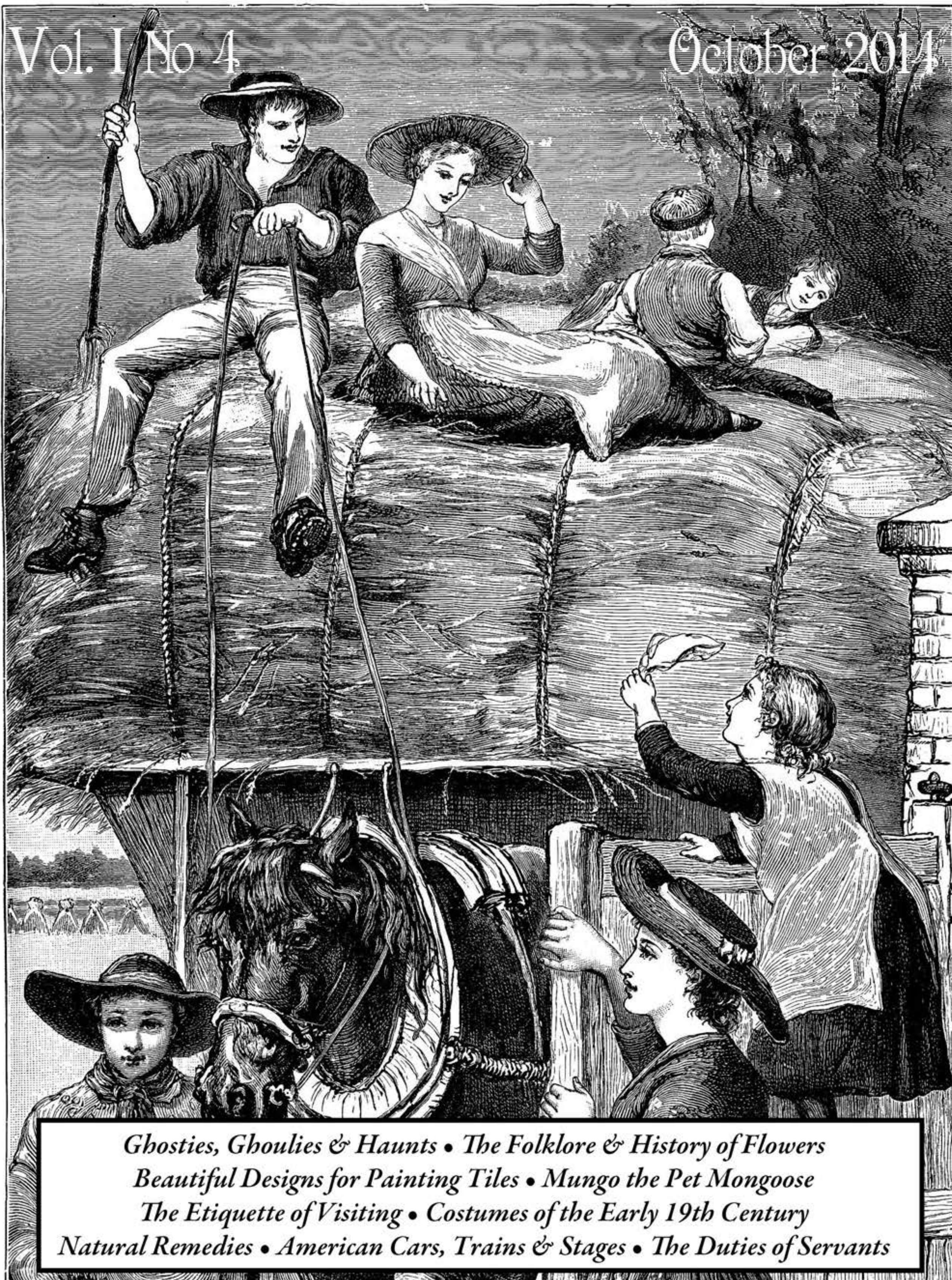
Victorian Times



Victorian Times

Volume I, No. 4
October 2014

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

An Enduring Appeal

Why does the Victorian period continue to fascinate us? When I searched on this question online, I came up with a host of answers about how important the period was in terms of social change, political developments, world events, and so on. Certainly these aspects of the period *are* fascinating—but speaking for myself, I only became interested in the social and historic aspects of the Victorian era *after* I became interested in the physical aspects collectively termed "Victoriana." Nor, I think, do the hundreds of purveyors of Victorian designs, scrapbooking tools, "shabby chic" décor, and such, enjoy the era because of their interest in the evolution of the women's movement or Darwinian theory.

Since space on this page is limited, I'll cut to the chase: I think the reason so many of us love Victoriana is because the period combines the fascination of the past with the familiarity of the near-present. The Victorian period is one that we can recognize as being, in many respects, much like *us*. One does not have to be a historian to appreciate Victorian styles, themes, literature, music, art, etc. It is far easier to imagine drinking tea from a Victorian teacup than from an Elizabethan flagon. Most of us find it easier to name our favorite Strauss waltz than, say, our favorite sackbut solo—and even those whose musical tastes run toward rap and heavy metal might, in an unguarded moment, find themselves humming along to a familiar Victorian theme.

Another factor that makes the period more accessible than earlier eras is the language. Victorian English is, essentially, modern English. While styles may vary and some words have gone out of style, there's little to prevent the modern reader from picking up a Victorian novel or magazine and reading it with perfect understanding and enjoyment. Most of us find Dickens easier to comprehend than Chaucer—and anyone who watches television during the holidays is familiar with Dickens even if they have never read him at all!

But I believe there is another, more fundamental reason why we find it easy to identify with so much that is labeled "Victoriana." The Victorian period was, perhaps, the first in which art, culture and literature were available to the "common man," as opposed to the rich, the titled, and the religious. Most of us regard the Industrial Revolution as a mixed blessing at best (and many see it as no blessing at all). It's easy to shake one's head over the destruction of the countryside, the pollution of the cities, the damage to village life, and the appalling working conditions in mines and factories. But for all its evils, the Industrial Revolution also made possible, for the first time, "mass production."

For the first time, the average person could enjoy lovely, artistic items in the average home. There's a reason why we associate Victorian décor with a "clutter" of decorations: It was the first time that acquiring "clutter" was even possible for, say, a tradesman or shopkeeper. The average housewife could, for the first time, go to the store and acquire, at an affordable price, such things as pretty china and elegant figurines, color prints for the walls, attractive fabrics, shimmering ribbons, and a host of other items that had, until lately, been the exclusive domain of the upper classes.

Similarly, it had become possible for the first time for the average person to acquire inexpensive reading materials. Books were no longer the prized possessions of the wealthy few. In the Victorian era, the novel was just coming into vogue—and many articles bemoan the tendency of the Victorian woman or girl to waste her time and mental faculties reading such "worthless" materials rather than improving her mind with more useful literature. (Ironically, today we bemoan the fact that our children *don't* read, while a Victorian image depicts a "lazy" girl as one who spends *too* much time reading!) The period saw an explosion in the production of magazines, and publications like *The Girl's Own Paper* recognized that they were likely to be read by all classes.

Now that the "average" person could acquire consumer goods, read books and subscribe to magazines, the market was quick to respond by offering more and more products aimed at this type of consumer. For the first time, vast amounts of money, energy, and artistic effort were being deployed to provide products for the "average" person—not just for the rich and titled.

And herein lies, I believe, the ongoing appeal of Victoriana: Most of it was created for people like us. We may admire a jeweled book cover in a museum—but we can't imagine having it in our home. We *can* imagine displaying a Victorian knick-knack—because it was, in fact, designed for a home much like our own. Most of us *are* "the common man"—and the Victorian period is the first to offer a wealth of designs, images, themes, and writings just for us!

—Moira Allen, Editor
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HOSTS! How wide a field of speculation does the subject unfold! Personally, I enter on tiptoe on a theme so fraught with weird possibilities. Not so unjust to others as to disbelieve all that I cannot understand, I am still far from accepting the manifestations they professedly realise, yet cannot explain away by any accompanying motive, good, bad, or indifferent. I have been present, amongst spiritualists at the raising of ghosts, which consisted, in most cases of the so-called reappearance of objectless ne'er-do-wells—Hindoos who have spoken broken English with an Irish accent, and French Marquesses and German Barons with the dialect of the Seven Dials. Some, again, had they been in the flesh, would, in their disregard for the period of their costumes, have been worthy the mummers of a country fair. When a mediæval magnate has on Blucher boots, which couldn't well have been worn before Waterloo, one may be prepared, without undue surprise, to see Helen of Troy in a poke bonnet or Psyche with a sunshade.

Quoting still from personal experience, I may mention a haunted studio I once had, in which the previous occupier, who had been a great friend of mine, and who

"IN THE CHURCHYARD."

had died there suddenly of apoplexy, several times appeared to others—people who knew nothing of him, or the circumstances connected with his death, but who, in each case, described his peculiarities to a nicety. When in that studio alone at midnight I confess to having once been to some extent scared by unearthly noises, which seemed to come from the atmosphere round about me. I felt I was on the eve of a spirit manifestation. A bottle of sherry and a glass were at hand—which, by the way, I had not so far touched—my courage was failing me, I would take just one glass; but, no, it should never be said that I, the victim of ghost-fright, had found it necessary to—— At that moment came a sound as of a stifled groan from the other end of the studio. I could stand it no longer. I poured out a bumper, and drank it to the dregs. This was immediately followed by a chuckle—a peculiar and well-remembered chuckle—in the mid-air. It was unmistakably the voice of my dead friend. He had been one too many for me. I had invested in that libel on a brave nation—"Dutch courage"—in spite of myself.

Still touching on points which apply to myself, I may say that twice in my life has my own ghost been met and interviewed, once in England and subsequently in Spain, as the following extract from a letter from my old friend Edmund O'Donovan, the late well-known special of *The Daily News*, will testify:—

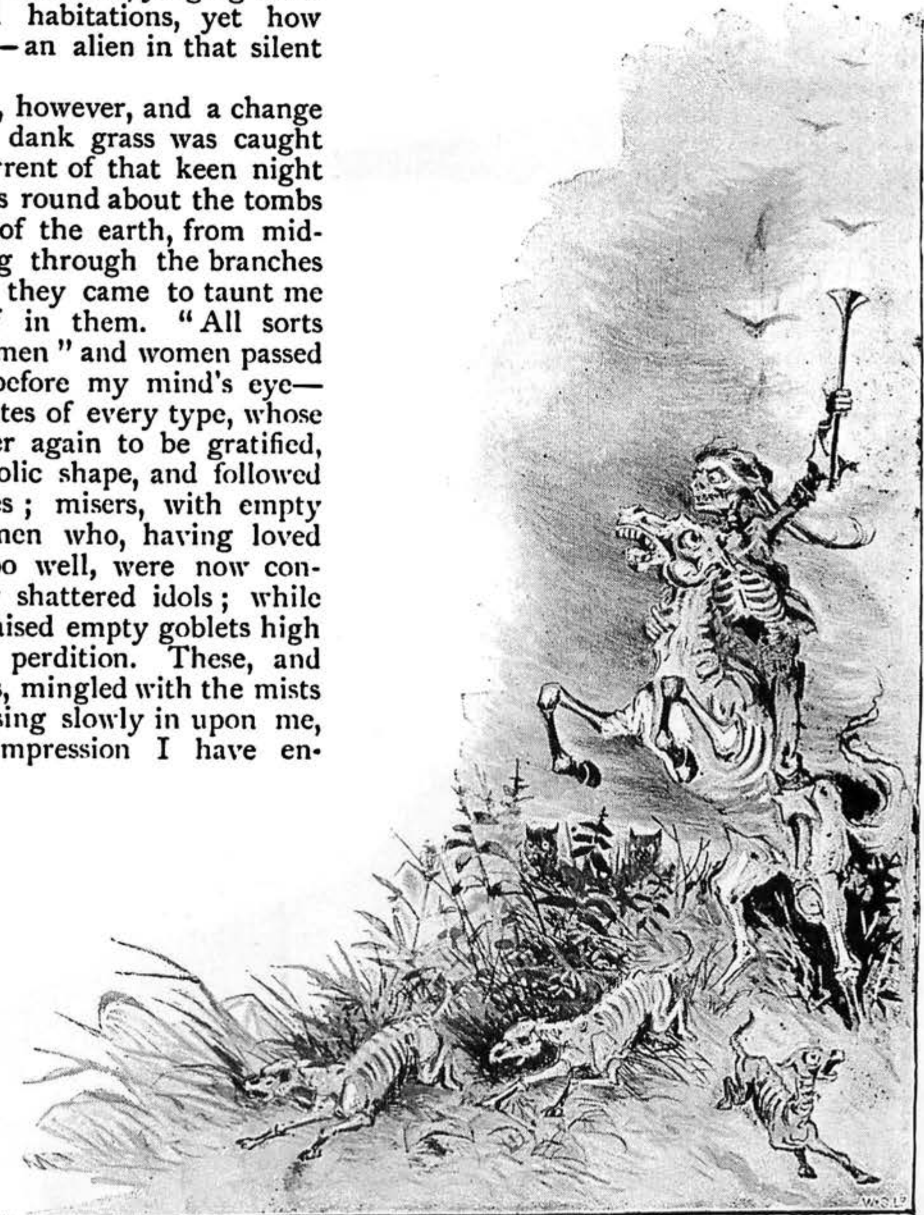
"You remember Mrs. Temple and her two daughters here in San Sebastian. Well, a few nights since the eldest dreamt that you were picked off while plying your pencil for *The Illustrated London News*, and that your ghost would appear to her. . . . Three gentle knocks announced your coming. She hastened to her mother and sister, who were amused at her folly, till those three gentle knocks were repeated. Then, in great trepidation, the folding doors leading to the landing were thrown open, and all three declare they saw, standing before them, the vapoury image of yourself, wearing your Boina in approved Spanish fashion, as you wore it many a time and oft at the front. Creepy, isn't it?"

It seems to me that the Old World family ghost is a sort of hall-mark of respectability. It's the next best thing to having come over with the Conqueror. There could be no ghosts without ancestors. By the way, talking of ancestors, what a thrilling topic tombstones might be made! One evening late last September I was wandering alone round about the tombs in a country churchyard not ten miles from town. The shadowy twilight was deepening into night, a funereal yew casting its broad, black, outstretched limbs athwart the flat-topped tombs, as if to protect their mouldering tenants from the chill breezes which now and again came sighing and sobbing through its interlacing branches. They were a goodly company around me, judging from these monumental habitations, yet how utterly alone I felt—an alien in that silent Campo Santa.

A moment later, however, and a change came. The long, dank grass was caught in the eddying current of that keen night air, and the shadows round about the tombs took shape. Out of the earth, from mid-air, and struggling through the branches of that giant yew, they came to taunt me with my disbelief in them. "All sorts and conditions of men" and women passed in silent review before my mind's eye—gamblers; profligates of every type, whose evil passions, never again to be gratified, had assumed symbolic shape, and followed them to the spheres; misers, with empty money-bags; women who, having loved wisely but not too well, were now confronted with their shattered idols; while bibulous sprites raised empty goblets high in air to pledge perdition. These, and many more besides, mingled with the mists of night, now closing slowly in upon me, conveying the impression I have endeavoured to give in my sketch, and which, as far as the lingering light would admit of, I drew in that same churchyard.

A few days later—still goblin-hunting—I ran to earth a veritable demon huntsman, the legend of whose wild quest is said to be the basis from which "The Isle of Dogs" and "Barking" (two neighbouring London suburbs) take their names.

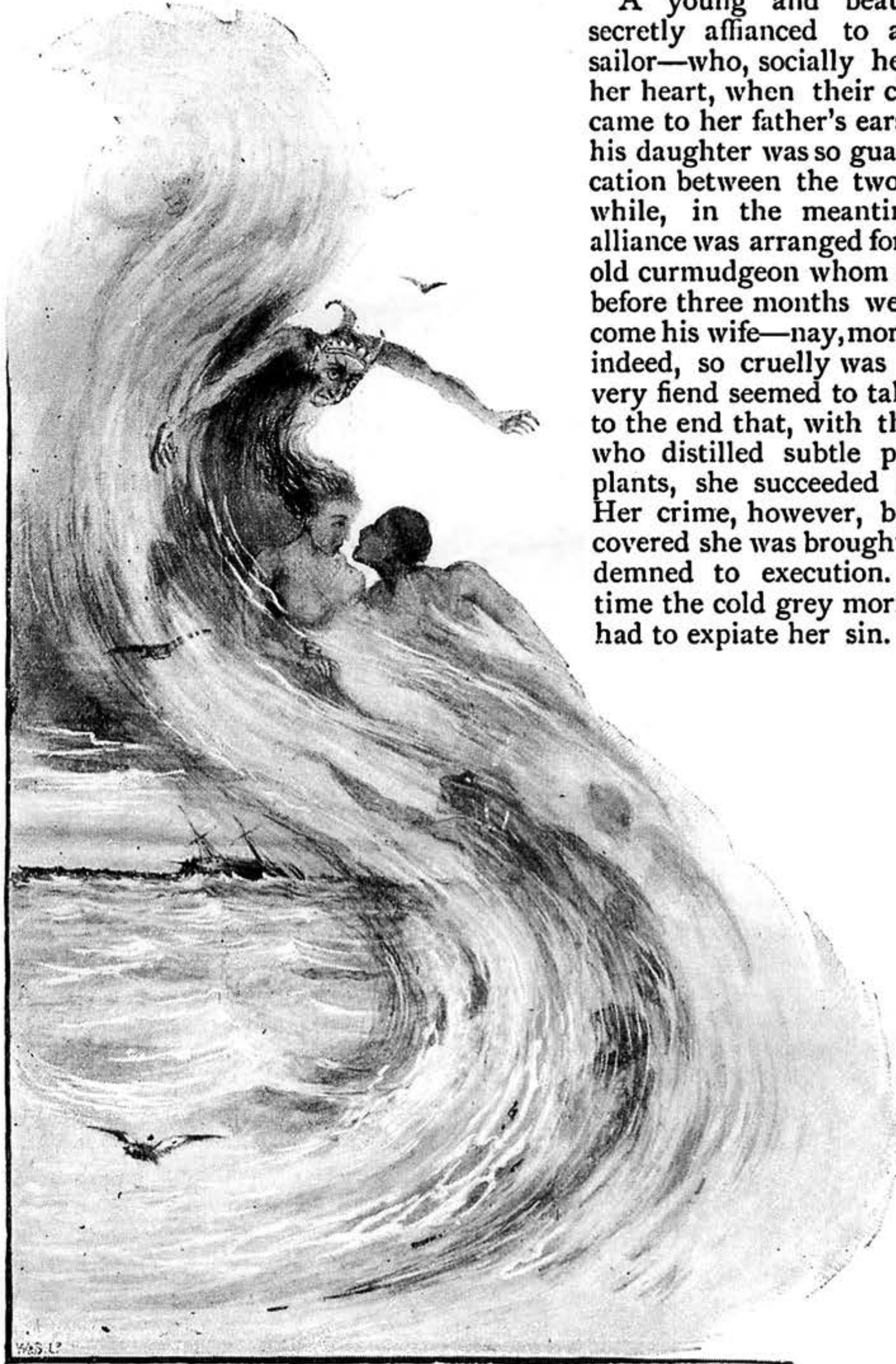
In old times the forest of Hainault, overrunning this part of Essex, lost itself in a swamp of Thames mud. The story is of a handsome young huntsman and his bride, who elected to spend their wedding-day boar hunting. Foremost in the chase, this Di Vernon of the period, forgetful in her excitement of impending pitfalls, dashed wildly on till she found herself beyond reclaim sinking, slowly but surely, in the quagmire from which now no escape was possible. Her lover—alas! too late to be of service—plunged gallantly into the slushy expanse, and was also lost in his effort



"THE SKELETON HORSEMAN."

to save his impetuous young bride. On this sad honeymoon is based the superstition that a skeleton horseman, on the boniest of steeds, is to be seen o' nights in this locality ; in fact, that—

"A hideous huntsman's seen to rise,
With a lurid glare in his sunken eyes ;
Whose bony fingers point the track,
Of a phantom prey to a skeleton pack,
Whose frantic courser's trembling bones
Play a rattling theme to the hunter's groans ;
As he comes and goes in the fitful light,
Of the clouded moon on a summer's night.



"IN THE MIDST A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN."

Then, a furious blast from his ghostly horn
Is over the forest of Hainault borne,
And the wild refrain of the mourner's song
Is heard by the boatmen all night long,
That demon plaint on the still night air,
With never an answering echo there."

Of the earth earthy as this story of the then dismal swamp of Hainault is, it may be well to find in a storm-wave a fresh element for our next subject. Up to a certain point historical, its termination was also vouched for at the time by all the survivors of the ill-fated vessel it concerns.

A young and beautiful woman was secretly affianced to a comely youth—a sailor—who, socially her inferior, had won her heart, when their clandestine meetings came to her father's ears. Then it was that his daughter was so guarded that communication between the two became impossible, while, in the meantime, a matrimonial alliance was arranged for her with a wealthy old curmudgeon whom she detested. Thus, before three months were over she had become his wife—nay, more—his veriest slave ; indeed, so cruelly was she ill-used that a very fiend seemed to take possession of her, to the end that, with the aid of an old hag who distilled subtle poisons from certain plants, she succeeded in murdering him. Her crime, however, being ultimately discovered she was brought to justice and condemned to execution. In due course of time the cold grey morning came when she had to expiate her sin. She had but one last request to make, and this was granted—it was that her sailor lover might accompany her to the scaffold. This sad journey accomplished, at a sign from the executioner the two embraced "for the last time," when they were heard to make a half whispered compact which ended in mutual assurances, in a louder key. "You will," said the dying woman, whose smile was even now bewitching ;

"you promise me you will?" "I swear it," replied her heartbroken swain, who was now assisted down the scaffold steps, while the woman, apparently unconcerned, turned to meet her fate.

Three long years rolled on, and the next scene in this strange life-drama was that of a vessel helplessly, and almost hopelessly, floundering in the trough of a tempestuous sea, amongst the crew of which was the young sailor whom we last met at the "Gallows Tree." Every moment did the captain, as the storm increased in violence, expect his craft to be submerged. Yet the hurricane knew no abatement, wave after wave overlapping each other with fresh fury, till one huge billow, snapping the masts fore and aft like matchwood, and rebounding from the deck, shot upwards like a waterspout, till it seemed lost in the thunderclouds above. Now some hours later, when the gale had somewhat subsided, it was discovered that the young sailor had been spirited away, and, moreover, from that day to this, has never been heard of. "Washed overboard," you would naturally say, and so should I if I hadn't the testimony of the whole of that ship's crew to the effect that the devil himself rode the waves on that fearful occasion, surrounded by a posse of fiends who bore in their midst a beautiful woman, who, with the magnetism of love, drew her sailor sweetheart to her arms, whisking him from the deck of that shattered vessel into the obscurity beyond. There is, I understand, a prosaic reading of this legend, from which the more poetic may have been taken, or *vice versâ*.

However this may be, let us, without more ado, hurry off in a flight of fancy to Rosewarne Hall. What?—you never heard of it—never heard of the Ghost of Rosewarne? Then follow me closely, remembering at the same time that it is no business of ours how Ezekiel Grosse, the lawyer, became possessed of the fine

"THE MISER'S GHOST."

old estate of that name. He had at least secured it in its entirety, ghost and all, nor was it long before this family phantom (a hoary-headed and miserly Rosewarne), put in an appearance. It was in the drive, the third night after Ezekiel Grosse had come into possession, that he was first accosted. "Follow me," said the spectre, as he led the way to a lonely hollow in the adjacent wood, "Dig, and you will find," and he pointed to a huge moss-grown stone. "There will you see the accumulated hoard of Roger Rosewarne, the miser. I am he. In life I sent the poor and needy penniless from my door, and damned them for their impertinent supplications, for which I am doomed to experience the pangs of starvation throughout endless eternity, unless the hidden treasure be wisely dispensed!"

The next moment the bewildered lawyer found himself alone. It's needless to say that, before many days had passed, the whole of that buried wealth had been transferred by him to his own private coffers, and was soon being expended, regardless of the ghost's warning, in the wildest extravagance. Gallants more famed for their profanity than their wit, accompanied by powdered and painted beauties, now held high revel in those ancestral halls, more especially on one Christmas Eve, when, as the clock struck midnight, the lights grew dim and blue, and the miser's ghost, in a phosphorescence all its own, appeared slowly descending the broad oaken staircase, cursing, as it did so, the founder of the feast, who, squandering in debauchery his easily-acquired gold, condemned, by doing so, the perturbed soul of the Miser of Rosewarne to walk the earth to all eternity.

A certain clergyman, detained late one night at a friend's house, accepted, unhesitatingly, the offer of sleeping accommodation in the only disengaged room—the haunted chamber. Now, as the reverend gentleman made it a practice never to travel ever so short a distance without some abstruse theological work in his pocket for perusal at odd moments, it is not surprising that on this occasion he sat up till after the witching hour; indeed, it was nearly one o'clock a.m. when, in a complete but threadbare mediæval suit, the vapoury spirit of yet another miser—a skinflint ancestor of the clergyman's host—appeared before him, whom the ready-witted parson at once interviewed somewhat as follows:—

"Pardon me, sir, you are, doubtless, a resident in this neighbourhood?"

"I am!" replied the somewhat flabby phantom in sepulchral tones.

"Ah! just so. You *live*, if I may be allowed the expression, in this house; have done so, in fact, for some time past?"

"Three hundred years."

"Dear me! you don't say so?"

"I do."

"And have subscribed, naturally, to many local charities—eh?"

"Devil-a-bit," said the skinflint's ghost, clutching the bag of sovereigns he carried more closely to his bony sides. "Devil-a-bit, sir."

"Well, then," replied the cleric, "you'll pardon my saying so, I know, but don't you think it's about time you did?" and with this he politely presented a subscription list for the renovation of the parish church. "You will see," he went on, "I have here the names of some of the most influential——" He could proceed no further. The smell of sulphur was simply unbearable, and the miser's ghost was laid for ever. The room has since been converted into a nursery.

Immediately below the sketch which illustrates the preceding anecdote is to be found one of the late lamented Terese des Moulin, of whom our dear old friend Ingoldsby discourses so graphically in "The Black Mousquetaire;" how being haunted o' nights by the ghost of a beautiful nun of that name, whom he had deceived, his brother officers, fearing he would go mad, decided to disillusionise him by introducing into his room, at the hour when his victim was said to appear, none other than her twin sister "Agnes," who continued *also* as a nun, and, playing the part of a ghost, was at a given moment to be unmasked, so that, having been proved to be mortal, his hallucination might be explained away, as a practical joke. The opportunity, however, never came, for at one and the same moment the actual ghost of the injured one appeared, which was visible only to the Mousquetaire himself. She seated herself by the side of her living sister. Now, *two* sisters Terese were too much even for *that* devil-may-care officer. He raised himself in bed, glared at the double apparition, and shrieked, with a weird, almost diabolic halloo—

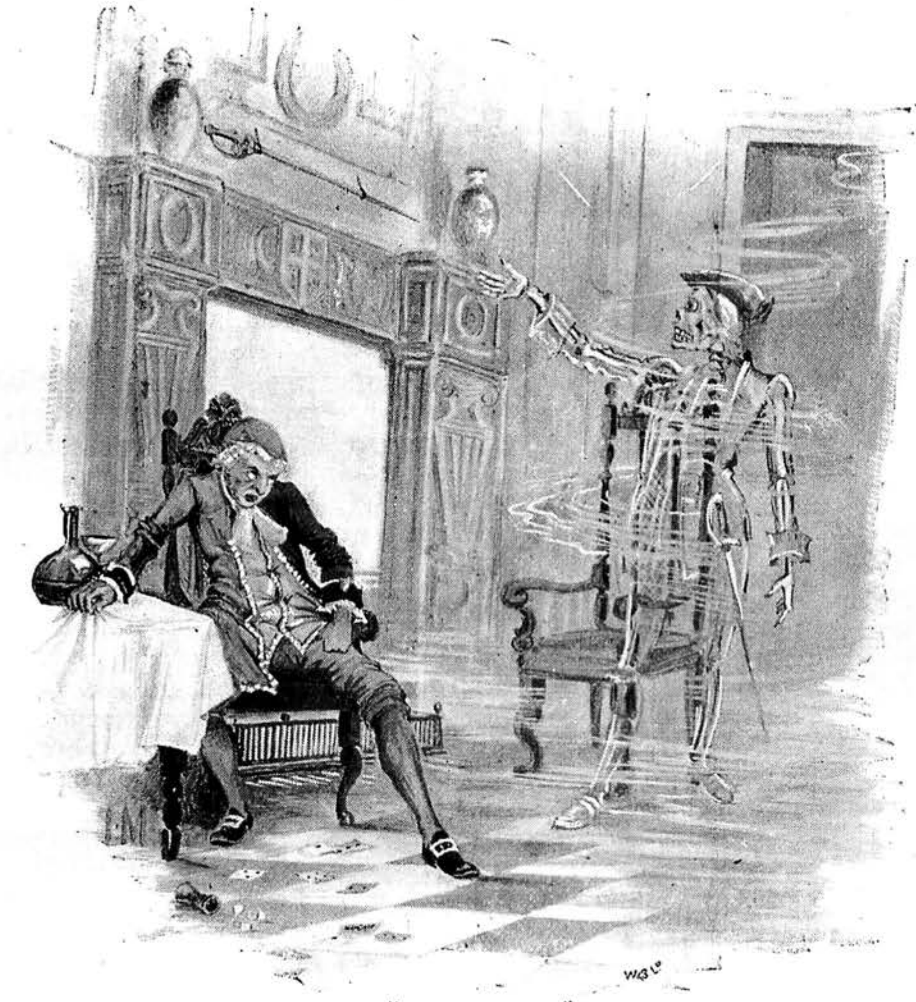
"Mon Dieu! V'là deux! By the Pope, there are *Two!*" whereupon he immediately collapsed, fell back, and—died.

As to the skeleton, my next sketch, well, the least said about him the soonest mended. He has not always led quite an exemplary life, hence it is that armour has been added, in expiation, to the weight he carries. He is one of the fine old crusted family brands, whose Sunday best suit of mail still hangs at the Hall, while his second quality, much battered, in which he did all his dirty work with the Saracens, is buried with him.

The following story of the Spectre Bridegroom is thrilling to a degree. Briefly, it is this :—Nancy Trenoweth, the heroine, was, as a matter of course, young and beautiful, and was, moreover, almost as good as she was attractive. No wonder, then, that young Frank Lenine should have fallen desperately in love with her. Their parents, however, being much averse to the prospective match, took every means in their power to frustrate their assignations; efforts which, for some time, it is needless to say, were unavailing. Before long, however, young Frank was more effectually disposed of, by being sent on a long voyage to the West Indies, which, it was hoped, might cure him of his love sickness. For three long years Nancy yearned in vain for tidings of young Lenine, till it came about that one night, in a heavy gale, a huge merchantman went to pieces on the rocky coast not far from where her parents' cottage was situated. Now, among those who perished was her sailor lover, homeward-bound to make her his bride.

The finding of the body amongst the drowned, however, was so carefully concealed from her that, even on the day of the funeral, she was unaware of it. What followed?

That night when locking up, as was her wont, she peered out of the cottage door into the darkness beyond, and there, to her amazement, she saw Frank, her long lost Frank, as she had so often before seen him, mounted on his favourite colt. Turning in his saddle he addressed her in his old familiar voice. He shouted to her to mount beside him, and as he did so leant forward to receive her. In a moment she had leapt into his arms and clasped him about the neck the better to secure her seat. And then—hey, presto!—they were off at a breakneck pace before she could realise the horror of the situation: she was in the clammy embrace of a spectre horseman mounted on a phantom horse which was galloping at full speed towards the graveyard of that same old church where their marriage should have been solemnised—the ghost of her drowned love hurrying off with her to the spot which had that day closed over his mortal remains. Happily according to this quaint old Cornish legend, "The village blacksmith intercepted them, and succeeded, by seizing her dress as she was being hurried past him, in saving her from being buried alive with the sprite of Lenine;" though it really mattered very little after all, as she only survived for two or three days from the horrors of that grim night ride.



"THE TWO CHUMS."

Inclined as I am to vary as far as possible place and period, my next uncanny revelation shall concern the eighteenth century, when George the First was King. It is of two staunch college chums who, at about the same age, joined his Majesty's service. Their military careers, however, were destined to have very different issues. One having joined a fighting regiment did prodigies of valour on foreign service for his King and country, being ultimately killed in the thick of the fight, while the other, in a home regiment, wasted his substance in the wildest profligacy. Now the young hero who had fallen so gloriously was found to have bequeathed to his old friend the sword with which he had won so honourable a name, enjoining him at the same time to prove himself, as a soldier, worthy of the inheritance. Years passed. That sword—now rusting in its scabbard—was suspended with other curios over the mantelshelf of the man who was, as we have seen, a soldier by name only. It was past midnight. This jaded roué having gambled

"THE WHITE LADY

away his last shilling, was reviewing his misspent life when the door of his room slowly opened, the fire at the same moment emitting a vapour which at first half filled the apartment. Presently, this mist clearing away, there stood before him the stern soldierly sprite of his late companion in arms, which, with its bony fingers, pointed significantly at that rusty scabbard. "In my time," said the shade of the departed in sepulchral tones, "that sword would not have rusted thus: had your life been fuller of honours than of tricks you would have better served your country and your King."

With a hollow groan, the debauchee fell, an inert mass, to the ground—he was dead!

Steeped as you and I are by this time in ghostly horrors, we cannot, I take it, do better than seek out a denizen of the other world who has succeeded in preserving her good looks, for to this advantage in a marked degree "The White Lady," better known as Prechta von Rosenberg, may lay undisputed claim. Prechta, born in 1520, was married when in her teens to Baron von Lichtenstein, who so utterly crushed her young life by his continued cruelty and excesses, that she died while yet in the very heyday of her youth and beauty, and has ever since haunted the estates of the illustrious Bohemian family to which she belongs — sometimes at one castle, sometimes at another—while again she has been known to follow some of its members further afield, having been seen in December, 1628, in Berlin. She is said to affect somewhat scanty vapoury tissue as she floats through space, beckoning invitingly as she does so.

Since time began a belief in the supernatural has existed which was modelled to a considerable extent by the introduction of the Greek and Roman mythologies, the symbolic deities of which were supposed to come down now and again from Olympus to regulate the affairs of men, while side by side with these we have Hindoo, Persian, and Chinese spirits too numerous to mention, with whom wilder tribes have brought up the rear, accompanied by all sorts of grim monsters.

Then, in later years, came the canonisation of saints, who were for all sorts of worldly ends propitiated, and a belief in whose healing and other powers developed by easy stages into the propitiation of ghosts, fiends, sprites, and hobgoblins of every description. In this short pen and pencil sketch it has been impossible to do more than glance, in passing, at Ghostland. Yet the theme has been, at least to me, an interesting one, and may, I venture to hope, afford the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE some pleasure as well.

MUNGO—A STUDY.

By Mrs. BRIGHTWEN.

UNGO the ichneumon,* whose early life was chronicled in "More about Wild Nature," has now been a household pet for about six years, and must be nearly eight years old. I do not know how long these animals generally live, but as yet Mungo shows no signs of age or infirmity. He is as full of fun, and as inquisitive as ever, but not so bent upon mischief as in his youthful days. He now has the range of house and garden, and goes wherever he likes without even a collar to remind him of captivity. The chief trouble is in connection with my visitors, those at least who have a strong objection to "wild animals" about the house. Nothing can possibly be less "wild" than Mungo, for he is just like a tame cat. He does not dream of biting or scratching, and is never so happy as when curled up in the lap of some indulgent friend, yet as he unfortunately looks like a ferret, many people find it very hard to believe that he can be perfectly harmless.

Mungo delights to spend his mornings basking in the sun, on the window-sill of my bed-room, where he is sufficiently elevated to watch all that goes on in the garden. He is scarcely ever really asleep; as Mr. Rudyard Kipling says so truly, in the delightful account he gives of an Indian mongoose in his *Jungle Book*, "He is eaten up from nose to tail with curiosity," and whilst seeming to slumber, the active little cinnamon-coloured nose is ever on the work sniffing out the varied movements of the household.

As summer comes on we naturally let the fires die out, and Mungo strongly disapproves of this custom, for he dearly loves to bask on a little wool mat before a hot fire; now, however, he adopts another plan; when he finds the fire is out he quietly climbs over the wire guard, goes under the grate and there lies down amongst the warm ashes; he has even done this whilst there remained some fire in the grate, and I much fear he may make an *auto-da-fé* of himself some day by setting his long hair alight, which would be a terrible fate indeed for our cherished pet.

Mungo's love of warmth leads to another undesirable habit. He will steal into the bedrooms and hide himself under the *duvets*, and low be it spoken, he has been found cosily rolled up in a night-dress. It may naturally be asked, "Why is he not kept in a suitable wired-in place where he can do no harm?" Simply because he makes himself perfectly miserable in confinement. He tears at the wirework till his paws are bleeding, and foams at the mouth with misery and rage. No one could keep an amiable little animal in such purgatory; it would be kinder to end its life at once, and such a fate cannot be even thought of. Mungo is a diplomatist; liberty he has schemed to obtain, and after years of astute planning, and almost reasoning, he has reached his end and we must acknowledge ourselves beaten, for to all intents and purposes he is now master of the situation and may do pretty much what he pleases.

There is however still a crumpled rose-leaf in his lot; the softest bed and the sunniest nook to bask in will not satisfy Mungo without human society, and as we cannot give up all other occupations in order to sit with him, he is often to be seen wandering about like an unquiet spirit, until he finds some friendly lap where he can curl himself up and enjoy all those conditions of warmth, ease, and society which form his idea of perfect bliss. I am sure Mungo is a staunch Conservative as to his political views; he hates changes of any kind, since they interfere with his personal comfort and methodical habits. He likes to have a morning sleep on a sunny spot, and then his profound interest in a certain rhododendron bed where rabbit-holes and mole tracks are to be found, leads him to steal across the lawn and disappear amongst the bushes. I rather fancy he has grand times there, for if I attempt to coax him to come with me, his pert little nose will appear amidst the leaves, and with a frisk and a leap of absolute disobedience and fun he will return to his playground, and remain there till it pleases him to come indoors again. His next desire is to enjoy a quiet afternoon under a warm *duvet*, and as he behaves with absolute propriety and only covets warmth and quietness, I am indulgent enough to allow him the luxury of being in my room until evening, when he is fed, wrapped up in a wool mat and piece of baize, and placed safely in his cage for the night. It has been an interest to me to make a study of the character of my mongoose, for a wild creature rendered perfectly tame by unvarying kind treatment gives one an excellent opportunity of observing the real nature of the animal. I fear I must own that Mungo is absolutely selfish, his one idea is to enjoy perfect liberty and have his own way in everything.

After six years' petting he knows me well as his friend and purveyor, but he has not an atom of affection; he has apparently no mode of manifesting regard; the expression of his face never alters, he does not try to lick my hand or make any greeting sound. He likes to jump into my lap simply because it is a comfortable place, and as he is very timid at any unwonted sound, he will run to me for protection, but I am afraid he views me as a means of attaining comfort, food and warmth, and nothing more. All this does not prevent my liking the curious little animal, but one cannot but be struck by the immense difference between its nature and that of the faithful dog, whose devotion to his master will lead him to refuse his food, to take long toilsome journeys, to wait patiently for weary hours in cold wind and biting frost when bidden to guard his owner's flock, aye, and even to yield up his life if necessary to do his master service. All this shows, what I have often remarked before, that to those who are observant of the fact, there is as much difference between the characters of various animals, and even between those of individuals of the same species as may be found in human beings. Possibly Mungo is a selfish specimen of his race; there may exist brilliant exceptions abounding in affection and other noble qualities. I can only describe him as he is, and judging by his small cranium and its peculiar flattened formation, I should imagine he is formed to be, not a pattern of all the virtues, but a creature of one idea, and that, snake-killing. To be proficient in that art all the characteristics I have noted in this animal are specially needed, such as lynx-like watchfulness, undaunted courage, persistent curiosity and determination to care for himself under all circumstances.

We must therefore wink at his failure in moral goodness, and admire the way in which he carries out the purpose for which he was made. He worthily adorns his own special niche in creation.

*mongoose

TILE PAINTING AND DESIGNING.

FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

POTTERY painting has become such a fashionable and, withal, useful occupation among women and girls that we need not preface our remarks upon tile-painting by any reference to the rudiments of pottery, or, as it is called, Ceramic painting, especially as that subject has been treated of in a former number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. We shall take it for granted that those who intend to apply this article practically have either a slight knowledge of pottery-painting, or will take the trouble to read the article in No. 22 of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

There is perhaps no branch of pottery-painting more useful than the one forming the subject of this article, for tile-painting, whether viewed from an artistic or practical point of view, must commend itself to art students and amateurs. Painted tiles can be put to all kinds of uses, many of which instinctively suggest themselves to the reader's mind. In many modern houses, fireplaces and chimney-pieces are often ornamented with tiles, usually printed ones; and, at a very small outlay of money, a girl with artistic capabilities might add to the interest, originality, and beauty of the room by painting some tiles in lieu of the printed ones, for anything done by hand is, from its very nature, so much more interesting than work turned out mechanically by a machine. In older houses, where no provision is made for tiles, and where the mantel-pieces are not beautiful adjuncts to the room (as they too often are not), accommodation can be made for tiles by having a casing made of deal to fit right over the stone mantel-piece, and fastened to the wall with brass plates and screws. The front of this casing will, of course, consist merely of a frame just wide enough to take the tiles, which can be kept in their place by beads. We have seen mantel-pieces so treated when the rooms have been repainted and done up, as the casing should be the same colour as the rest of the woodwork, and the effect is admirable and well worth the outlay, which is not great. An accessory, such as a tile fireplace, gives an unique appearance to a room, and stamps it with an air of originality; and, considering the facilities for fostering various arts such as the present one, which a generation ago did not exist, no houses where there are girls with a little leisure and talent should be wanting these artistic accessories. Indeed, it has been one of the chief aims of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER to familiarise its readers with some of the useful and beautiful arts, so that they may employ their spare time profitably to themselves by adding to the charms of their homes by their own work. Many people, especially dwellers in towns, have window-boxes to hold flowers and plants, and these are usually fitted with tiles, as earthenware is capable of resisting exposure to the weather better than any other material. It is hardly necessary to add that this affords a splendid opportunity for the display of artistic talent, and one we hope our readers will avail themselves of. The frame is made of iron, wood being clumsy and liable to decay, and there are several places in London where these are made at a moderate cost. Measure the width of the window, and paint your tiles accordingly. If you cannot get an exact number of tiles, you must have one cut. Let the man who makes the frame-work have the tiles when *painted*, and he will fit them in their place. It should be borne in mind that it is

FIG. 3.

FIG. 4.

FIG. 5.

better to have the frame made to the tiles, as, if the tiles are painted afterwards, there is more danger of them not fitting. Small boxes for standing in a room or on the table, just large enough to take a flower-pot, also afford opportunities for utilising your work. These, again, can be made after the fashion of the flower-boxes, each side being made to receive a tile. Eight-inch tiles are better for these boxes, six-inch ones being rather small. Wood could be employed in this case for the framework, and girls who have brothers with a turn for carpentering might get them to make them. It is surprising what people can do when they set earnestly to work, and by brothers and sisters joining in a kind of working partnership they would materially help each other to be useful. Many boys are quite expert carpenters, and yet too often spend their time in making useless boxes and rabbit-hutches, when, with a little stimulus and directing advice, they might manufacture some useful and ornamental articles. Teapot stands are things which are not difficult to make, and with a nicely-painted tile in them, form admirable presents. Some black picture moulding does admirably for framing the tile, and with four small nobs at the bottom corners, completes a most useful article for the tea-table.

Wash-stand bricks are often fitted with tiles, and, in fact, we might stay to enumerate their various uses, to the exclusion of more important matters; but we will pass on to other considerations. Having seen some of the uses tiles can be put to, we will just consider what are their advantages from a technichal point of view. To begin with, a tile is the best possible article to attempt when beginning pottery-painting, for this reason, that the surface is flat and the size not too large. Vases and plaques, besides requiring careful designing and arranging, are difficult to paint, owing to the shape of their surfaces, whereas a tile is no more difficult than a piece of paper, and is almost as portable. Then, again, the price is not formidable. Tiles can be purchased at china shops, and also of the tile makers, who have warehouses in London, and are to be had of the following sizes: 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 12 inches, at prizes ranging from 4d. up to 5s., the 12-inch tiles being very expensive in comparison with the smaller sizes. They can also be had buff, cream, and green, as well as pure white. The most useful sizes we may mention are 6 and 8 inches. For panels and large subjects the design is painted on a number of tiles put together; they are then burnt, and are afterwards cemented and the joins coloured over. This is the only way big subjects can be executed, it being impossible to make large slabs of earthenware.

It will be seen that tiles are admirably adapted for learning upon, as, even if a few are spoilt at first, no great loss is entailed, and requiring, as they do, a very simple treatment, are the first steps to more ambitious works.

We now come to the question of the style of design most suitable for tiles, and, in order to better illustrate this part of our subject, we have given several illustrations to elucidate the text: seeing what ought to be done is far better than being told what to do. It will be noticed that in all the designs given none of them are absolutely pictorial, all of them being decorative or conventional. By pictorial is meant a drawing made direct from nature, without any modification whatever, whereas in all the designs given there is a certain amount of *design*—an arrangement and balance of form which would not be the case if the drawing were made straight from nature. In the design of lilies it will be readily seen that a certain selection has been made, so that the flowers shall not all grow on one side, as often happens in nature. In fact, the design shows how a pot of lilies *might* grow under very favourable conditions, and not as they usually bloom. And this selection not only refers to the several parts of one plant—choosing the most suitable specimen and complete of it—but also in selecting plants whose forms are beautiful and whose growth is not too complicated. A daisy would, for these reasons, be far more adapted for a tile than the rarest orchids, for there is a simple beauty and symmetry in the common English flower sadly wanting in the exotic plant.

Draw everything from nature as far as possible, and choose English plants in preference to foreign ones. Our wild flowers alone offer an inexhaustible mine of ideas and suggestions which might well occupy the longest life. Follow nature with a loving carefulness, noting all the marked characteristics of every plant, for the essential qualities of a good design are to give the *chief* facts

FIG. 6.

about the plant you elect to base your design upon. In drawing a lily, for example, let us first note the characteristics of the flower, which we find to be six petals, three large and three small, arranged alternately, so that when looking full at the flower it presents the appearance of two triangles overlapping each other, six stamens and one pistil; and if we impress these simple facts on our mind we shall never fall into the mistake, by no means uncommon, of making a lily with only five petals, such a flower being unknown. In the leaves, again, we notice they are shaped somewhat like a long slender lance-head, and grow around the main stem in a spiral; the veins traverse the length of the leaf, or parallel, as it is termed in botany, and do not branch off to the right and left from the centre vein as in the apple.

We have given these particulars of the lily in order to show how plant-form should be drawn when the drawings are to be used afterwards in designing. It is this quality of careful observation which produces good work, and we should always recommend the student before putting pencil to paper to make, as it were, a mental inventory of the plant to be drawn, to avoid the many mistakes which are inadvertently made while the drawing is in progress, and also to impress the plant on the memory so that on a future occasion the student would be able to know whether the design that was being painted was correct with nature. It is astonishing, if we look at nature only cursorily, how soon we forget the broad facts about the commonest flowers, even, say, to the number of petals in a wild rose; whereas if we take the trouble to impress these particulars upon our minds it would make our work much more truthful than it is—a quality Ruskin so much admires.

We now come to consider the plants which are most suitable for tile designs, for, next to drawing accurately from nature, it is necessary to make the most suitable use of our drawings. The plant always ought to bear some relation to the size and shape of the tile to be painted. It would be as absurd to choose a sunflower for a six-inch tile, as to attempt to fill out a twelve-in. with a small flower like the sorrel, or to select a flower like the daisy for the panel of a mantel-piece. As a broad rule it is better to draw tile designs the size of nature rather than enlarge or reduce a flower to the requisite dimensions. Nature has made each flower in proportion, she has given every flower its most appropriate size, and by reducing a large flower we are apt to get a cramped, as in enlarging a small one, a coarse, effect. For a six-inch tile select flowers such as the marsh marigold or dandelion, as in figs. 1 and 2, and for a tall panel such plants as the lily, iris, foxglove, and any other whose growth naturally fills out the space. But as our illustrations will help this part of our subject better than words can, we will append a few notes explanatory of the cuts.

In figs. 1 and 2, drawn from the marsh marigold and dandelion respectively, we have plants which fill out the space without reduction or enlargement, and as there are dozens of other wild and cultivated flowers about the same size as these, we can give endless variety to our tiles. Fig. 1 is helped by a suggestion of water as a background, which might be done in blue to give a quaint effect just as in fig. 2 there is an indication of grass to suggest growth, and give the design a more complete appearance. These designs could be worked with dark backgrounds, but are, perhaps, more effective as they stand.

Figs. 3 and 4 require little comment. Founded on two well-known plants, the water buttercups and shortia (a plant used extensively in gardens for borders), they require much the same treatment as our two last designs. Blue-green backgrounds look effective, as both flowers are white with pale yellow centres.

In fig. 5 we have attempted to show how the lily might be treated for a fireplace, and also to show how to combine conventionality and quaintness with natural form. The panel is formed of four 8-inch tiles, and makes an admirable space for the plant, being in good proportion. The background might be a rich blue, with an edging of basket-work also in blue. The leaves should be nice tones of green, inclining to browns and olives towards base, as the lower leaves of the lily are often quite red, even when the plant is flowering. The flowers should be shaded with a greenish grey, and a slight wash of pale yellow obviates the crude appearance the pure white might have.

Fig. 6 illustrates a part of our subject touched on previously, viz., selecting appropriate flowers for the space to be painted. Flowers such as the narcissus, daffodil, jonquil, with their long, straight leaves, form charming panels. We have seen small fire-screens, each leaf containing one of such panels, decorated with tiles, and exceedingly well they look in a room.

(*To be concluded.*)

BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

KEEN SCENT IN DOGS. — Some dogs are remarkable for possessing a wonderfully keen sense of smell, and by means of it will trace individuals after having been allowed to sniff round any garment that has been worn by them. Nelson gave me a sample of his talents in this line which might have been disagreeable in its consequences. His master's family left home on a visit, and, for a fortnight, the house was closed. Being one of the very few persons with whom Nelson was friendly, I volunteered to feed him during the absence of his owners. On week days the workmen were busy in shop and yards; but on Sundays the place was deserted by human beings, and the neighbours wondered I durst go alone, place the food close to the fierce animal, and then repass him to fill his trough with fresh water. On the second Sunday, the day being cold, I threw a soft woollen shawl round my head, leaving little of my face exposed, entered the yard, placed the food on the ground, and took up the pail to fetch water from the pump. I did not speak; but I noticed Nelson sniffing curiously at the bottom of my dress, and as I passed on with the pail, the huge beast sprang at my throat. Fortunately he seized, not my flesh, but the woollen shawl, which he dragged off. I can hardly understand how I kept my presence of mind; but I felt no fear at the moment. I gave Nelson a sound cuff with my disengaged hand and said, "You stupid old fellow, don't you know me?" It was quite touching to see the change in the old dog. He crouched at my feet, licked my very shoes, then ventured to my hands, and showered doggish caresses on me, seeming by every action to implore pardon for his mistake. I could not withstand this, so I patted his big head and made friends again. But how did it happen that Nelson acted so strangely? I was a girl at that time, and occasionally a partially worn dress of my mother's was "made down" for me. On that Sunday I wore, for the first time, a black silk which had been thus adapted. My muffled face prevented Nelson from recognising me, and on sniffing at my dress he found the smell of my garments strange also; hence, deceived in sight and scent, he took me for a stranger. I never felt afraid of Nelson afterwards; but my mother was not a little relieved when the return of his mistress removed me from the post of purveyor to a dog that was so very particular about his acquaintances.

PARROT ACQUAINTANCES.—GREY POLLY. —Most of my bird friends have been parrots, and of these I have owned rather a large number, having had many presents from seafaring relatives. The best we ever had was brought from the Cape by my uncle, a naval officer, who commanded an East Indiaman in the days when iron shipbuilding had not been thought of, and England's "wooden walls" were the only ones known. Polly was a beautiful dove or ash-coloured bird, with a superb scarlet tail, and was a very accomplished creature. She could whistle, sing, talk, and laugh with great distinctness and in the most amusing style. She called every member of my uncle's family by name, and when the boys were going to bed always insisted on bidding each "good night." If the lads omitted this ceremony she would scream after them, "William, John, kiss Polly; good night," until she compelled them to come back and do the polite. Many of our visitors were also recognised and saluted by Polly as soon as they appeared. One old lady was much disliked by my aunt's parlour-maid, and when poor old Mrs. Jones dropped in early in the afternoon, and took out her knitting, with the evident intention of staying tea, Mary would say, in a grumbling tone, "There's that old Mrs. Jones come again; I wonder who wants *her*." Polly had heard this remark so often that it had become fixed on her memory, and one day, when the old lady came in, she called out, "There's that old Mrs. Jones come again; I wonder who wants *her!*" My aunt's face became scarlet when she heard Polly's salutation; for she feared the friend, whom she really esteemed, would think we had taught the bird to say this in order to annoy her. Happily, Mrs. Jones not being very quick at hearing, did not catch the purport of the remark. She only heard her own name mixed up with Polly's speech, and appeared rather gratified than otherwise that the bird knew and noticed her. This parrot was not shut up in a cage, but always stood on a handsome perch, with every possible bird convenience. She was particularly fond of discoursing to the parlourmaid, and when she saw her preparing for a meal, used to call out, "Mary, Polly some!" to which the girl usually replied, "Polly must wait." On a warm summer afternoon Mary was specially busy. There were visitors, and her hands were fully employed. Polly's oft-preferred petition obtained only one reply. At last the bird's patience was exhausted, and, as Mary passed her perch, Polly snatched off the girl's smart cap with her hooked beak, dropped it on the ground as far away from the owner as possible, and then in a mournful voice echoed her words, "Polly must wait."

FIG. 5.

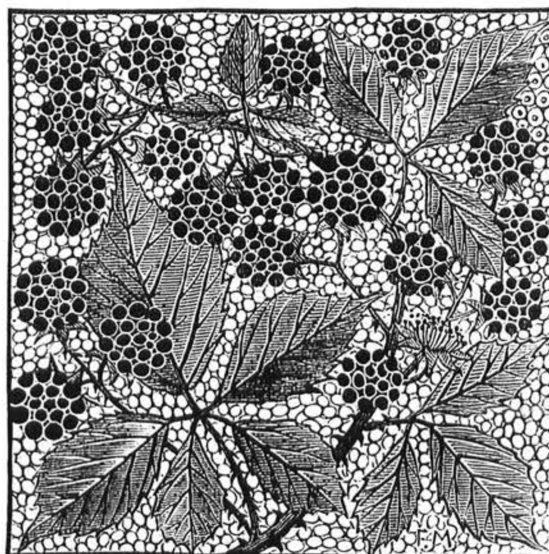


FIG. 6.

FIG. 9.

FIG. 10.

TILE-PAINTING AND DESIGNING.

TAKING into consideration the number of our readers who are learning the art of pottery painting, we think it will be useful to them if we supply a few additional designs to those published on pages 728 and 729 of this magazine.

Figs. 5, 6, 7, 8 are drawn from shrubs instead of flowers, as in the first four illustrations, and are treated rather more conventionally. Figs 5 and 6 are "autumnal" tiles, founded on the maple and the blackberry. The tone of colour should be rich and warm, yellows, reds, and browns predominating. The leaves might be put in in washes of colour, and the veins taken out before dry with the point or brush handle. Figs. 7 and 8 might be painted in blue, single colour tiles looking very well. In fact, blue is essentially a tile colour, for in very old houses the fireplaces were tiled round almost invariably with blue Dutch tiles. A design for blue treatment should be clear, well-defined, and nicely balanced, and should be effective, without elaboration or high finish. Fig. 8, drawn from the traveller's joy, is a plant eminently adapted to this treatment, the curves of the leaves and stems being highly ornamental. Fig. 7 is founded on the palm, and requires no further comment.

FIG. 7.

In figs. 9 and 10 we have panels formed of two six-inch tiles, such panels being suitable for being worked up with ornamental tiles at top and bottom to form the sides of fireplaces. Fig. 10 is a figure of Autumn drawn in a *tily* manner, and could be worked in blue or colours. Symbolical figures of the seasons, arts, and sciences, &c., are usually chosen for tiles, as it gives a *motif* to decoration.

In fig. 11 we have an oblong tile panel, and it is suggestive of how such spaces can be treated. The wild rose supporting the head in centre is quite ornamental in character, the stems being made to assume a scroll form, and the colouring should, therefore, not be too natural. The head in centre, a portrait of Raphael, might likewise be painted in soft tones of colour. A panel such as this would be suitable for the top of a mantel-piece, and if several panels were required the head might be changed while retaining the same ornament. We may here recommend our readers to study Japanese painted pottery whenever they have an opportunity, as they, of all nations, are the most successful Ceramic artists. While being wonderfully true to nature they infuse a quaintness and variety in all their designs which gives their work that uniqueness which is so desirable in all artistic effort. It is for this reason we have gone to some pains to endeavour, and we trust with success, to show the sort of designs most suitable for tile painting. To place any design on a tile without method or thought cannot be considered art, no matter how well the individual thing may be executed. It is in filling out the tile appropriately, so that the lines shall flow gracefully, and the masses be well balanced, that we produce worthy designs.

FIG. 8.

Of course in a short article like this it is impossible to leave nothing unsaid that may further the subject under consideration, and all we can therefore hope to do is to set the reader thinking, and also direct the thoughts in the proper channel; so that a clear idea may be kept before the mind of what one ought to do, as all after success depends almost wholly on a right beginning.

FIG. 11.

FRED MILLER.

RECIPES FOR OCTOBER.

THE "kindly fruits of the earth" have nearly all been gathered in by the time October is fairly with us; chief among those fruits we rank the potato, and it will be by no means inappropriate if we study some of the many and various ways of cooking and using this most excellent of earth's gifts.

Potatoes à la Duchesse.—Very mealy potatoes are the best for this dish; peel four of them, and boil or steam till thoroughly tender, drain and mash finely. Add to the mashed potato two tablespoonfuls of potato-flour, a teaspoonful of salt, half one of pepper, a spoonful of finely-minced or dried and sifted parsley, and a beaten egg. Mix well, then take up a teaspoonful at a time, shape into little rolls and dip first in beaten egg, then in fine breadcrumbs or raspings, and fry to a golden-brown in boiling fat. Drain and arrange either on a dish by themselves garnished with parsley, or make a garnish of them around a stew of meat or roasted steak. Delicious also to serve with cutlets.

Potatoes Soufflée.—This is a French *chef's* recipe. Peel, wash and dry some nice potatoes, cut them in slices half the thickness of a finger. In a saucepan place some clarified frying-fat, as soon as it is melted put the potatoes into it; as soon as the skin begins to blister lift the potatoes out with a strainer and drop them at once into another pan containing more fat that is boiling hot. They will then become *soufflée* directly, or puffed. Take them out into a strainer, dust them with salt, and serve immediately, as they very quickly fall.

Potatoes Sautées.—Peel, slice in rounds not more than a quarter of an inch thick, in a wide but shallow frying-pan place about two ounces of cooking-butter or dripping; let it frizzle, then put in the potatoes (not more than enough to just cover the bottom of the pan), turn them over several times that both sides may be equally coloured. When lightly browned sprinkle them with pepper and salt and chopped parsley.

Fried Potatoes are best cut in finger-lengths, and about the thickness of a little finger. Drop them into boiling fat, and let them cook very quickly. They should be crisp and well-browned, but not burnt.

Potato Pudding.—Butter a plain mould, slice some potatoes and put a layer at the bottom, and fit them neatly round the sides; sprinkle with seasoning and a spoonful of sago. Then put another layer of potatoes, more seasoning and sago until the mould is full. Pour in milk to just cover the potatoes, place a plate at the top and set the mould in a corner of the oven to cook gently for an hour and a half. Turn out. Very good for the nursery-table.

A *Pie* may be made very similarly, using a pie-dish and covering with a nice flaky pastry crust. Cook the potatoes before putting on the crust.

A delicious *Potato Tea-Cake* may be made from the remains of cold mashed potato by rubbing them with an equal quantity of flour, a quarter as much butter, and a good pinch of salt and baking-powder. Mix to a rather stiff paste with one or two beaten eggs, roll out to an inch thick, cut in rounds or triangles; brush over with egg and milk, and bake in a brisk but not too hot oven.

Potage Parmentier.—Whether this soup was known before Parmentier's day we cannot tell, but he claims to be the first to bring it to perfection.

The potatoes must be of a dry, flowery kind and white colour.

Peel and boil until tender four or five large ones, crush them down in the same water, then rub all through a sieve; frizzle a spoonful of finely-minced onion in a little butter, but do not let it brown; when done add it to the potato *purée*, and with it a tablespoonful of potato-flour wetted with milk. Season with pepper and salt. Add sufficient clear veal-stock to bring up to the required quantity of soup, or failing that use new milk. Let the soup boil for a minute, stirring constantly; just before pouring into the tureen stir in very carefully the beaten yolk of an egg and a spoonful of thick cream mixed together.

Stuffed Potatoes.—Peel and wash some smooth, rather large potatoes; scoop out quite a third of them from the middle. Fill up the hollow with a savoury mince of meat in thick gravy. Sprinkle breadcrumbs over the top. Lay them in a baking-pan with a little nice dripping, and bake for upwards of an hour.

Turnips in White Sauce.—Pare them, boil in salted water until quite tender, then drain and cover with a white sauce made with milk and a little butter, season it rather highly, and sprinkle minced parsley over the top of the dish.

Chelsea Pudding and Sauce.—Chop very finely two ounces of best beef-suet, rub it into four ounces of flour with half a teaspoonful of good baking-powder, a pinch of salt, and two ounces of castor sugar. Mix all together, then make into a thick batter with one egg (whisked), a teacupful of milk, and a drop or two of almond or lemon flavouring. Dissolve some butter in a tin pudding-mould, coat the sides well with it, then sprinkle the bottom and sides with Demerara sugar. Pour in the pudding mixture; bake in a moderate oven for upwards of an hour. Turn out.

For the sauce: Dissolve two or three tablespoonfuls of plum or currant jam, with an equal quantity of water and a few lumps of sugar, let it boil well, then strain through a strainer and pour over and around the pudding.

Pastry Sandwiches.—Roll out very thinly some light short pastry, lay one sheet on a greased baking-tin, spread it with nice jam without stones, then lay another sheet of pastry over this; cut the edges evenly. Brush over with a little dissolved butter and sprinkle with castor sugar before the tin goes into the oven. Bake quickly to a bright brown. Cut in finger lengths or squares.

King John's Dumplings.—Roll pastry out in a sheet, but not too thinly. Pare and core some good cooking-apples, place them on the pastry at equal distances, fill the centre cavities with brown sugar, cut a round of pastry large enough to wrap the apples in, fold them up, making neat balls, and bake on a tin in a quick oven. Grate sugar over them.

Cintra Cakes, for Tea.—A little good puff-paste is needed for these, and if too troublesome to make at home it is not more expensive to buy half a pound at the baker's. Roll out to half an inch thick, cut in small rounds and press a hollow in the centre. Put a small teaspoonful of the following mixture in the middle and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes, taking care they do not brown too quickly.

For the mixture take an ounce of fresh butter, two dessertspoonfuls of ground almonds, a drop of the essence, the beaten yolks of two eggs, and a dessertspoonful of castor sugar. Mix thoroughly together.

To Dry Autumn Leaves, etc.—Hang them with the cut stalks uppermost, and after two days take them down and dip them in a solution of size and water, then hang them up again to get perfectly dry.

Bramble and beech leaves make a beautiful winter decoration for table and flower-vases. All grasses and rushes should be dried with the heads downwards, as this sends the sap into the leaves and flowers.

L. H. YATES.

PART I.

La mode est un perpétuel recommencement, said a witty French writer, but the women of the earlier years of the present century stepped back to the classic ages for the models on which to form their dresses. France set the example. With the downfall of the Monarchy and the establishment of the first Republic, a wave of fantastic dressing clothed the women of Paris in the garb of Roman matrons, English women following in their footsteps, with certain reservations and altered details.

A tax on hair-powder at the rate of a guinea per person had, in 1794, brought the elaborate wigs of the Georgian period into disfavour, and on the disappearance of the greased and powdered masses with which women had been wont to disfigure their heads, the voluminous skirts and high-heeled shoes were also cast aside, to be replaced by sandals, clinging robes of soft material, and a hundred extravagant modes of dressing the hair. Of the last, that

of wearing enormous feathers, which held popular favour for some years was the most ridiculous, and yet, notwithstanding the constant attacks made upon it by the newspapers —the *Times* amongst them—the century was a year or two old before the leaders of fashion saw fit to discontinue its use.

Thus the *Times* of the day waxes caustic :—

"At all elegant assemblies, there is a room set apart for all lady visitants to put their feathers on, as it is impossible to wear them in any carriage with a top to it. The lustres are also removed upon this account, and the doors are carried up to the height of the ceiling. A well-dressed lady, who nods with dexterity, can give a friend a little tap upon the shoulder across the room, without incommoding the dancers."

And again on the following day in the same paper—"A young lady, only ten feet high, was overset in one of the late gales of wind, in Portland Place, and the upper mast of her feather blown upon Hampstead Hill."

The distinguishing characteristic of the dress for nearly twenty years was the high waist, so high indeed was it that gowns were made all in one. They had no sleeves, the arms being bare save for narrow straps at the shoulders, these being elaborately embroidered and worked, whilst capes and collarettes provided a questionable protection against cold, when the fair wearers walked abroad. The high waist—copied from the Court of Napoleon—came in for a full share of ridicule in the public prints. Amongst the most quoted was a parody on a song much sung in the early years of the century, "Shepherds, I have lost my love." It ran—

> "Shepherds I have lost my waist,
> Have you seen my body?
>
> * * * *
>
> Never shall I see it more,
> Till, common sense returning,
> My body to my legs restore,
> Then shall I cease from mourning."

Sometimes gaudily-coloured caps entirely covered the head, being fastened underneath the chin with straps of ribbon; sometimes the hair was dressed in the Greek fashion, sometimes it was worn in curls which fell completely over the face, hiding the eyes and making it difficult for the devotees of fashion to see clearly. For a brief space in 1801, the scanty skirts, short in front and long behind, became a little fuller, but the change was only transitory, for in the next year they were even scantier than before, and scarcely reached to the ankles. It was now that the "crop" or "Titus" fashion of hair-dressing led the more extravagant-minded women to cut their hair close to the head, shorter than a man's. With arms, neck, and bosom bare, skirts reaching only a little below the knee, and short hair, the fashionable dames of the time must have cut a sorry figure. Happily its aggressive ugliness rendered the craze a fleeting one, but it had the effect of making a severe style of dress *de rigueur* for several months.

This burst of imitation of Franco-Roman ideals is most traceable in the portraits of the period in which the beauties of the day are usually shown sitting on a rock, a lyre between their hands, their eyes cast heavenward, in place of posing on a sofa in languid would-be classical postures as they would have done a year or two earlier.

Immediately treading upon the heels of the

Roman craze, came a reaction in favour of a later period, Stuart ruffs and caps striking inharmonious notes with the simple and severe lines of the tight dresses of muslin or thin silk, as well as being entirely out of keeping with the narrow silk scarf which hung loosely upon the shoulders, and was kept in position by its ends being wound round either arm just above the elbow. Then sleeves suddenly appeared, being sufficiently long to completely cover the hands, and with them a close-fitting lace cap in imitation of the coif was adopted, malicious tongues said, by those whose heads had not yet recovered from the shearing process of the "Titus." But before this time the famous Spencer had made its *débût* with instant success, being followed quickly by saques, negligées, and the capote or great coat, which was the favourite dress of Queen Charlotte. Perhaps it was only in this single instance that the Queen of George III. set a fashion to her Court, for with her approval of the capote, it became the rage. The brilliant Madame D'Arblay, writing of the Queen's predilection for this ugly garment, says—

> "The garb of state she inly scorn'd,
> Glad of its trappings to be freed;
> She saw thee humble, unadorn'd,
> Quick of attire, a child of speed."

The ladies of fashion, however, soon outpassed the domesticated and home-loving Queen, enlarging the capote to such a degree

the favour of the fickle. The turban, however, won the battle in the end, and was to be seen on every female head and with every kind of costume. It was a curiously shaped cap, fitting close upon the forehead over which was rolled, without the slightest regard to shape or proportion, many yards of linen or silk of eastern manufacture. A jewelled aigrette or a feather was negligently stuck amongst the folds, individual fancy running riot with this as with all other articles of dress.

Under the names of "Turkish Bonnet," "Ottoman," and "Rebecca"—after Sir Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe*, published in 1819—the turban fulfilled its mission of disfigurement until the Turks fell into disrepute, and Greeks and things Grecian enlisted the patronage of the day. It had only been worn for dinners, for the theatre, and official receptions, very rarely for walking, and was, therefore, greatly missed when deposed from its high position, hence Greek coronets and ringlets were speedily displaced by one of the longest-lived of all the creations of the time—the toque.

that it was exactly like a man's coat with a velvet collar. To complete the picture, round, black, beaver hats, silk cravats, and boots with high military heels were worn with this garment, a sprigged lace veil, and the petticoat peeping from below the long coat alone showing the weaker sex. This curious passion for imitating men's dress has burst forth anew comparatively recently, but it proved as reprehensible and as ineffectual as in the days when the Regency belles copied the attire worn by the dandies who fluttered around them. A portrait of a lady, at this time, in driving-dress is more eloquent of the follies committed in the name of fashion, than all the lampoons and gibes which fell with the thickness of autumn leaves from the printing-press. She is wearing a box-coat, and cape, a round white beaver hat lined with green silk, a white cravat, and Hessian boots; the coat is open, showing the costume beneath —a cambric dress, cut as low at the neck as our ordinary evening dress, and fitting close to the body, without any pleat in the skirt, and gored in such a manner as to disclose the lines of the figure. These thin robes were even damped in order that they should cling more closely to their wearers as they dried; and the lighter the clothing the more it was admired.

For nine years the vagaries of fashion hovered round the minor details of costume, the ground-work, so to speak, remaining practically the same; but in 1809, the turban, and a long, close-fitting dress suggested by a man's overcoat, tightly buttoned from top to bottom, made more or less successful bids for

This was another imitation of the Parisian milliners, described as being like "a huge pie, with battlements of plumes and a tassel of silk falling on the shoulder." It took a thousand forms, but was originally copied from the ceremonial head-covering of the officers in the Imperial Army of France, and although made of handsome materials, was never other than a monstrosity and a monument of bad taste.

Queen Charlotte set the example of wearing simple stuffs, except on State occasions, and for many years poplins, cambrics, and muslins were the staple materials from which ordinary dresses were made. But the thoughtless prodigality and barbaric extravagance of the ladies of the new French nobility, created by Napoleon I., had a remarkable effect upon Englishwomen; and about 1812 brocades, silks, and satins, came into daily and constant use; the dresses were less scanty, but the high-waisted form still prevailed, as well as the thin sandals of silk which were now fastened with crossed straps reaching some distance above the ankles. At the same time the bodice and skirt were made in two separate pieces, the former consisting of little else than a pair of sleeves, generally made of different coloured material to the skirt. With these costumes, beaver hats, uncompromisingly square in shape, and plastered with huge rosettes, were considered most correct; but the close of 1815 may be justly considered as the beginning of the bonnet era, which will be dealt with in a second article.

Only the more noticeable and *bizarre* of the modes of the moment have been touched upon here, for fashions changed from week to week with even more bewildering rapidity than in these latter days, and it would be a matter of impossibility to describe them all. Their extravagances were at no time in our history more caricatured than in the first twenty years of the century, the *Times* leading the way in lampoon and gibe; and those whose youth had been spent in the artificial and courtly atmosphere of the days of hoop and hair-powder, of beauty-spots and of rouge, bitterly decried the license in dress, which they argued, and argued only too rightly, begot a corresponding license in manners. One old gentleman of the *ancien régime*, writing on the decline of womanly dignity in the year 1812, said, "I know to-day no woman in society who can sit, or smile, greet a friend, or listen to a conversation with any degree of grace."

A sweeping indictment, but one unfortunately true in almost every statement. Society, then, had not awakened to its manifold duties, and consequently spent its superfluous energies in prosecuting the art of absurd dressing.

THE GARB OF OUR GRANDMOTHERS.

PART II.

IT was not until 1820 that the high waist began to disappear. The old spirit, which had found its expression during the major part of

the eighteenth century in the passing of gowns from mother to daughter, and in the possession of few dresses, still left its mark upon the

salient features of fashion. A gradual revolt against the habit of leaving the bosom and arms uncovered during the daytime set in in

1816, brought about, it is said, by the warnings of the physicians, who attributed an increase of consumption and other pulmonary diseases to the recklessness and foolhardiness of scanty clothing. Then the leaders of fashion went to the other extreme, wearing long

sleeves that covered the hands, and muffling up their necks in the Elizabethan ruff.

During the next two years the incessant change of costume was not so great, but in 1818 the overcoat *à la militaire* enjoyed a brief popularity, the heaviness of day attire

being compensated by the lightness of the evening dresses, which were so short, that they reached only a little below the knee.

Up to this time, whatever the fashion, dresses had been remarkable for their lack of ornamentation, but now they grew gradually fuller,

flounces crept slowly up the skirt, increasing in number, to be discarded in 1827, when the fashion-plates showed the mode to be almost

identically similar to that of the present day, with the sole exception of the hat, which was ridiculously extravagant in shape and size—not unlike an inverted basket.

In the following year the famous *gigot* sleeves made their appearance, introduced, it was declared, by a great lady of France, who, short of stature, appeared top-heavy when wearing the enormous erections decreed by the milliners. The effect of these sleeves certainly served to equilibriate the appearance, until as much material was used in their manufacture

as in that of the dress itself; then the coal-scuttle bonnet, in all its hideousness, claimed the errant fancy of the fair, and *gigot* sleeves passed into the limbo of things forgotten, to be revived in more recent days.

And now a word on bonnets. They had their birth in the years between 1815 and 1830, and have never yet been wholly deposed from feminine favour, despite the innumerable forms they have taken. At first they completely enshrouded the face, being tied with broad ribbons under the chin; then they became of enormous size, covered with tufts of marabout

feathers, and rising as high on the top as the crest of a head-piece. After 1825 they were described by a contemporary writer as "scaffolds of silk" and "majestic monuments of millinery." One of their most popular shapes was the gipsy, which reached such ridiculous lengths that a caricaturist of the time suggested the making of worn-out umbrellas into this particular kind of bonnet, the *Times* saying by

way of comment, "The transition is so easy that he is scarce to be praised for the invention."

The poet Moore thus described the fashionable bonnet—

"That build of bonnet whose extent,
Should, like a doctrine of dissent,
Puzzle church doors to take it in—
Nor half had reached that pitch sublime
To which true toques and berets climb,
Leaning, like lofty Alps, that throw
O'er minor Alps their shadowy sway,
Earth's humble bonnets far below,
To poke through life their famous way."

The massive *coiffure*, interwoven with ribbons, and of a fantastic height, needed a massive covering which recalled the impossible shakos of the foot-soldiers of Napoleon's *Grande Armée*, and with these bonnets shawls from Persia, and the Levant, all styled "cashmere," were worn in the form of cloaks.

With 1830 more sensible and warmer dressing was the habit; women no longer went about as they had done even in the coldest weather, their arms scarcely covered, the throat open, and the feet protected only by silk stockings and thin sandals, the energies spent upon elaborate changes of fashion being transferred to the hair, which was dressed in

every imaginable kind of manner. Of these the ugliest was the so-called Chinese style, in which a broad plait surmounted the head, forming a kind of basket which held a quantity of roses and feathers, the whole sometimes interlaced with strings of jewels or glittering beads. Another hideous mode of adorning the head was to strain the hair away from the face so tightly that it was almost impossible to move the skin upon the forehead or close the

eyes, whilst a long ringlet fell down the side of the face corresponding in size to the pendant ear-rings then worn; this was only equalled in point of ugliness by the fashion of wearing two enormous plaits of hair standing upright upon the head, one slightly crossing the other, the hair at either side being elaborately curled.

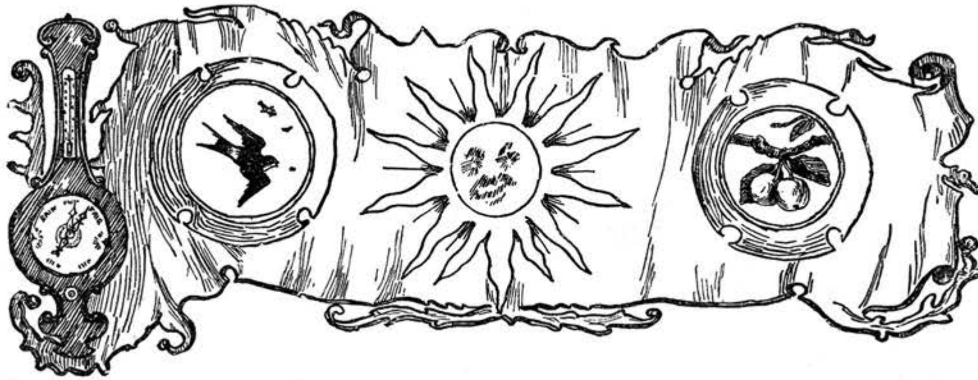
In the matter of colours our grandmothers were totally ignorant of the "art shades"

which give a *piquant* interest to modern feminine dress. Primary colours in all their native crudity were the joy and delight of the hearts which beat under the high-waisted dresses of the later Georgian days. Greens and yellows of aggressive density were worn together with cheerful ignorance of the canons of art; red feathers were added to these, and the more inharmonious the whole effect, the greater the success of the costume. Naturally a vulgar display of jewellery accompanied the lack of taste in colour, but the topaz was for nearly fifty years the most favourite precious stone used in the ornamentation of ear-rings, a remnant of barbarity which appealed to society of all classes.

To the student of matters sumptuary the first thirty years of the nineteenth century have an interest, which at first sight does not seem to be of any great value. But it was a period when mighty forces were at work, leavening the social lump slowly but surely, when amidst a licence in dress only to be equalled by the licence of the Restoration, there suddenly sprang into being a new code of public and of private life, which has only been strengthened by the passage of later decades. Naturally the first result of the leaven of public opinion was excess—the froth of reaction. In the heavy wigs and voluminous skirts of the powder period women perforce were slow, if not dignified, of movement, and careful in bearing, but in lighter garb they lost the courtliness and stateliness of the eighteenth century, and in so doing lost much of the outward respect which is their due. A brief period of folly ensued, when extravagance surmounted extravagance, and when the evil example set by the new nobility of the First Empire, and the women crowned queens by Napoleon Buonaparte, was slavishly followed; but it lasted, comparatively speaking, only a short time, by reason of its fierceness and fever, and with its gradual cessation women began to find nobler and more useful channels for their energies than in following the vagaries of irresponsible fashion-makers for the moment.

Compared with the woman of sixty years ago, the woman of to-day is a being whose superiority is beyond question. Dress certainly still holds a high place in her affections, but it is not the blind, unreasoning devotion which led her grandmother to make herself a scarecrow, and a fitting object for ridicule in the public prints; and it is in this relegation of her personal attire to its proper place in the plane of her existence, that woman has surmounted the greatest of her barriers to higher advancement and enjoyment to the full of the noble things offered her by the world.

"Oblivion is not to be hired," yet in the annals of their ancestresses women may find many seeds, the harvest from which they now enjoy; they may learn the real proportion of dress in every-day life, and they may see the ludicrous follies of excess therein. F. H.



USEFUL HINTS.

A Good and Quickly-Made Cake.—Take the yolks of four eggs, three spoonfuls of sugar, the same of flour, about two table-spoonfuls of milk, and the juice of half a small lemon. Beat the whites of three eggs into a stiff froth, and mix them with the yolks, flour, etc. Put the whole into a well-buttered tin, and bake for fifteen minutes in a quick oven.

Inkstains from Linen, to Remove.—Bessie writes that a safe method is to damp the linen, to rub a little essential salt of lemons, which is a white powder, on the stained part until the black stain disappears. Rinse in clear cold water and dry in the sun, or before a fire.

Parkin.—Confectioner's Receipt.

A 1¼ lb. of oatmeal, 1¼ lb. of flour, ½ lb. of sugar, two tea-spoonfuls of carbonate of soda, and the following spices well mixed together: ½ oz. carraway seeds, 1 oz. grated ginger, ½ oz. pounded allspice, one nutmeg finely grated, and a pinch of cayenne. Mix all these ingredients thoroughly and add 3 ozs. of candied lemon peel, cut into chips; then melt 2 lbs. of treacle and ½ lb. of butter together, and stir in whilst warm. Put the paste thus formed into well-buttered square tins, two inches deep, and bake thoroughly in a moderate oven. If too hot, the parkin burns easily. The paste should be from 1¼ in. to 2 in. deep.

Household Receipt for Parkin.

3 lbs. of oatmeal, 3 ozs. candied lemon peel in chips, ½ lb. of sugar, ½ oz. carraway seeds, and 1 oz. of grated ginger. Mix as above, with 2 lbs. of treacle and 1 lb. of butter melted together, and bake as directed in confectioner's receipt.

This cake is eaten in Lancashire and the West of Yorkshire on the 5th of November. It is a thoroughly wholesome article, and a slice of it is often as valuable as a mild dose of medicine when eaten for supper by a child.

CHATS ON THE CALENDAR.

October derives its name from the Latin words *Octo*, eight, and *imber*, a shower of rain, and was the eighth month in the calendar of Romulus, but was changed to the tenth month by Numa. The number of its days in the time of Romulus was the same as at present. Numa reduced them to twenty-nine; but Julius and Augustus Cæsar each added one day, so that the original number was restored, and has not since been altered.

By our Anglo-Saxon ancestors this month was called *Wyn Monath*, or wine month; "and albeit they had not antiently wines made in Germany, yet in this season had they them from divers countries adjoining."

There are not many notable days in this month. The 11th is Old Michaelmas Day, on which a custom formerly prevailed in Hertfordshire for young men to assemble in the fields, and choose a leader whom they were obliged to follow through fields and ditches. This occurred every seven years, and every publican then supplied a gallon of ale and a *ganging cake*—a plum cake—so-called from the day being termed a ganging-day.

The 25th is dedicated to St. Crispin, the patron saint of all the cobblers. Formerly St. Crispinian's name was coupled with St. Crispin's, but it has long been disjoined from it. These two saints are said to have been two Roman youths of good birth, brothers, who in the third century went as Christian missionaries to France, and preached at Soissons. In imitation of St. Paul, they supported themselves by working at the trade of a shoemaker by night, while they preached during the day. Shakespeare has immortalised the day in the speech he has given to our King Henry V., before the battle of Agincourt (which was fought on this day), and which some of you may perhaps remember. King Henry says, addressing his soldiers:—

"This day is called the feast of Crispian;
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian:
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
And say—To-morrow is Saint Crispian."

Allhalloween occurs on the 31st of this month and is the vigil of All Saints' Day. Many curious customs are connected with this festival. Burns informs us (in a note to his poem on Halloween) that "the first ceremony of the festival is pulling each a *stock*, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with: its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any *yird*, or earth, stick to the root, that is *tocher*, or fortune; and the taste of the *custoc*, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems are placed somewhere over the head of the door; and the Christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house are, according to the priority of placing the stems, the names in question."

Some of the very old Saxon calendars have marked the character of this month by the figure of a husbandman, carrying a sack on his shoulders, and sowing corn, as expressive that October was a proper time for that important part of agricultural labour, when the weather was cool and dry. In later times October has been depicted as a young man, dressed in a garment of carnation and yellow, indicative of the hues of the trees at this season; his head is decorated with a garland of acorns and oak-leaves, and his face is "full of merry glee." In his left hand he holds a basket of chestnuts, medlars, and mushrooms, while his right hand grasps the sign *Scorpio*, the scorpion, symbolical of the sun entering that constellation on the 23rd of the month.

THE increased facilities for travelling in this nineteenth century have very much conduced to the practice of entertaining visitors. Half a century ago people paid fewer visits, and those generally of longer duration than at present. In these days, everyone possessing a spare room, or able to extemporise one *pro tem.*, likes to ask a friend to stay with them. Now, an invitation should be given for a definite time, and in this there is no breach of courtesy whatever. It is far more convenient for hostess and guest if the latter is invited to "come and spend a week," or "a month," or "from Saturday to Monday," as the case may be, than, as often happens, to be asked to come and stay "a little while," or to "come on a visit to us."

Most people, especially those who number a great many friends and acquaintances, have to make their visits fit one with another, and this is impossible unless you have given your guest some idea of the length of time you expect him to remain with you.

Another drawback to this uncomfortable vagueness is, that you may also wish to invite other guests, and so cannot arrange for their visit.

Your visitor, too, may be able to regulate his or her luggage by the length of the invitation, as the same amount of clothes, etc., is not required for a visit of a few days as that of some weeks. Should you desire to lengthen the stay of your guest, it is perfectly easy to press him to remain; but in the first instance of giving the invitation, name a definite time.

Should you not be possessed of a housekeeper, see yourself that the room intended for your visitor is in perfect order. This should not be left to servants, as it needs the eye of the hostess to note if everything in all great and minor details is provided for the comfort of the in-comer. Who does not know the discomfort of hunting about in vain for matches, or finding that the blinds will not work, and that the key in the door of the room is evidently intended for an ornament, as no amount of persuasion by gentleness or force will compel it to turn in the lock?

Night lights ready for use should be left in the room, for some people are nervous at night, and like a light; so that it should be there for them to burn or not, as they please.

All the wardrobes and chests of drawers in a guest's room should be left empty. People like to feel that they have the room for the time being to themselves, and this comfortable sensation is completely destroyed if they are liable to be invaded at various times by the owners of those possessions which are laid away in drawers or hung on pegs, which they only wish had been left free for their own articles of attire.

There should always be a writing-table in a guest's room, and this well provided with a blotting case, an inkstand filled with ink, and pens that, on demand, will write. A relative of my own, who is gifted with forethought, always fills the said blotter in her visitors' rooms with plenty of writing paper, envelopes, address luggage labels, telegraph forms, and post cards; and, too, she anticipates the enquiry as to when the post goes out, by having the hours legibly written on a card and placed on the chimney-piece. If the windows have the unpleasant habit of shaking, pegs should be provided for them, as a light sleeper tries in vain to yield himself to "Nature's soft nurse," if every wind that blows sends a rattatting of the window in the frame.

If it is winter, see if your guest likes a fire; and if not, if a hot water jar would be welcome at night. Needless to say, the bed and sheets should be thoroughly aired.

You should make your visitor acquainted at once with the hours of meals, etc., and if you breakfast at a late hour, offer an early cup of tea to be brought to the bedroom. Many people who rise, or at least wake, very early, find it, especially if accustomed to an early breakfast, very trying to have to wait until a late one; and the temper of the guest, as well as his health, is apt to suffer by the delay.

Should you possess a family skeleton—and how few households there are destitute of one—lock him up in his cupboard, and on no account discuss with your visitor how very trying you find him.

If you have not a large income, and possess but a small staff of servants, you will necessarily have to see a good deal after domestic concerns yourself. Do this unobservably and quietly, as, if you appear to be extraordinarily busy, your visitor will be inclined to think that you are inconvenienced by his presence in your house, and that his being there adds to your trouble. Of course it does do the latter, but you need not thrust the fact upon his notice.

If you let your visitor see that you are not treating him with too much formality, and that you pursue your ordinary avocations as usual, he will feel much more at home than if you altered the whole routine of your day, and laboured incessantly to entertain him.

Always have your morning-room or drawing-room well provided with books and papers; and do not imagine that you can never leave your guest alone. Often he may thoroughly enjoy a few hours to himself, to pay up arrears of letter writing and read books; or if a lady, do needlework, for which time hitherto has failed.

If you take your guest to any distance by rail, omnibus, or cab, remember that these conveyances are used instead of a carriage, which, did your means permit, you would probably possess. Therefore, your guest need not pay his fare. This with middle-aged, old, or very independent people, is not always easily managed; but in the case of people of narrow means on a visit it should be insisted upon. In the same way, the laundress expenses of any young person staying with you might be paid by yourself. It will be but a small expense, and if you can afford to have guests at all, you can manage to add that item to the necessary addition to your household expenses incurred by their visit. Young people, often with scant pocket money, will be very grateful to you in many cases.

In the very best regulated families the proverbial accident will occur sometimes. The butcher does not send the meat you had ordered; the drawing-room fire takes to smoking and you have to retire to the dining-room; you have forgotten to order that which your visitor can scarcely do without; your pony lames himself just as you had planned that charming drive; or your cook is taken ill, and perforce you have to reduce your *menu* to the capabilities of Sarah the housemaid. They cannot be helped; and these, as well as kindred *contretemps*, will happen, however much you may exercise forethought.

Take everything as calmly as you can, and do not make a fuss.

If you can laugh over the accident, and turn it off easily, so much the better; and your visitor will be far more at his ease if you do, than if you perpetually regret its having happened, and bemoan the matter continually.

As for apologies, beyond those necessitated at proper times by the rules of society and etiquette, the fewer there are of them the better. Do the best you can for your guest, and avoid more ceremony than you can help. Should he live in a different style from yourself, do not always be inwardly comparing your household with his, and spoiling your cheerfulness by mental regrets that you have not got a *cordon bleu* in the kitchen, and a James and a Thomas to assist your guest to his *chef d'œuvres*.

On the other hand, if your lot is cast where you have a well-appointed house and a first rate staff of servants, do not, if Mrs. Jones is staying with you (who perhaps lives in a small house or cheap lodgings) make her feel uncomfortable.

This, by want of tact, is often done by well-intentioned people, who treat their homely guest as if he must have come to be fattened up, not having sufficient food at home, or as if the unaccustomed exercise of a long drive must necessarily fatigue him terribly, etc.

As domestic sparring is so sad at all times, we earnestly wish that it did not exist; but as that is not always possible with our frail human nature, still a greater amount of restraint and guardedness should be exercised when your guest is with you. To be present at a war of words, to have to listen to Mrs. A—— talking at Mr. A——, or things in kind, is to make a visitor feel most uncomfortable.

And, as a last word in this paper, which is more suggestive than exhaustive, *never* reprove a servant before company. Endure almost anything sooner than do that. It is a needless wounding of the feelings of your servant, and your guest's comfort is not by any means considered when you do so.

ODDS AND ENDS.

IT is always best to sleep on the right side as this gives no impediment to action of the heart or liver. Maladies of the ears, nose, and throat frequently arise from sleeping on the back.

"WE cannot conquer necessities, but we can yield to them in such a way as to be greater than if we could."—*Hannah More.*

"TIME is often said to be money, but it is more—it is life; and yet many who would cling desperately to life, think nothing of wasting time."—*Sir John Lubbock.*

THERE is a newspaper published in Athens every week the contents of which are written entirely in verse, including the advertisements.

IT is worth remembering that—

"Whenever we will what is good, we are better because we willed."

"What we truly aspire to be, that in some measure we are."

"THE generality of men spend the early part of their lives in contributing to render the latter part miserable."

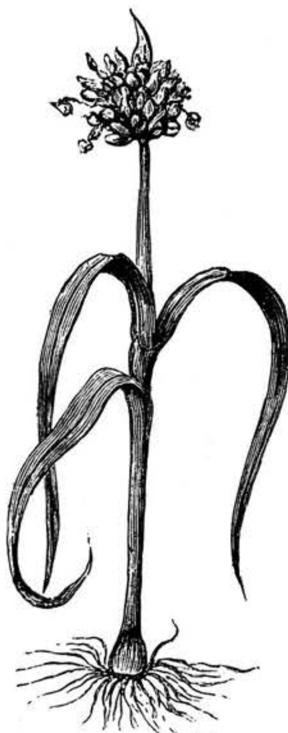
FLOWERS IN HISTORY.

By SOPHIA F. A. CAULFEILD.

PART IV.

THE *Laurel* (*Laurus nobilis*) or "Daphne," known in this country as the "Sweet Bay," is the next flower-bearing shrub that claims consideration. It is improperly called "Bay," which is the name of the fruit alone; derived from *baie*, the French for fruit. The species (of which there are many) known by its large and beautifully lustrous leaves, has usurped the name of "Laurel," as the chief representative of the genus, and is erroneously supposed to be that from which our more favoured poets derive their *title*, "*Laureate.*"

The flowers of the *Laurus nobilis* are of a yellowish-white colour, small in size, and growing in clusters on their axils; and the fruit or berry is of a purple colour. It was a favourite decoration of the Greeks and Romans, for their temples, palaces, and statues, employed at their feasts and in their devotions, and was conferred as a mark of distinction on their kings and warriors, their distinguished scholars, poets, and the victors at their public games. The fêtes held every ninth year at Thebes,



LEEK.

called "Bœotian fêtes," and in honour of Apollo, were designated "Daphnephoriæ."

The superstitions connected with the laurel in modern, as well as ancient times, are manifold. It has had a reputation of being propitious to the human race, averting the evil influences of sorcery, and dangers attending storms with lightning. The tyrant Tiberius

ARUM LILY.

was a coward as regards the latter; and, like a timid child, would creep under his bed and cover his head with laurel leaves to ensure his safety. His pusillanimity may be explained by Shakespeare; for

"Conscience does make cowards of us all."

The withering of the laurel was considered a bad omen, a reference to which tradition is to be found in *Hamlet*—

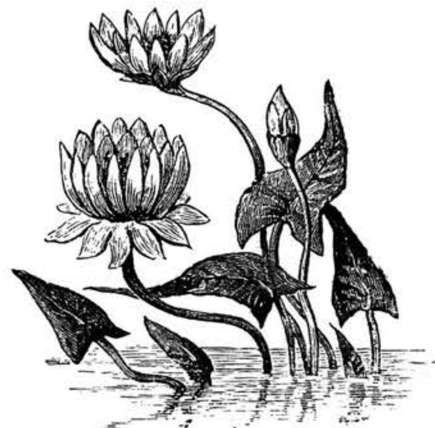
"The King is dead! The bay-trees are withered."

In early ages this tree was credited with disinfectant properties, such as are ascribed to the Eucalyptus. An example of this belief is to be met with in the removal of the Emperor Claudius, during a severe outbreak of the pestilence, to Laurentium, the capital of Latinum, by recommendation of his physicians, on account of the large number of laurels growing in the neighbourhood, after which the city was named.

Another historical flower is the *Leek (Allium parrum)*, which, though of ill flavour as such, must hold a very distinguished position, as being the national emblem of our Ancient British brethren of Wales.

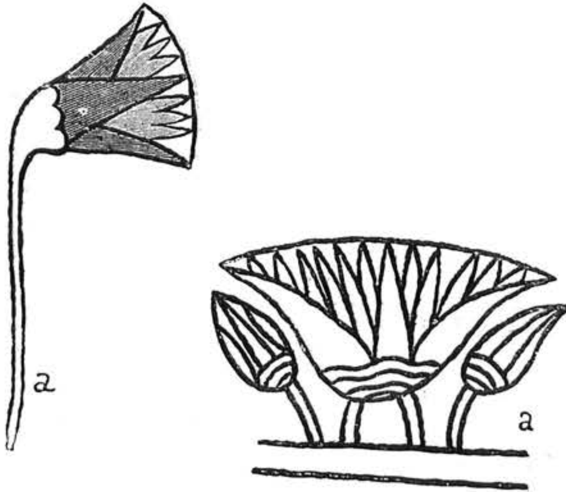
The origin of wearing it on St. David's Day, March 1st (that of their patron saint, Archbishop of Cærleon, A.D. 544) appears to be rather a vexed question. According to Shakespeare it dates from the battle of Cressy, the site of which is twelve miles from Abbeville, where Edward III. and the "Black Prince" gained such a splendid victory. "Fluellen," addressing Henry V., reminds him that "The Welshmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow; wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps, which, your majesty knows, to this hour is an honourable padge of the service, and I do pelieve your Majesty takes no scorn to wear leek upon St. Tavy's Day." Indeed, the King need not to have scorned it, for he owed his life, when, at the battle of Agincourt, he engaged in personal conflict with the French knight, the Duc d'Alençon. The latter had vowed to kill or take the King a prisoner, and eighteen other knights pledged themselves to do the same. But three gallant Welshmen, David Gam (his squire) and two others, not only rescued the King when the French knight clove the crown in two which encircled his helmet, but killed the duke and all the eighteen knights that had conspired against him. And there, as the three noble Welshmen lay bleeding to death at their sovereign's feet, he did all that was left in his power to do for them, and made them "Knights Banneret" on the "field of their fame." Doubtless the green and white emblem of their nationality was to be seen on their headgear, though the old Cymric colours must then have worn a very unnatural hue.

Other historians affirm that the wearing of the Leek was in commemoration of a great victory of theirs over the Saxons, and that they put them into their hats by order of St. David, thereby



THE LOTUS.

the better to distinguish themselves from their enemies. These also can quote a poem in support of their tradition (Cambria of Rolt, 1759):—



CONVENTIONAL LOTUS.
From Egyptian Mummy Case about B.C. 1350.

"Tradition's tale
Recounting, tells how famed Menevia's priest
Marshalled his Britons, and the Saxon host
Discomfited; how the green leek his bands
Distinguished, since, by Britons annual worn,
Commemorates their tutelary saint.

Readers of the Holy Scriptures will recognise in this vegetable one of those to which the ancient Israelites looked back with hungry longing and regret, though enjoyed in the land of their cruel bondage, so degenerate and demoralised had they become. According to Pliny, the Romans had an equal esteem for them, Nero having brought them into notice by his use of them taken with oil, to clear his voice for singing, a fancy that gave him the sobriquet of *Porrophagus*, or "the Leek-eater."

Some affirm, and amongst them Dr. Owen Pugh, that the origin of the adoption of the leek as an emblem of the Ancient British race is to be found in the custom of their meeting at the Cymmortha, or association for mutual assistance in the ploughing of their land. On such occasions the farmers each contributed his leeks to help out their general repast. Again, another tradition solves the question by reference to the extreme abstinence of their patron saint, who fed on the leeks he gathered in the fields. So to commemorate his holiness and extreme self-denial, the Welsh have worn a leek in their hats as his emblem on each successive anniversary of his special day. This is a legend related by Drayton, and, I believe, it sums up the whole list; and I leave my Welsh readers to select from amongst them the story that bears the strongest internal or historical evidence of truth.

When our blessed Lord counselled His hearers to "consider the lilies of the field," He did not refer to the English "lilies of the valley," nor were those so named in the Canticles of the same species. Of the wild lilies of Palestine, Sir J. E. Smith, the famous botanist, speaks much. He says that "the fields of the Levant are overrun with *Amaryllis luten*, whose golden liliaceous flowers, blossoming in autumn, afforded one of the most brilliant and gorgeous objects in nature." To this flower the statement that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these," was (says this writer) "peculiarly appropriate." The species of lily named at verse 13, chapter v. of the Canticles is supposed to have been that of Persia, in the flower-cup of which a fluid somewhat like myrrh is contained; the lily named in chap. ii., ver. 1 (*Ibid*), was, it is supposed, a species growing wild, much under cover of leaves and hidden from view. According to R. Folkard, the lily of Palestine was the *Lilium chalcedonicum* of some fifty species. The white, or "poet's lily," *L. candidum*; the orange, *L. bulbiferum*; the "Turk's cap," *L. Martagon*; the "Tiger Lily," *Tigrinum*; and the *L. superbum* and *L. canadense* are the best known, and have been the longest under cultivation.

An order of knighthood was instituted by Ferdinand of Aragon, A.D. 1403, known as the "Order of the Lily," the collar being composed of these flowers and in combination with gryphons. The fact of the lily being an emblem of the Blessed Virgin was the origin of this order, but why associated with gryphons does not, I think, appear.

What are commonly called "Lent lilies" are Daffodils, or otherwise Narcissus, an emblematic flower of Lent and Eastertide, once, in the long past, called "Affodilly," a corruption of *Asphodelus*. I have already named these and the *Fleur-de-Luce* or *de-Lys*, of heraldic history, and shall thus pass over the subject, only including in this beautiful family of flowers the majestic Ethiopic species of Arum (*Calla Ethiopica*). The Hebrew name "Susannah" signifies "a lily," and became the special emblem of purity and chastity. It is associated, as I said, with representations of the Blessed Virgin and many of the ancient saints as well as angels in the paintings of the old masters. The white lily was the badge of the Ghibellines, and the red of the Guelphs.

Following naturally in succession is the Lotus or water-lily, that grows in the inundated lands of Egypt (*Lin. Nymphæa lotus*). Amongst the Greeks and Romans this flower is associated with their mythological histories; and in Hindu theology it is regarded as specially sacred. In the representations of their various deities the latter are often to be seen seated on a flower of the lotus. It was adopted as typical of Upper, and the papyrus of Lower Egypt. In the British Museum there are several statues holding sceptres of this flower, and also a mummy, with the arms crossed, holding one in each hand. The Persians regard it with similar reverence, and so do the Hindu, Tibetan, Chinese, Japanese, and most of the Oriental races. The Persians represent the sun as crowned with it, and it is the special symbol of Buddha; his followers also associating it with the sun, being surmounted by a trident (typical of the sun). The *Svâbhavikas* inscribed their temples with the words *Aum* (Jehovah) *Mani* (the Jewel) *Padmi* (Lotus), *Hoong* (Amen). "This sentence," says Richard Folkard, "forms the Alpha and Omega of Lama worship, and is unceasingly repeated by the devotees of Thibet and the slopes of the Himalayas." He goes on to say that "for the easy multiplication of this prayer, the 'praying wheel' was invented," than which a more impious travesty of homage to the Divine Creator was never conceived. It virtually declares, "I offer an act of worship without giving myself the smallest trouble; neither using my brain, nor sacrificing my breath in words. I have no sin to confess; no pardon nor grace to crave; no gratitude to express, no desire for closer communion with my God. A long course of years, replete with ever-accumulating proofs of Divine forbearance and love, finds me just as I was, when I began to grind the machine, and to present four words neither expressive of prayer nor praise. I am saved all trouble, and that is enough for my Maker and for me"!

David declined to offer to God "that which had cost him nothing." If your offering cost you no thought, self-denial, fatigue, time, nor money, it is worthless. Excuse the digression.

There are three species of the Lotus (*Nymphæceæ*) cultivated in Egypt. One has fragrant white blossoms, bearing edible fruit and resembling our white water-lily. The streams near Damietta are full of it, the flowers rising two feet above the water. Then there is the blue Lotus; but the sacred "rose-lily of the Nile," so called by Herodotus, is a larger flower than either of the foregoing, and its blossoms are of a brilliant red colour. Its roots, seeds, and stalks are all good for food, as well as its fruit, which is formed of many valves, and consists of a cluster of almond-flavoured nuts, each valve containing a nut. The somewhat obscure passage, "Cast thy bread upon the waters," is elucidated by the fact that the seeds of the *Nelumbo* are made into bread, and sown, by enclosing each in a ball of clay, and throwing it into the water. The *Nymphæa lutem* and *Nymphæa odorata* (the latter very beautiful, and of exquisite perfume) are natives also of North America; likewise the *Nymphæa gigantea*, the flowers of which very frequently measure twelve inches across, and afford an edible fruit. But for size and beauty no other species can compare with that of British Guiana and in La Plata, discovered by M. d'Orbigny in the river Berbice, the leaves stretching out twelve feet in diameter, and the blossoms fifteen inches across. The *Zizyphus Lotus* is a thorny middle-sized tree, and must not be confounded with the sacred Pythagorean bean of Egypt, or lotus lily.

LAUREL (BAY).

THE DUTIES OF SERVANTS.

By Sophia F. A. Caulfeild.

The question of the respective duties of all classes of domestic servants to their employers, and no less so those of the latter to their paid dependants, is one which often supplies a subject of painful disagreement between the two parties concerned. Unhappily for each, they are too much disposed to regard each other as opponents, actuated by conflicting interests. On the contrary, the well-being and peace of the household forms an important object of interest to each. They have it equally in their own power, respectively, to promote, or mar their mutual comfort and happiness, and to confer more substantial benefit on each other in their own especial departments of duty than money could either purchase or reward. All antagonistic feeling should be extinguished on both sides, and this can be effected without in the least degree interfering with the order of society and of those distinctions of position which exist by the ordinance of God. It is to be recognised throughout all nature, from the humble "hyssop on the wall, to the cedar of Libanus;" "one star differing from another star in glory;" one faithful servant being "ruler over ten cities," and another "over five" only. "The head cannot boast itself," we are told, "against the hand" or the foot; nor can they be envious of the head. For all the members there is a fit and seemly place, and an honourable work to do; and of every arrangement of divine appointment we may be *perfectly sure that all* is well and wisely ordained.

In giving a general summary of the duties devolving on those employed in every department of female domestic service, I propose to offer a few suggestions both to them, and to those appointed to be heads of households.

The Housekeeper has the entire direction of all the female servants, with the exception of the lady's-maid and the head nurse; receiving the orders of her mistress and acting as her deputy. Excepting where a house steward is kept, it devolves on her to keep the weekly accounts, to enter on her ledger the expenditure of each day; to pay all bills and file receipts; superintend the weighing of meat, to correct the tickets sent with it, and to examine every article sent to the house for the table or otherwise. Should there be a man cook he will relieve her of many of her duties, including that of marketing, one with which she would otherwise be charged. In the case of a female cook being kept, the housekeeper should be prepared to supplement her work as may be found necessary, and to make, as well as to superintend the making of all dishes of a delicate or *recherché* kind, and likewise the arrangement of the bill of fare for every meal. The taking in of the fruits in their due season for preserving, and all the direction and assistance requisite for the making of pickles, jams, and confectionery; the preparation of syrups and the bottling of them, and other juices and liquors are also amongst her duties; as also salting of meat, changing of the brine, the curing and smoking of hams, the storing of salted butter and of eggs, the preserving of potted meats, preparation of stock for soup, and, in fact, everything connected with the kitchen, larder, store-room, still-room, and dairy; as well as the superintendence of the poultry, and all live stock designed for the table, outside the house, all this comes under her jurisdiction. But her duties must be regulated in each particular family, by the establishment kept, and the character of the house, whether a country seat where most of the necessaries of her several departments of trust are home-supplied, or a town mansion where the domestic arrangements are of a different character.

The linen closet and laundry demand her close attention, and she has to give out from the former what is either for use or repair to the under-servants, and to see that the requisite mending be accomplished. The body linen she separates from the rest and commits to the hands of the lady's-maid or head nurse, as the case may be. In the evening she directs the breaking of lump-sugar, washing and stoning of raisins, blanching of almonds, and general preparation of all that will be required for use on the following day.

The inventory, which she should receive on entering her situation, should be carefully compared with everything committed to her charge at stated intervals of six or twelve months, including all the household furniture and kitchen requisites, and a report of wear and tear or deficiencies supplied to her mistress, and entered on the list, if not made good. Her own accounts should likewise be submitted for inspection at least once a month. But all such rules must depend on the wishes of the mistress herself. The wages of a housekeeper vary from £20 to £50 per annum. The "finding" or providing with beer, tea, and sugar, over and above the ordinary food of an indispensable character is subject to no "hard and fast" rule. It varies, according to private arrangement, as regards every class of domestic servants.

The Cook, where no housekeeper is kept, has a considerable amount of work on her hands besides the cooking of meals, such as the marketing, continual supervision of the larder, the salting of the meat, the making of the preserves, and the baking of cakes and perhaps of bread. She must make the study of cookery her continual business, by reading as well as by practice. She must know when meat of all kinds, and different sorts of game, poultry, and fish are in season. She must study the gardener's calendars to ascertain when certain vegetables and fruits come in, and when to make pickles and jams. The cooking of the dinners, and what may be required for all the other meals, of course devolve on her, and the scullery-maid is under her direction, to whom she should make it a point of conscience to teach, to the best of her ability, the art of cookery. In small households she is required to give some assistance in household work, such as to take the front hall, dining room, hall door, and the steps and pavement in front of a town house under her care; not to speak of the kitchen and all the basement. But where a kitchen-maid is kept, the basement floor, area, pavement, with pot and pan, and all floor cleaning, and the bringing in of coal and water, naturally devolve on her, instead of on the cook. But private arrangements may be made by mutual agreement, either increasing or decreasing the legitimate work which a mistress has a right to demand of her cook. Her wages vary from £16 to about £30 per annum.

It will be remembered by the reader that a cook's duties—while she cannot refuse to fulfil those which I have named—may, as I have stated, be multiplied by private arrangement; and must be so, as a matter of course and right, when she undertakes a situation where no housekeeper, nor kitchen-maid is kept. Thus she will have to study the list of that functionary's duties, to be thoroughly acquainted with her own. On this account I have introduced her out of her place in the order of precedence amongst servants, in which she ranks after both the lady's-maid, and the head nurse.

The Lady's-maid holds a position next to the housekeeper. Her duties commence before her mistress rises; and if tea be taken in bed, it is her duty to bring in the small tray containing it, and the toast or bread and butter she also should prepare. She then places all the under-linen, slippers, and dressing-gown ready for use, takes out the dress and cap to be worn, and remains to assist, or retires for a time, according to her mistress's wishes, until she be summoned for the hair-dressing, and to complete her mistress's toilet. Every such maid should be proficient in the art of dressing hair, and should learn every new style as it comes in. She should also know how to make cleansing washes, and rosemary and other decoctions requisite for the hair, so as to provide them at home; also such necessaries of the toilet as camphor-cake and lip-salve, pomatum, &c. After her lady has left the bed-room, it is her business to fold the night and dressing-gowns, and place all in order before the entrance of the housemaids, throwing open the bed and the window, taking out such articles as may need repair or alteration, those requiring fresh lace and frills, and the linen that should be aired. Gloves and boots should likewise be inspected, that buttons may be supplied and small rips sewn up as required. The jewel-case and all private drawers should be locked before leaving the room.

Not only reparations and alterations of dresses come within the limits of her duties, but she should know how to cut out, fit, and make them. She should understand the art of blending colours, so as to become a light or a dark complexion; and her mistress, whether tall or short, stout or slight, fair, sallow, or a brunette, should be to her an object of study; as it is her duty to make her appear at all times to the best advantage. In many houses where a lady's-maid is kept, there is no private laundry-maid, and thus it is one of her duties to understand the cleaning of lace, "getting up" of fine things, clear starching and gauffering. Also how to preserve furs from moth.

A lady's-maid should likewise understand millinery, how to make a bonnet, cap, or hat, and should study all the new fashions in their style as they appear in the best shops. She will have to keep an account of all that she expends in reference to her needlework, as she may be intrusted with a certain sum to meet current expenses. It is her duty to count all the body linen on its return from the laundry, to divide all requiring buttons and strings or other repairs from the rest, and to place each set in a separate spot, drawer, or work-basket, after all have been well aired. An inventory should be kept and notice given to her lady when the wardrobe needs to be replenished with new articles. Having inquired at what hour she proposes to go out, it is her duty to be again in attendance at the appointed time, having to place all that is needful, whether for driving, riding, or walking, in readiness for her; and on her return her lady should find the suitable change of dress prepared for her, and the maid awaiting her arrival to attend upon her. A knowledge of folding and packing closely, so as to save space, without injury to clothing, is another of her essential duties, and one in which much deficiency is generally observable amongst them. At a suitable time before dinner the maid should again adjourn to the bed or dressing-room, and lay out all she may require for her evening costume, and be prepared to dress her. On her leaving the room she extinguishes the candles or lets down the gas, and places a screen on the fire. At bed-time all required for night should be put out in readiness, and she should be in attendance until dismissed. In case of going out to dinner, or any kind of evening entertainments, her mistress has a right to expect her to sit up till her return, and see that she has all that she may require, such as tea or sandwiches, hot water, &c. Should the mistress be an invalid or an elderly person, the

maid would be required to act more or less as a nurse, and would have to read aloud, which she should study to do agreeably, and to write letters at dictation, on which account her writing and spelling should be thoroughly good. But under these circumstances many of the duties required of her by a younger mistress, and one in good health and going into society would not be required of her, so that her work would not be excessive. In small families some of the duties of a housekeeper are united to those of the lady's-maid. Her wages vary, according to her efficiency in all her duties, from £18 to £30 per annum.

An UPPER NURSE should have a thorough acquaintance with all the ailments to which infants and children are commonly liable. She should therefore have some reliable book on the subject of nursing the sick, and children in particular, always by her, and keep her memory perpetually refreshed on all points, so as to recognise the first symptoms of every complaint, and be prepared for all emergencies. She should also study all questions relative to attendance upon her mistress, so as to nurse her, and supplement the services of the regular nurse temporarily hired. Her place is the nursery, for meals as well as for a sitting and work-room, should it happen that there were no day-nursery; and only when her charges are asleep for the night can she leave them in the care of the under nurse, or housemaid, to take her supper in the housekeeper's room, or with the other servants if there be none. The only female servants who have a right to avail themselves at all times, for meals and otherwise, of the housekeeper's room are the upper nurse and the lady's-maid. The washing and dressing of a young infant must be exclusively done by the upper nurse, and that of the older children by the under nurse, always by the supervision of the former. She must take them out, wheel their carriage, and carry them in turn with her assistants. She has the dress and under-linen to make and mend, and she has the assistance of the under nurse, who acts at all times under her directions, helps her to make the bed, and does the rough work of cleaning the room and grate, making the fire, and bringing up the water and all the meals. Should the nurse be single-handed, she must be prepared to keep the nursery in all due order herself, and obtain assistance from the under housemaid, or the single-handed housemaid, as she could not be expected to leave her charge to fetch water, coals, nor the daily meals. She also lights her own fire when single-handed, unless assisted by the housemaid, and makes the beds. A head nurse receives from £18 to £25 or £30 per annum. Ordinary single-handed nurses in small households receive less. But the qualifications, experience, and age of the latter must always regulate the amount of wages expected, even should a valuable servant prefer a situation in a small family of limited means, and to undertake the whole charge of the nursery and its young occupants, to a situation of a higher character.

The UPPER HOUSEMAID.—The duties that devolve on this class of domestic servants are comparatively light, but they are only well performed by a careful, industrious woman—methodical, gentle in touch, and one who "has her eyes about her," knowing how to direct and superintend, and is not above assisting in any duties which are performed by the under-housemaid. Whether she be aided in her work, or be single-handed, that work must be the same in every house, great or small. The cleaning and arrangement of the breakfast room, boudoir, and then the drawing-room, should be accomplished before the family leave their bed-rooms; just as the cleaning of the hall, hall door, steps before it, and dining-room are all done by the cook or kitchenmaid before their appearance downstairs. While the family are at breakfast the bed-rooms have to be set in order, the windows opened, the beds shaken and turned, the slops emptied, and all crockery washed and scalded, caraes, jugs, and tins refilled; a T-shaped sweeping brush wrapped in a wet cloth passed under the bed and all round the room where there may be no carpet; and a damp and dry duster employed in successively removing the dust from the whole room, especially all the ledges in the wood-work. The table, looking-glass, and cheval-glass, or that in the wardrobe door, should be well polished. The rugs should be taken out and shaken daily, the grate and irons cleaned; the cinders must be sifted from the ashes, and the latter removed before the dusting of the room, and the bed also, having been previously shaken and turned, may be re-made without making any fresh dust, the last thing in the finishing of the work. The making of the bed is no unimportant matter, as there is much variety of taste, and one person does not like the bed to be made as another may like it to be arranged. Thus the housemaid should observe what alterations have been made in the amount and ordering of the clothes, and also inquire whether any change would be agreeable. Housemaids are little aware how often the beds are completely re-made by their occupants, as visitors never like to give directions to the servants of their hosts, even in reference to the room especially allotted to their own use, and many are the comments made on the dulness, and want of observation of those who attend to the bed-making.

The cleaning of the paint and of the windows, the washing of china ornaments, and the polishing of the furniture (if need be) should be the work appointed for a certain day in every week, a room or more being completely cleaned every week. The wiping down of the uncovered portions of the stairs and landings, and upper corridors and passages with a damp cloth should be the housemaid's daily work, but when two are kept it devolves on the under maid. The taking out of each rod, one at a time, to wipe underneath the carpet, should be done weekly, on a certain day, and each rod rubbed with a leather before being returned to its place. It is a most inconvenient and unsightly habit, adopted by half-trained maids, to always be taking up the whole of the stair carpet at once. Furniture polish should also be applied to the top of the balusters at intervals, and careful rubbing performed afterwards.

It is the housemaid's business to collect and count the linen to be washed, under the housekeeper's or lady's maid's supervision, weekly; to mend and hem the house-linen, and also to count all on its return home. She has to take down, shake, and put up the curtains and hangings; attend also to all the rugs and cushions in the house, and destroy all moths and flies which may be found behind the shutters in the spring or early summer. Of course, much devolves on the housemaid which properly is the work of a lady's maid, if there be none in the establishment, and she may also be required to assist a good deal in various ways in the nursery, and even sometimes in waiting at table, if only one man-servant be kept. It is also very usual for the office of housemaid to be combined with that of parlour maid, and this demands great quickness, method, and extra knowledge—such as that of cleaning plate, knives, lamps (including the entire management of the latter), the laying of the table, and the art of waiting well—observantly, in reference to the requirements of each individual at the table, quickly, and noiselessly. As a housemaid's duties may be so much regulated by the circumstances of the establishment kept, she may have, as I said, to include some of those which naturally belong to the lady's maid, nurse, and footman, and must not be ready to say "this or that is not my work." She will also have to answer the hall door at certain times, if not always. Her wages range from £15 to £25 per annum.

The UNDER HOUSEMAID, UNDER NURSE, and KITCHEN MAID are directed by the servants holding a higher position in the same department of service as themselves; and, with the exception of remarking that the kitchen maid is expected to dress the nursery and kitchen dinner, it is not necessary to enter into any detailed account of the work of each respectively. The wages of all these maids vary from £9 to £14.

A GENERAL SERVANT should be a very well-informed person, particularly active, methodical, and intelligent; yet she is usually more ignorant and more incompetent than any other class of servants. Well-trained and experienced persons naturally object to the almost never-ceasing work which their situation entails; but quickness and a judicious timing of all the work to be done will, with the kindly aid of her mistress, enable her so to get through her duties—if the dinner be an early one—and enable her to have a quiet hour or two for her own needle-work or reading before bedtime. She will have to be an early riser, and she must manage her work so as to be dressed in the afternoon, to attend to the hall door when visitors may be expected; but the enumeration of all her duties is superfluous in this place, as she needs only to study the directions given to the cook, housemaid, and parlour-maid to be fully acquainted with all her own work. Her wages vary, according to her efficiency as a cook especially, from £8 to £18.

Upon the duties of the Laundry and Under Laundry Maids, the Still-room and the Dairy Maids it is scarcely necessary that I should write, and I hope in my next paper to add a few friendly words to those of my readers who have selected domestic service as their vocation.

(To be concluded.)

USEFUL HINTS.

GINGER COOKIES.—Take one cup of butter and three cups of flour, rub them well together, then add one tablespoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of soda, three eggs, and one and a half cups of sugar. The eggs and sugar must be well beaten together. Roll very thin, cut in small round cakes with a biscuit cutter. Bake in a quick oven.

CLARET CUP.—One bottle of claret, one pint of seltzer water, a small bunch of balm, ditto of burrage, one orange, part of the peel of a cucumber, a small glass of brandy, and one ounce of sugar or sugar-candy; stir all together, and place the jug in some rough ice for half an hour, then strain and serve.

CHAMPAGNE CUP.—One bottle of champagne, one quart of seltzer water, two oranges, one small bunch of burrage, ditto of balm, one ounce of sugar-candy; mix well, and place in ice for one hour, then strain, and pour into a jug.

ARTICHOKE SOUP.—Boil one quart of artichokes and two large onions until quite tender; then rub them through a wire sieve; add three pints of milk, one ounce of butter, and pepper and salt to taste; then boil up, taking care that it does not burn. If not thick enough, add a dessertspoonful of corn flour.

JACK, THE RAILWAY DOG.

A TRAVELLED DOG.—Few people who travel on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway know what a distinguished character has a free pass on every branch of the line, of which for several years he has taken daily advantage. It is between two and three years ago that a fox-terrier, big in bone, and not over well-bred, jumped into a train that was leaving Brighton for Horsham, and settled himself in the guard's carriage. Little notice was taken of him at first, but after a time he began to be a person of great interest. No one knew where he came from or to whom he belonged; but every day he was ready for an early start in an early train. Sometimes he went to Portsmouth, sometimes to Horsham, sometimes only to nearer stations; but the most remarkable part of his arrangements was that he always got to Brighton in time to go by the last train to Lewes, where he always slept, leaving again by the first train in the morning. When the friend from whom I first heard this story (and who vouches for the truth of it) last heard of Jack he still continued this practice, and always spent the night at Lewes Station. About a year and a half ago the London, Brighton, and South Coast Company began to look upon him as one of their regular servants, and presented him with a collar bearing this inscription, "Jack—London, B. and S. Coast Railway Company." My friend told me that on one occasion, some months ago, he traced Jack's movements on one especial day, and probably it was a good sample of many another. He arrived from Brighton by a train reaching Steyning at 10.50; there he got out for a minute, but went on by the same train to Henfield. Here he left the train and went to a public house not far from the station, where a biscuit was given him; and after a little walk, took a later train to West Grinstead, where he spent the afternoon, returning to Brighton in time for the last train to Lewes. He was rather fond of the Portsmouth line, but never, I believe, has come so far as London. He generally takes his place on or by the guard's wheel, and sits looking out of the window. It would be very interesting to know in what the fascination of this perpetual railway travelling consists. It certainly shows an immense amount of instinct and observation, and the regularity and punctuality of Jack's daily life are a lesson to many a two-legged traveller. Whether he considers himself sub-guard, or director, or general overseer, no one can tell, but there is, it seems, an idea of *duty* in his movements; what he has to do (or thinks he has to do) he does faithfully, and so far is a telling example to his fellow travellers on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway. The last piece of information received about Jack is that a lady has presented him with a silver-mounted collar, with which he seems much pleased. On it is inscribed:—

"I am Jack, the L. B. and S. C. Railway Dog. Please give me a drink, and I will then go home to Lewes. This collar was presented by Mrs. J. P. Knight, Brockley." On the day Jack sat for his portrait he left Lewes by the first train for Brighton, and then found that he had business in Portsmouth, whither he travelled. Leaving that town by the 1.30 p.m. train, which arrives at Ford Junction at 2.25, he proceeded to Littlehampton. He and the guard then determined to take a run in the town, and Mr. White, the photographer, of 32, High-street, kindly invited Jack to stop and have his photograph taken. Jack found that he had no engagement before 5.5, when he wanted to leave for Horsham, and we give an engraving of the result of his visit to Mr. White. Jack's head-quarters are at Lewes, but he does not always go home, and frequently passes his nights in the waste-paper baskets at different booking offices.—*Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.*

THE DUTIES OF SERVANTS.

PART II.

WHILE the world lasts there will be the rich and the poor, the rulers and the ruled, the employer and the employed; each class enjoying its own rights, privileges, and responsibilities. Those employing your labour, be assured, are fellow-workers, even if not for hire, and have to bear the cares and anxieties which belong to their position, many of which are far heavier than your own, and with which you have little or no acquaintance. Do not wish to exchange your lot for theirs. You can elevate your position and gain the respect of your employers as well as your fellows by your propriety of conduct, manners, and dress. Common, cheap finery is as little becoming as it is unsuitable, and those who wear it are not those who obtain first-class situations and become elevated to confidential positions amongst their employers. The common-looking, vulgar style of wearing what a low class of servant-girls in lodging-houses call a "flag" at the back of the head stamps them at once as belonging to the lowest grade of untrained and cheap servants. A real cap is pretty and becoming, and is suitable to those whose work must make their hair dusty, and the exposure to draughts disarrange it. That most respectable and high-class race of servants who used to live from twenty to fifty years, or for life, in the same family—dying in the home of their adoption, beloved and respected; or else were pensioned on the death of their employers, to enjoy independence in a home of their own—these were not people who wore a strap of crochet work on the back of a dusty head. They had no desire to look "shabby genteel" either. They wore good, plain dresses and pretty white caps. And so in the present day, in all high-class houses of the gentry, the maid servants are dressed as in olden times, following in the steps of those who rose to positions of competence and future independence. The lady's-maid alone is exempt from wearing a cap, simply because she is always about her mistress, and her work does not expose her to any chance of looking dusty and disarranged. But as she advances in life she also adopts a cap, as looking more respectable and becoming when the hair becomes grey and possibly thin.

It is said that "there is honour amongst thieves." If not influenced by better and more sacred motives, at least you might be ashamed to degrade yourself to a lower standard than theirs. Yet, rightly or wrongly, young servant girls are accused of being very dishonourable. in being much given to what is called "tittle-tattle," as well as charged with trying hopelessly to look like what they are not. It should be regarded as a point of honour amongst you never to repeat outside the house, nor even in the servants' hall nor kitchen, what you were trusted to hear at your master's table or in your mistress's apartments. Never stop to listen to their conversation (which you *might* misunderstand if you did), but give your whole attention to your own business. With reference to the respect due to them, to the duty of "not answering again," of abstaining from purloining, and "showing all fidelity," I refer you to the words of Divine inspiration, which have given no "uncertain sound" in their directions both to masters and servants. Having known of several instances within the circle of my own family and connections of those who have lived from five-and-twenty to upwards of fifty years in the same family, deservedly beloved and respected, I know how to appreciate the faithful and high-principled amongst them, and am ready to believe in the extensive existence of such, in the class to which you, my readers, belong. Strive early to emulate such bright examples, and ever remember that amongst the most humble in birth and circumstances there is such a thing as "Nature's nobility"—the highest sentiments of honour and feelings of propriety, combined with the greatest humility and modesty of demeanour, and of that good sense which makes a man or woman know and live according to their natural position in life; and are placed in that position of trust and trial only as a temporary training for a state of far higher existence.

"Be thou faithful in a few things, and I will make thee ruler over many things."

To the mistresses of families I would now make two or three suggestions. The inefficiency of domestic servants, the rare examples of grateful and loving service rendered, the silly vanity which induces ignorant young girls to ape a position they can never attain, and thus even throw a doubt on their moral character—all these points form subjects of perpetual fault-finding, sour your temper, and prejudice you against the whole class.

Doubtless you cannot "make bricks without straw," and you have much cause for dissatisfaction. A servant professes to know all the duties and method of performing them, for which she expects all the wages you may be induced to give, with all the comforts of a home, and you discover that she possesses but a very superficial idea of any of them. She wastes your provisions perhaps by bad cookery or forgetfulness of them; articles destroyed by neglect of repair, and every description of disaster and annoyance. We all suffer in a greater or less degree, paying honest wages for dishonest service. Alas! "that which is crooked cannot be made straight, and that which is wanting cannot be numbered."

But if we feel so keenly our own wrongs we should apply ourselves all the more zealously to redress them; and if we judge the shortcomings and misdoings of our maid-servants, let us take care that our own conduct be absolutely above reproach.

If, as a general rule, the young domestic servants of the present day are inferior as regards both their efficiency and manners, as well as devoted fidelity to their predecessors, the fault is not always and entirely to be laid to their charge. Those who employ them very frequently show themselves utterly ignorant of their own duties towards them and the great responsibility which lies on their own shoulders. Apart from all higher motives, the old saying, "*Noblesse oblige,*" seems little to influence their deportment towards them. There is a petty and most vulgar meanness in the ostentatious way in which ladies of no real position in society

themselves will order about their attendants as if they were only automatons, and not persons under their benevolent care and wise judicious training. The more or less uneducated need as careful and considerate training as children.

Every household should remember that by a Divine decree it is the mistress who is to "guide the house," and the duties which this sacred charge involves are to be gravely accepted and prayerfully carried out. It is not to be supposed that she has only to give her servants certain orders, and to scold or dismiss them if they be not fulfilled. In a very extended sense, she has the souls and bodies, health, training, and the present and eternal well-being of those under her authority placed in her charge; or, to say the least, within her influence—an influence for good or evil for which she will assuredly have one day to render an account.

The service which she buys with gold may be rendered for love. How often has this been realised when reverses have changed the order of the household, and the faithful servant has selected to share the scant necessaries of life with the beloved and revered heads of the family; not grudging the least extra service that seems to outweigh the gold in the balance set against it, but, thenceforth, as the tried and tested and deservedly trusted friend, clinging with affection and respect to her unfortunate master and mistress!

But money alone will not purchase fidelity like this. "If a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned." Of course, there are the naturally high-principled, as well as the God-fearing, amongst little-educated people, as well as amongst those who have had the benefit of the best intellectual culture. Faithful service, even in little matters,—out of sight, perhaps, and unappreciated—will sometimes be found here, even when the mistress—who pays her servant, and gives her a home—is not to be classed among "the good and gentle." But "as a man sows so shall he reap" is a rule of very general application. If kindness and consideration, supplementing honest payment of service, do not always meet a just reward at the hands of our servants, so we have no right to expect a cordial, hearty, cheerful service for a cold return in money only.

To claim unquestioning obedience — a respectful address and answers—a suitable style of dress — a strict conformity to the hours and rules of the house—and of the performance of the work, in conformity with your own directions — are all requirements perfectly within the limits of your rightful authority. But be careful to give each servant, before her entrance into your family, the complete list of the rules by which she is to be guided; so that if she should demur at any of them, she may do so at once. In the same way, make her acquainted with the amount of rest and recreation you can allow her; and after her ready agreement to your proposals, then let her find that — strict as you may be on certain points — you are no niggard in kindly consideration for her, and that her pleasures are given with an ungrudging hand. Above all things, remember that if you lose your temper in speaking to her, you lower yourself in her estimation. Speak firmly, and gravely, if need be; but do not forget yourself for a moment, nor lower your dignity by saying anything in haste that you would not like to hear repeated in the servants' hall as a specimen of an ill-governed temper. Such outbreaks, however justly you may have been offended, may make your servants fear, but never respect you.

In reference to the recreations to which I alluded, a few suggestions should be given. Going out after dark is by no means included amongst them, unless it be to take turn with other servants in going to church or chapel. Let no Sunday pass without sending each servant to a place of worship once in the day. They need out-of-door air, as well as their mistress. Send them for their weekly outing while the sun shines, or at least that the daylight lasts, to see their families and friends, or do their shopping. Do not grudge a cup of tea, "once in a way," to the relative or friend who may come to see them when the chief work of the day is over.

Supply them always with some nice book —such as a volume of magazines (for instance, our own paper, the *Sunday at Home*, or the *Leisure Hour)*, for, apart from the kindliness of the act, it is your duty to educate their minds; and in so doing you are also training them to be more efficient servants.

Some little time should always be allowed —if not every day, at least once in the week —for their own needlework, the necessary mending and making of their clothing and caps. It is equally for your own satisfaction that they should be accorded some time for this, as otherwise their appearance will be unsuitable to your house; and sitting up late at night—as many are obliged to do—is most undesirable on every account.

Remember that while all familiarity should be avoided, there is a quiet dignified politeness of manner and mode of address that invariably calls forth a politeness of response. Do not allow your self-respect and self-assertion to border upon an ostentatious demeanour. You will never elevate your position in their eyes by so doing. The lady-like politeness of your own manner will invariably be reflected to some extent in that of the servant whom you address.

SOPHIA F. A. CAULFEILD.

"THE GOLDEN PUMPKIN, NUGGET OF THE FIELD."

SOME NOVEL WAYS OF DRESSING THE POTATO.

England we are so accustomed to having our potato simply boiled or baked that the idea of it served in a thick sauce, in a savoury gravy, or in the form of golden balls, must be a new one. In Germany, on the contrary, the potato is rarely served without its accompaniment of shredded onions, fried delicately brown in butter or bacon-fat; in France, finely-minced chives are a frequent adornment; in Italy we have the garlic introduced, with, not uncommonly, the juice of the tomato. In every country the potato is looked upon as a valuable addition to the daily meal, and rightly so, for it contains many nourishing and flesh-forming properties. In fact, I have heard it demonstrated that an acre of potatoes will feed double the quantity of people that can be fed from an acre of wheat.

Potato Rechauffé.

Ingredients.—Cold potatoes, flour, onions and parsley, one ounce of butter, milk.

Mash the potatoes well. Add to them minced parsley and an onion (fried and finely shredded); add sufficient milk to moisten well, and one ounce of butter divided into little pieces. Press the potatoes into a mould, and bake in a moderate oven for about twenty minutes. Turn them out of the mould before serving.

Piquant Potatoes.

Ingredients.—Two pounds of potatoes, four teaspoonfuls of flour, a quarter of a pound of butter, a laurel-leaf, vinegar.

Peel the potatoes raw and cut them into slices. Cook for five minutes in broth or water, with a little meat-extract therein and a laurel-leaf. Put the flour and butter in a pan, and let the flour fry in the butter until it is brown. Add this, and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar to the broth and potatoes. Cook all together for about half an hour.

Potatoes à la Lyonnaise.

Ingredients.—One pound of potatoes, a quarter of a pound of butter, parsley, one onion.

Cut the potatoes raw in thick slices. Chop up a Spanish onion and fry in the butter for one minute. Add the potatoes, and fry till they are a good brown colour. Serve with a light covering of chopped parsley.

Potatoes and Ham.

Ingredients.—Potatoes, ham, onion, and butter.

Take six cooked potatoes and remove their peel; cut them into small squares and fry them in a pan with butter and a chopped onion. Add about a cupful of finely-minced ham. This dish is improved by a sauce made of the yolks of two eggs beaten together with a little sour cream or milk. Mix the sauce with the potatoes and let it cook for a few seconds.

Potatoes à l'Italienne.

Ingredients.—Potatoes, garlic, tomatoes, butter, pepper, and salt.

Peel the potatoes and cut them into quarters. Lay these in a pan with a little water, pepper, salt, and a cut-up garlic. After about three minutes, add a lump of butter and three large tomatoes. Let all boil together until tender.

Potatoes à la Duchesse.

Ingredients.— Cold potatoes, flour, two eggs, milk, pepper, and salt.

Mash up any remains of potatoes lying by. Mix with them a little flour, pepper, and salt, and make into a stiff paste with a couple of beaten-up eggs and a little milk. Form into round balls. Smear over with the yolk of egg and a little flour. Bake in a moderate oven.

Green Potatoes.

Ingredients.—One pound of potatoes, spinach (a handful), onion, parsley, butter and flour.

Cut and slice the raw potatoes. Salt and pepper the slices and cook in water or broth for a few minutes. Take the spinach, onion, and parsley. Chop them all finely together, and add them to the above. Take a tablespoonful of flour; mix it with a little water into a fine paste, and add it with two ounces of fresh butter to the potatoes, onion, and spinach. Cook all together for about fifteen minutes.

Potatoes in Brown Sauce.

Ingredients.—Potatoes, two ounces of butter, parsley, broth, Harvey sauce.

Take small round raw potatoes; peel them, and let them simmer in beef broth with two ounces of butter and a little Harvey sauce. When the potatoes are soft, serve them up to table sprinkled over with parsley.

Potatoes à la Maître d'Hôtel.

Ingredients.—Potatoes, milk, parsley and nutmeg, butter.

Cut a number of cooked potatoes in slices and lay them in a pan of warm milk. After a few minutes' boiling, the milk will become somewhat thick. Add a piece of butter to the mass with chopped parsley and a little grated nutmeg. Serve at once.

Potatoes in White Sauce.

Ingredients.—One pound of potatoes, milk (half a cupful), flour, onion, parsley, laurel-leaf, and cloves.

Peel the raw potatoes and cut into thick slices. Salt and pepper the slices, and cover them with water, adding the onion, parsley, laurel-leaf and two cloves. When this mixture has boiled for five minutes, take a large tablespoonful of flour and half a cupful of milk. Mix the flour and milk carefully together, and add to the potatoes. Cook all together, and serve when the potatoes are tender. Remove the onion, parsley, laurel-leaf and cloves before sending to table.

Potato Croquettes.

Ingredients—Twelve large potatoes, two ounces of butter, three eggs, salt, nutmeg, and flour.

Peel the potatoes and cut them into pieces. Cook them in salt water. Strain the water well from them. Mash them in a bowl, and add two ounces of butter, three eggs, and half a teacupful of flour, and a little grated nutmeg. Mix the mass well together and let it get quite cold. Form into croquettes about a finger's length. Cover with egg and flour, and fry briskly in boiling fat until of a golden-brown colour.

Glacé Potatoes.

Ingredients.—New potatoes, sugar and butter.

Peel the new potatoes and put them in the frying-pan with a piece of sugar and about two ounces of butter. Let them cook in this mixture until they are brown and glacé-looking.

Stuffed Potatoes.

Ingredients.—Potatoes, mince-meat, butter.

Take large raw potatoes, cut them into square shapes. Blanch these in salt water, and then scoop out the centre with a spoon. Fill up these voids with finely-chopped meat or ham. Lay the stuffed potatoes in a pan, cover them with gravy, or a little water with meat extract therein. Steam them slowly until they are tender. Then put the pan in the oven and pour the gravy of the potatoes over them from time to time until they have a glacé appearance.

Potatoes and Minced Meat.

Ingredients.—Cold potatoes, two ounces of butter, flour, egg and breadcrumbs, parsley, and minced meat.

Mash the cold potatoes free from lumps. Beat into them about half a cupful of flour, two ounces of oily butter, and an egg. Roll the mass out on a board and cut out forms with the top of a breakfast cup. In the middle of each of these put a little minced meat and chopped parsley. Close up well. Smear with egg and breadcrumbs. Fry in hot oil or fat until brown.

Minced ham or minced herring or anchovy is also good as a stuffing for these potatoes.

Potato Soufflé.

Ingredients.— Potatoes, three eggs, one ounce of butter, milk.

Take four large potatoes and scrub them well, as the skins are to be used. Bake the potatoes until they are soft inside. Cut the potatoes in halves, and with a spoon take out the inside of the potatoes, taking care not to spoil the skins. Mash the potatoes and see that they are free from lumps. Put the ounce of butter and two tablespoonfuls of milk in a stewpan to boil, adding a seasoning of pepper and salt. Add the mashed potatoes, stir them in smoothly, and remove the mass from the fire. Take the three eggs and divide the yolks from the whites. Add the yolks to the potatoes first, and afterwards the whites beaten into a stiff froth. Stir the whole lightly. Stand the eight half potato-skins on a baking sheet and pour the mixture into them, leaving good space for rising. Bake in an oven for about ten minutes.

Potato Fritters.

Ingredients.—Potatoes, four eggs, lemon-juice, two tablespoonfuls of cream.

Boil the potatoes and beat them up lightly with the yolks of the four eggs, a tablespoonful of lemon-juice, and two tablespoonfuls of cream. Put a quantity of oil or lard into a frying-pan, and drop a tablespoonful of the batter at a time into the boiling fat. Fry a golden brown and freely powder over with sugar.

A sauce made of hot sweet wine or lemon-juice mixed with white sugar is an improvement.

Potato Cake.

Ingredients.—Potatoes, half a pound of sugar, two eggs, half a pound of butter.

Take a pound of potato flour, mix with it the powdered sugar, eggs, and butter. Beat thoroughly together. Put the ingredients into a mould or tin, and bake for a quarter of an hour. Essence of lemon or vanilla makes a nice flavouring.

A CAT & DOG LIFE

"CARS AND STAGES" IN AMERICA.

In America, though there are "busses," they are rarely called by that name. "Bus" is British, and, moreover, supposed to be indelicate; and "omnibus" is by far too long a word for such fast-going people. "Railroad" is also "slow," and labours under a similar objection. The word "car" is therefore the substitute for every species of conveyance by rail, and that of "stage" for every public carriage on the common road. "Waggon" is a term applied to all sorts of private vehicles, from a farmer's cart to the smart-going drosky in which the dashing citizen sports his pair of high-mettled bloods "2′ 40″;" that is to say, animals capable of getting over a mile in that space of time; and "sleighs" are modes of progression better known there than here, corresponding to the English sledges.

But in many respects the Americans are ahead of the British in travelling. Their omnibusses far surpass ours in point of elegance and comfort. Instead of entering a damp, straw-covered, ill-ventilated vehicle, as in London, you find a light, clean, wax-clothed or carpetted carriage, commodious and airy, with agreeable plush or velvet cushions, and handsome frescoes or paintings between the panels, in lieu of the hideous advertisements and placards that are to be found in London. The vehicle is also more simply managed: there are no bawling "cads" or conductors; the coachman alone, perched up on his small and solitary seat in front, manages all. At a signal you stop him on the street, and he relaxes a long leathern strap, which passes from his arm along the top of the interior of the vehicle to the door. So soon as you open and enter this, he again pulls it tight. The belt affords you useful support as you proceed to your seat, and it is still more serviceable to the driver, by keeping you in till you have paid. You pass your money through a small opening near him in front, and he deposits it or gives you change from a small box on his left. Being reckless as any of his London compeers, he takes the precaution of causing you to pay on entrance, lest what is termed a "spill" should occur; that is to say, lest a wheel is whisked off and you be all pitched on one side. By a pull on the strap, you also stop him when you want to descend; one or two applications of the hand causing him to draw up on the right or left side of the road as you may desire.

The "cars," drawn by horses on a sort of tramway, or rail, through the American towns, are not so agreeable. Properly conducted, they would be more so, as their movement is exceedingly smooth: but while the "stages" or omnibusses are rigidly confined to twelve inside, there seems no limit to the number of passengers which the conductor (for here there are conductors) will contrive to stow into the interior of his car. About thirty is the number licensed to be carried by law, but on emergencies he will introduce at least twenty more, until the whole—dragged usually by only one pair of horses—becomes a positive instance of cruelty to animals. The American ladies, too, in these cars, consider themselves entitled to exercise what they deem the inherent and indisputable privilege of their sex. No matter how wearied or lame a man may be, he is expected to rise and give up his seat to the first female who enters after the vehicle is full of the regular number. The sacrifice is usually assumed as a right, without receiving the slightest acknowledgment in return. He takes up his stand along the middle of the carriage, and gallantry, pursued to this extent, of course only operates as a bounty to the cupidity of the proprietors; the conductor continuing to take up ladies until every man is turned from his seat, or the vehicle by no possible management can be contrived to contain more.

The regular rail-road "cars," drawn by steam on the usual iron rails, are on the whole superior to those of this country. There are, indeed, no such accommodations as those of British or continental first-class carriages; for all ranks, save the blacks, being held equal in America, Jonathan tolerates no distinction. The president, if he travels, must be content to travel in the same car with his blacksmith or barber, though it must be owned that blacksmiths and barbers, with every other condition of men here, when they travel, generally are arrayed in their best, and conduct themselves with propriety. But there are none of those hideous boxes which render travelling for second and third-class passengers in England so abominable.

The American railroad car is usually a vehicle between thirty and forty feet long, to which the passengers may enter by a door at each extremity. On each side there are comfortable velvet-stuffed benches, with backs equally protected, which contain two seats each. Along the centre there is an ample walk, where the passenger can perambulate at pleasure. In winter it is provided with a stove, in summer with ice-water. On some of the railways the seats are isolated, so as to form arm-chairs, on which Jonathan can throw himself back, and, by means of a foot-board which springs up in front, perch his feet in the air at pleasure. They are the very quintessence of indolence.

"Sleighing," or sledging, is a favourite winter mode of travelling in the cities of America, and in Canada, throughout the province, it is in vogue half the year. The sledges are of the same form as the English, but on a scale much more extensive, drawn by four, eight, and sometimes twelve or sixteen high-mettled prancing horses. The ladies, above all, love this mode of riding. Parties of fifty or a hundred each are frequently made up from the larger hotels, for the purpose of enjoying a two hours' drive, which frequently terminates in a pic-nic. Some rustic inn or country edifice, belonging to the proprietors, is usually the scene of festivity; and, though the gentlemen's noses

generally look blue, and are often most uncomfortably cold, it must be owned that the faces of the ladies, wrapped up in their furs or buffalo hides, are sometimes eminently attractive.

One cannot quit the subject of travelling in America without, in some degree, mentioning the splendid river steamboats. Often three or four hundred feet long, these more resemble floating palaces or hotels than anything to be found in England. The only objection to them is the reckless mode in which they are frequently driven. A "snag," or sunken tree, which is to penetrate your bow, or a sandbank, where you are to be left "high and dry," is often a disagreeable impediment or termination to a journey; and it must be owned that, however agreeable the excitement may be to the natives, and how interesting soever the question of their respective speed is to the proprietors of rival steamboats, a stranger at first by no means enjoys the trip when the captain of one vessel is plying his fires with turpentine, and the other sitting perched upon the safety-valve.

But one objection of a painful nature remains. Throughout the United States a foreigner cannot fail to be struck by the insulting contumely with which, in all public conveyances, the negro is treated. On the regular railways a car is coarsely fitted up for him, with accommodation scarcely superior to that provided for lumber and cattle; but from the city stages he is invariably, and from the cars generally, excluded. In the Abolition States of the north, this custom is more common than even in the slavery territories of the south, and it often leads to scenes truly distressing. The slightest tinge of dark blood suffices on such occasions to exclude, and, no matter how vital may be his errand, the unhappy Ethiop is rigidly shut out. We have known an African minister of the gospel quitting a couch of sickness, and hastening to impart religious consolation in a chamber of death, rigorously and remorselessly, on an inclement day, thrust into the streets from a vile New York railway car.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

THOUGH a printer may be sitting all day, yet in his own way he is a great traveller (or at least his hand is), as we shall prove. A good printer will set 8000 ems a day, or about 24,000 letters. The distance travelled over by his hand will average about one foot per letter going to the boxes in which they are contained, and, of course, returning—making two feet for every letter he sets. This would make a distance each day of 48,000 feet, or a little more than nine miles; and in the course of the year, leaving out Sundays, that member travels about 3000 miles.

* * *

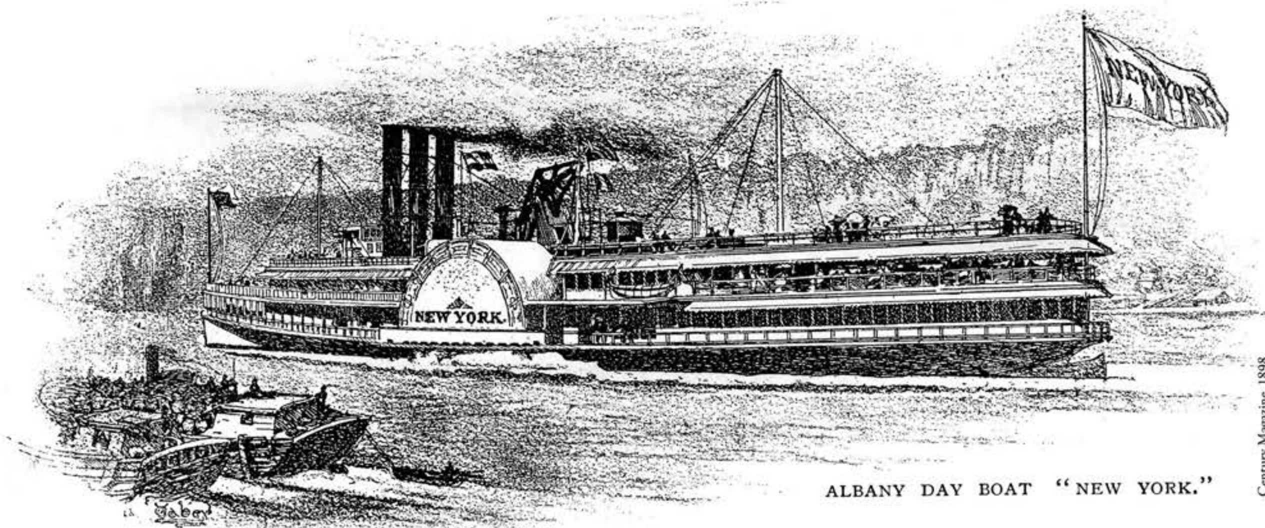
DR. FRANKLIN recommends a young man, in the choice of a wife, to select her *from a bunch*, giving as his reason, that when there are many daughters they improve each other, and from emulation acquire more accomplishments, and know more and do more than a single child spoiled by paternal fondness.

* * *

THE Roman censors frequently imposed fines on unmarried men, and men of full age were obliged to marry. The Spartan women, at certain games, laid hold of old bachelors, dragged them round their altars, and inflicted on them various marks of infamy and disgrace. After twenty-five years of age a tax was laid upon bachelors in England—£2 10s. for a duke, and for a common person, 1s. (William III., 1695). Bachelors were subject to a double tax on their male and female servants in 1785.

* * *

THE PRODUCTION OF VALUABLE MATTER FROM THE MOST WORTHLESS MATERIALS.—Instances of this nature are constantly occurring. The skins used by the goldbeaters are produced from the offal of animals; the hoofs of horses and cattle, and other horny refuse, are employed in the production of prussiate of potash—that beautiful yellow, crystallised salt which is exhibited in the shops of some of our chemists; the worn-out saucepans and tinware of our kitchens, when beyond the reach of the tinker's art, are not utterly worthless. We sometimes meet carts, loaded with old tin kettles and iron coal-scuttles, traversing the streets; these have not yet completed their useful course. The less corroded parts are cut into strips, punched with small holes, and varnished with a coarse, black varnish, for the use of the trunkmaker, who protects the edges and angles of his boxes with them. The remainder are conveyed to the manufacturing chemists in the outskirts of the town, who employ them, in conjunction with pyroligneous acid, in making a black dye for the use of calico-printers.



ALBANY DAY BOAT "NEW YORK."

Century Magazine, 1898

HOSE who fly to the doctor at the least indication of illness, and who dose themselves with physics and decoctions, which, if not harmful, only give temporary relief, would do well to study the healing and life-giving properties of many of the simple herbs, flowers, and weeds which grow around them.

Although in serious cases it is necessary to have immediate recourse to a physician, there are many ailments of a slighter nature and of frequent occurrence which, with a little common sense and knowledge, can be cured promptly and easily by one's self.

The recipes here given were supplied to me by an old Breton cook, whom I came across whilst staying in an ancient and very isolated castle situated on the extreme western coast of Finistère.

Now though life in these castles is extremely interesting, it is fraught with inconveniences, and the drawback of our Breton domain was its want of a doctor.

Dr. ——, the medical practitioner of the little town of Le Conquet (situate some distance from the castle), was also physician to the islands of Beniguet, Molène, and Ouessant. Consequently his figure was rarely seen within the castle walls, and he was never called for except in cases of dangerous illness.

This difficulty having existed for hundreds and hundreds of years, the inhabitants of the castle have had to be more or less their own doctors, and, amongst other things, possess a very practical knowledge of the medicinal and health-giving properties in the flowers, herbs and trees, which grow with such unstinted luxuriance around their domain.

Marguerite, the cook of the castle where I was staying, added to her knowledge of culinary necessities a profound learning of "Nature's Simple Remedies." Very often on wandering into her charming old kitchen to admire the bright copper utensils that hung round the brick walls would I see her stirring slowly some herbal concoction to heal the sundry ailments with which we would from time to time be seized. On watching her stooping over these mixtures, with the smoke curling upwards and reflecting itself ever and anon in the red copper, one might have taken her for a marvellous witch of old, and I'm not quite sure even now whether she didn't breathé some charm or spell over her simple preparations, of whose wonderful healing and restorative powers I have myself been witness.

Let me begin my recipes with the common, much-despised and much-feared weed—

The *Nettle*.—Up to my sojourn at the castle I had looked upon this weed as a disagreeable invention or freak of Dame Nature, whose sole property was that of fiercely stinging any trespasser daring to approach too close, but lately my ideas have changed completely, and I respect its great value.

To gather nettles gloves must be used, to avoid being stung.

Take three or four roots of nettle, well boil them in a pint of water, and strain off. The liquid thus obtained cleanses the blood of all impurities, and is a soothing stomachic. Dropsy is said to be remedied in its first stages by drinking this beverage.

If spots or eruptions appear on the skin, they will soon disappear after half a dozen doses of this mixture. During last summer's great heat the children used to drink a half-pint bowl of this nightly before going to bed. Its flavour is by no means disagreeable, and with a pinch of salt added tastes slightly of asparagus.

Nettles boiled and served up as spinach is an excellent cooling dish during the summer months, and most wholesome. The liquid in which the tender green shoots of the nettle are boiled is almost black. It is a good wash for the head, preventing the hair from falling, and strengthening the roots.

We used to keep a bowl of this mixed with a tablespoonful of vinegar on our toilet-tables, and wash the roots of our hair with it about twice a month.

Whether it is due to this fortnightly wash I cannot of course judge, but I have never seen such glossy and luxuriant heads of hair as those possessed by the countess and her children, and she assures me that this is the only hair-wash she has ever used. The oils, washes, pomades, and mixtures for the promotion of hair-growth, so popular in this country, have never penetrated within the castle walls, and the inhabitants are certainly none the worse for their absence.

Nettles gathered in the summer, dried, and used as a tea in the winter, are good for the chest and lungs.

Mint and Sage should be cultivated in every garden, as they are not only pretty little plants, but also most useful for culinary and medicinal purposes. The former strengthens the stomach, and is good for the digestion. A cup of mint-tea taken in the morning clears the complexion, takes away bad breath, and is a relief against palpitation of the heart. When prepared in milk instead of water it relieves severe stomach-aches; when mixed with vinegar it stops vomiting. Sage purifies the liver. Made into a tea, it clears the throat. Wounds, etc., bathed with sage-tea quickly heal.

Honey is a delicious sweet, and also possesses wonderful curative properties. We often had recourse to it at the castle, and our garden literally flowed with it—not only in the hives, but also in the old trees. I was present at the cutting down of one of the most ancient trees in the park. It was a wonderfully gnarled and knotty specimen, and when split up with the woodmen's axes was found to be filled with one mass of honeycombs.

These combs were of an immense size, they were dark brown in colour, and gallons of a dark brown fluid exuded from them. Honey of this colour is more precious than that of the lighter golden hue, as it is rarer and of a more perfumed flavour. Three vast brown jars, like those of Ali Baba, were placed as receptacles for the fluid—the combs being cut up in bits, and placed on top for the honey to run through. One of the jars was for table use, one for Marguerite's medicinal purposes, and the third was to receive the wax which was boiled down, mixed with turpentine, and used to polish the floors.

The following are a few honey recipes.

In case of sore throat :—

To two tablespoonfuls of honey, put one of powdered borax, warm in a tin mug, and stir till dissolved. Apply with a brush to the throat and roof of mouth. Swallowing will soon become easy. A gargle for sore throat of great efficacy is honey and vinegar. A good gargle for singers whose throats are affected is made by dissolving a teaspoonful of honey in half a pint of boiling water; this can be drunk without injury. Honey is also a demulcent, and relieves dryness, pain, or cough. It is very nutritious, and we used it as an aperient, and found it beneficial. If mixed with hot water it is supposed to strengthen the eye-sight, but the method which we adopted for clearing and strengthening our eyes was that of opening and shutting them quickly over a basin of cold water, allowing the water to enter well, and brightening with the natural friction of the lid.

To cure blood-shot eyes the steam of boiling water is efficacious.

The Dandelion, like the nettle, is in this country much despised, but the slight bitterness forms a tonic, and is good for the stomach. The young and tender leaves when gathered, chopped up and made into a salad with vinegar, oil and salt is an excellent summer dish. The dandelion roots or taraxacum form a bitter and mild laxative, given formerly in cases of dyspepsia and constipation.

Cowslips and Violets, besides being pretty flowers, possess medicinal qualities; the little cup of the former contains a healing fluid, and can be chewed with good result. The green leaves of the violet if boiled in water—a handful of leaves to half a pint of water—relieves the whooping cough, and is effective in all sorts of coughs, three or four tablespoonfuls every two hours, also used for a sore throat gargle.

Seaweed.—A very useful medicine, much resorted to by the Bretons, is the seaweed (Goeman) that grows on the rocks round Finistère. The gathering of this seaweed was, if a little dangerous, an extremely pleasant occupation. I look back with undiminished pleasure to those hot days last summer when, armed with baskets and bare-footed, we wended our way in and out of the frowning black rocks and pulled off the soft shining branches of seaweed. This seaweed is pale-green in colour when plucked, it is then laid out in the sun until it becomes a transparent white, like ivory. A handful of this boiled in milk and sugar, and then strained off and poured into a mould makes a delicious blanc-mange, and besides its medicinal properties, was one of our favourite sweetmeats served in a custard sauce. The count is of opinion that this seaweed is the same as that used by the birds to make their nests in China—those nests which are so much in vogue for the preparation of their soups.

Strawberries are very wholesome and good for the blood, and if one eats about half a pound daily in the summer, one will note an improvement in the complexion, which will be speedily cleared of pimples or blemishes arising from bad blood. Strawberries are also effective for those suffering from their liver. Strawberries mixed with sugar and milk makes a cooling and refreshing drink for the summer. A tea made from the dried strawberry leaves is good and nourishing to the system.

Sorrel is a vegetable little used and known in this country. In France it is much resorted to, and many good dishes are made from it. It is a wholesome and laxative vegetable; a soup made from it and seasoned with pepper, has a slightly acid flavour and is a safe and natural aperient. When made into a sauce and eaten with mackerel and other such fatty and indigestible food it prevents it from disagreeing with one.

Another remedy to which we frequently resorted was pure

Olive-Oil, which is always at hand in the cruet for salad mixing. It is used both for internal and external purposes. Olive-oil warmed, and a teaspoonful taken every quarter of an hour, is a cure for croup. In such cases also we used to have a flannel dipped in this same warm oil and applied to our chests. For

ear-ache, humming in the ears, etc., a few drops poured into the offending member and then stopped up with cotton-wool affords great relief.

All wounds on the body may be very advantageously dressed with oil. The old cure (had recourse to by the good Samaritan of pouring oil and wine into the wounds of the beggar) is still in vogue at the castle, and is an effective treatment. Oil renders the skin soft, smooth, and flexible; it is very good in the treatment of stiff joints, and if rubbed over the skin of lymphatic people it has a nutritive effect. It is of course known also that oil is the prime cure for burns, as it excludes the air.

I wonder if any English girl knows of the properties possessed by

Powdered *Chalk*.—Marguerite was very fond of it, and was always giving us pinches of it unawares; as it has no taste whatever, it can be taken with ease. Marguerite declares that a pinch or two of chalk-dust taken every day is excellent for bone-forming and the building up of the body; it is also good for the digestion, and those suffering from anæmia, as it purifies and enriches the blood. Chalk, mixed with a little powdered camphor, is excellent for the teeth and gums.

Charcoal, ground to powder, is another simple remedy. A little of it mixed in water or milk is good for the digestion, and a cure for all complaints of the liver. An occasional dose is also an effective remedy for unpleasant breath.

Bran is very wholesome and nutritious, as much indeed as flour. Marguerite used to make a drink for the children of the water in which bran had been boiled, mixed with honey, and it was as refreshing as it was wholesome. Those who suffer from indigestion should always eat bread in which the bran is left, as it is a powerful aid to digestion.

Alum should never be missing from any household. It has a very good effect if applied to bleeding wounds, as it checks the loss of blood. Alum boiled in milk in small quantities is good for the toothache. It must be held in the mouth, but not swallowed. For bleeding of the mouth or tongue, a wash in cold water in which alum has been dissolved is effective.

Salt, moistened with water, is a cure for the sting of a bee. If the teeth are washed once a week with salt it is said to prevent decay. If the table-cloth is stained with claret, salt sprinkled over it removes the stain.

Mustard is useful for both external and internal purposes. As a poultice it is effectual in cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, and pains in the chest. When suffering from headache, or at the beginning of a cold, a hot mustard foot-bath should be taken. If rubbed on a part that gives great pain, it acts as a counter-irritant, and is sometimes very useful for this reason. It is of all condiments that which makes one relish one's food the most, and is good for promoting the gastric juices. When mixed with warm water, three or four teaspoonfuls to half a pint, it is a powerful emetic in cases of poison, etc.

Lemons are very important fruits for medicinal purposes. They are very good for the blood, and have been used successfully against the disease called scurvy, which illness is generally caused by the want of fresh vegetables and meat. For this reason they should be always procurable on board ship.

Lemon-juice is, further, a preventive of sea-sickness. I have travelled a great deal by sea, and am not at all a good sailor. I have tried almost every remedy against sea-sickness, including champagne, soda-water, etc., but I can say from experience, that by far the most pleasant thing to have by one's side is a freshly-cut lemon. I never journey without one; their scent is refreshing, and prevents one from smelling the horrid odours of the oil and the engines. A drop of the juice on the tongue is pleasant against nausea, and it is also a cure for that sick headache with which the rolling steamer affects one. For people suffering from biliousness, there is no better drink than half a lemon squeezed in a tumbler of water. For those who wish to reduce their superfluous adipose tissue, a tumbler of hot water with a little lemon-juice squeezed in and drunk over night is supposed to be efficacious. Lemon-juice is also given in cases of gout and rheumatism; it is an aid to the digestion, and water with a little lemon-juice sponged on the skin during fever cools the surface. Lemon-juice is likewise recommended for the removal of freckles, and is very efficacious in preventing hands from chapping, if rubbed in immediately after washing.

Liquorice is an old-fashioned remedy, but none the worse for that. It is a pleasant medicine, and a small piece taken after meals aids the digestion. It is a demulcent, and is therefore useful in cases of sore throats and coughs. Mixed with water it makes a soothing drink, and softens and clears the throat.

Apples are a very wholesome fruit. One eaten at breakfast every morning is recommended for the complexion, and its consumption is also advisable for those suffering from gout or liver. In a book on indigestion, read some time back, I remember being struck with the high praise given to the apple and its properties. The following is a quotation:—

"The amount of phosphorous contained in apples, potatoes and tomatoes (without phosphorous no life), causes them to be brain-food of high value."

Dyspeptics are recommended to make generous use of this excellent fruit. Tickling sensations in the throat, the ordinary forerunners of cough, are alleviated by taking a tablespoonful of the cold pulp of the roasted apple at night. Apples are to a certain extent a preventive of jaundice, they lower the temperature of the body in summer; activity is increased by them, fatigue and thirst diminished.

Arrowroot is an effective remedy against diarrhœa, and rarely fails. The children at the castle were given half-a-tablespoonful dry on their tongue (when seized with this complaint), which they swallowed immediately. The dose was repeated three or four times in the day.

Nuts are a nutritive food and have flesh-giving properties. They have been prescribed in cases of great hunger and diabetes. Nuts require good chewing, which stimulates the gastric juices, and they act as a slight aperient when the stomach is healthy.

Camomile flowers are dried and made into a tea which is good for feverish colds, and for cramp. When made into a strong decoction they are very soothing for painful gatherings under the nails, etc. If boiled, strained off and put into a flannel bag they ease boils on the cheek, gatherings inside the mouth and neuralgia. Put the bag against the painful parts. The warm infusion drunk is a mild emetic which can be used in cases of biliousness.

Camphor if dissolved in spirit is good for sprains and contusions. When mixed with olive oil a soothing remedy for rheumatism and pains in the back. When mixed with chalk it is a good tooth-powder. During the great cholera scare which raged in Brest, Le Conquet, and the villages near the castle last summer we used to take occasional doses of powdered camphor in rectified spirits of wine.

Bilberry picking used to be a favourite amusement with us at the castle, and Marguerite was always delighted to see us coming home with our baskets full of these little black berries. Mixed with brandy, they make a powerful medicine for the stoppage of diarrhœa, dysentery, etc. A few drops should be taken on sugar in such cases.

Milk is a most important item of food. At the castle, where we got the milk from our own dairy, we introduced it at nearly every meal. A bowl of warm milk in the morning is of itself a delicious and wholesome repast. Taken the last thing at night it acts as a sedative. For those who go in for much exercise, milk is an excellent food, but many who pass a sedentary life cannot digest it except when boiled. It should not be drunk during meals as it is a meal of itself. Its fatty properties recommend it to the thin and scraggy who wish to gain a little adipose tissue. If you stir up a cup of milk with a hot poker until it boils, and apply it with linen to inflamed eyelids it is very soothing. Milk is a harmless cosmetic for the removal of sunburn—another for the same purpose is the white of an egg well beaten and applied. Much better is prevention than cure in the case of sunburn, and Marguerite gave me a recipe for the preservation of my complexion during the hot summer days spent by the seashore, which was as follows:—

First smear the face slightly over with a little oil, lard, cold cream or vaseline. Rub off gently with a towel, and dust the face afterwards with either powdered starch, white fuller's earth or flour. This preparation may not sound very elegant, but it is a most effective preservator of the skin, and the only recipe that I have ever found beneficial in the prevention of sunburn, freckles, tan, roughness or chaps. Scalds and burns are relieved by turpentine. Whiting made into a paste and spread over them is also said to be effective. For chilblains, Marguerite used to supply us with the water in which potatoes in their peel had been boiled. Mustard rubbed on is also good.

Raw onion is a remedy for a wasp's sting. The sting must first be abstracted with the nail or tweezers. I hear that tobacco rubbed into the sting is also an effective cure.

For gnat or mosquito bites, use vinegar and water, or sweet oil.

If one has been bitten by an animal suspected in any way to be poisonous, a bowl of hot milk should be drunk off at once.

Bruises and sprains can be effectually treated with vinegar and water applications. Three times the amount of water to one of vinegar.

If stung by an adder (a not unfrequent occurrence in Brittany, where they exist in vast numbers) have the presence of mind to slit up the animal's back with a pen-knife; a healing fluid will be found there which when applied to the sting affords instant relief.

Warts should be rubbed daily with a radish, or steeped in a mixture composed of vinegar, salt, and the rind of a lemon.

Sprains.—Hold the part affected in very cold water for about two hours. In bad cases mix a little turpentine with flour and yolk of egg. Apply as a plaster.

The juice of unripe grapes, or lemon-juice is good for a tanned skin.

Scratches should be washed in cold water and closed as much as possible by compression; if inflamed a bread poultice should be applied.

In case of *nose bleeding*, put a key down the back, or something very cold; wash the nose with ice cold water, and keep the head as upright as possible.

I could give many more recipes of this kind, but my article is already very long, so I desist.

Many of these recipes may be already well known to "Our Girls," though for the most part they were quite original to me.

They are mostly no doubt old-fashioned recipes that have been handed down from generation to generation. The inhabitants of these ancient Breton castles are very wary of trying new medicines, of the preparation of which they are ignorant. They cling obstinately to the traditions of their ancestors in this respect. Their health does not suffer for their obstinacy.

Odds and Ends.

THE Dowager-Empress of China, who has been presented with a Bible by the Christian women of her kingdom, is the greatest woman-sovereign who has ever reigned in the East. She was the daughter of a poor man living on the outskirts of Canton. The family being on the verge of starvation, the girl, who was extremely beautiful, besought her father to sell her as a slave. Greatly against his will the old man assented, and she became the property of an illustrious general, who, charmed by her disposition and natural cleverness, adopted her as his daughter and educated her. Being called to Pekin, the general thought his daughter the fittest present he could give to his Emperor, the latter being so charmed with her that he made her his wife. In 1861 her husband died, and the Dowager-Empress became regent, the present emperor being then only seven years old. She found China crippled by debt, and torn by internal rebellions, yet five years ago when she handed over the cares of government to her son, peace and prosperity reigned throughout the eighteen provinces and the vast tracts of country beyond them which recognise the suzerainty of the Brother of the Sun.

A RECENT advertisement reads as follows:—"If the gentleman who keeps the shoe-store with a red head, will return the umbrella of a young lady with whalebone ribs and an ivory handle to the slate-roofed grocer's shop, he will hear of something to his advantage, as the same is the gift of a deceased mother now no more with the name engraved upon it."

THIS story of the nipping in the bud of literary vanity comes from France. Z. has just published a book. During his morning walk he meets the critic of an important morning paper, to whom he cries, "Ah, my friend, have you read my book?" "Certainly, I have read it twice," was the answer. "Ah!" Z. cries ecstatically. "How good of you; you are indeed a true friend!" "But it was only to try to understand it," was the crushing reply.

DR. WILLIAM MOON who died a short time ago, was the inventor of the well-known system of printing for the blind. The first embossed publication appeared in 1847, and since then some two hundred thousand books have been printed at the little shop in Brighton, managed by himself and his daughter. They gave their services to the cause of the blind, deriving no profit from the sale of the books they published. Dr. Moon had been blind since he was twenty years of age.

As a tribute to the memory of Marie Antoinette, a large number of French ladies who are loyal to the Bourbon cause have founded a League of Mercy in Paris. The well-known Duchess D'Uzés is at the head of the League, always devoting two days a week to visiting the hospitals where the worst cases are received. There she undertakes all the duties of a nurse in relieving the pain of the sufferers, her example being followed by the other members of the League who are drawn from the best families in France.

THERE is a superstition in France that children born with teeth will be brilliantly clever. It probably arises from the fact that Henri IV., Louis XIV., two kings who left the greatest mark upon French history, and Mirabeau, the great orator, were all born with one tooth.

MISS EDITH WALKER, a young lady of Bogota, in Columbia, has notified to the municipality that she intends to present herself as a candidate for a vacancy on the police staff of that town, and that she will wear "a modified form of *kèpi*, blue tunic, and knickerbockers." The temperance ladies are actively supporting her claim, declaring that the drunken will be ashamed when they find themselves arrested by a woman, who has, it is said, "faultlessly classical features and sympathetic but searching blue eyes." A female policeman is certainly the most curious antidote to intemperance as yet lighted upon.

"THY friend has a friend, and thy friend's friend has a friend; be discreet." "Speaking without thinking is shooting without taking aim."

To keep ferns through the winter they should be watered each morning, the mould never being allowed to harden. Occasionally the pots should be placed in water for about ten minutes, especially when the ferns are young. Gentle syringing is good for all ferns in winter, as it keeps them free from dust, which quickly kills them if allowed to accumulate. Strong-leaved palms may be washed with soft soap and water once a week.

THE position taken by women in Norway is very different from that which they occupy in England. It is quite customary for a girl to act as clerk in her father's office, or to help him in any occupation in which her talents are available. This is a beginning in the right direction. Home, before anything else, claims woman's attention and endeavour, and a girl in being her father's clerk is doing far greater good than in aspiring to fields of labour, the benefit of which she can only reap herself.

IT is very curious and interesting to note how many of the great men of the world were feeble and unhealthy in childhood. Voltaire was so puny and so weak that he could not be baptised until several months after his birth; Newton too was so small and frail that he was not expected to live, but like Voltaire, he was almost eighty-five years old when he died. Sir Walter Scott, until the age of two, was paralysed in the right leg, but being sent to live in the mountains he became strong and agile. Victor Hugo has himself said that he was born a weakling, and that only constant care, night and day, kept him from perishing.

HOUSE-BUILDING in Siam is not a costly nor a long operation. The greatest difficulty is to find a site free from the visits of sirens, ogres, giants, and the many other visitants which have their existence in the superstition of the Siamese. A soothsayer having chosen a suitable spot, he searches carefully for any stones that may be in the earth. Should he find any, it is a sign that great misfortune will fall upon the occupiers of any house built upon the ground. When he has declared the site in every way felicitous, the family who wish to build the house, gather together the necessary materials, then invite all their relatives and friends. On the day fixed, all these arrive in a crowd, armed with picks, bill-hooks, knives, hatchets, and saws. Some dig the holes in which to place the supports, others cleave the bamboo, or prepare the wood-work. Before night the light habitation is completed, but everything is uneven, notably the steps, the windows, and the doors. The columns are ornamented with red and white rags, which are supposed to bring happiness; the unevenness of doors and windows is supposed to avert the coming of evil spirits.

TWO wonderful mountain ascents have recently been made in the Himalayas by Mdme. Le Roy, who is one of the most intrepid women travellers in Europe, running Mrs. French-Sheldon very close. Mdme. Le Roy is now in Cashmeer. Mrs. French-Sheldon will be remembered for her adventurous explorations in East Africa. She reached Kilima Njaro, that mountain of mystery in Mid-Africa, being the first white who has set foot in this almost unknown land.

THE pioneer of reform in woman's dress, Mrs. Amelia J. Bloomer, has recently died in America at the ripe age of seventy-seven. It is now forty-five years ago since she advocated the wearing of Turkish trousers and a tailor-made coat by women, but happily she did not see her ideal realised. She herself abandoned the "Bloomer" costume, because she was afraid she would only be remembered as the wearer of an odd dress. She wished to be remembered for her excellent lectures and her able writing on women's questions. But the world does not easily forget eccentricity, especially in women.

A SHORT time ago the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board appointed Mrs. M. E. Williams to be keeper of the Llasowe Lighthouse, which is of the greatest importance to vessels navigating the entrance of the Mersey. Mrs. Williams is the widow of the late keeper, the admirable manner in which she carried out his duties when he was incapacitated by ill-health being her recommendation to the post. She receives £75 a year, a house, a garden, and an allowance of twelve tons of coal yearly. Another woman lighthouse keeper is Ida Lewis, who has charge of the Flint Rock Lighthouse, receiving a salary of £3 a week, and two tons of coal yearly. She is *fifty years of age.*

ST. JAMES'S PALACE was founded by Henry VIII., being then known as the King's Manor House. It had originally been a lazar house, established at the beginning of the twelfth century when leprosy was a common disease in England and in most European countries. A hospital named St James the Less then stood upon the site of the present palace, which was used by Henry VIII. and all his successors up to Charles I. as a country house only, Charles II. being its first royal occupant. From his time until the reign of George IV. St. James's was used as a royal residence, but on the migration of the "First Gentleman in Europe" to Buckingham Palace, it has only been used for state ceremonials such as levées and official receptions. The gateway of the palace was designed by Holbein.

A MOST remarkable journey has just been accomplished by a little Polish Jewess named Pearl Landau. The child's parents, living in Poland, were very poor, and her married sister living in Liverpool wished her to be sent to England. But she herself was too poor to go to Poland, or to pay anyone to accompany her sister. She sought the assistance of an emigration agent who sent a label to Pearl's parents, bearing these words in three languages, "To the railway officials. Please forward this girl on to Hamburg," as well as an address in Liverpool. About a fortnight later the child was brought to the address in Liverpool, with the label still tied to her arm. She had travelled hundreds of miles overland, from Poland to Hamburg, not knowing any but her own language; from Hamburg she had been sent by boat to Grimsby, and thence by train to Liverpool, having spent a week on the journey, and being entirely dependent upon charity for food.

OCTOBER.

COME while you may!
The woods are gay
With Autumn's glories glowing ;
And through the groves
The pheasant roves,
Where tangled brakes are growing.

Come while you may!
With trilling lay
The woodland thrush will cheer you;
And you may hear,
Low, sweet, and clear,
The brooklet's murmur near you.

Come while you may!
This sunny day
May end the scene of gladness,
Rude winds may tear
The branches bare,
And leave the woods to sadness.

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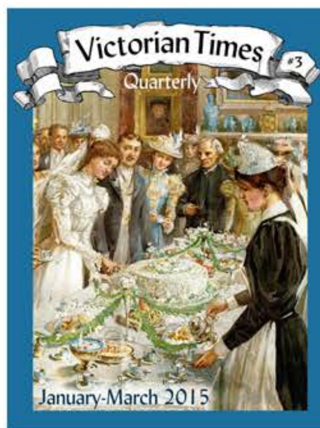
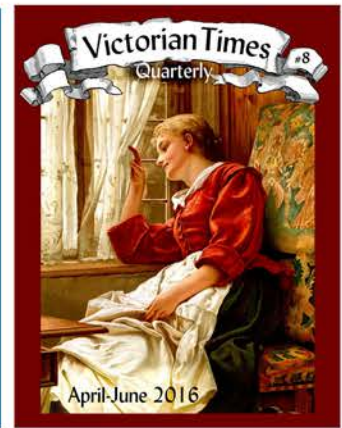
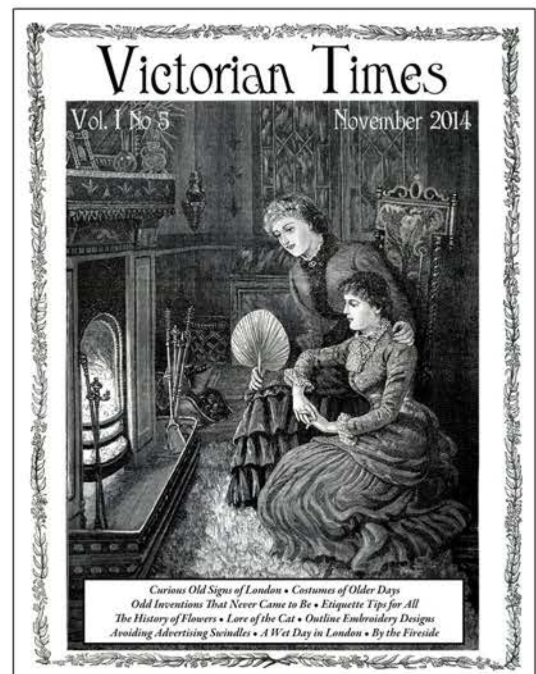




Coming in November...

- Old Stone Signs of London
- The Lore and History of Cats
- Fashionable Costumes of Older Times
- A Wet Day in London
- Outline Embroidery Designs
- Avoiding Advertising Swindles
- Fireside Life
- Eccentric Inventions that Never Were
- Delicious Creams
- Etiquette Tips for Everyone
- Chance Glimpses of Nature
- Flowers in History and Folklore, continued...
- And, of course, recipes, household hints, and more...



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