Victorian Times

Vol. II, No. 1 January 2015

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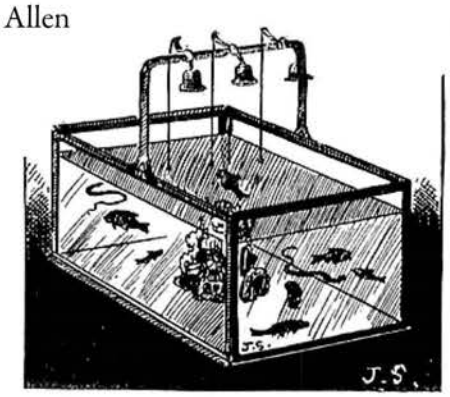

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* *The Girl's Own Paper*

New Year's Resolutions

I confess, I'm a sucker for New Year's resolutions. Every year I remind myself that it's silly and pointless—that making a "resolution" surely doesn't make me any more likely to actually accomplish a particular goal. But somehow, that act of "resolving" is like making a promise to oneself, a promise that is more serious than just thinking, at ordinary times of the year, "I really ought to do that..." Resolutions help me define my goals for the coming year, and defining a goal is, if not half the battle, at least a very large step toward achieving it.

Last year, I made the resolution that 2014 would be the year that "Mostly-Victorian.com"* got off the ground. I had actually launched the site several years ago, with the full intention of building it up, but for a variety of reasons, that just never happened. In 2014, I resolved that it was "now or never." If it didn't happen in 2014, I might have to face the fact that it wouldn't happen at all.

And lo and behold—it happened! The website now boasts more than 2000 articles on a wide range of topics. While there are other sites where one can download (or at least access) full copies of a variety of Victorian periodicals, Mostly-Victorian.com is the *only* site that I know of where one can access such an array of articles by topic. It is also the only site that pulls together all the parts of serialized articles—which were a staple of the Victorian magazine—so that you can read one all at once without having to sort through 600 or more pages. The site itself got a bit of a facelift as well.

I'm not quite sure when, in 2014, I conceived the notion of launching *Victorian Times*. It probably wasn't in January. What I recall is the image of the magazine appearing full-blown in my mind, and thinking, "Hey, I could do that!" In July, *Victorian Times* made its official debut, and next month, I'll be issuing the first "bound collection" volume containing the first six issues.

At rather the last minute—sometime in late October—I suddenly decided that this was the year I'd finally produce the volume of Victorian Christmas articles I'd been wanting to bring together for several years. Much of that decision is thanks to *Victorian Times*: in producing the magazine, I discovered several time-saving tips and tricks to convert those faded, yellowed magazine pages into something a bit more readable. Unfortunately I hadn't *quite* developed the trick of estimating how much time such a volume would take! If I'd done the math, and realized that *A Victorian Christmas Treasury* was the equivalent of producing about seven issues of *Victorian Times*, each of which requires at least 2-4 days, I might have started a bit sooner! But it arrived in time for Christmas anyway, and is a beautiful volume (if I do say so myself).

And now, here we are back in January once again. This year, I find it very encouraging to look back at 2014 and see that so many of the previous year's resolutions were actually fulfilled. Which, of course, simply inspires me to make more for 2015!

One of my first goals will be to add more content to the website. I still have a large library of Victorian periodicals that is virtually untapped. Many of these are American magazines, which will provide an interesting balance to the, thus far, primarily British focus of the site. First up, however, will be assorted articles from ten years of *The Strand* and roughly 30 years of *The Illustrated London Almanack*. (The latter is less than it sounds; the ILA was a fairly small publication, with only a few articles per issue.)

The first "bound semi-annual collection" of *Victorian Times* is almost finished. However, I've decided not to hold the January issue any longer; the bound collection will officially appear in February. *Early* February! Promise!

I'm bubbling over with book ideas, so look for some interesting new titles in our Victorian line in 2015! I'm even kicking around the notion of a blog...

In short, looking back at how far Mostly-Victorian.com* has come in 2014, I'm quite pleased with my 2014 New Year's resolutions—and quite hopeful that 2015 will prove an equally productive year. I hope that you, dear readers, find reason to be pleased with the site as well! I thank you for your warm support and kind comments; these are the fuel that helps keep the fires of those resolutions burning!

May your own New Year be bright and filled with blessings, Victorian or otherwise!

*Effective February 2015, Mostly-Victorian.com became VictorianVoices.net.

—Moira Allen, Editor
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STRANGE DEVICES

BY JAMES SCOTT.

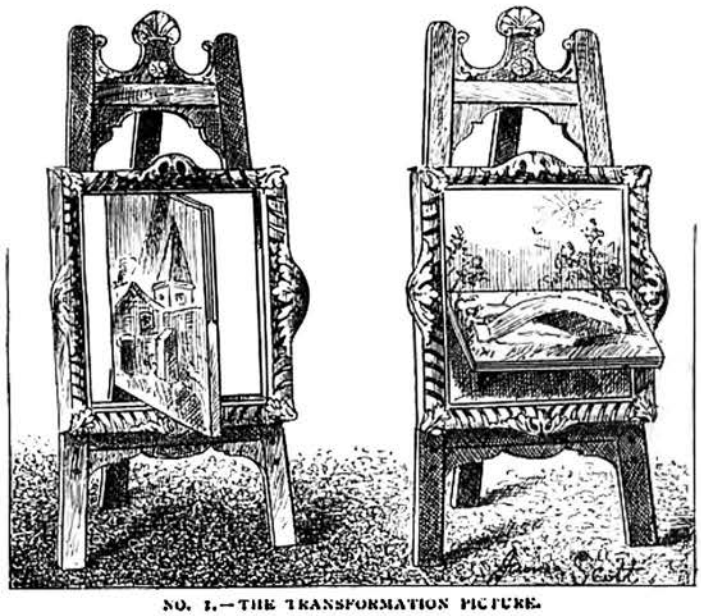
I WAS permitted the pleasant opportunity to describe and illustrate in THE STRAND MAGAZINE for March, 1895, under the heading "Eccentric Ideas," some peculiar notions of mankind. Although I then exemplified that much inventiveness appertained to humanity, I was careful to point out the considerable difference existing between an "idea" and an "invention" in the true meanings of those words. I then dilated upon some very novel suggestions, and referred to their ludicrousness and impracticability. Now I propose to occupy the reader's time and patience by parading before him the particulars of several really novel ideas which have developed into actual inventions. In my selection I have made as great a variety as possible, and am satisfied that, in nearly every case, the articles must have been as efficient in practice as they are ingenious in conception.

The simple yet effective contrivance depicted in No. 1, which is an invention by a private conjurer, deserves a greater publicity than it has hitherto secured. Of course, just as a joke will lose its essential qualities when explained, so a trick or illusion may appear to have been less interesting when a detailed account of its inner working is provided. But I can assure the reader that the deception, aided by this invention, was, and would still be, very startling, notwithstanding the simplicity of the means employed to deceive.

The conjurer drew a large cloth off an easel, upon which was reclining a good oil-painting set in a massive gilt frame. He lifted the top of the frame forward to the extent of a few inches, and also passed a long stick behind the easel in order to show that it bore no connection with other parts of the stage. He then recovered it with the cloth, which he almost instantly again removed, revealing quite a different picture in the frame. This performance he repeated until he had changed the pictures three times, thus showing four different paintings in the same frame without having removed the latter from the easel.

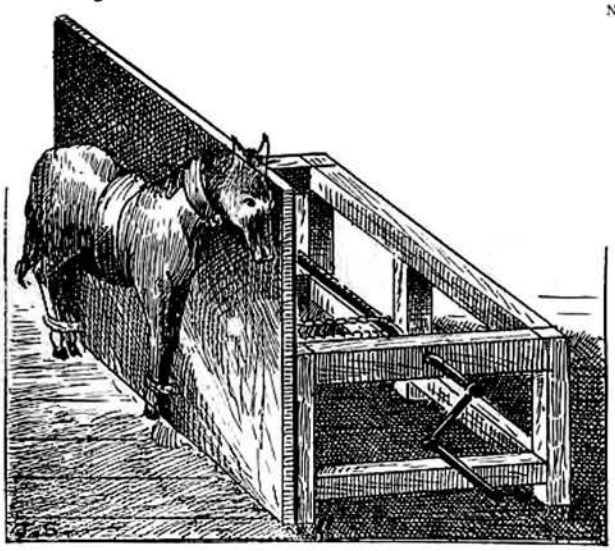
Every few moments he passed the stick behind the picture, and also showed that the covering-cloth contained nothing whereby aid was offered in the deception. As may have already occurred to the reader who has examined the illustrations, the picture consisted of a pivoted board having a drop flap affixed to it in front, and one attached behind, on the surfaces of which were painted four distinct subjects. The first time the cloth was replaced, a spring was touched, and, consequently, a flap fell as in the right-hand frame; at the second stage in the performance the whole picture revolved, as in the left-hand frame; whilst upon the third repetition being made, another flap fell.

What made the trick the more surprising was the fact that the picture itself was greater in width



NO. 1.—THE TRANSFORMATION PICTURE.

than the space between the legs of the easel, and also that the top of the frame was also lifted forward, conveying the wrong idea that the front supports continued completely from top to bottom behind the frame. The truth was that the easel's front legs broke off just below the top of the frame, and just above the bottom of it, the two parts being connected by a frame of iron, which allowed sufficient opening wherein the picture could revolve. Of course, it would never do, if this deception is henceforth repeated, to shift the frame forward if any portion of the audience should command a view from an elevation above the top of the picture. I suggest that some enterprising amateur conjurer may profitably adopt this contrivance, as well as another, hereafter explained, and call it "THE STRAND MAGAZINE Picture Trick," having an enlarged copy of the cover for the first picture shown.

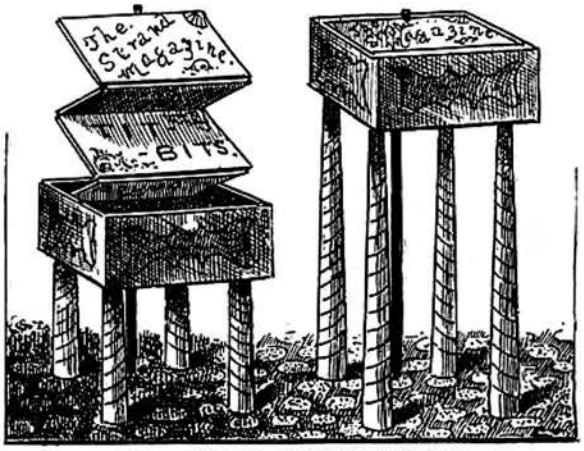


NO. 2.—OPERATING-TABLE FOR A HORSE—PREPARING.

Notwithstanding the easy control that man has been enabled, by a proper exercise of his superior mental qualities, to effect over horses, I fear that very few men could achieve the conspicuously difficult manœuvre of handling a sick horse as he would a sick human being. To lift a horse on to a table, for instance, would prove an embarrassing, if not totally impossible, task if the process were undertaken without the aid of some kind of mechanism. The ingenuity of man has, however, obviated the depressing necessity for handling horses and cattle in this manner, as may be seen by a reference to my second and third drawings. In the first, the horse is shown as having been strapped to the table-top, which has been placed perpendicularly for the purpose. By simply turning one or more handles, the table-top is turned to a horizontal position, and finally slid into its proper place, as in the following drawing.

NO. 3.—OPERATING-TABLE FOR A HORSE—READY.

An advertising invention, which had a decidedly pleasing effect upon those who observed it, is illustrated in my next drawing. Everyone must be aware of the fact that if a length of paper or card be rolled up, it is possible, by withdrawing the inner end of the roll, to extend it to the form of a long coil, such as appears at each corner as a support to the box, in the right-hand part of my illustration. It is possible, also, to reclose such a coil to its original shape. The device shown has a thin metal rod running right from the bottom of the box, down within each coil, and those rods are connected with a small tank beneath the flooring, the tank being supported upon very long chair-springs. A fifth rod, at the back, and not con-

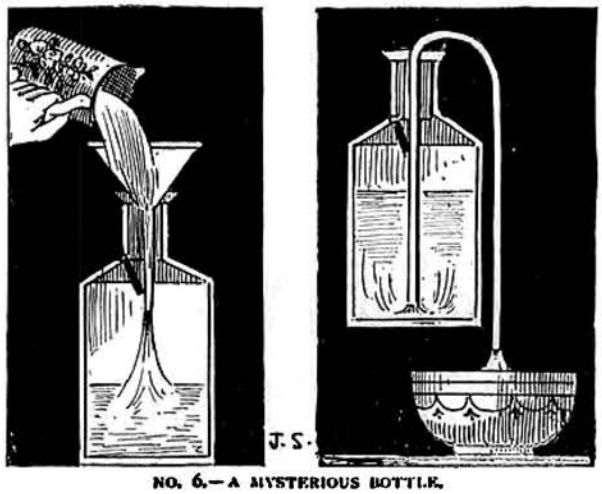


NO. 4.—CURIOUS ADVERTISING DODGE.

nected to the tank, has its upper end united to the back edge of the lid (of course, it is not a proper lid), and stands thus quite rigid. Upon allowing water to run through a pipe ending above the hidden tank, the water received in it gradually increases its weight, and bears it downwards. The consequence is that the four rods and box are lowered automatically, and a set of hinged boards, one of which is that united to the rigid back rod, are gradually revealed to view. Of course, they are hitherto lying quite flat in the box, but cannot follow it downward.

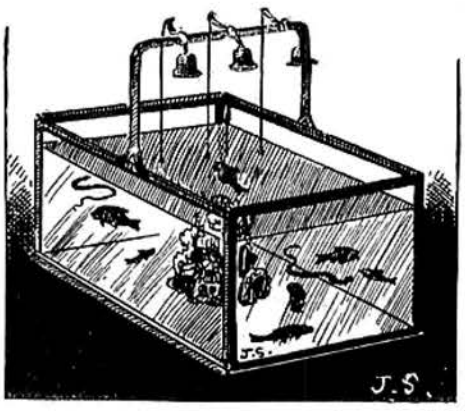
The merit of some of the articles dealt with in this paper is that—although they are, I hope, interesting to the general reader—they are yet capable of being utilized by some of those persons who may be on the look-out for something not too widely known.

Cats and dogs and horses are not the only creatures possessing reasoning powers. As a matter of fact, an apparently dull form of life, fish to wit, have been trained in a manner which should leave no doubt concerning their latent discrimination. I have heard of more than one instance in which the bright and familiar gold-fish has had its mild intelligence so developed as to induce it to ring a bell when it needed some trifling luxury. That which I consider to be the best innovation contrived for this purpose is illustrated in my next drawing. Three bells were properly balanced upon a rod, as shown, and cords, which just contacted with the water, hung from them. By placing an insect, or some equally tempting morsel of food, lightly on the lower end of the string, a fish will naturally grab it. Care must, of course, be exercised in order to prevent the string as well from being swallowed. The moment the insect is seized by the fish, the bell tinkles, and the fish associates the sound with the meal—a result which seems to contradict the common statement that fish have no sense of hearing. By adhering to this tuition for some time, the fish will become accustomed to hear the bell ring as every welcome tit-bit is secured, and will eventually, on occasions when no such trifle has been placed on the string, still tug at it, and produce the familiar sounds. Then will be the time for impregnating the mind of the fish with the necessity of pulling the string whenever it desires food. Place the insect in the water, apart from the string. Probably the next time it hungers for luxuries, it will again pull the string. Of course, should the fish become dilatory in this respect, the original process of attaching the insect to it must be resumed; but it has transpired that when once the ring has been responded to promptly, it has been continued. This is a far less objectionable way of rendering an aquarium interesting than by inserting electric lights within the interior of the fish, and making them transparent. I am determined to experiment personally in this undoubtedly patience-trying business, for I am convinced that not only instinct, but reason, guides the fish in its performance.



NO. 6.—A MYSTERIOUS BOTTLE.

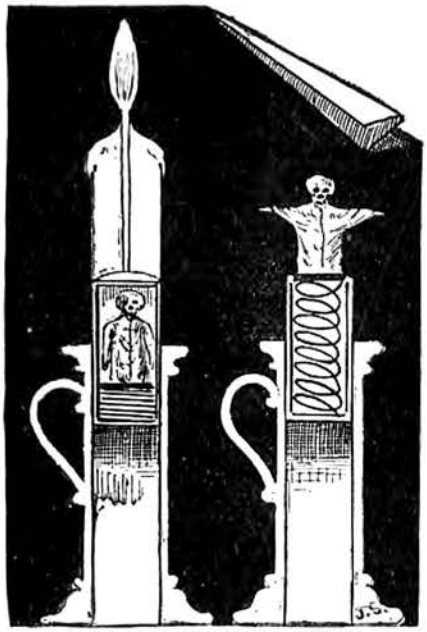
Here comes a description of the trick to which I referred when writing just now concerning the transformation picture. An opaque glass bottle is filled with water in the direct view of the spectators; yet when it is reversed, without having been corked, it still retains its contents. The accompanying drawing (a sectional sketch) explains the simple contrivance used. In the first half of the illustration a funnel is shown inserted in the bottle. It has pushed downwards a valve, hinged on a spring, and situated at the bottom of the neck. The short black line indicates it. After the bottle has been filled, and the funnel withdrawn, the valve springs upwards, and,



NO. 5.—A BELFRY FOR FISH.

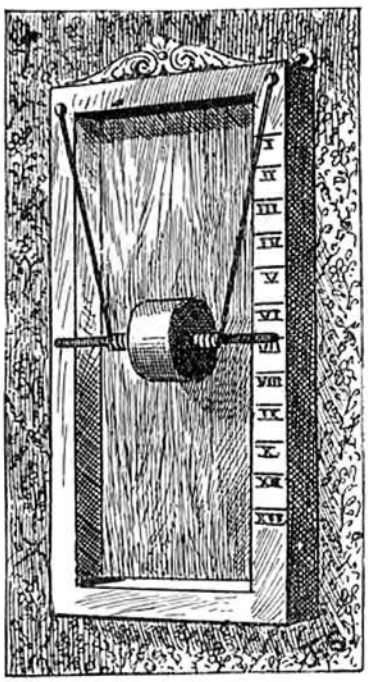
consequently, prevents the water from returning when the bottle has been reversed. In order to show that water is actually within the bottle, it is only necessary to insert a bent tube, as shown in the right-hand half of the drawing, and give a preliminary suck at its lower end, when all the contents will be withdrawn.

I turn to a clever contrivance, shown in my next drawing, invented by a man as a rather peculiar surprise for a friend. He made that friend a present of some coloured wax candles, one of which contained the affair shown. The receiver was very fond of having a few candles of the coloured kind placed about his drawing-room, in candelabra, and was intensely surprised one night when one of those which he had thankfully accepted from his friend exploded with a loud "bang," after having burnt down about half-way, and revealed to view a miniature ghost, with outstretched arms, which had issued from the remaining portion of the candle. To say that the man was puzzled by so extraordinary an apparition is to incompletely describe his feelings. I wonder how the reader would accept such a crisis. I know that I should have been *very much* astonished. Yet the effect was produced in an exceedingly simple manner, as can be understood by examining the drawings. The lower half of the candle really consisted of a thin cardboard case, containing a spring and a small "ghost" with spring-arms, which would fly apart immediately upon being released from their bondage. A small portion of gunpowder, separated by a disc of paper from the head of the "ghost," completed the apparatus. The outside of the cylinder was waxed to appear as but the continuation of the candle. When the flame burnt to the powder it naturally caused it to explode, and simultaneously with the discharge the spring forced the little image upwards. This device would make an effective toy, I am inclined to think, as the cylinder could be used as often as required, by fixing a half-candle properly to the top of it and concealing the join.



NO. 7.—A GHOST IN A CANDLE.

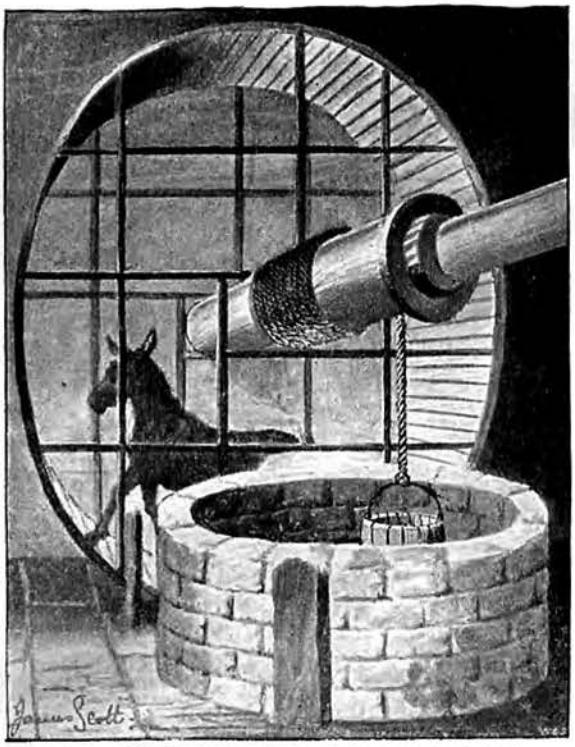
Of curious clocks so much has been said at various times that I felt inclined to omit the next illustration; but perhaps it may interest some readers, and for that reason I crave for it a place of honour in these columns. A small circular box, partitioned into several compartments, was suspended by two strings to an ordinary frame, backed by a wood panel. The hours were indicated along one side of the frame. The interior divisions took a similar form to those used in water wheels, and in each, at alternate ends of those divisions, was a very small hole. Water was sealed up in one compartment, and would be uppermost when the drum was at the top of the panel. It would slowly trickle into the next compartment below it, in front, and, on account of the leverage exerted by its weight, the drum would gradually revolve downwards. It was rewound to the top when another journey was necessitated. There is a very similar invention in the South Kensington Museum, I believe. I am given to understand that at a very remote date they were comparatively popular. What a primitive method when compared with the elaborate forms of mechanism now employed to denote time!



NO. 8.—A WATER CLOCK.

I believe that the custom of utilizing dogs for the purpose of turning spits, and thereby roasting huge joints of meat or game, is now an obsolete one; but the practice of applying the services of a donkey to the kind of work conveyed in my next drawing is, I believe, still in vogue at Carisbrooke Castle, in the Isle of Wight,

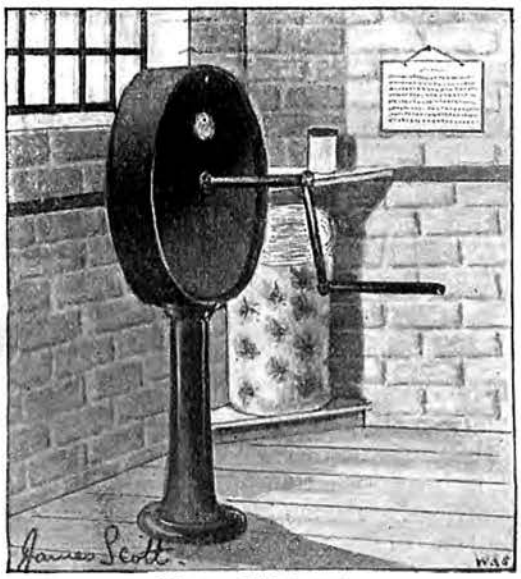
The forbearing animal is inserted within a huge wheel having a suitable footway, and his attempted progress, instead of carrying him forward, has the tantalizing effect (to him, no doubt) of merely causing the wheel to revolve. The wheel is connected to an immense crank, around which winds a rope



NO. 9.—THE DONKEY WHEEL, CARISBROOKE CASTLE.

bearing a bucket, which dips into the water contained in a well 200ft. deep and 12ft. across its mouth. An interesting fact in connection with this well is that when a pin is allowed to fall upon the surface of the water, which is at a distance of about 180ft. from the top of the well, the sound caused by its contact is distinctly audible.

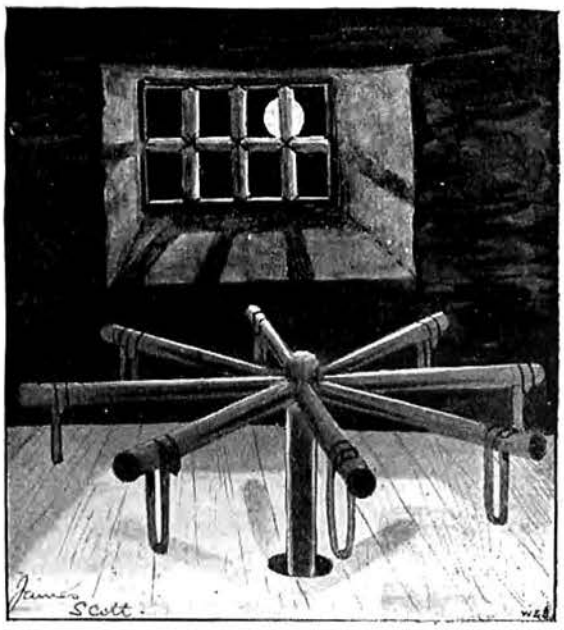
I will now give the reader an idea of what two devices, which still stand in some gaols, are like, although I must point out that the punishment itself has long been discontinued. The crank, No. 10, was an article devised to weary the limbs of the fellow sentenced to undergo its treatment. The labour consisted of turning the handle several hundreds of times daily, and the enormous amount of energy thus exercised was absolutely wasted, as no other return than the punishment of the criminal was secured. A glass-covered dial fitted into the iron drum registered the number of revolutions, so that there was no available way of deceiving the authorities in the matter. The interior consisted of a large



NO. 10.—THE CRANK.

amount of unoiled machinery, and the long handle testifies to the obnoxious desire of the inventor, for it must be apparent that to turn so large a handle, the movement must have burdened every muscle in a man's body.

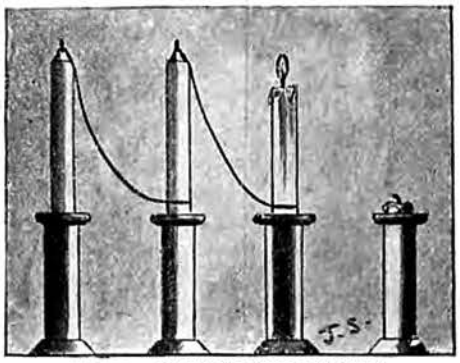
The capstan, depicted in No. 11 drawing, was an equally peculiar device, and it was necessary to employ sixteen men in connection with it, eight of whom handled the poles whilst the remaining half of the number were belted to the straps (shown dangling from the poles), and occupied a position midway between their fellows. The punishment consisted of walking round and round the central upright, meanwhile pushing and pulling the poles,



NO. 11.—THE CAPSTAN.

according to the respective tasks of the men. In connection with the matter, I am much indebted to the Chaplain of Oxford Prison for informing me, in a recent reply to a query addressed by me, that the object of the contrivance was to pump water from the adjacent river into tanks situated beneath the Anglo-Saxon tower which contains it. I am also told by him that its use was abolished on account of the splendid opportunity it afforded prisoners for indulging in the forbidden pleasure of talking; and one can well understand that the heavy tramp of sixteen men in close proximity to each other was capable of drowning the sound of a whispered conversation only audible to the strained ears of those engaged upon the monotonous task of propelling the apparatus.

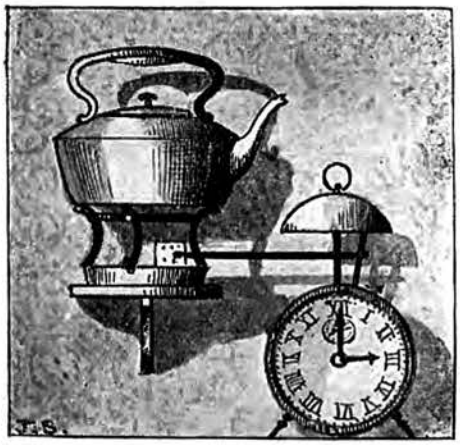
It may be a relief to turn now to more cheerful subjects, and, perhaps, by way of contrast with the last article enumerated, the simplicity of the twelfth device illustrated by me may appear more vivid. Certainly it was an artful scheme for providing means of illumination during the night, notwithstanding the fact that it entailed the use of a large number of candlesticks. The sketch is almost self-explanatory; but, maybe, a few additional words will not prove unnecessary. Who the originator of the arrangement was, I am unable to say. I have heard it



NO. 12.—SELF-LIGHTING CANDLES.

imputed to a poet, who desired less interruption during his night work, preferring, very reasonably, to be able to write down his inspirations continuously, instead of being frequently called upon by necessity to light a fresh candle. Pieces of twine were fastened from one candle to its nearest fellow, and so on; and then one ignited. When its flame reached the loop of twine, the latter naturally caught fire, and a tongue of flame would creep up to the adjoining candle, lighting it in the manner desired. The scheme is a pretty example of the brilliancy of simplicity in idea, as compared with the complicated arrangements often devised to secure simple results.

I end my present paper with a drawing of an invention which is calculated



NO. 13.—AN AUTOMATIC KETTLE-BOILER.

to conjure up the delight experienced by indulging in a hearty breakfast at the termination of a sound and refreshing sleep—a very rare blessing, I believe. A few years ago there was publicly exhibited an invention fulfilling identical purposes to those expected from the device I now refer to, but which differed from it in that it was worked by electricity, whereas the one depicted in my thirteenth drawing was controlled by a purely automatic action. One end of a stiff wire was connected to the hammer of the alarum; and to its opposite extremity was attached a receptacle for a few matches, which engaged with a roughened surface situated immediately in contact with a spirit-saturated asbestos tank. At whatever hour the clock was timed to ring the bell, the violent to-and-fro motion of the hammer caused the matches to be rubbed against the material prepared for them, and consequently they ignited and set fire to the spirit, which, in its turn, boiled the water contained in the kettle, thus rendering great service to the aroused owner, who was in a position to make his tea, coffee, or cocoa as soon as he had dressed himself.

I find it far more pleasant to speak of serviceable outcomes of ingenuity, than by dwelling, as I did a few months ago, on notoriously nonsensical schemes,

JANUARY.—THE FANCY BALL.

CHRISTMAS was over, the pantomimes on their last legs, and the new burlesque had reached its thirtieth night. I had assisted at so many dinners and dances, that turkeys and *tempètes* had lost for me all their interest. My chimney-piece exhibited only a ghostlike series of invitations to bygone parties, and old editions of paid bills; and the future presented nothing more cheering to my speculations than those dreary two months which intervene—a sort of *saison de penitence*—between the gas-light existence of Christmas and the sunshine of spring. At such a time, the following brief note, which reached me, Peregrine Singleton, one gloomy evening at the latter end of January, was not a little welcome, as, at all events, suggesting an idea, if not giving absolute promise, of a pleasure:—"Dear Mr. Singleton,—We are going to hold a "Court of Misrule" here to-morrow evening, and upon your presenting yourself, not later than eight o'clock—of course in Court dress—you will be admitted.

"Very truly yours, "FANNY HARLAND."

A Fancy Ball, at twelve hours' notice—for such was evidently the intent of this quaint *annonce*—seemed, at the first blush of it, rather a hazardous speculation, but I had confidence in my friend; and, though Portia's Leaden Casket, which "rather threatened than did promise aught," was scarcely less eloquent, I determined upon the risk, and accepted the invitation.

The notice given afforded, as was probably intended, no time for devising anything very elaborate in the shape of the indispensable Court dress. All was evidently designed to be impromptu; and I could, therefore, only appeal to the lady portion of my home circle for such advice and assistance as their taste might suggest and the time admit of. Fortunately for us on such occasions, next to costuming themselves, there is nothing our lady friends enjoy more than presiding over the toilet of other people; and my appeal, therefore, was not made in vain. Shreds and patches of bygone silks and satins were routed out; and by eight o'clock the following evening, with the extraneous aid of six-pennyworth of crêpe hair and a dash of rouge, I found myself at my friend's house as good a Prince of Misrule as terry velvet, sarsnet ribbons, peacock's feathers, and borrowed jewellery could render me.

A low buzz from a circle of quaint, wholly unrecognisable characters assembled round the fire, as I made my appearance, a searching look of inquiry, and a burst of laughter when my identity was discovered, afforded an agreeable tribute to the success, so far, of my contribution to the general entertainment, and left me at liberty to pursue some investigations on my own account. A very short time sufficed to satisfy me that, for the success of the evening, there was nothing to fear. *Portia's* Leaden Casket had yielded a prize. The party, which I found had owed its origin to a box of costumes and old armour left in my friend's charge by an artist friend on a journey to Rome, consisted of some twenty persons, all sufficiently advanced in social wisdom to recognise the pleasure and profit of now and then playing the fool, and all sufficiently intimate not to mind doing so in one another's company. The Grays—four sons and three daughters—whose Charade Parties in Suffolk-terrace have obtained among their friends the enviable reputation—due, by the way, to few such entertainments—of amusing the audience as well as the actors; Percy Butler, known among his friends as *O'Trigger* Butler, by reason of his unrivalled performance of *Sir Lucius* in private theatricals; Frank Standish and his wife and sister, all musical, who, in addition to knowing *how* to play, possess the far rarer accomplishment of knowing *when* to play and *when* to leave off; with a house circle of six good and true souls, made up a party which dispelled all misgivings as to the result of the experiment. By the time we had finished tea, the ice of novelty had satisfactorily thawed, and the fun was fast approaching to boiling heat. The difficulties we had experienced in devising costumes on such short notice formed all in turn the subject of a laugh, or the material for a jest. The lion of England which surmounted the regal crown of the gorgeous *King Cole* Frank Standish had made of himself, had been borrowed, he was compelled to confess, from Johnny's Noah's Ark, to the great despair of its original owner; and the magnificent ruff—the admiration of all beholders—of his wife as *Queen Elizabeth*, had been robbed from a quire of her husband's brief paper. Laura Harland, who was of a somewhat mechanical genius, and an antiquarian tone of mind, had devised a head-dress from Strutt, which was a marvel to society how she ever got into *it*; and the unrivalled representative of Sir Lucius, with a handleless saucepan on his head, and a gig-umbrella over it, imparted a life-like resemblance to his rendering of *Nimroud* by a rich Cork brogue, which he insisted was the true ancient Hermisian, as the cuneiform inscriptions, when properly deciphered, would doubtless testify. How we laughed when Charles Harland's mustachios wouldn't keep on; and his brother's helmet (Tom Harland, as *Julius Cæsar*), an ingenious contrivance of tinfoil, from a tea-chest, nearly stifled him, because it wouldn't come off. How we spoke impromptu addresses, and paid forfeits when we failed; danced Gavottes under the superintendence of Charles Gray (appropriately attired as *Steady* in the "Quaker"), who had acquired that accomplishment at a dancing academy in the days of his youth; and improvised Corantos, under the guidance of the archæologically-minded Laura.

Who is there can fix upon paper the hundred minute particles of enjoyment which make the aggregate of a pleasant evening? The thing is not to be done. Suffice it, then, to say that the Court of Misrule proved a decided success. The entire absence of all pretence—for which, indeed, there had been no time—afforded no room for mortification; and where there was no effort, there could, of course, be no failure. Every one contributed a quota to the general enjoyment, and drew out his or her share from the common stock in exchange for it. All were gratified, and all unanimous in agreeing that the Court of Misrule, if the last of the season, was not to be the last of its race.

A year passed away, and the Court of Misrule was well nigh forgotten, when I received one evening the following note:—"Mrs. CHARLES HARLAND at Home, Wednesday, 26th January, Half-past Nine. Uniforms and fancy dresses will be welcome."

A host of pleasant visions rose up before my eyes as I called to mind our former evening's entertainment, and hastened to despatch my acceptance of an invitation which promised, from old associations, so much similar enjoyment. Then came the important consideration of dress. With a three weeks' warning, any such impromptu arrangements as answered very well on the former occasion would be out of the question. Something new must be struck out. "Things unattempted yet." How many of Mr. Jeff's costume prints I turned over in the next fortnight without arriving at any satisfactory result, I am afraid to say. My private theatrical wardrobe was confined to a mask of eccentric conformation, a souvenir of the Bal del 'Opéra, at Paris; and a false beard and mustachios, a bequest from my friend Tom Woodcock on his quitting St. Thomas's for a quiet practice in Norfolk—good properties enough in their way, but obviously quite unequal to the occasion. My next-door neighbour in chambers would, I knew, be delighted to accommodate me with the uniform of the North Hants Yeomanry Company, in which he has for some years held a commission with honour to himself and advantage to his country; but then, apart from my being deficient in the black whiskers and martial deportment which enabled my friend to lend dignity to the trappings of that distinguished corps, he rode, I knew, twelve stone, and I and *Romeo's* apothecary were cast in twin moulds. My friend Tom Wye de Wake (of the Waste Paper Office), who was a very cyclopædia of information on topics of this nature, was profuse in his offers of service. He had a complete suit of everyday costume, white on one side, and black on the other, which he assured me had earned him immortal renown at Jullien's last Bal Masqué. He was likewise the happy possessor of a green velvet polonaise, with hessians to match, which, in the early days of the polka, had been rather a hit at the Polish Ball of 1847. Neither of these suggestions aided me much. I doubted my capacity to give satisfaction, as two gentlemen at once, and I entertained a decided objection to hessians. I had almost reached the depths of despair, when one night, a few days only before the all-important evening, a brilliant idea flashed upon my mind, at a whist party—I would go as the Knave of Clubs.

An awning, a carpet from the road, and a crowd of eager lookers-on, confirm my impression as to the elaborate character of the whole affair. Various Italian Peasants, Débardeurs, Charles the Seconds, ladies of the last century, and gentlemen of no century all, fill the staircase as I enter—the whole reminding me of a picture I remember once seeing of the Elysian Fields, in which Edward the Black Prince, Benjamin Franklin, Homer, and George Fox, are engaged in familiar converse together. Our hostess, looking very queenly, and rather tired, as Marie Antoinette, is at the drawing-room door to receive us: and this labour, onerous enough under any circumstances, is in her case rendered painfully toilsome by the duty of addressing a compliment of as discriminating a character as may be to each of us as we make our appearance.

For the first hour or two all looked promising enough. There was no dancing, certainly; the room was much too full for any such enjoyment, and the whole place was hot to suffocation; but the novelty of the scene, the bright lights, varied dresses, and lively music, coupled with that determination for enjoyment to which one generally winds oneself up on such occasions, carried one on very well for a time, and gratified curiosity supplied not ineffectually the place of actual enjoyment. At length, somehow, a horrible suggestion—dismissed at once, yet returning—flashed across my mind that the affair was—will it be credited?—actually dull. This idea, scouted at first as an impossibility, forced itself gradually into attention, until it stood out an actual fact, impossible to ignore.

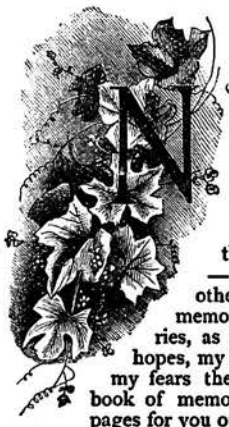
Even the choice spirits of the former evening—good and true souls, and equal, it might have been inferred, to any emergency—were no exception to the general dullness, and seemed each to labour under his or her peculiar grief. Fanny Harland, who looked a very charming Zuleika, had her *memento mori* in her own familiar friend, who had presented herself a very much handsomer edition, in amber satin, of the same character. Laura the Archæological was in even greater depair, for Madame Crinoline, in the manufacture of the outer tunic of the dress of Philippa of Hainault, as described by Froissart, had put on an edging of mink instead of minever; thus destroying entirely, as she justly observed, the whole value of the costume. Frank Standish had devoted much anxious care to making up for Titian's Charles V.; or, as his wife, not learned in Robertson, persisted in caling him Charles XII., and nobody recognised him, and even "the friend of the family" (that ubiquitous personage known to all party-goers), who had aspired to make a hit as Uncle Tom, and had blacked his face conscientiously for the purpose, was so weighed down by the dullness around, as to recall less that popular character than the slave, whose duty it was to whisper of the fallibility of pleasure at the Fancy Balls of the ancients. As for myself truth compels me to confess that I was no more fortunate than my neighbours. I was the very superlative of stupidity—Boodledom enbodied! The Knave of Clubs—such are all human expectations—was a dead failure; and that was the truth. No two people were agreed as to what it meant, and the only point upon which society seemed unanimous was, that it was *frightful*.

Here was a climax to a three weeks' preparation! here was a result to all my researches *in re vestiaria!* to all my anticipations of renown! When I entered the house that evening, a sensation which should strike my male acquaintances pale with envy, a corner table at supper with the belle of the room, and every dance with her afterwards, had been among the most certain of my expectations; a couple of hours afterwards a cool seat among the cacti, and a gossip with the least pretentious of my lady friends, would have amply met my requirements; and the time at length arrived when all my desires were bounded by the arm-chair I had so rashly quitted in my own snuggery, "the unembarassed brow," and a meerschaum of gebeli. Luckily, these enjoyments were beyond the hand malign of fortune, and one o'clock saw me in comfortable possession of them. The festive attire gave place to the old shooting-coat; and the aspirations for social successes, in which I had so unwarily indulged three hours before, were profitably exchanged for a good-humoured speculation into the causes of their failure.

The result to which I arrived, and which is heartily at the service of those of my readers who have not made the discovery for themselves, was, that Horace Walpole, that wise social philosopher, never spoke more truly than when, in writing to his friend Mann to order for him a birthday suit in Paris, he apologetically added, "But, after all, it is an excessively foolish thing *to dress oneself out in fine clothes in cold blood.*"

MY SCHOOL-DAYS.

By E. NESBIT.



Not because my childhood was different from that of others, not because I have anything strange to relate, anything new to tell, are these words written. For the other reason rather—that I was a child as other children, that my memories are their memories, as my hopes were their hopes, my dreams their dreams, my fears their fears—I open the book of memory to tear out some pages for you others.

There is nothing here that is not in my most clear and vivid recollection.

When I was a little child I used to pray fervently, tearfully, that when I should be grown up I might never forget what I thought and felt and suffered then.

Let these pages speak for me, and bear witness that I have not forgotten.

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

PART I.

STUART PLAID.

When I was small and teachable my mother was compelled to much travel and change of scene by the illness of my elder sister; and as she liked to have me more or less within reach, I changed schools as a place-hunter changes his politics.

The first school I went to was a Mrs. Arthur's—at Brighton. I remember very little about the lessons, because I was only seven years old, but I remember—to my inmost fibre I remember the play. There was a yard behind the house—no garden, and there I used to play with another small child whose name I have forgotten. But I know that she wore a Stuart plaid frock, and that I detested her.

On the first day of my arrival we were sent into the "playground" with our toys. Stuart plaid, as I must call her, having no other name, had a battered doll and three scallop-shells. I had a very complete little set of pewter tea-things in a cardboard box.

"Let's change for a bit," said Stuart plaid.

Mingled politeness and shyness compelled my acquiescence. She took my new tea-things, and I disconsolately nursed the battered torso of her doll. But this grew very wearisome, and I, feeling satisfied that the claims of courtesy had been fully met, protested mildly.

"Now then," said Stuart plaid, looking up from the tea-things, "don't be so selfish; besides, they're horrid little stupid tin things. I wouldn't give twopence for them."

"But I don't want you to give twopence for them; I want them back."

"Oh, no you don't!"

"Yes I do," said I, roused by her depreciation of my property, "and I'll have them too, so there!"

I advanced towards her—I am afraid with some half-formed determination of pulling her hair.

"All right," she said, "you stand there and I'll put them in the box and give them to you."

"Promise!"

"Yes, if you don't move."

She turned her back on me. It took her a very long time to put them in the box. I stood tingling with indignation, and a growing desire to slap her face. Presently she turned.

"You would have them back," she said, grinning unpleasantly, "and here they are."

She put them into my hands. She had bitten every single cup, saucer, and plate into a formless lump!

While I stood speechless with anger and misery, she came close to me and said tauntingly—

"There, now! aren't you sorry you didn't let me have them?"

"I'll go home," I said, struggling between pride and tears.

"Oh, no you won't," said Stuart plaid, thrusting her mocking face close to mine; "and if you say a word about it I'll say you did it and pinched me as well. And Mrs. Arthur'll believe me, because I'm not a new girl, and you are!"

I turned away without a word, and I never did tell—till now. But I never said another word to Stuart plaid out of school. She tortured me unremittingly. When I had been at school a week or two my paint-box suffered at her hands, but I bore it meekly and in silence, only seeking to replace my Vandyke brown by mud from the garden. Chinese white I sought to manufacture by a mixture of chalk picked up on the sea-shore, and milk from my mug at tea-time. It was never a successful industry. I remember the hot white streets, and the flies, and Brill's baths, and the Western Road, and the bitter pang of passing, at the end of a long procession, our own house, where always some one might be at the window, and never any one was. I used to go home on Saturdays, and then all bitterness was so swallowed up in the bliss of the home-returning, that I actually forgot the miseries of my school-life; but I was very unhappy there. Mrs. Arthur and the big girls were kind enough to me, but Stuart plaid was enough to blight any lot. She blighted mine, and I suppose no prisoner ever hailed the falling of his fetters with the joy I felt when at last, after three or four days of headache and tears, I was wrapped in a blanket and taken home with the measles.

* * * *

When I got better we went for the mid-summer holidays to a lovely cottage among the beech-woods of Buckinghamshire. I shall never forget the sense of rest and delight that filled my small heart when I slipped out under the rustic porch at five o'clock the first morning, and felt the cool velvet turf under my feet. Brighton pavement had been so hard and hot. Then, instead of the long rows of dazzling houses with their bow windows and green-painted balconies, there were lovely trees, acacias and elms, and a big copper beech. In the school walks we never had found any flowers but little pink bind-weed, by the dusty roadside. Here there were royal red roses, and jasmine, and tall white lilies, and in the hedge by the gate, sweet-brier and deep-cupped white convolvulus. I think I saw then for the first time how lovely God's good world is, and ever since then, thank God, I have been seeing it more and more. That was a happy morning.

The boys—whom I had not seen for ever so long, because of the measles—were up already. Alfred had a rabbit for me—a white rabbit with pink eyes—in a hutch he had made himself. And Harry led me to a nook among the roots of the copper beech, where he showed me two dormice in an old tea-caddy.

"You shall go shares in them if you like," he said.

There was honey in the comb for breakfast, and new-laid eggs, and my mother was there in a cool cotton gown pouring out tea, and purring with pleasure at having all her kittens together again. There were cool raspberries on the table too, trimmed with fresh green leaves, and through the window we saw the fruit garden and its promise. That was summer indeed.

After breakfast my mother called me to her—she had some patterns in her hand.

"You must be measured for some new frocks, Daisy," she said.

"Oh, how nice. What colour?"

"Well, some nice white ones, and this pretty plaid."

She held up a pattern as she spoke. It was a Stuart plaid.

"Oh, not that!" I cried.

"Not this pretty plaid, darling? Why not?"

If you'll believe me, I could not say why not. And the frock was made, and I wore it, loathing it, till the day when I fell out of the apple-tree, and it broke my fall by catching on a branch. But it saved my life at the expense of its own; and I gave a feast to all the dolls to celebrate its interment in the rag-bag.

I have often wondered what it is that keeps children from telling their mothers these things—and even now I don't know. I only know I might have been saved many of these little-big troubles if I had only been able to explain. But I wasn't; and to this day my mother does not know how and why I hated that Stuart plaid frock.

(To be continued.)

MY PET.

By SYDNEY GREY.

I HAVE a pet,
A pretty puss, with such a winsome way,
That very often she and I forget
The world is meant for anything but play.
In fact, she never seems to realise
That graver duties must at times be done;
Unless she's fast asleep her big bright eyes
Are always begging for a little fun.

I've heard folks say
That puss can scratch, and even swear and spit;
That she will hunt a mouse's life away,
That tender birdlings should beware my kit;
But, owning frankly there may be some cause
For these grave charges, I am true to her;
'Tis pussy's nature, and those cruel claws
Are ever sheathed for me in velvet fur.

Also I fear
When tea-time comes and milk, she's not above
Increasing her caresses, till we hear
A whisper now and then of "cupboard love."
Yet need not puss distress herself at that,
For we are not so blameless that we can
Consistently condemn my little cat
For foibles which are sometimes shown by man.

So puss and I
Will keep our fond alliance, undismayed
By dark suggestions, though they half imply
Such confidence may be one day betrayed.
Ah! kitty mine, if we were only slow
To hear against another word of blame,
How often would affection firmer grow,
And friendship prove more worthy of the name.

A LESSON IN DESIGN.

By FRED MILLER.

WE have referred in former articles in the pages of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER to the need of our readers making their own designs for the work they undertake, if that work is to be as interesting to them as it should be, and stamped with their individuality and made an original work. If you merely carry out other people's ideas, your labour will lack that spontaneity and freedom so essential to good work. You may take it for granted that you cannot interpret other people's ideas as well as you can your own. Every stroke you put down has its own particular meaning, but a good many touches that are intelligible to the author are difficult of interpretation

FIG. 1.

by anyone else. The chief excellence of art-work is the impress it should bear of the worker, and, as we are the best interpreters of our own ideas, our work will be stamped with our individuality in proportion as we are its author; and until we can originate as well as execute, we cannot take full rank as art-workers.

The principles of designing can be learnt as the grammar of a language can be learnt, for art as well as speech has its grammar, the rules of which we must become acquainted with before we can design. As grammar is the outcome of language, for language assuredly preceded grammar, so the principles of design are based upon a study of the works that have been produced at various times and by various people. But though design is governed by certain laws, we cannot learn these rules and expect to become designers forthwith. Design, from its very meaning, implies intention, and is the opposite of chance or accident, and therefore every line, curve, or form we introduce into our work should be the result of thought. All designs are based upon some distinct plan to which the details are subservient, and, therefore, before we put a line on paper, we should have a clear idea of what we, in our mind's eye, are endeavouring to produce, a scheme of the decoration, and not trust to our work coming right in the end.* Chance

FIG. 2

* Some people sit down with a clean piece of paper and pencil and trust to ideas coming to them in some occult way. Well and good if they come, but I generally find that that is the time they come not near one. An idea for a design may be suggested by some trivial thing—the accidental combination of flowers; the growth of certain leaves may assume a definite shape in the mind and suggest a design; and

FIG. 3.

should not enter into our calculations, and though an agreeable combination of lines may sometimes be the result of chance, this should not be relied upon at all times, for what may be pleasing by chance is just as likely to be disagreeable from the same cause. And even when we have combined lines in an agreeable manner to the eye, it is because we have unconsciously been guided by the very laws which it is our duty

FIG. 4.

to become acquainted with, so that what we have done once by chance can afterwards be repeated by design. If we combine lines agreeably at one time, we should contrast this happy effort with one not so successful, and see if we can tell why one effort is successful and the other a failure. There is perhaps to be learnt more in this way than any other, and what I want to do in this article is to set my readers thinking, and direct their thoughts into certain profitable channels, leaving them to follow these up for themselves. A designer requires long training and an extensive acquaintance with the works of other times and peoples. His eye becomes more and more critical, and is less and less satisfied in proportion as his knowledge increases; and he soon learns to reject what he previously accepted as good. He trusts to his eye rather than to his head, for art is intuitive, and one does right because one naturally rejects what is wrong. There is an old Latin proverb which says, "The highest art is to

FIG. 5.

conceal art," and some of the clevcrest artists are least conscious of why they do such and such things. It comes natural to them to contrast and combine forms and colours pleasingly, and very likely if you asked them why they did so and so, they could not tell you, simply because they never thought about it. The best art is intuitive and unconscious, but when we are beginners we can only learn by asking ourselves why we do this or why we do not do that, until we have acquired

FIG. 7.

that unerring eye, the most valued of an artist's possessions. It is said that the Eastern women combined their coloured wools into those munificent glowing carpets we in this country are so glad to possess, without any thought or effort. The faculty for combining colours is handed down generation after generation, and it is left to us English to study these productions of the East, and to formulate those laws which seem to unconsciously direct the weavers in their work. Until we arrive at this state of excellence, we must design with much thought and labour.

The basis of ornamental design is plant form, and it is only by a careful study of plants that we can train ourselves to become designers, and the principle of design is consequently the result of a careful study of nature, added to a knowledge of the capabilities of the material we design for. The same plant may suggest different ideas to different people. One may look at a plant for its curved lines, another for its angular lines, for it must not be imagined that plants are, with slight modification, designs. We have at one end of the scale the plant as it grows, and we may modify that plant and eliminate its individuality until we have at the other end of the scale pure ornament. As an instance of this, take the Greek honeysuckle pattern and compare it with the plant itself; all that is left is the suggestion of the growth of the flowers before they open: all else has been eliminated, and the very source of the design may not even be traceable. So that we see between the plant, and the ornament that may be deduced from it, a very wide range of *motifs* is included.

In order to make this article as practicable as possible, we have taken a very familiar plant, the apple, and have shown various methods of treat-

FIG. 6.

it is always well to make notes of these ideas that suggest themselves in this random way, so that when you sit down to design you start with an idea, and not wait for an idea to come to you when you particularly want it.

FIG. 8.

ing it, and a few suggestions of ornament derived from it. The illustrations are merely given to help the letterpress, and not as showing the only or even the best way of adapting the apple to purposes of ornamental design. Our illustrations show, if they show anything, what very different ideas may be suggested by the same plant, and how distinctly opposite methods may be employed in adapting a plant to the purposes of ornament.

We first of all start with nature, and in Fig. 1 we have the drawing of a piece of wild apple. Nothing is altered from nature, and yet how full of suggestion is the main stem, with its angles, and the way the main stem is broken up by the blossoms! We might use such a piece as this to throw across a plaque, for very little modification would be necessary. You should always endeavour to select characteristic pieces of the plant you intend studying, and also to make sketches of the various growths, as in the upright piece at the side; and it is also advisable to make enlarged drawings of the details, such as the leaves, as shown in cut, and any other part of the plant that it may be necessary to dwell upon at some future time.

A word might be said about the importance of drawing plants from nature instead of using drawings made by other people. You cannot use a plant as effectively when drawn by another person as when you have drawn the plant yourself, for in the act of drawing from nature you are led to observe more closely than when you merely look at the plant casually, and the act of drawing tends to impress the form and characteristics of the plant upon your mind. I have drawn some plants many times from nature, and seem to find something fresh about them each time.

Fig. 2 is a drawing of the cultivated apple, showing terminal leaves, which are very beautiful in growth and deserve special study. Another rendering is shown in Figs. 3 and 4. These, again, are full of suggestions, and special attention should be paid to the angles the leaves make with the main stem, and the curves of the stems themselves, shown to particular advantage in Fig. 3.

We now come to our first adaptation of nature to decorative purposes. Fig. 5 is a panel decorated with apple-blossom, and nature is merely bent into the required shape and the various parts of the plant arranged in an effective manner. The flowers, being the most prominent objects, receive our first attention, and when the main or central stem has been put in the flowers should then be placed in their respective positions and the leaves "built" around them. In all designing you must "place" your most prominent objects before you trouble about details. If you get a few main points right, the filling in is quite easy. The difficulty is to place your prominent objects so that they combine agreeably and are not patchy or isolated, or too much together, but are well spread over the surface.

In Fig. 6 we enter into quite a different style of design, and we begin to let our fancy have play, and nature is made more subservient to our plan than in the last cut. Having settled in our own mind that our decoration is to assume the form of a festoon, we proceed to adapt the apple growth to suit this arbitrary arrangement. The main characteristics of growth are adhered to, such as blossoms growing in masses, and growth of leaves from stem. The lower border is a variation of the old egg and tongue moulding. In designs of this nature, where you start with an arbitrary or artificial arrangement of the stems, it must not be assumed that this arrangement is suggested by nature, though it is possible to imagine sprigs o apple-blossom being bent into any festoon shape. Just as you could use flowers tied up with ribbons into garlands or festoons and hung round a room, so you can employ flowers in decoration, and very many arrangements. such as this festoon, which have passed into the region of ornament, were suggested in the first instance by seeing natural flowers and plants arranged into artificial combinations.

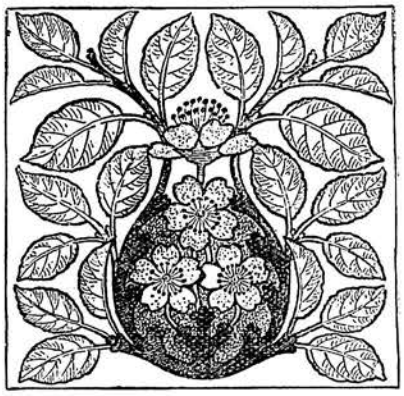


FIG. 9.

In Figs. 7 and 8 the stems are made an important feature of the designs, and the flowers and leaves are made quite subservient to the stems. A large number of designs are based on a geometrical plan, and the plant form is employed to decorate these structural lines, as we might term the undulating stem in Fig. 7 or the circular one in Fig 8. These structural lines should be in keeping as far as possible with the plant. If we were using the honeysuckle, for instance, it would be more legitimate to base our design on the principle of a scroll than it would be to use the apple in this manner. Various plants suggest various treatments, and you should as far as possible employ the treatment that seems most in keeping with the plant.

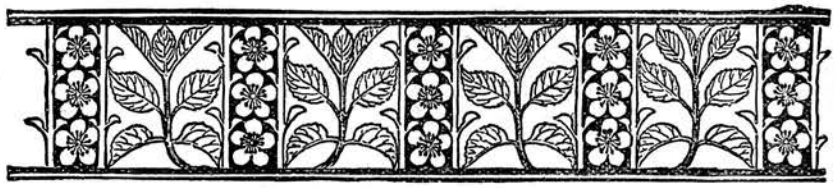


FIG. 10.

FIG. 11.

FIG. 12.

FIG. 12A.

In Fig. 9, the design is suggested by nature, the arbitrary arrangement of the stem being sufficient to emphasise its ornamental character.

In Figs. 10 and 11, the structural lines are yet more strongly marked, the various characteristics of the apple being employed in filling out the spaces made by the structural lines.

In Figs. 12 and 13, the terminal shoots are made an important feature, and might suggest a stencil or embroidery pattern. Variations of these two designs are shown in Figs. 12A and 13A; the flowers being framed off by structural lines, and made more decidedly ornamental, so that the foliage springs from a centre, and the whole design is by this means strengthened.

It will be seen by a glance through the illustrations how advantage is taken first of the whole plant with only slight modifications of the natural growth, then of various parts of the plant, and of ideas suggested by the growth of stem, leaves, and flowers, and we could carry this on until we had eliminated all traces of the natural growth of the plant, and only use it to suggest ornamental accessories.

It greatly depends what we are designing for as to how we treat the plant we select for conventionalising. Thus Fig. 6 seems more suggestive of a stencil or needlework pattern; Figs. 7, 8 and 9, as ornamental tiles, while 10 and 11 might be adapted for wrought iron work.

If you were designing for embroidery you would have to give a different rendering of the apple than if you were going to paint a panel. And your method of reproduction would, to a great extent, influence you in selecting the plant itself, some plants seeming more adapted for one method of treatment than others.

FIG. 13.

FIG. 13A.

VARIETIES.

THE SENSE OF SMELL.—A remarkable circumstance connected with the sense of smell is the extremely minute state of diffusion in which the odoriferous substances of animal origin make themselves perceptible to our senses. A fragment of musk not only gives off a strong smell when it is first exposed to the air, but it continues to do so for an almost indefinite period of time. Yet the odour must be caused by particles of matter which are continually escaping from the musk so long as it continues exposed to the air. How inconceivably small in weight, how infinitely minute in size, the molecules must be of which this constantly flowing stream of matter consists.

THE MUSIC OF ROSSINI.—Rossini's music has been very differently estimated. Ingres, in whose view honesty in art held almost as high a place as genius or originality, has called it the music of a dishonest (*malhonnête*) man. Berlioz would gladly have burned it all and Rossini's followers with it. On the other hand, Schubert, though fully alive to his weaknesses, as his caricatures of Rossini's overtures show, and with every reason to dislike him from the fact that the Rossini *furore* kept Schubert's own works off the stage—contrasts his operas most favourably with the "rubbish" which filled the Vienna theatres at that time, and calls him emphatically "a rare genius." Mendelssohn, too, as is well known, would allow no one to depreciate Rossini. Even Schumann, so intolerant of the Italian school, is enthusiastic over one of his operas, and calls it real, exhilarating, clever music."—*Gustave Chouquet.*

THE DIFFICULTIES OF RELIGION.—Religion presents few difficulties to the humble, many to the proud, insuperable ones to the vain.

HARD CHEESE.—Skim milk cheese used to be made in very large quantities in Suffolk (being known by the name of "Suffolk bang"), where at one time it had such an unenviable reputation that it was asserted it used to be chopped up with a hatchet instead of being cut with a knife; or if a man wanted a bit of stick to fasten up a gate with, and could not find a piece of wood handy, he would cut a wedge off his luncheon cheese for the purpose, and make use of it. In old times, when the farm labourers lived partially or wholly in the house with the farmer, the quality of the cheese used often to become the bone of contention, being at times too hard to bite; so that it used humorously to be said the labourers in that part of the country having to "bolt" their cheese in blocks, by a long course of practice had acquired *square throats.*

OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES.—Those shall fare ill who seek their welfare in other people's houses.—*Elder Edda.*

A TALE ABOUT BRIGANDS.

"Strategy," says a writer in a contemporary, "is a thing to be admired when it is employed for the circumvention of rogues. While the French were in Mexico, stage robberies on the Monterey road became very frequent. The French commander resolved to put a stop to them, and this is how he did it:—

"He dressed up half a dozen Zouaves in ladies' attire, and sent them on in the next stage, their faces hidden by veils, their carbines hidden by their petticoats. The stage was stopped, the ladies, without waiting to be invited, left the vehicle and fell into line with the rest of the passengers. Suddenly a series of reports came from that line, and some dozen robbers lay dead; the rest discreetly disappeared. For a long while afterwards it was only requisite to display a shawl and bonnet conspicuously to secure a free passage for a stage on that road."

LOVING ACTS.—A loving act does more good than a fiery exhortation. What mankind needs is not more good talkers, but more good Samaritans.

A SCHOLAR'S WIFE.

Sibenkaes, an eminent German scholar, having finished reading one of his beautiful imaginings to his wife, who appeared to be listening with bated breath and eyelids cast down, closed the book with inward satisfaction at the completion of his labours, only to hear the sharer of his joys exclaim:—

"My dear, pray don't put on your left stocking to-morrow—I see there's a hole in it."

THE CURE FOR GOSSIP.—What is the cure for gossip? Simply culture. There is a great deal of gossip that has no malignity in it. Good-natured people talk about their neighbours because, and only because, they have nothing else to talk about. Gossip is always a personal confession either of malice or imbecility, and the young should not only shun it, but by the most thorough culture relieve themselves from all temptation to indulge in it. It is low, frivolous, and, too often, a dirty business. There are country neighbourhoods in which it rages like a pest. Churches are split in pieces by it; neighbours made enemies for life. In many persons it degenerates into a chronic disease, which is practically incurable. Let the young cure it while they may.

A VIOLIN-PLAYING MONARCH.

A King of Spain fancying that he had a taste for music, liked to take a part in Boccherini's quartets, but he never could succeed in keeping time. One day, when he was three or four bars behindhand, the other performers took fright at the confusion occasioned by the royal bow, and were about to wait for him.

"Fiddle away," shouted the enthusiastic monarch, "I shall very soon make up upon you."

THE POWER OF FORTUNE.—The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable, for the happy impute all their success to prudence and merit.

THE CLASSIFICATION OF HAND-SHAKING.—There is nothing more characteristic than shakes of the hand. "I have classified them," says Sydney Smith. "There is the 'high official,' the body erect, and a rapid, short shake near the chin. There is the 'mortmain,' the flat hand introduced into your palm, and hardly conscious of its contiguity. The 'digital,' one finger held out—much used by the high clergy. Then there is the 'shakus rusticus,' when your hand is seized in an iron grasp betokening rude health, warm heart, and distance from the metropolis, but producing a strong sense of relief on your part when you find your hand released and your fingers unbroken. The next to this is the 'retentive shake,' one which, beginning with vigour, pauses, as it were, to take breath, but without relinquishing its prey, and before you are aware begins again, till you feel anxious as to the result, and have no shake left in you."

THE WEAPONS OF WOMEN.—Sweetness and submission are the most powerful weapons of women.

USEFUL HINTS.

To Wash White Lace.—Cover a bottle with fine flannel, tightly wrapped round it two or three times, and sewn on, wind the lace quite smoothly round, fastening with a stitch every now and then. Make a good soap lather in a deep basin and stand the bottle in, shaking it well and pressing the lather into the lace. Rinse in the same way with clean cold water, put the bottle in the sun to dry; when nearly so, lay it in a basin of water with a small quantity of borax to stiffen it. If to be ironed, this must be done on two or three thicknesses of flannel, the edges and raised parts being picked up with an ivory pin.

To Remove Ink Spots.—Wash the place with cold water without soap, and apply a solution of dilute muriatic acid; any chemist will give the proper proportions. This will only do for *white* materials. Ink may also be removed from white cotton by dipping it in milk; but this must be done *immediately*.

To Remove Grease Spots.—These may easily be eradicated from *linen* by washing with pearl-ash and water. For satin and silks the following is an admirable recipe: Pour on the spot two drops of rectified spirits of wine, cover with a linen cloth and press with a hot iron; the linen must be removed *at once*, and a little sulphuric ether rubbed gently over the stain.

Scorched Linen.—Take an onion and macerate it well to extract all the juice, add to this a few shreds of soap, an ounce of Fuller's earth, and half a tumbler of vinegar. Boil these together for an hour, and allow the mixture to cool. Place it on the scorched part, and do not remove it until quite dry.

Soap Jelly.—This should always be used for washing flannel, white woollen materials, or anything on which it is not advisable to rub soap. The mixture is made thus: Shred a pound of best pale yellow soap in a gallon of water, add two ounces of soda and the same of powdered pipe-clay. Set these ingredients on the kitchen stove, where they will dissolve in a few hours' gradual heat; the next day the soap jelly will be fit for use.

Fish Cakes.—Pull to pieces with two forks the remains of any cold fish, carefully removing the bones. Mix some mashed potatoes and a small piece of butter with the fish, and season with salt and pepper to taste, adding a *little* cayenne or Nepaul pepper. Form into cakes and fry in butter till a golden colour, and garnish with fried parsley.

AMERICAN COOKERY.

By Darley Dale, Author of "Spoilt Guy," "Cissy's Troubles," &c.

Cakes and pies are commonly supposed to be the chief features of American cookery, but, like most sweeping assertions, this is only true to a certain extent. They are very fond of both, but it is only the country folk and the lower middle classes who indulge in these concoctions at almost every meal; the upper classes live very much as the upper middle classes in England, only better, for Americans are exceedingly fond of good living. In the country the chances are you will meet the inevitable pie at breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper; and you are certain to find an abundance of cakes of all kinds, hot and cold, for breakfast and tea. The cakes are always accompanied by molasses, honey, or syrup, which is poured over them, and eaten in large quantities; indeed, Americans are very fond of sweet things, and molasses and syrup are quite as popular as the pies and cakes. One of the most commonly used syrups is maple syrup, made from the sugar maple, or, as it is more correctly called, rock maple; this is usually eaten with hot buckwheat cakes for breakfast or tea. Another favourite syrup is called French honey, and is made as follows:—Take one pound of white sugar, six eggs, the juice of four lemons, and a quarter of a pound of butter; put these ingredients into a saucepan, and stir over a slow fire till the mixture is as thick as honey. Serve when cold. These syrups are also largely eaten with milk puddings.

Besides buckwheat cakes, waffles and griddle cakes are sure to form part of an American breakfast or tea. There are various kinds of waffles—hominy waffles, rice waffles, Indian waffles, and mixed waffles. Griddle cakes, too, can be made of various materials—Indian corn, rye, buckwheat, squash, or hominy; but the one thing needful for griddle cakes is that they be fried, and for waffles that they be cooked in waffle-irons, which are something like two miniature frying pans joined together, into one side of which the mixture is poured, and then covered with the other side; the irons are held over the fire for a minute or two and then turned, and held for another minute or two; the waffle is then cooked, and must be kept hot until served. Ordinary waffles are nothing more than a thin batter, with a little butter and a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and half a teaspoonful of soda and salt added, and then cooked in the above way. Some people add sugar, and butter them before serving. Baking powder will do as well as the cream of tartar and soda. To make rice or hominy waffles, add to the batter as much rice or hominy as you have taken of flour. Indian waffles are rather more troublesome, as you must first of all boil a pint of milk, then pour it on to a quarter of a pint of Indian meal and a tablespoonful of melted butter (by which we mean butter melted, not a mixture of butter and water and flour), then heat the meal thoroughly, and, when cold, add half-a-pint of flour, a little salt, two eggs, and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Butter the waffle irons, heat them, and then pour in enough of the mixture to cover the iron, and proceed as above.

Griddle cakes are made much in the same way, but their speciality is that they are fried. For hominy griddle cakes, which are very good, add a pint of milk and a pint of flour to a pint of warm boiled hominy; beat up two or three eggs and add to the mixture, then fry them, and bear in mind griddle cakes are very thin. Americans call sponge cakes, buns, and all small cakes, biscuits; our biscuits they call crackers. In travelling in America, it is well to bear this in mind, for if you ask for a biscuit sure as fate some home-like cake will be brought to you.

Baltimore biscuits, for instance, as will be seen from the following recipe, are what we should call cakes. Take a quart of flour, and rub a quarter of a pound of lard well into it. (N.B. We should substitute butter for lard, but the recipe says lard.) Mix enough water to make a stiffish paste with this flour, first adding a little salt, and then beat it with a rolling pin for half-an-hour, or until the dough snaps; break it into small pieces, roll it as thin as a wafer, prick it all over with a sharp fork, and then bake in a quick oven till it is the colour of a cracker, that is, of a biscuit.

Hot rolls and different kinds of bread, some very nice, are also items of an American breakfast. Boston brown bread is very good, and here is a recipe from an American lady for making it, copied *verbatim*:—"Two cups of Indian meal, three cups of Graham flour, half a cup of white flour, one pint of sour milk, one half-cup molasses added to milk, one teaspoon saleratus—salt. Steam three hours in a tin steamer, covered tight. Don't let the water stop boiling. Make quite thin. If one pint of milk is not enough, add a little more."

Before we leave the subject of cakes, we will give a recipe for Hartford election cake, from a Hartford lady; a cake evidently not lightly to be made, we mean not to be slurred over, though it is to be made lightly, for it is a work that cannot be adequately accomplished in one day. It must be begun, so says our recipe, early in the afternoon; the hour is not mentioned, so that may, presumably, be left to the convenience of the cook; all that is necessary is that "by ten o'clock the next day, possibly later," the cake be light enough to add the rest of the ingredients. For on the first day you must take four pounds of flour, half a pint of yeast, a pint of milk just warm, and part of the shortening. You will require two pounds of shortening in all, half butter and half lard. Mix the above ingredients thoroughly, work them in a bread pan, cover them up, and set them in a warm place to rise. At ten the next morning, or "possibly later," mix in the rest of the shortening—five eggs, a little brandy and wine, two pounds of raisins, half a pound of citron, and some spices, mace, and nutmegs. Cover again, and set in a warm room, but not near a fire, till the next morning, and then bake in a moderate oven. These quantities are sufficient for five or six loaves.

Pie in America is applied to fruit tarts as well as to meat pies. They have squash pies, apple pies, orange pies, lemon pies, apricot pies, chocolate pies, and pumpkin pies, besides many others. Pumpkin pie, we are told, when well made is excellent, but the excellency depends entirely on the making, and not at all on the pumpkin, which has no flavour of its own, but is capable of absorbing any flavour it pleases the cook to give it. A very good pumpkin pie can be made as follows, and pumpkin pie is one of the most popular of pies in America:—Take a pint of milk, one egg well beaten, one cup of stewed pumpkin, half a teaspoonful of ginger, a little salt, cinnamon, nutmeg, and half a teacup of molasses, with sufficient sugar to make it very sweet. Mix these together, and put them into a pie-dish, cover with a good light crust, and bake in a moderate oven; or, if you wish to be very American, line a "pie-plate" with paste, then put in the fruit, and add the top crust. Most American pies are made round, and in this fashion. Their meat pies and game pies are much the same as ours, but perhaps more spiced and flavoured, and fruit is often added for this purpose, which, to English taste, is not an improvement, but Americans have strange ideas about eating fruits or sweet things with meat; for instance, an American would not consider roast turkey worth the trouble of eating unless it were accompanied with cranberry sauce, which, after all, is no stranger than eating red currant jelly with hare and roast mutton, or apple sauce with goose or roast pork. Another popular pie in America is squash pie. A squash, be it known, is a fruit of the gourd kind, grown in America, indigenous to Massachusetts. Pumpkin might be used instead of the squash, and then the following recipe could be tried in this country:—Take a large pint of strained squash (or pumpkin), and add to it a quart of boiled milk, two cups of sugar, three eggs, two crackers (*i.e.*, biscuits) pounded and sifted, a few drops of lemon, half a teaspoonful of ginger or powdered cinnamon, and an ounce

of butter melted in hot milk. Stir the spice and salt into the squash first, then add the biscuit and sugar; when these are mixed, pour in half the milk, stir well, and add the remainder, and lastly the eggs. Bake in a deep pie-dish, lined with crust.

One of the first things which strikes a stranger on taking his first meal in America is the way in which that meal, be it what it may, is served. He will find, instead of having one plate put to him, he will have at least half-a-dozen, one usual-sized plate to eat off in the centre, and six little ones ranged round it, like planets revolving round their sun. One of these little plates will be just large enough for a tiny pat of butter, another will hold some syrup, another a griddle cake or waffle, another some salad, and, should the meal be breakfast, and our traveller call for some boiled eggs, these will be brought him, and, instead of egg-cups a glass, into which he is to break the eggs and mix them well up before eating them, if this process has not been done for him, which is highly probable. A glass of iced water is a regular accompaniment to every meal.

We must not forget to mention a purely American dish, which is constantly to be met with, called fish-chowder; there is corn-chowder also, chowder being a kind of soup, but fish-chowder is the more popular.

Skin and bone two pounds and a half of any kind of fish, boil the bones for ten minutes in a pint of water, slice and fry a quarter of a pound of pork and one large onion; cut into slices, as if for frying, a pint of potatoes; then cook the pork and onion for five minutes, add a tablespoonful of flour, some salt and pepper, and boil for another five minutes, stirring all the time; then add to this the water in which the fish bones were boiled, and strain all on to the potatoes and fish; boil for a quarter of an hour, then add three crackers (biscuits) and half a pint of milk—the crackers must be soaked in milk first; boil and serve.

Corn-chowder is made with green corn, which, by the way, is very much used in American cooking for soups, puddings, cakes, bread, and entrées. Here are one or two recipes.

For oyster corn-cakes, grate one dozen ears of green corn, add to it two eggs, a tablespoonful of flour, a quarter of a pound of butter, mix well together, and add plenty of salt and a little pepper; make the mixture up into cakes, the size of an oyster, and fry brown.

To make a green-corn pudding, grate a dozen ears of green corn, and add milk enough to make a thin batter; add a tablespoonful of sugar, and bake for half an hour. This is really the same as hasty pudding, only made with green corn instead of flour. A piece of butter added before baking is a great improvement. Indian corn, rice, hominy, corn flour, macaroni, rye, buckwheat, and oatmeal all enter largely into the composition of American dishes. They are fond of vegetables, and have various ways of cooking them, like the French. For instance, they will make rissoles of parsnips, and fry them in egg and bread crumbs; stew celery, and serve it with cream sauce; escallop cauliflower in the same way English cooks escallop oysters, with Bechamel sauce and grated cheese; boil, and then mince, spinach, cabbage, or lettuce, and fry it in butter, season it well, and serve it garnished with hard-boiled eggs. Tomatoes, too, enter largely into American cooking, and, indeed, almost all dishes are improved by a little tomato; they are excellent escalloped, or broiled, or fried, or stewed, and then put into a flat dish and covered with bread-crumbs, and baked for a few minutes in a quick oven.

A delicious dish, the recipe for which came from America, can be made with tomatoes in the following way:—To a pint of tomatoes, skinned and pulped, add a quart of macaroni swelled in water, and a pound of cold minced game, or chicken, or any white meat—game of course is best; season well, add a tablespoonful of grated cheese, a quarter of a pound of butter, a little mace; place the whole in a pie-dish, cover with bread crumbs, and cook in the oven till well browned; then serve. This is an excellent dish for luncheon, or that most difficult of meals, a tea-dinner. Tomato soup is very good; indeed, the Americans are great in soups, which they make of fish and vegetables as often as of meat. Clam soup is a common dish in America. Clam is a shell-fish, in shape like our oyster, and tins of clams can now be bought in England. For clam soup, take twenty-five chopped clams, to their liquor add two quarts of water, and boil slowly for an hour, and then add a quart of milk; mix five tablespoonfuls of flour, with a good sized piece of butter, and stir gently into the broth, then beat up three eggs, and add them carefully or the soup will curdle, for which reason the milk must be warmed separately before it is added to the broth; now strain out the clams to make it clear, and serve at once. Pepper, salt, and a little chopped parsley should be added before the milk is poured into the broth.

Black beans are often used for soup, but as few English palates are educated up to black beans, we do not give a recipe for it.

There is a plant called okra, which is used a good deal in America as well as in the West Indies, where it is indigenous; the fruit is contained in a green pod, and it is these pods which are used for cooking purposes. It is made into pickles, and may be bought in England. It is sometimes stewed or escalloped, but is best stewed with tomatoes, taking half the quantity of tomatoes that you have of okra, then pare and slice both; add a little pepper, salt, and butter, and stew gently for half an hour.

Of course okra, green corn, clams, and squash are far better when they can be had fresh than the tinned specimens we get in this country, so of these purely American dishes it would be unfair to judge unless they were eaten in America.

COURT COOKERY.

By FANNY L. GREEN.

"WOMEN can spin very well, but they cannot make a good book of cookery," was the somewhat ungallant dictum of Dr. Johnson. The learned doctor was so far right, however, that it was reserved for the beginning of the present century to disprove his censure by giving us the famous work of Mrs. Rundle. Till that time Court cookery and the writing of cookery-books had remained almost entirely in the hands of men.

More than three centuries of English Court cookery are preserved for us in the *Forme of Cury*, compiled by the "chief master-cooks of that best and royalest viander of all Christian kings, Richard II., by assent and argument of masters of physic and philosophy that dwelt in his Court." This fourteenth-century cookery-book, together with the Court cook's manual of a century later, *A Noble Boke of Cookery*, gives us a very fair idea of the fare served at royal and noble tables in mediæval England.

We are apt to think that in those days of hard fighting kings and potentates sat down to tables spread with large joints, magnificent sides of venison, and barons of beef, but this was far from being the case. In an age when forks were undreamt of, courtiers were content to dine off soups and spoon-meats.

Mediæval pottages were mostly of a vegetable character, sometimes enriched with minced meats of various kinds, or with the gravy drawn from stews. Fish soups were also in much request, and a favourite dish at noble tables was a pottage of small birds boiled in almond-broth, enriched with lard, and flavoured with pellitory, onions, and salt. These thin soups were eaten with bread. Thicker soups, or "brewets," were thickened with bread, frumenty, rice, oatmeal, or prepared barley.

The mediæval Court cook, in place of joints, relied on "mortrews," or made dishes, pounded with pestle and mortar to a pulp in a *mortarium*. No piece of meat was served in hash or soup larger than a man's thumb. The peacock, the heron, swan, and crane were occasionally sent whole to table—a fine exercise for the carver's skill—but it was far more usual for the seemingly whole bird to be in reality in pieces ready for serving. Even the royal fish, the sturgeon, was "shorn in pieces, and steeped over-night and seethed, then eaten in vinegar."

It must not be supposed, though, that the carver's post was a sinecure. Wild-fowl and the smaller ground-game were generally put on the table whole, and he was expected to poise each portion dexterously on his knife, conveying it to the plate without touching it with his fingers. When he had venison or other meat to carve, he pared away the gristle, then slit it up into four strips holding together at the end, which served as a handle to the forkless courtier. The carver, too, had his own proper terminology. He broke a deer, rered a goose, sauced a capon, unlaced a rabbit, spoiled a hen, displayed a crane, disfigured a peacock, winged a partridge or quail, thighed "all manner of small birds," and bordered a pasty—terms that persisted in English cookery down to Stuart times.

For sweets, up to Reformation times, the Court cook had tarts and tartlets, pancakes and fritters, "blank mang" and custard, almond-cakes, and "subtleties" in pastry and sugar. Richard's master-cooks made their apple-tarts of "good apples, good spice, and figs and raisins, and pears, well brayed or pounded in a mortar, and coloured with saffron." The mixture was then placed in a "coffin," or dish covered with a lid of paste. Their Lenten tarts contained shredded fish among the sweet ingredients.

The blanc-manges and custards of modern cooks differ greatly from the preparations that were served at royal tables in pre-Reformation times under these names. The mediæval blanc-mange was composed of pounded chicken or fish, mixed with rice and almond-milk. For a custard, veal was chopped into small pieces and boiled in a pot. Pepper, cloves, mace, and saffron were boiled in wine,

and added to the mixture, with chopped sage and hyssop. The custard was then thickened with eggs, and on the addition of cut dates and powdered ginger was baked in a "coffin."

The "subtleties" of royal and noble feasts were seldom intended to be eaten. Gaily coloured and decorated, they were the ornaments of the table and the appropriate vehicle for the exercise of mediæval compliment and wit. At the coronation feast of Henry V., the subtleties consisted of antelopes, swans, cygnets, and eagles, "each with a Scriptural text or motto in her bille." They were even more elaborate at his bridal feast. Catherine of France had then in front of her a subtlety representing a pelican on a nest with her birds, and St. Catherine holding a book and disputing with the doctors; a subtlety representing a panther, with an image of St. Catherine with a wheel in her hand; and a "marchpayne," or great cake, garnished with figures of angels, and an image of St. Catherine. In each case there was an appropriate motto.

At royal banquets from the Conquest to the Reformation it was customary to serve three courses. With the beginning of the fifteenth century the practice came in of prefacing the feast with a whet of brawn sauced with mustard, and a glass of malmsey, and of adding an after-course, the "voider" consisting of hippocras, cheese, fruit, and wafers. In the "voider," which in Stuart times was termed the "issue," we have the origin of the modern dessert.

Salads seem to have been served in mediæval times before flesh and fish. The recipe followed by Richard II.'s cooks was this: "Take parsley, sage, garlic, young onions, leek, borage, mint, fennel, and cresses, rue, rosemary, purslain; lave and wash them clean; pick them, pluck them small with thine hand, and mix them well with raw oil. Flavour with vinegar and salt."

During the Tudor period the taste for large joints came in. The portions of meat served in rich soups and gravies had gradually become larger and larger, till, for the convenience of the carver, it became necessary to serve them on separate dishes. The Court thus acquired the royal dishes of baron and chine of beef. Queen Elizabeth was not content with two weekly fish-days. "Fish," writes one of her subjects, "is no small part of our sustenance in this realm of England. That flesh might be more plentiful and cheap, two days in the week—Friday and Saturday—are specially appointed for fish, and by the providence of our prudent Queen Elizabeth the Wednesday is also restrained to the same order; not for any religion or holiness supposed to be in the eating of fish rather than flesh, but only for the civil policy."

A foreigner in England, Paul Hentzner, has given us a graphic account of the ceremonies attending the laying of the Queen's table at Greenwich Palace. "A gentleman entered the room bearing a rod, and along with him another bearing a table-cloth, which, after they had both kneeled three times with the utmost veneration, he spread upon the table, and after kneeling again they both retired. Then came two others, one with the rod again, the other with a salt-cellar, a plate, and bread; when they had kneeled and placed what was brought on the table, they too retired. At last came an unmarried lady [we were told she was a countess], and along with her a married one, bearing a tasting-knife; the former was dressed in white silk, who, when she had prostrated herself three times in the most graceful manner, approached the table, and rubbed the plates with bread and salt with as much care as if the Queen had been present. When they had waited there a little time, the Yeomen of the Guard entered bareheaded, clothed in scarlet, with a golden rose upon their backs, bringing in at each turn a course of twenty-four dishes, served on plate, most of it gilt. These dishes were received by a gentleman in the same order they were brought, and placed upon the table, while the lady-taster gave to each guard a mouthful to eat for fear of poison. During the time that this guard, which consists of the tallest and stoutest men that can be found in all England, were bringing dinner, twelve trumpets and two kettle-drums made the hall ring for half an hour together. At the end of this ceremonial a number of unmarried ladies appeared, who with particular solemnity lifted the meat off the table, and conveyed it into the Queen's inner or more private chamber, where, after she had chosen for herself, the rest goes to the ladies of the Court." The ceremonies thus described were the survival of still more elaborate mediæval provisions against poisoned dishes.

Among the virgin Queen's treasures were three forks, "one of crystal, garnished with gold and sparks of garnets; another of coral, slightly garnished with gold; and a third of gold, garnished with two little rubies, two little pearls pendant, and a little coral." These dainty toys were, however, designed for ornament, not use. The Queen was content to eat with her fingers, like her royal ancestors and cousin of Scots. The turkey, introduced in her father's time, was frequently served at her table, together with the older "chuets" and "mortresses," commended by no less an authority than Lord Bacon. Fruit seems to have made a goodly show at the Elizabethan board. Peaches and apricots, nectarines and figs, hot-house grapes and melons, pines and pomegranates had for their associates strawberries and cherries—the former sometimes eaten with clotted cream—and many choice varieties of pears.

In Stuart times even royal princesses dabbled in culinary matters. *A Queen's Delight*, a recipe-book of the year 1662, tells us how to make a "Cake the way of the Royal Princess, the Lady Elizabeth, daughter to King Charles the First." The cake was thus made: "Take half a peck of flour, half a pint of rose-water, a pint of ale-yeast, a pint of cream, boil it, a pound and a half of butter, six eggs [leave out the whites], four pound of currants, one half pound of sugar, one nutmeg and a little salt, work it very well, and let it stand half an hour by the fire, and then work it again, and then make it up, and let it stand half an hour in the oven. Let not your oven be too hot."

With the establishment of the Commonwealth the Court cook fell on evil days. A royalist tract, "The Court and Kitchen of Elizabeth, commonly called Joan Cromwell the wife of the late Usurper," gives a vivid if prejudiced account of "the sordid frugality of Protectress Joan." At Whitehall, "she herself employed a surveyor to make her little labyrinths and trap stairs, by which she might pass unseen, coming unawares upon her servants." Half capons were served at the Protectress's far from luxurious table. "There was not a joynt of meat for which the cook was not to give an account." Supper under her *régime* there was none, "eggs or some slops contenting Cromwell and her ladyship." Two anecdotes are also told of her want of liberality in affairs relating to the table. The Protector, to the surprise of his contemporaries, cared very little for feasting, but he was especially fond of oranges as a sauce to loin of veal. On the occasion of the rupture with Spain, he called in vain for this dainty. His wife assured him that oranges were oranges now, and that she did not intend to give a groat for one. In June, 1654, a poor woman took from her garden a peck and a half of early peas and carried them to Whitehall, hoping to get a good price for them from the Protectress. "Careful Joan," however, took them for a present, and sent the good woman by one of her maids the magnificent acknowledgment of a crown. As the woman had refused an angel for them in the Strand, a lively dispute ensued, which ended in the return of the peas to their grower. "Half-slightingly, and half-ashamedly, this great lady returned the present, putting it off with a censure upon the unsatisfactory daintiness of luxurious and prodigal epicurism." It is satisfactory to know that the woman got her price from a cook in the Strand.

The following are given as two of the Protectress's favourite recipes. Scotch collops of veal, "her almost constant dish," was thus prepared: "Take a fillet of veal, cut it into small slices, fat and lean, not too thick; take eight eggs, beat them very well, with a little salt; grate a whole nutmeg; take a handful of thyme, and strip it; take a pound of sausages; take half a pint of stewing oysters, the largest to be had, and cleanse them. Fry your veal with sweet butter, put in the sausages and oysters; take a quarter of a pound of capers and shred them very small; take three anchovies and dissolve them in white wine and fair water; so put in your eggs, shred capers and anchovies, butter and spice, and mingle them and strew them in the pan upon the veal and oysters. Serve it with sippets with a little fresh butter and vinegar, and lemons sliced, and barberries with a little salt. You must have a care to keep the meat stirring, lest the eggs curdle with the heat of the fire."

The other is a recipe for marrow puddings, which she "generally had to her breakfast." For this dish we are bidden to "Take one pound of best Jordan almonds, blanch them, beat them fine in a stone or wooden mortar [not in brass], with a little rose-water; take a pound of fine powdered sugar, a penny loaf grated, grated nutmeg, a pint of cream, the marrow of two marrow-bones, two grains of ambergris; mingle them together with a little salt, fill the skins, and boil them gently."

The Restoration brought in the fashion of French cookery, nor did the Court cook disdain to borrow novelties from his Italian brothers of the craft. The elaborate centre-piece prepared by Robert May for a Court supper on Twelfth-Night owed its origin partly to the old subtlety, partly to the carnival custom of pelting the public with egg-shells containing perfumed water. A ship of war, modelled in cardboard, was filled with toy guns, coated with pastry and sugar, decked gaily with flags and streamers, and placed in a great charger. In another charger was a cardboard castle covered with paste, and trains of powder were fired, while "to sweeten the smell of the powder" the ladies took egg-shells full of sweet waters from the chargers, and threw them at each other. From Italy, too, came the "surprise pies," of which the best known example is the pie served to Charles I., in which was encased the dwarf, Jeffrey Hudson. At Robert May's Twelfth-Night supper there were two surprise pies, made of coarse paste filled with bran, yellowed over with saffron and gilt in spots. One was filled with frogs which, hopping out, "caused the ladies to skip and shriek," the other with live birds which, flying out, put out the candles.

Cutlets came in from France, and a great variety of soups. The *chef* of Charles II., Giles Rose, had several recipes for *potages maigres*. His Snow Pottage was made of milk, eggs, rice and sugar; his *Potage à la reyne* was an eel-soup. In the place of turtle-soup he had tortoise-soup, made after this fashion: "Take your tortoises and cut off their heads and feet, and boyl them in fair water, and when they are almost boyled put to them some white wine, some sweet herbs,

and a piece of bacon, and give them a brown in the frying-pan with good butter, then lay them upon your bread a-steeping in good strong broth, and well-seasoned; garnish the dish with green sparrow-grass and lemon over it." Notwithstanding French influence, overspicing and the injudicious mixing of incongruous flavours continued to be the bane of English cookery. Charles II. delighted in a pasty of Westphalian gammon in which the meat was boiled, minced, sugared, larded, and seasoned with pepper, cinnamon and citron before it was covered with paste. This bilious dainty was served hot, after being soaked with lemon-juice and covered with sugar.

After forks found their way to Court, the table-napkin came to be regarded as an ornamental part of the table service. Giles Rose gives instructions for folding napkins in bands, in the form of a cockle-shell, a melon, cock, hen, hen and chickens, two pullets, a pigeon upon her nest in a basket, a partridge, a pheasant, two capons in a pie, a hare, two rabbits, a sucking-pig, a dog with a collar about his neck, a pike, a carp, a turbot, a mitre, a turkey, a tortoise, a cross "like the Order of the Holy Ghost," and the "cross of Lorraine."

For the fare of the later Stuarts, our chief authority is Patrick Lamb, who was master-cook to Charles II., James II., William III. and Mary, and Queen Anne. In his *Complete Court Cook*, 1710, he gives the *menu* of a dinner served to William III. on May 20, 1700, and the *menus* of two dinners served to Anne in 1704 and 1705, respectively. Amongst his foreign recipes are two for cooking pike and haddock after the Dutch way. Doubtless these were favourite dishes at the table of William of Orange.

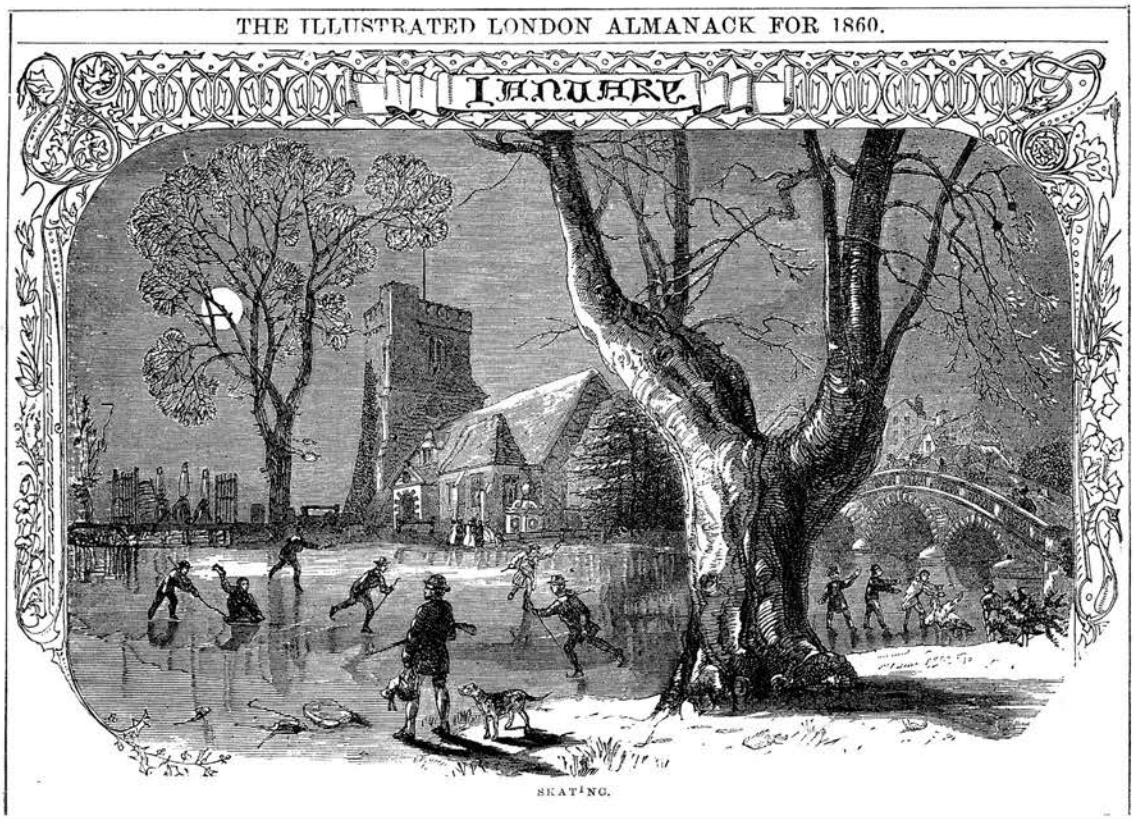
Queen Anne, to judge from *The Receipts of Mrs. Mary Eales, the Queen's Confectioner*, had a sweet tooth. In this old-fashioned recipe-book are to be found directions for making all manner of "clear fruit cakes"—gooseberry, currant, raspberry, "apricock," plum, orange, lemon, and pomegranate—and "fruit pastes"—gooseberry, cherry, currant, raspberry, "apricock," plum, quince, and orange. To make red-plum clear cakes, we are bidden to "Take Plums, half white and half black, or if you have no black, one third of Damsins, and as much water as will cover 'em; boil 'em very well; to a quart of the Plums put a quart of Apple-Jelly; boil 'em very well together; run it through a Jelly-Bag; to a Pint of the Jelly put a Pound and a Half of Sugar; let the Jelly boil, then stir in the Sugar, let it scald, not boil; put it through a thin Strainer in a broad Pan to take off the Scum, and put it in Pots in a stove. When it is candy'd on the top turn it out on a Glass; and if your Pots are too big, cut it; and when it is very dry, turn it again, and let it dry on the other side; twice turning is enough. If any of the Cakes stick to the Glass, hold 'em over a little Fire and they will come off. Take care the Jelly does not boil after the Sugar is in: You may make it paler or redder, as you best like, with more or less Black Plums."

The orange paste of the Queen's confectioner seems to have been very similar in its composition to her orange-drops. For the latter, oranges were sweetened and pulped through a hair-sieve. Enough juice was then added to make them thin enough to drop on a dish, when they were set on the stove to dry. To make Orange-Paste we are told to "Rasp the Oranges, cut 'em, and pick out all the Meat and all the Seeds from the Meat; boil the white Rinds very tender, drain 'em well, and beat 'em fine; to a Pint and a Half of the Meat put a Pound of the beaten Rind, mix it well, make it scalding hot, then put in three Pound of fine Sugar sifted through an Hair Sieve; stir it well in and scald it till the Sugar is well melted, then put in the Juice of three large Lemons; put the Paste in flat earthern Pans or deep Plates, set it in the stove till it is candy'd, then drop it on Glasses: Let what is too thin to drop stand till 'tis candy'd again. Once turning will candy it. Sevil Oranges make the best." A modern cook would like to know how many oranges should be pulped for this dish.

Other sweetmeats served to Queen Anne were fruit-biscuits [made of pulped fruit mixed with fine sugar and white of egg, dropped on papers and put in a cool oven], chocolate-almonds, iced almond-cakes, almond-paste, "ratafea-puffs," and "spunge biscuits." Isinglass blancmange, instead of being placed in a mould by the Court confectioner, was first put in "a broad Earthern Pan or China Dish." The next day it was cut with a "Jagging-Iron in long Slips and laid in Knots" on the dish it was served up in. Another favourite dainty of the Queen was seed-biscuit.

Some German dishes, as we should expect, found their way into the Court cook's art on the accession of the House of Hanover. The favourite dish of George II. was Rhenish soup. "Weston," he said on one occasion, "shall be my first cook, because he makes excellent Rhenish soup." George III. was homely in his table, as in all his tastes, but his eldest son was one of the greatest epicures in Europe. For a time he induced the great French *chef*, Carème, to brave the climate of perfidious Albion; but, though he offered him a pension for life equal to his salary, the artist of the kitchen insisted on returning to his beloved Paris. "My dear Carème," the Regent said on one occasion, "your dinner yesterday was superb. Everything you gave me was delicious. You will make me die of indigestion." "Mon Prince," Carème replied with a low bow, "my duty is to flatter your appetite, not to control it."

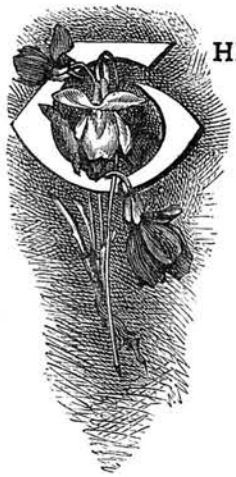
Of mediæval dishes the boar's head and the baron of beef are served to the Queen at Christmas. A rarer and more curious dish is placed before the Sovereign only at coronations. As lord of the manor of Addington, the Archbishop of Canterbury has the duty of presenting a dish *de la groute* to his Sovereign. This plum-porridge, or water-gruel, with plums in it, is of very ancient origin. William the Conqueror is recorded to have given his chief cook the manor of Addington "to be held by the service of making one mess, in an earthern pot in the kitchen of our Lord the King on the day of his Coronation, called *de la groute*."



SKATING.

WOMEN WORKERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY AN AMERICAN ART TEACHER.



THERE are among us very many who, having missed that desire of every womanly woman, "a home of my own," find that brothers and sisters marry, and that the new ties, new interests, thus formed weaken in some degree the old affection—on one side at least—that the bundle of sticks does not hold together as closely as of old, and that they stand virtually alone to carve out as best they may a future for themselves. How to do this is a problem which, though anxiously considered, is found by women in this country as well as in England often difficult of solution.

That the supply of workers in every position exceeds the demand is an old story in England, and therefore the thoughts of many turn to this country in search of wider fields of labour and better remuneration than can be found at home. It is this knowledge that induces me to address a few words to those women who contemplate emigration.

Who will find work here? The best and most energetic labourers in almost every department; there is no room in this hive for drones. One kind of work at least must be *thoroughly* understood.

Good English teachers have great chance of success in the Western and Southern States, but they should bring with them Cambridge, or Oxford, or Government certificates, Science or Art certificates, or a diploma from one of the well-established musical institutions; for here, as in England, there are so many pretenders to the profession of teaching, that those only who possess first-class credentials of this kind can hope for success.

Comparatively few families employ private governesses, nor is it, indeed, a very pleasant position in this country; for while, according to my experience, a resident governess in England has a defined position, and that a very pleasant one—being respected by parents and pupils, and queen in her own domain—here the children are allowed much more liberty than in England, and therefore are not so amenable to the authority of either parents or teachers; and, too, there seems to be such an uncertainty as to *how* she shall be treated, *how* introduced to friends, &c., that I have often been annoyed, and often amused.

The position that allows most liberty of action, and is very enjoyable here, is that of teacher in some large seminary or ladies' college in the Western or Southern States. She would not be expected to teach more than two or three subjects. For instance, drawing and painting; drawing, painting, and one language; instrumental and vocal music; English grammar, composition, literature, and Latin, would be classed together, each group being the work expected from one teacher.

The salaries generally paid range from $200 (£40) to $600 (£120), with board, per annum, according to the efficiency of the teacher, and according, too, to the position of the school. The further west or south, the higher the salary.

The income is really no better than in England, for in the first place there are from ten weeks' to three months' vacation at a time of the year when it is nearly impossible to find any employment, and board, lodging, &c., for that time will cost from $40 to $60. Then, unless one can make one's own dresses, the expense of clothing is at least double what it is in England.

With regard to that important subject—dress, I would say a word. American women of all classes are extravagant in dress. All, from the wife of the millionnaire to the "hired girl," dress more showily in the street and at home than French or English women consider either ladylike or becoming; there seems to be no thought of conforming dress to the position of the wearer or the work she happens to be engaged in.

I say to all English women, avoid this, and in so doing you need not be "dowdy" (as American girls accuse English girls of being). By her quiet dress and refined manner the English teacher can demonstrate to the American school-girl what constitutes a true gentlewoman.

Teachers will find that their American pupils lack the respect with which English girls usually treat those in authority over them.

The American girl is shrewd, nervous, quick of comprehension, instant in repartee, easily taught, but not easily trained, impatient of the restraint of school life, and therefore taking pleasure in breaking all possible rules, and trying to outwit her teachers—not from malice, but from sheer mischief and what she calls "fun." She is ready to make amends, also ready to offend again at the first opportunity. She is only to be guided by affection and quiet determination. I have had under my care both English and American pupils, and although there are many among the latter for whom I have great affection, and who will make noble women, they will acknowledge the justice and truth of my remarks (we have often discussed the matter), and will forgive my saying that English girls being more amenable to authority, and also having more *persistence* in the pursuit of knowledge, make better students than their American cousins.

With regard to other workers, domestic servants of all kinds have the best chance of success and of making money if they will only be thrifty and prudent, avoiding the pitfall of showy dress. Good cooks, laundresses, and general servants can generally obtain sufficient wages and comfortable homes.

Cooks will find that they have much to learn, however skilled they may be in English dishes, for in every American household the dainty serving of meals is considered of great importance; and while they

cannot attempt to compete with us in the cooking of "fish, flesh, and fowl," we must yield the palm for the making of bread and cakes to our American cousins.

A good bread-maker is considered a treasure in an American household.

Cooks can earn from $2 to $5 per week, according to ability; but do not expect to obtain large wages at first: it is better to take small wages, learn thoroughly the American method of cooking, and so go on step by step.

Really good laundresses can earn about the same wages.

A competent laundress, who possesses sufficient money to rent a suitable place, purchase tubs, &c. —one who understands her business *thoroughly*— is sure of success either in a small town or a large city. Ordinary laundry-work is paid for at the rate of from 75 cents (three shillings) to one dollar (four shillings) per dozen articles. Other domestic servants may earn from $1.75 to $4 per week.

Seamstresses are also sought for, and their wages— if resident in the family—would be about the same as those of cooks; in some families, and if they are very dainty and skilful, they may be paid more.

Dressmakers may also do well if they thoroughly understand cutting and fitting, and are careful to *finish* their work daintily. They may earn, if they go to work in families, from $1·50 to $2·50 per day, but out of this they would have to provide for lodging and partial board, and for the months when there is very little work to be done, viz., from July to October, and from January to April.

Shop-assistants are badly paid, and have to find their own board and lodging.

Telegraph operators receive from $25 to $60 per month.

The watch factories present a good source of employment for women, but the demand for employées is not so great as when I came here ten years ago, and all vacancies are promptly filled. The wages paid vary from 60 cents to $2 per day.

Respectable board and lodging cannot be obtained for less than $4 per week; the plainest laundry-work will cost you 50 cents per dozen articles in a country town, and from 75 cents to a dollar in the cities; so that in my opinion it is the wisest plan for women who come here to seek work, to try to obtain employment where they can also find a home. American boarding-houses, such as working women can afford to patronise, are anything but pleasant. English women cannot become accustomed to them, to their general stuffiness and disorder, the strange *mélange* of inmates, the tobacco-chewing and spitting of the men, and many other disagreeables too numerous to mention. I have tried boarding more than once, and always with the same result of complete disgust.

To all I would say, if you are earning a reasonably comfortable living in England, do not think of coming here to do better; but if you cannot find employment at home, then come here with the determination to work earnestly. Truly you must resolve, whatsoever your hand finds to do, to do it with your might; you have not a chance of success if you are faint-hearted or wait for some one to help you. If you show yourself capable, energetic, successful, plenty will assist you to do better; but if by any chance you fail, you will have to "straighten *yourself* up," and commence once more, with what courage you may, to win back success by your own unassisted efforts. I speak from experience and observation. You will find the life here very different from any to which you have been accustomed. You will probably suffer much for some time from the change of climate, the intense heat of the summer, the great cold of the winter; but, above all, you will feel oppressed in the winter by the close warmth of the houses—whether heated by stoves, or steam, or hot air—and the insufficient ventilation, especially in the sleeping-rooms. But to these things you will learn, as time goes on, to accommodate yourself, and also how to obviate their disagreeable effects.

Do not for one instant imagine that the social barriers supposed to stand in the way of advancement in England are levelled here. Whatever Americans may say, class feeling—caste—is as strong here as in the old country. In both countries a *man* who has intellect, education, and *will* can surmount all obstacles, and gain for himself entrance to whatever society pleases him; a woman cannot, or only now and then—not by any means as a rule. You will make plenty of pleasant acquaintance in your own position, and you will be received pleasantly by those to whom you are intellectually akin; but should they be possessed of wealth, and you be a worker, there rises immediately the barrier. You will be no more likely to be invited to their social gatherings than in England—nay, by my experience, not as likely.

The best time of the year for teachers to leave England is in July or August. Schools close in June and re-open in September, and during the holiday months engagements are made for the ensuing school year. Applicants should not trust to advertising or answering advertisements, but apply at once to some well-established agency, such as will be found in all large towns.

If possible, provide yourself with dresses (including one good black one) of serviceable materials, sufficient to last you at least one year, also with a warm winter cloak, an umbrella, and all necessary flannel garments for winter wear. Cotton goods are much the same price here as in England, therefore do not cumber yourself with print dresses; bring only such few as you may require to work in, should you choose domestic service.

I am not supposing that those for whom I write this have any money to spare: if so, they would remain in England. Therefore, I say, travel as cheaply as you can, do not hesitate to take an intermediate passage by any of the great lines of steamers: you will be very comfortable. I would not recommend any woman to take a steerage passage if she can avoid it, because in the summer time that portion of the steamer is so crowded; but if she cannot afford anything else, she may be quite sure of kindness from all officials, especially if it is seen that she is travelling alone.

THE KENNELS WITH THE KEEPER AND SOME OF THE QUEEN'S DOGS.

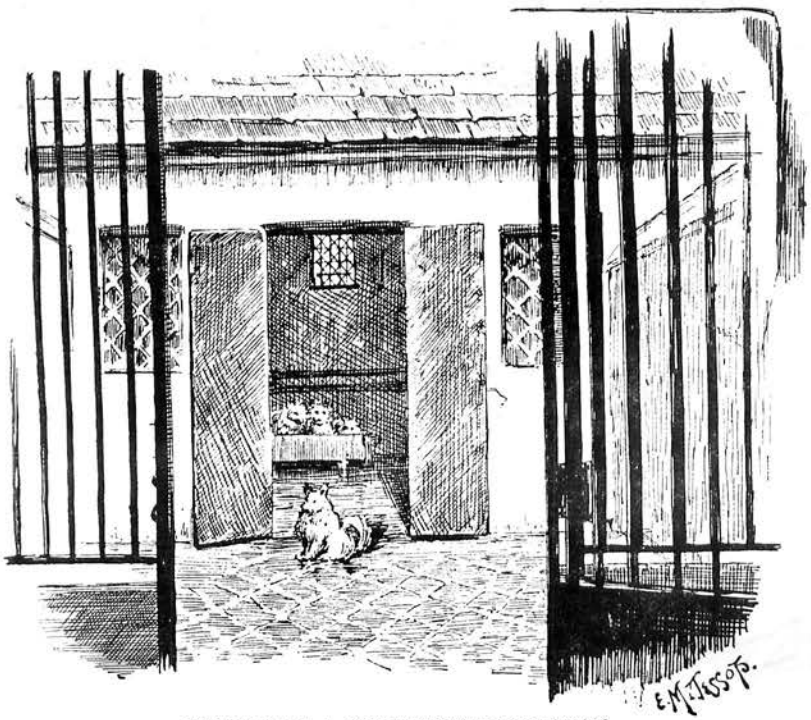
THE QUEEN'S PET DOGS.

By ERNEST M. JESSOP.

Illustrated by the Writer.

Even in the earliest records of English history do we read of our Royal families' affection for the canine race. Before the Norman Conquest shall the antiquarian find mention of the dogs of Alfred the Great, and other of the Anglo-Saxon kings. To the Conquest we owe the introduction of many varieties of dogs which now take rank as purely British breeds. Among these one may mention as of undoubtedly French descent, the bloodhound, the harrier, and the otter-hound, while many more doubtless owe their present form to the admixture of foreign blood. But we find our Royal personages exporters as well as importers of dogs; for instance, Edward II., when Prince of Wales, sent to Louis of France some Welsh harriers. Froissart relates a most unhappy anecdote of time-serving on the part of a greyhound belonging to Richard II. "And it was informed me, Kynge Richard had a Grayhounde called Mathe, who always waited upon the Kynge, and woulde knowe no one else. For whensoever the Kynge did ryde, he that kept the Grayhounde did let hym loose, and he wolde streyght runne to the Kynge and fawne upon hym, and leape with his fore fete upon the Kynge's shoulders. And as the Kynge and the Erle of Derby talked togyder in the court, the Grayhounde, who was wont to leape upon the Kynge, left the Kynge, and came to the Erle of Derby, Duke of Lancaster, and made to hym the same friendly countenance and chere as he was wont to do to the Kynge.

"The Duke, who knew not the Grayhounde, demanded of the Kynge what the Grayhounde would do? 'Cosyn,' quod the Kynge, 'it is a great good token to you, and an evil sygne to me.' 'Sir, how know ye that?' quod the Duke. 'I know it well,' quod the Kynge; 'the Grayhounde maketh you chere this daye as Kynge of England, as ye shall be, and I shall be deposed; the Grayhounde hath this knowledge naturally, therefore take hym to you; he will follow you and forsake me.' The Duke understood well those words, and cheryshed the Grayhounde, who woulde never after followe Kynge Richarde, but followed the Duke of Lancaster." History shows us that the "Grayhounde" was but too true a prophet.



INTERIOR OF A COMPARTMENT IN KENNELS.

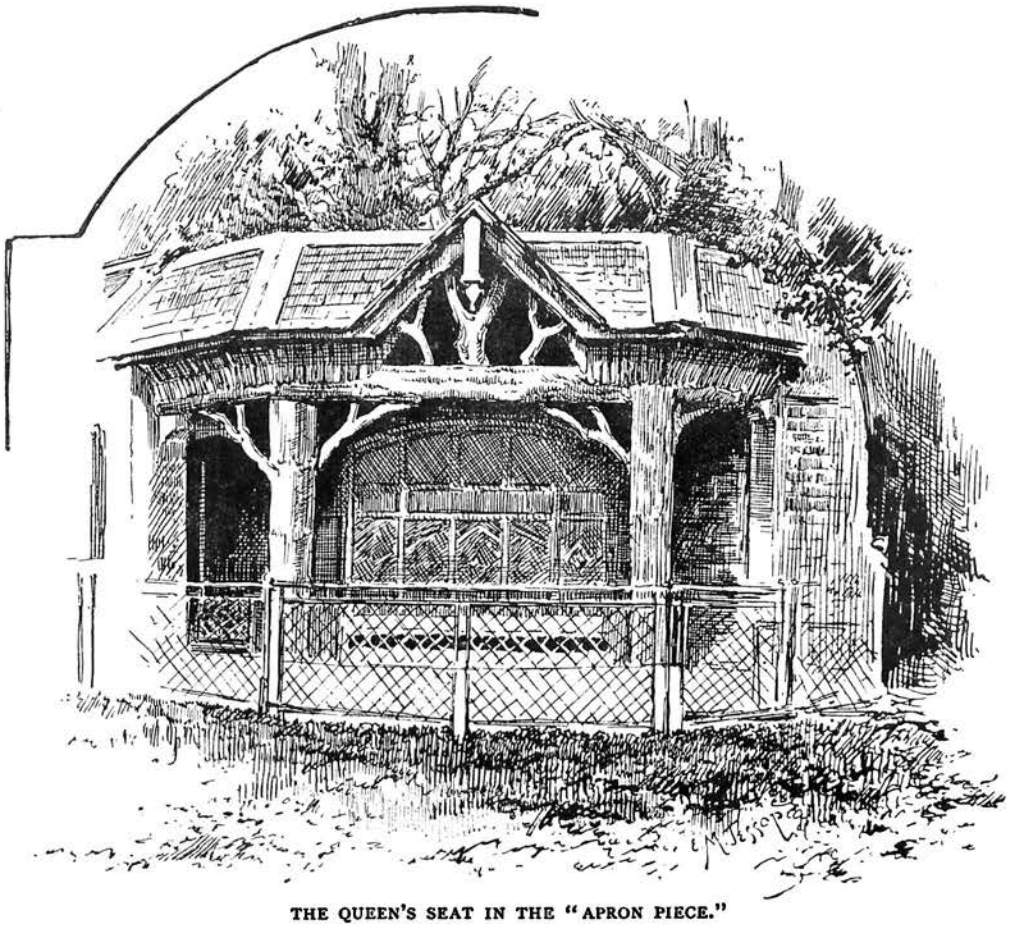
The records of Windsor teem with allusions to the sporting instincts and fondness for dogs of Henry VIII., but the following regulation made for the Royal household shows that he believed in their being kept in their proper place.

"Noe Doggs to be kept in Court. The

King's heignes alsoe straightlie forbiddeth and inhibiteth that noe person, whatsoever they be, presume to keepe anie greyhounds, mastives, hounds, or other doggs in the Court, then some small spanyells for ladyes or others: nor bring anye into the same except it be by the King's or Queen's commandment. But the said greyhoundes and doggs to be kept in Kennell and other meete places out of court as is convenyent, so as the premisses duelie observed, and the house abroade, may be sweete, wholesome, cleane, and well furnished, as to a prince's house and state doth apperteyne." Practically the same regulations are still in force at the Royal palaces in our own times.

This King also seems to have anticipated our modern dog laws, as we find him paying an account to one William Fforde for "colars and mosulles."

In the inventory of Henry's effects at Windsor, we find "Two Greyhoundes colars of crimsun velvett and cloth of gold, lacking torettes," besides many others including one of white velvet "embroudered with perles, the swivils of silver." This kind of collar even surpasses the present luxurious age. Jesse, whose interesting researches into these historical facts are so well known, mentions a painting at Woburn Abbey of Henry's successor, Queen Mary, and her consort Philip, in which are portrayed two small white dogs with long ears, pointed noses, and collars surrounded by bells. Good Queen Bess again was a notable lover of dogs and the chase. Gervase Markham mentions particularly her "Mitten Beagles" which he says were small enough to be carried in a man's glove. A pathetic anecdote is related of the favourite little dog of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, which after its mistress's execution could only be removed by force from the body of its beloved owner, the shock of whose death it only survived for two days. Never was known a more doggy monarch than James I. His favourite Buckingham was familiarly known as his "dog Steenie," and his queen as his "deare littil Beagill." As Mr. Krehl some years since in a most interesting article in *The Stock-keeper* remarks, the aforesaid "deere littil Beagill" once put His Majesty's tenderness to a severe test, for when shooting at a deer, she missed the mark and killed "Jewell the King's most principall and speciall hound." However, the monarch was easily pacified, and to prove to the Queen that "he should love her ever the worse,"



THE QUEEN'S SEAT IN THE "APRON PIECE."

GINA.

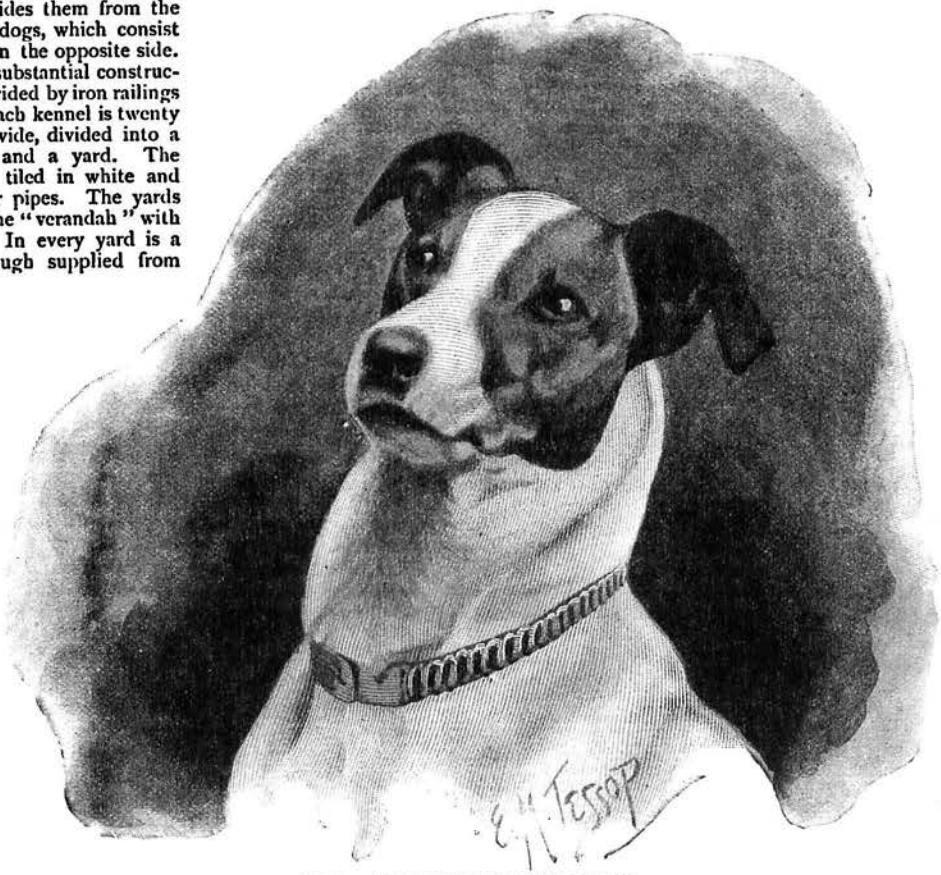
sent her a "diamond worth £2,000 as a legacie from his dead dogge." Of Charles II.'s dogs we shall always possess a memorial in the shape of the King Charles spaniel. On the return of the King from Holland in 1660, Pepys mentions in his diary, "I went (from the ship) and Mr. Mansell, and one of the King's footmen, and a dog that the King loved, in a boat by ourselves." Evelyn also tells us that "he (the King) took great delight in having a number of little spaniels follow him and lie in his bed-chamber." Indeed, his fondness for these little creatures was such that rewards were constantly being offered for the King's dogs stolen or strayed from Whitehall. I have no space in this paper to go further into the history of our Royal families' affection for dogs, but must at once return to the subject of our title, to commence

which a short description of the homes of our Queen's dogs is advisable. The pretty little group of buildings in the Frogmore Road, known as the kennels, owe their inception, in common with so many improvements on the Windsor estate, to the late Prince Consort. They consist of a comfortable cottage for the keeper, in which at my first visit were residing Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Brown, apartments for assistants, of which the principal for many years has been that well-known judge of dogs, Hill, who practically has charge of the kennels, under Mr. Tait, the Queen's land steward, a small suite of rooms known as the Queen's Cottage, for Her Majesty's accommodation (now under the charge of Mrs. D'Albertanson, the widow of a very old and faithful servant), and the range of kennels. The Queen's Verandah (which bears the date 1841), a covered walk much used in bygone days, runs the whole length of the kennels, and divides them from the playgrounds for the dogs, which consist of three paddocks on the opposite side. The kennels are of substantial construction, enclosed and divided by iron railings set in brickwork. Each kennel is twenty feet long by twelve wide, divided into a sleeping apartment and a yard. The sleeping rooms are tiled in white and fitted with hot-water pipes. The yards are paved as is also the "verandah" with red and blue tiles. In every yard is a self-filling water trough supplied from the Castle reservoirs in Windsor Forest. The dogs' beds are of wood placed some eighteen inches above the floor, and the bedding is always clean straw. In bad weather the verandah can be shut off with iron gates for the dogs to enjoy exercise without fear of catching cold. Everywhere throughout the kennels one notices water taps and gratings which greatly facilitate their prevailing cleanliness.

At the Frogmore Road end of the verandah is the "Apron Piece," which consists of an apron-shaped space railed off from the paddocks to show the dogs to Her Majesty or her friends, who, for purposes of inspection, occupy a pretty, rustic summer-house (connected by a private door with the Queen's cottage) which is separated by yet another rail from the "Apron Piece." At the other end of the verandah are the two kitchens and the hospital, which latter is divided into three tiny wards. There are three paddocks, known as the Collie Court, the Spitz Court, and the Umbrella Court, this last taking its name from an umbrella-shaped structure of wood under which the dogs go for shade in the hot weather after taking their bath. The bath itself, which is also in this court, consists of a small, oblong pond sunk in the ground and lined with small pebbles set in cement. There is a slope at either end, so that the dogs can run into the water, swim through, and walk out at the other end. Some puppy kennels (by far the prettiest sight in the collection) stand on the far side of the paddocks, while on the other side of the range of buildings, away from the ordinary kennels, is a second and smaller range used for visitors or isolation purposes. There are usually in the kennels from fifty to sixty dogs. No fixed rule is observed as to the separation of the breeds. Notice is taken as to which dogs agree best together, and these are allowed to live in the same kennels. Thus one may see in one compartment two or three collies, a Spitz, and a Dachshund; in the next half-a-dozen beautiful little cream Spitzes and a black-faced pug, then a few Skye terriers, a couple of pugs and an Irish terrier, and so on throughout the row of kennels. Of late years the breeds best represented are the collie and the tan-coloured Spitz.

Every dog in the kennels is exercised twice daily—morning and afternoon—the small dogs to the number of about thirty, first going for a run with Hill and on their return being followed by the large ones; and, as Pepys would have put the matter, a mighty pretty sight it is on the return of the dogs to see each one without telling walk straight to its own compartment, never making a mistake as to its domicile. Feeding time for the whole establishment is four o'clock in the afternoon, but during very cold weather the dogs get a little dry biscuit in the morning. The food which is prepared in the kennel kitchen consists of soaked biscuits, vegetables, bullock's head, and sometimes a little other meat. Oatmeal is also added to this very Irish stew, which is all boiled up together.

The whole establishment is conducted on the strictest of business principles. Not a biscuit can be ordered unless on the proper printed form. A requisition book of duplicate order forms is kept. Each form when properly filled up has to be submitted to, and signed by, the Master of the Household before it is forwarded to the tradesman from whom the articles are required.



SPOT—ALWAYS WITH THE QUEEN.

There is also a register or pedigree book kept which has stamped on its cover "Dogs in the Home Park Kennel at Windsor Castle." Its pages have separate divisions for "Name," "When born," "When and whence procured," "Sex," "Parents," "Puppies," and "Remarks." The earliest date in the book is 1860. All the names of the dogs are invariably chosen by Her Majesty. It was a long time before the Queen could be induced to let her favourites be placed on view at dog shows, but of late years they have been many times exhibited and have always been high up in the prize lists. There is one stipulation invariably made by Her Majesty before exhibiting her dogs. This is, that under no circumstances are they to be left at a show all night. They must be taken in the morning and brought back to their proper homes each night by their keepers. This instance of thoughtfulness might well be imitated by exhibitors of lesser degree, who must know the misery entailed on dogs by a two or three nights' separation from their friends and usual surroundings.

Of the breeds of dogs which are Her Majesty's special favourites, one ought surely first to mention, if only from their dainty beauty, the "Spitz" variety. These are usually known as "Toy Poms," a description that is utterly erroneous, as very few of the varieties have anything to do with Pomerania. All over the Continent they are known as "Spitz" dogs, and as all those now at Windsor are descended from parents bred in Florence and purchased there by Her Majesty in 1888, it is at once seen that the name of "Italian Spitz" given to them by the Queen is absolutely correct. Perhaps the best known of this breed as a royal pet is Marco, who has passed all his life "in the house" according to the Windsor stud-book—that is to say, he always accompanies the Queen and occupies the high and honourable position of chief pet. Never was dog more often painted, photographed or described. From the pages of the fanciers' papers to the walls of the Royal Academy, his pretty little face has looked forth with bright dark eyes on thousands of admirers. He is a model of what his race should be: some twelve pounds in weight, in colour ranging from buff to rich red, with a lovely neck frill, a tightly curled tail, and the most beautiful small sharp ears. His latest companion, also "in the house," is "Turi," who is nearly all white, but with lemon-coloured tips to her ears, black eyes and a black nose. A most aristocratic-looking little lady is Turi, with seemingly a high sense of her own importance. Whether it was because she took a great fancy to me I do not know, but to my mind never a more beautiful little

dog could be seen than Gina, who won two first prizes when exhibited at the Agricultural Hall in 1891. She has the loveliest and softest of lemon-tinged coats, and only weighs 7½ lbs. She very strongly objected to my photographer, considering the sharp click of his shutter as most objectionable, and getting in quite a passion with him for using it; but when her own chair was brought into the garden, she sat most placidly and listened to all I had to say while I made a sketch of her, giving me a little lick at the finish to express her sense of the difference between artist and photographer, although the latter contrived to make his peace through the medium of some small lumps of sugar before leaving.

Beppo, a relation of Gina, looks on at all this with most intelligent countenance, and seemingly does not care, providing he is noticed, which of us takes his portrait; but Alfeo, a most delightful little pet and a special favourite of the Queen, evidently thinks when he is posed that nothing less than murder is intended and at once subsides into a helpless and hopeless ball of fluff, of which it is impossible to make any sort of intelligible picture. And so to the next favourite breed, which, as a matter of fact, anticipated the position of the Spitzes by many years. This is the Collie breed, a fine specimen of which is so charmingly mentioned by the Queen in her diary, *More Leaves from the Journal of My Life in the Highlands*. "My favourite Collie, Noble, is always downstairs when we take our meals, and was so good, Brown making him lie on a chair or couch, and he never attempted to come down without permission, and even held a piece of cake in his mouth without eating it, till told he might. He is the most 'biddable' dog I ever saw, and so affectionate and kind; if he thinks you are not pleased with him, he puts out his paws and begs in such an affectionate way." The Collie, Noble, was the fourth of his name owned by the Queen. He was presented by Lady Charles-Ker in 1872 and died in 1887. There is yet another Noble (No. 6) still living at the Kennels. In the same way Her Majesty has owned several Collies which have in succession borne the name of Sharp. The favourite of these was No. 2, whose record in the Windsor Kennel Register is: "Sharp. In the house always till 1874, then left at the Kennels during the Queen's absence in Scotland, and from 1875 only in the house when the Queen was at Windsor Castle, and since August, 1877, lived entirely at the Kennels, where he died November 17th, 1879." Sharp's tomb is on the slopes near the Queen's private apartments surmounted by a recumbent statue of himself engaged as in life in guarding the Queen's glove. It is still related of this dog that he was greatly attached to the late Mr. John Brown, whose room he jealously guarded. If by chance any person entered during Mr. Brown's absence, he was not allowed to leave until his return, and under no circumstances must anything be taken from the room while "Sharp" was on guard. A housemaid once picked up some little article with the intention of putting it on the table, and the dog, although he knew her well, would not allow her to leave the room until its owner returned. A favourite Collie of recent years is Darnley II., a beautiful black and tan with a grand white ruff. He has a peculiar habit inherited from his father, so Hill tells us, of "grinning" when pleased. He has been several times exhibited, and has a long prize list attached to his name. The special Collie "in the house," and the Queen's companion for many years past, is a black and tan (of the Duchess of Roxburghe's breed) named Roy.

No notice of the Queen's dogs would be complete without a mention of Spot, a fox terrier, who for many years was the inseparable companion of Her Majesty. When I last saw him some few years since, he was full of years and of honours, but just as lively and jolly as his race usually are. He was a big, strong white dog, with a lemon-marked head, and of a most affectionate and obedient, or, as the Queen phrases it, "biddable" disposition. He was brought from Norwich in 1880, so must ere this have paid the debt of nature. Lightly rest the turf over his faithful head! What lover of dogs does not feel a pang when he sees advancing age lessening the gaiety of the dear little friend, and realises that the all too short life is drawing to an end? There is no space here to describe in detail the many other varieties of our Queen's dogs—the Irish terriers, the Dachs dogs (as they are always called at Windsor), the pugs with their quaint little supercilious looks and ways, the dear little Skyes (surely the most intelligent and homely of the doggy race!), and the pure white collies, of which last but few are left, etc., etc. The Skye was always a pet breed with Her Majesty. One may still see on the slopes at Windsor a small broken column of white marble which stands on a granite pedestal and bears the inscription:

HERE IS BURIED
DANDIE DINMONT,
FOR 15½ YEARS
THE FAITHFUL AND FAVOURITE
SKYE TERRIER OF
QUEEN VICTORIA.
DIED JAN. 3, 1858, AGED 19 YEARS.

The best representative of the breed now at Windsor is Rona II., who, when younger, was a most invaluable assistant to me in my portrait-taking. She seemed to quite understand what was wanted, and not alone to reassure the other small dogs as to my intentions, but actually to show them how to pose themselves for the brush or the camera.

But now a visit to Her Majesty's own little sitting-room in the "Queen's Cottage" must close our all too short description. The room itself is but small, with oak beams showing on the ceiling, and furniture of Gothic design, mainly consisting of comfortable chairs and foot-rests, with a couple of small tables suited to afternoon tea. The curtains, carpet and upholstery are of a warm Royal red, of the pattern specially made for Her Majesty which is used throughout the Castle. The unique feature of the room is the number of doggy portraits which literally cover the walls. They are mainly framed in oak, and in many of the frames a small niche is cut which contains, carefully covered with glass, a small piece of the hair of the dead favourite whose portrait the frame contains. Here shall you see many curiosities in dogs drawn and painted by the first animal artists of their time. Many are there by the late Burton Barber, who so beautifully represented Marco with the Queen's breakfast equipage, which picture was on view but a few years since at the Royal Academy. Here, too, is the mysterious "Looty" painted by W. Keyl in 1861. The portrait is described on the frame as life size, which is as nearly as possible eight inches in height. Looty is called in the records a "Chinese Spaniel" and described as very small; but in these degenerate days her breed is practically unknown. She rather (in her portrait) resembles the modern Jap spaniel with large brown eyes, a black snub nose and a white body with lemon markings. Yet again one must notice Morley's portrait of Eos, the lovely greyhound who was for so many years the favourite and companion of the late Prince Consort, and whose marble presentment lies stretched at her master's feet in the beautiful memorial chapel which contains his tomb. In Martin's *Life of the Prince Consort* appears an extract from a letter of the Prince written to the Dowager Duchess of Coburg the day after the death of Eos. "You will share my sorrow at this loss. She was a singularly clever creature, and had been for eleven years faithfully devoted to me. How many recollections are linked with her! She was my companion from my fourteenth to my twenty-fifth year, a symbol, therefore, of the best and fairest section of my life." Another fine portrait signed, T. M. Toy, 1845, is that of Cabbas, a Pyrenean sheep-dog, to whom tradition awards the unenviable distinction of having been the only dog that ever bit Her Majesty. Yet another picture, which was copied in the always interesting *Ladies' Kennel Journal*, is that of Bout, "a Cashmere dog" of enormous size which was sent by Lord Hardinge from India in 1847. His portrait represents him as bearing an absolutely remarkable likeness to the present Prime Minister. Some of the finest drawings in the room are those by Gourlay Steel, R.S.A., who, as might be expected, particularly excels in his collie portraits. But our time is limited even among such an interesting collection, and we have yet to look at a few of the many little tombs which lie scattered about in various parts of the park. Of these perhaps the most notable are the two small bronze statues standing on granite blocks in the Mausoleum grounds at Frogmore. The one is to the memory of a Dachs dog and its inscription reads:—

BOY.

DIED FEB. 20TH, 1862.
AGED 15 YEARS.
THE FAVOURITE AND FAITHFUL DOG OF
THE QUEEN AND PRINCE CONSORT.

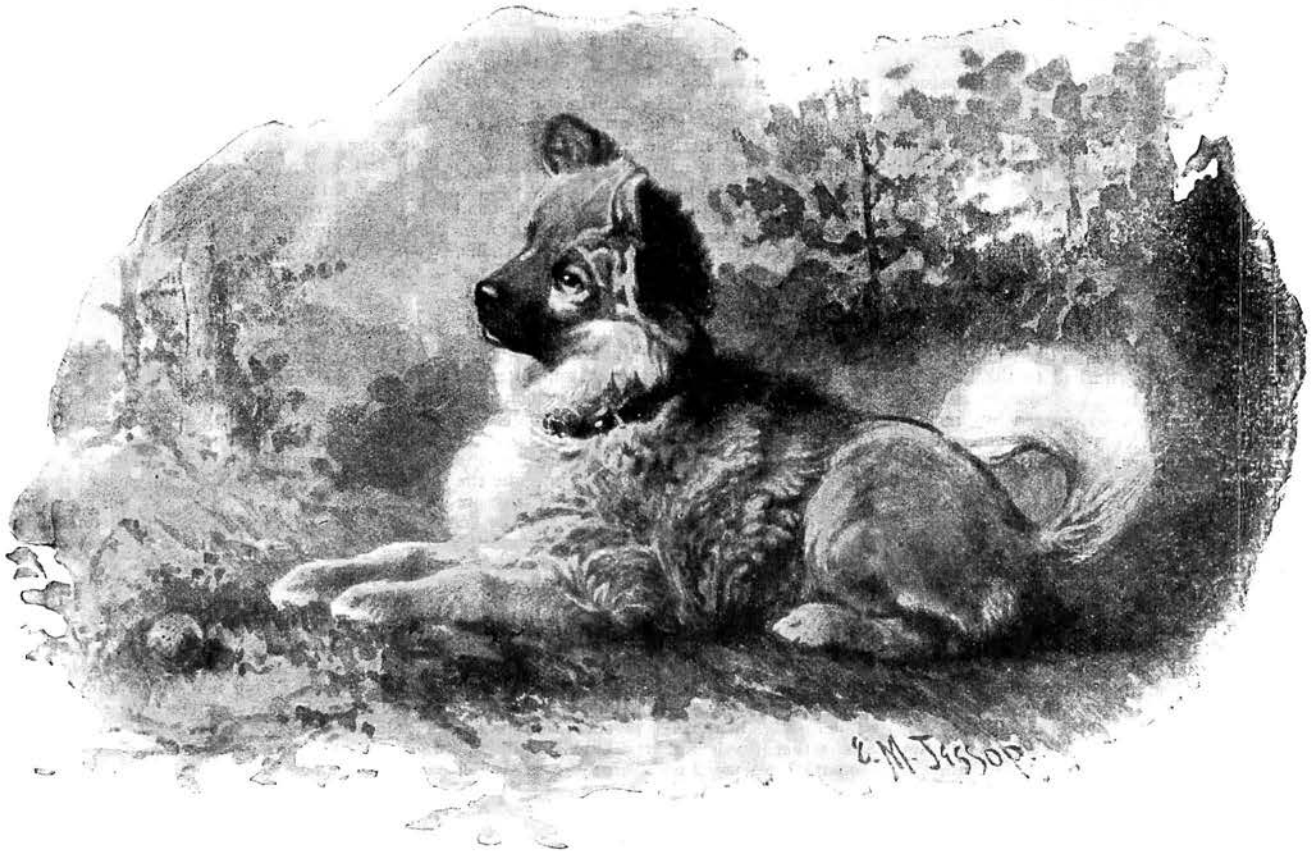
While the other commemorates his playmate:—

BOZ,

THE FAVOURITE SCOTTISH TERRIER OF
THE DUCHESS OF KENT, TO WHOM
HE HAD BEEN GIVEN IN 1857
BY THE QUEEN AND PRINCE CONSORT.
ON MARCH 16TH, 1861, HE WAS TAKEN
BACK, AND FROM THAT TIME
TILL HE DIED, OCTOBER 26TH, 1864,
REMAINED THE FAITHFUL DOG
OF THE QUEEN.

Another sad episode in the history of the kennels was the decease after a very short residence of the two pretty little greyhounds "Dainty" and "Bische," the favourite dogs of the late Emperor Frederick of Germany, which were sent to the Queen after His Majesty's untimely death. In conclusion one may mention that of the numerous puppies which see the light first in the Queen's kennels, the overplus are all given by Her Majesty's special consent to friends or old servants. Not one goes to an unknown home, and more graceful yet, not a puppy may be destroyed, however unattractive in appearance. The ugly ducklings lead the same happy lives with the beautiful swans under the benificent rule of the kindest and greatest lady our times have known. In her still numerous visits to her kennels she will inquire for every dog by its name, and she owns not one, from the oldest to the youngest, which does not know and love her.

BEPPO—ONE OF THE SPITZ DOGS.



MARCO.

CAPS.

THERE is a fashion in caps just as variable as in other articles of feminine wear, and though we are constantly informed that cap wearing is dying out, there is very little diminution in their sale, and the shop windows are full of every conceivable variety in make, shape, and colour.

The fact of the matter is that the times and seasons for the wearing of caps have changed, and that this adornment is found more often upon a young head than upon a middle-aged one. Ladies, whatever their age and the colour of their hair, prefer to show that hair as long as it is abundant; but when that natural covering fails, they are only too glad to be able to hide the deficiency with some dainty concoction made of chiffon and lace, which, if well made and well arranged, enhances rather than detracts from personal beauty.

Caps worn upon young heads are extremely becoming, and one of the weapons of Cupid's armoury. Whoever makes a practice of attending bazaars will acknowledge that this is the case when they recall the many young and pretty stall-holders they have seen whose curly and luxuriant tresses have appeared beneath an old-fashioned mob-cap or one of the many peasant's caps that we are all familiar with. The varied and very becoming caps worn by the lady nurses of our London hospitals, and which we illustrate in Figs. 1, 2, and 3, are another argument in favour of cap wearing, they look so clean and dainty, and soften any harsh lines about a face, and detract from any tired or weary expression.

There is no difficulty in finding a cap that suits a face among the immense variety that are now seen; but we have illustrated some of the prettiest for our country readers, as, although they are coquettish as to shape, their making is not difficult, and will, we think, be easily managed with our explanations.

The foundation for Fig. 1 is a plain broad band of stiff muslin that is long enough to almost touch at the back of the head. This band is four inches wide in the centre, and gradually slopes away to a rounded point as shown. Cover this foundation with a fine Swiss muslin and edge it with a stiff pleating of muslin, which make thus. Take a strip of material three inches in width, double it and pleat it up as single inch-wide pleats, and sew it round the band. The whole beauty of this cap lies in these pleats being all of the same width. Sew a muslin crown (which do not make full or very high) round the top edge of the band, and the work is finished.

Fig. 2 is the ordinary old-fashioned mob-cap finished with a wide and full frill round the face, and with strings that tie in a bow under the chin. The foundation consists of a narrow piece of stiff muslin, forming a round that should fit the crown of the head and be strengthened by a fine wire. The mob-cap is cut as a round and pleated on to the wire. A broad piece of muslin forms the frilling. This, when hemmed on both edges, is four and a half inches in width. In length it should be more than double the circumference of the foundation; but all of it need not be used, as some girls' heads of hair, being fluffed out and raised, require a fuller frill to the cap than others. Run two draw-strings of fine cotton cord along the centre of the frill and draw it up. Pin it to the foundation before sewing it down, and arrange its fullness on the head, it being impossible to settle it becomingly in any other manner. Most frills require to be fuller on the forehead than at the sides, but as so much depends upon the manner of dressing the hair, no fixed rule can be given. This cap is easily washed and remade if the draw-strings are not cut.

In Fig. 3 the back part of the cap must be made very high. Its make resembles the caps worn at charity schools. The mob or crown is gathered on a round wire, the flat piece in front strengthened with a foundation of coarse muslin, and the curtain at the back made from a wide broad piece of muslin hemmed and pleated.

Figs. 4, 5, and 6 are suitable for morning wear or for servants' use. They are all washing caps, being made of book muslin and trimmed with embroidery or narrow lace. In Fig. 4 the crown is plain, and is shaped like a wide-based wedge, which is eight inches at the widest part and two and a half inches from base to point. Round the broad part of this wedge an inch-wide strip of muslin is sewn; this extends five inches beyond the broad part, and is therefore eighteen inches long. It comes down to below the ears in the illustration, where it meets the strings. Each string is eighteen inches long and is cut as a point at the end. The strings are hemmed and, where cut into a point, trimmed with half-inch wide embroidery matching that forming the cap frills. Four and a half yards of this narrow embroidery are used. Two narrow frills of it edge the back or pointed end of the foundation and three the front. One of these front frills stops where the first part of the foundation ends; the two others are sewn to the narrow plain strip and come down as far as it extends.

Fig. 5 has a foundation with a rounded front, straight sides, and a back as a cut inwards vandyke. It is five inches across the width of the head, and seven inches long, reckoning the side points. This foundation is strengthened with a wire, and it is covered with a piece of muslin finished with two tucks, each half an inch wide. This muslin is laid quite plain round the front of the cap, but gathered up high and full at the back. One yard of edging finishes this piece of muslin. The three high bows at the back are three inches in width, five inches in length, and are plainly hemmed. The strings are fifteen inches long and three inches wide.

Fig. 6 has a foundation that is broad at the front and comes to an oval at the back. It is nine inches long, and six inches wide at its broadest part. It is made of stiff muslin, and strengthened with a wire. The back of this foundation is pinched together so that its point is much raised, and in the cavity thus made three bows are inserted, and the ends of the strings. A double frill edged with very narrow lace surrounds the entire foundation; it is made on a draw-string, and is put on like a goffered frill. A bow of muslin without ends and edged with lace finishes the front of the cap; the three bows behind are not edged with lace. Width of all the bows, three inches; length of front bows, five inches; of back bows, eight inches. The strings are thirty-three inches in length, two and a half inches in width, and are plainly hemmed.

Fig. 7 is a Normandy cap, as worn by old ladies. The front piece is of black velvet; it is five inches broad, taken back to the ears, and there cut as shown in the illustration. It is trimmed with imitation Mechlin lace an inch and a half wide, put on fairly full. The back of the cap is of book muslin, and is made high, but not very full. A stiff foundation for the cap is necessary. To complete the effect of this cap, a frilled fichu of muslin worn over the shoulders is necessary. These fichus are now very fashionable, and cost about four shillings.

Fig. 8 is a fancy cap to be worn at bazaars. The front is made of a half-moon shaped piece of turquoise blue velvet, to which is attached a wide stand-up frill of blue tulle. This is wide on the top of the head and narrowed as to width at the sides. Long strings of blue tulle hang from the back of the frill over the back of the head and down for a yard in length.

Fig. 9 is a pretty cap intended for evening wear. The material it is made of is either a fine open lace or chiffon with an embroidered edge. A full edging of lace or chiffon is first attached to the foundation (which is shaped to the size of the head with a high centre point), and then the lace is laid on full round the sides and gathered at the top of the cap. To keep it flat, thirteen pieces of narrow ribbon velvet are brought from the top of the head and caught to the edges of the foundation. These pieces of velvet are finished off with a point, to which a pearl bead is sewn. Small bows of chiffon or lace fill in the crown of the cap. Yellow, mauve, or pale pink are good colours for making this cap in. The chiffon, when used, should match the velvet as to colour.

In Fig. 10 we give a widow's cap intended for an elderly lady. It is made of tarletan, with three crimped tucks in the front, a bag for the hair at the back, and two ends extending from the top of the head to the end of the bag as a trimming to the back. These ends are four inches wide, ten long, and are edged with a narrow frill of tarletan; they are caught together to keep them in place. The bows of tarletan that trim the cap are not hemmed, only turned in. The crimped tucks are made by running a tuck in the material and fitting a round piece of cane to the tuck; forcing the tuck on to the cane, and pressing the material up into a small space before taking it off the cane. While pushing the tarletan on to the cane, the fingers should draw it up into small pleats. The strings of this cap are twenty-four inches long, thirteen inches wide, and have a broad hem as an edging of an inch and a half in width.

B. C. SAWARD.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R. TAYLOR, sc.
Sydney Cowell

The Woman of the Nineteenth Century.

(See two-page Frontispiece.)

IN contemplating the woman of the nineteenth century we are apt to imagine that great concessions have been made to her; that she enjoys privileges her sex never enjoyed before; that colleges have suddenly opened their doors to her, and the editorial sanctum admitted her; and, in fact, that "the world's before her where to choose" in the way of employment, education, and amusement, and all this for the first time in her history.

Is this really so? Look back as far as the old Jewish times. The women did not disdain spinning and weaving and cooking and tending the flocks; the men themselves, even princes, worked in the fields and attended to the cattle. At the same time, there were women, like Deborah that mother in Israel, who was a lawgiver; and there were prophetesses, like Miriam. There were women who "looked well to their households and eat not the bread of idleness;" and there were women who appeared to be "business women," like the one alluded to in Proverbs: "She considereth a field and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard. She maketh fine linen and selleth it. She delivereth girdles to the merchant." Those wise old Jews did not think it strange that this woman should be in business for herself, nor did they honor her any the less because she chose to be self-supporting, and in the matter of maintenance called no man master. Later we find a woman, Priscilla, teaching a purer doctrine to Apollos, and it was not thought strange that she should be thus engaged.

As far back as the time of Zenobia women knew all that the colleges can teach them now. Zenobia herself understood the Latin, Greek, Egyptian, and Syriac languages. She was as brave as she was learned, and ruled with wisdom when on the throne.

In Greece, too, while the women spun and embroidered, and did not disdain household avocations, we hear of the daughter of a King winning a prize at a chariot race, and Corinna five times bearing away the prize from Pindar.

The Italian universities as early as 1209 conferred degrees upon women. Betisia Gozzadini was made Doctor of Laws. Maddalena Buonsignori was professor of laws at Bologna. In 1733, Laura Bassi was professor of philosophy at Bologna, and Maria Agnesi was professor of mathematics in 1750, while Clothilde Tambroni was professor of Greek in 1794. Anna Mazzolini understood anatomy well enough to take her husband's place when he was too ill to lecture, and made quite a name by her ability.

In art women distinguished themselves long ago. Samberini was the assistant of Raphael, and Properzia Rossi was famed as a sculptress. Other women attained distinction in art.

Editorial work is not a new departure for women. In 1702, Elizabeth Mallet edited and published a paper in London. Margaret Craper, Anna Franklin, and Clementine Reid, 1772, Elizabeth Timothy, 1773, and Sarah Goddard, 1776, all edited and published papers. There were women engravers, too, who executed admirable work, of some of whom history makes mention; and there were women who set type.

Even during the days of chivalry, when women were supposed to be merely the inspirers of men's warlike deeds and the objects of their fond idolatry, the ladies learned the healing art, and their hands it was that applied the remedy to the wound. They studied surgery, too, that they might be more useful. Some of the ladies of Queen Elizabeth's court did the same.

In looking back to the past we find women preaching, occupying chairs of philosophy and law and medicine, teachers of men, as were Hypatia and the young lady who expounded the laws of Justinian at Bologna. They were learned in the languages, as was Mary, Queen of Scots, who understood six, and Elizabeth, who was proficient in Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish. Woman had the vantage-ground then—how was it that she did not keep it?

The Greeks personified wisdom by a woman, and it was women that pronounced the oracles. The Romans had their sybils, the Hebrews their prophetesses, the Druids their priestesses, and the Germans their priestesses and women warriors. Plato thought that man had no natural superiority over woman excepting in physical strength; and Voltaire thought them equal in all things but inventive power. Cornelius Agrippa wrote a book in 1509 entitled the "Nobility of the Female Sex and the Superiority of Woman over Man."

Yet we find the women at one period finding their chief pleasure in spinning and knitting and making lace and doing the family sewing. They went to market, and gave a supervision to the cook, if they did not actually take her place; they minded the baby and they taught the children. Their amusements were battledore and shuttlecock and "the graces," played with two hoops and four sticks. Their music was some little love ditty sung plaintively to the guitar, at the request of the friend who called; and when they visited, it was in company with the husband or brother. This was pre-eminently the domestic age—the age that made the oak and the ivy simile possible. The age when man was willing to be leaned upon, and woman was willing to lean. The plate very graphically shows this era.

Then came a revolution. The oak rather repudiated the idea of the ivy twining, as of old, around its sturdy limbs. Then it was that, with her needs, woman awoke to the consciousness of her own powers that had been sleeping so long. She remembered what Plato had said about her, and what Voltaire declared. She thought of those Italian women of old, the women lawyers of Bologna, and the women doctors. The old ways of woman's work came back again, and, strange to say, the world knew no better and called them new. Necessity opened again the barred doors, and the result is shown by the artist in our second picture. More physical strength was required for her work, so a different style of amusement came into vogue—something health-giving and vigor-inspiring.

The woman of the nineteenth century is not walking in a new path; other women have walked there before her. She may never utter oracles or prophesy, but she will rise to a high altitude. The sewing machine has shivered her needle, so she grasps the pen and the graver's tools, and across the wide chasm of time she shakes hands with the women who set her the example that, followed, leads her to independence and happiness.

THE WOMAN OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

PLATE 1.

THE WOMAN OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

PLATE 2.

JANUARY.—PLOUGH MONDAY.

THE DESCRIPTIONS OF THE TWELVE MONTHS BY THOMAS MILLER

He ploughs the hills and ploughs the dale,
He ploughs through field and fallow :
Who does not wish the Ploughman well,
Is but a sorry fellow.—*Old Ballad.*

MANY of the old games, and masques, and mummings, which were in accordance with the simple habits of our homely forefathers, have long since passed away. A few only remain, out of those which it was their delight and amusement to witness; and even these are shorn of their ancient splendour; for, though still picturesque, they have a faded look, and seem no more in keeping with the manners and customs of the present day, than the murrey-coloured coats, and slashed doublets, and trunk hose would be, if dragged forth from the old oaken recesses in which they have lain, disturbed only by the moth for many a long year, and worn again by the present generation. Such as have survived the stern mandates of Cromwell, lived through the Restoration of Charles, and *withstood all the stormy* revolutions which at last settled down, when the House of Hanover was securely seated upon the throne, we shall occasionally glance at in our descriptions of the months; for they are still within the ancient boundary-line which every year is rapidly cutting up, and into the opening of which the steam-boats and railroads are entering, and overturning nearly all that is picturesque and primitive, that has for centuries given such life and beauty to the rural landscapes of England.

January, with its short days and long nights, though it still comes as of old, with frost, and snow, and cold, and darkness, brings with it once a year its merry Plough Monday, and in a few out-of-the-way country places the village street is all astir with the little crowd of gaping rustics, just as it was, except for the changes in costume and architecture, three or four centuries ago. The old fiddler, who dates every incident in his life from the many country wakes, feasts, and statutes he has attended, is again in requisition, although the snow lies deep upon the ground; the drum, which only sounds at the club-feast, or on such occasions as these, is again dragged from its hiding-place; and sometimes the old-fashioned pipe and tabor, which have been blown and beaten by the descendants of the same family, through many generations, are called in to awaken the sleeping echoes of winter. You hear the noisy group long before they heave into sight along the winding lane, engirded with its high and leafless hedges—green only where the ivy trails, or the prickly holly shoots up; they are announced by the loud huzzas which rend the air, and are followed by all the loiterers who have congregated from the villages for miles around.

Heralding the way, come the healthy-looking round chubby-faced country lads,

waving their hats and caps, regardless of the cold; their heavy boots crunching the snow at every step, and their hard naked hands nearly blue or purple through exposure to the frosty air. They are followed by pipe and tabor, fiddle and drum. Then appears a strong healthy-looking ploughman, with his heavy ankle boots, worsted stockings, stout corduroy breeches, and thick plush waistcoat, over which he wears a gown, borrowed for the occasion of Nanny or Molly, and the skirt of which he generally tucks up under his waistcoat until he enters the village, to keep it from draggling; and thus arrayed, with bonnet and cap on head, he comes dancing along, about as gracefully as a brown shaggy bear, and rattling the money-box, which he carries in his hand, at every step, for he is the Betsy, so famous in the olden time as the chief *figurante* on a Plough Monday. Next follows the plough, drawn by ten or a dozen stout countrymen, by ropes either thrown over their shoulders or fastened around their waists, while their hats or white smock-frocks are decorated with ribbons of almost all colours, amid which are placed bunches of ears of corn; he who guides the plough being ornamented like another Ceres, and, doubtless, like her, intended to represent the emblem of plenty. Next appear the threshers with their flails, and reapers with their hooks, waggoners with long whips dangling over their shoulders; bringing before the eye the whole procession of harvest, from the plougher, the sower, the reaper, the thresher, down to the dusty miller, who has covered himself with an extra coat of meal for the occasion, and has come to take toll out of the proceeds of the day.

While writing, the scene rises before the eye as distinctly as when in our boyish days, above twenty years ago, we stood a happy spectator, regardless of Winter—

> Cloathed all in freize.
> Chattering his teeth for cold, that did him chill;
> Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freeze.—SPENSER.

We again see the big farm-house, with its ivy-covered porch, in which the jolly farmer, with his top-boots, blue coat, and pipe in mouth, stood beside his buxom and merry-faced wife, looking on with as much apparent pleasure as the little children, who rested with their hands on the topmost and frost-covered bar of the gate which they had climbed. What he dropped into "Betsy" the ploughman's box, fell with a heavy sound, causing the bonneted bearer to rattle it with extra force, and to cut a variety of most unlady-like capers. Then came the great brown jug, piled high with foaming mighty ale, which seemed quite a load even for the strong arms of the stout dairymaid who bore it; little Jack, the farmer's boy, followed with large drinking-horns, and a basket filled with such huge hunches of bread and cheese as showed that the worthy giver knew right well how to measure a ploughman's appetite. Then pipe and tabor, and drum and violin, were mute for several minutes, and all the sound heard, excepting an occasional huzza, was like that of a dozen horses crunching and feeding together. The jug was again refilled and emptied; and so they passed on from house to house until they at last came to one where a noted miser resided. They knocked at the door—there was no answer. "Betsy" rattled his box louder than ever, but no one came; drum, tabor, pipe, and violin thundered and screamed in vain; huzza after huzza was sent forth by the assembled crowd, but excepting a stealthy peep from behind the blind, and which would have cost the waiting-maid her place had she been discovered by the old curmudgeon, no other sign of life appeared within. "Gee-ho! Come-up!" exclaimed the man who held the stilts or handles of the plough, and in a moment the deep bright share was into the ground: backwards and forwards it went, cutting deeper, and the men pulling stronger at every furrow they made, until the whole lawn at the front of the miser's house lay brown, bare, and ridgy as a newly-ploughed field.

When the mischief was done the old miser made his appearance, and threatened the ploughman with law, imprisonment, transportation; but no one seemed to advocate his cause. It was an old custom thus, to plough up the ground at the front of the doors of those who gave not "largess" on Plough Monday; nor do we remember a single instance of prosecution for the misdemeanour. Such abuses, however, we doubt not, have been instrumental in abolishing these old and useless customs. What we have here presented is a faithful portraiture of rural England only twenty years ago; and there are still, we believe, a few green quiet corners in our island, where Plough Monday is kept up in the present day. We have here preserved the outline of a faint and faded picture, the rich colouring of which began to decay from the very hour when Cromwell and his Roundheads shut up the ancient gallery of old English amusements. It was opened again at the restoration of Charles; but the damp and the mildew had settled down upon it. A new race of men had sprung up, and a mighty change, which is still advancing, began to show itself throughout the land—the merry England of our forefathers was growing into the working and thinking England in which we now live.

> The race of yore,
> Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
> And told our marvelling boyhood legends store,
> Of their strange ventures happ'd by land or sea;
> How are they blotted from the things that be!—SCOTT.

Few, unless they are well versed in geology, would dream of the appearance which our island presented in those early years that have passed away unnumbered by man, but which have left traces of their existence beneath the hills and vallies we daily tread. The landscape, which at this season of the year is leafless, and sometimes buried in its winding-sheet of snow, was thousands of years ago adorned with flowers, and fruits, and trees which now only blossom and ripen, and wave in the far-off sunny lands of the East. Then the huge hippopotamus wallowed in our rivers, and the mammoth and the mastodon shook those old (and ages ago buried) forests beneath their tread. In the excavations of railways, in the very heart of our ancient hills, and in the deep beds of our beautiful rivers, do we find the remains of those extinct monsters. The dam and its offspring sometimes buried side by side, a convincing proof that here the young was once bred, lived, and died. Amid the giant ferns of this early world, which have dwindled down to the knee-deep bracken through which we now tread, did the striped and sabre-toothed tiger couch, ages before his angry growl ever fell upon any human ear. Then the great-cave bear went prowling about our island; and herds of wolves and jackals pursued the maned and shaggy bison through the forest fastnesses. The huge elk, whose remains have been discovered, and the span of whose antlers from the tip of each horn was above thirteen feet, fed upon our hills, and stooped down to drink by the sides of our rivers, in those undated ages; for the shadow of man had not as yet been mirrored upon the face of those waters. Birds, whose gaudy plumage is now only to be seen in tropical forests, then plumed themselves in the sunshine on the boughs of such trees as never again threw their green shadows over that deep-buried and untrodden soil. Then our island was houseless, our seas mastless, nor had the print of any human foot as yet indented the sand upon our shore. Such a knowledge as this, wherever we may wander, never causes us to feel solitary; to vary a few lines by Keats:

> though
> Keen fitful gusts are whispering here and there,
> Among the bushes, half leafless and dry
> And stars look very cold about the sky,
> And we had many miles on foot to faire:
> Yet felt we little of the cold bleak air,
> Or of the dead leaves rustling drearily:
> Or of those silver lamps that burnt on high,
> Or of the distance from home's pleasant lair.

Wild, silent, and uninhabited have we found places which we have traversed in England during winter in our own day—the far-extending cliff country of Lincolnshire, backed by the high and villageless wold, that seemed in the distance to go climbing up until it was lost in the grey and leaden-coloured sky. On the huge table-lands which ascended, ledge above ledge, telling where for ages the locked-up waters had remained stationary, we have seen the snow lie white, deep, silent, and untrodden, just as it had been blown over the broad and shelterless vallies, and left there, height above height, like alp on alp. The flocks of sheep, that picked up a scanty subsistence in summer on those stony barriers of dried-up oceans, had been driven miles away by the herdsman into the lowlands; and thus all along the ridges of those high and silent wolds no living object, excepting some solitary bird, was seen to move. Neither hedge, nor shed, nor fence were there on that high and heaving ridge of wild hills, nor aught which bore sign or imprint of the hand of man. The few naked trees that hung leaning over the steep precipice-like ledges, looked as if they had been washed there ages ago, and left motionless one above the other by the sudden subsiding of those mighty waters. The gathering night, and the blinding snow-storm, with the howling wind blowing full in his face, would even now make the stout heart of a stranger quail, if, unacquainted with the country, he found himself there alone in the dusky close of a cold brief January day.

> Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
> Sighs the sad genius of the coming storm;
> And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
> And fractured mountains wild, the brawling brook
> And cave presageful, send a hollow moan,
> Resounding long in list'ning fancy's ear.—THOMSON.

Descending from those heights, we came to the banks of old lonely rivers, whose waters were only ploughed by the keel of the fowler's boat, while he, stretched out at the bottom, glided in silence along, between the high armies of tall and tufted reeds, and sharp-edged water-flags, that glittered like scimitars through the hoar-frost; and tall naked rows of osiers whose stocks or roots were buried beneath the snow, until he arrived within shot of the whole flock of wild fowl, when, springing up on the sudden, like an apparition, bang went both his barrels in a moment, making a sudden plash upon the surface of the water, which the next minute was covered with the feathered bodies of the wounded and the slain. You saw the smoke rolling away like a silvery cloud above the heads of the tufted bulrushes—heard the echoes of his gun die along the hill-side—just caught the low lapping of the water as it was disturbed by the motion of his boat—then, saving the wind that whistled over the frozen sedge and blew bleakly through the naked willows, all again was still.

You wander along by the road-side spring, which is never frozen over, and see the little wagtail striding about, the very smallest of all our birds, which appears not to have its legs tied, which looks as if it scorned to go hopping along like many of the feathered race, but boldly lifts up one foot after the other, and struts, and looks around, as if it were marching at the head of a whole regiment of wagtails. True to the country in which he was bred, he disdains to number himself among the feathered gentry who hurry off, long before the approach of winter, to seek a warmer climate; but, like his companion the robin, he braves our severest seasons, and trusting to chance and his own industry, picks up his living as he best can, about spring-heads and water-courses, where a few insects are still to be found; and so between hunting for a living, sleeping, and amusing himself, he wiles away the dull winter, until spring throws her primrose-coloured garment over the sky.

The only sound, except the wind, that appears to give a voice to the wintry landscape, is the murmuring of the river: when that is frozen over and silent, it seems as if the pulse of nature had ceased to beat—as if the last stir of life was motionless—earthed as in a grave; that Hope had at last sunk down in very despair—she who had so long

> Patient with bow'd head silent stood,
> And on her golden anchor leant,
> And watch'd below the sleeping flood,
> Where winter, 'mid the drearment,
> Half-buried in the drifted snow,
> Lay sleeping on the frozen ground;
> Unheeding how the wind did blow,
> Bitter and bleak on all around.

THE ETIQUETTE OF CARD-LEAVING.

By S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

is an undeniable fact that the whole universal creation within our mortal ken, or stretching away into invisible, and almost illimitable space, must be ruled by certain laws. A "needs be" exists for a wonderful and complicated machinery, whereby all things are governed and held in place by an infinitely wise and almighty providence, which from the grandest works of creation, down to the minutest living organisms, holds all in their fitting place and permits of no confusion. No creature, no atom exists that does not show its subjection to these Divine laws. So, likewise, all our trivial works, words and ways must be regarded as trifling only when compared to those of the supreme Creator of the universe, and must take pattern, in however humble a degree, from the exactitude and perfect order displayed by that Higher Power.

It may, at first sight, provoke a smile when, from scanning the title of this little article, my readers proceed to note the grave introductory words that follow. But great principles underlie all rules of good breeding, as I have before represented to them, and demonstrated also very elaborately, as I hope. And we may also trace them to a certain degree even in the apparently unmeaning rules and exactions of etiquette.

Do not feel superior, my reader, to what may appear insignificant. Try to realise the grand axiom that "nothing is a trifle," nothing is beneath your consideration. By an everywhere existing and divine ordinance we are under obligations of good will and service to our fellows, both high and low, as well as to those duties which exclusively relate to our Creator, and these are all distinctly specified in Holy Writ. Amongst our duties to our neighbour we find that we must be "pitiful" and "courteous," "gentle" and "unto all pleasing," "rendering honour to whom honour" (is due), "condescending to men of low estate," and bound to "show hospitality without grudging." To assist in carrying-out these obligations it was necessary to adopt a code of rules which should be of general acceptance, so that there should be no confusion; but that in all our intercourse, one with another, everything should be "done decently and in order," and so as to "give no offence to any man." In obedience to such commands as those quoted from Holy Writ, we shall "walk in the ways of wisdom" and shall assuredly find them "ways of pleasantness," and that "all her paths are peace."

And now, remembering that "courtesy" is of Divine obligation, as well as the constant endeavour to be "pleasing" "unto all," we may find innumerable little ways and means of fulfilling our duty to our neighbour, no great acts of devotion and self-denial being often required of us. The little friendly courtesies of society, such as obtain in our several ranks of life, are therefore never to be despised, nor ungraciously withheld from those around us, nor any mistakes made, nor misapprehensions occur to disturb the friendly intercourse between us and our associates. A well-defined code of rules has been laid down by common consent, extending to the mere custom of "card-leaving" and complimentary visitings.

The use made of visiting-cards constitutes a species of "sign language," the little cards bearing our names carrying a message that needs no interpretation by word of mouth nor by letter. For example, it denotes a reciprocal feeling on our part as to the forming of a friendly social intercourse, in return for a visit received. It may denote our willingness to take the initiative in the welcome of a new resident in our neighbourhood. It may acknowledge our obligation for hospitality accepted. It may express our solicitude in cases of illness, and our sympathy in those of bereavement, as well as of congratulation on some happy family event. Without, it may be, a single word written upon them beyond our name and address, we may show both friendship, appreciation of hospitality, and that sympathy in joy or sorrow which it is incumbent on us to express, if we would "rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep."

From the numerous answers given in this magazine on the subject of complimentary visits, and the usages of polite society in reference to the "leaving of cards," it is evident that a brief article thereupon will be acceptable to many. The cards themselves and the persons entitled to use them should be considered in the first place. There are titles of distinction which can, and others which cannot, appear on a visiting-card, nor may they be used as a prefix in giving a personal introduction. For example, the title of "Honourable" must be dropped when you introduce the possessor to a stranger, and it may not be placed on a visiting-card. But the case is different in regard to the address given on a letter, or on any printed list; when it must be invariably prefixed to the Christian name if unmarried, or preceding "Mrs." The habit amongst ill-informed if not vulgar persons usually below the circle of upper-class society, of omitting the prefix "Mr." or "Miss" is inadmissible amongst thoroughly well-taught and highly-bred persons. In the case of women it is usually an indication of masculine proclivities. It is rough and unfeminine, although many young women of really womanly natures may copy the style from others less well-bred than themselves, and not from any innate roughness. In any case the omission of the common prefix of "Mr.," "Mrs." or "Miss" may be condemned as very "bad form" amongst those who claim to be regarded as belonging to the class distinguished by the term "gentle."

I can remember the time when women's visiting-cards were tinted and embossed. One example is still fresh in my memory, which was of a delicate pink colour; and stamped with rays, springing outwards from the name in the centre, where they were very fine, and widened as they diverged from it, to the outer edges. The cards were covered with a shining paste, or enamel, whether of a plain white, or coloured, which could not be written upon, and was chipped off if the card were bent. But no such fashion now exists. The inconvenience experienced, when it was desirable to write upon this composition was an objection which an equally smooth, hot-pressed card does not present. The style of engraving which they bear, whether in ordinary writing, Roman capitals, or old English type, is perfectly non-essential; and a matter of unrestricted personal fancy. But if in ordinary writing-style, flourishes are very inelegant, and out of place, and have a vulgar appearance. They seem to present an index to the character, to a certain extent, of the writer; and to denote a good deal of ostentation; which is always very objectionable. The form and dimensions of the card itself, is simply a matter of fashion at the time of purchase; as also the question of a pure white, or a cream-coloured hue, and the thickness or thinness of the card. It is usual to place the permanent address in the *dexter* corner, and if a man's card, the name of his club in the other. The daughters of the house should have their names engraved under that of their mother; but if she be dead, and they be of full age, they may have a card of their own, inscribed, "The Misses So-and-So," or "Miss ——," and underneath it, "Miss Julia ——."

If visiting with a friend, and you chance to have no card with you, inscribe your name underneath hers. But if the case be reversed and you oblige her by adding hers, write it above your own. All titles, with the exception of "the Hon.," as before observed, and furthermore, of Baronet (or "Bart."), together with the distinctions indicated by the initials "K.G.," "K.T.," "D.L.," and "M.P.," and such-like, should be omitted on a visiting-card. The custom of inscribing the names of a husband and wife on the same card is no longer correct, according to present usage; but when a brother and sister keep house together, the sister's card (which is always of full size, not small, like a man's) should likewise bear her brother's name above her own, not "Mr. and Miss" So-and-So, on a line, as though they were man and wife, according to the practice now no longer in fashion; and so, likewise, when the eldest daughter keeps house for her widowed father, she has his name inscribed above her own. After dinners, afternoon receptions, parties, suppers, and, in fact, after all entertainments, with the exception of luncheons and teas, cards should be personally left. When persons "in society" leave town, in accordance with general custom, when the season is over, it has ceased to be customary to leave farewell cards, inscribed with "T. T. L.," "P. P. C.," or "P. D. A.," and the "thanks" returned to inquirers after illness or other domestic affliction, are not printed nor written, on special cards designed for the purpose; which was *de rigueur* till quite recently. The ordinary visiting-card without inscription, and thanks verbally given, are now regarded as an equally gracious acknowledgment; but when calling to make inquiry after a friend or family, in cases of sickness or other affliction, write "To Enquire" at the top of your card; if married, on your husband's as well as on your own; unless the case be that of a confinement, it would not be etiquette to leave your husband's. A widow's period of seclusion may be known as terminated by her sending (not leaving) her cards to her friends, before which indication on her part, it would be intrusive to call for the purpose of a visit and personal interview. No wedding nor funeral cards are now in use. Some member of the family, appointed so to do by the persons chiefly concerned, writes to give invitations, and due notice of the dates.

A first visit should be returned within a week at most, whether the visitor were admitted, or had to leave a card only. The resident of longest date in any locality has the privilege of taking the initiative, and calling first. But when there is an acknowledged precedence in right of bearing a title, precedence in the option of calling must be accorded to those of the highest rank. It would be an act of very intrusive assumption for any untitled gentlewoman, however nobly born, to make the first call on a titled member of her own class "in Society," apart from the familiar intercourse which obtains between friends in a more simple and homely way. Cards are now left wholesale when making a round of visits, and by general consent are accepted as equivalent to a personal visit, a practice which was in former days regarded as very uncomplimentary and offensive. Should the acquaintance whose visiting-card has been left be one who holds a higher position in society than yourself, do not ask whether she be "at home" for the purpose of paying a visit in return for the mere receipt of her card.

There is one rule which may never be set aside in the question of card-leaving, *viz.*, that they may never be sent by post. If unable, for any special reason, to leave them in person, they may be sent by a servant or private messenger. Gentlemen may leave cards on ladies, but ladies do not call on them, excepting on the occasion of a dinner, party, or other entertainment at which she has been a guest, provided that such party were given at his private residence. But it would scarcely be a settled custom for her to leave her card on him, were the hospitality to be shown at a club or hotel. In the case of an ambassador (or a minister) a lady is at liberty to leave her card on him at the Embassy, and, if she be married, with that of her husband. A mother does not leave her sons' cards, nor does a sister those of her brothers. When on a card-leaving expedition, if the lady called upon be married, leave two of your husband's cards with one of your own; if a widow, or unmarried, leave one of his cards and one of yours. If there be a husband living at the house where you leave cards, then send in one of your own (as a lady does not leave them on men) but two of his (your husband's), as men may "pay their respects" to ladies in this manner.

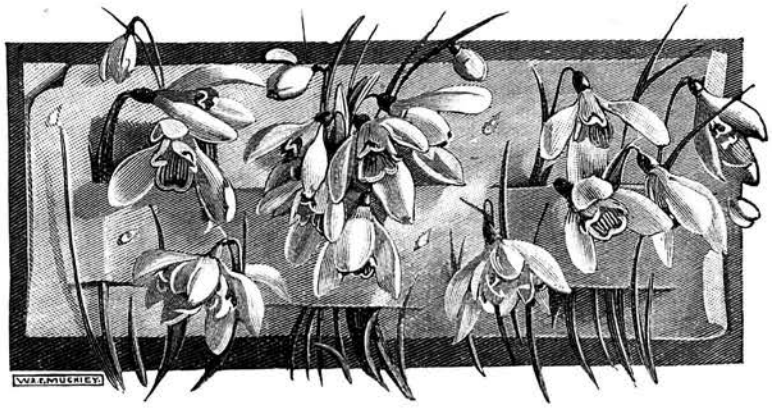
When calling for the purpose of seeing a friend, and she be at home, do not announce yourself by giving your card to the servant to be presented, but give your name, very distinctly pronounced, to the servant who is to conduct you to the reception-room; and, if you be married and unaccompanied by your husband, leave two cards for him, on taking your departure, on the hall-table, or one only if there be no master of the house.

Supposing that there were daughters already in society, you should leave a card for them turned up at one side if for more than one; and if by chance you failed to bring out a second card, or had only one left after making many visits, it is permissible to fold up the side of that which you leave for the lady of the house, to indicate that you have not forgotten the daughters of the house, nor failed in showing them due attention. In great houses a hall-porter is kept, who enters the names of visitors, and distinguishes between those who seek admission as visitors, and those who leave cards only; as these memoranda serve as a guide to the lady of the house when returning the attentions she has received in a similar manner.

When people have neither the leisure nor the means of keeping up a large circle of acquaintances, and have but a very limited number with whom they are on more or less friendly and intimate terms, it would be regarded as a slight were they to leave a card in lieu of a friendly visit; a very extensive visiting roll alone necessitating so formal a style of showing an attention, and that the caller does not desire to drop the acquaintance, though unable to spare time for an interview. The usual hours for both leaving cards and paying visits of ceremony, are from three to six o'clock.

It is only on intimate friends that you may make a morning call, unless by express appointment. When a visitor leaves cards only, you may return the call in the same way within a fortnight. Of course the earlier a visit is returned, the greater the compliment. I almost forgot to observe that the words "Senior" and "Junior" must not be employed on a visiting-card. If necessary to make any such distinctions *the junior* members of a family must prefix the surname with one of their Christian names. Young men should have cards from the time they go to the universities, or at least are out in society at about eighteen or nineteen. When making a long round of visits and card-leavings it is advisable to take a "Court Guide" in the carriage, or to make out a list for the coachman that he may take certain streets in due rotation, and so save time, and also the necessity for using the check-string, giving your directions out of the windows, and raising your voice so as to be heard in the noise of the streets.

Before concluding I must supplement my directions in reference to the error of sending in your card for the servant to present, in lieu of announcing yourself by name only when you desire a personal interview. One exception to this rule should be observed. In calling on a stranger to take up the character of a servant, and with no view to paying a complimentary visit, you may send in your card accompanied by a message to indicate the purport of your visit. As a rule you should make a previous appointment, and be scrupulously careful to be punctual, so that the lady who has specified the hour at which it may suit her to receive you for your advantage, not usually her own, may be in no degree inconvenienced by the interview.



USEFUL HINTS.

POTATO BALLS.—Mince very finely some lean uncooked mutton or beef, add salt and pepper, and a saltspoonful of ground ginger. Make this into balls the size of a large walnut. Have ready previously some mashed potato (be very careful that there are no lumps in them), dry and then mix with them eggs sufficient to make them into a soft paste. Now make a thick crust of this round the meat balls about one-third of an inch thick and fry in plenty of boiling butter that has been previously clarified from salt.

CHOCOLATE POTATOES.—Mix half a pound of icing sugar, a quarter of a pound of ground almonds, and a few drops of flavouring and the whites of two good-sized eggs into a stiff paste. Then make into small balls. Have your hands well dusted with the icing sugar or the mixture will stick. Roll them in finely grated chocolate and make "eyes" in them with a fork, or the point of a pair of scissors. Have ready a frying pan with plenty of boiling butter which has been previously clarified, and put the potatoes in. Be careful that they are not too close to one another. They should be nice and crisp outside—drain them and serve with finely chopped pistachios sprinkled over them.

PRAWN CURRY OR "MOOLOO."—Wash and shell as many prawns as you think will be required, and fry them in boiling butter which has been previously clarified, for five minutes, and then stand aside. Now cut up three or four good-sized onions, and one small garlic, and fry these a nice brown in a separate saucepan. Previous to this procure a nice fresh and milky cocoanut, open it, and in doing so be very careful to save all the milk, then cut away all the brown part of the nut, and grate all the white part of the nut into a basin as fine as possible, then pour on this a good half-pint of boiling water, stir it well, and after it has soaked for half an hour pass it through a tammy, add this to the milk that you have saved. When the onions and garlic are browned, add six chillies broken up fine, and then the prawns, also the liquid from the cocoanut, and half a teaspoonful of turmeric, which can be bought at the chemist's, and the juice of one lemon. Let all simmer very gently for half an hour, but must not boil or the prawns will become tough, and serve with boiled rice.

This is an exceedingly delicate curry, and much liked by English gentlemen.

THE CAMBRIDGE EXAM.

She crammed herself up with battles and dates,
  She made her head ache with profit and loss;
She worked so hard that she nearly got ill—
  What did it matter? She did not pass.

She learned all the French irregular verbs,
  Pronouns and nouns in each separate class;
She knew the rivers and towns in each map—
  What did it matter? She did not pass.

Horæ Paulinæ she knew off by heart,
  Scripture she'd studied full well; but, alas!
Spite of her studying, cramming, and work—
  What did they matter? She did not pass.

When first she came she was rosy and bright,
  And her large dark eyes were as clear as glass;
But her eyes grew dim and her cheeks grew pale,
  And all for nothing—she did not pass.

When the news first came, she turned white as death;
  She tried to keep calm, but the tears fell fast,
As the thoughts came crowding into her mind,
  "It is over now, and I have not passed.

"I never can write and tell them at home
  I have wasted money and time in vain:
It is too late now; my last chance is gone,
  For I am too old to go in again."

When evening came she was flushed and hot,
  Her eyes were glittering strangely bright,
Her head was aching with maddening pain,
  And she raved and wandered in bed that night.

Brain fever came on, she grew worse and worse,
  She had injured her mind and body and brain;
She passed from this world to the land of rest,
  Where she would not have to work hard again.

Oh! Cambridge exams., you may do much good,
  But you break some hearts in that numerous throng;
And it's sad to think that one mark too few
  May soften the brain that was never strong.

So, readers, take warning, especially girls;
  Work thoroughly well, but don't labour and cram,
And if you do fail, then don't fret yourselves ill,
  For life is worth more than a Cambridge exam.

C. M. Gent (aged 19).

CHRONICLES OF AN ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN RANCH.

By MARGARET INNES.

CHAPTER I.

It has been suggested that the experiences of some English people in search of and on a ranch in California might be of interest to others, especially, perhaps, to those who are looking about more or less anxiously to find some promising opening for the future of their boys, and who, seeing the Old World so crowded, and realising the difficulty of finding a possible niche at home, may desire to try an altogether new life in the New World.

Many fathers and mothers, also like ourselves, would fain discover, if possible, some way of keeping their boys beside them; some business which they can work together, and in which they may find a satisfactory livelihood for all. Of course, I am speaking of those who have no well-established family business or firm; for them many difficulties and anxious questions are solved.

These were the reasons, together with the delicate health of our two boys, and my own long-standing lung trouble, which, after much thought and study, led us to pack up all our worldly goods, label them "Settlers' effects," and start off on the weary long journey of 6,000 miles, to the land of sunshine, on the Pacific coast. Having some acquaintances living at a little summer holiday place on the coast, and within some seventeen miles of the busy and enterprising town of Los Angeles, we decided to go there, and, if convenient, make it our headquarters while looking about and getting all possible information on the important subject of ranching.

We arrived about the end of October, when the heat of summer was over; for even on the coast, the glare of full summer is trying to people coming from northern latitudes.

But we found the climate most exquisite all the winter. The sunshine was perfectly glorious; the colours, the distances and the sunsets were like fairyland. Indeed, they were quite an excitement to us, and we would often come to a sudden standstill in our evening walks to watch the splendid transformation scene, saying how exaggerated everyone would think our descriptions, if we tried to put them all down exactly, on paper. It is true Holman Hunt had such colours in his pictures of Palestine, but it needs a genius to make such impossible colours accepted as realities.

The little town is built near the edge of the bluffs, and it was delightful to sit under the eucalyptus trees and look out at the sea, so wonderfully blue, with its broad white fringe all round the bay, where the big rollers broke on the yellow sands, and rushed away up the level shore.

The happiness too of all the living creatures seemed quite infectious. We saw flocks of dainty wee sea-ducks, tumbling and swimming about in the sea, just where the huge rollers broke, vying with each other in the show of bravery, going under with the huge crest of a wave and bobbing up again, so rapidly, and with a jaunty toss of the head. Enormous golden brown butterflies came floating down the soft air and hung over the white surf.

Schools of porpoises made the most demonstrative show of enjoyment, jumping high out of the sea and careering round, in a rushing mass, that would churn up the water as they went into a perfect whirlpool. Here and there, in the quiet evening, the head of a friendly seal would appear silently, and then go under without a ripple.

Stately, solemn-looking pelicans, too, flew past constantly, always in single file, as though they were going to some grave and important function. There were crowds of blue birds, looking like jewels in the bright sunshine; and the humming-birds made quite a noise with their wee wings round our honeysuckle-covered verandah.

Every living thing seemed to have just discovered how gay and charming a thing life was.

All this helped to give us a very favourable impression of the new land, and to heal a little the painful home-sickness and longing that beset us almost at once, when we realised more and more the strangeness of much around us.

Finding, on arriving there, that this little town would suit us for some months, we "rented" a pretty little house of seven or eight rooms, with a good verandah, shaded with honeysuckle, and a small garden, for which we paid thirty dollars a month.

Many of the ranchers from the inland valleys come there for three or four of the

summer months, as the heat is then almost unendurable anywhere out of reach of the sea breeze. We had been advised to bring a servant with us from England; for help of every kind is very expensive, all over the States, and especially in California. The usual wages are twenty-five dollars a month for women servants, and thirty to forty dollars for a Chinaman.

Unfortunately we were not able to bring a well tried and trusted servant, but had to content ourselves with choosing the best we could from a large number who, tempted by the high wages, came to be interviewed, in answer to our advertisement; but only very few of the applicants were at all suitable.

The usual plan as to the fare—which is of course expensive—is to make a clear and binding arrangement with the girl engaged; that it shall come out of her first six months' wage, also that she shall give a promise to stay at least two years, and that after this period she shall receive the full California wage, having, meanwhile, been paid somewhat less. These arrangements were all made, most clearly in our case, and were at once forgotten by our carefully chosen maid. She was an absolute failure, so far as we were concerned, and as few people out here ask any character when engaging a servant, it was quite easy for her to get another place at once at the usual high wages and simply march off and leave us; which she did.

Our house agent, a kindly Englishman, who had been many years in California, told us that even if we desired to go to law about it, the case would most certainly be given against us. The jury would be composed of men, all more or less of the same class as our servant, and their sympathies would be with her, and we should not have the least chance of getting justice.

It was rather comforting, at the time, to find how many others among our acquaintances had gone through the same experience!

Before this catastrophe came about, however, we had been exceedingly busy visiting innumerable ranches and examining possible and impossible land that was waiting to be made into ranches. We saw most of the well-known "settled-up" parts, and many lovely valleys and foothills which were said to be the coming fruit districts of the near future.

It takes some years for English eyes to get accustomed to the bareness of the hills of California, or to find out the true beauty of these dried-up looking slopes. Once the love for them begins, however, it grows at a great pace, and one discovers constantly fresh wonder and charm in them. Surely no other hills have the gift of holding the splendid sunset colours with such transfiguring power. Even the Alps cannot outrival them in this. But at first it is their uncompromising bareness, dryness and barrenness which hurts one's sensitiveness. We were also disagreeably impressed by the tracts of waste ground, lying promiscuously among the more finished streets, and all scattered over with empty tins and other rubbish, giving a decided effect of disorder and unkemptness, even though the neighbouring houses might be pretty and have dainty gardens. Some of the older established fruit districts were very prosperous looking, and had quite a busy social life. But our minds were quite made up, that of what the land had to offer, we would, without hesitation, choose a real country life, free and untrammelled, in one of the less settled neighbourhoods.

However we conscientiously went to see all the most promising parts, and in this way we learnt a great deal. We found that in this part of Southern California the heat during the summer months was so very great, that all who had the means to do so, left these inland valleys and came every summer to the coast for three or four months, leaving a reliable man in charge, and also going back and forward several times to see that everything was being well cared for. To many people this would be no drawback, but only a pleasant change. We did not wish, however, to settle in any place where we should be absolutely compelled to leave home for so long every year.

Another disadvantage of buying a ranch in one of these established parts is the very high price demanded for all such land. However, it is an open question whether it really costs more in the end to buy a ready-planted and bearing ranch at the very high figure generally quoted.

If you buy in a less settled neighbourhood the rough untouched land at a tenth of the price—which would be about the cost of good land with water—there is the hard work of clearing and grading, laying out, planting and piping it. Then the long waiting before the trees can bring in any income, and when household and ranch expenses have to be met, must be counted as so much more money invested. It is just here that so many sad failures occur.

There has been so much exaggeration about the wonders of California, that those who have caught from such one-sided accounts the fever of longing for the sunshine and free life, do not make allowance for this necessarily long pause before any income is possible from a ranch. Thus it comes to pass that so many ranches are mortgaged; and when a ranch is mortgaged, it is a hopeless business for the poor rancher who has worked so hard at his unaccustomed labour.

It has been said that small fruit—berries of different kinds—may be grown meanwhile, and that the profits from these will help out the expenses until the ranch trees bear. If you are made of cast iron, you may possibly be able to give the necessary work to your ranch, and at the same time cultivate small fruit; but if you come from the ordinary comfortable middle-class at home, you cannot have the strength or resistance to stand this additional toil.

I believe there is a vague but sanguine idea among those at home, bitten by the Californian fever, that you have only to plant trees or vegetables and then sit down comfortably in the sunshine and wait for them to grow, condescending eventually to put aside your book and your pipe for a little while, and gather in all the rich harvest which this wonderful climate has produced for you. This is not so. Ranching is really hard work, and moreover the greatest strain of the life to men coming from a different climate, is that all this unaccustomed labour has to be done in the hot glare of unbroken sunshine.

(To be continued.)

USEFUL HINTS.

A Simple Cure for Croup.—Warm some pure olive oil. Give the patient, as soon as the brazen-ringing cough is heard, half a teaspoonful every ten minutes or quarter of an hour internally, and well rub externally the chest, windpipe, and between the shoulders with the warm oil, laying on both back and chest a good piece of flannel soaked in warm oil; new flannel is better than old. Cold oil is of no use; it must be nicely warm, but not too hot. If this be done at the first approach of the disease, a couple of doses frequently quiets the cough for the night, a severe attack will give way in an hour, and the child fall peacefully asleep. In no case has the writer ever known it to fail, even in low, damp, croupy localities. The dose should be repeated whenever the child wakes or coughs during the next day or two, and the cure will rapidly become perfect.

Wiener Schnitzel.—Take as many veal cutlets as are required for a moderate-sized dish. Slightly beat up three eggs, and let the cutlets stand in the egg for an hour or two. Then take them out, roll them in breadcrumbs, and fry in butter until thoroughly cooked. Take them from the frying-pan, and put them on paper to drain. Rinse out the basin in which the egg is left with a teacupful of *sour cream*, and pour it into the frying-pan directly you have taken the cutlets out, with a little lemon peel, cut very thin, and in small pieces. Stir all well, and let it get thoroughly hot but not boil; then pour it over the cutlets. This is a very popular Austrian dish.

Lemon Mince-meat.—Boil four lemons until quite tender, then pound them in a mortar or chop them up while warm; adding to them two pounds of pounded loaf sugar. Let this stand till next day, then add two pounds of suet, two pounds of currants, one pound of raisins chopped, a little brandy, one ounce of mixed spices, and port wine to taste, say half a pint of brandy and wine together.

Sixpenny Pudding.—Take a quarter of a pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of suet, a quarter of a pound of flour, and a quarter of a pound of breadcrumbs, with grated peel and juice of one or two lemons. Mix well, and boil or steam in a well-buttered mould for one hour; serve with sweet sauce.

Scotch Broth.—Put two pounds of best end of a neck of mutton into a saucepan with two quarts of water, and a small cupful of pearl barley. Let it simmer gently for an hour and a half, taking care to remove the scum as it rises. When this has simmered for that period, add one carrot sliced and one grated, two onions or leeks cut small, and two turnips in pieces of about an inch square, and boil for one hour longer. One turnip and carrot besides those cut up is required, but must be left whole, and served up with the boiled mutton.

Meat Fritters (nice for breakfast).—A plain batter, always using baking or egg powder to economise eggs. Mince some Australian meat and mix with the batter. Drop a large tablespoonful into a pan of *boiling* fat (marrow or dripping). Three or four may be fried at once, taking care to keep each spoonful separate. When fried a nice brown lay on a hot fish-strainer or kitchen paper to free from fat, and serve *hot*.

Rissoles.—With breadcrumbs, herbs, hard-boiled egg, a little flour, minced Australian meat; the same as ordinarily made with veal, ham, &c. Fry and serve with gravy made with the jelly of the meat, and a little sauce.

TRIED RECIPES FOR JANUARY.

Cintra Cakes.—Roll out half a pound of very light puff paste; if not making this paste for other things it is a convenience to buy a small quantity ready-made from a baker's. Line some patty pans with crust, it should be quite a quarter of an inch thick. Drop into the centre of each a teaspoonful of the following mixture, and bake the cakes in a very brisk oven for fifteen minutes. Let them cool on an upturned sieve. Filling:—

Two ounces of butter beaten to a cream with two ounces of castor sugar, two ounces of ground almonds, a drop or two of almond essence, the yolks and whites of two eggs, beaten separately, and a few sultana raisins or strips of thinly-shred candied peel.

Household Cheesecakes.—Quarter of a pound of castor sugar, two ounces of butter, two eggs, and two ounces of stale sponge cake crumbs; a few drops of almond essence or half a glass of brandy, or the rind and juice of half a fresh lemon.

Cream the butter and sugar, add the eggs one at a time, stir in the crumbs, the flavouring, etc., and fill patty pans that have been lined with very light, short, or flaky pastry. Bake about twenty-five minutes.

Breakfast Sausages.—Nothing is more tempting than a well-browned savoury sausage, but as roasting or baking proves often a wasteful process, and in unpractised hands, a very unsatisfactory one, a better plan will be found to be that of boiling the sausages in water overnight, for about ten minutes, first pricking the skins, leave them in the saucepan until the morning, when drain them, and lay on a grid, and either bake or broil them until brown all over alike, which they will very quickly be. The boiling swells them out, and also ensures their being cooked through, and renders them much easier of digestion

A Tasty Supper Dish.—Butter an enamelled plate, cover it with a crust half-an-inch thick, made with boiled potatoes mashed to a smooth paste with milk and an egg. The edges should be crimped as for an open pastry tart, and brushed over with beaten egg. Set the plate in a sharp oven for a few minutes to brown the crust, then fill the centre with a brown mince of any meat which has been cut small and simmered in thick gravy or sauce.

Broiled Steak (*Bifteck aux Pommes*).—Fine juicy rump steak, three quarters of an inch thick, cut into neat squares about three inches across; lay them in a *marinade* of salad oil (two or three tablespoonfuls), a spoonful of tarragon vinegar, teaspoonful of salt, and half one of pepper. Turn the steaks about in this at intervals, letting them lie for a couple of hours, then drain lightly, lay on a gridiron, and broil over a clear hot fire, turning frequently. Ten minutes broiling should be amply sufficient. Have ready some crisp fried potato chips to make a mound in the middle of a hot dish; lay the steaks around this and pour a little tomato gravy between them. Serve very hot and without delay.

A Yorkshire Tea-Cake.—One or two eggs, their weight in butter, sugar, ground rice and flour. Cream the butter and sugar together, and rub a teaspoonful of baking-powder into the flour. Mix all together with the beaten eggs and pour the mixture on two buttered plates. Bake to a light brown, then spread one cake with a nice jam or jelly and cover with the other one, sprinkling castor sugar over.

Good Beef-Essence for the Sick.—Cut one pound of steak or gravy beef into small bits, place in a jar and add a whole carrot and a pinch of salt. Close the jar as securely as possible with a tied down cloth, and set it in a saucepan of boiling water; boil for eight or ten hours, renewing the water frequently. This will produce about a tumblerful of what is veritably beef-juice or essence. One tablespoonful at a time is sufficient for an adult and a teaspoonful for a child. A grape or a tamarind should be given afterwards if found needful.

Apple Chutney, Home-made.—Boil a pint of brown vinegar with half a pound of brown sugar and a pound and a half of apples (weighed after being pared and cored) that are juicy and of good flavour. When these are reduced to a pulp turn them into a pan, and when cool add a quarter of a pound of sultana raisins, an ounce of salt, half an ounce of ground mustard-seed, quarter of an ounce of ginger, a pinch of cayenne pepper, and a single clove of garlic; these latter should be pounded together. The mixture should be stirred daily for a week, then bottled, tied down with a bladder and kept in a dry, cool place.

Plain Tea-Cakes.—Two pounds of flour, quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, quarter of a pound of butter rubbed into the flour, one egg, a morsel of German yeast the size of a walnut mixed with warm milk till dissolved, and sufficient milk to make the whole into a soft dough. Leave to rise in a warm place for a couple of hours, then shape into round cakes, brush over with melted butter and bake in brisk oven for half an hour. Butter while hot.

Sugar Puffs.—The same puff paste if rolled only half an inch thick, then cut into very small squares, the squares laid on a greased baking sheet, and baked in a quick oven to a crisp brown, then glazed over with white or pink sugar icing, and sprinkled with dried cocoanut or ground pistachio nuts, makes another variety of very pretty sweets for afternoon tea.

Cocoanut Pudding.—Mix three ounces of fine cake or bread crumbs with two ounces of butter, two ounces of castor sugar, and three ounces of desiccated cocoanut, previously soaked in boiling milk. Add the yolks and whites (beaten separately) of two fresh eggs, and half a pint of boiling milk with a pinch of salt. Pour into a buttered pie-dish, place an edge of pastry round and bake in gentle oven until firmly set.

Lemon Tart.—Line a tartlet dish with light short paste, rolled to the thickness of half-a-crown. Spread over with a mixture made with half a cup of sugar, the grated rind and juice of a whole lemon, an ounce of sultana raisins, a tablespoonful of sago, and an ounce of butter with half a teacupful of water, all these boiled together for five minutes. Cover the tart with an upper crust and bake for half-an-hour in a brisk oven. Brush over with water or milk, and sprinkle liberally with castor sugar and return to the oven for a moment or two. Serve hot.

An Excellent Recipe for Baking Powder.—Equal quantities of tartaric acid and carbonate of soda, say half a pound of each, four ounces of pounded lump sugar, a tablespoonful of dry salt, and half a pound of corn or rice-flour. The ingredients should be thoroughly dried before mixing them together, then they should be rubbed through a sieve and bottled for use.

This quantity can be made at home for a very small cost, and in a dry place will keep for a good length of time.

Some people use cream of tartar in place of half the quantity of tartaric acid; this does not make a lighter powder, but is perhaps rather more wholesome.

While no egg or custard powder is equal to the genuine article when that is good and fresh, yet the substitutes need not be despised when winter prices put fresh eggs out of the question for many cooking purposes.

A pinch of salt will help to make the whites of eggs whisk more easily.

A lump of sugar should be added to green vegetables when boiling, and a lump may also be put into soups and sauces to the great improvement of their flavour.

Sugar should be added to custard after it has boiled, not before. For custards that are baked in the oven, boiled milk should always be used.

Surprise Sausages.—Divide each sausage in half and remove the skins, roll in mashed potato, then dip in beaten egg and coat with bread raspings. Fry in boiling fat until crisp and brown, and garnish the dish with fried parsley.

Serve these very hot on a fancy paper *d'oyley*. Although these demand a little patience and trouble, they prove a delicious and dainty breakfast relish.

A Bachelor's Stew of Veal.—A small stewpan with well-fitting lid is needed for this, also a slice of veal about an inch thick.

Dissolve a small lump of beef dripping in a frying-pan and brown the veal on both sides.

Dredge with flour, pepper and salt; lay some strips of fat bacon at the bottom of the stewpan, then place the veal upon that, also a few rounds of carrot, a small onion, and a small cupful of chopped celery with two shalots. A few peas or French beans may also be added if liked. A little sauce or ketchup should be added to a teacupful of boiling water and poured over all. Cover very closely and simmer for two hours in a moderate oven. Place the veal on a hot dish and garnish with the vegetables. Clear the gravy from fat.

L. H. YATES.

Odds and Ends.

In the reign of Henry VIII., it was the custom for brides to go to church with their hair loose and hanging down the back. Anne Boleyn wore her hair in this fashion at her marriage. Wreaths made of ears of corn were also worn by brides at this period.

"It is right to be contented with what we have, but never with what we are."

A French historian has recently shown by statistical and historical proof the notably severe winters from A.D. 299 to 1891. When one reads of the Nile being frozen in A.D. 829, and ice and snow without interruption for six months in A.D. 860, wine being sold in frozen lumps in Paris in 1544, and the freezing over of the Mediterranean in 1709, sink into comparative insignificance. The writer gives the number of exceptional winters between these two dates as twenty-two, but he does not account for the winters of three and a half centuries.

The money-order department of the General Post Office, the work of which has hitherto been carried on solely by male clerks, is to be thrown open for female clerks, arrangements for their accommodation having been made in the new buildings.

The following is a good varnish for repolishing black straw hats:—Cut up some black sealing-wax, pour on enough methylated spirit to dissolve it. Mix it up, then paint it on the hat with a brush, and the straw will look like new. The same can be applied to blue straw hats by using blue sealing-wax instead of black.

Mrs. Hannah Korany, a Syrian, is the first Oriental woman who has printed a book in her own language. She commenced to write at the age of eighteen, and shortly afterwards her husband took her to America in order that she might study. At the present time she is twenty-five, and rapidly gaining a position as a good and well-known writer.

In addition to his love of stamp-collecting the Czar of Russia has a weakness for beautifully-bound books. A set of scrap-books, recently sent him by an American firm, are said to be perfect specimens of the art of bookbinding. Bound in black seal, with purple brocade linings, and with clasps of massive gold and silver, the covers are richly ornamented with the Russian Imperial coat-of-arms. The putting together of these scrap-books was the work of weeks, the Russian Consul superintending the operation. It is rather saddening to learn that these exquisite books are destined to hold nothing but cuttings from newspapers.

A valuable suggestion for those who have a useless patch of garden or uncultivated ground is made by Miss Grace Harriman, a lecturer to the Derby County Council. From tomato and fruit-growing she declares that women may make a comfortable income, having proved her statement by her own experiences in practical fruit-growing at Sawley. Women may take small holdings and upon these a tomato-house, poultry yard, fruit-plantation and a cottage may be carried on with the greatest success.

It is a curious thing that photographs placed behind yellow glass have all the appearance of good mezzotints, especially if they are framed in black wood with a narrow gold beading, and show no margin. The photographs should be "silver prints."

A mat made entirely of ivory is certainly one of the curiosities of the world. Only three of these mats exist, the best-known, measuring 8 feet by 4 feet, coming from a state in the north of India. It was only used on great Court occasions, the Rajah sitting upon it to sign important papers. Some 6000 lbs. of ivory were used in its manufacture, only the finest strips being available, as the mat is as neatly made and flexible as a woven material.

For some years past many complaints have been made as to the ugliness of the ordinary piano. A recent invention will probably tend to the removal of this reproach. The new piano at first sight appears to be double-sided. A nearer examination, however, shows that the side corresponding to the key-board is divided into three compartments to be used as a music cabinet. The case of the piano is of engraved marqueterie satinwood on a rosewood ground, the interior of the three compartments being also lined with satinwood.

Australia together with Canada is the land of promise for the industrious. In Western Australia there is such a demand for women servants, that the United British Women's Emigration Society has been asked by the Agent-General of the Colony to send out one hundred servants during the present year of grace. Only girls of exceptionally good character and with entirely satisfactory testimonials will be accepted. A free passage is given, and the girls going out perform the voyage under the protection of the Society, and are introduced to respectable people on arrival at their various ports of destination.

Two young women in America have taken to carpentry with the greatest success. What is known as "inside finishing" is their special work, and they declare it to be much less irksome and tiring than many phases of household service. They set glass and paint the inside of houses as well as any man, and have more work than they can accomplish.

The Bishop of North Dakota has a cathedral built upon wheels capable of holding 70 people, with which he travels about his diocese much in the same manner as the showman wanders through the country in his caravan, with the difference that the bishop's structure is moved from place to place by railway. Whenever he wishes to halt for a service on one of his pastoral trips across his prairie diocese, the cathedral is shunted on to a siding, and the news of his arrival having spread a congregation soon gathers. Notices of future services are given, and men will often walk long distances in order to be present, large numbers of miners and railway hands assembling. Naturally the Bishop is very proud of his cathedral car: he conducts the services alone, and is his own pew-opener, verger, cook and housemaid. He is one of the most popular of the American bishops.

A most excellent body, the Gentlewomen's Employment Association of Manchester, has just been amalgamated with the Ladies' Work Society because it had not sufficient funds to carry on its work. The object of the association is to find employment for gentlewomen and also to give training in certain industrial pursuits, and the amalgamation took place to prevent the disappearance of such valuable help.

A creaking hinge can be eased by the use of a black-lead pencil of the softest kind, the point, if rubbed into all the crevices of the hinge reducing it to quiet smoothness.

The sons of the Emperor of Germany are being brought up to respect the value of money. The Empress sometimes takes her three eldest boys with her when she goes upon shopping expeditions, the children being allowed to spend their pocket-money as they please on these occasions. Some time ago they were buying presents at a large shop in Berlin. One of the princes chose an article which he wanted, immediately afterwards going to the cashier's desk and paying for it. His mother asked him if this was all he wished to buy. "No," he replied, looking most business-like, "but I prefer to pay for everything separately, so that I shan't spend more than I've got." Surely this speaks well for the child's future.

"Men are apt enough of themselves to fall into the most astonishing delusions about the opportunities which time affords, but they are even more deluded by the talk of the people about them. When children hear that a new carriage has been ordered of the builder, they expect to see it driven up to the door in a fortnight, with the paint quite dry on the panels. All people are children in this respect except the workman, who knows the endless details of production; and the workman himself, notwithstanding the lessons of experience, makes light of the future task. What gigantic plans we scheme, and how little we advance in the labour of a day. . . . If there is one lesson which experience teaches, surely it is this, to make plans that are strictly limited, and to arrange our work in a practicable way within the limits that we must accept. Others expect so much from us that it seems as if we had accomplished nothing. 'What, have you only done that?' they say, or we know by their looks that they are thinking it. . . . All plans for sparing time in intellectual matters ought, however, to proceed upon the principle of thrift, and not upon the principle of avarice."—P. G. Hamerton in *The Intellectual Life*.

When a woman is married in Korea she signs the agreement of marriage by either inking her hand and pressing it upon the paper, or by laying her hand upon the paper and allowing the outspread fingers to be outlined. If they belong to the upper classes, social prejudice restrains the women from entering into a second marital alliance, but the peasant women may marry as often as their husbands die.

A married Korean man is always distinguished by the knot of hair he wears on the top of his head. Should he elect to remain a bachelor he is never allowed to use this knot, nor to adopt the dress of an adult man. Whatever his age he is forced to dress like a child. Bachelors are rarely met with in the Korean Peninsula.

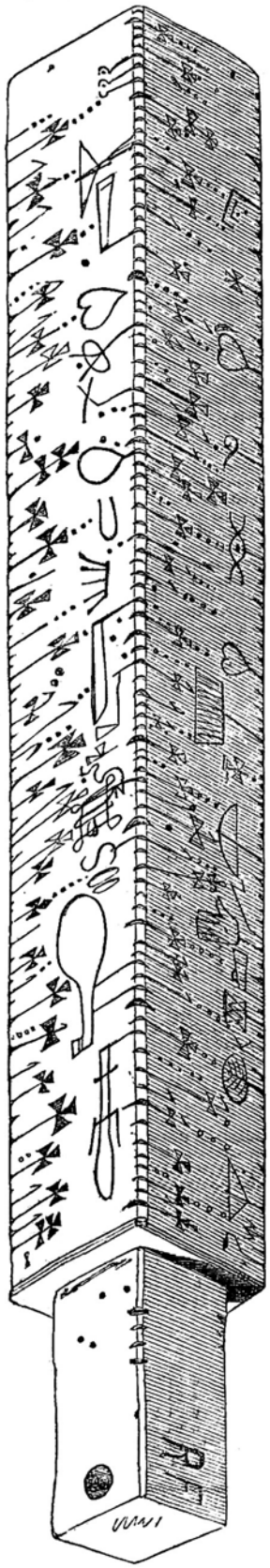
With regard to their clothes, the Koreans of both sexes use a bewildering number of strings, despising the useful button, their voluminous garments being tied upon their bodies. The women's dress, like the men's, is white. It consists of a short fitting jacket which covers the shoulders, several pairs of loose Turkish trousers, and a petticoat which falls from the jacket to the ankles, all of which are fastened with ribbons or strings.

An experiment tried by Lady Phillimore may commend itself to those who are interested in poultry. She bought 660 eggs at 1½d. each, and by means of incubators hatched 487 chickens from them, and these she sold for £60. The profit on the whole transaction amounted to £34 18s. 3d.

CLOG ALMANACK

PRESERVED IN THE CHETHAM LIBRARY, MANCHESTER.

WHETHER the "Clog," of which we here give an Engraving, was originally left to the Library by the founder, or was presented subsequently by some other person, we have not been able to ascertain. Though unquestionably formed after an ancient Runic type, it is certainly not of great antiquity; and probably not of an earlier date than the time of Humphrey Chetham, who lived in the reigns of James I. and Charles I., and founded the library which bears his name, in 1665. About forty years ago, when a boy belonging to the school usually acted as guide to visitors to the Library, he never failed to draw their attention to the "Clog," as one of the principal curiosities. "This," exclaimed the juvenile *Cicerone*, "is a Clog Almanack, such as were in use in this country before the invention of printing."



Almanacks, or more properly Calendars, of this kind, were used by the Danes, Norwegians, and other people of northern race, at a very early period; and a full account of their various kinds and different names—Rim-stocks, Rune-stocks, Primstaves, Scipiones Runici, and Baculi Annales—are to be found in the "FASTI DANICI" of Olaus Wormius, printed at Copenhagen, 1643. One of those Calendars, in the form of a walking-stick, was exhibited by Sampson Hodgkinson, Esq., at the meeting of the Archæological Institute, at Lincoln, in 1848; and an engraving of it is given in the ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK for 1849.

Verstegan, in his "Restitution of Decayed Intelligence in Antiquities," 1605, thus speaks of those calendars in his third chapter, "Of the Ancient Manner of Living of our Saxon Ancestors:"—"They used to engrave upon certaine squared sticks, about a foot in length, or shorter or longer as they pleased, the courses of the moones of the whole yeare, whereby they could always certainly tell when the new moones, ful moones, and changes should happen, as also their festial days; and such a carved stick they called an *Al-mon-aght*—that is to say, Al-moon-heed: to wit, the regard or observation of all the moones; and herehence is deryved the name of Almanack."

That we may not be supposed to concur in this derivation of Almanack, we merely remark, that "our Saxon ancestors" had no such name for their calendars as "*Al-mon-aght*;" and that Verstegan's etymology may, with better reason, be termed "All-moon-shine."

Dr. Robert Plot, in his "Natural History of Staffordshire," printed at Oxford, 1686, gives a full account of Clog Almanacks of the kind represented in our Engraving; and speaks of them as being still in use "among the meaner sort of people" in that county. He, however, says that it is "a sort of antiquity so little known, that it hath scarce been heard of in the southern parts of England, and understood now but by few of the gentry in the northern." With respect to the term "*Clog*," he thus runs his head against it, while pretending that it was something difficult to be found:—"As to the divers names of them, they are here called *Cloggs*, for what reason I could not learn, nor, indeed, imagine, unless from the English *logg* (a term we usually give to any piece of wood), or from the likeness of some of the greater sorts of them to the cloggs wherewith we usually restrain the wild, extravagant, mischievous motions of some of our dogs." In Staffordshire, in his time, some few were of brass; but most of wood, chiefly box: others were of fir and of oak, though not so frequent. Those of larger size, such as are represented in our Engraving, were commonly hung at the end of the mantel-tree, by the chimney-nook; others of smaller size were carried in the pocket.

Each of the four faces contained a period of three months, commencing with the 1st of January. The days were represented by the notches on the edges, every seventh notch being somewhat wider than the others; and the first day of each month was distinguished by a longer stroke. In those clogs there was no indication of the Dominical Letter. The Golden Number, when under five, was represented by so many points. The number five was signified by a line with an angular crook at the top; and the numbers between five and ten, by the addition of points or dots. The sign of ten was a cross; and the intermediate numbers to fourteen were signified by the addition of dots. Fifteen was represented by a cross with a crook at the top; the intermediate numbers to eighteen being represented by the addition of dots. Nineteen, the highest number in the cycle, was represented by a double cross.

The principal festivals were symbolically represented. For instance—the Epiphany, 6th January, by a star; Valentine's Day, 14th February, a true-lovers' knot; the Purification, Annunciation, Assumption, and other festivals of the Virgin, by a Heart; St. David, 1st March, a Harp; St. Barnabas, 11th June, a Rake—Haymaking; St. Peter, 29th June, Keys; St. Lawrence, 10th August, a Gridiron; St. Crispin, 25th October, a pair of Shoes; St. Katherine, 25th November, a Wheel.

Our Engaving is from a drawing by Mr. Travis, of the firm of Travis and Mangnall, architects, Manchester.

WHITSUN ALE JUG.

THIS representation of a Whitsun Ale Jug is taken from an excellent specimen in the interesting Museum collected by T. Crofton Croker, Esq. The jug is of white earthenware, and the word WHIT, and the date 1649, and the characteristic flourish underneath it, are painted blue.

Whitsun Ales were festivals formerly common at Whitsuntide, in which ale formed the predominant liquor, and hence arose the metonymy; although there has been a vast amount of pains employed to trace the name to other sources. As the money requisite for the feasts was collected by the churchwardens of the parish, Whitsun Ales have also been called Church Ales. They were kept on Sundays, notwithstanding their low and profane revelry; and entries often occur in church books of disbursements in these unholy pastimes, with which, however, are oddly mixed up charges for repairs of the church, maintaining of orphans, &c.

WHITSUN ALE JUG.

Mr. Douce has left us the following details of the Whitsun Ale:—"Two persons are chosen, previously to the meeting, to be lord and lady of the ale, who dress as suitably as they can to the characters they assume. A large empty barn, or some such building, is provided for the lord's hall, and fitted up with seats to accommodate the company. Here they assemble to dance and regale in the best manner their circumstances and the place will afford; and each young fellow treats his girl with a ribbon or favour. The lord and lady honour the hall with their presence, attended by the steward, sword-bearer, purse-bearer, and mace-bearer, with their several badges or ensigns of office. They have likewise a train-bearer or page, and a fool or jester, drest in a party-coloured jacket, whose ribaldry and gesticulation contribute not a little to the entertainment of some part of the company. The lord's music, consisting of a pipe and tabor, is employed to conduct the dance. Some people think this custom is a commemoration of the ancient *Drink-lean*, a day of festivity formerly observed by the tenants and vassals of the lord of the fee within his manor; the memory of which, on account of the jollity of those meetings, the people have thus preserved ever since. The glossaries inform us that this Drink-lean was a contribution of tenants towards a potation, or ale, provided to entertain the lord or his steward."

TOKENS OF THUNDER.

THE following curious notices of the tokens of thunder in each month of the year, are from an illuminated almanack of very early date:—

"In the monethe Januarie if ther be thundir it bitokeneth grete wyndis, haboundaunce of fruytis, and bateil to come in that yeer.

"In the monethe of Februarie, if ther be thundir it bitokeneth deeth of many men, and most of riche men by soris.

"In the monethe of Marcius, if thundir sowne, it bitokeneth grete wyndis, plenté of fruytis and strues in the peple.

"In Aprilis thundir if it lowrie it shewith myry yeeryng and fructuous, but it bitokeneth deth of wickid men.

"In Mayus thundir if it come it bitoketh nedre of fruytis and hungir in that yeer.

"In Juyn if it thundir it bitokeneth that wodis shul be....of....of wyndis and ther shal be grete weondres of houns and of wolves.

"In the monethe of Juli if thundir in that yeer shal be good corn yeeryng but the birthe of beestis shal peresche.

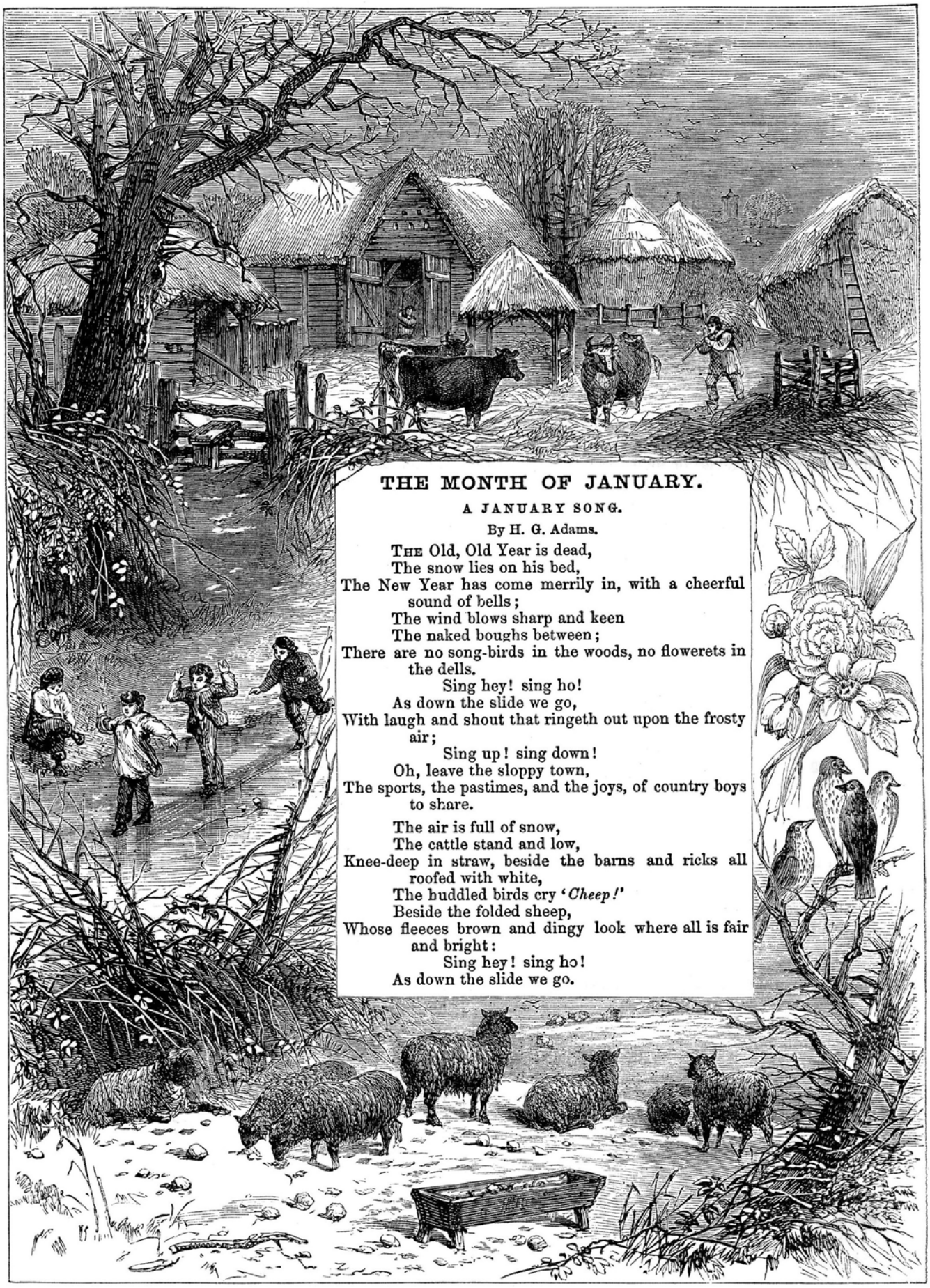
"August thundir it bitokeneth prosperite in the commune and mane man shul be sub....

"In September if it thundre it bitokeneth aboundance of fruytis.

"In October if it thundir it bitokeneth a right greet wynd and geod harvest and scarsnes of fruytis.

"In the monethe of November if it thundir it bitokeneth aboundaunce of fruytis and myrthe among folk.

"In December if thundir it bitokeneth aboundaunce of cornes and pees and accord in the peple."



THE MONTH OF JANUARY.

A JANUARY SONG.

By H. G. Adams.

THE Old, Old Year is dead,
The snow lies on his bed,
The New Year has come merrily in, with a cheerful sound of bells;
The wind blows sharp and keen
The naked boughs between;
There are no song-birds in the woods, no flowerets in the dells.
Sing hey! sing ho!
As down the slide we go,
With laugh and shout that ringeth out upon the frosty air;
Sing up! sing down!
Oh, leave the sloppy town,
The sports, the pastimes, and the joys, of country boys to share.

The air is full of snow,
The cattle stand and low,
Knee-deep in straw, beside the barns and ricks all roofed with white,
The huddled birds cry '*Cheep!*'
Beside the folded sheep,
Whose fleeces brown and dingy look where all is fair and bright:
Sing hey! sing ho!
As down the slide we go.

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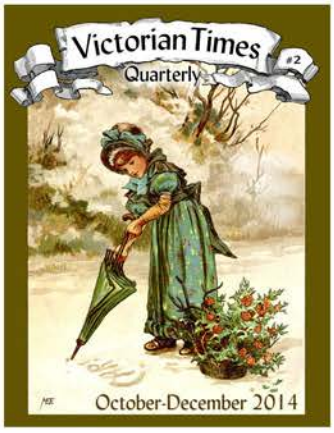

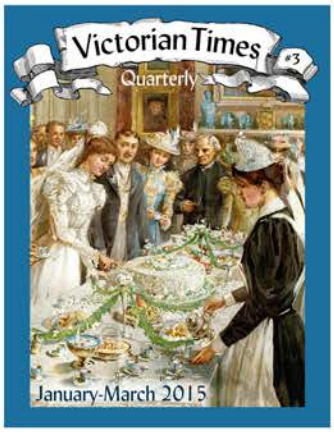

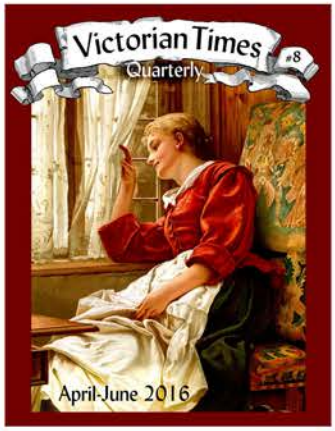

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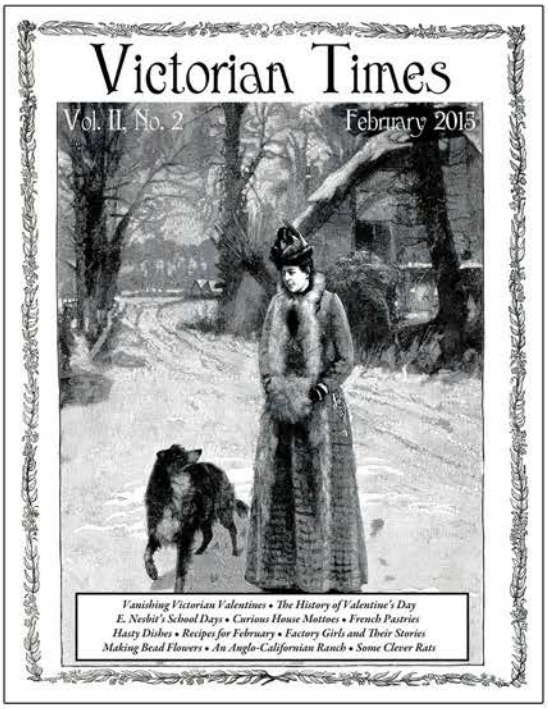
- Valentine's Day in Victorian Times
- Curious House Mottoes
- How to Make Bead Flowers
- Hasty Dishes - Cooking in a Hurry
- Girls Who Work With Their Hands (Their Own Stories)
- Some Very Intelligent Rats
- The History of Muffs
- How to Make Conversation
- French Pastry and Cakes
- Country Customs: Valentine's Day
- E. Nesbit's School Days (cont'd)
- Chronicles of an Anglo-Californian Ranch (cont'd)



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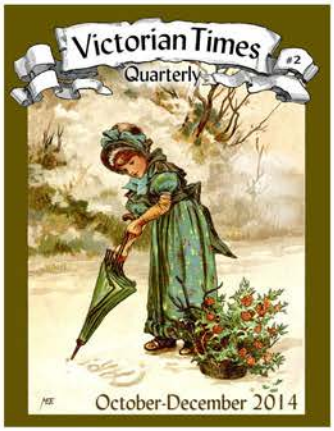

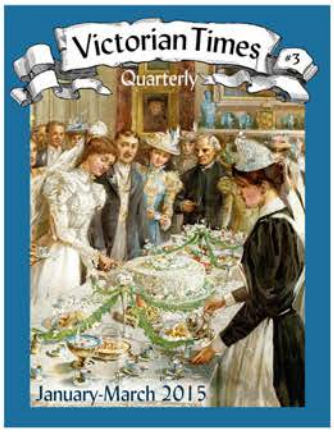

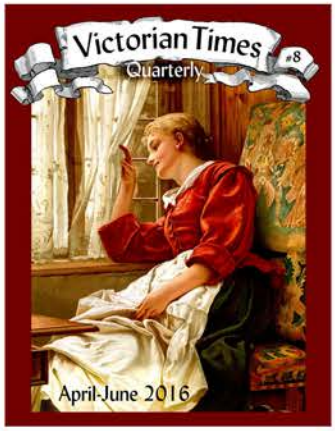

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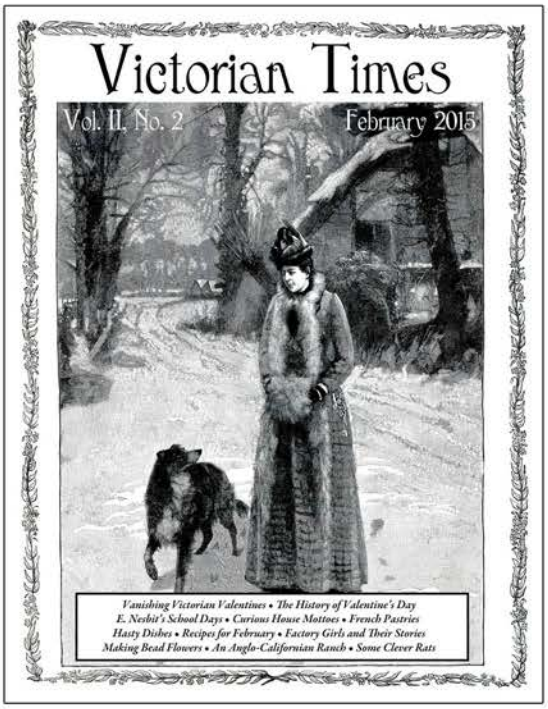

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