive can be treated in a thousand different ways, the possibilities of their art are even less limited than Nature herself.

The mistaken view that Japanese design is chiefly noticeable for its lack of symmetry and sheer eccentricity of purpose, gains small support from a study of these books. Now and again, it is true, some proofs of "the glorious gospel of haphazard" may be found; but the great majority of these patterns conform to laws of symmetry in their planning in a way hardly apparent without careful study. As, in the hands of a great master, the dull forms of a fugue are clothed so skillfully that it interests a non-musical person by its splendour of sound, and conceals science by lovely harmony, so the artists of these patterns take the dry skeleton of a geometrical pattern and clothe it with living beauty, that tires as little as Nature tires. But mere rhapsody is worthless; those who do not know the subject distrust it, and those who know prefer their own rhapsodies to those of other people.

The designs that are more or less based upon filling a circle are especially beautiful in this school of ornament, and seem singularly well adapted for practical application. Elsewhere stress has been laid on the decorative value of the whole design as well as of its parts; or, to put it as an instance, a surface decorated with several of these medallions will have a double value, for the detail of



FIG. 20.



FIG. 21.

their decoration is delightful upon close inspection, and the round spots they appear to be from a distance are yet decorative in a way no spray of flowers or all-over chintz-like ornament can possibly be.

The two designs 27 and 28 are tracings of two embroidered robes from a collection of patterns that fill six volumes. In 27 the imperial device of the horse-chestnut is introduced, the darker leaves being a rich dull blue, the lighter ones a paler shade; their foliage is in dull green, and the berries a bright yellow, the ground being a dull neutral colour. Fig. 28 has a quiet grey background, with the flowers worked in white with yellow petals, those shaded in the drawing being of a pale brownish yellow; the tiny spots of red in some of the buds have much to do with the scheme of colour; the two discs crossed by the branches are of exquisitely pale blue. The motive of this design is incomparably fine, and as an example of the splendid end brought by such simple means merits careful study.

The pattern No. 29 is from an old example

figured three or four times in the books of this collection alone. It is on a white ground, with positive black for the shaded parts in this sketch—the flowers being in blues and reds of somewhat vivid tone; but it is not possible to convey the colouring in words; the wheel shapes are in solid black, and black outline.

Fig. 30 is an exquisite all-over pattern, probably with delicate pink flowers and sage green leaves; but the design is uncoloured, and, excepting a vague recollection of a piece of real work very similar in style, it is not safe to describe its treatment.

Fig. 31 is more nearly the conventional idea of Japanese art; it is on a primrose ground, with white stalks and foliage *au naturel* in green.

To enlarge these designs, a simple way is to procure a sheet of Letis's sectional tracing paper, ruled in tiny squares with red; then, having prepared a sheet with pencil lines crossing each other—at any required scale, but in perfect squares—even a non-artistic person

will have little difficulty in enlarging the design to the required size.

The use of these designs is not limited to mere copying. A study of their method will enable a cunning draughtsman to work up original motives on these lines, and produce work that, if not so fine as the original (and with all deference to unknown readers, I doubt if at present we have any artists to beat the Japanese in this particular branch of art), might certainly be at least individual, and, so far, better than tame copies of even the best.

If these few reproductions send some clever embroidery workers to study the wonderful achievements of old Japan, they will certainly be thrice blessed; for such advice blesses him that gives it and they who take it. To become fascinated with Japanese designs is to acquire a taste that, as far as personal experience of such hobby-riders goes to prove, is a cumulative delight that grows by what it feeds on, and never fails to arouse fresh sensations of delight at the boundless store of the Land of the Rising Sun.



OUR AMERICAN SALE, AND HOW WE WORKED IT.



To those whose lot it is to work among the poor in London or any large city, it becomes a very pressing problem—How, with strictly limited resources, are we to meet the constantly increasing demand for aid in cases of sickness or poverty? I am sure that all who do work of this kind—district visitors, Sunday-school teachers, and others, of whom there are many among the readers of *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER*—have often wondered how they are to meet the demands made upon them. The visitor—the “visiting-lady,” as the poor call her—when she goes her rounds, finds that the cases of sickness or want caused by the breadwinner being out of work are, as a rule, far more than the slender monthly allowance for relief will enable her to help as she would like to do, and she feels that it is very hard to have to go on in the work without enough of money to supply the sick and needy. And then in every parish and district there are sure to be very deserving objects in want of

funds. The “Mothers’ Meeting” may be in debt; the Sunday-school library may sorely need some new books; the Temperance Society may find it hard to make both ends meet; the day schools may want help of one kind or another. It does not always do to look to the same people over and over again for support, and it is always desirable to extend the circle of money-givers, and make all who possibly can help in good works.

An “American Sale” proves a most excellent method of raising money, and it has the advantage of drawing it from other than the ordinary sources of parochial revenue; and the poor have a direct interest in making it a success, as the larger the receipts are they directly or indirectly benefited.

Now some of my readers may naturally ask, “What is an American Sale?” Well, the answer, shortly, is this:—An American Sale is a sale of all kinds of clothing, household requisites, furniture, carpets, etc., etc., which are contributed by kind friends to be sold to the poor of a parish. I do not mean *new* articles, but the clearing out of wardrobes and houses of many things which their original owners would never either wear or use again, but which prove very acceptable to their poorer neighbours. Why this should be called an “American” sale I know not; perhaps the idea originated there; but the scheme is a most excellent one, as our experience will show. It has been tried, I believe, in several places with very great success, and it is with the idea of making its usefulness more widely known, that I venture to describe it in this article. Some people may object, and say that the poor are not likely to buy these kind of things, or that it is only in certain places that

it may succeed. All I can say to this is, just try it, and if your district is anything like the one I have in my mind, where our experience is gained (a parish within ten miles of London), I do not think you will find it fail.

Let me now describe how we set to work, and what success attended our efforts. First and foremost, it is necessary to get someone to act as secretary, who must be exact and methodical in the work; it will not do to go about it in a slipshod way. We were most fortunate in securing the services of a gentleman who entered into it most zealously and systematically. A committee of ladies, nearly all district visitors, was then formed to collect articles for the sale. Then a circular was drawn up by our secretary, stating the things most likely to sell well, and this, as you will see, was a most exhaustive one. Here is the substance of it. It began by stating that an American sale would be held on such a date, and in such a place, and requested contributions from friends of any of the following articles: “Upper and under clothing for men, women, and children, especially cloth clothes and flannel garments, socks, stockings, collars, scarves, handkerchiefs, gloves, neckties, boots and shoes (especially women’s and children’s), slippers, hats, caps, bonnets, bed-linen, table-linen, umbrellas and parasols, pieces of floor-cloth and linoleum, and carpet in strips (if not too large to be sent in a parcel), mats, rugs, curtains and fittings, articles of furniture, if in fair repair (but not large ones if sent from a distance), perambulators, bedding, and blankets; toys of all kinds, children’s picture books, Christmas, birthday, and other cards (if not written on), pictures in frames or mounted on cardboard; razors, scissors, smoking pipes, purses, etc.; crockery, china, glass (but not jam pots or ordinary bottles), old dinner,

breakfast, and tea services, or parts thereof (but crockery and brittle goods should not be sent from a distance), hardware, kitchen utensils, brushes, etc., kettles and scuttles, but these should all be in good repair (leaky saucepans are of no use); knives, forks, spoons, etc. N.B.—Iron or other heavy goods and very bulky things should not be sent from a distance. Small contributions of money will be gladly received from those members of ——— parish and congregation who are unable to help in other ways."

Such was the circular we sent out, and I think the reader will admit that it was of a fairly exhaustive character, and that there are few households which could not furnish some articles, useful or ornamental, to place upon the stalls.

In most places it would not be difficult to get together enough articles to attempt a sale, at least on a small scale.

When we had sent out our circular a reasonable time was allowed to elapse, and then the exact date was fixed. The next question which arose was with regard to the tickets of admission. We found that the poor in all the districts were very ready and willing to secure them. At our first sale we had two classes of tickets; those at twopence admitted the holders to the sale half an hour before the holders of tickets at a penny each; but we found after the first experiment that this did not answer, and we have since then only issued tickets at twopence each, and opened the doors to all at the same hour. These tickets were bought up most eagerly by the people; the only restriction to the district visitors (through whom the tickets were sold) was that they should not sell them to any persons who had shops for the sale of "old clothes."

A few days before the sale the things begin to come in, and they are received by various kind friends in the parish, who take care of them until the day of the sale.

When that important occasion arrives, the heterogeneous collection of goods, consisting of all kinds of clothing, carpets, books, pictures, crockery, ironmongery, lamps, etc., which had been sent to the various centres, was collected and brought to the parochial schools, where the sale was held. This was done early in the day, and then the various stallholders came and commenced the work of pricing those things which were allotted to them. In this they were guided on the first occasion by an experienced hand in these

matters, but the sellers quickly learned what the things were worth. As a rule to each stall we appointed two or three ladies and one or two gentlemen, whose duty it was to protect the sellers when the rush came. We generally divide our goods among the following stalls:—1, men's clothing; 2, women's clothing; 3, hats, bonnets, and umbrellas (at this stall remember to have a looking-glass); 4, fancy articles (this includes pictures, books, ornaments, toys, etc.); 5, carpets and curtains; 6, crockery and china of all kinds; 7, ironmongery; 8, underclothing for women and children, and men's collars and ties, etc.; 9, boots and shoes of all kinds; and last, not least, a refreshment stall where for a penny a cup of tea and biscuits or cake could be procured. This stall was very fairly patronised when our numerous clients had exhausted themselves and their purses, and met together to discuss their bargains.

These various stalls were ranged round the walls of the schoolrooms, and in front of them a stout barrier of timber and rope was fixed to prevent the crowd getting in the way of the sellers. It was found desirable to secure the services of two stalwart policemen, to prevent a rush at the first opening of the doors, and to watch over the proceedings generally.

Our hours were from 5 to 8 p.m., and, as we always hold the sales upon a Saturday, it seems to answer very well, it has never, however, been of so long continuance, as we are generally pretty well cleared out in a little over an hour. When the moment of opening draws near, every stallholder has to be at the post assigned to him or her. The moment the doors are opened the crowd, which has assembled outside some half hour previously, comes in with a rush. Like eagles upon their prey they swoop down upon the stalls, and the sellers have at first a very warm time of it. The stalls which are at once most fiercely attacked are men's clothing, women's clothing, and the carpets. The last named is generally cleared out in about half an hour, which leads us to suppose that we, as a rule, price these things too low. Around a fairly good bit of carpet the battle of the purchasers rages very fiercely, and those whose duty it is to protect the fair saleswomen have no easy task of it. The rush on the men's clothing stall is also very great, and in a marvellously short time it follows the example of the carpet and curtain stall, and the sellers are free to help others. It is quite

a novel experience for those who are accustomed to ordinary bazaars, where every effort has to be made by the stallholders to attract oftentimes unwilling purchasers, to find themselves surrounded by a crowd who are only too anxious to buy, and whom it is necessary to repress in order that those who are not first in the field may have a chance of getting something.

The stall for hats, bonnets, and umbrellas often affords no small amusement, and the looking-glass has a busy time of it, as all who try on the hats or bonnets must have a look to see how they suit the would-be purchasers' style of beauty. Among the men's hats we found that silk hats were always a drug in the market; the British workman does not seem to care for such things, and often very good hats would not be taken on any terms. Felt or soft cloth hats went very fast, but it is a curious thing that it was very difficult to find one to fit the working classes. In almost every case the hats sent in by gentlemen were much too large. Whether this is due to a superior education and more reading, or not, it is hard to say, but in dozens of instances we found this was the case.

The boot and shoe stall is one which is much patronised; the articles there are often of a very miscellaneous kind, including wading stockings (sent in by some enthusiastic salmon fisher), dress boots, pumps, slippers, shooting boots, etc. Here there is apt to be a considerable congestion of purchasers, as it takes time to try on the boots, and it is necessary to have some space round the stall and some chairs or forms near at hand.

The ironmongery does not, as a rule, find so many customers, nor do we generally get in so many articles for this department, the reason being, I suppose, that while the things are fit for use, the owners do not part with them, and after that, it is not easy to find purchasers for a saucepan which, although it may be very clean and bright looking, yet refuses to hold what is put into it; and the same remark applies to kettles, coffee pots, tea urns, etc.

The refreshment stall generally gets a good many supporters when the people have spent what they have on clothing, for then they repair with their very miscellaneous bundles to refresh themselves with the harmless cup of tea, and to discuss their purchases before carrying them off in triumph.

It takes usually about two hours to clear out our stock, and at the end of that time empty stalls and weary stallholders are to be found.



A STALL AT THE AMERICAN SALE.

We made a rule that no small children (except those in arms) should be admitted, but somehow this rule gets broken, and in the rush in at 5 p.m. we find that the wary mothers often manage to bring in a small boy or girl with them, and the said boy or girl as often gets temporarily lost in the crowd, but quickly is brought back to the mother by either the kindly policeman or one of the staff of helpers.

So much, then, for our sale, and its various incidents. Now, it may be asked what profit is likely to be made by such efforts? That depends, of course, very much on the resources of the place, and the number of kind friends who will help in the matter of sending in articles for sale. There need be no fear of not getting buyers if the thing is properly made known in the parish. Ours is probably a very typical parish of which there are hundreds about London and any other big town, and

we find the people most eager to purchase tickets to admit them, and ready, only too ready, to buy when they get there. There are in every household heaps of things which the owners do not need, and which must be got rid of some way, and as a rule we have not found any difficulty, if the work is begun in time, and sufficient notice of the sale given (say three months or thereabouts), in getting articles sent in. The expenses need not be very heavy. Printing is the chief item, and the necessary help in getting the room ready on the day of the sale, and the hire of, say, cups, etc., if the parish has not got a supply, as most parishes have. The expenses of police and a man to take tickets at the door complete the list, except where the carriage of articles has to be paid, but this will not always happen.

We have had three American sales, and we find that the net profit of these, after the

payment of all expenses, comes to £118. This sum was taken from the people themselves in a parish of under 8,000 in ten months!

Almost all of this money went back again to the people in the shape of extra relief, to the district visitors to meet cases of sickness, and to deserving people in misfortune. Some of it was given to mothers' meetings, some to school repairs, and all, as I have said, to the direct benefit of the working people. It would not be wise to attempt these sales more than twice a year; there were exceptional reasons for our having had three in one year.

I hope what I have said in this paper, in calling attention to this means of raising money to help the poor, may be useful to some interested in that work, and that they (if they attempt an "American Sale") will meet with the same success as we have done.

T. B. W.



PLEASANT WORK FOR THE AUTUMN.



My object in writing this article is to bring before the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER the art of pressing and drying ferns and grasses for decorative purposes, which may be brought to a great pitch of perfection with a comparatively small amount of care and trouble; and the result is ample payment for time spent.

No one need be debarred from taking up this work by monetary difficulties, as the only thing needed is a *pressing-block*. Many elaborate ones may be bought, but a simple one will answer every purpose. Two boards 16x8, 10, or 12, a small cloak strap, and a few sheets of blotting-paper, may be procured for a very small sum, and then you are ready to commence operations. Time need not be a drawback either, as much may be done during a daily constitutional without any effort, so that even the busiest workers or the most idle holiday-makers may lay up treasures for the winter if they choose.

First, then, to collect the specimens, choose a dry day if possible. This season of the year, when ever-changing Nature puts on her most beautiful dress, is the best time for collecting most things, colours are brighter, and the leaves not so full of sap, therefore better for drying purposes.

Green leaves and ferns may be got earlier in the year, but autumn is the great harvest-time for leaves as well as corn, especially after

the first few frosts. Experience is the best guide as to what will press and look well, and of course a great deal depends on how you are situated. Most are within reach of a few bits of "greenery" and an occasional country walk, when you can obtain blackberry leaves, wild geranium, trails of wild vine and hops, ivy, moss, and vetch, while nearer home, in park, garden, or conservatory, you can gather maple, beech, laburnum, large and small virginian creeper, Japanese honeysuckle, westeria, fancy grasses, and delicate ferns. I mention only a few of the numberless things that may be used. It is wise to choose those plants in which the leaves do not grow too closely together, or overlap each other much.

Few *flowers* keep their colour well when pressed; but wild geranium, harebells, vetch, pimpernel, primrose, water forget-me-not, violets, and the tiny wild yellow poppy, may all be safely experimented with.

All the specimens, when gathered, should be placed between the blotting-paper of the pressing-block, and strapped up tightly till the house is reached; then each leaf or spray should be ironed separately with a *hot* iron between blotting-paper, until all the moisture is pressed out. (This sets the colours, and gives the leaves a smooth, even surface, instead of the crumpled appearance they often present when merely placed under a weight.)

Should any of the stems be very thick, it is better to cut away most of it with a sharp knife, or else lay extra pads of blotting paper under each leaf; and in some cases it will be necessary to press each leaf separately, and afterwards, according to the way in which they are used, either paint in the stems, or mount the leaves with wire on a dry twig or thin strip of bamboo, in such positions as to resemble the natural growth.

After ironing, remove all to fresh blotting-paper, and place under a weight in a warm place. The blotting-paper in which the ironing is done will require renewing pretty often, as it gets hard, and will not absorb the moisture.

The specimens being now ready, the uses to which they may be put are numerous. Cupboard-doors, door-panels, unsightly shutters, white wood, or enamelled frames, sides of book-shelves, small tables, wooden mantel-pieces, glass fire-screens, may be all beautified with groups of colour, or sprays of some delicately-tinted creeper.

Many people bring home pleasant remembrances of a holiday in the shape of photographic views. A few leaves and grasses (perhaps gathered at the same spot) grouped lightly round them in an album are a great addition. A spray or two on a mirror or wardrobe glass is also very effective.

But I always think my leaves are most useful and show to the best advantage when used for table decoration. Everyone knows how hard it is sometimes in winter to keep the table well supplied when means do not allow of very frequent visits to the florist's. Everyone also, I think, must know and feel how dainty floral additions on a table are, pleasing to the eye, and set off and improve the simplest, plainest meal. So, by keeping a small stock of dried treasures you can ring the changes, as taste and fancy dictate, on blackberry leaves and grass, virginian creeper and grass, ivy and berries, green ferns and a few everlasting, and many other combinations, according to your collection.

But with all, grasses *may*, and I think *should*, be used, as they give a lighter appearance to leaves, which must of necessity look a trifle stiff and set.

A little frosting (to be had at a stationer's, 2d. per packet) may be added to the edges of ivy and blackberry leaves, and mountain-ash, guelder-rose, holly-berries and rose-hips may be kept for a long time by dipping bunches and stems into a mixture of gum arabic and white wax, strong and hot, in the proportion of four to one.

The grasses are best placed in a wide-mouthed bottle or jug, and allowed to droop naturally till dry. I find thick starch the best means of fixing the leaves on to paper and wood, and a thin coat of copal varnish is a great preservative.

Perhaps to some the above details may be already known, but in a somewhat large acquaintance I have only met *two* girls who pressed leaves for real use. In these go-ahead days many girls only take up work which promises remuneration; but I hope some few who live quiet, uneventful lives may be induced by this paper to fill up spare moments, or gladden a weary hour, by entering on a work which entails a closer search into the beauties of Nature, and will, I am sure, be found a great source of pleasure.

J. A.

RECIPES FOR SEPTEMBER.

MOST of our vegetables have reached perfection at this time, just before they are gathered in for the winter, and we should profit therefore, and make a variety of



Vegetable Soups.—Here is one that is most delicious :—

Take three well-washed and scraped carrots, two turnips, a parsnip, a head of celery, a breakfastcupful of shelled peas, a lettuce, half a small cabbage, and some three or four young onions, with a bunch of savoury herbs of all kinds. Cut the vegetables quite small, tying the herbs together; let them all stew in a couple of ounces of good butter until they begin to be tender, then turn into a larger stewpan and cover with two quarts of water, adding a knuckle-bone of ham or bacon if possible, and cook gently for about two hours.

Place a colander in a large basin, and rub all the contents carefully through this with the liquor. When all has been passed, dissolve another ounce of butter in the stewpan, stir into it a tablespoonful of potato or rice-flour, add the vegetable *purée* next, stirring well all the time. Stir over the fire until it boils up again, then add salt and pepper to the taste and a small cupful of cream or new milk. Serve very hot.



A Purée of Peas.—Frizzle a small white onion that has been thinly sliced into an ounce of fresh butter, until it begins to brown; place a pint of shelled peas in a stewpan, add the fried onion to them with a bunch of sweet-herbs, then two quarts of water. Let these boil gently until the peas dissolve. Rub the whole through a colander into a basin, then pour the *purée* back into the stewpan, season it well, and add the beaten yolks of two eggs; when it almost boils again remove quickly from the fire, and pour over some toast sippets in the tureen.

In winter, when dried peas are used, they should have been previously soaked for a few hours in cold water.



A Purée of Haricot Beans would be made in precisely the same way as the above, only substituting a tablespoonful of cornflour wetted with milk, and half a pint of the latter in place of the egg-yolk.



Bonne Femme Soup.—Take a handful of sorrel leaves, nearly as much chervil or cress, a lettuce, two spring onions, a sprig of tarragon, fresh thyme and parsley, and chop all these on a board. Dissolve a quarter of a pound of butter in a stewpan, place the shred herbs in it to cook for ten minutes. Add a pint and a half of clear stock from mutton or veal bones; cut up the crumb of a slice of white bread, and let all simmer together for half an hour, then season with salt and pepper, draw the stewpan aside, and stir in carefully a *liaison* made of the beaten yolk of an egg and a very small cupful of cream. Strain the soup on to a few *croûtons* of fried bread. Serve very hot.

Vegetable Marrow Soup.—Pare a ripe marrow, split it down lengthwise, removing all the seedy part; cut across into small pieces, and place them in a stewpan, with sufficient water to well cover them, and a small piece of butter. Stew until the marrow is perfectly tender, then rub it through a colander, season with pepper and celery-salt, return to the stewpan and add the yolks of two eggs beaten with a pint of milk. Stir until it reaches boiling-point, then at once pour into a tureen. This should be like a smooth custard.

Large cucumbers treated in the same way make a soup that is very similar in appearance and flavour.



*Editor's note to American readers: zucchini!

A Simple White Soup.—Three large potatoes, two turnips, a parsnip, and two white onions, all to be boiled together until tender enough to rub through a colander. To the *purée* obtained from these add a seasoning of pepper, celery-salt and pinch of mace, a teacupful of fine white bread-crumbs, and a pint and a half of boiling milk. Stir over the fire until this boils, and if too thick add a little boiling water.



Blackberry Charlotte.—Stew a pint of ripe blackberries with a quarter of a pound of sugar, and two or three juicy apples (pared and sliced) for half an hour. Butter a round cake-tin or plain mould, have a little dissolved butter in a saucer, cut a round of bread half-an-inch thick free from crust, and dip it into the butter, then fit it at the bottom of the mould; cut some strips of bread long enough to reach up to the top of the mould, dip them into the butter and fit them around the sides, letting them overlap each other a little. Fill up the mould with the stewed fruit, place more bread over the top, then a buttered paper, and bake in the oven for half an hour. The oven should be hot. Turn out of the mould on to a dish, and pour a custard over the top.



Blackberry Jelly.—Put two quarts of ripe blackberries into a glazed earthenware jar with lid, add a very little water to them, and set the jar in a corner of the oven to cook very slowly for some hours. This is to draw out all the fruit-juice.

Pour the fruit and juice into a stout muslin bag, straining it over a clean basin. Measure the clear juice thus obtained and put it into the preserving-pan, then place it over the fire. Allow a pound of lump sugar to each pint of juice; place the sugar on a dish or tray in the oven, that it may become hot through by the time the juice boils. When this has reached boiling-point, put the sugar into it; let the jelly boil for ten minutes longer, stirring very occasionally. Pour at once into small jars that have been made very hot. Thus made, the jelly will set almost before it is cold.



A Blackberry and Apple Tart.—Stew the blackberries first with a little sugar. Place them at the bottom of the dish with their juice, then cover with sliced juicy apples and more sugar. Place a nice light crust over the top and bake, giving sufficient time to ensure the apples being cooked through.

Another Blackberry Pudding.—Make a light batter with two eggs, two large spoonfuls of flour, a pinch of salt, and half a pint of milk. Pour into a well-buttered baking-tin, then sprinkle thickly with ripe blackberries and castor sugar; bake in the oven until crisp and brown, when slip out of the tin on to a dish, sprinkle with more sugar and serve at once.



Danish "Grød."—Stew currants, raspberries or blackberries, and rub the fruit through a sieve. To the pulp and juice add sugar enough to sweeten well, and to a pint of juice add three dessertspoonfuls of ground rice. Boil all together over the fire for ten minutes; if too stiff add a little water. Remove and stir in a teacupful of cream, pour into a wetted mould, and turn out when quite cold, serving cream or custard with it.

When fresh fruit is not to be had, a jar of jam, dissolved with a little water and then strained, may be substituted for it.

This, like the pudding which precedes it, is an excellent sweet for the nursery-table.



An Apple Salad.—Pare and core, then slice thinly and evenly some ripe, juicy apples; let the salad-bowl be quite half filled. Cut very finely some candied ginger and sprinkle it over the apples. Let a small pot of red-currant jelly stand in a warm place until it is melted, add to it the juice of half a fresh lemon, or a whole one if small, pour this over the fruit and stir well about, then leave it to settle. Three-pennyworth of cream poured over the top just before serving is a great improvement to the salad.



A Pretty Dish.—Choose some large even-sized apples, wipe them, and remove the core, but not the skin. Lay them in a steamer and steam them until they are tender through. Lift them out carefully and arrange on a glass dish. Frost them with sugar several times; pile red currant jelly around them, and place a little dab on the top of each. Serve cold. Custard may be used instead of the currant jelly, but always drop a tiny morsel of something bright-coloured on the top of the apples.

The Chelsea table-jellies will, when made according to the directions on the packets, furnish a jelly that is very well suited to the purpose.



Blackberry and Apple Jam, excellent and wholesome.—Boil the blackberries with just sufficient water to cover them for a long time, then strain them through a coarse colander, rubbing the pulp through with a spoon, in order that nothing but the seeds and unripe berries may be left behind. Half fill the preserving-pan with apples sliced thinly, after they have been pared and cored. Pour over them the blackberry juice and pulp; when the whole has boiled for some thirty minutes, being stirred all the while, put in the sugar in proportion of half a pound to a pound of fruit. Boil for twenty minutes after it has reached boiling-point. Pour into jars and tie down securely. This jam may not keep very long, but is most delicious while it lasts.

LUCY H. YATES.

ANCHOR.

A STAG-BEETLE STUDY.

By Mrs. ELIZA BRIGHTWEN.

PEOPLE in general do not consider a beetle an interesting pet. A butterfly or moth may be tolerated, a grasshopper may have some redeeming qualities, a certain tame wasp has received much public notice, and ants are positively fashionable as subjects for study;



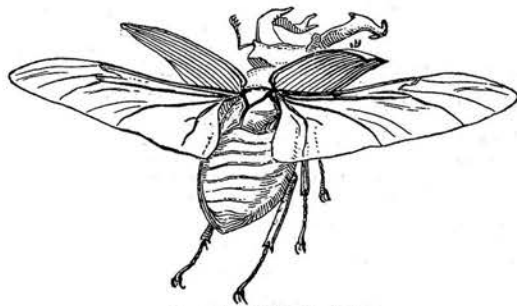
STAG-BEETLE CHRYSALIS.

but a beetle is generally characterised as "horrid," and anyone liking such a creature is at once considered eccentric. Nevertheless I am prepared at all risks to say a good word for my pet stag-beetle, and shall endeavour to create a sympathetic interest in an insect which I, at any rate, have found worthy of attention and study.

It has never been my lot to reside where these beetles are found; they only occur locally, and yet in certain counties they seem to exist in abundance. A fine male specimen, with well-developed horns, was forwarded to me from Kent, but, unfortunately, it arrived when I was absent from home. As no one in my household seemed to covet the task of caring for the beetle, a council was held, and it was decided that the insect should be again committed to the tender mercies of the post, and forwarded to me in Hampshire.

I feared that thus having had to travel through no fewer than four counties, I should find that the poor beetle had died on the exhausting second journey, but, on the contrary, when I opened the box he lifted up a formidable pair of antlers, and surveyed me with a glance of inquiring surprise.

The most important matter in keeping a pet animal is to ascertain its congenial food, and endeavour to make it as happy as possible in captivity. Insects in this respect present a peculiar difficulty, as one hardly ever obtains any help from books. One may take down a scientific work on beetles, for instance, and find *Lucanus servus*, the stag-beetle; there will follow a full description, probably in



STAG-BEETLE FLYING.

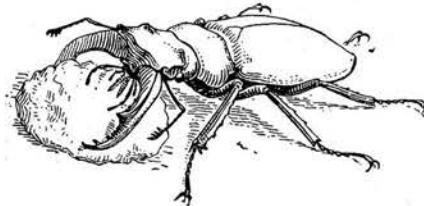
Latin, of all its parts, and some slight sketch of its life-history, but about its daily food a discreet silence is sure to be maintained. This is probably on account of the difficulty of obtaining exact information upon that point. This difficulty is increased in the case of nocturnal insects which, like the stag-beetle, fly about in tree-branches where, no doubt, they

find some sort of food when they are far beyond our reach and sight.

All I could do was to offer my new pet one thing after another, in the hope that I might at last hit upon a diet suited to his taste.

He very decidedly disapproved of meat, insects, bread or grain, so I was puzzled to think what next to offer. Having read somewhere that the horns of this creature are said to be used for piercing the bark of trees in order to obtain the sap, and supposing it might be of a sweet nature, I thought that possibly sugar might be acceptable; a small lump was moistened with a few drops of cream, and for half an hour I could see the beetle's mouth-apparatus sucking in the sweet food with great apparent relish.

He lowered his horns so as to hold the sugar firmly between them, and seemed quite intent upon this dainty, which he certainly must have tasted for the first time in his life. After a time I discovered that strawberry jam or a piece of banana served with cream and sugar, entirely met the taste of this highly-refined and luxurious beetle.



ANCHOR FEEDING.

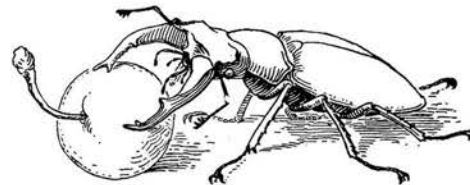
Now occurred the necessity of finding a name appropriate to the new pet, and it was soon suggested by one of his personal habits. It is needless to say the creature possesses six legs, and each leg terminates in two curved hooks; by all these twelve hooks the beetle clings with might and main to whatever it is resting upon. I could not help frequently remarking, "Here is this creature anchored to my shawl again," and in this way the new pet obtained his name of "Anchor;" I must admit that ever after he lived up to his title.

The stag-beetle's name and diet being settled, a home was the next thing to be arranged. For the first few hours the creature roamed about upon the table and kept appearing in unexpected places, greatly to the terror of the hotel maid-servant, who dared hardly enter the room to lay the cloth for luncheon; her first sight of Anchor's uplifted horns evoked such a loud scream from the poor maiden, that I was compelled to devise some method of keeping the beetle in discreet custody. A glass box, with one side left open for air, enabled me to watch his habits when at his ease, and formed a travelling-cage in which Anchor reached The Grove in safety.

It may be of interest to my readers to be told something of the life-history of this, the largest of our English land-beetles. The stag-beetle is a member of the *Lamellicorn* family of beetles, a word signifying "leaf-horned," a term applied to those beetles whose antennæ is composed of a series of flat plates, or leaves. The male alone possesses the antlers, from which the species takes its name; the female has small

but powerful jaws, with which she can bite severely, and is on that account a more formidable insect than her mate, who, as far as my experience goes, never uses his horns offensively.

My specimen is rather more than two inches

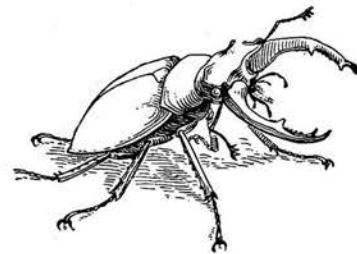


ANCHOR INVESTIGATING.

in length, of blackish-brown colour, holding his well-armed head erect, as if he felt himself a very king amongst other beetles. Some decaying oak or willow trunk is chosen by the female beetle as a nursery for her eggs, which she deposits in a little hole dug out by her powerful fore-legs. Several writers appear to think that the larva of this beetle was the *coscus* of the Romans, which they regarded as a delicacy. Even without the fattening process to which it was subjected in those olden days, it grows in the course of four or five years into a huge ungainly grub, with legs which are so short that it cannot walk, it only rolls sluggishly along upon its side, feeding upon rotten wood. When full grown it builds a cocoon out of chips of the decayed wood around it, and turns into a strange kind of chrysalis, in which the form of the future beetle can be distinctly traced. The insect in its perfect state does no damage to tree-trunks, seeming to prefer abiding amongst the upper branches.

My interesting captive proves to be very fond of water; plunging his head below the surface he will continue drinking for a minute or more, and when thus engaged, or sucking up his sugary food, his horns are always kept closed, at other times they are slightly apart, but if at all irritated Anchor holds himself very erect, with the horns widely opened in a menacing attitude; it appears, however, to be only a menace, for he has never attempted to use them defensively, or laid hold of my finger when I lifted him out of his box.

Only once did I see Anchor really use his horns in any way, and that was in a grotesque sort of fashion, for he caught up his lump of



ANCHOR ANGRY.

sugar and flung it up two or three times, playing ball with it, as if in a merry mood.

I should much like to see the gauzy pair of wings that I know are lying, neatly folded, under his black wing-cases, but nothing will induce Anchor to unfold them. No doubt, were he to find himself in the dusky twilight of a warm June evening on the topmost bough

of an oak-tree, he would soon take flight and join his kith and kin, as they sail heavily to and fro on work or play intent. On the inner side of each fore-leg there is a patch of yellow down, which, when examined with a lens, is seen to be a little velvet brush, and with this the beetle is able to cleanse its antennæ. I often watch Anchor doing this, drawing his antennæ completely back, so as to bring them in contact with the yellow brush on each fore-leg, until every speck of dust is removed.

When I had fed and tended Anchor for about a month, I became absolutely certain that the creature knew me, for if placed on the lawn he would follow me in any direction; as I went to the right or left, so he altered his course, not as a mere accident, but invariably. How long this curious insect may survive his artificial life I do not know; now, at the end of five weeks, he appears to be in excellent health, and enjoys his daily exercise and repasts of sweet food.

In studying my stag-beetle's habits, I have become more than ever persuaded that, even in forms comparatively so low in the scale of life as the insects, there is much of personal and characteristic habit to be observed by those who will give close and patient attention to these humble forms, not mouldering in a glass-case transfixed by a pin, but in a living captivity, made agreeable for them by a careful consideration of their needs and probable pleasures.



WHY PERSONAL REMARKS ARE TO BE AVOIDED.



THE fact that we can all of us recall innumerable instances where personal remarks may be made without any breach of the laws of courtesy, and without entailing any results that are undesirable, by no means entitle us to question the value of the various considerations which issue in the injunction—never to make a personal remark.

When, for instance, in one of George Eliot's novels, the Radical hero breaks a long silence by suddenly saying to Esther Lyon, "You are very beautiful!" the remark is certainly a personal one, but it is raised out of the sphere of the ordinary personal remark by the relations between Esther and Felix, and by the train of thought in the latter's mind.

For, the next moment, Felix Holt falls to wondering whether the subtle measuring of forces will ever come to measuring "the force there would be in one beautiful woman, whose mind was as noble as her face was beautiful—who made a man's passion run in one current with all the great aims of his life."

The intention at the back of the personal remark here justifies it, for Felix does not wish to flatter, or ingratiate himself with Esther, he only wants to keep her from being one of those women "who hinder

men's lives from having any nobleness in them."

Clearly the condemnation of personal remarks does not extend to such cases as these; but then, we must remember, such cases are exceptional. Those which most frequently present themselves are of the kind where the provocation to the remark has its root in some trivial impulse or petty interest. Now directions for our guidance in social matters have to be more or less generalised—that is to say, they have to overlook the many occasions when the directions can safely be disregarded. Rules of conduct, in short, have to be laid down on the lines of universality, and the necessary modifications have to be made as one's experience widens, just in the same way as in enlightened methods of teaching languages, rules have to be taught first, and the exceptions have to be left to be gleaned later on by the intelligence of the student acting on what comes before him.

Why personal remarks must for the most part be deprecated, we can very easily see. Personal remarks of the objectionable kind fall into three classes:

1. The Offensive, or those which unduly disparage the person addressed. Ignorance of all that constitutes individual merit, and petty envy and spite are generally at the bottom of this kind of remark.

2. The Fulsome, or those which unduly flatter the person addressed. Desire to stand well with one's fellows, no matter at what cost, and a general lack of conscientiousness in social intercourse engender these.

3. The Embarrassing, or those which cause a feeling of awkwardness to spring up in the assembled company, as when, by complimenting one lady on the exquisite clearness of her complexion, attention gets painfully, albeit unwittingly, drawn to the sallowness of the lady sitting next her. Obtuse sensibilities are clearly responsible for these.

On the other hand, the qualities which issue in the acceptable kind of personal remarks—in those we may exhaustively classify as the Kindly Appreciative, the Instructively Critical, and the Pleasantly Introductory—such qualities plainly are high in character and rare in occurrence.

Criticism and appreciation demand generosity and insight, as well as a kindly interest in humanity; while it is tact alone which will

enable one to make such judicious personal remarks as shall put people at their ease under circumstances of difficulty. It is obvious, then, that personal remarks which are the outcome of such qualities as these—qualities not possessed by the majority of men and women—will much less frequently be heard than that other kind, which springs out of prevalent petty failings.

Hence, in order to guard against this last sort, it becomes expedient, in the first instance, to lay an embargo on all personal remarks whatsoever.

Thoughtless egotists who, thinking only of the gratification of being popular, pay exaggerated compliments to every person with whom they come in contact, do much more harm than they ever realise. More especially do they inflict a serious injury on young and impressionable girls. To these, in their youthful inexperience, the false coin of current flattery must always seem to ring true. Assure the average young girl that she has a lovely voice, that she looks charming, and that her conversational inanities are flavoured with wit and seasoned with vivacity, she unhesitatingly accepts what she takes to be an involuntary tribute to her perfections, and straightway tends to become self-sufficient and arrogant. The inevitable result then is not long in showing itself. Supremely satisfied with herself and her small achievements, she relaxes all further efforts towards self-improvement, and so loses every chance of ultimately becoming what her flatterers have assured her she already is.

It is not that praise itself is harmful—the harm arises out of the reckless, unthinking way in which the praise is administered. People who say glibly to a young girl, radiant in all the freshness of sixteen years and a summer toilette, "How nice you look!" do not pause to inquire if hers is a temperament which will derive benefit from such remarks as these. If she be of a shy and retiring disposition, apt to take an unduly low estimate of her personal attractions, and so, to be brusque and curt in society, the stimulating effect of these complimentary words may be entirely good. She may be induced by them to lay aside that excessive diffidence which so often is scarcely distinguishable from stiffness and an unamiable temper, and may exert herself to be genial and pleasant to those around her. On the other hand, let her be a girl with a weak and foolish

nature, and this very same remark may send her to study airs and graces in front of the looking-glass, and may make her imagine that her share in this world's work is to be limited to displaying her pretty face to the utmost advantage.

But to both these most opposite contingencies the person who makes the personal remark is thoroughly indifferent. She says what she does, either because it is the first thing that comes into her head, or worse still, because she likes to be liked, and is careless what means she adopts to ensure being so.

She makes the complimentary speeches for her own ends, and not with any view to the pleasure or welfare of those to whom she speaks. Hence she works evil both to herself

and others, lowering her own character and injuriously affecting theirs.

But it must not be supposed that an almost equal measure of harm is not done by the personal remarks issuing from that very large class of persons who "like to speak their minds," and who deem an offensive rudeness justified the instant they can aver "It's perfectly true."

Toute vérité n'est pas bonne à dire, and obvious as it may be, for instance, that a young woman of thirty is no longer a girl, she will scarcely enjoy being told, when some plan is under discussion, that "she is quite old enough to be able to decide for herself," or being assured that she need not trouble about her bonnet being shabby, as "no one is likely to notice her."

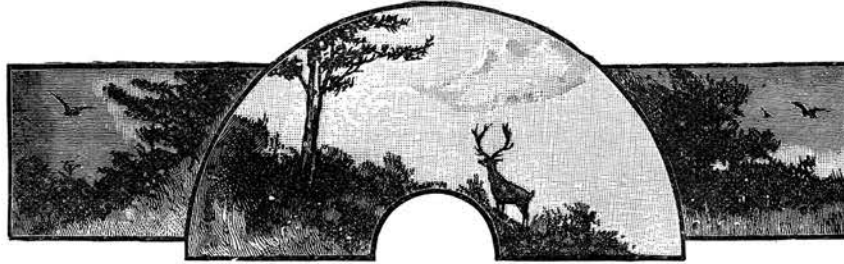
The harm involved in personal remarks of this kind is just the harm of causing pain, a result we have no right to produce, unless we can plead specific good aimed at as our excuse.

And I venture to think, fewer outspoken speeches of this unkind character would be heard in daily life if people only realised a little more fully that "a small unkindness is a great offence," and if, in their professed reverence for truth, they took care to appreciate the vital truth contained in Hannah More's homely couplet:

"To spread large bounties, though we seek in vain,

Yet all may shun the guilt of giving pain."

ADA HEATHER-BIGG.



FLOWERS IN HISTORY.

By SOPHIA F. A. CAULFEILD.

PART III.



the *Hawthorn* (*Crataegus*) is so familiar to most of us, not only as a hedge tree or bush, but as having a special history, interwoven with pretty and curious legends, it cannot be omitted from its place in this series of historical flowers.

Its name is supposed to be a corruption of the Dutch *Hag*, or "hedge

thorn," and the name given it by the country folks, "May," is merely one denoting the month in which it beautifies the roadsides. The pink variety was first, accidentally, discovered in a hedge near Perth, and was long since introduced into England. The wreaths of Greek brides are composed of this flower, and it is otherwise very largely used at wedding festivities; besides which, on May-day boughs of it are hung over their doors, as we use holly at Christmas time. The use of the hawthorn, as being a tree of good augury, dates back to the time of the ancient Greeks, and was to them a symbol of conjugal union. On the other hand, it was connected with the rites for the dead by the ancient Germans, who consumed the wood on their funeral pyres, and believed that the souls of the deceased ascended to heaven in the flames that shot upwards. To the student of the Holy Scriptures this must recall the

wonderful historical incident that occurred when the angel of the Lord went up to heaven in the flame from the altar raised by Manoah (Judges xiii. 20).

One legend in connection with this thorn is that it was of its branches that the crown of thorns was composed which encircled the brow of the Redeemer; and in France it is distinguished as *L'Épine noble* on that account. Indeed, it is supposed there that the original crown was given by the Venetians to St. Louis, who placed it in the Ste. Chapelle which he had erected.

The house of Tudor assumed, as a specially distinguishing badge, a crown in a bush of hawthorn. This circumstance was accounted for by the hiding of the crown which encircled the helmet of Richard III., in a hawthorn bush, after he was killed at the battle of Bosworth Field. This same crown was presented by his father-in-law to Henry VII.

The "Glastonbury thorn," credited from ancient times to have been the pilgrim's staff of St. Joseph of Arimathea, stuck by him into the ground on Werrall (anciently called "Weary-all") Hill, is now no more; although we may believe that the numberless thorn trees and bushes in that neighbourhood were cuttings raised from that original tree. A flat memorial stone now indicates the spot where it stood. In the days of Queen Elizabeth it was cut down by a zealous Puritan, and again in those of Charles I., and from time immemorial a thriving trade was carried on, both with the young offshoots, and the blossoms of the original much-suffering parent thorn.

The miraculous character attributed to this particular tree seems to have exhibited further development in the fact of its budding and blossoming annually on Old Christmas Day, the 6th of January. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January, 1753, it is stated that "a vast concourse of people attended the noted thorn on Christmas Day, new style; but, to their great disappointment, there was no appearance of its blowing; which made them watch it narrowly the 6th of January—the Christmas Day, old style—when it blew as usual!"

Few trees have been the subject of so many superstitions. In some countries misfortune is attached to both bringing it into a house or cutting it down. In others it is regarded as a tree of good influences, and to bring it into the home is to ensure the latter against storm and lightning and the visitation of evil spirits. The presentation of a branch by a Turkish lover is an indication that he desires the favour of a kiss!

There is a very ancient specimen enclosed in Cawdor Castle (Inverness-shire), round which it has been the usage of guests to meet and drink a toast to the prosperity of the House of Cawdor; the venerable tree having been an indication to the original proprietor where the Castle was to be built.

Heather (*Erica*, of the natural order of *Ericaceae*) must follow next in our series; little, albeit, that I may have to say about it. To our Scotch friends it is a kind of national flower, almost as dear as their royal badge, the thistle. To no less than nine of their clans the heather, or heath, serves as a badge.

Although this plant grows in such luxuriance on the Scottish mountains, from their base up to a height of 3,300 feet above the sea, a greater variety of it abounds in Ireland, where it



HAWTHORN.

has been less affectionately regarded, and with which country it has not been specially identified. Altogether, distributed throughout Europe, North Asia, and the Cape of Good

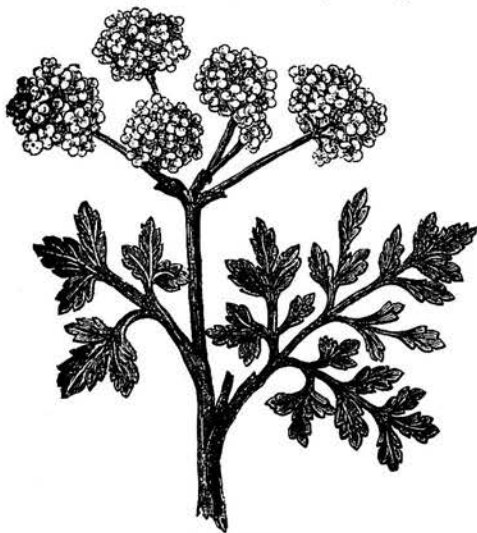


HEATHER, OR PLANTA GENISTA.

Hope, some 400 species are to be found. It is also a native of North America and Newfoundland, Nova Scotia and Cape Bréton, etc. This is the common Ling (*Calluna vulgaris*).

There is an allusion to "the heath in the desert" by the prophet Jeremiah, but it is supposed that the plant to which he alludes, translated "heath," was the juniper. The *Erica tetralix* and the *E. cinerea*, though more rare than the Ling, are very abundant on the Scottish hills, and occasionally produce white flowers. The former is the badge of the Clan Macdonald, the latter that of the Clan McAlister, and the white heather that of the Captain of Clanronald. Those acquainted with the early history of the country will remember that "Con, of a hundred fights," adopted heather as his special badge.

There is tradition that after the slaughter of the Picts by Kenneth, two only having sur-



HEMLOCK.

vived the extermination, the Conqueror was desirous of learning the valuable secret that this people possessed of making beer from heather. When brought before him he

demanded it of the father, with the promise of his life as the reward; but his son was first put to death before his eyes, to enforce consent, by order of the cruel monster. Naturally, this was just the way to make the brave prisoner of war hold faster to the secret than ever. "Your threats," he said, "might, perhaps, have influenced my son, but they have no effect on me!" The heroism of the fine old soldier told on the Conqueror, now vanquished in his turn, and he allowed him to live out his life in bereavement, still keeping the coveted secret, which died with him at last. Nevertheless, the natives of Isla in the Jura and that neighbourhood have a recipe for brewing a mixture of considerable strength, composed of two-thirds of the tops of the heather to one of malt.

Poets have each respectively sung the praises of some particular flower. Burns, Gray, Sir W. Scott, Mary Howitt, Mrs. Grant, and many more have written with enthusiasm about heather. Walter von der Vogelweide says, in one of his *minnie-lieder*, "The heather blushes red in spring to see how green the forest is growing; so sorrow is ashamed at sight of joy."

At the present time white heather is much worn as a wedding decoration.

The *Hemlock* (old English, *Hemleac*—*leac* a plant) which has been illustrated, it will at once be seen, is not Longfellow's "hemlock tree." This latter may be better known as the "Canadian spruce" fir (*Abies Canadensis*); the description of its unchanging greenness—in the lines by which that charming writer has immortalised it—does not apply to the wild flower so named, of sinister reputation and lugubrious historical associations.

"Oh, hemlock tree! oh, hemlock tree!

How faithful are thy branches.

Green, not alone in summer time,

But in the winter's frost and rime.

Oh, hemlock tree! oh, hemlock tree!

How faithful are thy branches."

The tree in appearance is worthy of notice, for it is a fine one in height and size, and the bark is employed for tanning purposes, though the timber, I believe, is not of much value.

The wild flowering hemlock plant (*Conium maculatum*) is distinguished by its poisonous properties, and the ancients availed themselves of a deadly decoction made from it to escape from the troubles of their mortal life, or the privations and infirmities of age. On these occasions they bedecked themselves

with garlands, and drank the fatal draught with much ostentation before admiring spectators, who praised them for what they misnamed "heroism." True fortitude is shown in



HOLLY.

braving all trials, rather than in running away from them and turning the coward's back on the dreaded enemy.

"The brave live on."

A great truth, which these worthies failed to see, and to be recognised quite apart from any knowledge which we possess of Christian endurance, or trust in a higher Power for help to triumph over all. The great Socrates, Phocion, and Theramenes were victims to the influences of this deadly narcotic, which has, it would seem, a chilling effect on the blood.



A



B

(A) YELLOW IRIS.

(B) SMALL-HEADED IRIS.

But my young readers may remember that Socrates did not fly of his own accord from the troubles of life, like so many of his countrymen, but was condemned to death by

the magnates of the Areopagus, B.C. 300, having been falsely accused of impiety by Anytus and Melitus. He was a reformer, and taught that there was but one supreme Deity, although there were many minor gods or agencies under Him, and he protested against the evil stories which became matters of faith about these multitudinous and fabulous deities, and thus he raised a persecution against him by those who were censured by his highly moral life and teachings. But the details of this story are almost out of place in dealing with the history of a flower.

As one of evil physical influences, it has always been associated with bad spiritual ones. *Offensive in odour*, and growing in waste places, we can understand the reference made to it by the prophet Hosea, when he said: "Judgment springeth up as hemlock, in the furrows of the field." What a significant emblem of a terrible miscarriage of justice, and what a putting of "sweet for bitter, and bitter for sweet" in that land!

The hemlock plant is known also by country folks as "Cowbane," from its effects on the cattle that chance to eat it. There is one species (*Cicuta virosa*) equally dangerous in its character, growing along the margin of locks and ponds. But with all its baleful properties, it has much medicinal value, and amongst other evils for which it is employed as a palliative or cure, it is a direct sedative, more especially in its action on the spinal cord.

What can I say of *Holly* that my readers could not tell me themselves? And, moreover, some may object that while it has a small white flower, it is not the flower, but the berry, that is its special characteristic, and that it is therefore an interloper amongst the historical flowers of this series. But so national an emblem has it been from time immemorial of our great winter festival, and connected with our own family reunions, dating from the happy spring time of life, that it possesses too dear and sacred a significance to be excluded from

the list of historical flowers. In making such a concession to the berry-bearing holly, the berry-bearing *Mistletoe* must share an equal privilege, although it be not, as the former, the offspring of a flower. Associated as it is with the early history of our country, and with the Yule-tide merry-makings of our English homes, it could no less be omitted than the holly. It is too closely bound up with "The days that are no more,"

and the
"Voices that are heard in dreams alone!"

The Holly (*Ilex aquifolium*) derives its English name from the Anglo-Saxon *Holegn*. Chaucer called it *Hulfeere*, from the old Norse, *Hulfr*. It is known in Germany as *Christdorn*, because supposed by them to have supplied, by its sharply-pointed leaves, the crown of thorns that encircled the Redeemer's head, although not at all likely, when thorns exceptionally long abound in Palestine. But there is a fable tradition respecting the holly, derived from the red berries, symbolic of drops of blood, and the name resembling the word "holy," as well as the thorny nature of the leaf, which name also renders it specially obnoxious to witches (so say the "Folklore" historians). This idea is to be recognised in one of the old carols.

"The holly bears a berry
As red as any blood,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To do poor sinners good.
Oh! the rising of the sun,
The running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ,
The singing of the choir!"

It is a sacred plant in India and Persia, and the fire worshippers (Zoroastrians) are under the curious delusion that the tree casts no shadow. Boughs of holly were mutually exchanged by friends amongst the ancient Romans during the Saturnalia; and while the early Christian Church objected to the continuance of any practices by the believers in Christ, however

innocent, which had any connection with the heathen rites, yet the Roman Christians would not be deprived of a natural provision so beautiful for the decoration of their own churches on the anniversary of the Blessed Redeemer's birth.

I have already incidentally referred to the *Iris* as supplying the origin of the conventional *Fleurs-de-Lys*, or *de Luce*. Further than this I shall only make a few additional notes respecting it. The name ("all hues") is derived from a fabulous deity and special attendant on Juno. She was entitled "the Goddess of the Rainbow," and was represented with variegated colours on her wings, and as the Greeks supposed that she guided the souls of the women to their spiritual resting-place (as Mercury those of men), they planted her emblematic flower round the tombs of their women. The Egyptians, Babylonians, and Assyrians held the *Iris* in much esteem; with it they crowned the brows of the sphinx, and adorned the sceptres of their kings; and the flower may be seen as the terminal ornament on the latter, and on the monuments of the kings of Assyria and Babylon. The same idea of its regal character or its stately beauty caused the selection of this flower-crowned reed or flag, by the ancient Franks (the yellow *Pseud-acorus*) as a sceptre, which they placed in the hand of a newly-proclaimed king, when they elevated him upon a shield, and bore him in state upon their shoulders.

This beautiful flower has been immortalised by poets, from the time when Virgil sang of the goddess of whom it was the chosen emblem, down to that of Longfellow—some of my readers recognising the quotation—

"O! flower de luce, bloom on, and let the river
Linger to kiss thy feet!
O flower of song, bloom on, and make
for ever
The world more fair and sweet."
(*To be continued.*)



From a Victorian scrap album, ca. 1880-1890

LEARNED CRITICS. —PETER MORAN.

SINGULAR STATISTICS.—The *Boston Courier's* New York correspondent writes:—

"Having been troubled with the gout for several days, I have been obliged to ride to and from my desk in the Circumlocution Office. My own carriage not being in very good condition just at present, I have taken advantage of the street cars, and, while travelling in these, I have had an opportunity of noticing the manners of the females of my kind, considered with reference to seats in crowded vehicles. I will not indulge in any moral reflections upon the subject, nor will I attempt to analyze motives; I will only present to you, in a statistical form, the result of my observations:—

No. of females to whom seats were given by men, half of the latter having probably been on their feet since daylight	103
No. of ditto who were compelled to stand for at least three blocks	1
No. of females who said "Thank you," or words to that effect	7
No. of females each of whom metaphorically put her foot on her benefactor and rubbed him out of existence	74
No. of females who stared young men out of countenance, and out of their seats	59
No. of females who positively refused to take the proffered place	00,000
Now don't lay this to the gout."	

THE paper having the largest circulation—the paper of tobacco. Paper for the roughs—sand paper. Paper containing many fine points—the paper of needles. Ruled paper—the French press. The paper that is full of rows—the paper of pins. Spiritualist's paper—(wrapping-paper. Papers illustrated with cuts—editorial changes. Drawing paper—dentist's bill. A taking paper—sheriff's warrant. The paper that most resembles the reader—'tis *you* (tissue) paper.



A VILLAGE SHOP.

WHEN the city housewife goes about that weighty business which forms one of the principal excitements of her life, namely, when she goes a-shopping, in order to provide for domestic necessities or personal whims and vanities, she generally has a journey of some length and variety before her. The city shop prides itself upon its individuality, and usually holds fast by its individual staple, scorning to meddle with all others, or in any way to interfere with the specialities of its neighbours; and therefore the housewife has to travel from one to another—from baker to grocer, from stationer to jeweller, from tinman to furniture-broker, from draper to butcher—and so on and on, till all her wants are supplied. But in thousands of the quiet hamlets and straggling villages which dot the retired and uncommercial tracks of this broad England of ours, the case, as it regards shops and shopping, is

widely different. In multitudes of pleasant little places which figure on the map and even sometimes send petitions to Parliament, the grand business of shopping has all to be transacted under a single roof. There is many a village where, if you were to inquire for the chemist, the hosier, the stationer, etc., the aboriginal inhabitants would hardly know what you were talking about, and would have to find out your meaning by cross-questioning; and when they had discovered it, they would refer you at once to THE SHOP.

Now, on being referred to The Shop, you, with your city notions, naturally expect to find it situated in the most conspicuous part of the village or hamlet, and glorying in the exhibition of a double-glazed front, where all that pass by may stop and gaze their fill, and test the strength of their prudence against the temptations to expenditure. But in this you may happen to be mistaken. Perhaps, instead of a double-glazed front, you shall find a little six-paned window not bigger than that of an attic in the city, revealing only a few small packages, with perhaps a single pattern of printed calico; and it may be that, instead of finding it in the main street or thoroughfare, you shall find it away in the rear of the road, or standing in the outskirts of the place, quite alone. You see, *the* shop being the *only* shop, is defiant of competition, or altogether careless of it, and, to a far greater extent than usual among shopkeepers, is heedless of making a show to attract customers; for The Shop knows well enough that all the spending-money of the circuit which it has to supply will come (like so much grist to the mill) to its counter sooner or later, and it does not see the policy of taking any trouble to tempt its patrons to spend to-day what they will be obliged to spend to-morrow.

Some time ago it was our fortune to stumble upon a model shop of this useful class in a retired village not far from the mouth of the Severn; and we shall set down some few of its physiological features for the benefit of such of our readers as may feel interested in the predicaments of rural retail commerce. We had passed through the village on a fine sunshiny afternoon, fancying that we had left it, with all its little cares, behind, when we suddenly came upon *the* shop of Mr. Potter, which stood in the centre of a pleasant flower garden, through which a broad roughly gravelled walk led to the open doors. On each side of the walk, piled on boards laid for their reception, or on garden-seats, were huge rolls of blankets, of carpetings, of druggets, of oil-cloth, of mattings. The window at the left of the door was the depository of a stock of modest linen-drapery, where spriggy prints of Manchester contrasted with the woollen textures of Paisley, and were edged off with ribbons of brightest hues; while pieces of silk, and ditto of calico and towelling, filled the background. The right-hand window displayed a substantial stock of groceries, mingled with oils and pickles, potted meats and confections, wax-lights and gingerbread-nuts. The long double counter extended more than twenty feet to a couple of smaller windows on the other side of the house, and which looked out upon an orchard, where the trees were loaded with fruit, a good por-

tion of which had been gathered for sale, and lay heaped on shelves and packed in baskets in various places. One of the back windows was filled with labourers' tools and agricultural implements, including everything, from the plough which occupied the show-board along its whole length, to the pruning-knife and the pocket bread-and-cheese "excaliber" of the plough-boy. From the ceiling of this part of the shop, which was cool and airy, hung several quarters of country pork, lately slaughtered for consumption, in company with joints of mutton, and ditto of plump roasting beef; while on rafters above them lay the broad flitches of bacon in reserve for fresh demands after others which were "in cut" should have been sliced away. In a kind of supplemental shop, entered through a gap in the counter on the right, was an assortment of household furniture—chairs, tables, chests of drawers, sofas, bedsteads, mirrors, etc.—everything, in short, that could be desiderated in a dwelling-house; and in one corner of this apartment stood a small cabinet stocked with drugs, medicaments, patent medicines, and all the recognised specifics of the pharmacopœia. Mr. Potter, a cheery benevolent looking personage of middle age, happened to be engaged in this department when we caught sight of him, and we gathered from his operations that he was not only chemist and druggist as well as everything else to the neighbourhood, but that, to a round number of patients, he was medical adviser as well; and we saw him administer to a patient, complaining of nausea and pain in the side, both bolus and draught ("in your own bottles" of course) for the remunerating fee, advice included, of twopence.

In another angle of the same room, and occupying a much larger space, was a collection of books and stationery, both being of the most useful sort, but neither wanting in variety. Among the books were some three or four hundred to lend for circulation, as well as some crowded shelves of popular works, in gay coloured cloth and gold, for sale. Here sat Miss Betsey Potter, Potter's only daughter, in the act of writing a letter from the dictation of a red-cloaked old woman to her sailor son in the Mediterranean. Betsey is very patient and obliging, and puts down the old dame's affectionate wishes, good advice, and family news, in a very neat and simple way, and then reads it over to her amidst a shower of admiring commendations. The letter finished, directed and stamped, is dropped into the post-box there and then, for Potter is post-office keeper and money-office keeper to boot, and even does, by self or deputy, the duty of village postman. This duty, so far as it concerns the humbler class of inhabitants, is rather characteristically performed—the letters of the good people of the village, which is a long and straggling one, being for the most part handed to them over the counter when they come to the shop for goods: if they don't come in a reasonable time, say in the course of the week, they are sure to learn from a neighbour that a letter awaits them, and will go for it at the latest on Saturday night; but it will happen sometimes that the owner of the letter is lost sight of, and then the letter itself is exhibited in a little side-window allotted for the

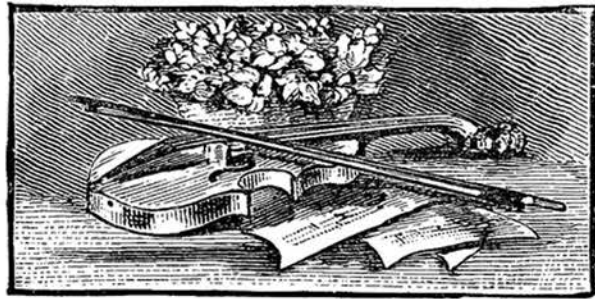
purpose, and gets talked about, till at last the person addressed hears of it, and then he comes to claim it, perhaps from a distance of a dozen miles.

You might reasonably imagine that with all the above branches of trade to attend to, Mr. Potter, with his wife and daughter, had quite enough work on their hands; but indeed we have not catalogued his business yet. Turn to the left hand instead of the right when you are in the main shop, and you will find your way into the oil and colour department, where paints of all hues are weighed out to customers, either dry or already mixed in pots, with brushes ready for gratuitous use, to be returned when done with. Along with the paints are no end of rolls of ornamental paper for papering rooms, with barrels of size, ditto of whiting—in short, all that can be thought of for renovating either the interior or the exterior of a house. Upstairs, over the drapery department, is the slop or ready-made clothes warehouse, overflowing with jackets, smock-frocks, pantaloons, leather leggings, boots, shoes, bluchers; clogs, hats, caps, wide-awakes, and coats of all materials, from coarsest frieze to glossiest broadcloth. Add to all these stores a fair stock of cutlery, a lot of grindstones, every description of household hardware, from a kitchen-fender and fire-irons down to nutmeg-graters, brads, and tin-tacks; a gallant collection of china and glass, and all varieties of domestic earthenware, and you have some notion of the comprehensive functions of the village shop. Still, if you look about you, there is more that may be set down in the list: there are eggs and butter, for instance; and if you look in on a Saturday forenoon, you shall find a choice of ducks and fowls ready for the spit, with a pipkin or two of green peas to accompany them on the table; and at Michaelmas or Christmas time, neither goose nor turkey shall be wanting, nor tender delicately-tinted sucking-pig. Moreover, out there in the garden, under the long shed, there is a famous assortment of baskets, hampers, fish-creels, lobster-traps, and wicker-work of all kinds, not forgetting cradles; then there is a handy reserve of corks and trimmers, painted buoys and boat-kedges, spare sculls and oars, and sea fishing-tackle for the benefit of the fishermen dwelling down at the river's mouth. We may wind up the list, though it is by no means yet complete, by alluding to the rope and line and twine department, which is usually coiled up under the counters, and does not challenge observation.

Seeing that Mr. Potter is such a tremendous monopolist, one might imagine him a kind of village ogre, devouring all and sundry that came in his way, and fattening upon the spoils of his fellows. Never was a greater mistake than that would be. Of course, the proprietor of the village shop takes care of himself, but it is generally the fact that he does business at a smaller profit than his rival in the city, and with infinitely more regard to the welfare of his customers; and he can act thus liberally for more reasons than one: he has no plate-glass and brass expenses; he is at no charge for puffing and advertising; he maintains neither walking sandwiches nor travelling van, neither touters nor trumpeters; all of which provocations

to business in the city have to be paid by the purchasers of goods. Then, again, the dealers of Mr. Potter's class live at a low rent in a humble way; they are their own shopmen, their own buyers, and if they keep a trap and ride out, it is for the delivery of goods, and not for purposes of pleasure. They sell everything because they must do so; but they are not always the proprietors of what they sell: that plump porker, for instance, hanging by the heels to the cherry-tree in front of Potter's shop was never Potter's pig. Piggy, when alive, was the pet and property of old Tom Blunt, who lives in Lane Cottage. Tom reared him to pay the rent, and was obliged to kill him for that purpose; and, in order to bring the matter to a successful conclusion, he consults Potter. Potter, in turn, consults his customers, and, by recommending the pork, which he knows he can do conscientiously, gets all the joints, down to the very chaps, bespoken and down in his order-book, to be delivered on a certain day, while the unsuspecting piggy is yet alive and wallowing; the animal, in fact, is sold piecemeal before he is killed. Now this would hardly happen without Potter's intervention in the business; and yet the probability is, that out of regard for Tom Blunt, who is an old customer, he will not accept a penny for his pains. In some way analogous to this, he has got temporary possession of the eggs and butter, and fowls, and perhaps a pan of cream besides; he has received them from some customer, in order to be turned into money for the customer's behoof. Nothing is more common than this in the commerce of the remote village, and it is found to be beneficial to all parties.

In the long-run, the master of the village shop is pretty sure to grow rich, unless he succumbs to the temptation, which is always assailing him, of speculating beyond the requirements of his market. We have observed that the majority of those that fail of making a fortune do so from this cause, but even of them the number is very few. By the time that Potter is verging on threescore, we may expect to find him a man of substance, residing in a pretty cottage overlooking the Channel, and once a day, at least, bustling down to the old shop, which he has delegated to his son-in-law, the husband of the obliging Betsey, and where he likes to cast a superintending eye now and then, and to see that things are going on in their old train. We must not grudge the old man his competence and independence, for nothing is more certain than that he has worked hard to win them.



USEFUL DOMESTIC HINTS AND RECEIPTS.

TO DRESS WHITERAIT.

(Greenwich Receipt.) In season in July, August, and September.

This delicate little fish requires great care to dress it well. Do not touch it with the hands, but throw it from your dish or basket into a cloth, with three or four handfuls of flour, and shake it well; then put it into a bait sieve, to separate it from the superfluous flour. Have ready a very deep frying-pan, nearly full of boiling fat, throw in the fish, which will be done in an instant: they must not be allowed to take any colour, for if browned they are spoiled. Lift them out, and dish them upon a silver or earthenware drainer, without a napkin, piling them very high in the centre. Send them to table with a cut lemon, and slices of brown bread and butter on a plate.—From *Modern Cookery*, by Eliza Acton; an excellent work.

HER MAJESTY'S PUDDING.

Infuse in a pint of new milk half a pod of vanilla, cut into short lengths, and bruised; stirmer them gently together for twenty minutes, and strain the milk through muslin to half a pint of cream; put these again on the fire in a clean saucepan, with three ounces of fine sugar, and pour them, when they boil, to the beaten yolks of eight very fresh eggs. Stir the mixture often until it is nearly or quite cold, and boil it as gently as possible for an hour in a well-buttered mould or basin that will just hold it. Let it stand for four minutes at least before it is turned out; dish it carefully, strew, and garnish it thickly with branches of preserved barberries, or send it to table with a rich syrup of fresh fruit, or with clear fruit-jelly, melted. We have had often a compote of currants, cherries, or plums served, and greatly relished with this pudding, which we can recommend to our readers as an extremely delicate one. The flavouring may be varied with bitter almonds, lemon-rind, noyau, or aught else which may be better liked than the vanilla. New milk, one pint; vanilla, half pod: twenty minutes. Cream, half-pint; sugar three ounces; yolks of eggs, eight: one hour. The cook must be reminded that unless the eggs be stirred briskly as the boiling milk is gradually poured to them, they will be likely to curdle. A buttered paper should always be put over the basin before the cloth is tied on, for all custard puddings.—*Ibid.*

PRINCE ALBERT'S PUDDING.

Beat to a cream half a pound of fresh butter, and mix with it by degrees an equal weight of pounded loaf-sugar, dried and sifted; add to these, after they have been well beaten together, first the yolks, and then the whites of five fresh eggs, which have been thoroughly whisked apart; now strew lightly in, half a pound of the finest flour, dried and sifted, and last of all, half a pound of jar raisins, weighed after they are stoned. Put these ingredients, perfectly mixed, into a well-buttered mould, or floured cloth, and boil the pudding for three hours. Serve it with punch sauce. We recommend a little pounded mace, or the grated rind of a small lemon, to vary the flavour of this excellent pudding; and that when a mould is used, slices of candied peel should be laid rather thickly over it after it is buttered. Fresh butter, pounded sugar, flour, stoned raisins, each half a pound; eggs, five: three hours.—*Ibid.*

TO MULL WINE.

(An excellent French Receipt.)

Boil in a wineglassful and a half of water a quarter of an ounce of spice (cinnamon, ginger slightly bruised, and cloves), with three ounces of fine sugar, until they form a thick syrup, which must not on any account be allowed to burn. Pour in a pint of port wine, and stir it gently until it is on the point of boiling only: it should then be served immediately. The addition of a strip or two of orange-rind cut extremely thin, gives to this beverage the flavour of bishop. In France light claret takes the place of port wine in making it, and the better kinds of *vin du pays* are very palatable thus prepared. Water, one and a half wineglassful; spice, quarter of an ounce, of which fine cloves, twenty-four, and of remainder, rather more ginger than cinnamon; sugar three ounces: fifteen to twenty minutes. Port wine or claret, one pint; orange-rind, if used, to be boiled with the spice. Sherry, or very fine raisin or ginger wine, prepared as above, and stirred hot to the yolks of four fresh eggs, will be found excellent.

MINT JULEP.

(An American Receipt.)

Strip the tender leaves of mint into a tumbler, and add to them as much wine, brandy, or any other spirit, as you wish to take. Put some pounded ice into a second tumbler; pour this on the mint and brandy, and continue to pour the mixture from one tumbler to the other until the whole is sufficiently impregnated with the flavour of the mint, which is extracted by the particles of the ice coming into brisk contact when changed from one vessel to the other. Now place the glass in a larger one, containing pounded ice: on taking it out of which it will be covered with frost-work.

"GREAT FACTS" FOR "LITTLE FOLKS."

The "United Association of Journeymen Confectioners," whose confederation includes Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Arbroath, Leith, Perth, Dundee, and St. Andrew's, having come to a resolution to "put down" adulteration, have published a statement to the effect that a substance called "mineral white" (which is simply plaster of Paris or stucco) is largely used in the manufacture of sweetmeats. Here is the abominable receipt for adulterated lozenges:—12lb. of plaster of Paris! 12lb. of starch! 12lb. of sugar. A grandchild, and domestic, of a gentleman in Clare, who had partaken of some confectionary and bridecake at a nuptial party, were seized with dangerous illness soon after, and but for the skillful remedies quickly applied, the lives of both, in all probability, would have been forfeited. On inquiry, it was ascertained that many articles of confectionary prepared for festive occasions are strongly impregnated with poisonous ingredients, especially in the exterior ornamental parts of these *bon bons*.



THE SEA-SIDE.

OW frequently are we reminded of the remark of Sir Walter Scott, in one of his letters, that he never felt the breezy breath of September but he yearned to be off to the Moors; and that, if deprived, for a whole season, of the smell of the wild heath and the tread of the crackling fern, he felt as though the best month of the year had been blotted out, and he himself cheated of his chief pleasure. This feeling is one in which we all more or less participate;

there is a season of the year when it becomes almost a necessity of our being to cast aside the trammels that bind us to cities; to lay down for a time our burthen of artificial habits and manners; and to behold the face of nature unveiled; luxuriating, like the good steed turned out to grass, on idleness and green pastures. Some, like our great novelist, choose the wide heath as the scene of their pleasant pastime; others select the solemn wood and renew their acquaintance with mother earth in her hidden recesses; but more, far more, seek the broad ocean, as though it were only in contemplating its illimitable space that their spirits found true freedom. Amidst the rugged rocks, and apparent monotony of the scene, they discover a variety of aspect unknown save to the true lover of the sea and its manifold associations. It is to this genus of wanderers, we confess at once, that we attach our sympathy, and it is with their experiences that we shall have chiefly to do on the present occasion.

If we seek the verge of the "tight little island," on any side but the sunny south, we are reminded of our progress by the gradual disappearance of the woods, which are ill-supplied by the trim little coppices, studding here and there the breezy downs. But the downs themselves, how broad and pleasant

they are, shining alternately like emerald and gold as the sun gleams on them, and is again obscured by some passing cloud. See how the bright light irradiates the mighty plain, and how the shadow rolls away from upland and lowland, as though pursued by some invisible enemy. It is only in scenes like these, where there exist few fixed objects to cast a permanent shadow, that this beautiful phase of nature is visible in perfection; nor is the broad expanse without its still-life interest. Flocks of dreamy sheep wander at will, cropping the thymy herbage, and seeming to invite us to a life idle and pleasant as their own.

Sooth 'twere a pleasant life to lead
With nothing in the world to do
But just to blow a shepherd's reed
The silent season through;
And just to lead a flock to feed—
Sheep, quiet, fond, and few.

But we must linger no longer over the landscape, for the ocean itself is spread far and wide before us, smiling and dancing as gaily as though it held no guilty secrets in its bosom. Vigorous, too, and buoyant it is, as on the day of its creation, without one added wrinkle on its furrowed brow to babble of by-gone ages. Far away in the offing, a fleet of merchantmen are peacefully pursuing their way; bearing to other lands the produce of our own; whilst here and there a long line of smoke marks the track of some vessel independent of wind and tide. "The sea with ships is sprinkled far and wide." Groups of fishing smacks seem sleeping on the waters, the owners of which are silently plying their craft, like those of old on the Sea of Galilee before they were called to become fishers of men; whilst ever and anon some gay pleasure-boat is crossing and recrossing that line of light, but still "hugging" the shore, as though its best security lay in the sheltered bay.

Turn we another angle, and the town will be visible. There it is, rising terrace above terrace, on the face of the chalky cliff. What godly rows of clean

methodical looking houses! From the complete absence of verdure they cannot seem otherwise than garish, and matter-of-fact, although a profusion of green verandahs, jalousies, and striped sun-blinds affect to bestow a modest appearance upon them, and hold forth promise of grateful shade to be obtained within. In one of these domiciles, despite its deficiency in romantic attractions, we must be content for the present to take up our quarters, and as we are too philosophical to be fastidious, we will set up our staff at the first we come to. But, alas! that the indispensable negotiations as to terms, and the supply of plate and linen, with the additional directions for fish at breakfast, fish at dinner, and fish at tea, with which we do not fail to conclude the bargain, should occupy so much time: ere we have finished, the sea is at full ebb, and the renewal of our intimate acquaintance with it must be deferred until to-morrow. Who could be content, after a long absence, to follow its retreating footsteps, as though speeding a parting guest, instead of meeting with the boisterous welcome due to an old friend, feeling its salt breath on the cheek, and only escaping a closer embrace by a timely and dignified retreat. For the rest of the evening, therefore, we are satisfied with testing the comforts of our new home, resolving on the morrow, despite our solitary condition, to spend a social day amidst our fellow wanderers, and to see something of their occupations and amusements.

Who can be a late riser at the sea-side? Seven o'clock, and one half the inhabitants are astir, for the bright light and the sonorous cry of fresh fish have long ago banished sleep. In accordance with the resolution of last evening, we descend to the shore, and strolling leisurely along, soon find ourselves in the throng of the fish-market. The night has been a stilly one, and hecatombs of scaly monsters are heaped upon the beach; women and children are eagerly numbering what would seem to be numberless, and hastily packing the supply for London consumption. Railway vans are in waiting, the drivers of which are impatiently looking on, for the train is almost due. At length they are off, and the more immediate demands of the bystanders now claim the attention of the vendors. More than one gentleman of domestic habits is here to be seen who covets the distinction of buying his own fish, and who, choosing the largest as the best, will inevitably incur a reproof on his return home, for purchasing twice as much as is wanted. Amphibious-looking women, in blue petticoats, are gazing about in search of patrons for their bathing machines, and triumphantly direct the attention to certain indistinct objects which are disporting themselves at a little distance among the waves. Now and then a group of laughing children pass by; some piteous-looking wight, perhaps, among them, lagging behind with his nurse, and claiming our sympathy from his evident disinclination for the salt-water breakfast before him: despite his new sorrowful aspect, he will, by and by, be seen with a cloudless brow and fresh roses on his cheek, for his duty of the day will have been accomplished.

Having had full opportunity of observing the features of the early morning employments, we bend our steps homewards, gratifying our curiosity on the way by occasional furtive glances at the family parties which surround the more or less well-spread breakfast tables. That the amusement is not a dignified one must be admitted; but the open windows offer temptations almost too strong to be resisted; and, in palliation of the impropriety, it may be added, that in a few minutes more we are cheerfully contributing in a similar way to the entertainment of strollers like ourselves.

The first symptom of activity after breakfast is a general adjournment of the gentlemen to the news-rooms, to read the newspapers. Here they encounter many fellow voyagers: the discussion on politics, commenced on board the steam-packet is now renewed, and the stranger of yesterday progresses into the acquaintance of to-day. Meanwhile, groups of ladies and children have dispersed themselves along the beach—for what new-comers to the sea-side can ever resolve to turn their steps inland? Some we notice with fine telescopes, eager to see; some with fine clothes, willing to be seen. Here recline a family of distinction, to whom the sea-side offers repose, after a season of excitement. Their dress is studiously plain: the morning *negligé*, the wrapping shawl, the coarse straw bonnet, with its rich ribbon; the well-tended children, and scarcely less well-tended lap-dog; the clean, foreign-looking books which they read, or seem to read; the work or sketch leisurely pursued; all breathe an atmosphere of repose and May Fair. Other groups there are, far more showy in external seeming; and well it may be so, for their gay season is but commencing, and the preparations which it has cost them weeks of thought and labour to mature, here make their *débat* for our benefit. The children, too, are more gaily attired than their aristocratic associates. But at the commencement of life human nature is the same: the young lord and little master dig with equal fervour in the sand, paddle with the same delight in their miniature canals, and attach the same inestimable value to shells and seaweed. Now and then a mysterious-looking personage, half sailor, half landman, is seen to approach and address the various groups. He offers French shoes, veritable eau-de-Cologne, and hints of matchless shawls which can only be exhibited at their own residences.

Between working, reading, chatting, and walking, the morning imperceptibly wears away; the children find themselves hungry, and are even willing to go home; the shore begins to wear a deserted appearance, for every one is on the move. When the claims of lunch or dinner have been duly satisfied, and an hour's grace allowed for rest, the flymen begin to look alert, and donkey chaises obtrude themselves successfully on the notice. Carriages full of animated faces are soon driving leisurely along the coast, whilst some of the oldest inhabitants may turn their horses' heads inland. A few well-mounted equestrians are visible, and many a young aspirant to a good seat and graceful carriage is taking her first "road lessons" under the eye of an experienced guardian. Nor must we omit, amongst the various resources for killing time at the sea-side, its libraries and bazaars. At this period of the day all are crowded with idlers, searching for

new novels or raffling for wax flowers which they never win. So pass the hour of the day, pleasantly and uselessly enough. The scattered branches of the various families do not fail to re-assemble at the welcome early tea-time, for no attention is here paid to the regulation hours of town life; all eat when they are hungry—which, by the way, occurs very frequently; and fashionable papas and mammas enjoy a substantial six o'clock tea with their little ones, undisturbed by the fear of detection, and the consequent disgrace which might attach to such an act at home.

The slanting rays of a glowing sun now proclaim that it is about setting, and this beautiful sight will prove an irresistible attraction to the meditative, the romantic, the poetical, and indeed to the enthusiastic of every description. We ourselves once more seek the shore, wander dreamily onward, thinking of the eyes that so long ago watched with us the glories of a scene like this; of friends far away, the estranged, the dead, till a merry laugh and the passing odour of a cigar snap the chain of thought; but the musing mood continues, and we turn to speculate on the group before us. It consists of two gentlemen on the sunny side of thirty; three graceful girls from five to ten years younger, and four children—a goodly family, were they all of one household; but this can scarcely be. The little ones are playing somewhat too harmoniously together to be brothers and sisters, and he of the light wide-awake is listening too anxiously and deferentially to the words of the dark-haired lady to be aught nearer than a cousin. But what is the subject under discussion? The donkey-boy and his mother are urging a lengthened ride for the youngest girl, who, whip in hand, has already taken possession of her Rosalante. There is apparently some objection on the part of the elder sister, but who could resist such eloquently-pleading looks and words? She has all but yielded, when the announcement of the boy, on the authority of the telescope, that what they supposed to be the smoke of the steamer is only a cloud, finally decides the question. Papa is not likely to arrive for some little time, so they start on their expedition, the elder sister going, of course, to take charge of the younger, and the cousin to keep watch and ward over herself. Meanwhile the black wide-awake, notwithstanding his listless air and attitude, will make the most of his time with the stately beauty. They will talk poetry, if not sentiment; she will listen to his words, and wonder that the same quotations never sounded so sweetly before; they will at last relapse into the silence that is eloquent, and the children will ask questions in vain.

We must linger no longer near them, but tread softly onward, lest the words of the poet which are on our very lips should break the spell which the gathering twilight casts over us all.

One evening as the sun went down,
Gilding the mountains bare and brown,
I wandered on the shore;
And such a blaze o'er ocean spread,
And beauty on the meek earth shed,
I never saw before.

I was not lonely: dwellings fair
Were scattered round and shining there;
Gay groups were on the green,
Of children, wild with reckless glee,
And parents that could child-like be
With them, and in that scene.

And on the sea, that looked of gold,
Each toy-like skiff and vessel bold
Glided, and yet seemed still.
While sounds rose in the quiet air,
That, mingling, made sweet music there,
Surpassing minstrel's skill:

The breezy murmur of the shore—
Joy's laugh re-echoed o'er and o'er,
Alike by sire and child—
The whistle shrill—the broken song—
The far-off flute notes, lingering long—
The lark's strain, rich and wild!

'Twas sunset in the world around,
And, looking inward, so I found
'Twas sunset in the soul;
Nor grief nor mirth was burning there,
But musings sweet and visions fair
In placid beauty stole.

But such sweet moods the human mind,
Though seeking oft, may seldom find,
Or, finding, force to stay;
Like dews upon the drooping flower,
They, having shone their little hour,
Dry up—or fall away.

But though all pleasures take their flight,
Some few can leave memorials bright
For many an after year;
This sunset, that dull night will shade,
These visions, which must quickly fade,
Will half-immortal memory braid
For me, when far from here.

In a few hours more the sea will assume its last and loveliest phase beneath the beams of the rising moon. At first we shall only suspect its presence from the glittering ripples of the expanse before us, but gradually the whole scene will be bathed in the cold silvery light; and innumerable stars peeping forth, one by one, will be reflected in the mighty mirror beneath them!

Odds and Ends.

It is said that the famous Bayeux tapestries, the work of Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror, are showing signs of decay. They are carefully preserved in a glass case in the Bayeux Museum, but are rapidly deteriorating.

A LADY has been the most successful art student of the year at South Kensington. Miss Lillian Simpson has gained the first travelling studentship and the gold medal as leading pupil. In the national composition she won the gold medal for a book cover with a clasp, modelled in low relief and executed on a commission from the Council of the Art Union.

A SCHOOL for native Indian women will be opened early in the coming year at Lucknow, under an English lady principal, for the training of teachers and for the preparatory education of women who wish to enter the medical profession. There is also urgent need for women lawyers in our great dependency, where the disabilities surrounding widowhood are frequently taken advantage of by unscrupulous people to rob widows of their property. They are debarred from male help, and everything points to the presence of female lawyers to whom they may turn for help and protection.

THE late Czar of Russia was childishly fond of toys, giving the preference to models of ironclads. He had a unique collection of these miniature vessels of destruction, amongst them one of solid silver, and another so complete in every detail that it cost a thousand pounds. His last treasure was the model of an Atlantic liner which was only a yard long, yet an absolute copy of the original.

THE Queen's favourite toy is a working model of the heavens, showing the whole of the solar system, the celestial poles, and the sun. A small model of the moon revolves round the earth, whilst all the planets with their satellites are fully represented. This model is the best possible aid to the study of astronomy, therefore it can scarcely be classed as a plaything.

ANOTHER Emperor, William of Germany, delights in the possession of the working model of a railway, with engine, carriages, rails, points, signals and stations. This he works with the greatest glee. He also takes a vivid interest in the collection of toy soldiers—said to be the finest in the world—belonging to his children, which is so large that the whole floor of a vast hall in the palace at Berlin can be covered with it. Battles are fought on a European scale, his Majesty directing operations.

THE new Czar Nicholas of Russia and the Duke of York are both ardent stamp collectors, the Duke being President of the Philatelic Society. The stern laws of the English postal authorities have been relaxed in his favour as to the reprinting of obsolete issues, Mr Gladstone having commanded the express printing for him at Somerset House of several very rare specimens.

RUSSIA is supposed to be the land of male despotism, yet smoking cars are provided for ladies on the railways of that country of Nihilists and ice. Russia also possesses an Order—the Order of St. Catherine—which is the first female decoration in Europe, and is exclusively reserved for sovereigns and princesses.

“TEACH self-denial, and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer.”

Sir Walter Scott.

THOSE who endeavour to discourage the slaughter of small birds, by refusing to wear plumage or the birds themselves in hat or bonnet, should set their faces resolutely against the use of a beautiful cloth called “zibelline,” which is obtained by the most refined cruelty. This cloth comes from France, and for its manufacture rabbits are plucked alive, the long fur thus procured being woven into the texture. A particular breed of rabbits only is suitable, the poor animals being carefully tended until the fur grows again. The torture both during and after the plucking operation cannot be imagined, and all right-thinking women will refuse to wear “zibelline,” soft and fine as it is.

A FRENCH traveller tells an amusing story of Chinese ingenuity. He was staying in a small village close to Peking, but was resolutely kept awake by the braying of a donkey stabled quite close to his room. He complained bitterly to his host the next morning, the polite Celestial with many expressions of regret declaring that he should not again be disturbed. The next night the donkey was as silent as the grave. The traveller's curiosity was aroused, and the Chinaman explained that when a donkey “sings” he always raises his tail and holds it in a horizontal position. The bray and the tail being evidently then in conjunction, a heavy stone was tied to the latter, effectually silencing the former, since the donkey became “melancholy, lowered his head and did not move.” But immediately the tail was released the bray became deafening.

MISS ISSETTE PEARSON, the Secretary of the Ladies' Golf Union, has been an enthusiastic golf player for seven years, and has been mainly responsible for the success the game has obtained amongst women. She thinks it an excellent recreation, one of its recommendations being that no great exertion is required, nor is there need of over-fatigue. Miss Pearson has known “very invalidish” women, who at one time could scarcely walk at all, become “sturdy pedestrians” after taking to the pastime. Lady Margaret Scott is the champion lady golfer, Miss Pearson being second.

THE proprietor of a perfume manufactory at Milan has lighted upon an original method of advertising his wares. He invited novelists to compete for a prize of one hundred lire to be given for the novel which introduced his especial scent in the cleverest manner. The well-known Italian writer, Paul Mantegazza, was the successful competitor, and now the name of “Paul Mantegazza, Senator,” shines resplendent on all the advertisements of this perfume. Literary appreciation evidently does not reach a very high level in Italy.

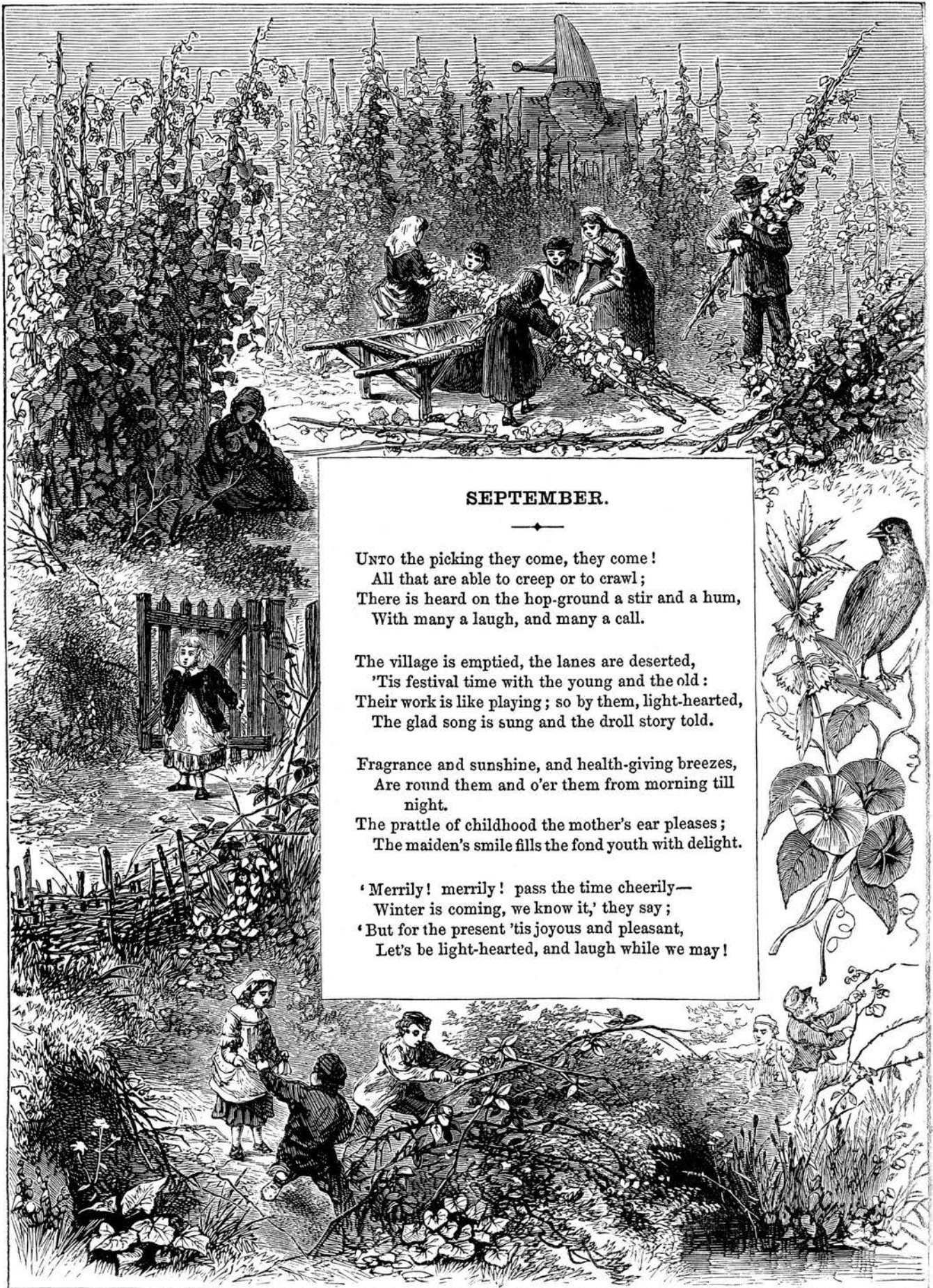
“BUT the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana, he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse, confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names.”—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

DOCTOR SANERMANN of Munich has just completed some experiments, the success of which makes it regrettable that he has not applied his inventive faculty to more useful purpose. Remembering the methods of Flourens, who coloured the bones of rabbits by compelling them to eat madder with their food, Dr. Sanermann has submitted birds to a similar process with the hope of colouring their plumage. Some unhappy canaries fed upon Cayenne pepper became red instead of yellow, this phenomenon being due to the irritating oil which the pepper contains. White fowls have been changed to red ones by the same condiment, Sanermann declaring that they become living barometers thereby. If it is very hot weather the birds become violently red, if it is cold they turn pink. He further declares that when so coloured they lay red eggs—Easter eggs. The experiment is very barbarous and places its discoverer on the same level with the torturers of geese for *pâté de foie gras*.

A SCHEME is on foot to form a Woman's Council for London, the object of which is to consider the whole question of women's work and to ascertain by systematic inquiry how far legislation may be successfully applied to such grievances as may be disclosed. The Council will work on the following lines:—The investigation of women's and children's employments in shops, in season trades, in unhealthy trades, and in trades where women compete with men; the organisation of women's trades, of technical and other classes, and of social clubs; and in assisting the election of women to public bodies. The programme is ambitious, but it will commend itself to all those who wish to ameliorate the condition of working women.

A SOCIETY called “The Downtrodden,” composed entirely of the daughters of American millionaires, has been formed in New York. The first principle of this paradoxical association is that the conditions of modern civilisation have no ethical sanction. Regular meetings are held by the “Downtrodden” in their fathers' gorgeous drawing-rooms, where the accumulation of wealth is vehemently denounced, and demands made for the heavy taxation of “unearned increment.” It is stated that they also visit factories to inquire into the overworking of children. The American plutocracy has a reputation for crazes. It is to be hoped that these wealthy young ladies are sincere in this instance.

THE potato originally came from South America where it grows wild. From Peru it was taken to Spain, passing thence into Italy as early as 1514. In 1588 a professor of the University of Leyden received two tubercles from the Papal Legate, which he cultivated; and, afterwards writing a history of rare plants, described the potato as being much cultivated in Italy as food for pigs. Admiral Drake introduced the vegetable directly into England from Virginia, after having first introduced it into the English colony from South America; but it was only when Sir Walter Raleigh brought it over a second time in 1623 that it began to be grown in the British Isles. In 1592 the innocent vegetable was made the subject of a special law by the parliament of Besançon, its use and cultivation being forbidden as a “pernicious substance,” and as being conducive to leprosy. It is very interesting to note the dates after which its growth became general. In Lancashire after 1634, in Saxony after 1717, in Scotland after 1728, in Prussia after 1738, and after the great famine of 1771 throughout the whole of Germany.



SEPTEMBER.

Unto the picking they come, they come!
All that are able to creep or to crawl;
There is heard on the hop-ground a stir and a hum,
With many a laugh, and many a call.

The village is emptied, the lanes are deserted,
'Tis festival time with the young and the old:
Their work is like playing; so by them, light-hearted,
The glad song is sung and the droll story told.

Fragrance and sunshine, and health-giving breezes,
Are round them and o'er them from morning till
night.
The prattle of childhood the mother's ear pleases;
The maiden's smile fills the fond youth with delight.

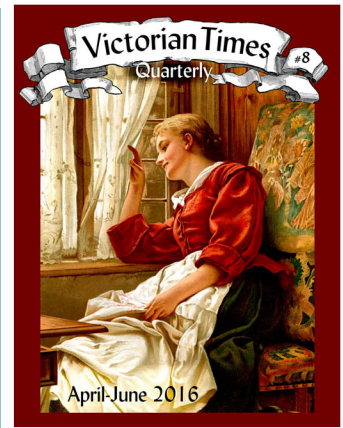
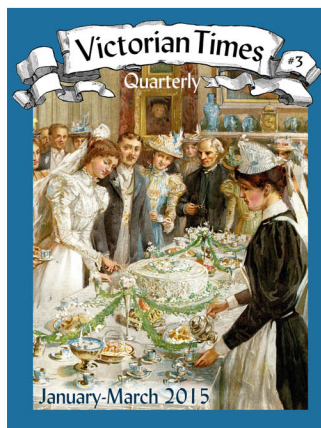
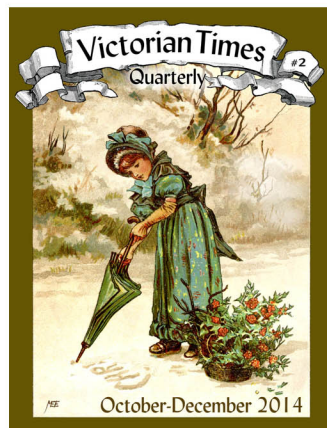
'Merrily! merrily! pass the time cheerily—
Winter is coming, we know it,' they say;
'But for the present 'tis joyous and pleasant,
Let's be light-hearted, and laugh while we may!

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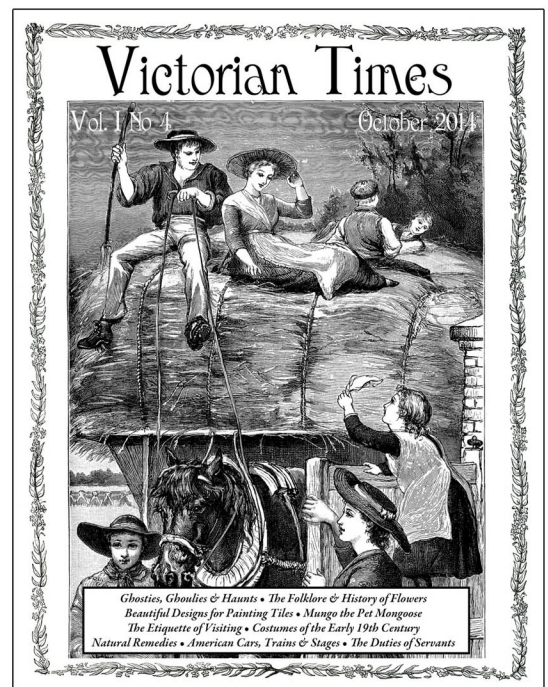
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