

# Victorian Times

Vol. II, No. 8

August 2015



*American Ladies • A 15th-Century Maiden • American Breakfasts  
19th-Century Hairstyles • The Folklore of Colours • Designs for Embroidery  
Harvest Home Festivals • E. Nesbit's School-Days • An Old Cookery Book  
A Balloon Trip • The Season • Some German Cures • New York in Summer*



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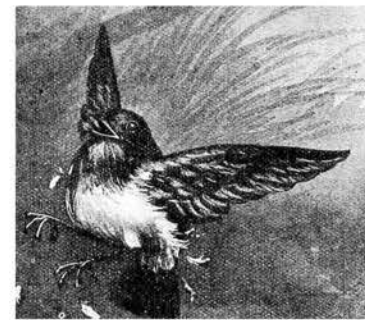
- 2 Editor's Greeting: Avoiding a Victorian Mistake, by Moira Allen
- 3 Notes on Jonathan's Daughters, by Max O'Rell (*The Strand*, 1891)
- 9 One Day in the Life of a 15th Century Maiden (*GOP\**, 1902)
- 10 Poem: "Under the Eaves," by Clara Thwaites (*Quiver*, 1886)
- 11 American Breakfasts, by Catherine Owen (*CFM\*\**, 1880)
- 14 Hairdressing Extraordinary (*GOP*, 1880)
- 15 The Folklore of Colours, by Rev. T.F. Thiselton Dyer (*CFM*, 1884)
- 17 Poem: "The Dialect Tale," by Margaret Vandegrift (*Century*, 1889)
- 18 Useful Hints and Recipes (*GOP*, 1887)
- 19 Useful Hints (*GOP*, 1885)
- 19 Designing for Embroidery, by Fred Miller (*GOP*, 1881)
- 23 August: Harvest Home (*Illustrated London Almanack*, 1849)
- 25 My Schooldays, Part 8, by E. Nesbit (*GOP*, 1897)
- 26 Chronicles of an Anglo-Californian Ranch, Part 9, by Margaret Innes (*GOP*, 1899)
- 27 A New Life for an Old Ball, by Susan Shearman (*GOP*, 1898)
- 28 The Sorrows of a Son and Heir, by Eliza Brightwen (*GOP*, 1898)
- 29 Picture Feature: "Our Circulating Library" (*CFM*, 1893)
- 31 Dips into an Old Cookery Book, Part 2, by Ruth Lamb (*GOP*, 1886)
- 32 Don't (*GOP*, 1884)
- 33 An Artist's Trip Through the Clouds, by W. Bazett Murray (*CFM*, 1880)
- 35 A Few German Cures (*CFM*, 1880)
- 36 What To Do if You Catch Fire (*GOP*, 1886)
- 37 The Man with the Dogs (*The Strand*, 1892)
- 38 The Season (*Demorest*, 1873)
- 38 How New York Spends the Summer (*Demorest*, 1873)
- 39 Odds and Ends (*GOP*, 1896)
- 40 Poem: "The August Garland," by H.G. Adams (*Chatterbox*, 1874)



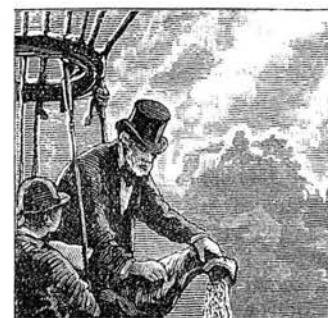
p. 3



p. 14



p. 28



p. 33

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



# Avoiding a Victorian Mistake

Last Christmas, my sister gave me a copy of *Pioneer Girl: The Annotated Autobiography of Laura Ingalls Wilder*. I grew up on the “Little House” books; we had a treasured hardback set, much worn by young fingers (and in some cases much chewed by the family dog). Discovering the historical events underlying these classic tales is fascinating.

Unfortunately the annotations aren’t limited to nuggets of history. They also include rather unnecessary literary critique (“here Wilder is using such-and-such a literary style to create such-and-such an effect...”) and a number of comments from an academic reviewer who regularly takes issue with some of the less politically correct elements of Wilder’s diary. At first, reading those bits got me annoyed; then they got me thinking.

The underlying theme of this particular reviewer’s comments seems to be that one can’t truly embrace or approve of a writer who isn’t as fully enlightened, open-minded and right-thinking as... well, as the reviewer herself. Laura’s comments on Native Americans and her family’s apparent decision to settle on disputed territory all rub this reviewer the wrong way. Certainly, Laura is a brilliant author (the commentary implies), but... one must never be allowed to forget that she didn’t think correctly—at least, not all the time!

Condemning authors of the past for their lack of political correctness is, of course, nothing new. An entire school of academic thought has grown up around the practice of condemning most of Western literature as being the biased work of “dead white males.” (Laura being female, this must cause a certain degree of confusion...) This school of thought tells us that we shouldn’t even read this sort of literature because its creators didn’t think like us—even though much of the “thinking” that is considered “correct” today didn’t begin to evolve until the late 20<sup>th</sup> century. Victorians and pre-Victorians are condemned *en masse* as having outmoded attitudes—even though many of those attitudes didn’t begin to change or be challenged until the 1960’s!

I don’t intend to waste space discussing the pros and cons of political correctness, or of classic Western literature (much of which, I confess, bores me to tears). Rather, it occurred to me, as I read these annotations in *Pioneer Girl*, that we may be a lot more like the Victorians than we imagine.

The attitude of this particular reviewer seems to be that if you do not look like me, think like me, and share my cultural values, you’re not as *good* as me. You’re not as enlightened, as socially aware, as... as *civilized* as someone who shares my views. I might regard you as a curiosity, worthy of study, but you could never really be accepted into my world. I probably wouldn’t care to have you at my dinner table. Not the way you are. Not with *those* unacceptable ideas. I’m modern, you see. I think *correctly*. My way is the *right* way, the only way...

Of course that, in a nutshell, was the Victorian attitude about pretty much everyone else in the world. If you did not look like me, think like me, share my degree of civilization, or share my social status, you were not as good as me. Possibly you weren’t, even, necessarily, fully human. You might be a curiosity, worthy of study, but I certainly wouldn’t invite you to my dinner table. (Victorians were quite picky about whom they invited to their dinner tables...) It’s the attitude that we most deplore when dipping into the Victorian world, the unpleasant elephant that keeps cropping up in so much Victorian writing and thought.

The problem with condemning the Victorians, as a culture, for not having the “right” way of thinking, for being bigoted and snobbish and exclusive and nearly every form of “ist” we can imagine is that, by doing so, we risk falling into the exact same trap. Victorians condemned the rest of the world for not having been raised according to the rules and customs of *their* society. We risk condemning Victorians for exactly the same reason.

So let’s turn it around. Rather than condemning Victorians as a whole for not having reached a point in social evolution of having learned to embrace the cultural differences and diversity of others, let’s accept the cultural differences between the Victorian world and our own. That doesn’t mean we pretend that the warts weren’t there. They were, by the bushel-basketful. The key lies in condemning the warts without making the Victorian mistake of condemning an entire culture for *having* warts.

One day we, too, will be dead [insert ethnicity] [insert gender]. And one day historians will be evaluating our culture, warts and all. Quite probably, those future historians will not “think like us” any more than we, today, choose to think like Victorians. Let us hope they can say of us that we did the best we could with the limitations of the culture and understanding of our day!

—Moirra Allen, Editor  
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## Notes on Jonathan's Daughters.

BY MAX O'RELL.



IN an article on "The Typical American," which appeared in *The North American Review* (May, 1890), I ventured to hazard the opinion that the typical American does not exist, as yet: that the American gentleman differs not at all from a gentleman of any other country, and that no citizen of the Great Republic can be pointed out as typical, although in the ordinary American are to be found two traits which are very characteristic of him, and of other dwellers in new countries, viz., childishness and inquisitiveness.

But, although I failed to find a typical American man, I am very strongly of opinion that the American lady is typical. Good society is apt to mould all who frequent it into one pretty even shape, and it is all the more astonishing, therefore, to find the American *lady* with such a separate individuality.

Of the ordinary American woman I am not in a position to speak. In my wanderings through the United States I made acquaintance with all sorts and conditions of men; but, coming to the petticoated portion of the community, I had practically no opportunity of studying any but ladies.

The American lady, in my eyes, is a distinct type; her charm is distinct from the charm of any European lady, and is certainly equal in extent to any. Two traits struck me very forcibly in her, and to the first of these I think she owes a great part of her success. They are, naturalness, or utter absence of affectation, and—shall I say it?—a lurking contempt for man. Not a militant contempt, not a loud contempt, but a quiet, queenly, benevolent contempt. I talk about her owing her success to the first of these; but who shall say whether her triumphant progress has not been greatly due to the second?

I have often tried to explain to myself this gentle contempt of American ladies for the male sex; for, contrasting it with the devotion, the lovely devotion of Jonathan to his womankind, it is a curious enigma. Have I found the solution at last? Does it begin at school? In American schools, boys and girls, from the age of five, follow the same path to learning, and side by side on the same benches. Moreover, the girls prove themselves thoroughly capable of keeping pace with the boys. Is it not possible that the girls, as they watched the performances of the boys in the study, have learnt to say: "Is that all?" while the young lords of creation, as they looked on at what "those girls" can do, have been fain to exclaim: "Who would have thought it?" And does not this explain the two attitudes: the great respect of men for women, and the mild contempt of women for men?

\* \* \* \*

When I was in New York, and had time to saunter about, I would go up Broadway, and wait until a car, well crammed with people, came along. Then I would jump on board, and stand near the door. Whenever a man wanted to get out, he would say to me, "Please," or "Excuse me," or just touch me lightly to warn me that I stood in his way. But the ladies! Oh, the ladies! Why, it was simply lovely. They would just push me away with the tips of their fingers, and turn up such disgusted and haughty noses! You would have imagined it was a heap of dirty rubbish in their way.

\* \* \* \*

Just as one of the hardest ways of earning a living is to be a middle-class English wife, so one of the loveliest sinecures in the world is to be an American lady. A small, sometimes no, family to bring up; very often no house to keep; three months' holiday in Europe; a devoted, hardworking husband ever ready to pet her, worship her, and supply the wherewith; an education that enables her to enjoy all the intellectual pleasures of life; a charming naturalness of manner; a freedom from conventionality; a bold picturesqueness of speech; a native



brilliance; all combine to make her a distinct type, and the queen of her sex.

When a Frenchman and a Frenchwoman converse together, they can seldom forget that one is a man and the other a woman. It does not prove that a Frenchwoman must necessarily be, and is, affected in her relations with men; but it explains why she does not feel, as the American woman does, that a man and a woman can enjoy a *tête-à-tête* free from all those commonplace flatteries, compliments, and platitudes that badly understood gallantry suggests. Many American ladies have made me forget, by the easiness of their manner, and the charm and naturalness of their conversation, that I was speaking with women, and with lovely ones too. This I could never have forgotten in the company of French ladies.

On account of this feeling, and perhaps also of the difference which exists between the education received by a man and that received by a woman in France, the conversation will always be on some light topics, literary, artistic, dramatic, social, or other. Indeed, it would be most unbecoming for a man

to start a very serious subject of conversation with a French lady to whom he had just been introduced. He would be taken for a pedant or a man of bad breeding.

In America, men and women receive practically the same education, and this of course enlarges the circle of conversational topics between the sexes. I shall always remember a beautiful American girl, not more than twenty years of age, to whom I was once introduced in a New York drawing-room, as she was giving to a lady sitting next to her a most minute description of the latest bonnet invented in Paris, and

who, turning towards me, asked me point blank if I had read M. Ernest Renan's last book, "The History of the People of Israel." Well, I had not. I had to confess that I had not yet had time to read it. But she had, and she gave me, without the remotest touch of affectation or pedantry, a most interesting, detailed, and learned analysis of that remarkable book, almost in one breath with the description of the Paris bonnet. I related this incident in "Jonathan and his Continent." On reading it, some of my countrymen, critics and others, exclaimed: "We imagine the fair American

girl wore a pair of gold spectacles."

"No, my dear compatriots, nothing of the sort. No gold spectacles, no guy. It was a beautiful girl, dressed with the most exquisite taste and care, and most charming and womanly."

An American woman, however learned she may be, is a sound politician, and she knows that the best thing she can make of herself is a woman, and she remains a woman. She will always make herself as attractive as she possibly can, not to please men, to please herself. If in a French drawing-room I were to re-

mark to a lady how clever some woman in the room looked, she would probably closely examine that woman's dress to find out what I thought was wrong about it. It would probably be the same in England, but not in America.

A Frenchwoman will seldom be jealous of another woman's cleverness. She will far more readily forgive her this quality than beauty. "Oh! how I should like to be a man!" once exclaimed a French lady in my presence. An American lady would probably have said to her: "My dear, you are ever so much better as you are!"



"THEY WOULD JUST PUSH MR AWAY."



Of all the ladies I have met, I have no hesitation in declaring that the American ones are the least affected. With them, I repeat it, I feel at ease as I do with no other women in the world.

With whom but an *Américaine* would the following little scene have been possible?

It was on a Friday afternoon in Boston, the reception-day of Mrs. X., an old friend of my wife and myself. I thought I would call upon her early in the afternoon, before the crowd of visitors had begun to arrive. I went to her house at half-past three. Mrs. X. received me in the drawing-room, and we soon were talking on the one hundred and one topics that old friends have on their tongue tips. Presently the conversation fell on love and lovers. Mrs. X. drew her chair up a little nearer to the fire, put the toes of her little slippers on the fender-stool, and with a charmingly confidential, but perfectly natural, manner, said:—

“You are married, and love your wife; I am married, and love my husband; we are both artists, let's have our say out.”

And we proceeded to have our say out.

But, lo! all at once I noticed about half an inch of the seam of her black silk bodice was unsewn. We men, when we see a lady with something awry in her toilette, how often do we long to say to her: “Excuse me, Madam, but perhaps you don't know that you have a hairpin sticking out two inches just behind your ear,” or, “Pardon me, Miss, I'm a married man, there is something wrong just under your waist belt.”

But we dare not say so. We are afraid we shall be told to mind our own business.

Now, I felt for Mrs. X., who was just going to receive a crowd of callers, with a little rent in one of her bodice seams, and tried to persuade myself to be brave, and tell her of it. Yet I hesitated. People take things so differently. The conversation went on unflaggingly. More than once I had started a little cough, and was on the point of—but my courage failed. The clock struck half-past four. I could not stand it any longer.

“Mrs. X.,” said I, all in a breath, “you are married, and love your husband; I am married, and love my wife; we are both artists; there is a little bit of seam come unsewn just there by your left arm, run and get it sewn up!”

The peals of laughter that I heard going on upstairs while the damage was being repaired, proved to me that there was no resentment to be feared; but, on the contrary, that I had earned the gratitude of Mrs. X.

\* \*

Inquisitiveness, I have said, is a characteristic feature of American men; but I imagine that this feature is also to be found in the daughters of the Great Republic.

During my second visit to

the States, it amused me to notice that the Americans to whom I had the pleasure of being introduced, refrained from asking me what I thought of America, but they invariably inquired if the impressions of my first visit were confirmed.

One afternoon, at an “At Home” in Boston, I met a lady from New York who asked me a most extraordinary question.

“I have read ‘Jonathan and his Continent,’” she said to me. “I suppose that is a book of impressions written for pub-



“INQUISITIVENESS.”



lication. But now, tell me *en confidence*, what do you think of us?"

"Is there anything in that book," I replied, "which can make you suppose that it is not the faithful expression of what I think of America and the Americans?"

"Well," she said, "it is so complimentary, taken altogether, that I must confess I had a lurking suspicion of your having purposely flattered us, and indulged our national weakness for hearing ourselves praised, so as to make sure of a warm reception for your book."

"No doubt," I ventured, "by writing a flattering book on any country, you would greatly increase your chance of a large sale in that country; but, on the other hand, you may write an abusive book on any country, and score a great success among that nation's neighbours. For my part, I have always gone my own quiet way, philosophising rather than opiniating, and when I write, it is not with the aim of pleasing any particular public. I note down what I see, say what I think, and people may read me or not, just as they please. But I think I may boast, however, that my pen is never bitter, and I do not care to

criticise unless I feel a certain amount of sympathy with the subject of my criticism. If I felt that I must honestly say hard things of people, I would always abstain altogether."

"Now," said my fair questioner, "how is it that you have so little to say about our Fifth Avenue folks? Is it because you have seen very little of them, or is it because you could only have said hard things of them?"

"On the contrary," I replied, "I saw a good deal of them, but what I saw showed me that to describe them would be only to describe polite society, as it exists in London and elsewhere. Society gossip is not in my line, boudoir and club smoking-room scandal has no charm for me. Fifth Avenue resembles too much Mayfair and Belgravia to make criticism of it worth attempting."

I knew this answer would have the effect of putting me into the lady's good graces at once, and I was not disappointed. She accorded to me her sweetest smile, as I bowed to her, to go and be introduced to another lady by the mistress of the house.

The next lady was a Bostonian. I had to explain to her why I had not spoken of



"MR. BLANK WAS ALSO VERY MUCH ALIVE."



Beacon Street people, using the same argument as in the case of Fifth Avenue society, and with the same success.

\* \* \* \*

At the same "At Home," I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Blank, whom I had met many times in London and Paris.

She is one of the crowd of pretty and clever women whom America sends to brighten up European society, and who reappear both in London and Paris with the regularity of the swallows. You meet them

European society during every recurring season.

American women have such love for independence and freedom that their visits to Europe could not arouse suspicion, even in the most malicious. But, nevertheless, I was glad to have heard of Mr. Blank, because it is comfortable to have one's mind at rest on these subjects. Up to now, whenever I had been asked, as sometimes happened, though seldom: "Who is Mr. Blank, and where is he?" I had always answered: "Last puzzle out!"



"MONSIEUR AND MADAME."

everywhere, and conclude that they must be married, since they are styled Mrs., and not Miss. But whether they are wives, widows, or *divorcées*, you rarely think of inquiring, and you may enjoy their acquaintance, and even their friendship, for years, without knowing whether they have a living lord or not.

Mrs. Blank, as I say, is a most fascinating specimen of America's daughters, and that day in Boston I found that Mr. Blank was also very much alive, but the companions of his joys and sorrows were the telephone and the ticker; in fact, it is thanks to his devotion to these that the wife of his bosom is able to adorn

The freedom enjoyed by American women has enabled them to mould themselves in their own fashion. They do not copy any other women, they are original. I can recognise an American woman without hearing her speak. You have only to see her enter a room or a car, and you know her for Jonathan's daughter. Married or unmarried, her air is full of assurance, of a self-possession that never fails her. And when she looks at you, or talks to you, her eyes express the same calm consciousness of her worth.

Would you have a fair illustration of the respective positions of women in France, in England, and in America?

Go to a hotel, and watch the arrival of couples in the dining-rooms.

Now, don't go to the Louvre, the Grand Hôtel, or the Bristol, in Paris. Don't go to Claridge's, the Savoy, the Victoria, or the Métropole, in London. Don't go to Delmonico's in New York, or the Thorn-dyke in Boston, because in all these hotels, you will probably run the risk of seeing all behave alike. Go elsewhere, and, I say, watch.

In France, you will see Monsieur and Madame arrive together, walk abreast towards the table assigned to them, very often arm in arm, talking and smiling at each other—though married. Equal footing.

In England, you will see John Bull leading the way. He does not like to be seen eating in public, and thinks it very hard that he should not have the dining-room all

to himself. So he enters, with his hands in his pockets, looking askance at everybody right and left. Then, meek and demure, with her eyes cast down, follows Mrs. John Bull.

But in America! Oh, in America, behold, the dignified, nay, the majestic entry of Mrs. Jonathan, a perfect queen going towards her throne, bestowing a glance on her subjects right and left—and Jonathan behind!

\* \* \* \*

They say in France that Paris is the paradise of women. If so, there is a more blissful place than paradise; there is another word to invent to give an idea of the social position enjoyed by American ladies.

If I had to be born again, and I might choose my sex and my birthplace, I would shout at the top of my voice:

“Oh! make me an American woman!”







## ONE DAY IN THE LIFE OF A FIFTEENTH CENTURY MAIDEN.

EXTRACT FROM AN OLD BOOK : THE REPUTED DIARY OF ELIZABETH WOODVILLE.

“ MONDAY morning.—Rose at four o'clock and helped Catherine to milk the cows; Rachel, the other Dairymaid, having scalded one of her hands in so very bad a manner that I last night made a poultice for it and gave Robin a penny to get her something comfortable from the apothecary.

Six o'clock (probably breakfast time).—The Buttock of beef rather too much boiled, the Beer a little of the stalest. Mem. : to talk to the Cook about the first fault, I, to mend the second, by tapping a fresh Barrel immediately.

Seven o'clock.—Went to walk with the Lady Duchess, my mother, into the Courtyard; fed five and twenty men and women. Chid Roger severely for expressing some dissatisfaction at attending us with broken meat.

Eight o'clock.—Went into the Paddock behind the house with my maid Dorothea, and caught Thrump, the little black pony, and rode a matter of six miles without either Saddle or Bridle.

Ten o'clock.—Went to dinner. John Gray, one of our visitors, a most comely youth—but what's that to me—a virtuous maiden should be intirely under her Parents' direction. John ate but little; stole many, many tender looks at me. Said, women never would be handsome in his opinion, who were not good tempered. I hope my temper is not intolerable; nobody finds fault with it but Roger, and he is the most disorderly serving man in our Family. John Gray likes white teeth; my teeth are a pretty good colour, I think, and John, if I mistake not, is of the same opinion.

Eleven o'clock.—Rose from table; the company all desirous of walking in the Fields. John Gray would lift me over every stile, and twice he squeezed my hand with such vehemence. I cannot say I should have any objection to John Gray. He plays at Prison Base as well as any of the gentlemen in the county, is remarkably dutiful to his Parents, and never misses church on a Sunday.

Three o'clock.—Poor Farmer Robinson's house burnt down by an accidental Fire. John Gray proposed subscription among the company for the farmer's relief, and gave no less than four pounds himself to this benevolent intention. Mem. : never saw him look so comely as at that moment.

Four o'clock.—Went to Prayers.

Six o'clock.—Fed the Hogs and Poultry.

Seven o'clock.—Supper on the table, delayed to that late hour on account of Farmer Robinson's misfortunes. The Goose Pye too much baked; the Loyn of Pork almost roasted to rags.

Nine o'clock.—The company half asleep; these late hours very disagreeable. Said my Prayers a second time; John Gray disturbing my thoughts too much the first time, and fell asleep at ten; dreamed that John Gray had demanded me of my father.”

Contrary to custom, the dream came true. The wooing prospered and, in due course of time, Elizabeth Woodville married John Gray. This was probably the happiest time of her life; although the cloud of civil war must have cast

a dark shadow over the home of this young husband and wife. Sir John Gray belonged to the Lancastrian faction, and fought bravely in support of this cause. At the second battle of St. Alban's he was killed, and Elizabeth, with her two little boys, returned to her father's castle. Here she was compelled to remain; for when the House of York triumphed, Bradgate, her late husband's estate, was confiscated, and she was entirely dependent upon her parents.

Elizabeth was still resident at Castle Grafton when Edward IV. first saw her. The meeting was no accident. Elizabeth was well aware that the King was hunting in the neighbourhood, and, with her two little boys, waited beneath an oak tree, trusting that the King might pass that way.

When Edward at length appeared, she came forward, and, throwing herself upon her knees before him, with a child in either hand, she pleaded that their rights might be restored. She gained her cause, winning not only the gallant King's consent, but his heart too.

The oak under which they met is still called the Queen's Oak. This became a trysting place where Edward, it is said, frequently contrived to meet the fair golden-haired widow. The courtship was carried on with caution, for the King had enemies, and even his friends were little likely to favour his union with the widow of a Lancastrian partisan.

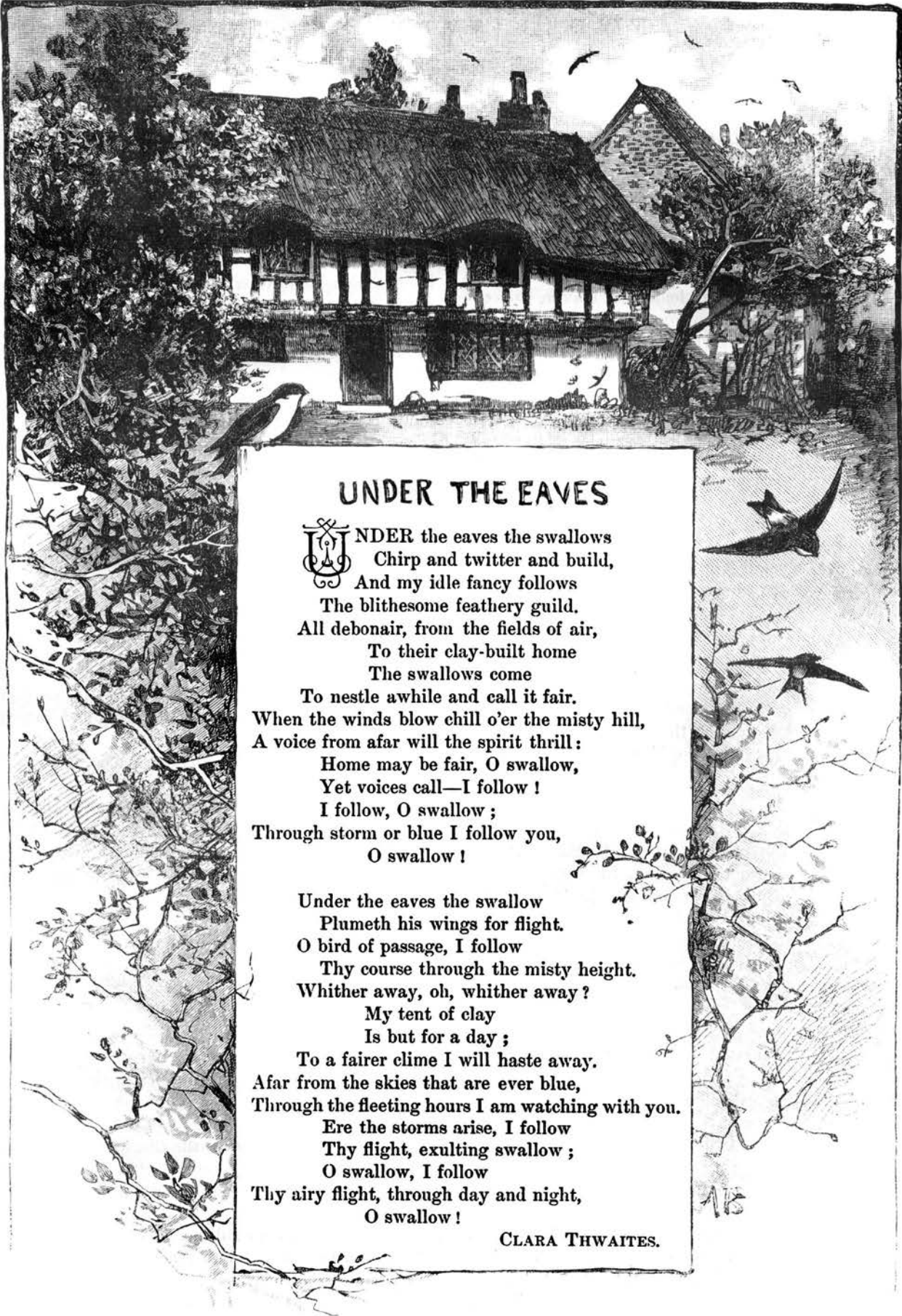
Edward, however, was not to be daunted. He determined to marry his “ dear Lady Bessee,” in spite of both friends and foes. Her mother, the Duchess of Bedford, naturally favoured the marriage, which was at length solemnised in the Castle and kept for some months a profound secret.

This marriage brought little happiness to Elizabeth, who in the course of a few years suffered many a cruel change. Now exalted—the first lady in the land—now a terrified fugitive seeking, with her children, a shelter in the Sanctuary of Westminster. Here, during her husband's reverse of fortune, she would literally have starved, had it not been for the loyalty of a kindly butcher, who daily supplied meat for her table.


Fortune once more smiled upon Elizabeth, but not for long, and when King Edward died, his “ Lady Bessee ” was again obliged to seek refuge in Westminster. This time she was not permitted to keep her two younger boys. Richard, the cruel hunchback, took the two little princes and placed them in the Tower, whence they never returned.

In later days, when her eldest daughter, Elizabeth, was married to Henry VII., poor Lady Bessee was restored to the state and dignity befitting her rank; but she mingled no more in Court circles. The memory of past sorrows lay too heavily upon her tender heart, and she passed the few remaining years of her life in retirement. Southey's lines upon her tomb are all too true.

“ Thou Elizabeth art here,  
Thou, to whom all griefs were known,  
Who wert placed upon a bier  
In happier hour than on a Throne.”



### UNDER THE EAVES


**NDER** the eaves the swallows  
 Chirp and twitter and build,  
 And my idle fancy follows  
 The blithesome feathery guild.  
 All debonair, from the fields of air,  
 To their clay-built home  
 The swallows come  
 To nestle awhile and call it fair.  
 When the winds blow chill o'er the misty hill,  
 A voice from afar will the spirit thrill :  
 Home may be fair, O swallow,  
 Yet voices call—I follow !  
 I follow, O swallow ;  
 Through storm or blue I follow you,  
 O swallow !

Under the eaves the swallow  
 Plumeth his wings for flight.  
 O bird of passage, I follow  
 Thy course through the misty height.  
 Whither away, oh, whither away ?  
 My tent of clay  
 Is but for a day ;  
 To a fairer clime I will haste away.  
 Afar from the skies that are ever blue,  
 Through the fleeting hours I am watching with you.  
 Ere the storms arise, I follow  
 Thy flight, exulting swallow ;  
 O swallow, I follow  
 Thy airy flight, through day and night,  
 O swallow !

CLARA THWAITES.

115



## AMERICAN BREAKFASTS.

**I**T is related of a newly-arrived German lady staying at the Astor House, New York, when that was considered a large hotel, that the first morning of her stay, on being handed the bill of fare for the day, she put it aside, and, supposing some few of the articles set down were ready, said, "Bring me all you have ready." The astounded waiter disappeared, and shortly he returned, cleared a huge space all round her, and she quickly saw herself the centre of a multitude of small dishes. She found she had unconsciously ordered something like the following:—

### MILK, FROM E. B. WESLEY'S FARM.

COFFEE, CHOCOLATE, GREEN AND BLACK TEAS.

### BREAD.

Muffins. Hot Rolls. Corn Bread. Graham Rolls.  
Pan, Twist, Graham, and Boston Brown Bread.  
Boiled Hominy. Fried Hominy. Butter and Dry Toast.  
Cream Toast. Buckwheat Cakes. Indian Cakes. Rice Cakes.

### HEALTH FOOD.

FROM HEALTH FOOD COMPANY.

Pearled Wheat. Pearled Oats. Granulated Wheat.

### BROILED.

Beefsteak, plain, with onions or tomatoes.  
Mutton Chops, plain, with onions or tomatoes. Calf's Liver.  
Breakfast Bacon. Sugar-cured Ham.  
Veal Cutlets. Pig's Feet. Stewed Kidneys. Frizzled Beef.  
Scotch Herring. Fresh Fish. Salt Mackerel.  
Bluefish. Smoked Salmon.  
Salt Codfish, Shaker fashion.

### FRIED.

Siefred and Bro., Geneva Country Sausages.  
Ham and Eggs. Scallops. Fresh Codfish, with pork.  
Veal Cutlets. Corned Beef Hash. Pan Fish. Codfish Balls.

### POTATOES.

Stewed. Fried. Baked. Lyonnaise.

### EGGS.

Fried. Scrambled. Boiled.  
Ome'ettes, plain, or with Parsley, Tomatoes, Onions, Ham, Kidneys,  
or Cheese.

### TRIBE.

Fried. Broiled. Stewed.

### OYSTERS.

Raw. Fried. Stewed. Pickled. Stewed Clams. Clam Fritters.

### COLD.

Boiled Ham, Roast Beef. Corned Beef. Lamb.

### FRUIT.

An Extra Charge will be made for any dishes ordered that are not on the Bill.

*Meals, Lunches, Dessert, or Fruit sent to Rooms will be charged Extra.*

Full Price charged for Children occupying seats at the Public Table.

*Guests having friends at meals will please give notice at the office.*

An American breakfast is a very formidable meal to the average European, who, if he finds himself on his arrival in a New York boarding-house, will probably be assailed, as soon as he has taken his seat in the morning, with "Porter-house steak, pork steak, mutton chops, codfish balls, and hash," rattled off with the glibness of habit. Seeing the long table whereat

he and some score others are seated has dishes of fruit down it at intervals, with potatoes baked and fried (save the mark! the American word "wilted" will better describe them) in addition to the usual bread-and-butter he is accustomed to see at breakfast, he will perhaps fancy he has lost his reckoning, and that luncheon is the meal about to be discussed; but no, the odour of coffee is prevalent, and so while he wonders what "porter-house steak" may be, he hears with amazement his next neighbour—perhaps a fragile flower of a girl in the daintiest morning dress—order steak, chop, and cod-fish balls, at the same time helping herself to a section of melon from the dish of that fruit, with its glittering ice, before her, or peaches and grapes from the nearest épergne.

Inspired with a desire for information, he orders "porter-house steak," and in less time than seems possible his neighbours' varied viands are brought, together with his own more modest porter-house steak, which seems to him to be part of a huge chop, and is in fact part of a thick slice taken from the sirloin, and so named from having been first sold at the old-time "porter-houses" of New York. As the lady's chop, steak, and fish balls are being placed before her, she says, in what seems to his (as yet) unaccustomed ears a rather shrill voice—"You may bring me a couple of chopped eggs and a corn muffin."

Our European looks at her aghast, then at the rest of the company to see if they share his astonishment; but lo! they are all engaged in ordering or consuming an equally varied meal, many having, besides two or three of the dishes mentioned, small plates of sliced tomatoes, or boiled hominy or mush. His fears of the effect



of such a breakfast on the partakers of it are very much diminished however, as the meal goes on, by perceiving that although every one seems to order a variety of eatables, they make no attempt to consume them all; they "sample," as it were, everything, and leave the rest to enrich what is here called the "swill-barrel"—with us, the hog-wash.

One peculiarity of this excessive variety is, that it is found in all classes of boarding-houses, from the low-priced one to the highest, the difference being in the quality of the articles. The cheaper houses, instead of the expensive porter-house steak, substitute the cheap and profitable round steak—*i.e.*, buttock steak; but certain features are never absent. Steak and hash are inevitable, and changes are rung among the viands, on mutton chops, sausages, pork chops, fish balls, or fish—among breads, on corn muffins, "biscuit," waffles, and buckwheat, Indian, or flannel cakes, boiled hominy, cracked wheat, or mush, although latterly oatmeal porridge has grown into favour.

I have mentioned the boarding-house breakfast because—although Americans do not *all* board, as some English people think—the boarding-house is certainly a prominent feature of American city life.

The American family breakfast is not such a ponderous meal as it is where every one wants the full worth of his money, whether he consumes it or not; but it nevertheless is a very substantial foundation for the day's work. Here, as everywhere, steak is a very general breakfast dish, and even in small families it is often accompanied by eggs, or hash, or fish balls, and hominy, rice, or mush, besides hot "biscuit," or corn muffin.

During winter, "hot cakes"—under which head come buckwheat, Indian meal, or wheaten cakes—are served. These are eaten with butter alone, or with the meat, or are taken afterwards with honey, maple syrup, or golden syrup. These cakes are brought round at intervals during breakfast, hot and hot, some half-dozen at a time, and any left on the plates are carried out and replaced with fresh ones. They are a very distinct feature of the American breakfast, which in all other respects is a compound of the English meal and the French *déjeuner à la fourchette*.

As some of your readers may like to introduce this feature of transatlantic life into their own families, I give recipes for making several kinds of "hot cakes." A North Country girdle is the proper thing to bake them on, but a piece of iron reaching from hob to hob may be used if the girdle is not easily obtainable, or even a stout, large frying-pan, care being taken to have either very hot, rubbed well with dry salt; then, the last thing, greased with a piece of beef suet or pork fat, only sufficiently to prevent the cake from sticking. When the pan or girdle is quite hot, put a spoonful of batter on it for each cake, allowing them to form into round thin cakes, not near enough to run into each other. Hot cakes should be laid *one on the other* on a very hot plate, and handed round. They should look like very thin crumpets.

*Flannel Cakes.*—One quart of milk, three table-spoonfuls of bakers' or home-made yeast, one table-

spoonful of butter melted, two eggs well beaten, one tea-spoonful of salt, and flour enough to make a batter rather thicker than for Yorkshire pudding. The ingredients should all be mixed over-night, and set as bread sponge. In the morning try one on the pan; if it runs too much, add flour; if it will not spread into a very thin pancake, add a little warm milk or water. This rule applies to all girdle-cakes.

*Buckwheat Cakes.*—One quart of buckwheat flour, four table-spoonfuls of yeast, one tea-spoonful of salt, one handful of flour, and a table-spoonful of treacle; warm water enough to make a thin batter. Beat all together very well, and set in a crock over-night in a warm place. Next morning thin, if necessary, with warm water, and add a salt-spoonful of soda, dissolved in hot water, or sufficient to counteract any sourness there may be in the batter. Buckwheat cakes take but a minute or two to bake, if the girdle is hot; they should be as thin as possible, and eaten with butter, honey, or syrup.

*Stale Bread Cakes.*—One quart of milk, two breakfast-cups of stale bread-crumbs, one good handful of flour, one table-spoonful of butter melted, three eggs well beaten, a little salt. Work the bread and milk till smooth, stir in the butter and eggs, flour, and salt; if too thick, add a little more milk. These cakes are very nice, but require careful cooking, as they are apt to stick to the girdle.

*Indian Meal Cakes, or Flapjacks.*—One quart of sour or butter-milk, two eggs beaten light, salt, one tea-spoonful of carbonate of soda dissolved in hot water, one table-spoonful of butter or lard melted, and half a cup of flour; meal enough to make a thinnish batter. If sweet milk is used, as it may be, add two tea-spoonfuls of cream of tartar, or one of tartaric acid, the last thing. Bake thin.

*Rice Cakes.*—These are very delicious, and will be popular with most people. One cup of cold boiled rice, one pint of flour, one tea-spoonful of salt, two eggs beaten light, milk to make a rather thick batter; beat well, and bake on the girdle, as flannel cakes; or stir in a table-spoonful of melted butter or lard, make the batter a little thinner with milk, and bake in a hot oven in patty-pans.

Recipes for that American speciality, "hot biscuit," have been given in a former article, but I will insert another to make with brown flour, or, as it is called here, "Graham flour." Take three cups of the flour used for brown bread, one cup of white flour, three cups of milk, two table-spoonfuls of lard, one heaped table-spoonful of white sugar, one salt-spoonful of salt, one tea-spoonful (scant) of soda, two tea-spoonfuls of cream of tartar; mix the soda and cream of tartar into the white flour, then sift it to the brown, rubbing all lumps of soda or acid through the sieve, then rub in the lard and sugar, lastly the milk; mix as lightly and *quickly* as possible; the dough should be *very* soft; make into cakes half an inch thick, and bake in a very hot oven. The secret in having very light flaky "biscuit" is to handle it as little as possible, and get it quickly into a *hot* oven.

The word "biscuit," by the way, gives no idea to



English ears of this breakfast bread, being as unlike English biscuits, which are here called "crackers," as possible; they are, in fact, a sort of roll, or unsweetened bun, and very convenient and good, especially for country families who are not fond of stale bread.

One more recipe, for "pop-overs," and my gleanings from the farinaceous part of the American breakfast-table are concluded.

*Pop-overs.*—Take one pint of milk, as much flour as will make a thick batter, then beat the yolks of three eggs, stir them in, with a little salt, and a table-spoonful of butter melted. Then beat the whites till they are like snow, stir them gently into the batter, last of all add a tea-spoonful of sugar, a salt-spoonful of soda dissolved in a little *hot* water, and two salt-spoonfuls of cream of tartar (unless you mixed the batter with sour or butter-milk, in which case omit the acid). Bake in patty-pans, or small tins or cups, in a very hot oven. As their name indicates, they should be very light, literally "pop-overs." They are eaten with butter or meat, and are exceedingly good.

A very general breakfast dish, and a fruitful source of pleantry to American wags, is the all-prevailing "hash." By some would-be wits you are solemnly invited to partake of "a little of this 'mystery,' madam?" And many are the stories told of its component parts, as the Londoner jokes about the sausages he yet enjoys. Every one eats hash, very few confess they like it; it is in this unthrifty land a dish of convenience. The cheap boarding-houses—"hash-houses," as they are dubbed—are said to bestow the ill-reputed dish too liberally upon their patrons; but people who board are, as a rule—which has many exceptions, be it understood—a very exacting and dissatisfied class, and the more so the less they pay.

Hash, however, in its best form—that is, as served in private families—is a very savoury and enjoyable dish, and also a very convenient one: not, as is often the case here, as the destination of a fine joint, only perhaps just cut on its first appearance at table, and then chopped up for hash, but as a means of using to advantage any odds and ends there may be—the more *odd* the better for a savoury result. There are several ways of making hash in vogue, of which I give the following:—

*Hash made from Boiled (or Corned) Beef*—a very favourite dish with Americans.—Two parts of lean cold boiled beef, chopped fine; one part boiled potatoes, also chopped; put both into a clean stew-pan, with a very little milk—only enough to prevent it drying—stir occasionally till very hot, but not all brown, add a large piece of butter, and season; when the butter is mixed, the "hash" is ready to serve, either upon toast or in a mound, garnished with sippets of toast. This may be varied by adding a little chopped parsley, or onion; but the orthodox "corned beef hash," dear to Americans, is made without any such sophistication.

*Roast Beef Hash.*—Chop some cold roast beef with half as much potato, a little fried onion if liked, and

moisten with gravy, or with a good piece of butter. This may be served directly it is hot through, or left in the frying-pan until it has become crisp and brown on the under-side, then turned out flat on a dish. This hash admits of infinite variety by the addition of a little parboiled celery chopped, or parsley, mushrooms, ham, or a table-spoonful of any cold boiled vegetable, such as carrot, turnip, or cabbage. Care must be taken, however, not to introduce any *raw* vegetable, even onion, as the hash takes so few minutes to heat through that the vegetable does not get time to cook.

Almost as prevalent as hash, and unaccountably more popular, is that most American of dishes, "cod-fish balls." I give the recipe because, although to many they will seem rank and coarse, to others, and especially those who are fond of dried salt fish, such as Scotch ling, unsmoked haddock, &c., they will be agreeable. For, like caviare, those who like it, like it very much indeed, while it stinketh in the nostrils of those who don't.

*Fish-balls* are made in this country of dried salt cod, put to soak in warm water early in the evening, the water changed the last thing at night, again in the morning, and the salt washed off. Then it should be plunged into *very* cold water to make it firm, then set on the fire with lukewarm water, and boiled for half an hour.

In England I imagine the salt cod *undried* will be found so much more delicate, that the above directions have only been inserted for those who prefer the flavour of the dried fish, or who are favoured with bales of salt ling from Scotland, and seek variety in the manner of using it. Take, then, as much cold boiled cod-fish as you need, pick it to pieces with a fork till it is in fine shreds, add an equal bulk of mashed potato, make it into a thick paste by adding a lump of butter and sweet milk, and one or two beaten eggs, according to the quantity of fish. Flour your hands and make the mixture into balls or cakes. Drop them into *boiling* lard or good dripping, and fry a light golden brown.

One very pleasant feature of American breakfasts is the fashion, now becoming general, of introducing fruit at that meal. In the South this has always been a custom, from the days of early strawberries to those of late peaches, melons, and grapes. Southern tables always glow with fruit. Of late years Northern families have taken to the fashion, and now, with most people of means, no season of the year finds their table without that delicious food. Strawberries, raspberries (in this country used as a dessert fruit), currants, blackberries (American blackberries, as large as pigeons' eggs, are a luscious fruit), plums, peaches, melons of all kinds, and grapes in great variety, follow in opulent succession till late fall, when bananas, plantains, and oranges carry us through the winter until San Francisco sends her early consignments of that berry fruit of which old Izaak Walton said, "Doubtless God might have made a better berry, but doubtless He never had."

CATHERINE OWEN.

## HAIRDRESSING EXTRA-ORDINARY.

At the Freemasons' Tavern early this year was given an entertainment, if such it can be called, somewhat novel and certainly interesting and amusing. It was given in aid of the funds of the Hairdressers' Benevolent and Providential Institution, and of La Société du Progrès de la Coiffure, and was called "Grande Soirée de Coiffures of Evening and Historical Headdresses," given by the leading French and English hairdressers in London.

That the subject of the proper and ornamental dressing of the hair of women should be interesting and excite considerable attention is not to be wondered at; it is surely not unworthy the best efforts of a skilled performer when we know that nothing tends so much to enhance female beauty as well dressed hair. On the other hand, nothing more disfigures and disgraces a woman, however otherwise beautiful, than a dishevelled head; the one indicates the habit of a well-balanced mind, the other a careless, if not dissolute habit. It is no wonder the French, who were in the majority at Freemasons' Hall, should in their eagerness in matters of taste and elegance, devote much pains to the perfection of an art which so improves and sets off our faces.

The handsome and spacious Freemasons' Hall on the occasion of the "grande soirée," was occupied in its entire centre by a platform some 50 feet in length and 12 feet in width, raised two steps from the floor. On this platform, running nearly its entire length, was a long dressing-table, properly trimmed, as dressing-tables in our ladies' boudoirs, with red glazed calico, covered with net and lace. On each side of this table were placed at convenient distances ten swing looking-glasses and a chair in front of each, so that twenty ladies could be "dressed" at one time.

Before the competitive exhibition began there entered little ladies dressed in the "Watteau" style, with powdered hair and baskets of artificial flowers worked on the top of the heads. These little ladies, too modest in demeanour for their appointed work, carried baskets with scented sachets, bottles of perfume, and sprigs of artificial flowers—three products of the art of the coiffure; and these, together with programmes containing the names of the several *artistes* and their styles of work, were offered for sale to the visitors.

Without any prefatory speeches or introduction of any kind, twenty ladies presently trooped in, each attended by the appointed *artiste*, and they took possession of the chairs ranged on either side the table. The heads, some very fair, others very dark, others again a rich brown, were submitted to the process of dressing in the present styles of evening dress. This occupied about fifty minutes, and as each lady rose from her seat, and was handed by her *chaperone* off

the platform, a cheer, hearty and warm, which increased as the beauty of the work just finished became more noticeable, rose from the audience. Of this portion of the evening's performance it may be said that many ladies left the platform much improved in appearance, though no extravagance in ornamental display was adopted, no powder, but little braiding, only a sprig of artificial flowers, a few curls artistically fixed, so as to suit as much as possible the features. These twenty heads being disposed of, there followed an interval of twenty minutes for discussion of the work done, for refreshments, and for inspecting the numerous trade articles and toilet appliances set out for exhibition.

Then there arrived twenty more ladies, with their attendant operators, to be dressed in historical fashions, and to some, and indeed to the majority, of the visitors this was the most entertaining part of the evening's performances.

Here, in most cases, a profusion of artificial hair was called into requisition, chiefly white grey, and in all cases powder was largely used. There was "Powder, Louis XVI.;" "Fantaisie Poudrée;" "Coiffure Parisienne—Marie Antoinette;" "Grande Fantaisie Louis XVI.;" "Coiffure Directoire," with appropriate republican costume and tricolour ribbons; "Louis XV.;" "Poudre Recherchée;" "Frégate Fantaisie Louis XVI." This last was curious, if not altogether elegant, and one would imagine that the lady who wore it—some say the famous Duchess de Berri—would not be sorry when the time came to relinquish it. The hair having been done up in sundry plaits and curls, slightly besprinkled with powder, and arranged to afford a broad basis on the top, was adorned on each side with a white marabout feather, between which was placed a gilded ship fixed on a wire spring, which was well imbedded in the thick hair, and then, to represent the sea, a piece of green gauze was placed around it, the white feathers representing the foaming waves. Every time the lady moved her head the ship rocked as in tempest-tossed ocean. This design was certainly unique of its kind, but absurdly fantastic in modern eyes. Then there were more designs, all thoroughly French in conception, and all differing one from the other—"Fancy Dress (Napoleon);" "Grand Gala (Marie Antoinette);" "Louis XIV.," and so on.

In this part of the evening's performances great pains were taken by each *artiste* to

make his work complete and perfect, all sorts of appliances being used to elevate the hair, and thus increase the stature of the wearer, till ladies of small stature looked quite majestic and dignified. One head was noticeable in this particular; after having piled upon it an enormous mass of white curls and braids, so as completely to conceal the natural growth, it was surmounted with a kind of hat, richly trimmed with ribbons and flowers.

Altogether the designs in this historical display seemed invented to conceal the natural growth and to display nothing except what was artificial. This is supposed to be the art of the hairdresser.

For the higher art of improving instead of concealing or deforming nature commend us to the former work of the evening, the

"coiffure de soirée,"  
"begout du jour,"  
"evening dress,"  
"fantaisie moderne,"  
"coiffure aneaux entrelacés,"  
"fancy head-dress,"  
some of which gave effects most pleasing, both as to skill and taste.

The accompanying illustrations show the style of hairdressing between 1815 and 1873.





## THE FOLK-LORE OF COLOURS.

BY THE REV. T. F. THISELTON DYER, M.A.



THE association of colours with certain ideas may be considered a survival of one of those primitive fancies whereby the most curious theories were often started. Indeed, it has been frequently pointed out how, in the childhood of the world, our ancestors thought there

was a deep meaning underlying the varied works of nature—a notion which, it may be remembered, gave rise in a great measure to those mythological conceptions, the meaning of which has in many cases been gradually lost. That this is specially true in the case of colours may be proved by the extensive folklore which, in the course of centuries, has clustered round them: most of which, too, can be easily traced to a very remote period.

Amongst other causes, also, which invested colours with an importance that they still retain, may be mentioned the old and well-known doctrine of signatures, which connected in some mysterious manner the properties of substances with their colour; hence white was regarded as refrigerant, red as hot. This fanciful idea further gave origin to the belief that medicinal substances bore upon their external surfaces the qualities or virtues which they possessed—an opinion which, as Mr. Pettigrew remarks, in his "Medical Superstitions" (1844: p. 18), "led to serious errors in practice." Thus, for disorders of the blood, burnt purple, pomegranate seeds, mulberries, and other red ingredients, were dissolved in the patient's drink; and for liver complaints yellow substances were recommended.

Some of the savage theories relating to colours, also, are worthy of notice. Mr. Tylor, for instance, points out, in his "Researches into the Primitive History of Mankind" (1865: p. 71), how "people wanting a sense often imagine to themselves a resemblance between it and one of the senses which they possess"—a remark which equally applies to savage tribes, who are in the habit of forming their conclusions relative to colours, not from what they have been taught, but from the promptings and imaginings of their own minds. That this is so may be deduced from the circumstance that uncultured tribes, although often located in different parts of the globe, and in no way connected with each other, have similar ideas about certain things, which is probably accounted for on the supposition that the same train of thought in each case has been accompanied by a like result. Again, in perusing the history of colours, it is noticeable that entirely opposite views are frequently assigned to the

same colour, the luck or ill-luck supposed to be attaching to it depending on the nature of the object.

Animals, says Mr. Dalyell, in his "Darker Superstitions of Scotland," became mystical from colour, particularly white, red, or black. Thus a prejudice against white cows has long subsisted among the peasantry of Scotland, on account of the alleged inferiority of the milk. The true source of this superstition may have originated in the veneration paid to white cattle in the East. Anyhow, it is interesting to note the widespread respect paid to animals of this colour, even too among uncultured tribes. Thus, in Africa white chickens are offered to propitiate woodland spirits; and the chiefs of that country are in the habit of presenting a stranger with a white horse as a mark of honour. The antiquity, also, of the importance attached to white as a colour is further illustrated by Herodotus, who informs us how Cyrus, provoked at losing a sacred white horse in the stream of the Gyndes, drew off the river by three hundred and sixty channels, declaring that it should not wet a woman to the knee. The same author, too, says that a single white hair disqualified cattle for a sacrifice to the god Iris in Egypt. Tacitus, in his "De Moribus Germanorum," speaks of the omens which were drawn from "white horses preserved in groves;" and, indeed, the literature of ancient times abounds with similar illustrations. Survivals of this primitive notion still prevail in our own and other countries, it being considered unlucky in Northamptonshire to see a white mouse run across a room. In the Midland counties it is reckoned a bad omen to meet a white horse without spitting at it; and many persons, without any apparent reason, have a strong aversion to buying a horse of this colour. Thus in Devonshire the following rhyme is current:—

"If you have a horse with four white legs,  
Keep him not a day;  
If you have a horse with three white legs,  
Send him far away;  
If you have a horse with two white legs,  
Sell him to a friend;  
And if you have a horse with one white leg,  
Keep him to his end."

In the same way, it is a popular fancy in Cornwall that it is unlucky to meet a white hare; and according to the legend current in the district, when a maiden who has loved not wisely, but too well, dies forsaken and broken-hearted, she comes back to haunt her deceiver in the shape of a white hare. This phantom follows the false one everywhere, mostly invisible to all but himself. It saves him occasionally from danger, but invariably causes the death of the betrayer in the end.

In Devonshire, the appearance of a white-breasted bird has from time immemorial been regarded as a certain omen of death; and in the Midland counties, if a white pigeon is observed to settle on a chimney,

misfortune of some kind is anticipated. Without multiplying further instances, it is evident that white has from primitive days been a mystic colour, the strange awe attached to it in connection with certain animals being probably traceable to the reverence once bestowed on it in its association with heathen worship.

Then, again, blue is another colour to which a mystic significance has been given, perhaps on account of its being the colour of the sky. Hence it was held sacred by the Druids, and it is curious to find the same regard for it existing abroad at the present day. Thus the Arabs of Egypt throw salt into the fire before loading their camels on a journey, under a belief that as the blue flame arises every evil spirit is suddenly banished. This belief in some mysterious sympathy between evil spirits and blue formerly existed in our own country.

At a memorable convention of sorcerers, held in the year 1590, it is related that the light of a candle "aperit blew." Shakespeare too, it may be remembered, alludes to this superstition in *Richard III.* (Act v., sc. 3):—

"The lights burn blue—it is now dead midnight;  
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.  
Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd  
Came to my tent."

So in *Julius Cæsar* (Act IV., sc. 3), Brutus, on seeing the ghost of Cæsar, exclaims—

"How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?"

This, however, was not the only way in which blue was supposed to be associated with evil. Dalyell, in his "Darker Superstitions of Scotland" (1834: p. 119), alluding to the theory that malevolent acts were effected by means of a thread, relates how a certain lady, having dismissed one of her servants, was the victim of the following malicious treatment. It appears that on leaving his situation the servant forthwith invoked the aid of a sorcerer, who gave him a "blue threid," which he laid before the house of his late mistress, the result being that in a very short time she and her eldest daughter "took sudden sickness, and were both bereft of their natural life thereby."

We learn too, from the same authority, how in the year 1635 a man living in the Orkney Islands was supposed to be completely ruined by nine knots cast on a blue thread and given to his sister. On the other hand, blue was not always connected with witchcraft, having been held in repute as a charm for healing.

Green has generally been regarded as an ominous colour, and on this account is unpopular in Scotland at weddings; one reason assigned being that it is the fairies' colour, who resent as a mark of disrespect its use by mortals. Hence nothing green must ever make its appearance at a Scotch marriage, a custom which is so strictly adhered to, that even kale and all other green vegetables are very carefully excluded from the nuptial feast. This antipathy to green does not seem confined, however, to Scotland, being found in the South of England. Thus, Mrs. Latham, in her "West Sussex Superstitions," says she has known "several instances of mothers absolutely forbidding it in articles

of dress, or in the furniture of their houses." To be dressed in green and white, too, would, according to the popular rhyme, seem to be tantamount to wearing the willow, for

"Those dressed in blue  
Have lovers true;  
In green and white,  
Forsake: quite."

On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that green eyes have been praised by poets of nearly every land; and, according to Armado in *Love's Labour's Lost* (Act I., sc. 2), "Green indeed is the colour of lovers;" and the Nurse, in her description of Romeo's rival (*Romeo and Juliet*, Act III., sc. 5), says—

"An eagle, madam,  
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye  
As Paris hath."

It has been suggested that as green is the colour most suggestive of freshness and spring-time, it may have been considered the most appropriate lover's badge.

Again, black is a mystical colour, being generally found in combination with witchcraft; persons supposed to possess the faculty of transforming themselves nearly always taking the shape of a black dog, a black cat, or some animal of a kindred colour, illustrations of which may be found in the folk-tales of most countries. It is easy to discover why this should be so, when we remember that black, from a very early period, has been reckoned as the type of darkness, which again has been held to be the embodiment of evil. Thus, even among uncultured tribes, black victims are offered to demons, and in certain parts of Africa a black offering is the recognised propitiatory oblation on any important occasion. Clapperton, in his "Journal of a Second Expedition into the Interior of Africa," tells us how, in a province on the east of the Niger, the inhabitants offer an annual sacrifice of a black bull, a black sheep, and a black dog, on a high hill. Among other instances may be mentioned one in Tartary, where Marco Polo informs us sheep with black heads were granted by the Khan for sacrifice. From the association of black with darkness may be traced the custom among us of using this colour as an emblem of mourning; for, as Mr. Dalyell has rightly observed, "Blackness is darkness, the place or picture of sorrow—the absence of joy and pleasure." To the same reason, also, may be assigned that ill-luck associated with black which in a variety of ways is witnessed in every-day life. It is a common saying in Scotland, for instance, when a man is ill and not likely to recover, or when he has lost one of his family or kindred by death, "The black ox has tramped upon him." To quote another example: we are told that in Sussex it is considered unlucky to take a piece of blackthorn in blossom into a house, this being regarded as a death-token.

Yellow is not without its folk-lore, being an epithet often applied to jealousy by our old writers. In the *Merry Wives of Windsor* (Act I., sc. 3), Nym says he will possess Ford "with yellowness;" and in *Much Ado about Nothing* (Act III., sc. 1), Beatrice describes the Count as "civil as an orange, and something of



that jealous complexion ;” and, once more, Violet tells the Duke, in *Twelfth Night* (Act II., sc. 4), how her father’s daughter loved a man, but never told her love :—

“ She pined in thought,  
And with green and yellow melancholy,  
She sat like patience on a monument.”

In China, we note, yellow is the mystical colour—one of the five recognised in the Chinese cosmogony. Charms, therefore, on yellow paper are very common ; and we are told by Mr. Doolittle, in his “*Social Life of the Chinese*” (Vol. II., p. 308), how “sometimes a picture of an idol is printed or written on this coloured paper with red or black ink. It is then pasted up over a door or on a bed-curtain ; or it is worn in the hair, or put into a red bag, and suspended from a button-hole ; or it is burnt, and the ashes are mingled with tea or hot water, and drunk as a specific against bad influences or spirits.”

Lastly, red seems to be the colour around which the most extensive folk-lore has clustered ; there being a regard all over the world for things red. It was once held sacred to Thor, the god of Lightning, and Grimm suggests that the robin has been singled out for worship from among birds on account of its colours. In the same way the Highland women tie a piece of red worsted thread round their cows’ tails previous to turning them out to grass for the first time in the spring. It secures their cattle, they say, like the red berries of the rowan or mountain ash, from an evil eye and all kinds of witchcraft ; for, according to an old couplet—

“ Rowan ash, and red thread,  
Keep the devils from their speed.”

It is interesting, also, to trace the same superstition abroad, as in Esthonia, where mothers put some red thread in their babies’ cradles as a preservative against

danger. And in China, something red is tied round children’s wrists as a safeguard against evil spirits. In the same country, red holds a prominent place in marriage ceremonies. Thus, red cloth is placed on the threshold of the bridegroom’s house, over which the bride must pass ; and at betrothals, says Mr. Denny, “there are provided, in addition to the betrothment cards, four large needles and two red silk threads, and two of the former, threaded with one of the threads, are stuck into each card.” The red thread is supposed to represent that with which the feet of all mortals are in the spirit-world tied to those who are fated to be husband and wife ; in other words, it represents unalterable fate. A similar thread is employed to tie together the cups out of which the bride and bridegroom drink.

Sir Thomas Raffles, in his “*History of Java*,” speaking of a certain tribe, tells us how, previous to the equipment of the bride and bridegroom for the nuptial ceremonies, “it is essential that their bodies be rubbed over with the ashes of a red dog’s bones. Again, the antipathy to red hair may be traced to the fact that Thor’s beard and hair were red : a circumstance which, it has been suggested, caused it to be regarded with extreme aversion in the early days of Christianity. Hence arose the tradition that Judas had red hair. In cases of sickness, too, red has from time immemorial been a popular colour. Thus, in small-pox, red bed-coverings were used with a view of bringing the pustules to the surface of the body. At the close of the last century, the Emperor Francis I., when suffering from this complaint, was wrapped up in a scarlet cloth. Even in the present day, a Scotch remedy for whooping-cough consists in covering the neck with a piece of red flannel ; and for nose-bleeding persons in the Eastern counties are recommended to wear a skein of scarlet silk thread.



The Dialect Tale.

We have had it in Irish and Dutch,  
From the east, from the north, from the south ;  
The spelling is generally such  
As to twist the most classical mouth.  
We have meekly submitted for long,  
We have patiently tried to pronounce  
This language of story and song,  
But there comes to each pound a last ounce.

O brothers, we pray and beseech,  
If you have a “short story” to tell,  
Put it into your everyday speech,  
And spell as the spelling-books spell !  
If you find it devoid of all wit,  
If it lacketh both humor and sense,  
If it aimeth and faileth to hit,  
Spare, spare us the final offense !

Has the reader no rights of his own ?  
Must he read his once-loved magazines  
In language which makes him to groan  
With struggles to guess what it means,  
While, haunted by similar tales,  
He tries to compare and collate,  
Till overtaxed memory fails,  
And he yields to bewildering fate ?

“Take care of the sense,” we are told,  
“And the sounds will take care of themselves.”  
It is time to return to the fold,  
O fillers of library shelves !  
If man is a savage at heart,  
Conventions may suddenly fail,  
And an *auto da fe* in the mart  
Be the end of the dialect tale !

*Margaret Vandegrift.*



#### GENOA CAKE.

Ingredients.—Take half pound of butter, eight ounces castor sugar, half pound sultana raisins, two ounces mixed peel, ten ounces of flour, four well-beaten eggs, two ounces of almonds blanched, grated rind of one lemon, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Cream (that is, stir the butter with the hand in one direction until the butter is quite like cream) half pound of butter; mix with it by degrees eight ounces of castor sugar, ten ounces of flour, half pound of sultana raisins, two ounces of mixed peel cut up small, four well-beaten eggs. Beat all well together for some minutes; have ready two ounces of almonds blanched, add them to the other ingredients, and lastly the grated rind of one lemon and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Butter the tin, and line it with a buttered paper, the paper to project about one inch above the rim. Pour in the mixture, and bake at once in a cool oven for one hour and a half. Sprinkle a few cut up almonds on the top.

#### BOUILLABAISE.

Two Spanish onions, four tablespoonfuls of salad oil, a lobster, an eel, scraps of any large headed fish, pepper and salt, a pinch of thyme, two bay leaves, a pennyworth of saffron, and a couple of stale French rolls.

Cut the two onions into slices, fry them

in an earthenware stewpan, with three or four tablespoonfuls of salad oil, until they are slightly brown (do not let them fry too much); add pepper and salt, a pinch of thyme, and a couple of bay leaves. While the onions are frying, cut a lobster in half, take out the inside, as it contains a bag of sand, then cut the lobster into pieces. Take several scraps of other fish of any kind—an eel (large headed fish impart a better flavour), but any sort will do, so long as there is variety: now add the lobster and heads of fish, and let them fry together with the onions. Let them fry for five minutes, then add the rest of the fish, and add sufficient to cover well over the contents of the stewpan. Take a pennyworth of saffron, and dissolve it in a teacup of water, throw it into the stewpan, and stir all well together, and let the whole boil a good half hour. Prepare a couple of stale French rolls cut into slices, and as soon as the Bouillabaise is cooked, pour the liquor on the head and serve in a tureen. The fish is served on a dish.

#### RECIPE FOR A FRENCH OMELETTE AS MADE IN FRANCE.

Four eggs, three tablespoonfuls of milk, one teaspoonful of sweet herbs chopped fine (parsley, lemon thyme, and marjoram; dried herbs in the winter), two teaspoonfuls of grated cheese, three ounces of butter.

Beat up the eggs, then add the milk and herbs and cheese; put the butter into a frying pan (six-inch enamelled and earthenware). Let the butter boil till it sputters, then pour in the omelette, stir it round carefully one way till it thickens, then shake it a little that it does not stick to the pan, and serve up hot.

#### STEWED BEETROOT AS A VEGETABLE.

One or two beetroots, two onions, some lard, three teaspoonfuls of salt, one dessert-spoonful of flour, milk or cream, four teaspoonfuls of brown sugar, one teaspoonful of pepper, one tablespoonful of vinegar.

Bake the beetroots for two hours till quite tender; when cold cut into thin slices. Chop fine the two onions, take lard enough to fry while stirring with a spoon; add the flour, milk, salt, sugar, pepper, vinegar, boil all together, then add to the beetroot. Place the beetroot in the middle of the dish, and put round it a border of mashed potatoes.—*From Soyer's Cookery Book.*

#### LES MERVEILLES—A SWISS DISH.

Ingredients.—Half breakfast cup of flour, two eggs broken in whites and yolks, one teaspoonful of salt, half pound of lard or dripping melted in a saucepan.

Knead the flour and eggs into a hard cake, and leave it for half an hour; roll it as thin as paper, then divide into strips one inch wide; stretch them slightly and roll them round the hands and press the ends together; dip them one by one into the boiling lard—they are cooked in half a minute; then powder them over with white sugar, and eat with preserve.

#### HOMINY.

Half pound hominy, half pound of grated cheese.

Soak the hominy in cold water over night, next morning boil till soft. When cooked add grated cheese, put into a dish and bake twenty minutes. Very good eaten with salad.

#### SOUFFLET AU FROMAGE.

Half ounce butter, one tablespoonful of flour, half pint of milk, one teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper, a breakfast-cupful of grated cheese, yolk of three eggs, the whites beaten separately into a froth.

Take the butter and flour melted in a saucepan and mixed to a thick cream, add the milk slowly, salt and pepper. Stir them all up till it becomes a thick cream, then add the cheese and yolks of eggs, lastly the whites. Put the whole into a flat buttered dish and leave it to bake in the oven twenty minutes, till brown, and serve up hot. It must be eaten at once.

#### CURE FOR MOSQUITO OR GNAT BITES—AN UNFAILING REMEDY IN CONSTANT USE BY AN EXPERIENCED TRAVELLER.

Make a solution of alum water, as strong as it can be made, add one fourth of aromatic vinegar, one fifth of glycerine. Shake well before using; it will instantly cure the bite.

#### HOW TO MAKE VERY PRETTY LEAF BOXES.

Have a box of cedar wood—plain white wood—or carton painted any good grounding colour; on this gum rich coloured leaves as a wreath, or as a centre group, or as a border—autumn leaves, ivy leaves, or the leaves of wild geranium are the best—on the top and sides of the box; cover when dry with a coating of varnish. Tulip leaves on white wood have a very pretty effect.

#### ROGROD—A NORWEGIAN DISH.

Ingredients.—One pound of juice, one pound of loaf sugar, half pound ground rice, quarter ounce of cinnamon, one pint cold water.

Squeeze the red currants into a cloth and weigh the juice, add the sugar and water, with cinnamon tied in a bit of muslin. Put these into a stewpan on the fire. When it boils pick out the cinnamon, and very gradually sprinkle in the rice, stirring without ceasing for a quarter of an hour. Wet some cups or moulds, and pour the rogrod into them; when quite cold serve it out with pounded sugar and cream or milk. When the currants are juicy a quart will yield a pound of juice; if at all dry three pints will be required.

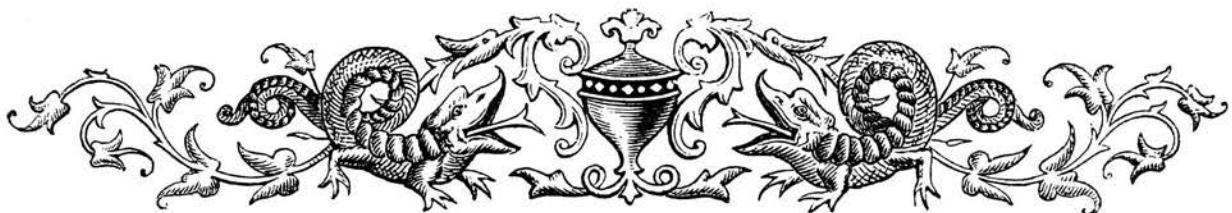
#### SAUCE À LA MAYONNAISE—FROM A FRENCH COOK.

The yolks of eggs, a teacupful of oil, dessert-spoonful of tarragon vinegar.

Beat well the two yolks of eggs, pour in the oil drop by drop, stirring it one way all the while, till it turns to a whitish cream; then stir in one dessert-spoonful of tarragon vinegar.

#### WAY TO MAKE VERY NICE CHOCOLATE.

One square of chocolate (vanilla) for each person, and half pint of milk; grate the chocolate into a very fine powder, put it into the milk when quite boiling, let it boil twenty minutes, stirring it all the time, and serve it up fresh from the fire.





## USEFUL HINTS.

**SALAD DRESSING.**—A useful and valuable help to one's table is a good salad dressing, and when well made will be found to keep good for some weeks. Take two eggs, thoroughly boil them until quite hard, put them into cold water and when quite cold take the yolks only and pound finely in a mortar; add to this a tablespoonful of sugar, ditto of mustard, and dessertspoonful of salt, mix this thoroughly with a very little cream; when quite smooth add the remainder of the cream, in all one pint, add to this very slowly one pint of vinegar. It will require shaking before using; it is very good for lobster salad. This recipe we have always found most useful and appreciated by the superior members of our family circle—the men folks, I mean—so therefore hope it may prove of use to others, and especially so to those dear girls who try in every way to brighten the life of the bread-winners by their loving care in seeing to the small comforts which help so much to brighten and lighten the greater trials of life. I fear there are many dear husbands, fathers, and brothers who often return home to very badly cooked dishes, and not much better arranged tables, all of which might be different if our women folk studied more the comfort and taste of those to whom they owe, perhaps, everything. Only when the earthly ties are severed does the thought dawn of the many things that might have been done.

**TO MAKE A SATIN POCKET.**—Buy an ordinary stiff and plain palm-leaf fan, ten inches wide and ten deep without measuring the handle; three yards of two-inch wide reversible satin ribbon for handle, three yards of narrow ribbon the same colour, half a yard of black satin or velvet in the piece, a quarter of a yard of maize satin also in the piece, twelve inches of whalebone, a quarter of a yard of Victoria lawn, and a bunch of velvet pansies. Take the maize satin, lay it on the front of the fan and shape it, cutting it out larger than the fan, and curving it inwards in

the centre so as to leave exposed the fibres of the palm-leaf as they near the handle. Put a piece of wadding under the silk, and quilt it either in a succession of circles or in a diamond pattern, then stitch it on to the fan round its edge, leaving the edge neat, but not turning in any satin. Take the narrow ribbon, box-pleat it at one edge, and stitch it round and over the satin so that it comes half an inch beyond the fan. Take the velvet or black satin, cut it in a length of twelve inches one way and three-quarters of a yard the other, and line it with fine Victoria lawn, turning its upper edge down for two inches. Gather the upper edge with two runnings, put in the first an inch from the edge, the second three-quarters of an inch below the first. Draw the gathered part until it is twelve inches long, but leave the running threads unfastened, putting the fullness to the centre; gather the lower edge to the size of the lower part of the fan and shape it by cutting away the sides, turn it inside out, and stitch it to the fan over the top of the box-pleated ribbon, keeping the fullness to the centre of the fan: then turn it right side outwards and run in the whalebone between the two gatherings at the top of the velvet; draw these up to twelve inches and fasten off securely. The whalebone will make the flap of the pocket stand out well from the inside. Finish the pocket by fastening on one side the bunch of pansies and then ornament the handle. Cut off half a yard of the ribbon, find the middle of the rest and tie it twice round the very bottom of the handle, then bring both ends to the centre of the handle and secure them to that height by tying the half yard of ribbon cut off at first round them there as a loop and as a pretty bow; tack on both ribbons for seven inches, and then tie them together with another pretty bow. This last loop and bow is used to suspend the fan from the wall. The cretonne fan is made like the satin one, either with one or two coloured satens or cretonnes, but instead of the edging of fine quilled ribbon the second part of the pocket is sewn over the first, and is then trimmed

with peacock feathers. Thirteen peacock feathers are required round the fan, a split feather to edge the inside of the pocket where it joins the palm leaf, and four or five to make a side ornament, to which a bow with ends is also added. The back of both the pockets should be made tidy by being plainly covered with material.

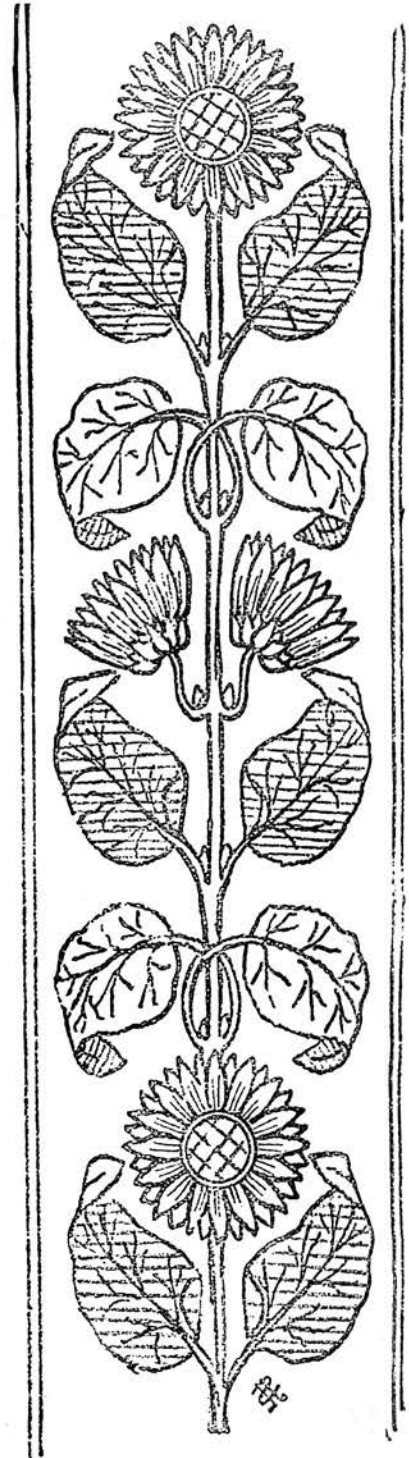


FIG. 1.

## DESIGNING FOR EMBROIDERY.

By FRED MILLER.

In my former article I confined my remarks mainly to giving some practical hints in connection with embroidery for curtains, and it is my purpose now to study the subject of embroidery from another point of view, viz., the principles of design as applied to work wrought with the needle. Designing for embroidery is as important to the worker as knowing all about the stitches and wools and silks, for good needlework is the result of practice; but designing, unless understood theoretically and studied as a distinct subject, is not to be so acquired. The need of good designs is a much more frequent want than a knowledge of how to do the work, as I constantly hear it said by skilled workers in wool and silk that their chief difficulty is how and where to get suitable designs. My answer to this need is, emphatically, make them for yourself. "But I can't." Then learn to do so, for, believe me, your work will never be as interesting, nor even as good, until you are your own designer. The few hints I am about to give, and which have aided me in designing for needlework, may be not unwelcome to my readers. They are the result of my own experience, extending over some few years, and are of value in proportion as they are the

embodiment of my own practical acquaintance with the subject under consideration.

It is as well in all art crafts to see what has been done before our own time, and by various peoples in the special craft we are engaged in, in order that we may note their successes—and failures for that matter, as it must not be supposed that because a work is old or foreign it is necessarily good—and learn by them what to strive for and what to avoid. And in this craft of needlework we happen to have countless fine examples, which are very easily approached, produced in a country which has never been excelled for its embroidery; and that country is Japan. Japanese work has become too common for us duly to appreciate the marvellous skill of workmanship and knowledge of the principles of decorative art, which are to be seen even in the humblest production of that artistic country. And we shall note in Japanese work that they never seem to make any mistake about what they ought to do, and never falter or hesitate in carrying out what their unerring artistic instinct dictates. It is now acknowledged by designers that the Japanese, and in a lesser degree the Chinese, are the best masters of decorative design, as applied to textiles, pottery, painting,

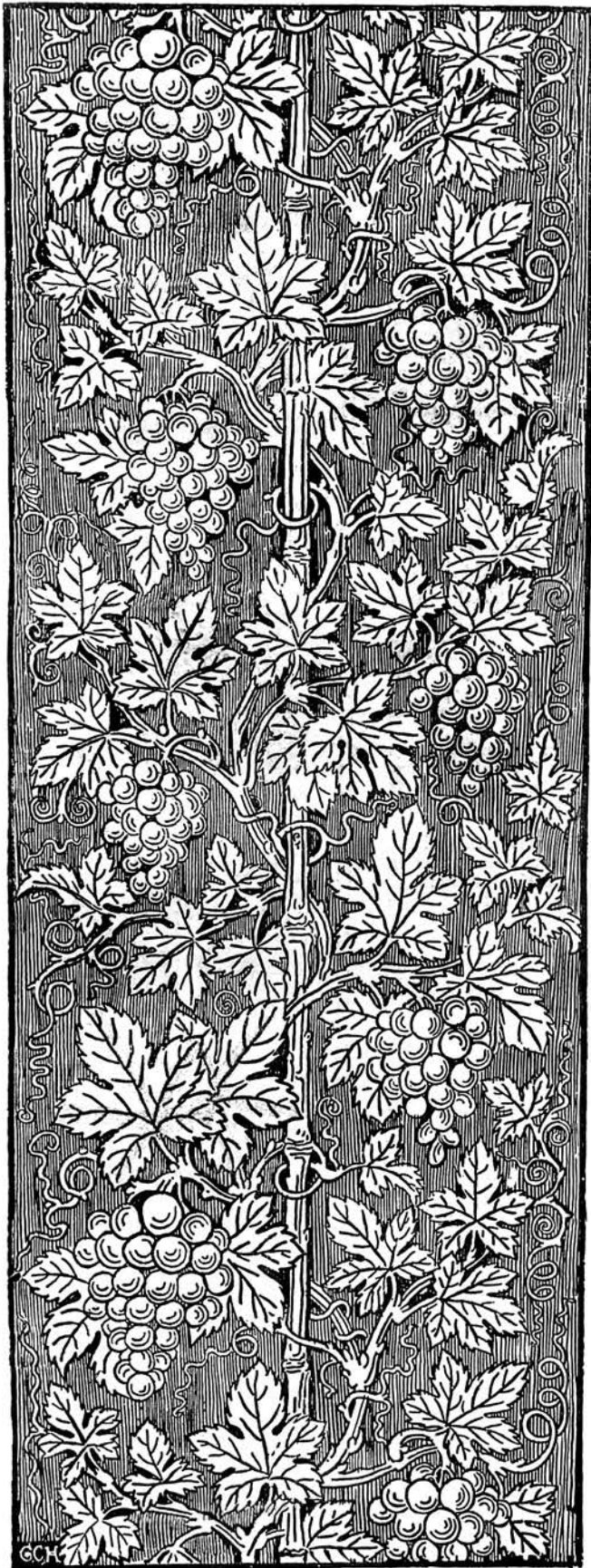


FIG. 2.



FIG. 4.

embroidery, and other kindred crafts. And the secret of this success is that they know all about the material for which they design, what can best be done, and what should never be attempted. And this knowledge of your material is at the root of all good designing. All the arts have their limitation, particularly the decorative arts; and to realise this limitation is the first step to success in decorative design. There are certain effects which can be wrought with the needle, which cannot as well be produced by any other means, and if we are to do the best with our material, we must direct our efforts to bringing out its particular and individual qualities, and not be continually striving to do what cannot well be done, such as trying to produce the effect of painting by the needle. More failure has resulted by this attempt to imitate one art by the means of another than any other cause, therefore let us be sure in our own work we are not striving after a vain shadow, a will-o'-the-wisp that leads nowhither. Whether it be pottery painting, glass painting, embroidery, wood-carving, or whatsoever craft we work in, be sure that you are doing the best for your craft, by bringing into as strong relief as possible the special qualities possessed by it, and what is more, not possessed in anything like the same degree by any other.

The effects which are suitable in a picture cannot be reproduced by the needle, though many have endeavoured to copy the effect of an oil painting in wools and silks. And the reason for this is pretty obvious. Colours are much more readily blended and spread over a surface than wools or silks, which have to be applied stitch by stitch with a needle; and, therefore, what is by no means difficult to obtain in colour, a great diversity of tint and subtle gradation is next to impossible in embroidery, be the worker never so skilful. Bearing



this in mind, therefore, the effects obtainable in colour are not to be thought of in needlework, and yet in all probability if a painter, who had never studied the craft, were asked to design for embroidery, he would draw something that would be spoilt in its translation by the needle, as he would think too much about his own art, and not realise the great difference between painting and needlework. His idea might be a good one, but it would have to be translated into the language of the art it is to be reproduced by, and to translate this requires a knowledge of the grammar and vocabulary of the language of the craft; each craft having its own special language.

I will even incur the charge of being prolix rather than not make myself understood in this matter, therefore I will just take an illustration. Many of my readers have doubtless visited the Royal School of Art Needlework at South Kensington. There are to be seen panels designed by Selwyn Pinage, representing figures from classic story, such as Juno and the peacock, executed in outline embroidery in just one colour. Now, the artist has drawn these figures expressly to be reproduced by the needle, and consequently they are a great success; but suppose he had painted figures such as he would put into a picture, and the needlewomen had endeavoured to reproduce the pictorial effect, I am thinking the result would have been anything but successful.

The *motifs* most frequently seen in embroidery are derived directly or indirectly from plant forms, and as the majority of my readers adopt a more or less floral style of design, I shall direct my concluding remarks mainly to this branch of the craft. First comes the question of the plant you select as your *motif*, and your decision should to a certain extent depend upon the nature of your work. If you were going to design a running border, you should try to choose a plant whose growth seems to suggest a prolongation of form. For this reason the honeysuckle would be more suitable than the daisy, as without even departing from nature you would have no difficulty in adapting the former flower to your purpose, whereas the latter would be at best disjointed and broken.

Or, again, if you wanted to fill the panels of a screen, it would seem better to employ such plants as the lily, iris, crysanthemum, foxglove and sunflower, than plants suggestive of an all-over treatment, such as the blackberry, jasmine, or rose; though I am aware that the Japanese often choose a plant like the rose, and make it run through all the panels of a screen; but then they are always careful to suggest this kind of growth, and frequently emphasise it by putting a few small plants at the bottom, or indications of water and water plants.

Having selected your plant, make, if possible, a few drawings of it in various positions, for nothing makes one understand a plant so thoroughly as drawing it. One often does not grasp the characteristics until one has drawn the plant again and again, and one cannot employ it to the best advantage until the plant's characteristics are thoroughly learnt and felt. I prefer to design from drawings made from nature, than even from nature itself, and for this reason—that one is apt to be bothered by the peculiarities and accidentals of the specimen before you, instead of being occupied only with the characteristics of the growth generally. In a blackberry, for instance, there is such infinite variety of small differences, that the main features are apt to be lost sight of; whereas by drawing various distinct pieces of bramble from different plants, you gain in time a knowledge of the principles of its growth; and in conventionalising it for the purposes of embroidery, we may say that you give a general rendering of the blackberry, suggestive of its natural growth in all main particulars, and yet made so simple that one at once sees and lays hold of its salient points.

Let your design fill out, or seem to fit, the space it occupies. In borders, don't clip off the leaves and flowers because they seem to come in the way, as if you exercise a little skill and ingenuity you ought to be able to make each part of the plant fit in *as though it were made for that space, and that alone*. The notion that the design is too large for the space, or the wrong shape, mars any work. You must adopt one of two methods in designing for almost any kind of work—either to entirely fill or cover the space with the design, or else to occupy the surface decorated without in any way filling it. The Japanese are very skillful in this latter style of design, often apparently filling a space with just a branch thrown across the panel. Great skill is required to produce this effect, as the work having to occupy a comparatively large surface, must be put on exactly in the right place; and it will be generally found in the best Japanese work that you cannot take away a single form or add any further detail without damaging the whole design. Their embroidery is almost always designed on this plan, as they are enabled to make a little work go a very long way, a great consideration at all times, and especially the case in needlework. As an example of the filled or covered work,



FIG. 3.



FIG. 5.

may be mentioned a good deal of India and Persian silk embroidery. Great richness is produced by this covered work, but the enormous time necessary to cover a large surface with needlework is in these days the chief obstacle to this class of design. The effect of an all-over pattern is much more pleasing in such articles as chair-covers, coverlids, hangings, and other textiles which are intended to hang in folds, and where part of the pattern is consequently frequently hidden. Here you must exercise your skill, and endeavour to produce the effect of a covered design, without really covering the surface. You will find that outline embroidery can be introduced with good results among filled-in work. For instance, where one leaf comes at the back of another, you can get much more relief by just outlining the back leaf and wholly covering the front leaf, than filling both in with stitches.

In designing from plant forms it will be necessary to materially simplify the plant for the purposes of the needle. The plant naturally has perhaps a confused growth of leaves all in one place, and may be bare in another. This is probably the result of accident, the pressure of some other plant, loss of light or sun, or other cause; but whether caused by accident or not, you must adapt the natural form to the exigencies of your work; for if you attempted to produce the exact effect of the natural plant you would simply achieve a meaningless jumble. It is not departing from nature to simplify her—indeed, it shows much more appreciation and love of nature to evince in your work that you have mastered the peculiarities of growth and

characteristics of the plant you choose for your *motif*, than to attempt to copy some isolated bit of plant form thrown on without thought, and reproduced without discrimination. What you ought to carefully avoid is introducing wrong growths into your work—putting, say, five petals to a lily when you ought to know that it always has six; or notching the edges of the leaves when they ought to be smooth. There is nothing gained by such departures from nature; they only show carelessness or indifference.

The further you simplify nature the more ornamental your work becomes, and some of the cleverest designs are those which suggest nature without reproducing any particular plant form. The Greek acanthus and honeysuckle patterns are instances of where nature has been shorn of all its individualities, and only its most rudimentary points emphasised. The ornamental treatment of plants might almost be said to be the rendering of the most simple structural divisions—the skeleton, so to speak; and even the source from whence the design is drawn may be hidden, and only the two simplest facts about flowering plants—its flower and its leaf—insisted upon. The more you eliminate the distinguishing characteristics of plants, the nearer you approach pure ornament, until at last you merely have left the geometric basis upon which they are built.

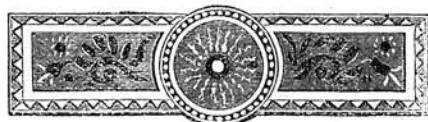
In Fig. 1 the two barest facts relating to the sunflower only are insisted upon—the flower and growth of leaf. Such a design would naturally suggest either outline embroidery or appliqué, for to fill in the whole of the leaves and flowers with stitches would be a work of immense labour, and would not improve the effect of the pattern.

In Fig. 2 we have a much fuller rendering of nature, many more of the characteristics of the plant being introduced, and yet a certain formality of growth and regular disposition of masses gives the design a certain special character, makes one feel, in fact, that it is a design, and not merely a sprig of vine thrown on anyhow. Further, it fills its space exactly, showing that it was drawn to cover the place it is meant to occupy, and would not do as well for any other purpose.

Fig. 3 is a much more elaborate rendering of nature, a great deal of detail being insisted upon. The poppy is a most decorative plant, its leaves being especially beautiful, and hence a great deal of attention has been bestowed on them. The design is intended as a repeating border, and the artist has not thought fit to form it on a geometric plan, so has just put each flower on separately. Many might object to this want of continuity, and would prefer to see a much more ornamental rendering of the plant than this, only insisting on the peculiarities of the flower and leaf, but making the growth arbitrary; that is, follow some set plan, such as a wavy line or scroll. Here, again, the design would be more effective in outline embroidery, or even in appliqué than in filled-in work.

Fig. 4 is perhaps too literally a transcript from nature to be termed a design, the only departure taken being to arrange the flowers in twos, and slight modifications of this kind. My readers might practise themselves in eliminating the accidents of growth, such as the excessive twisting of the petals, and making the whole thing simpler. Those who wish to exercise their skill with their needle might reproduce Fig. 4, much as it is, for many things are tolerable as a *tour de force* which would not be legitimate in any other way.

In Fig. 5 we have a combination of ornament with a more natural growth. The basis is ornamental, the more naturalesque portion of the design being supported, as it were, by a scroll, which was appliquéd while the rest was worked. A large number of designs are wrought on this plan by having an arbitrary foundation, upon or around which is worked the more natural forms. Much of the Renaissance work has a geometric or ornamental basis, and in a very large number of designs the skeleton of the work is of an ornamental character. Indeed, it is absolutely necessary to start with some structural lines where the design has to be repeated a number of times, as in borders; repeating designs requiring to be of an ornamental rather than of a natural character. It is no mere figure of speech to speak of the structural lines as being the skeleton, for just as in the human form the muscles and flesh are built up on the bones, so the details of the design are added to and built up around these main lines. As an instance, the structural lines in Fig. 2 are—1st, the main stem in centre; and 2nd, the stem which twines around the main stem—all the rest of the work built upon this skeleton.





AUGUST.—HARVEST HOME.



About the cart hear how the rout  
Of rural younglings raise the shout;  
Pressing before, some coming after,  
Those with a shout, and these with laughter;  
Some bless the cart, some kiss the sheaves,  
Some prank them up with oaken leaves.—HERRICK.

NEITHER the harvest-supper nor the sheep-shearing-feast present such poetical features as the rural employments which terminate in their celebration, for both in the end are but reduced to the common and necessary acts of eating and drinking. In harvest-time we see an old and beautiful picture; it was the same thousands of years ago; it is familiar to us in the pages of Holy Writ. Abraham and the early patriarchs have looked upon such scenes, for it has ever been a time of rejoicing. What rich pictures, mellowed with the sunsets of ages, rise before the eye as we look upon the sun-browned reapers! scenes not there presented, but such as have sprung from the events caused by good or bad harvests. We see, in Egypt, Joseph and his brethren; Abraham and Isaac overlooking the harvest-field from their tents; lands sold for measures of corn; David's household busy in the fields; Ruth "weeping amid the alien corn;" Our Saviour gathering the ears of wheat on the Sabbath; and a hundred other incidents which are connected with the sacred history of our religion.

But beautiful as may have been the harvest-fields of Palestine or Egypt, they could never have excelled in picturesque effect those which we have seen in our own England, hemmed in every way by rich and park-like scenery. Here vast

breezy uplands, that come sweeping down into broad pasture-lands, all waving golden with eary corn. Reapers and gleaners—men, women, and children—clothed in every variety of homely costume, standing, stooping, or sitting down beside the piled-up sheaves, or half-buried in some little hollow behind the standing corn. Little village urchins, whose bare hard legs are pierced all over with the sharp stubble, and who thrust straw and all into their small gleaning-bags, so that they may appear full against the given time of either luncheon or dinner, the only difference in the meal consisting in the name given to it, for the homely viands are the same. Nor are the actions of the reapers less interesting; there is a peculiar art in making those straw bands in which the sheaves are bound, in twisting the heads of corn together so as not to shake out the grain, in placing them nicely upon the stubble, and, finally, in tying up the sheaf itself, and securing the stubble ends of the band, and giving to them all, when bound, a free and plummy appearance. We see such scenes as bring before the eye Keat's splendid description of autumn, where he says:—

Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,

Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;  
Or on a half-reaped furrow round asleep;  
Drooped with the fume of poppies; while thy hook  
Sparres the next swathe, and all its twinkling flowers;  
And sometimes, like a gleaner, thou dost keep  
Steady thy laden head across a brook.

But the bringing home of the last load forms the subject of our present Sketch, such as we have witnessed, and has received all but life and motion from the hands of the artist. The farmer's daughter, an interesting girl, was selected for the Harvest Queen, and dressed out very becomingly for the occasion, her little round straw-hat wreathed with ears of corn and convolvuluses; she was seated sideways on the leader, a fine chesnut-coloured horse, whose head was decorated with bunches of corn-flowers and blue ribbons; the hat of the driver was also adorned with bows of the same hue, "true blue" being your rustic's favourite colour; every horse in the team was distinguished by similar ornaments. The last "stouk" is, however, still standing in the field, the topmost sheaf of which is buried beneath bunches of rich-coloured ribbons and flowers; long streams of blue and yellow and crimson have been floating out from the top of that "shock" ever since morning, and now the whole row along the furrow has disappeared, excepting that. At last the waggon approaches it, the gleaners and reapers rend the air with their loud huzzas, as the "harvest-shear," the crown of the field, is held high on the long pitching-fork by the labourer; it is then received by the man on the top of the load, and then reared on end, the most conspicuous object, through its gaudy colours, in the whole landscape. A few lines from our "Book of Autumn" will close the scene:—"Onward comes the waggon—the last load reaches the village—at the end of which the worthy farmer lives, and every cottager rushes out with a hearty welcome to hail the procession as it passes. The little tailor uncrosses his legs, throws down his gosse and sleeve-board, and with his hose ungartered and hanging about his heels, his spectacles thrust high up his forehead, raises his child-like voice, and brandishes his shears above his head, causing them to snap together at every shout, as he joins in the loud jubilee. The smoke-grimed blacksmith loans his naked and brawny arms across the half-door of his smithy, while his man John stands in the middle of the road swinging his heavy hammer in the air, and grinning from ear to ear with delight. The wheelwright leaves the tire half-driven in the smoking wheel; and, untying his painted and dirty apron, shakes it out with all his might, causing the chips, dirt, and shavings to fly in every direction, while his deep voice rings out like the peal of a trumpet. The lame shoemaker next appears, bearing in his hand one of the farmer's heavy top-boots, which he was repairing when the waggon came up. He seems almost as much delighted as if the whole load were his own; his wife and children have been allowed to glean ever since the first day the reapers put their sickle into the standing corn, and the poor fellow is grateful for such kindness. The deaf old grandmother, who seldom quits her creaking wicker-chair and spinning-wheel in the chimney-corner, comes out, with her withered hand raised to shade the sunshine from her furrowed face, and, followed by the old grey cat, she raises the tin trumpet to her ear, and drinks in the glad sounds which she has been accustomed to hear through fourscore bygone harvests; and all the long evening the deaf old woman will be happy and talkative, telling about the May-days, and sheep-shearing feasts, and harvest-homes she attended when young, what she wore, and with whom she danced; and before her dim eyes will pass in long array the scenes of sixty years, and she will again recal the features of many who are now no more,

Each in his narrow cell or ever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

Every one at all conversant with history has read the sufferings and privation, which whole nations have endured in times of scarcity, and can well understand why in the olden time there was so much rejoicing over a plentiful harvest. The richest crop ever hangs upon a "slender thread;" the finest fields of corn that ever bowed in the breeze or glittered in the summer sunlight, a few days' rain may blacken and destroy, and render unfit for food. Man cannot protect his crop against the elements, until it is garnered. Although the broad seas are now open, and ships from every corner of the globe may pour foreign grain into every store-house in England, yet we shall be sorry to see the day when she puts her chief trust in such supplies. She is not yet prepared to turn her rich corn-fields into grounds for factories, nor to trust to other nations for her supplies of corn. England, from the very richness of its soil and beauty of its scenery, was ordained to be an agricultural country; and however far its great cities may in time extend, it must be the work of ages to blot out the farms, and homesteads, and green rural scenes which are still its greatest charms.

Our merchants and manufacturers struggle on for years in close rooms and crowded offices, in the hope of at last retiring into some little village with its orchard, garden, and green field, and there to end their days in peace and tranquillity. Such a wish has ever been foremost in the bosoms of our great poets, statesmen, and philosophers. It is a distinguishing feature in the character of an Englishman; and perhaps in no other nation in the world is there such a thirst for this green retirement and domestic peace.

Autumn is a busy time with many animals as well as with man. The squirrel and several kinds of mice store up provision against winter, for although they hibernato a great portion of that season, yet a mild, warm atmosphere often awakes them, when they have recourse to the larder, then turn round, and sleep again. Mr. Couch, in his "Animal Instinct," says, "Long before the period of hibernation, and while the degree of temperature, and the abundance of subsistence, occupation, and amusement, one would suppose, would postpone the anticipation of such a state, creatures ordinarily subject to it are found entering upon a series of labours which, to the eye of reason, are as clearly indications of prospective intention as the building of a nest for incubation, or the storing of food for a time of scarcity. In some parts of the Russian dominions, as early as the month of August, while summer is in its glory, and everything inviting to enjoyment of the present rather than care for the future, the rat-hare sets about collecting the herbs which are to form its winter bed, and spreads them out to dry in the sun. In September these dried vegetables are gathered into heaps, which are sometimes the fruits of the labours of a single individual, and at others the united efforts of a company. The hamster in the Alps, and, in our own country, the dormouse, the shrew, and, in a less degree, the hedgehog, have the same habits; in all their proceedings making a marked distinction between their ordinary summer residences, or the receptacles for their young, and those in which they are to pass the time of insensibility. After accomplishing these preparations, a long time is suffered to pass before these animals finally retire to their winter retreats, and then they wrap themselves up in the accumulated materials, with a care and skill that indicates how well they are aware of the danger of exposure. The dormouse and harvest-mouse (whose summer nests have been placed on elevated stalks of grass, or in the branches of a furze-bush) now wrap themselves up in a ball, so closely woven together as to admit of being rolled about without disturbing its slumbering inhabitant, and stow themselves away in some crevice or recess among the entangled roots of a tree, beneath the soil." Mr. Bell asserts that the hibernation of the hedgehog "is as complete as that of any animal inhabiting this country;" he further asserts

(and we know no higher authority) that it lays up no provision for winter. On the contrary, although the squirrel sleeps away a great portion of the cold season, it lays up ample stores—not all in one place, but concealing the different stores in the holes of several trees around its haunts. Autumn is, therefore, a busy time with this beautiful and clean little animal. The long-tailed field-mouse is a great hoarder of food for winter, which consists of nuts, acorns, corn, and a variety of seeds; and sometimes a pig will come smelling and rooting about, to discover the treasure, and devour it. The following, which we wrote some time ago, to amuse a juvenile class of readers, will not be out of place here; it is supposed to embody the feelings of a long-tailed field-mouse, who sits hiding himself in a dark corner while a great hungry hog is eating up all his stock of provisions. "I wish it may choke you," said the field-mouse, "that I do, you great grunting brute! There go all my nice acorns, a dozen or more at a mouthful. Twelve long journeys had I in a day to the foot of the old oak tree to bring home a dozen of those—such a hard day's work that I could scarcely sleep a wink at night after, so much did my poor jaws ache; for I was forced to bring home every one in my mouth; and now that monster is gobbling up the whole hoard. He devours what cost me the labour of a month in a minute or two! Whatever I shall live on in winter I don't know. There goes my corn, too, which I dragged home, by an ear at a time, all the way from the harvest field on the other side of the wood, and with which I was often forced to rest two or three times during my journey; and sometimes I was compelled to drop an ear, and fight some other field-mouse that had a longer tail than myself, who tried to take the ear away under the pretence of helping me home with it, when I knew well enough it was his own nest he intended carrying it to. I wish I were big enough to thrash that great, ugly, grunting brute; really it makes one feel savage to think that after so much fetching, and carrying, and striving from morning to night—packing all up so snugly together, and not leaving even a single grain littered about, that a great thief should come in this way, break into one's house, and eat up everything, rump and stump." Naturalists say, that, after such a disaster, the field-mouse will fight his way into another nest, and either out the inhabitant, or fall in the attempt. Wilson has beautifully depicted the pleasure of wandering amongst the mountains at this season of the year. "The wanderer, or hunter," he says,

Now meets on the hill  
The now-waken'd daylight so bright and so still;  
And feels, as the clouds of the morning unroll,  
The silence, the splendour unobscure his soul.  
'Tis his on the mountains to stalk like a ghost,  
Enshrouded in mists in which nature is lost,  
Till he lifts up his eyes, and flood, valley, and height,  
In one moment all swim in an ocean of light;  
While the sun, like a glorious banner unfurled,  
Seems to wave o'er a now, more magnificent world.

The scream of the eagle, the bounding of the mountain-deer, and the thunder of the cataract, complete the picture, and add their voices to the solitude. "Insects still continue to swarm," says Forster, "and to sport in the sun from flower to flower: it is very amusing to observe in the sunshine of an August morning their animation. The beautiful little blue butterfly is then all life and activity, flitting over the flowers and grass with remarkable vivacity. There seems to be a constant rivalry between this beauty and another no less elegant little bean, though of a different colour, frequenting the same station, attached to the same head of clover or of hare-bell; wherever they approach, mutual animosity seems to possess them; and, darting on each other with courageous rapidity, they buffet and contend until one is driven from the field, or to a considerable distance from his station, when the victor again returns to his post in triumph; and this contention is renewed so long as the brilliancy of the sun animates their courage." We have an admirable description of a butterfly that went out for a day's pleasure, written by the author of the immortal "Fausty Queen," who tells us how it at last reached a garden, and there

Arriving, round about doth flie,  
From bed to bed, from one to another border;  
And takes survey, with curious busy eye,  
Of every flower and herb there set in order;  
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly;  
Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder.





## MY SCHOOL-DAYS.

By E. NESBIT.

### PART VIII.

IN AUVERGNE.

WE were to leave Bagnères. Imagine my delight when I found we were to travel not by train, but in an open carriage. In this we were to drive through the mountains, the mysterious snow-clad mountains, into Spain, where the Alhambra was, and oranges and Spanish nuts, and all sorts of delightful things. But alas for my hopes! My brother at home in England chose to have whooping-cough, and so our horses' heads were turned north, and farewell for ever to my visions of Spain.

We drove through lovely country to the other Bagnères, Bagnères de Luchon. On the way we passed a large yellow-stone castle on a hill. Most of the castle was in ruins, but a great square tower, without door or window, still stood as strong and firm as on the day when the last stone was patted into place with the trowel. We wandered round this tower in vain, trying to find a door.

"But it is that there is no door," said our driver at last; "within that tower is buried a treasure; some day a great wind will blow, and then that tower will fall to the ground, and then the folks of the village will divide the treasure, and become kings of France. It is an old prophecy."

"But," suggested my mother, "has no one tried to get in and see if there really is a treasure?"

The driver crossed himself. "The saints forbid!" he said; "who are we that we should interfere with the holy prophecy? Besides, the tower is haunted."

We could not help wondering how far the ghost and prophecy would have protected that tower from English village boys.

We drove on; presently we stopped at a little wayside shrine, with a painted image of St. John in it, and a little shell of holy water. At the side of that shrine was a stone with an iron ring in it. Nothing more was needed to convince me that this was the entrance to a subterranean passage, leading to the tower where the treasure was. Imagine the dreams that occupied me for the rest of the drive! If I could creep back at the dead of night to the shrine—a thing which as a matter of fact I would much rather have died than have attempted—if I should pull up that heavy stone and go down the damp subterranean passage and find the treasure in iron boxes—rubies and diamonds and emeralds, and beautiful gold and silver dishes! Then we should all be very rich for the rest of our lives, and I could send Marguerite a talking doll, that opened and shut its eyes, and a pony-carriage, and each of the boys should have a new paint-box, with real moist colours and as many sable brushes as they liked—twenty each if they wanted them, and I should have a chariot drawn by four tame zebras in red and silver harness, and my mother should have a gold crown, with diamonds, for Sundays, and a silver one, with rubies and emeralds, for every day, and—

I imagine I fell asleep at this point, and awoke to find myself lifted out of the carriage at Bagnères de Luchon.

I didn't go back and lift up the stone with the iron ring, but the dream was a serviceable one, and did duty nobly in idle hours for many a long year; in fact, I come across it unexpectedly sometimes even now.

We spent a day or two at Bagnères de Luchon, and I believe it rained all the time. We drove in a drizzling rain across a rather gloomy country, to see the Cascade d'Enfer.

As my memory serves me, we crossed a dreary plain and entered a sort of theatre, or semi-circle of high black rocks. In the centre of the horse-shoe, down the face of the rock, ran a thin silver line. This was the Cascade d'Enfer, eminently unimpressive on first view, but when we got out of our carriage and walked across the rough ground, and stood under the heavy shadow of the black cliffs, the thin white line had changed, and grown to a dense body of smoothly-falling water that fell over the cliff's sheer edge, and disappeared like a column of green glass into a circular hole at the foot of the cliff.

"That hole goes down, down," said our guide, "no one knows how far, except the good God who made it."

The water did not fill up the hole, an empty black space, some yards wide, was between us and the falling water. Our guide heaved a lump of rock over the edge.

"You not hear it strike water," he said, and though we listened for some time, we did not hear it strike anything. That was the horror of it.

We drove on the next day to St. Bertrand de Comminges, a little town on a hill with many steeples, whose bells answered each other with sweet jangling voices as we reached its gates in the peace of the evening.

Most of this driving-tour has faded from my mind, but I shall never forget the drive from Aurillac to Murat. We started late in the afternoon, because my sisters wished to see the Auvergnés mountains by moonlight. We had a large open carriage, with a sort of rumble behind and a wide box-seat in front. The driver, a blue-bloused ruffian of plausible manners, agreed to take us and our luggage to Murat for a certain price, which I have forgotten. All our luggage was packed upon his carriage; we, too, were packed in it, and we started. About five miles from the town the driver halted, and came to the door of the carriage.

"Mesdames," he said, "a young relative of mine will join us here, he will sit on the box with me."

My mother objected, that as we were paying for the carriage, we had a right to refuse to allow his friends to enter it.

"As you will, madame," he said calmly, "but if you refuse to accommodate my stepson, a young man of the most high distinction, I shall place you and your boxes in the middle of the road, and leave you planted there."

Three English ladies and a little girl alone in a strange country, five miles from any town, what could we do? My mother consented. A mile or two further on two blue-bloused figures got up suddenly from their seat by the roadside.

"My father and brother-in-law," said our driver.

My mother saw that protest was vain, so these two were stowed in the rumble, and the carriage jolted on more heavily. We now began to be seriously frightened. I know I endured agonies of torture. No doubt these were highwaymen, and at the nearest convenient spot they would stop the carriage and murder us all. In the next few miles two more passengers were added to our number, a cousin and an uncle. All wore blue blouses, and had villainous-looking faces. The uncle, who looked like a porpoise and smelt horribly of brandy, was put inside the carriage with us, because there was now no room left in any other part of the conveyance. The family party laughed and joked in a *patois* wholly unintelligible to us. I was convinced that they were arranging for the disposal of our

property and our bodies after the murder. My mother and sisters were talking in low voices in English.

"If we only get to the half-way house safe," she said, "we can appeal to the landlord for protection," and after a seemingly interminable drive we got to the half-way house.

It was a low, roughly-built, dirty *auberge*, with an uneven, earthen floor, the ceiling, benches and tables black with age, just the place where travellers are always murdered in Christmas stories. My teeth chattered with terror, but there was a certain pleasure in the excitement all the same. We ordered supper; it was now near midnight, and while it was being prepared, my mother emptied her purse of all, save the money promised to the driver, and a ten-france piece to pay for our suppers. The rest of the money she put into a canvas bag which hung round her neck, where she always carried her bank-notes. The supper was like something out of a fairy tale. A clean cloth, in itself an incongruous accident in such a place, new milk, new bread, and new honey. When the woman brought in our bill, my mother poured out her woes, and confessed her fear of the driver's intention.

"Nonsense," said the woman briskly, "he's the best man in the world—he's my own son! Surely he has a right to give his own relations a lift in his carriage if he likes!"

"But we had paid for his carriage, he has no right to put other people in when we are paying for it!"

"Oh, yes, he has!" retorted the woman shortly. "You paid him so much to take you to Murat, and he will take you to Murat; but there was nothing said about his not taking anyone else, and he says now he won't take you on to Murat unless you pay him double the fare you agreed for, his horses are tired!"

"I should think they were," muttered my sister, "considering the number of extra passengers they have dragged."

My mother emptied her purse on the table. "You see," she said, "here is only the money I promised your son and enough to pay for our suppers; but when we get to Murat I shall find money waiting for me, and I will give him what you ask."

I believe this conduct of my mother saved us, at any rate from being robbed by violence. The inn stood quite by itself in one of the loneliest spots in the mountains of Auvergnés. If they had believed that we were worth robbing, and had chosen to rob us, nothing could have saved us.

We started again. My mother now began to make light of the adventure, and my terror subsided sufficiently for me to be able to note the terrible grandeur of the scenery we passed through. Vast masses of bare, volcanic rock, iron grey in the moonlight, with black chasms and mysterious gorges, each one eloquent of bandits and gnomes, and an absolute stillness, save for the rattle of our carriage, as though, with vegetation, life too had ceased, as though indeed we rode through a land death-still, under the enchantment of some evil magician. The rocks and the mountains beyond them towered higher and higher on each side of the road. The strip of flat ground between us and the rocks grew narrower, till presently the road wound between two vast black cliffs, and the strip of sky high up looked bright and blue. The tall cliffs were on either side, and presently I saw with dismay that in front of us the dark cliff stretched right across the road. We seemed to be driving straight into the heart of the rock. In another moment,

with a crack of the whip and an encouraging word or two, the driver urged his horses to a gallop, and we plunged through a dark archway into pitch darkness, for, with a jolt, the carriage lamps went out. We had just been able to see that we had passed out of the night air into a tunnel cut in the solid rock. Oh, how thankful we were then that the porpoise and all the rest of our driver's relations had been left behind at the half-way house. The driver lighted the lamps again almost immediately. He seemed in a better temper than before, and explained to us that this was the great arch under the mountains, and to me he added: "It will be something for you to remember and to tell your children about when you are old," which was certainly true. That tunnel was unbearably long. As we rattled through its cavernous depths, I could not persuade myself that at any moment our driver's accomplices might not spring out

upon us and kill us there and then. Who would ever have known? Oh, the relief of seeing at last a faint pin-prick of light! It grew larger and larger and larger, and at last, through another arch, we rattled out into the moonlight again.

Of course, I shall never know now how many of the terrors of that night were imaginary. It is not pleasant, even now, to think of what might have happened.

At last we reached our journey's end, a miserable, filthy inn, and, with a thankful heart, saw the last of our blue-bloused driver.

The landlady objected very strongly to letting us in, and we objected still more strongly to the accommodation which she at last consented to offer us. The sheets were grey with dirt, and the pillows grimed with the long succession of heads that had lain on them. A fire was the only good thing that we got at Murat. To go to bed was impos-

sible. We sat round the fire waiting for daylight and the first morning train. My mother took me on her knee. I grew warm and very comfortable, and forgot all my troubles. "Ah," I said, with sleepy satisfaction, "this is very nice; it's just like home."

The contrast between my words and that filthy, squalid inn must have been irresistibly comic, for my mother and sisters laughed till I thought they would never stop. My innocent remark and some bread and milk—the only things clean enough to touch—cheered us all up wonderfully, and in another twenty-four hours my mother and sisters were all saying to each other that perhaps, after all, there had been nothing to be frightened about; but all the same, I don't think any of that party would ever have cared to face another night drive through the mountains of Auvergnés.

(To be continued.)



## CHRONICLES OF AN ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN RANCH.

By MARGARET INNES.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### MORE ABOUT THE CHINAMEN.

ONE man I remember especially among these, who led us a fine dance! He was a tall, thin, intellectual-looking fellow, with a handsome but most cruel face. Some friends from a distance had sent us word that they were coming over for the day, and I had provided a turkey for dinner. All that I could prepare beforehand had been done. Dinner was to be at one o'clock, and I began to be uneasy as the time passed, and I knew the turkey to be lying white and cold and unstuffed upon the kitchen table. It was dangerous ground to seem to interfere, or advise much, and I had already twice said, and the last time with emphasis, that the dinner must be punctual and the turkey well done. After anxious and secret family consultations, however, as the time grew very late, and I knew the great white thing to be still lying on the kitchen table, I went in and told him that he must get the turkey into the oven at once. He made no reply, and went on perfectly quietly with some unimportant job; I waited a moment, and still getting no reply, I repeated my order, adding, "Do you hear, Wong?"

Then he looked round at me, with a leer on his handsome face, and still gave no answer. "Dinner is at one," I said, trying to keep quiet. "When will that turkey be ready?"

After a moment of silent laughter, when I could see his back shaking, he said, "Turkey leady allie lightie to-morrow, not cookie him to-day—no time!" Then his back shook again, as he bent over his bit of work.

I confess I did not know how to deal with this. Nowadays, in such a plight, I should storm and get very angry, and try to frighten him, for they are all cowards. But I was too uncertain then, and our friends were due directly, and I did not dare risk anything.

However, the end of it was, dinner was just a little late, but to our amazement everything was beautifully cooked and served, and there

was no sign of that alarming mood in the grave alert man who waited on us.

I had not then realised how marvellously quick they are; what seeming impossibilities they can accomplish without effort, slipping about in their loose, heelless little shoes with apparently tireless steps. They are very methodical and orderly, and no doubt this is the secret of their quickness. They certainly get through a great deal of work, and with ease too, and have plenty of leisure besides.

One man we had always spent his leisure in sleep. He disappeared regularly after the washing-up of the midday dinner. It was only by chance that we discovered where he took his siesta. One of us went to fetch something from the "cool" cellar we had dug for ourselves, and of which we were very proud, and were startled to find a white figure lying prostrate, stretched across three empty lemon boxes, in the middle of the floor.

So that was where Quong disappeared to, and that was why at times the cellar was locked and the key gone, as we had noticed once or twice. I did not tell the rest of the family so, but I believe he also made his Chinese toilet there, combing his pigtail, and generally setting himself in order all among the milk-pans, and the butter, and the tarts!

He explained, smiling and unmoved, that it was "welly cool, welly nice for rest there." However, we said he must not sleep there any more.

Most Chinamen are wonderfully clever gardeners, especially delighting in growing vegetables; and when once that nimble white figure is seen busy at work in the kitchen garden, one may pick up some hope that the new cook will quietly settle down in his new place, for some months at least, and that the charms of the gambling houses and opium dens of Chinatown will fade from his mind for a little while. Our present man, who is a capital servant, has rejoiced our hearts lately by making himself very busy in the kitchen garden. Knowing what contrary creatures

they are, always doing the opposite of what one expects, we try to "rejoice with moderation," as an old friend used to advise; but, after all, why not enjoy one's pleasure with a free heart, and to the full, while it lasts?

We have never done admiring and wondering at the way our present cook, Yung, does his gardening, accomplishing so much, and in such a curiously casual way, popping out between-whiles in his little embroidered velvet shoes, and finishing each time some fresh piece of work in a masterly fashion.

Then besides the hope in one's mind that this interest will bind him to his place for a time, there is the thrilling expectation of some day eating these same vegetables. One has to live on a ranch, out of reach of Chinese vegetable carts, to know how pleasant that prospect seems.

The first years of a ranch demand so much work for the trees, and all the business connected with the ranch itself is so pressing, that even if a kitchen garden is made at once, as in our case, the vegetables get such poor attention that they are of very little use. Nothing grows here without the closest tending; but with constant care the growth is like a fairy tale. However, very few ranchers find time for vegetables in the first years, at any rate.

Some Chinamen, too, are great readers, and bring with them quite a library of small paper-backed Chinese books. I asked one of these studious ones if they were the books of Confucius that he was reading so diligently, at which he seemed much amused, grinning and shaking his head.

After our fatiguing time of domestic troubles, when the winter season was over, and San Miguel was once more the half empty, easy-going little town, and good Chinamen were ready to take even a place in the country, we got quite a passable cook, bad tempered, however, and very rough in his ways at such times. But we were thankful to have the work done fairly well, on any terms, and we pretended not to notice his almost brutal manner.



I had been warned again and again by friends who had long experience in dealing with Chinamen, not to interfere at all, but to leave things entirely to them. So long as the work is fairly well done and things are clean, what does the rest matter? Most of them are by no means extravagant or wasteful, as servants go; but if such a one should fall to your lot, you may as well dismiss him at once, for you will never persuade him to make the least change. They are so exceedingly stubborn that interference, if it does no harm, is little likely to do any good. In most cases where a change is demanded, they will say "allie lightie," and go on doing their own way.

As I myself do the choosing and buying of the meat, I also go through the form of ordering how it shall be cooked and prepared for each meal. If my orders accord with his *Celestial ideas*, they are carried out, and if not, they are not. And that is the end of it. He always serves up something nice, and does not waste, which is surely good enough for any reasonable being.

I confess I do resent a little the half covert smile with which I am received in the morning when I go into the kitchen to give these bogus orders; but I brazen it out, and struggle through the form with the best dignity I can.

One lady friend, when advising me never to interfere about the work, told me of a striking experience she had before she learnt her lesson.

She kept a large boarding-school for girls, and employed a number of Chinamen. The cook, being a very capable and respectable fellow, was the acknowledged head over the others, engaging them and dismissing them on his own responsibility. That was the plan which she had found the best, and as long as he was satisfied, all worked as smoothly as a machine, for he belonged, as most of them do,

to some secret society, and whether he was a "high binder," as seemed likely, or not, they feared and obeyed him as they would never have feared or obeyed her.

One unlucky day, however, she took it into her head to go into the kitchen and prepare some small thing which he had cooked once or twice in a manner that did not please her. She had told him that she did not like it so, but next time it was served in just the same fashion, and she was annoyed. She went bravely into her own kitchen, and prepared it as she liked, leaving him in quiet possession as soon as this was finished.

A large school is a busy place, and no one had time to notice anything unusual or strange till the hour for dinner drew near. Then suddenly it struck all the little community that the house was very still; there was no smell of dinner, and in the dining-room, when the door was hastily flung open, there were no preparations for the meal.

Our friend, startled and uneasy, hurried to the kitchen, to find everything in perfect order, but no sign of Chinese activity, and the fires of the range all grey and cold. A quick search convinced her that they were alone in the house, and in a great state of wonder and excitement she and her friends got together a cold, picnic sort of meal, and ate it up, discussing meanwhile what they should do. As the Chinese *chef* had been exceedingly well treated, and had also been some years with them, they felt very indignant that he should have played them such a trick for so slight an offence, for my friend recognised that she had committed an offence.

They determined in their wrath that they would have no more Chinamen; they would employ nice, decent women, with whom they could reason, and who would understand one's point of view. They telephoned at once to an employment agency in the nearest town, asking for the best girls that could be had, at

such short notice, to be sent out to them at once.

Soon they arrived, and were spreading confusion and discomfort all over the house—a wretchedly incompetent set. They were all dismissed, and a fresh batch sent out—but, alas! no better than the first.

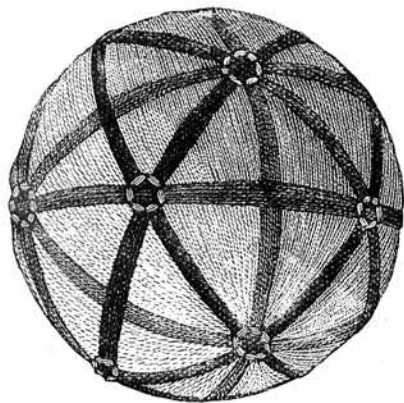
Then the girls and their teachers, in desperation, determined to do their own work until they had time to make some better plans. All this had taken up three or four days, and one morning our friend was hard at work sweeping her own drawing-room carpet, and making a great noise over it, when the brush was taken out of her hands by a quiet firm grasp, and glancing up, she saw her Chinese *chef*, looking particularly neat and business-like, after all the tawdry finery of the women servants. He said quietly, "Me do lis; you no do such sing," and went on with the sweeping as though there had been no break whatsoever in his regular work. Being both breathless with her sweeping, and very glad to hand it over to someone else, naturally also a good deal taken aback, she murmured something or other and went quietly out of the room, and then discovered that all about the house were quiet, quick-moving figures, clad in the familiar white jackets, busy about their separate duties, just as though they had been there all the time. The lesson was very effectual in her case, for never again did she attempt the least interference.

This seems to be an exceedingly long account of domestic affairs, but being so unlike our English edition of such troubles, it may be of interest, or, at least, it may serve to enhance the feelings of comfort and luxury of those at home who can command a well-trained cook, and housemaid, and parlour-maid, not to mention the useful charwoman, and all for less money than we pay our one Chinaman.

(To be continued.)



## A NEW LIFE FOR AN OLD BALL.



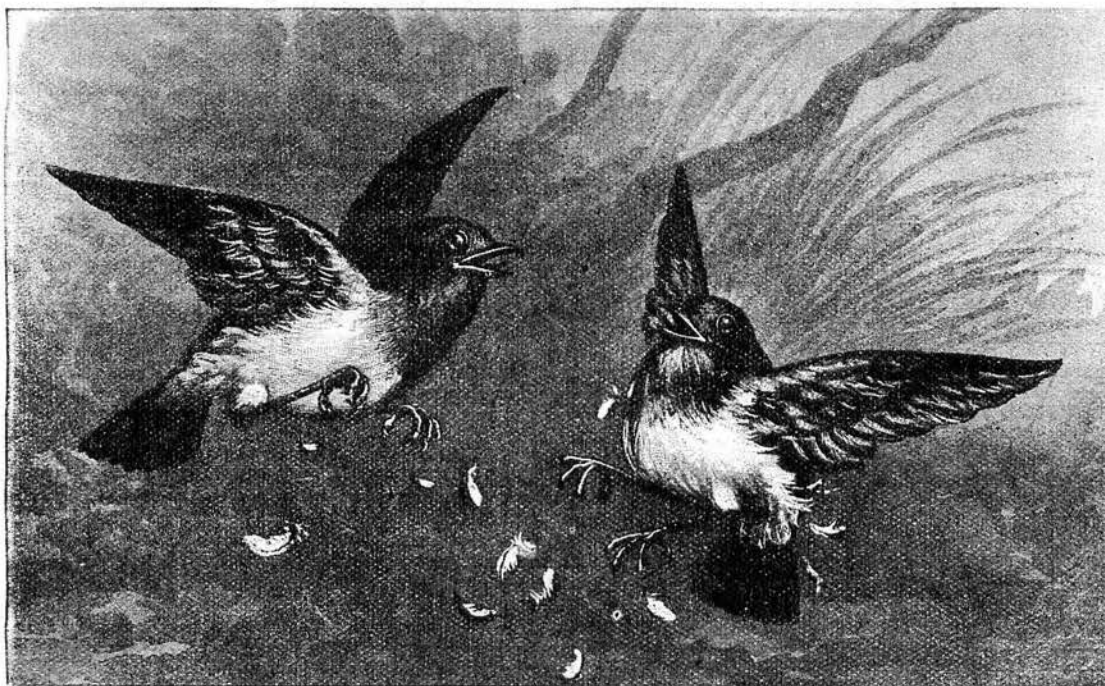
WHAT numbers of worn-out tennis balls accumulate in most country houses where there are young folks fond of that pleasant pastime. And what untold pleasure these same worn-out balls can give to many poor or sick children, if a very small amount of time is spent upon doing them up in a new

dress. For this new dress, most people who do much fancy work can produce all sorts of odds and end of wool left over from various articles, either crewel work, crochet or knitting, for it matters very little what kind of wool you use so long as you make the balls bright and attractive-looking. We shall describe exactly how the model was covered because the design upon it is a particularly successful one, which might be carried out in many different schemes of colour. Its first coat was composed of white Shetland wool, left over from crocheting a baby's jacket. It was firmly and evenly wound round the tennis-ball, until it was covered completely. This winding was done entirely like the meridians on a globe, never like the parallels of latitude, but some discretion had to be used not to mark the north and south poles too strongly, by allowing the wool always to cross upon one particular spot. The end of the wool was fastened off by running it a little way into the winding with a wool needle. This small globe was then divided into four quarters by scarlet bands of winding, which crossed one another at the poles, and a scarlet equator was added. Some black wool further divided the quarters made by the scarlet wool, and marked the ball into

eightths. Our globe was then turned on its side, and two dark blue bands were wound which crossed one another half-way between the red bands, making the general meeting-places on the spots where the red bands crossed on opposite sides of the ball. It was then turned round till the next crossing of red bands came uppermost, and two light blue bands also crossing one another were wound there. The ball was now divided all over into a number of triangles. Last of all a needle was threaded with some bright yellow filoselle, and a small circle was neatly stitched at each spot where either three or four bands crossed, and that made all quite firm.

It matters little what colour you choose for the ground work of these balls provided the other colours all form a good contrast to it. As small quantities do for the encircling bands, it is therefore better to begin the foundation with something you are sure to have enough to finish with, in order not to run short in the most important part of the design. These balls cost so little that they can be sold very cheaply at bazaars, and are always, in consequence very popular with tiny purchasers.

SUSAN M. SHEARMAN.



## THE SORROWS OF A SON AND HEIR.

I DO sincerely pity the eldest son of my pet robin, and I feel as if something ought to be done to secure for him a measure of kindness and some protection from his hard-hearted father's cruelty.

When in the early summer my robin used to come to me at all hours in the day, pleading for food for himself, his wife and his cullow brood, I never grudged him his full share of mealworms. Four or five of those appetising morsels have I seen tucked into his little bill, and I could but admire the diligence he displayed in supplying the needs of his growing family.

As time went on, I occasionally caught a glimpse of one of the brown, fluffy young robins, sitting under the shelter of some laurel branch, remaining perfectly quiescent except for a grateful flutter of thanks now and then, when his parents brought him his ever-welcome rations.

At length the proud moment arrived when the eldest son was sufficiently grown up to be introduced to me. He was brought by his father to the open window, and I could watch the parental process of feeding still going on.

Naturally, thoughts would arise as to the beautiful instinct of fatherly love as shown in animals, birds and even insects. I now regret to think how often I praised my robin and pointed him out to admiring friends as an instance of the tender devotion of a parent

to his young, and in every way held him up as an exemplary and virtuous pattern of what a bird should be.

When the moulting season arrived, my robin became less and less presentable, his wardrobe was so scanty that at last he had but one feather in his tail, and his general aspect was moth-eaten. Under these circumstances birds usually hide themselves until their new apparel is complete, and then they emerge in all their bravery and resume their customary habits.

My robin was however on such familiar terms with me that he did not in the least mind my seeing him in *deshabille*, and continued to come to the window for his usual dainties throughout the moulting time.

But now begins the sad part of the story. The eldest son, hitherto the beloved of his father's heart, having donned a neat little scarlet waistcoat of his own and become in every respect a robin to be proud of, came up to the window to receive my coveted gifts.

Whilst I was in the act of feeding him his father appeared upon the scene, and with open beak and angry twitter flew at him and drove him out of sight. I regret to have to record this shocking barbarity, but the truth has to be told.

The feud still continues; I can only give the heir a mealworm now and then by

stealth, and even if the young bird ventures into the drawing-room the relentless parent follows and chases him round and round the room until I have to interfere in order to prevent actual murder taking place before my eyes. Two thoughts alone seem to possess the mind of Robin senior, how to supply himself with the choicest food and how to keep his offspring from participating in it. To these ends he passes his entire day in short flights to and fro, guarding the approach to my presence and at intervals hopping on to my writing-table and gazing at me with his lustrous black eyes. Apparently he listens respectfully whilst I tell him what I think of his disgraceful conduct. He will then break out into a song, which I must own is very sweet and melodious and may contain, for aught I know, a complete justification of his daily actions, but having no clue to his language I am none the wiser for his explanation.

It is no doubt wisely ordained that parental love should cease and the young birds be compelled to disperse and seek their own living, but still I must end as I began by saying that I feel very deep compassion for Robin junior. He will always have a warm corner in my heart and a welcome to my small gifts whenever it is in my power to circumvent his atrocious parent and secretly bestow them upon him.

E. B.





OUR CIRCULATING LIBRARY.



"I WISH TO HAVE 'THE BEST OF HUSBANDS.'"



"HAVE YOU GOT BURTON'S 'ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY'?"



"I SAY, LOOK HERE, I WANT 'TEN THOUSAND A YEAR,' YOU KNOW."



"I WILL TAKE, PLEASE, THE FIRST VOLUME OF 'MARIANA OF THE MOATED GRANGE.'"

OUR CIRCULATING LIBRARY—(continued).



"HAVE YOU A BOOK OF COMIC RECITATIONS?"



"I WANT 'HOW TO DRESS LIKE A LADY ON  
£15 A YEAR.'"



"HAVE YOU 'THE WANDERING HEIR'?"



"I SHOULD LIKE 'WON BY A NECK,' IF IT  
IS IN, PLEASE."



## DIPS INTO AN OLD COOKERY BOOK.

By RUTH LAMB.

### DIP II.



BEFORE leaving savoury dishes and dipping into the sweets, it may be as well to present a selection of recipes for sauces and seasonings. Here are instructions "To Make Sace for a Docke. Take ye gisserts and penen's" (gizzard and pinions, or giblets, as they are called) "of the docke and a little other meat, and dreg it with a little flower and frye them. When half-fryed, dreg with flower again. So frye it a little more. Then put it into a sace pan and water to it" (size of pan and quantity of water being left to the imagination) "put one onion, a little peper and salt. Soe boyle them all together. Soe serve."

Following closely upon this we are informed how to make "Sauce for a Goose," and as it is universally admitted that "Sauce for the goose is also sauce for the gander," we will copy the recipe. "Take apples and peel them and cutt them small and stue them in a little water to ye be smooth. Then put a little salt in; soe sweeten it toe ye tast, and put it on a pleat and send it toe ye table with ye goose. But you must mix vinicar and mustord and shugor together, and put it under ye goose on ye dish when it goes up to ye table."

Perhaps these sauces may suffice as a sample; for sundry recipes for gravies which are furnished by our old "Cook Book" are got up so entirely regardless of expense, that they would probably be as costly as the dish of which they are supposed to form an accompaniment only.

Amongst the puddings and sweets there are many excellent recipes, several of which I will give. But as the most delightful sample of indefiniteness I ever met with, I present the following, and any girl who reduces it to anything like common-sense, will have solved no ordinary problem: "How to Make Duch Friters." "Take new milk, or cream, and flower, or white bread grated and boyld very thick, then beat it in a wood mortar very well. Then put a little shugor, scinnement, nutmeg, and a little sack and roas water and a pritty deal of eggs all beat together. Then greas ye booard; then poor ye bater on ye boord. So draw it of with anything into your fat, then drane them and grate on shugor."

Can anybody tell what a "pritty deal" is? To me it is an "unknown quantity." One assumes that being "friters" these Dutch articles are fried, and, of course, assumes the presence of a frying-pan and boiling fat. But the "boord" and the "anything" which is to be used in "drawing of the bater," present such difficulties that I give them up. A happy thought suggests that the batter may, perhaps, be slipped into the pan on a floured cloth, like that from which outcake is thrown on to the girdle.

The amusingly varied spelling of the same words in one recipe may, I think, be accounted for. Probably many of the recipes were copied, by the fair hand and in the beautiful writing of Mrs. Anne Jackson, from the MS. of friends, and, in transferring them to her own book, she religiously adhered to the spelling, however peculiar it might be, feeling that such sacred mysteries were not to be lightly tampered with.

I suppose everybody likes to have a finger in that good old Christmas dainty, a mince pie; so

"To Make Mincht Pyes: Take 2 pound of mutton, of ye legg of mutton, par boyle it. Then take 2 pound of mutton sueitt and chop them together. Season them with salt, peper, cloves, mace, cinnement, nutmegg and shugor. Then put 3 pound of currens, 1 pound of rasons stoned and chopped small. Some candid lemmon and an oring. Soe, full ye pyes, and bak them."

If I make my Christmas pies by the above, I shall substitute beef and beef suet for mutton; but I can easily understand why mutton figures conspicuously in these pages. Great numbers of sheep are fed on the mountain slopes, or "fells;" farmers and "statesmen,"—as those are called who own the land they till—kill their own mutton. Beef is a comparatively scarce article even now, and only to be obtained once a week, and from a distance of several miles. Any person unacquainted with this fact would be surprised, on examining a recipe which tells "How to Make a Stake Pye," to discover that it is made from a neck of mutton in these parts.

I have no hesitation in saying that the next recipe for a Gooseberry Ffool (one f would not express it) is not to be surpassed for excellence. "Take a pint and a half of gooseberries, clean picked from ye stalks. Put them into a basson with a pint and a half of fair water and boil them with a pound and a half of fine suggar, till it be of a good thickness. Then put to it ye yolks of 6 eggs and a pint of good cream (well beaten together) with a nutmegg quartered. Stir those well together, till you think ye be enough, over a slow fire, and put it into a dish and eat it cold."

When the aforesaid "Ffool" was served out at our table the other day, a youngster was asked how he liked it. He made no response, but shovelled away manfully with his spoon until his plate was empty. Then, with a sigh of satisfaction, he sent it for a fresh supply; remarking that to talk about such good stuff as that, whilst there was any within reach, was a horrid waste of time.

It may be added that the "Ffool" is excellent, and more suited for unlimited consumption when made with about half the quantity of cream and eggs here set down. The sugar is also rather in excess, even for a very "sweet tooth."

"A Silly Bub" seemed such a suitable appendage to a gooseberry fool, that I was going to copy the recipe for making it. But, alas! a closer examination of ye Cook Book shows

me that it exists in the index only. The page on which the instructions for compounding this dish with an imbecile name is gone altogether, and it must be sought for as "Syllabub" in some more modern volume.

There is nothing melancholy about the next recipe, although "To Make Weep" sounds rather doleful. It is only to tell us how to whip cream. "Take a quart of good cream, take ye white of 1 egg well beaten. Sweeten it to ye tast with loaf shugor; then take a jacklet stick" (equivalent to the modern whisk) "and weep it about to it froth; then take it of. So do, to you have enough to cover ye creams, which you must remember to put ye rien of a lemmon into ye cream before you weep it; and ye creams that leaves" (drains from the whip) "you may put it into little pots, and send it up to table amongell ye creams."

"Ye creams" for which the weep is intended to form a roofing, are delicious compounds. One is of gooseberries prepared by stewing and forcing through a sieve. Then sugar and a pint of good cream are added, and we are told "if that be not enough put more to it; to it be well coloured. Soe, put ye weep all over it. Soe, serve."

We had quite a family conclave over another recipe, and after much vain deliberation and many wrong guesses in the drawing-room, I went into the kitchen to consult the reigning powers in that department. Nobody could solve the difficulty. Instructions were given in ye Cook Book "How to Candy Shoups" and "How to make Shoups for cream." We were told in the former to "take ye Shoups and wash them; clean them after you have opened them; half them and make ye sirrep of roaswater and shuggar; then put in your shoups and candy them as you doe lemmon pil." Candied lemon and orange peels were prepared at home in those days.

Now, the information was plain enough, only nobody knew what "Shoups" were, and this was the cause of all our deliberations. The next recipe, which bade us "Take them, open them, clean them from ye stones that is in them, wash them and boil them till ye be soft," seemed to suggest stone fruit of some kind.

The housekeeper wondered whether "scoop" could be the correct word, and thought that "h" had really been meant for "k"; because the insides of apples and other fruits are sometimes scooped out, and, after being stewed till tender, the hollows are filled up with whipped or flavoured cream.

Another reference to the MS. demolished this, apparently, hopeful suggestion, for we are further told: "beat them well and put in two or three eggs, as your dish is for greatness; but I think 3 little enough for one dish. Two spoonfull of roaswater, two of sack are to be put in and shuggar. Sennement and mace to ye tast: thicken them in your pan over ye fire, then put them into your dish."

In addition to the good things enumerated, there was to be a sauce of "shuggar and cream," or "cream, roaswater, sack and shugor," which would be all very delightful if one only knew where to find the sloups, or even where to look for them. My feminine curiosity grew stronger. I was resolved not to be baffled by a word of five letters in an old cookery book; so I started on a visit to the farm-house, hard by, in order to consult its mistress.

If I did not succeed there, I intended to go off in search of the "oldest inhabitant" of the dale, and to find out the meaning of shoup, if I wore out a pair of shoes in the

attempt. Happily, my good friend at the farm gave me the information. "We call those things on the wild roses, with the hairy seeds in them, 'tupes,' pronounced shoups in our part of the country. But I should think it cannot be those things after all."

It was, though, and shoups are neither more nor less than hips and the hairy seeds of the wild rose are "Ye stones that are in them," and which require to be removed before the cooking process is commenced.

I reported my success in the kitchen, and was amused to find that the housekeeper had heard hips called "choops," but could not imagine *anyone* would use them in cookery. Others, however, know and appreciate the excellence of jelly made from them, or "conserve of hips."

Having given these recipes for sweets, it may not be amiss to furnish one or two for puddings. Anyone might guess that the

home of ye Cook Book must be amid rich pastures, where milk and cream are abundant, and eggs to be had at a reasonable price; all these articles being used in a reckless fashion unknown in city dwellings. The result is admirable, as in this "potatey pudding."

"Boyle ye tates, take of ye skin and stamp them, and to a pound of potates put 10 eggs, half a pound of butter pressed and stamped among ye potates, put in 2 spoonfull of roas water, 2 of sack, a little mace, sinnerment and salt; soe bake all together. An hour will bake it. Drane butter and suggar, after you have baked it—soe serve."

"How to make a Quaken" (quaking) pudding.—Take a pint of cream, ten eggs, leaving out 7 of ye whites, and mix 2 spoonfull of fine flower with a little of ye cream first. Season it with sinnomon or nutmegg; beat it very well. Butter and flower your cloth very well and put in a little salt."

It will be easily understood that the little salt should be mixed with the other ingredients at first, and not applied to the cloth in which the pudding is to be "boyled." It is an exquisitely delicate pudding; but the flavouring both in this and other recipes may be much improved. From the frequent mention of mace, cinnamon, and nutmeg, we form a notion of the small number of articles available for flavouring purposes, when ye Cook Book was written out. Still, the more substantial and important ingredients may be relied on, and in these lesser matters, it is easy to introduce some of the modern essences which impart a subtle perfume to many a dish, so as to vary the taste, without altogether discarding the homely spicery which figures so conspicuously in these pages.

Last dip, number three, will introduce instructions for "cake and wine" of home manufacture. (To be concluded.)



## DON'T.

UNDER the above title an American has published a small work intended to supply hints for the guidance of those wishing to be correct in matters social. The book ends with a chapter addressed to women, which, as our girls may be interested in reading it, we here-with reprint for their edification or amusement.

### AFFECTIONATELY ADDRESSED TO WOMANKIND.

Don't over-trim your gowns or other articles of apparel. The excess in trimmings on women's garments, now so common, is a taste little less than barbaric, and evinces ignorance of the first principles of beauty, which always involve simplicity as a cardinal virtue. Apparel piled with furbelows or similar adjuncts, covered with ornaments, and garnished up and down with ribbons, is simply made monstrous thereby, and is not of a nature to please the eyes of gods or men. Leave excesses of all kinds to the vulgar.

Don't use the word *dress* for your outside garment. This is American-English, and, common as it is, has not the sanction of correct speakers or writers. Fortunately the good old word *gown* is again coming into vogue; indeed, its use is now considered the sign of high-breeding.

Don't submit servilely to fashion. Believe in your own instincts and the looking-glass rather than the *dicta* of the mantua-makers, and modify modes to suit your personal peculiarities. How is it possible for a tall woman and a short woman to wear garments of the same style without one or the other being sacrificed?

Don't forget that no face can be lovely when exposed to the full glare of the sun. A bonnet should be so constructed as to cast the features partially in shade, for the delicate half-shadows that play in the eyes and come and go on the cheek give to woman's beauty one of its greatest charms. When fashion thrusts the bonnet on the back of the head, defy it; when it orders the bonnet to be perched on the nose, refuse to be a victim of its tyranny.

Don't wear at home faded or spotted gowns, or soiled finery, or anything that is

not neat and appropriate. Appear at the breakfast table in some perfectly pure and delicate attire—fresh, cool, and delicious, like a newly plucked flower. Dress for the pleasure and admiration of your family.

Don't cover your fingers with finger-rings. A few well-chosen rings give elegance and beauty to the hand; a great number disfigure it, while the ostentation of such a display is peculiarly vulgar. And what are we to say when many ringed fingers show a neglect of the wash-basin?

Don't wear ear-rings that draw down the lobe of the ear. A well-shaped ear is a handsome feature; but an ear misshapen by the weight of its trinkets is a thing not pleasant to behold.

Don't wear diamonds in the morning, or to any extent except upon dress occasions. Don't wear too many trinkets of any kind.

Don't supplement the charms of nature by the use of the colour-box. Fresh air, exercise, the morning bath, and proper food will give to the cheek nature's own tints, and no other have any true beauty.

Don't indulge in confections or other sweets. It must be said that American women devour an immense deal of rubbish. If they would banish from the table pickles, preserves, pastry, cakes, and similar indigestible articles, and never touch candy, their appetite for wholesome food would be greatly increased, and as a consequence we should see their cheeks blooming like the rose.

Don't permit your voice to be high and shrill. Cultivate those low and soft tones which in the judgment of all ages and all countries constitute one of the charms of woman.

Don't give yourself wholly to the reading of novels. An excess of this kind of reading is the great vice of womankind. Good novels are good things, but how can women hope to occupy an equal place with men if their intellectual life is given to one branch of literature solely?

Don't publicly kiss every time you come together or part. Consider the aggravation to men, and the waste—and remember that public displays of affection are in questionable taste.

Don't use terms of endearment when you do not mean them. The word *dear* in the mouths of women is often nothing more than a feminine way of spelling *detestable*.

Don't, on making a call, keep talking about your departure, proposing to go and not going. When you are ready to go, say so, and then depart.

Don't make endless adieux in leaving friends. The woman who begins at the top of the stairs, and overflows with farewells and parting admonitions every step on the way down, and repeats them a hundred times at the door, simply maddens the man who is her escort, be he her husband or lover. Be persuaded, ladies, to say "good-bye" once or twice, and have done with it.

Don't forget to thank the man who surrenders his seat in the car or omnibus, or who politely passes up your fare. Sweet thanks from a woman are ample compensation for any sacrifice a man may make in such cases, or any trouble to which he may be put.

Don't carry your parasol or umbrella when closed so as to endanger the eyes of every one who comes near you. Don't, when in a public vehicle, thrust those articles across the passage so as to trip up the heedless or entangle the unwary.

Don't be loud of voice in public places. A retiring modest demeanour may have ceased to be fashionable, but it is as much a charm in women to-day as it ever was.

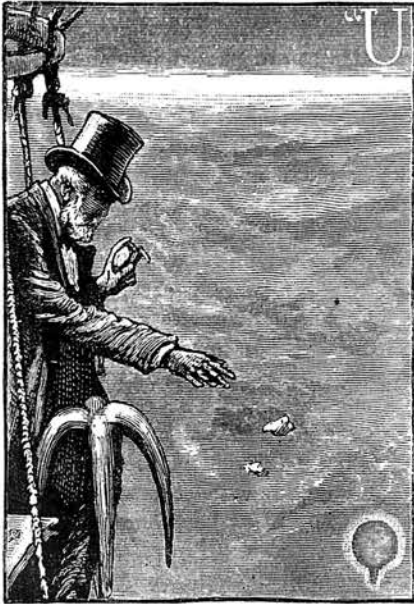
Don't nag. The amiability of woman, in view of all they are subjected to from unsympathetic and brutal men, deserves great praise, but sometimes—Let it not be written!

Don't, young ladies, giggle, or affect merriment when you feel none. If you reward a *bon mot* with a smile, it is sufficient. There are young women who every time they laugh cover their faces with their hands, or indulge in some other violent demonstration—to whom we say *don't*.

Don't doubt the compiler's admiration for women. Very few, indeed, are the social shortcomings of women compared with those of men, but the few injunctions here set down may not be unprofitable, and are given with entire respect and good-will.



## AN ARTIST'S TRIP THROUGH THE CLOUDS.



"Up in a balloon," as the phrase goes, is a term which seems always to have a certain amount of ridicule attached to it; but to those who have once experienced what it is to behold the wondrous phases of nature when viewed from the novel stand-point of a balloon car, the words convey

associations certainly more akin to the sublime than the ridiculous.

My first aerial trip was made recently in company with Mr. Henry Coxwell, the veteran aeronaut, who has accomplished close upon a thousand ascents; and I was fortunate, as he considers this, his latest, to be amongst the most useful of his experiences.

All the morning the weather had been sultry, and a violent thunderstorm broke over the Alexandra Palace—our starting-place—during the day, but towards the hour of departure the afternoon sun shone out brightly, lighting up the glittering grass and giving an appropriate lustre to the little balloon, "Gem," which was to carry us to the upper regions. She was by this time fully inflated and straining her cordage to be off to "the realms of air."

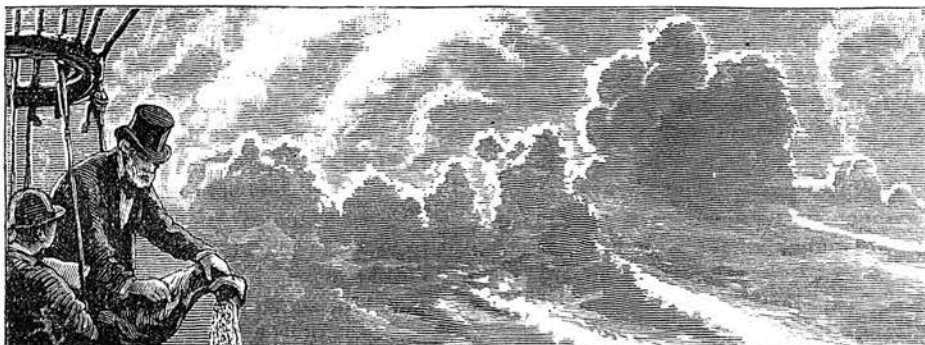
We now step into the basket and rise slightly from the ground, held only by a few friendly hands, and a single rope attached to the liberating iron, the latter looking very like a Brobdignagian tooth-drawing instrument. Mr. Coxwell sees that "all is right," and with the words "Stand clear!" pulls the handle of his big tooth-drawer, and we are off. Such is really the fact,

although it seems as if the earth, with the enormous crowd recently surrounding us, sinks down, and we are left behind motionless to watch the rapidly disappearing mass of upturned faces, and hear the shouts amalgamate into a dull roar, succeeded by profound silence and a stupendous sense of isolation.

My first feeling is one of astonishment at finding myself leaning out of the car, sketch-book in hand, noting the receding earth with the utmost equanimity—although I have always been a martyr to giddiness.

There is just time to take a parting glance at the variegated patchwork beneath, as we are already entering the clouds, and the Alexandra Palace and surrounding country become obscured by a blue haze, giving them the appearance of lying under water. Over London hangs a huge dense pall of brown smoke and lurid clouds, completely hiding the

City and stretching away for many miles till it joins the distant blue horizon. The latter curiously enough at this height takes a decidedly concave form—the result of refraction—and just the reverse of what might be expected. Beyond the horizon again tower bright Alpine



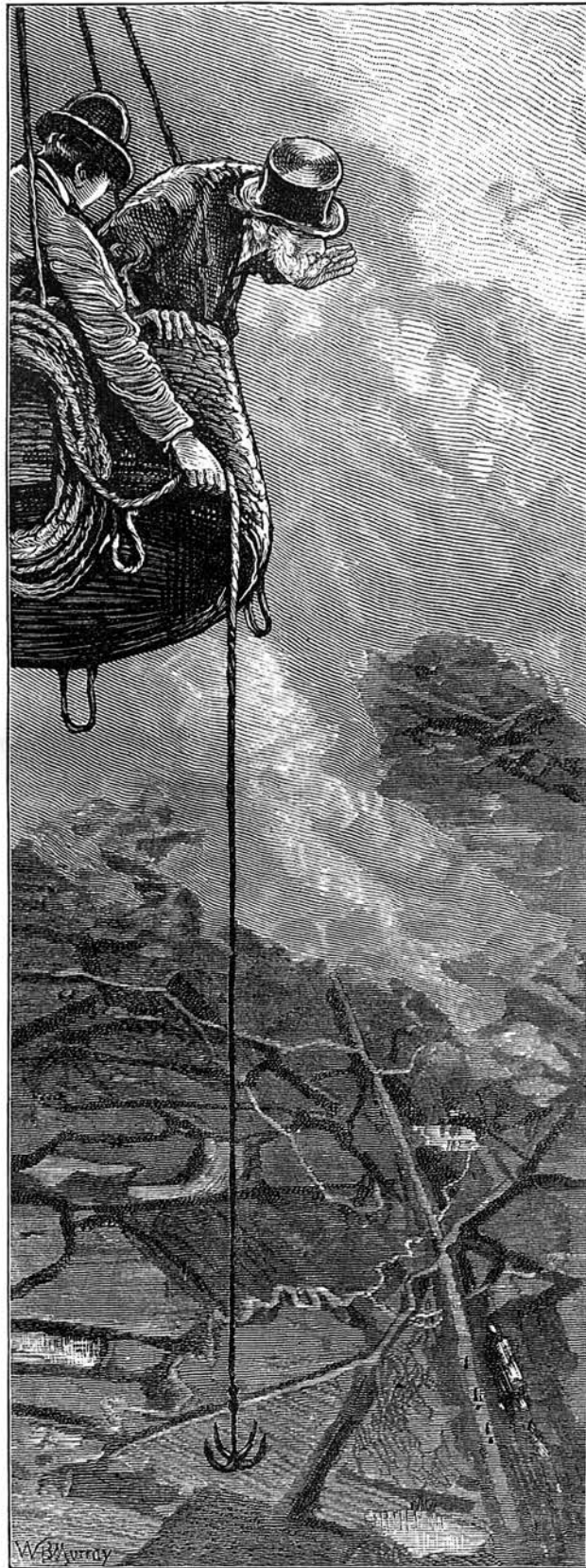


masses of very remote cumuli, standing in bold relief against a delicate bluish-green sky, and forming in their snowy purity a delightful contrast to the thick rolls of foul soot-clogged vapour, occupying the foreground of this weird and bewitching picture.

A few pieces of very thin paper are now thrown out, and flutter alongside like white butterflies, keeping nearly on the same level with us, thus showing that our course is almost horizontal, so a little ballast is next dropped overboard. In an instant the paper falls like lead, and we have shot up 400 feet.

We are now about a mile high, and the sight is magnificent. The earth is entirely concealed by compact layers of fleecy clouds, upon which the shadow of the balloon, at times faintly gleaming with prismatic colours, is depicted. This fairy-like opalesque spectre accompanies us for some distance, but gradually dissolves into "thin air" as we descend. The sky overhead is an intense Prussian blue without a cloud. Towards the west, huge fantastic cumuli with serrated edges of dazzling brightness are piled in grand bewildering chaos, the afternoon sun throwing their gigantic shadows upon the cloud-sea below from which they rear themselves; whilst far above, at a great altitude, and bathed in the all-pervading radiance, spring sinuous jets of feathery cirri in graceful curves like mighty fountains of the upper air.

In full enjoyment of this glorious scene, the solemn stillness broken only occasionally by harmonious sounds—the lowing of cattle, the bark of a dog, or the exchange of sentiments between distant farmyard cocks—we are suddenly startled by the sharp crack of a rifle and the simultaneous upward whirr of the ball. Some one has fired at us through a rift in the clouds, and we charitably hope that he has mistaken his target for a paper balloon without occupants, and does not belong to



that peculiar race of beings—we won't call them human—who delight in placing sleepers before express trains, in hopes of seeing a good smash.



Shortly after this little episode the car sustains a series of shocks, which Mr. Coxwell, having made a careful examination of the balloon both outside and in, can only account for as being due to the strong electric upper current, now bearing us along at the rate of sixty miles an hour. The grapnel is partially lowered—not being a desirable companion under the circumstances—and some gas let out, which causes us to dip through the clouds and in a few minutes to be within hail of Mother Earth.

“Where *a-a-re* we?” shouts the captain, and his words are echoed by the silken dome overhead. As we cannot make out the reply, we decide to descend at once in a fallow field a short distance ahead.

The valve-line is pulled repeatedly; the gas pours out; fields, hedges, and trees rush upwards, and at the word of command, down—down—DOWN drops the grapnel till it is imbedded in the soil, causing the

“Gem” to sway gently to the ground. Plenty of assistance is soon at hand, and we find ourselves in Essex, thirty-two miles from London, having travelled that distance in a little over half an hour. The “Gem” is soon packed carefully up in her basket, and we have a pleasant drive of eight miles across country to the nearest railway station. Jogging along in the gloaming, perched on the top of the car, I look upwards at the purple realms we have so lately quitted, and gazing on the darkening sky, recall the lines of Shelley—

“Cloudless skies and windless streams,  
Silent, liquid, and serene;  
As the birds within the wind,  
As the fish within the wave,  
As the thoughts of man’s own mind  
Float through all above the grave,  
We make these our liquid lair,  
Voyaging cloud-like and unpent  
Through the boundless element.”

W. BAZETT MURRAY.



#### A FEW GERMAN CURES.

MINERAL springs and sea-side places are naturally in all countries the favourite resorts, not only of invalids and health-seekers, but of those whose ideas of pleasure are inseparable from society. The French and Italians as nations are noted lovers of society, but, as far as I have had means of judging, they do not necessarily combine their summer pleasure with “cure-making” any more than we English do. They visit spas and the sea-side, but they are contented to collect together in any healthy, breezy spot, where they can have the largest amount of enjoyment gregariously. They speak of their “villeggiatura”—their country-season—while we alone look forward with delight to the mere “going to the country”—the real country. With the German and Austrian it is quite otherwise. They *must* spend their summer in “making a cure” somewhere and some way. In society you hear them ask, as a matter of course, “Where are you going to make the cure this summer?” although the persons addressed may be pictures of blooming health. The South Germans and Austrians possess their grand Alpine valleys, with emerald lakes and cool forest-glades, but they are rarely satisfied there unless undergoing a “cure;” their idea of variety in summer-pleasure being a variety of “treatment.” However, as they also, like the French and Italians, are gregarious, they must get their treatment sociably, and therefore Germany and Austria abound with all sorts of “institutions” for “cures,” even amongst the High Alps.

There is a party of water-curiers opposed to the system of Priessnitz, who sing the praises of *hot* water, and recommend it to be drunk in large doses as a specific for all ills, from a cold in the head to a typhus fever, and also to be taken by persons in health as a preventive.

Then there is another set who patronise the Roll-cure (Semel-kur), which consists in eating a huge quantity of dry rolls, and nothing else, and drinking only the smallest possible amount of liquid.

I once met a lady who underwent this treatment for six weeks at an “Anstalt” (institution). Her ailment had been an acute attack of rheumatism, and she said that she certainly did get free from it within the prescribed time; “But, ach!” she added, “the cure was too powerful for me, and it quite undermined my health; I have never recovered from the effects of it.” And this was two years after the poor thing had endured the ordeal of the roll-cure!

By-the-by, I believe the chief business of a roll-cure doctor is to look at his patients’ tongues, as the treatment is carried on, until the tongue becomes “quite black, and hard as wood.”

The Goat’s Whey cure (Molken-kur) is a pleasanter one. It was once prescribed for me.

The servant used to awaken me at about five o’clock on a winter’s morning, by clinking a glass close to my ear, and then, before I could collect my senses, that of feeling would be quickly roused by a tumbler of almost boiling whey touching my lips, and in spite of all entreaties, I had to drink off two great glassfuls without stopping. In vain did I at first rebel.

“Ah! Walburg, *do* let it cool, just one moment!”

“No, no, gracious Fräulein; the maiden has a thousand other places to go to, and she is in a hurry for the jar.”

“But you can pour the whey into a jug, Wally?”

“Pour it into a jug! Ach, heilige Marie! What for an idea! It would do away with all the good of the cure; you must drink it hot from the jar. Here, Fräulein, drink, g’schwind (quick)!”

This whey used to be sent from the “institution” in stone jars, and how they kept it so hot I could not understand.

Every one has heard of the Grape cure, and visitors to the Salzkammergut must know of another favourite "cure," the Schlammbad—a bath of thick, briny mud from some neighbouring salt-mine, in which the patient lies buried to the chin for a certain number of hours, until the mud hardens into a mould. But of all the cures the "Hunger-kur" is one of the most dreadful.

At a school in an out-of-the-way German town where we had been "finishing our education," one of my *compatriotes* broke down in consequence of the living, which we English girls found unpalatable and insufficient. Amongst her ailments she got a sort of inflammation of the eyes, for which the doctor (a "real allopath") kept her in a darkened room for six weeks, and then for six weeks more without going out

of doors, and after that, as a last resource, he prescribed the hunger-cure. Poor girl! she had been undergoing that "cure" for many a month, but the Herr Doctor knew nothing of it, and there was no means of telling him privately, so she had to submit to the Hungerkur. And the hunger-cure means that the patient is only given two or three ounces of white bread and one wine-glass of water in the twenty-four hours—at least, till extreme weakness sets in, when an ounce of meat may be added. This patient went home to England blind of one eye, and with the sight of the other barely safe; but of course she was not a fair "case" for the merits of the cure; she left off "unfinished." I have seen Germans who went through to the end of the prescribed time, and not only survived, but even said they felt better.

L. F. B.

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## WHAT TO DO IF YOU CATCH FIRE.

We have heard lately of such terrible accidents from fire, that we think a little talk about what to do if you catch fire may be the means of saving some valuable life. These directions seem more especially needed in a paper like this, conducted primarily for the benefit of girls, because girls and women are those who are most liable to be set on fire. Not only are their dresses made of more inflammable materials than are men's, but they float around them and extend beyond their own control, almost in a way that renders them much more likely to be accidentally set on fire than are the close-fitting coats and trousers that men wear.

If any of our readers should at any time make the startling discovery that they are on fire, what should they do? "Run for some water," we hear one reply. "Call for help," says another. "Ring the bell violently, is what I should do," answers one who is accustomed to ring for her maid on every occasion. "Roll yourself in a rug or blanket," replies a quiet, sensible girl. This is doubtless an admirable method of extinguishing flames—when the time and opportunity permit. But now, dear girls, let us tell you of one plan of action which can almost always be pursued, and which, if only it be carried out in time—that is to say, at the very first moment when you discover you are on fire—will, we believe, infallibly succeed. In your bedroom, in the drawing-room, in the hall, in the kitchen, out of doors—anywhere, almost—you can instantly lie down flat and roll yourself over and over wherever you see the flames. Don't stop to ring the bell first; don't run for water; above all things, as you value your own life, don't run screaming for help. Be assured, you can do more for yourself in the first few precious seconds, before the fire has got well hold of you, than all your relations and friends together can do for you afterwards.

If you will only have the courage, whether alone or in company, at once to lie down and roll over and over, you can put the fire out better than anyone else can possibly do for you, so long as you remain standing. You can, perhaps, convince yourself of this fact if you will try a simple experiment. Take a paper spill, such as you use for lighting candles. Light one end and first hold it perpendicularly in your fingers for a second or two, then drop it lighted as it is on to the hearth inside the fender, and there watch it

slowly burning. You will see that that spill, held as at first, resembles some one whose skirts have caught fire—the scorching heat you felt burning your fingers as you held it, gives a faint representation of the scorching pain experienced in face and neck by anyone on fire. But when the spill was thrown on the hearth you could have held the other end from that which was alight, and so long as you did not lift it out of the horizontal position, you would have been able to hold it for some little time without being burnt. Thus you see that by lying flat down you at once relieve your face and neck from the scorching flames, and if you have been prompt, and not wasted one precious second in running for help, you can certainly put the fire out for yourself, and without being injured.

The following story may be relied on as perfectly accurate in the minutest particular. It is an admirable instance of courage and presence of mind under circumstances that would have terrified most. A young girl, attired in a white muslin evening dress, wished to reach a book from the top shelf of a high bookcase that stood upon a chest of drawers in her bedroom. She put her candle down at the further end of the chest of drawers, and by the help of a chair she stood on the drawers to reach the book. She had not allowed sufficiently for the width to which her skirts would extend as she stood against the bookcase, and her dress caught fire. The first alarm she had was from perceiving the room brilliantly illuminated. Picture her horror when she discovered that she herself was the burning torch which thus lighted up her room. Most girls of her age would have rushed screaming out of the room and downstairs in search of someone to help them—someone to put it out. Had she done so, she would in all probability have been burned to death, and very likely have been the means of setting others on fire. But, with brave self-helpfulness, she pursued a far wiser course. Of course, she instantly jumped down from her elevated position, and as soon as she reached the ground the flames had already gained such fierceness that they blazed up into her face, scorching her; but though the tips of her long dark eyelashes were singed, the fire had no time to injure her, so immediately did she throw herself on the floor. She felt the relief from the scorching the very

moment she gained the horizontal position. She told us afterwards she had intended to get up the hearthrug and wrap herself in it; but she had no time for this, for the flames were blazing around her even as she lay. Even then she did not for one instant lose her presence of mind, and jump up to ring or call for help, but she bravely rolled over and over—wherever she saw the flames she rolled over on to them and thus put them out. So quickly was all this done that though the whole of the skirt of her muslin dress was burnt, yet the white petticoat she wore under it was untouched by the fire.

The special value of this story is that it shows the immense advantage of promptitude. A few seconds wasted in running for help, ringing the bell, dabbling with water, or even in getting a blanket off the bed, would just have made all the difference between escaping as she did, by God's mercy, with singed eyelashes, or being severely if not fatally burnt.

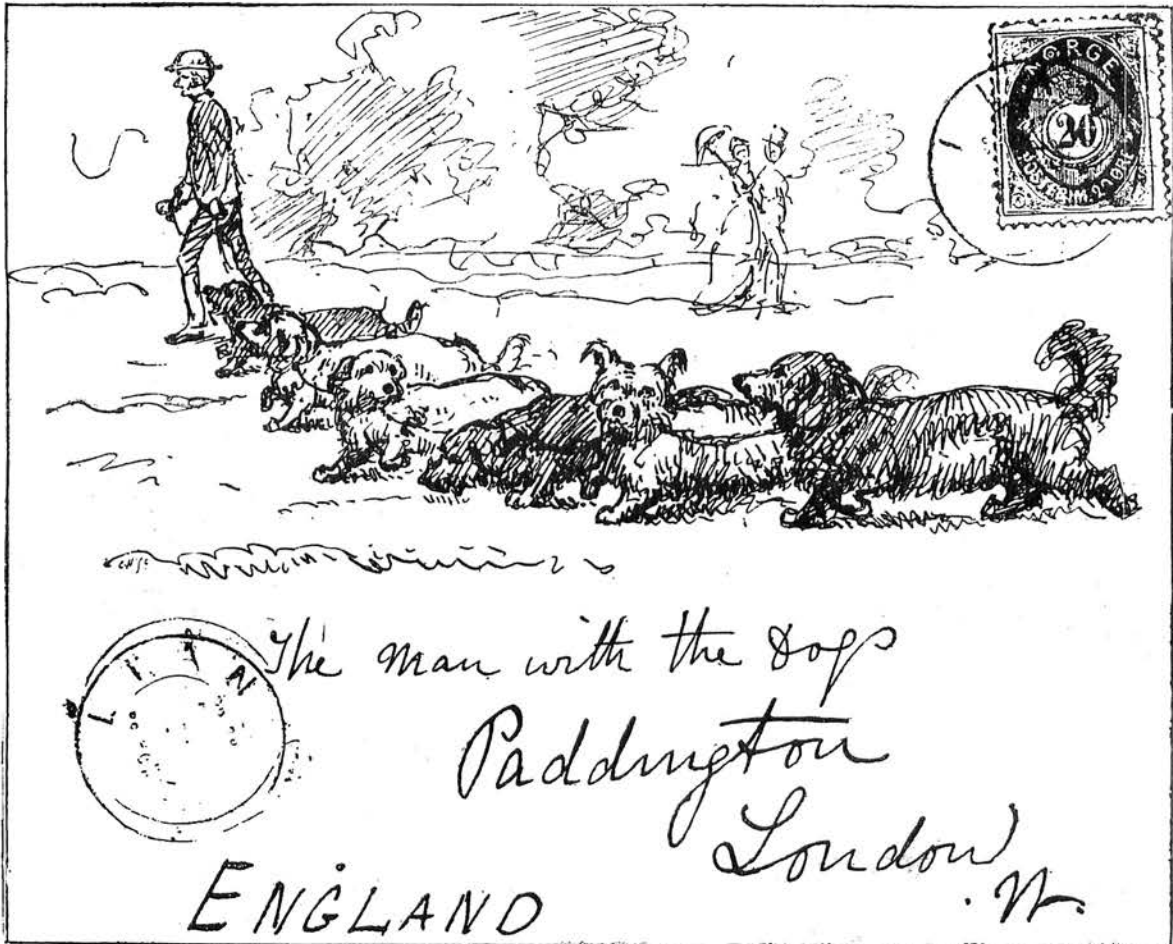
Fire cannot burn without air; so, to exclude the air—to smother the fire, in fact—is even a surer way of putting it out than pouring water on the flames; because it takes a long time to thoroughly drench a person with water as they stand up, and until that is done the fire goes on burning; but if you lie down and roll, you can effectually quench the flames in a few seconds.

In the same way if a child catches fire, clasp it fearlessly to you, flames next to you, and lie down with it. If you do not press it closely to you you will not be able to put out the fire; but as you lie beside it wrap it tightly in your own skirts, and if only you can roll it on to the flames you will at once extinguish them.

No one, when she discovers she is on fire, can possibly in that moment of terror and agony think out then the best course of action; so let us beg our girls, all of them, to make up their minds very clearly beforehand, so that with the discovery of the flames the thought may flash to their brain, "I must lie down and roll."

We earnestly hope none of you who read this paper may ever have occasion to practise the rule we have striven to impress upon you, but if you ever have cause, and have self-control enough to carry it out, you will indeed be grateful for having learnt so simple a method of conquering so terrible a foe.





“THE MAN WITH THE DOGS.”

**T**HE articles entitled “Humours of the Post Office,” which appeared in our numbers for last May and June, went far to prove that the ingenuity and resource of our lost Office authorities are matter for national pride and gratification. But the instance which we are now in a position to present, and which is, perhaps, the most extraordinary of all, was not then in our hands.

A Norwegian artist, during his stay in London, was one morning passing through Hyde Park, when his attention was attracted by a spectacle with which many Londoners are perfectly familiar—Mr. J. Pratt, the well-known dog-fancier, taking his string of Skye terriers abroad for air and exercise. The artist, after his return to Norway, called the scene to mind, and was anxious to acquire a specimen of the breed. He knew neither the owner’s name or address,

but, with an implicit trust in the ingenuity of the Post Office, which the result thoroughly justified, he took up his pen and despatched a letter in an envelope, of which the above is a reproduction in fac-simile. The letter was delivered in due course to Mr. J. Pratt, Gloucester-terrace, Hyde Park. The contents of the letter were as follows:—

“Norway, Aug. 25, 1885.

“SIR,—When in London a short time ago I saw a very fine team of Skye terriers in Hyde Park. I inquired of a policeman if he knew the owner. He said the owner lived near Paddington Station, and so I send this to that district. Should this find you, will you please inform me if such dogs can be purchased, and where? Please communicate to me here at once, and I will call on you on my return to London shortly.

“I am, yours truly,  
“ALFRED STENTHULZ.”

# Social Topics.

**The Season.**—Social life involves social duties which all are bound to recognize to the best of their ability, and to which it is worth while for each one to give some serious consideration. How we can best fulfill these duties, and add our quota to the general sum of happiness, is not an unimportant question; and it is this we should set ourselves to answer in our social endeavors, and not how we may impress persons, for whom we do not care, with our importance, or relieve ourselves most easily from social obligation.

The grand party which has formerly imposed upon almost every one who kept house, at least once during the season, is now so generally understood as a sort of gathering up of fragments, that an invitation to one is hardly considered a compliment; and, in fact, they are only resorted to by persons who have a large list of acquaintances to propitiate—and even these call it a "reception," and not a party.

The truth is, society has become so unwieldy in the large cities, and so expensive a luxury, that it has been found necessary to place it within certain limits. Instead of giving a party, intelligent women now give a series of receptions, which are announced for certain evenings, and to which certain sets of people are invited.

Instead, also, of being interrupted in their daily avocations by callers, they set apart one day in the week upon which to be at home; and this day, be it Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, or any other, is printed in the lower left-hand corner of their visiting-cards, so that their friends all know upon which day they are sure of being found at home.

These are simple methods of keeping up friendly associations, and do not involve any great amount of expense or trouble. Refreshments for a "reception" evening—that is, one of a series—may be of the least complex character, while the regular reception-days call for no entertainment at all. A monster reception, where hundreds are invited, and the coming and going is continuous, is provided for by a restaurateur, who supplies a table, which is kept standing during the hours appointed for the levee, and from which visitors help themselves, before leaving, to whatever they find which is best suited to their taste.

Dinner parties are undoubtedly a necessity of modern life, but they are, to our mind, the least agreeable form of hospitality. No one should pretend to give dinner parties who does not possess a handsome, cheerful dining-room, a well-trained staff of servants, abundant means, and a first-rate cook. A dinner is a very elaborate affair; it consumes nearly all the time which the guests pass in the house where they are invited to partake of it; it is what they are specially invited for; it is a mark of honor and respect which you wish to pay to persons, more or less distinguished, with whom you may be personally but little acquainted, and with whom you may have but little in common.

Very intimate friends are rarely invited to ceremonious dinners, excepting upon occasions when a family or national festival gives it a more than common significance. When we invite our friends, we want to enjoy their society; we like to see them for a longer time, and talk to them more intimately than is possible.

at a formal dinner. Moreover, we know that our friends will excuse our shortcomings, and expect only what they know we can give them.

There is nothing more pitiful than the awkward embarrassment which results from well-meaning but badly-equipped and unprepared people trying to give a state dinner; the complicated duties of the hostess; the inexperience of the one servant; the endeavors to cover up deficiencies; the want of finish in the details of the *menage*, all render such an attempt most unsatisfactory—an expenditure of strength and money, which yields nothing but humiliation in return. Large houses are impossible to the majority of persons in large cities; and people of limited incomes anywhere should confine their social efforts to such small and familiar gatherings as will give the most pleasure to those who compose them, and best represent the kindly feeling of the host and hostess.



**How New York Spends the Summer.**—The dweller in the country revels in the idea that New York suffers during the summer season a premonition of that purgatory to which it is likely to be doomed for its wickedness. Undoubtedly the pent-up denizens of the narrow courts, and lanes and alleys, and single rooms of the over-crowded tenement houses, do long for space, for a breath of untainted air, for shade, and rest beneath it. But New York is not a wilderness, even in summer, and that its stay-at-homes have at least brief seasons of enjoyment, and do what they can to lighten the burdens of their poorer neighbors, a brief summary of some of their efforts and pleasures will show.

One of the small, but important sources of enjoyment in New York through the summer, is the constant succession of fruits. In many parts of the country, and even at the most expensive hotels, fruit is often scarce, of poor quality, and confined to one or two varieties.

In New York the sources of supply are so numerous that scarcity is hardly ever known, and though the prices are always high—the number of hands through which it passes, and the perishable nature of the article, rendering this necessary—yet so greatly is it appreciated, that few, even of the poorest, but set aside some portion of their income specially for its purchase, while not a few relinquish meat in its favor.

This love of fruit and appreciation of its valuable qualities increases in the ratio of its production, and will doubtless continue to do so; so that no matter how largely the market may be supplied, the prices will improve as they have done within the past five years rather than grow less.

A day at the Central Park can hardly be classed as a summer recreation—it belongs to all the year round; nevertheless, it is an always new pleasure, particularly to the little ones, who, on certain days, can romp on such smooth, and soft, and cleanly shaven grass, as you do not often see in the country—ride in quaint little goat carriages (babies in baby car-

riages), sail on the lake, eat ice cream in the rotunda, swing, or ride in the run-arounds, to their hearts' content; and finish up, if they are not too tired, with a peep at the rare birds and animals, and a laugh at the monkey tricks of Jacko.

Elder New Yorkers prefer to take the Park early in the morning, either for riding, driving, or walking, they having little time to spend away from business, and that little not in the middle of the day.

Long Branch, the summer capital, and the finest sea-side resort in the world, is within easy distance for a day's trip, for the benefit of those who have not "a cottage by the sea," and neither time nor means to expend upon apartments for the season, at the Ocean House or West End.

Every one ought to go to Long Branch at least once every season, and we presume nearly every New Yorker does. The broad sweep of ocean, and the ocean drive, are not paralleled on this continent, or in Europe. No scene in the world can match the view from the wide central, second-story piazza of Leland's Ocean Hotel; it is worth traveling hundreds of miles to see.

Nor is the Hotel itself unworthy inspection and admiration. Occupying twelve acres of ground, its lawns studded with marble vases, its miles of wide piazza strung with hanging baskets filled with trailing vines and flowers, and in the evening aflame with globes of light; it is one of the characteristic institutions of the American people.

Only from eight to ten weeks does the season last; previous to this it is a waste of land; immediately after it lapses back into primeval desert, the village back of the shore alone preserving evidences of human life and habitation. Yet, for this brief space, genius and enterprise create a paradise of luxury, filled with every evidence of modern skill and civilization.

The trip from New York to Long Branch occupies but two hours—one hour by boat to Sandy Hook, one hour by rail thence to Long Branch—and is not only cheap (one dollar for the whole), but easy, and every way delightful. The boats are luxurious, the railroad comfortable, and with the single exception of the want of a passenger-way on the New York Pier, there is nothing that need deter the most delicate lady from making the trip alone.

Short day trips may also be made to West Point, Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, and various other attractive localities. Trips to Saratoga, Catskill and Newport, take a somewhat longer time, though a very charming short trip may be, and often is made to Saratoga "over Sunday," starting Saturday afternoon, returning Monday morning. For this trip you take the People's Line of boats at 5 p. m., and sleep as sound as if you were at home in your own bed, arriving refreshed, and ready for a whole day of real enjoyment at hotel or friendly mansion, in Saratoga.

On arriving, before eating, we recommend a visit to the Hathorn Spring, only a step below Congress Hall; it is not so well known, but possesses twice the virtue of Congress Spring and retains it when bottled.

From the foregoing it will be seen that New Yorkers have many ways of making life endurable, even during the warm weather, and that if they suffer a taste of purgatory they do not always know it.

Nor are they entirely forgetful of their poorer neighbors, who cannot go even upon "short trips" to Newport, Long Branch, West Point, and Saratoga. Mis-

sions, Sunday-schools, and charitable institutions, have their annual excursions and picnics, and that none may be forgotten, a series of excursions for poor children have been instituted for the past two summers, mainly through the influence and efforts of the New York *Daily Times*, which have been productive of happiness to thousands, and are in the highest degree creditable to the philanthropic spirit of the originators of the movement.

Some half dozen of these excursions have been given in all, and their magnitude may be conceived when it is understood that from one thousand to one thousand five hundred boys and girls participate in them at one time!

Speaking of the fourth of the series, which took place 12th of July, the *Times* of the 13th says: "Generally the children selected for these picnics are of a rough character, but yesterday the little ones, taken from the purlieus of the Fifth and Eighth Wards, were as wild as it is possible for children brought up in the midst of civilization to be. No two of them had even caps or hats alike, except so far as dilapidation was concerned, and in that they were uniform. Their clothing was, in the majority of instances, mere patches of rags, the original color of which it was not only difficult but impossible to detect. Some had shoes, others slippers, but the most of them had easy fitting sandals of mud as a covering, which, if not ornamental were very economical. But then, as some folks say, they are used to it, and therefore do not miss what would be considered an actual necessity by the more favored portion of humanity. Of this ill-clad portion of juvenile society, there were yesterday 1,317 on *The Times* excursion, and with very few exceptions all were boys and girls of the street.

The excursion consisted of a sail up the Hudson, upon a fine boat, provided with a band and plenty of eatables, which were distributed at proper intervals. A visit to a charming grove, a salt water bath—provision being made for the girls as well as the boys, at different points, and games, and dancing, *ad libitum*. The following is a summary of the cost of one excursion:

Barge, tug and boat.....	\$130 00
1,800 rolls.....	18 00
1,200 sponge cakes.....	86 00
320 loaves of bread.....	32 00
110 pounds of beef.....	19 80
225 pounds of ham.....	42 75
35 pounds tongue.....	7 70
53 pounds butter.....	16 96
Half barrel sugar.....	12 00
Band.....	55 00
Punch and Judy.....	12 00
Steward's stores.....	10 00
210 quarts ice-cream.....	73 50
Extra boat.....	5 00
Three cedar tubs.....	3 75
Citric acid.....	3 00
Box lemons.....	12 50
Printing.....	12 00
Ice.....	3 00
270 quarts milk.....	16 20
Cartage.....	5 50
Steward and waiters.....	46 00
Extra help.....	3 50
Coffee and tea.....	8 84
Petty cash.....	9 42

Total.....\$589 02

This makes the average expense for each child taken about 44½ cents.





## Odds and Ends.

How to prevent bread from becoming stale is one of the greatest difficulties before the housewife. In Swiss and German farmhouses where the baking takes place not more than once a fortnight, such a thing as stale or sour bread is quite unknown. The method used for keeping it sweet could easily be adopted in England. An empty flour sack is well sprinkled with flour; the loaves are then packed into it, care being taken to let only the top crusts touch one another. Some loaves of course must lie bottom to bottom, but flour is thickly sprinkled between them. When the sack is full it is tied tightly at the top and hung up in an airy place, not against the wall, but so that it can swing. The day before a loaf is wanted, it is taken out of the sack, the flour brushed off, and placed in the cellar for a night. By this means bread remains sweet and eatable for three or four weeks. For small families a bag well floured would answer the purpose equally as well as the sack.



THE King of Portugal, who recently visited this country, has twelve names, some of them compound ones. As for his titles they are reminiscent of the ancient glories of his nation, being bestowed upon the Braganza family when Portuguese seamen were the first navigators of the world. First, he is the King of Portugal and Algarves, then Prince of Africa and Lord of the Navigation and Commerce of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia, India, and many other places.



THE first woman to obtain a diploma to practice as a veterinary surgeon is Miss Edith Oakey, who has taken her degree at the Veterinary College, Toronto. She is now practising in Ohio in a rich grazing district, where she is perfecting herself in her special work—the diseases of milch cows. Her success has been phenomenal, and she has been obliged to employ three men to relieve her of much of the manual labour.



LAST summer an English lady, with her young son and daughter, travelled on donkey-back from Corunna in Spain over the mountains of Galicia, through Asturia and Navarre to the French frontier, accompanied only by a donkey-driver. Before she started she was warned by the Spanish authorities that her undertaking was one of extreme danger, but the little party reached their destination without mishap or hindrance.



"KNEEL, sir, kneel," cried a lord-in-waiting to a county mayor, who had been given an audience by George III. for the purpose of reading an address. But the mayor went on reading quite calmly. "Kneel, sir, kneel," again cried the lord-in-waiting. "I can't," said the mayor, stopping his reading and turning to the angry courtier, "don't you see that I have got a wooden leg?"

MOURNING takes odd forms in some countries, but none more curious than at Sitka in India, where, when a woman loses her husband, she mourns him by painting the upper part of her face a deep jet black.



LIONS and tigers differ from the majority of savage animals in that music has not the least effect upon them. But a naturalist who has been making a series of experiments at the Zoological Gardens in London, has discovered that they are greatly affected by the smell of lavender-water, and that under its influence they become quite quiet and docile.



A NEW fashion in fancy work, and one that is likely to become very popular, has been introduced. Instead of the designs that have been in vogue for so many years, of leaves and flowers, it is now possible to buy linen, stamped with designs after various kinds of china. Delft china can be most successfully imitated, and its effect is most charming.



As an instance of the peculiarities of great men, it is curious to learn that Haydn could not compose well, or to his own satisfaction, unless he had first put on his best suit of clothes and had powdered his hair. Even then ideas and subjects failed him unless he was also wearing a diamond ring presented to him by Frederick II., King of Prussia.



THE tomb, commonly reputed to contain the remains of Lorenzo and Giuliano de' Medici, the latter of whom was murdered, according to Machiavelli in his story of Florence, during the Pozzi conspiracy in 1478, was opened a short time ago. Inside the tomb two coffins were found, one on the top of the other, the first being shorter than the other and in a much better state of preservation. On the upper coffin was written in ink this inscription: "Giuliano di Pietro di Cosimo de' Medici," and upon its being opened a skeleton was found on the skull of which were two deep cuts; another cut was found upon one of the legs, thus proving that legend for once had a true foundation. The Lorenzo was Lorenzo the Magnificent so famous in Italian history. The conspiracy which succeeded only in killing his brother Giuliano, was likewise directed against him. The assassins were to have killed both brothers, who shared the princely rule of Florence between them, during service in the cathedral, but Lorenzo escaped, greatly enhancing his reputation by the courage and coolness he displayed. This was in 1478, and four hundred years afterwards Giuliano's skeleton still bears the evidence of the crime suggested by Pope Sixtus IV. Lorenzo was one of the most zealous promoters of the art of printing, and established the first printing-press in Florence.

TALLEYRAND, like most diplomatists, was famous for his attention to the details of etiquette. He prided himself on being able to adjust his mode of address on any occasion to the rank and position of the person to whom he was speaking. As an illustration of this, it was said that, on one occasion, when he had a party of distinguished men to dinner, and was inviting them to partake of some beef, he varied his formula to suit the rank of the respective guests. To a prince of the blood: "May I have the honour of sending you royal highness a little beef?" To a duke: "Monseigneur, permit me to send you a little beef?" To a marquis: "Marquis, may I send you some beef?" To a viscount: "Viscount, pray have a little beef?" To a baron: "Baron, do you take beef?" To an untitled gentleman: "Monsieur, some beef?" To his secretary: "Beef?" This exhausted the verbal possibilities of the situation. But there was yet another person present of even lower social rank than the private secretary. Talleyrand was quite equal to the occasion. Fixing his humble guest with his eye, he did not speak, but merely held up the carving knife and raised his eyebrows.



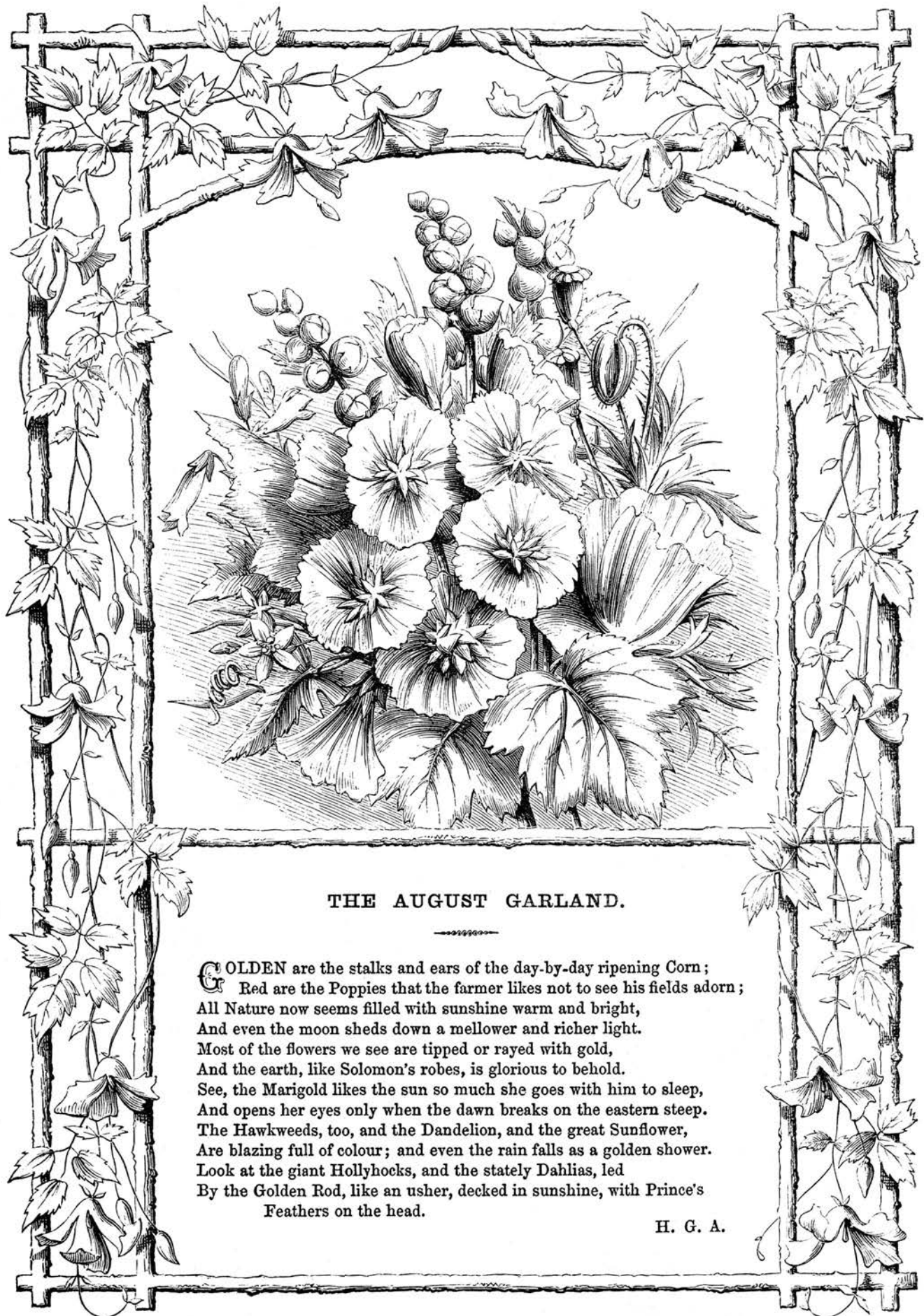
THE nose is one of the most distinctive signs of temperament. Coleridge used to say that "perhaps snuff was the final cause of the human nose," and that, "perhaps the human nose was the final cause of the human race." A "Roman" nose, well arched in the centre, or near the forehead, indicates that its owner is born to command; the "Grecian" nose, or the aquiline, shows refinement and delicacy, combined with self-control and a strong will. The straight nose denotes a temperament between the two extremes—an equal power to act, and an equal power to suffer. The *rétroussé* nose, so favoured in fiction, tells of a happy disposition, and of a love of self, combined with consideration for others. Those who have a keen sense of humour generally possess a very "turned-up" nose.



"To form the manners of men, nothing contributes so much as the cast of the women they converse with. Those who are most associated with women of virtue and understanding will always be found the most amiable characters. Such society, beyond everything else, rubs off the protrusions that give to many an ungracious roughness; it produces a polish more perfect and more pleasing than that which is received from a general commerce with the world. This last is often specious, but commonly superficial; the other is the result of gentler feelings, and a more elegant humanity; the heart itself is moulded, and habits of undissembled courtesy are formed."—*Fordyce*.



WHETHER we really enjoy any lot in life depends upon the disposition we carry into it. The kind of eyes with which we see, the kind of temper with which we act, will make much of little or little of much.



THE AUGUST GARLAND.

**G**OLDEN are the stalks and ears of the day-by-day ripening Corn ;  
Red are the Poppies that the farmer likes not to see his fields adorn ;  
All Nature now seems filled with sunshine warm and bright,  
And even the moon sheds down a mellower and richer light.  
Most of the flowers we see are tipped or rayed with gold,  
And the earth, like Solomon's robes, is glorious to behold.  
See, the Marigold likes the sun so much she goes with him to sleep,  
And opens her eyes only when the dawn breaks on the eastern steep.  
The Hawkweeds, too, and the Dandelion, and the great Sunflower,  
Are blazing full of colour ; and even the rain falls as a golden shower.  
Look at the giant Hollyhocks, and the stately Dahlias, led  
By the Golden Rod, like an usher, decked in sunshine, with Prince's  
Feathers on the head.

H. G. A.

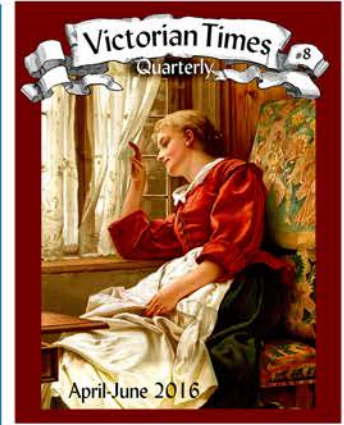
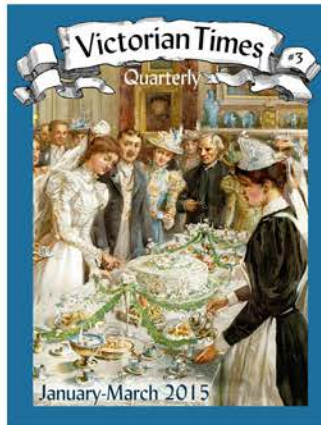
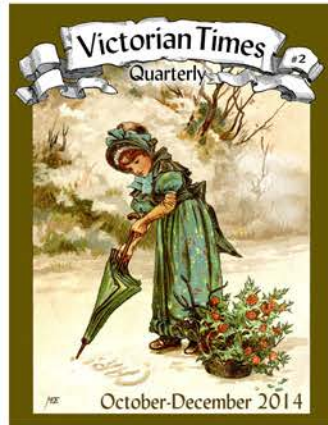


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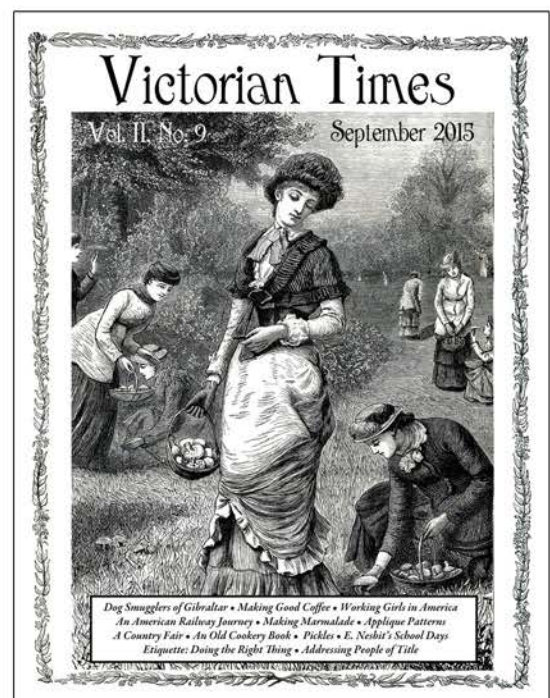
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