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

That's So Victorian!

You've undoubtedly heard that phrase. You may even have used it! It's a phrase that people like to utter when they wish to indicate that something – particular a thought, idea, belief system or value – is hopelessly outmoded. Branding something as "*so* Victorian," however, generally doesn't simply mean outdated or outmoded. It generally carries a host of added meanings: Straitlaced, Puritanical, prudish, moralistic, backwards, misguided, and *wrong!*

Most of all, if we hear that someone has "Victorian" attitudes about something, the assumption we're most likely to make is that this person's attitudes are the exact opposite of "progressive." And today that may, in fact, be true. The problem is that by using the phrase "Victorian" to indicate any attitude that is backward, straitlaced, excessively moralistic, and utterly non-progressive, we perpetuate the myth that such terms accurately describe the Victorian period itself.

It's not hard to do. Victorian magazines are filled with articles (and entire sermons) that perfectly illustrate the point of view that, today, we would deride as *soooo* Victorian. In particular, one finds endless articles attempting to establish the place of women in society – or rather, to re-establish it according to an idyllic image of delicacy, virtue and subservience that probably existed only in the minds of the writers themselves.

Women, we're told over and over, shouldn't aspire to higher education. There's no place for them in universities. Their fragile brains simply cannot master higher learning – and if they do, why, such learning will destroy their femininity, their role as a gentle moral guide to their menfolk. Heaven forbid that women become "just like" men – for then, where would men be? Women should not seek jobs, and if they must, they should only accept employment that is suitable for their station (note that such articles take no notice of the jobs done by servants and working women; these concerns are only for the type of work that might be undertaken by "gentlewomen" or "ladies"). Women should not participate in sports – or if they do, then it must be only amongst friends, never as a public display and certainly never in a competitive spirit.

Today, we find such articles, and the attitudes that inspired them, laughable (and I suspect that quite a few Victorians did as well). We also imagine that they are representative of the "Victorian" mindset.

What is all too easy to overlook, however, is the *reason* for such articles. Such pieces were written in reaction to what was *actually* going on in the Victorian period. What was actually going on was... Women were entering universities. Women were seeking jobs – not just "working class" women, who were *expected* to work, but "gentlewomen" who either needed jobs because they could no longer rely upon the support of a man, or who sought work as an alternative to idleness. Women were becoming clerks, reporters – even doctors! Women were even demanding the right to participate in politics.

Women were beginning to consider the possibility that they might take a walking vacation without male chaperones. They were entering into sports – including sports hitherto reserved for men, such as cricket. They were (gasp) riding *bicycles!*

In short, the Victorian period was one of amazing forward-thinking, progressiveness and change. The attitude, "I have the right to learn and work and vote" is, indeed, *so* Victorian! The articles, outcries and complaints of those who felt that women should do none of the above were written precisely *because* of the amazing changes that were taking place in Victorian society – changes that affect every one of us today.

Sure, Victorians were straitlaced and moralistic and prudish. They were also outspoken and progressive and free-living – and everything in between. Pretty much like today!

—Moira Allen, Editor
editors@victorianvoices.net

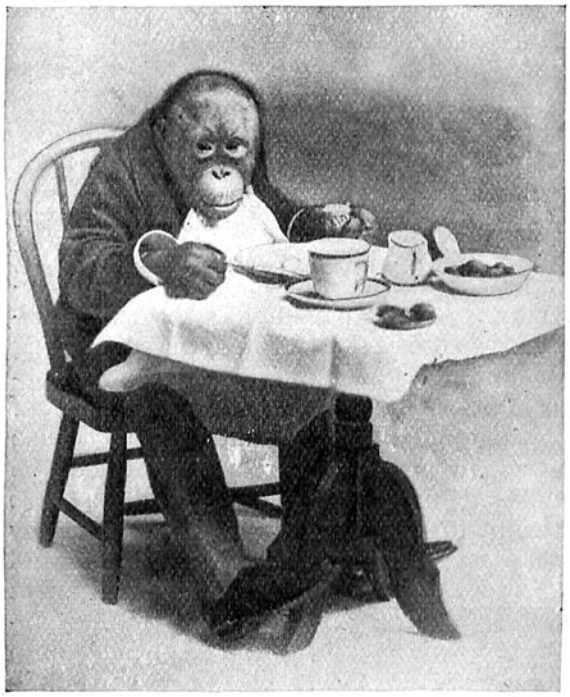
An Educated Monkey.

SCIENTISTS call him an arboreal anthropoid ape, but the people call him Joe. He is not a particularly handsome insect, and at times there is a slight Celtic suggestiveness about his mouth, but he is immensely popular, and thousands of American school children who have been invited to his receptions, to say nothing of the learned college professors who have studied him in the interests of science from his head to his prehensile appendage, think there never was a monkey that could touch him. He can, in fact, do almost anything that a human being can do except talk, and there are people who think that this, in itself, is a veritable virtue.

A full account of Joe's daily doings would be a mere catalogue of all the things that other gentlemen do. He sleeps in bed just like any human being, and, in the poetical language of one of his friends, he "dreams of the days when he pulled the tail-feathers out of the multi-coloured parrots in the land of his birth." He knows when to sleep on his back and when to turn over on his right or left side. When awake he stretches and yawns, and then, like lots of others, he pleads mutely for "just a second more," and drops off quickly into his "beauty sleep." Finally, he leaves his couch, discards his pyjamas, and takes his morning bath. He does it all himself, and spurns assistance offered by any interfering mortal. These are but a few of his accomplishments, as our pictures show, and they have been acquired simply by imitation. Monkeys have always been a subject of serious study by learned men, from Darwin down, and their imitative faculty has been a source of constant surprise. A short time ago Joe was invited by Professor William James, of Harvard University, to give an exhibition of his intelligence before a few invited guests, among whom were a professor of fine arts, a philosopher, a theologian, and a professor of Christian morals. The exhibition was a huge success. When Professor James whistled, Joe puckered-up his lips and made a rude attempt to produce the sound. Then a toy snake was wriggled in front of him, and Joe exhibited great terror, throwing himself frantically into the arms of his keeper. To ascertain whether he really recognised the object as a snake, a piece of rubber hose of the same size and flexibility was displayed before him, but this he regarded with the utmost composure, and, baby-like, tried to put it in his mouth.

JOE.
From a Photo. by Browning, Portland, Oregon.

The professors then tried Joe with an electric bell, rung by pressing a button. The monkey was seated on a small table and the bell was placed on the floor, just out of his sight. Then a small board with the button attached was placed before him and the bell was rung. Joe was immediately interested. He listened to the sound and watched the button with grave curiosity, but his primitive brain could not at once grasp the relation of cause and effect, the perception of which is generally supposed to be an attribute of man alone. After several demonstrations, however, Joe began to see vaguely that the button had something to do with the noise under the table. He now tried to pull the button out, then he twisted it, and finally pressed it. The bell

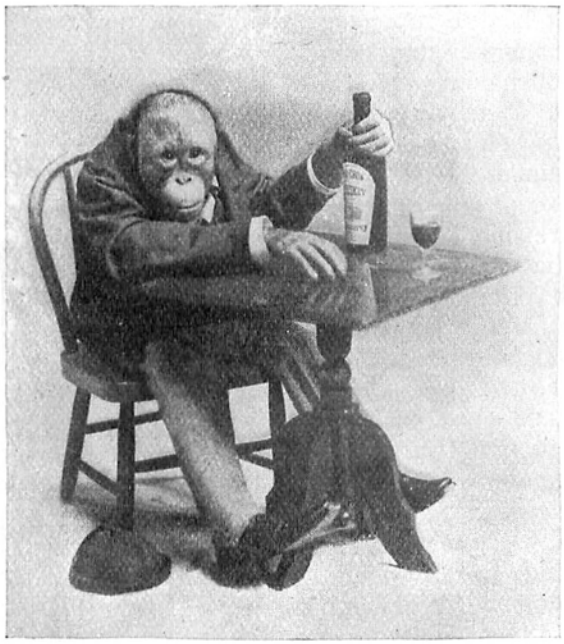


JOE AT BREAKFAST.
From a Photo. by Jones & Kennett, San Francisco.

rang out, and Joe nearly fell off the table in his anxiety to see the sound beneath. A plaster cast of one of his species was then put before him. Joe recognised it, fondled it lovingly, and then tasted one of its ears, as if in proof of his affection.

When Joe finishes his morning ablutions, he puts on his trousers, a flannel undershirt, and a coat. Then, with a knowing air, he puts on his shoes, laces them with able fingers, and is ready to appear in public. This operation takes some time, of course, for Joe has a way of stopping to admire himself in his Sunday togs, and of curiously examining the materials of which his raiment is made, which sometimes exasperates his long-suffering keeper.

His preliminary toilet being finished, Joe orders in his breakfast. He now shines effulgent. Every bit a gentleman, he has a serviette regularly provided, and he wields his knife and fork as if Dame Nature had never given him claws. Indeed, he never so far forgets himself as to use his hands, except when eating nuts or certain kinds of fruit,



ON THE DOWNWARD PATH.
From a Photo. by Browning, Portland, Oregon.

and the books on etiquette graciously allow such a privilege, even to monkeys.

JOE WRITES A LETTER.
From a Photo. by Browning, Portland, Oregon.

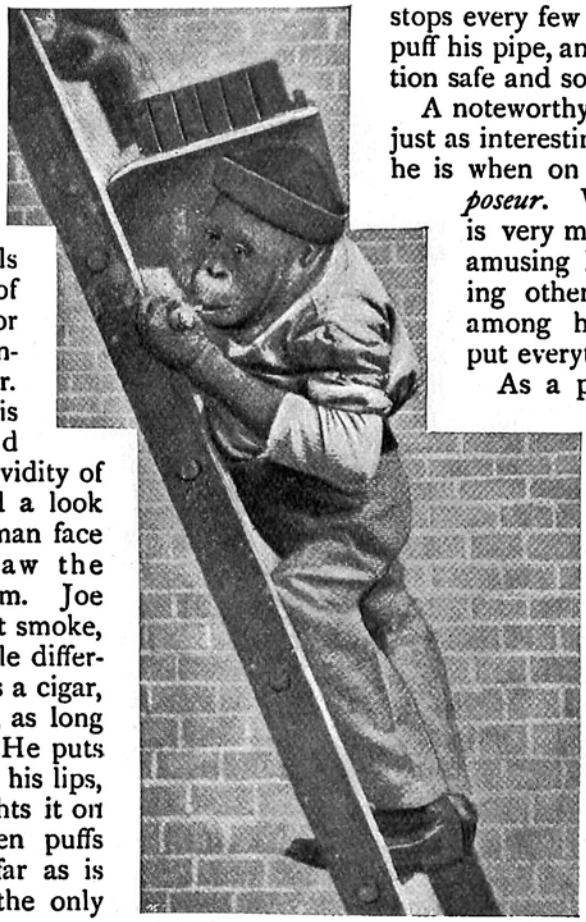
When Joe writes, he does it with the superfluity of troubled thought and manual effort characteristic of a spring poet. He seats himself at the table, with the ink-pad before him, and arranges the virgin sheet with a precision that convulses his audience.

"Write me a letter," says the keeper, and Joe laboriously sets to work. The result is a curious collection of Simian hieroglyphics which may be understood in the forests of Borneo, but not in ignorant America. When the letter is finished, the keeper tells Joe to sign his name, which Joe does in big black letters. "Now dot your i's," adds the keeper, and the monkey, by a clever stroke, drops a huge blot of ink above the middle

letter of his name with the satisfied air of a sign-painter, to the intense delight of the children in the audience.

With his meals he takes a glass of beer or whisky, or a cocktail, and enjoys his appetizer. He clutches his bottle of "Old Crow" with the avidity of an old toper, and a look on his almost human face as if he foresaw the drunkard's doom. Joe also enjoys a quiet smoke, and it makes little difference whether it is a cigar, pipe, or cigarette, as long as it is tobacco. He puts the cigar between his lips, takes a match, lights it on the box, and then puffs with relish. So far as is known, Joe is the only monkey able to light a match and put it to its proper use.

One of the cleverest of Joe's accomplishments is his make-up as a bricklayer's helper. With gorgeous pink whiskers, which he adjusts himself, his trusty pipe, and his workman's costume, he looks the typical labourer. Joe then grasps his hod, loads it with miniature bricks, and ascends a ladder with astonishing naturalness and slowness, just as if he were paid to do it by a contractor. He stops every few minutes to look round and puff his pipe, and finally reaches his destination safe and sound.



From a] JOE AS A HOD-CARRIER. *[Photo.*

A noteworthy quality in Joe is that he is just as interesting in his leisure moments as he is when on exhibition. He is no stage *poseur*. When not on exhibition he is very much like a child, and, while amusing himself, he is always amusing others. He sits on the floor among his playthings, and tries to put everything in his mouth.

As a policeman Joe is not a picturesque success, but he dearly loves to put on the familiar helmet and uniform of the American "bobby." If truth must be told, there are at least half-a-dozen policemen in New York City who would be easily mistaken for Joe, if it were not that they manage their arms and legs better than Joe does.

This celebrated monkey gives his keeper little trouble, although at times his obstinacy is equal to that of his cousin-german —the mule. He seems to realize that his keeper's financial success and his own welfare depend on his own behaviour, and, except when other animals approach him with hostile intent, he is very mild and gentle. His travels through the United States have been extensive, reaching from San Francisco to Boston. In the latter city he was lately exhibited for some months, and nearly every child in the city made his acquaintance at the "Zoo"—a

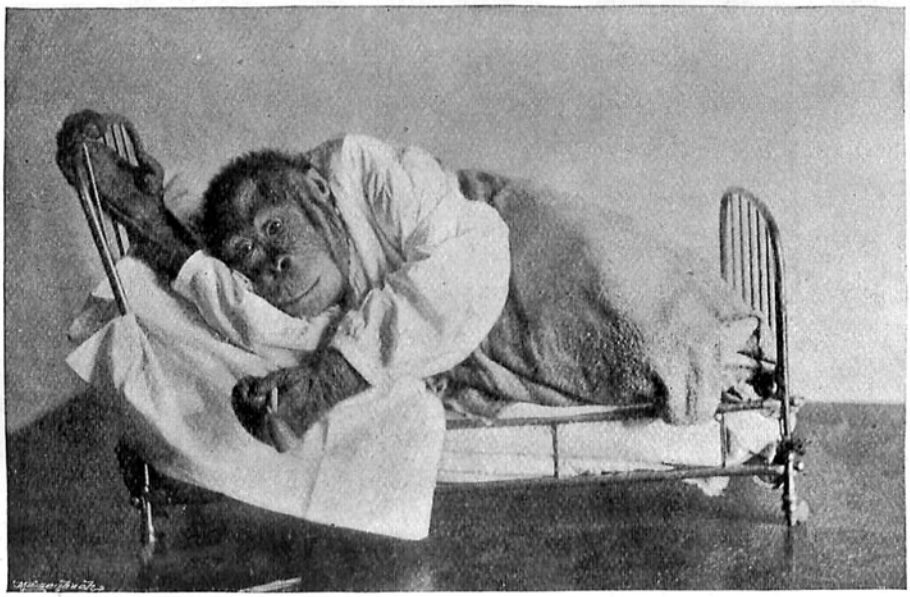
JOE, THE BOBBY.
From a Photo. by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

well - known "dime museum."

Joe finds recreation on the wheel, in accordance with the dictates of fashion. He rides well, and never was known to "scorch." Of course, his bicycling performances are confined to the museum, for if he got out on the street, he would be run in with celerity by the conscientious police. It was some time before Joe got accustomed to the brake on his wheel, and the bell still bothers him. No one would deny—and our illustration supports the statement—that Joe is a picture of grace on the wheel; and it is said that the lady-monkeys of the United States have one and all lost their hearts to him since they first saw him on his nickel "mount."

JOE ON HIS WHEEL.
From a Photo. by Jones & Kennett, San Francisco.

When night comes, Joe is tired. Exhibitions are all very well in their way, but no conscientious monkey can stand it for twenty - four hours. Accordingly, Joe longs for his bed after a hard day's work. He has a quiet smoke and takes a little "night-cap" in the manner of man, and rapidly dons his pyjamas. His bed is a small iron contrivance with the mattress close to the floor. Repeated use, and a slight ignorance of the proper treatment which should be accorded to a bed, have made the framework a little shaky. Joe guards against accident by clutching the head-piece with his brawny, hairy hand, and, with his pipe in the other, prepares for a night of peace.



From a Photo. by] JOE IN BED. *[Elmer Chickering, Boston.*

TWELVE SUMMER BEVERAGES.

By AMY S. WOODS.

When the long summer days have again brought to us their array of summer pleasures—tennis and cycling, picnics and boating—our thoughts turn naturally to the question of summer drinks.

True, we may not desire to adopt the American fashion of indulging in unlimited quantities of iced water, cobblers, slings, juleps and all the other delicious compounds which our cousins across the Atlantic are so clever in preparing. Yet at the same time it is an undoubted fact that in hot weather it is necessary for us to drink more, and therefore it behoves us to see that we drink well, and that the beverages we indulge in are the best and most wholesome we can procure, and by "best" I do not by any means imply they must necessarily be expensive.

Much has been written and said of late against the too common custom of indulging in iced drinks when the body is over-heated through exercise or exertion. Too much can hardly be said, when we consider how injurious is the result of this indulgence, and in how many cases the shock given to delicate internal organs has produced inflammation and other serious disorders, many of which have ended fatally.

Tempting as a glass of iced lemonade or "cup" certainly is when we are hot and tired, let us wisely exercise temporary self-denial, and in common parlance "cool down" a little before we allow ourselves to take the refreshing draught.

We will now turn our attention to the manufacture of these tempting drinks, taking first those that are not strictly "temperance" beverages, such as claret and champagne cups, sherry cobbler, mint and pineapple juleps.

For the first on our list take a bottle of claret, and I may remark in passing that a cheap wine answers every purpose; to it allow two bottles of soda-water, about half-a-pound of crushed ice, and four tablespoonfuls of pounded sugar, ten or twelve slices of cucumber and a finely-sliced lemon. A glass of maraschino is an improvement, but is not actually needed. Mix all the ingredients well together in a bowl or jug, cover with a folded cloth and leave for an hour or two, stirring occasionally that the sugar may be dissolved. When needed, pour the cup into glass or other ornamental jugs and add a few ripe strawberries, a slice or two of peach, or tiny slices of pineapple just before serving. An excellent cup may be made in the same way by omitting the lemon, substituting burgundy for the claret and lemonade for the soda-water. Instead of the cucumber add a sprig of green borage.

For champagne cup take a quart bottle of champagne, two bottles of soda-water, a wineglassful of brandy, or one of sherry or liqueur, four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, a pound of crushed ice, and a few slices of peach, apricot or pineapple.

Empty the champagne into a jug, add the sugar, fruit and ice, and leave for an hour or two. Just before serving add the soda-water and liqueur, float a spray of borage or verbena on the top and serve.

Sherry cobbler is made by placing in a soda-water tumbler one wineglassful of sherry, a tablespoonful of powdered sugar, three slices of orange, and half the depth of the glass in pounded ice. Fill up with soda-water and serve with straws to drink through.

For mint julep two large tumblers are required. Into the first of them strip the young and tender leaves of two or three sprigs of mint, and add a wineglassful of sherry or two tablespoonfuls of brandy, whiskey or gin. Half fill the second tumbler with pounded ice at melting point and pour it on to the mint and wine or spirit; continue pouring the mixture from one glass to another until the whole is sufficiently flavoured with the mint, add a tablespoonful of powdered sugar, thoroughly mix and then set the glass containing the julep inside a larger vessel containing some powdered ice, which will cover the glass with a dainty frost-work. Remove the tumbler when this is accomplished and serve with straws as directed in the preceding recipe.

Pineapple julep is a rather expensive beverage but very delicious, and highly to be recommended to the fortunate individuals to whom economy is not a serious consideration.

Into a glass or china punch-bowl slice a fine ripe pineapple, add the juice of two oranges, quarter of a pint of raspberry syrup, and the same quantity of gin, a glass of maraschino, a bottle of sparkling moselle, and one pound of finely-chopped ice. Thoroughly mix the ingredients and serve at once with a silver ladle into flat champagne glasses.

A very simple and delicious cup for picnics or other occasions when an inexpensive beverage is desired, is made by placing in a deep jug six ounces of lump sugar on which has been rubbed the rind of two lemons, add the juice of one lemon and a half, and when the sugar is dissolved pour in a bottle of good cider and two or three wineglassfuls of sherry; add nearly half a small nutmeg, grated, and a handful of pounded ice, and serve with a few sprigs of borage floating in the cup.

First on the list of temperance drinks stands lemonade—the universal favourite—and happily one of the most wholesome of summer or winter beverages.

To make lemonade for immediate use, take two lemons and rub off the yellow rind on part of half-a-pound of loaf sugar and put all the sugar into a large jug. Add the juice of the two lemons, carefully removing all the pips, and two more cut into fine slices, pouring over the whole a quart of boiling water. When cold it is ready for use, but will be greatly improved by the addition of a lump of ice, and by the white of an egg being beaten up in it to clear it.

For those who do not care for the daily trouble of making fresh lemonade, I would recommend the following recipe, which has been used in our household for several years, and has been much appreciated.

Boil together two pounds of lump sugar and two pints of cold water, stirring occasionally lest the syrup should burn. Add the yellow rind of two lemons being thinly peeled; remove all the white pith, and slice them finely, removing the pips, and boil all together for fifteen minutes. Dissolve two ounces of citric acid in a little of the syrup, put into a jug and pour over it the remainder, stirring thoroughly until the acid is incorporated with the whole. When cold, bottle and tightly cork. It will keep good for several months. Use a tablespoonful or more to a tumbler of cold or iced water, placing the syrup in the glass first.

By the addition of a couple of tablespoonfuls of this syrup to a bottle of soda or seltzer water a delicious and wholesome effervescent lemonade is produced, while by adding the same quantity of syrup to a wineglassful of claret or burgundy and filling up the tumbler with soda-water, with a lump of ice, if procurable, a delicious and quickly made claret cup can be had.

For economical but delicious ginger-beer I can also personally recommend the following recipe, the proportions given in it making one gallon.

Put into a jar or earthen pan one pound of sugar, half an ounce of tartaric acid, and half an ounce of bruised ginger, and a lemon finely sliced. Pour on three pints of boiling water and stir until the sugar is dissolved, when five pints of cold water must be added. Place on a slice of toast two tablespoonfuls of brewer's yeast, or an ounce of German yeast made into a thick cream with a little lukewarm water. Float the toast on the top of the liquid, and cover the pan with a cloth. As soon as a head is formed with the yeast, remove the toast, strain the beer through a cloth, bottle and cork, tying down the corks securely. It will be ready for use in about twenty-four hours, effervescing more rapidly if the bottles are placed on their sides; but in hot or thundery weather care must be taken that the beer does not become too lively and burst the bottles.

Raspberry and strawberry vinegar make very pleasant summer drinks, especially for children. Care must be taken to procure the purest and best white vinegar for the purpose, and only freshly-gathered and perfectly ripened fruit should be used.

Fill glass jars or wide-necked bottles with fresh raspberries, from which the stalks have been removed, cover them with white vinegar and leave them to infuse for a week or ten days; then pour off the vinegar and turn the fruit on to a sieve placed over a basin, as the juice will drain from it for some hours; put fresh raspberries into the bottles and pour back

the vinegar, and when it has infused the same length of time as the first lot, drain all the vinegar away from the fruit, pass it through a jelly-bag and boil it gently for four or five minutes with its weight of roughly-powdered sugar, carefully removing all scum as it rises. Pour into jugs and cover with a thickly folded cloth, and the next day pour the vinegar into glass bottles, corking them tightly at first, and after four or five days pressing the corks in closely and storing in a cool dry place.

A spoonful or two of this vinegar in a glass of water makes a delightful summer drink, and is also often acceptable to invalids. It may also be used as a sauce to custard and other simple puddings.

Strawberry vinegar is made in the same way, only the brightest red preserving strawberries being used for the purpose. A little lemon-juice will be found to improve the flavour.

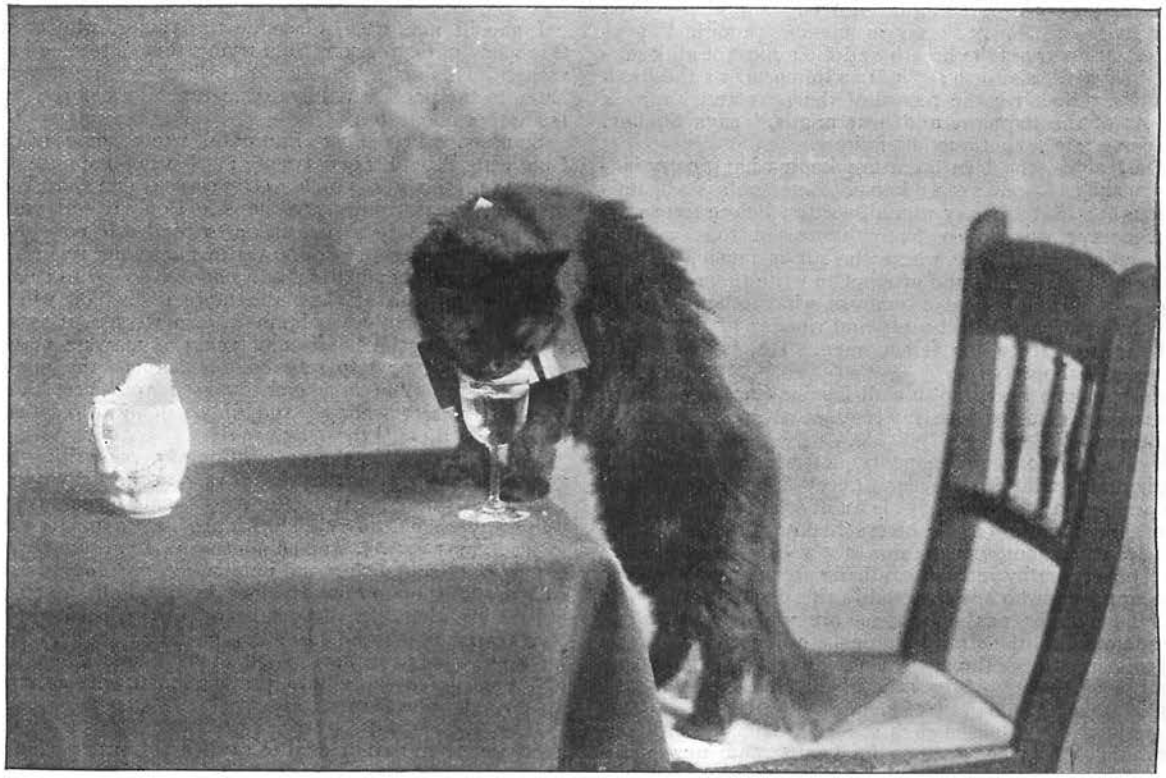
Raspberry acid is preferred by some people to raspberry vinegar.

To make it allow to every quart of raspberries one pint of cold water, and a quarter of an ounce of tartaric acid. Let them stand together for twenty-four hours, strain through a fine sieve and to every pint of liquor allow one pound of sugar. When the sugar is fully dissolved, bottle the acid and keep it in a cool dry place.

In conclusion I would suggest that really good iced coffee is always appreciated at a picnic or garden-party.

The coffee should be made clear and strong, allowing to each breakfastcupful a tablespoonful of powdered sugar, two tablespoonfuls of milk and two of rich cream. The sugar, milk and coffee should be mixed at just below the boiling-point, and left to cool and then the cream added, taking care, by the way, that the milk is strained so that no skin gets in. Place the mixture in a deep stone jug and set in a wooden or zinc pail, if you do not possess a proper freezing-machine; surround the jug with a mixture of salt and roughly-chopped ice, taking care that it is not more than three parts of the way up the jug; lay a saucer over the top of the jug, and leave for half-an-hour, stirring the coffee frequently lest it should freeze to the sides. For a picnic the coffee may be placed in bottles and set in a pail of ice till needed.

Serve in china jugs, or if you prefer to have it served in cups, which must be small "after-dinner" ones, omit the cream when freezing, and having whipped it to a stiff froth place a spoonful on the top of each cup just before serving. Ice wafers should be handed round with coffee made in this manner, as they are generally preferred to richer cakes.



"TIMMA."

BY FREDERICK J. CROWEST.

THIS is the picture of a cat—a most respectable member of the society in which it moves. It is by no means a terror by night and a thief by day, as, it will not be denied, some feline characters are; on the contrary, its virtues are many, and its faults few; indeed, in the eyes of its admiring owner it is faultless. The writer first made its acquaintance at the studio of her owner, a charming flower-painter; but, not being very enthusiastic about that particular region of natural history, to which it may, without irreverance, I hope, be said to belong, our first impressions were, possibly, somewhat mutually indifferent. Yet this particular beauty does stand out among its order. I am assured it does—not so much physically as intellectually. Thus, for instance, it has accomplished great things, and it is of these deeds, heroic and otherwise, that I shall narrate.

An attentive hall porter, or "receptionist," is not to be lightly regarded in this age of quite unnecessary brusqueness and, sometimes, downright discourtesy. No sooner does one get on to the landing and "rat-tat" the studio knocker than this understanding creature is there. It does not actually open the door, though I very nearly believe that if locksmiths placed latches a few inches lower down, dilatory servants might be dispensed with, to this extent, at any rate. The quality that has impressed me more than any other in this cat is its perceptive faculty. It knows. It is perfectly conscious of the extraordinary labyrinth of circuitous routes adorning its kind owner's flat, and its whole mind is evidently set upon relieving each new visitor, as far as possible, of the task of trending his or her way along these many winding paths. This it does to perfection, eventually landing one in the presence of its busy mistress at her easel. Here then, obviously, is the "whole matter" of its wonderful promptness in "answering the door," as we are accustomed, stupidly, to say.

"'Timma' was brought to me," her mistress tells me,

"seven years ago—a tiny, all black kitten, wearing a red ribbon. Accompanying the pretty bundle was the following message, 'If I did not think her beautiful enough to love, she was to be returned.' Her long coat, with not a white hair, her ruff, all other points perfect save one—the disgrace of a white palate to her mouth—I felt she was just the kitten I wanted. Now, after seven years of close friendship, she is an honoured inmate of our studio-flat.

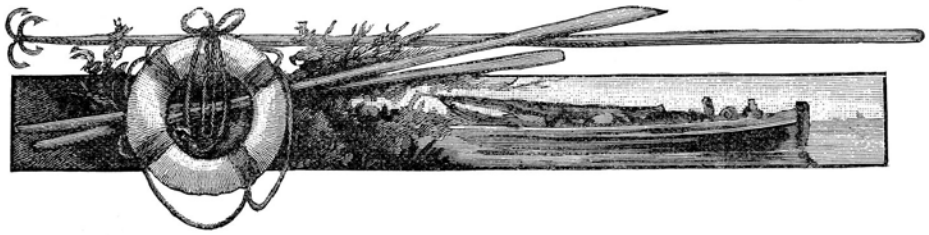
"She early displayed a love of society, and accompanied me on my shopping excursions to Oxford Street and Regent Street, by 'underground' rail or omnibus with perfect *sang-froid*. Tucking her paws in on my arm, she would watch the people and traffic with evident interest. It was when we began our purchases that an aspect of her temperament used to create a little but quite needless alarm. When the tying-up of the parcel commenced, the salesman was occasionally startled by a sudden spring and the landing upon him of 'Timma,' making wild endeavours to get inside the brown-paper parcel.

"'Timma' rarely ever leaves me. She accompanied me on my sketching days once at Weybridge, where she was the admiration of young and old alike. In those happy days for cats when the Muzzling Order was in force, she used to follow me with bounding jumps across the common to my favourite garden, where she spent the day, returning with me at night to my rooms on foot, quite half a mile. 'Timma's' education has been carefully attended to. She politely shakes hands, lifting her paw high according to the fashion of her time. She has her own stool at the dinner-table, her neat wine-glass and saucer. Perfectly well aware as she is of the hours of our meals, it is pretty, indeed, to see her just before these times running from room to room heralding the approach of dinner or luncheon. Begging on her part has been strictly tabooed. She must not do that, and never does, but waits her turn to be helped. Between her courses she tucks her front paws in on the ledge of the dinner-table, and if her glass is not filled, she will touch the handle of the glass water-jug gently to remind us of her want. One Christmas Day she dined out at Clifton, and behaved herself as admirably as every pretty *débutante* of seven should. She went through all the courses, from soup to pineapple; but seeing the butler solemnly proceed to change her plate, protestation became necessary.

"'Timma' has served her Queen and country. During the war-time recently, she collected for the 'A. M. B.' Fund the sum of ten shillings—sitting at the door of our flat in Pembridge Crescent with a tiny box round her neck. The tradespeople, and all who went in and out, gave to 'Timma,' who would come upstairs when the weight of coppers was more than she could bear. When the cares of motherhood came on her, she lost her taste for society; but she remains the faithful friend of her mistress, following her from room to room, and watching for her when out.

"It was imperative that she should be photographed, and she enjoyed the experience immensely, taking quite an interest in the photographer's studio. But, dear friend, I could never exhaust all her good qualities and cleverness. Young people particularly cannot know too well how much pleasure can be derived from pets if they treat them with consideration. Cats above all are responsive to a gentle hand, and will repay by great devotion."

Here this little biography was to have ended; but, alas! "Timma" has got into trouble. The serious illness of a relative called its kind owner and her husband to Dublin. "Timma" was left at the studio in good hands, yet would not be comforted. At every opportunity she flew to the window, marvelling greatly in her loneliness. Unhappily she made one excursion too many, and came to grief. "What will you say," Mrs. Miller writes me, "when you hear that 'Timma,' my pet, in search of me, jumped out of the window—some fifty feet. We are nursing her back to life, but she is very much hurt." Yes—with one leg in splints, and little more than a parcel of skin and bones, she is verily a wreck of her former self. Albeit, she should recover and once more sit upright at dinner-table; for loving attention and the best surgical skill are such wondrous factors in restoring health and strength, even if the patient be merely a poor black cat.



AN ENGLISHMAN ON AMERICANISMS.

A GLOSSARY is sometimes needed to explain the peculiar phrases, idioms, and colloquialisms in which our American cousins indulge. They display a marvellous fertility of invention in this respect. Their political nomenclature is constantly receiving additions which English readers are often at a loss to understand. It is impossible to take up an American newspaper without reading of certain persons who are designated by such terms as scallawags, kickers, bolters, mud-slingers, cranks, dudes, bulldozers, deadheads, loafers, roustabouts, mugwumps, &c. The origin of some of these epithets is purely conjectural, but they have come to possess a greater or less degree of currency, and some of them are to be found in recent issues of popular dictionaries. Whether the purity of the language is thereby maintained, is open to doubt; but the Americans appear to delight in coining expressive and forcible phrases and epithets, especially for political purposes. Thus, the word "bolter" was freely used a year or two ago in connection with a movement of a section of the Republican party, who, being dissatisfied with the nomination of Mr. Blaine for President, supported the Democratic candidate, Mr. Cleveland. This was stigmatised as "bolting" from the party, just as a horse will sometimes rush away before the signal is given to commence a race. A "mud-slinger" is a man who searches over and rakes through the record of a politician, in order to discover something to his prejudice, which may be thrown at him, and yet without risking an action for libel. It

is surprising to an Englishman how much of this is done with public men in America, for they seem to be targets at which anything can be aimed, and all is regarded as fair in political strife. A "crank" is a man with a twist, or the rider of a troublesome hobby; and a "dude," in a political sense, is an exquisite and a theorist, whose views are utterly impracticable. To "bulldoze" is to intimidate, and the word was originally used respecting the alleged interference with negro voters in Louisiana. A "deadhead" is one who obtains something of commercial value without specific payment, and particularly refers to a politician who receives free passes on railroads, and free entertainment at hotels; so that the term has come to have an opprobrious political meaning. A "loafer" is an idle vagabond who obtains a precarious livelihood by "hanging around;" and there are too many such waiting upon officials for what may be picked up in the way of emoluments. "Roustabout" is a Southern phrase, originally referring to those who clustered in the vicinity of docks for any light job that might turn up; and it is used also for loafers, but in a stronger and more emphatic sense. A "scallawag" is a miserable scamp, partaking of the nature of loafer and tramp. All these words, and many others of a similar kind, are continually heard in political conversation, and are met with even in the best newspapers; just as during the Civil War such epithets as "copperheads," "green-backers," and "carpet-baggers," were constantly applied, with others equally expressive and even more offensive.

The whole question of Americanisms is interesting and curious, and English visitors are sometimes informed, in a perfectly polite and good-humoured way, that they do not know their own language, either in its meaning or in its pronunciation. A man is said to be "smart" who indulges in a piece of sharp practice in the way of business, and "clever" is often employed in the same sense of deceiving and taking advantage. "Cunning" is mostly used in its secondary and worse meaning, although young ladies, by way of expressing admiration for some pretty object or contrivance, will often say, "It is real cunning," or "It is too cunning for anything;" the latter being intended to express the superlative degree of admiration. The word "elegant" is sometimes applied to describe the weather, or a dish at table; although, in justice to American proprieties, it must be owned that the phrase, "It is elegant eating," though occasionally heard, is not general. Nor must it be supposed that educated and refined Americans fall into the habit of using the peculiar phrases yet to be mentioned. Some of these are restricted to places and classes, and are as provincial as the dialects and idioms common in Yorkshire or Somerset. A New Englander, a Western man, a Southerner, or a "Down-Easter" from Maine, can usually be detected by certain expressions and tones, and much innocent fun is often to be got out of these. In New England, for example, everybody "guesses," just as the New Yorker "reckons," and the Western people "calculate." New England also abounds in such phrases as "mebbe" for "maybe;" "Now, I wawnt ter know," or "Dew tell," when some surprising news has just been imparted; "Come right in," as a response to a knock at a door; and "kind-er lonesome," or "kind-er hungry." The denizens of the great mushroom city of the West pronounce it "Chickawgo," with a peculiar jerk of the first syllable. Even an educated Bostonian will call the centre of the universe as if it were spelt "Bawsun." Southerners often interject into a conversation the phrases, "Is that so?" and "That's so." The nasal twang is a sore point with many Americans, even where they use it; but all these peculiarities, whether of speech or in the signification of words, must be taken with numerous exceptions. None of them are mentioned here in an offensive sense, but simply as they strike an Englishman; just as, doubtless, some of his expressions appear odd to Americans. In some respects they may be said to use prepositions with special accuracy, as when they speak of a house being "on" the street, or of meeting a person "on" instead of "in" the street. A letter in a newspaper is said to be written "over" a certain signature. A visit is paid to the "seashore," not to the seaside.

Many familiar objects and acts are described in a way that sounds droll at first. The railway is always called the "railroad," and the line of rails is the "track." The station is the "depôt," (pronounced in three ways, "day'po," "dep'o," and "de'po"); the guard is a "conductor," and a telegraph clerk is an "operator." Discrimination is made between "steam-cars" and "horse-cars," and when the conductor is about to start the train he shouts, "All aboard," and the conductor of a horse-car will desire the passengers to "hurry up" if they are not quick enough. If a train arrives punctually it is said to be "on time": a phrase which a man will use when he promises to keep an appointment. Instead of saying "a quarter to twelve," most Americans would say "a quarter of twelve"; and they call a keyless watch a "stem-winder." The place for foot-passengers is the "side-walk"; shops are "stores"; a draper sells "dry goods"; a butcher styles his shop a "meat market"; a purchaser says that he "traded with" so-and-so, meaning the person who served him; the domestics in a house and the labourers on a farm are "helps"; the adjuncts to a meal are "fixings" (often pronounced without the "g," as is the case with many other words); a substantial repast is "a good square meal"; and if you are in a difficulty, or want something done, a volunteer will offer to "fix you up." Kind wishes for one about to go on a journey or to a party of pleasure are conveyed by the expression that he may have "a real good time," or "a good high time"; while gushing girls sum up their sense of enjoyment in the phrase "perfectly splendid"; or, if the catalogue of eulogy seems exhausted, they will affirm that such a one, or a certain object, is "too good for anything." A common answer to the inquiry, "How do you feel?" is "good"; and the word "sick" is applied to every ailment except actual sickness, which is distinctly described as being "sick in the stomach." Inquiry after an absent acquaintance is apt to be met by the

reply that he is "quite sick," or "verra sick"; the precise fact being, perhaps, that he has the toothache or a cold. A fellow-guest at a hotel, wishful to know whether he can have a newspaper, asks, "Are you through?" and a waiter will put the same formula as to whether you have ended a meal. If a remark be lost, or misunderstood, the listener will probably say, "How?" instead of "Excuse me," or "I did not understand"; and if he has met some statement with a flat contradiction—a circumstance not uncommon—and afterwards discovers his error, he will probably say, "I take back what I said." A jug is always a "pitcher"; and in some sections of society people have no legs, for these are alluded to as "limbs," and a guest is asked whether he will take the "second wing" of a fowl. Yet the word "bug" is freely applied to insects of all descriptions; and an elegant young lady will say that she is "mad" when she is vexed or disappointed. If she wishes to refer to the garment usually known as the bodice, she calls it her "waist"; her overshoes are "rubbers"; what is understood in England as print, she styles "calico," and a piece of the latter is asked for as "a web of muslin." Her mantle is a "sacque," and she unhesitatingly describes the unmentionable garments of her husband or brother as "pants," while the braces are "suspenders," or, in vulgar parlance, "gallowses."

Diversities of pronunciation have often been commented on, and the criticism is sometimes heard, "He speaks the English language very well—for an Englishman." Apart from local dialects, already referred to, there seems to be in the United States a national fashion in the open sounds given to the vowels, in the use of the rising inflection, in the abrupt and jerky way of dividing sentences, and in the pronunciation of many words. In the public schools, children are taught to utter what may be described as the American sounds of certain letters, involving peculiar action of the mouth and lips, which cannot be said to impart grace or beauty to young ladies. Concerning many of these it may be remarked that they are accustomed to speak in loud, pronounced, and ringing tones, which might even be called strident. Doubtless this is acquired unconsciously from the sterner sex, whose public and domestic utterances are not, as a rule, characterised by mellifluous tones. Life in America seems too busy and urgent to permit the cultivation of graces of style. It sounds strange to English ears to have to listen to such tones, and to observe the peculiar orthography and pronunciation given to familiar words. For example, "traveller" is spelt with one "l"; but "skilful" often appears with four. "Meagre," "centre," and similar words have the last two letters transposed. A "cheque," for money, is spelt "check," and the letter "u" is always omitted from such words as "honour" and "favour." "Schedule" is spelt and pronounced "skedule;" the accent is placed on the initial letters of such words as "Arabs" and "Italians"; the indefinite article "a" receives special attention in speaking and reading; and, happily, much care is bestowed upon poor letter "h." In many places such words as "first" and "mercy" are pronounced with a peculiar and almost indescribable twist of the tongue, producing sounds like "fur-eest," "mer-ee-cy." The accent is often placed on the first syllable of words like "inquiry"; a "vase" is made to rhyme with "case"; and the sound of "ay" is heard in "tomatoes" and "charades." "Cannot" is always uttered as if it were the name of Kant, the German metaphysician; "psalm" is hard to recognise in "sam"; and for "half-past" the hour one is informed that it is "haf-paast." All good Americans long to go to "Parrus"; and a young lady calls her parents "popper" and "mommer."

Such are some of the colloquialisms and pronunciations which strike an English visitor to America, although, of course, the ear soon becomes accustomed to them, and he may even unconsciously acquire them himself.

SOAP.

SOAP being an article of universal necessity, it may be useful to learn something about its composition, and it is pleasant to know at the outset that most of the toilet soaps made by English firms are the very best that are made anywhere. The French come next, but the Germans use cocoa-nut oil largely as a basis of their soaps, and this is found to be not only wasteful, but in many cases injurious to the skin. Till comparatively lately, soap in this country was always made from the best tallow, melted, purified, and scented, but now transparent soaps are made with glycerine and alcohol.

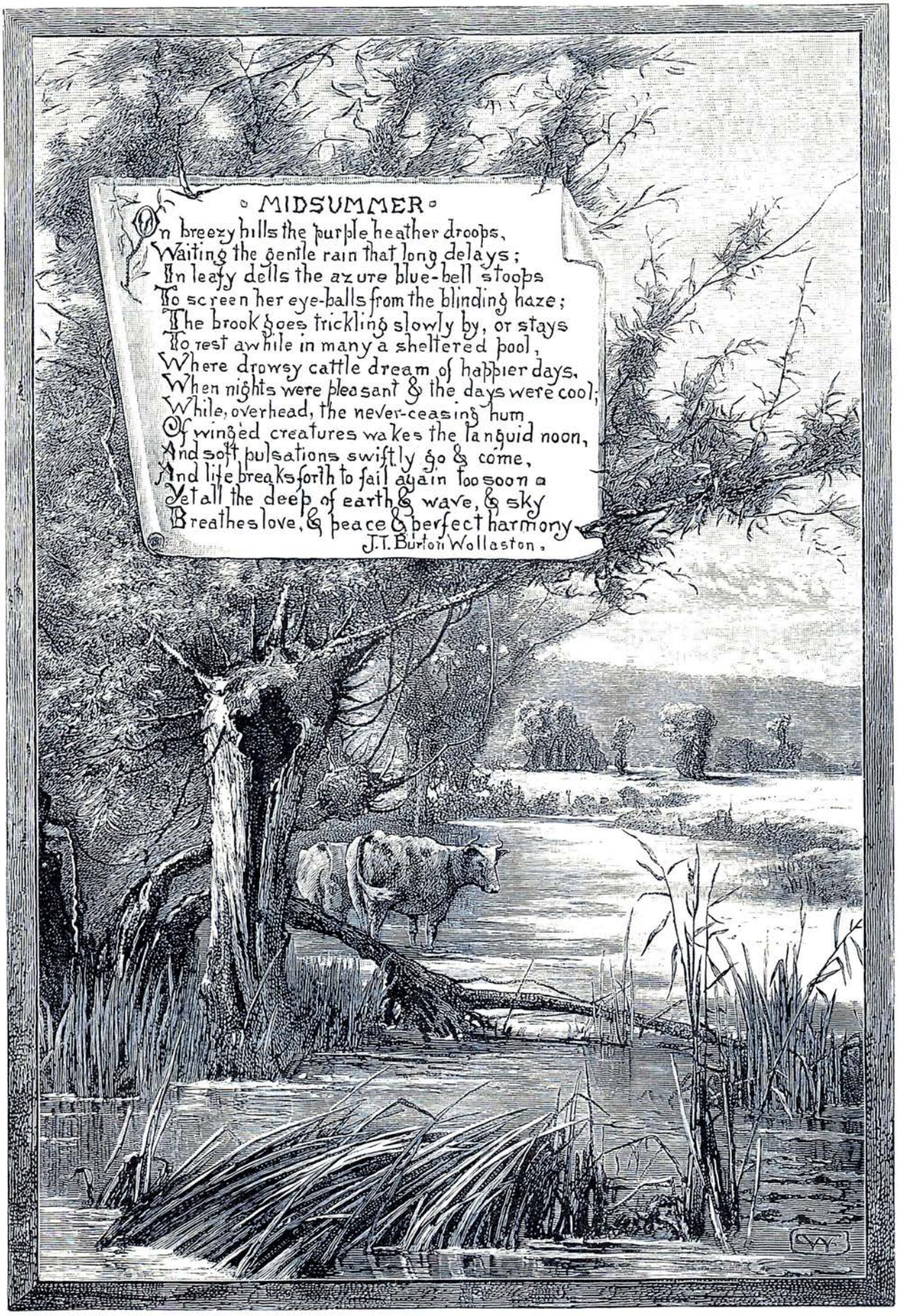
The necessity for frequent ablutions of the person and the washing of clothes was, and is, obligatory as a religious duty on the Jews and Mahomedans, and was strictly enforced in the case of both priests and worshippers at the Temple, and this could hardly have been effectual without some sort of soap. We know that scented saponaceous clay was used by the Greeks and Persians. Nevertheless, we incline to the idea that manufacture of olive oil soap was an ancient Jewish art.

The Castile soap with which we were familiar in our early days, was probably an art carried to Spain by the Jews after they were exiled from the Holy Land, and it was primarily an olive oil soap.

Soap made with olive oil must be more wholesome for the skin than that made from any kind of fat, but even this is now being adulterated with cocoa-nut oil, which gives it substance and a nice smooth appearance but it is deleterious to the skin. A simple olive oil soap has been made for many centuries in Palestine from the pure oil extracted from the olive berries and mixed with "alkali," or as the word in Arabic expresses it "the kali." The process of manufacture has been rough and simple, but it has been carried on to a considerable extent, and the soap was, and is still, exported to various ports of the Levant. It is not till within the last few years that Europeans in the country have taken up the idea and have produced a soap more suited to our ideas of a toilet soap.

Unfortunately however, some Europeans have added cocoa-nut oil, which, while improving the appearance of the soap, is detrimental to its curative properties. Other olive oil soap is made in some places on the Continent, but this is often made from the refuse of olives after salad oil has been extracted, and it has a rank and disagreeable smell.

It is not easy either to colour or scent olive oil soap, as it is not neutral like fat in taking scent or colour. But the smell of the oil if properly treated is very slight and does not remain on the skin, while its curative and emollient properties are so remarkable that medical men very highly recommend it, and those who once use it seldom, if ever, return to the fatted soaps which are by no means always wholesome, and indeed, unless purchased from eminent firms, may be looked upon with considerable suspicion as actually in some cases causing skin disease. Highly coloured and highly scented soaps should be avoided, and even of the best soaps, very little should ever be used for the face, and, where anyone is sensitive to chills, care should be taken to rinse it well off any part of the body so as to prevent any choking of the pores.


MIDSUMMER
On breezy hills the purple heather droops,
Waiting the gentle rain that long delays;
In leafy dells the azure blue-bell stoops
To screen her eye-balls from the blinding haze;
The brook goes trickling slowly by, or stays
To rest awhile in many a sheltered pool,
Where drowsy cattle dream of happier days,
When nights were pleasant & the days were cool;
While, overhead, the never-ceasing hum
Of winged creatures wakes the languid noon,
And soft pulsations swiftly go & come,
And life breaks forth to fail again too soon a
Yet all the deep of earth & wave, & sky
Breathes love, & peace & perfect harmony
J.T. Burton Wollaston.

HOW I LEARNED TO BICYCLE.

By CONSTANCE HASTINGS.

I WANTED a bicycle, of course I did. Everybody rode the bicycle, and why shouldn't I? But wanting and possessing are by no means synonymous terms with me, so I set about the arduous task of getting one somehow or other. If I want anything I have always found the best way to gratify my desire is to talk about it. I don't mind being generous and giving anyone, who may happen to read this, a hint. If you want anything and cannot afford to buy it, don't keep that want a dead secret locked in your own breast until you have managed to save the requisite amount for purchasing the article. Just mention the thing seasonably and appropriately, morning noon and night.

Now I talked to mother about a bicycle, then I talked to father. I talked to my brothers and I talked to my friends about it. As father rides a bicycle it was very easy to get him to see how very pleasant a companion in his rides would be, and he was the one upon whom I built my hopes of possession.

One morning at breakfast father said, "You are always talking about a bicycle"—it was perfectly true I always was doing so—"if you could only ride I would manage to get you one." "Will you?" said I, feeling much pleased. "I'll soon ride, I'll go over to Battersea Park and see about it to-day." I won't repeat the pretty little speeches I made, but I was quite excited and certainly felt very grateful. It seemed as if I really should soon be the proud possessor of two wheels.

I thought I would not begin to learn until I had a proper riding costume. Hence I ordered a skirt made of a rather heavy black serge with pleats let in at the sides. It is lined throughout and fastens with three buttons on one side, while on the other side there is a pocket also fastened over by three buttons. The advantage of this is that neither the pocket nor the placket-hole can gape open. I have been devoutly thankful that I adopted that style, especially when I have seen ladies riding gracefully but unconsciously with two or three inches of white bodice sticking out from their placket-holes.

Some skirts have little elastic arrangements inside, which seem to require a good deal of fastening before mounting. I do not know how they answer as I have never tried them. Neither do I know whether my skirt is the best sort of thing to have, as I have never tried anything else. I can only say that it is very comfortable and has never blown or worked up at all. It is short and comes to about an inch above my ankles, while under it I wear just ordinary serge knickers.

I have seen some ladies ride in petticoats, but I am sure that that is a mistake. I have also seen ladies wearing knickers with no skirt above them; the "rational dress" as this is called. It may be rational but it certainly is not ornamental. When on a machine, the costume does not look so bad; but of the machine it is quite another matter. The prettiest woman dressed in that style looks a fright when walking or standing; that is, according to my idea. It may be also much easier to ride in and more convenient in many ways, but I should think it would be a trifle awkward in calling on any friend. At any rate I distinctly object to dressing like a ballet girl, so I wear a skirt and shall continue to do so unless the "rational costume" becomes general. If it does I shall have to follow, I suppose, the fashion.

The morning after my dress came home I walked over to Battersea Park for my first lesson. As we live in Chelsea I had not very far to go, but all the way I was thinking, "This time next week I shall be able to ride." Riding looked so easy and I had heard so many people say something to this effect, "Yes, you know, I learnt in three lessons," or "I could ride the second time I was on a machine." Naturally I believed them and being young and agile thought a week left a large margin. Indeed, I thought I should be very stupid if I did not become quite a grand rider in six lessons. I know better now; but that morning I crossed the Chelsea bridge in a very hopeful frame of mind. I did not even stop to watch the boats, but hurried into the park. I went up to a bicycle stand belonging to a well-known firm and said I wanted a bicycle lesson. One of the men came forward and said that he would teach me, so I walked on a little way and he followed with a machine. I shall never forget the first sensation when I mounted. It really was most curious. Walker, as he told me his name was, held the machine up and trundled me along for some distance. My hopes for riding in a week then vanished into thin air. Indeed, I felt quite hopeless as well as helpless.

IN THE PARK.

I thought I should never ride at all, and I cast many an envious glance at others speeding merrily by. It seemed to me as if I could not even turn my eyes without upsetting the balance of the thing, and as for my front wheel it went all ways.

"How many lessons do people usually have before they can ride?"

"Well, miss," said Walker, "there are some as learn in ten or twelve lessons and some want thirty or forty. You see that young lady there, I taught her in about three weeks."

I thought I should be about three months but I intended to try to learn at any rate.

"What have I to pay for the lesson, Walker?"

"Each lesson miss, is one and sixpence, but the best way would be for you to have a course. You see, miss, it's this way, you pay ten shillings for the course and we undertake to give you lessons until you know how to ride."

"Oh! I'll have a course, but suppose I want fifty lessons?"

"You won't want fifty lessons, miss, in a week or so you will be able to ride round the park. If you like to fix a time I'll keep it for you and then you won't have anyone else to teach you."

I thought it a very good idea to have the same instructor every day, and I was very fortunate in getting a good one. Walker was a great favourite. I found afterwards that most people wanted him to teach them, and I have known ladies wait for over an hour in the cold rather than have another instructor.

I went to the park every morning and found that learning cycling was not at all pleasant.

I felt so very stupid rolling about on a machine in the vain endeavour to keep straight, while other people looked as if it were the easiest thing in the world. I tried to express these sentiments to Walker but he said consolingly—

"They all had to learn."

"I know a lady who learnt in three lessons," I said to him one day.

"Now don't you believe that, miss, I've taught hundreds, and none of them learnt so easy."

He was very amusing occasionally and told me about the different people we passed. One was a general who had fought in the Indian Mutiny, while among the ladies there were several well-known actresses, with whom he was acquainted. One old lady who amused me very much I had seen once or twice having a lesson. She was apparently about fifty-five years of age, and wrapped up in a long ulster and a big shawl.

"That old lady will never learn, will she?" I remarked.

"No, poor old soul," said Walker, "I had her landed on to me the other day, and I did have a time."

"Did you?" in an interested sort of way.

"Yes, she's that heavy."

By this time I rode just a little bit, well enough for Walker to bring his bicycle and ride by my side, holding my sleeve at difficult places in the road.

"It was this way, there was nobody at the stand but me, and I was waiting for my gentleman to come for a lesson, when that old lady came up and asked me to teach her. She had on that long cloak and that shawl, and I said to her, 'You can't ride in that ma'm, won't you leave it here?'

"'What! take my cloak off? I'm not going to do without it for anybody in such weather as this, young man.' She mounted the machine and I held her up and pushed her along, but, poor old soul, she'll never learn, she's too old. She said the handles were cold, so she took off her shawl and wrapped it round them. Since that time when I see her coming I always get out of the way; but the worst of it is she always asks for me."

"I wonder why she is learning?"

"She said she lived in the country"—she looked like it—"and one night at a farmhouse, near where she lived, five miles away from a town, a fire broke out. One of the girls at the farm cycled, so she took her machine and rode into the town for the fire-engine. The old lady thinks it was a wonderful thing to do, and says she means to learn to ride, but she won't, she's too old, poor old soul."

There evidently is, according to Walker's idea, a period at which people cannot acquire the art of balancing themselves.

I had been round the park once or twice with him, and thought I could manage by myself, so I told father with great pride that I could ride, and he bought me a machine. It is a very good one and looked beautifully bright after the dirty old things I had been using.

I said I would go for a ride with my brother on the Saturday afternoon. In the morning Walker came and took my machine to the park for me, as I wasn't clever enough to ride through the streets.

I was sorry for my brother that afternoon, I was sorry for myself also, and I was intensely grieved for my new bicycle. Whether it was nervousness or not I couldn't say, but I certainly couldn't ride a bit. I kept falling off in the most ignominious style. Not once or twice, but eight or nine times I picked myself up and started afresh, and at last I gave up altogether. Twice it really wasn't my fault. Once somebody ran into me, and the other time, some horses were coming at a great rate behind, and I got so nervous that I forgot to pedal. Of course I fell off, fortunately into the fence and not under the horses' hoofs.

Walker told me afterwards that I was in too much of a hurry.

After that unfortunate episode, in which I bruised both my elbows and both my knees, I got on better. At the end of that week I could ride quite well and *only had to* practise getting on and off. Up to that time, unless Walker were holding the machine, I had usually fallen off somehow.

The accomplishment of mounting and dismounting took a good deal of learning, but I managed it in time. After that Walker declared me "finished" and looked for the "tip" which he had well earned.

There are two ways of mounting a machine, the English and the American. The one is to get on from the curbstone, while the other is to jump on, giving the machine a push at the same time so as to start it.

Walker taught me both ways, and as he has declared me "finished," I have no more to say except that thanks to his teaching, I can ride fearlessly through the London traffic and along the country roads, anywhere in fact, on my beloved friend and companion, my bicycle. And in the extra Summer No. of "The Girl's Own" you may read about a little tour I attempted with father.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

SEVILLE oranges come in in the month of February, but I never recommend housewives to make their marmalade till March or April, as the later consignments of oranges are often both cheaper, and I have found from experience they are sweeter and more juicy.

But before commencing to make the marmalade I should like to give you a few hints about your preserving-pan. Be most careful to see that it is scrupulously clean. Preserving-pans are often made of copper, and if they are not quite clean a small deposit left in any interstice quickly turns to verdigris, and this is often the cause of much trouble from poisoning.

This is the best way of cleaning your preserving-pan. Half fill the preserving-pan with cold water, and add to the water a small piece of washing soda. Allow the water to boil quickly for about twenty minutes. This softens any grease or sugar there may be on the sides of the pan and makes it easier to clean. Empty the water away. Take a used lemon skin—this reminds me to tell you never to throw away lemon skins—dip it in a little fine sand and well scour the preserving-pan. Rinse the pan thoroughly to free it from any sand, then dry it and polish it with a clean chamois leather.

Now get out your pots and bottles from the store-room. Wash them clean, and put them to dry either in a cool oven or on the plate-rack, but be sure they are absolutely dry before using them, otherwise your marmalade will become mouldy.

Here is a recipe for orange marmalade which I have tried and found excellent.

ORANGE MARMALADE No. 1.

Eighteen Seville oranges, nine quarts of cold water, best preserving sugar.

Method.—Cut the oranges into quarters, scoop out the inside from the peel, removing the pips, cut the peel into thin strips as finely as possible; place it all in a large basin, and pour the cold water over it. Cover the basin with a clean cloth, and allow the whole to soak for forty-eight hours. At the end of this time place the mixture in the preserving-pan. Boil the contents for two hours, or until the peel is quite tender. Then allow it to get cold. When it is quite cold weigh it, and to every pound of fruit allow one pound of sugar. Put the sugar and pulp again into the preserving-pan and boil the whole for one hour. If liked, add the juice and pulp of one lemon to the pulp, while soaking, in the proportion of one lemon to eighteen oranges.

This is another recipe for orange marmalade which is very good and does not take so long to make.

ORANGE MARMALADE No. 2.

Equal quantities of Seville and China oranges, best crushed lump sugar.

Method.—Wash the oranges and dry them, cut the peel lengthways in four, remove the peel in quarters, place the peel in a saucepan with sufficient cold water to cover it, and boil it slowly till the peel is quite tender. Divide the oranges into their natural sections, and with a teaspoon remove all the pulp from the skin. Place the pulp in a basin, put the pips and skin (not peel) into a saucepan with sufficient cold water to cover them, and boil the whole for half an hour. Now take the cooked peel, and scrape away the pith from it, shred the peel very finely, strain off the liquid from the pips and skin, and add it to the pulp in the basin. Allow for every pound of pulp, peel, etc., all weighed together one pound of best crushed lump sugar. Boil all together for half an hour, or until the marmalade will set. Put it into the previously dried pots. Next day cover it down and store in a dry place.

I was given the following recipe by a very old friend who was a firm believer in "kitchen medicine." She assured me that it was a capital way of taking a mild tonic, and I can certify that it is a very pleasant way.

SEVILLE ORANGE JELLY (A mild and pleasant tonic).

To every pound of Seville oranges allow three pints of cold water. Wash the oranges and dry them, cut them into small pieces, peel and all, remove the pips, place the cut-up oranges in a preserving-pan, and add the cold water to them. Allow the whole to boil slowly for six hours, or more, till it is reduced to one-third the quantity. At the end of that time run it through a jelly-bag, and to every pint of juice allow one pound of best loaf sugar. Place the juice and sugar in a preserving-pan, and boil the whole very slowly for twenty minutes, or until a small quantity will jelly if put on a cold plate. Keep the jelly well skimmed while it is boiling. Put it into small jelly-pots, cover them down the next day, and store in a dry cool place.

"IN THE GLOAMING."

(Dedicated to the Ladies of the Studio, South Kensington.)

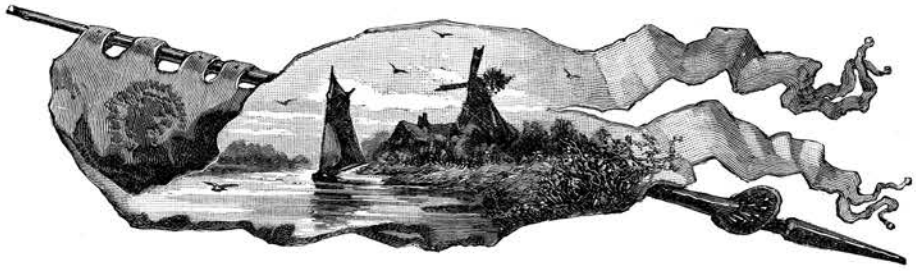
By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

In the gloaming, O my darlings,
When our hearts are sinking low,
When our mouths are wide with yawning
And our backs are aching so;
When the thought of painting longer
Fills us with an untold woe,
How we think of tea, and love it,
While the shadows deeper grow!

In the gloaming, O my darlings,
We think tenderly of tea,
Till our hearts are crushed with longing
Round our steaming cups to be.

(It is only *green* in mem'ry,
And at times—'twixt you and me—
A malignant grocer sends us
An inferior bohea.)

In the gloaming, O my darlings,
When our hearts are sinking low,
When our mouths are wide with yawning,
And our backs are aching so
Will the tea be weak? we wonder
(What has been again may be);
But perhaps 'tis best for us, dears—
Best for you and best for me.



THE POSTMEN OF THE WORLD.

BY C. F. GORDON CUMMING, AUTHOR OF "THE NEWSPAPERS OF THE WORLD."

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

NUREMBERG POST-RUNNER OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

WE have recently glanced at a few of the very varied letter-carriers of Asia and America; but without looking further afield than our own shores, we may well find matter for wonder and admiration in the postal system which enfolds us in a network so perfect, that we have learnt to look on its regularity with the same indifference as we breathe the air of heaven, and are only conscious of its existence when some momentary irregularity calls forth our instant blame.

Of the amount of care and mental anxiety whereby our postal punctuality is purchased, we may form some estimate by noting the agreements concerning the contract time allowed for the transport of the mails between the most distant countries, and the penalties exacted for delay. Thus, in the case of the mails from India and China to Brindisi, there is a fine of £200 for every twelve hours in excess of contract time. On the voyage to or from the West Indies, the penalty for over-time is £25 for every twenty-four hours, while between London and Calais it is £5 for fifteen minutes. By another contract, which comes into force this autumn, the City of Dublin Steam Packet Company undertakes thenceforward to convey the mails between Holyhead and Kingstown in fifteen minutes less than the time hitherto allowed; a fine of £1 14s. to be exacted for each minute in excess of contract time. Such details as these give us a very practical notion of the literal value of time.

Like that of all mighty institutions, the growth of the Post Office has been slow and gradual; and we, in the enjoyment of all our postal privileges, find it hard to realise how our ancestors could have endured their total privation of all such.

The establishment of a commercial postal service seems to have originated in the thirteenth century, to insure facility of communication between the eighty-five cities of Prussia, Livonia, Westphalia, Saxony, the Baltic, and the Netherlands, included in the Hanseatic League.

After this beginning, regular letter posts for the public convenience were established between Austria and Lombardy, and between Vienna and Brussels.

Judging from such old engravings as we here reproduce, these early postmen do not appear to have been very heavily burdened.

Hardly picturesque, but doubtless comfortable, is the solid-looking postman of Nuremberg, whose portrait, as sketched a hundred years ago, we here reproduce. The spear which he carries is his symbol of official dignity.

Our own admirable postal service represents the steady development of two and a half centuries. Prior to the sixteenth century, all letters in Britain were sent by messengers who wore the royal livery, but only hired post-horses as they happened to require them. In the fifteenth century a company of foreign merchants made arrangements for the conveyance of letters between London and the Continent. This private enterprise was, however, made over to the Crown, and James I. established a Post Office for foreign letters.

Another century, however, elapsed ere any postal arrangements were made to facilitate intercourse within the kingdom. In 1635 Charles I. authorised Thomas Witherings to run a post night and day between London and Edinburgh, to go thither and back again in six days, carrying all such letters as were directed to towns near the road. Eight main postal lines were established at the same time, and the bearers were authorised to carry letters on a graduated scale of from twopence to sixpence to any part of England. If across the Border the charge was eightpence, and to Dublin by packet sixpence.

To cross the Border in those days was a serious matter, for its wild glens were the refuge of the wildest spirits of both lands, and the Borderers were ever noted robbers. But even in the more settled districts, the letter-carriers were so frequently attacked by highwaymen that, so late as A.D. 1700, it became necessary for both the Scottish and English Parliaments to pass Acts making robbery of the post an offence punishable by death and confiscation.

While the "post-boys" (as they were called, without respect to the grey hairs of many) were thus subject to perils from land robbers, equal danger awaited their brethren in charge of the mails for Ireland or foreign countries. Every mail packet had to be armed as a ship of war, ready to hold her own against any privateer which might see fit to attack her; and, indeed, such pirates might chance to capture many things besides letters, for these marine posts were charged with all manner of articles—such as "fifteen couple of hounds, for the King of the Romans;" "a deal case with four flitches of bacon, for Mr. Pennington of Rotterdam;" "two servant-maids going as laundresses to my Lord Ambassador Methuen;" and even "a doctor, with his cow and other necessaries."

In 1783, it was suggested to the great Mr. Pitt, by Mr. John Palmer, manager of the Bath and Bristol theatres, that, instead of employing horsemen, mail-coaches should be established, and escorted by trustworthy and well-armed guards. This innovation was strongly opposed by the Post Office authorities, but was eventually carried, and Mr. Palmer installed as Controller-General of the Post Office, to the immense advantage of all concerned, and the great acceleration of the mail service.*

Hence originated the mail-coaches, which so many of us can still remember as one of the cheeriest features of rural life some thirty or forty years ago,

POSTMAN OF BRESLAU OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

when the coming and the going of the coaches, with their first-class teams, and the cheery drivers and guards arrayed in scarlet, and the sound of the brass horn, were the daily great events of our villages and remote country towns—the bringers of good or evil tidings in days when telegraphs were as yet undreamt of.

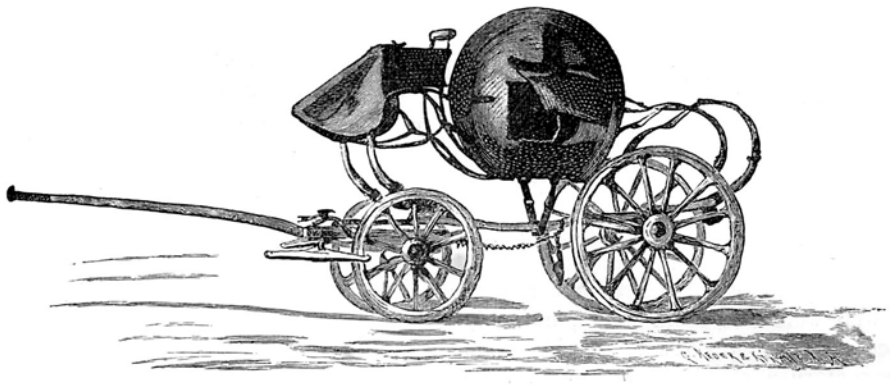
When the system was in full working order, there were 94 four-horse mail-coaches running regularly in Great Britain, besides 49 two-horse coaches in England.

Very quaint and picturesque, but certainly not so suggestive of mirth and good company as the old English mail-coach, is the essentially solitary vehicle which was devised in Denmark for the safe and swift conveyance of letters, and which continued in use till the year 1842: a bullet-shaped receptacle, into which the mail-bags were thrust, and secured by a leathern flap, the whole being lightly poised on strong springs. No place is here provided for the armed guard, and should any accident occur, the solitary driver must manage for himself as best he could.

While the British postal system was gradually developing improved methods of conveyance, the grandest change of all was brought about when, in 1837, Sir Rowland Hill first suggested the advantages of a reduced and uniform rate of postage to all parts of the kingdom. After considerable opposition he carried his point, and in 1840 the penny post for half-ounce letters was established throughout Britain, and postage stamps were invented to facilitate pre-payment.

A penny post for the delivery of letters within the limits of London and its suburbs (which then formed a comparatively small radius) had been established in A.D. 1685; and in 1776 Edinburgh had followed suit, with four letter-carriers, whose business it was to walk

* Apparently the pace had not improved since Charles I. had established his post to run between London and Edinburgh and back in six days and nights.



GLOBULAR-SHAPED MAIL-COACH. DENMARK, FIRST HALF OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

daily through what we now know as "the old town," collecting letters, and ringing bells to attract attention.

The establishment of Rowland Hill's uniform penny post led to an immediate increase of letters which was positively amazing, being due not only to increased correspondence, but to the cessation of the illegal despatch of letters by private hands. That such were numerous can scarcely be a matter of wonder, when we consider how very small a letter could be received north of the Border for 8d., and, either from excess of weight or some other cause, the sum charged was liable to a considerable increase. Thus, an old resident in the Green Isle of Lismore, just off the coast of Argyleshire, tells us that in his young days he had to pay 1s. 2d. for every letter he received, and when the postage was reduced to 1s. it was considered a great step forward; but when, about 1835, it was further reduced to 8d., the rejoicing was great indeed.

A very considerable improvement in the regulations for the delivery of letters in rural districts in the South-west of England and Wales was effected in 1851, when Anthony Trollope (who had already been employed on similar work in Ireland) was deputed to go over every nook and corner of Cornwall, Devon, the Channel Islands, Worcester, &c. &c., in order to define the beat of every individual letter-carrier. Of this work he has left us a very interesting account in his Autobiography. He tells us that, knowing that the postal regulations of France require that every letter shall be actually delivered by an official letter-carrier to the person to whom it is addressed, he aimed at the nearest possible approach to this standard, and it became the ambition of his life to cover the country with rural letter-carriers. Their beats were apportioned on the understanding that no man should be required to walk more than sixteen miles a day. Trollope took good care to find out all the short cuts, so as to insure the including of the largest possible number of houses in the distance.

LETTER-CARRIER OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY, BEARING THE PRUSSIAN EAGLE.

(*From the Ambrose Collection in Vienna.*)

Bicycles and tricycles now help many of our rural postmen to "make good time," as they say in America, provided their beats lie in fairly level country, with tolerable roads. But I am not aware that the letter-carriers of the Fen districts have profited by the wisdom of their French brethren in the Department of Landes, that desert region of reedy marshes, and ever-shifting sands, only traversed by muddy uncertain roads. Year by year, owing to the prevalence of westerly winds, the *dunes* (as these sand-hills are called) encroach more and more on the fertile tracts, actually overwhelming houses and vineyards. Here and there, on the marshy heath, or in the forests of cork-trees, are scattered the wretched huts of the people, who are mostly shepherds, cork-cutters, and charcoal-burners. One of their chief industries is the manufacture of *sabots*, or wooden shoes, clumsy indeed, but warranted to stand any amount of wear-and-tear.

But even these active peasants find it exhausting work alternately to trudge ancle-deep in light dry sand, or through oozy peat-moss, so they have borrowed a hint from the long-legged water-birds that stalk among the marshes, and have adopted the plan of walking on very lengthy stilts. Thus they get over the ground at double pace, and being well raised above the world, they can keep a better out-look for their stray sheep or swine, or for the position of such game as may be worth stalking at leisure.

This, then, is the mode of travel adopted by the postmen on the southernmost seaboard of France, while going their rounds among the remote villages, conveying the rare letters, which must be such doubly precious prizes in those lonely districts.

Toilsome as were the sixteen-mile beats apportioned by Trollope to his rural letter-carriers, their task was less severe than that imposed on some of our Scottish post-runners—those, for instance, who carried the mails between Fort William and Inverness, a distance of about sixty miles. The men started simultaneously from either point, and met at Fort Augustus, where they exchanged bags, and on the following day returned to their starting-point. Thus each man did his sixty miles on foot in two days, and was allowed the third day for rest ere recommencing his weary tramp. The distance was often seriously increased by accidents of weather, deep snow-drifts or swollen rivers sometimes compelling long circuits.

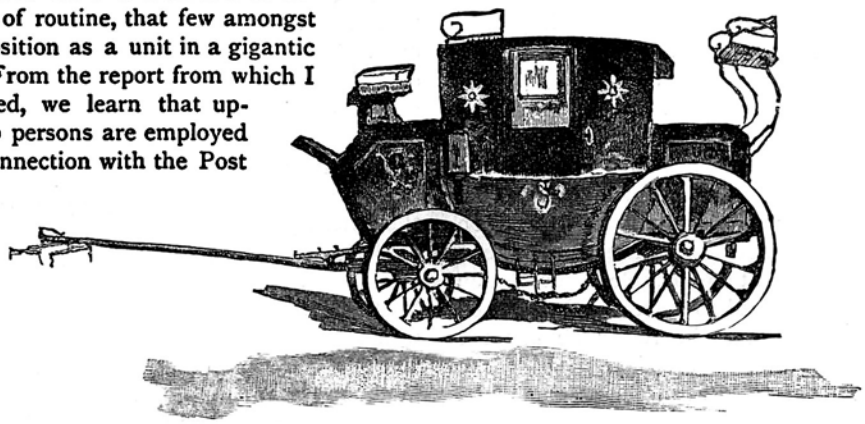
It is pleasing to turn to the report of the Postmaster-General, and to learn that, notwithstanding the severe strain of extra work at Christmas, NOT A SINGLE CASE OF INTOXICATION WAS REPORTED AMONG THE POSTMEN EMPLOYED IN THE METROPOLIS, and that there was a gratifying diminution in the number so reported in other parts of the country.

FRENCH RURAL POSTMAN IN THE DEPARTMENT OF LANDES, ON STILTS.

Of the extra pressure here referred to, we can form some notion on learning that during that Christmas week there passed through the Central Office 2,000,000, and through the district offices 4,000,000 letters above the weekly average of 13,500,000 (this Christmas return including 208,400 registered letters). To meet this heavy work 1,200 additional persons were temporarily employed, making the total number on duty in the Central Sorting Office over 3,000. To provide for the distribution of so vast an increase of postal matter, special mail-trains were despatched from London to the provinces, in advance of the usual night trains, and special arrangements were made in all provincial towns.

To most of us, the coming and going of the familiar postman of our own district is so entirely a matter of routine, that few amongst us realise his position as a unit in a gigantic organisation. From the report from which I have just quoted, we learn that upwards of 91,000 persons are employed in Britain in connection with the Post Office. Of these, about 46,000 are on the permanent establishment of the Department, and about 45,000 more combine postal duties with private occupations. No less than 2,731 women are employed on the permanent staff, ranging from the regiment of well-educated young ladies at St. Martin's-le-Grand, to the good old-wives whom we find in charge of some of our country post-offices (possibly the active representatives of their husbands), but whose acuteness in mastering the mysteries of the telegraph has often filled me with wonder and admiration.

Truly amazing are the statistics of the stupendous mass of postal matter which annually passes through the hands of these 91,000 persons. Here is the return



OLD ENGLISH MAIL-COACH, "THE FLYING COACH," WHICH RAN BETWEEN LONDON AND OXFORD IN SIX HOURS.

of letters and papers delivered in the United Kingdom in the course of twelve months :—

Letters	1,322,086,900
Post-Cards	153,586,100
Book Packets	294,594,500
Newspapers	142,702,300
Total	1,912,969,800

These figures do not include the multitude of letters despatched to foreign countries, nor the enormous number of parcels conveyed by the parcels post.

The number of letters registered in 1884 was 11,545,072.

Out of this vast multitude of letters, 5,732,310 were so addressed as to fail to reach their destination, and, after causing an immense amount of extra trouble in returning them to the senders, there remained 561,736 which could not even be thus dealt with. The most remarkable thing concerning letters of this class is that 25,628 were posted without any address, and of these no less than 1,536 contained money and cheques amounting to the value of £5,158.

A very interesting detail in our postal statistics shows the immense increase of correspondence which has resulted from increased facilities. Thus, whereas in A.D. 1839 the average of letters per annum for each person in the United Kingdom was only 3; by 1854, under the influence of reduced postage, it had increased to 15; while we find that the average per head is now 37 letters, and 4 post-cards.

It is interesting to note in this respect how we compare with other countries. To do so, we must take the year 1882, which is the latest of which statistics can be obtained. We find that the average per head was: Great Britain, 35; United States, 21; Germany, 17; France, 16; Italy, 7; Spain, 5.

Truly a wonderful centre of busy life is our great City Post Office—great in all its details. Here upwards of 1,200 telegraph workers, male and female, are engaged in flashing messages all over Britain, by the electric currents engendered by no less than 22,000 electric battery jars, which are ranged along shelves so numerous that, were they placed in line, they would extend three miles. And with regard to other postal matter, the General Post Office daily receives about 6,000 mail-bags, weighing about 50 tons, and despatches about the same amount.

But I must bring this paper to a close, and cannot do so more fitly than in the words of the good old Scotch proverb which notes how "Mony a pickle mak's a mickle," a trite truth of which it would be difficult to find a more startling illustration than this accumulation of half-ounces.

A RELIC OF THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

THERE can be no doubt that the book lying before me is a genuine antique. *The vellum binding* is stained, soiled and worm-eaten, and the leaves are of rough brownish paper, written over in pale, faded ink, and evidently by six or eight different hands, some neat and clerkly, some scrawling and illegible, and the spelling of most of the recipes looking most quaint to our eyes.

It is a large square book, and has been rather badly treated, for leaves are torn out, and children have scribbled their names, and made rough attempts at drawings on all the blank pages, but there are still more than two hundred and fifty manuscript recipes for all manner of home-brewed nostrums, and elaborate eatables.

The first page is torn out, so we do not know to whom it originally belonged. The earliest date given in it is that of a business receipt. "Re'cd April ye 3. 1718 of Dame Ballard £3. 0. 0." That transaction took place in the reign of George I., our Queen's great, great, great-grandfather, and it is evidently by no means the oldest entry in the book, which has been judged to be probably two hundred years old.

It seems to have belonged to some lady of rank, as one heading is, "My sister, Lady Wrights recipe for tarts," and others were given by "Lord Chesterfield," "Lady Musgrave," "Lady Digby," Lady Cavendish," and "Mrs. Penelopy Barkleye;" but the name most frequently scribbled by children is Bowater, "John Edward Bowater," "Maria Bowater," and "Sarah Ord," and in a well-formed hand there is a pencil note to "Mrs. Ord," as follows :—

"Will you, my dear good Mama, come and see me to-morrow, and in return will do myself the pleasure to drink tea at your house. John Bowater. Friday evening, 19th March, 1786." The said John having apparently stepped in to see his "dear good" mother—or mother-in-law, the name being different—and finding her absent, for lack of a sheet of paper, scribbled his message on the blank page of her cookery-book. How strange that so trivial an invitation should be still there after more than a century has past, when the actors have been so long dead, and forgotten. The book has been for more than ninety years in the writer's family.

In 1801 my great-grandfather took a house in the little town of Reigate from a family named Bowater, and we suppose that this old book was left behind by them as rubbish, and was laid away and forgotten, till it turned up a few years ago to be welcomed and kept as a valuable curiosity.

Some of the medicinal recipes are most extraordinary. Those for food are not so strange, but very extravagant to our modern ideas, dealing largely in "quarts of cream," "the yolks of fifteen eggs," and a whole pound of fresh butter as one ingredient of an elaborate sweet sauce for a pudding.

We will quote some of the medical prescriptions first, but some are really not fit to print, and are enough to make one feel thankful one did not live in those days to be dosed with such repulsive messes.

"*For a Pin, or anything that sticks in the Throat.*—Take a thimbleful and a half of gunpowder, put it in a spoon. Wett it with a little beer, or butter, stir it, and put it down the throat with a little beer after it."

We have more faith in the nursery prescription of a hard crust to remove a fish bone than in gunpowder cold.

"*Histericall Water to suppress Vapours.*—Take three quarts of canarie sack, and three very great handfulls of rew, two very great handfulls of Mother Time, one ounce of single piony seeds, the rinde of orang, a dram of campher. You must shred your harbs, and braise your seeds, and slice your orang rinde, and put them all into your sack for a day

or two, shaking them togeather being close stopped, pass up your still, and draw it off with a pritty quick and certain fier.'

The "still room" was an institution in great houses in those days, and the faith in the vertues of waters distilled from most incongruous mixtures was firm.

"A restorative water for a consumption or any decaying weakness," contains fifteen ingredients to be distilled together including milk, wine, a young cock, raisins of the sun, dates, conserve of roses, cinnamon, coltsfoot, and maiden-hair.

"*A Cure for ye Dropsy.*—Take sixteen large nutmegs, eleven spoonfuls of Broon ashes, dried in an oven; an ounce and a half of mustard seed braised; an handfull of horse radish scraped; all to be put in a gallon of strong mountain wine and stand three or four days; then a gill or half a pint to be drunk fastin every morning, and to fast an hour or two after it."

A remarkable instance of ye good effects of this remedy is one who was given over by all his friends, and physicians, and his legs were soe swell'd, and insensible as not to feel any pain when put into a kettle of boiling water, but upon taking the above medicine was cured in a few weeks to the surprise of all his acquaintance.

"*A Receipt, through Mercy to cure all gouts in one night.*—Take half a pint of strongest ale yeast, as much of ye soot of a baker's chimney yt burnes onely wood finely cifted and scired. Mix these very well together with ye white of five or six new laid eggs. Then cut two soles out of ye coarsest brown paper can be gotten even with ye length and breadth of ye feet of ye party afflicted. Binde them gently with a broad woolen binder to ye soles of ye feete, when ye party goes to bed, and by ye blessing of God ye will be cured before ye morning as many have lately been. Probatum."

The mixture was probably to be spread on the feet as plasters, but that item the writer leaves out. Another omission in a recipe signed in full, "Annabella Bayly," might have had serious, or even fatal consequences, for no quantity is given, the wording being simply as follows: "For ye chin coff. Viteral dropd upon lumb shugar!"

There is a long recipe for, "The Greater Palsy Water," containing thirty-four different ingredients, which were to be soaked, and stewed, and distilled and re-distilled in the most elaborate fashion. It includes lavender, rosemary, Aqua vitæ, malmsey wine, borrage, bugloss, cowslips, peony seeds, mace, nutmeg, aloes, "Ambergreese and prepared pearl," musk, saffron, red roses, &c., and winds up with this panegyric: "This water is of exceeding virtue in all surrounding, in weakness of heart, and decaying of spirits. It is of great virtue in all appoplexies, palsy, epilepsey, also in all pains of the joints coming of cold, in all bruises outwardly bathed. Its virtues are more than man would conceive. It strengtheneth and comforteth all animall, vitall, and natural spirits, and cleareth the external senses, strengtheneth the memory, restoreth lost appetite, all weakness of the stomach. It taketh away giddyness of the head, helpeth lost hearing, and can be no better remedy in palseys, helpeth lost speech, and cold dispositions of the liver. In sum, none can express sufficiently, the virtues of this incomparable water."

This simple faith that anything elaborate must be good for any ill that flesh is heir to, is very amusing. If one ingredient fails to cure, some other surely would! Several ointments and salves are frankly declared to be "good for any ache or pain," and the same lotion is recommended for "sore eyes, or a cancer."

Here is a cruel recipe.

"*To make Swallow Water.*—Take forty or fifty swallows when they are ready to fly, bruise them in a morter to pop, (pulp?) feathers and all, add to them two ounces of castorium in powder, put it into a rose still with three pints of the best white wine vinegar. Make not your fire too hot. There will be but a pint of the best. You may give a spoonful, two or three at a time with sugar.

"*The Virtues.*—It is very good for falling sickness, for sudden swooning, fits of the dead palsey, lethargy, or any distemper proceeding from the head. It comforteth the brain, is good for those that are distracted, and in greatest extremities of sickness one of the best things to be administered." This is signed, "The Lady Newton."

Another recipe is for swallow oil, in which the unhappy little birds are to be pounded with rosemary and strawberry leaves, fried in May butter, and strained for ointment. Such unfortunate "small deer" form the basis of a good many nostrums.

"*To take away Corns.*—After the corn is well cut, drop upon the place one or two drops of the water of a black snail, which will come from her if you prick her with a pin or needle."

The following is inserted between "Crust for tarts," and "pickled sturgeon," but one cannot believe that it was prepared as an ordinary article of food, although no ailments are mentioned as being cured by it.

"*Viper Jelley.*—One quarter of a pound of hartshorne, one viper boiled in three quarts of water till it comes to one quart, let it stand till next day. Then to be made as other jelley is made."

"*To clease a Foul Sore.*—Kill a great toad, and let it hang in the sun to drye, and when it is hard as a stick, let it be beaten to powder, bones and all, so small as may be. Cast that powder on the sore, and let it lie three or four days, then wipe out the dead flesh, and the sore will heal easily."

This last is about the most horrible recipe in the book, being far more likely, according to modern knowledge, to cause blood-poisoning than to heal a wound.

Most of the medicinal ideas are strangely unscientific. Here is a test, "How to know the King's Evil. Take a ground worm alive, and lay it on the swelling, or sore, and cover it with a leaf. If it be the King's Evil, he will turn into earth; if it be not he will remain whole and sound." Then follows an elaborate recipe for a salve of red lead, bee's wax, and burgandy pitch to be used as a remedy.

Patients used to be taken to the reigning sovereign to be "touched for the King's Evil." The last king who went through the ceremony was James II., but as a physician tells me that the disease so called, was the deep-seated constitutional one of scrofula, it is hard to believe that either earth-worm, salve, or royal touch could have much effect upon it.

The most oddly spelled recipe in the book is "Mrs. Hopkines Surfet Pope Water."

"Take 2 pound of raisins of ye Sun Stoned 2 ounses of brown Sugar Candy beaten 2 of liquorish Slised 2 ounses of aniseed brused 3 penny worth of Saffron 3 Gallons of Red Poppies put all in to a Gallon of Brandy Stir ym once a day for three weakes and yn strain ym out and keepe it for your age you may if you please Still ye leaves and seeds putting in some grounds of strong bear it will be a prity cordiel water to give poor people yt have coulds or a Surfit or Aguesh."

This is evidently the production of some worthy dame, perfectly innocent of the art of punctuation, and having, like Mrs. John Gilpin, "a frugal mind," she liked to comfort the poor at small expense with a "prity cordiel" compounded from the refuse of her costly one.

"The only Re^{t} against the plague."—Take 3 pints of muscadine, and boil therein a handful of sage, and a handful of rue, until a pint be wasted, then strain it, and set it on the fire again, then put thereto a pennyworth of long pepper, half an oz. of nutmegs all beaten together, then let it boil a little and put thereto three pennyworth of treacle, and a quarten of the best angelica water you can get.

"Keep this as your life above all worldly treasure, and take of it always warm both morning and evening a spoonful; or two if you be already infected, and sweat thereon. In all the plague time, under God, trust to this, for there was neither man woman nor child by this deceived. This is not only for the common plague, but for small pox, measles, surfeits and divers other diseases."

In a very cramped, and illegible hand is written the following:—

"if bein coach Sick to prayvent it take a sheete of writing papper, and duble it, and put it down your stoummach nexte you and it seldom fails."

One recipe begins, "Take a quart of a *red* cow's milk," and another for broth, "Take a good sixpenny cock chicken." How amazed a modern poulterer would be at the request for a good sixpenny chicken!

The effect of the following must have been cure by counter-irritation if the ants were left in.

"Mrs. Archers re^{t} for the falling sickness."

"Take an ant hill yt has thyme on it, and let ye thyme side be laid to ye stomach; lay on fresh every morning for three weeks, and take bittany with everything you eat and drink for three weeks."

There are numbers of recipes for cowslip wine, clary wine, wine from the sap of birch trees "as made in Sussex;" one "To make Harbe soop," very much like a modern vegetarian dish. Almond cheese cakes, "oringe loves," (cakes strongly flavoured with orange peel), and such a lavish use of lemons, citron, cinnamon, almonds, saffron, "ambergreese, perfumed plums, and duble refined shugar" that it plainly shows that the book belonged to a family in affluent circumstances, such luxuries being so much more costly in the olden time.

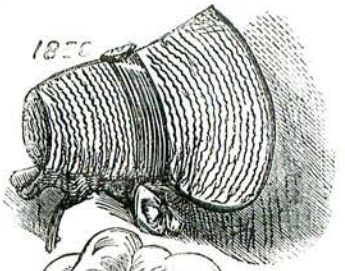
There is one recipe neatly written in pencil which must have been put in for a joke.

"*To make boys good.*—Take a twig out of a large birch broom, and soak it in salt and water and apply it with great force."

This, like the rest of the book, has come to be considered an old-fashioned and obsolete method.

There may be much to lament in the time in which we live, but the more I study the history of the times that are past, I feel inclined to say to those who sigh for the "good old times," in the words of the wise king, "Wherefore sayest thou that the old times were better than these, for thou dost not enquire wisely concerning this."

MAUD MORRISON.



HATS AND BONNETS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE extraordinary freaks of fashion in olden times scarcely exceed the absurdities into which we have been led since the first development of a bonnet out of the hat. This variation in our out-of-door head-dress dates from the year 1795. The original bonnet was shaped like a jockey-cap, the brim in front spreading out rather far on a line with the top of the ear. It was tied on with lavender-coloured strings without ends, was composed of straw, the dome-shaped crown, decorated with red perpendicular stripes, meeting at the top (still jockey fashion), while the projecting brim was plain, and a wreath of laurel leaves surrounded the head.

Small-sized bonnets continued to be worn, as well as hats, up to about the year 1820, when, as our illustration will show you, the brim had expanded, and there was no cap border to fill up the empty space underneath it. Some kind of ribbon ruching decorated the brim all round, the latter reaching down below the ear; and there was also a ribbon trimming far back round the crown.

Ten years afterwards a very plain and unbecoming style came into fashion—trimmings were almost at a discount. One plain piece of ribbon was passed round the middle of the coarse straw bonnet, the ends of which were tied under the chin; while, at the back, and under the flat-lying crown, there was a frilling of the ribbon, or of a piece of silk of the same colour, as a finish to the bonnet, and a shade to the back of the neck, called a "curtain." The straw was either of the natural colour, or else dyed black or brown. Sometimes a plainly-tied bow was placed, like a butterfly, on the top of the head, midway between the crown and the brim. Such a bonnet as this may still be seen on the girls of some of the "charity schools."

A few years afterwards young people often wore beaver bonnets, which were shaped much in the form of the above-named "cottage." These were trimmed with thick silk cords and tassels, matching them in colour.

Simultaneously with the wearing of these two descriptions of bonnets turbans were in fashion amongst the dowagers, and these were transmitted from a still earlier date. A beautiful satin of a delicate shade of French plum-colour, or violet-grey, was sometimes manufactured into a high turban-kind of cap, having a flat-band of the material across the head, a high "caul" standing up at the back, and a narrow

frill of lace round the face. Others wore a loosely-twisted and more Turkish-looking turban; either of velvet, or silk, or of both folded together, and usually very bright in colour. These were decorated, as in the illustration, with feathers, or other ornaments.

It is scarcely surprising that the hideous article known as the "cottage bonnet," of 1830, ceased to have any attractions after a reign of some seven years, and that we all flew into another, and just opposite, extreme of fashion, when the immense flaring bonnet, assigned to the year 1837, the year of the accession of Queen Victoria, took the economical amongst us so painfully by surprise, with its floral decorations inside the deep front, and the three or four nodding ostrich-plumes, towering high above the crown. The strings securing it were tied in bows on one side, and, as you may imagine, it was a matter of some inconvenience to walk out on a rough day, as the preposterous front acted quite as a wind-sail, and it was with no little difficulty that it could be kept on the head. The name of this ill-contrived head-covering was an "opera hat," though "hat" it really was not; and it was either made of plain velvet or of silk. It is also worth observing that they were worn not merely out of doors and at the opera, but also at balls.

In a couple of years from the first appearance of the "opera hat" some modifications took place; the shape was little changed, but the dimensions were reduced, and the trimming was omitted—at least, a plain band round the crown, a binding round the brim, a curtain, and a bow or two at the back, replaced the costly plumage of the previous two years. A cap border was also worn, very slight round the upper part over the hair, and very wide and thick at each side of the face.

Passing over some few years, and the trifling varieties, regulated by individual fancy, either of the milliner or the wearer, helping to fill a gap in the history of fashion, we find that a *soupçon* of the discarded "cottage" appeared about the year 1846, rather less unsightly, yet meagre in design, lying flat on the head, brim and crown being run into one, and parallel respectively with each other. A wreath of leaves or flowers enlivened its dulness outside, together with some narrow bands of ribbon or velvet laid across it at equal distances apart. No cap-border was worn with this head-gear, but the vacant space between the front and the face was partially filled up by large sausage-like rolls of hair, laid against the cheek and extending to the jaw, while a comb confined the braids across the forehead just above the eyebrows. These very unpretentious bonnets were made of straw, and were tied on, under the chin, with a bow of broad ribbon, the shallow curtain being of straw. Very pretty fancy straw bonnets were worn within the years 1840 and 1850, with trimmings of the same. These were Tuscan straws, of a buff colour, and sometimes the bonnets were made in alternate bands of straw plait, and gathered quillings of silk.

Gathered silk bonnets, of plain or checked material, in various colours, came into fashion in the year 1848, and with them the whisker-like cap-borders, lying on each cheek, and unconnected one with the other by any upper border. Ribbons and flowers embellished these quillings, which could be seen in profile below the rim of the bonnet-front, which was a good deal cut away from the cheeks on either side. Broad strings were tied in a bow under the chin, but no trimming decorated the exterior. The brim was moderately deep, spreading at the sides, and depressed at the top.

In about the year 1850 the brims of our bonnets were very wide, round, and deep, and the deep cap-frill of the previous style was still retained. These bonnets were of straw, and had very broad strings, tied in a large bow under the chin.

I do not pretend to give an unbroken list of all the out-of-door head coverings worn in each successive year, from the beginning of this century up to the present time; but so far only as any great varieties of fashion cropped up, from time to time, during that period. Of course, there can be but one opinion respecting the fact that no fashion of the 19th century has ever been so extravagantly *bizarre* as those of the head-dresses that immediately preceded the creation of the bonnet. For example, if the "fair Mary Anne Robinson," otherwise known as "the Bird of Paradise," (an engraving of which may be seen in Fairholt's "Costumes of England") and others quite as monstrous, that excited no surprise nor disapproval in the year 1728. Those were the trying days when our unfortunate grandmothers or great-grandmothers used to require the services of a hairdresser on every occasion that their hair had to be "taken down," turned up again, and stuck all over with ribbons, flowers, feathers, and lace. What with all the false hair, pomatum, powder, and pinnings on of all the decorations in their right position upon a cushion laid on the top of the head, no one could rear up such an amazing erection for herself; nor could any ordinary maid do it for her. To save expense, therefore, a hairdresser had to be engaged monthly, or by those who could not economise in such a matter, weekly; and the operation he then performed was called "opening a lady's head"; when, as they significantly expressed it, "it would keep no longer!" At night, a large "net fillet" was put over all this grandeur, combining indoor head-dress, and outdoor bonnet, and hat all in one; and this bag was tied closely with a drawing string for the night. I suppose that at no period of the world's history did women suffer so acutely for the satisfaction of looking each like her neighbour.

Weary of the round broad brims and heavy cap-borders of the year 1864, we seem to have returned to our craze for height. Straw was still in vogue, and, cutting away the brim at the ears, we raised up the centre to such a degree that, at a little distance, and regarded "full-face," it looked like a sugar-loaf. The whole of the inside was a mass of flowers and ribbons, and a broad pair of strings were tied under the chin. These bonnets were called "spoons." Look at the hideous hat of 1865.

After a reign of about two years the style of our bonnets again underwent a complete change, and the cone-shaped brim was seen no more, Then came in a very reasonable and pretty little cap-shaped head-dress, made of lace or tulle, upon a shape of buckram and wire. A small trimming of flowers decorated the exterior, but the bonnet lying flat down on the top of the head, there was no room for embellishment inside the brim. A pair of tulle or lace-veil-like strings were connected together, at some distance below the chin, with a small bouquet or single flower.

In the year 1869, as you will observe from the illustration supplied, this pretty article of dress was deformed into a sort of patch, made of wire and buckram, covered with tulle and lace, worn like a saddle, and looking like a basket woman's "pad" on the top of her head, to save it from injury in carrying her burden. A pair of silk lappet-strings, laced or fringed-out at each side, were brought together in the same style as those previously worn; the hair being elaborately dressed, and made the most of, to supply the deficiencies of this apology for a bonnet at the back.

Excepting for elderly ladies, hats appear to have aided considerably in filling-in the space of time between the introduction of the last style and the two nondescripts—half bonnet and half hat—that succeeded it in the years 1875-6. The first was of silk, and was perched on the back hair, showing a plait or coil of it in front. The brim was rather wide, and turned up all round. A large rose or bouquet was worn underneath it, over the left ear; and a large ostrich feather inserted in front, fell back over the crown. The hair was no longer brought down on either side of the forehead, but continued, as in the patch-bonnet, to be brushed back from the face; and the short-cut fringe of that over the forehead, so worn in 1866, remained in fashion till 1876.

The year last-named saw a change in our head coverings. Straw reigned once more, but there was little of it in the saucer shapes that again served only to cover the back-hair, and to leave one plait of it visible in front. Feathers, silk bows, and bunches of fruit nearly hid their foundation from view; and a pair of broad tulle or net strings were brought round from the centre of the back, to be united on the chest of the wearer. These two last-named bonnets were in very bad taste, and had an indescribably vulgar effect, perhaps to be accounted for by its peculiar associations, *i.e.*, the great tenacity with which the lower classes have retained these shapes, with their dirty, gaudy finery, and the bold look of such a lack of covering and shade to the face out of doors—placing them on the back hair, as they still do, up to the present time.

It would be impossible to say what style of head-gear more than another distinguishes the taste of to-day; so many are the forms adopted to suit the faces or fancies of the wearers; nor would it always be possible to distinguish which was a bonnet and which a hat.

S. F. A. Caulfeild.

USEFUL HINTS.

To Darken Mahogany.—If mahogany, or other wood, is required to be of a dark colour, cold drawn linseed oil should be used.

To clean Hair-brushes.—Take two brushes, and sprinkle each with powdered borax; then rub well together. Then pour hot water over the bristles, keeping the back of the brush as dry as possible. Shake the water well out, and dry, best in the sun. Brushes washed in this way will retain their stiffness.

Milk.—Some persons are averse to milk, because they find it indigestible or makes them bilious. A frequent reason for such consequences is that milk is drank as if it were so much water. Where digestion is not strong it only agrees when leisurely sipped, and bread eaten with it, or else cooked with suitable solids.

Tight Boots.—Tight boots, shoes, or gloves will go on easier if warmed before the fire.

Taking Physic.—If persons who are obliged to take nauseous medicine would first take a bit of alum into the mouth, they could take the medicine with as much ease as though it were sugar.

Stale Bread.—Grate into coarse powder and preserve in wide-mouthed jars. Cork well up, and keep in a dry place, and it will be found most useful for the preparation of puddings, stuffings, &c.

A "Johnny Cake."—To one quart of milk add three eggs, one tea-spoonful of carbonate of soda, and a tea-cupful of wheaten flour, mixed with Indian meal, enough to form a thickish batter. Bake very quickly, and eat hot with golden syrup or butter. Corn bread is made for breakfast in the same manner; both are very nice when cold.

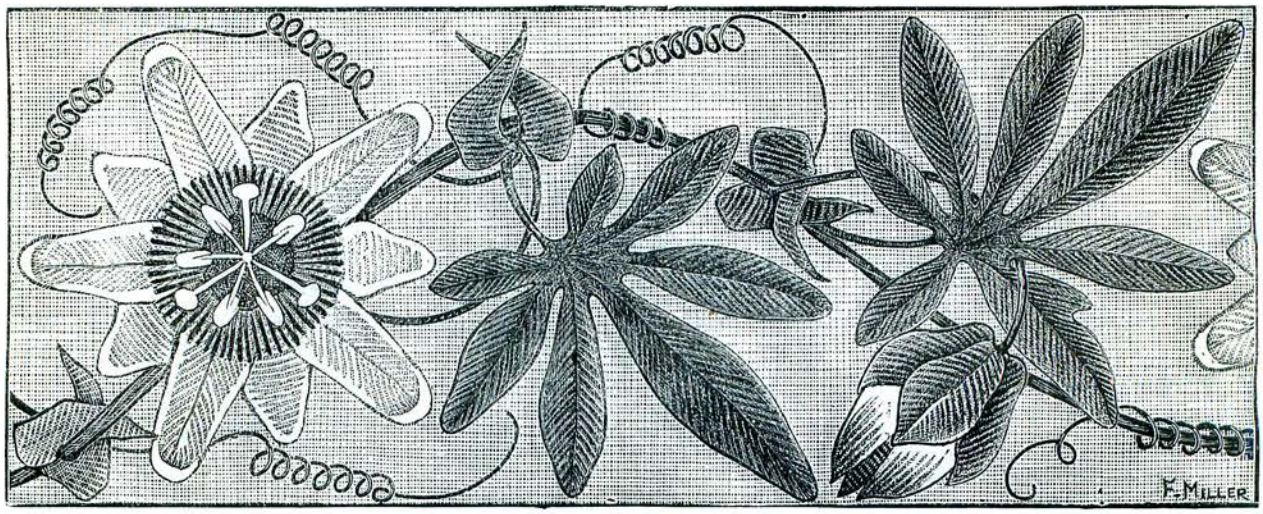


FIG. 1.—PASSION FLOWER BORDER.

CREWEL EMBROIDERY FOR DRESSES.

THE selection of the material for a new dress should always be made with great care. Washable dresses are, of course, better for household work, cleanliness being all important; but in our best dresses a more expensive fabric is desirable. All woollen materials and cashmeres are preferred to silks and satins, being softer to the touch, more harmonious in colour, and easily growing, as it were, to the figure, and nothing can exceed the beauty of the folds of a woollen fabric. Silk and, more especially, satin are harsher, and, having a glazy surface, catch the glare of the light somewhat disagreeably. Neither do they fall so gracefully as woollen garments, the folds of silk and satin more resembling crumpled paper. Velvet and plush are handsome, though somewhat heavy and hot looking, and are, perhaps, more fitted for the matron than the maiden.

Dress should always be suitable to the position of life we occupy, and also appropriate to the duties we have to perform. It would be as inappropriate in a housemaid to wear velvet as for the daughter of the house to perform her domestic duties in satin. A simple dress should be ornamented with other materials, such as lace or embroidery; or, as a designer would say, by surface, rather than constructive, decoration. For instance, if, instead of a frill or flounce attached to the dress, we worked a border of embroidery upon the dress itself, we should thus beautify the surface without altering its shape. And, as most girls nowadays can embroider in crewels, we present our readers with a few illustrations of specially-executed designs. These designs are drawn the sizes they might be worked, though they can easily be enlarged by the usual method, and can be executed in either silk or crewels. Without going so far as to say that embroidery is the only legitimate kind of dress decoration, it is, nevertheless, one of the most appropriate and at the same time most beautiful. Among the many advantages it possesses over other trimmings may be mentioned—1, it can be worked on parts of the dress where other trimmings would be out of place; 2, it gives a girl scope for originality, as she can work her own designs and arrange the colouring to suit her taste and her dress; 3, it gives individuality to a garment, for, if all girls worked their own embroidery, no two dresses would be alike; even if the designs used were the same, the colouring could be different; while a girl with any invention could always design her own. As embroidery for dresses generally takes the form of borders we have given five designs of various widths and styles, suitable for all parts of the dress, and which we here proceed to describe.

Fig 1 is founded upon the common passion flower, and can easily be made continuous, the position of the second flower being shown at the edge of the design; the work between the third and fourth flower being merely a repetition of this illustration, and so on to any length. All these designs should be traced on tracing paper and pricked on the *wrong* side. Then, with some powdered charcoal, in a piece of muslin or old stocking, if on a light material, or chalk if on a dark one, the design, on the *right* side should be gone over, and the powder passing through the holes will leave an impression, which must be marked over with a brush and Indian ink or Chinese white to fix the design upon the material to be worked.

The petals of the passion flower are creamy white, the five smaller petals being somewhat greener in tone; the centre of flower purple,

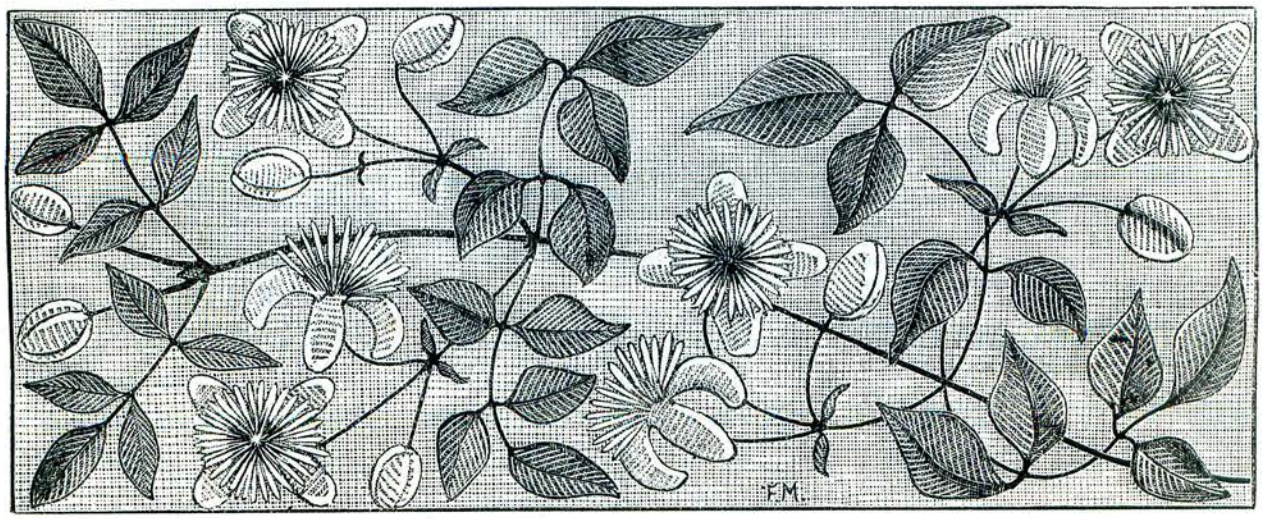


FIG. 2.—WILD CLEMATIS.

stamens and pistil yellow; the leaves are a warm green; the bud reddish pink, inclining to cream. The tendrils of the plant will be found to give delicacy to the design, and should be lighter than the leaves. This design would be more effective on a dark than on a light ground.

Fig. 2 is founded on the wild clematis, or traveller's joy, as it is commonly called. It is very delicate in form, and would do for either a light or dark ground. The flowers are creamy white; the stamens, which are very numerous, as will be seen, are greenish yellow in tone; buds, same colour as stamens; leaves, yellowish green; stems, slightly brown. In making a continuous design, it will be necessary to run a main stem at the back of the foliage, towards the lower part of the design, to connect one section with another.

Fig. 3 would make an exceedingly handsome border for the front of a dress, and would be effective worked on a cream-coloured ground, though a dark one would look perhaps as well. Everyone will recognise it as the honeysuckle, a plant frequently introduced by the Greeks into their architecture. The opened flowers are creamy white, inclining to pink. The buds are a delicate warm pink, such as would be produced in painting by glazing a wash of yellow with one of rose pink. The smaller buds are deeper pink, as the flower lightens as it arrives at maturity. The peculiar oval leaf growing at the base of the flowers should be a nice green, rather darker than the rest of the leaves. The flower stems are green, while the main stem at back might be brown green. This pattern can be made continuous by reversing every alternate section, so that the two unopened flowers growing together will come first on the right hand of the design, and then on the left, and so on.

Fig. 4 requires little comment. It is drawn from the bryony, one of our familiar creeping plants. Here, again, the tendrils form a great feature. This plant changes to the most beautiful shades of yellow in the autumn, and with its orange berries is full of suggestion to the designer. It would look effective on a dark red or brown material.

Fig. 5 is merely a conventional border, and can, therefore, be worked in any colours. Tones of yellow and brown, white and yellow-green, blue and olive would all be suitable, according to the material.

Fig. 6 is given more as a suggestion of how plants may be treated in crewel work. It is intended to show how to draw "sprigs," as they are usually termed, to "powder" over a surface, very much after the fashion of the pompadour dresses. An apron, the body, or the entire front of a dress could be treated in this way, providing the colouring be harmonious and the work delicate. The flowers used as "sprigs" in fig. 6 are familiar ones, comprising, as they do, the hepatica, wood-sorrel, or shamrock, water buttercup, lesser celandine, and dog-rose, while a few leaves are employed to fill up the gaps in the illustration and also to show how leaves could be treated as a design. An easy way to make a pattern of leaves is to get such plants as the Virginia creeper, one of the most gorgeous of autumnal plants, the blackberry, bryony, maple, &c.; and by brushing a little Chinese white or Indian ink over the leaves, and then pressing them upon the material to be embroidered, an impression can be obtained

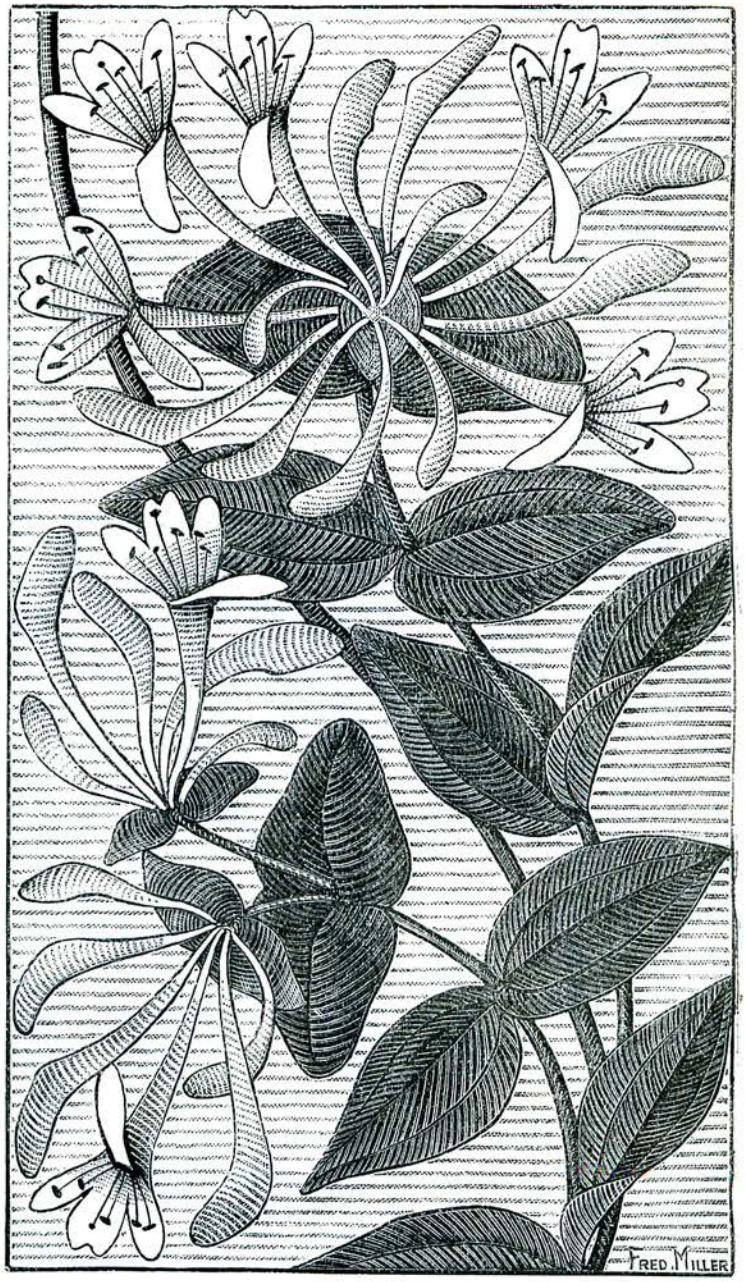


FIG. 3.—HONEYSUCKLE DESIGN.

FIG. 4.—BRYONY.

FIG. 5.

sufficient for working from. It will be found necessary to mix a little ox-gall with the colour to prevent the greasiness of the leaves resisting the action of the ink or white.

Before closing this paper we would urge upon all our readers the necessity of selecting such colours, either in their dress materials or their crewels and silks, as shall be quiet and pleasant to the eye, carefully avoiding anything bright and strong. Rather choose neutral colours, such as olives, brown-greens, and greys, than positive ones like red, bright blue, or violet. A colour may be brilliant without being gaudy, providing it be not a pure colour. For instance, blue-greens and peacock-blues are delightful colours, through the toning of the blue with the green, while emerald green and bright blue are far from pleasant, producing on the eye much the same effect as a room painted vermilion. The colours of embroidery must always be regulated by the tone of the dress and made to harmonise with it. Thus, on a red brown dress it would be out of place to introduce so strong a contrast as blue; but by working such a pattern as fig. 4 in rich tones of yellow, green, orange, and brown, an harmonious and pleasing effect would result, and would greatly set-off the colour of the dress. With regard to black, a colour so much affected by English people, it certainly seems a pity that youth should array itself in what is at best a dismal hue—the emblem we employ to denote grief and death, and therefore quite out of harmony with bright, joyous youth. Dr. Richardson tells us that it is an unhealthy colour, but I am afraid, like much else in ladies' dressing, fashion is paramount; but be assured that those who are slaves to fashion can never dress well, as *no* fashion can possibly be universal, scarcely three people being able to dress alike without spoiling their appearance. Those are the best dressed people who betray no sign of the milliner or dressmaker about them.

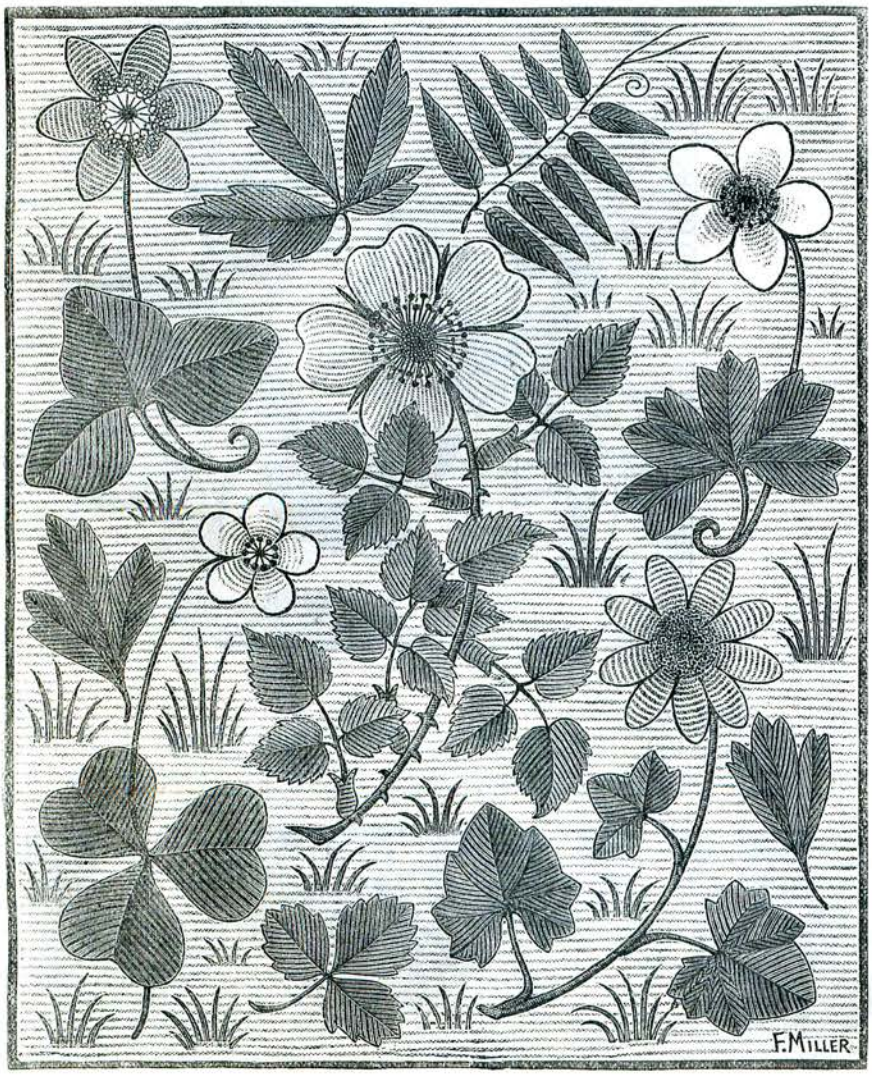


FIG. 6.

THE DOG OF MONTARGIS.

THE fame of an English dog has been deservedly transmitted to posterity by a monument in basso relievo, which still remains on the chimney-piece of the grand hall, at the Castle of Montargis in France. The sculpture, which represents a dog fighting with a champion, is explained by the following narrative.

Aubri de Mondidier, a gentleman of family and fortune, travelling alone through the Forest of Bondi, was murdered and buried under a tree. His dog, an English bloodhound, would not quit his master's grave for several days; till at length, compelled by hunger, he proceeded to the house of an intimate friend of the unfortunate Aubri, at Paris and by his melancholy howling, seemed desirous of expressing the loss they had both sustained. He repeated his cries, ran to the door, looked back to see if any one followed him, returned to his master's friend, pulled him by the sleeve, and with dumb eloquence entreated him to go with him.

The singularity of all these actions of the dog, added to the circumstance of his coming there without his master, whose faithful companion he had always been, prompted the company to follow the animal, who conducted them to a tree, where he renewed his howl, scratching the earth with his feet, and significantly entreating them to search that particular spot. Accordingly, on digging, the body of the unhappy Aubri was found.

Some time after, the dog accidentally met the assassin, who is styled, by all the historians that relate this fact, the Chevalier Macaire; when instantly seizing him by the throat, he was with great difficulty compelled to quit his prey.

In short, whenever the dog saw the chevalier, he continued to pursue and attack him with equal fury. Such obstinate virulence in the animal, confined only to Macaire, appeared very extraordinary, especially to those who at once recollected the dog's remarkable attachment to his master, and several instances in which Macaire's envy and hatred to Aubri de Mondidier had been conspicuous.

Additional circumstances created suspicions, and at length the affair reached the royal ear. The king (Louis VIII.) accordingly sent for the dog, who appeared extremely gentle, till he perceived Macaire in the midst of several noblemen, when he ran fiercely towards him, growling at and attacking him as usual.

The king, struck with such a collection of circumstantial evidence against Macaire, determined to refer the decision to the chance of battle; in other words, he gave orders for a combat between the chevalier and the dog. The lists were appointed in the Isle of Notre Dame, then an unenclosed, uninhabited place, and Macaire was allowed for his weapon a great cudgel.

An empty cask was given to the dog as a place of retreat, to enable him to recover breath. Everything being prepared, the dog no sooner found himself at liberty, than he ran round his adversary, avoiding his blows, and menacing him on every side, till his strength was exhausted; then, springing forward, he griped him by the throat, threw him on the ground, and obliged him to confess his guilt, in the presence of the king and the whole court. In consequence of this, the chevalier, after a few days, was convicted upon his own acknowledgment, and beheaded on a scaffold in the Isle of Notre Dame.

The above recital is translated from "Memoires sur les Duels," and is cited by many critical writers, particularly Julius Scaliger, and Montfaucon, who has given an engraved representation of the combat between the dog and the chevalier.

MY SCHOOL-DAYS.

By E. NESBIT.

PART VI.

She was the most beautiful person in the world. She had brown eyes and pink cheeks, a blue silk dress and a white bonnet with orange-blossoms in it. She had two pairs of shoes and two pairs of stockings, and she had two wigs, a brown and a flaxen one. All her clothes took off and on, and there was a complete change of them.

I saw her first at a bazaar and longed to possess her, but her price was two guineas, and no hope mingled with my longing.

Here let me make a confession, I had never really loved a doll. My affections up to that time had been lavished on a black and white spotted penny rabbit, bought at a Kentish fair; but when I saw Rénée, it seemed to me that if I could love a doll, this would be the one.

We were at Pau then in a "select boarding-house." I was bored with travel, as I believe all children are—so large a part of a child's life is made up of little familiar playthings and objects; it has little of that historic and artistic sense which lends colour and delight to travel. I was tired of wandering about, and glad to think we were to stay in Pau for the winter. The bazaar pleased me. It was got up by the English residents, and their fancy-work was the fancy-work of the church bazaars in England, and I felt at home among it, and when my eyes rested on Rénée I saw the most delightful object I had seen for many weeks. I looked and longed, and longed and looked, and then suddenly in a moment one of the great good fortunes of my life happened to me. The beautiful doll was put up to be raffled, and my sister won her. I trembled with joy as she and her wardrobe were put into my hands. I took her home. I dressed and undressed her twenty times a day. I made her play the part of heroine in all my favourite stories. I told her fairy-tales and took her to bed with me at night for company, but I never loved her. I have never been able to love a doll in my life.

My mother came to me the next day as I was changing Rénée's wig, and said, "Don't you think it's almost time that you began to have some lessons again; I don't want my little girl to grow up quite ignorant, you wouldn't like that yourself, would you?"

"I don't know," I said doubtfully, feeling that ignorance in a grown-up state was surely to be preferred to a return to Stamford and long division.

"I am not going to send you to school," my mother hastened to add, doubtless seeing the cloud that gathered in my face. "I know a French lady here who has a little girl about your age, and she says that you can go and live with her for a little while and learn French."

"Is she a nice little girl," I asked. "What is she like?"

"Well, she's rather like your new doll," my mother laughed, "when it has the flaxen wig on. Think how nice it will be to be able to write letters home in French."

I knew Miss —— could not write letters in French, and the prospect of crushing her with my new literary attainment filled my wicked little heart.

"I should like to go and live with the little girl who is like my new dollie," I said, "if you will come and see me every day."

So I went, my doll's clothes packed in their little tin trunk. And I stood stealing shy side-glances at Marguerite, who was certainly very like my doll, while my mother and her mother were exchanging last civilities. I was so pleased with the new surroundings, the very French interior, the excitement of being received as a member by a real French family, that I forgot to cry till the wheels of my mother's carriage had rolled away from the door.

Then I was left, a little English child without a word of French in the bosom of a French family, and as this came upon me I burst into a flood of tears.

Madame Lourdes could speak no English but she knew the universal language, the language of love and kindness.

She drew me to her ample lap, wiped my eyes, smiled at me and chattered volubly in her own tongue words whose sense was dead to me, but whose tone breathed of tenderness and sympathy. By the time Mdlle. Lourdes, the only English-speaking member of the family came home from her daily round of teaching, Marguerite and I were unpacking my doll's clothes together and were laughing at our vain efforts to understand each other.

I learned French in three months. All day I was with Madame Lourdes or Marguerite, neither of whom knew a word of English. It was French or silence, and any healthy child would have chosen French, as I did. They were three happy months. I adored Marguerite who was, I think, the typical good child of the French story-books. She wore her hair in a little yellow plait down her back.

I do not think we ever got into wilful mischief. For instance, our starving the cat was quite unintentional. We were playing bandits in a sort of cellar that opened from the triangular courtyard in front of the house and it occurred to us that Mimi would make an excellent captive princess, so we caught her and put her in a hamper at the end of the cellar, and when my mother called to take us home to tea with her we rushed off and left the poor princess still a prisoner. If we hadn't been out that evening we must have been reminded of her existence by the search for her, but Madame Lourdes, failing to find the cat, concluded that she must have run away or met with an accident, and did not mention the matter to us out of consideration for our feelings, so that it was not till two nights later that I started up in bed about midnight and pulled Marguerite's yellow pig-tail wildly.

"Oh, Marguerite," I cried, "poor Mimi!" I had to pull at the pig-tail as though it was a bell-rope, and I had pulled three times before I could get Marguerite to understand what was the matter with me. Then she sat up in bed rigid with a great purpose. "We must go down and fetch her," she said.

It was winter; the snow was on the ground. Marguerite thoughtfully put on her shoes and her dressing-gown, but I, with some vague recollection of bare-footed pilgrims, and some wild desire to make expiation for my crime, went down bare-footed, in my night-gown. The crime of forgetting a cat for three days was well paid for by that expedition. We crept through the house like little shivering mice; across the courtyard, thinly sprinkled with snow, and into that awful black yawning cellar where nameless horrors lurked behind each bit of shapeless lumber, ready to leap out upon us as we passed. Marguerite did not share my terrors. She only remarked that it was very cold and that we must make haste. We opened the hamper fully expecting to find the captive dead, and my heart gave a leap of delight when, as we raised the lid, the large white Mimi crept out and began to rub herself against us with joyous purrings. I remember so well the feeling of her soft warm fur against my cold little legs. I caught the cat in my arms, and as I turned to go back to the house my half-frozen foot struck against something on the floor. It felt silky, I picked it up. It was Rénée. She also had been a captive princess in our game of bandits. She also had been shut up here all this time, and I had never missed her!

We took the cat and the doll back to bed with us and tried to get warm again. Marguerite was soon asleep, but I lay awake for a long time kissing and crying over the ill-used cat.

I didn't get up again for a fortnight. My bare-footed pilgrimage cost me a frightful cold and the loss of several children's parties to which we had been invited. Marguerite, throughout my illness, behaved like an angel.

I only remember one occasion on which I quarrelled with her—it was on the subject of dress. We were going to a children's party, and my best blue silk was put out for me to wear.

"I wish you wouldn't wear that," said Marguerite hesitatingly, "it makes my grey cashmere look so old."

Now I had nothing else to wear but a brown frock which I hated.

"Never mind," I said hypocritically, "it's better to be good than smart, everybody says so," and I put on my blue silk. When I was dressed, I pranced off to the kitchen to show my finery to the cook, and under her admiring eyes executed my best curtsey. It began, of course, by drawing the right foot back; it ended in a tub of clothes and water that was standing just behind me. I floundered out somehow, and my first thought was how funny I must have looked, and in another moment I should have burst out laughing, but as I scrambled out, I saw Marguerite in the doorway smiling triumphantly, and heard her thin little voice say, "The blue silk can't mock the poor grey cashmere now!"

An impulse of blind fury came upon me. I caught Marguerite by her little shoulders, and before the cook could interfere I had ducked her head-first into the tub of linen. Madame Lourdes behaved beautifully; she appeared on the scene at this moment, and, impartial as ever, she slapped us both, but when she heard from the cook the rights of the story, my sentence was "bed." "But Marguerite," said her mother, "has been punished enough for an unkind word."

And Marguerite was indeed sobbing bitterly, while I was dry-eyed and still furious. "She can't go," I cried, "she hasn't got a dress!"

"You have spoilt her dress," said Madame Lourdes coolly, "the least you can do is to lend her your brown one." And that excellent woman actually had the courage to send her own daughter to a party in my dress, an exquisite punishment to us both.

Marguerite came to my bedside that night; she had taken off the brown dress and wore her little flannel dressing-gown.

"You're not cross now, are you?" she said. "I did beg mother to let you come, and I've not enjoyed myself a bit, and I've brought you this from the party."

It was a beautiful little model of a coffee-mill made in sugar. My resentment could not withstand this peace-offering. I never quarrelled with Marguerite again, and when my mother sent for me to join her at Bagnères I wept as bitterly at leaving Madame Lourdes as I had done at being left with her.

"Cheer up my darling, my cabbage," said the dear woman as the tears stood in her own little grey eyes. "I have an instinct, a presentiment, which tells me we shall meet again."

But we never have.

JUNE.—WHITSUNTIDE PROCESSIONS.

When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound,
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the chequer'd shade,
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday.—MILTON.

WHETHER Whitsuntide falls in May or June, it is always a season of great festivity; and, since so many old customs are dying away, we may consider it our greatest English holiday. In the country, nearly every club has its procession and feast at Whitsuntide; and almost every village and town is sounding with music; and in some large places half a dozen clubs may be seen marching to church, each with its band and banners, and every member in his holiday attire. We, who are dabblers in old black-letter lore, look upon these benevolent and useful institutions with great interest, knowing that such clubs or guilds, existed in England a thousand years ago—that the Saxons had their sick and burial societies, and that every brother who did not attend a funeral was then fined as now. According to these old Saxon laws, when a member died he was to be buried wherever he had desired; and, if any brother neglected to attend, he was fined a measure of honey: the club was to furnish half the refreshments consumed at the funeral, and each member was to pay twopence—a large sum, considering the value of money in those days, when a sheep could be purchased for a shilling, an ox for six, and four hens for sixpence. It is this very antiquity which renders these benefit societies so interesting in our eyes; and as we know that they had their merry meetings as well as their "funeral marches," we never look upon them as they go "sounding through the town," without thinking that, above a thousand years ago, similar processions passed along the ancient streets of Saxon England.

Oh! what a jingling of bells is there on the morning of Whit-Monday. What a running to and fro from house to house—for the women have in many places their clubs as well as the men, and they are probably all going in procession to the same church. Nanny runs in to ask Betty how she looks in this or that; if her new gown "sits" nicely, or she should trim her cap with blue or pink; for it must be understood that no bonnets are allowed in the procession; if it rains, umbrellas may be carried. We shall commence with the ladies first. White dresses are, of course, prevalent, though they are agreeably relieved here and there with a gown or two of gaudy colours. The ladies who hold office walk behind the band, each carrying a neat white wand, adorned with ribbons and flowers; every fair member also bears a beautiful posy; you almost wonder where so many flowers could be gathered; but what they carry with them is nothing compared to the quantity which decorate the club-room in which they

will take tea in the afternoon. Gravely, stately, and good-humouredly do they proceed along, the single ones looking down as if ashamed, and seldom venturing to raise their eyes if passing by a house they are in the habit of visiting. Not so with the married women. They are on the look-out to acknowledge everybody they know; and at every recognition there is such a waving of handkerchiefs that you might almost fancy they were about to proceed on a very long journey, and were bidding farewell to their acquaintance. But the most amusing part is the children. They are stationed on every step or little eminence, the bigger brother or sister holding a lesser one in arms, and looking out eagerly for mother. The mother is all to them, and she also is watching as anxiously. At last you hear the little voices exclaim, "Here she comes!" "There she is!" "That's *her!*" and she is sure to rush out of the ranks to give them something out of her pocket; and no end of kisses, with numberless admonitions to take care of themselves, and so on. And many a turn of the head will she give before she is out of sight. Among such processions as these we have seen faces and forms that would have arrested the eyes of both painter and sculptor, and shown them that the beautiful belongs not alone to either antiquity or Greece. We have also seen the hair arranged in such a chaste style, and so gracefully adorned with natural flowers, that many a haughty heiress would have been proud to have risen with her ringlets so arranged from the hands of a fashionable tiring-woman.

> Their overpowering presence made you feel
> It would not be idolatry to kneel.

But, bang, bang! tirra, tirra! here they come—the "United Brothers." The blacksmith who beats the big drum will assuredly drive the ends in; he wields the drumsticks as if he had got a sledge-hammer in each hand, and the anvil before him. Oh! what a banner—it takes four men to support it, and two others to keep it steady by holding the tasselled strings. It was painted by Paul, the house-painter; and he has been much prouder ever since he did it. It would hardly be admissible into the British Institution—but let that pass; were any one to venture to criticise the performance, he would be indignantly told that it cost above twenty pounds. Although the tailor is a little out of both time and tune, yet he blows lustily at the clarionet; and the young butcher is not to be found fault with, considering he has only practised on the bugle for about twelve months. What a jolly fellow that is who shakes the cymbals—his very eyes laugh again; what a clashing he makes; he cares nothing about time; "Make yourself heard, neighbour," is his answer. You can tell from his looks that he has already been busy with the ale-cup, and that he is not the only one. And those are the stewards. "Deary me!" exclaim the women, "who ever would think that was Trippet, the tripe-seller; or the other, Johnny Lee, who goes round repairing umbrellas?" but they are though; and are resolved to let you see what they can do when they choose: a nod from either of them is something to be thought of to-day, I can tell you; for they are the stewards, and were elected for the first time at the last meeting. Next club-feast-day two others will march, with the same stateliness, in their places. When Trippet and Lee have served their twelve-month, should they live fifty years after, everything they can remember will be recalled either as having transpired so many years before or after they were the stewards.

Bang, bang! All the windows are up; the whole street is crowded; women with children in their arms, and boys and girls, close in and follow the procession: the men walk two and two—there is about a yard's space between each couple. What a length the procession reaches! There are at least one hundred members "strong;" and the latter word is pronounced with something like an emphasis. True enough, they march oddly: a few are very careful, but these, no doubt, are younger members; the old United Brothers seem to jog along "cheek by jowl" anyhow as they can—they look as if they were used to it; they wear their honours without blushing, some, you see, with a flower held between the lips. This is very common in the country; every one has a posy in the button-hole of his coat, for that is in accordance with club orders. Now they near the church; they will never be able to get that large banner within the porch—but they have: it required great care; and there will be a good deal of talk about after how the wind caught it at this corner, and how they staggered at that, and you would go away with an idea that a man must be to the "manner born" before he is ever able to bear a banner.

The clergyman invariably preaches a sermon, in which the words unity, brotherhood, good-fellowship, charity, duty, &c., occur a great many times. He also dines with the club, a sure guarantee that for some time after the cloth is removed good order will be maintained. There are two old club-mates who have sat together at the dinner for years, and have always introduced the same argument. One maintains that "Whatever is is Right;" the other takes the opposite side, and argues that, if it is so, "then Murder is Right." They always have a little knot of listeners, and are thought rather clever. The clergyman has, on one or two occasions, entered the field; but now he seems to be weary of it, and if appealed to admits "that much may be said on both sides." The dinner we pass over; the health of the retiring stewards is of course drunk, then Trippet and Lee have to say a few words; and if it is late in the evening a few of the brothers are sure to get rather boisterous, and to cry out "Go it Lee!" or Trippet. Some of their wives also occasionally drop in at the close of the day.

Summer has now thrown open her green doors; the whole landscape is richly hung with the most beautiful foliage; the fields are ankle deep in flowers, and the earth will never look more lovely than now. Nature everywhere holds high jubilee; bird and bee and brook have each found a voice, and all day long are calling to and answering each other. Beautiful are the mornings and evenings of June, when the dew hangs upon the blossoms, and all that sweet aroma, which the hot sun will exhale, floats about the earth. Thomson, in his "Castle of Indolence," has beautifully described the luxury of green fields at this season:—

> Was nought around but images of rest—
> Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between,
> And flowery beds that slumberous influence cast,
> From poppies breathed; and beds of pleasant green,
> Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
> Meantime unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,
> And hurled everywhere their waters sheen,
> That as they bicker'd through the sunny glade,
> Though restless, still themselves a lulling murmur made.
>
> Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
> Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
> And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,
> And vacant shepherds piping in the dale;
> And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
> Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,
> That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
> And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;
> Yet all these mingled sounds inclined to sleep.

A wanderer in the country not only finds pleasure in the beauties of Nature, but feels a delight in witnessing the enjoyment of others, and in none more than seeing the children of the poor—those who have about them the stamp of City-courts and crowded alleys—running for once free and happy along the green lanes and over the pleasant field-paths. It makes a kind-hearted man sigh to think how those little creatures, ordained naturally to be happy, are shut up in stifling rooms, or left to wander at will through the hot and suffocating streets, in too many instances without any one to care either for their moral or bodily wants. Such have we sometimes had around us for the distance of a mile or two. They were rummaging every bank, peeping into every hedge, and plucking every flower they came near; they seemed to run over as much ground as a dog: they were never still—but here, there, and everywhere; ever discovering some object, new and wonderful to them, such as they had never before beheld in their City alleys; a molehill prettily marked, or a little clump of moss, were marvels in their eyes. Then, what a long consultation would there be at the door of some road-side ale-house. They perhaps mustered three or four pence amongst the whole half-dozen; the hungriest were advocates for all penny-loaves—the extravagant for a pennyworth of cheese. What a half-bashful joy played about their little dirty faces, if any good-natured pedestrian stepped in, and, by contributing a few halfpence, settled the dispute, and for once allowed them to revel in (to them) a rich banquet of bread and cheese. City-bred although they were, there would be a look of mingled gratitude and delight, which proclaimed, in unmistakeable though silent language, that those young hearts were not yet wholly corrupted, but that there lay the soil which might be made either to bear poisonous weeds or goodly fruit. In a City street their very language might perhaps shock the stranger; but here they are often met with in their best and gentlest moods. We have somewhere said—though we cannot now lay our hands upon the passage—that God still adorns the earth with trees and flowers as beautiful as ever waved in Eden, as if to prove to man, that however low he may have fallen, the lovely objects of field and wood have not degenerated; but that the rose is still as sweet, and the leaves as beautiful and green, as they were before man offended his Maker. All remains as lovely as when first fashioned by the great Creator. Nothing ever pained us more than the great sweeping Enclosure Act. It seemed as if the last link was severed that united man to the wonderful works of God—that he was no longer to "*consider the lilies of the field how they grow.*"

There is a rural scene which somehow seems to linger upon our memory more than any other. We can recal it any time, from the trees that overhang the foot-path and throw their shadows into the water, to the very bend the river makes as it goes broadening out between the meadows, or circles like a belt of silver around the foot of the hills, until it diminishes like a bright cloud in the distance. We have often described it as seen in the early morning, or in the golden noon of day, and when the blue twilight has thrown over it a shadowy veil. Here sheep bleat, and jingle their musical bells as they crop the wild thyme from the bee-haunted hillocks, or browse amongst the luxuriant clover in the neighbouring pastures: knee-deep the plump-sided oxen graze, or, chewing the cud, lie buried among the flowers of summer. The heavy waggon goes slowly rumbling up the steep acclivity, on the summit of which stands the old weather-beaten mill, through whose rent sails we can see patches of the bright sky behind. On every hand figures are crossing the landscape. We see the angler with his wicker basket borne on the end of his folded rod, which rests upon his shoulder. We see figures moving every way.

> They come from still green nooks—woods old and hoary,
> The silent work of many a summer night,
> Ere those tall trees attain'd their giant glory,
> Or their proud tops did climb that cloudy height.
> They come from spot which the grey hawthorns dight,
> Where stream-kiss'd willows make a silvery shivor.

Who can ever fully express the pleasures of a country life? says an old author, with the various delights of fishing, hunting, and fowling, with guns, greyhounds, spaniels, and several sorts of nets. What refreshment it is to behold the green shades—the beauty and majesty of the tall and ancient groves; to be skilled in the planting and training of orchards, flowers, and pot-herbs; to temper and allay these harmless employments with some innocent and merry song; to ascend sometimes to the fresh and healthful hills; to descend into the bosom of the valleys, and the fragrant dewy meadows; to hear the music of birds, the murmur of bees, the falling of springs, and the pleasant discourses of the old ploughman. These are the blessings which only a countryman is ordained to, and are in vain wished for by the denizens of smoky cities; they are, indeed the "sights and sounds that give delight, but hurt not."

A BOSTON SCHOOLGIRL IN 1771.

In the year 1771, a bright girl of twelve, Anna Green Winslow, was sent from her far-away home in Cumberland, Nova Scotia, to be "finished" at Boston schools, by Boston teachers. She kept, for the edification of her parents, who were New Englanders by birth, and her own practice in penmanship, a most interesting and quaint diary, portions of which have been preserved, and were indeed printed once in a very scarce historical pamphlet. These pages form the most sprightly picture of the daily life of a young girl of that time that I have ever read; there is not a dull word in it. And it is astonishing to find how much we can learn from so few pages: not only the particulars of little Miss Anna's simple and rather prim life in provincial Boston, but also many distinct details of the lives of those around her.

It is an even chance which ruling thought in the clever little writer, a love of religion or a love of dress, shows most plainly its influence on this diary. On the whole, I think that youthful vanity, albeit of a very natural and innocent sort, is more pervasive of the pages; and from the frankly frivolous though far from self-conscious entries we gain a very exact notion of the dress of a young girl of that day. She writes thus in the early pages of her journal:

"I am to leave off my black ribbins tomorrow & am to put on my red cloak & black hatt. I hope Aunt wont let me wear that black hatt with the Red Dominie for the people will ask me — what I have got to sell as I go along street if I do, or how the folk at New Guinee do? Dear Mamma you dont know the fations here — I beg to look like other folk; you dont know what a stir would be made in Sudbury Street were I to make my appearance there in Red Dominie & black Hatt."

Certainly no feminine reader can think of the child "begging to look like other folk" without a thrill of sympathy for her. At this day can be recalled the agony of mind caused to one schoolgirl, many years ago, who was forced to walk to church through Boston streets clad in a green-and-white-plaided silk, when every other schoolfellow wore a gown of plain stuff. Life has brought since no such keen sense of noticeable singularity, no such galling mortification.

But Miss Anna was not destined to long or deep annoyance on this score. We soon learn that "Aunt has bought a beautiful ermin trimming for my cloak," and in a few days this complacent entry appears: —

"I was dress'd in my yellow coat,

my black bib & apron, my pompedore shoes, the cap my Aunt Storer since presented me with (blue ribbins on it) & a very handsome locket in the shape of a hart she gave me, the past Pin my Hon'd Papa presented me with in my cap, My new cloak & bonnet, my pompedore gloves, &c. And I would tell you that *for the first time they all on lik'd my dress very much.* My cloak & bonnett are really very handsome & so they had need be. For they cost an amasing sight of money, not quite £45, tho' Aunt Suky said that she suppos'd Aunt Deming would be frighted out of her Wits at the money it cost. I have got *one* covering by the cost that is genteel & I like it much myself."

As this was in the times of depreciated values, £45 was not so large a sum to expend for a girl's out-door garments as at first sight appears.

She gives a very exact account of her successions of head-gear, some being borrowed finery. She apparently managed to rise entirely above the hated "black hatt," which she patronizingly said would be "Decent for Common Occations." She writes: —

"Last Thursday I purchased with my aunt Deming's leave a very beautiful white feather hat, that is the outside, which is a bit of white hollowed with the feathers sew'd on in a most curious manner; white and unsully'd as the falling snow. As I am, as we say, a daughter of liberty I chuse to were as much of our own manufactory as pocible. . . . My Aunt says if I behave myself very well indeed, not else, she will give me a garland of flowers to orniment it, tho' she has layd aside the biziness of flower-making."

Miss Anna had caps for every-day wear, apparently of different shapes and modes. A young lady had offered to make her a cap of new fashion, and the offer had been in the beginning declined, as her journal shows. The queen's nightcap in question was the shape worn by Martha Washington and shown in her portraits, and was much in vogue at that day. Miss Anna thus explains in two entries the transaction and the cap:

"My Billet to Miss Vane was in the following words. Miss Green gives her compliments to Miss Vane and informs her that her Aunt Deming quite misunderstood the matter about the queens nightcap. Mrs Deming thou't that it was a black skull-cap linn'd with red that Miss Vane ment which she thou't would not be becoming to Miss Green's complexion. Miss Green now takes the liberty to send the materials for the Cap Miss Vane was so kind as to say she would make for her, which when done she engages to take special care of for Miss Vanes sake. . . . This minute I have receiv'd my queens night-cap from Miss Caty Vane — we like it. Aunt says that if the materials it is made of were more substantial than gauze it might serve occationally to hold anything mesured by ½ peck, but it is just as it should be, & very decent, and she wishes my writing was *as* decent. But I got into one of my frolicks upon sight of the cap."

For full dress, Miss Anna's hair, as soon as she became a miss in her teens, was dressed high with feathers and furbelows, as were the heads of her elders. Monstrous towers or talematongues of gauze, flowers, and ribbons rose on every modish Boston dame, — so stated the Abbé Robin, — and the little daughters wore rolls and towers, also. The description of the manufacture and assumption of her fashionable head-gear is most vivacious and witty; in fact, is far more clever than any similar account that I have read by any other writer: —

"I had my HEDDUS roll on; Aunt Storer said it ought to be made less, Aunt Deming said it ought not to be made at all. It makes my head itch and ach and burn like anything Mama. *This* famous roll is not made *wholly* of a red *Cow Tail*, but is a mixture of that

& horsehair (very coarse) & a little human hair of a yellow hue that I suppose was taken out of the back part of an old wig. But D. [the barber] made it (our head) all carded together and twisted up. When it first came home, aunt put it on & my new cap upon it, she took up her apron & measur'd me & from the roots of my hair on my forehead to the top of my notions I measur'd above an inch longer than I did downward from the roots of my hair to the end of my chin. Nothing renders a young person more amiable than virtue & *modesty* without the help of fals hair red *Cow tail* or D."

She had ere that seen D. at work upon a lady's head, and the observing little creature wrote: —

"How long she was under his opperation I know not. I saw him twist & tug & pick & cut off whole locks of grey hair at a slice, (the lady telling him he would have no hair to dress next time,) for the space of an hour & a half, when I left them, he seeming not to be near done."

Truly our grandmothers deserved to be beautiful. They won their charms by much torture, at the expense of much comfort.

Now let me show the close attention to religion of this vain little Puritan devotee, and her ready memory. She made many entries in her journal of the sermons and religious conversations which she heard, and her frequent use of Biblical expressions and comparisons shows that she also remembered what she read. Here is what she wrote on Monday, November 18, 1771: —

"Mr Beacon's text yesterday was Psalm cxlix. 4. For the Lord taketh pleasure in his people; he will beautify the meek with salvation. His doctrine was something like this, viz; That the salvation of Gods people mainly consists in Holiness; The name *Jesus* signifies a Savior. Jesus saves his people *from their Sins*. Mr Beacon asked a question, What is beauty, or wherein does true beauty consist? He answered, in holiness, and said a great deal about it that I cant rember, and as Aunt she hant leisure now to help me any further so I may just tell you a little that I remember without her assistance, and that I repeated to her yesterday at Tea. He said he would lastly address himself to the young people; My dear young friends you are pleased with beauty, & like to be tho't beautifull but let me tell ye — you 'll never be truly beautifull till you are like the King's daughter, all glorious within. All the ornimints you can put on while your souls are unholy make you the more like whited sepulchres garnished without, but full of deformity within. You think me very unpolite no doubt to address you in this manner but I must go a little further and tell you, how cource soever it may sound to your delicacy, that while you are without holiness your beauty is deformity — you are all over black and defil'd, ugly & loathsome to all holy beings, the wrath of the great God lies upon you & if you die in this condition you will be turn'd into hell with ugly devils, to eternity."

In spite of this not too alluring report of Minister Beacon's sermon, she writes enthusiastically that she likes him better every time she sees him; and also that when she visited the minister's wife much notice was taken of her, — "the kinder without doubt because last Thursday evening when he was here & I was out of the room aunt said that I minded his preaching & could repeat what he said." As time passed on, and Miss Anna became decidedly mixed and very ambitious in her theological records, her aunt — who must have been a most sensible person — thought best to check her precocious sermon notes, and the consequent injudicious praise of the minister, as the diary thus attests: —

"My aunt says a miss of a years old cant possibly do justice to the subject

in Divinity & therefore had better not attempt a repetition of particulars that she finds lie (as may be easily concluded) somewhat confusedly in my young mind."

One other entry must be given, written after she had dropped her stilted abstracts of the sermons, — a record that shows, in a characteristic and cordial dislike of any approach to episcopacy, that the blood and spirit of her Pilgrim ancestors were warm within her: —

"Dr Pemberton & Dr Cooper had on gowns. In the form of the Episcopal cassock; the Doct[s] deign to distinguish themselves from the inferior clergy by these strange habits (at a time too when the good people of N. E. are threatn'd with & dreading the coming of an episcopal bishop). N. B. I dont know whether one sleeve would make a full trimm'd negligee as the fashion is at present, tho' I cant say but it would make one of the frugal sort with but scant trimming. Unkle says they all have popes in their bellys. Contrary to 1 Peter v. 23. Aunt says when she saw Dr. P. roll up the pulpit stairs, the figure of parson Trolliber recorded by Mr. Fielding occur'd to her mind & she was really sorry a congregational divine should by any instance whatever give her so unpleasing an idea."

The little Puritan had also the true New England attitude towards Christmas, saying, "Tomorrow will be a holiday, as the Pope and his associates have ordain'd." She apparently made no special observance of the day, not even by the exchange of gifts. But of New Year's Day she writes: —

"I have bestow'd no New Years gift as yet, But have receiv'd one very handsome one Viz: the History of Joseph Andrews. In nice Guilt & flowers covers."

Other friendly fashions of gifts does she record: tokens in the form of pincushions to new-born babies or their mothers; of watch-strings, patchwork, mitts, ribbons. A pincushion has remained to this very day, in some parts of New England, a highly conventional gift to a newly made mother. Here is her description of a cushion made by her aunt at that time, the record being kept as a memorandum for her own future use: —

"My Aunt stuck a white sattan pincushin for Mrs Waters. On one side is a planthorn with flowers; on the reverse just under the border are on one side stuck these words Josiah Waters; then follows on the end Dec[r] 1771; on the next side & end are the words Welcome Little Stranger."

She tells of formal visits "to see the baby," when she bought cakes of the nurse (could these be "groaning cakes"?), and thriftily ate them before she paid for them; and also of calls upon brides. One of the latter, Mrs. Jarvis, received her visitors in a "white sattan nightgound." A night-gown was in those days a garment whose functions resembled those of our modern tea-gown or dressing-gown, while the garment worn to sleep in was called a night-rail.

She had few amusements, compared with the manifold pleasures and holidays that children have nowadays. She saw the artillery company drill on training-day, when they were "entertained genteelly and generously at Mr. Handcocks on cake and wine;" she went each week to the sober Thursday Lecture. She had one holiday which the Revolution struck from our calendar, the King's Coronation Day, celebrated by beat of drum, discharge of artillery, and burning of fireworks. She sometimes had the pleasure of attending a funeral. And when she was twelve years old she "came out, — became a "miss in her teens," — and went to a succession of little routs, or parties, to which only young maids of her own age were invited, — no rough Boston boys. She has left several prim and quaint descriptions of these parties. Here is one: —

"I have now the pleasure, to give

you the result, viz: a very genteel well-regulated assembly which we had at Mr Soleys last evening, Miss Soley being mistress of the ceremony. Miss Soley desired me to assist Miss Hannah in making out a list of guests which I did sometime since, I wrote all the invitation cards. There was a large company assembled in a handsome large upper room at the new end of the house. We had two fiddles & I had the honor to open the diversion of the evening in a minuet with Miss Soley. Here follows a list of the company as we form'd for country dancing. Miss Soley & Miss Anna Green Winslow; Miss Calif & Miss Scott; Miss Williams & Miss McLarth; Miss Codman & Miss Winslow; Miss Ives & Miss Coffin; Miss Scollay & Miss Bella Coffin; Miss Waldo & Miss Quinsy; Miss Glover & Miss Draper; Miss Hubbard & Miss Cregur (usually pronounced Kicker); and two Miss Sheafs were invited but were sick, or sorry, & beg'd to be excus'd.

"There was a little Miss Russel & the little ones of the family present who could not dance. As spectators there were Mr & Mrs Deming, Mr & Mrs Sweetser, Mr & Mrs Soley, Mr & Miss Cary, Mrs Draper, Miss Orice, Miss Hannah — our treat was nuts, raisins, cakes, Wine, punch hot & cold, all in great plenty. We had a very agreeable evening from 5 to 10 oclock. For variety we woo'd a widow, hunted the whistle, threaded the needle, and while the company was collecting, we diverted ourselves with playing of pawns, no rudeness, Mamma, I assure you. Aunt Deming desires you would *particularly observe* that the elderly part of the Company were *Spectators only*, they mix'd not in either of the above describ'd scenes.

"I was dressed in my yellow coat, black bib & apron, black feathers on my head, my past comb & all my past garnet, marquesett & jet pins, together with my silver plume — my loket, rings, black collar round my neck, black mitts & yards of blue ribbin (black & blue is high tast), striped tucker & ruffels (not my best) & my silk shoes completed my dress."

How clear the picture! Can you not see it? — the great low-raftered chamber softly alight with candles on mantel-tree and in sconces; the two fiddles soberly squeaking; the rows of demure little maids, all of New England Brahmin blood, in high rolls and feathers, soberly walking and curtsying through the stately minuet, "with no rudeness, I assure you," and discreetly partaking of hot and cold punch afterwards; for children in New England at that time drank cider and beer and wine as universally, if not as freely, as did their elders.

Though she dearly loved to dance, Miss Anna was also an industrious little wight, active in all housewifely labors and accomplishments, and attentive to her lessons. She could make fine network, knit lace, and spin linen thread and woolen yarn; she could sew, and make purses, and embroider pocket-books, and weave watch-strings, and piece patchwork. She learned "dansing — or danceing I should say" — from a master; she attended a woman's school to learn fine needlework, and a writing-master's to learn that most indispensable and most appreciated of eighteenth-century accomplishments, fine writing.

Let me show from her entries her diligence and industry, and compare it with the work of a week of any girl of thirteen in a corresponding station of life nowadays: —

"I have finished my shift, I began it 12 oclock last Monday; have read my Bible every day this week, and wrote every day save one. . . . I have spun 30 knots of linning yarn & partly new footed a pair of stockings for Lucinda, read a part of the pilgrims progress, coppied a part of my text journal (that if I live a few years longer I may be able to understand it, for Aunt sais that to her the contents as I first marked

them are an impenetrable secret), play'd some, tuck'd a great deal, laugh'd enough and I tell Aunt it is all human nature if not human reason. . . .

"Aunt says I have been a very good girl today about my work, however I think this days work may be called a piece meal, for in the first place I sewed on the bosom of unkles shirt, mended two pair of gloves, mended for the wash two handkerchiefs (one cambrick), sewed on half a border of a lawn apron of aunts, read part of the xxist Chapter of Exodus and a story in the Mothers Gift."

Physical pain or disability was no excuse for slothfulness or idleness in the young in provincial days. Anna was not always well, — had heavy colds, was feverish; but, well or ill, she was never unemployed. Even with painful local afflictions she still was industrious.

"I am disabled by a whitloe on my fourth finger & something like one on my middle finger. But altho' my right hand is in bondage, my left is free. And my Aunt says it will be a nice opportunity if I do but improve it to perfect myself in learning to spin flax. I am pleas'd with the proposal, and am at this present exerting myself for this purpose. I hope when two or at most three months are past to give you occular demonstration of my proficiency in *this art* as well as several others. My fingers are not the only part of me that has suffered with sores within this fortnight, for I have had an ugly great boil upon my right hip & about a dozen small ones. I am at present swathed hip & thigh as Samson smote the Philistines, but my *soreness* is near over. My aunt thought it highly proper to give me some cooling physick, so last Tuesday I took ½ oz. Globe salt (a disagreeable potion), & kept chamber. Since which there has been no new erruption."

We find her ere the "bandage is off the fingure" knitting and writing and sewing, improving every moment. Constant references to criticisms from aunt Deming appear throughout the little book, — criticisms of the form of expression, of the penmanship, and of the spelling, though I find her orthography better than that of most grown persons of her day.

"Aunt hopes a little fals English will not spoil the whole with Mamma."

"Aunt Dont approve my English, and has not the fear you will think her concerned in the Diction."

"Last Wednessday — you taught me to spell the 4 day of the week, but Aunt says it should be spelt Wednesday."

"It is a grief to Aunt that I dont always write as well as I can, I can write pretily."

She could cook, too, — make Thanksgiving "pyes;" though she says her father and mother did not deign to partake of her "Cumberland performances." She read much, the Bible constantly; and, wishing to perfect herself "in reading a variety of composures," she also went through "Gaffer Two Shoes, The Female Oretars, Gulliver's Travels Abreviated, and the Puzzleing Cap." The latter book was a collection of riddles frequently advertised in Boston newspapers of that date.

She was a friendly little soul, eager to be loved; resenting deeply that her aunt Storer let "either one of her chaises, chariot, or babyhutt" (booby hutch) pass her door every day without sending for her to visit, as she would "if she had wanted much to have seen me;" visiting her cousins, the wealthy Barrels, and going cheerfully tea-drinking from house to house of her friends. And she was merry, too, full of life and wit: jesting about getting a "fresh seasoning with Globe salt;" calling the minister's journal his "I & Aunt &c.," in laughing reference to her own I-and-aunt-filled pages; and after she had made herself a dozen new shifts, writing to her mother in high spirits: —

"By the way, I must inform you (pray dont let papa see this) that yesterday I

put on No. 1 of my new shifts, and indeed it is very comfortable. It is *long* since I have had a *shift* to *my* back — I dont know if I ever had till now. It seemed so strange too to have linen below my waist."

She was subject, too, to "egregious fits of laughterre," and fully proved the statement, "Aunt says I am a whimsical child."

With the last words of her journal ends the knowledge I have of her life, and I have not tried nor cared to know of her grown-up life, if she chanced to live to grow up.[1] I like to think of her as always a loving, endearing little child; not so passionate and gifted and rare a creature as that star among children, Marjorie Fleming, but a natural and homely little flower of New England life. For if she lived she may have had her heart-strings torn by loss of lover in the war of the Revolution, or she may have grown old and feeble and dull and sad; but now she lives in the glamour of eternal, laughing, happy youth through the few pages of her little time-stained journal.

Alice Morse Earle.

[1] Perhaps it serves even better to preserve this idea of youthfulness to know that the young girl died when she was about nineteen years of age. — ED. ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

LANE SCENE NEAR PYRFORD, SURREY.

Art Journal, 1858

"FLATTING" IN AMERICA.

TO flat or not to flat? That was the question. Whether it were better to save a few steps by living on earth, or gain sunshine and a view by climbing towards heaven? Could we do without a garden? Would interiorly-potted vines at our windows compensate us for the vagrant grace, the gipsy light and shadow of earth-rooted ones? Would our friends willingly *climb* to see us, or would they consider us descending the social scale by as many steps as ascended from the street door to our own? Would even our own relatives—who couldn't cut us, though they yearned so to do with unspeakable yearning—would they shoot out the

lip at us, and roll up the eye, if we established our Lares and Penates under the same roof with strange domestic gods?

These were but a fraction of the questions we asked ourselves before the Flat, as opposed to the Cottage, carried the day. Perhaps even then the cottage might have had the majority of votes—for the cottage *orné* is a prominent feature of our Boston suburban civilisation—but for the years we had "flatted" in Paris. The memory of the unbroken quiet, the complete convenience, the perfect seclusion, as of one's own independent vine and fig-tree, enjoyed for so many years over the sea, finally decided us to try a system entirely new to us in our native land, and, indeed, of but few years' acquaintance even to our country-people, who have been taking their ease in their own inns during all the years we were both easy and uneasy in foreign ones.

Flats are only growing into favour in American cities, and their proportion to other modes of living is about the same as in England—that is, vastly less than in Paris. As a rule, Americans cling to the old habit of a bit of garden-space, no matter how small; to the old manner of the washing done at home, and dried upon "the estate"; to the old manner of a cellar all to one's self, and a "wood-shed," where knockings and poundings and splittings may not incense neighbours above or below.

We, however, didn't care to pound anything, our chief skill in that direction being upon nails not of iron. We had had no personal interest in a clothes-line for years, and had forgotten what a cellar was like. We liked everything that could be done for us outside done there, and without the co-operation of even our eyes and ears; and therefore, finally, between a pretty little cottage and a flat, both of the same rent, we decided upon the latter, it having one room more than the former.

We moved into our flat in high glee.

"Good luck to our flat," sang Charlie, as we unpacked casts and pictures that last saw the light in Woburn Square, moved by our usual principle of taking care of the beautiful first, in faith that the useful will always take care of itself.

By degrees our glee abated, as glee, even when best founded, is sure to do. It abated, but did not leave us disconsolate, for we knew in advance that there are bitters to every sweet, even to that of an American flat!

Let us look about us and count our conveniences. We have six nice rooms, reasonably spacious, a roomy bath, and closets and pantries in profusion. We are three flights from the street, with two flats below, none above us, and but three families served by the wide stairway. On the roof—a flight of stairs above us—stands a glass house, or at least one so generously bewindowed as to seem so, one where, in inclement weather, the linen may be dried of any family who clings to the ancient prejudice that washing is better done at home than elsewhere. Outside this glass house is a generous space, defended by a machicolated wall, like a Gothic castle, where, in fine weather, the family linen may disport itself in the sunshine. That American families, as a rule, even when adopting the new flat system, still cling to their "Monday's wash," is proved by the countless roofs just above the level of our ordinary vision, during the first few days of every week, when roof after roof seems tearing its thick white hair in a very delirium, or giving space to white ballets more active than graceful!

Our drawing-room has two bow windows, looking far away over hundreds of roofs, in unbroken perspective, to the distant hills. It is a pretty drawing-room, but, alas, how Philistine! The chimney-piece is cold, white marble; cold and white is the woodwork; the wall-paper white and gold, costing, our landlord impressively announces, three dollars the roll! In the library is another world-embracing bow window; in the dining-room another, all four facing different ways, being enabled to do so from the position of our flat at an end of the block, and affording evidence of the universal American love of these showy architectural features. Water, of course, is laid on all over the building; and a chute behind the kitchen range sends all ashes and kitchen refuse flying into a bin three storeys below, from whence the ash-man removes them every morning. The chute is probably intended *only* for kitchen refuse; nevertheless it refuses nothing offered to its amiable maw, and swallows ancient raiment, broken statuary, decrepit chairs and tables, as smilingly as ashes and potato-skins. Once the kitten went in, over-persuaded by a juvenile Curious-Impertinent. The kitten came out again, having, by dint of claws and falsetto expostulations, convinced some of us elders that the chute of an American flat is not a proper passage to the feline paradise.

As in Paris, our coal-bins are down-stairs—three of them, one for each flat—upon the ground floor. In Paris, our *concierge*, for a consideration, brought the day's coals up to us every morning. Here in Cambridge the *concierge* is unbuyable, for the simple and cogent reason that *there is no concierge!* This fact is to us one of the most curious and inconvenient proofs of the high cost of labour in this country, and the consequent habit of Americans to do things for themselves that in Europe are invariably done by servants. Englishmen travelling in this country are aghast at being frequently compelled to black their own boots; and Matthew Arnold nearly starved to death because he waited to be waited upon at railway restaurants, instead of snatching and grabbing for himself, *à l'Américaine.* So in these flat houses of moderate price, the proprietor never imagines it his business to provide a janitor. With a speaking-tube connected with the front door, every flat manages its own social and practical business with the street; and a cord or wire from every flat opens the closed general door with ease. The halls and stairs are kept in spotless order by a woman who comes from outside twice a week; during the rest of the time they are left to their own devices. A curious result of this lack of a janitor shows in our dealings with the postman, or "letter-carrier," as he is invariably called in

this country. Three or four times a day comes a ring at our bell—a ring in no way different from every other ring through the day. We haste to the speaking-tube, and cry blithely, not "*Qui va?*" not "*Qui vive?*" not even "Who's there?" but the simple, airy interrogative—"Yes?"

Up from far regions below comes a deep-mouthed bay—for so it always seems—"Letters!"

Thereupon we trip from our flat upon the wide landing outside, so much wider than Parisian ones, as all American spaces are. Outside, a familiar basket awaits us, one kept for exactly such occasions as this. The basket we proceed to let down by a long cord into the well of the lower hall, drawing it up a moment later charged with whatever Uncle Sam's mail may have transmitted to us.

Those who have never tried it cannot imagine the peculiar mental impressions, and emotional ones too, caused by sight of one's letters swirling dizzily up from a well, and drawn hand over hand from out the infinite possibilities of weal or woe, of good fortune or bad, of disappointment and disaster, of comedy and tragedy, that life holds. Far down we see a wide-bordered mourning letter, writhing and twisting up with the twisting cord; and a thousand black terrors gather about, as we think of first one and then another of our absent dear ones, whose going must leave us desolate. The black-bordered messenger may but bid us to the funeral of some indifferent acquaintance; and we should have known as much at sight had we received it from the postman's hands; but for a space of three or four minutes it has been a black spectre to our souls. The yellow envelope, we are sure, is a lawyer's letter telling of our accession to Aunt Stingee's fortune; and until we see a mercer's address on the corner, we can hardly draw up our basket for exultation. When bundles of newspapers dance up, we are sure our manuscript ignominiously comes back from the unappreciative publisher; and when that manuscript really does come, we draw airily, convinced that nothing but newspapers load the wicker vehicle.

Another time may come a ring at our bell. Anticipating letters or a friendly call, down again goes our sweetly-tubed "Yes?" Then from the regions of mystery below comes the pungent query—"Got enny rags, bottles, papers?"

Like the majority of Americans of but moderate means, and unlike Englishwomen of the same, we keep no servants. Neither have we an elevator, or lift, as more expensive flats have. Hence it becomes necessary to employ a *femme de ménage*, who comes to us at six every morning, and leaves us only after the dinner is cleared away at night. This woman is "an American of African descent." She does all our errands, and, indeed, all our household work save cooking. This she absolutely refuses to touch, declaring she "ain't nobuddy's cook, and don't pretend to be nothing but a fust-class scrub-lady!" When we go out we never dare leave this dusky Phillis in charge of our door-bell and speaking-tube, lest she yell some *bêtise* down to the most ceremonious of our visitors, or invite the rag-and-bottle man up to admire our new piano. So we leave a card over the door-plate bearing our name, and directly under the tube belonging to it, with the word "*Out*" upon the card. Thus the blessed assurance broods over our souls that our friends may not hear from the world above—

"Ain't no use your comin' up; 'she' ain't to home!"

In France our matron was always "madame." In England she has been known to be "the missis." In this land of the brave and home of the free all titles fall from her, and leave her in the primæval simplicity of "she."

Various features of our American flatting are vastly different from anything in English housekeeping. Our pretty hand-painted china is manufactured in France expressly for a Boston firm, so we read inscribed upon the reverse side of every article of it. We should know this without the assurance, because of the generous preserve saucers that are a part of it, and the tiny round plates for butter, known in America as "individuals," because every individual is supplied with one as naturally as with his cup and saucer. So, too, unlike English ways, our baked-bean pot is almost the largest of our food-containing vessels, while our "'larsis-jug"—*vide* our scrub-lady—is a larger treacle-jug than perhaps ever sweetened an English *ménage* the size of ours since the world began. Molasses goes into our almost daily gingerbread—into cookies, Johnny-cake, apple sauce, Graham gems, barberry preserves, brown bread; even into our baked beans! Nevertheless, treacle tart—that climax of our English boarding-school bliss—is an unknown luxury here; and the very description of it is received with sniffs of tip-tilted nose that remind us of our long-ago sniffs and tip-tiltings at the description of English pork pies.

Pork pies! Such a horror they were to me for a time that I conceived an æsthetic and, for a long time, immovable antipathy against the Empress of the French, hearing her described as wearing a pork-pie hat! How absolutely ridiculous and unreasonable that prejudice seemed to my English schoolmates, I since have had reason to realise by my own virtuous wrath and contempt at an Englishman who in my presence called our beloved Yankee dough-nuts "beastly things—all grease!"

"If you never ate any other than 'greasy' dough-nuts," I answered, with highly superior air, "you have no right to express any opinion whatever concerning dough-nuts!"

DELIVERANCE DINGLE.

CHRONICLES OF AN ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN RANCH.

By MARGARET INNES.

CHAPTER VII.

WE MOVE INTO OUR HOME.

T was delightful to feel that we would soon be once more in comfortable quarters, with room for order and cleanliness. The Californian dust is perfectly impossible to deal with in such conditions as the barn afforded, or as would be involved in camping.

While we were still living in our little house in San Miguel, I had seen one or two camping parties returning after an absence of ten days or a fortnight in the mountains, and had wondered, with dismay, what could have happened to the women and men of the party, that they should look as though their persons and clothes had been rolled, and soaked, and stewed in the grey dust. Now I understood only too well. Soon, all the plastering was finished, and we were looking for the painters, who arrived, unfortunately, in the midst of another desert wind.

The head painter was a Norwegian, and though a very good workman, he was absolutely dense about colour. All day, in the midst of that howling hot wind, we struggled with him to get the tones we wanted, he becoming more and more depressed and obstinate, and we more feverish and anxious. The carpenters looked on with amused interest, expecting, so they said afterwards, "that someone would have to be pulled off somebody!" However, before the twilight came down on us, we had evolved some delicate shades that would pass, and were thankful to creep into the barn and rest if we could, knowing that we must be up betimes tomorrow, to see that the Norwegian did not make any mistake.

On Sundays, when the men were free, they generally went off hunting for honey. They were very clever at finding the nests of the wild bees, and were very much in earnest on these expeditions, having fashioned for themselves extraordinary headgear and gauntlets, like armour in a comic opera, as a protection against stings. They made, too, quite an ingenious contrivance for running the clear honey out of the comb, and sold this and the wax for a nice little sum. Liza used to look after them with longing, envious eyes; they were so much more successful than she in their hunting. But then they used dynamite when the nest was behind some great rock, and she with all her savage strength could not remove the stones unaided. But though they were kind, friendly fellows, and almost all men in this wild West are particularly nice to women, they never asked her to join them.

The architect who came out regularly from town, during the building of the house, and closely superintended every detail, was a more welcome comrade to them. He joined them in their expeditions, and lent us too a helping hand.

Our ranchman was absent on some business connected with his land, and we were very much puzzled as to who was to milk the cow; we ourselves had not yet learned, and none of the carpenters could help us, though they would have been very willing. When our friend the architect heard of our difficulty, he at once exclaimed that he would milk the cow. And so he did in the most business-like and thorough manner.

The carpenters were very like boys when working hours were over, and I remember one evening, when the building of the house was almost finished, and they were to return to town in a few days, we were all startled by hearing a terrific report, somewhere quite close at hand. Everyone rushed out into the beautiful starlight to know what disaster had happened, and then we found Mr. Scott gravely remonstrating with the men, who were looking very sheepish. It seems that finding they had quite a store of dynamite over from their bee-hunting, they determined to set it all off together for their own amusement. They had not expected quite so much noise, and were apologetic. Mr. Scott turned to my husband and said with a disgusted air, "Some of them carpenters has more powder than brains!"

The day had come at last, when we were to move into our house. I sent my darkey back to town, and was delighted to see the last of her, even though I had failed to find anyone to replace her. I had, however, the help of a young Englishman, who had left a clerkship in the Corporation offices at Liverpool, and come out to rough it in California, glad of the open air life, and glad too of the change of work, though it happened, as at present, to include such jobs as digging out a rain water cistern, and acting as temporary scullery maid.

However inexperienced he was at this last work, he was willing and pleasant, which was a delightful change from the "gorilla."

The carpenters helped us to move in the heaviest pieces of furniture, and I think I shall never forget the luxury of that first night when we slept in the house—it was so airy, and fresh, and cool.

We were very busy for many days after, putting all in order, but it was delightful work to us, however tiring, for the house was lovely and comfortable beyond all our expectations, and now that all the old furniture was standing about us, dusted and polished, and almost smiling, it felt so homelike and friendly that we seemed no longer like strangers in a strange land.

Now occurs an opportunity to tell some of our "domestic help" experiences. We feared that our place would be too lonely for a Chinaman; the nearest Celestial within reach was at a ranch some five miles away, and though there was quite an active centre of Chinese life and light at the laundry gentleman's shanty at the village of El Barco, still that was six miles away, and Chinamen are bad walkers, and few of them can drive. Also, their wages are very high, thirty dollars to thirty-five dollars a month being the lowest; some of them get as much as fifty dollars and sixty dollars a month. So we thought we would try our luck with a woman servant; we could talk our own language to her and lend her books, which would overcome, to some extent, the loneliness of the life for her, and we would only have to pay her twenty to twenty-five dollars a month.

Our first was an American girl; her manners were new to us, but not refreshing. We did not keep her long, for she proved to have something wrong with her heart, and could neither stoop nor carry any slight weight without turning blue in the face. The boys did not take to her. She would saunter into the dining-room when it was time to lay the cloth, and if I were not there, she would take up one of the papers on the table, and either stand very much at her ease reading it, or sit down to it, often at the same time using a toothpick. Or she would slap my sons on the shoulder, saying, "Now then, boys, clear out!"

I was not able to go into town this time, so I telegraphed to my friend at the agency office, a nice helpful Irishman, who always did his best for me.

Though the little village of El Barco has but a scattered population of about two hundred, they have had a telephone into San Miguel for many a year. So I sent a message asking for a servant of some kind at twenty-five dollars a month. In answer, my Irish friend asked, would I be willing to try a nigger, adding that he was not very black! He knew my feelings about the "gorilla." When I heard further that he was a willing, pleasant-spoken fellow, with a very good character for honesty, I agreed to try him. So he was sent out by the evening train. We became quite fond of him, and though he knew very little about cooking, he was exceedingly quick at learning, and was very capable in other ways, and so obliging that much could be forgiven him. He had great pride in all he learnt, and liked to know the proper orthodox names of the different dishes, though he could never conquer the word rissole, but always called it "free soul!" He had left his wife and family in Tennessee, where he had formerly kept a dairy farm, but his health had failed, and he was threatened with lung trouble; so he came to this sunny climate, and hoped to be able to send for them to join him before very long.

As he could not read or write, I was his secretary, and had often great difficulty in keeping a grave face when reading his home letters. They were a jumble of revival meetings, the arrival of families of young pigs, names of different neighbours who had "got religion," and advice as to how he was to make the bread for us, finishing up with "howdies" from everyone. It often took me quite a long time to puzzle them out. However we soon began to teach him to write and read, and he was so quick in learning that before he left us he was quite independent of my help in his correspondence. His worst drawback was the colour of his hands, which being a kind of neutral grey brown, never let him know clearly whether they were dirty or clean, and I soon found his finger marks on many treasures. However, such things are trifles in this life, and I should have kept him till this day, I believe, but that, in an evil moment, we again made the experiment of getting a woman servant from the old country.

The woman we had heard of was willing to pay her own passage out, for the sake of the £70 wage which she could never hope to get at home; so we engaged her.

(To be continued.)

Odds and Ends.

Of the many out-of-the-way industries of which people are for the most part entirely ignorant, the rearing of spiders is most remarkable. The industry is not strictly honest, for its object is to defraud the buyers of wine. It is said that there are only two spider-farms in the world, one of which is near Philadelphia, in the United States. The other is in a small French village in the Department of the Loire. The American spider-farm is also owned by a Frenchman, who rears these unpleasant insects for distribution to wine-merchants. He sells them at so much per hundred, chiefly to the wholesale merchants, who are thereby able to stock a cellar, with new and freshly-labelled bottles, and in less than three months see them covered with cobwebs, which gives them the appearance of having been stored for twenty years, at least. A little dust scattered over the bins gives an added effect, and even the wariest and most experienced buyers are deceived by this appearance of age. The method of rearing the spiders is most interesting. They are bred in rooms, which hold about 2000, the walls being covered with small wire squares, whilst upon long tables in the centre stand wire-frames, glass-jars, and wooden boxes. The spiders are bred in the wire-frames, and when sufficiently grown are placed behind the wire-screens upon the walls, where they thrive rapidly amongst the crevices of the woodwork. The price charged is very high, as the spiders are great cannibals, and eat one another at every opportunity, irrespective of age or relationship; as they do not all spin webs, it very often happens that not more than fifty out of a thousand are suitable for the purposes of deception. However reprehensible its object, this industry is a striking instance of human ingenuity.

A Chinese lady, Hu King Eng, has received a doctor's degree in America, and has returned to China to practice her profession at the Woman's Hospital in Foo Chow. She is the first Chinese woman-doctor who has practiced in her native land, and, although she took her degree over a year ago, she has remained in America to gain actual experience in medical work.

The court of France was little behind that of Spain in the matter of etiquette, if an old chronicler writes truly. He says that the first woman-of-the-bedchamber let down the queen's hair, the first maid-of-honour combed it, the first maid-in-waiting handed the queen's petticoat to the first woman-of-the-bedchamber, who put it on the queen, and the first maid-in-waiting put on the queen's shoes and stockings.

Two hundred and seventy-five years ago, Isaac Duckett left the sum of £400 to encourage faithfulness and fidelity amongst domestic servants. The necessary qualification was that they should remain for seven years with the same master or mistress in the parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn. This legacy-reward is still paid, and at the last prize-giving eleven servants out of twenty-three received £10 each. The remaining twelve were disqualified for various reasons.

A young man has put his bicycle to very profitable use in Australia. He has practically established a postal route between Coolgardie in the centre of the gold-fields, and Dundas, the nearest town. The distance between the two places is 280 miles, but he carries letters and telegrams backwards and forwards in a small letter-box strapped on the back of his machine, for one shilling and five shillings a piece, respectively, making the trip once a week. A water-bottle, a revolver and a sharp knife are the chief items of his outfit—essentials in that arid and bush-ranger infested country.

Tin farthings and half-pennies were coined by King James II. in 1685, and four years later, nearly a million pounds worth of money was coined in half-crowns, shillings and sixpences from old brass guns and refuse metal. A pound of this metal was worth about threepence or fourpence, but when coined it represented the value of five pound. King James also issued a proclamation for the coining of pewter and leaden money, but the Revolution prevented this taking effect.

There is only one woman in England who is qualified to call herself a goldsmith. This is Mrs. Philip Newman, who is also the only jeweller in London who manufactures goods upon the premises. Mrs. Newman designs all the jewellery she makes, herself, having studied in Paris and in most of the European museums. She also copies antique jewellery most faultlessly, especially that of the Greeks, Etruscans, and Egyptians. She complains that few jewellers are able to make the whole of a trinket, each separate portion being made in various departments, and thinks that the work would be a good opening for girls, if they have no objection to spoiling their hands.

When the etiquette of court-life was more stringent than it is now, that of the court of Spain was most rigorous. It was against the law of the land for anyone but the grand equerry to touch the Queen of Spain when she was on horseback, especially to touch her feet; and it is related that when one day the second queen of Charles II. fell from her horse whilst hunting, her foot caught in the stirrup, and she was in immediate danger of being killed. Her attendants, to the number of forty-three, stood by, not daring to assist her. At last humanity overcame prudence, and two gentlemen extricated her from her perilous position. But when once her Majesty was safe, they spurred their horses and rode as rapidly as possible to the frontier, in order to save their heads. And their pardon by the king, at the queen's intercession, was regarded as a mark of most regal clemency. Another story of the length to which etiquette was carried, is that of the silk stockings. At a time when silk was a luxury that only sovereigns could indulge in, the inhabitants of Toledo presented the then Queen of Spain with a pair of beautifully-woven silk stockings upon her marriage, but to their dismay the costly gift was indignantly refused, with an intimation that "the Queen of Spain has no legs," a statement that has survived as a proverb to the present day.

"You cannot dream yourself into a character. You must hammer and forge one for yourself."—*J. A. Froude*

The cottage in which Peter the Great of Russia lived at Zaandam in Holland when serving his apprenticeship as a shipwright, is to be pulled down, and a Gothic structure in stone erected on its site. It is a low house encased in a wooden structure and approached by a narrow entry round which runs a wooden trellis, It is very damp as it lies close to a narrow and dirty canal. The new building will be surrounded by a high wall.

"Character is consolidated habit, and habit forms itself by repeated action. Habits are like paths beaten hard by the multitude of light footsteps which go to and fro. The daily restraint or indulgence of the nature in the business, in the home, in the imagination, which is the inner laboratory of the life, creates the character which, whether it be here or there, settles the destiny."—*Rev. J. Baldwin Brown.*

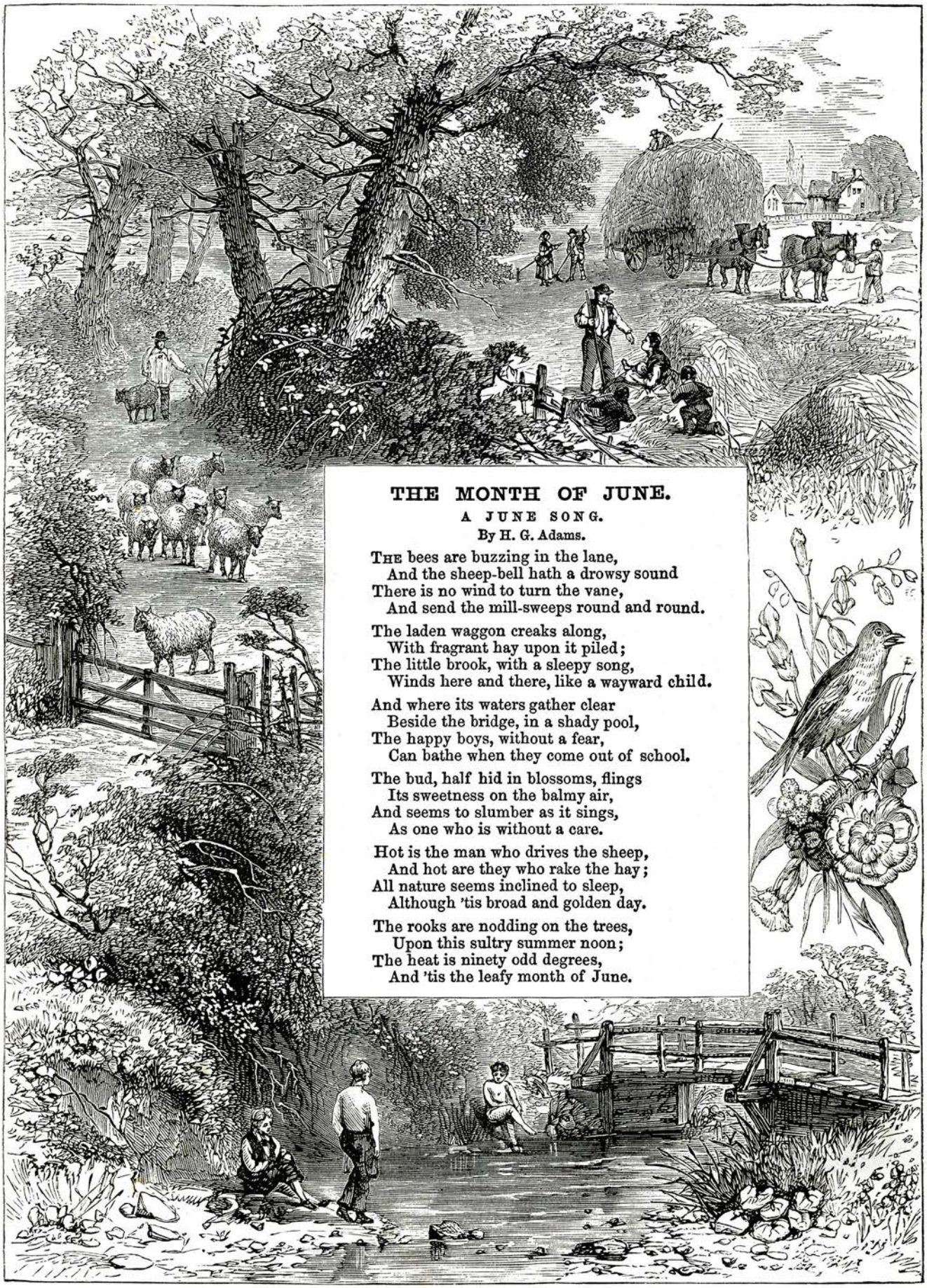
A Spanish proverb says, "On Tuesday one should never travel or marry," and so strongly is this superstition believed in, that even in Madrid there are never any weddings on Tuesdays, and the railway trains are almost empty.

"I desire that all my brethren should labour at useful occupations that we may be less of a burden to the people, and also that we may be less subject to maladies of the heart and tongue, and may not be tempted to evil thoughts or evil speaking. Those who cannot work, let them learn to work."—*St. Francis of Assisi.*

"All those who love Nature, she loves in return, and will richly reward, not perhaps with the good things as they are commonly called, but with the best things of this world; not with money and titles, horses and carriages, but with bright and happy thoughts, contentment and peace of mind."—*Sir John Lubbock.*

In Philadelphia there are three buildings in which the lifts are worked entirely by girls—the Women's Christian Association, the Girl's High School and the Normal School. In the first all the employées on the premises are girls with the exception of an engineer and a fireman.

The Queen has such a deeply-rooted and constitutional objection to the smell of a cigarette or cigar, that smoking is strictly forbidden at Windsor Castle, at Osborne, and at Balmoral.



THE MONTH OF JUNE.

A JUNE SONG.

By H. G. Adams.

THE bees are buzzing in the lane,
And the sheep-bell hath a drowsy sound
There is no wind to turn the vane,
And send the mill-sweeps round and round.

The laden waggon creaks along,
With fragrant hay upon it piled;
The little brook, with a sleepy song,
Winds here and there, like a wayward child.

And where its waters gather clear
Beside the bridge, in a shady pool,
The happy boys, without a fear,
Can bathe when they come out of school.

The bud, half hid in blossoms, flings
Its sweetness on the balmy air,
And seems to slumber as it sings,
As one who is without a care.

Hot is the man who drives the sheep,
And hot are they who rake the hay;
All nature seems inclined to sleep,
Although 'tis broad and golden day.

The rooks are nodding on the trees,
Upon this sultry summer noon;
The heat is ninety odd degrees,
And 'tis the leafy month of June.

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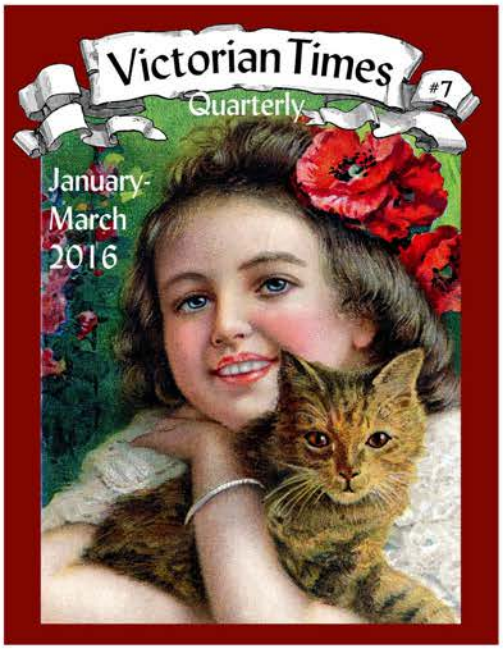

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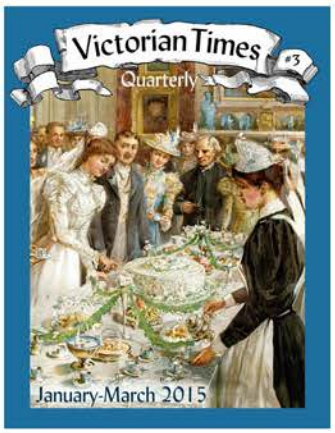

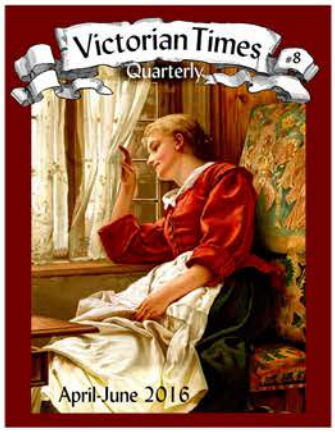

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