Victorian Times

Vol. I No 5 November 2014

Curious Old Signs of London • Costumes of Older Days
Odd Inventions That Never Came to Be • Etiquette Tips for All
The History of Flowers • Lore of the Cat • Outline Embroidery Designs
Avoiding Advertising Swindles • A Wet Day in London • By the Fireside

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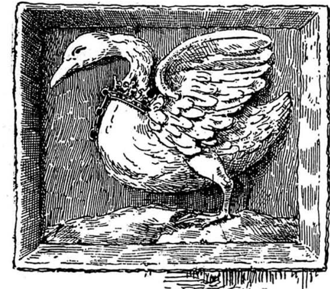

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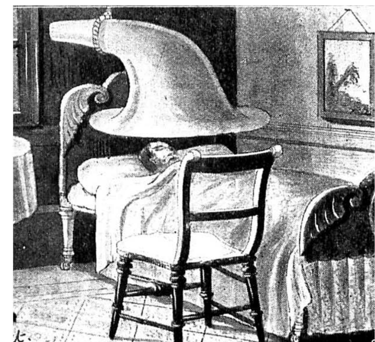

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Moira Allen, Editor - editors@victorianvoices.net
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** The Girl's Own Paper **Cassell's Family Magazine*

Where Does It Begin?

Where does the love of the past begin? A magazine like this can only thrive in a community of like-minded lovers of things nostalgic—and where Victoriana is concerned, that's a *large* community! Victorian tea-rooms, Victorian bed-and-breakfasts, and shabby-chic boutiques have mushroomed across America, attracting followers in droves. It's easy to say "this is a trend"—just like any other retro or nostalgic "trend"—but I rather think there is more to it than this.

I mentioned in an earlier editorial that my addiction to Victorian magazines began in an East Sussex bookshop. But actually it began decades ago. My father was a freelance graphic artist, and occasionally, as a treat, he'd take me to an art supply store. While he stocked up on dull stuff like rubber cement and art board, I'd peruse the wall of flat trays that housed hundreds of sheets of fonts and page decorations. In those days, if you wanted to "paste up" a publication, you literally pasted it on paper, and if you wanted a fancy header, you used an X-Acto knife to carefully cut it from a sheet of sticky-backed, rub-on letters, and burnish it down with an ivory burnisher (which I still have).

That's when I discovered the world of fancy, ornate Victorian fonts, initials and alphabets—and fell in love. I discovered sheets of Victorian page decorations: swashes, swags, banners, peacocks, bouquets, cupids and gargoyles. I was allowed to select four or five sheets on every visit, and so my first collection of "Victoriana" began when I was 10 or 12 years old! (This also possibly explains why I now have a collection of over 4000 Victorian initials and decorations scanned from dozens of magazines...)

I suspect Victorian artwork and imagery appeals to many of us for similar reasons. We love the intricacies of its designs and forms, the romance of its depictions of a countryside of another day, its flights of fancy. It captures the imagination in ways that "modern art" does not. (I'm sure there is much to be said for modern art; I'm just not the person to say it.) It appeals to a love of detail—especially when we remember that it was, at the time, the only means of *capturing* detail when the camera was either a rarity or nonexistent.

I sometimes wonder what a Victorian artist would think if he (or she) could see how that artwork is being used today. Who could have imagined, in the 1800's, that an image that was painstakingly engraved on a block of stone, and hand-inked to make an impression on a sheet of paper, could one day be recaptured using a scanning device and stored as electrons in a computer? Who could have imagined that this same image could be transmitted digitally quite literally around the world? And who, in the 1880's, could imagine the uses to which those images might be put today? (Although, realistically, given the Victorian penchant for scrapbooking, one of our leading uses of Victorian images would probably feel quite natural and logical to our time-traveler from the 1800's...)

Nor would our many "repurposings" of Victoriana seem that odd to a Victorian, I suspect. Victorians themselves were mad about the past, and constantly gathered images from other cultures and other times to use in their own art and design. (See Fred Miller's comments on researching the art of other cultures in the article on tile painting in this issue as just one example!) Greek and Roman designs, Chinese and Japanese, French and European—they all had their "day" in Victorian design. So it would hardly surprise a Victorian to see us reaching back into our past for inspiration from *their* works.

Today, I'm excited about my latest efforts in "repurposing" Victorian designs—in VictorianVoices.net's new line of Victorian- and vintage-themed mugs. We've adapted designs from Victorian illustrations, greeting cards, scrapbook chromo-lithographs and die-cuts, and turn-of-the-century postcards to create a series of mugs that I hope will delight anyone who loves Victoriana—or who loves gorgeous, colorful coffee mugs! And again this keeps with Victorian tradition—considering that the Victorians designed many of *their* teacups and teapots from traditional Old-World and oriental themes.

Call it borrowing, call it homage... the bottom line is, Victoriana is not just a "trend." Rather, I believe, it's something that speaks to those of us who are a bit put off by modern "trends," and keep seeking something that has a more lasting appeal. Victorian imagery touches the imagination, and I hope we keep touching yours!

—Moira Allen, Editor
editors@victorianvoices.net

Old Stone Signs of London.

THOUGH the predictions of John Dryden were not always fortunate, one stanza in the "Annus Mirabilis," 1666, which refers to the future of London City, may here be appropriately quoted :—

> " More great than human now and more August,
> New deified she from her fires does rise :
> Her widening streets on new foundations trust,
> And, opening, into larger parts she flies."

It may be observed that Augusta was the Roman name for London.

Now of the old stone signs of London yet extant, one or two only bear date anterior to the Great Fire. Many of those which still remain, fixed either on the outside walls or within the houses they originally marked, are undated, but their age may be guessed with a tolerable degree of accuracy. It is also known that the custom of denoting houses by carved stone signs built into the outer walls did not come into general use until the rebuilding of the city subsequent to the year 1666.

The inconvenience of the old swinging signs, which blocked the daylight, and which, by their creaking noises, made day and night alike hideous, had long been felt—nay, more, their danger to passers-by, when wind and decay had caused a downfall, had been not a few times painfully apparent. Hence the Act of Charles II., which forbade swinging signboards, was both wise and salutary. The signboards, however, died hard, and prints as late as the middle of the eighteenth century show the streets full of them. But signs had their use in those days of unnumbered streets, and it was not until the numbering of the houses was enforced that the quaint, historic, and, in some cases, even highly artistic, landmarks vanished.

As years have rolled by, the stone signs themselves, built though they were into the walls of the houses, have in a great measure disappeared. Some are luckily preserved in the Guildhall Library Museum, others are in private hands, many have been carted away as rubbish during rebuilding, and only a few now remain *in situ*. It is with these few that this paper is now concerned, and of which illustrations are given.

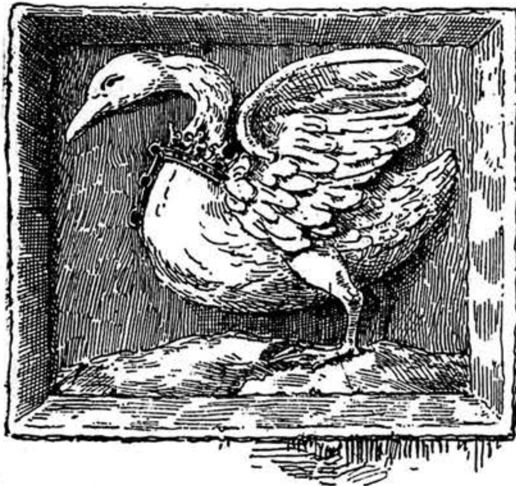
The use of the curious sign known as the "Boy and Pannier," in Panyer-alley, is threefold. It was a street sign, a trade sign, and also, it would seem, a landmark. Stow, writing in 1598, mentions a street sign there, probably the upper portion only of the present sign. He writes, " . . . Is another passage out of Pater Noster row, and is called, of such a sign, Panyar Alley, which cometh out into the north over against St. Martins Lane." Along this alley the bakers' boys were wont to sit, with their baskets or panniers of bread exposed for sale, the sale of loaves at the bakers' shops for some reasons being prohibited by law. On the lower slab there yet remains a barely legible inscription, which in modern English runs thus :—

BOY AND PANYER.

> When you have sought the city round,
> Yet still this is the highest ground.
> August 26, 1688.

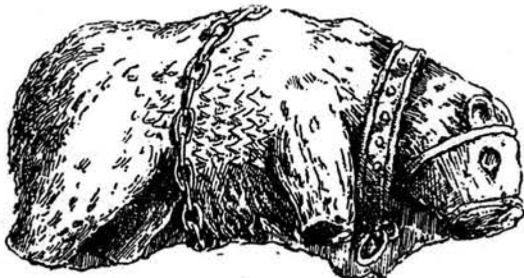
Cheapside and its tributaries are, as times go, rather rich in stone signs. On the external wall of No. 37 may be seen a well carved swan with collar and chain. This is a sign of heraldic origin without doubt; it was, in fact, one of the badges of Henry IV., and was also heraldically one of the charges of Buckingham, Gloster, and others. Hitherto, however, efforts to trace the exact

history of this sign have been without avail. Far different is it with the White Bear, now to be seen within the house of business of Messrs. Gow, No. 47, Cheapside. This most interesting sign was discovered while making alterations as lately as 1882. The house itself stands at the corner of Soper's-lane (modern designation, Queen-street), and was once the shop of the far-famed



THE SWAN.

merchant, Sir Baptist Hicks, Kt., subsequently Viscount Campden. Baptist Hicks was the successful son of a wealthy father, and succeeded to what was in those days a most thriving silk mercer's business. His career is remarkable in more ways than one, for though a favourite at Court, immensely wealthy and knighted, he was the first London merchant who after knighthood took the resolution to still continue in business.

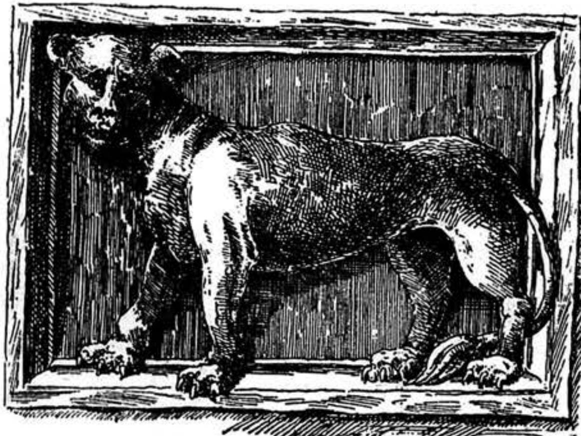


WHITE BEAR.

It is also worthy of notice that the stone figure of the bear faces in the opposite direction to all other heraldic signs now standing in London. At No. 28, Budge-row, will be found one of the best preserved of all the London signs, "The Leopard" (otherwise Lizard or Lazarde). This is the crest of the Worshipful Company of Skinners, and as Budge-row took its name from the skin of newly-born lamb, which was termed Budge, the origin of this sign can be in no way a matter of doubt. The Skinners' Hall, too, was close by, and quite early in the fourteenth century it may be noted that enactments were in force against the wearing of "cloth furred with Budge or Wool" by persons (women) of inferior rank.

Lower Thames-street, known in the time of Stow as Stock Fishmonger-street, still possesses two very good examples of signs: one, the "Bear," with its collar and chain, carved in very high relief, and surmounted by initials and date (1670).

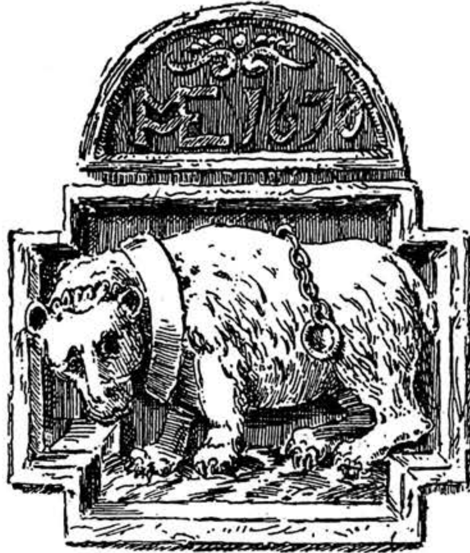
On the borders of Islington and Clerkenwell there are a group of signs which belong to houses celebrated in past days. The first is the "Old Red Lion." Here there are two carved shields, one of which



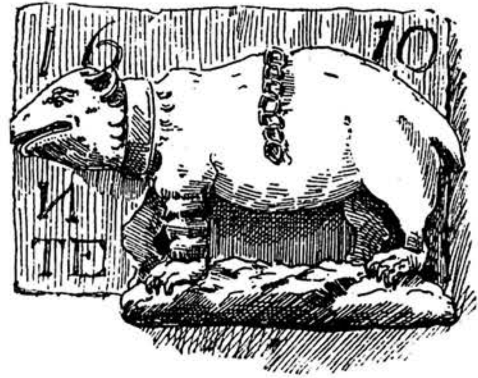
THE LEOPARD.

only is antique—*i.e.*, that on the north gable. This house has memories and traditions both literary and artistic. Within its walls Tom Paine wrote the "Rights of Man." This is, however, a questionable honour. Here Hogarth was wont to stay, and has even introduced its gables into one of his prints—"Evening." The house, too, was the haunt at times of Thomson, Goldsmith, and Johnson.

Another sign is the "Pelican," of which there is an example in Aldermanbury. The fabulous story of the pelican "vulning" (*i.e.*, wounding) its breast to feed its young endured for ages, and even as late as the reign of George I., at Peckham Fair, there was advertised to be on view "A pelican that suckles her young with her heart's blood, from Egypt." In the same district as the "Pelican," at the corner of Addle-street, E.C., may be seen yet another "Bear"—how popular as sign

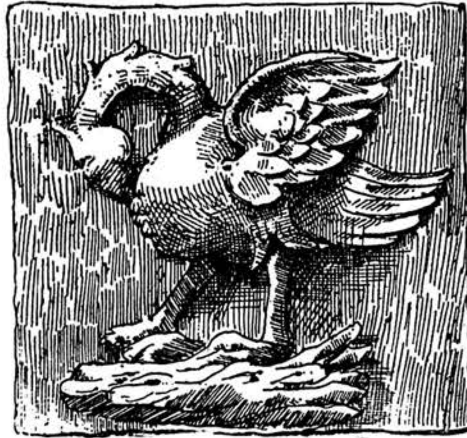


THE BEAR.



BEAR AND CHAIN.

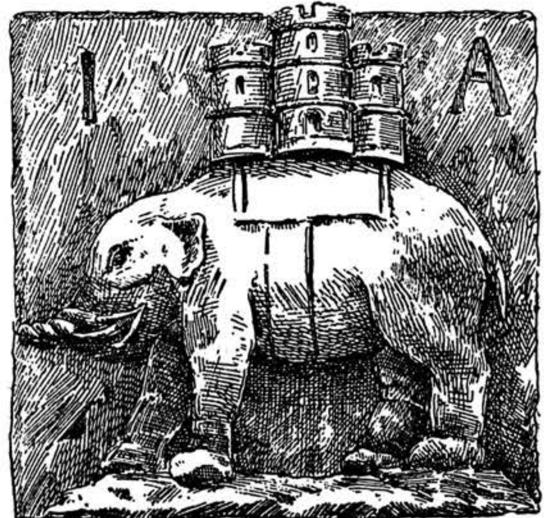
and how enduring these bears seem! This carving is dated 1670 (not 1610), and bears initials N.T.E. The N., which is the surname, is reversed; the T. and the E. standing in all probability, as was customary, for the Christian names of the builder and his wife. The "Elephant and Castle," irreverently called the "Pig and Pepper-box," in Belle Sauvage-yard, is the crest of the Cutlers' Company, to whom the house was left in 1568 by John Craythorne. The "Belle Sauvage Inn," over the origin of whose name and sign so much antiquarian ink has been spilt, vanished years ago. This hostelry was memorable among other things for being opposite the spot at which the rebel Wyat rested on the occasion of his unsuccessful attempt to penetrate Ludgate. It was also a celebrated stopping-place for the northern carriers. In Belle Sauvage-yard for a time dwelt Grinling Gibbons, and there he carved, according to Walpole, "a plot of flowers which shook surprisingly with the motion of the coaches that passed by."



THE PELICAN.

Two or three outlying stone signs remain now to be mentioned. One is the

THE OLD RED LION.



THE ELEPHANT AND CASTLE.

"Cock and Serpents," at No. 16, Church-lane, Chelsea. This sign, evidently religious in its origin, is very remarkable, both in its design and also from its date, 1652. It does not appear to have any history, though the road in which it is to be found teems with memories of not a few of England's worthies. Another, the sign of the "Dog and Duck," now built into the garden wall of Bethlem

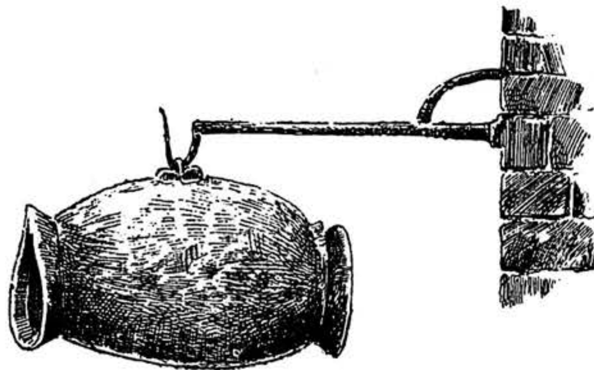
COCK AND SERPENTS.

Hospital in Southwark, is important from the fact that it records the precise sport (duck hunting) which was the attraction of the house, and also because on the same stone, and dated 1716, we find the arms of the Borough and Southwark—a conjunction of which the history of signboards offers no other example.

One illustration is given of a sign which is not stone, *i.e.*, the "Leather Bottle," at the corner of Leather-lane, Hatton Garden. There appear to be doubts whether the present sign is the original, but as one branch of sign lore deals with signs appro-

DOG AND DUCK.

priate to places, it may be well to mention this one, which is certainly of respectable antiquity, as an example. Space is wanting for more than mere mention of the "Marygold" of Messrs. Child's, the "Golden Bottle" of Messrs. Hoare's, and the three quaint iron squirrels of Messrs. Gosling's. Nor can the traditions of the ancient "Cock" Tavern in Fleet-street, with its carved wooden sign (possibly the work of Gibbons), be here related. The writer, however, may perhaps be permitted in conclusion to acknowledge with gratitude his indebtedness to the only standard book on the subject, and also to kind assistance rendered to him by many with whom he has come in contact while tramping the now modern streets of our historic metropolis in search of its ancient signs.



THE LEATHER BOTTLE.

ARMAGH PUDDING.—Beat up the whites of four eggs to a very stiff froth on a plate, then turn into a basin, and with a wooden spoon stir in *quickly* eight ounces of castor sugar. Have ready four square pieces of white paper, about six inches in length, laid on boards an inch or two in thickness; divide the mixture evenly, and spread on the papers as smoothly as you can. This must be done rapidly, and no time must be lost in putting them into the oven, which must be a moderate one. Bake half an hour, then turn the cakes on to fresh paper on their backs, and return to the oven for a quarter of an hour. Take them out and let them cool, when they will be quite crisp. Lay them on a silver dish, with whipped cream flavoured with pineapple between each, and heap on the top cream whipped up with a teacupful of grated pineapple and a dessert-spoonful of fine sugar.

SCOTCH FOG.—Take a dozen or so macaroon biscuits, pound them to a smooth paste in a mortar with a little thick cream. Put the paste neatly in a mound on a crystal dish and over it heap a pint of whipped cream, flavoured with a very little sugar and vanilla essence.

BOTTLED GREEN PEAS.—Our readers are cautioned against the use of the French tinned and bottled green peas, which are such favourites at present among housekeepers—particularly those who strive to present their friends with a dainty and appetising *entrée*. These peas, especially those coloured a pretty light green, says the *Lancet*, are poisonous in the extreme, and are made chiefly for the English market, and are not allowed to be sold in the country of their preparation.

BLEEDING FROM THE NOSE.—Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson says that if the patient plunges her feet and hands into water as hot as can be borne, it will stop the bleeding, even in the most rebellious cases, and that the treatment, though simple, has seldom failed whenever he has tried it on his patients.

A CURE FOR FRECKLES.—A French doctor presents us with the following prescription, which he says is an infallible cure for freckles:—After the skin has been well washed and dried, the folds of the skin are drawn out with the left hand, and with the right a brush, dipped into strong carbolic acid, is applied to the freckle and the acid allowed to dry. During some days the spots appear more evident than before the application of the acid, and a kind of scale is formed. In seven or eight days the scale falls off; the skin thus exposed is of a rose colour, but afterwards becomes white.

PEPSALIA.—This is a digestive table salt, and very closely resembling ordinary salt both in colour and in taste. It is a very ingenious and useful preparation, and the makers deserve great credit for helping us to so pleasant a way of taking medicine; few people would recognise it from ordinary salt. It contains pepsin and pancreatine, and may be used with food in the same way as ordinary table salt.

A WET DAY IN LONDON.

A WATERSPOUT.

IS there anything more conducive to a selfish state of mind than a wet, sloppy day in the streets of London? Each person seems to vie with the other in making his neighbour as uncomfortable as he can.

If you stay for a moment to look in a shop window, though you may be buttoned and mackintoshed to the chin, you are lucky if a lady does not give herself the privilege of placing a rib of her umbrella in close proximity to your ear, and allow its trickling rivulet to wander down your neck.

As you walk along, your feet splash, splash on the slushy pavement, and the little muddy drops disport themselves on your nether garments, till you are ashamed to be seen—for there is so much self-consciousness in humanity that one forgets that under such circumstances each is intent on himself.

If you happen to be a woman, you are in dire dread lest the edges of your petticoats are becoming artistically plastered.

You turn round to gather them up in your hand to cross the road, and in so doing deluge your foot in a puddle, and extricate it in all the glory of its tell-tale mark. You soon get tired, and make up your mind, in spite of all previous economical resolutions, that it is worth twopence to reach your destination under cover.

You stand—a human target—at the corner of the street waiting for an omnibus, feeling out of humour with every one, for there is something unpleasantly

CROSSING THE ROAD.

humiliating in being bespattered with mud from the whirling wheels of passing vehicles, whether they be those of a rattling hackney or my Lady Do-nothing's india-rubber tyres.

The omnibus you want is "full inside," the somewhat testy conductor tells you as you hail him with your umbrella, not being able to see for yourself through the windows, thick with mud and rain-drops outside, and steam within. The conductor of the next, though you whistle or shout at the top of your voice, remains with his back turned obstinately towards you, so you must needs wait for another.

In this, after wading through the mud, you see five persons on each side, all in blissful content until you appeared, develop into as many scowling faces as you succeed in closing your umbrella and "spat-spat" up the steps. There is the "thump-thump" of the conductor's feet on the foot-board, "All right, Jim," and the horses flounder along with the jolting vehicle, while you cling helplessly to the rail overhead.

THE ÆSTHETIC YOUNG LADY.

You look from side to side, recount five up and down; no one stirs an inch to make room for you, and you turn to the conductor—

"There isn't room!"

"Six on each side, sir," or "lady," as the case may be, at which a wheezy old gentleman gathers up his coat-tails, and a stout old lady tries to squeeze her bulky person into a smaller compass.

You wedge yourself gingerly into the small space, resting just on the edge of the seat, with your knees painfully cramped, so as not to annoy your opposite companion, feeling indeed, as you are regarded by your fellow-passengers, an intruder, and remain with that conviction until by slow degrees you have slily wriggled into your allotted seat by taking advantage of the slight movements of your neighbours, and another fare presents himself.

He is an elderly man, with a streaming umbrella, and moustachios still damp with the remnants of "a little something to keep out the cold," the fragrance of which he exhales as he passes along, and plants himself in the upper corner. He is evidently one who desires comfort above all things. He pulls up his trousers at the knees, which he places wide apart, and deposits his umbrella between them, the water pouring off the end of it into the grooves of the omnibus-floor, and the holes made therein for the escape of such rivulets being stopped up with mud, it wanders on, and is eventually sucked up by the

"POKES HER UMBRELLA OUT OF WINDOW."

old lady's skirt. He shrugs his shoulders, puffs out his cheeks, and, rubbing his hands together to warm them, places one on each knee, buries his double chin in his high shirt-collar, and drops into a quiet doze.

Next to him, crowded into the smallest possible compass, is an æsthetic young lady in a dowdy and washed-out green Tam o' Shanter, hugging a wet canvas and begrimed palette in her arms, and a little basket containing brushes enough to stock a colourman's shop, which continually make an effort to escape therefrom, while her umbrella, with one rib broken, is persistent in its endeavour to cling to some one else's side, so she has a pretty busy time of it to keep her belongings in place.

The stout old lady becomes restless, and fumbles in her little leather bag for a threepenny-piece wherewith to pay her fare, and pokes her umbrella out of the window and into the ribs of the conductor, telling him to stop at Hanway Street. He takes the money with anything but an amiable expression, paying no heed to her direction.

THE CITY MAN.

But how can he be good-humoured? To begin with, the rain is driving in his face, and his hands are so benumbed that he can hardly feel that he possesses fingers at all, and the water is dripping off his hat on to his already soaking overcoat; as to feet, he might be without them for all he can feel, and his very boots are lost to view in the mud which bespatters them. And, added to this, he is treated like a mule, poked and goaded to his work by the umbrellas and sticks of the world generally.

There are a couple of "City men," who discuss the state of the money market. One description does for all those members of society, except as to the cut of

"GUARDING A HUGE NEWSPAPER PARCEL."

the hair on their faces; if they do not glory in the mutton-chop whiskers and clean chin, there is the trimly-cut beard, but always tinged with grey, and their deep-set eyes, as hard as the metal they talk of, peer out of the crow's-foot drawing, which, with a little stretch of the imagination, might be read like the writing on the wall, and construed into one all-absorbing thought and word—"money."

The coat is faultless in cut, the hat of the glossiest, and of the latest mould, the umbrella silver-mounted, and the jewelled hands crossed on the handle.

The wheezy old gentleman whistles through his teeth as if scaring a dog, and by a commanding gesticulation bids the conductor stop the omnibus.

The check-string is touched, and the vehicle is pulled up in the middle of the road, to that individual's disgust, whose nether garments are turned up almost to his calves, and his face enveloped to the eyes in a silk muffler.

"Why didn't you drive to the pavement?" grumbles he, from the recesses of his wrapper.

"You said stop, and I did stop; what more do you want?" is the retort, as the old man spats down the steps, and hunts for a clean place to set his daintily-booted foot in the midst of the mud-pudding.

"'I HOPE HE DON'T DISTURB YOU, MISS?

The portly old lady (can she be an M.D.?) again shows her knowledge of anatomy by dexterously probing the conductor under the fifth rib with her gingham, and demands—

"Why didn't you stop at Hanway Street, as I told you to?"

"You said Newman Street."

"No; I said Hanway Street."

And the argument is continued even after she is landed on the pavement, some three minutes' walk from her desired goal.

But it would have puzzled the most acute lawyer to determine who had the last word.

In the farthest corner, on the opposite side, sits a round-faced country girl guarding a huge newspaper parcel—with sundry gaping cracks revealing its contents; beside her a mother with a child on her knees, who is divided in his occupations between cleaning his boots on his neighbour's gown and howling for her umbrella handle to play with; while she keeps up a flow of baby language with him, and sympathetic remarks with the mother.

STUDY OF A "READING GIRL."

"I hope he don't disturb you, miss?" and she wipes his sticky little face with a damped corner of a grey pocket-handkerchief.

"Oh, no, m'm; I'm very fond of children; I've left a little brother at home just his size, m'm. Cluck-cluck!" and she pats his cheek with her finger and pinches his chin—"Pretty dear!" "Cluck-cluck;" "Did he, then!" and other interesting and dense nothings.

These remarks, in a somewhat loud key, disturb the young lady with a broad forehead and spectacles, who tries to bury her thoughts, as well as her nose, in a volume from the library.

And there is the dandy, with a glass at his eye and a downy moustache, which he amuses himself by twirling while taking sly glances at the æsthetic damsel, who blushes, and simperingly asks him to pass her fare on, and in the fluttering shyness of the moment drops some of her brushes, which he gallantly collects and returns to her.

In the corner by the door sits a foreigner, his piercing eyes gleaming from under his shaggy brows, his coat-collar turned up about his ears, and bony legs encased in thin and threadbare trousers; his hat, pulled down over his forehead, is mottled with raindrops, and the binding and band worn shiny and green.

At Chancery Lane the omnibus is besieged by newspaper-boys, who sing in a chorus, after the type of "Three Blind Mice"—"*Standard*, special; *Globe*, sir!" "*Globe*, spee-cial; *Standard*, sir!"

At Oxford Circus most of your companions alight, and a fresh bevy scramble in, when it is a case of the weakest being left standing in the gutter; and in the midst of the bustle there is an altercation between the driver, a policeman, and a brother of the profession, wound up by an exclamation from the conductor, emphasised by a volley of thumps on the unfortunate foot-board—

"All right, Jim; go on. Why don't you go on?" intermingled with a few words not to be met with in the English dictionary.

At Bond Street the picture-gallery visitors, catalogues in hand, pack into what space is left vacant, and "Full inside, Jim," is received with a grunt by that personage, who smacks his lips, and answers, with a wave of his whip, "I wish I was."

After further floundering on the part of the jaded horses, and more showers of mud, you reach your destination at dusk, when the blinking gas-lights peer like weeping eyes through the mist and windows, and the ghastly electric light stretches defiantly across the sloppy streets.

M. H.

SAUCES, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

SAUCES must be mixed smoothly, stirred after the thickening is added and allowed to boil well in order to cook thoroughly the flour or cornflour with which they are thickened.

White Sauce.

Ingredients.—Half a pint of milk, one ounce of flour, half an ounce of butter, pepper and salt.

Method.—Put the milk and butter on to boil in a small saucepan, saving a little to mix with the flour. Mix the flour, pepper and salt with the rest of the milk and stir this into the saucepan when boiling; stir until it boils again. This sauce can be made with halt milk and half stock.

Parsley Sauce.

Method.—Make half a pint of plain white sauce and stir in a tablespoonful of chopped and blanched parsley. Do not let it cook after the parsley is added.

Onion Sauce.

Ingredients.—Two good-sized onions, one ounce of flour, half an ounce of butter, pepper and salt, half a pint of milk or stock.

Method.—Blanch the onions and then boil in fresh water till tender; drain and chop them; make half a pint of white sauce with the butter, the milk or stock and the flour, and stir in the chopped onions.

Brown Vegetable Sauce.

Ingredients.—A piece each of carrot and turnip, one onion, half an ounce of dripping, one ounce of brown thickening, three gills of water or stock, pepper and salt.

Method.—Prepare the vegetables and cut them in dice; fry them in the dripping; pour on the water or stock, add pepper and salt, put on the lid and let all simmer three quarters of an hour. Add the brown thickening, stir until it melts and the sauce boils.

Lemon Sauce.

Ingredients.—One ounce of arrowroot, three ounces of castor sugar, the thin rind of a lemon, one pint of water.

Method.—Let the water and lemon rind simmer for fifteen minutes; add the sugar, take out the rind and add the arrowroot mixed smoothly with a little cold water. Stir until it boils.

Curry Sauce.

Ingredients.—One apple, one onion, half an ounce of flour, one dessertspoonful of curry powder, one ounce of butter or dripping, half a pint of milk or stock, a few drops of lemon juice, a teaspoonful of chutney, salt.

Method.—Pare the apple and onion and chop them small; melt the butter in a saucepan, put in the apple and onion, put on the lid and let them cook very gently for fifteen minutes; add the curry powder, flour and salt and let them cook in the same way for twenty minutes. Stir in the stock or milk and let the sauce boil well, add the chutney and lemon juice and serve.

Tomato Sauce.

Ingredients.—One pound of tomatoes, two onions, one ounce of cooked ham, one ounce of butter or dripping, one blade of mace, one bay leaf, pepper and salt.

Method.—Slice the tomatoes and onions and put them in a saucepan with the other ingredients. Put on the lid and let them cook gently until the onions are tender. Rub through a sieve, or colander, re-heat and serve.

Jam Sauce

Ingredients.—Three tablespoonfuls of jam, quarter of a pound of lump sugar, one pint ot water, a little lemon juice, cochineal.

Method.—Boil the sugar and the water together and let them reduce to half, add the jam, lemon juice, cochineal and strain.

Brown Sauce.

Ingredients.—One pint of stock, two ounces of flour, two ounces of butter, a piece each of carrot, turnip, onion and celery salt, a little mushroom ketchup, a blade of mace, a bay leaf, six peppercorns.

Method.—Melt the butter in a frying-pan, and fry the vegetables in it for ten minutes; take them out and stir in the flour, let this fry a bright brown, taking great care not to let it burn, and stirring often over a rather slow fire; stir in the stock by degrees, keeping it very smooth, pour into a saucepan, add the bayleaf, mace, peppercorns and salt, and put in the fried vegetables; put on the lid and simmer for half an hour, skimming any grease off as it rises; lastly add the mushroom ketchup and strain the sauce.

Shrimp Sauce.

Ingredients.—Half a pint of shrimps, half a pint of water, one gill of milk, a teaspoonful of shrimp paste, an ounce of flour.

Method.—Shell the shrimps, and put the shells in a small saucepan with the water; put on the lid and let them simmer for half-an-hour, and then let the water boil until it is reduced to half. Mix the flour smoothly with a little of the milk; strain the water in which the shells have been cooked and mix it with the rest of the milk, bring this to the boil and stir in the flour; cook well and then add the picked shrimps and the shrimp paste; let the latter dissolve and serve.

Oyster Sauce.

Ingredients.—One dozen oysters, half a pint of milk, one ounce of butter, one ounce of flour, pepper, salt, a few drops of lemon juice, one tablespoonful of cream.

Method.—Take away the beards and the hard white part from the oysters and cut each oyster in two. Strain the oyster liquor from the shells, put it in a small saucepan and put the oysters in it; bring them to the boil and then remove the saucepan from the fire, or they will become leathery. Mix the flour with a little of the milk, simmer the rest of the milk with the hard white parts and then strain them away; boil this milk with the butter and stir in the flour; when it boils and is thick add the oyster liquor, the oysters, lemon juice, pepper and sauce and cream. Do not let it boil after the oysters are added.

Lobster Sauce.

Ingredients.—A small lobster, or three ounces of tinned lobster, half a pint of milk, one ounce of flour, one ounce of butter, a little spawn or cochineal, a tablespoonful of cream, pepper and salt.

Method.—Chop the lobster in half and pick the flesh out of the body and claws; simmer the claws and shells in the milk for twenty minutes; rub the spawn through a hair sieve with a little butter; mix the flour with a little cold milk; strain the claws and shells away from the milk, put back the milk in the saucepan and stir in flour; chop the flesh of the lobster into pieces and add it to the sauce, then stir in the spawn and lastly the cream.

FLOWERS IN HISTORY.

By SOPHIA F. A. CAULFEILD.

PART V.

IT will be remembered by the readers of this series that a brief notice has been given to the daisy. The *Marguerite* is otherwise known as the "ox-eye daisy" or "chrysanthemum," of the genus *Helenium*, and grows wild, and in as great abundance as the small daisy (*Bellis perennis*.) The two flowers appear to be somewhat confounded together in their historical associations, although respectively of a different species. Certainly, the larger flower, of which we now give a passing notice, is the one which is said to have been plucked, in mediæval stories, by disconsolate maidens who felt dubious as to the true-love assurances of their knights and squires. The augury on which their hopes reposed was divined and decided by the last petal of the flower which they destroyed, as they mournfully inquired, "He loves me? Loves me not! Loves me? Loves me not!" or "Loves me!" A pastime with which our village maidens are, to this day, very familiar.

The *Marigold* is a flower of the same character as that above named, but it differs in colour and odour. The common species which often glorifies the English cottage gardens is the *Calendula officinalis*. It is employed as an ingredient in soups, but appears to be of little value otherwise than for its beauty. The African marigold (*Tagetes erecta*) is one of the sacred flowers of northern India, and its European cousin, the *Calendula*, or flower of the calends, was so named by the Romans under the idea that it blossomed the whole year round. In the days of Henry VIII. it was worn with the pansy in wreaths, and went by the name of Souvenir. In some of our counties it is still called "Mary Gowles," or "Goulans," a name little euphonious, but taken from the "Grete Harball," the most ancient of English works on the subject. It used also to be called "Ruddes," from its tawny hue. But the old poets, Shakespeare included, employ the more distinctive name of "marigold." In *The Winter's Tale*, the latter says—

"The marigold that goes to bed with the sun,
 And with him rises weeping."

It was to our mediæval monks and nuns that the "gold" was prefixed by "mari," as an old tradition existed that the Blessed Virgin used to wear this flower in her bosom. Rich in names and much in favour, it shares with the giant *Helianthus annuus*, the name of "sunflower;" also the "spouse of the sun," as it shares with its more remarkable sister the habit of turning its golden face towards the great luminary. In allusion to this the marigold was adopted by the maternal grandmother of Henri IV., Marguerite of Orleans, as her armorial device, and with it the motto, "*Je ne veux suivre que lui seule.*"

But there is yet another name by which this gorgeous little flower is known, and that is perhaps the origin of the meaning given to it in the language of flowers, *i.e.*, "sorrow," and "cares." In America there is a tradition that the Mexicans, who fell victims to the greed of gold of their cruel exterminating invaders, stained with their blood the yellow blossoms of the fields, and so they changed to a deep ruby-red colour, and have been known ever since by the lugubrious name of "death flowers."

Like the holly, the *Mistletoe* (*Viscum album*) claims a place amongst our historical flowers, being employed at the winter festival so time-honoured and dear to us all. It is somewhat difficult to record any circumstances respecting its history with which the reader is not already acquainted; yet, perhaps, the origin of the primitive fashion of kissing under the white-berried branches may be known to comparatively few. For the explanation we must go back to very early ages in the history of northern nations, and dip into the annals of Scandinavian mythology. Baldr, the Beautiful (the northern Apollo), the son of Odin, had a potent foe in the evil spirit, Loki; and this latter endeavoured to compass his destruction by the hands of the blind god, Hödr. So he made an arrow out of the wood of the mistletoe (supposed to proceed from none of the elements), and placing it in his hands, directed it to Baldr, who fell to the earth—a catastrophe which by no other weapon could have been effected, as his mother, Frigga (or Freyja), had rendered him proof against harm from any of the four elements. This outrage displeased the gods, and they restored Baldr to life, and as they dedicated to Frigga the only instrument by which her son could be harmed, she took the precaution of having it placed out of touch of the earth, and thus beyond the jurisdiction of Loki. From this old fable the practice of hanging bunches of mistletoe from the ceilings and tops of the doorways has arisen, and the "kiss of peace" beneath them followed in natural sequence. The non-formation of arrows from its wood, with which to compass the death of anyone, was guaranteed so long as hung aloft; the kiss was an assurance of good faith and harmony.

MARGUERITE.

MARIGOLD.

The use of the mistletoe in the heathen sacrificial rites of the Druids needs no comment, so well is the subject known. They regarded it as a cure for every disease, an antidote to all poisons, and a talisman against witchcraft and all spiritual evil influences, a belief obtaining amongst the Greeks, Romans, in France, and all European nationalities. But it is the mistletoe that grows on the oak that used to be specially esteemed by the Druids and in Scandinavian countries. The natural order to which it belongs is the *Loranthaceæ*, consisting of some 450 evergreen parasitic shrubs, chiefly tropical, though found in temperate climates. It cruelly kills the branch on which it grows, and whence it derives its nourishment, and thus compasses its own death. The brittle twigs which we obtain for homestead decorations might well be supposed unsuitable for the construction of the shaft that transfixed the beautiful Baldr, but the stem, if left to attain its full growth, is sometimes upwards of an inch in diameter, and subdivides into a fork, thus lending itself naturally to the form of an arrow. More mistletoes are found on the apple tree than any other, but it grows on the hawthorn, lime, maple, mountain ash, poplar, larch, pear, and others. Though propagated in Ireland and Scotland, it is not a native of those countries. There are only about ten or a dozen examples in England of mistletoe-bearing oaks. It is said that the finest specimen is one at Bredwardine, discovered by Sir G. Cornewall in 1871, a fine oak, as yet proof against the feeding of no less than fifteen clusters of this parasite. In France and Switzerland it is found on the spruce firs; in Italy on the vine and loranthus; and in the Himalayas on the apricot. It is also a native of Siberia. The "spignel" (or "bald-meigne"), otherwise "Baldrs-money," was dedicated to Baldr, and the "may-weed"

(*Anthemis cotula*) is still said to be as fair as the brow of

> "Baldr, the beautiful,
> God of the summer sun,
> Fairest of all the gods;"

of whose story Longfellow sang so sweet a lay. No earlier notice of the time-honoured custom of "kissing under the mistletoe" appears to be on record than about the middle of the 17th century.

Few amongst our flowering shrubs and plants are so truly classical in their associations as the *Myrtle*, the emblem of love amongst the ancients of Greece and Rome, and of peace amongst the Jews. We find references to it in the Books of Nehemiah, Isaiah, Zechariah, as also in the Psalms. To this day the Jews employ branches of the myrtle, a broad-leaved species, in the construction of their booths or tents during the "Feast of Tabernacles," and which is cultivated near London for their special use. Those who have visited Aleppo at such seasons have seen an outer covering of myrtle branches over their tabernacles, laid upon a foundation of green reeds, forming a sort of diaper-work, and stretched between four slight supports, which are attached to a wooden divan.

Amongst the Arabs there is a tradition that when Adam was driven out of Eden he carried away an ear of wheat, representing the chief food and staff of life; a date, representing fruit; and the myrtle, as the sweetest scented of flowers (in their estimation). Indeed, all Oriental nations hold the latter in special esteem, and the superstitions connected with it abound equally in the West as the East. The Roman bridal-wreath for men and women was composed of it. At the sacred Greek festival of the Eleusinian mysteries the high priest officiating and the initiates were crowned with it, and the Athenian magistrates wore it as a badge of their authority, while heroes entwined it in their wreaths of laurel, as a symbol of victory. So, likewise, it was worn in chaplets by the Romans with the same symbolic motive, and one of the observances of the 1st of April amongst the Roman ladies consisted in crowning themselves with the leaves of this beautiful tree, after bathing under its shadow, when they set forth to offer sacrifice at the altar of Venus, to whom, as the "goddess of Love," it was consecrated.

MYRTLE.

MISTLETOE.

To the loving students of Holy Writ, the *Olive* must have a special interest. Between thirty and forty references are made to it in the sacred books. Our Saviour's latter days on earth were connected with the Mount of Olives, which has rendered that grove of trees one of exceptional interest. But the historical character of this tree dates back to the time when the dove bore the tiny branch over the subsiding waters, and conveyed the emblem of peace to the redeemed from the flood.

Looking back to those long-ago times, our thoughts pass down through a long course of eventful centuries, to the day when, as I have already observed, our Divine Redeemer "poured out His soul unto death, in that olive-grown garden of Gethsemane, bringing pardon and peace to the children of men."

Dean Stanley speaks of the eight remarkable olives still standing on the hill of that "garden"—gnarled and venerable, perfectly distinct in character from any of their fellows. But whether they once sheltered the God-man, who sought the shade for meditation and prayer, we cannot decide.

OLIVE.

The Delphic oracle was consulted by the Athenians, each holding a branch of the olive; and as to classical traditions connected with the tree, as well as those of modern date, they are fully as numerous as those regarding the myrtle. As an emblem of peace and reconciliation, the early Christians engraved a representation of it on the tombs of the martyrs, for the flood of cruel persecution had ceased for them, and the blessed peace-bringing spirit, once appearing as a dove, had brought them that which the olive branch typified—everlasting rest in "the haven where they would be."

It seems a curious confirmation of the aptness with which, in all ages, this beautiful tree has been made a symbol of "peace and security," that oil alone —of all the products of nature with which we are acquainted—can still the raging of the storm-tossed waters, and bring instant relief and security to those in peril. Victors at the Olympic games were awarded crowns of the olive, and in China they are conferred for literary merit.

The *Orange* tree, or *Citrus aurantium*, affords a blossom as fragrant as it is beautiful. The varieties are very many; amongst them the Chinese, Maltese, Tangerine, Seville, and St. Michaels are the most important.

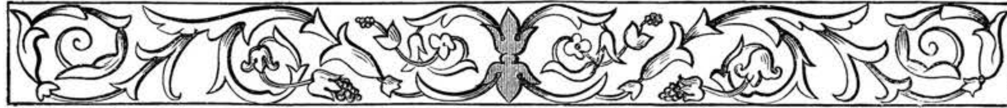
ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

It seems not improbable that the origin of wearing orange blossoms for bridal wreaths may be traced to the mythological story of the nuptials of Juno and Jupiter, as Milton and Spenser considered the "golden apple," presented by the goddess to her spouse on the day of their marriage, was intended by the ancients to signify an orange. Those conversant with these old-world fables may remember that orange groves grew near Mount Atlas, in the garden of the Hesperides, under the care of the daughters of Hesperus, and guarded by a dragon. The story goes that Hercules slew the monster and stole the fruit; but Minerva restored them to the garden as the only place where they could be preserved. This idea has long since been proved to be as fabulous as the rest of the story. It would seem that the introduction of the tree into Europe from China was due to a present made to the old

Conde Mellor, Prime Minister of the King of Portugal; and Le Comte, the Jesuit, who wrote in 1697, stated that "the first and unique orange tree" brought into Europe was still preserved in the house of Count St. Laurent at Lisbon, and that from this tree all the others abounding in the South had sprung. On landing in India the Portuguese found it growing in abundance, according to the account given by Vasco di Gama, and it is supposed that it had been imported from that country to Arabia, Syria, and Egypt, in about the 9th century. It may be desirable to explain that the orange tree has nothing to do with the title of our William of Orange, who took it from the name of a town of France, in the department of Vaucluse, which was, from the 11th to the 16th century, the capital of a small independent principality. This most interesting town—the *Arausia* of the Romans—passed, on the death without issue of the last sovereign Philibert de Chalons (1531), to a younger branch of the house of Nassau. It was held by the Dutch Stadtholders until the death of our William III. (1702), and was ultimately ceded to France. But the heir-presumptive to the crown of the Netherlands still holds the title of Prince of Orange. As a natural suggestion (supplied by the beautiful hue of the golden fruit that shares the name of the ancient birthplace of the King) the loyal subjects of the Crown in Ireland adopted it for their distinctive colours.

The practice of wearing orange blossoms for bridal adornment was derived from the Saracens, who regarded them as emblematic of happiness in marriage. Orange flower water is sprinkled over the wedded pair in Crete, and in Sardinia oranges are hung on the horns of the oxen attached to the wagons that convey them on the day of their nuptials.

(*To be concluded.*)



CHANCE GLIMPSES OF NATURE.

SOME of the most delightful experiences of the naturalist are those which arise from the stolen glimpses of nature which are sometimes attainable.

We happen to be in a quiet spot, it may be, observing a plant or moss which has caught our attention, when out steals some shy creature, which possibly we have never seen before, and disports itself in charming unconsciousness of our presence.

Only a true naturalist knows what a joy this is, how we scarcely breathe and dare not move an inch for fear of losing this glimpse of a wild creature perfectly at ease and therefore free to display its gestures, habits, and occupations.

Such a glimpse I had lately of the green woodpecker (*Picus viridis*), and of the far rarer lesser-spotted woodpecker (*Picus minor*). Even the "Son of the Marshes" says in one of his books that he has watched for hours and failed to catch sight of the latter bird, even though he knew it was at work upon the tree beneath which he lay concealed.

It so happened that I was standing quietly behind some thick branches when by chance these two shy birds flew into a great Scotch fir close by and began creeping up the stem in the full sunlight. I had a rare opportunity of noting their beautiful plumage and the very remarkable way in which the lesser-spotted woodpecker makes the loud jarring noise which resounds through the woods in spring.

Its beak seemed to be inserted in a crevice in the bark and then shaken backwards and forwards with indescribable rapidity. I saw it done and yet could hardly believe my eyes, the action seemed so inadequate to produce the volume of sound which resulted from it.

The green woodpecker went to work in a business-like manner, tapping the bark and jerking this way and that in his upward progress, but all too soon the birds caught sight of me and glided swiftly away, leaving me entranced, with a fresh woodland vignette engraven upon my memory.

To-day I have had a different sort of picture but, for many reasons, an interesting one. Whilst watching a group of squirrels from the dining-room window, I was not a little surprised to see among them a full-grown brown rat calmly searching about for nuts. Securing one in its mouth, it leaped rapidly away to its hole at the root of some ivy which climbs up the house wall. In less than a minute the rat was back again and for a quarter of an hour it worked hard laying in stores of nuts in its hiding-place. The squirrels tried to frighten away the thief, and little fights went on between them now and then, but all to no purpose; the rat, determined to have the lion's share of the spoil, kept his mind steadily on his business.

We are in the habit of throwing out for the birds a good deal of sopped bread, and after a time the rat carried off a large quantity of this as well as of the nuts. If one rat can accomplish so much in a quarter of an hour, I can now understand the immense loss that may be sustained by farmers and others when these active rodents exist in large numbers.

It may seem strange to be absolutely unacquainted with a creature so extremely commonplace as a rat, but I had positively never seen one in broad sunlight, hopping about in this manner, and the sight had therefore all the charm of novelty for me.

Although we constantly hear the curious jarring sound of the fern-owl or goatsucker in the summer evenings, and not unfrequently catch a glimpse of the bird flitting from tree to tree in pursuit of insects, it is yet difficult to learn much about the life-history of so shy a bird.

The night-jar only appears in the dusky light of evening, and as it nests on the ground on heaths and commons, there is no possibility of seeing the young birds being fed, or of observing any of the domestic traits which we delight to watch in the robins, sparrows and chaffinches that flock around our houses.

Fortune, however, favoured me this year, and afforded me an opportunity of becoming intimately acquainted with the goatsucker and its habits.

Early in July I was told that a night-jar and her two fledglings had been picked up on the common and brought to me. I went to the aviary and found the mother-bird sitting motionless on the ground as if she had been stunned by some idle lad throwing a stone at her. The young birds were fully feathered; a quaint-looking couple they were, seated side by side, as stolid, and motionless as their mother. When, however, I approached them, they hissed like snakes and opened mouths of such portentous size that I can only describe them as pink caverns. I never saw any creatures so grotesque as these youngsters were; no doubt they were terror-stricken at my appearance, and hoped to frighten me away by making themselves as formidable as possible.

Knowing that in all probability they were famishing, I obtained some scraped raw meat and with great difficulty forcibly opened the huge beaks and fed the poor little waifs. They then nestled close to each other, and shutting their great black eyes contentedly went to sleep.

I now returned to the aviary prepared to act the part of good Samaritan to the mother; but, to my utter surprise, she rose from the ground and flew swiftly out at the open door, away across the lawn and out of sight.

I suppose she had been but slightly stunned, and in any case I was glad to find her able to fly, for the care and feeding of an old bird, unaccustomed to captivity, is no light matter.

Now I began to realise that I had a pair of orphans on my hands; the young night-jars could by no means feed themselves, and I could not devise any way by which I could bring them again under their mother's

care. I must needs therefore undertake their upbringing, for a time at any rate.

Whilst reading in the early morning I had a quiet time in which to study these curious birds and note their peculiarities whilst they thought themselves free and unobserved.

From the shape of their remarkably flat heads I anticipated that they possessed but a low degree of intelligence, and I had no reason to alter my supposition, for the two birds would remain just where I placed them on the floor, scarcely moving for perhaps half an hour. When an idea did occur to them, they would begin to sway their bodies backwards and forwards like little boats on a stormy sea; this would go on with increasing vigour for three or four minutes till they were worked up to carry out their idea, which was sometimes a short flight to the other side of the room one after the other, after which they would remain quiescent again for another hour till another bright thought came to incite them to action.

No sudden noise startled these philosophic birds, they took no apparent interest in anything, and during the month that I fed them by hand they could never be induced to open their beaks to receive their hourly rations.

I was heartily glad when the night-jars were sufficiently strong on the wing to be offered their liberty, and one fine evening they were allowed to glide noiselessly away to find their own diet of moths and beetles.

One would hardly expect that such a shy bird as the ordinary wild pheasant could be so far tamed as to come to the window to enjoy a daily repast of bread or cake. Such a visitor, however, calls upon us almost always at afternoon teatime.

A dainty little hen-pheasant makes her appearance and waits patiently until she receives her accustomed portion, which she calmly discusses almost upon the doorstep.

About three years ago I first observed this pheasant lurking timidly under the deodar branches on the lawn, and wishing to attract her I used daily to throw out a piece of bread and butter on the lawn. Although at first the bird fled away in a fright, yet after a time she plucked up courage, and, rushing forward, would seize the bread and run away with it to eat it at leisure in her hiding-place.

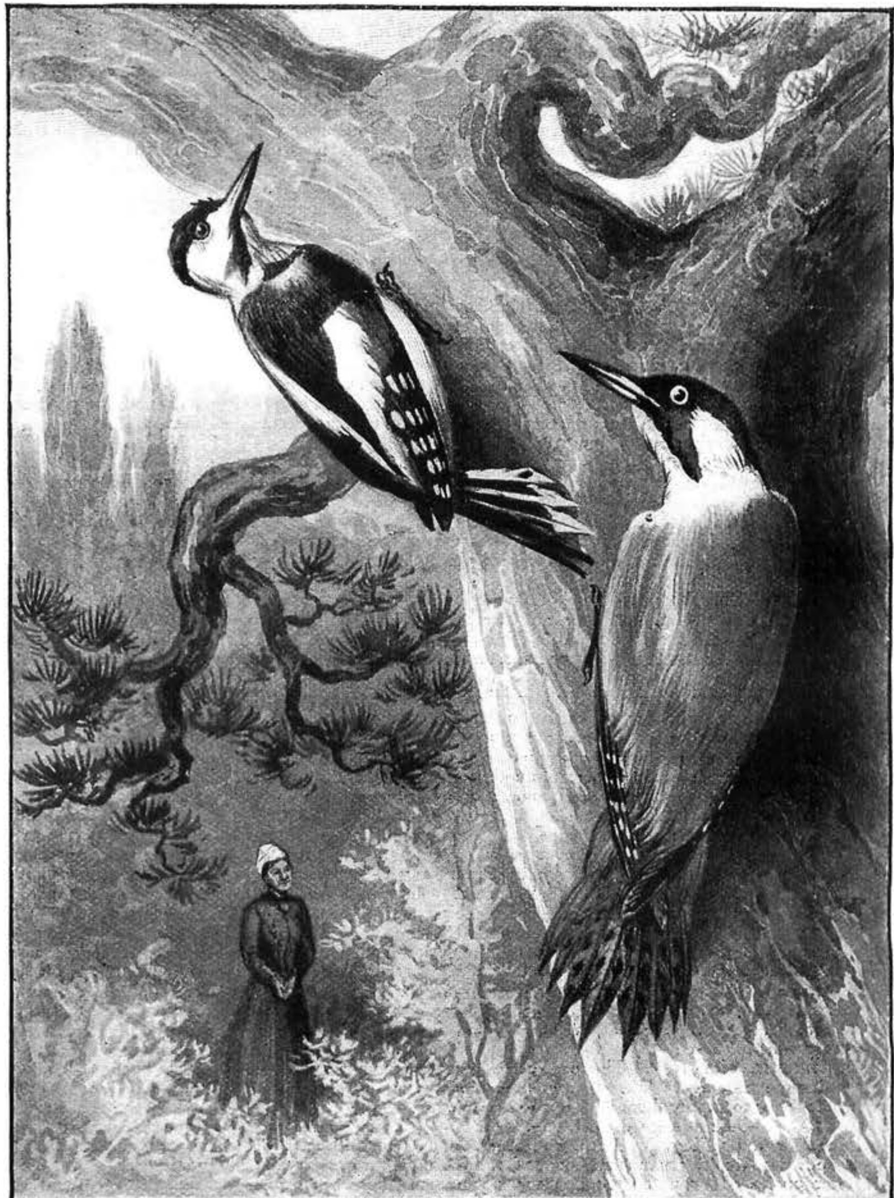
During the past year I have also thrown out food between five and six in the morning, and the same charming bird has now lost her timidity and will come running to meet me as tamely as any barn-door fowl. She raises her little speckled crest, and seems to welcome me with her bright black eyes awaiting the gift of sweet cake which she esteems a great dainty.

It is to me a constant pleasure to watch the graceful attitudes of this pheasant; she has the alertness and freedom of a wild bird, she vanishes in a moment if anything startles her, and yet if I call her quietly and throw out some food, she is quickly reassured and returns to her repast.

Two other hen-pheasants and a brilliantly-plumaged cock-bird occasionally appear, but they cannot persuade themselves that it is safe to remain so near the house. They only venture so far as to secure a lump of bread and then run away to enjoy it in some secret place. It is needless to say that a host of sparrows endeavour to obtain their share of the spoil, and not unfrequently one, bolder than the rest, will watch his opportunity, and whilst the attention of the pheasant is momentarily diverted, the sparrow with a sudden dart seizes the bread and flits away with it out of sight in a moment. Then, I confess, I am always amused to watch the innocent dreamy manner in which the pheasant looks for her food as if pondering upon the strange way in which bread will sometimes disappear without any apparent cause.

I believe this bird nests year by year in a small wood near the house, for, in early summer, I see a mother-bird with her young brood in the park not far from the garden, and I can but hope my gentle visitor may be wise enough to remain within the bounds of this place, which I, not unsuccessfully, endeavour to make a sanctuary for all harmless furred and feathered creatures.

ELIZA BRIGHTWEN.



"I HAD A RARE OPPORTUNITY OF NOTING THEIR BEAUTIFUL PLUMAGE."

Lady Purr-Kins's Parties are always so Popular.

CONCERNING CATS.

THE cat, "the harmless necessary cat," as Shakespeare calls her, while I regret to say, adding directly afterwards, "though some there be cannot abide her," is the subject of my present theme.

"Necessary," she assuredly deserves to be called, for in our home-life of every day she has her part assigned to her. She is the pet and playfellow of our children, the friend of the friendless old maid, and often even shares with his dog the otherwise solitary fireside of the old bachelor; in the old bygone days of cruel superstition she was the familiar of the poor, despised, much-maligned old witch.

The cat must have been recognised as a type of affection by our early ancestors, for did not a team of cats draw the chariot of Freya, the Norse Venus!

Nevertheless, with the single exception of the cat of Dick Whittington, "thrice Lord Mayor ot London," whose splendid rat-catching achievements in distant lands brought fortune and success in life to her master (according to the well-known legend), providing the young adventurer with the first step that led ultimately to his distinguished civic career; with this one important exception, I do not think that puss has anywhere played an important part in English annals, and to do justice to her history we shall be obliged to trace her back through many centuries to her native place, the site where, in the youth of the world, she was held in high, I may say, indeed, in superstitious honour.

Wild cats still exist in the northern parts of these islands, outcasts from society, fierce and savage as wolves, and as untamable; but in his standard work on Natural History, Mr. Wood distinctly repudiates the idea that the pet of our fireside ever owned those lawless and uncivilised creatures as ancestors. "It is proved," he says, "that certain distinctions between the wild and the domestic

"WE LAY THEE IN THE MOULD, PUSSY,
WE LAY THEE IN THE MOULD."

cat (*Felis catus*, and *Felis domestica*) are found in full force, even though the domestic cat may have taken to a wild life for many a year and for several generations. There remain several marked points of difference between them." One of these being the very different shape and comparative length of the tail.

The cat was certainly known to both the ancient Greeks and Romans. There is no mention of her in Greek poetry, but on the paintings of domestic scenes on some of the vases of a late date she is occasionally represented; and Theocritus, the poet of the home-life of the peasants of Sicily * makes one of his characters in "The Syracusan Women" rally her idle servant with the words, "Why, she is snoozing before the fire like the idle cat that she is," while her mistress is calling out for her services.

In Imperial Rome, she was also a sojourner, barely tolerated, ill-treated or totally ignored. By the Roman poets I doubt if the cat is ever once mentioned in any way.

Amongst the numerous decorations, mosaic and pictorial, of the disinterred cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, which tell us so much of the domestic ways and customs of the Roman folk of the first century of the Christian era and earlier, the cat of that date is only twice represented; and then I regret to say it is in the act of stealing food.

Poor puss! Her condition in those luxurious little cities must have been but a sad one! She was evidently insufficiently fed, or she would not be represented with fierce, hungry eyes and rapacious gestures. Even the rats and mice did not fall to her share in a Roman house, for they were probably already appropriated by the creature who took the place in the Roman family affections which pussy does with us; I mean the domestic snake. Poor puss was left to catch wild birds for her sustenance, or to thieve; or, perhaps, to make an occasional meal of the family pet himself, gorged with the mice of which she was deprived, and whom in modern times she has quite supplanted.

So much for pussy's life as a denizen of classic lands!

In the Museum of Antiquities in Bordeaux a tomb is shown of somewhat rude workmanship belonging to the times of the later Empire, when Gaul had long been under Roman sway, on which is represented the effigy of a young girl of about twelve years of age, with the pets who were, doubtless, dear to her in her lifetime, namely—a cock and a cat, the latter huddled up in her arms in the manner so uncomfortable to the cat in which children delight to hug their much-suffering pets.

If neither in Greece or Rome, nor to the wild cat, still indigenous in these islands, where then, we must inquire, are we to seek for the real ancestors of our pets. Whence came even those few, stray, neglected specimens whose misdemeanours are depicted in the mosaics of Pompeii and Herculaneum?

For answer, we must turn to that most ancient country, ancient even to the Greeks and Romans—the country watered and fertilised by the Nile, the country of the Pharaohs—Egypt.

Egypt, great and civilised long before Greece had even learned her letters, long, long before Romulus and Remus struggled to the death with each other for supremacy on the Aventine Hill.

In *Ancient* Egypt the cat was not only treated as a domestic pet, she was also actually worshipped as a goddess in the early idolatrous times. Amongst the many creatures to whom in that country divine honours were paid, like the sphinx for example, which was represented with the body of a lion and the head of a man (symbolising strength united with intelligence), we find that the cat-headed lady was held in especial esteem. This goddess is represented in the Egyptian sculptures sometimes as a cat, sometimes as a woman with the head of a cat; in either case, whether as cat or woman, she wears heavy gold ear-rings, and her neck is adorned with row upon row of chains and necklets. She was probably considered as similar, in a minor degree, to the male sphinx-type of strength united with intelligence by her idolatrous worshippers.

That delightful old traveller and historian, Herodotus, who lived in the 5th century B.C.,* and went about in the different countries bordering on the Mediterranean Sea, writing down his observations and experiences in his own gossiping and garrulous, yet observant fashion, records some curious facts about the cats in Ancient Egypt. They seem to have appeared to him, a Greek, almost as curious as they do to us English now.

He tells us that the cats of that country, when dead, are all carried to the sacred buildings, and "after being properly salted" (*i.e.* preserved as mummies), they are buried in the city of Bubastis. He mentions, also, that in token of mourning, "in whatever family a cat happens to die by accident, every individual of the family shaves off his eye-brows." Though with regard to this custom, I may add, that the mourning for the death of a dog was deeper, as the whole head and body had to be shaved in honour of a dog's decease.

The number of festivals which the Egyptians celebrated annually, to commemorate their various deities was very great, of which that of Pasht, or Bast, held a first rank, and was performed with the greatest pomp. This was celebrated at the city of Bubastis (so named after Bast, the cat-goddess), on the River Nile. Large parties of men and women went in procession in boats gaily decorated, accompanied by professional musicians, the men playing the flute, the women the cymbals. When arrived at the city, animals were sacrificed, and a great amount of eating and drinking, festivities, and merriment were indulged in.

Sir Gardner Wilkinson observes,† that anyone who has witnessed the modern Arab *fêtes* at Tanta and Dessook in the Delta (places not very far from the site of the ancient Bubastis), in honour of the Arab saints, Sayd el Beddawee, and Sheik Ibrahim e Dessookee, has witnessed scenes greatly resembling those old pagan ceremonies. So completely do we often meet with the spirit of superstition lingering on, and reappearing under changed names, where no light has penetrated through the dark cloud of ignorance.

Pliny, the Roman naturalist, who lived about 500 years later than the Greek writer, Herodotus (he who fell a victim to his intrepid conduct during the great eruption of Mount Vesuvius, A.D. 79), makes occasional mention of the cat. He records that a golden cat was worshipped as a god at a place called Rhadata, in Ethiopia.

And here, I may remark, that in the Bible the domestic cat is never once mentioned. Among the creatures that nightly cried amid the ruins of Babylon, the wild cat, or jackal is named; but as the Hebrew word is the same for both creatures, it seems most likely that the jackal is the one intended.

It is conjectured that there was more than one species of cat in Ancient Egypt. The wall-paintings from Egyptian temples, many of which are now placed in the Egyptian room at the British Museum, afford subjects for infinite study and amusement. We may there see cats trained to act as our retriever dogs do, plunging in among the reeds and rushes of a stream to catch the struggling wild-fowl, not to eat, but to bring to the master's feet for his game-bag. One of these clever animals, she must have had a wonderful training, actually holds captive two struggling wild ducks at once, one with her mouth, the other between her paws. Other cats are represented as pets.

Mr. Wood tells us,* and his evidence on this subject is conclusive, under the heading *Felis*, the generic name for the whole cat tribe, that, "In the long past times, when the Egyptian nation was at the head of the civilised world, the *Felis maniculata* was universally domesticated in their homes, while at the **comparatively later** days of English history, the domestic cat was so scarce in England that royal edicts were issued for its preservation, A.D. 943; yet in those days, the wild cat (*Felis catus*) was rife throughout the British Islands, and was reckoned as a noxious animal to be destroyed, and not a useful one which must be protected. It is conjectured that the domestic cat was imported from Egypt into Greece and Rome, and from thence into England."

The Egyptian cat was not only honoured and protected during its lifetime, but even after death it received funeral honours—such as only fall to the lot of distinguished or wealthy persons—as we have already mentioned.

There are several methods of embalming in use among the Egyptians, by which the bodies of the dead were, for a time, withheld from the natural process of decay. But it was the privilege of kings and rulers alone to have their bodies imbued with costly drugs and sweet spices, and to lie unchanged in their tombs for thousands of years, until their mummied remains were removed from their long repose and exhibited to the public gaze of a people, who, in their own royal time, were but a race of naked savages. **The privilege which was** denied to the Egyptian workman, was granted to his cat. We have in our museums many specimens of mummied cats; their bodies swathed, bandaged, and spiced in the most careful manner, partaking of this temporary immortality with a Rameses or a Pharaoh.

But, alas, for the changes which may overtake all things, even deified cats! I read not long since a paragraph in a daily newspaper, stating that a ship-load of 400 cat-mummies had been imported from Egypt to Liverpool; the bodies to be used as field-manure by the farmers. Others again have been imported to be ground down into bitumen, for the sake of extracting that pigment valued by painters, with which the bodies were soaked in the process of embalming.

To turn from ancient to more modern times, with a very appropriate remark made by Mr. Wood. He observes that, "When engaged in the study of an illustrated work on ethnology, with its portraits of the various forms which are assumed by the human race, a certain feeling of relief and repose takes possession of the mind when the reader turns from the savage races of mankind, with their selfish, restless, eager, bestialised expression, to the mild and intellectual countenances of the civilised nations. A similar expression of repose is felt when we turn from the savage, hungry-looking wild cat to the placid face and tranquil expression of our favourite, the domestic cat."

History records the names of many famous men who have attached themselves to *Felis domesticata* in modern times. The earliest cat that we know of, recorded by name, is *Muezza*, who belonged to the Arab prophet Mahomet, sixth century A.D.† A pretty legend exists, showing his kindness for animals, and his affection for this creature in particular. Mahomet was sitting one day

* About 250 B.C.

* About 450 B.C.

† *The Ancient Egyptians*, by Sir Gardner Wilkinson.

* See *Illustrated Natural History*, vol. "Mammalia," by the Rev. J. G. Wood, F.L.S.

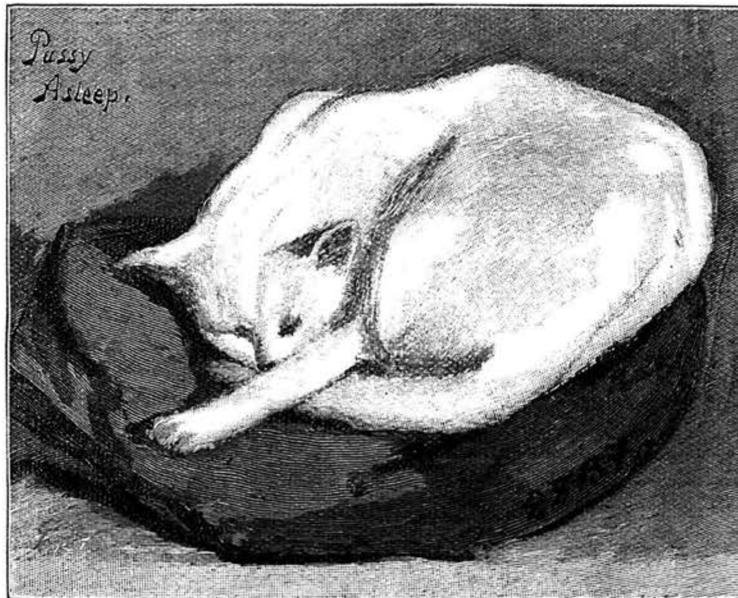
† 570 to 632 A.D.

in prolonged meditation, Muezza lay sleeping peacefully at his elbow. The time wore on; the hour for public prayer summoned the prophet to his devotions, but pussy still slept. Sooner than disturb the slumbers of his pet, he cut off his sleeve on which she lay, leaving her in undisturbed repose.

France and Italy in the Middle Ages give us a few names of lovers of cats.

First among these must be named the two famous Italian poets, Petrarch and Tasso. Tasso addressed one of his most charming sonnets to his cat; and it is said that Petrarch loved his cat almost as much as he did his Laura, his lady-love; and that he is said to have actually had the cat embalmed in the Egyptian manner after its death, but I will not vouch for this as a fact.

Many famous Frenchmen have taken especial interest in cats. A notable instance was Cardinal Richelieu, the powerful minister of Louis XIII., who delighted in nothing so much as watching the gambols and elegant movements of kittens; not from any feeling of affection, like that which Mahomet displayed towards Muezza, but simply as a relaxation from the anxieties of state. Richelieu made no pets, however, but had a fresh supply of kittens every three months to amuse him, and divert his thoughts.



The eminent French writer Chateaubriand was known to be excessively fond of cats. When he was acting as ambassador from France to the Papal Court at Rome, the Pope, to please him, having heard of his weakness, presented him with a large handsome tortoiseshell-coloured cat, which he called Micetto. Chateaubriand has immortalised this creature in one of his famous essays, that one beginning "*J'ai pour compagnon un gros chat, gris-roux.*"

Chateaubriand even used to say that he fancied he could perceive a growing likeness in his own features to those of a cat, from long familiarity with the pretty ways of the tribe, and would call on his friends to observe and admire this fancied resemblance.

A French writer of the eighteenth century, M. Dupont de Nemours, an eminent naturalist, occupied himself much with studying the sounds made by the brute creation, and at last declared that it would be possible to learn their language, and thus to realise the meaning to them of the various sounds which they emit. He writes: "They have very few wants and passions. These they express in a very decided manner; but their ideas are few, and their dictionary but a limited one; their grammar would be extremely simple: for instance, very few nouns, about double the number of adjectives, and the verb left to be understood rather than expressed, while their interjections imply whole phrases in one utterance.

"Yet it is extraordinary," he adds, "with their very limited means of expression, how well they evidently understand, and are able to translate into their own simple tongue the more elaborately-expressed observations, or commands, which we address to them."

This M. Dupont de Nemours actually succeeded in making a dictionary of the language of crows, which he reduced to twenty-five different and distinct sounds, capable of being identified with so many separate meanings.

The cat, he says, can produce several vowel sounds, as well as six consonants; the consonants he gives, being *m, n, g, h, v, f*. But I do not find that the French naturalist ever carried out more fully his researches in the cat tongue; and I fear that his "Dictionnaire des Corbeaux" met with some ridicule, though it was the result of two years' careful observation in a remote rural district where he went to reside for the time, purposely to carry on these investigations.

An Italian writer, one Marco Bettini of Parma, had, two centuries previously, in 1614, written down the song of the nightingale, which M. Dupont de Nemours translated into words: but no one has felt tempted to transcribe the love songs of the cat, though they may be heard intoned, nightly, on the roofs of many a London house, and opportunities are thus plentiful.

Nevertheless, though the cat's language has not as yet tempted any of our modern scientific men to approach its study, yet many a poet, since Tasso, has been inspired by their misfortunes.

The beauty and untimely death of the unfortunate Selima, the cat of the famous Horace Walpole, drew forth a pretty poem from the Poet Gray, namely, the well-known "Ode on the death of a favourite cat drowned in a tub of gold fishes."

The poet describes how,

> "'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
> Where China's gayest art had dyed
> The azure flowers that blow;
> Demurest of the tabby kind,
> The pensive Selima reclin'd,
> Gazed on the lake below."

Contemplating her own reflexion in the water below her, and charmed with her own beauty,

> "Her conscious tail her joy declar'd,
> The fair round face, the snowy beard,
> The velvet of her paws.
> Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
> Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
> She saw; and purred applause."

Then the gold fish swimming about in the tub attract her attention. Vainly she tries to reach them with outstretched paws: they still elude her grasp.

> "With looks intent,
> Again she stretched, again she bent,
> Nor knew the gulf between.
> (Malignant Fate sate by, and smiled),
> The slippery verge her feet beguiled,
> She tumbled headlong in."

Her pitiful mews, her cries for help were unheard; no one came to her rescue, and poor puss met with a watery grave.

In a paper so largely read by young ladies as "The Girl's Own," it seems appropriate to record poems by our own sex on the subject in hand.

I dare say many of the mothers and aunts of my readers may remember having learned, when still in the nursery, the pretty lines by Miss Emily Taylor, descriptive of "The truly Well-bred Cat," beginning,

> "Long have I sought the world around,
> And asked this friend and that,
> Where shall that paragon be found,
> A truly well-bred cat?"

I remember distinctly the picture of the demure-looking pussy seated cosily in a big basket which headed the poem, and the final picture of the ill-favoured thief contrasting with the first.

I might devote a whole article to a history of the long line of cats, all, I may say, more or less well-bred, who have succeeded each other at my own fireside. One especially handsome cat I will mention, for he too, like poor Selima, was honoured after death with a commemorative poem. He was a large-limbed dark tabby, very handsomely marked, the very prototype of the big Egyptian cat, as it may be seen in bronze or stone, sitting, tall and stately, in the long Egyptian gallery at the British Museum; or alive, roaming restlessly to and fro in his cage at the Zoological Gardens amongst the other *Felidæ*: he was called Kangarooka. His early and untimely death followed shortly after that of a pet black-bird named Jetty. Both were buried in the garden with many childish tears; and Mrs. Adams, the charming poetess, wrote the following lines on the sad occasion—

> "We lay thee in the mould, pussy,
> We lay thee in the mould;
> With benisons of earliest flowers,
> With memories of thy playful hours,
> With dews that are not cold,
> We lay thee in the mould, pussy,
> We lay thee in the mould.
>
> Anear within the mould, pussy,
> Anear within the mould,
> Sweet Jetty lies awaiting thee,
> And thou'lt begin an amity,
> And leave the grudges old,
> To mingle in the mould, pussy
> To mingle in the mould.
>
> Thou'rt now beneath the mould, pussy,
> Thou'rt now beneath the mould,
> There's ne'er another like to thee,
> Though many a frolic kit there be,
> Who'll grow to cat that's old.
> So farewell in the mould, pussy,
> So farewell in the mould."

With this farewell to a dead pussy I feel I cannot do better than take leave of my readers, after they have kindly accompanied me in my search after cats through so many long ages of the past, and into so many and such far-away countries.

E. F. Bridell Fox.

FASHIONABLE COSTUMES OF LONG AGO.

By ARDEN HOLT.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUICKSHANK, Jun.

WONDERFUL are the vagaries of fashion. From what strange sources fashions spring! A wen on a fair throat led to ruffs; the lameness of a reigning beauty to high heels; the Steinkirke ties came in after the battle of that name, when the gallants fought in such hot haste they had not time to tie their neckties. It was Henry VIII.'s swollen feet that caused the introduction of shoes six inches across the toe. Shorn locks came in when Francis I. received a wound in the head, and it was when Henry IV. of France turned grey that powder was first introduced for a short time, to come in again a few years later. The famous Fontanges headdress changed the whole style of hairdressing, only because Mdlle. Fontanges' hair became dishevelled when hunting with the King, and she bound it up with her embroidered garter, which caused the Sovereign at once to make bandolets *à la* Fontanges the rage. Wars led to many changes of fashion; the conqueror or the conquered brought in new modes, and with women of the West, dress became an art and a study, the artistic feeling of the different periods being embodied and reflected in the modes of the time.

1320

1230

The more civilised the country, the greater are the changes of fashion. An Eastern woman, leading the life of a recluse indoors, changes the forms of her raiment but seldom, and many are arrayed much the same as in the time of the patriarchs. Ease and splendour are their only care; soft underlinen, covered with brilliantly coloured silk and brocade loosely thrown about the figure, and confined by a sash; these have remained true to their original design for centuries. Not so with Western nations. Glance through the changes wrought by time; from those Anglo-Saxon ancestors of ours, who in kirtle, tunic and gunna (whence our word gown, though it was but a short tunic with sleeves), borrowed much of what was graceful in their attire of the Roman matrons.

In the 12th century the bodices descended to the hips, and were outlined by a girdle; even as far back as Henry I.'s time the miseries of tight-lacing had set in. The Lay of Syr Launfat speaks of damsels whose

"Kirtles were of Inde scarlet,
Y-laced small, jolyf and well."

Our illustration, date 1230, shows how the earlier form of costume had become modified, the dress having a distinct bodice and chemisette, the hooded headdress with pendant veil or cloak, and the slashed sleeves almost hiding the hand. By-and-bye sleeves lengthened so much they trailed on the ground, and had to be knotted like the trains out of doors.

Each decade then began to be marked by increased splendour, more costly stuffs, more jewels, and more embroideries, one princess of France having golden birds on twigs of jewels, interwoven with her velvet robe.

In the 14th century the shoes are, perhaps, the most eccentric portion of the attire. The toes are so pointed, they turn up like skates. One class, the Pigacia, resembled a scorpion's tail, and the Cornado a ram's horn. A shoemaker named Poulaine brought out some shoes a yard long. You see in 1320 how pointed even the shoes worn by women were, as well as the headdress, known as the steeple or sugarloaf, still to be found in parts of Normandy. This has a fine lawn veil depending from it. The dress which accompanies it is of rich brocade, bordered with ermine, made so long it had to be tucked beneath the arm for walking. "A foul waste of stuff excessive," as some old chronicler deemed it. The bodice is cut heart shape, with revers, and held in its place by a corselet. The sugarloaf was only the commencement of high headdresses. Isabella of Bavaria, wife of Charles VI., brought in the horned headdress, which grew higher and wider until the horns were set two yards apart, and doorways had to be enlarged to admit them. They were decked with fur and jewels, and to make them the more preposterous, ornaments resembling animals' ears were sometimes appended.

The cote hardie of the women, with the names of their knights embroidered on the breast, and the armorial bearings of their own families, were not quite so *bizarre* as the parti-coloured dresses of Edward III.'s time, with stockings of different colours, or sometimes each side of the coat of distinct hues;

1550

1617

1720

1785

perhaps one sleeve short, one long; one foot with a shoe, one with a boot; a hood about the head. The very costume, in fact, in which a fool is portrayed at fancy balls.

With the Tudors' times came greater dignity of dress. See how, in 1550, the high ruff encircles the dainty neck, and the high, stiff bodice displays the figure to perfection, though puffed sleeves and ruffs combined hide the neck entirely. Her name is associated with jewelled stomachers, winged head-dresses, crimped and frizzed hair (mostly false), and farthingales, the precursors of hoops. These were revived in our own time, and we had the opportunity of judging of their ungraceful ugliness in 1862, when worn with the spoon bonnets and looped skirts. Ruffs were of diverse form; the upstanding lace-edged frill, from the back of a low dress, ill-fated Marie Stuart introduced, though we see her more often depicted in the close-plaited one about the throat. All kinds of contrivances were used to make them stand up stiffly, and they were often supported by under-props.

1825

185

1820

1787

Mrs. Plasse came over from Flanders and made a fortune by teaching the art of using, what the writers of the day, who were bitter in their satires, called "devil's liquor," viz., starch, which was sold in several colours

Very magnificent were the robes of the Italian beauties of this period, who all had fashions of their own; one of them, eccentric enough, was a stiff bodice with a background to the upper part of the figure, formed of a screen of gauze, like a peacock's tail, which opened and shut at the wearer's pleasure.

When the British Solon, James I., ascended the throne, the ladies' hair began to be cut across the forehead, the curls to float at the back. See in 1617 with what monstrous hats, ostrich feathers curling over the brim, these coiffures were crowned, though the pointed bodice, lace sleeves, and feathered fan are more in keeping with modern taste. Masks were favoured by women from the time of Francis I. to the beginning of the eighteenth century. They were very small, and appeared mostly at the theatres, as though the wearers were ashamed to be seen. These masks were kept on by a band sewn to them and held in the mouth, which must have interfered with much conversation.

With the 17th century powder came in; when Gabriel d'Estrées was the reigning beauty even the nuns adopted it. It proved an uncleanly fashion, for so intricate were the headdresses that they were not taken down for a week or more, so much time was consumed in arranging them; pads, puffs, and curls were piled one a-top of another, and sometimes, to crown the edifice, a basket appeared, or a model of a ship in full sail.

The sacque, which is the natural accompaniment to powder, is "an appendage of silk affixed to the shoulders of a lady behind, and thence falling to the ground." It drapes gracefully, notwithstanding the hoops worn in 1720, forming so marked a contrast to the scant drapery of 1878, which borrowed ideas of costume from other periods than this, for the hat is of Tudor origin, also the ruff. The zebra braided jacket and long skirt, neither draped nor flowing, the square shoulders and tight long sleeves, mark the present century.

But to return to 1720; the hair in the figure is powdered, but not eccentrically piled up. The sacque is of brocade, the petticoat is quilted.

Patches were worn with powder and with sacques, a tiny circle of black plaister on the face being made to indicate sometimes, by the side on which it was worn, whether the wearer were a Whig or a Tory. Sometimes it became larger, took the form of sun, moon, stars, flies, beetles; and, worn across the forehead, of a coach and horses, postilion and all. What more silly vagaries of fashion could there be than this?

Poor Marie Antoinette, in the later part of her reign, introduced a total change in the prevailing modes, and when she temporarily lost her hair after an illness, large bonnets and caps came to be worn, and these survived until the eccentricities of the Republic. In 1786 the dormouse, or mushroom hat was poised over a *bonnette d'amour* made of coloured crêpe, which, with short skirts of small dimensions, gave a top-heavy appearance to the figure. The Chapeau Tartare, brought out in 1787 with the Demi-redingote, is more dressy of aspect. It was made in apple-green silk mounted on wire. The Tyrolese crown is 9 inches high, surrounded with canary-coloured ribbons, and upstanding plumes fall downwards, meeting a ladder of bows divided by roses; the stick and striped stockings complete the costume, more suited to a Meg Merrilies than a sane woman.

No period in the history of costume is so marked by eccentricity as that of the French Revolution; every absurdity held sway, even to a revival of classic sandals and tunics, as far removed from the grace and beauty of the Greek costume as can well be imagined. Mark the graceful fold of the drapery, the easy play of limb, the elegance of the diploidon falling from the shoulders of the figure in our first illustration, and the becoming smallness of the head-dress—one of the best models that the history of costume has produced.

1862

From the beginning of the 18th century France, or, rather, Paris, has dictated fashions to the civilised world, and we owe the poke bonnet to that capital, even at the period of the first Empire and the Restoration, when it was designated the *costume à l'Anglais*.

In 1825 this bonnet was made more remarkable by the general scantiness of attire and the puffed sleeves; and we see what we are likely to arrive at if we pursue the present line of revived *modes*. They are certainly not so preposterous as those of 1851, when birds of paradise crowned the very prominent head-gear, and English-women showed how ill-arranged a shawl could be. For some years these large bonnets held sway. In 1830 the so-called *négligé* bonnet was worn with a ruff about the neck, the bodice of the dress fastened at the back, a reticule hung from the long overhanging sleeves on to the untrimmed skirt which opened in front.

1878

It is a subject of regret that national costumes

are so rapidly passing away. In nearly all cases they are picturesque, and admirably suited to the special countries. Their eccentricities, nevertheless, are numerous enough. How quaint and curious is the headdress of the Dutch woman, a sort of pointed skull cap of linen with depending drapery, completely hiding the hair, her bright metal buckles forming a diadem belt in front, with pendants like earrings attached to it, and not to the ears.

National costumes have the merit of being becoming; would the Swiss maiden ever look so well as in her trim, square-cut bodice bedizened with silver, or the Italian in her flat head-dress, corselet bodice, and gay apron?

A WOMAN'S PLEA.

By L. G. MOBERLY.

AH! yes, indeed it's very true
That I enjoy a walk with you,
But should I like it, if I tried
To walk life's pathway by your side?

I like to talk to you? Oh, yes,
Just for an hour perhaps, or less,
But should I like the whole day through
To have to talk to—only you?

It pleases me to see you? Well!
I own it does! But who can tell
If I should care to see your face
Daily—in one accustomed place?

Have patience with me! Do not smile—
Let me delay a little while—
You see, it means my whole, whole life,
If I consent to be—your—wife!

OUTLINE EMBROIDERY.

OUTLINE embroidery is such an important branch of the decorative art that it requires a chapter to itself. Although it is included under the general head of "crewel work," yet the two differ so widely that it is necessary to describe each separately. In crewel work our ideas of beauty are expressed by the harmonious blending of colour; in outline work, confining ourselves to strict simplicity of tone, our object is attained by graceful forms and delicate tracery. Neat and careful work is absolutely essential, and the somewhat free-and-easy style of design allowed in crewel work is inadmissible for this, as everything depends upon accuracy of detail and neatness of finish.

There are many stitches which may be used equally well in both styles of embroidery, but several are suitable only for outlining, and some of these I will explain before going on to the designs. The first and simplest is the split stitch, chiefly used where absolute straightness of line is necessary. This is made in exactly the same way as stem stitch, except that when the needle is brought up from the back of the work it must be brought *through* the thread, instead of at the left-hand side of it, splitting the thread, as the name implies.

For thick lines, such as the folds of drapery, particularly on coarse materials, either twisted chain or cordonnet stitch is employed. The former resembles the ordinary chain, with which, no doubt, all my readers are familiar, only that the stitch must start from the left-hand side of the previous one instead of from the middle of it.

The cordonnet answers the same purposes as the twisted chain; it is used occasionally for variety, and has also the advantage of being the same on both sides if desired. It is formed thus:—Make a row of running stitches along the line to be covered; the stitches must be of equal length with each other and the

OUTLINE EMBROIDERY.—FIG. 8.

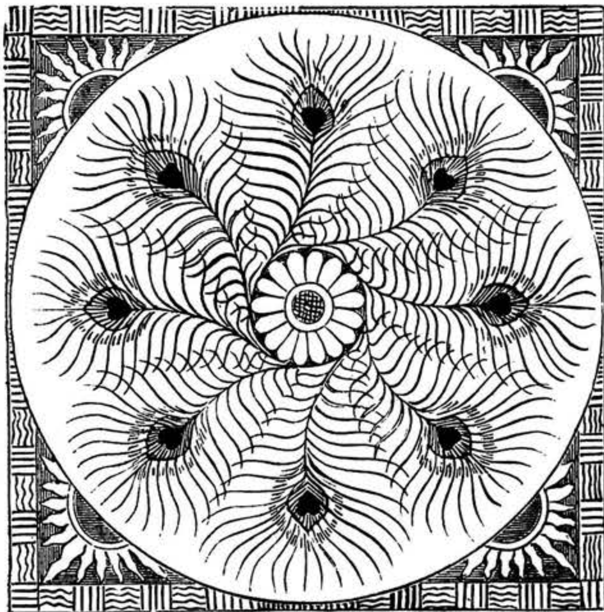


FIG. 4.

spaces between them; come back along the line again in the same manner, filling up the spaces; then pass your needle and wool through each stitch on the surface of the work, thus giving the appearance of a twisted cord. This last process is shown in Fig. 1; the running stitches will, of course, look the same on both sides, but the twisting stitch will have to be done separately on the back and front. The ordinary chain stitch, closely worked, is occasionally introduced for drapery, and in old work button-hole stitch is sometimes seen for the edges of leaves and petals, though it is not usual now; for very fine work, such as occurs in the face and hands of figures, back-stitching is employed. These few stitches, selected out of many, with those already described in "Crewel Work," will be found sufficient for all ordinary outline embroidery, and the worker will soon learn to modify and alter her stitches according to the exigencies of her design. In case of employing the stem stitch for outlining leaves I must give one caution which would not be so necessary if the leaf were to be filled up; having worked up one side to the top, be careful, in coming down the other side, to draw the needle out at the *right* instead of the *left* side of the thread, the latter being the ordinary rule. The reason for this will be obvious on examining the serrated edge of a real leaf; were the needle brought out in the usual way the edge would have the unnatural appearance shown in Fig. 2. Fig. 3 shows the leaf as it should be. The materials used for outline embroidery should, generally speaking, have a smooth and rather fine surface. Of course, for a large design, with no minute details, this is not necessary; indeed, a favourite groundwork for screens and wall hangings is sail-cloth, which is certainly neither smooth nor fine, but for small articles closed-grained holland, linen, satin, or silk sheeting will be found to answer better.

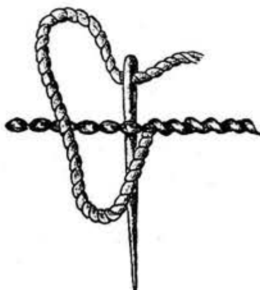


FIG. 1.

Cricketing flannel, too, is often used as affording a good ground for fine work, whilst it has the advantage of being warm enough for children's dresses, cot-covers, &c. There are some varieties of crewel wool specially prepared for coarse work, and the use of them saves a great deal of time and improves the general effect; tapestry wool, for example, is twice as thick as crewel, but it is at present rather more difficult to procure than the better-known materials. Another new thread is arrasene, which is thick and handsome, having the appearance of chenille; it is very useful for thick lines and broad effects. There are many different kinds of silk, but perhaps the most generally useful is the embroidery or bobbin silk, which is made in two thicknesses, "fine" and "rope," the former being in one strand and the latter having about twelve strands, which can be readily separated, and the thickness regulated by the style of embroidery in hand. Raw or spun silk is recommended for white flowers, as it is quite as good as the embroidery silk, and is much cheaper. Filoselle and purse silks are also used occasionally, but for ordinary purposes the two mentioned will be sufficient. A new idea for dessert d'oyleys is to embroider on each some portion of a willow-pattern tea service; on one a plate, on another a tea-pot, a cup and saucer, and so on. These should be worked in different shades of china blue silk or crewel, in stem stitch, with the small figures in split stitch. Punch-bowls and vases of all sorts can be treated in the same way, and form a pleasant variety from the floral designs so long in favour. Fig. 4 is a simple design, based upon peacock's feathers, with ornamental border. It would be effective worked in shades of blue, and can be done entirely in outline embroidery.

FIG. 2.

FIG. 3.

Another style which gives scope for considerable ingenuity to the worker, and affords a great amount of amusement at the dinner-table, is to embroider on each d'oyley a representation of some popular song. For one mat, "Twickenham Ferry" would be a very good subject—the river side, boat with its pretty passenger, and the stalwart young boatman just pushing off; for another, "Darby and Joan," an old couple by the fireside, hand in hand; the "Three Sailor Boys," and many others, will afford suitable and characteristic little pictures for the purpose. If the names are put underneath, the letters should be back-stitched; but, provided that the subjects are well carried out, their meaning will be obvious to everyone without the name, and it is generally preferred to leave each guest to find out what his d'oyley represents. In the case of larger articles, and where there seems so much open space between the lines of the the design, it is very common to partially fill up some small part of the pattern. I have seen a banner-screen of dead-gold satin, on which was outlined a branch of an oak tree, with leaves, acorns, gall-nuts, &c., but the cups of the acorns were all filled up with French knots. It is an improvement to cover a portion of the large leaves by a few lines in the middle, like veins; and this may be done in all cases where the design looks at all bare. Where a scroll is introduced with the foliage the scroll is often entirely filled up.

Fig. 5 is part of a design of a procession of young storks, and would be suitable for a frieze or any piece of embroidery, as the idea might be carried out to any length. Birds, when drawn quaintly, form very effective decorations for certain rooms, and can be executed in one colour, such as brown or indigo blue. Fig. 6 shows the treatment of fish, which is both novel and effective, and gives great relief when interspersed with other embroidery. The design would look very effective worked in golden browns on a dark blue or green cloth. The water lines at back should be light blue, to give relief to the fish.

In the last paper on crewel work some mention was made of table-cloths for five o'clock tea, and I promised to give a further de-

FIG 5.

FIG. 6.

scription of them. If the table be round, a tight-fitting cloth is best—a round piece for the top and a straight strip round the side. A pretty idea for a cover of this sort is to make a design introducing the characters of some of the well-known nursery rhymes, such as "Hush-a-bye Baby on the Tree Top," "See-saw, Margery Daw," &c. Another way is to have a series of pictures all illustrating the same rhyme. Take, for instance, the story of Mother Hubbard and her dog. The events of their chequered career are too numerous to be all chronicled, but the most striking portions of this well-known history should be chosen for the cloth, and one side of the cosy Mother Hubbard should be pourtrayed sitting at tea, and on the reverse her faithful hound. The spaces between the groups of figures may be occupied by the words of the story if desired.

Another pretty design would be a ring of little damsels, joining hands, dancing round the mulberry tree, a representation of which should occupy the cosy. The same class of designs applies to borders for side-board cloths, which are an immense improvement to the dining-room. They look best made to fit on to the side-board. The border is a straight piece, stitched on to the top part after being worked, but sometimes they are made like an ordinary loose cloth.

The old fashion of having drawn silk in the front of cottage pianos is disappearing, the modern ones usually having that part filled up with painted panels of plain wood. But those who have old pianos, with, perhaps, faded silk displayed in the front, may easily make them look new-fashioned by removing the silk, and inserting in its place a strip of crewel or outline embroidery. A conventional floral pattern looks well, and a design of one will be given in a succeeding number as a specimen.

Fig. 7 is a design, representing music, for figure screen. It shows the treatment of figures, as the whole effect must be produced by outline embroidery. The other arts, such as painting, poetry, and sculpture, would form suitable companions.

Fig. 8, on the following page, is a design for floral panel, and, as will be seen, is a conventionalised representation of the sunflower. The leaves might be outlined in green and the flowers in yellow, while the double line running round the outside, and which serves to frame in the design, might be light turquoise or peacock blue.

Outline embroidery is very applicable to the ornamentation of large pieces of furniture—such as screens—more so than the ordinary crewel work, as it is lighter and more graceful in effect. Besides this, time is an object to most people in these busy days, and they might hesitate to commence a large mass of filled work, so that for this reason outlining is preferable, as being more quickly done. A three or four-fold screen, with embroidered panels, would look very nice. The frames of the screens being always quite plain, they are not expensive. The material worked upon, if cotton, should be very coarse and heavy, such as sail-cloth; and for the thick lines, either tapestry, wool, or arrasene is more effective than crewel. The designs best suited for screens and other large articles are those taken from allegorical or mythological subjects.

For instance, for a screen with four wings, representations of the four seasons would be effective, and easily designed. Sail cloth is strongly recommended for the foundation; and dark brown, or olive green wools, keeping to one uniform shade for the whole. The ears of corn, the grapes, and apples, and the sickle, may be filled up. It is not necessary to work the back of the screen; it should be covered with stamped velvet, or any other rich material, in the same colour as the wool used for the embroidery.

In doing a large piece of work like a screen, stop occasionally, and look at it from a distance, to make sure that you are working in the best way for the general effect, and not making unimportant details too prominent, which is a fault into which beginners are apt to fall. The worker must use her own judgment as to which stitches are applicable to the different subjects in her design. Of course a variety can be introduced on the same figure; and it is no waste of time for a beginner to spend a little while before beginning her work in learning the stitches described above. If you have taken the design from a picture it is a great help to have the original at hand to refer to while working, as however carefully you may trace your pattern some of the lines almost always become indistinct, and very often the slightest deviation from the real lines is disastrous, as for instance, in working a face. In "the good old times" people must have had a great deal more spare time at their disposal than we have in the present day, or they never could have attempted the marvellous specimens of work which have been handed down to us from our ancestors. I have seen a full-sized quilt completely covered with outlined flowers, scrolls, and foliage, every stitch of which is hand-worked in the finest back-stitching. The time it must have taken to do is something appalling, and its extreme neatness and exactness makes me feel rather ashamed of the slipshod manner of sewing and stitching allowed now-a-days. This quilt was worked by some Huguenot ladies in their spare time, after their escape to England from the persecutions in France, and their descendants are justly proud of possessing such an extraordinary piece of work. Things are very different now, and there is no need to spend our time in making what can be manufactured and sold at convenient prices; but in the case of crewel work no girl ought to think of buying what she can make for herself at almost no expense, the only necessaries being neatness, patience, and good taste.

FIG. 7.

ADVERTISING SWINDLES.

By THE HOME PHILOSOPHER.

READING THE ADVERTISEMENTS.

Now, girls, I want you to take the Home Philosopher very much into your confidence, though I am going to begin by warning you to be very careful whom you trust. I have lived a good many years longer than any of you, and I have suffered in many ways that I am anxious to show you how to avoid, by not acting rashly on the spur of the moment, as, alas! I have so often done.

Many of you would, no doubt, be glad to earn a little additional pocket money, even if you are in no way obliged to get your own living. In our day, nobody seems to be ashamed to make a little money; on the contrary, they show a great deal of honest pride if they are fortunate enough to be able to do so; and in my experience — and depend upon it, girls, it will be yours too, no money is so sweet in the spending as that which is earned.

But few things that are very good, or very pleasant, are to be procured without trouble. Competition is so keen now, that it is no easy matter to make a few pounds, or even a few shillings, without some special talent, or, better still, some special training. Moreover, caution is necessary, or the unwary and inexperienced fall an easy prey to the rogues, ever on the alert to make their want his or her opportunity; for, worse luck, there are female as well as male rogues. One of their most successful modes of proceeding is the insertion of specious advertisements in newspapers.

When one's eyes are open it is easy to wonder how other folks can be so readily taken in—this, by-the-bye, generally after we ourselves have suffered.

Years ago the writer of the following advertisement made quite a large sum, and I dare-

say you and I think his victims must have been very gullible.

"Music.—An extra opportunity for being instructed in music, either in town or country. The advertiser has found out a method by which he teaches to play on either the piano, violin, or guitar, in the completest manner, by only the practice of one single lesson, which he does on the most reasonable terms."

Imagine anyone thinking they could learn the use of an instrument in a lesson! Yet it is not one whit more absurd than the many employments offered and advertised, "without any previous knowledge being necessary," even if it be merely colouring photographs. I have seen such an announcement with regard to painting on china, a palpable absurdity, for the very nature of the work demands a certain facility in manipulating colours and mediums, even if no skill in drawing be needed, and without this it must be very rudimentary painting indeed.

As a rule, the more tempting such advertisements are, the more likely they are to be catchpennies, though, of course, among the many there are a few that are *bonâ fide*. I was myself a victim to a well-known fraud, which is a good example of many others. Lucrative employment in the form of lace, church work, etc., was offered to ladies in their own houses. Like hundreds of others, I applied by letter to M. D., Fern House, West Croydon, and in reply received a printed letter, in which constant employment was offered, all work to be paid for on delivery, if properly executed, and materials would be sent on receipt of one guinea. I rashly sent a guinea I could ill afford, and duly received materials and instructions for making lace for washing dresses. The lace I returned when the work was done, and was sent an acknowledgment for the same, but no money. While I was meditating what steps to take to regain my guinea, M. D., who proved to be a Mrs. Margaret Dellair, was brought up at the Surrey Sessions, "for obtaining divers sums of money and certain valuable securities by means of false pretences, with intent to cheat and defraud." She had received over 200 post office orders for a guinea, but none of the many ladies who appeared against her had had payment of any sort. She was sentenced to five years' penal servitude, her husband at the time undergoing a like sentence for the same class of offence. It was proved that the woman had no connection with any leading firms from whom she told her dupes she had constant orders; and I tell you this because I would advise you, whenever it is possible, to go to the fountain-head yourself. There are many good firms who will give orders for articles which girls could do at their own homes, if—but the *if* is all important—the work is done in the best possible manner, and the whole transaction carried out on business principles and with business exactness. Punctuality is a most necessary part of the agreement. Work must be done to time if you wish to have the orders renewed.

It is a pretty safe rule that whenever a demand is made for money over and above the value of goods sent, there is a necessity for being on the alert. A rascal used to take in a number of poor women by advertising for ladies to copy sermons at twopence per hundred words. Applicants were, as a preliminary, required to deposit half-a-crown, which was said to be returned if no work was sent, but before that could be done another seven and sixpence was demanded "to avoid any possibility of unscrupulous persons obtaining valuable sermons on pretence of copying." Neither the half-crown nor seven and sixpence were ever returned, and in time the advertiser paid for his ingenuity by twelve months' imprisonment with hard labour.

There is no doubt many women have answered the advertisements which offer to teach a system of dressmaking, or give employment in painting lace, or painting Christmas cards, or turning the use of a knitting-machine to account, and have profited thereby; but you may be quite sure that if these lead to any good results the proceedings did not begin by the applicants being mulcted of shillings, half-crowns, half-sovereigns, or larger sums. Girls, if you want to earn money, draw your purse-strings tight.

I have made many inquiries respecting societies and associations professing to be established with the benevolent object of assisting ladies to dispose of their handiwork, either artistic or needlework, and I have come to the conclusion that, however well such advertisements may read, they are to be accepted with caution. I should advise none of you to send any article or to put down any annual subscription to any such societies unless they have a working committee of people whose names carry weight and issue a properly-audited balance-sheet annually. Many of these sort of things are stated, perhaps without any intention of fraud, but without the power of commanding a sale or sufficient means in the background to find the rent and other expenses, or perhaps lacking the necessary business aptitude on the part of the promoters. They go on for a while, and then too often suddenly collapse. The goods, if returned at all, are mostly much the worse for wear, and, as a matter of course, the entrance fee is sacrificed.

But perhaps some of you girls have literary talents, and desire to publish tales or essays, poems, or whatever else you are able to produce. If so, send them to well-established periodicals or country newspapers. Do not be discouraged by failure. Many a good article rejected over and over again has appeared in print and laid the foundation for a literary career. Let your copy be clear, carefully written on one side of the paper only, and the matter something about which you have some specific knowledge. Few well-established publications need to advertise for contributors, and it certainly is not necessary for you, a tyro in the art, to subscribe towards the publishing of a magazine in which your productions are to appear. Few such publications would have the faintest chance of success under such auspices.

It might, under exceptional circumstances, when needlework is ordered, be necessary to deposit a few shillings as a guarantee that the materials sent to you will be duly returned or paid for; but if your writings require a deposit of any kind to get them read or published, the waste-paper basket is the best place for them, however highly you may yourself value them. Literature, after all, is a very open market, and fresh blood is always needed, though it may be a difficult matter to get your first step on the ladder. "Try, and if you don't succeed, try, try, try again," is the very best advice, but don't subscribe to any association which offers even the most tempting terms to publish in any magazine issued by the joint subscriptions of amateur authors. Nor do not be tempted by offers of introductions to publishers for a consideration. Attack the publishers yourself, without any intermediary. No paid one will help you. I was asked to subscribe to something of the kind not long ago, and among the advantages the subscription was to give me was the power to try for the acrostic and other prizes offered by a well-known weekly paper, which was open to everybody.

If as much ingenuity were employed in securing honest work as we find in these bogus advertisements, the perpetrators, I think, would be much better off. The addresses change so frequently, applicants are so deluged with printed testimonials, that they are the more easily gulled. Sometimes the advertisers are obliged at last to send something in return for the money. One Everett May, for example, who for eighteenpence undertook to teach how to earn four guineas a week. For a time he would declare that the packet was posted, and must have been lost in transit, but after a long correspondence and constant demands for more money, if very hard pressed, something arrived, as, in one case, a last, a small boot for a child, and a few pieces of leather, from which it would be impossible to make a fellow boot, and a note concluding with, "As soon as we receive from you a specimen equal to pattern we shall be glad to afford you constant employment." Another advertisement offered to gentlemen in a respectable circle of acquaintance the means of increasing their incomes, and on receipt of thirty stamps advised the purchase of a cwt. of potatoes for 4s., a basket, and 2s. worth of flannel, to have half the quantity of potatoes baked nightly, put them in the basket well wrapped in flannel, sell them at a 1d. each, and so earn £2 a week.

Perhaps some of you girls may be attracted by the advertisements which seek for a depôt where some everyday article may be sold, and if you are in a position in which such a sale at home is possible you may, perhaps with a good deal of trouble, make a little money in that way. Such advertisements are far more *bonâ fide*, I expect, than £2 and upwards offered by certain firms to persons of either sex without hindrance to present occupation. To any girls about to have recourse to these, my advice would be like that of Albert Smith to those about to marry—"Don't."

Just now the word competitions occupy many advertisements in the newspapers. I counted fourteen different addresses in one number. The amount offered in prizes is tempting, and those of my friends who have competed have found the promoters apparently fair dealing. But it is not easy to obtain a prize, and the shilling paid by each competitor is, I expect, the most important point to the advertiser.

One other class of advertisement I am about to touch upon, viz., the fortune-telling ones. Seeing the penalties the advertisers lay themselves open to, it is wonderful that they appear at all. If any of you send your shilling in the hope of obtaining your horoscope or any revelation as to your future life, based on the information you furnish as to your height, colour of hair, eyes, and date of birth, even supposing you receive any reply at all, you will very surely have wasted your money. None of these folks know any more of your future than The Home Philosopher, and if I could tell the future, I should know what stocks were going to rise, and what horse will win the next Derby, and thereby make more money in a week than the fortune-tellers, if they had ten lives. Depend on it, if they could they would do the same.

ARDERN HOLT.

Marrow Toast.—The butcher will break up the marrow bone, and from it the marrow should be taken in as large pieces as possible; put these into a saucepan of boiling water rather highly salted; when the marrow has boiled for one minute drain it through a strainer. Have ready a slice of crisp, brown toast, place the marrow upon it and put it before the fire for two or three minutes, sprinkle with salt, pepper, and chopped parsley, and serve very hot.

Italian Meat Cakes.—Mince finely any kind of cold meat which is free from gristle and skin, add to it a little minced fat of ham or bacon, a teaspoonful of chopped spring onion, parsley and fresh herbs, a few drops of anchovy, pepper and salt to season well, and an egg to bind the whole. Make into small round flat cakes, cover on both sides with beaten egg and bread raspings, fry them in a little good dripping until lightly browned, then drain the cakes and make a garnish of them around a small mound of savoury macaroni, cooked beans, peas or spinach, pouring a little thickened gravy round the base.

Mutton Pies.—For breakfast or supper. One or two slices of underdone mutton, and any odd scraps which have no gristly bits about them, should be minced together in a wooden bowl till quite fine, when add to the mince a good tablespoonful of tomato catsup, a liberal pinch of pepper, half a teaspoonful of salt, a few bread-crumbs, and enough good gravy to make the mixture quite moist.

Line some patty-pans with very good short paste, place a spoonful of the mince on the middle, cover with an upper crust, and bake in a rather hot oven until well crisped and brown. These may be eaten either hot or cold, but are most savoury when freshly baked.

Savoury Sandwiches.—Cut some slices from a French roll very thinly and evenly, trimming away all hard crust. Fry these lightly on one side only in a little butter, spread one slice with potted shrimp or salmon paste (the bottles or pots may be bought at a small cost), sprinkle with chopped watercress or small garden-cress, cover with another slice of bread pressing the two well together, and keeping the fried side out. Garnish with picked cress or parsley.

The filling of these sandwiches may be varied *ad libitum*, and chopped hard-boiled egg with pepper and salt, or cucumber very thinly sliced may replace the cress with advantage.

Cauliflower au Gratin.—Boil a cauliflower in salted water until it is tender through, then break it into sprigs. Have a shallow enamelled dish ready with an ounce of salt butter ready dissolved in it, sprinkle the bottom with a handful of fine bread-crumbs, chopped parsley, and grated cheese (if liked). Place the sprigs of cauliflower on this bed, cover with the same again and pour over all another ounce of dissolved butter, put the dish into the oven for five minutes, then serve at once as it is.

A Ragoût of Veal.—Take about two pounds of breast of veal, which should be cut into pieces two to three inches long. Dip each piece into seasoned flour, and place in a stewpan with also some inch long pieces of salt bacon. Over the meat lay two or three small onions split in half, two or three young carrots, or in wintertime a slice of parsnip, and add a spoonful of chopped parsley with the same of fresh or dried mint. Cover with lukewarm stock or water, place the lid over and stew gently for a couple of hours. Lift the portions of meat out on to a dish, strain the gravy, and slightly colour it if it seems well to do so, and add to it a tablespoonful of capers with vinegar; pour over the meat and serve at once.

A Miroton of Beef.—The scraps that remain from a roast of beef or beefsteak will make a delicious and economical dish treated thus:—Cut them into small, thin pieces, trim them nicely and put them to become hot through, but not to boil, or they will be rendered tough, in a good savoury gravy, slightly thick. This gravy will be delicious if made by stewing together two or three fresh tomatoes, a young onion, and a few fresh leaves of herbs in an ounce of beef dripping, then crushing these through a sieve, add a tablespoonful of dried flour with salt and pepper, which work together until quite smooth: stir in a teacupful of stock made from bones, bring the gravy to a boil, and then it is ready for the meat to be put in.

Have some good potatoes ready boiled, mash them thoroughly with a little milk and pinch of salt. Make a wall of potato around a dish, leaving a "well" in the centre, which fill up with the beef. The surface of the potato may be ornamented with a sprinkling of chopped parsley, but the whole must be kept and served very hot, and then it will be found a most savoury composition.

Purée of Spinach.—If the trouble be taken to shred the green part of each leaf from the stalk before throwing into the boiling water, there will be no subsequent need to rub the spinach through a sieve, and thus much waste may be avoided.

Boil in salted water for upwards of ten minutes, drain and press well, then return the spinach to a stewpan with a small lump of fresh butter, and a little pepper; beat and stir it constantly with a wooden spoon, and add gradually a teacupful of milk, allowing it to simmer all the time.

Turn out in a mound on to a dish and garnish with hard-boiled egg, the yellow powdered and the white cut in rings, or poached eggs, or have some rounds of bread with the centre partly scooped out and the shape fried in butter, and fill these with the *purée* of spinach. It should be as smooth as cream and not much thicker.

To Drain after Frying.—Most cooks drain fish, rissoles, cutlets, etc., on paper; soft pieces of cotton or thick soft muslin answer the purpose better, they can be so easily folded over on to the top of the articles and absorb all the fat very quickly. Of course, they are washed and used over and over again.

Scolloped Crab.—Take the meat out of the shell, cut it in small pieces; to every four tablespoonfuls of meat add one of fine bread-crumbs, a teaspoonful of oiled butter, a little cayenne pepper, salt, a small quantity of finely chopped parsley, and a squeeze of lemon-juice; mix all together, butter some scollop shells, fill them with the mixture, sift fine bread-crumbs over the top, and put on some little lumps of butter; cook in the oven until lightly browned, then serve. Suitable at lunch, dinner, or supper.

Rissoles of Macaroni.—Boil two ounces of macaroni with a little salt, in water, until tender, drain, cut in pieces about one-sixth of an inch long, put in a saucepan with a very small piece of butter, two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, and a little cayenne pepper; stir until the cheese has melted, then turn on to a plate to cool. Roll some puff paste out very thin, cut into rounds about the size of the top of a large cup, place some of the cheese and macaroni on each piece of paste, double the paste over, pinch the edges together, roll the rissole in broken vermicelli and grated cheese, fry in a basket or in a frying-pan in plenty of boiling fat, serve very hot, garnished with fried parsley, and placed on a serviette or a white paper.

Beef with Kidney.—Take a quarter of a pound of ox kidney, cut it lengthwise in four pieces, then cut the pieces in thin slices so that they may resemble sliced sheep's kidneys, dredge flour over, stirring the pieces as you dredge. Put a small lump of butter in a brown jar that is not too big round, add a little pinch of white sugar and a very small onion, whole, then put in the kidney. Cover the jar and put in a moderately hot oven for twenty minutes; remove from the oven, take a pound and a half of beef, flour it all over, put in with the kidney, cover and bake for a quarter of an hour, then add a little pepper and salt and sufficient tepid water to nearly cover the meat, and bake (keeping the cover well on the jar, it is a good plan to put a small weight on the top) in a very moderate oven from two to four hours. Fillet, steak, or even shin of beef will do for this dish, fillet will be quite done enough in two hours, but shin requires four hours. When done, remove the fat from the top. At the moment of serving add a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, do not cook the parsley at all. Cold beef cut in thin slices rolled and put on skewers (which are removed before serving) may very well be used for this dish; but then, the kidneys must have the water added to them after they have been in the oven for half an hour, and must be cooked another hour before the cold meat is put in.

Macaroni and Tomatoes.—Take three ounces of Naples macaroni, break it in pieces about an inch long, boil in water with a little salt until tender, then drain on a sieve. Take half the contents of a tin of tomatoes, rub through a sieve and put in a saucepan with the macaroni and a piece of butter the size of a filbert, cook together a few minutes, and serve with roast mutton, round a hash, or alone; or before serving stir in a large tablespoonful of grated cheese, and send to table as a savoury.

NOVEMBER.—FIRESIDE LIFE.

To an habitual student of the fair face of Nature, it would seem a matter of no great difficulty, to detect in the varying expression of her countenance, the footsteps of time, as it silently treads onward, from one division of each annual circle to another. And not less distinctly may the close observer of our busy human life, trace its progress in the social peculiarities of the various months of the year. They present to our notice not alone the broad contrasts bearing relation to the important changes in nature from season to season, but also the same minute distinctions, which would, to the perceptions of many, render an October landscape quite distinguishable from the same scene beheld in November. Writers far better versed in the subject than ourselves, having gracefully spoken of the perpetual, though delicate transitions in nature, there are left us for discussion only the passing characteristics of social existence, and it is in its November phase especially, that we would now touch upon it.

England has always been acknowledged as the only country which can boast a fireside life; no imitations of it have flourished or matured elsewhere, for it is a concomitant of our abused climate, our national love of seclusion, and preference of comfort to gaiety. England then is the country, and November the especial season for quiet domestic enjoyment.

It is a tantalizing thing to a passer-by who may himself have miles to traverse before his bourne is reached, and no anticipation, perhaps, of any particular domestic pleasure when he does reach it, to follow the eager rapid footsteps of some complacent member of society; to see him stop with a smile full of self gratulation at the door of a prosperous-looking mansion, and obtain admittance before he has had time to demand it, through the instrumentality of a "wee thing," who has been flattening her face for an hour against the window pane, that she might give the earliest notice of "Papa's arrival." It must be acknowledged that, under all the circumstances, it *is* a trying thing, to catch a passing glimpse of a well-lighted hall, and to see the glowing reflection of a blazing fire lighting up the form and features of the graceful "house mother," as she emerges from the dining-room to assist the rest of the household, in anticipating the wants and wishes of the master. And doubly irritating is it to the casual observer, when this little outline of domestic life has been by chance revealed to him, to have the curtain dropped before it, and to be mentally driven out like an intruder, as he is, from the most pleasant of life's "pleasant places."

But why should we, in our ethereal character of author, submit to the conventional restrictions which must limit the observations and disappoint the curiosity of the material looker on? Why not enter silently some tempting homestead, take our seat in some unoccupied nook, and note down truthfully all the little details, however prosaic in themselves, which make up the sum of fireside enjoyment? It is true we have all some acquaintance with it, but then it wears not the same face for everyone.

In one of the older suburbs of London, there is a pleasant open road leading remotely to the country, and more nearly to nursery gardens, turnip fields, and such semi-rural delights. Here has sprung up, within the last few years, a row of about a dozen white cottages, so small that each one seems to occupy no more than the space of one moderate-sized room, and yet embellished with many little external refinements which elevate their character, and seem to claim respect for their inmates. One there is, at the extreme end, which decidedly bears away the palm from its compeers, less by any superior grandeur of adornment than by trifling tokens of care and taste. No vivid representations of Crystal Palaces or Gothic castles, which, in the shape of blinds, appear so very popular in the vicinity, have found admission here; the green Venetian ones which supply their place form quite a refreshment to the eye, wearied with the gay diversity to be met with in the row. Neither are there any elaborate curtains, giving evidence of mere thought and labour devoted to their construction than to their cleanliness, to be perceived here; some plain muslin drapery of snowy whiteness serves to relieve the seasonable crimson damask, and to overshadow the arched window of the sitting-room. A few half-hardy plants adorn the window sill, and the few feet of garden ground, arranged as a miniature lawn, presents at this particular season a far more cheerful aspect than the ambitious flower-plots of the neighbouring territories. All looks so fresh, clean, and pretty, that as we gaze we become insensibly interested in the occupants.

It is about half-past four in the afternoon, but the day has been clear for November, and it is not yet dark; nevertheless, preparations are actively making in the little parlour, some twelve feet square, for the evening's comfort. A feminine form, attired in a close-fitting dress of dark merino, and looking as trim and compact as could possibly be desired, is busily flitting about hither and thither. She is a bright, fresh-looking, damsel, we should say—but that a wedding-ring on her finger, and a small piece of lace, which she no doubt entitles a cap, ornamenting her brown hair, bespeak for her a due meed of respect as a matron. It would be useless to attempt a full and particular description of her personal appearance, whilst she is rushing in and out of the adjoining kitchen every moment; herself executing the voluminous directions about domestic matters, which pour forth from her lips, ostensibly for the benefit of the little maid some four feet high, who in her own small person evidently constitutes the whole retinue of the establishment. After a succession of journeys to and fro, and many a merry concussion between the mistress and her equally zealous assistant, the tea-table is spread in genuine country fashion. On the white cloth may be observed more than one substantial luxury, which confirms our half-formed impression that the mistress of the house is a farmer's daughter, and lead to the belief that her thoughtful mother has not rendered the arrival of a hamper of good things dependent on that of the Christmas season. Undoubtedly that goodly ham, rich honey, and crusty home-made loaf, do present a very agreeable *tout ensemble*. No wonder the presiding deity surveys it so often with a well-pleased smile, always remembering, as she does so, some omission to repair, or suggesting to herself an alteration, which may be an improvement in the aspect of things. By the time this department of the preparations is quite perfect, darkness has closed in; so now the curtains have to be let down and arranged, a matter requiring both time and attention to accomplish satisfactorily; for an attention to the beautiful, either for its own sake or for that of some one else who loves it, is evidently present here, and finds entrance into every detail. Finally, the comfortable cushioned Derby chair is drawn up to an angle between the fire and table—though not for herself. The chimney-piece receives a final arrangement, and a small plaster statuette, apparently a new acquisition, is produced, uncovered, and disposed to the best advantage on the mahogany chiffonier, where it has a row of neatly-bound cheap books for a background. The lamp is ready to be lighted at a moment's notice, the fire promises to blaze forth at a touch, and, without undoing, nothing more can be found to do. She, therefore, takes up a half-finished collar, and, by the slender illumination of a single candle, works with nimble fingers but divided attention; for her every look and gesture tell of restlessness and anticipation. Her happiness, in common with the various comforts around, is to rise to full maturity only at some expected signal, for which we begin to feel almost as anxious as herself. The first symptom that our wishes are in a fair way to be gratified, is a hasty movement on the part of the young wife; she has received some mystic warning, and the grand illumination is accomplished before the swing of the little iron gate announces to our duller faculties that footsteps approach. The door is opened before the gravel path is half traversed, and now will that cold pedestrian, whose unhappy case we imagine, obtain, if he happen to be passing, a view of an interior which will not tend to place him on better terms with the external world.

It is needless for us to intrude on the proceedings which are taking place in the passage, or to to note all that goes on there. Sufficient is it to remark an honest manly voice (a trifle louder, perhaps, than might be approved in the best society), giving assurance in answer to many inquiries, that "he cannot possibly be wet, as it has not rained all day," and also replying dutifully to a minute examination touching a certain cold, which, it appeared, is under domestic treatment. Meantime the old coat and slippers have been donned, and the sacred Derby chair is at last worthily filled by the master of the house, whose appearance fully answers to the frank and sensible tones of his voice. No sooner is he seated, then the fire receives a supplementary stir, and glows and blazes as if to do honour to the real commencement of this day's fireside life.

Now is the mistress again full of active happy cares, making the tea, and overlooking some little hot viand preparing in the kitchen. She has scarcely time to give more than an occasional smile in acknowledgment of the quiet loving glance with which the husband's eyes follow her every movement. But soon all is ready: the table is pushed close to him—for he is ordered to move at his peril—and she places herself near him, where he can see her; for she knows, as we do, that her pleasant genial face is the best refreshment for him. The young couple have now both leisure and inclination to talk, and we may thus chance to gather up a few crumbs of information about their sphere in life. Judging from the quantity of news which is mutually related, it must have been a day unusually fruitful of events. First of all, "Willie," on his way to the brewery, where he is junior clerk at a salary of seventy pounds a year, had encountered an old school-fellow, just returned from sea, brim full of adventures and enthusiasm for his old friends. They had not time to talk much, so he is to pass the day with them on the morrow, which will be Sunday. The assurance with which this invitation is communicated by its author, and the placidity with which the tidings are received, disturbed only by slight regrets that there are no greens in the house, speaks well for the good understanding existing between the two. Catherine is thoughtful for a minute or two; but her difficulties, if such they be, seem quickly solved, and she is quite ready to listen to the particulars of an interview between her husband and the "Senior Partner"—a magnate to them of no mean importance. He has spoken approvingly of the manner in which Willie's duties are performed (we are perforce familiar), and alluded to advancement both in position and salary as no very remote prospect. When this pleasant theme is exhausted, it becomes Catherine's turn to relate the events of her day. The first was a letter from her country-home, insisting on a brief visit from them at Christmas, which is at once resolved on, if the ways and means can be devised with prudence. From this subject they wander off to the days of their courtship, and the various walks and talks which secure for the farm and its vicinity a place in their affections only second to their own little home. All this is pleasant enough to listen to, but would lose in the repetition; and, besides, we must not forget that the evening is wearing on apace. "Willie's" attention is just now arrested by that specimen of the fine arts on the chiffonier; and whilst he looks and admires, its history is unfolded. Catherine reminds him of certain small sums of money which he has bestowed upon her at different times, for the purchase of some personal luxury, the selection of which was intended to lure her away from home and the everlasting embroidery, as he calls it: here is the result of the aggregate amount. The reader, by the way, has heard a good deal of this same embroidery, and must be informed that a little private fund is accumulating by its means, which, we suspect, will be spent in the Christmas trip. Willie is a little jealous of his wife's exertions, but she is smilingly obstinate; and, on the present occasion, is so resolutely industrious, that he takes from the shelf a volume of a standard work, opens at the mark, and, drawing the lamp a little nearer, begins reading aloud according to his usual custom. They have both become so thoroughly interested and absorbed, that there is little prospect of seeing any further variation in their pleasures this evening; and, although we would gladly linger near them, it is time to bid an affectionate, though silent adieu, for our present object is attained. We have become acquainted with the fireside life of one English home; and, although all may not be so calm and peaceful—and even into this one trouble will erewhile enter—it is as certain that the dark side of every lot has its bright reverse, as that gloomy November has its own share of compensatory pleasures.

Eccentric Ideas

By James Scott.

Many people labour under the false impression that an *idea* is an *invention*, and with assurance in this connection submit ideas to editors, and other great men, seeking information regarding the remuneration they may expect from the said great men in the event of the latter piloting their ideas through perfection, and the Patent Office. Every practical inventor knows that *ideas* are common to nearly everybody who will exercise their minds a little; and that an inventive man has suggested mentally scores of ideas, of which he perceives the impracticability, and which he discards at once. Some apparently impossible suggestions *are* realized, by men such as Edison. But there are many ideas which even the wizard Edison could not lick into proper shape—ideas that I have culled from the many sources open to all—ideas of cranks and addle-pated men who have imaginative minds, but are quite devoid of practical sense. I have illustrated them in order the better to convey their absurdity.

Take the ridiculous notion for preventing collisions on the railway (Fig. 1). It is suggested that the fronts of the engines shall be wedge-shaped, somewhat after the manner of a ship, the first of the claims for such a contrivance being more feasible and creditable than the second. The first is based on the supposition that less resistance would thereupon be offered to the wind than is now manifested; and that, therefore, the train would proceed at an easier and quicker pace, with a less expenditure of energy. Here I am of the same opinion as the inventor; but when it is asserted that if the front edges of these engines were slightly curved outwards, the effect of a collision would be the pushing off the line of one train by the stronger of the two, I am inclined to believe that the remedy would prove as disastrous as, if not more destructive than, the evil it aimed to avoid. As soon as one engine was pushed off the line, its opposing companion would crash through the carriages which were being dragged off the metals. All inventions need to be tested before final pronouncement of their value can be candidly given; but in such a case as that now before us, the difficulty of forming a pronouncement is formidably obstructed by the danger attending actual experiment. If the inventor's claims are sincerely believed in by him, he should have every inducement to test the matter, and should feel convinced that a purposely-contrived collision would not produce dire results. But, notwithstanding his assertions, I imagine that he would feel qualms of conscience were a test about to be applied to the peculiar engines.

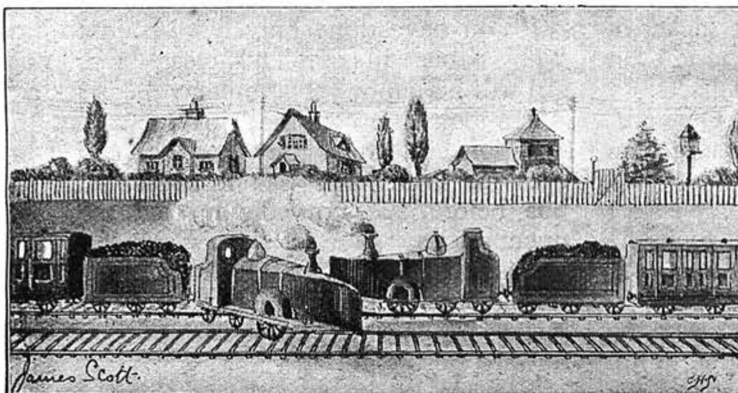


FIG. 1.

Still keeping our attention attached to locomotives, I will acquaint the reader with a more sensible, albeit impracticable, suggestion for minimizing the risk accruing from another form of collision. In this case, the object in view is to provide against the danger incident upon the meeting of one train with the back of a forerunner. It is intended that all locomotives should have the last van shaped in a sloping manner, so that a

train following too closely behind it would be enabled to run up the slanting surface, and eventually mount to the top of it (Fig. 2). Lines are to be laid along the

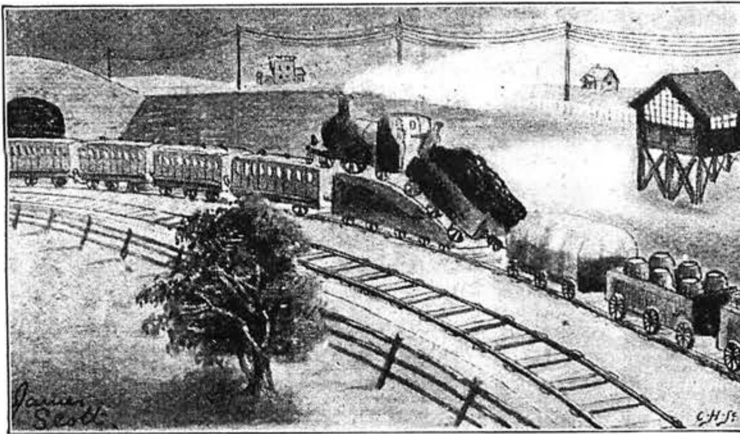


FIG. 2.

slopes and the tops of the carriages, and it is supposed that the driver of the topmost train would have sufficient time allowed him thereby to shut off steam and bring his locomotive to a standstill. I am wondering how the upper one would fare in the event of the meeting happening near a tunnel, as I have depicted in my illustration; supposing that the under one had not been crushed to pieces by the weight and commotion above it.

Practical inventors will at once detect many obvious and almost insurmountable points calculated to deprive this invention of a claim to meritorious qualification. In the first place, unless the sloping portion of the train dragged along directly in contact with the ground, and the rails upon it were tapered to a nicety at the bottom, the back engine would not act as desired, for the alternate course would entail the use of wheels, whereupon the extreme end edge of the train would be raised to an elevation of several inches above the ground, and would form a kind of step up which the following train could not spring. The second futile point is that, even supposing that the front locomotive *did* slope accurately, and permit surmounting, the great gaps between the carriages which would *necessarily* exist would form gulfs into which the wheels of the upper train would slip, and cause dreadful destruction.

After all, it would appear that the safest plan to adopt in these matters is to ***prevent*** the collisions.

Are we getting lazy, or are our business demands so urgent that great haste in our personal locomotion is absolutely necessary? I am prompted to ask this question because one enthusiast has suggested the peculiar sloping roadways illustrated in Fig. 3. The idea is that by constructing the roads in this rather tantalizing manner, pedestrians could, when they desired, leave the pavement, and after having applied roller-skates to their feet, just stand erect at the top of the slope, and allow themselves to travel down without further effort—unless it be to maintain their equilibrium or to avoid violent contact with fellow-skaters. Arrived at the bottom of a slope, steps would have to be climbed—a difficult matter, by the way, whilst one's feet are encased in skates —before other slopes could be reached. Certainly, if a very long street were so formed, speed would be assured. But how about vehicles? Where would *they* be accommodated? I suppose that they would take to the pavements, crossing from one to another by means of the square levels at the street ends. As a pastime, perhaps, this means of progress might be amusing; but it is too ludicrous to commend itself as a serious invention, calculated to be popular

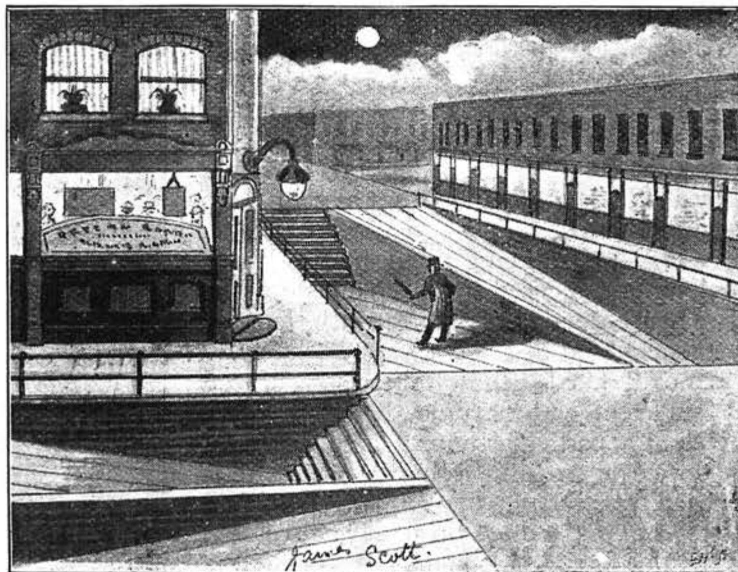


FIG. 3.

in our busy centres of commerce, or, for the matter of that, anywhere within our realms.

Burglars! What sneaking, cunning, clever rogues burglars are, for the most part! They defy householders who adopt various suggestions that apparently offer effective opposition to their enterprising tactics. Locks and bars, bells and dogs, shutters and steel-plates—all are sooner or later rendered preg-

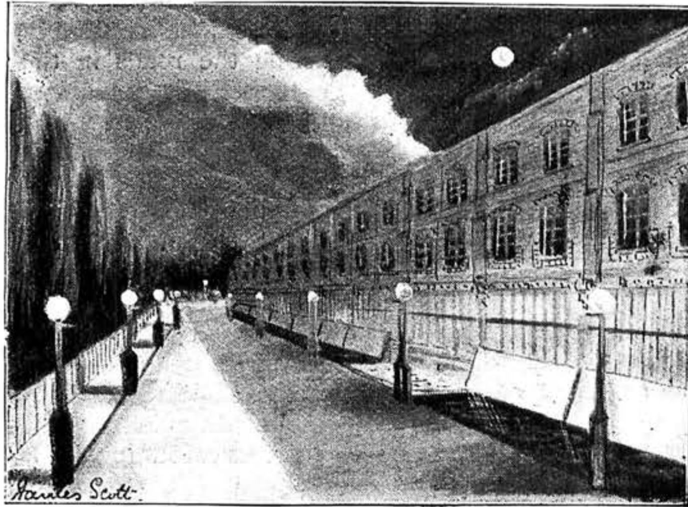


FIG. 4.

nable by the undoubted, yet unadmired, skill of the genuine professional burglar. Whether he would approve or disapprove of the practical application of the scheme depicted in Fig. 4 is a matter likely to arouse dispute. He might not consider it very formidable: he might even regard it with a friendly eye, and ask for its extensive adoption. This is the idea: The pavement in front of each shop and warehouse should be so constructed as to be capable of being lifted bodily like a trap-door, and secured by mechanical means to the house-front, at night. Beneath the wide pavements would be a very deep trench, either permanently filled with water, or so arranged that sufficient water would enter it every evening at a particular hour. The object of this device is to form a barrier which, it is supposed, would baffle the burglar. He could not step across the ditch on to any convenient ledge; nor could he stand in the water, as its depth would prevent recourse to such a tactic. But, if he did manage to stand by some artful means in the water, his consequent damp condition would assuredly attract the notice of stray policemen, whose inquiry and activity might result disastrously to the busy B. Gentlemen with planks to be used as bridges at midnight would also draw 'cute attention towards their movements.

The invention seems feasible and useful; but it is surrounded with disadvantages. Highway robberies would undoubtedly increase largely, owing to the convenient means ready at hand wherewith to dispose of the unfortunate victims' lives. The constant presence of the water would be responsible for the appearance of diseases, and would tend to destroy the foundations of the houses. And in addition to all this, we have the unfortunate fact that to the very class of buildings that mostly need protection, viz., uninhabited warehouses, the idea would not be applicable, for the very substantial reason that if it were impossible for a burglar to open the door when the trap-pavement was elevated, it would be an equally impossible job for the last man leaving a City house to raise the pavement and secure it. And, of course, if fitted outside houses in which dwelt inmates, its value and efficiency would be diminished by the fact of their presence. How quickly the utility of bold and huge ideas is destroyed!

Many readers may have heard of crawling books—to wit: live snakes with records and sayings tattooed on their skins; but I daresay few have heard of the suggested travelling roadway. Think of it! A cart to

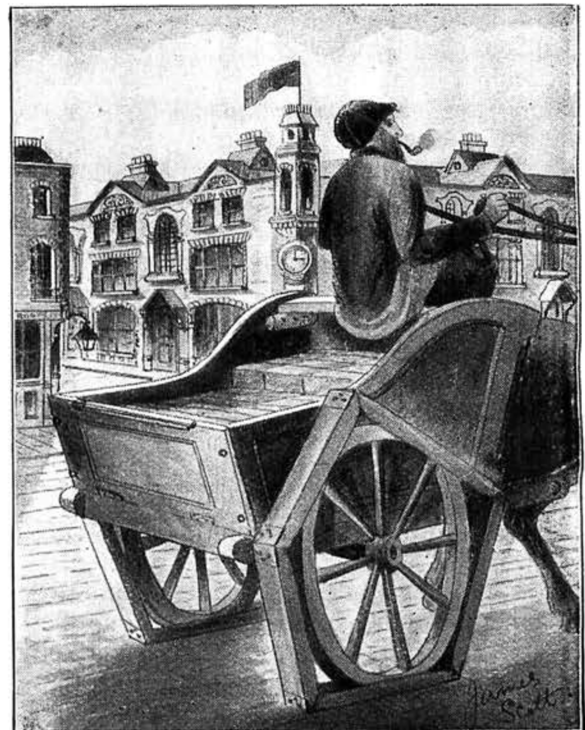


FIG. 5.

carry its own road with it! The illustration (Fig. 5) explains to the ordinary eye as much as is requisite to understand it. Five narrow troughs are to be hinged together and placed outside each cart-wheel, in such a way as to be incapable of accidental release. As the cart proceeded, first one then another trough would gradually lie along the thoroughfare and afford a footing for the wheel.

The idea is that, by this means, a level path would be available for travelling over sandy, muddy, stony, or slippery ground. Of course the result in practice would be exactly the same as if the wheel itself had been made in the shape of the five-sided frame to start with, instead of round.

In the highly entertaining article on the "Evolution of the Cycle," appearing in THE STRAND MAGAZINE for July, 1892, many eccentric ideas were manifested; but few are more curious than the suggested foot-cycle portrayed in Fig. 6. The belief of its inventor is that many would adopt its use because thereby it would be possible to travel on the pavement, and be free from the dangers to which cyclists are now exposed in the roadway. Moreover, the machine would be portable when not in actual use, but in this direction I cannot enlighten my readers. It is advised that two wheels should be connected to a belt, and that motion should be gained by turning a handle. It would have steering apparatus, but could only travel over comparatively smooth pavements or roads.

FIG. 6.

I have heard sailors declare that they would much prefer to be at sea during stormy or windy weather than be wandering through the streets of a town. They say, truthfully, that no dislodged chimney-pots or bricks can surprise and injure them by falling on their tender heads. In their innocent way, they forget the existence of equally severe dangers beneath their feet. I daresay, however, that even if they could be persuaded to don the wonderful tall hat depicted in the adjoining illustration (Fig. 7), sufficient faith in its efficiency would not be forthcoming to induce them to wander about so dressed, and they would still hanker for the ocean. Moreover, the spectacle of a sailor with a tall hat would provoke so much mirth on the part of landlubbers generally, as to make Jack feel too uncomfortable for his own happiness.

FIG. 7.

Gentlemen are *not* advised to wear this hat, although it is supposed that immediately a brick or other obtrusive article fell upon it, a spring would be thereby released, and cause an interior cylinder to pop up and eject the objectionable material. I will not ask any questions concerning the details of this contrivance, although I feel annoyed that certain mysterious points are still unfathomable.

How many ladies will be fascinated with the fan-umbrella hat shown in Fig. 8? I shall keep a sharp eye on the tender sex when I am out-doors during the wet weather, although I must confess that I anticipate but little prospect of encountering any of them parading with this contrivance above their devoted heads. Perhaps the inventor thought that as the only purposes for which a fan at present serves is either to cool a heated cheek or hide a blush, it ought in justice to itself to be known that it can be made to act as a serviceable umbrella. The closed fan is to occupy a position within the hat, when not required for the queer use referred to; and be capable of being opened entirely in

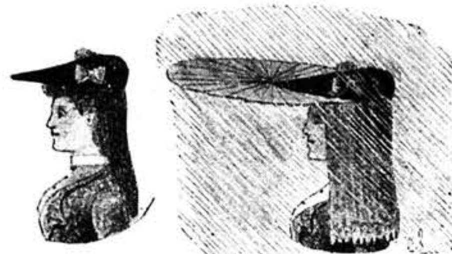


FIG. 8.

the form of a circle as shown, and have the additional attraction of an accompanying curtain to shield the back hair. How the surplus rain, which would assuredly accumulate thereon, is to be disposed of I know not, so pray do not press me for further particulars. Ladies will perhaps be satisfied by uttering: "Fancy that! See that fan?" and pass on to the gentleman's umbrella-hat, which, however, is hardly so charming an appendage as its companion.

This particular covering (Fig. 9) assumes the shape of the ordinary college cap when in its closed condition, but may be opened as shown during times of elemental disturbance. It is to be unfolded and folded in a similar way possible with ungummed envelopes. By what manner of means it is to sustain its four unfolded corners, no man (even the inventor himself) knoweth. What a delightfully picturesque pair a lady and gentleman carrying these last forms of headgear would

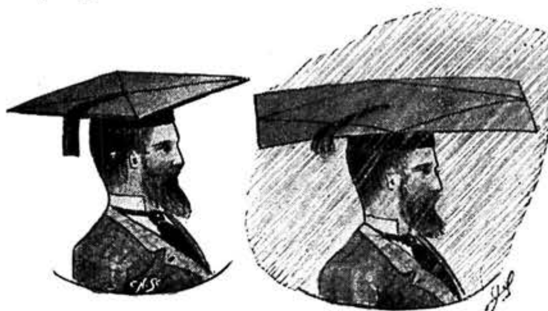


FIG. 9.

present! It must be acknowledged, though, that the position of the caps is too elevated to be of effective utility, and it would be desirable, therefore — in the interests of utility, if not of the individuals—to compress the heads of the wearers to such an extent that the combination umbrellas would be better adapted for sheltering the shoulders.

Fig. 10 represents a more formidable notion, and one of quite another category. It has been suggested that to the ordinary wheels of tram-cars should be attached cog-wheels of a larger diameter; and that these cog-wheels should engage with notched rails situated beneath the ordinary tram-lines. The under-sides of the notched rails are to communicate with a shallow tunnel, and to them may be suspended parcels and boxes, bags and sacks, and any other class of article the carriage of which people are in the habit of

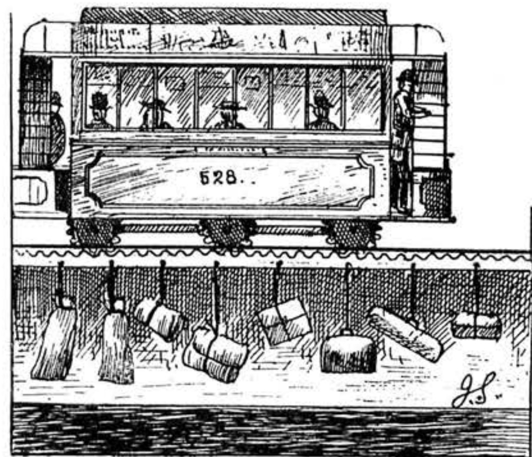


FIG. 10.

deputing to carmen and railway trucks. It is supposed—and the idea is a charmingly deceptive one—that the cog-wheels of a travelling tram would by such means propel the notched rails (in an opposite direction to that followed by the tram), which in turn would convey the goods. Such a proceeding *might* ensue, were the tram-wheels fixtures in the proper sense of the word—*i.e.*, deprived of a forward motion, and only permitted to revolve; but as affairs are proposed, there would happen but one thing—the goods would not move. The cog-wheels would only fit in and out of the notches in the rails beneath them, and fail to act as anticipated, for the simple reason that in travelling forward they could exert no leverage, and, consequently, create no motion.

The gentleman who is comfortably dreaming beneath a huge trumpet (Fig. 11) would undoubtedly regret having followed an eccentric inventor's suggestion, in the event of a mishap taking place with the suspending rope. The idea is that by adopting this form

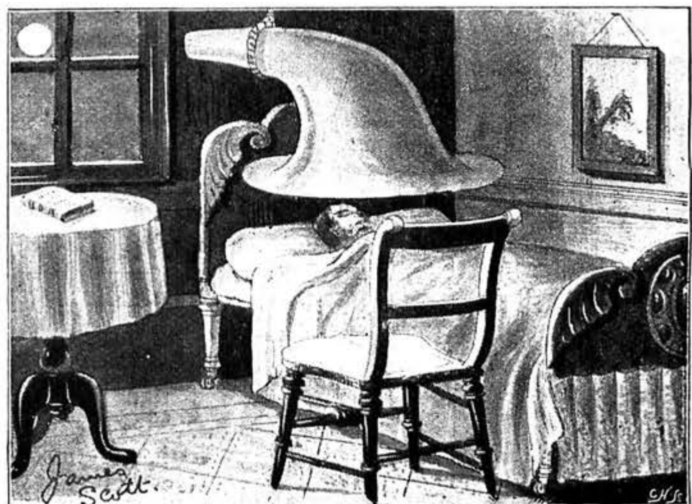


FIG. 11.

of contrivance (which is to communicate with the outer air) an abundance of refreshing, stimulating air could be secured during sleep, without providing facilities for burglarious entrance into the chamber, as is now provided when the window is left open for the admission of the atmosphere. Properly speaking, this slumberer's window should be well shuttered; but as he would then be in total darkness, I cannot see how I could have portrayed him and his precious air-trumpet.

I can safely predict that, in the event of anyone addicted to snoring foolishly availing himself of the practical application of this idea, such strenuous complaints by the neighbours would be made relative to the magnified sounds audible, as to render the availer's life unbearable. How the poor man is to make his bed, or enter it after it has been made, whilst so formidable a preventive remains in evidence, are a couple of minor questions that should not, perhaps, have been mooted.

I have purposely left until last the most sensible of the curious proposed schemes collected by me. Yet it, too, has its many impossibilities, or, at least, colossal disadvantages. The project concerns the lighting of our towns and cities, and the inventor claims that, by stationing men on platforms above the reflectors, and by furnishing telegraphic communication between all captive balloons and ground stations, people in the street would be so conspicuously under observation that any suspicious persons could be tracked completely through the maze of thoroughfares. If my fear that, in the course of time, the balloons would carry to the heavens the houses to which they are secured by ropes is unfounded, there still remains the difficulty of relieving the watchers daily, weekly, or monthly, unless the matter be overcome by the costly method of lowering and raising the balloons on every occasion. However, there's the idea. Use it if you can (Fig. 12).

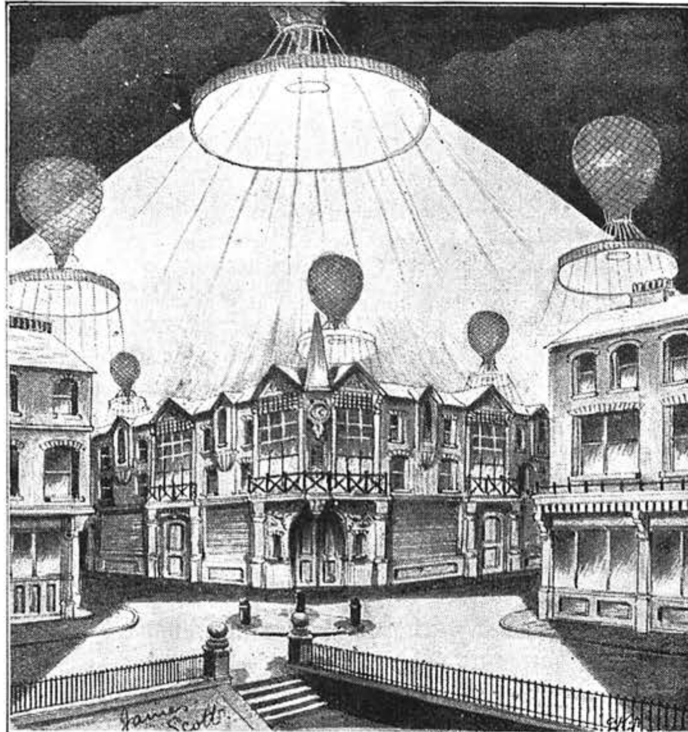


FIG. 12.

Having now explained as fully as is desirable a *few* of the eccentric ideas of man, I will sum up by stating that eccentric ideas are like mushrooms — all top and no bottom; and—like soda-water bottles — cannot stand.

Do what you can, be what you are,
Shine like a glow-worm, if you cannot be a star;
Work like a pulley, if you cannot as a crane.
Be a wheel greaser, if you cannot drive a train.
Be the pliant oar, if you cannot be the sailor,
Be the little needle, if you cannot be the tailor;
Be the cleaning broom, if you cannot be the sweeper,
Be the sharpened stick, if you cannot be the reaper.

CREAMS.

THERE is so much room for variety in this branch of cookery that the difficulty is to know where to begin. However, the best thing we can do is to speak of general rules of universal application, and urge the members of our class to try the various combinations which are suggested for themselves, and if possible to invent one or two on their own account.

It will be remembered that when we were speaking of the quantity of gelatine used in making jelly we came to the conclusion that an ounce of good gelatine would be needed to set a pint and a half of liquid, exclusive of the wine and brandy, that is to say, an ounce of good gelatine was considered sufficient for about a pint and three-quarters of liquid. In making creams, however, we have to remember that the materials used have a little more consistency than those employed in making jelly, and therefore rather less gelatine is needed. Consequently we may calculate on being able to make a quart of cream with an ounce of gelatine, and occasionally a still smaller portion of stiffening is necessary.

Of course the gelatine must be soaked for an hour, or longer if possible, in as much milk as will barely cover it. When it has absorbed all the liquid, and has swelled considerably, it should be turned into a small stewpan and stirred over the fire until it has entirely dissolved. It must then be allowed to cool before it is mixed with the other ingredients.

In very rich creams cream only, pleasantly flavoured, is used. Thus made, however, cream is expensive, and some people would consider it a little sickly. It is very usual, therefore, to use half cream and half milk, and to enrich the milk by making a custard of it with eggs. To make the custard we beat in a basin the yolks of three and the white of one egg. Well strain these, and mix them with half a pint of milk. We pour the mixture into a jug, set this in a saucepan of hot water over the fire, and stir the contents of the jug until the custard is thick enough to coat the spoon, when we take it up. We must be careful not to boil our custard too long, or it will curdle. What is wanted is that it should be thick, as thick as the double cream, but perfectly smooth. Before the cream is added to the custard it should be well whipped, by which means it will not only be made lighter, but it will expand and occupy more room. Here I must say a word about the method of whipping cream. For one thing we must have "double" cream, that is, cream which is very thick, in consequence of its having stood twenty-four hours on the milk. The cream should be put into a cool place until it is wanted; indeed, if it has to stand a little while before being used, the vessel containing it should be put into another one which has cold water in it, and the cream should be left uncovered. When the custard and gelatine are almost cool, we put the cream into a large bowl and whisk it lightly and regularly with an ordinary egg-whisk until, though still smooth, it begins to stiffen. The great thing in doing this is to stop in plenty of time. If we keep on only half a minute too long our cream will be spoilt, because it will crack or "turn," as it is called. We may know when it is sufficiently whisked by its hanging to the spoon when the latter is lifted up. We shall find that the cream after it is whipped occupies very nearly twice as much room as it did originally. If we liked, instead of using half a pint of whipped cream we could use a quarter of a pint, to which the whites of two eggs beaten to froth had been added. White of egg is often added to cream which is to be whipped, and the object of the addition is chiefly to increase the quantity. We should always remember to whisk cream in a cool place. It is much more difficult to whip in summer time than it is in winter. If, notwithstanding all our care, it should turn slightly, a spoonful of something cold, milk or water, should be put with it.

We may now flavour the custard with an ounce of white sugar, half a teaspoonful of essence of vanilla, two tablespoonfuls of brandy, if this is allowed. Brandy is frequently omitted, but it is a very great improvement to a cream of this kind, for vanilla and brandy always go well together. If the custard be cool we stir the whipped cream lightly into it, and turn the whole into a mould, which has, of course, been first scalded with boiling water, then rinsed out with cold water, and left wet.

As this cream may serve as a sort of model for an indefinite number of creams, I will give the recipe once more, briefly and altogether, so that there may be no mistake. Soak an ounce of gelatine in as much milk as will barely cover it. Make a custard with half a pint of milk, the yolks of three and the white of one egg. Add a tablespoonful of white sugar, half a teaspoonful of essence of vanilla, and two tablespoonfuls of brandy. When the custard is cool stir in lightly half a pint of cream, which has been whipped to a froth. Pour the mixture into a mould, and put it on ice or in a cool place till set.

If we wished to make a fruit cream we should observe still the same proportions and follow the same method, but we should substitute fruit pulp for the custard. This fruit pulp may be made either with fresh fruit, with jam, or with tinned fruit. Fresh juicy fruit, such as raspberries or strawberries, should be picked, then have a little white sugar sprinkled over them to make the juice flow freely. It should then be rubbed through a hair sieve, to make the pulp. A pint of fresh fruit will be sufficient for half a pint of cream.

Hard fruit should be slightly stewed before it is used, or it will not go through the sieve easily. Sometimes it is sufficient to chop the fruit small, or pound it before passing it through the sieve. A very delicious cream may be made in this way with tinned pineapple.

When preserved fruit is used, two good tablespoonfuls of jam should be stewed with water, and the juice should be strained off. A little lemon juice may be added to jam, but it is not required for fresh fruit. A very pretty effect may be produced by moulding jelly and cream together, or by mixing creams of different colours. Thus, a mould may be filled to the depth of an inch with clear colourless jelly garnished with three or four large green grapes. When this is slightly set the mould may be filled with strawberry cream. Another effective dish may be made by filling a mould with alternate layers of half an inch thick chocolate cream and custard cream. Pink and white layers may be substituted for the brown and white by colouring half the custard cream with cochineal. To make chocolate cream, dissolve four ounces of chocolate in a pint and a half of milk and boil for ten minutes, flavour with vanilla and add sugar to taste. Dissolve a third of an ounce of gelatine in a little milk; add this when cool. This cream is very good moulded by itself, and served with custard.

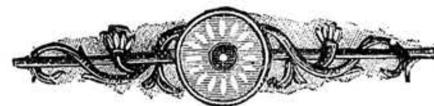
Sometimes jellies and creams are put into a mould which is fitted with a cylinder inside. Clear jelly is put into the outer portion of the mould, and when this has set the inner cylinder is taken out and the centre is filled with cream. Cylinder moulds are rather expensive, but a cheap substitute may be made with a plain round mould and a gallipot, or a circular mould and a small basin. When these are used the small mould is placed inside the other until the outer portion of jelly is set. It is then removed and the vacant space is filled with cream.

Blanc-mange, or, as it means literally, white food, ought, strictly speaking, to be always flavoured with almonds. It is, however, very usually flavoured with laurel leaves, cinnamon, lemon, or essence. It may be made with calves' feet stock, gelatine, cornflour, or arrowroot, and is generally named after the ingredient of which it is composed; thus we have cornflour blanc-mange, ground rice blanc-mange, arrowroot blanc-mange, &c. When gelatine is used, proceed as follows:—Soak an ounce of gelatine in as much milk as will cover it, blanch and pound half an ounce of sweet almonds and four or five bitter ones, and moisten them every now and then with a few drops of water to keep them from turning to oil. Put with the paste rather less than a quart of new milk, and turn it into a saucepan with the soaked gelatine and a little sugar. Stir the mixture over the fire until the gelatine is dissolved, and strain it through a napkin into a jug, and when it is almost cold mould it, and be careful to pour it off slowly and gently for fear any sediment still remains at the bottom. If the flavour is liked, a larger quantity of almonds may be used, but flavouring of any kind is like sugar. Some people like an abundance, and others are satisfied with a mere suspicion. A cook, however, should study the taste of those for whom she labours. If she satisfy them, and is able to lay the flattering unction to her soul that they have reason to be satisfied, she may disregard theories.

Cream alone, or cream and milk, is sometimes used when a very rich blanc-mange is wanted. When this is introduced, the blanc-mange should first be made with milk, and the cream should be added afterwards unboiled.

Blanc-mange made with cornflour is very easily prepared. Take four even tablespoonfuls of cornflour, which has been mixed to a smooth paste with a little cold milk, pour gradually on it a quart of boiling milk, which has been sweetened pleasantly, and flavoured either with lemon, cinnamon, or essence; stir it well to keep it from getting into lumps, put it back into the saucepan and boil it for two or three minutes, or till it leaves the side of the saucepan with the spoon, stirring it briskly all the time. Pour it into a damp mould, and when cold and set, turn it upon a glass dish and serve it with stewed fruit. For the sake of appearance blanc-mange can, if liked, be coloured with a little cochineal, or a little bright-coloured jelly may be set at the bottom of the mould before the blanc-mange is poured in. Cornflour blanc-mange is very wholesome and inexpensive, and when it is put on a bright clear glass dish, and pleasantly flavoured, and served with a good *compote* of fruit, it is a preparation by no means to be despised.

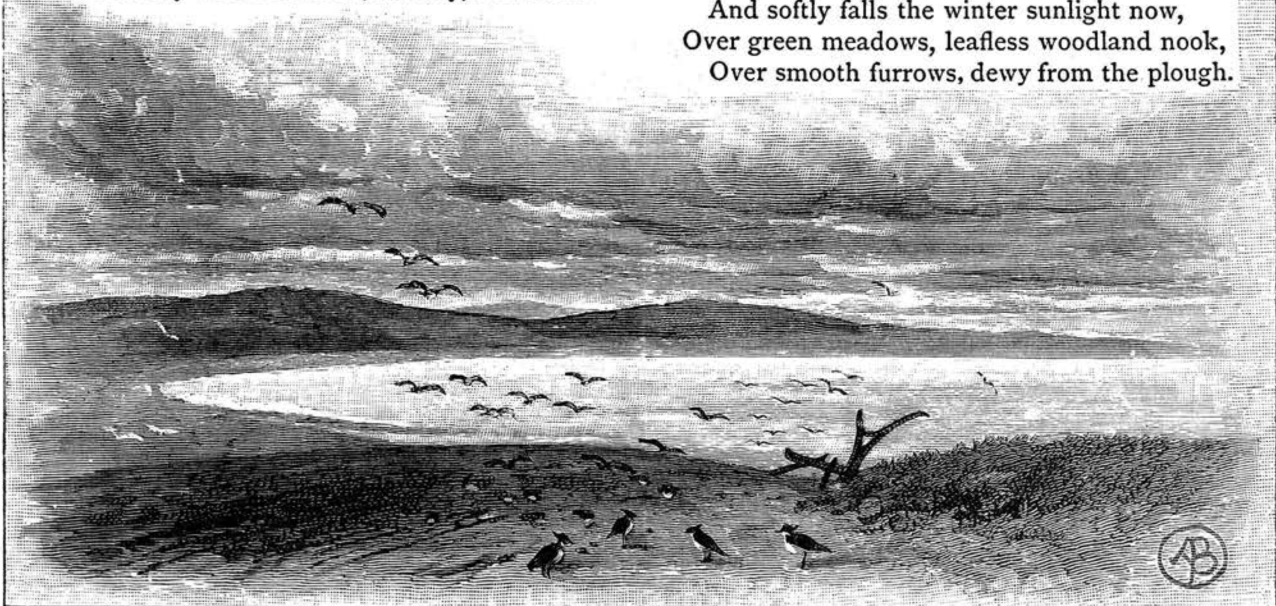
PHILLIS BROWNE.



A WINTER PICTURE.

WITH shutters closed, the old brick country-house
Stands in the bleak blue winter day forlorn ;
The lawn's tall bending grasses seem to mourn,
Swept by the drifting air's inconstant rouse ;
The wind-tossed birds about the stubble-field
Feed in the cold, and at the rusty gate
The dry beech mutters, huskily, desolate :

Far off the sea spreads like an azure shield ;
Along the barren winter hills away
Surge the long clouds in driving levels grey :
Through slaty runnels coldly swirls the brook ;
And softly falls the winter sunlight now,
Over green meadows, leafless woodland nook,
Over smooth furrows, dewy from the plough.



Golden Pudding.—Bread crumbs, marmalade, brown sugar, and suet, each weighing a quarter of a pound. Beat up two eggs, and mix the ingredients well together, and boil the pudding in basin for 2½ hours.

Cup Puddings.—These puddings require a little time in making, as each ingredient is put in and beaten separately. Weigh out the butter, flour, and pounded sugar, according to the number of cups you wish to fill, each ingredient to weigh the same as one egg. First beat the butter to a cream, gradually sift in the sugar, again beating the mixture for five or ten minutes with the sugar. Separate the yolks from the white of the egg, beat the yolk well, and add to the sugar and butter; sprinkle in a little flour and again beat it, then whisk the white of the egg to a froth, and beat for another ten minutes or more. If the quantity is greater bake for twenty minutes, and serve with white sauce made of sweetened cornflour. This mixture makes a canary pudding, boiled for 3½ hours; serve with sherry sauce.

To Remove Tea and Coffee Stains.—Pure cold water sponged over the part stained will be found the best method of removing it without injury to the most delicate colour and material.

Scorches from ironing can be removed by applying the following mixture: The juice of a bruised boiled onion, mixed with a small quantity of vinegar, white soap, and fuller's earth. The part will require to be well washed after the scorch is removed.

A Good Recipe for Buns.—One pound of flour, quarter pound of butter, half pound of lump sugar, half pound of currants, quarter of a candied lemon, one dessert spoonful of baking powder, one gill of cold milk, two eggs. Rub the butter into the flour first, and then mix all together.

College Pudding.—One pound of white bread grated, half pound of shred suet, halt pound of currants, quarter pound of brown sugar, four eggs, a few pieces of candied lemon, and a little nutmeg.

Macaroons.—Blanch 40 sweet almonds and 20 bitter ones; pound well in a mortar, gradually adding ½ lb. of well sifted white sugar. When reduced to a smooth paste, then flour a baking tin, lay on it some sheets of wafer-paper, and drop small quantities of the paste upon it in separate places. Then bake in an oven moderately hot, and cut round the paper so as to make twenty macaroons,—which the quantities named are sufficient to supply.

ETIQUETTE FOR ALL CLASSES.

So many are the queries put to the Editor of this Magazine on the above-named subject—as may be observed by readers of the correspondence columns—that it may not be offering "too much" of a good thing to collect together fugitive remarks, and answers already made, and to supplement them in the form of a separate article.

The word "Etiquette" signifies a "Ticket," and owes its origin to the ancient custom of presenting a card, containing a list of directions and regulations connected with attendance at Court, to those about to be admitted. As employed by us, it therefore denotes the whole collection of laws by which, in all countries, though customs may vary in each respectively, "polite society" is inexorably governed.

Much that has reference to etiquette may be found, not merely under the title of "The Foundation of all Good Breeding," but likewise in "The Art of Letter-Writing," "The Art of Conversing Agreeably," and "Dinners in Society." But as multitudes who read this paper never dine "in society"—as we understand the expression—and to whom much advice that has been already given must be altogether superfluous, I gather up a few ideas, partly suggested by the correspondence, which may meet the position and circumstances of this class, as well as the better informed.

In the article entitled "The Foundation of all Good Breeding" I endeavoured to demonstrate that certain rules which may appear very trifling are the natural offspring of the highest and noblest feelings. In the present article I wish to point out the fact that amongst these rules of etiquette there are some which belong as much to the young girls of the working class as to those in a higher position. Furthermore, that they are positively essential to their morals and preservation, not alone from the gross evils to which their more or less unprotected situation may often expose them, but also from making most unfortunate marriages, plunging them in pecuniary difficulties and distress. From these remarks it will at once be apparent that the point from which I now regard the question of good manners is that which has reference to the deportment of our girls towards those, of all ranks and ages, not of their own sex.

In common with others, I have been amused, yet even more shocked, with the strange questions raised as to the conduct of young girls and women with reference to young men. Hitherto an extraordinary amount of freedom, and reckless want of caution, as well as of self-respect, has been winked at by the parents of respectable girls of the middle and lower classes, simply because many of them were brought up, or, as I have heard it graphically described, "dragged up," in the same utter disregard or ignorance of the risks run, by infringing the common laws of female self-restraint, tact, and propriety.

At this moment, as I write, my thoughts have been interrupted by loud laughter outside my open window. I looked up to see three well-dressed, fine-looking girls—two of about seventeen years of age, and one rather younger—and, as the habit is of many young people, they accompanied their laughter by rolling about, like boats in a swell, first on one side, then on the other, and tumbling up against one another in a very ungraceful way. I enjoy hearing the happy sounds of merriment amongst the young, and can sympathise in the freedom from care, and the keen sense of the ridiculous, which result in laughter at almost an inappreciable joke—for I was one of that class myself, in

" . . . the days that are no more!"

But such *abandon* and complete freedom of action are inadmissible elsewhere than within the precincts of home, or in that of an intimate friend, when all around are on familiar terms; with the merry-makers within some garden enclosure; in a country field, and amongst familiar associates; or at some comic entertainment. But even under such circumstances as these there should be an ever-abiding self-recollection, and slight self-restrain, when in the company of young men; and loud laughter and rolling about are by no means what may be commonly understood as "ladylike," under any circumstances, and outrageously the reverse in the streets.

"Why so?" I think I hear some readers inquire.

Because such utter disregard of propriety, such a public and uninvited display of your feelings and emotions, such an attraction of notice to yourself—directing all eyes to you, even of the "street Arabs"—invites the intrusion of men into your party of merry-makers, naturally disposing them to join you, to learn the nature of the joke. And in thus forcing their acquaintance upon yourself, remember that it is not with feelings of deferential attraction, but with a full appreciation of your lack of proper dignity, and of that amount of maidenly reserve which a girl should always maintain when in the company of acquaintances of the other sex, and even more so in the presence of utter strangers.

Perhaps some may wonder that I should dwell so long on this point. But their surprise will cease when I direct attention to a query recently made, by certain evidently respectable and well-meaning girls, in the correspondence columns, who inquire "how they should act in reference to the strange men who continually address them in the street, and sometimes make an excuse of asking the time, and then join them in their walk, as they (the girls) do not wish to be rude and impolite to them"! The answer given was that such impertinence is generally the result of some lack of dignity of demeanour in themselves—some ill-timed and unseemly laughter or loud talking, inviting the attention of strangers—or from looking in a man's face as he passes. A girl's conduct is thus very often misunderstood, and she has to pay the penalty. Acquaintances are continually formed in this way that may be most unsuitable, and lead to grave and disastrous results. Besides this, they are formed clandestinely, and might be highly objected to by the parents.

I know, from information obtained from domestic servants of my own family, that it is permissible in their class to allow a man to address them without any introduction; and, if found agreeable by the girl, she consents to his "keeping company" with her, should he desire it.

Now, to you, my young friends who belong to this class, I more especially address myself, and tell you that of which you are now quite unaware—that etiquette forbids any man presuming to introduce himself to you; that it is a gross act of impertinence, and

shows that he thinks you of little account, and free to be "taken up" and dropped as quickly as if you were nobody, and no one cared into whose hands you might chance to fall. Just, for example, as they might pat a stray dog in the street, and throw him a bone, without asking anyone's leave; treating you, in fact, as if you were a poor "waif or stray," to whom he paid a compliment by offering to take a walk with her!

Should respectable young women become so cheap and common as this? Turn over, I pray you, a new leaf. Etiquette requires the introduction of a man to a woman, whether she be what is called a "lady," or a working girl. Your characters, the comfort of your future homes, and the happiness of your lives mainly depend on the acquaintances you form with persons of the opposite sex. You are perpetually asking about the same rules of etiquette in reference to them; and I trust that a proper knowledge of them will prove a valuable and efficient safeguard to you in your much exposed and unguarded condition of life.

From this class of my readers I now turn to one raised a little higher in the social scale: those who belong to what is called the "middle class," the youthful members of which appear to be as equally anxious to learn all that THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER can tell them respecting the rules which should guide their behaviour towards the other sex.

The etiquette to be observed in meeting an acquaintance requires the lady to bow first, as she has the right to look another way, and avoid meeting his eyes (if, for any motives of prudence, and to escape from unacceptable intrusion, she should prefer to ignore his presence, and avoid an interview). In this case, again, the above-named code of rules provides for a woman's defence. At the same time she must beware of appearing to "cut" anyone by allowing them to see that passing them without a bow of recognition was intentional. This would be an act of exceedingly bad taste, and actual rudeness.

Should a stranger be walking with your gentleman friend, when you bow to the latter it is the duty of that stranger to raise his hat to you likewise, but while so doing he should look down, and not meet your eyes during that bow, because such a formal act of respect does not involve you in any acquaintance with him, nor should it lead you to think he means to intrude himself on any subsequent meeting, when no bow on either side should be made. Of course, however, at the time that your friend raises his hat, in acknowledgment of your recognition of him, you should extend your bow, and look towards his friend (if he raise his hat) in return for his salutation.

A foreigner, and an English highly-bred man, will raise his hat on meeting a lady in a hall or passage, or in a narrow path, bringing him closer to her than otherwise he needed to be. This he does merely to set her at ease, and prove that she is in the company of a man who knows how to show her all due respect. But, as in the former case named—if a bow from a stranger—a gentleman should not look at the lady when so raising his hat; but there should be a marked gravity and reserve in his manner and his general bearing.

Again. It is against all rule for a girl to give or receive presents, unless the recipient or giver be one of her own sex. I do not, of course, name this as a rule of universal application; for your first-cousin, with whom you may have grown up on terms of the greatest brotherly intimacy, or your uncle; or a middle-aged man, who is an old family or personal friend, might give or receive any little token of friendship, first premising that these mutual gifts be openly given, and with the full knowledge of his wife, and your own people. "Your good must not be evil spoken of"; in other words—what you may do honestly and innocently is not to bear the smallest appearance derogatory to your propriety of feeling, nor be permitted to bear the least misconstruction.

Of course, when once you have plighted your faith to a man, the case is quite otherwise. Gifts may pass between persons betrothed to each other without fear of misconstruction, and with perfect propriety.

Excepting in reference to business matters, the rule which forbids the exchange of gifts holds good in reference to correspondence.

In meeting an acquaintance out of doors, it would be ill-bred on a man's part to stop you for conversation. It is incumbent on him to turn and walk your way for a few paces, to communicate what he has to say. But this rule does not extend to old gentlemen, nor to near relatives.

In taking a carriage-drive accompanied by gentlemen, whether relatives, old friends, or strangers, except in the case of a very aged man, they should never take the back seat, facing the horses; nor should you offer to resign your place in their (a man's) favour, as that would imply that they did not know the most common rules of good breeding in reference to one of the gentler sex. But suppose the case of your driving with ladies only. If the carriage be your own, request your guests or family to enter first, and assign the best seats to them; at the same time inquiring whether, to escape a cold wind, any of them would prefer to drive backwards; or, whether any young person, who would naturally take a seat with her back to the horses, would suffer from giddiness or sickness from going backwards. If a guest yourself, offer to sit backwards by placing yourself in that position; but yield to the wishes of the hostess, if she appear decided in her desire that you should take the other seat. It would be ill-bred on your part to keep her waiting to seat herself, while you were arguing with her about the occupation of her own carriage! To "do as you are desired" is a golden rule in all cases connected with etiquette.

While on the subject of your conduct in a carriage, I must remind you to sit well into a corner, so as to throw back the shoulders and elbow on the inner side. Perhaps you will ask, "Why sit crooked in a carriage, when you tell us that it is a vulgar habit to do so on a chair?" It is simply because on a chair it has an appearance of discomfort and insecurity which are unpleasant to others; whereas in a carriage the appearance is one of comfort, ease, and security; and, above all, it is to give more room to your next neighbour; and to show respect and politeness, by turning yourself facing more towards them, instead of turning your shoulder to them, and so by sitting square occupying too much space, and thus selfishly incommoding them.

Though comparatively a trifling matter, I may tell you *en passant* that by well-bred people—or at least those persons of this class who have been carefully taught, and have been observant of the modes of speech employed by those very conversant with such matters—the word "ride" is never employed with reference to a carriage, coach, or sleigh. It is always substituted by the word "drive." The latter word does not merely denote the act of holding the reins and managing the horses; it equally signifies that you are being conveyed after this manner, and you drive by proxy. If, for instance, you said (to be consistent), "I took a ride," or "I have been out riding," it would be understood to mean that you had been on horseback. When you go out in any kind of vehicle, you must say you are going to "take a drive," or have been driving; for the horses that conveyed you along were not "ridden," but "driven." To say you were going "to take a ride" in any vehicle would be to stamp you, if not as a vulgar person, at least as a well-bred one whose training in etiquette had been neglected, or who had not had the advantage of associating much with highly-bred persons of their own station in society.

There are certain other applications of words that are quite inadmissible in society, although used by many whose position and good breeding in all other respects are unquestionable; for instance, the word "parlour" in lieu of "dining-room," unless employed in speaking of the small apartment doing duty in the double capacity of drawing and dining-room in a very small house or cottage. In schools the term "parlour boarder" is employed; *but then there is* much to be learnt on leaving the best school by young people going into society as they can all testify themselves.

Again, a custom obtains in Germany of extending the official title of a husband to his wife; but while I have heard persons of undoubtedly good position, and living in upper circles of society, speak of women by the professional rank of their husbands, I have likewise heard the strange incongruity commented upon of hearing such expressions from such persons. Thus, you should never say Mrs. Dr. Dash, or Mrs. Commodore Blank, or Mrs. Major So-and-So, or Mrs. General, and Mrs. Archdeacon "Chose."

Again, do not ask for "a drink of water," say "a glass of water," nor ask for a "bit" or a "slice" of anything. To say "be seated" or "take a chair" are likewise vulgar ways of asking a friend to "sit down." And I may here observe that on paying a visit, if the lady of the house, or whoever may represent her, be out of the room when you arrive, you must stand until she appear; or, at all events, if fatigued and obliged to sit down, take care to rise before her entrance.

Should a gentleman call on you, or come invited to any meal at your house, it shows great ignorance of the usages of society to take his hat from him, which he is bound to bring into the drawing-room with him; unless he be a medical man, who, when paying professional visits, must, by the rules of his profession, leave his hat and stick in the hall. Half-bred people usually torment a man about his hat, and will sometimes even place it in the middle of the table as a mark, I suppose, of respect!

To go out of doors in the act of finishing the arrangement of your out-of-door toilet, and before your gloves are put on, is very objectionable; but nevertheless *it is*, perhaps, one of the most usual of small misdemeanours.

I have observed that "our girls" are much in the habit of saying, "Kindly *pass* your opinion on my writing," instead of "kindly oblige me with," or "give me," or "would you be so good as to criticise?" or "pronounce an opinion?" all of which modes of expression would be correct.

But the limits of a single article forbid the further multiplication of examples of under-bred expressions and inelegancies. Any further hints for your guidance on the subject of a suitable selection of words and course of conduct must be reserved for a second paper on the rules of etiquette. In the latter I propose to enter fully into the question of complimentary and family mourning, giving the relative degrees of its depth, the style and nature of the costumes, and the term of duration allotted for its wear.

SOPHIA F. A. CAULFEILD.

Odds and Ends.

THE Mohammedan woman is supposed to be amongst the most ill-used and unfairly-treated of any woman in the world. But at any rate she is more protected by law in the way of inheritance than her English sisters. On the death of her father a Mohammedan woman inherits his property in common with her brother, in a proportion determined by law according to the number of children, whilst as a wife she has absolute and undisputed control of any money that was hers before marriage, or of that which may subsequently come to her. This of course only applies to a "free woman"; the lot of the slaves is harder, but it is said that it is "preferable in many respects to that of the majority of free domestic drudges in the West, while their prospects are infinitely better."

MRS. BLACK's Cottage Hospital at Southampton is a noteworthy instance of organised philanthropy on the part of a woman working single-handed. Some twenty-three years ago Mrs. Black undertook the case of a working man who had been ill for twenty-five years. Her efforts were successful and thereupon many others came to her for treatment. She took a room which she used as a dispensary, and from this one room has sprung a permanent hospital to which doctors give their services gratuitously. During the twenty-three years of its existence Mrs. Black has, in addition to managing all departments, collected or earned the money necessary for its support. She is never idle, and even when travelling works hard at her knitting, which is sold for the benefit of the hospital.

THE great financial family of the Rothschilds is said to possess in all, some £400,000,000, a tenth part of which is assigned to the French Rothschilds alone. At the same rate of accumulation of interest this sum will be £2,000,000,000 by the middle of the next century. This wealth it is said has been doubled during the last eighteen years. At the beginning of this century the grandfather of the present Rothschilds was penniless, earning his livelihood by sweeping out an office in Manchester. Many stories are told of the foundation of these millions, the Battle of Waterloo being supposed to have played some part therein, but Manchester is doubtless the source from whence it started. The Rothschilds have ruled Europe; in London, St. Petersburg, Paris, Vienna, Frankfort and Naples they have shaped the destinies of nations; Germany has given the family a barony, France her Legion of Honour, and England a peerage, and, despite its climatic drawbacks, England is their favourite dwelling-place.

A GRAVE fault of many establishments founded for the sale of women's work is that the articles offered for sale are practically useless. Knick-knacks and fripperies of all kinds offer little inducement to the purchaser, and the example of a society in New York might be followed with great advantage in England; it will offer for sale well-cooked fancy dishes of all kinds.

A PRETTY idea, now become very popular in Paris, might be adopted with great success in English houses. Windows which look upon ugly or depressing scenes are fitted with a lattice-work of white wood inside the room, the lattice-work being entwined with ivy or other trailing greenery growing in pots on the window-sill. The effect is most charming, especially in windows which overlook back-yards.

THIS is an easy way of decorating windows, which, when carefully done, gives a very good imitation of stained glass. Make a simple geometrical design in pencil on Whatman's drawing-paper, and colour it neatly with water-colours, using a good sable brush. Then take a fine hog's-hair brush and a wooden palette, upon which the necessary oil-colours are placed. Paint in the imaginary leaded divisions on the window in ivory-black paint, drawing them correctly by the aid of a T-square. When these are dry they must be filled up with the colours and forms of the design on the drawing-paper, care being taken to keep the colours thin by the admixture of turpentine. Flake-white must on no account be used. The effect is really remarkable, if the colours of the design are well-chosen, and the black lines carefully and cleanly denoted.

MISS ANNIE BEATRICE EVANS, the daughter of the Vicar of Abergele, is the youngest Poor Law guardian in the kingdom. She only came of age in time to qualify as a guardian at the last election, and she headed the poll at St. Asaph.

THE Empress of Germany is a model house-wife, being as much at home in the kitchen as in the nursery, where she superintends every detail of her children's lives. She rises at six, dines at one, and sups at eight o'clock. The Empress is a great authority upon domestic servants, being of the opinion that the so-often strained relations between mistress and maid arise because the former neglects to look sufficiently after the comfort of the latter, and that their working day is too long, and their leisure too short. Her Majesty suggests that mistresses should "make their (servants) leisure-time at home as pleasant as possible, and give them cheerful, airy rooms, which point should be as important to us as the choice of our own rooms, and that there should be established homes, where, in the evenings and on Sundays, servants could meet for social and instructive purposes."

THE fourth centenary of book-keeping by double-entry has just been celebrated. This invaluable method was first made public by a Catholic monk named Paccioli, who, in 1494, published a book called *De Summa Arithmetica*, in a chapter of which, headed "De Computis et Scripturis," the whole system of double-entry as now used is described. Paccioli was not the inventor of the system, but learnt it from the sons of a Venetian merchant to whom he was tutor. He, however, was the first to make it known to the world.

A GOOD story of the biter being severely bitten comes from Russia. A large crowd were watching some games, among the spectators being a tall, powerfully-built man who was leaning against a railing. Suddenly he felt a hand slipped into his pocket, doubtless in search of a valuable silver snuff-box he had just been using. He took no notice, but raising himself on tip-toe for a moment, he sat down quickly on the top of the rail, and also on top of the hand in his pocket. The thief struggled hard to release himself, his captor meanwhile being apparently oblivious of the wrenches and twistings going on underneath him. At last the pain became too great to be borne, and the pick-pocket cried out in agony. Then the man got up saying, as the wretched creature behind him drew out his hand all blue and swollen, "Another time you will keep your fingers out of other people's pockets."

A LARGE house-agent in London is applying for certificates for several women whom he wishes to employ as certificated bailiffs, arguing that in cases where the goods of women must be levied upon, it is much better to "send into possession" a respectable woman than a man. But the question arises as to whether any woman could be found who would be sufficiently hard-hearted to carry out the painful duties of the "broker's man."

A CURIOUS custom prevails amongst the Roumanian peasantry with regard to marriage. When a Roumanian girl is of marriageable age her trousseau, which has been woven, spun and embroidered entirely by her mother and herself, is placed in a painted wooden box. When a suitor presents himself, he is allowed to open the box, which is always kept in a prominent place, and examine its contents. If he is satisfied with the quantity and quality of the dowry, he formally proposes to the girl's parents; but if the trousseau does not answer his anticipations he may retire without being considered to have committed himself in any way. The wedding ceremony is made a scene of great rejoicing, the bridegroom's parents driving the bride home in a cart wreathed with garlands of flowers and drawn by four oxen. The all-important box containing the trousseau is placed on the front of the cart, whilst one of the bride's relations follows on foot carrying her *dot*, tied up in a handkerchief at the end of a long pole.

A WOMAN with a strange taste has recently been arrested in Paris for stealing pipes. On her rooms being searched, no fewer than 2600 meerschaum pipes were discovered, it being the lady's hobby to colour them. But as she stole them first, her curious mania will be checked by the chilly solitude of a prison.

LUDOVICUS VIVES, the great patristic scholar, in his prayers selected from ancient writers, has a collect which, though its author is uncertain, was Englished by a bishop for Queen Elizabeth's private prayer book in 1578.

"They that are snared and entangled in the extreme penury of things needful for the body cannot set their minds upon Thee, O Lord, as they ought to do; but when they be disappointed of the things which they do so mightily desire their hearts are cast down and quail for excess of grief. Have pity upon them, therefore, O Merciful Father, and relieve their misery through Thine incredible riches, that by Thy removing of their urgent necessity they may rise up to Thee in mind. Thou, O Lord, providest enough for all men with Thy most liberal and bountiful hand; but whereas Thy gifts are, in respect of Thy goodness and free favour, made common to all men, we (through our naughtiness, niggardship, and distrust) do make them private and peculiar. Correct Thou the thing which our iniquity hath put out of order: let Thy goodness supply that which our niggardliness hath pluckt away. Give Thou meat to the hungry and drink to the thirsty: comfort Thou the sorrowful: cheer Thou up the dismayed: strengthen Thou the weak: deliver Thou them that are prisoners: and give Thou hope and courage to them that are out of heart.

"O Father of all mercies, have compassion of so great misery. O Fountain of all good things and of all blessedness, wash Thou away these so sundry, so manifold, and so great miseries of ours with one drop of the water of Thy mercy, for Thine only Son, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

NOVEMBER.

Now the Bees have ceased to hum,
Now the stormy days are come,
Naked are the forest trees, and silent is each bird;
Save the Robin Redbreast, he
Singing sweetly—cheerfully,
By the crumb-strewn window-sill and cottage-door is heard.

Now the Butterflies have fled,
All the Summer flowers are dead,
And the Autumn fruits no more hang from the bending bough;
There is heard no reaper's song
Fields of golden corn among;
But the cold blast whistles shrill o'er plains deserted now.

Hill and valley, wood and field,
Now no more can pleasure yield,
Gloomy is the sky above, and cold the earth beneath;
Bleak, and bare, and desolate,
Is of all things now the state,
And all living creatures seem like mourners at a death.

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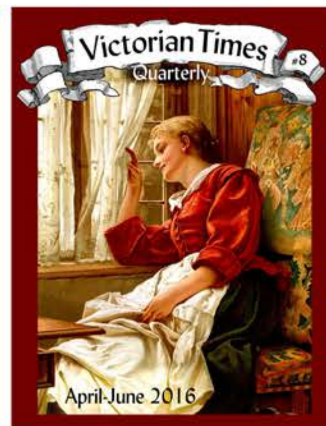

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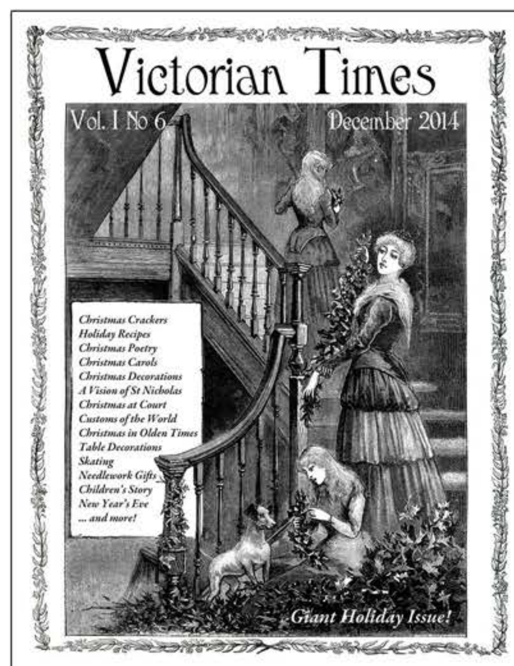

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