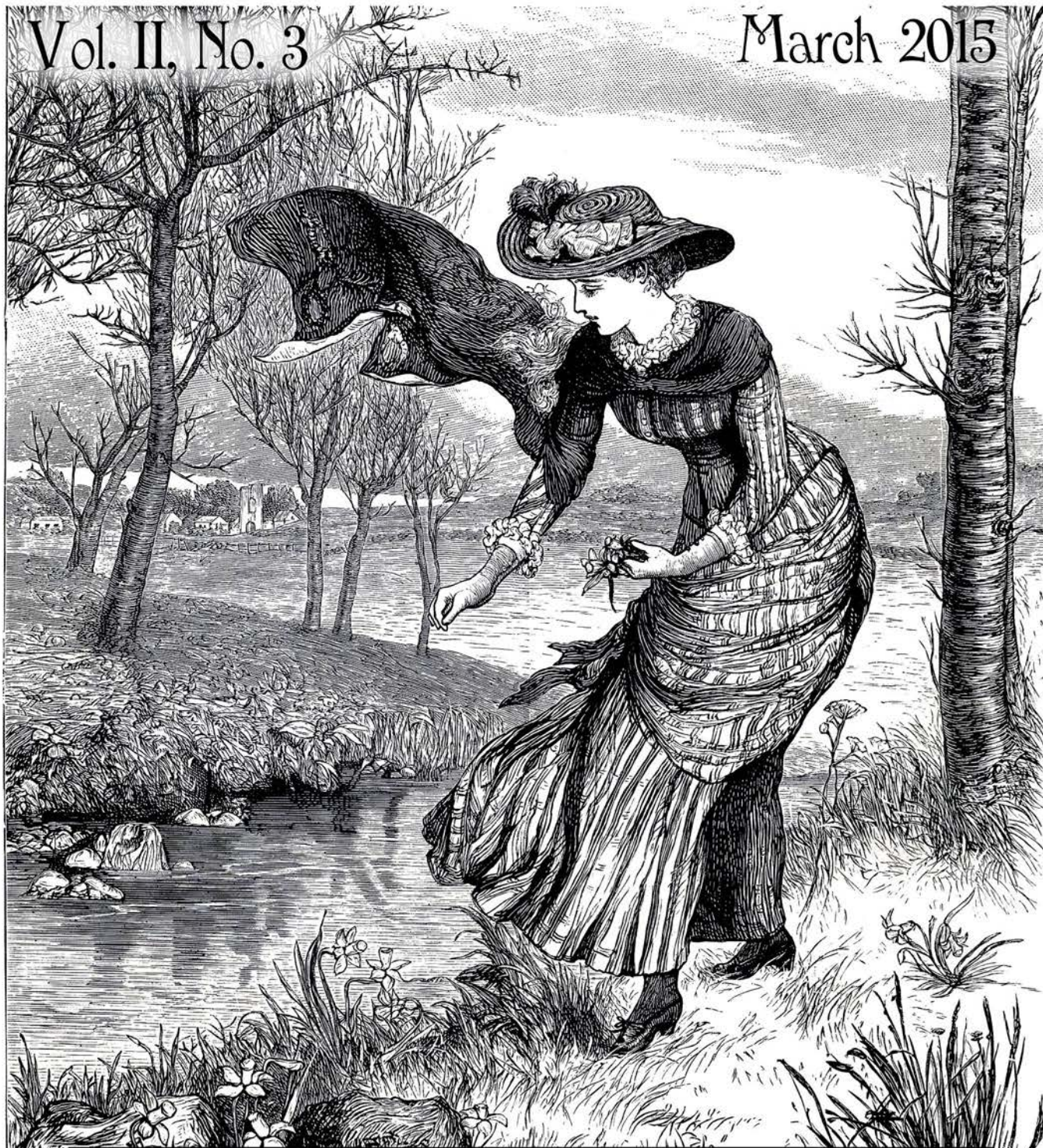


Victorian Times

Vol. II, No. 3

March 2015



*An Orchestra of Dogs • A Victorian Housewife's Complaint • Servants' Wages
Life in the Early 1800's • Crewel Embroidery • Cakes of Other Climes
E. Nesbit's School Days • Curious House Mottoes • Douglas the Turtle
Recipes for March • A Soirée Musicale • On Dressing Well*

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**The Girl's Own Paper*

The Undiscovered Writer

As I've mentioned before in this space, what originally drew me to "Victoriana" was the images. I absolutely love Victorian engravings, illustrations, initials and page decorations. But as my collection of Victorian magazines grew, I found myself making another sort of discovery—the discovery of "forgotten" Victorian authors. Over time, I began to recognize names that appear again and again in Victorian magazines—not just the "big" names that we all know, like Sir Arthur Conan Doyle or Charles Dickens, but the "small" names. The forgotten names. The names of writers like me, and like so many of my acquaintance, who have written dozens or hundreds of articles, but have not perhaps made a grand splash that will cause our names to echo down the corridors of history. (Or at least, not yet; one still hopes...)

I call these "forgotten" writers, because it is often difficult or even impossible to track down any current biographical information about them. No one has posted a Wikipedia page about them, and in Victorian days, "author bios" were not standard equipment. And so, if one is to "know" them, one can do so only through the works they have left behind.

Take, for example, Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N. His full name was actually William Gordon Stables, and he manages to rate a *very* brief Wikipedia entry. (I just read it and, good grief, *I* know more about him than that!) As the initials indicate, he was both a medical doctor *and* a registered nurse—and yet also found time to write more than 130 books (fiction and nonfiction) and literally hundreds of articles. The Wikipedia article mentions that he contributed to *The Boy's Own Paper*; what it doesn't mention is that he also wrote a monthly (or near-monthly) health column for *The Girl's Own Paper* for more than ten years.

He must have done much of his writing "on the road" (not so difficult in a day when even the typewriter was a marvelous and confusing innovation—he even writes about his experiences trying to master that device). Stables spent much of the spring and summer traveling around Britain in his own personal "RV"—an oversize gypsy caravan that he'd designed himself, named "The Wanderer." He also wrote extensively about nature (especially wildflowers)—and I'm convinced that he may have written a number of pieces for the GOP under other pseudonyms besides his medical pen-name, "Medicus."

Another of my favorite writers is S.F.A. (Sophia) Caulfield. She was the author of the series on flower folklore that ran in this magazine in 2014, and also wrote numerous pieces on etiquette (some of which are coming up in these pages). Her writing is unflinching strong, crisp, authoritative—and interesting. I got a chuckle the other day, though, in searching for Victorian embroidery books online: It turns out that I didn't just "discover" Caulfield, but "rediscovered" her. She is perhaps best-known for *The Dictionary of Needlework*, a huge opus that originally appeared in several volumes, and was reprinted in the 1970's in a single paperback edition. I discovered that edition when I was in my teens (and mad about embroidery)—so I had Sophia Caulfield on my bookshelf decades before I even knew that "Victoriana" existed.

Lewis Carroll is a name most of us know, and (I hope) many of us know E. Nesbit's children's fantasies as well. But they were just two of dozens of Victorian fantasy writers. One of my favorites, again discovered in the dark corners of a British bookstore, is G.E. Farrell. Good luck finding more than a brief page of biography about Farrell—whose work, oddly, tends to appear in Victorian Christian magazines even though they are not "Christian" stories (i.e., stories with an obvious Christian moral). Farrell developed such zany characters as the Wallypug of Why (a king who gets no respect from his subjects and whose crown is a bit too big) and "The Little Panjandrum's Dodo" (a story that accounts for how the concrete dinosaurs ended up in the Crystal Palace). In a bit, I hope to add some of Farrell's delightful poems to these pages.

Discovering such "undiscovered" authors is a means of discovering Victorians as *people*—people very much like ourselves. (Especially if we're authors!) It helps transform the Victorian period from a dry bit of history to a living, breathing world inhabited by people we can identify with and understand. Scholarly works *about* the Victorian world give us analysis, looking backward and written from a viewpoint that cannot help but be based on modern sensibilities. Reading the works of these forgotten, but very real, Victorian authors gives us *experience*—the eyewitness perspective on a world that was, for them, as modern as could be—authors who were looking *forward*, wondering who the Victorians might one day become.

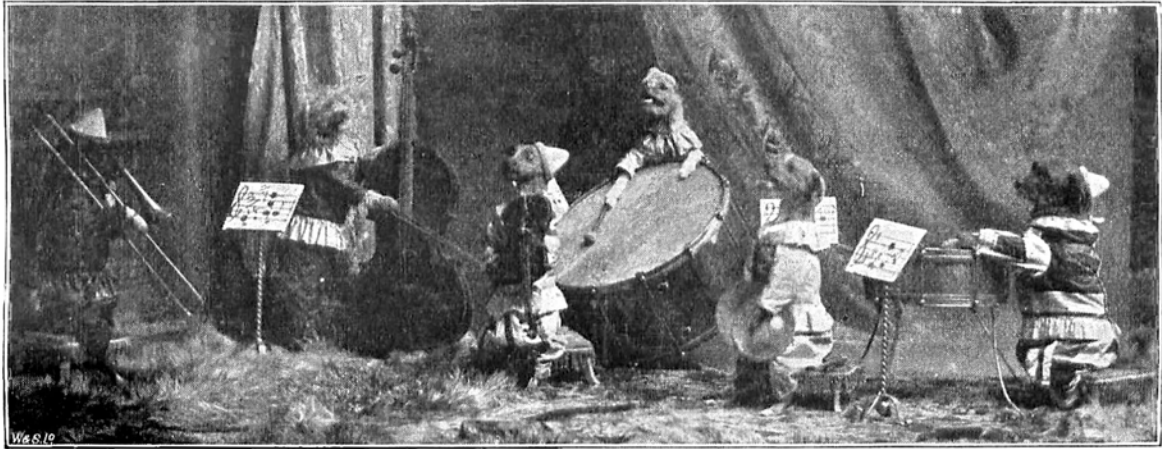
They became... us.

—Maira Allen, Editor
editors@victorianvoices.net

The Dog Orchestra.

BY JOHN WEST.

[From Photographs by Marceau, San Francisco.]



THE DOG ORCHESTRA—A DRESS REHEARSAL.



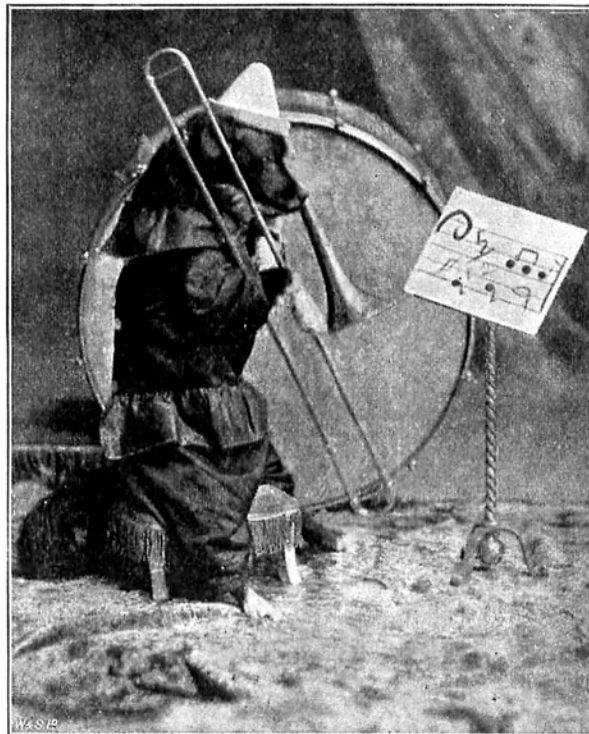
HE "Dog Orchestra" is the property of Mr. Louis Lavater, and a very respectable property it is. Anyone with a head for figures can calculate the profits on the investment. Mr. Lavater pays from eighteenpence to five shillings (never more) for a dog, and the orchestra brings him in £.50 or £.60 a week.

The orchestra consists of six dogs, gorgeously dressed, and provided with specially made instruments. They are not remarkable for pedigree, but they *are* remarkable for intelligence. Let us introduce these canine instrumentalists. Commencing on the left-hand side of the photograph above we have Jack, the trombone player. Next comes Tim, the bass; followed by Patsey, the first violin; Prince, the big drum; Peter, the cymbals; and Bob, the small drum. The bows, drum-sticks, etc., are fixed to the dogs' paws by means of little bracelets.

Mr. Lavater has been a public entertainer (and a lover of dogs) all his life. Many years ago, whilst performing

with a circus at Copenhagen, he resolved to set about getting his dog orchestra together—for it had long been his pet idea. He therefore went to the Dogs' Home in the Danish capital and paid five kroner for a nondescript cur. He took that cur home, fastened a stick on his paw, and persuaded him to beat a tea-tray. This same mongrel's musical education was in a fair way to be completed, when his master had to get rid of him on account of his pugnacious disposition.

Here is Jack, the trombone player. Now, it is a comparatively easy matter to get a dog to stand upon his hind legs, but give him a relatively heavy instrument to hold in his front paws the while, and see if he does not overbalance himself and relapse into his natural position. Jack had to be taught to stand on his hind legs for half an hour at a time; next, to balance himself, holding the trombone in position; then to work the instrument properly; and, finally, to act in conjunction with his colleagues. And this with six different dogs, having six different instru-



"A LITTLE QUIET PRACTICE."



A MUSICIAN OF IMPORTANCE.

ments, to say nothing of the "funny" dog, who makes blunders purposely, and is betrayed by his neighbour, who leaves his instrument and "informs" in his master's ear! The thing seems impossible, but was not so to Mr. Lavater, to whose skill and patience and humour and fertility of imagination the dog orchestra is a living monument.

But look at Jack, the trombone player. Long association with that doleful instrument has made Jack a mournful dog. It took him three months to learn to keep his balance. Mr. Lavater was almost in despair at the end of the first, and bought Jack a pair of cymbals, each weighing 8oz. "This," thought Jack, "is *not* beyond me," and he pounded away at the "sounding brasses" with no regard for tune. This dog has had an adventurous career. He was once locked up in Basle for wandering at large without a muzzle. He swam across Niagara rapids, and has been "held up" by robbers in America.

It is Mrs. Lavater who makes the dresses for members of the orchestra. Tim, the bass viol player, next depicted, wears an almost painfully sumptuous suit of bright green satin. He is a Maltese,

is Tim, and this is probably why he wears at all times an air of dignified alertness, as who should say, "I'm doing my very best, but don't trifle with me." Tim's immediate predecessor had a rooted objection to all forms of work. He was as obstinate as he was lazy, and so he had to go.

Mr. Lavater was years getting together his orchestra and rehearsing before he ventured to appear in public. The *début* took place in a theatre near Amsterdam, and the trainer won't forget it this side of his grave. "They came out reluctantly," he said, "dazed by the glare of the footlights. When they *were* out, they sat there looking helplessly at each other as if to say: 'What on earth are we doing here?' Then they did wrong things at wrong moments. Prince fell over his big drum. The others got up and tore aimlessly about the stage, scared by the trailing of their instruments behind them; and to crown all Jack, the trombone 'man,' fell into the (human) orchestra. My Dutch audience were hysterical with merriment, and even my wife, who stood in the wings, couldn't help laughing, in spite of her vexation and dismay."

The first violin is next represented—a quiet, sober dog, of evident culture and re-



PATSEY—THE FIRST VIOLIN.



AN ENERGETIC PLAYER.

finement. Not even the highly inappropriate clown cap, stuck rakishly on one side of his head, can detract from this animal's musicianly appearance. Patsey—a hideous name for a canine Sarasate—is clothed in a dress of green and mauve-striped silk. We fear his real character belies his appearance, however. He is always in trouble, being—like Esau—a mighty hunter, mainly of cats and people's pets generally.

Prince, who plays the big drum and whose portrait is next given, has but one fault—he is too excitable, too strenuous. Look at him in the photo. reproduced on the front page of this article. He is panting with excitement; his sharp little teeth are showing; he is pounding away for dear life. And yet he occupies the position of deputy-conductor under Mr. Lavater himself! However, although Prince may lack the composure of a

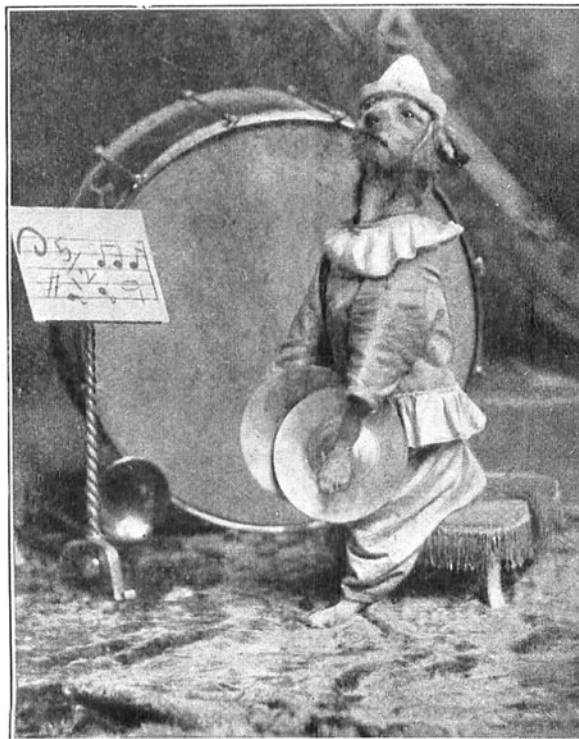
Mottl, a Richter, or a Seidl, yet he makes up for it in feverish zeal. He is a Yorkshire, and affects a suit of pink and white satin.

"The first big drummer I had," remarked Mr. Lavater, "I bought at Frankfort. He was a half-bred terrier. I took him away and tied him up, but he broke loose time after time and ran back to his master, who was a stableman. He was a queer dog. At rehearsals, and even on the stage during public performances, he would wait until I wasn't looking, and then he'd give his nearest neighbour a sharp nip. For a long time I could never make out what caused those frightful yowls now and again, because, after biting his fellow, Prince would thump his drum anxiously, as though his soul was in his work and he wanted to get along with the show."

This dog (the predecessor, that is, of the "Prince" shown in our photo.—the same name is handed down, so to speak, from dog to dog) went mad on board a steamer going from Rotterdam to Antwerp. It was the funniest sight imaginable. The dog had the deck to himself in less than ten seconds. The captain wanted to have Prince thrown overboard, but Mr. Lavater wouldn't hear of his property being disposed of in that way. The trainer threw some water over the dog, and that brought him round

—for a time. Not long afterwards he went mad again, and finally ran himself to death in the streets of Antwerp. Another member of the orchestra was torn to pieces by pariah dogs in the streets of Constantinople. The present big drummer, Prince, was bought from a butcher in Hamburg, so they are a cosmopolitan lot, these performers.

It took one or two of the dogs some time to forget their former owners after passing into Mr. Lavater's possession. Bob, the small drum, belonged to a widow



"WARBLING A LITTLE THING OF HIS OWN."

who kept a perfumery shop, and for years that dog would run after ladies with black dresses.

Next comes Peter, the cymbal player. Many vicissitudes has Peter seen. Originally he belonged to a Paris *chiffonier*, or rag-picker. He used to go out o' nights with his master and mind the little cart, whilst unconsidered trifles were being gathered in. Peter is an Irish terrier, and he is a little sentimental, as may perhaps be judged from the portrait, in which Peter seems to be crooning a simple love song, accompanying himself on the cymbals. This is the manner of the whole performance, as told by Mr. Lavater:—

“The dogs follow me on to the stage and take their seats—the small drum first, then the big drum, the bass, the first violin, the cymbals, and last of all, the serious trombone. I stand up in the middle and commence by playing ‘The Girl I Left Behind Me.’ A waltz comes next, and then the dogs follow with ‘The Last Rose of Summer’—played, I should explain, by means of bells on their paws, and not by their several instruments. It was an awful job to get them to play the bells properly. Either they would all play together or not at all. Later on in the performance, I call upon the dogs to sound a preliminary chord. They do so, and I say, ‘That is a false chord.’ Prince, the big drum, then hops up officiously and whispers something

in my ear, whereupon I say, aloud, ‘Oh, is he, indeed? Tim, I hear it is you who are out of tune.’”

Mr. Lavater tells us that each dog knows his own dress, so that the moment it is held up he runs forward to push his little head into it. The dogs are fed well—their ordinary diet consisting of biscuit, soup, bread, rice, and occasionally boiled cabbage. Each acting member has an understudy, so as to avoid hitches when the unforeseen happens. A former “big drum” came to a

bad end on board an Atlantic liner by swallowing a lot of tow or jute, with which the engineers had been cleaning the machinery.

The last member of the orchestra to be introduced is Bob, the little drum. Bob is a water-spaniel, whose lines are cast in pleasant places. He is a painstaking dog, devoted to his profession. He is apt to thieve a little, but he is very lovable with it. “He forgot himself one night,” remarked Mr. Lavater, sternly, “and made away with a pound of steak. I didn’t beat him; I never do. I ignored him. He became penitent at once, and tried to attract my attention, but I would not look up from my paper. At last he was struck with an idea. He knew that whenever he did a smart thing he was applauded, so patting my knee eagerly with his paw to attract my attention for a

moment, he began to parade across the hearth-rug on his hind legs!

Asked as to whether the dogs and their instruments were interchangeable, so to speak, Mr. Lavater sadly replied that they were not. “One night I tried it,” he said. “I put the first violin on the big drum, and *vice-versâ*. The result was comic in the extreme. The big drum began to bang his fiddle as though he would knock a hole through it, whilst the first violin seized his stick and began to



THE SMALL DRUM.

draw it slowly across his drum.”

At the same time, the dogs have a keen sense of duty. Mr. Lavater was one evening taking them in his brougham to the theatre, when suddenly a Volunteer band struck up outside. The effect was extraordinary. The dogs leaped up in their baskets. One commenced to saw the air, another to clap his paws together, and so on. They thought they had received their cue, and they hastened to respond according to their lights, notwithstanding the trying circumstances.

AN EXTINCT INDUSTRY.

By ONE WHO HAS SURVIVED IT.



THE pleasant and very informational little article on type-writing which appeared in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for February, has set the present writer thinking of the palmy days of another industry, which now, partly owing to type-writing, is well-nigh extinct, but which, ere it expired, was made useful as one of the first

avenues by which women forced their way into employment, other than teaching or domestic work.

It must be more than thirty years ago, since a little office was opened in Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn, for the instruction of women in law copying, and the procuring of work for them in that and allied directions. The original head of that office was a Miss Rye, a woman of great energy, who afterwards devoted herself to the work of juvenile emigration. She was, I believe, a solicitor's daughter, which probably made it possible for her originally to obtain the knowledge of the art she imparted. Among her friends and supporters was Miss Bessie Parkes (now Mdme. Belloc), also a lawyer's daughter. With the advantage of introductions procured through such influence, the little office had started, I was told, only too brilliantly. A much greater quantity of work poured in than the skilled workers were able to do, and some disappointment and failure were the first results. By-and-by, however, things settled down, and it was quite clear that women could do the work.

It may be asked what there was in such work beyond the skill of any woman who could write. To this the answer is that the average woman of thirty-five years ago wrote a pale, pointed calligraphy, set off by as many "riding whips" and "fishing rods" as possible. Now lawyers required for their documents a plain, bold hand. Mind, we say for their documents, not their deeds. For those a curious, quaint, upright writing was used, called "engrossing."

Further, lawyers' documents are written in special forms. They are quite as particular as editors that paper must be written over only on one side. I think they are even more particular about "margins."

Again, copies of "affidavits" are written on a different kind of paper from "briefs," and an "Abstract of Title" is written on brief paper, but in very different form from a brief. Documents of one kind are fastened together in the corner, of another, are stitched down the back. Some have to be fastened with a fine green silk ribbon, and some with the "red tape," which has become the very symbol of officialism. All these little distinctions are not as they may seem, the mere outgrowth of use and wont. They serve a genuine purpose, by making each kind of document readily recognisable at a glance, no mean advantage for a lawyer's table whether in his office or in court. The precise accuracy and distinctness of "endorsements," i.e., the title written on the outside of the folded document is also very important, otherwise in the rush and pressure of business very awkward mistakes might be made. On a

"brief," for instance, beside the names of Smith the plaintiff *versus* Jones the defendant, there should be always added "Brief for the Plaintiff" or "Brief for the Defendant," as the case might be.

"Whatever else you do, always put that plainly," said one humorous old solicitor to me. "Don't you know that for want of that, a barrister once rushed into court and began to plead for the wrong side, and when the solicitor pulled his gown and said, 'But you are for the plaintiff,' I don't know what might have happened, save that the pleader was a sharp fellow, and turned it off by saying, 'Now, my Lord, having told you all that the defendant can possibly say for himself, I shall proceed to prove that his case has not a leg to stand upon.'"

Perhaps it may be well to explain that affidavits are the statements of witnesses, put into formal shape. On these affidavits witnesses are afterwards cross-examined by the counsel (barristers) on the opposing side.

"Briefs" are the whole history of any case prepared by the solicitor from the instructions of his client and the documents submitted to him. These briefs are then handed to the barrister. The solicitor acts as an intermediary between client and barrister. Many of the briefs I knew were very interesting, and really gave one excellent training in clear narrative or close reasoning.

"Abstracts of Title" mean short epitomes of the deeds, by which property of any sort passes from hand to hand or from generation to generation.

The lawyer's own manuscript, from which such documents are prepared, is probably written in a crabbed illegible hand, which inexperience might find hard to decipher. And it is certain to be filled with the most wonderful abbreviations, which must be understood before they can be written in full. And no knowledge of ordinary abbreviations would help one here. Nobody could "guess" that "messes" meant messages or that "assns" meant assigns, though they might make a lucky hit that "exors" and "ads" meant executors and administrators!

It is very odd to reflect what a slight thing may turn one's thoughts and so start one's life in a certain direction. When I was quite young, I found in a penny weekly journal (which came into our house by accident as a wrapper) a short story about a girl, who earned money for her mother's dying lodger, by imitating the writing he had done "for the lawyers," and taking it to his employers as if it was his own work. I don't know how it was, but the story, or rather its central idea, fascinated me. Singularly enough, at that very time, I found among some papers which were "cleared out" for destruction some old legal documents. I took possession of them and straightway imitated their writing. This caused such a change in my own, as was very unfavourably commented on by my school-fellows and by my governess, but which was highly approved by the English master.

I thought nothing more of the matter for years, when it became desirable that I should speedily find some means of earning money, that I might be independent while pursuing the object of my own pet ambition. Hearing that women had already begun "to do writing for the lawyers" on their own account, I turned my thoughts to the endeavour.

Because my old law papers had taught me a little, they had also convinced me I did not know everything, and I saw I must not at once attempt work on my own responsibility. There was no opening at Portugal Street

itself, but after a little inquiry, I found a lady who had herself been trained there, who was willing to impart her skill for a small fee, and who promised to find me at least some remunerative work as soon as I was fit for it. My strange old studies did me good service, for though for some time I required to ask direction when a new type of document arrived, still, at the end of a week, I was earning money, and I scarcely required to modify the handwriting I had already formed. My employer and teacher told me that, as a rule, novices took about three months' training and practice before they were worth anything at all.

In so many ways this work resembled that of the modern typist that I need not go into further details. Even the payment was the same, half-a-crown for twenty folios, each folio seventy-two words. A quick writer on a "good" piece of work could earn nearly two shillings an hour. But so far as our little office was concerned we had no regular hours. There was not enough regular work for a full staff (there were only three of us with an "extra" occasionally), and we just did what came, when it came! After two or three days of absolute idleness, so far as "office work" was concerned, a great pile of work would arrive one evening, say, a Tuesday evening, marked "return Thursday morning." We simply sat up all Tuesday night, worked on all through Wednesday and into Wednesday night until the task was completed. Then we might have more days of idleness. It was a life that looks very destructive of health and nerve. But it suited the peculiar circumstances surrounding me at the time, and I used to feel a sort of wild joy and pride in performing feats of endurance. Upon the whole I do not think that the late work in a quiet, cool room was a bit more "trying" than many of the "dissipations" which involve late hours, heated atmospheres and all sorts of emotional strain.

In one matter, our life and that of the modern typists run parallel, to wit, that every moral quality and mental endowment tells in the value of the work. One or two of the lawyers said that they preferred our writings to that of the ordinary "law stationers," because ours had more "individuality" and were consequently less tiring to read, an argument which bears against the monotonous "Civil Service" hand of to-day. Then again it seemed to me that every little quaint bit of information one possessed got called out, sooner or later, or one was left hopelessly at fault for want of it. This was more especially the case when we took writing other than law writing. Such outside writing was generally the confused MSS. of authors working in some obscure or recondite line. I remember the delight of one gentleman (now among our most distinguished authors) to find that even in his peculiar writing, and throughout a long MS., I could decipher and spell certain Indian words which scarcely anybody knew familiarly in those days, so long before the time of Rudyard Kipling.

It is pleasant to find that whatever mechanical changes may come—and type-writing itself will meet these in its turn—the full value of individuality and intelligence still remains.

We scarcely had any work in the way of business circulars. In those days these were generally lithographed. But we undertook the addressing of envelopes and newspaper wrappers. For these all sorts of prices were paid, from 2s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. per thousand. For the lower price, unskilled writers were

engaged simply to copy addresses straight off from streets marked in the Directories by the employer. For the higher rates "good" writers were wanted, *i.e.*, those who wrote bold hands, not too like a mere clerk's, and for the highest rates a knowledge of London and a share of tact and common-sense were required. For instance, was an "appeal" for some charitable institution being issued, the envelope addresser of the best class should know what streets to take for such a case, and even what individuals might well be omitted from such chosen streets. In the case of a musical, an artistic, or an educational prospectus the same judgment would turn in different directions.

What mistakes may be made for lack of such judgment, and what waste and misunderstanding may result can be understood when I relate that a friend of mine, a lady teacher, has lately told me that when she arrived in a certain provincial town and entrusted the issue of her prospectus to an office there, she found it had been sent, not to the heads of families in the residential quarter, but to the offices of professional men, many of whom were young and unmarried!

Very few, indeed, can "address" more than 1100 or 1200 in an "eight hours" day. It requires considerable energy and expertness to maintain that rate. Envelope addressing used to be a very good test for aspiring copyists. It tested their accuracy, for if there were mistakes the relentless Dead Letter Office returned the envelopes to the indignant employer. It also found out their common-sense—or the lack of it. I remember on one occasion we had a pile of letters sent us, from whose headings and signatures we were to cull our addresses. The work could not be very well paid, and we were told by the gentleman who sent it that we were not to waste time in vainly attempting to make out whether some illegible writer signed himself Jas. or Jos.; so long as the envelope reached its destination that would suffice. I was working along with a novice, and finding that the surnames brought her to a dead stand, to her own loss and the waste of time, I suggested that we should share the work, I deciphering the signatures (in which by that time I had grown tolerably expert) and she writing from my dictation. Presently I found I had got a number of letters from clergymen, who really seemed

from that experience to be sinners above all others in their signatures, especially as regarded their Christian names.

"Oh, well," said I, "'vicarage' and 'rectory' will save from any mistake in delivery. So we will just put a 'dash.'"

The Rev. — Scrawl,
The Vicarage,
Scribble, Yorks.

On I went—

The Rev. — Blotte,
The Rectory,
Angles, Norfolk,

when glancing at my companion's work I saw, to my mingled dismay and amusement, that she was following my instructions in each case by writing out in full the Rev. Dash Scrawl, and the Rev. Dash Blotte, as if the reverend gentlemen were dogs!

Of all the office work I ever did I liked least engraving on parchment. It was paid at the rate of 2d. per seventy words. But to me it was slow, disagreeable work which I could never make really profitable. To facilitate writing on the skin we used a fine kind of powder called "pounce," which we sprinkled out of a thing like a pepper castor and then smeared softly over the whole surface. I have seen old desks in which a "pounce bottle" was fitted quite as a matter of course as an ink-bottle might be. I believe that many years ago it was required even for the kinds of paper that were then in use. I do not know whether any newer invention has now superseded its use on parchment. Occasionally a "plan" to be inserted in a deed gave scope for accurate draughtsmanship, and there was a good deal of art and dexterity in preparing the "seals" of parchments. On mere paper deeds the seals are generally red paper wafers adhesive on one side.

Three or four copies of a document were often required, and were done by us simultaneously, each sheet as finished being passed on from hand to hand. In that case the "reading for correction" always fell upon the best and quickest workers who were first done. That and the other unpaid part of the work, the counting of the folios, was the little tax whereby "the strong" aided the infirmities of "the weak." I never heard any discontent with the arrangement.

The first women who undertook such work as I have described, had trials which similar workers to-day are spared. To begin with, they were going contrary to all the antecedents of their lives, and to habits of thought and manners which, ingrained for generations, had well-nigh become instincts. Most of them had to face the disapprobation, or at least the reserve, of many whose good opinion they esteemed, yet who remained perversely blind to the pressure of individual needs in a changing state of society. They had to go into offices and houses of business where women, far from being the familiar sight they are to-day, had scarcely been seen before. They had to deal with men, many of whom were wise enough to recognise them as the pioneers of a great female invasion of domains that had hitherto been sacred to themselves. They had constantly to remember that they held the honour of their sex in their hands, and that any flightiness or folly, any imbecility or failure would not be set down merely against an individual, but might damage the prospects of hundreds.

But some of us, at least, who bore the burden and heat of that day, eventually passed into our domestic retreat with a better based opinion than we could otherwise have had of the solid good there is in human nature. And in these times when a certain feminine clique are shrieking of man as the natural enemy of woman, and as if the one was a creature of prey and the other a helpless quarry, we are prepared to give our testimony that we never once encountered the slightest incivility either of rudeness or of pseudo-"compliments," but on the contrary often received great kindness and were met with the most honest camaraderie from those who, in the interests of their own earnings might well have looked askance at us. I shall never forget the practical goodness of one "law-stationer" who, warning me that I was sure sometimes to get a rush of work beyond the skilled female labour at my command, and might suffer professional damage in consequence, volunteered to come to my rescue in any such emergency—and did not fail to fulfil his promise.

On some other occasion, perhaps, I may relate some of our experiences in "working out" at the residences of patrons who required help on their own premises.

VARIETIES.

"DON'T."

Don't adopt the latest mode.
Don't trail your dress upon the road.
Don't ever lace your waist too tightly.
Don't wear a glove or boot unsightly.
Don't wear a thing that needs repair.
Don't, please, forget to brush your hair.
Don't ever wear too large a check.
Don't show too much of snowy neck.
Don't paint the lilies and roses on your face, fair maiden.
Don't buy ribbons and chignons because everyone else does; wait, until everyone doesn't, and then, don't buy.
Don't have windows in your gloves and stockings, where they were never intended to be.
Don't think the love your tiny waist wins will wash; because it won't.
Don't dye while life is left in you.
Don't be a slave to fashion, but rather make fashion your handmaid.
Don't follow fashion blindly to any of her extremes; she has a way of laughing at fools of her own creating.
Don't think because your neighbour's bonnet

is becoming to her, it will necessarily be becoming to yourself.

Don't go in for quantity so much as quality in dress. One well-made gown is worth half a dozen ill-fitting ones.

Don't neglect the accessories of dress; untidy gloves, unshapely shoes, will destroy the effect of the most charming toilette.

Don't, above all things, forget you are a woman; she is far more attractive when seen in the flowing draperies that centuries of use have made their own, than when masquerading as a man.

Don't invest in a cheap edition of the very latest fad.

Don't have several smart "jerry-built" gowns where one plain tweed would be more befitting.

Don't follow fashion, when fashion is folly.

Don't buy hats at the expense of boots.

Don't buy in haste and repent at leisure.

Don't ignore the conventional, and torture your friends with "a style of my own."

Don't wear dead rats round your throat, though it be the fashion.

Don't neglect the neat tying of a veil.

Don't put on your gloves in the street.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

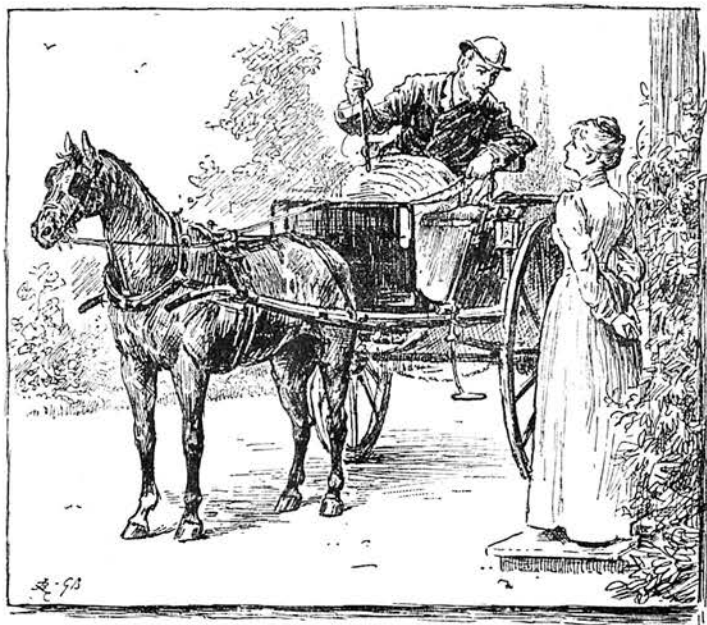
In Haydn's oratorio of "The Creation" there is a unique arrangement which gives tremendous force to the words, "Let there be light." The gradual fading of the previous sounds prepares the ear for a thrilling surprise. Instantly there is a crash of all the instruments, producing the effect of a thousand torches suddenly flashing from darkness and illuminating the space.

On one occasion the oratorio was being given in Vienna, and Haydn, then in his seventy-sixth year, and very feeble, was taken to hear it. When the orchestra came to this passage, the whole audience rose, and turning to the old man, applauded with enthusiasm. Haydn, pointing upwards, falteringly exclaimed, "It came from there!" and overcame, fell back and was carried out.

NO MORE BITTER THOUGHTS. — "Our thoughts," says Jeremy Taylor, "like the waters of the sea when exhaled towards Heaven, will lose all their bitterness and saltness, and sweeten into an amiable humanity until they descend in gentle showers of love and kindness upon our fellow-men."

THAT QUIET HALF-HOUR.

THE PLAINT OF A HOUSEMOTHER.



"I REALLY THINK YOU MIGHT HAVE MANAGED TO READ IT."



I REALLY think you might have managed to read it, Maude; the 'Acanthus' has been in the house for a week," said my husband, as he buttoned his glove, mounted the dog-cart, and drove to the station on his way to London. I looked regretfully after the cart as it whirled round the corner, for there was reproach in every

line of dear Tom's back, and I knew he was saying to himself, "She has nothing to do, positively nothing, and yet she will not read one little paper to please me."

"I will find time for it to-day," I resolve, and indeed I wish to read the article very much. My husband has to leave early as the journey to London is rather long, he breakfasts alone, and then I have my three elder children for company during my repast. As the porridge and bread and jam disappear, I have to answer a good many questions.

These are some of them:

How old was Jack Cade when he rebelled?

Will the Queen only see people who speak good grammar?

Why do Americans talk English when America was found out by a Spanish man?

Why do we have six bothering cases to learn about in Latin, when there are only three in English?

Why don't iron ships sink?

Why are places called Parishes?

What are Thugs?

Who was it made wings of wax?

I have to give twenty minutes after breakfast looking in the Encyclopædia for the answers to such of these questions as I have not been able to furnish, and I wish my children's wits did not travel so far



"I HAVE TO ANSWER A GOOD MANY QUESTIONS."

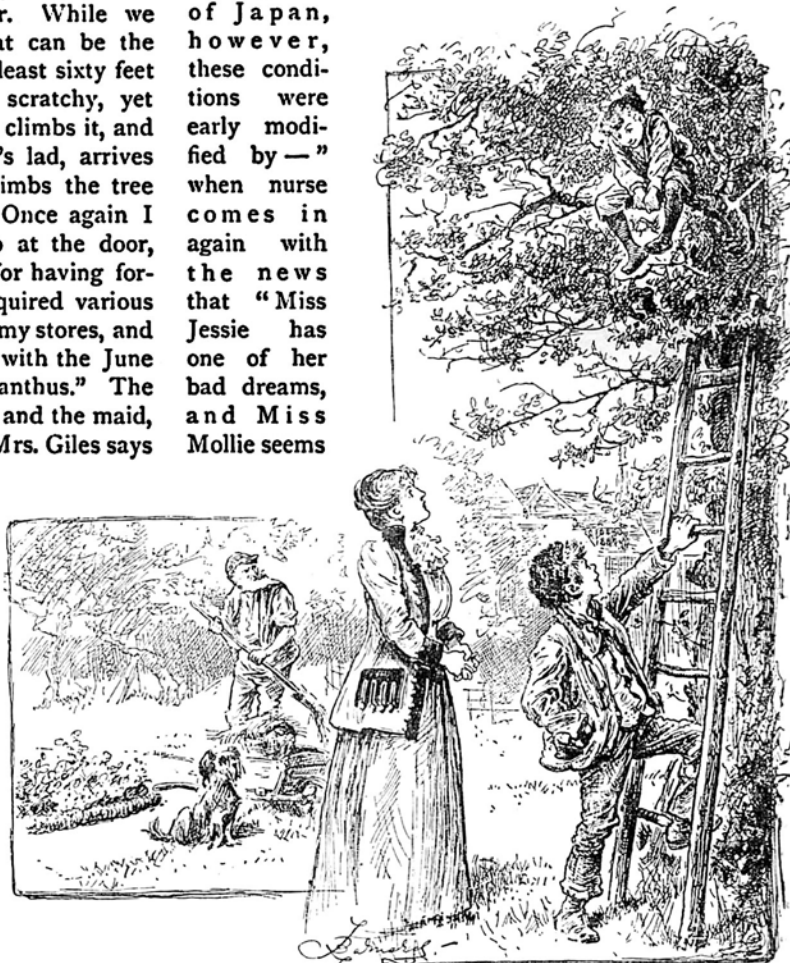
afield, or that my head were better lined. A visit to the nursery follows, then an interview with cook, rather a longer one than usual on account of a coming dinner party, next a walk round the garden and a talk with the autocrat who digs therein, a visit to the stables, and finally a chat with the governess in the schoolroom. An hour has to be spent at the writing table, and after this I feel I have earned a rest in a comfortable chair, and a look at "The difference, and the likeness, between the early art of Assyria and Japan." Half-way through the first page, just when I am revelling in the quaint paradoxes and bold assertions of Julius Blakiston, a tap comes at the door, and the parlour-maid says: "If you please 'm Master Jack is at top of the elm-tree, and he has let his boot fall, and he wants to know if he may come down without it?"

Of course the "Acanthus" falls to the floor and I run out to the tennis-lawn to see what Jack is doing in the elm.

"Mother, I stuck in this fork," says the squeaky voice from out the tangle of leaves high above my head, "and I unlaced my boot to pull my foot out, but then I dropped the boot; shall I come down and fetch it?"

"Certainly not; think of the holes you would make in your stocking!" I shout, then send Jessie for the gardener's boy to come with a ladder. While we await him I have time to wonder what can be the pleasure of climbing that tree. It is at least sixty feet high, and its bark is very hard and scratchy, yet twice a week during the summer Jack climbs it, and never wearies. William, the gardener's lad, arrives beaming, puts the boot in his pocket, climbs the tree and helps Jack on his downward way. Once again I go back to Assyrian Art. Another tap at the door, this time nurse enters with an apology for having forgotten in the early morning that she required various tapes, buttons, and cottons. A visit to my stores, and again I am seated by the open window with the June breeze ruffling the pages of the "Acanthus." The door opens, this time without ceremony, and the maid, with a scared face, exclaims, "Please 'm Mrs. Giles says what shall she do with Jim? He has scalded himself dreadfully, and could you go down to her at once." This means a rush to my medicine cupboard, whence, armed with cotton wool, linseed oil, and lime water, I fly across the meadow to the lodge, and stay there attending to Jim's hurts, and trying to comfort his mother till the sound of the luncheon bell sends me to the house to carve roast mutton and serve rice pudding for all four of my flock, who are gathered now. During this meal I keep the conversation to cricket matches, dolls, and such like topics, so that I may not have to seek the Encyclopædia again, and dinner ended, Jack and

Jessie go to practice, and Mollie and Bertie ought to start for a walk, while I might pick up my delightful magazine, but Mollie climbs on my lap and beseeches for a story, Bertie says nurse won't be ready yet, Assyrian Art once more gives way, and the story is forthcoming. At the end Mollie gives me a hug and runs off, and I am stretching out my hand for the book, when I hear the crunch of wheels on the gravel, the hall bell rings, and visitors are announced, the kindly people who "come early to catch you before you go out." It is a lovely day, and it seems several friends have the same idea, for till half-past four I have the pleasure of greeting one after another of my neighbours. Then I have to drive out myself, to visit acquaintances whose "day" it is, in places some miles apart. Home again at 6.30. "I *will* have my quiet half-hour before dinner," I think, but Tom helps me out of the carriage saying, "Maude, I want you in the long walk, there are far too many scarlet geraniums, come and see which are to be taken out." We walk about till the dressing bell rings, with the children at our heels, and the gardener beside us. Dinner over I feel quite certain of my half-hour with the "Acanthus," which is a magazine printed for private circulation and lent to Tom by a friend at his club. I have read ten pages, and have just got to the paragraph beginning "In the fairy-land of Japan, however, these conditions were early modified by—" when nurse comes in again with the news that "Miss Jessie has one of her bad dreams, and Miss Mollie seems



"WILLIAM CLIMBS THE TREE AND HELPS JACK."

very hot and restless." I mount the nursery stairs, and stay till Jessie is quietly asleep, and Mollie's temperature ascertained to be normal, and on coming back to the drawing-room I find Tom talking with an old gentleman and his daughter, our nearest neighbours, whom he is hospitably asking to stay the rest of the evening; they have come for a book, and Tom delights to display his treasures, so the hours pass quickly, and at eleven, when they leave us, I am really too tired to read any more.

"I suppose you must take the 'Acanthus' back to-morrow, Tom?" I say when we are alone. "I have not had time to read that paper."

"I fear I must; Sir Charles asked me for it to-day, but I am sorry you have not read it, for I asked Blakiston to come on Thursday instead of Stuart, who called to tell me he must leave town to-morrow, you don't mind, dear, do you?"

"What about Mr. Blakiston? Certainly not, I shall be glad to have him at dinner," I reply, but I regret more than ever the loss of the half-hour that would have made me acquainted with his charming article.

"I am afraid you do not care about reading so much as you did, my dear," says Tom, patronisingly, as he walks to the door.

"Tom, how *can* you?" I exclaim, vehemently. "It is that I have such incessant interruptions—listen," and I hold his coat button, while I recount the day's experiences.

"Well," he says, unmoved, "this is exceptional. Jemmy Giles doesn't get scalded, and the Waltons don't come in for the evening, always."

"No, of course not, but this is only one day of my usual life, and *other* interruptions occur instead," I say severely. It is useless, I know. Tom goes to smoke, and at the club to-morrow he will say to Sir



A TALK WITH THE AUTOCRAT WHO DIGS IN THE GARDEN

Charles: "What a pity it is, so many women give up everything in the way of culture a few years after they marry!"

I ask—how am I to read newspapers, magazines, travels, novels, biographies, within a month of their publication (to say nothing of having such a book, perhaps as Oliphant's "Scientific Religion" thrown in occasionally)—and yet to lead the life of a sociable woman with a household to look after? Will someone reply?

M. R. L.



WAGES OF DOMESTIC SERVANTS.

By EMMA BREWER.

"Appoint me thy wages, and I will give it."—Gen. xxx. 28.
 "Thrift is good husbandry, teaching us how to save and how to spend."—*Vanderbilt*.

IT is long since articles on our friends the servants appeared in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, but our interest in them has never flagged; indeed it has been kept alive and intensified by means of the papers sent in on the occasion of the Competition Prizes offered by the Editor to all girls who worked with their hands.

These papers brought us face to face with the writers, very many of whom were domestic servants scattered throughout the land, and who at the time were performing their daily round in the cottage, the farm, the house of the professional man, as well as in the castles and mansions of the rich.

The character of their work was admirably set forth, together with the hours they laboured, the way they were treated by their mistresses, the kind of recreation they were allowed, and in most cases the wages they earned.

Curiously enough, the Board of Trade is awakening to the fact that domestic service is the largest women's industry in the kingdom, and that domestic servants form one-third of the female working world, therefore a very important portion of the population, and it has been trying, without much success at present, to discover the amount of wages earned by this numerous class of workers, and how long on an average servants retain their situations. But with all its desire to succeed, and with the vast machinery at its command for collecting statistics, the Board has only been able to get reliable information as to the wages of 5,338 servants out of about one and three-quarter millions. Still the move it has made will be of infinite service in letting light in upon the subject of domestic service, which every person thinks he or she knows thoroughly, and of which very few have any real knowledge. Indeed how is it possible they should when every household that can afford a servant differs from all others both in the kind of servant employed, the conditions of the home, the wages paid and the treatment given and received?

Now that so many occupations are open to girls and women, the subject of the wages earned by domestic servants is a very important one, and the Board of Trade is to be thanked for looking into it. It is the first attempt at a serious investigation into the wages of domestic servants, and, though partial and incomplete, it contains a large amount of information which has not hitherto been available to the public, and which will no doubt prove very valuable as a foundation for comparisons in years to come.

The domestic * servant is a member of the household and a very important one—one, in fact, on which the comfort of the home greatly depends.

The question is, can she earn sufficient wages to keep herself neat and respectable and put by something in the savings bank? Or, if she has aged or sick parents, can she help them with the wages she earns?

To answer this correctly will never be an easy task, for it does not depend solely on the wages earned but rather on the individual character and disposition of servants and the needs of those at home; and not the least important part of it is whether they may rely on the wages being paid punctually.

Can a girl do as well for herself and her belongings in domestic service as in an office, as typewriter or clerk, or in a laundry or factory?

Of course, she has her food and lodging, which can be put down as from £15 to £20 per annum, and in this respect the domestic servant scores, as those who go out to daily work often fare very badly as to food, lodging and home comforts; and indeed she scores all round except in one instance, that of not having every evening free.

In domestic service there are many grades of skilled and unskilled labour as in every other occupation, and on the lowest rung of the ladder is the little slavey of the lodging-house or coffee shop, whose wages, if any, are next to nothing, whose work is never-ending, and who can do nothing for home but relieve it of her board, such as it is.

She is doubtless the least well off of all those who work for their living, and she rarely rises in the scale. It may be interesting to learn that out of every hundred mistresses who employ servants fifty-nine keep only one servant, and although the wages paid and received are much the same, yet the conditions of the home vary so immensely as not to be capable of comparison.

As far as wages go the general servant under fifteen years of age earns as a rule £6 a year, and from sixteen to twenty years old £17. There are one or two reasons why very few general servants get into houses where four or five servants are kept; first, because they grow accustomed to their work and attached to the people whom they serve, and because as they grow older they obtain increased wages, though few ever get more than £20.

The average age of a general servant who gets £20 and more is thirty-five, and the length of her service from six to twelve years.

Another reason against a good general servant entering households of many servants and so obtaining higher wages is the want of professional training, which is a serious defect in our social organisation.

At present the good general servant, like the good mistress, is born, not made.

Out of every hundred households twenty-three employ two servants at an average wage of £15 per annum.

Strangely enough, the wage is higher where the number of servants is greater, so that in households of three, four or more servants the wages, taking one with another, are £18 per annum.

Perhaps you remember having seen a picture in *Punch* of a mistress engaging a cook. The lady asks, "What wages do you require?" To which the cook replies, "Well, ma'am, it all depends; if I am single-handed and have to do the ground-floor, area and front-door steps as well as cook, I shall want £20; but if you give me a kitchen-maid, and I have nothing to do but cook, I should want £40 a year." We pay for position, you see.

* So called because she lives in the house or within the walls, as opposed to an outdoor servant.

The number of households employing four servants is only nine in a hundred, and those employing a larger number are only four in a hundred, and taking the wages all round they average £18 a year.

Cooks and lady's-maids obtain the highest remuneration. Of the former you rarely find one under twenty or over forty, and their wage ranges from £25 to £50 per annum, while lady's-maids get from £20 to £35, according to the house in which they take service, beside very valuable perquisites.

Having looked into the average wage of the domestic servant, we come again to the question, Is the servant better off or less well off than the girl who goes out to her daily work? After weighing carefully all the circumstances, it seems to me that a domestic servant in a good household is much better off than either a shop-girl, a typewriter or clerk. She has her food, including tea, fire, no small item in these days, lodging and washing without cost to herself, and when her wages are paid quarterly the four or five pounds is her very own, to buy necessary clothing, put away in the savings bank or help her people at home. What girl other than a domestic servant ever has as much at her own disposal at one time? In addition to the wage a servant often receives quite a large sum in the year in tips from visitors. I wish this form of income was done away with, but the practice obtains in spite of my not liking it, and is often quite sufficient to provide them with clothes.

A good parlour-maid rarely gets more than £28, while the wages of a nurse vary from £16 to £40 per annum.

The difficulty of obtaining good servants is much greater in households employing one or two only, which is perhaps the reason why frequent holidays are offered as inducements instead of high wages.

The relations between mistresses and servants are very little affected by the rate of money wages agreed upon.

The servants find no difficulty really in obtaining full value for their services, and consequently there is an absence of bargaining on either side.

The important points which make a situation desirable are the quality of the food and lodging provided, the amount of work required to be done, the way the household is organised and the efficiency and personal characteristics of both mistress and servant.

We learned from the papers sent in, to which I have referred, that a large percentage of servants retain their situations for many years, some indeed for twenty, which speaks well for both mistresses and servants.

There is as much honour in these days attached to domestic service as to any other means of getting a living. The thing is to be sure and understand the work decided upon, and to do it to the best of one's power.

The way to decide upon our work is to select that best suited to our special capabilities and by which we can earn the most, and thus secure our own present and future well-being and enable us to help and do good to others.

Those who read this paper will be able to decide to what extent the wages of domestic servants will enable them to compete with girls who work out of the house in doing good to themselves and others.

We add a little group of figures for those who are interested in them.

We will suppose that there are 5,771,199 households in the United Kingdom. Out of every hundred of these employing servants—

	£	s.
59 keep only one servant, average wage	11	10
23 " two servants "	15	0
9 " three " "	18	0
4 " four " "	20	0
5 " over four " "	23	9

Average wage £17 17s.

Roughly speaking, servants employed under fifteen years of age are a little over 8 in every 100.

Between fifteen and twenty	33	"
" twenty and twenty-five	24	"
" twenty-five and thirty-five	19	"
" thirty-five and forty-five	7	"
Over forty-five	9	"

WHEN I WAS A GIRL.



1820

"TELL you about when I was a girl, my dears," you say. Well, it is not (or, at any rate, it does not seem) so very long ago. Yet what changes in modes and customs and habits have come to pass. It does not strike one till the mind reverts, now and again, to some especial peculiarity.

When I was a girl we wore our frocks off our shoulders and our arms bare. How odd it would seem to the Beatrices, Mauds, Ethels, and Louises of the present time, to adopt this style—in ordinary, you know, in the house, and all day long.

"Keep your shoulder in your frock!" was the constant admonition; those unfortunate shoulders had such a habit of pushing off the top of the dress—low on one side, while the other would be unduly covered. More often than not the culpable shoulders would receive the chastisement. Our mothers believed in corporal punishment in those days, and no doubt the bare backs of the saucy young culprits were tempting.

The Mauds and the Ethels were not in vogue when I was a girl. Betty, Jane, Maria, Amelia, Harriet, Caroline, were the customary names bestowed at birth. Charlotte and Rose were favourites, Eliza by no means despised. Indeed, I should not be surprised if revolutions were to be effected in this direction ere long. We have really a surfeit of Victorias, Alices, and Ethels. I have had more than one servant named Blanche; and, the other day, in a mews, I heard a very grimy little Beatrice summoned to take care of a no less grubby Albert Victor. The Bettys and Jennys, and Rosies of other days will have a turn again, it strikes me, ere long.



1820

How disgusted you would be, this Christmas time, if you had to stow away yourself and your pretty muslins and sashes, when going to an evening party in one of those dreadful conveyances which took the place of cabs when I was a girl.

Oh! the horror of the stuffy, bad smelling, damp, rattling old dilapidated box upon wheels, in which, however, some of the most delightful visions of my childhood were conjured up. The very sound of the horrid old machine, with its clattering windows and the steps that let down with a bang, was a sign that something unusual was a-foot;

and the many-caped husky-voiced driver was, to our eyes, a harbinger of delight, as we antici-



1825

pleasures, and things which would seem to you all very small matters for rejoicing over



MAUD.

were with us the ultimatum of our desires.

I am not going to maunder, and say the old times were the only ones worth living in.

1825



There are many benefits and comforts which science has obtained for us that we are doubt-

less the better for: but we knew nothing of these, and I do believe we made more of what we had, and, as I say, made a little go a great way.

Why, the visit to Hampstead was a journey in those days. There was no express train to whirl you away from the City in less than an hour—not permitting you to make acquaintance with any of the interesting objects on your road. These in themselves made part of the pleasure to us, as we travelled leisurely along in the stage (perhaps on it, if fine weather tempted us, with a kindly protecting arm about us), and listened to a hundred pleasant anecdotes and little scraps of traditional tale or local history, which ever after associated themselves in our minds with that happy day and its pleasures.

When I was a girl there were cupboards and window seats. It is not possible you can any of you know the delight to be yielded by these treasure stores.

Many of you very likely do not know what I mean even by a window seat. It was the recess formed under the window by the thickness of the walls (which were very thick in those days), and these, being fitted with lids and locks, made capital lockers or box-like receptacles to stow away all sorts of miscellaneous articles. Fancy the pleasure of rummaging out one of these on a wet day or a snowy morning, diving into the depths of a cupboard of which the key had been coaxed from mother. It was "mother" and "father" in those days. Papa and mamma were *French*, and as such to be avoided. We did not run after foreign manners and customs when I was a girl.

But to my cupboard and its secrets. The pieces of embroidery, stiff with gold and silver thread, the long-forgotten sampler of some aunt in her girlhood—all tent stitch and herring-bone and wonderful pre-Raphaelite cottages and trees; the black and gold shades of grandfather in wig and tasseled Hessians; the brocade silk petticoat, which veritably stood alone; the mighty hanks of thread, of all colours, and tangled skeins of crewel; the spencer and poke bonnet mother wore when she was a girl, in which we would array ourselves, with shrieks of laughter; the port-

folios of coloured prints and caricatures of celebrities long since departed.

Then the bag of pieces; this last, what a windfall for the patchwork! Also we believed in our dolls. I know some of you, darlings, have higher ambition now. There are classes, and colleges, and curriculums (which should end in, I fancy) and examinations and degrees and what not.

Well, dear girls, I hope you are the better for them all. Happier you cannot be



1859

Well, dear girls, I hope you are the better for them all. Happier you cannot be



1839



WALKING DRESS—then.

than we were, sitting, often cross-legged, I fear, in our dear window seat, with our dolls and our patchwork. We read our Rollin and our Cham-baud too, mind you, and could do a rule-of-three sum with the best of you.

But we were not above a game of hide-and-seek, or trap-bat and ball, or follow-my-leader. I am

not talking of babies. We were children, you know, till we were fifteen; wore our pinafores and our arms and necks bare; and were slapped, too, soundly often, as I have said, till we were seventeen. And we were "girls" till twenty.

We had no croquet, no Badminton, no rinks, no GIRL'S OWN PAPER, no sewing machines, no female "colleges," no lady "professors." But we were very happy.

For one thing, when I was a girl, we saw more of our parents. Our fathers lived nearer their business; they could not run to and fro to London so easily. There was less visiting, more home life; so our mothers were with us more.

I fancy the presence of the cupboard tells a good deal. These were all over the house. They pervaded it. In every room they were to be found—book closets, china closets, store closets, china cupboards, corner cupboards. They had strong locks, and bright finger plates on the doors; and within, such stores of good things! Our mothers were not above looking to all domestic matters. You see shops were few and far between; every house had to provide its own supply to some extent. House-keeping was a reality and a thing to study in those days.

I sometimes wonder whether the girls of to-day fare as wholesomely, on the productions of Messrs. Mixum and Pestum, as we did in my time, on the home-made stores of those dear old cupboards, whose very aroma seems again

to fill the air, as it did when a certain jingle of keys announced to us that mother was at the store closet; and what a rush followed to get a glimpse into the mysteriously dim recesses and their hidden treasures!

When I was a girl caps were believed in. Not the pretty little knots of ribbon and lace which have lately come into fashion, but real structures, built up of net, blonde,

gauze ribbon, and flowers, sometimes feathers. Not unfrequently they cost a guinea apiece; they were worn by all married ladies, who, besides, however good and plentiful their own hair might be, wore fronts. These were a sort of half scalp, parted in the middle, with bunches of curls on each side, and tied about mid-way on the top of the head, the separation being hidden by the cap.

These fronts, of course, required to be curled constantly, and they were sent to and from the hair-dresser's in small oblong boxes, of dark-spotted bluish paper. Some notable ladies dressed their own fronts, which were papered up and baked in the oven. Great was the mourning and scolding consequent on the singeing, which would often-times result from forgetfulness of the



ETHEL.

maid servant who had been charged with the care of the precious scalp.

Babies never appeared in public without their caps. Pretty little frills of lace the borders were, with tiny blue or white satin bows between. Certainly these did set off the dimpled tiny faces to the best advantage.

There was one sight most exciting and attractive to us when I was a girl, which you, dears, are not likely ever to see, even though Fashion, in the turning of Time's hour-glass, does bring round many old customs to be new again.

I mean the starting of the mail coaches at eight o'clock every evening from the General Post Office—His Majesty's mails. It was the "King" then; you cannot remember the time when it was not always "Her Majesty," can you?

They used to come down the road, at a fine, dashing pace, the four horses tossing their heads proudly, the coachman and guard in their scarlet coats, the horn sounding, and everyone running to doors and windows to see them pass. It was quite an event, at least to us children.

In those days, you see, a letter was an event. People did not prepay them, and when



WALKING DRESS—now.

you received one from some absent friend it cost you at least a shilling. Fancy that! having to pay a shilling to the postman every time you get a letter now!

Of course it followed that people did not write unless they had something worth saying. So when one did receive a letter one knew it meant real news, and we were eager in proportion. A letter then was composed of a large thick sheet of paper, written closely upon every one of its four pages, hardly room left for the address. We had no envelopes, the letter was sealed with red wax and a fine seal. We girls used to beg seals off the letters, and save them up, just as some of you save up used postage stamps nowadays.

Perhaps you would fancy, dear girls, that the days were slow, that time hung heavy on our hands. Indeed it never did. We had our own little interests, small you may think



EVENING DRESS—then.

them, but they were nearer home, and very dear!

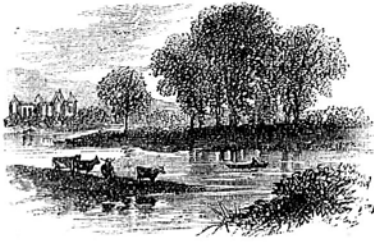


EVENING DRESS—now.

Our friends could not run away so easily, people changed their residences seldom, so we saw more of each other as neighbours. This word, once signifying a great deal, has lost much of its force and meaning of late years.

Our servants stayed longer, and we grew fond of them, and they of us. Each one depended more on the other, I fancy, for comfort, convenience, and happiness. So, perhaps, there was more homeliness, more unity.

But you must not fancy, dear girls, that I am making less of the times you live in. I know how very precious many of you are in your home circles; and, perhaps, some day in the future you may be looking back, with yearning hearts, to the time when *you* were girls.



PART III.

SOUTH WITH THE SWALLOWS.

WITH what delicious thrills of anticipation and excitement I packed my doll's clothes on the eve of our journey! I had a little tin trunk with a real padlock; I have it still, by the way, only now it holds old letters and a bunch of violets, and a few other little worthless things that I do not often have the courage to look at nowadays. It is battered now and the paint is worn off; but then it was fresh and shiny and I packed all the doll's clothes in it with a light heart.

I don't remember anything about our leaving home, or saying good-bye to the boys; so I fancy that they must have gone back to school some time before; but I remember the night passage from New-haven to Dieppe far too vividly to care to describe it. I was a very worn-out little girl indeed when we reached Rouen and I lay for the first time in a little white French bed.

My mind was, I suppose, a little upset by my soul's sorrows at Stamford and my body's unspeakable discomforts on board the channel boat, and I was seized with a horror of the words *Debit de Tabac* which I had noticed on our way from the station; I associated them with the gravestone of my father, I don't know why, I can only conjecture that the last syllable of *Débit* being the same as that of our name, may have had something to do with it. I lay awake in the dark, the light from the oil lamp in the street came through the Persiennes and fell in bright bars on the wall. As I grew drowsier I seemed to read there in letters of fire "*Debit de Tabac*."

Then I fell asleep, and dreamed that my father's ghost came to me, and implored me to have the horrible French inscription erased from his tomb—"for I was an Englishman," he said.

Then I woke, rigid with terror, and finally summoned courage to creep across the corridor to my mother's room and seek refuge in her arms. I am particular to mention this dream because it is the first remem-

The Glacier versus the Editor.

ADOWN a Glacier's steep crevasse I dropped a little song,
And far within the shining depths it slipped and slid along.
Then to an Editor I sent the self-same song away;
The Editor accepted it upon that self-same day.
He did not print it—but his words were courteous, warm, and kind.
The Glacier held with frigid grasp my little song enshrined.
The Glacier or the Editor?—I fain would see revealed
Which icy heart would be the first my little song to yield.
Far, far above, through sur and storm, the Glacier gleamed and shone;
I took my little rocking-chair and climbed the Alps alone;
For fifty years I sat and watched that Glacier's glittering way,
In hope to see it bring my song again to upper day.
For fifty years I watched the date the magazine appears—
No murmur once escaped my lips in all those fifty years;
But still, with meek humility,—heart-sick with hope deferred,—
Deferred to judgment wiser far, and never once demurred.
And yet again the pages scanned each month with hope renewed,
Each month, in deep dejection lost, the cruel pages viewed.
Again Hope spake with cheering voice, and waved her drooping wing,
"Take heart! THE CENTURY of next month your song will surely bring!"
At last, with heart all turned to ice, despair too deep to name,
I calmly gave my poem up—the Glacier did the same!

Charlotte W. Thurston.

MY SCHOOL-DAYS.

By E. NESBIT.

brance I have of any terror of the dead, or of the supernatural. I do not at all know how it had its rise; perhaps in the chatter of some nurse-maid, long forgotten. By-and-by I should like to tell you about some of the things that used to frighten me when I was a child; but just now we are at Rouen where Joan of Arc was burned, and where the church of St Ouen is. Even then the beauty of that marvellous Gothic church filled me with a delight none the less intense for being incomprehensible to me.

We went too, to St. Catharine du Mont. The ceiling of the church was blue, with gold stars. I thought it very beautiful. It was very windy on the mount, I remember, and the sky outside was blue, like the church ceiling, with white clouds instead of gold stars.

There was a stall a little way down the hill where a white-coifed woman sold crucifixes and medals and rosaries and pictures. My mother bought me a little painting of the church in an alabaster frame. It was for a long time one of my chief treasures.

We went on to Paris. It was very hot and very dusty. It was the Exhibition year. I went to the Exhibition which seemed to me large, empty and very tiring. I saw the Emperor and the pretty Empress driving in a carriage with their little son. The boy was about my own age, and wore a velvet suit and an embroidered frilly collar. The crowd cheered them with wild enthusiasm. Three years later—But this is not a history-paper.

The pleasantest part of our stay in Paris was the time that my cousin Fred spent with us. He lived in Paris, and knew that little girls like sweeties. Also he sang the comic songs of the day, "Kafoozleum" and "It's really very unpleasant," and taught me their long and dreary words. He was very kind to me, and I remember him with tenderness though I have never seen him since. On the whole, though I had a real silver daisy brooch bought at the Exhibition, and more toys than could conveniently be carried in my tin trunk, I was glad to get away from Paris.

As this is not a guide-book I suppose I

must not tell you about Tours, and the Convent of Marmoutier. I expected a convent to be a dark and terrible place, with perhaps a nun or two being built into the wall, and I was relieved to find a trim, well-kept garden and a pleasant house, where kindly-faced women in black gowns and white *guimpes* walked about breviary in hand. Nor must I linger at Poitiers, where we saw gloves made, and I, to my intense delight was measured for a small pair of bright blue kid. I liked Poitiers—especially the old Byzantine church now used as a stable. I picked up a bone there, and treasured it for months. It was human, I was convinced, and I wove many romances round the little brown relic—romances that considerably embittered the reality when I came to know it.

"What's that?" Alfred asked picking the bone from its resting place in cotton-wool in my corner drawer months afterwards.

"A human bone," I said gravely.

Alfred roared with aggravating laughter.

"It's only half a fowl's back—you little silly."

Ashamed and confused I flung the bone into the inmost recesses of the drawer, and assured him that he was mistaken. But he wasn't.

We went from Poitiers to Angoulême—how often in school I have got into trouble for tracing that route on the map of France when I should have been tracing Cap Griz Nez, or the course of the Rhone! And so, by easy stages we reached Bordeaux.

Bordeaux was *en fête*—the great annual fair was in progress. The big market-place was covered with booths filled with the most fascinating objects.

I was very happy at Bordeaux until it occurred to some one to take me to see the mummies. After that, "Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content." And here I cannot resist the temptation to put a long parenthesis in my traveller's tale, and to write a little about what used to frighten me when I was little. And then I shall tell you about my first experience of learning French.

(To be continued.)



CHRONICLES OF AN ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN RANCH.

By MARGARET INNES.

CHAPTER IV.

OUR CHOICE OF LAND FOR LEMONS—THE PLANTING OF THE TREES—OUR REMOVAL TO THE BARN.

MEANWHILE we were furiously busy at the old search again. We were able to get more and fresh details about the whole business from a source which we knew to be perfectly reliable; and as these facts were encouraging, we picked up heart again. The whole surrounding neighbourhood was driven over, generally with a pick and shovel in the buggy with which to make careful examination of the depth and kind of soil.

There were plenty of ready-made ranches for sale, but they were never just what we wanted. So we resolved that if we bought anything, it should be untouched, uncleared land, on some of the foothills where we could get a broad and sweeping view of the splendid ranges of mountains. We would make our own ranch, planned after our own tastes, and, above all, we would build our own house.

We had determined to plant lemons. They seemed to us to have many advantages over other fruits. The land which will produce fine lemons must necessarily be limited in area; it must be high enough to escape the frost. Lemons do not need the great heat which is needed to ripen oranges. They are gathered all the year round and will keep. Deciduous fruit ripens all at one time, and has to be gathered and sold at once, which makes it necessary to engage outside labour. As all wages are very high, this is a heavy expense. Even if the fruit is dried, as in the case of peaches, pears, prunes, apples, etc., for winter use, considerable work is involved, and as far as we can learn, yields only a small profit for this extra trouble. Lemons too, in America, are a daily necessity, not a luxury. Everyone uses them, and the drinking saloons alone require a constant supply.

These were the principal reasons which decided our choice, and at last, after a whole year's uncertainty, we found land in a position that we liked—good rich land, lying high, and in a most beautiful position, with a splendid view of the distant mountains, the tops of five ranges standing up, one behind the other, and the different distances marked with exquisite softness of colouring.

It was situated about fourteen miles from San Miguel, not out of reach of the cool breeze which blows from the sea all day and every day during the summer.

We went many times to examine it, and finally the great decision was taken to buy thirty acres. At that time we found we could buy in this neighbourhood first-class citrus land, with water, at about one hundred dollars the acre. We knew there was no good land to be had for less. As a matter of fact, however, the first cost of land and water bears but a small proportion to the whole cost of the ranch up to the point of yielding returns.

After our long time of anxious indecision,

it was a relief to have something settled about the future, and to plan and work for the new home, although I must confess that, as long as no definite steps had been taken, I was conscious of a hope buried deep down out of sight, that it might be proved wisest for us to return to the dear old country. The homesickness was such a hunger and pain.

It was the month of June when we bought our land, and we were anxious to plant as many trees as possible without delay, for the later the summer, the drier the ground. Spring is, of course, the best time for planting, when the earth is in beautiful condition after the winter rains. But to wait till next spring seemed too great a loss of time. We were very proud of ourselves that we managed to get five hundred beautiful little lemon-trees planted before the end of July.

Considering that the ground had to be cleared of brush and sumac and sage, then ploughed, and the water-pipes laid from the main in such a manner as to reach all over the ranch, and the position of the trees carefully measured (this last all the more difficult in our case, because the ground is up and down hill)—considering all this hard work, we had a right to some self-satisfaction.

We were able to find a competent ranchman who lived quite conveniently near, for, until we had time to build, there was nowhere for him to sleep on the ranch, although, in some cases, the conveniences for these men are of the roughest. We heard from one man that, when he arrived at a new place and asked where he was to sleep, the "boss" stared at him a moment, then, giving a comprehensive glance round his enormous tract of land, said, "Well, if you can't find a place to suit you in seven thousand acres, I guess I can't help you!" However, I do not vouch for the truth of this, although sleeping out-of-doors in the summer months in this beautiful climate is no hardship.

During this busy time, my husband and eldest boy drove out constantly to the ranch for a stay of three or four days at a time, returning home for a short rest at the little house in San Miguel, then back again to the hard work of planting, etc. On these expeditions they started always very early in the morning, and took with them provisions and various odds and ends to give them some comfort in the tent in which they slept.

We were feeling the urgent necessity for carrying through some plan that would enable us to settle at the ranch altogether with as little delay as possible. So we decided to have our barn built first and to live in this till the house should be finished. This we carried out, and it saved us much loss of time and vexation, both in building the house and in working the ranch.

It was an exciting moment when the day arrived for us to move from our little house at San Miguel to the barn at the ranch. A removal is a very different matter in this far-away corner from the same thing in any more settled part of the world. Looking back to

the old life in the beloved old country, I find I have an almost sentimental regard for the strong, well-trained men who come and help so splendidly at such times. Here, where the rule of life is to help yourself in everything, one has to be thankful for the most casual, untrained assistance—very little of that too, and at a price that would make one open one's eyes at home.

We had two large waggons coupled together, the one behind being called a trailer, with six horses to pull the load; and our luggage, which included a large iron cooking-stove and a grand piano, was packed into these in a most casual fashion. They looked very top heavy when ready to start, and we knew the road to be terribly rough, full of "chuck holes" and sudden lumps. However, we waved the men a cheery farewell as they lumbered off, and then turned to gather up the numberless forgotten odds and ends and to pack them into the "Surrey," which stood waiting for us.

It looked like part of a gipsy procession when we had finished, and we rejoiced that our boys had gone with the waggons, for there seemed absolutely no room for anybody inside the "Surrey." Nevertheless, we wedged ourselves in somehow, my husband and I and the "coloured lady" whom I was taking out as cook, also two small dogs that had been added to the family. Then we also lumbered off, leaving with rather mixed feelings the little house where we had done our first housekeeping in California.

About a month before this, after many experiments with horses we had bought a pair of greys, and now drove them out to the ranch, where they were to plough and cultivate and to serve as carriage horses when needed.

The ordinary ranch horse is of a lighter build than his cousin the English farm horse, having a strong dash of broncho mixed with his peasant blood, which makes him rather lively and very tough.

Ours were called Dan and Joe. Joe was very gentle and willing, and Dan, who for some years had worked constantly with him, traded on his goodness and left always the greatest strain of everything to him. However, generally they ran along together at a good pace and gave no trouble.

This day we were obliged to go more slowly, as the "Surrey" was so heavily laden, and the rough country roads bumped and lurched us about so violently that it was difficult to keep ourselves and our bundles from being shot into the air. With all our care, a large and tempting piece of cheese, which had been added to the provisions as an afterthought, disappeared, and we spent some valuable time in turning back to hunt for it.

We were anxious to reach the ranch as long before sunset as possible, for we knew it would not be easy work to get our little family settled in the barn.

(To be continued.)

O you Fellers in th' City.

TO J. W. R.

O YOU fellers in th' city,
Think you got it awful fine,
An' you grow consummit witty
Ez you say how you repine
Fur a trip into th' kentry
Whur everything is green,
Especially th' gentry—
Th' kentry folk, you mean.

I ain't hed much experiment
With ways o' city folk;
But atween th' hot brick pavement
An' th' clouds o' dust an' smoke
An' the noise o' squawlin' huckster,
Ez shore 'z th' day my birth
I think it 's jes a picter
O' th' devil's home on earth.

I like t' take a quiet walk,
An' watch th' bumble-bee
Go buzzin' in a hollyhock,
An' tumble 'roun' tel he
Gits yaller with th' golden dus',
An' s' lazy he falls down,
But gits his wings a-flyin' jes
Afore he strikes th' groun'.

I like t' set down on th' grass,
My back agin a tree,
An' watch th' lazy water pass
(It seems that way t' me)—
Pass down an' through th' medder
In th' crookedest o' ways,
Tel it runs into th' river
An' there I guess it stays.

When work is finished fur th' day,
An' eatin' 's finished, too,
I like t' smell th' clover-hay
'At 's moistened with th' dew,
An' watch th' leaves a-movin'
In a sort o' sleepy way
That 's most confounded soothin';
An' then I seem t' say:

"I 'm sorry fur you city chaps,
Like birds kept in a cage
Thet tries t' fly but only flaps
The'r wings agin th' edge;
But so bein' you city gentry
Likes city things th' best,
Ef I kin hev th' kentry,
Why, you kin hev th' rest."

Richard D. Lang.



USEFUL HINTS.

INDIAN PICKLE.—Those who possess the comfort of a good garden well stocked with vegetables will find this recipe of great service. Procure a large stone jar, not too wide a mouth, holding about two gallons. To each gallon of vinegar allow 6 cloves of garlic, stick of horseradish, ½ lb. of bruised ginger, ½ lb. of whole black pepper, 2oz. of long pepper, 2oz. allspice, 12 cloves. Put all this spice in a perfectly clean boiler or saucepan with the vinegar, and, when boiled for half an hour, when the vinegar is cold, strain it from the spice. This liquor is now ready for any vegetables that may be in proper order, such as cauliflowers, French beans, gherkins, cucumbers, small round pickling onions, capsicums, chilies. These vegetables should be nicely prepared—such as the cauliflower cut in small branches, the smallest French beans not cut as for table, but just cut tops off; these should be put on dishes with salt on them for three days, and then boiled in vinegar, just enough to cover them, for ten minutes; strain them and put them when cold into your spiced vinegar already prepared. You should take a ½ lb. of mustard and 2oz. of mustard seed, 2oz. of turmeric, and 1oz. of cayenne; these mix together with a little vinegar, boil, and, when cold, add to the jar. When all the vegetables are collected they should be well mixed and the jar covered with a bladder. This pickle will keep good for years if well attended to in the preparation. For small families, the above quantity may be decreased at pleasure, taking care properly to proportion the various ingredients.

TO PREVENT CABBAGE OR OTHER GREEN WATER SMELLING.—Put in the saucepan with the cabbage either a piece of charcoal, some red pepper pods, or a piece of bread, either will prevent the annoyance; but the charcoal is the most effective.

HOW TO EMBROIDER IN CREWELS.

"WHAT would become of dinner-parties if they were not for crewel-work?"

This speech fell from the lips of a lively girl-friend of mine, and at first I failed to perceive her meaning.

"Why, what connection can there be between the two?" I asked.

"Oh," she replied, "have you not discovered at those dreariest of entertainments that crewel-work is a splendid subject to talk about? When you have exhausted the picture galleries, the weather, and all the other stock subjects, and conversation begins to flag—as it usually does about half-way through dinner—you can always start crewel-work; and with judicious management you can generally spin it out till dinner is ended, and you escape to the drawing-room."

This little conversation set me thinking on the wonderful popularity of crewel-work; but after all, it is not wonderful considering its great antiquity. Perhaps everyone is not aware that hardly any other fancy-work was done by the ladies of England till within the last few centuries. I have read somewhere that the Anglo-Saxons used to hang their walls with "clothes cunningly broidered with ye needle;" and there are records of this same sort of work amongst the early Egyptians and Greeks. It is also generally considered that the curtains of the Jewish Tabernacle were wrought with the needle, and from the skill displayed in the art of crewel-embroidery by the women of England from remote ages it might almost be averred that we have inherited the art from our Jewish ancestors.

As I said before, it is only during the last few centuries that crewel-work has been lost sight of in England, its place having been taken by a host of new fashions, many of them imported from abroad. But there is certainly no other description of work which combines so many advantages; the materials are cheap, and it affords ample scope for the display of the artistic taste and skill of the designer and worker. So, having resumed its sway, I sincerely hope it may never again be so completely banished.

Every girl in England must be familiar with at least the name of crewel-work; most of them will have some specimens of it, either in the form of room-decorations or dress-trimmings. For those who have not yet tried this interesting and simple embroidery, and wish to begin, I propose to give some practical suggestions about it, treating of materials, stitches, etc., in this paper, and in a future one giving some designs and suggestions for pieces of work.

To begin at the beginning, then:—The intending worker must get suitable needles; they are made on purpose, and can be bought anywhere at four a penny. The best way is to have a number of different sizes at hand, as the thickness or fineness required depends solely on the material to be embroidered; a thick needle used for fine close material would spoil the look of the work by the large holes it made, and a fine needle used on coarse, heavy stuff would cut the thread and very soon break.

The thimble may appear to the inexperienced a matter of no consequence, but it is really necessary to have as smooth a one as possible, as if it be rough it will constantly catch in the wool, and make it ragged. A pair of sharp scissors should be provided too; and these are all the implements that are really necessary, though sometimes others are used.

The colour of the wools is a matter of very great importance. I have frequently seen crewel-work of good design and excellent workmanship, the effect of which has been completely spoiled by defective colouring. Brilliant and decided colours must be avoided, and only those which will blend and harmonise well together must be used. For those whose artistic taste does not at once decide for them, I may say, as some sort of guide, though it is impossible to lay down rules on this point, that generally speaking, it is the *old-fashioned* shades that may be depended on for blending well together, and giving a subdued, soft tone to the work. The modern colours are usually so very bright and decided that, though pretty enough alone, they look most gaudy when worked in together. If there is any difficulty in buying the peculiar, rather *faded* shades, which are sometimes necessary, they may generally be obtained by taking the bright shade most nearly approaching the one desired, and putting it under a glass in the sun until it is bleached to the proper tone. There is a great variety of greens; different shades of sage, olive, and yellow greens, *may all be used*, but *blue-greens* should be avoided; in blues those shades known as "china-blue" should only be used. In reds care should be taken to exclude anything approaching scarlet; the shades to be used are more like those called "Cardinal" than anything I can describe. A useful colour is "salmon pink," for blossoms, such as apple, peach, &c.; it is very pretty and artistic, and is quite different from the ordinary pink, which must not be substituted for it.

Crewel wools are usually sold at one shilling per dozen skeins, though the price varies in different places. It is no economy to buy cheap and poor crewels, as the colours soon fade and the wool gets ragged in working; if a large piece of work be undertaken, it is cheaper to buy them by the pound. Those who have any difficulty in distinguish-

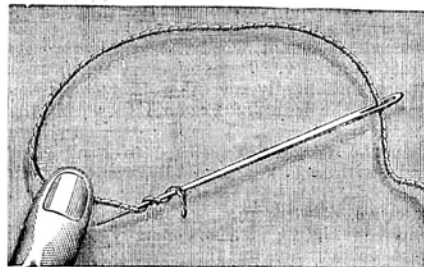


DESIGN FOR ANTIMACASSAR.

ing colours by gaslight are advised to tie the different shades of one colour together; for instance, all the sage greens in one bundle, and all the yellow greens in another, &c.—it will save time and trouble in hunting about for the required skein.

There is such an endless profusion of pretty materials suitable for working upon, that it is difficult to know what to recommend; but I think **beginners** should select strong, coarse-grained, rather stiff materials, such as crash, oatmeal-cloth, Bolton sheeting, etc., as they are less likely to become puckered in working. Puckering is, of course, caused by drawing the thread too tightly, and the softer the material the more liable one is to fall into this fault; therefore I advise beginners to make use only of the coarser stuffs till they have had a little

practice. On the other hand, if the thread be not drawn tightly enough you lose that smoothness which is so essential to good



work. As soon as the worker has acquired the happy medium between looseness and puckering she will find that there is hardly

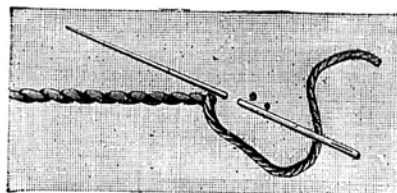
any material made on which she cannot display her art. The only difficulty is out of such a large selection to choose the one most suited for her particular purpose. The best plan for anyone who has not much opportunity for seeing new materials is to send for patterns to a good shop, where they make materials for art-needlework a specialty.

For a very large piece of work a frame is sometimes used, and is certainly useful to prevent puckering, and the injurious habit of stooping over the work, but I myself have never found one necessary, even for curtains.

If the work be found to be much puckered when finished, the best plan for smoothing it is to fill a basin with boiling water, hold the faulty parts over it in the steam, with the wrong side downwards, till saturated with the vapour, then stretch in a frame, or on a board, till dry. Another plan is to iron the work on the wrong side with a damp cloth between the iron and the work, but the first plan is the safer of the two.

We now come to the stitches. There is, strictly speaking, only one crewel-stitch; but others are sometimes introduced, such as the satin-stitch and the French knot.

The crewel, or stem-stitch, is made in the same way as ordinary back-stitching, only that



it is worked upwards instead of downwards. That is, having made a small stitch, pass the needle up through the material again, about the middle of the first one, at the left side, and close up to it. Then take another stitch a little higher up the work, pass the needle up again, at the middle of the second stitch, in the same way, and so on. The illustration shows the crewel-stitch as it should be when the design is only to be outlined. If the design is to be filled up, the stitch is precisely the same, only that it may be made rather longer. When the top of the design is reached, turn it round and work another row, exactly the same, and close up to the first row.

The satin-stitch, which is used for small flowers, leaves, and stems, is formed by simply sewing over and over the space to be covered, being careful to insert the needle on the outer edge of the traced lines, so as to entirely cover them, and making the stitches either straight or slanting, according to the shape of the design. The illustration represents a stem worked in satin-stitch. When this is used, there is, of course, as much wool showing on the *wrong* side as on the right.

The French knot is chiefly employed for the centres of flowers, or for fruit, such as the blackberry.

It is formed thus: Bring the needle up through the work at the point where the knot is to be; hold the wool down on the material with the thumb of the left hand, about an inch from where it comes through. Then, with the right hand, pass the needle two or three times over and under the thread, so as to twist it round the needle; then insert the needle again, nearly in the same place at which it came up, and draw it and the thread through to the back, leaving the knot, of course, on the top. This stitch will be found quite easy after a little practice, and is very effective. The size of the knot depends on the number of times the wool is twisted round the needle.

I have lately had the opportunity of ex-

aming a piece of tapestry presented by Christopher Columbus to the Cathedral of Carthage as a thank-offering on his return from the discovery of America; it is a magnificent specimen, and covers the whole of one end of the edifice. The design is a representation of the fauna and flora of the newly-discovered continent. Columbus paid for its execution with the gold he brought from America, and had it hung on the walls of the Cathedral in the presence of Ferdinand and Isabella. It was very interesting to observe that the stitches employed are precisely the same as those in use at the present day, the design being worked in French knot and satin stitch, and the background in crewel-stitch.

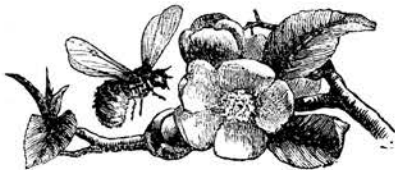
It may be well, in closing this paper, to describe one or two ways of washing the work. One plan is as follows: Put a large handful of bran into warm water, and leave the article to be cleaned in it to soak, pressing it together every now and then, but not rubbing it. When clean, hang it up till nearly dry, and then stretch in a frame, or iron. Another way is to simply wash it with soap in tepid water, into which a pinch of salt has been put; the actual work should only be very slightly rubbed, but the material all round can be thoroughly cleansed. Have another basin of clean tepid water ready, in which the work must be rinsed, then roll it up tightly in a dry cloth, and press immediately with a tolerably warm iron. This latter plan is the best in ordinary cases, but the whole process must be very quickly done, as any delay will cause the colours to run.

DORA HOPE.

ANTIMACASSAR IN CREWELS.

DIRECTIONS.

1. The material upon which the design is to be worked should be either canvas (called crash), or some nice coloured cloth, say dark olive or blue green. I should recommend a dark material, as showing up the design better, and looking richer when worked.
2. The leaves should be worked with worsteds of nice tones, carefully keeping crude, bright greens out of it. Where one leaf overlaps another, get one of the leaves dark and the other light.
3. The flowers should be worked in silks, as by this means a richer effect is produced, and the flowers tell well against the leaves. Do not make the shading too dark in flowers. The chrysanthemums should be worked with yellow, and then heightened with dark and light pink. The Christmas rose is white, with yellow anthers and small green petals in centre of flower, the large white petals being botanically false petals (called the perianth). The flower, when it is in bud, is a delicate light pink.
4. The veins of the leaves should be light if the leaves are made very dark, but dark if the other way.
5. A few touches of green worsted should be put at bottom of design to represent grass, as indicated in drawing.
6. The border might be worked in a golden crown if on canvas, turquoise blue if on olive green, and golden green if on blue green.
7. Fringe might be put on top and bottom if required.



Cold Cup.—Two quarts of old ale, four glasses of brandy, four glasses of noyeau, sugar to taste, and one lemon cut in slices, and stuck on a piece of dry toast with cloves.

Sponge Cake.—Beat the yolks of seven eggs, and add gradually 1 lb. of powdered loaf-sugar, the whites of five eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of flour, and flavour it with lemon. Beat well until it is put in the oven.

Gingerbread.— $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of flour, 6 oz. of butter, 1 lb. of treacle, 1 lb. of coarse sugar, 1 oz. ground ginger, 1 oz. candied peel cut small. Mix the flour and butter well together, then add the other ingredients. It is better mixed the day before it is baked.

Paradise Pudding.—6 oz. of bread crumbs, 6 oz. of sugar, 6 oz. of currants, 6 apples grated, 6 oz. of butter beaten to a cream, 6 eggs, a little lemon-peel chopped, and nutmeg. Boil in a shape three hours. Serve with wine sauce.

Sago Pudding.—Boil a pint and a half of new milk with four spoonfuls of sago (washed), 4 eggs well beaten, lemon-peel, nutmeg, and sugar to the taste. A puff paste may be added. Bake slowly.

Arrowroot Pudding.—Two dessert spoons of arrowroot mixed smooth in a little cold milk, 1 egg, a little nutmeg, and lump sugar. Pour it into a cup, and boil three-quarters of an hour.

Lemon Pudding.—Mix two table-spoonfuls of flour with a little milk, and add to a pint of new milk when boiling; also, 2 oz. of butter. When cold, add five eggs well beaten, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of lump sugar, the rind of a lemon grated, and the juice. Line the dish with paste, and bake in a slow oven about three-quarters of an hour.

Another Lemon Pudding.—The juice of one lemon and the rind grated, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of bread crumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of suet, 6 oz. sugar. Boil one hour and a half.

Tapioca Pudding.—Wash $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of large tapioca, and simmer it gently in a quart of milk until it is thick. When cold, add two eggs, some sugar, and a slice of butter. Bake, with a crust round the edge of the dish, in a moderate oven.

Vermicelli Pudding.— $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of vermicelli creeded in a pint of new milk, cool with half a pint; add the yolks of four eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of sugar, a little brandy and nutmeg. Bake, with a crust round the dish.

Plum-Pudding without Eggs.—1 lb. of raisins, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of suet, 1 lb. of flour, 2 large table-spoonfuls of treacle, candied peel, and nutmeg, mixed with nearly a pint of milk. Boil five hours.

Baked Plum-Pudding.—Pour one pint of boiling milk over $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of bread, add $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of butter and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar. When the bread is well soaked and the butter melted, beat it fine with a spoon; and, when cold, add five eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. currants, one nutmeg, 2 oz. almonds, and 1 oz. of candied peel.

Buns.—1 lb. of flour, 1 oz. of butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of lard, half a pint of milk, and a little yeast. This will make four buns.

Rice Cake.—1 lb. of ground rice, 1 lb. of butter, 1 lb. of sugar, twelve eggs, leaving out six whites, eight drops of essence of lemon.

Tea Cakes.— $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of flour, six oz. of sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of butter, two eggs, leaving out one white.

Soda Cake.— $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of fine sugar. Rub the butter into the flour, mix with three eggs about a quarter of a pint of milk and half of a small teaspoonful of soda, candied peel, currants, or seeds *ad lib.* To be baked as soon as mixed.

Seed Biscuits.— $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of sugar, 2 oz. of butter, two eggs, beaten up with a piece of ammonia and some caraway seeds.

Curd Cheesecakes.—To the curd from three quarts of new milk add $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of butter, and rub through a hair sieve, nine eggs, leaving out five whites, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of fine raw sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of currants, candied peel, nutmeg, a wine-glass of brandy, four grated sponge biscuits, a quarter of a pint of cream. Mix all well together and send to the oven *directly*, having lined the patty-pans with puff paste.

Lemon Cheesecakes.—1 lb. of loaf sugar, six eggs, leaving out two whites, three finger-biscuits, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of ground rice, the juice of three lemons and rind of two, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of butter. Put these ingredients into a pan over a slow fire, stir it until the mixture is like honey, pour into jars, cover them with egg-paper, and it will keep for months.

Apple Cheesecakes.— $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of white sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of apples grated, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of butter, just melted, four eggs, leaving out two whites; the peel and juice of a lemon, a little nutmeg: the lemon juice must not be put in until the other ingredients are well mixed.

Mince-Meat.—1 lb. of suet chopped fine, 1 lb. of sugar, 1 lb. of currants, 1 lb. of raisins, the juice of four lemons, the peels to be boiled in three waters, and pounded; 2 oz. candied peel, a little brandy, port wine, and nutmeg.

Apple Jelly.— $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of lump sugar, 2 lb. of apples, pared and quartered, a small tea-cupful of cold water; put all into a pan, and let them simmer two hours; press them down, but do not stir them; lemon-peel may be pared and cut like straws: when ready, pour into moulds.

Damson Cheese.—Bake a quantity of damsons in an earthen jar, in a very slow oven, about an hour; then pulp them through a colander, and to every pound of pulp add five ounces of loaf sugar powdered: *boil briskly* three-quarters of an hour, and pour into moulds.

Raspberry Vinegar.—Infuse a quart of raspberries in a pint of vinegar forty-eight hours, frequently stirring them; then strain the liquor clear off, and to every pint add 1 lb. of loaf sugar. Boil it twenty minutes.

Walnut Ketchup.—Boil gently a gallon of the expressed juice of walnuts, strain it well, then put in it 2 lb. of anchovies, well washed from the salt; 2 lb. of shalots, 1 oz. cloves, 1 oz. mace, 2 oz. black peppercorns, and a clove of garlic. Let all boil together until the shalots sink. Let the liquor stand in a vessel until cold, then bottle it, dividing the spice to each; it will keep twenty years, but will not be fit to use the first twelve months.

A good Pickle for Tongues.—1 gallon of water, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of bay salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. saltpetre, 1 lb. coarse sugar, with as much common salt as will make the brine float an egg. When it boils, skim it; and when cold, put in the tongues, having previously well washed and cleansed them with salt and water.

THE CAKES OF OTHER CLIMES.

By F. L. GREEN.



RUSSIA is the country in Europe most famous for its cakes, despite the popular idea that France is the proper home of all sweet things.

Many a proverb testifies to the Russian's love of this form of confectionery.

"A feast must be judged by its cakes." "Even an imbecile is pleased with a cake." "It is only ninnies who do not care for cakes," are some of those maxims that recall our own Cornish superstition that to dream of cakes signifies joy and plenty.

One of the most delicious of Russian cakes is the *koulitch*, a currant-cake, the surface of which is sprinkled with powdered almonds. The crust is gilded and adorned with paper roses with golden leaves. In shape this cake is hemispherical.

The *karavai* is composed of the same ingredients as the *koulitch*, but is only met with in Little Russia, where it forms an indispensable part of every feast. It is adorned with multi-coloured ribbons, and is cut into as many pieces as the bride and bridegroom have relations.

The Russian Easter-cake, the *Pascha*, is a great contrast to the unleavened bread of the Jews. It is made of curd, thick cream, sugar and powdered almonds, and is baked in moulds representing the Cross, the Paschal lamb, and other Easter tokens. Together with the *koulitch* it is blessed at the midnight mass. It is an impressive sight to watch the people standing on the steps of the church with lighted tapers in their hands and their cakes carefully arranged on snowy napkins for the priest's blessing.

A very pretty ceremony is connected with the *dratchiona*, a cake whose chief ingredients are buckwheat-flour, eggs and butter. In April, when the snow of the long Russian winter is melted, and the young corn begins to show itself, the girls of the village dance round one of their number who is crowned with flowers, singing the while a traditional song. Then each throws a piece of her *dratchiona* into the air, and expresses a wish that the corn may grow as high as the cake was cast.

The *javoreniki* are also eaten in the spring. They are composed of sugared paste, cut into the shape of birds with currants for eyes. Another curiously shaped cake is the *kalatsch*, a Moscow cake made in the form of a padlock. This is not a rich cake, indeed it consists only of flour and water and salt. It is eaten hot.

In Poland a delicious cake called *baba* is made. Its preparation takes five hours from start to finish, but it is well worth the trouble bestowed on it. The ingredients used are one pound of good light dough, one pound and a quarter of butter, six ounces of sugar, eight ounces of raisins, six ounces of currants, four ounces of citron, fourteen eggs, one pound of

flour, essence of lemon and nutmeg to taste, and half a cup of brandy. This quantity will make a batch of cakes. The dough, the butter, and the sugar are first warmed, then mixed together and set on one side for half an hour. Then the eggs, two at a time, and handfuls of flour are beaten in alternately. The mixture is then beaten well, and set to rise for two hours. At the end of that time it is beaten again, and the fruit, brandy, and flavcurings are added. The dough is then put into cake-moulds lined with buttered paper, and left for two hours to rise; after which it is baked, a process which takes about an hour. If the fruit be omitted, the cake makes a delicious pudding. It should then be served hot with liqueur sauce.

Every one in England knows the appetising little loaves we call Vienna bread, but I have never seen in this country the little Hungarian cakes that are made in the shape of horns, and filled with poppy-seeds or nut-kernels, or the oatmeal-cakes the Hungarians like. The ingredients in the latter are oat-flour, fresh butter, and sugar. Both may be bought in Paris. France is, indeed, second only to Russia in the variety of its cakes. To take only the favourite *brioches*, nearly every cook makes them by a different recipe. One will give you a spongy kind of cake like a Bath-bun; the *brioches* of another is a rich, yellow sponge-cake; a third will mix raisins and currants with the dough, shred citron into it, and make it into fancy shapes and twists. Other cooks will bake the dough in the form of round rolls, cut off the tops, take out the crumb and fill the interior with chicken-meat; or, if they want to make a sweet dish of it, they will steep slices of *brioche* in orange-syrup, dip them in batter, fry them, and serve them hot as fritters.

In some parts of France cakes are given to the children at Easter, Christmas, and the New Year. At Aveyron, Easter-cakes, flavoured with aniseed, are made on the Saturday before Palm-Sunday, and hung on the boughs of laurels, which are then distributed among the little ones. It is a Boulogne custom for the children to hang up their stockings the night before St. Nicholas (Santa Claus) Day, which falls on the 5th of December. Nor does Santa Claus disappoint them. In the morning the stockings are full of toys, pretty ribbons, and St. Nicholas cakes. Sometimes the cakes are made of almond-paste, sometimes only of ginger-bread, but they are all coated with red sugar on which is a figure of the children's saint in white. In Berry as many cakes filled with cream as a man possesses oxen or horses are given to the poor on Christmas-Eve. Children find them under their pillows, and the bakers give them to their customers. Sometimes a sugar figure of the infant Jesus is embedded in the substance of the cake, sometimes simply fastened to it by a ribbon. In Basse Bretagne, where so many quaint old customs are preserved, at midnight, on the last day of the year, rolls filled with a paste of cooked apple and honey are first distributed at the bakehouse; then the villagers dance and sing in honour of the New Year.

There is nothing very tempting in the very large and very thin, round oat-cakes that are so popular in Sweden and Norway; but no country offers us a more toothsome preparation of almond-paste than the German *marzipan*, and German dough-nuts, or *kraffsen*, are

delicious whether made with apricots or with cheese, or simply flavoured with orange flower-water.

Delicious ginger-bread can be bought in Paris, but Switzerland is the great ginger-bread country. Every visitor to Berne tastes its round, square and oval-cakes, on each of which is stamped a bear—the arms of the town—either in relief or in white sugar.

A curious reminiscence of the old myth of the Rape of Persephone is preserved in the funeral cakes of Cyprus. They are made of boiled corn, and the top is ornamented with pomegranates—or other fruits where these are not obtainable—arrayed in a sort of mosaic pattern, over which sesame seed is sprinkled. On the third day after the death they are placed on a silver salver near the altar for consecration according to the rites of the Greek church. Then they are cut up and distributed, not only to the friends of the deceased, but to chance passers-by. The consecration and distribution of funeral-cakes is repeated at the Requiem service, held on the ninth and fortieth days after the death, on the anniversary of the death, and on All Souls' Day.

To pass from the Old World to the New, America claims to have introduced the "split roll," which is found on every hotel breakfast-table in the States. It is shell-shaped, and the butter is inserted into the slit whilst the roll is still hot from the oven.

Clam pancakes are a thoroughly American dish, but their preparation is less interesting than that of the Virginia "beaten biscuit." For the manufacture of the latter a "maul," or Indian Club, about two feet long is indispensable. The maul is made of hard maple-wood, square-shaped at the heavy end, but having indentations, so as to make uneven hollows in the dough. In the handle is a hole through which a string is passed to hang up the club when it is not in use. To make the biscuit, four ounces of butter should be melted and mixed with three cupfuls of tepid milk. With this mixture three pounds of flour are wetted into a soft dough. The dough is then kneaded smooth on a stout table and beaten out to a sheet with the maul, after which it is folded over on itself and beaten out again. It is then fried, and if properly made, is beautifully light.

The "dinner pail-cake," which is one of the staple articles of diet of the miners of the Rocky Mountains, is said to hail originally from the mines of Cornwall. The ingredients used in its composition are a pound of light dough, three ounces of sugar, four ounces of butter or poultry fat, four ounces of dried cherries or raisins, two eggs, half a pound of flour, and half a teacupful of strong saffron tea. The dough should be weighed out at seven o'clock in the morning and set in a warm place with the butter and sugar. About nine o'clock they are ready to be worked together, and the eggs are beaten in, one at a time. After the mixture has stood for half an hour the flour and other ingredients are added, and the whole is beaten for ten minutes. This cake is baked like bread in a slack oven.

Our American cousins ruin their digestions with "pie" and cake. If the list of their indigenous recipes is a short one, they have not hesitated to borrow every European confection that suits their fancy. You can get almost any kind of cake in New York.

MARCH.—PRIMROSE AND PALM GATHERING.



O Spring! dear Spring! thou more dost bring
 Than birds, or bees, or flowers—
 The good old time, the holy prime
 Of Easter's solemn hours:
 Prayers offer'd up, and anthems sung,
 Beneath the grey church towers—*Fasts and Festivals.*

PALM-SUNDAY, was an old holiday which our ancestors kept with great reverence, in remembrance of Our Saviour's entrance into Jerusalem; and it is still a custom to ornament the houses in the country with the silvery buds of the willow (which are called palm) in the present day. These buds, which lie like great oval pearls upon the slender stems of the osiers, are the earliest heralds of spring, and often come out long before the hawthorn has put forth a single speck of green, and may frequently be seen in the cottage windows overtopping a border of sweet primroses, snowdrops, or violets, which have blown before the coming of Easter. Many a mild March day has seen us out with our youthful companions in the fields beside the river Trent, gathering the buds of the willow and the white blossoms of the blackthorn, which also hang upon the hedges, like a cloud of flowers, long before a green leaf, exciting that of the alder, has shot out of its wintry sheath. Although it was not the palm of Palestine we gathered, yet it was such as our forefathers had for centuries chosen as the emblem of those green branches which were scattered before Our Redeemer; and to us it brought back an old and holy

picture, carrying the imagination into that ancient city of the East, and bringing before the "mind's eye" one of those impressive scenes which are linked with the establishment of the Christian religion. It also calls up the figures of those pious pilgrims who wandered into the Holy Land and visited many a distant shrine, bearing the palm-branch in their hands—the acknowledged token of peace and prayer.

The abolition of these sacred emblems, which once adorned our churches, and were borne in our Easter processions, could be of no benefit to the progress of religion. They were the productions of Nature, not the work of man: they served to show that He who ruleth the seasons had again sent Spring with all her flowers; and with these were linked the memory of the Son of God, who rode not forth in regal purple, crowned with gold, but "meek, and sitting upon an ass." Such associations did the silver buds bring to the early Christians, and the custom of palm-gathering was kept up until the Reformation in England.

With what delight did we hail the first appearance of these pearl-like buds—

they told us that spring was near at hand; the sun also came to throw his light upon them two hours earlier than he did a few weeks ago, and in the budding hedges we had already discovered the sky-stained eggs of the hedge-sparrow. Well can we remember the woods where we gathered the first primroses, and which were soon to be green with lilies of the valley. What a refreshing smell there was about the earth we dug up to get at the moss-covered roots of those early primroses, for they were the first treasures which we transplanted to our little gardens, where, day by day, they lost that beautiful bloom which they only bear in the solitude of the wildwood. The sounds of youthful voices seem in accordance with the opening of this happy season, as they fall at intervals upon the ear, filling up the pauses which occur between the singing of the blackbird or the thrush, and waiting pleasant memories to the wanderer, telling him that cager eyes are already watching the opening beauties of the flowers.

I love to see the little goldfinch pluck
The groundsel's feather'd seed, and twitting, twit;
And soon in bower of apple-blossoms perched,
Trim his gay suit, and pay us with a song—HURDIS.

Above a thousand years ago, our Saxon forefathers had no other landmarks to distinguish the boundaries of their estates than the objects of Nature—a tree, a bush, or a water-course, served them instead of walls and hedges; and we can almost fancy that we are overlooking those old English landscapes while reading one of their ancient deeds of conveyance. One estate is mentioned in a deed, dated 886, as stretching along from Sheep-lea to the Broad Bramble, past the Old Gibbet-place and the Old Ford, along the Deep-dell, to the Thorn on the Mere, thence to the Red-cross, by the stream of Alders, up the Milk-valley by the Foresters' Mark, and along the Hay-meadow. Another goes from the Bridge by the Eel-ditch, past the Bourn and the Great Willow, from the Hoary Thorn to the Oak-tree, by the Three Hills and the Thorn Maple to the Three Trees, the Deep Brook and the Clear Pool, by the Black Willow, the Nettle Island, the Sedge Moor, past the Barrows, the Hillock, the Ship Oak, the Great Aspen, by the Reedy Slough, and onward to the Hoary Apple Tree beyond the Wolf-pit.

What an assemblage of old poetical names have we here: we can see the half-drained and half-cultivated country; we can picture it in miry March with its reedy meres and impassable sloughs—the rude wooden bridge by which the ploughman crossed over the quaking bog to get at the rich land which lay beyond. Yet amid these wilds and old forest-fastnesses the violets and primroses blowed as they do now, and the Saxon serf was cheered by the skylark's song while he laboured in those old hedgeless wastes. The bleating of young lambs was then heard upon the wild—the ice-freed brooks rolled merrily along; and though he fared hard by day, and at night had a block of wood for his pillow, Nature was still his comforter, and he found solace in the sights and sounds, that greeted his eye and ear, when he wandered along over the opening daisies.

Although the trees are leafless, there is something about a mild sunny day at the close of March which tells us that all the out-of-door world is alive—that the very air which seemed so silent in winter now murmurs with life, while a thousands insects are dancing about overhead, as if rejoicing that the time of flowers is so near at hand. The winding roads have on such days a dry, warm, summer look, and you can scarcely peer under any hedge without discovering on the sun-lit bank the silent progress that spring is making; for here and there the stary celandine has thrown open its golden-rayed flower, and the furze hung out its burning blossoms, which shoot up like a thousand flames from a green chandelier. Now the first bee comes blundering abroad, and running his black head against everything, as if not yet thoroughly awake. You wonder where he has hidden himself all the long winter, for you see at a glance that he belongs to no hive, but has his home somewhere in the neighbouring wood. What a summer sound his booming gives to the air; depend upon it he knows where the broadest primroses and sweetest violets blow; but he has gone to ransack yonder furze-bush, and will soon be busy rifling the yellow blossoms;

While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,

giving all the air a "countryfied smell," as he turns up the sleeping furrows, and causing you to sigh as you think of badly-drained streets and ill-ventilated houses, which you are doomed to breathe amongst in the City, places which rosy Health rarely plants her foot upon, for if she alights there the bloom upon her cheek at once begins to fade, and unless she hurries back to the breezy hills and greenwood sides, she will be compelled to bow her head in wan consumption's sickly lap.

So conducive to health is the aroma arising from the newly-ploughed earth, that we have frequently seen an invalid seated in a chair, secured to a kind of truck which was attached to the horses, and dragged along behind the ploughman, whose labour was not at all impeded by his passenger, excepting that it required more care when turning round at each end of the field. What heavy masses of clay at times cling to the ploughman's boots. You wonder how he manages to get along with such a clog to his heels; every stride he takes, the mass accumulates; and when, after many shakes, he gets rid of it, there lies a clod weighing pounds upon the furrow, the upper part bearing the impression of every nail in his boot. His hands are hard as horn through holding the plough; and if he has followed the same labour for years, there is a peculiar roundness about the shoulders which tells that the continued grasping of those bright shafts is no easy work.

The roads have a different appearance now from what they had a few months ago; there are more moving figures in the landscape, especially when it is market-day—such a scene as we have attempted to describe in a little poem, where

Busy farms move o'er the landscape brown
In twos and threes, for it is market-day.
Beyond those hills stretches a little town,
And thitherward the rustics bend their way,
Crossing the scene in red, and blue, and grey,
Now by the hedge-rows, now by oak-trees old,
As they by stile or low-thatched cottage stray.
Peep through the r-nursed hand, then you'll behold
Such scenes as McIraud drow in frames of tunny gold

A laden ass, a maid with wicker man,
A shepherd's lad driving his lambs to sell;
Gaudy-dress'd girls move in the sunny dawn.
Women whose cloaks become the landscape well
Farmers whose thoughts on crops and prices dwell.
An old man with his cow and calf draws near.
Anon you hear the village carrier's bell;
Then doth his grey old tilted cart appear.
Moving so slow, you think he never will get there.

But "slow and sure" has been for years his motto; and he will not only get there in time for the market, but stop and bait at a little road-side house, the swing sign of which you can just distinguish by the white post that supports it, on the left at the foot of the hill.

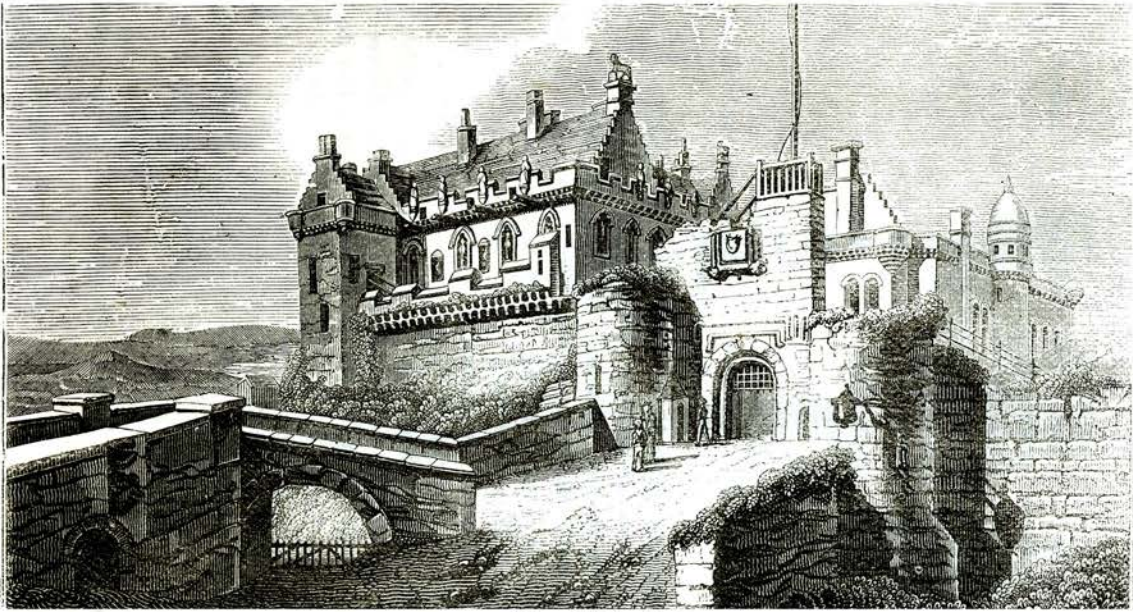
Now in the ponds and ditches may be seen hundreds of little frogs, and tadpoles with their round heads and long tails, bearing, at present, no more resemblance to a frog, than an egg does to a living bird. They are devoured in millions by the fishes. If they miss the jaws of the finny tribe, there are the newts ready to prey upon them: if they escape the newts, there are no end of water-fowl on the look-out: the snake feeds upon them as soon as they can leap: stoats and weasels dine off them, when nothing better can be had; and they can scarcely move anywhere without meeting with an enemy. On no account ought frogs to be driven out of gardens that are infested with slugs; for these are a favourite food; and wherever frogs are found, the slugs soon disappear. The way in which the frog seizes its prey is by throwing its tongue forward. The action is quick as thought—no sooner is the tongue out than the slug has vanished: it is almost impossible for the eye to detect the action, it is so momentary. In winter the frog buries itself in the mud, at the bottom of ponds and ditches, where it remains until spring, when it comes forth; and you may then see on the top of the water a number of black spots floating in a jelly-like substance. These are the spawn, or eggs, in which the tiny tadpoles are enclosed. They possess the power of breathing through the skin; and it is no easy task to either hang or drown them. It is now stale information to state that the toad is not venomous, but is as perfectly harmless as the frog, and equally useful in gardens. It is an unnecessary cruelty to destroy these inoffensive reptiles: they have sufficient enemies without man waging war against them; he, of all, ought to be their protector.

I have a great love for those little dirty and noisy vagrants, the sparrows; who hide, and build, and breed under the smoky eaves, and come out, sometimes, as black as soot. Wherever man rears his house, they follow. They are always ready with their "good morning" as soon as it is light. They take possession above, and the mice below; both are paupers that will have no "nay." If man can contrive to live, they are resolved to live with him. For ages they have been his constant companions. The sparrow hops down and breakfasts with the fowls, without needing an invitation. He takes possession of the corn-rick, and helps himself bountifully. In summer, he goes into the harvest field, if it is near at hand; nor is he very particular about waiting until the corn is ripe, before he commences his banquet. In vain does the farmer set a price upon his head; he contrives to live, and die, and leave a large family of sparrows behind him, who know how to pick up a living as well as he did. The sparrows, like the rooks, have their mode of punishment; and when any culprit has committed himself, they raise a clamour loud enough to alarm a whole neighbourhood. It begins in a moment—they all set to at once; and when they have had their say, they leave the offender to his own reflections. They are hasty, but it is soon over with them: nor do they ever put their victim to death; but having beaten him, and told him their minds, they treat him as kindly as before. In one instance, when the house sparrows had undergone a long persecution, they beat a retreat, and built their nests in some adjoining trees—a proof, that, when compelled by danger, they could change their habits; and, like other birds, build amongst the branches, instead of under the thatch or beneath the eaves.

One of the great pleasures which a lover of nature finds in a March ramble, is the arrival of the birds, which keep dropping in by twos and threes, we know not from whence. Nearly first comes the little wryneck, with its beautiful plumage, so richly marked, that it is almost impossible to describe its varied colours. You know it at a glance; for it is always twisting the dark-lined head and neck over the shoulders. Then we see the tiny willow-wren, whose chirp may be heard until September. It is also elegantly marked—yellow, brown, and white, and fond of frequenting the osier-beds. The titmouse and yellow-hammer also begin to sing; and together with the skylark, blackbird, throstle, woodlark, wren, and several others, there is already such a spring concert opened, as makes a lover of nature leave his chimney corner, and go forth to listen to their "sweet piping."

Sweet were the sounds which through the green vale flow'd:
The gentle lambs bleated all summer long;
The spotted heifer from the upland lowed;
The speckled thrush struck up its piping song;
A mournful "coo" the blue wood-pigeon made,
Now high, now low, now lost—just as the spring breeze played.





View of Stirling Castle

Old England: A Pictorial Museum, ca. 1860

HOUSE MOTTOES.

By S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

PART II.



ACCORDING to my promise, I now gather from a large collection a few more mottoes and inscriptions from English cottage homes, from London and the near neighbourhood, and conclude with some examples

from Scotland and Ireland.

Amongst the humble dwellings of our pretty English villages there is one in Norfolk, standing close to the road leading from Sedgford village to the hall so named, which is decorated with two painted inscriptions, one on the east and the other on the west side. That on the former, the couplet—

“Oh, timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise”;

and on the latter side—

“Though the day be never so long,
It ringeth at length to Evensong.”

There is another roadside house, between Cheltenham and Gloucester, which is distinguished by a motto in Dutch, viz., “*Iniets zonder Arby*,” or “Nothing without labour.” A similar proverb exists in Latin, “*Nil sine labore*.” The Dutch *Niets* clearly stands for the German *Nichts*, and the “y” in *Arby* stands for the “ei” in *Arbeid*.

Again, a humble domicile in the village of Axmouth, Devon, built of cobble-stones gathered from the beach; but, after the old usage, the handsome chimney-stacks were carefully constructed of cut stone, with elaborately ornamental inscriptions on the chimney-tops (in some cases). On one of these stacks, to be seen on a house standing at the entrance of the hamlet, we find—

“1570.”
“God giveth all.”

In the same village there is another house, with the inscription—

“*Anno Britannico*
“*illo*.”
“*Mirabilis*”
“1641.”

These examples may suffice as representing our cottage mottoes.

On the *Corn Exchange*, Windsor, dated 1707, are the words—

“*Arte tua Sculptor non est imitabilis Anna. Anna; vis-similam sculperere Sculpe Deam*”;

which may be rendered in English—

“In thine own Art, O Sculptor, Anna is imitable.

Anna, if thou willest one in Sculpture, produce a goddess.”

The inscription over the *New Royal Exchange*, London, is very appropriate, and calculated to make the busy money-makers reflect—

“The earth is the Lord’s, and the fulness thereof.”

With reference to this inscription, I may observe that, in a conversation with the architect, Sir William Tite, the Prince of Wales drew attention to the fact that in Germany it was the custom to place a motto, in a conspicuous place, on important public buildings, and he consented himself to suggest one. Some time afterwards the Prince informed Sir William that, after consulting Dean Milman, the latter suggested the inscription above named, having been approved by himself.

Over the doorway of *Holy Trinity Hospital*, West Croydon, you may see the words—

“*Qui dat pauperibus nunquam indigebit*”; which signify, “Who giveth to the poor will never want.”

There is a modern house at *Chiselhurst* which bears the motto—

“This is the welcome I’m to tell,
Ye are well come, ye are come well.”

Should the reader take a walk on the Ditchingly Road to the Brighton Downs, she will find *Hollingsbury Copse*, the residence of Mr. Halliwell Phillipps, and there may read an inscription running round the whole south front, under the eaves—

“Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall you see no enemy, but winter and rough weather.”

Another greeting to the visitor appears by the outside entrance to the study, viz.—

“Open lock, whoever knocks.”

These are all painted in black; and the house is a wooden structure.

Returning for a cursory review of London, I may direct attention to a private dwelling in Chelsea, built for the painter Whistler, by Godwin. The former is, as most of my readers are aware, remarkable for his very peculiar ideas on the subject of art and the beautiful in general, and so, whether the criticism immortalised on this structure be just and fair to the distinguished architect, the passers that way must severally form their own judgment. Report says that the proprietor who employed his services quarrelled with him, and to revenge his disappointment in the work, inscribed the following lines over the entrance-door, viz.—

“‘Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.’
“This house was built by Godwin.”

A few more old, as well as modern inscriptions, may be collected in London, as, for instance, at *Scarsdale House, Kensington*. Here there are two chimneypieces, bearing the Zouche motto—

“Let Curzon holde, what Curzon helde.”

Again, in Ave Maria Lane, you may read over the entrance to the “Oxford and Cambridge Press”—

“*Verbum Domini manet in aeternum*.”
“The Word of God endureth for ever.”

We may now take leave of England proper, and turn our attention to North Britain and Ireland. We learn that there was once an inscription in iron letters over an ancient window on *Castle Hill, Edinburgh*, adjoining the abode of Mary of Guise, mother of Mary, Queen of Scots, which was taken down between the years 1850-60, viz.—

“*Laus Deo*,” or “Praise be to God”;
and at the Fountain Close, the words—

“Only be Christ.” “Arys, O Lord.”
“*Vincet Veritas, 1573*.”

On the house of *John Knox* we find an old inscription worthy of that divine, viz.—

“Lufe God abvee al, and yi nychtbors as yi self.”

In the *Cowgate* we may read one of the

sayings of the wise, on the front of an old house—

“Gif we deid, as we sould,
We myght haif as we vould.”

At *Inverkeithing* we may see the same motto on an old house as that on the famous and beautiful house at Chester. It is dated 1688.

“God’s Providence is my inheritance.”

At *Stirling Castle* (a portion of which forms the house of the Earl of Marr) there is a curious old inscription, which I leave my readers to interpret for themselves—

“Esspy, Speik, furth, and, spair, notht,
Consider, vell, cair, notht.
The, moir, I, stand, on, oppin, hilt,
My, faultis, moir, subject, ar, to, sitht,
1584.”

For myself, I give it up.

On a stone fountain at *Linlithgow*, in the main street, there is a consolatory address to the wayfarer. On the top of the fountain there is a quaint little angel, who, we suppose, indites the motto below him, viz.—

“St. Michel is very kind to strangers.”

On the ruined gate of *Melrose Abbey*, in Roxburghshire, founded by David I, we may read—

“The Earth goes on, the Earth glittering with gold.

The Earth goes to the Earth sooner than it would.

The Earth builds on old castles and towers.

The Earth says to the Earth—All this is ours.”

Carved over the doorway of *Dundarrow Castle, Inverary*, is the following couplet—

“I man behald the end de nocht,
Wiser, nor heirst hoip in God.”

This sentiment seems rather obscurely expressed, but may be rendered in somewhat simpler English, “I must (or maun) behold the end of nought, no wiser than (to have) the highest hope in God.” This is the elucidation given by “C. M. T.,” as stated in *Notes and Queries*.

Let us now take a flight across to the “sister Isle,” and make a small representative list of what may be found in the way of house-inscriptions. Most people have heard of the redoubtable “Vicar of Bray.” At or near the fashionable watering-place of that name, in the co. Wicklow, a memorial with reference to the vicar may be seen on the *Oakley Arms*—

“Friend Isaac, ’tis strange, you that live so near Bray,
Should not set up the sign of the Vicar.
Though it may be an odd one, you cannot but say;
It must needs be a sign of good liquor.”

“Answer.”

“Indeed, Master Poet, your reason’s but poor;
For the Vicar would think it a sin,
To stay, like a baby, and lounge at the door;
’Twere a sign of bad liquor within.”

Perhaps my young readers may inquire, “Who was this clerical personage?” His name was Simon Alleyn, and his determination was to hold the incumbency of Bray, and die in possession of the same, at the price of changing, as often as needs be, from the English Church to the Roman, and from the latter back again. It is said that these changes of his took place in the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary I., and Elizabeth (1540 to 1588), recanting whenever he could thereby retain his benefice. There was another such weather-cock, who owned the same Christian name, one Symonds, who set this deplorable example during the Commonwealth and the reigns of Charles II., James II., and William and Mary.

At a small inn at *Shanganagh*, co. Dublin, but not far from Bray, we find a motto in Latin, which was one of the many adopted by Queen Elizabeth, and was also placed on the “herse” of Queen Mary II., and set up in Westminster Abbey; and was, moreover, assumed by Queen Anne by royal Act, viz.—

“Semper Eadem”; “Always the same.”

There is a house by the Bridge of Allan (co. Wicklow) which once bore the name of the original proprietor by whom it was built. Circumstances obliged him to sell it, and an unsympathetic neighbour, residing opposite, improved the occasion by inscribing the mis-spelt couplet on his own dwelling—

“Heir I forbear my name, or arms to fix,
Least I or myne should sell these stones
and sticks.”

We doubt his possessing any “arms” to set up but those of flesh and bone.

Returning to the co. Dublin, and the neighbourhood of Bray, we are reminded to sit down and count the cost, before building the tower. My readers will remember the parable. The words of the memorial run thus—

“This goodly house was erected by Wyndham Henry, Earl of Dunraven, and Caroline, his countess, without borrowing, selling, or leaving a debt; A.D. 1850.”

To bring my notes on house mottoes within the limits of a magazine article I have had to make but a small selection from a great mass of information, derived from the United Kingdom alone, leaving the whole field of German, French, Swiss, Tyrolese and Italian examples untouched. I do not include the other European nationalities, for with them I have not made myself acquainted. With reference to the Swiss and the Tyrolese, I will

only observe, what may have struck my fellow travellers in those most beautiful countries, that the mottoes are distinguished in a very remarkable way for the deep religious feeling and simple faith which they demonstrate, and the admirable moral courage evinced. There is no fear of ridicule, nor being charged with hypocrisy. They confess their Christian faith with a courageous loyalty, which is as edifying to those who read these outspoken convictions and hopes, as it is specially characteristic of those countries. Before closing I will give a specimen or two of what I have described. At Fidis, in the Prätigau valley, C. Grisons, we find a rich harvest of them, viz.—

“Ein Pilger bin ich hier auf Erden;
Und walle heir nur kurze Zeit.
Oft unter mancherlic Beschwörden
Zu meinem Ziel—die Seligkeit.”

“A Pilgrim am I, here on earth;
And travel here for but a brief season,
Often under many difficulties,
To my goal—eternal life.”

Further on, beyond the narrow gorge of the Klus, and at the entrance of the Prätigau valley, you arrive at the little town of Grünsch, where, amongst others, you may read—

“Durch Kreuz u. Pein, Sum Licht, u.
Sch:in;
Durch Kampf u. Streit, Zur Ruh u.
Freud.”

“Through Cross and Pain, to Light and brightness,
Through war and strife, to Peace (or Rest) and joy.”

Two more Swiss mottoes shall wind up my collection—

“Hüeth dich; fluech nicht in minem
haus,
Sunst gang’ grad’ zur Thür hinaus.
Sunst würde Gott vom Himmelreich
Us beide straffe, mich und dych su-
gleich.”

“Take care! Do not swear in my house,
Or else you’ll go straight out of the door.

For God in His Kingdom would punish us both; thee and me also.”

Lastly, at Jenay, there is a house distinguished by a very full, yet concise confession of faith and religious feeling—

“In Namen Gottes wil ich bauen
All hier auf diesen Platz;
Auf Jesum steht mein Vertrauen,
Im Himmel such ich mein Schatz.”

Which may thus be rendered in English—

“In the Name of God I will build here,
on this spot.
In Jesus I put my trust,
In Heaven I seek my treasure.”

[THE END.]



MY FRIEND DOUGLAS

BY FRANK FINN, B.A., F.Z.S.



“NO haughty feat of arms I tell” in depicting the humble individual who forms the theme of my discourse; in fact, as he is not an energetic personage by any means, feats of any kind, bellicose or otherwise, are not to be expected of him. He spends his blameless days in meditation—mindful, perhaps, “of his lost love and far-off home.” His appearance, indeed, might be thought to indicate ill-health of body or mind, for a blotchy yellow skin and a stony glare from watery yellow eyes suggest that “mysterious disease” which, according to the advertisement of a certain patent medicine, is always “creeping upon us.” Add to this a wide and waistless figure and large flat feet, and it will be easily understood that not even his most intimate friends can call my hero’s appearance prepossessing. When, however, I say that he rejoices in a tail, and carries his very much attached residence about with him, it will be suspected at once that my bilious-looking friend, despite his high-sounding appellation, is only a tortoise. And so he is—a European terrapin, or water tortoise, not distantly related to the friend of Brer Rabbit, who was, as we all know, one of the very few of that wily rodent’s long-suffering acquaintance who managed to outwit him. And in some respects he even reminds one of a still more distinguished member of the house-bearing family: the snapping turtle, victim of the “Arkansas tooth-pick” of the intrepid Slingsby. He does not, however, hail from the States, like these famous relatives of his; but from some part of Southern Europe, which, I cannot say, as his kind’s range is a wide one. Somewhere, however, he was kidnapped, and transferred to the care of a London dealer in pets, furred, feathered, and scaly. Ransomed thence, he has settled down peaceably in a garden in the south of England, which, affording him as it does sunshine, shade, and bathing accommodation, he is not at all anxious to leave.

A small stone basin has been sunk in the ground for his ablutions, which, it must be confessed, leave him rather dirtier than before, for his speckled shell gets covered with fine dirt, only to be removed with a nail-brush. To this he entirely objects; and no wonder, for his backbone being the roof tree of his portable abode, his poor

nerves must be sadly jarred by the process. This same coating of Mother Earth makes him rather difficult to see when he is in request, which is pretty often, as his points and properties are constantly being shown off to visitors. His objections to this interference with his repose are, no doubt, modified by the meal which follows it. For though his appetite does not demand alligators and authors to satisfy it, his capacity for accommodating animal nourishment is by no means to be despised. Unlike that peaceful browser, the land tortoise, which is too often hawked about on barrows, and bought, under the influence of the wild idea that it will destroy “blackbeetles,” he firmly rejects a vegetable diet. Instead, he devours raw meat or worms to an alarming extent—for there appears to be no provision in his frame for expansion, till it is seen that his breastplate and carapace are not absolutely soldered together, but “give” a little. His meals are generally taken in the evening, when, if the sun has nicely taken the “chill off,” he resorts to his bath, and waits, with his head out, for someone to come and feed him: for he makes a point of always taking his food in the water. All night long he remains in the enjoyment of a luxurious soaking, and may be encountered next morning trudging along the path to his retreat among the vegetable-marrows. There he proceeds to lie flat in the sun, his head erect, and his wrinkled yellow throat heaving slowly, in that placid enjoyment of *dolce far niente* which reptiles exhibit to perfection—one might almost think it a legacy from the old times, when “the world went very well,” and doubtless very slowly. As for special exercise, “Douglas” has as much contempt for it as any southerner; the dozen yards’ walk to the water is quite enough for him, varied by an occasional expedition along the south border. Like Gilbert White’s celebrated tortoise, he does not care for too much sun, and on the other hand, when it is scanty, knows enough to tilt his shell to catch what warmth there is. Whether, like that historical reptile, he knows his special friend, I have never been sure; but he is well aware of what is happening when any benefactor begins to dig by the side of his little pond, crawling out and watching the operation with greedy eyes till a worm is turned up and given to him, when he seizes it, and waddles off at a desperate pace, usually in the wrong direction, the victim meanwhile twisting itself round his head, getting under his feet, and otherwise generally making itself unpleasant. Presently, however, he finds his watery dining-room, or is dropped into it by a kindly hand, and, once at the bottom, proceeds to tear up his prey with the aid of his claws, sharp and strong as any bird’s, bolting large pieces with the slow greediness which seems generally to distinguish reptilian repasts. After thus disposing of two or three lob-worms nearly as long as himself, he is not anxious for another repast for a

day or two. His horny jaws can bite a big worm asunder at one snap, nor do small frogs fare much better; but toads he will have nothing to do with. Raw meat he especially delights in, when nicely cut up for him, and will "put away" quite a respectable quantity, and then fast for some days. By way of a change of diet, some sticklebacks were submitted to his examination; but his piscatorial tastes need developing, for he took very little notice of them. This indifference they did not reciprocate, for they evidently regarded him as a useful shelter, rushing to hide under his ample form, and, I have no doubt, sometimes tickling him dreadfully.

From finding a tiny fish-bone, however, in the water, I am inclined to think that the unsuspecting fishlings may have found in him a treacherous refuge. What damage he would do to the human finger I don't know; unlike Dr. Watts's dogs, he does not delight to bite, and his scratching when taken up is only an effort to escape. For, phlegmatic as he seems, he does not readily brook restraint; place him on a table, and after a time he will display a suicidal-looking tendency to crawl off; and in a small enclosure he will climb impossible-looking places, his great muscular power enabling him to drag his unwieldy carcase up anything that affords him a secure hold for his claws.

With autumn, his activity, such as it is, and appetite alike begin to wane, and he spends the winter, after the manner of his kind, in torpidity and abstinence, in which latter, even in their period of active life, tortoises can far surpass any "fasting man." In fact, their comparative indestructibility is much in favour of these animals as pets; besides their power of undergoing abstinence, their shell protects them from rough treatment, though the small flattish covering of a terrapin will not bear so much hard usage as the vault-like shell of a land-tortoise. Still, by curling his tail round sideways, "Douglas" can manage to accommodate his members inside sufficiently well to defy the impertinent curiosity of thoughtless kittens, which are not inclined to respect any creature, however venerable in appearance. And nothing in nature, surely, looks more antique than these slow, shielded reptiles, whose gnarled and weather-beaten appearance is justified by the great age they are known to attain. Not that "Douglas" can be termed a patriarch; though several years must have elapsed since he crawled, no bigger than a half-crown piece, from the white egg laid by his parent on the shore of some water in the "sunny south." And that many more may pass before he bequeaths to them his shell as the memento of his unobtrusive existence is, I am sure, the wish of all his friends.



SOME RECIPES FROM AN OLD HOUSEKEEPER'S BOOK.

Tansy Pudding.—Take a large teacupful of fine bread-crumbs, throw them into a pint of boiling milk, put in a saucepan over a cool fire, and let them simmer a few minutes; then add six ounces of good butter, stir until quite melted, remove from the stove, add four well-beaten eggs. Have ready the juice of a few tansy leaves mixed with a little spinach juice, to make it green, mix all well together, sweeten to your taste with pounded white sugar. Border a pie dish with puff paste, put in the mixture and bake in moderate oven.

Carrot Pudding.—Pound and sift four ounces of biscuits, beat with six ounces of butter to a cream, add the red part of five or six carrots that have been boiled and rubbed through a sieve, four eggs, a gill of cream, two ounces of chopped almonds, and sugar to taste. Put in a buttered basin with buttered paper and cloth over the top, and steam for three hours.

Sanders.—Mince very finely half a pound of any kind of meat or poultry (raw or cooked), with a small onion, a piece of lemon peel, and a boned anchovy; add four ounces of fine bread-crumbs, salt, a very little cayenne, and some nutmeg. Put two ounces of butter in a saucepan, when melted, add the mince, etc., stir over the fire to mix well, then stir in the yolks of two eggs and remove from fire at once. If the eggs are large, sometimes one is enough. Make into cakes, dip them in white of egg, roll in bread-crumbs, fry in boiling fat and serve.

Potato Pudding.—Mash half a pound of boiled potatoes with a fork, add six ounces of butter, four ounces of pounded loaf sugar, one ounce of chopped almonds with three bitter almonds, and four eggs; beat the whole for half an hour. Bake or steam with buttered paper over the top. If baked, it should be served directly it is taken from the oven.

German Puffs.—Two eggs, two ounces of flour, two ounces of butter, a gill of milk, a little nutmeg and salt. Beat the butter to cream, add the flour, then the eggs and other ingredients, beat for ten minutes; butter some dariole tins or cups, half fill with the mixture, bake half an hour and serve.

Boiled Ground Rice Pudding.—Boil five ounces of ground rice in a pint of milk, with a quarter of a pound of butter; when the rice is cooked, add a quarter of a pound of white sugar, with which a large lemon has been grated, and half a nutmeg grated, add four eggs beaten up with two tablespoonfuls of milk, stir for a minute over a slow fire to mix well, then put in buttered basin, cover, and boil for an hour and a quarter. Serve with sauce or preserve.

Cheese Pudding.—Grate half a pound of mild rich cheese, add two beaten eggs and two tablespoonfuls of sifted bread-crumbs, put in a saucepan, add sufficient milk to moisten, stir over a slow fire until cooked, then put in a buttered dish and brown the top. Pepper and salt can be added if desired.

Duke of Buckingham's Pudding.—Half a pound of finely chopped suet, a quarter of a pound of raisins weighed after they are stoned, a quarter of a pound of flour, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, two eggs, a little nutmeg and ginger, mix well; put in buttered basin, tie down close, boil for five hours at least. Serve with white sauce, or with wine and powdered sugar.

Muffins.—To one pound of flour put half a pint of warm milk, in which you have melted one ounce of butter, add one egg, and a large tablespoonful of fresh barm. Let the dough rise two or three hours. Make your bakestone very hot, rub it with a little butter wrapped in a linen rag, put a spoonful of butter on the stone; when done one side, turn it and cook the other. This is the instruction in the original receipt. I find a tile on my oven sheet answers very well for baking muffins in the oven.

Crumplets.—Two recipes for making them. Take a pint of warm milk and water and a large dessertspoonful of yeast, beat in as much flour as will make a batter, rather thicker than for a batter pudding, beat it well, let it stand to rise two or three hours, and proceed as for muffins.

Second recipe.—Boil a pint of new milk, stir in a piece of butter half the size of a walnut, let it stand until new milk warm, then add to it two eggs, and a dessertspoonful of barm; shake in, beating all the time, flour enough to make it a thick batter, let stand an hour to rise. Proceed as for muffins.



WELL-DRESSED.

A WOMAN fond of dress is a term of opprobrium. What does this condemnatory phrase mean—if it has any meaning? Is it that the woman neglects her mind, her manners, her husband, and her children, whilst she trims tawdry yellow with sky blue? Or that she tries to be neat, clean, and clothed in a manner becoming her position in life, her age, her figure, and her complexion? Dress has been described as affording an index to a woman's character. It does more; it actually affects her character. A woman well dressed, and conscious of being well dressed, becomes a very different person when she is put into slatternly clothes. In the first position she respects herself; in the second she feels not only discontented with herself, but with her neighbors. Goldsmith, in the "Vicar of Wakefield," says: "A suit of mourning has transformed my Coquette into a Prude, and a new set of ribands has given her younger sister more than natural vivacity."

It is a question open to some debate whether manners have affected dress, or dress manners. No one can deny that the one has always reacted on the other. Stiff, elaborate dress is connected with stiff and courtly manners; the high-flown compliment, the minuet, the *revolta*. No knight could have borne arms in defence of a Bloomer, nor could the most determined lover drink a toast out of a Balmoral boot. The hair in long ringlets, or wrapped round a classic brow, speaks of poetry, music, painting, and all that is refined. We imagine these visionary personages thus clothed, walking on some pleasant terrace, feeding a peacock, whose graceful plumage harmonizes with the costume of its fair owner. A woman is decidedly imitative; and, when you put her into the wide-awake, the short skirt, the jacket, into the pockets of which she is very apt to thrust her hands, you will generally find her sayings curt, and her laugh loud.

We applaud a connoisseur who buys a picture because it is a beautiful piece of color. Why should we not have these charming combinations in woman's dress? How often a little bit

of scarlet velvet, well placed, gives value and tone to the dress! When the eye is cultivated, it is as irritable as a musical ear, and equally pained by discord. In many pictures, the sole charm arises from harmony of color—a harmony which the eye drinks in with delight. The French have an innate sense of color; we see this in all the trifles that adorn their shops; a little box is painted with two colors which are so harmonious that it is a delight to look at them. The English choose two colors, but, as long as they are opposed to each other, they consider that sufficient; but these being often discords, give pain.

As you look from your window in Paris, observe the first fifty women who pass; forty have noses depressed in the middle, a small quantity of dark hair, and a swarthy complexion; but, then, what a toilet! Not only suitable for the season, but to the age and complexion of the wearer. How neat the feet and hands! How well the clothes are put on, and, more than all, how well they suit each other! Not one color swearing at another color. We have been imitating the French for centuries in the matter of dress; yet how little we have succeeded in learning from them! If we were asked what would secure success in dress, we should answer, Freshness, before all things; better a clean muslin than tumbled satin. A lady once held up a collar and said, "Is it soiled?" "Yes." "Why, you never looked at it." "No; but if there is any doubt, it is soiled."

You ought never to buy an article because you can afford it. The question is, whether it is suitable to your position, habits, and the rest of your wardrobe. There are certain clothes that require a carriage to be worn in, and are quite unfit for walking in the streets. Above all, do not buy wearing apparel because it is miscalled cheap. There is no such thing; cheap clothes are dear wear. The article is unsalable because it is either ugly, vulgar, or entirely out of date. One reason why you see colors ill-arranged is, that the different articles are purchased each for its own imagined virtues,

and without any thought of what it is to be worn with. Women, while shopping, buy what pleases the eye on the counter, forgetting what they have got at home. That parasol is pretty, but it will kill by its color one dress in the buyer's wardrobe, and be unsuitable for all others. An enormous sum of money is spent yearly upon woman's dress; yet how seldom a dress is so arranged as to give the beholder any pleasure! To be magnificently dressed certainly costs money; but, to be dressed with taste, is not expensive. It requires good sense, knowledge, refinement. We have seen foolish gowns, arrogant gowns. Women are too often tempted to imitate the dress of each other, without considering

The difference of climate and complexion.

The colors which go best together are green with violet; gold color with dark crimson or lilac; pale blue with scarlet; pink with black or white; and gray with scarlet or pink. A cold color generally requires a warm tint to give life to it. Gray and pale blue, for instance, do not combine well, both being cold colors.

The first inquiry you must make, if you wish to be well dressed, is into your defects of figure and complexion. Your beauties you are already sufficiently well acquainted with. You are short: you should not wear flounces, nor stripes going round the figure. You are fat: don't wear a check. You have high shoulders: avoid a shawl, which is very graceful when well put on by a tall woman, but ugly when dragged across the bosom as if to hide an untidy gown. To look well, a shawl must be large; no arrangement can make a small shawl look well.

All imitations are bad. They deceive no one, and, the first gloss having passed off, they stand revealed for what they are: not for what they pretend to be. Let the cotton be cotton, and not pretend to be silk. A velvet dress is a prudent purchase. It never looks too fine, and, with the addition of lace and flowers, is suitable for any occasion. It is, of all materials, the most becoming to the skin. Satin is not so, because more glossy than the skin itself; so diamonds, being brighter than the eyes, serve to dim rather than to brighten them.

It is impossible to speak too strongly on the subject of selecting colors that suit the complexion and hair. White and black are safe wear, but the latter is not favorable to dark or pale complexions. Pink is, to some skins, the most becoming; not, however, if there is much color in the cheeks and lips; and if there be even a suspicion of red in either hair or complexion. Peach-color is perhaps one of the

most elegant colors worn. We still think with pleasure of Madame d'Arblay's Camille in a dress of peach-colored silk, covered with India muslin and silver ribbons. We forgive her for having run into debt for it. Maize is very becoming, particularly to persons with dark hair and eyes. Whatever the color or material of the entire dress, the details are all in all; the lace round the bosom and sleeves, the flowers—in fact, all that furnishes the dress. Above all, the ornaments in the head must harmonize with the dress. If trimmed with black lace, some of the same should be worn in the hair, and the flowers that are worn in the hair should decorate the dress.

Ornaments should never be merely and evidently worn as ornaments. Jewels, flowers, and bows should do some duty; they should either loop up a skirt, or fasten on lace, thulle, etc. There should be some reason for placing them; a bow of ribbon that has no mission is a fault. Flying streamers are unpardonable. Milton's description of Delilah does not prepossess us in her favor—

"Sails fill'd and streamers waving,
Court'd by all the winds that hold them play."

Nothing looks worse than a veil flying behind your bonnet. Either draw it over your face, or leave it at home.

We have not yet mentioned the subject of dressing the hair. By attention to this, much may be done to decrease the defects of the face. If this be too long, the hair should be arranged so as to give width; if too short, the hair should be plaited, and put across the fore part of the head, or turned back, which, if the forehead be low, gives height and an open expression.

We have not, perhaps, pressed sufficiently strongly on the necessity of the dress being suitable for the hour. No dress, however charming, is admissible in a morning but one strictly fit for that time of day. Every woman, whatever her station in life, has duties to perform in the forepart of the day; and to see a lady ordering the dinner or arranging the wardrobe in satin and artificial flowers would be simply ridiculous. A velvet jacket may appear at the breakfast-table; but the simpler and neater the costume, the better. All jewelry in a morning is in bad taste. Cobbett warns a man against a woman "fond of hardware." The imitations of gems which are frequently worn, are not only in bad taste, but are absurd. Pearls which, if real, would be a monarch's ransom, and mock diamonds before which the Koo-i-noor looks small, are sometimes heaped upon tasteless persons in terrible profusion.

Some years ago, the English imitated the French in wearing almost entirely stone-colored or gray dresses; but neglected the ribbons of either scarlet or pink with which they enlivened those grave colors. Another great mistake is to suppose that a ball-dress, when its freshness is gone, will do for a dinner or evening-dress. There are some small folk who appear on the first of May, to whom it would be a suitable and welcome present. Gloves and shoes are most important; a new pair of well-fitting gloves adds wonderfully to any dress, morning or evening. Cobbett, in his work, "Advice to Young Men," says: "When you choose a wife, look to see how she is shod, if her shoes and stockings are neat; a slipshod woman is a poor look-out."

We do not advocate spending much money upon dress; but we ask to have it spent with thought and tact in its arrangement and color. We all know beautiful women—wise, good, charming women—whose dress is generally totally deficient in taste, and we ask for the same improvement in mixing colors in dress that our artists, our architects, and the stage now display to us. How much of our associations with people depends upon dress! Elizabeth's "muslin mane" seems needed for her character. Mary Queen of Scots only rises before us in her black velvet and the cap which bears her name; and the vision of Laura is not complete without the dress of green velvet and violets which Petrarch did not disdain to chronicle.



Illustrated London Almanack, 1850

THE RULES OF SOCIETY.

By LADY WILLIAM LENNOX.

PART I.

THE following remarks upon the "Rules of Society" are made for the benefit of those who from one cause or another feel a little uncertain with respect to the small observances which, although not to be counted among the weightier matters in life, yet hold no unimportant place therein, if our daily comfort and well-being are to be considered; but are, indeed, like oil on the wheels, not absolutely essential to movement, but making all the difference as regards smoothness or the reverse.

Life would go on certainly though we were all as rude and uncultivated as could be—sitting on the ground and tearing our food with our hands preparatory to gnawing the bones, and speaking the most terrible home truths to each other without any veil whatever—but it would not be so pleasant. And as

civilisation has progressed, so by degrees a sort of code of rules—unwritten in some particulars, but none the less binding—has been evolved very much to the advantage of us all in the way of preventing roughness in manner and making the great machine called Society—which is but another name for an assemblage of human beings—run easily and without friction.

More especially perhaps is an acquaintance with the "code" necessary to women for their own happiness, sensitive and keen by nature as they are and painfully aware of the slightest awkwardness; for, akin to the feeling of discomfort—I may almost say general disorganisation—produced by the consciousness of having on a badly-fitting gown, a hideous hat, or a shoe whose beauties are things of the past, just when there is urgent reason for wishing to look well, is the sensa-

tion of nervous depression brought on by suddenly awakening to the fact that one does not know quite "how to behave" or "what to do" in the circumstances of the moment.

I ought, I think, to begin by offering an apology to the many readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER who have no need of any instruction or hints on the matter for choosing a subject which always provokes a smile—either good-natured or cynical—when mentioned, on account doubtless of its being among those things which everybody is supposed to know. But there is no occasion for the already enlightened to wade through this paper. The heading will warn them off, and they can simply skip it all.

Leaving the majority therefore out of the question as in no way concerned, I address myself to the comparatively few; and, on the principle of taking the first step before

attempting the second, I begin at the beginning and will try to answer queries which present themselves to my imagination as likely to be asked if people had the opportunity of asking them.

We will consider at starting the very ordinary occurrence of a dinner party about to be given; the invitations being sent out. These may be formal cards—"Mr. and Mrs. A. request the honour"—or the pleasure—"of Mr. and Mrs. B.'s company at dinner on Tuesday, the 8th of June, at 8 o'clock"—or merely notes—"Dear Mrs. A., will you and Mr. A. give us the pleasure of your company at dinner on," etc.

In either case the answer must be couched in the same terms as the invitation, except when, as sometimes happens, the inviter is a near relative or very intimate friend of the invited, in which event the formality may be disregarded in favour of a note. "Dear Mrs. B."—or the Christian name only—"we have great pleasure in accepting your kind invitation," or "We shall have great pleasure in dining with you," etc.

And here please be careful to notice the difference in the wording, and avoid a mistake constantly made in letters of this sort. People write, "I shall have much pleasure in accepting," not considering that the acceptance refers to the present, and consequently there is no "shall" about it. But if the phrase runs, "I shall have much pleasure in dining with you," it is correct because it refers to the dinner which is in the future.

The date fixed for the party arrives, and you make your appearance in your host's drawing-room, followed by your daughter—if she was asked—and then your husband. Never, on any account, go in arm-in-arm. It is a mistake very seldom made; but, as I have seen it happen occasionally, it must be mentioned. The old-fashioned arm-in-arm is, indeed, pretty nearly obsolete, except when actually going down to dinner or supper, or just through the hall to a carriage. At no other time, unless in some frightful crowd as a protection, is such a thing ever witnessed now.

Dinner is announced and you take your seats. With regard to the mode of eating, it may be roughly laid down that a knife is not to be used when spoon and fork will do, and a spoon should not be employed if a fork alone is sufficient. In the case of fish, silver knives are usually provided, and when they are not it is advisable to use two forks if one will not quite answer the purpose. Curry, properly cooked, requires no knife, only spoon and fork. Quails and cutlets, of course, must have a knife, but many *entrées* can be perfectly well managed with a fork alone.

It is hardly necessary, perhaps, to say that under no circumstances whatever, whether when eating vegetables, cheese, or any other thing, must a knife approach the mouth. Such an unbecoming as well as dangerous habit would at once mark the person indulging in it as standing in need of some little teaching.

On the other hand, we know that "fingers were made before knives and forks," and custom ordains the exemplification of this adage on certain occasions. Asparagus is eaten in the primitive manner, and requires

some dexterity in conveying the end of a rather limp stalk to the mouth. Green artichokes are pulled to pieces leaf by leaf until the "choke" is reached, when fork and spoon come into requisition, and uncooked celery, after the thick end has been cut off, is taken up by the fingers. The fragile pencil-like things called "cheese-straws" must be eaten in the same manner, for they break if touched by any implement, and I well remember watching the dire confusion of a woman who vainly tried to catch some of the straws by pursuing them round and round her plate with a fork, the only result being a collection of unattainable splinters.

Some dishes are easy enough to help oneself to, but there are others which demand cool determination to attack, and care lest a portion land upon the tablecloth instead of in the plate. We are not all gifted with the self-possession of Theodore Hook, who, when carving a tough goose one day let it by chance slip boldly into the lap of his neighbour, and, turning to the unlucky victim, said severely, "Madam, I will trouble you for that goose!"

Fortunately for us, the days of carving at table are over, and we have only to avoid catastrophes with extra hard *vol-au-vents*, infirm jellies, and pyramids of strawberries.

A story is told of a man who, hopelessly in difficulties as to what he ought to do, pulled some grapes off their stalks and tried to cut each berry with a knife. It puts one's teeth on edge to think of the pips on that occasion, and indeed the idea of steel blades and fruit in juxtaposition is terrible, except in the case of oranges, when silver knives create a feeling not far short of desperation.

As regards wine, persons who have come to years of discretion can observe that discretion as seems good to them; but to those girls who allow themselves wine, I would advise a small quantity of one kind. It does not look well to have odds and ends of wine standing in the various glasses by the side of a girl, neither is it attractive to see her finish up with liqueur at the end of dinner.

In the matter of introductions there is but little of that now, though, of course, unless previously acquainted, the man who takes you down to dinner is first presented to you, and you may be introduced to some one or other of the guests during the evening; but, especially if the party be large, it is by no means certain that you will be. In the act of introduction the name of the person highest in rank—or, if there is no difference in that respect, then the elder of the two—should be mentioned first, as "Lady A.—Mrs. B.," not *vice versa*; and when a man is presented to a woman there is generally the proviso, "Mrs. B., may I introduce Mr. C.?" A woman is not taken up to be introduced to a man; always he to her, except in the case of royalty, and then the royal personage has intimated his wish that she should be presented to him.

A fault very common is not being sufficiently careful to pronounce clearly the names of individuals when introducing them, and it is a great oversight, as it prevents the landmarks—if I may so style them—being visible, which are so necessary in this land, where

relationships run closely through every stratum of society, and it is almost impossible to go anywhere without finding people either nearly or distantly connected with each other. We cannot be a sort of *Bradshaw's Guide* through the network of lines of kinship, but the more we understand about it the better, and to know exactly whom one is speaking to is an undoubted help in that direction, enabling us to avoid mistakes in conversation which may plant a sting unremovable by any after-excuse or apology. The only safe course to follow in the absence of such information is to say nothing but what is favourable about people or even nations, lest you should wound the feelings of your neighbour, and oblige him to say hurriedly, "she is my sister" or "perhaps I had better mention my name," to show that he belongs to the country about which you have been holding forth in not over-pleasant terms.

One of the best indeed among the "rules of society" is that which makes it incumbent on everybody not only to furnish his or her quantum of wit, humour, general agreeability, or what not, for the amusement and gratification of the company, but also, by a skilful word or two, to try and turn the conversation away from any topic likely to cause violent discussion or uncomfortable feeling; and nothing marks ignorance of what ought to be done more distinctly than the tactless introduction or continuation of a subject which, like a hedgehog, is covered with prickles and sure to hurt somebody.

A word before concluding this paper to those who now and then give dinners. Not the great banquets in big houses, which are part of the routine of life, and being perfect in every detail go like clockwork; but the modest entertainments in small abodes where the infrequency of "parties" causes some excitement and extra work in the household. The first thing to be remembered when such an event occurs is not to attempt more than can be done properly as regards the number of guests or dishes, and secondly, having settled the quantity and quality of both, and arranged all things to the best of your ability, to leave it alone. That is to say, do not let your mind worry and bother about it, for of all fatal obstacles to the success of a dinner-party, the irrelevant answers and wandering eye of the hostess, due to her thoughts being fixed upon the delay in handing the vegetables, or the non-appearance of a sauce, are the greatest, and moreover call attention to shortcomings which otherwise might pass unobserved. Therefore "assume the virtue" of coolness "if you have it not," and never allow your neighbour to see that while he is trying to interest you and make himself agreeable your mind is elsewhere, and that you have not heard a word of what was said. Remember also that your business at the time is to be hostess, not cook, footman, or parlour-maid, and that the more you attend to your own duties, and do not, to use an expressive word, "fluster" the servants, the more likely are they to get through their part creditably; and finally do not forget that an important rule of society forbids the exhibition of personal annoyances and domestic grievances to our acquaintances or friends.

(To be continued.)



THE RULES OF SOCIETY.

By LADY WILLIAM LENNOX.



PART II.

My last paper on the rules of Society ended with some remarks upon dinner-parties and the conversation thereat; but although the article thus finished, my observations did not, and must therefore be continued in this chapter.

A silent dinner is a very depressing function, so much so indeed that among the disadvantages of living alone must be counted solitary meals, as not only saddening in their effect upon the mind, but provocative of bad digestion in the body; and even if we dine in company, but the company of dull, stupid, or at any rate unconvivial people, the result is much the same as though we had sat down in solitude. It behoves us therefore, each and all, to try and prevent this evil and also make the dinner pleasant by taking a middle course—as is usually wisest with regard to most things in life—and neither to be like a ghost, speechless and casting the metaphorical wet blanket over the assembled guests; nor, on the other hand, to remind everybody of the whirling of a mill by the never-ceasing clatter of our tongue.

A clever hostess will do her best to secure some few good talkers at her table, in order that no pauses of sufficient length to give a sense of uncomfortable silence may occur; nothing more than those little gaps in conversation poetically supposed to be caused by "Angels passing." We are not all geniuses in the talking line, but we are bound to take our share, so far as in us lies, in contributing to brightness and cheerfulness at table; only, of course, young girls are not expected to bring themselves prominently forward in that way, and young or old it should not be forgotten that a "voice soft, gentle and low, is an excellent thing in woman," and that a shrill laugh, or an exclamation so highly pitched that it pierces through the ordinary hum of sound, is anything but agreeable or attractive. Also, it should be remembered that dinners are meant to be enjoyed, and men especially feel aggrieved if they are exposed to a constant fire of words, worst of all if those words resolve themselves into questions which require answers. Chilly soup, tepid fish, and entrées bolted for want of time to eat them properly, produce feelings of anger which even beauty itself can hardly stand against, if the beauty's chatter has caused the annoyance, that is to say. So it is wise to let your neighbour on either hand enjoy his dinner in peace, undisturbed by too much conversation, although at the same time he must not be allowed to suppose that a dumb doll dressed in pretty clothes is sitting beside him.

Do not crumble your bread over the table-cloth by way of inspiration, if you think you ought to say something and can find nothing; do not play with your wine-glasses either, until, very likely, you upset one of them; nor drop your dinner-napkin, gloves, etc., which makes a commotion and is rather a bore.

Such small things seem hardly worth

mentioning, but tricks of any kind are to be avoided, as they generally give the impression of awkwardness.

Should you happen to go down to dinner with the master of the house, it is as well to let your hostess have a chance of catching your eye to give the signal when she wishes to leave the table, but never on any account fall into the mistake which I once heard was made by a woman who ought to have known better. She imagined that the lady of the house was very inexperienced and was sitting on an unconscionable time because she did not know when to go, and so she, the guest, actually took it upon herself to push her own chair back a little, with a glance at her hostess; but the latter, looking steadily at her presuming acquaintance, said very quietly, "I do not think I made a move, Mrs. —" and sat on for another ten minutes.

As regards evening parties there is not much to say. You speak to the hostess at the head of the stairs where she stands to receive her guests, and then you wander through the rooms, and enjoy yourself, till you descend for supper or depart altogether. There is no need to look for the lady of the house to say good-bye. She has, most probably, left her post long before and is wandering about among the company.

The next thing I will mention is country house visiting, which is very pleasant as a rule, especially to people young enough not to mind the open doors and windows, the large rooms—innocent of fires sometimes when dwellers in towns would have lit them—and long corridors down which a fine north-easter pursues you.

Take plenty of wraps, therefore, unless it is the very middle of summer; but this is by the way.

I will suppose that you arrive at your destination dressed in a neat travelling costume all in good order; no buttons off gloves or boots, no untidy straps about the handbag—of splendid dressing-bags I am not speaking.

You are shown into an apartment—very likely a big hall used in the day as a drawing-room—where you find perhaps several, perhaps only one or two, people, and the mistress of the house may ask whether you would like to see your room at once, or, if it is near tea-time, if you will stay and have a cup first? I believe that in New York and other places in America the custom in this respect differs from our own, and that the newly-arrived visitor is not brought face to face with the house party until she has had an opportunity of tidying her hair, brushing her gown, and generally smartening herself up, after which she can appear with an "equal mind," untroubled by any misgivings as to the results of the journey upon her looks. In my opinion, that arrangement is a great improvement on our way of doing things; but, however, as it is, you sit travel-tossed and more or less crumpled up, talking to anybody you know, and possibly, if by nature shy, with an embarrassing consciousness of being mentally criticised by some of those present whom you do not know. In such circumstances the most important matter is to keep still. If you have ever watched actors on the stage, you must have noticed that they never shuffle and move about without intending it. It is one of the first lessons, in fact, that amateurs have to learn, simply to stand or sit still. Nothing has a worse effect than the look of "not knowing what to do with your arms and legs," so do, therefore, refrain from twisting your feet about under

your chair, fidgeting with your bracelets, or letting the spoon fall out of your saucer. If your gloves are off, do not begin to think about your hands getting red, for, if you do, they are pretty certain to fulfil your fears by becoming so. Nervousness has more to do with that than is generally imagined.

Whoever saw a pair of scarlet hands before them when they were alone?

Just call to mind the fact that there is no real reason why you should feel "all anyhow" because you are in a strange house among strangers, and try to be natural in manner and pleasant to everybody.

One thing very necessary to cultivate when on a visit is the habit of punctuality. In London, where people come long distances, with the chance of a "block," or finding the street up, or some other obstacle to progress, a liberal margin is allowed as to time, and dinner at a quarter to eight means eight. But in the country the hour named is the hour intended, and in some houses the striking of the gong and the appearance of the butler throwing open the doors for dinner are nearly simultaneous, while in others the guests have five minutes' grace after the gong sounds in which to get downstairs and into the drawing-room. In any case they should all have assembled before dinner is announced, for few things annoy the master of the house more than to see stragglers come in when the soup, and perhaps even the fish, has been already served.

The same rule applies to all arrangements which are not "movable feasts." Luncheon, for instance, is usually at a fixed hour, and so is breakfast in some houses, though not in all. If you are to ride or drive, or whatever it is, be ready to the minute, and do not give trouble by having to be sent for. To give no unnecessary trouble either to guests or servants is, indeed, a good motto to bear in mind, for nobody likes to be "put about," and a woman who gives a lot of trouble, whether from thoughtlessness or from an idea that by requiring a great deal of attention and waiting upon she makes herself interesting and of more importance, will find out her mistake sooner or later, and learn that fetching cushions and smelling-bottles is not an amusing occupation for her friends, and that ringing the bell without good reason only sends servants, especially other people's servants, into a bad temper.

When you come down to breakfast you need not go round and shake hands with everybody. Speak to the lady of the house and anybody you know close by, and a few little bows and smiles will do the rest. Be careful in going to or from the dining-room to wait your turn, and not walk out before those who ought to precede you. Sometimes when the same people are making a longish stay in the house, they draw lots to decide who shall go in with whom by way of variety instead of having always the same partner. Pieces of paper are numbered, two sets alike, and drawn just before dinner, the guests then pairing off according to their numbers, so that a woman or girl with no particular position may find herself in the place of honour at the table, but even so it would be extremely bad taste in her to leave the dining-room first.

When talking do not mention the name of the person you are addressing every time you speak. It has a tiresome effect upon the ear to hear perpetually "Yes, Mrs. —" "No, Mr. —" "Do you think so, Lady —?" "How fine it is to-day, Mr. —!"

No hard-and-fast rule can be laid down as to how often the name should be mentioned—

for, of course, it must be sometimes—but a little careful attention to ordinary conversation will teach you more than any written remarks could, and your own instinct must guide you further in the avoidance of little faults of the kind.

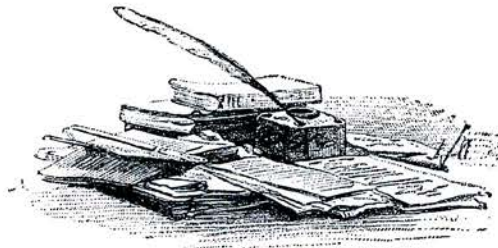
A matter of importance when visiting is to try never to be in the way when you are not wanted, and never out of it when you are wanted. Do not, for example, sit down and make an unrequired third in a conversation carried on between two people who are evidently quite content with each other's society, for they will only wish you anywhere, and, unless you have the constitution of a rhinoceros, the freezing atmosphere will soon bring to your mind a certain proverb which says that "Two's company, but three's none."

Do not insist upon speaking of something which interests you specially when, perhaps, nobody else cares very much about it; and, more than all, do not talk about yourself, your likes and dislikes, your health, etc., etc. It may not be pleasant, but the fact remains that nineteen people out of twenty feel not the smallest interest in you or your concerns except in so far as the outcome is agreeable

to them, and this not exactly from want of heart so much as from want of time to stop and consider you, when there are so many others near and dear to them to be thought of. At all events, so it is, and any person who hangs about a room when she might as well go out of it, or worries people by airing her own opinions when nobody wishes to hear them, is decidedly in the way, and neither more nor less than a bore. This rock, *i.e.*, being *de trop*, may be called the Scylla, while another of quite a contrary kind may be styled the Charybdis in the sea of Society, and both must be steered clear of if the voyage is to be pleasant and successful. The former is the rock on which active and energetic people split, and the latter often makes shipwreck of the more meditative and indolent natures, inclined to let things slip by, unobservant of what is required of them, or, if aware of it, too fond of their own comfort and repose to respond. Judgment and tact are essential in order to avoid running against one or other of these rocks, and perhaps the best preventive of mistakes in the matter will be found in remembering to "do as you would be done by," because, keeping that in mind, you will have only to make a shrewd guess as to

what others would like in the same circumstances. Now and then doubtless in carrying out this rule some self-denial is involved, as, for instance, when lawn-tennis, or croquet, or even a walk, is proposed, and you, caring little for physical exertion at any time, and very anxious, moreover, to finish a book you are deep in, feel for a moment disposed to be churlish and refuse to join. Well, then comes in the remembrance of what is due to others, and you put the best face you can on it, get your hat, and go. Or on a wet day somebody wants to play billiards, or battledore and shuttlecock, or something, and you would rather work at a drawing or run through a song or two in the little boudoir where you will disturb nobody, but you are wanted to help brighten up the dreary day, and your private inclinations have to be sacrificed to the good of others. Another thing— But my paper is growing rather lengthy, and, lest I should be voted a bore and go to pieces on the rock Scylla, I think my remarks had better end here for to-day, the remainder of them, not many now, being laid by for another occasion.

(To be continued.)



THE RULES OF SOCIETY.

By LADY WILLIAM LENNOX.

PART III.

I LEFT off last time in rather an abrupt fashion: but possibly the unfinished condition of my article may—on the principle of serial stories, which always exhibit a certain unexpectedness and incompleteness in their instalments—have given my readers an appetite, so that, like *Oliver Twist*, they are "ready for more." I will therefore now proceed to explain what was meant by the "other thing" spoken of at the end of my paper.

It had reference to what is often felt to be a difficulty with regard to country house visiting, and consists in not knowing how long to stay. When, as sometimes happens, the duration of the visit is settled and plainly mentioned beforehand, it is a real comfort; for if you are invited for a week, or from such a day to such a day, the dates being given, there is no room for doubt: you know exactly what is expected of you and can make plans to suit. But when the invitation is vague as to its ending, though explicit as to its beginning, and you are asked to "come on the 8th and stay with us; we shall have a few cheery people," it is hard to say for certain whether the traditional three days, "press day, dress day, and rest day," as the line runs—though for my part I fail to see where the "rest" day comes in—are intended to cover the time of your visit or whether a week is meant. At all events it is always better to be too short than too long as regards time when others are concerned besides yourself. A prolix, long-winded individual is invariably fled from when he begins to speak, and anybody who gets a reputation for outstaying his

or her welcome is not likely to be asked much anywhere. It would be terrible to be known as "that woman who can never be got rid of when she once comes." Far better is it to arrange for a short visit, and then, should your hostess really wish you to pay a longer one, she can say so and try to persuade you to alter your plans on her behalf. But, unless it is quite clear that your company is still desired, it is wise to keep to your original intention, because sometimes politeness, carried perhaps rather beyond what is necessary, may be misunderstood, as really occurred on one occasion when some people who had paid an unreasonably long visit were leaving the house at last, to the relief of their entertainers. An unlucky impulse prompted the hostess to say, "Good-bye, must you really go?" Whereupon, to her dismay, the departing guests turned with a smile and said, "Oh no, we are not really obliged to go just yet," and they actually stayed. Here again we may take counsel of the wisest of Books which says, "Remove thy foot from thy neighbour's house lest he grow weary and hate thee."

While on this subject it may be well to remark that the same rule applies to all visits, even what are called "morning" visits—calls made because they must be made more than with the idea of any pleasure to be evolved therefrom. The temptation to remain too long in such cases is, of course, not great, but it does not follow necessarily that the visitor goes just when she ought. Shyness, a sort of difficulty in finding the right moment in which to get up and say good-bye, perhaps sometimes a feeling that you have seemed stupid and dull, and that you must try and

sparkle somewhat before you go, to take away the bad impression given of your abilities; all sorts of little under-currents common to human nature seem at times to hamper people and make them do *gauche* things, among them being that of sitting on when they ought to leave.

Even if you are with a friend, not an ordinary acquaintance, and have lunched with her, it is better to make a move to depart soon after; for although you may have nothing particular to do that day, she may have, and in London especially there is such a pressure of things which must be got through somehow that few of us can afford to let our afternoon slip away, and with it the chance of seeing such a person, going to such a shop, writing important letters, etc., etc.

Now I will return to the country house, to make a few observations, this time not to the visitors, but to the visited; and, as I have all through my articles tried to make it clear that I do not address myself to people who live in luxury, I wish to repeat that fact, and to say that I have not "in my mind's eye" a magnificent castle with everything to match, but a house on a modest scale and establishment ditto.

You, inhabiting a nice, comfortable abode of the kind, have bidden some guests to come and stay; perhaps for an "At Home" in the neighbourhood, perhaps with no special object in view; but the country is pretty, they can walk or "bike," and there is the pony-carriage and possibly a dog-cart, useful for men in the shooting-season.

Well, first I hope you have not asked too many, for, except in the case of very young

girls who have scarcely been out anywhere, and to whom a gathering means Elysium, never mind what inconveniences in the shape of an over full house—sofas to sleep upon and hardly room to dress in—are attached to it, nobody likes discomfort, and cramming ten people in where there is only space for eight, or less, does not conduce to comfort. Besides, too many guests means too few servants for the unwonted crowd, and consequently work has to be hurried through and, in artistic parlance, “scamped.”

Then you have dust not only lurking in corners but coming boldly forth to view on carpets and furniture, glass and china dull and knives ditto, flowers drooping, half-dead for want of water; in fact a complete absence of those details which spell first cleanliness and then charm in a house, and, taking them as a whole, make the difference between enjoyment of daily life and the mere endurance of it for the sake of some brilliant hours in prospect.

It is the business of a hostess to see that her staff of servants is equal to the demands made upon it, and then to exact thoroughness in the work done; outside which there remain many small matters for her personal attention, such as putting writing materials in the bedrooms, cards on which are printed the hours for breakfast, lunch and dinner, and the arrival and departure of the post; and if in addition to this a time-table of trains to and from London is annexed, it will be found of great value in sparing somebody the headache which so often accompanies a prolonged study of Bradshaw. A few books also, suited to the tastes of whoever is to occupy the room, should always be left on a shelf or table. They look comfortable and are generally appreciated.

The mistress of a house must of course show a pleasant countenance of welcome to her visitors, and should be quick to notice little signs of fatigue in the elders, contriving to spare them too much talking when they ought to be resting, without at all suggesting that repose was needful because they are not quite as young as they were, a thing which nobody likes to believe patent to an ordinary observer. With the younger members of the party she must be as bright and “full of life” as her physical and mental constitution will allow; ready to make plans for amusement, and as far as circumstances admit, arrange them to suit the different dispositions of her guests; not forcing the naturally inactive ones to join in outdoor games, scramble through woods, or take part in picnics when a chilly wind is blowing, and black clouds render precautionary umbrellas and waterproofs necessary items in the outfit; nor, on the other hand, obliging the athletic, to whom movement is indispensable and good bracing air a regular “pick-me-up,” to sit in the house because the weather is bad, when they are really longing to don thick boots and defy the elements with the weapons of youth and health.

But while trying your best to provide some sort of amusement for your guests, never forget to “leave well alone,” and your visitors also. If there is one thing more objectionable than another to many people, it is being “hiked about,” and told to go here and there, or do this and that, when they do not want either to go to or do the place or thing suggested. Talleyrand once said to a man who asked counsel of him respecting a project he had very much at heart, “*Surtout pas trop de zèle*,” and that advice it is well to bear in mind. We all know the proverb, “One may have too much of a good thing,” and “zeal,” excellent in itself, is apt if over-much indulged to become a nuisance to the object if not the subject thereof.

The hostess who, with the best intentions, insists on driving her friends even to things they like doing, who says, “Now I know

what will suit you—the old ruins. We will go there to-day, and to-morrow is the Gymkana. We must all go there. Headache, did you say? Oh, I thought you never had headaches, but anyhow a nice little drive just to the ruins can't hurt. In fact the air will do you good. Now, you, I know you would rather stay in, so take that comfortable chair, and there's your book, I put it ready for you, and there's the *Morning Post*, or would you like the *Times* better?” and so on *ad infinitum*, is a person to be dreaded. “Kind woman,” say her friends behind her back, “but, oh, if she would only leave us alone!”

The essence of good manners, indeed, is to make things as pleasant as possible by letting people follow their own bent and inclination; giving them the chance of joining in something which may be agreeable, but dropping the subject at once if it does not seem to be attractive. Closely connected with this is manner itself, about which it may be said perhaps, “People cannot help their manner.”

That is true to a certain extent but not entirely, for a good manner may be cultivated and a bad one discouraged just as flowers may be watered and attended to and weeds rooted out. When I speak of a good manner, I do not mean that specially soft demeanour which reminds one somewhat of a cat and is often accompanied by a little delicately hinted flattery of the person spoken to, although such manner is seldom thrown away, human nature being very prone to approve of flattery under the guise of appreciation. But I do mean gentleness as contrasted with anything like roughness or brusquerie. The Latin expression “*Suaviter in modo*” conveys the idea better than any words I know, and, in women particularly, short sharp ways of speaking, over-strong, almost violent, expressions of opinion, and what may be called un-oiled words of contradiction, are disagreeable in themselves and dead against every rule and custom of society. If we possess a hand of steel, let us hide it in a velvet glove. The strength will be in no wise impaired thereby, while our neighbours will be less sensible of the hardness.

I must now say a word with regard to a curious mistake made sometimes even by people who certainly ought to know better. The mistake is in leaving out part of a person's name whether in speaking or writing. If, for example, a man is called “Lord Frederick Smith,” or a woman “Lady Mary or Lady Edward Jones,” the Christian name must always be heard: not omitted in favour of the surname only. Indeed very often the former need only be mentioned, but the latter alone must never be. “Lord Smith” or “Lady Jones,” in the cases adduced above would be quite incorrect, but, strange to say, the error is not seldom committed.

Finally I will turn to the subject of most women's pleasure and difficulty, dress. That is to say, dress when staying in country houses, for with respect to London there is no occasion to offer any observations, every woman being a law unto herself, limited only by her own taste and purse. But I know that sometimes, if a visit is imminent, the question “What clothes shall I take?” presents itself to the mind in the light rather of a puzzle far from easy to unravel, especially if ways and means are not remarkable for abundance. Naturally every girl and woman likes to look her best when staying away with the chance of meeting strangers and making a good or bad impression, and in the case of women who have reached the summer or autumn of life, there is one comparatively simple mode of lessening the toilette problem, which is to wear black. Black in good condition, be it understood, because shabby black has about it suggestions of poverty and supreme effort, which are neither becoming nor exhilarating. But silk,

satin, velvet, any material really handsome, and lightened by lace and jet, can go anywhere unashamed, while for morning gowns cashmere, foulard, and that haven of refuge, the ubiquitous serge, always look well and do not date themselves too obviously. As for hats and bonnets, everybody can please themselves, remembering, however, that one hat should be fit to stand rain, as nothing has a worse effect than bedraggled ostrich feathers, or artificial flowers and gauze or chiffon crushed flat by a downpour. A short skirt is also an essential, and perhaps, if the purse is as short as the gown, an economy may be arrived at by having two skirts of different length to wear with the same coat. Neat boots of course “go without saying,” and plenty of gloves, a strong pair or two for every day and a store of pretty ones for occasions when they will be wanted. Tweeds and serges, cottons and foulards to suit the season—and the age of the wearer—are the best materials for morning frocks whether in black or colour. Silks and satins are quite out of it in the country except for evening. Tea-gowns *versus* regular dinner dresses is a question to which an answer vague as those of the Delphic Oracle can only be given, for the excellent reason that the custom in one house is no guide to it in another in the matter. At some places when the party is small and quiet, tea-gowns are quite in order even at dinner, but in others those comfortable garments are relegated to their proper sphere, appearing only at five o'clock tea, the wearers blossoming forth at a later hour in the smartest and most up-to-date of toilettes. Tea-jackets answer the purpose of tea-gowns, but one or other should be packed, although it may chance after all to stay in the wardrobe, never being required either at tea or dinner.

Some pretty frocks which would do alike for party or dinner must be taken, and a few odds and ends of ribbon, bits of lace and sprays of artificial flowers, in case real ones are not to be had from the gardener, come in useful especially if an impromptu fancy dress dinner is arranged, and “the shop” in the village, with its stock-in-trade varying from candles and ironmongery to very thin cotton ribbons of abnormal hues, bunches of scarlet geranium, and poppies with woolly buds, is the only place where anything can be got.

In deciding what to take and what to leave behind, space necessarily must be considered, and it is astonishing the quantity of things one person will bring out of a box, almost like a conjuror and his inexhaustible hat, while another woman can hardly make the same sized receptacle hold half that number of articles. The difference comes partly from natural genius and partly from habit. In any case it is better to take two or three trunks of moderate dimensions than one mountain, which taxes the strength of even railway-porters, and makes servants look askance when they see a sort of elephant in the hall, waiting to be transported somehow upstairs. More than all, have your luggage tidy, locks secure, straps ditto. Bags and portmanteaus have a way of getting out of order, as regards the spring. I have seen specimens of both, strapped certainly, but not really locked, so that an aperture was visible all along the top, which should have been closed, and I have felt sorry for the owners.

These details, although they seem hardly in touch with my subject, are yet not entirely unconnected with it, inasmuch as one rule is to encourage things pleasant, and avoid, or ignore, things disagreeable. The wheels of daily life run over rough as well as smooth ground, and the inevitable jars and concussions would be even more apparent than they are, were it not for the oil provided by the Rules of Society.



SIGNS OF SPRING.

“The water-carts have begun again,
a sure sign that summer is coming.”

Little Girl's Letter from Brighton.

LITTLE GIRL TO THE BIRDS.

Ho! swallows, that from foreign parts
Your summer tale are bringing,
Know that the Brighton water-carts
An earlier tune are singing.

Ho! cuckoos, pipe your blithest strain,
And ply your swiftest feather,
But marvel not if all in vain
You chant of bright Spring weather.

Ho! nightingales, we shall not need
Henceforth your annual story ;
The water-carts, 'tis well agreed,
Have stolen all your glory.

You signs of Spring! go play your parts
Where men will care about ye :
Our signs of Spring are water-carts,
And we can do without ye.

THE BIRDS' REPLY.

Thanks for the warning, maiden fair,
We will not haunt your city :
Have water-carts, for aught we care,
And henceforth spare your ditty.

Your carts, too—bid them spare their
fears

That we shall land at Brighton ;
We've looked in vain these thousand
years
For tree or bush to light on! H. D.

RECIPES FOR MARCH.

Baked Cod.—A piece of the middle of a large fish is the best for baking, and if liked, it may be stuffed with a veal forcemeat, or it may be plainly baked. Wipe the fish dry after cleansing, and sprinkle it with flour, laying it in a baking tin with small bits of butter or good dripping upon it; bake about half an hour basting it occasionally. Serve with melted butter or shrimp sauce. Or a better way still is to lift the fish on to a dish and to carefully skim the best of the butter into a small saucepan, to which is added a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, the juice of half a lemon, and half a teaspoonful of seasoning, letting this boil up once, then pouring it over the fish. Serve boiled or whipped potatoes with codfish.



Stewed Rabbit.—This is much nicer if cooked in an earthenware jar with tight-fitting lid, and narrow bottom, because it allows of very gentle cooking. Pare and wash one carrot, a turnip, a large onion, and small head of celery, cut them up rather small and tie together a bunch of savoury herbs. After skinning and thoroughly washing the rabbit, cut it into joints, and these again into convenient pieces. Put a layer of mixed vegetables at the bottom of the jar, then several pieces of rabbit, each piece having been wiped and rolled in seasoned flour; then another layer of vegetables, and so repeat until the jar is full, or all the materials are used up. On the top place several strips of salt bacon and the bunch of herbs. Add a little more pepper and salt, and sufficient warm water to just cover the meat; replace the lid of the jar, and stand it in a corner of the oven to cook for at least two hours and a half or three hours. If these are prepared overnight, the flavour of the vegetables is imparted to the meat, and the latter is much more savoury. The water however must not be put in until just before it is to be cooked.



Home-made Potted Beef.—A piece of the shin of beef, about three or four pounds, should be placed in an earthenware vessel with just sufficient water to cover it. Stand it in a corner of the oven and let it simmer for some six hours. Then take out the meat into a wooden bowl, and carefully removing every bit of skin and gristle, pound it with a pestle until it is reduced almost to a smooth paste. A tablespoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, a pinch of ground mace, and a teaspoonful of bloater-paste, should be added to the meat with a little more of the liquor, and the whole pounded in. When fine enough press down into small pots or shapes and cover the surfaces with dissolved butter. The remaining liquor in the vessel is almost as good as beef tea, and will serve for the latter quite as well, or if previously cooked vegetables be added to it, it makes excellent and nourishing soup.



Braised Beef.—A piece of the "top-side" is best for the purpose. Place it in a covered stewpan or a shallow earthenware one, with sliced vegetables around it and a little bacon or dripping. Cover closely and cook gently for two or three hours. Lift the meat out on to a dish and strain the gravy over it, having carefully removed all the fat.

Sultana Pudding.—Pour a pint of boiling milk on to half a pint of fine white bread-crumbs. Add a tablespoonful of ground rice, an ounce of butter, two ounces of brown sugar, a pinch of salt, the grated rind of a fresh lemon, and four ounces of picked sultanas, and lastly stir in two well-beaten eggs. Pour into a well-buttered shallow dish, and bake for half-an-hour or forty minutes in a moderate oven. Serve with powdered sugar sifted over.



Chestnut Soup.—Boil a pound of chestnuts until they are tender, then throw them into cold water. Peel them and put aside all the white part in a basin. In a stewpan dissolve an ounce of butter and slice a small onion into it, let this frizzle until brown; add to it the peeled chestnuts and stir them about to prevent burning. Dredge a tablespoonful of flour over them to absorb the butter, add plenty of pepper and salt, and about a pint of clear stock liquor. Let these boil, stirring all the time. Then pass through a strainer into the tureen rubbing the chestnuts through with a wooden spoon. Have ready also half-a-pint of boiling milk, stir this in at the last.



Ox-tail Soup.—Place an ox-tail cut into joints in a stewpan with an onion, a carrot and savoury herbs; add to it a quart of water and simmer very gently for four or five hours. Then strain off the liquor, skim it carefully and season highly, keeping it hot. The best of the meat may be reserved for potting and a few flakes of the remainder with part of the carrot minced small kept for the soup. Dissolve a tablespoonful of potato flour with a little cold water in the stewpan, pour the strained liquor to this and add the meat and vegetable; let all boil up once, then pour into the tureen with strips of very thin dry toast.



Savoury Meat Pie.—Pare and slice four large potatoes and one Spanish onion, and mince finely one pound of beef steak. Put a layer of potatoes and onion at the bottom of a pie-dish, then a layer of minced beef; fill up the dish with alternate layers. Sprinkle a tablespoonful of seasoning over the top and pour in sufficient warm water to nearly fill the dish, put a cover over and let the pie cook gently for an hour. Take off the dish cover and replace it with one of short pastry, ornament and brush over with milk, then return the pie to the oven until the crust is baked, by which time it will be thoroughly cooked. Serve hot.



Spinach and Poached Eggs.—Spinach is one of our finest spring vegetables, but before it comes in, its place may be taken by turnip or nettle tops. The vegetable must be first boiled until tender in salted water, then thoroughly drained, chopped to get rid of any stringy pieces, seasoned with pepper and salt, and then simmered with an ounce of butter for five minutes longer. Turn on to the middle of a dish and shape it as a mound; upon this arrange poached eggs and surround the base with tiny strips of dry toast or fried potato chips.

Baked Milk is very nourishing and makes a good cold pudding for eating with stewed prunes or figs. Put a pint of milk into an earthenware jar, cover the top with stout white paper and place it in a moderate oven, let it bake very gently for five or six hours; when cold the milk will be found as thick as cream.



Stewed figs, like prunes, will be found much richer if the fruit is soaked for several hours previous to stewing it. It should however be stewed in the same water.



Rhubarb Compôte.—Make a boiling syrup with a quarter of a pound of lump sugar and a wine-glassful of water. Throw into this the rhubarb cut into inch-long pieces, cook until perfectly tender, then lift them out on to a dish. When all the rhubarb is cooked, boil the syrup a little longer to reduce it, then pour it over the fruit. Make a rice mould by creeling whole rice in sweetened milk until it is all absorbed, flavour this with fresh lemon rind and pour into a fancy shape. When cold turn it out and pour the rhubarb compôte all around the base. Use a pretty crystal dish for this.



Orange Marmalade.—A dozen Seville oranges, half a dozen sweet ones and three lemons. Cut these into the finest and thinnest possible slices, taking out the pips but carefully allowing no juice to be lost. Put the fruit into a large lined earthenware pan, and the pips into a basin. To the fruit add water enough to well cover it all, and let the pips also be soaked in water. Let the fruit stand twenty-four hours, then turn it with the water into a preserving pan and let it boil for an hour or more, after which return it to the first vessel for another twenty-four hours' standing. The pips should be strained through a colander and the water drained from them added to the other fruit, as it will be found to be almost a jelly, so much gelatinous matter clinging to the pips which is lost if the latter are thrown away without soaking. The second day the fruit and liquor should be weighed and sugar allowed to it in proportion of a pound of sugar to a pint of fruit and liquor. The latter should be put on to boil in the preserving pan and frequently stirred, as it is very liable to catch at this stage. When the fruit boils put in the sugar, then let the marmalade boil for forty minutes after it starts again, stirring all the time. Pour it into heated jars while hot, and it will be found "set" almost before it is cold.



When a savoury is required, "kidneys à la Milanese" make a very nice dish.

Roll four ounces of butter in flour, and fry a golden colour. Add a pint of stock, in which dissolve two ounces of preserved tomatoes, one dessertspoonful of chopped parsley, one small onion chopped very finely, and a pound of sliced kidney; pepper and salt to taste. Stew this over a slow fire for forty minutes, and add half a tumbler of red wine and a teaspoonful of flour, and stir again for ten or twelve minutes.

L. H. YATES.

DIANA.

By PAUL BLAKE.

BESIDE the busy little brook
Which skirts that clump of cedars
Sits fair Diana with her book,
Most picturesque of readers.

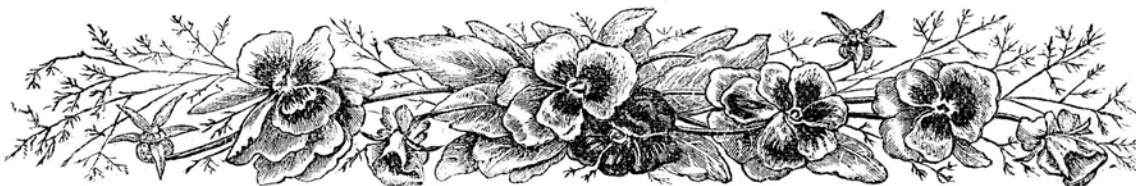
By idle tales she sets no store,
Her passion is for knowledge;
She's reading up a treatise for
The tutor of her college.

She knows the structure of the eyes,
Can state the Great Bear's distance,
Can tell you where Coimbo lies,
Or gauge the wind's resistance.

She knows how fast the planets spin,
Can trace a comet's orbit;
She likes to plunge the litmus in
The acids which absorb it.

She drives half mad her brother Jack,
Who's fresh from Alma Mater,
With questions on the Zodiac,
Or Sanscrit forms of pater.

She's sorry ladies can't as yet
Join Christchurch, Caius, or Merton,
But means to ask papa to let
Her go next year to Girton.



AFTERNOON TEA-CAKES.

DAINTY cakes are always a welcome addition to afternoon tea, more especially if home-made, and so I venture to give a few recipes for some delicious and easily made cakes.

LEMON CAKES.

Into three quarters of a pound of flour rub three ounces each of lard and butter, add six ounces of castor sugar, the grated rind of one lemon, and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix into a moderately stiff paste with two well-beaten eggs; divide into small rough pieces, place on a buttered tin, and bake in a brisk oven for twenty minutes. When done, and while hot, sift castor sugar over them.

COCOA-NUT CAKES.

Into half a pound of flour mix a quarter of a pound of ground rice, then rub in three ounces each of butter and lard, add six ounces of castor sugar, one teacupful of desiccated cocoa-nut, and a dessertspoonful of baking powder. Whip the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, mix in, add a little milk if not moist enough, and bake the same as above in a moderate oven.

COCOA-NUT CAKES, NO. 2.

One cocoa-nut skinned and grated, the milk of same, an equal quantity of water, a pound and a half of castor sugar, and the whites of three eggs. Dissolve one pound of the sugar in the milk and water, and stew till it becomes a "ropy" syrup; turn out on to a buttered dish. Have the whites beaten to a very stiff froth with the remaining half a pound of sugar whipped into it. Mix this with the nut, and then little by little—beating the while—the boiled syrup when it is a little cooled. Drop the mixture in tablespoonfuls on to buttered papers. Bake in a very moderate oven, and do not let them brown at all.

SPONGE FINGERS.

Beat two eggs very light with a quarter of a pound of castor sugar; sift gently two ounces of fine flour and the grated rind and juice of half a small lemon. Drop on buttered papers in long fingers, not too near each other. The oven should be very quick, and the "fingers" a delicate brown. When you drop the mixture, if it inclines to run, beat the mixture a little longer *hard*. These are very nice dipped in chocolate icing.

COCOA CONES.

One pound of powdered sugar, half a pound of grated nut, five egg whites, one teaspoonful of best arrowroot. Whip eggs stiffly, adding sugar as you go on until it will stand alone, then beat in nut and arrowroot. Mould the mixture with your hands into small cones, and set them on buttered paper two inches apart. Bake in a very moderate oven.

DROP CAKES.

Put a quarter of a pound of butter into a basin; beat to a cream; add half a teaspoonful of baking powder, and work in gradually half a pound of flour; add a quarter of a pound of currants, two ounces of sugar, two ounces of mixed peel (finely shred), and grated rind of a lemon. Beat one egg well, mix it with a gill of milk, and stir into dry ingredients. It should be stiff. Drop in knobs the size of a walnut on baking sheet dusted with flour, and bake in a brisk oven. Place cakes on tin an inch and a half apart.

HUNTING NUTS.

Rub five ounces of butter into one pound of flour; add three quarters of a pound of very coarse sugar and a quarter of an ounce of ground ginger. Break an egg into a bowl, and mix all together with half a pound of treacle. Make the nuts the size of a marble, and bake on buttered tin in a slow oven.

OSWEGO CAKE.

Quarter of a pound of corn-flour, two ounces of butter, two ounces of fine sugar, one teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat sugar and butter to a cream, add eggs (two) one at a time, then corn-flour and powder. Bake in a rather shallow tin, buttered, in a moderate oven.

QUEEN CAKES.

Beat two ounces of butter to a cream; beat two eggs well; add half a pound of fine sugar to the butter, and a little of the beaten egg, and one tablespoonful of milk. Beat in half a pound of fine flour, another tablespoonful of milk, the grated rind of a lemon, or a few drops of any essence, and pour in the rest of the egg by degrees. Roll out to about as thick as a penny, cut into round cakes, lay on buttered tins dusted with flour, and bake to a pale brown for about fifteen minutes in a well-heated oven. Lay on a sieve to cool.

ALMOND CROQUETTES.

Whisk a batter of half a pound of castor sugar and six eggs; add six ounces of ground almonds, grated part of lemon rind, and sift in half a pound of fine flour. Place in small, well-buttered tins, and bake in good oven.

INVALID CAKE.

Three ounces of flour, two ounces of butter, two ounces of castor sugar, two eggs, quarter of a teaspoonful of baking powder, grated rind of half a lemon. Beat butter and sugar in a basin to a cream, add one egg and half the flour; beat well, then add the second egg and remainder of flour, lemon rind, and lastly the powder. Beat well a minute or two, then pour into a small round tin, well buttered, and dusted with sugar, and bake in good oven. While still warm pour over an icing made with half a pound of icing sugar, moistened with a tablespoonful and a half of water and a few drops of essence of lemon. Beat it free from lumps, heat before the fire for a few minutes, then pour over cake, and ornament with a few dried cherries on top.

GÉNOISE CAKES.

Beat a quarter of a pound of fresh butter to a white cream with a wooden spoon, add to it four ounces of powdered loaf sugar, and beat till light and white; then add one egg and beat smooth, then add three more eggs, singly, and always beating between each. Lastly, mix in lightly a quarter of a pound of fine flour, and as soon as you have beaten it smooth pour out on a well-buttered plate and put into the oven *at once*. Bake till done (in about ten or fifteen minutes) and turn out, underside up, on a sieve to cool. Spread on half the cake some apricot jam, place the other half of cake on top, and with a sharp knife cut into neat squares or diamonds. Ice over top with the icing flavoured with vanilla.

GERMAN BISCUITS.

One pound of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of fine sugar, one egg, and a good pinch of baking-powder. Rub dry ingredients together, and mix to a paste with the egg well whisked; roll out thin and cut into round cakes. Moderate oven to bake them a pale brown. Put in pairs with jam between and icing on top. "CONSTANCE."

OUR SOIRÉE MUSICALE.



“WHY not have a Soirée Musicale?” said Adolphus Tweedlegig argumentatively. “Why not?” echoed the present writer reflectively.

The result of the foregoing conversation was, that it was resolved to hold a Soirée Musicale forthwith, in the great hall of the Public Lyceum at Mud-

worthy, in support of the funds of the Mount Parnassus Literary Society, of which my friend Adolphus Tweedlegig was honorary secretary, and of which I had quite recently become a humble but aspiring member.

This society was formed for the purpose of bringing into noble companionship the soaring intellects of Mudworthy, who, spurning the terrestrial prosaics of things mundane, plumed their wings for flight towards those sublime heights whence the society took its name. It held periodical meetings, at which the members discussed the last new novel, the latest discovery in the scientific world, the attitude of the Government, or the greatness and importance of the Mount Parnassus Literary Society. It also possessed an organ of its own, called the *Parnassian Meteor*, to which the members contributed brilliant and soul-stirring articles, philosophic essays, mediæval romances, or tender effusions of the poetic muse. Some of the theories for the better government of the universe, for instance, which had first seen the light in its pages, would, if carried out, have inaugurated a new era in the history of mankind; but a callous and blind world neglected them, and the universe went on in its old humdrum style.

A man of the name of Baggs had proposed to join the society. A shudder ran through the members when the name was announced, it was so horribly suggestive of trade. But his references were good. A baronet was second-cousin to his maternal grandmother, and a blackrod-in-waiting had once distinguished his father's stock. So he was duly elected, and was to be formally admitted at the next general meeting.

At a meeting prior to that, however, the secretary did not appear at his usual time, and the most alarming surmises as to the cause of his absence were indulged in.

Presently the door was suddenly opened, and he

staggered in, cast an anxious look round the room, and sank into the nearest chair.

All gathered round him, and implored him to speak, but for some time all his efforts to articulate were vain.

In the dead silence that ensued, only one word was spoken, but it was a word of dread import, and it fell from the secretary's lips.

“Soap!” he feebly articulated, and gasped for breath. “Yes,” he went on in an agonised voice—“yes, it is too true. That traitor Baggs deals in soap, and all is lost!” and he buried his face in his hands.

After a short time they were able to collect their scattered energies sufficiently to form a deputation on the spot to wait upon Baggs, and ask him to resign. Adolphus was spokesman, and put it to him with the eloquence of despair. He read the fundamental rule about blood, and besought him in moving tones to behave as a man, and not wound the feelings of a number of ladies and gentlemen whose tenderly nurtured souls would fade and wither if brought in contact with the atmosphere of soap.

“Gentlemen,” said the unhappy trader thus addressed, “I am greatly obliged to you. After what you have told me, I would not become a member of your society for the world. I wish you good morning, and trust you will never again demean yourselves by crossing my threshold—else,” he added, “I fear I may be tempted to kick you individually out.”

The deputation then hastily left in silent scorn.

However, this by the way. A Soirée Musicale was decided upon, a committee of ladies was appointed, and the secretary was entrusted to draw up a manifesto that should adequately represent the society, and at the same time exert a salutary influence on the minds of any members of the outside world into whose hands it might chance to stray. And this task was most admirably performed, for every line bore the unmistakable impress of blood of the deepest and purest azure.

Adolphus Tweedlegig had been unanimously elected M.C., and wore on his bosom, in sign and token thereof, a tasteful composition in gilt and emerald, about the size of a sun-flower.

By half-past seven the guests began to arrive, and the great hall to fill.

“Mr. Democritus Blobb,” shouts the man at the door, as a diminutive youth with straw-coloured hair and green spectacles enters, and elbows his way in our direction.

“Here comes one of the cleverest fellows in London,” whispers the M.C. in my ear; “you remember how he cut up Tyndall and his primordial atomic theory in the *Parnassian Meteor*? You should see him experiment on gunpowder; it would astonish you.”

I am introduced to this distinguished pyrotechnist, and note that he has neither eyebrows nor eyelashes. This, I am subsequently informed, is owing to the fact

that once a week at least an experiment explodes under his nose. Such are the contingencies of an earnest devotion to science.

"Mr. Charles and Miss Amarinth Tubginger," is the next announcement.

The M.C. rushes away to greet them with great fervour, presently returning with the beautiful Amarinth on his arm.

"I shall now have the pleasure of making known to each other two distinguished contributors to the *Parnassian Meteor*," he observes with great *empressement*. "Miss Amarinth Tubginger—Mr. Democritus Blobb."

The two celebrities bow, much in the same way as mere mortals do, while Tweedlegig observes to me in a stage-whisper—

"Miss Tubginger is our great satirist; so you had better be careful what you say before her. Probably you have read her sketches signed 'Juvenal'?"

I am compelled to confess with shame that the pungent lucubrations of the fair Amarinth are unknown to me; but I express a fervent hope that at a very early date I may be able to refresh my soul by their perusal.

"And when you do," continues Tweedlegig, "just notice the mild and sparkling wit—the rich and covert humour that abounds in them. Humour! why, Dickens is nothing to her."

I regard this prodigy with admiration and awe. She is a heavy young lady, with a row of corkscrew-curls, and a costume of pink tarlatan, and looks more like the compiler of a cookery-book than a satirist. But thus does Nature ever hide her choicest treasures. Diamonds in the bowels of the earth; genius behind a tendency to *embonpoint* and pink tarlatan. I may just perhaps add that I subsequently found her writings far surpassed the eulogium passed upon them. The wit might not invariably be sparkling, but it was splendidly mild; the humour was not always rich, but it was superlatively covert.

"Who is that lovely blonde on Fitzcatgut's arm?" I presently inquired of Tweedlegig.

"Oh, that's his famous sister Cordelia, one of the finest poets our Society has produced. All those verses signed 'C,' and a note of admiration, are from her pen. Talk of sentiment! some of her compositions are sentiment itself; and such rhymes!! why, she can actually beat Tennyson at rhymes!!"

"Why does she wear her hair so untidily?" I ventured to observe.

"Untidily!" said my friend warmly; "why, my dear fellow, that's just her finest characteristic. Her verses are just the same. No conventionality—no restraint; the gush of unfettered genius is apparent in every line. She scorns the trammels both of hair-pins and metres."

A voluminous man, accompanied by a violoncello swathed in green baize, now enters the room; and a whisper goes round that he is the great Mr. Bombazine. While I contemplate him from a respectful distance, I am informed that he is a local magnate, and that next to himself he regards his

cello as the most important unit in Mudworthy. From the number of people that hasten to revolve round him, I judge that, like other luminaries, he has his satellites, who aspire to shine with a little reflected radiance. This, I observe, he benignly allows them to do, until one of them presumes to glimmer on his own account; and then—down goes a social extinguisher, and the sun of Bombazine shines alone.

At eight o'clock the entertainment commenced. It comprised songs in three languages, a duet for flute and trombone, one for violin and cello, with piano accompaniment (by desire); a trio for harp, piano, and bagpipes, composed by Mr. Sandy MacWhirtir, and never before performed in public; and a finale, in which all the performers united, and strove in a most brilliant manner for mastery.

Adolphus Tweedlegig led off with a tenor aria, in which he called down vengeance on an imaginary foe in his finest style. All were delighted; Miss Fitzcatgut was enthusiastic.

"Such a *voce-di-petto* he has!" she cried; "he reminds me of the great Brownini. Ah! his *chiaroscuro* was superb, while his *passionatamente* passages were absolutely thrilling!"

Mr. Longwinde Fitzspouter then gave some dramatic recitations, in which he leaped and sprung, panted and raved, ruffled his hair and beat his breasts in a most finished and artistic style, and was of course applauded to the echo.

But the palm of honour must be awarded to the duet between violin and cello, with piano accompaniment. It was entitled the "Siege of Seringapatam;" and if the piano might represent the besieged, the violin would represent the light infantry and the cello the artillery of the besiegers. It commenced with a slow movement, as though the combatants were marshalling their forces for the encounter; then suddenly the violin gave a fiendish scream, and rushed to the assault, and was answered by a clang from the piano and a groan from the cello. Then it retired, and gave place to the cello, which executed a flank movement to a weird and lugubrious monotone, and ended by flinging a fierce note at the piano, which caught it up, twisted it, deployed round it, and worked out variations upon it in a most strategical manner. Then the violin, in attempting to scale the walls, ran up the gamut, and fell back; then got up a little higher, and again missed its footing; and at last, having got to the top, was met by its opponent, which made a frantic rush from its very lowest to its very highest note, and hurled it with a crash to the bottom again, while the cello fired off a heavy cannonade of grunts with deadly effect. Then they all fell into a minor key, and wailed and sobbed with anguish, which of course represented the cries of the wounded and dying. Then they once more resumed hostilities, and after a most animated passage, which, as Miss Fitzcatgut very poetically observed, was "*furiosamente* to its heart's core," the piano capitulated, and joined with its late opponents in "God save the Queen."
E. M.

Odds and Ends.

THIS is an excellent and cheap way of renovating dirty gilt—an ounce of gold bronze dust costs sixpence. Place a small quantity of this in a wide-mouthed bottle with sufficient benzine just to cover it, and mix them well together. Then apply the mixture to the dirty gilt article with a camel's hair brush, as evenly as possible, using the brush in one direction only. The benzine should not be used near to a fire as it is very inflammable, and as it evaporates very quickly, it is best to make the gold-paint as you need it, and to keep the bottle well-corked.

BEDS were unknown amongst the ancients, who slept on the floor or on a divan covered with skins. It was in the middle ages that beds first became common, being made of rushes, leather or straw. It is supposed that feather beds were known to the Romans, since men are reviled by one of the Latin poets for their luxury in sleeping upon "feathers." Heliogabalus, the most effete of the Roman Emperors, possessed an air cushion and an air mattress as early as 210 A.D. In England, the better classes began to use feather beds for the first time during the reign of Henry VIII., and in certain districts of Holland and Germany bedsteads are still fitted as they were then, with two feather beds, upon which the sleeper lies, the other being used for a covering. The Russian peasant places his bed on the top of the oven for the sake of the warmth given out by the fire.

"Knowledge dwells

In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own,
Knowledge, a rude, unprofitable mass—
The mere materials with which Wisdom
builds,
Till smoothed and squared, and fitted into place,
Does but encumber what it seems to enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learned so
much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more."
Cowper.

THE divinity that "doth hedge a king," was so great amongst the ancient Japanese, that the Mikado was regarded almost as an immortal. He might not wash, walk, or appear in public, men carrying him from room to room, and his attendants washing him whilst he slept. In another Eastern country, Cambodia, it meant death to touch the king. When the French occupied the country they gave the king a carriage, in which, shortly afterwards, he was upset in one of the streets of his capital. The king fell upon his back and weighted down by some of the wreckage was unable to get up. None of the courtiers dared to help him, but stood round, panic-stricken, and had not some French soldiers raised him he would undoubtedly have died—a victim of senseless etiquette.

"It is good that we have sometimes some troubles and crosses; for they often make a man enter into himself, and consider that he is here in banishment, and ought not to place his trust in any worldly thing. It is good that we be sometimes contradicted, and that there be an evil or a lessening conceit had of us; and this, although we do and intend well. These things help often to the attaining of humility, and defend us from vain-glory; for then we chiefly seek God for our inward witness, when outwardly we be contemned by men, and when there is no credit given unto us."—*Thomas à Kempis.*

THE advancement of women was first advocated in Norway by a bank director, Mr. H. E. Berner, some ten years ago. He called together a meeting of sixty to eighty women, and with their help, drew up the rules of the present Norwegian Women's Union. The law now allows the women of Scandinavia to organise themselves into political societies, and every fair-sized town possesses a society which has the political enfranchisement of women for its aim. At the University of Christiania all departments of study are open to women, whilst as public officials they are giving every satisfaction. There is only one career closed to the fair sex in the domains of King Oscar, and that is the legal career.

ONE of the most interesting Italian women of modern times has recently died at Milan. Signora Caterina Passadotti-Andreuzzi, whom Garibaldi called "the Spartan Woman," was one of the most fervent of the patriots who strove for the unification of Italy. She had suffered imprisonment and exile for the cause of freedom, and was so generous that she was always poor, and died in extreme indigence. In addition to Garibaldi, she was the firm friend of Mazzini and Kossuth, her broad sympathies being given to distress in any form.

THE Queen of Madagascar, Ranavalona III., is thus described by a traveller visiting the island. "The Queen is about thirty-four years of age, with attractive features, a reposeful manner, a graceful carriage, and a firm, clear, well-modulated voice. She wore a dress of rich white silk embroidered in gold, the collar and a deep band round the hem being of ruby velvet prettily worked with gold. The mantle which fell from her shoulders was also of ruby velvet elaborately worked with gold embroidery. Her bonnet, likewise of velvet and gold, was trimmed with white ostrich feathers. She wore native gold bracelets and earrings of a filigree-work pattern, with a necklace having a double row of diamonds. On her breast she had a gold star, a cross, and other Malagasy orders. The gold embroidery was exceedingly well executed, and was all of native workmanship, representing marguerites and other field flowers, together with ears of bearded wheat, with crowns in the corner of the design. Her Majesty carried a gold sceptre in her right hand."

THERE is an interesting story told of the Queen's wardrobe. In the earlier portion of her reign Her Majesty was noted for her love of brilliant pinks, blues, and magentas, gorgeously-coloured brocades and vivid Scotch tartans. One evening the Queen and the Prince Consort, on one of their frequent unattended walks in the lower quarters of Windsor, saw a brilliant blue ball-dress, trimmed with battered roses, and a tartan-gown, trimmed with green velvet, hanging outside a second-hand clothes shop, a large ticket informing the world in general that they had once graced the wardrobe of Queen Victoria. Naturally the Queen was very angry, and a stern order was issued to the dresser and wardrobe-maids, to whom the Queen's cast-off gowns fell as perquisites, that they should never again be sold in Windsor or anywhere else, as having been worn by Her Majesty. The regulation holds good to this day.

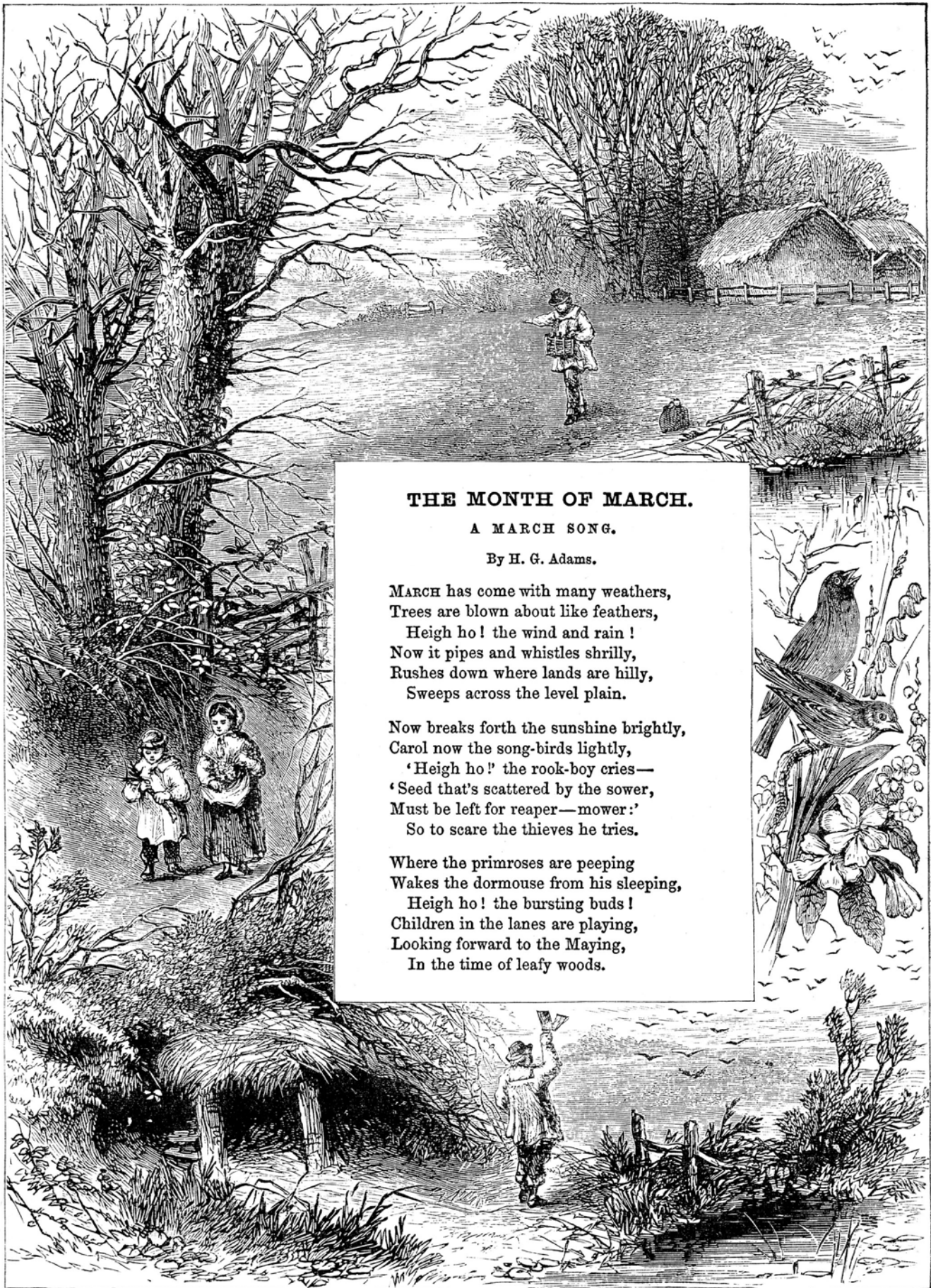
"OUR acts our angels are for good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."
Fletcher.

ELECTRICITY has caused a revolution in more directions than in those of lighting or progression. It is now being used to fell trees. A platinum wire stretched between two poles and heated white hot by the electric current is used as a saw, the result being that no sawdust is produced, whilst the charring of the surface of the wood prevents its decay.

BATHS of milk and wine were both used by ladies of fashion to preserve their beauty. Wine is said, by its astringency, to reduce wrinkles, and when Lord Shrewsbury was guarding the unhappy Mary, Queen of Scots, he demanded a larger allowance from the Government because of the great expense caused by the royal lady's baths of wine. Queen Elizabeth, notwithstanding the fact that she herself had three thousand dresses in her wardrobe that had only been worn once, issued a proclamation against the "excess of apparel," which caused "the wasting and undoing of a great number of young gentlemen; and that others, seeking by show of apparel to be esteemed as gentlemen, and allured by the vain show of these things, not only consume their goods and lands, but also run into such debts and shifts as they cannot live out of danger of laws without attempting unlawful acts." She threatened to impose a rate upon the gallants according to the costliness of their dress. But when a knight's cloak cost five hundred pounds, the embroidery for a lady's gown, fifty, and when people wore jewels to the value of thousands of pounds at one time; and when we read of gentlemen dressed in "crimson velvet and beaten gold," of a duke blazing with diamonds from head to foot, and shaking himself from time to time in order to enjoy the spectacle of the maids of honour scrambling for the precious stones; of Sir Walter Raleigh appearing at Court with seven thousand pounds worth of jewels on his shoes alone, or in solid silver armour, his sword and belt glittering with encrusted diamonds, rubies and pearls, it is not to be wondered at that such a proclamation was considered necessary. It is generally argued that the folly of living in excess of income has been confined to the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, but this generation, at least, has nothing so ostentatious or extravagant as this to show.

It will be a surprise to many readers to learn that corsets were invented and first worn by men. The earliest mention in history of this article of apparel is by Aristophanes, who lived in the fifth century B.C. In one of his comedies he ridicules a brother-poet, who, inordinately vain of his personal beauty, was dissatisfied with the shape of his figure, which was far removed from ideal symmetry, being much too thin for his height. He therefore hit upon the plan of improving his physique by encasing his body in an under-cuirass, made of little pieces of wood. The idea was imitated later on by another man, the Emperor Antoninus Pius, who found great difficulty in persuading the Roman women to follow his example. At first women's corsets only encircled the waist, the first great lady to wear them, in a shape somewhat similar to those of the present day, being the famous Catharine de Medicis.

"TO-DAY is not yesterday; we ourselves change. How can our works and thoughts, if they are always to be the fittest, continue always the same? Change, indeed, is painful, yet ever needful; and if memory have its force and worth, so also has hope."



THE MONTH OF MARCH.

A MARCH SONG.

By H. G. Adams.

MARCH has come with many weathers,
Trees are blown about like feathers,
Heigh ho! the wind and rain!
Now it pipes and whistles shrilly,
Rushes down where lands are hilly,
Sweeps across the level plain.

Now breaks forth the sunshine brightly,
Carol now the song-birds lightly,
'Heigh ho!' the rook-boy cries—
'Seed that's scattered by the sower,
Must be left for reaper—mower:'
So to scare the thieves he tries.

Where the primroses are peeping
Wakes the dormouse from his sleeping,
Heigh ho! the bursting buds!
Children in the lanes are playing,
Looking forward to the Maying,
In the time of leafy woods.

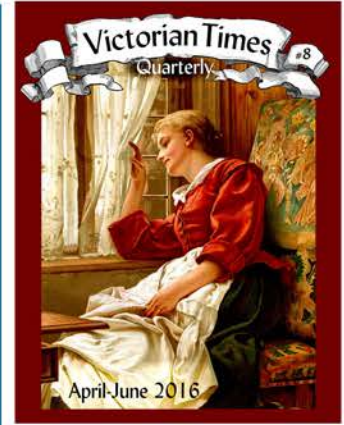
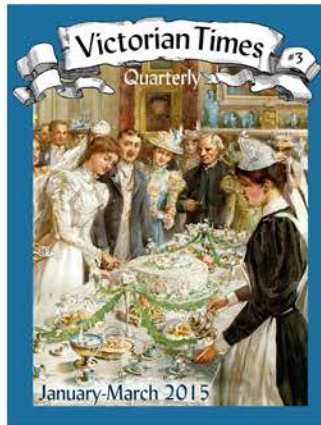
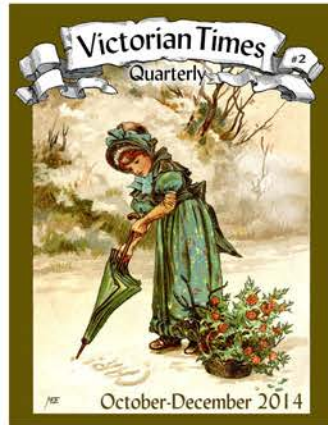


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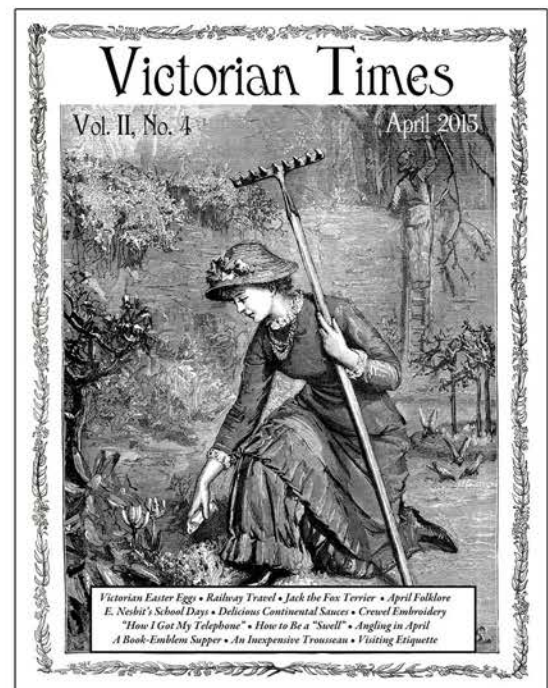
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