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

Nothing New Under the Sun

Happy New Year! ***Victorian Times*** is now 1½ years old! How time flies... And how confusing it can be, at times, to be struggling to remember to write "2016" on my checks whilst trying to recall whether the article I'm working on is from 1888 or 1879... Sometimes I feel as if I have a foot in each century—and sometimes I find that it's not always as easy to tell the centuries apart as one might expect.

This issue is a case in point. Our lead articles this month (three of them!) deal with the Victorian problem of "food adulteration." Perhaps, however, it's not quite accurate to refer to this as a "Victorian problem," since food sellers were adding unwanted (and often poisonous) elements to their wares long before the 19th century. The "Sale of Food and Drugs Act" of 1875 was certainly not the first attempt to legally combat adulteration—and it would not be the last.

Today, thankfully, we generally don't have to worry about having sand added to our sugar, or tea made from the sweepings of the tea factory floor, pressed together and stamped into the shape of tea leaves. We may worry about the health effects of sweets, but we aren't concerned about being poisoned by their colorful wrappers.

But we still worry, and not without cause. While there are, today, many regulations in place to protect consumers from "harmful" or "deleterious" additives to food, debate continues to rage as to exactly what is, or is not, harmful—and in what quantity. How many insect parts per milligram of peanut butter constitute a health threat? In 1997, a major grain producer was sued for spraying wheat with water to increase its weight and thereby raise the price. And while the great "Chinese dog food scandal" peaked in 2007, investigators are still tracking cases of tainted pet foods from that country.

Public concerns about food additives fluctuate and drive both regulation and fashion. I can recall the great public outcries against both MSG and calcium propionate (added to bread to "retard spoilage"). In response to those outcries, most manufacturers ceased using those chemicals, but only out of deference to public opinion. When the public ceased to express concern, those chemicals crept back into many of the products we buy today.

"Economic adulteration" was one of the most common Victorian scams, and generally involved adding a quantity of some cheaper material to a product so as to increase the profit. For example, inexpensive apple jelly was often added to other, more expensive varieties of jams and jellies (such as strawberry). More dangerously, manufacturers might make jam almost entirely out of apple or some other fruit and add wooden "seeds" to make it *look* like strawberry. Today, economic adulteration is still considered illegal—as long as it is hidden. However, a manufacturer can often "get away with it" simply by listing the cheaper material on the label, because as long as it's neither "deleterious" nor "deceptive," it's frequently legal. Hence, in many grocery stores, it is literally impossible to purchase fresh pork that hasn't been "adulterated" with as much as 15% of saline solution—which means that when one pays $7.50 for a pound of pork roast, one is paying $1.13 just for water. Turkeys today may contain anywhere from 15% to 40% saline solution—which means as much as 40 cents on every Thanksgiving dollar literally (and legally) goes down the drain.

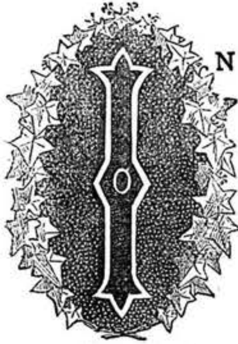
Victorian-style adulteration issues persist in other countries as well. Just do a search on "adulteration of tea" and you'll find a host of articles, photos and videos from India explaining how to detect color adulteration in that beloved beverage.

So perhaps there really is "nothing new under the sun!" (The article on "Wealth from Rubbish" reminds us that "recycling" isn't exactly a new thing either!) But in a way that's what makes the study of other times so interesting. In school, history is all too often reduced to a handful of dates and "important people." In reality, as we dig deeper into the lives of our ancestors, we start to discover that those lives weren't so terribly different from our own, even if our ancestors did wear strange clothes and talked funny. In every era, people are people—including the people who don't mind putting sand in your sugar if it means putting money in their pockets, and the people who take a stand against them. What we can *learn* from this sort of history is that in any era, people *can* make a difference—we don't have to put up with apple jelly spiked with wooden strawberry seeds!

—Moira Allen, Editor
editors@victorianvoices.net

THE ADULTERATION OF FOOD: HOW TO DETECT OR AVOID IT.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



IN order that our bodies may be properly warmed and nourished by the food we eat, and health and stamina thereby obtained from it to enable us to resist the wear-and-tear of life, our diet must first and foremost be well chosen, and contain the elements of nutrition in proper proportion; secondly, it ought to be well cooked and, I may add, served; thirdly, it ought to be taken in sufficient quantity; and, lastly, it should be of the utmost purity procurable. Unhappily, in this weary, wicked world of ours, this last quality is far from easy to obtain. Your viands may be of the best, your kitchen utensils scientific and free from poison, your cook both clever and kind, and your waiting-maid perfection, but that any single article placed there on that snowy board is free from adulteration of some kind is, to say the least, a matter of the greatest uncertainty. I refer, of course, to made-dishes, puddings, pickles, condiments, &c. A leg of mutton cannot very well be adulterated, nor a plainly-boiled potato, and the salt escapes, though the sugar suffers sadly.

Now it is generally believed that an Act came into force about two years ago, in this country, which has to a great extent done away with adulteration and the various tricks of trade. That such an Act does exist it is true; that its provisions, and in many instances its penalties, have been carried out must be admitted, and to a certain extent good has been accomplished; but the profits to the manufacturer and trader arising from adulteration are so very great, and the risk of detection so small, that the vile work goes on almost as merrily as ever. A more stringent Act, one more easily carried out, and one the clauses of which shall be less faulty, less easy to drive a carriage and four through, will require to be brought into force before the middle classes and the poor—for it is just these who suffer the most—cease to be both pillaged and poisoned.

Morally speaking, the adulteration of food is surely very sinful, and none the less a crime because the custom is such a common one. A man who wilfully adds a non-poisonous substance to an article which he sells, for the sake of increasing its bulk or weight, and afterwards retails that to you as pure, is, it seems to me, no better than a pickpocket, and the man who adds that to his goods which shall injure the health of the partaker is certainly worse. For my own part, I would far rather deal with a baker or grocer who sold pure goods but dealt in light weights, than with one who sold me an adulterated article, giving me full measure and a little over. Rob me, if it be my fate to be robbed, but spare my health.

Yet it must be confessed that the buyers themselves are sometimes to blame for throwing temptation in the way of the tradesman. They will not pay the price for the genuine article, on the one hand; or, on the other, they prefer beauty to reality—facts, however, that do not for a moment exonerate the dishonest trader.

The profits arising from the sale of adulterated articles are, as I have already said, very large, and in many cases the only gain the retail merchant has comes from the added adulterations.

There can be no doubt that the use of adulterated food and drink greatly affects the national health, and that thousands annually owe their death to the tricks of trade. The lower orders suffer the most, although the higher do not escape. Hard indeed is the lot of the poor man who, after toiling all day, must sup at eventide on bread and tea; but harder still it is if both be adulterated, which they usually are. Poison in the cup! Poison in the cake! The alum and other foreign matters in the bread will not aid digestion. No wonder he does not feel exhilarated. The cup did not cheer—it was a vile fraud. You can hardly blame the poor fellow if presently he finds his way round the corner, just to have one half-pint of the national beverage. National beverage, indeed! Beer used to be beer—that is, it used to consist of water, malt, and hops—I do not deny that it may be had both good and wholesome still, but with all due modesty I must add, *it isn't quite so common.* My humble friend, whom I have just allowed to step round the corner, because he didn't relish the plumbago in his tea, has been supplied—with what? It tastes all right, it is clear, and an excellent bitter. Ten to one there is *cocculus indicus* in it—that is the bitter—and picric acid—that is the colour—and just a dust of salt to make him call for another glass. It is no business of mine if he should; but there is little harm in saying that, unlike *strychnine,* which is often added to ale, *cocculus indicus* is never used in medicine—it is a terrible poison in large doses, producing death with convulsions and coma. If the man takes spirits instead of beer, I'm not sure that his case is not worse. *Cocculus indicus* finds its way into rum. Several sailors were poisoned a few years ago in Liverpool, although, it is stated, they had but one glass apiece. Lead also gets into rum sometimes, and cayenne. Cayenne is put in gin to impart a seeming strength to it after it has been reduced by water, and "fined" with alum or acetate of lead. (N.B.—I am told that cayenne is given to canaries, to improve their coats—it certainly does not improve the coats of the human stomach.)

Well, brandy is very much adulterated, and whisky sometimes vilely so.

For many reasons, I shall not here give any clue to the detection of the various adulterations of beer and spirits. Nature does not *compel* the use of either.

The detection of the adulteration of food is at times difficult enough even to analysts—to the uninitiated in

the science of chemistry, and knowledge of the microscope, it is always so. No good, therefore, my advising my worthy frugal housewife reader to invest ten or twenty guineas in purchasing that instrument of divination, that tells us men of science so very much about so very little; no good advising her either to set up a chemical laboratory in the corner of the pantry: all sorts of plaguy little accidents would be constantly occurring; and if little Harry got hold of the key—then, indeed! But, nevertheless, I'll wager I can tell her a few things about the commonest articles of household consumption, which she never knew before, and perhaps add a few hints to aid her in judging quality and making purchases. I shall follow no sort of order, but just take the substances as they occur to me.

Ah! here comes Bridget with my lunch. Mindful girl, Bridget! Corn-flour nicely boiled, with an egg in it.

"Which it will just keep ye going, sir," says Bridget, "till dinner-time."

Now, as to the egg, I know that is all right, because I know it was gathered this morning. But if I hadn't any hens that were kind to me, I should purchase my eggs new-laid in summer, when cheap, and *preserve* them for the scarce season. You see eggs are not like butchers' meat—eggs *can* be adulterated. You adulterate new-laid eggs in dozens, by letting every eleventh egg be a stale one.

A large number of vegetable and other impurities find their way into brown or unrefined sugar: there are sugar-mites, somewhat like cheese-mites, and vegetable fungi, and bits of sugar-cane. There is a disease well known as the grocer's itch, which is supposed by medical authorities to originate from the bites and burrowing habits of these sugar-mites. Now, sugar is certainly not an expensive item in one's dietary—the refined kind should therefore be invariably used. The impurities in some kinds of brown sugar are so disgusting as to render it entirely unfit for human consumption. Some of the cheaper kinds of white sugar are adulterated with chalk. This is insoluble in pure water, and a few drops of acid added to this will cause effervescence. Common sugar is often mixed with sand. If you take a clear, narrow glass, and dissolve some of the suspected sugar in it, you will find, if your suspicions are correct, that after it has stood for a few hours there will be a sediment.

From sugar to sugar-confectionery the transition is easy; and I beg mammas will listen, and fond, foolish old uncles too. First and foremost, let me tell you that the articles in question are not even entirely composed of sugar, but are largely adulterated with chalk, starch, and pipeclay. I don't think pipeclay can be good for little Tommy. At all events, little Tommy doesn't need it. Again, "sweets" are often "nicely" done up in coloured papers, and those papers are very often dyed with poisonous colours, and Tommy, not content with eating his sweets, will persist in licking the paper.

But worse than all this, poisonous, because beautiful, pigments are very frequently made use of to colour the confectionery itself. Of course, we must remember that there are harmless colours, as well as poisonous—for instance, sap green, turmeric yellow, saffron yellow, indigo blue, carmine or cochineal red, logwood or madder purple, &c.: these don't harm Tommy. Indeed, as the first-mentioned, sap green, is nothing more or less than the juice of the buckthorn-berry skilfully prepared, it might almost be submitted that at times Tommy would reap a positive benefit from a handful of sweets so coloured.

But these harmless colours have the misfortune to be rather expensive; and some wicked manufacturers, reckless as regards the consequences to poor Tommy, find in poisonous pigments a cheaper substitute, and use copper and arsenic greens, lead, antimony, or arsenic yellows, ferrocyanide of iron, or copper blues, and seek their reds from lead or mercury.

Honey is "doctored" with starch, and at times with chalk or pipeclay.

Marmalade would seem to be a second-cousin to the apple, and own brother to the boiled turnip. Jams and fruit jellies, I need hardly say, suffer greatly at the hands of the adulterators. They are not only often artificially coloured, but they sometimes contain copper. This last adulteration, I ought to add, is usually unintentional, being the natural result of boiling the preserves in copper or brass saucepans—such a practice is highly to be condemned. Gooseberry or raspberry jam, being somewhat cheaper than strawberry, is often used to make up the bulk of the latter; the pips, however, of the different fruits are very easily distinguishable by their size and shape, so that if you purchase black or white currant jam, you may without much difficulty find out whether or not you have the genuine article. Mix a teaspoonful of the jam in water in order to separate the pips.

Now, if one could be always sure of being able to purchase good flour, there would be no difficulty in making good bread at home. I have no wish at all to be severe upon bakers; they are fully as honest as any other class of tradesmen, but they are driven by the public themselves to use various ingredients for the purpose of beautifying, so to speak, the loaves they sell—the public being imbued with the insane notion that the whiter the bread is, so much the purer must it be.

Flour is adulterated with barley-meal, rice-flour, bean-flour, Indian corn, and potato-flour. Barley-meal I consider *most nutritious*, and the addition of the other kinds of flour to wheaten, while they may affect the purse of the purchaser, cannot really hurt his stomach. But the practice of mixing alum with the flour, in order to whiten the loaf, I consider nefarious in the extreme. Carbonate of soda is also largely used. Now, as a medical man, I shall not attempt to put it any stronger than this: daily doses of alum or carbonate of soda produce dyspepsia, and dyspepsia is the forerunner of one-half the ills that flesh is heir to.

A flour that is heavy is usually an adulterated one, for wheaten flour is the lightest of any. A too white loaf of bread should always excite suspicion.

Milk, one of the most nutritious articles of diet, is very

largely adulterated, especially in towns and cities; probably not one-half is genuine. The unprincipled owner of a milk-walk, indeed, usually makes more money out of the pump-well in the corner of his dairy, than he does from the produce of all his cows put together. Now most people think that if milk were diluted nearly one-half, it would certainly look blue and thin: and so it would, but the honest dairyman, while manfully pocketing the profits arising from the iron cow, with a thoughtfulness which does him credit, endeavours not only to suit your sight, but to please your palate. "Milk blue and thin," did you say? Bless you, he wouldn't sell such stuff for the world! and the addition of a little arnatto restores the colour in a wonderful manner; and doesn't a little sugar or treacle make it taste nice? and don't a dash of salt bring out the flavour? Ha! no wonder you smack your lips when you taste it, and say, "I wouldn't change my milkman for all the world!"

And starch, and chalk, and sheep's brains, and turmeric, and the decoction of white carrots are sometimes found in milk, but of course these all get in *quite* accidentally. If milk is of a very suspicious *rich* colour, you ought to evaporate a portion of it to a small quantity; if it gets a darker yellow or yellowish red, arnatto is most likely present; if a few drops of acid render it considerably redder, there can be little doubt about the matter.

When you can buy your milk from a farmer you ought to do so. The average specific gravity of milk would seem to be about 10·30. A middle-aged cow gives the best milk, and one that is fed on pasture-land, and not too frequently milked. The morning's milk is the richest, and that from cows much in the open air is the healthiest.

The principal adulterations of butter are water, salt, curds, starch, and different kinds of fats. Place the butter in a bottle near the fire, when after some time the water will sink to the bottom, and a fair estimate of its amount may thus be formed.

No article of commerce has been more shamefully treated in the way of adulteration than tea. It is painted and faced with poisonous substances; "lie-tea," which isn't tea, but an agglomeration of all sorts of filth held together by gum, is added to it; and it is also often mixed with the leaves of the willow, the poplar, the elm, the oak, or the hawthorn. I advise my reader, if he or she cares for a cup of this most delicious God-gift, to obtain a few pounds at a time from a good tea house, and give a fair price for it. If it is wished to find out if there be any admixture of foreign leaves, the shape of the leaves of the trees I have mentioned must first be learned, or a few samples may be procured and pasted on paper, then take a sample from the tea-pot, float them on water to make them unroll, and so compare them.

Coffee is adulterated with chicory, burnt beans, &c., and the chicory is itself mixed with roasted wheat, sawdust, and probably brick-dust. The best way to obtain really good coffee is to buy the freshly-roasted beans, and grind them at home, adding a little chicory if you like the flavour of it.

Pepper is mixed with flour, mustard, ground rice, &c.; cayenne with red lead, vermilion, ground rice, and brick-dust—the latter by way of flavouring, I suppose. Anchovies seldom are anchovies. Pickles are dyed and poisoned, cheese is stained, and flavouring powders mixed with arrowroot, while, for fear it should be too strong and injure the mucous membranes of customers, traders often thoughtfully reduce it with wheaten flour, and afterwards restore its colour with turmeric.

Potted meats are adulterated and dangerously dyed, and tinned vegetables are often rendered beautifully green by the addition of sulphate of copper. (N.B.—Preserved vegetables ought to have an olive-green appearance—not a bright and showy green.)

It is a good plan, if you can manage it, always to deal with the best shops, and pay a fair price for the articles you want. Avoid shops that puff and pretend to undersell their neighbours. When I see a grocer retailing his goods at wholesale prices, I know that man is one of two things, he is either a wholesale rogue or a duke in disguise—a man of immense wealth and extreme generosity, who has doffed his ducal coronet, and exchanged his ermine robes for the humble, though honourable if honest, shopkeeper's apron.

ADULTERATION, AND HOW TO DETECT IT.

BY AN ANALYST.

WE are apt to think our own times worse than any that have gone before, and to fancy that in our forefathers' days men dealt fairly with each other, and conducted their business in an honest and upright fashion. A perusal of the old laws of our land will put us right on that score; for if we are to infer that the existence of laws indicates the co-existence of forms of evil against which these laws are directed, we find that adulteration is no birth of yesterday, but that so long ago as the reign of Henry III. it occupied the attention of our law-makers. At that time wine was the general alcoholic drink, and thus early some money-making wine merchant had discovered how to sophisticate his liquors with various coloured decoctions. The practice soon spread to such an extent as to necessitate an enactment forbidding the sale to His Majesty's subjects of any such wine; and this law also forbade the sale of unwholesome meat, which then appears to have been prevalent.

We find the adulteration of wine again cropping up in the reign of Charles II., in whose time its use was almost universal, for we find that claret was largely consumed at fairs, where now malt liquors, beer, and

whiskey are almost the sole alcoholics in popular favour. From time to time various Acts were passed prohibiting the adulteration of beer, tea, coffee, &c.; and later on, in the reign of George IV., the use of alum in bread-making was made punishable by a fine of £20 or twelve months' imprisonment.

These Acts were all fragmentary, dealing only with a few articles, and it was only in 1860 that adulteration as a whole was first taken up, and the subject properly grappled with. In this year the first general adulteration Act was passed, the necessity for which had been shown by Dr. Hassall's investigations as chief of a medical commission, the state of business having become such that it was next to impossible to obtain—in London at least—such a thing as a pure loaf or a quart of genuine milk.

For a short time this Act of 1860 acted as a deterrent on adulterators, but soon through many defects in its machinery it proved a dead letter, and things went on worse than before. But a climax was reached, and in 1872 a new Act drew the reins so tightly on the adulterating manufacturers and dealers that they got up a great agitation on the subject, and such was their influence that they obtained a select committee of the House of Commons to consider the question. The arguments of the nation of shopkeepers, lame though they might appear from a customer's point of view, resulted in the committee recommending milder measures than those in force, and in 1875 the "Sale of Food and Drugs Act" was accordingly passed.

Defective on many points, as we must lament, it has proved of great value, as shown by the different condition of trade morality now prevalent. The investigations of Dr. Hassall showed about 65 per cent. of all the samples he examined to be adulterated, whilst 14,383 samples examined by the Society of Public Analysts in 1872-3 gave an average of only 26 per cent. adulterated, and in 1875 this figure was reduced to 12 per cent.

Yet, notwithstanding the improved state of affairs, a great amount of adulteration still goes on, else where were the need for so many officers of health and public analysts? And we would draw attention to a few simple tests not generally known for readily obtaining a good idea as to the genuineness of various articles of common use, without the necessity for delicate apparatus or expensive chemicals.

Water.

Water should be clear and sparkling, and with little or no taste. For all purposes soft should be preferred to hard, and a water which gives a large deposit on boiling should be avoided if possible. But the mineral matter dissolved in water is of much less importance than the organic, which has been proved to be the fruitful source of many kinds of zymotic diseases—scarlatina, small-pox, typhus, &c.

A good and simple test is as follows:—A two or three ounce wide-mouthed and stoppered bottle is almost filled with the water to be tested; a piece of loaf sugar is added, and the bottle tightly stoppered is allowed to stand in the light for a day or two. If the water be free from organic pollution, it will generally remain quite clear; but if bad, a milky cloud will be produced, more or less apparent according to the quality of the water. This milkiness is due chiefly to the presence of phosphates, which are always found in sewage, and thus indicates the probable admixture of sewage with the water.

Tea.

"The cup that cheers, but not inebriates," has passed into a household word, but with almost equal truth might we employ the phrase, "There's poison in the cup." There is, perhaps, no article of domestic consumption so commonly mixed with deleterious or worthless ingredients as this same Eastern leaf, a condition of things probably due to the demand being greater than the supply. The most common adulterants of tea are exhausted tea-leaves, leaves of other plants, lie-tea, sand, and the various materials used for facing or colouring the leaf.

The practice of re-drying used tea-leaves is confined to this country, where in 1843 there were about a dozen manufactories, mostly in the large towns, where persons were employed to buy up the exhausted leaves at hotels, coffee-houses, &c., at merely nominal prices. This system is still carried on, though on a diminished scale. The leaves are re-dried to a certain extent, then rinsed with a solution of gum and copperas, rolled into shape and completely dried, being afterwards mixed with black-lead to "face" them. Leaves thus doctored are, however, not very difficult of detection, for the gum causes them to present a glossy appearance, and the fold of the leaf is less regular than in the genuine article.

The addition of leaves other than of the tea-plant may be readily detected by spreading out a few of the leaves from the bottom of a tea-pot. There should be no difficulty in picking out a few genuine leaves, the lanceolate, spearhead-like shape of which, together with the serration on the edge of the leaf, should be sufficient to distinguish the tea-leaf from that of any other plant used to counterfeit it.

Lie-tea consists of the dust and sweepings of tea factories, neatly cemented with a solution of starch, and moulded with the fingers to resemble the ordinary leaf, although to a careful observer the difference is readily apparent, and any doubt is removed by pouring some boiling water over the tea, when if genuine it will merely soften and open out, but if lie-tea it will all break up into a dirty sediment; and if sand has been added or introduced with the sweepings, its presence is detected by the grittiness felt by chewing a little of the tea between the teeth. The facing used for tea usually consists of Prussian blue or indigo, the presence of which can only be revealed by chemical tests; but if magnetic oxide of iron has been employed, it may be discovered by means of a magnet, to which the particles will adhere. Green teas are those most frequently adulterated, black tea (especially of Indian growth) being on the whole of a reliably genuine character.

Coffee.

This is a substance which in the ground state affords a field for adulteration which very few merchants have failed to take advantage of, and for this purpose chicory, carrots, caramel, date-seeds, &c., are the substances most commonly used. The beans have of late years been skilfully imitated, but as coffee is mostly purchased in the ground condition, the chief point for the consumer is to be able to form some idea as to the character of the latter article, and the following are a few simple and reliable tests for its genuineness :—

Take a little of the coffee and press it between the fingers, or give it a squeeze in the paper in which it is bought : if genuine, it will *not* form a coherent mass, as coffee grains are hard, and do not readily adhere to each other ; but if the grains stick to each other and form a sort of "cake," we may be pretty sure of adulteration in the shape of chicory, for the grains of chicory are softer and more open, and adhere without difficulty when squeezed.

Again, if we place a few grains in a saucer and moisten them with a little cold water, chicory will very quickly become soft like bread-crumbs, while coffee will take a long time to soften.

A third test : take a wine-glass or a tumbler full of water and gently drop a pinch of the ground coffee on the surface of the water without stirring or agitating : genuine coffee will float for some time, whilst chicory or any other sweet root will soon sink ; and chicory or caramel will cause a yellowish or brownish colour to diffuse rapidly through the water, while pure coffee will give no sensible tint under such circumstances for a considerable length of time.

"Coffee mixtures" or "coffee improvers" should be avoided. They seldom consist of anything but chicory and caramel (burnt sugar), which, of course, deceive by the rich, dark infusion they give.

"French coffee," so widely used at present, is generally ground coffee, the beans of which have been roasted with a certain amount of sugar, which coating over the bean has retained more of the original aroma than in ordinary coffee, but this, of course, at the expense of the reduced percentage of coffee due to the presence of the caramelised sugar.

Confections.

Of late years the cheapness of sugar has so enormously extended the use of the better qualities, that bad or adulterated sugar is now almost unknown ; but in the shape of confectionery and sweets, the pure and genuine article is hard to find. To make them attractive to children most of them are highly coloured with various mineral or vegetable substances, the greater part of which are deadly poisons. Yellow is produced by chromate of lead ; red by cochineal, red-lead, vermilion, &c. ; brown by umber, sienna, &c. ; purple by Prussian blue ; blue by indigo, ultramarine, or Prussian blue ; and the greens, most deadly of all, by Brunswick green, verdigris, and Scheele's green—an arsenite of copper.

There is unfortunately no ready method of detecting these poisons without chemical tests, but as adulterated sweets are seldom free from chalk, gypsum, flour, starch, &c., two simple tests give us a fair idea of their character. Pure sweets should consist entirely of sugar, some of course containing a few grains of ginger, &c., otherwise they should be completely soluble in water, the above materials, chalk, &c., being insoluble. Again, if a piece of the sweet is held over a clear fire—on a shovel or anything else that may be handy—until all blackness has disappeared, only a small quantity of ash should be left if prepared from pure sugar, but if chalk, lime, or clay has been added, a large amount of ash will be left, and the original shape of the sweet will probably be retained.

Pickles.

The chief adulterant of pickles is acetate of copper—a violent poison, as are all salts of copper—the object of its use being to impart a bright green colour to the pickles. Happily the detection of copper in acid liquids is simple and reliable. Take a little of the liquid in which the pickles are preserved and place it in a small glass tube, a flower-glass, wine-glass, or anything else convenient ; insert the end of a bright knitting-wire or other article of polished steel—a knife-blade, for instance—into the liquid, and let it stand a short time. A red deposit or coating on the steel in greater or less quantity proves the presence of copper, and the danger there may be in the use of the pickles.

We might go on in like manner with many an article of every-day use, but our purpose has been to refer only to the adulteration of the most important articles of food, and we have sought to show that, although for the exact detection and estimation of adulterants it may require a skilled analyst and properly appointed laboratory, yet there are many simple and sufficient tests of the genuineness of the foods we use, which may be employed by any one at little or no expense, and without the necessity either of a microscope or of dangerous and expensive chemicals. We need not add that the fact should be fully and thankfully recognised that the great majority of manufacturers and dealers—especially the most eminent—are far above suspicion in respect of adulteration or any other "tricks of trade."

J. G.

Bells of Gladness.

Words by D. L.

Music by the REV. F. PEEL, B.Mus., Oxon.

Let us return for a space to the two spirits William and James, whose conversations we described in past numbers. Some readers may possibly recall how the spirit James, while wandering through the darkness of unoccupied Space (about five-and-twenty billions of eons before the commencement of Eternity), conceived a wild idea of the possibility of the existence of worlds—worlds occupied by an impracticability called "man." It will be recollected how the wiser spirit William cast well-merited ridicule upon this insanely impossible phantasy of a disordered mind; nay, even condescended to crush, by perspicuous and irrefutable logic, the grotesque and preposterous idea.

Very well; it is now William's turn.

"James," he said one day as they chanced to sight each other in the awful solitude of Space, "I have been thinking over that world of yours, and your crowning absurdity, 'man.' Pray do not become too inflated with weak conceit at my condescending to think about such trivialities; for the fact is, any subject of thought—however hopelessly foolish—is a relief amid the tediousness of Space. Well, I have been reflecting upon that characteristic which you conceive as distinguishing your puppet 'man'—I allude to *intelligence*. I think you suggested that he would possess intelligence?"

James only fidgeted uneasily, and made a feeble sign of affirmation.

"Very well," continued William. "Now, I have been putting two and two together, and have found out the nature of that quality which you mistake for intelligence; its true name is 'low cunning.' Every fresh piece of absurdity which you have told me touching the tricks of your queer creatures has supplied new evidence of this. Your creatures were to feed upon the substance of the 'world' on which they lived, and, ever increasing in numbers, would logically in course of time find there was not a mouthful apiece. I think we agreed about that? Well, let us consider that period, some time before the creatures should actually become exterminated by the natural evolution of events—the time when all the eatable products of their world would be growing scarce. You went so far as to imagine a great many products——"

"Yes!" said James, gazing afar off in the absorption of his imagination. "Yes—there were eggs, and oysters, and poultry, and mushrooms, and——"

"Ah!—the very things I've been reflecting about. Well, I've been dreaming that, at the period of which I speak, when all the commodities were becoming scarce, your human beings would agree to make poisonous artificial articles of consumption with which to poison themselves by degrees, and thus reduce the population to convenient limits."

"No!" cried James, pondering deeply. "Their idea would be to poison not *themselves*, but *each other!*"

"POISON."

"Ah! I see. Then they would make some sort of effort to prevent themselves being poisoned?"

"Oh, yes; they would pass Adulteration Acts for the purpose."

"I see; and any creature who did not wish to be poisoned could take advantage of these Acts to protect himself?"

"Certainly. The Acts would be very stringent. Let us suppose, for example, that a certain man suspected that the butter supplied to him was not butter at all, but a deleterious compound—well, all he would have to do would be to go to the shop, accompanied by a guardian of the peace, and, standing on one leg, with both hands on the counter and one eye shut, order a pound of the butter in certain words prescribed by the Act. He would then say to the tradesman, 'I am about to divide this pound of butter into three equal portions for the purposes of analysis'; and, taking the butterman's knife in his left hand, and passing it to his right, would cut the butter into three portions exactly equal.

"After this, hermetically sealing the three portions in three jars provided for the purpose, he would hand one jar to the tradesman, the second to the guardian of the peace, and retain the third. Then he would bring an action; and (provided that all the conditions had been accurately fulfilled, without the slightest flaw) the erring tradesman would be told by the Court not to do it again; while the complainant would have to pay all costs, and possibly a fine; and would be sneered at by the magistrate as a fussy idiot and a common informer.

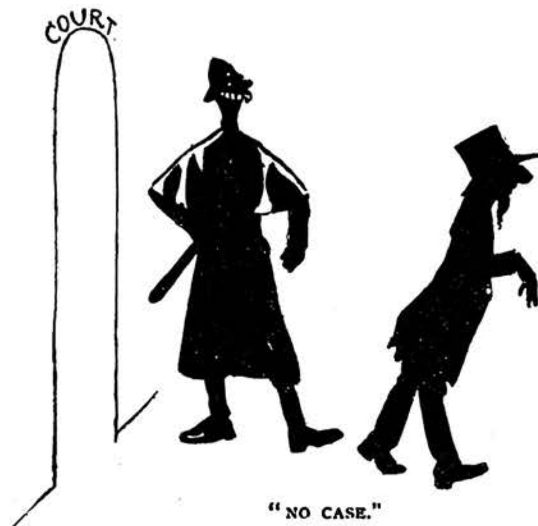
"If, on the other hand, the complainant should omit to secure the company of a custodian of the peace, or fail to stand on one leg with both hands on the counter, or take the knife in his right hand first, or should leave out the prescribed words, or blink his eye, or stammer, or sneeze, or in any other way fail to observe the regulations of the Act; he would, of course, have no case or remedy. The Adulteration Acts would be extremely stringent——"

"Against the victim of adulteration?"

"Ye—es," murmured James, a little nonplussed.

"Ah—well, then, I think we can afford to ignore these Adulteration Acts—like the adulterators and the public authorities would—and proceed with the question of the adulteration. I had a most vivid vision or dream of the details of this adulteration as they would be carried out on your world at the period we are now considering. I imagined that I was actually in a part of your world called 'America,' and that one of your

"THE SHOP."



"NO CASE."

human beings politely invited me to walk through his factory and see how things were made. I think you mentioned 'oysters'——"

"Yes," said James, "that's one name the article of food would possess; newspaper writers, however, would not recognise them by that name—they would only know them as 'the succulent bivalve.'"

"The very idea!" exclaimed William. "That's exactly what I seemed to have become—a newspaper writer. I fancied I went to see the factory, and then sent in the following account:—

"One of the most interesting factories in America is the stately building of the Ephraim Q. Knickerbocker Natural Products Manufacturing Corporation, of Spread Eagle Springs, N.J. That the structure is itself an imposing one may well be imagined in view of the vast productive energy expended within its walls; and the feebleness and inefficiency of the productive operations of Nature are never so fully realized as after a visit to this marvellous factory, and a comparison of the two systems.

"It was, therefore, with no little satisfaction that we lately received a courteous invitation from the able and energetic managing director General Sardanapalus J. Van Biene to inspect the operations of the Corporation at its factory. Accordingly, we proceeded to the New York terminus of the Natural Products Manufacturing Corporation's New York, Sumner Ferry, Thanksgiving Flats, and Spread Eagle Springs Railroad, along which a special train speedily whirled us to the front door of the works. On the steps stood the genial managing director, supported by the principal manager Colonel Exodus V. Rooster, the head chemist Major Madison B. Jefferson, and the assistant chemists Judge Vansittart J. Sumner and Admiral Hudson W. Killigrew.

"They received us with open arms, and, after entertaining us at a *recherché* lunch, conducted us to the chemistry and analysis section occupying a little over seventeen acres and employing a permanent staff of thirteen thousand four hundred and thirty-two assistants, among whom are chemists, microscopists, sub-inventors, etc., etc. There it is that the productive operations of Nature are studied and improved upon.

"'You must not imagine that we have any kind of sympathy or admiration for Nature's system,' explained General S. J. Van Biene, hastening to sweep away any false impression which we might have formed.

"'On the contrary, we just entirely despise her and her ways, and should have discarded her way back but for the prejudices

"THEY RECEIVED US WITH OPEN ARMS."

of the consuming public. It's just like this —the consumers still believe in natural products, and so we have to go on reproducing them instead of starting right away on our own lines and bringing out new and original commodities far in advance of anything Nature can do. How we're stultified you'll see as we work through. We just have to copy, anyway, in place of originating. We make oysters, for example. Now quite a while ago, our head chemist Major Madison B. Jefferson invented a new edible way, finer in every essential than the oyster; but the consumers wouldn't have it: they shied at it, and declared it wasn't wholesome; and we had the whole stock on our hands, and had to vat it down again, and recolour it, and make tomatoes of it. Then they took it down and just chaired it round. Of course, we have to say we *grow* the products—that's another effect of popular prejudice; if we had said we made those tomatoes, the public would have started right off again, and talked of "adulteration," although our tomatoes whip Nature's by 50 per cent. in all the elements of nutrition and flavour. Just taste this one.'

"We hesitated, and the director, perceiving it, promptly consumed another from the same case. Thus reassured, we ventured to nibble at the artificial vegetable, and found it excellent in every respect—decidedly superior to the natural product, as he had stated.

"'But,' we asked, 'do you not suffer considerable losses when these products —necessarily perishable in the natural course of things—begin to decay?'

"'That's just another point where we show our superiority to Nature. *Our* products *don't* decay; on the contrary, they improve by keeping. Here is a tomato seven years old,' he continued, taking down another case. 'Try it.'

"We did. The other was not to be compared with it. The older tomato had matured and mellowed, the skin having a finer colour and lovelier gloss, the flesh possessing a firmer body and more delicate flavour; it was far in advance of any tomato we had ever conceived.

"'Wonderful!' we exclaimed.

"'A very simple matter,' said the director. 'All that is required is a thorough mastery of chemistry. In all our goods we employ a special patent preservative of our own, which is naturally a secret. We calculate it to be worth one hundred and fifty quadrillions of dollars.

"'But let us show you how we make oysters! See, these are the tanks which contain the mixture—the compound which forms the body of the bivalve. This tank contains the beard-mixture; and this one the gristle.'

"'And what are the principal ingredients?'

"'Glue, made from horses' heels. This is a very important factor in our products. This glue, after undergoing a peculiar treatment which prevents its hardening and losing its elasticity in the course of years, is flavoured and coloured in various ways. This great tank contains the composition for the internal parts of the oyster—nearly black, you perceive; that tank over there contains the compound for the flesh that covers the internal parts; that tank farther along holds the beard-mixture; and the one beyond that the gristle which attaches the oyster to the shell. First, the flesh of the oyster is run into moulds, each oyster being in two parts; then the inside of the animal is run into another mould, and the two halves of the body are automatically placed around it and cemented together.

"JUST TASTE THIS ONE."

"'Meanwhile the beards have been rolled, stamped, frilled, and coloured along the edge by special automatic machinery. The body of the oyster then passes to the fixing-up room, where the beard is cemented to it by hand, and finishing touches of colour added; and then it passes along and has the gristle attached: and the oyster itself is complete.'

salt water. Iron, however, exercises an electro-magnetic influence upon the composition forming the body of the bivalve, causing a sudden contraction —so that, on a knife being introduced into the shell, the latter closes in the most natural way. We manufacture pearls on the premises, and advertise that one oyster in every gross taken from our beds contains a pearl of more or less value; and there's a greater demand for our oysters than for any others in the world. Our oyster beds are way down along the coast, about ten miles off; and are inspected by thousands yearly. Taste this egg.'

"He took up a fine specimen of a new-laid egg, and proceeded to break it into a glass. It was a delightful egg. 'That's our latest pattern of egg,' explained the General. 'You perceive that it has three lines around it, where the substance of the shell is weaker than elsewhere; the lines near each end enable a person about to consume the egg in a boiled state to easily cut off the top or bottom with a knife, or run his nail around it;

"'But it wants a shell!'

"'Just so. As far as the supply will go, we buy up old shells from dustyards and use them; but most of them are damaged by previous opening, so we make the bulk of our shells, and they're a good deal more natural than the real ones. They're made of lime.'

"'All alike?'

"'Not in the least. You see, we have some thousands of moulds, every one differing slightly from the rest. There's a special department for hingeing the two shells together. We had some trouble to find a substance for the hinge; but at last one of our chemists hit on a way of subjecting old hide-scraps to a peculiar process, and that did the thing. The mother-of-pearl is made of a sort of soft glass, somewhat after the appearance of Venetian glass, and put on the shell hot. Lastly, the oyster is attached to the shells by its cartilage; a little liquor is put in, and the shells are closed up.'

"'But surely people must observe that they are not alive?' we said. 'For instance, they can't open their shells!'

"'That's just where you're astray,' replied the General. 'Owing to the mechanical action of salt upon the composition of the cartilage, the oyster opens when placed in

while the line about the middle greatly assists cooks in breaking it into a basin. There is also a thin spot at either end, to facilitate sucking. These eggs are always new-laid; we send tons to Europe, particularly to Great Britain, where ours are the only fresh eggs they ever get.'

"'But you must find some difficulty in making an egg?'

"'Just as easy as smiling. The white is simply jelly-fish subjected to a chemical process—jelly-fish aren't costly. This tank is full of the liquor. The main ingredient of the yolk is the horse-heel glue mentioned before; we also boil down vast quantities of rats—they come cheap, too; it's only the cost of catching them; and then there's a vegetable colouring, and the preservative, and a few other trifles. First, the two halves of the white are made in two moulds, and frozen; then the two frozen halves are frozen together, and the yolk-mixture poured in through a small hole, which is then closed. Then comes the skin; and that is the most expensive part, for it contains a certain quantity of rubber. We have tried in vain to find a substitute for rubber, but failed hitherto. The rubber is mixed with a gum from a South American tree, and the mixture is applied with a brush over the frozen egg; and then the egg, still frozen, is dipped in a lime composition very nearly identical with the oyster-shell mixture; and, lastly, the whole thing is passed through the finishing machine, which turns the three thin lines and the two thin spots, imitates the pores of the shell, and delivers the finished egg to the warehouse.'

"'Marvellous!' we involuntarily exclaimed.

"'Oh, that's nothing at all,' said the director. 'We're meditating turning out eggs that will hatch and become fowls. At present we have to manufacture fowls; but we calculate to make a great saving by producing them from the eggs we make. That building over yonder is the terrapin factory; we turn out eleven tons of terrapin weekly. We make clams, of course—in the oyster department. In this next house we make kidneys and sweetbreads. Fruit? Oh, yes, we turn out masses of fruit; peaches pay best, but we do very well with nuts.'

"We were then conducted to the show-room, where we tasted a number of other products of the wonderful factory; and we had just said a grateful farewell to our courteous guide, when we were seized with pains of the most acute description.

"The arrangements of the hospital were admirable. The kindliness and attention we received made our five years' sojourn there a time to look back upon with feelings of gratitude. We are assured that, with strict diet and unremitting care, we may last some time yet—possibly even three months."

"It was a marvellous vision," said James, fervently, as the voice of William ceased. "Surely after that you must think better of those beings of mine?"

But William merely sniffed.

J. F. Sullivan.

Etiquette Run Mad.

BY C. A. HALBERT.

WE, in this easy-mannered republic, can have little conception of the tyranny which etiquette has exercised in all the great courts of the world, and the imposing part it has played in the adjustment of grave national questions. *Here*, all our citizen kings can attend a reception at the White House without invitation, and with no forms of courtesy beyond those of ordinary good breeding. We feel only a sense of the ludicrous when we read of the fume and passion into which courtiers used to fall when offered a stool instead of a chair, in some royal drawing-room; placed at a feast, opposite the carver, or below one whom they assumed to outrank.

During the reign of Louis XIV., while a tremendous war was raging between France and Spain, the grand monarch and his favorite courtiers were amusing themselves with fêtes and balls among the marvelous groves, lakes, and fountains of Marly. One morning, the Duke of Villeroy, hot and dusty, came spurring to court with army dispatches. News of a decisive battle was hourly expected, and everybody awaited the opening of the papers with feverish impatience. But, unhappily, the minister whose duty it was to break the seal and present them to the king, was absent for the day. They might contain news of a defeat, of instant necessities, and changed instructions, but no matter, *etiquette* must not be violated though the heavens fall, and the haughty Louis, though dying with anxious suspense, went on with his childish masqueradings with serenest countenance. The courier was obliged to skulk out of sight and affect not to exist till the return of the proper functionary, when he suddenly resumed himself and presented his dispatches, as if he had that moment arrived.

When Marie Antoinette, that charming, though somewhat volatile young princess, came over from simple-mannered Vienna to be the bride of the dauphin, she chafed much under the tedium of French etiquette. Her daily toilet was an affair of the most elaborate ceremony. Had she ventured to wash her own face or clasp her shoe-buckles, the whole court would have stood aghast with horror. Here is an example, one of many, showing how cruelly the rich, free life of the young princess was tortured and pressed into the iron mould of court ceremonial. On one occasion, a lady in waiting was about lifting the royal chemise over the royal shoulders, when the door opened and a second lady, superior in rank, entered. So the uplifted garment had to pause in mid air till number two could pull off her gloves and take it, and this happened thrice before the shivering young creature could be got into her clothes!

The making of treaties has often brought out the absurdities of hyper-etiquette in the most amusing manner. Indeed, the settlement of the order of ceremony and precedence of rank has frequently been the most perplexing part of the business. Take, for example, the congress assembled at Ryswick, in 1696, to arrange a peace between France and the allied powers. Before any serious business matter could be thought of, the rank and state of each power must be settled. The embassador of Austria loftily demanded to sit higher at the council board than the embassador of Spain, and also taking the right of way when their carriages met in the street. Two of these diplomatic fools, as Macaulay tells us, were mainly occupied in watching each other's legs. In their stately calls of ceremony, each was chiefly anxious not to advance more rapidly than the other, and if one "perceived he had inadvertently stepped forward too quick, he went back to the door, and the stately minuet began again."

There was endless wrangle as to how many horses each should be allowed, how many pages and servants, and whether these might carry canes and swords. "If you don't call me 'your Excellency,'" piped a little German state—with a territory about as big as a pocket-handkerchief—"we will call home our troops instanter." "If anybody crowds my horses from the spot I select," thundered Austria, "it'll be the worse for him," and forthwith the whole august body fell to debating on which particular rood of court-yard the imperial horses might stand. While the soldiers were dying in pestilent camps, and all Europe was faint under the exhaustion of a tremendous war, this tom-foolery went forward unblushingly month after month; and one cannot see how the mincing, and prancing, and bullying would ever have ended, had not William of Orange—the noblest Roman of them all—sent his envoy on the sly to meet the French envoy in an obscure little village, and there, walking up and down, under the apple-trees, they arranged the conditions of a peace which all the nations welcomed with a delirium of joy.

Earlier in the century, when England sent to arrange a marriage between Prince Charles and Henrietta of France, everything came to a halt on the mighty question, whether His Eminence, Cardinal Richelieu, should give his right hand to the embassadors, and how many steps he should advance in conducting them out of the room. A messenger was about to be dispatched to consult the king of England in this grave difficulty when it fortunately occurred to somebody that if the cardinal would receive in bed, etiquette would be suspended. Accordingly he feigned sickness, went to bed, and without further diplomacy the marriage settlements were made.

Few things in the records of the olden centuries are more amusing than those which relate the entanglements of court ceremonial. The office of Lord Chamberlain or Master of Ceremonies required the nicest diplomatic tact and the discretion of a prime minister. One noble guest demanded that his note of invitation should be the exact fac-simile of some other, and a second hig gledabout the precise inch of tablecloth upon which his plate should stand!

But in no court has the spirit of punctilio been carried to such absurd lengths as in the Spanish. There was a time when His Most Catholic Majesty's embassador at St. James blustered because at some court ceremonial the Dutch embassador was allowed to stand in the next room, "with only a thin wainscoat board between, and a window which might be opened." One Spanish monarch actually fell a martyr to etiquette. He was sitting before the fire when it began to roar furiously, and he ordered an attendant marquis to dampen it; but that grandee was an even greater devotee of etiquette, and refused to do it—somebody else, then absent, being lord of the poker. The king would not budge an inch, if he died for it—to move his own chair not being allowable—and so he sat with stubborn courage before the furnace till the blue blood of Castile boiled in his veins. Erysipelas set in and the royal fool was soon gathered ingloriously to his fathers.

Disraeli relates another curious and almost incredible instance. The royal palace was on fire, and a princess of the blood stood unrescued in her apartment. Neither prince nor noble volunteered to peril his own life for hers, till at last a plain rough soldier rushed up the burning staircase and brought her down safely in his arms. But alas, *etiquette*, august, sacred etiquette had been outraged, and the brave fellow was condemned to death, neither prince nor noble remonstrating, and he would have been executed had not the rescued lady at last besought his life!

But the despotism of etiquette is vastly mitigated in this nineteenth century. The sanctity of punctilio and the "divine right of kings" are, happily, buried in one grave. The monarchs of Christendom are, as a rule, high-mannered gentlemen, and walk about in plain clothes with neither diamonds nor aureoles on their heads. A princess may wear a "russet gown" and ride in a public conveyance, and the most august female sovereign in the world, although clinging pertinaciously to the traditions of courts, does not think she stoops when she teaches a Sabbath-school class and reads the Bible in the cottages of the poor.

Who that saw the Brazilian Emperor moving among us three summers ago, so bright, manly and purposeful, choosing the top of an omnibus to a sumptuous carriage if thereby he might grasp a thought or an impression to carry home and work into the civilization of his own people, did not say, "here is the true divinity that hedges kings."

A BLACK LILY.—A recent traveler in Syria found what he calls a black calla. It had a leaf exactly like that of a calla lily, and a flower nearly the shape of the blossom, only not quite so open and flaring. It had a large and long pistil the color of the inside of the flower, which was a rich, velvety black, or, in some lights, dark maroon, while the outside was green. It was a superb plant, and he tried to get up a bulb to bring home, but failed in the attempt. He saw two specimens.

SO VERY HUMAN!

DRAWN BY HARRY B. NEILSON.

THE BALLAD.

"WRITE ME DOWN AN ASS."

ADVERSITY.

"I KNOW A MAIDEN FAIR TO SEE—BEWARE!"

MODEL MENU FOR JANUARY.

By PHYLLIS BROWNE.

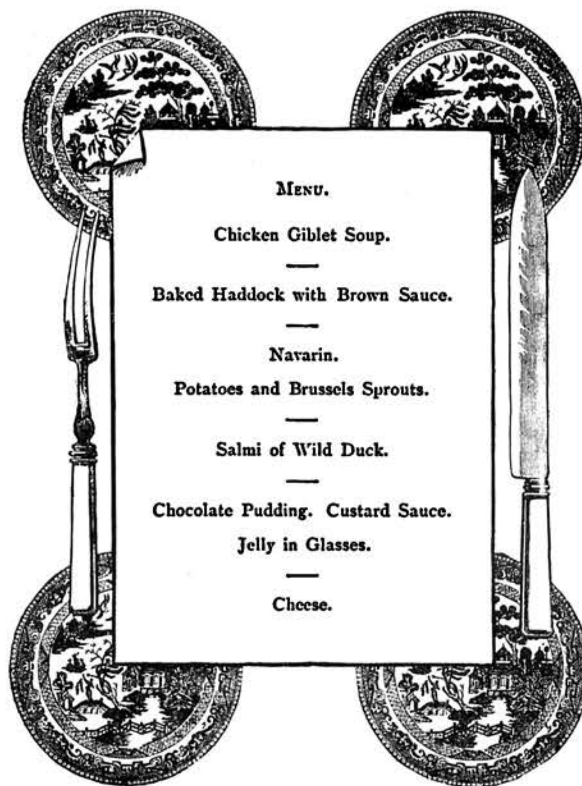
E are now in the depth of winter, at the season of the year when, if such a state of things could be, health and comfort are more dependent upon the quality of food supplied, and upon that food being well-cooked, than at any other time. It is most important, therefore, that our meals should be nourishing, warming, and sustaining.

Chicken Giblet Soup.—One of the most nourishing and tasty soups of which we have any knowledge is chicken giblet soup, and it is particularly suitable for this season, because fowls and ducks are cheap just now, and sets of giblets are often to be bought at large poulterers at a very reasonable price. Even while saying this, we have to confess that giblets are not so easily obtained as they were even two or three years ago. Then it was not unusual in certain districts to buy a dish full of fresh giblets, containing an indefinite quantity, for fourpence or sixpence. But with the spread of a knowledge of cookery, housekeepers have learnt to understand the value of giblets, and to realise how many excellent dishes can be made of them; and so, when buying poultry, they ask that the giblets may be sent with the birds. However, in most neighbourhoods it is still possible to buy giblets by speaking for them a day or two beforehand, especially as it does not signify at all whether the giblets bought are goose giblets, duck's giblets, or fowl's giblets, provided only that they are perfectly fresh. As the giblets need to have a little time spent upon them, it is just as well to buy them, clean them, scald them, and put them in a cool place the day before the soup is wanted.

To make three pints of soup, take two sets of goose giblets, or three sets of duck or of fowl giblets; wash them well in two or three waters, and look them over and examine them. If a small dark-green bladder is still attached to the liver, cut it off, and remember to cut a slice of liver with it to avoid breaking it. It is the gall, and its contents would make anything they touched bitter. The probability is, however, that the person who drew the bird removed the gall. If the liver is all right, lay it in cold water.

Now scald the necks and the feet of the birds by pouring boiling water over them to cover them, and letting them lie one minute. The heads should be cut off and thrown away. When scalding material of this sort, never attempt to do the work with water that is not actually boiling, no matter how near the point of boiling it may be. Also, do not think to scald the giblets by putting them on the fire with cold water, and letting them come to a boil. Experiments of the sort are often made, the cook thinking one way is as good as another; whereas, as a matter of fact, the wrong way gives much more trouble in the long run. Skin the necks (which are sometimes very bloody), and divide each one into three pieces. Take up the feet one at a time, peel off the thin outer skin, which will come away quite easily, and remove the nails by bending them back. The feet will now be quite clean and delicately white. The hard silvery blue lump is the gizzard. It must be freed from all strings and skin, the top skin being cut quite through. There is a sort of pipe leading from one side to the other, and this must be cut from end to end. The heart, like the liver, must be cut in halves.

When the giblets are thus cleansed, put them into a saucepan, cover with cold water, bring this to a boil, and then throw it away. Dry the giblets, and fry them in good butter or dripping with two or three strips of bacon-rind, scalded and scraped, until lightly browned, then throw them into cold water to free them from fat. Put them into a stewpan with a large carrot, a leek, a small onion, a turnip, three or four outer sticks of celery, half a teaspoonful of mixed herbs, a blade of mace, and two cloves. Pour over all four pints of stock made from bones. Bring this to a boil, skim it carefully, and simmer gently for two hours. Take out the best pieces of giblet, trim them neatly and put them aside. Throw the rest again into the stock, and simmer another hour. Now add a thickening of flour mixed smoothly with cold water (a tablespoonful of flour may be allowed for every pint of soup). Boil and cook the flour well, and add pepper and salt to taste. Strain the soup into a hot tureen, add the pieces of giblet and a few drops of lemon-juice, and serve very hot.



If giblet soup is not liked—and we know that, notwithstanding all that may be said to recommend it, there are people who cannot overcome their distaste for food of this sort—a tasty, nourishing soup can be made by using tinned mock-turtle soup of a good brand. If tinned soup were used alone, it would not go very far, and it would be rather expensive; but it is easy to make more of it, and at the same time to overcome the taste of the tin, which is sometimes found objectionable, by boiling root vegetables (carrots, turnips, and onions) in stock, rubbing them through a sieve when soft, adding the *purée* to the made soup, and making all hot together. When mock-turtle soup is served, cut lemon and cayenne should be handed round with it.

Baked Haddock and Brown Sauce.—Haddock is a fish that is not valued according to its deserts. Many people despise it, and think it very inferior. Some months ago a complaint was made of the diet provided for patients at one of our hospitals, and a grumbler made a special grievance of the fact that haddock was served to the sick folk. He seemed to think that on this account the patients were much injured. Yet, really, haddock is most excellent food, and it is at its best in winter. It is very delicate, very digestible, and when well cooked it is very delicious. The only fault that can reasonably be found with it is that it is cheap. Cooks ought to feel that they have accomplished something when they have made cheap food inviting.

One reason why haddock is unpopular is that frequently it is not cooked so as to make the most of its good qualities. It is too often boiled, and boiled white fish is very apt to be insipid. If cooked according to the following recipe, haddock will be very savoury.

Take one good-sized fresh haddock or two moderate-sized ones; get the fishmonger to take out the eyes, cut off the fins, and trim the tail neatly with scissors. Wash the fish but do not soak it; dry it and season it inside with pepper and salt. Make a little forcemeat with three tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs, an ounce of finely-chopped suet, a dessertspoonful of finely-chopped parsley, a teaspoonful of mixed and powdered herbs, pepper and salt, all worked together with a little milk. Do not use too much stuffing for the size of the fish; the forcemeat ought to be put in loosely so that the flavours can permeate the whole. It should not be tightly packed. Put the forcemeat in the fish and sew it up, using as few stitches as possible to make it secure. Truss the fish in a circle by fastening its tail to its head with twine, put it in a greased baking tin back upwards if it can be made to stand, pour about two ounces of fat over it, cover it with greased paper, and bake it in a moderate oven from half to three-quarters of an hour according to size, basting it occasionally with the fat. Do not let it be overcooked. A few minutes before it is taken from the oven, remove the paper, brush the top of the fish with milk, and sprinkle browned bread-raspings over, especially about the head. Remove the string and the skewers before dishing. Pour a little sauce round the fish, and send the rest to table in a tureen.

Brown Sauce.—The following is an easy and quick way of making good brown sauce. Slice an onion and fry it brown in a little butter. Put with it two cloves, a stick of celery, half a teaspoonful of mixed herbs, a teaspoonful of gelatine, and boil in a pint of stock. When the gelatine is dissolved and the stock well flavoured strain the sauce, and

stir into it a little Liebig to colour it. Melt an ounce of butter in a clean saucepan and mix smoothly with it an ounce of flour. Let the paste get brown, stirring it to keep it from burning, add the flavoured stock, and stir over the fire once more till smooth. Season with pepper and salt to taste. The sauce can be made some time before it is wanted, and kept hot at the back of the stove in a gallipot surrounded with boiling water.

Navarin.—This is the fashionable name given to a refined variety of haricot mutton flavoured chiefly with turnips. The ordinary haricot mutton is made of mutton and a collection of other ingredients, turnips, carrots, onions, pickles, herbs, and occasionally haricot beans, and from these beans it gets its name. Appreciators of the navarin are more exclusive; they devote their attention to the turnip, and the dish is supposed to derive its name from the French *navet*, or turnip. Housewives who are acquainted with both think that the navarin is much to be preferred to the haricot.

To make it, get about two pounds and a half of the best end of a neck of mutton with as little fat as may be, and having secured this condition, trim away nearly all the fat that remains. Dishes of the sort now under consideration are nearly always too fat, thus they are made indigestible and rather coarse. The aim should be to get rid of the fat, and to obtain a delicate, not a strong flavour. A very effectual way of keeping fat out of a dish is not to put very much fat into it. A little fat there must be of course to make the meat mellow, but it is quite unnecessary to have a large quantity of fat. Yet there is no occasion to waste the fat cut off. Mutton fat rendered down and clarified is very good for frying.

An excellent way of cutting up a neck of mutton for a dish of this kind is to let the butcher saw off the chine-bone entirely, then split the ribs twice, thus dividing the neck into three lengths. This will enable the cook to make pieces rather smaller than an egg, convenient for serving, and which do not consist chiefly of fat and bone.

Having cut up the meat, melt an ounce of butter in a stewpan, and brown the mutton on both sides over a quick fire; the object being to colour the meat, not to cook it. When the pieces of meat get brown, sprinkle a tablespoonful of flour over them, mix it with a spoon, and add gradually half a pint of stock and a good-sized onion. Let the stew come gently to a boil, and remove the scum as it rises. Meanwhile peel four or five turnips, and with the larger vegetable scoop which was bought last month, form them into balls about the size of a large marble. If the scoop was not bought, cut the turnips into any pretty fancy shapes, all of the same size, but do not cut them into slices or wedges, or the dish will look vulgar. One way of dealing with material of this sort is, to slice the roots into plugs two inches long and one inch thick. Wash them in salt and water and drain them. Melt an ounce of butter in a clean saucepan, put in the turnips, sprinkle a little sugar over them and toss them over the fire for about five minutes till very lightly coloured. Take them up carefully and put them with the meat, then let all simmer gently together for about an hour. Take up the meat and turnips and keep them hot. Strain the gravy and skim off all the fat. If it is not thick as cream and brown, make it so by mixing in a dessertspoonful of flour made to a paste with water and boiling in it a tiny piece of pastille Carpentier. Add seasoning if necessary. Arrange the meat in a mound, put the turnips in the crevices, pour a little gravy over all, and send the rest to table in a tureen. Serve very hot with hot plates.

Potatoes steamed over hot water, and shaken to make them like balls of flour, and brussels sprouts boiled in the usual way, may be served with the navarin. It is to be remembered that the brussels sprouts will be greatly improved if, after being boiled, they are drained on a clean cloth, then put into a frying-pan with a slice of butter melted, and tossed over the fire for a couple of minutes. A little salt should be sprinkled upon them whilst being thus *sauté*. When done they should be dry and a little crisp, and will be quite superior to the same vegetables turned into a tureen with hot water draining from them.

Salmi of Wild Duck.—The wild duck is esteemed very highly by those who care for it at all. It is like nothing else that comes to table; it is rich and well flavoured; and at this season it is a valuable addition to the daily fare, for it supplies a very decided change and gives piquancy to the menu, and yet it is not expensive. To be enjoyed in perfection, however, wild ducks have to be very carefully chosen. It is often said that they have a fishy flavour, which is very objectionable. True wild ducks, however, seldom have this fault. Very often half-tame or decoy ducks are sold for wild ducks, and they are almost certain to have it. It is, however, difficult for anyone but an expert to recognise them. The only thing we can do is to go to a good shop. It may be remembered that the false "wild ducks" are always cheap, and they frequently have white feathers about the plumage. They are never so tender as the real bird. It is generally said that the drake is superior to the duck, but the latter is usually quite as good as the former.

Before everything wild duck should not be overcooked. There is a saying among sportsmen that a wild duck is sufficiently cooked when it has been carried through a hot kitchen; but this of course is an exaggerated way of saying it should be underdressed. As a rule the breast and pieces of the side only are eaten; the other portions of the bird are stewed for gravy. As one slice of game would be considered enough for one person, it may be calculated that one duck would suffice for a salmi for four or five persons. If this can be served in a silver dish it will look very inviting.

Cleanse and truss the duck for roasting, rub it all over with butter or clean fat, and bake in a brisk oven from fifteen to twenty minutes, so that it shall be well browned outside whilst still underdressed. Let it get cold, then skin it, and reserve the breast and side pieces. Break up the remainder and put the pieces into a stewpan with a pint of stock, a good-sized onion cut into slices and fried, half a saltspoonful of sugar, a little salt, and six peppercorns. Boil gently for a couple of hours till the gravy is strongly flavoured with the game and is considerably reduced in quantity. Strain it, then thicken it with an ounce of flour and a little butter worked to a paste, boil till smooth, and add the strained juice of a Seville orange, a little cayenne, and a grate of orange rind. Put in the pieces of duck and let them get hot through without boiling. Place each one on a square of fried bread, and lay a section of orange freed from skin and pip on each. Pour the sauce round, and serve.

Chocolate Pudding.—Mix half a pound of chocolate-powder to a smooth paste with cold milk; pour on boiling milk, and stir over the fire for ten minutes. Stir in while hot an ounce and a half of butter and an ounce and a half of sugar. Cool, then add the yolks of three eggs. Butter a pudding-mould evenly and thickly, and cover it with two ounces of fine bread-raspings. Beat the whites of the eggs to a firm froth, and add them to the pudding at the last moment. Put the chocolate into the mould gently. Lay a buttered paper on the top of the pudding and steam it for an hour and a quarter. Turn out carefully and serve with custard sauce.

Custard Sauce.—Boil a pint of milk, and pour it, when boiling, very gradually upon a beaten egg. Stir the milk with the egg slowly. If this is done, and if both egg and milk are good, the milk will not curdle, and the custard will be richer both in taste and look for the milk having been added boiling. Add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and a few drops of vanilla essence. Turn the custard into a porridge-pan with water under it, and stir without ceasing over the fire till it is as thick as cream.

Jelly in Glasses.—A little bright-coloured jelly served in small glasses is a very great addition to the pudding course. Yet it need cost only a few pence, and it may be very easily made. Soak half an ounce of gelatine in water to cover it. At the same time put a tiny pinch of saffron to soak in a tablespoonful of hot water. When the gelatine is thoroughly swelled, put it in a basin with a quarter of a pound of white sugar, and pour on half a pint of boiling water. Stir till dissolved; add a small nut of citric acid, and stir the jelly again till it clears. Put in the saffron water and two or three drops of cochineal. Let the jelly stand in a cold place till firm, and then pile it by tablespoonfuls in clear white glasses. A small quantity of jelly like this will set at this time of year in a very short time.

* * * *

Before closing this paper, may I be allowed to say a word or two about the advisability of housewives who wish to improve the family fare having in their store-rooms a few special trifles needed in the preparation of dainty dishes? Good recipes that have been proved and approved are always valuable, and housewives are generally delighted to get them. Yet it is quite usual for individuals who read them to turn away from them with impatience, and to refuse to try them, simply because mention is made in them of materials that are a little out of the way. "How absurd this recipe is!" says the housewife. "Does the person who wrote it think that ordinary folks keep on hand a store of condiments and garnishes such as would be used in the kitchen of a palace? She coolly orders us to 'take a little of this,' or 'a pinch of that,' as if we had the contents of an Italian warehouse at our command."

There is a very simple answer to a remark of this sort. Why should not the housewife lay in a supply of various adjuncts to cookery? They do not cost much. Anyone who was willing to lay out half a sovereign at once, with about a sovereign spread over the rest of the year, might have a stock of garnishes, condiments, and extras which would be the means of imparting delightful refinement and daintiness to the dinner-table. To accomplish this economically, however, the housewife must avoid one mistake—she must not indulge in large quantities. Articles of the kind referred to are generally best when fresh; besides which, the amount required for any one dish is usually very small indeed, so that a little goes a long way. It is wise, therefore, to lay in very little at once, renewing the supply when exhausted. Thus, having obtained a quarter of a pound of this, two ounces of that, a small bottle of something else, and so on, the housekeeper will find herself the possessor of a wealth of resources.

If, therefore, there is a housekeeper who thinks it would be worth while to have on hand certain extras often mentioned in recipes, but which are not often found in ordinary houses, let her commence by procuring the following articles. The list does not include condiments, spices, and garnishes in ordinary use.

1. A little glaze. This material is valuable for enriching soups and sauces, and for decorative purposes. It can be bought by the pound in skins, and looks like thick sausage. Half a pound is enough to get at once.
2. Half a pound of angelica.
3. Half a pound of dried cherries.

4. Half a pound of pistachio kernels.

5. Half a pound of sweet almonds, and two ounces of bitter almonds.

6. Two ounces of saffron. (To be kept in a stoppered bottle.)

7. A jar of Liebig's Extract.

8. A bottle of anchovies in brine.

9. A bottle of olives.

10. A bottle of pickled gherkins.

11. Two or three heads of garlic. (If these are put into an onion bag and hung in a cool, dry place, they will keep a long time. There are few stews flavoured with vegetables which would not be improved by having the inside of the stewpan rubbed quickly with garlic before the meat is put in. English people are accustomed to say they cannot bear garlic, but if a dish were thus flavoured (no more), they would never know garlic had been used, and the probability is that they would wonder what made it so tasty. Mr. Kettner, a great authority, says, "To English taste, the pronounced flavour of garlic is insupportable; but many people do not know that some of the most successful compounds owe their excellence to an unsuspected undertone of garlic.")

12. A bottle of ketchup.

13. A tin of Pastilles Carpentier.

14. A quarter of a pound of Parmesan cheese. When Parmesan cannot be obtained in a piece, it can be bought ready grated in a bottle. It is, however, to be preferred in a piece, because it is best when freshly grated.

15. A little roux or brown thickening.

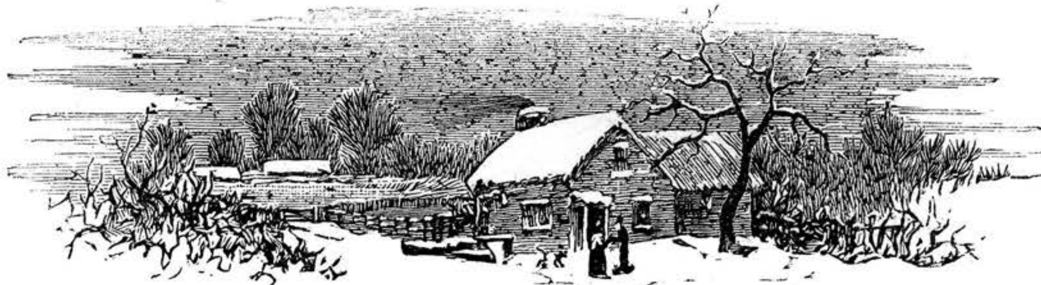
16. A little blanc or white thickening. (Roux and blanc are made at home. Readers of the GIRL'S OWN PAPER do not need to be told how to make them.)

17. Mixed savoury herbs.

18. A tin of dried crumbs. (When small articles have to be egged, crumbed, and fried, it is a great hindrance to have to stop the proceedings to prepare the crumbs; and it is a great convenience to have a few at hand always ready. The cook would do well, therefore, when she is at leisure, to rub light stale bread through a wire sieve, thoroughly dry these in a slow oven; mix a little flour, pepper, and salt with them, and store them in a tin for use. The supply can be renewed from time to time.)

19. A little browned flour.

If the housekeeper, having procured the above articles as a beginning, will avail herself of times and seasons, and make certain preparations as the ingredients come into the market, she will soon have at her disposal a store of odds and ends, which will not only be of the greatest assistance in the preparation of special dishes, but which will also serve as aids to economy and help to make variety. For a well-provided store-room is a great strength. The reason why articles of this sort are so little used is, that not everyone knows their value.



A WINTER HOLIDAY FOR TEN POUNDS.

By S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

WHAT prescription so agreeable for the overworked or the ailing, in body, mind, or nerves, than change of air and scene, away from the business and the noise of town life, with the trying interruptions of work, as grievous to the brain-worker as the perpetual stoppages and starting again to the ill-starred omnibus hack? To break off the thread of your subject, and to take up the dropped stitches—what an effort it is, and how the weary brain needs a time of waking rest over and above the forgetfulness of sleep.

"We know all this," I fancy my reader to say; "but how and where can this rest be attained?"

I know there are many classes amongst you, my friends, to whose special cases some careful thought must be given. There are those whose relations and acquaintances have no means of providing this refreshment; others are too far removed to offer it, or they are lacking in thoughtfulness, if not in hospitality. Some of you might be welcomed with gladness by friends residing in bleak or damp localities;—that would not tend to the restoration of your health, supposing that to be your object. And there are others who have no friends or relations anywhere, and are thrown entirely upon their own resources during the fogs and the storms of winter. Thus the question of having to "pay the piper" is one that gives rise to anxious calculations and doubtings, many and depressing.

I will suppose that my readers, thus perplexed, can subscribe towards this health-restoring object just merely a ten-pound note, which must cover the expenses of return train tickets, cabs, fees, board and lodging. If so, then perhaps they will accept a few friendly suggestions from a change-loving traveller like myself.

The first place that shall have a recommendation from me is within the limits of our southern shores, but considerably removed from town—I allude to Penzance, within eleven miles of the Land's End, at the extreme south-west of England, and the most genial locality anywhere to be found with the exception of the Channel and Scilly Islands. The price of a return ticket from Paddington to Penzance for one month is £3 13s., and the distance to be traversed is 328 miles. Living is comparatively cheap; food of all kinds — clotted cream included — abundant. The people are very obliging, honest, and primitive. The lodgings, though not exceedingly plentiful, are reasonable as to price in Alexandra and other Terraces, and would not be difficult to procure in the winter. At one house, kept by a lady, situated on the esplanade, you may be boarded by the day if you prefer the greater convenience it would offer as compared to a lodging where you would have to provide for yourself. To many, however, the little visits to the market, and the daily shopping in the early morning, prove rather an amusement than a trouble. The beach is of sand, and in summer there is good bathing; but as a winter resort it is sufficient to say that there are excellent baths on the esplanade, which extends for a distance of half a mile or more. There are four wide streets, good shops, and to give an idea of the size of the town, I may observe that the population numbers from 10,000 to 11,000.

You will observe that, setting aside £4 for travelling expenses, cabs and porters included, you will have £6 for your board and lodging. About 30s. a week should pay for these, so we think you might enjoy a three weeks' holiday and keep your expenses strictly within the £10 which I suggest as sufficient for its accomplishment.

The next question that naturally arises is this: "What is there to repay the long journey and the cost at Penzance?" Much. The little town is sheltered on the north and east from those winds that so much try us in England during the winter and early spring; and the air of that southern shore is mild while it is not relaxing. The rocks that form a frame for that verdant and flowery land are picturesque and wild, contrasting well with the green below and the glorious blue of the open sea in front. But not alone is there much to please the eye in all the surroundings of that charming place; there are inducements to take walks in many directions, and there are plenty of cheap conveyances likewise.

When I visit a gallery of pictures, the first thing I do is to sit down in a central position, and take a general view of the whole collection, instead of making a special examination of each picture consecutively. I then note the characteristics of the gallery as a whole, and those works that pre-eminently deserve a notice. And so my first query in making a selection of a place which is to give brain rest and refreshment, as well as a soothing or invigorating tonic to the body, should certainly be, "What circumstances of pleasureable interest does it supply?"

Are you an enthusiast, more or less, about Nature in any form, or about any pursuit? Are you, for instance, a draughtswoman or painter, a collector of flowers and ferns, of fossils or minerals? Have you a love for archæological research, and of old castles and churches? For this small island home of ours

A SCENE ON THE SEINE DURING THE FROSTS OF 1891.

is rich in the provision it supplies to those who can either appreciate beauty in art, who have souls that can revere antiquity, and delight in historical research. Many are the "sermons in stones" which they may read, and many the visible demonstrations of facts which they have only received at second-hand from books, but of which it would rejoice them to discover some ocular and tangible confirmation.

Now, it seems to me that but few of our English health resorts, suitable for a winter season, can offer such a variety of attractions as this same Cornish land. St. Michael's Mount, crowned with the old monastic house, is a distinctive feature of Penzance, rising, so grandly as it does, to a height of 250 feet, and of which I have something else to say a little later on in my pen-sketch. If able to take a walk of two miles and a half, you might visit the two fishing hamlets of Mousehole and **Newlyn**, both having some special interest connected with the Artists' school of the neighbourhood. If not quite equal to making excursions on foot, there are many that can be enjoyed at a trifling cost; such as that to the Logan Rock, Gurnard's Head, Porthcurnow, the Atlantic Telegraph Station—a wild and desolate spot; where, if disposed to collect tiny shells for the "Sea-shell Mission," or a children's hospital, you will find a beach almost entirely composed of them, and could fill as big a basket, or as many little bags, as you would care to carry home to your lodging.

Should you fancy an expedition to the mines, there are those of Levant and Botallack; and to the Lizard's Point, and Whitesand Bay beyond it, a delightful day's "outing" may be made. All these places of interest that cluster round this most attractive spot for a winter visit, are easily accessible by means of a host of Jersey cars, brakes, and omnibuses.

To speak of excursions in winter time in a country which has been said to possess no "climate," but only "weather," would seem to such detractors an attempt at imposture. A so-called "pet day" might be found in the far north; but a genial season in December, in January, February, and March, may rarely be reckoned upon this side of the Alps. According, however, to Dr. G. B. Millett, the Medical Officer of Health, and Hon. Sec. of the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall: "When other places in this country are undergoing the extremes of winter, Penzance is enjoying at least the delights of spring," if not of actual summer. "The average winter temperature," he goes on to say, "is high, while that of summer is comparatively low"; and "the annual rainfall is generally about forty-three inches." I do not recommend sea-bathing in winter; but there is a large swimming bath, which, if fairly warmed, might prove an acquisition to many in that season; and if the seeker for rest and change be indisposed to make the excursions I have indicated, there are several acres of pleasure ground which may be enjoyed without cost or fatigue in turn with strolls on the sands and esplanade.

This southern extremity of Cornwall, and what is more advisedly called the Land's End, was once a county of far greater dimensions, and extended to the outside limits of the Scilly Islands—reduced to "islands" by the deluge of waters that swept over that tract of land, gradually at first, and then in a terrible rush. This splendidly fertile country of Lethowsow, or Lyonesse, was inhabited by a people named the "Silures," who were remarkable for their piety as well as their industry, for no less than 140 churches attested the fact. Several large towns were submerged below a sweep of ocean, twenty-seven miles in breadth, between the Land's End and the Scilly Islands. This terrible visitation occurred (according to the *Saxon Chronicle*) on November 9th, 1099; and on this same day, according to Stow also, the tide rose in an unprecedented manner, "brake over the banks of the Thames, and drowned many towns, and much people and cattle. At which time the lands in Kent, that sometime belonged to Duke Godwyne, Earl of Kent, were covered with sandes, and drowned, which to this day are called 'Godwyne Sandes.'"

Two persons are specially recorded as having been almost miraculously saved from the wholesale destruction that fell on the south-western part of England at this time—a member of the Trevilian family, since settled in Somersetshire—which bears the horse as a charge on its escutcheon in memory of the horse on which he made his escape; the other was the Lord of Goonhilly, who owned a portion of Lyonesse, and who founded a small oratory—the "Chapel Idne" (or "narrow chapel")—and fled for refuge to Sennen Cove. It is said that the flats between the islands of Brehar, Sampson, and Trescaw are quite dry at a spring tide, and men can pass dry shod from one to another over the sandbanks, over which there are ten or twelve feet of water at full tide; and here, upon the shifting of the sands, walls and other ruins have been clearly seen. Between two shoals in the channel called "Crow Sound," there are but four feet of water. These and many other facts are stated by the Rev. Wm. Borlase. In some places round the coast of Cornwall the remains of trees are to be seen in twelve feet of water. The encroachments of the sea have been very great in the sea-board of Falmouth also, where the black rock in the harbour was once a large island; and there was a wood six miles south of St. Michael's Mount, extending from Cudden Rock to Clement's Isle. I promised to tell you something of the Mount. It is said to have originally been "a hoare rock in a wood," and it seems that the ancient Britons inhabiting those parts believed in the apparition of St. Michael to an anchorite on that mount, and that he directed him to build a church on the top, A.D. 495. Long afterwards Edward the Confessor founded an abbey there of Benedictine monks, A.D. 1044, and a chapel, part of which is now a dwelling-house. A large lake once existed in the forest on the western side of Mount's Bay, between the villages of Mousehole and Newlyn, which disappeared when the sea submerged the land; and J. T. Blight asserts that, passing by boat from the Mount to Penzance at low tide on a summer's day, he saw "black masses of trees in the white sands, extending far out into the bay"; and that on another occasion, after a violent equinoctial gale, "large trunks of trees were thrown up on the shore beyond Chyadour."

Cornwall was visited by another terrible catastrophe, and this by sand instead of water. On her northern shores a large and wealthy city, surrounded by highly-cultivated and wooded lands, and enriched by lead and tin mines, entitled Langarrow (or Langona), reputed to have been the largest city in Britain, was overwhelmed beneath a terrible sandstorm, and buried deeply beneath it.

This awful visitation is stated to have taken place 900 years ago, and in reference to it there has ever since existed a belief that it befel that city as a judgment on the more than ordinary wickedness with which it was credited. Having been selected as a convict settlement for the purpose of carrying-out certain very large and important works, the convicts were permitted to intermarry with the inhabitants of the city, and so corrupted the morals of the lower orders, that to this fact the extraordinary phenomenon of a prodigious sandstorm, resembling those of the African deserts, was universally attributed.

But not alone was this city and neighbourhood swallowed up by the sand, but the towns of Lelant and Phillack, the former owning the mother-church of St. Ives. **Crantock** also, a trading town, having a religious house with a dean and nine prebends, was buried; and on Gwithian sands the remains of a church have been found. A farmhouse (the Barton of Upton) was more recently overwhelmed in a single night, and discovered again a hundred years after, through the shifting of the sand, in the winter of 1808–9. At Gwithian the good folk have saved their town and church by the planting of rushes (the spire), which is the best protective against at least the gradual encroachments of the sand, if not a sufficient barrier against a tremendous storm.

The Logan Rock is another object of interest, and once of superstitious regard, certain diseases in children being supposed to be cured by rocking them upon it. But one Lieutenant Goldsmith upset this natural curiosity in April, 1824; and although the Lords of the Admiralty were induced to replace it, the supposed charm was broken. The name *logan* is derived from the Cornish verb "to log"—*i.e.*, to "vibrate" or "roll" like a drunken man. The great stone was said to have been so poised and blessed by St. Ambrose; but as the words *ambus* or *main ambus* signify "annointed" or "consecrated stones" (according to C. S. Gilbert), we have not far to seek for a derivation of the name, and may leave the good old saint out of the history. Druidical circles of stones may be found in many parts of this dukedom of Cornwall, and those who can add another pound to the ten for which I have bargained for the winter's holiday, might make some interesting archæological quests.

On the road to the Land's End you will pass one of these circles—a collection of nine; and the "Hurlers," on the moors near the "Cheesewring," in St. Cleer, is another of these interesting monuments which local tradition declares to be the actual persons of Sabbath-breakers, who for their rebellion against the Divine law, and intentional profanity, were stricken to death and turned into stone in the midst of their supposed most daring recreation.

I can scarcely omit to say that, were a fine opportunity to occur for a short sojourn in the Scilly Islands, no better locality could be indicated as a winter resort. But having to limit the excursion to one of £10, and the uncertainty of easy and pleasant access to them in winter, I will not say more about them.

Another of our "happy hunting grounds" awaiting the selection of the holiday seeker I may suggest as the Mumbles. The little town is only four miles from Swansea, and Langland and the beautiful Caswell Bays adjoining so closely, may be comprised in my recommendation of the Mumbles. Of course the tickets from London or elsewhere should be taken to Swansea, which is 216 miles from Paddington; and a return ticket for a month costs £2 6s. 9d. second class, and £1 14s. 11d. third; and there is an hourly train service between this town and the Mumbles. Most of the places of interest in the vicinity of the Mumbles and the villages above-named are within easy walking distance, such as the Mumbles Rocks, Oystermouth Castle, the caverns of Oxwich Bay, and the gigantic one in the grounds of Stout Hall, also the ruins of Pennard Castle, as well as the lighthouse on the headland. There is a good tennis-court and bowling-green close to the sea at Langland Bay; the sands are firm and extensive, and pleasant drives are innumerable. The mean temperature in the winter is equal to that of Torquay, Falmouth, and Ventnor. The soil is dry. The water is pumped direct from the limestone, and is excellent, according to the analysis made by Professor Frankin; and there are no obnoxious manufactories in the neighbourhood to poison the air and

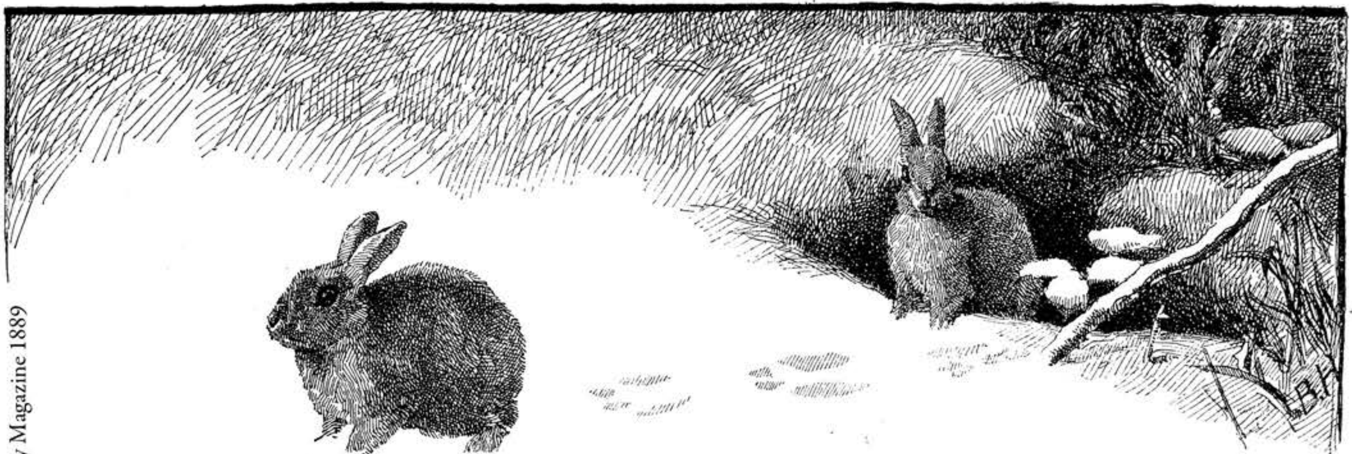
blacken and destroy the vegetation. These localities are so sheltered from north and east winds, and equable in temperature, that they are likely to attract a still larger proportion of delicate persons than the number who, I understand, have already given up their winter sojourns in the south of France for so genial a place in their own land. Persons suffering in the throat and lungs are recommended to add the Mumbles and its neighbouring bays to the list of their winter's quarters; and when I quote from Dr. John Bevan's statement (Medical Officer of Health for Oystermouth), that "the average death rate during the last nine years has been 12·4 per thousand," I think I may be justified in suggesting this place as one very worthy of the name of a winter health resort. There are good hotels and boarding-houses of a character to suit all classes, besides lodgings; competition has not as yet raised the prices of living and accommodation beyond very reasonable limits.

One more holiday resort, suitable for winter, may be named in this necessarily short paper, and that is the sheltered little town of Budleigh Salterton. I do not name it for its special attractions outside its mild prettiness and good open sea; but it is essential that I should provide a retreat for some who need a specially quiet, retired spot, where they can enjoy shelter from the east wind, a gravel soil, good water, and good sanitary arrangements. There is an hotel and boarding-house, and a fair number of lodgings; and to those who prefer to escape from the noise of excursionists, brass bands, and barrel organs, for the purpose of study or undisturbed rest, this may prove exactly what they seek. When I was there, two or three years ago, my chief diversion consisted in tramping up and down the pebbly beach in search of moss-agates, chalcedony, and red jasper, some specimens of which I obtained. But the beach is still more remarkable, as being for the most part composed of flat-round stones, known as the "Salterton pebbles," which are of sandstone, most curiously variegated in coloured designs. A pleasant drive may be made to Sidmouth, the British camps at East Ottery Hill and Sedbury Hill, Court Hall and its "haunted chamber" (for the "haunting" I do not give my authority), over the moor to Woodbury Castle and Colyton Raleigh, and by omnibus, running three times daily, to Exmouth. The climate is credited with being specially suitable for persons suffering from chest diseases, and from debility after fever. From Waterloo to Exmouth (to which a ticket should be taken) is a distance of 182 miles—15s. 2d. third class, and return ticket for one month, £2 1s. 6d. second.

Before the next Christmas vacation brings with it the usual enquiries for genial retreats, I hope to give you a few more suggestions, in addition to the three or four now offered.

It would be no novelty to speak about Bournemouth as a winter resort, nor could I suggest it as likely to afford inexpensive accommodation; but I think that an adjacent watering-place, possessing similar recommendations as to climate, sheltered site, and gravel soil, is comparatively little known. I refer to Southbourne-on-Sea, having a full southern exposure, situated to the eastward of that town, at three miles' distance. Very many of our girls complain of *anæmia;* and as this pretty little place can boast of a valuable chalybeate spa, situated towards the end of the West Parade, I can confidently advise sufferers in this respect to take a fortnight or three weeks' holiday in this place. I have obtained a strong recommendation to it from one of our leading London physicians apart from the question of the spa; and as to these waters, you may accept the opinion of Dr. Herman Weber, the great mineral-water authority, with regard to their nature and use. But if you take advantage of them, I advise you to see a local doctor first. The analysis was made by C. T. Kingsett, and the ingredients they contain consist of sixty-six grains of ferric sulphate and fifty-seven grains of sulphate of sodium per imperial gallon. There is a fine undercliff esplanade at Southbourne, sheltered from the north wind, a pier, and an omnibus service, which conveys you to and from Bournemouth for a shilling return fare. It has also the rare attraction of a winter garden under glass, removed to this place from Tedworth Park—a celebrated one—having thirty plant-houses and ferneries adjoining. There is also river boating—at only sixpence an hour—on the Stour; and by means of this easy conveyance you can visit a lovely spot called "The Sheep Wash." There is also a pleasant walk of a mile and a half to Christchurch; and as it dries up so quickly here after rain, owing to the soil being of sand and gravel, walks may be contemplated in a winter sojourn as well as in the summer.

To select a pleasant and interesting place for a winter holiday—mind and body are equally in need of consideration—demands not a little reflection, leafless trees and the absence of flowers being a drawback in most of our watering-places, and sea-bathing and lawn-tennis then out of season. But I might still add several other names to my brief list, and amongst them very particularly that of the old historical town of Lyme Regis. It lies between Beer Head and Portland, in the centre of a natural bay, at the south western extremity of Dorsetshire, and at a distance of 144½ miles from London. The line of railway is by Great Western *viâ* Bridport, or by the London and South Western *viâ* Axminster; and the fare for a month 35s. second class return, or 12s. 0½d. third single. Lyme Regis has a sheltered terraced walk above the sandy beach, screened on one side by the famous "Cob," a peculiar kind of pier, which protects the harbour. The sands are firm and hard, and by them you may go on foot to Charmouth; and inland there are walks in all directions. Provisions are reasonable in price, and I believe I may say lodgings likewise. "But," my readers may enquire, "what are the special features and attractions of this place, that suggest its suitability as a place of winter recreation?" I for my part see much—as a lover of natural antiquities in the form of fossils—which is within the attainment of any visitor, and free of cost, rendering this a place of unfailing interest, and affording an agreeable pursuit day by day, while enjoying to the full a close proximity to the sea. The blue lias cliffs that line the shore are full of pre-historic remains, and even without the use of hammer and chisel beautiful specimens of crystalised and of metallic *ammonites* may be found lying among the rocks, washed at high tide by the sea. It was here that the celebrated Miss Duning discovered large specimens of the *Ichthyosaurus* and other antideluvian reptiles, which she presented to the British Museum—a self-instructed natural genius like Mr. Beard, of the famous "Banwell Caves," near Weston-super-Mare. In my early youthful days I had the pleasure of seeing and conversing with both these interesting persons on the particular scenes of their wonderful discoveries. A word of warning must now be given in reference to the quest of fossils in the blue lias cliffs, and that is, that the smallest shower of crumbling slate-like stones therefrom should be taken as a warning to run from them at that instant towards the sea. The alarm may usually be of no real benefit, but the fall on other occasions may be considerable; so never make light of it, for it might prove to be quite as serious to the explorer beneath the shower as the proverbial "rain of cats and dogs." I think my list of winter holiday resorts has been sufficiently diversified in character to suit very many demands and individual tastes. So I take my leave of the subject, with my best wishes to all for a healthful and interesting ten-pound holiday, in whichever direction their choice may lead them.


Century Magazine 1889

CONDUCTED BY LAURA LATHROP.

THE NEW YEAR.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells, across the snow."

WITH the advent of the New Year we have a continuation of Holiday festivities, in New Year's receptions, twelfth-night festivals, and impromptu entertainments, making, in quick succession, especial demands upon the hostess, who, "on hospitable thoughts intent," proceeds to emphasize her "Happy New Year" to her friends by extending her most cordial welcome to the home which she renders as attractive as may be, by the addition of whatever brightness her ingenuity may suggest in the way of decoration; especially in the appointments of her table. Beautiful accompaniments for this are met on every side, and taste and tact, with a small outlay of money will accomplish wonders in this direction. If expenditure be a matter of consideration, it is better to omit some expensive dish and use the money saved for flowers and a supply of ferns and delicate trailing vines for the necessary greenery.

The decorations may be as elaborate as taste and purse will admit. Some fancy cakes, as ornamental as delicious, must be provided; ices are a necessity; but if we desire to cater to the popular taste, and especially to that of the gentlemen, we shall make liberal provision in the way of salads, croquettes, etc., which are more appetizing and wholesome, and if tastefully garnished make a very pretty addition to the menu.

LOBSTER SALAD.—Cut into small pieces, with a very sharp knife, enough boiled or canned lobster to make one quart. Mix with it a marinate of three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one of oil, one teaspoonful of salt, and a half-teaspoonful of pepper. Set away on ice for two hours. Wash carefully the crisp inside leaves of three rather large heads of lettuce. Scatter pieces of ice over it and set in cool place till needed. At serving time, mix with the lobster one teacupful of mayonnaise. Drain the lettuce; line the salad bowl with the larger leaves; shred the white crisp heart leaves and arrange lightly in the center; upon this heap the lobster and cover the mound with an additional cup of mayonnaise. Garnish with white lettuce centers.

MAYONNAISE DRESSING.—For two teacupfuls of dressing, use one teacupful of best olive oil, yolks of four raw eggs, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one of lemon juice, three tablespoonfuls of very thick sweet cream, half a teaspoonful of salt and a very slight pinch of cayenne, with a teaspoonful of mustard. Have oil, eggs, cream and bowl thoroughly chilled by placing on ice for an hour or more before using. Put yolks, mustard, salt and pepper into the bowl and beat with egg beater till very light. Now begin to add the oil, a few drops at a time, continuing the beating each time, till the oil is thoroughly blended with the eggs. As soon as the mixture becomes thick and ropy, which will be in about ten minutes, the oil may be added more freely, carefully beating in each addition. As soon as the egg-beater begins to turn with difficulty, begin adding vinegar as well as oil, about a teaspoonful of each at a time. When the vinegar has all been used, begin adding lemon juice. Last of all, whip the cream and add to the dressing. These directions and proportions must be carefully followed, for upon this depends success. Some one has said that "It takes a sage for the salt, a spendthrift for the oil, and a miser for the vinegar." The addition of cream so disguises the flavor of the oil, that those, with a decided antipathy to its flavor, can partake of it with pleasure. Butter may be substituted for oil if desired.

OYSTER SALAD.—Slice delicately thin, with a very sharp knife, enough of the white part of celery to make one pint. Drop bits of ice over it and set away to keep crisp till needed. Heat one solid quart of oysters, to

the boiling point, in their own liquor, but do not allow to boil. Drain them, cut each in several pieces, pour over them the following dressing: Beat three eggs, and add to them one-half teacupful of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of made mustard, one-half teaspoonful of pepper. Place in the double boiler and cook until it is as thick as very thick cream. It must be stirred constantly and not allowed to boil. Pour this dressing over the oysters, stir lightly and set away to chill. At serving time add the celery, first draining it of water. Toss up lightly and garnish with nicely blanched celery tops and sliced olives.

Chicken Salad.—To one quart of chicken, freed from fat, skin, and bones, and cut up with a knife into quite small pieces, allow one pint of sliced celery, prepared and served with same dressing given for oyster salad, or if preferred with a mayonnaise, reserving half the mayonnaise to pour over the top. Garnish with blanched celery leaves, interspersed with the whites of eggs cut in rings, and little cubes of boiled beets.

Celery Salad.—This salad is now in high favor as an accompaniment for game. Cut well blanched stalks into half-inch pieces, keep on ice till wanted; dress with mayonnaise or dressing given for oysters. Serve at once, as it soon looses its fine appearance.

New Year's Cake.—White of twelve eggs, four teacupfuls of flour, two teacupfuls of granulated sugar, one teacupful of butter, one large grated cocoanut, two pounds of citron and same of blanched almonds, one large teaspoonful best baking powder, cream butter and sugar, add whites beaten to a stiff froth, then the flour and baking powder mixed and sifted twice. Now add the grated cocoanut; last stir in the citron and almonds, reserving one pound of almonds for top of cake. Slice the citron very thin and cut in small pieces, that it may not interfere in cutting the cake; flour before adding. Chop the almonds quite fine both for body of cake and top. Bake in slow oven for two hours, watching carefully. When done, ice the cakes and sprinkle thickly with the remaining pound of almonds; return to the oven to harden, leaving the oven door open, and being careful not to brown. It is best baked in oblong tins, that it may slice without waste.

Oriental Cake.—This is made after the style of a Neapolitan cake, but with a variety filling; and for beauty and deliciousness combined cannot be excelled. Bake in jelly cake pans, in four layers of different colors:—brown, yellow, white and pink. For the white and pink layers, use a cup of fine granulated sugar, half a cup of butter, half a cup of corn starch, half a cup of milk, one and a quarter cups of flour, whites of three eggs, and a heaping teaspoonful of best baking powder. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, add the milk and corn starch, first stirred together, then the flour and baking powder sifted together, and finally the whites of the eggs beaten light. Spread half the mixture in a jelly-cake pan, and in the other half stir a small teaspoonful of liquid cochineal, adding a few drops at a time, and mixing thoroughly. The liquid cochineal may be easily prepared by using one-quarter of a teacupful of water, one-quarter of an ounce of pure cochineal, one teaspoonful each of sugar and cream of tartar, and a piece of alum the size of a small pea. Bring to a boil in a small tin vessel and let simmer for fifteen minutes; strain and bottle for use. A very little of this will color icing, cream and jellies a beautiful pink, and is not in the least injurious. For the yellow and brown cakes, cream half a cup of butter, and a cup of sugar, add one whole egg and yolks of four, beaten light, next half a cup of swee milk, and finally one and one-fourth cups of flour and a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder sifted together. Spread one-half of this batter in a jelly-cake pan, and to the other half add a mixture of one ounce of grated chocolate, one tablespoonful of water and three tablespoonfuls of sugar, with one-half teaspoonful extract vanilla which has been stirred until smooth over a hot fire. These cakes will bake in about twenty minutes in a moderate oven.

Filling.—One cup of powdered sugar and whites of two eggs beaten light. Use the brown cake for bottom layer; spread over it a thin coating of the filling, and cover with a layer of very thin slices of figs, placed as close together as possible. On this lay the yellow cake, spread with the filling, follow with a layer of orange in very thin slices, and free from seeds and rind. Follow this with the white cake; ice and add a layer of

grated or dessicated cocoanut. Finish with the pink layer, spread with a firm white icing, and decorate with iced or candied almonds. This is better if eaten same day, or the day after it is made.

TWELFTH CAKE.—Among the many quaint amusements which have been revived, is the ancient one of cutting the "Twelfth Cake" at the Twelfth Night Festival, which occurs on January 6th, on the twelfth night after Christmas. It was formerly a religious festival, held by the Christian church to celebrate the manifestation of Christ, and the day was known as "Little Christmas." As a household festival it is better known as King's Festival, or Twelfth Night Festival.

The practice of choosing a king and queen upon that night of merry-making, is the part which has sprung again into favor, and amid a large assemblage of invited guests occurs the inauguration of the "King of the Bean." The cake was formerly elaborately decorated, but contained nothing but a bean, a pea, and a clove. When cut and served, he who found the bean was proclaimed king, she who got the pea became queen, while he who drew the clove, was called the knave. The others were, for the time maids of honor, courtiers, and ministers of state. Many devices have been adapted for determining the characters which the guests shall assume. One is the invention of "Twelfth Night Crackers," these when pulled apart, each by a lady and gentleman, are found to contain two pictures, and the characters represented should be assumed for the evening, thus giving the festival the appearance of a carnival.

In making the cake, any nice cup cake recipe may be followed. The cake must be heavily iced, and anything in the way of lesser decoration may be added that the fancy suggests. Candied fruits or nuts are nice; the date in pink icing is appropriate, but there should be three fancy figures in candy or some other material to represent the king, the queen, and the knave. For the center of the cake there should be a tiny Christmas tree. When the batter is mixed ready for baking, pour it into a large, round, plain baking pan. Drop the bean and the clove into one side of the cake, and mark the places with broom straws; this half will be served to the gentlemen. Drop the pea into the other side which will be served to the ladies. The broom straws will be taken from the supply, culled from a clean new broom, which you keep in a little box for use when needed. Draw them out when the cake is being iced, and place the king and knave on the side containing the bean and the clove, and the queen on the other, that no mistake may occur in serving.

ICE CREAM.—Many who have all the facilities for making ice cream, do not attempt it, from a mistaken idea of the labor involved and the anxiety as to its success. The labor is trifling aside from breaking the ice. Success is certain if the ice is pounded very fine and one part of rock salt used to two parts of fine ice. Procure a good freezer, pour cream into can, place in position. Begin with a layer of ice three or four inches deep, follow with salt, then ice, packing well with a round stick. Do not drain off the water that forms in keg. Turn slowly, increase speed as the cream hardens, and when the crank turns with difficulty, remove beater, stir up contents with a heavy spoon, cork aperture, set away in cool place covered with a blanket or piece of carpet.

CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM.—Two quarts new milk, yolks of four eggs, and two cups of sugar heated and stirred constantly in double boiler till thick as cream. When cold or ready to freeze, add one quart rich cream, whipped, beaten whites of four eggs, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla, and two ounces of grated chocolate which has been melted with one cup of sugar and one tablespoonful of water; freeze solid.

Plain ice cream may be made same way, simply omiting chocolate, and using instead juice of two lemons boiled with cup of sugar.

MACAROON ICE CREAM.—Soak half a box of gelatine for two hours in water enough to cover, add a pint of scalding milk, when dissolved strain into two pints cold milk, to which you have added two cups sugar tablespoonful vanilla essence, one quart cream; when two-thirds frozen, add one and a half pounds crushed macaroons, and beaten whites of five eggs; freeze solid.

Replies to Domestic Queries.

"A. L. H." asks directions for making home confectionery. As candy parties are now much in vogue, this subject will prove one of general interest. French candy par-

ties stand higher in favor than the old-fashioned "candy pull," from the fact that they do not involve so much labor, and have the additional recommendation of coolness. Confectioners' sugar forms the basis of these candies, and is mixed with equal parts of white of egg and cold water, to a consistency that will bear handling. To make chocolate creams, roll the sugar compound into balls about the size of a large marble. For outside: put finely grated chocolate into a tin pail, without anything added, and place the pail in a kettle of boiling water. When melted, pour it upon a hot dish, roll the cream balls in it until well coated, then lay upon a cool plate to dry, being careful not to let them touch each other. Cream almonds are made by shaping the cream mixture into oblong balls and placing each one between two halves of blanched almond, pressing the almonds into the sides of the cream. Shelled English walnuts, dates, raisins, figs, hickory nut meats, etc., may be prepared in the same way. A great deal of ingenuity may be exercised in the use of flavoring, coloring and material to secure variety. Nut candy is made by putting three pounds of white sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter, a teacupful of water, and a teacupful of nice vinegar into a heavy saucepan. When it begins to boil thick, add one pound of hickory nut kernels, or any kind preferred; the variety used lending its name to the candy. To test it, take a very small quantity from the center of the mass and drop quickly into cold water. As soon as these little particles become brittle remove from the fire and pour into buttered plates to cool.

"Mrs. A. J." wishes recipe for salted almonds: Blanch the kernels of hard-shelled almonds by throwing them into boiling water for a moment or two, then into cold water, when the skins can be easily removed. Add two tablespoonfuls of nice salad oil, or same of sweet melted butter to a pint of the kernels, stirring them well. After setting them aside for an hour, sprinkle over them three tablespoonfuls fine salt, stirring thoroughly. Now put them in a shallow baking pan and bake for about fifteen minutes, or until they become a delicate brown. Stir several times while in the oven. They are placed on the table at the beginning of the meal, but are not served until just before the dessert.

"A Subscriber." A capital syrup for buckwheat cakes is made by using a very light colored brown sugar, that which is known in the market as C sugar. Its flavor is superior to white. Add water in the proportion of one cup of water to two of sugar. Set on the back of the stove to melt slowly; bring forward, and when it reaches the boiling point, skim and let boil one minute. Remove, and when cool, jug for future use. If one pound of maple sugar is scraped and melted in a cup of water, and added to a gallon of the syrup, it will almost equal in flavor, pure maple syrup.

This department is open to queries, and correspondence on domestic topics. All communications should be plainly written, one side of the paper only.

Address: INGALLS' HOME MAGAZINE,
HOUSEHOLD DEPT. LYNN, MASS.

A USEFUL and even tasteful cover for the marble slab of the sideboard, is made of a strip of canton flannel just the width of the slab. It should be long enough to hang over at the ends four or five inches. Trim the edge with white or colored ball fringe, and if you wish, a row of Kate Greenaway figures may be outlined at each end. Line the flannel with firm, white cotton cloth, or with turkey red calico.

CHILDREN'S stocking knees can be mended nicely by picking up a row of stitches below the hole and knitting a strip wide enough and long enough to cover the hole good. Then whip down the edges to the stocking with yarn the same color as you knit the strip with. If you have yarn like the stockings it can hardly be seen. New heels and toes can also be knit by cutting off the old ones and picking up the stitches. Knit the heel and sew in.

SOME years ago it fell to my lot to live in a quaint old-fashioned house—old-fashioned at least for America—in a pleasant suburb of New York.

The house faced a large open space, carpeted with green turf, and fringed with bird-haunted English elm trees, making an ideal playground for children the year round, but especially so during those summer months of sultry heat, when the sun had parched and baked the grass to one monotonous shade of dusty yellow-brown everywhere, save under the shade-giving branches of the old elms. Nor were the village children blind to its manifest advantages; and during their holidays their voices echoed from early morning until the gathering darkness—which in that latitude descends with a mere glimpse of twilight—dispersed them to home and supper.

At first, I must own, I somewhat regretted the propinquity of my study to this playing-field, for the constant babble of shrill childish voices, rising at intervals into a piercing yell of defiance, delight, or consternation, was not the most fitting accompaniment one could desire to one's literary occupations. By degrees, however, I began to grow accustomed to it, until at length, so far from looking upon the merry chatter as an annoyance, I began to miss it, and felt as though something were wanting, when for one reason or another, such as a rainy day and so forth, the children were unable to enjoy themselves in their wonted fashion. Not only this, but I often found myself leaning out of my open window, lazily watching the circling round or little stationary groups of girls and boys, and trying to puzzle out the intricacies of the games they were playing. With the boys I had but little concern, for their games were few and simple, and consisted mainly of the one national American game of base-ball, a form of glorified rounders, which, as a rival, and a triumphant one, of our cricket, I could not but, as a patriotic Englishman, frown upon and hold in modified contempt.

It was otherwise, however, with the games played by the girls, little and big. Here I found not only novelty, but interest, and it was not long before I had solved the mystery of a majority of the games which made up the round of the day's employment of these young petticoated personages. In this self-constituted task I was aided not only by my wife, who had not left her playing days so far behind but that she was able to remember very clearly the fashions of her childhood in relation to games, but also by a junior member of the household, who was a not inactive participant in the games that went on daily under my study windows. At times even I was dragged from my honourable and professional seclusion, made to lay aside such poor shreds of dignity as I flattered myself on possessing, and forced, not much against my will, to join the romping ring of bright-eyed touzle-headed girls.

Thus it is that I speak, if not as an expert, at any rate as a somewhat earnest student of the outdoor games of American girls, such as "Tag," "Pots," "Jacks," "Huckerybuck," "Jennie O'Jones," "Chase the Fox," "Colours," and the various "Ring" games. Some of them, doubtless, are played by English girls; others are held in local esteem only; while others are variants, or, as botanists would say, "sports," from the parent game across the Atlantic. All of those to which I shall refer,

however, can claim at least one generation in antiquity, and are played by American children in all parts of the United States, from Maine to California, and from Illinois to Florida. It would be strange if, in a country so vast as the United States, there were not minor points of difference to be met with in various localities in regard to children's games; but so inherently conservative are youngsters of every nation and of every epoch, that I think these differences are due principally to the greater prevalence of various foreign elements here and there, and the consequent slight alterations of rules to suit the Teutonic or Gallic fancy, as the case may be.

I have referred to the conservatism of children. Nothing, I think, illustrates this more effectively than the study of the so-called "counting-out" rhymes, or as they call them in Scotland, "chopping-out" and "tilting-out" verses. It happens that in more than one outdoor game played by boys, as well as girls, one of the number has to take a part which is either one of honour, or is somewhat undesirable. Instead of drawing lots to determine who shall bear the burden on the one hand, or be exalted on the other, a method is adopted which arrives at the same result in a similar fashion, but by more interesting means.

In America, when a group of girls have decided, after much chattering argument, to play a certain game, their natural leader, who is either the oldest girl or she who has proposed the game and gathered the others together to play at it, proceeds to "count-out." Ranging the others either in a circle or a straight line, she proceeds to recite a certain set form of words, and as each word falls from her lips, she lightly touches one of the girls, including herself, with her forefinger, passing quickly down the line until the last word of the rhyme, if rhyme it be, is reached, when the girl whose fortune it is to be touched at that point steps aside—she is "out"—and the process is begun once more until another girl is "out," and so on until only two are left, one of whom may be the girl who is "counting out," unless she happens to have counted herself out earlier in the proceedings. The same words are repeated, and the girl who is not set free by being touched in consonance with the magic last word, is "it."

It is not unworthy of notice, by-the-way, and has, indeed, been pointed out by a well-known American philologist, who has taken a scientific view of these apparently trivial "counting-out" rhymes, that the word "it" is always used by children in the sense of denoting the one subject to the disagreeable duty, or bearing the highest honour in the game; no child ever questions its meaning, nor is there, so far as can be learnt, any equivalent for the significant monosyllable, generally carrying with it the force of a military command, which it would be the rankest mutiny to disobey.

As to the "counting-out" rhymes themselves, almost a book might be written. Mr. H. Carrington Bolton has collected, so he avers, more than eight hundred examples of these from every quarter of the civilised and semi-civilised world; for it is a curious fact that the children of India and Arabia, Turkey and Armenia, Japan and Hawaii, Greece and Sweden, the Basque country and Platts-Deutschland, use similar forms of words to attain a similar end. Whatever the language, the genius of the verse is essentially the same—a collocation of words more or less meaningless, and consisting of pure gibberish as well as words of known meaning, but employed with no real relation thereto. Rhyme is usual but not invariable, but rhythm is essential, the accent as a rule falling on the first syllable of polysyllabic words. As in the following instance—

"One-ery, two-ery, ickery, Ann,
Fillisey, fallasey, Nicholas, Jan,
Quiver, quaver, English knave-a,
Stringelum, strangelum, Jericho Buck,"

the last word in this, as in all other rhymes, being delivered with double emphasis. This particular piece of doggerel is peculiarly interesting for more than one reason. In the first place, it is perhaps the most widely disseminated of any "counting-out" rhyme throughout the United States; and in the second, I have it on the authority of Mr. Leland, the famous student of Romany, or gipsy, lore, that among that strange and ancient people an almost precisely similar form of words is used as an incantation with perfectly serious intent. It is not improbable that other rhymes, in daily and innocent use by children, might be traced back to some such source, and that the youngsters of to-day are playing their games with the assistance of verses that centuries ago were heard with shudders of awe; for sortilege, or choosing by

lot, was used by nations who flourished thousands of years ago, and even by the Israelites, as in the story of Achan related by Joshua.

It may be placed at the head of those rhymes which, in one way or another, are variants on simple enumeration, such as the familiar (on both sides of the Atlantic)—

"One, two, three, four,
Mary at the cottage door;
Five, six, seven, eight,
Eating plums off a plate."

One American form of this is—

"One, two, three,
Mother caught a bee;
Bee died, mother cried,
Oh, dear, *me!*"

Or,

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
All good children go to Heaven;"

while I have heard the children of German immigrants, playing in the New York streets, sing—

"1, 2, Polizei;
3, 4, Officier;
5, 6, Alte Hex;
7, 8, Gute Nacht,
9, 10, Auf Wiedersehen;
11, 12, Junge Wölf;
13, 14, Blaue Schürzen:
15, 16, Alte Hexen;
17, 18, Madle Wachsen;
19, 20, Gott verdanzig."

the numerals, of course, being given in German, as "Ein," "Zwei," and so forth.

Another popular American rhyme, which I fancy is based on a Low German verse beginning—"Ene, bene, dunke, funke," is—

"Ana, mana, mona, mike,
Passa, lona, bona, strike,
Hare, ware, frow, frack,
Allico, ballico, we, wo, wy, *wack!*"

Their gibberish verses are, despite their apparent absurdity, really curious and interesting. The number used and remembered with surprising retentiveness by children is astonishing; and hardly less so is the exactness with which they have been handed down from one generation to another. Textual variations there are, naturally and in plenty, but rhyme and rhythm are faithfully adhered to. The phonetic values are roughly preserved, though the natural corruptions are indicative of the juvenile grasping for familiar words to put in place of those with which they are not acquainted. Thus the "bob-tail vinegar" of one part of the country becomes "baptist minister" in another, while in the same rhyme—

"One is all, two is all, six is all, seven,"

becomes—

"One-er-zoll, two-er-zoll, zikerzoll, zan."

In Rhode Island they have a verse which, while closely similar to, and probably founded upon, some others in metre, has become transmogrified as follows—

"Haley, maley, tippety, fig,
Tiney, toney, tombo, nig,
Goat, throat, country note,
Tiney, toney, tiz."

A more distinctly "Yankee" tinge is observable, however, in the following, which is to-day a prime favourite among the children of New York State—

"Ana, mana, mina, mo,
Catch a nigger by the toe;
When he hollers let him go,
Ana, mana, mina, mo."

Curiously suggestive, too, is this—

"As I was going up the tree,
All the apples fell on me;
Bake a pudding, bake a pie,
Did you ever tell a lie?
Yes, I did, and many a time—
O U T spells *Out*."

Only American children, I take it, could have evolved this rather plebeian strain—

"Acker, backer, soda, cracker,
Acker, backer, do;
If your father chews tobacco,
Must you chew it too?"

Some other characteristically American strains I must reserve for another time, when also I shall describe some of the games to which "counting-out" and its requisite rhymes form merely a prelude or preliminary incantation.

(*To be continued.*)

Ballade of Rejected MS.

I 'VE "submitted" my verse and my prose
To the editors' "reading machines,"
Yet my name 's unfamiliar to those
Who subscribe for the best magazines.
I began to write verse in my teens,
By the light of sweet Erato's face; —
Now, what is it the editor means
By, "We 're sorry we have n't the space"?

Here are madrigals written to Rose—
'T is to Rose that my preference leans;
Here are triolets, rondels, rondeaux,
And the charms they portray our *Fifines;*
Here 's "A Plea for our Gallant Marines"—
'T was the Admiral "stated the case";
Pray, what is it the editor means
By, "We 're sorry we have n't the space"?

Here are tales quite as ghastly as Poe's,
And weird legends; — the "limit" still screens
All I fain to the world would disclose,
So I clasp my portfolio's shagreens:
But just here a grim thought supervenes—
Does my "style" lack acceptable grace?
And is *that* what the editor means
By, "We 're sorry we have n't the space"?

ENVOY.

Friend,—for you 're at the back of the scenes,—
Does my Pegasus halt in his pace?
Can *you* tell what the editor means
By, "We 're sorry we have n't the space"?

Andrew Hussey Allen.

Ballade of a Rejecter of MS.

[With apologies to the author of the "Ballade of Rejected MS.," in THE CENTURY for March, and frank confessions of plagiarism in the matter of rhymes, etc., etc.]

WE have read both your verse and your prose
(I am one of the "reading machines"),
We *must* read the productions of those
From whom we protect magazines,—
The "talented" maids in their teens,—
And we 're shocked at your — let us say —"face!"
So *we* know what the editor means
By, "We 're sorry we have n't the space."

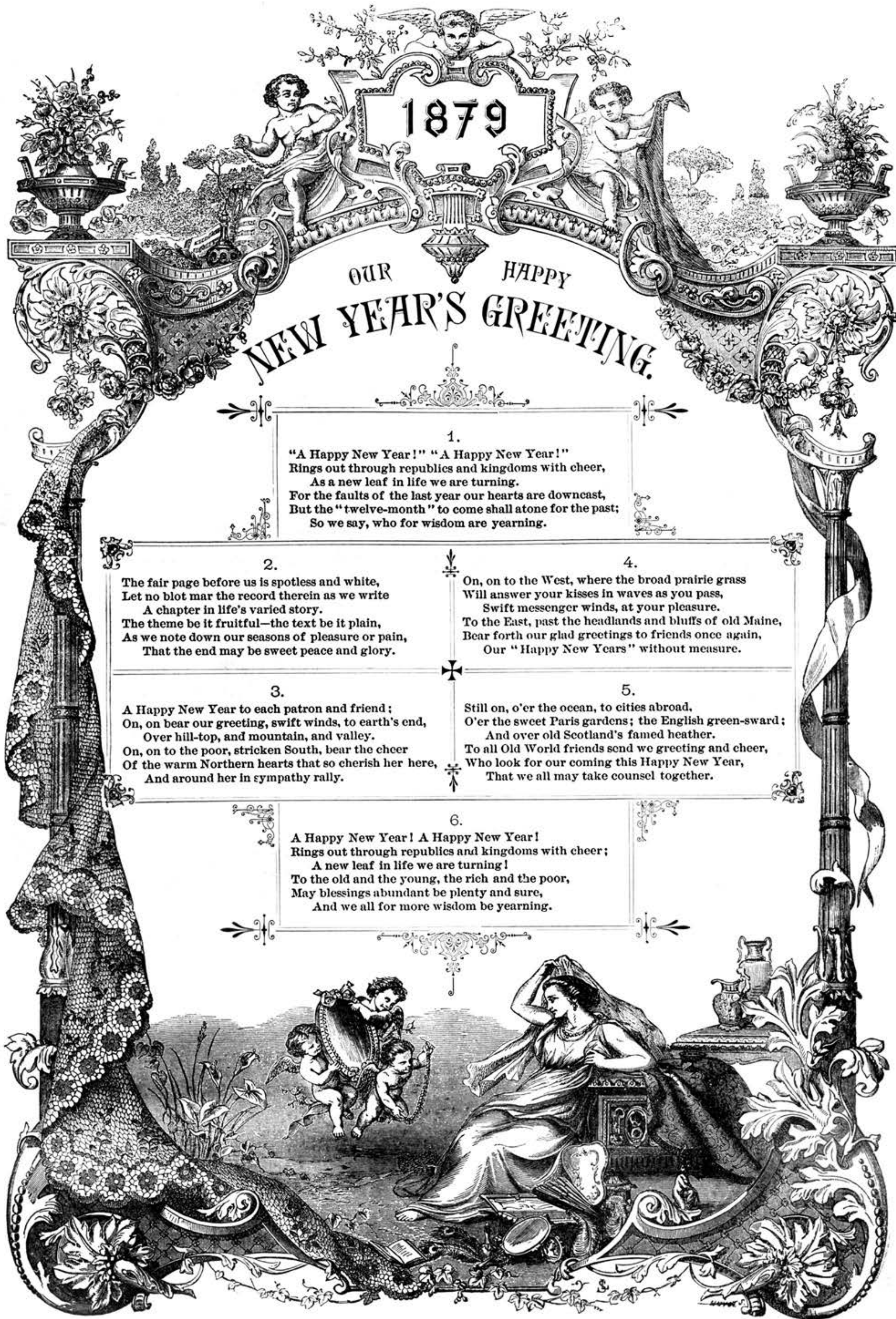
Now, that madrigal written to Rose—
Its "feet" do not mate, and it leans;
And those "triolets, rondels, rondeaux"—
We 've read Dobson! And as to "Fifines,"
Just suppose you read that to marines!
Our printer would flee from his case,
Which is one thing the editor means
By, "We 're sorry we have n't the space."

Those tales, they *were* ghastly — but Poe's,
And legends! — our "limit which screens"
Will never their horror disclose!
Nor unclasp that portfolio's shagreens,
At least, until sense supervenes!
To say "It 's not needed," with grace,
That is what the kind editor means
By, "We 're sorry we have n't the space."

ENVOY.

Contributor! — back of the scenes
The thoroughbreds settle the pace! —
That is what the good editor means
By, "We 're sorry we have n't the space."

Tudor Jenks.


1879

OUR HAPPY NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

1.

"A Happy New Year!" "A Happy New Year!"
Rings out through republics and kingdoms with cheer,
As a new leaf in life we are turning.
For the faults of the last year our hearts are downcast,
But the "twelve-month" to come shall atone for the past;
So we say, who for wisdom are yearning.

2.

The fair page before us is spotless and white,
Let no blot mar the record therein as we write
A chapter in life's varied story.
The theme be it fruitful—the text be it plain,
As we note down our seasons of pleasure or pain,
That the end may be sweet peace and glory.

3.

A Happy New Year to each patron and friend;
On, on bear our greeting, swift winds, to earth's end,
Over hill-top, and mountain, and valley.
On, on to the poor, stricken South, bear the cheer
Of the warm Northern hearts that so cherish her here,
And around her in sympathy rally.

4.

On, on to the West, where the broad prairie grass
Will answer your kisses in waves as you pass,
Swift messenger winds, at your pleasure.
To the East, past the headlands and bluffs of old Maine,
Bear forth our glad greetings to friends once again,
Our "Happy New Years" without measure.

5.

Still on, o'er the ocean, to cities abroad,
O'er the sweet Paris gardens; the English green-sward;
And over old Scotland's famed heather.
To all Old World friends send we greeting and cheer,
Who look for our coming this Happy New Year,
That we all may take counsel together.

6.

A Happy New Year! A Happy New Year!
Rings out through republics and kingdoms with cheer;
A new leaf in life we are turning!
To the old and the young, the rich and the poor,
May blessings abundant be plenty and sure,
And we all for more wisdom be yearning.

ART NEEDLEWORK.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

THE taste of the day in art needlework has now become more educated, needlework is fast growing into a real art, and we whose pleasant task it is to help with suggestions those who desire to make their homes pretty, are always learning, by our own failures and successes, that the surest means of doing so is to show how articles can be produced which will outlive the ephemeral fancies of mere fashion. I have given you, therefore, two specimens of very dissimilar styles of design, which, for the sake of convenience, I have put into the form of panels.

Fig. 1 might be used as a panel for a screen, or for a cabinet door, or, in fact, for anything which, having a flat surface, would seem to lend itself for purposes of decoration. The material is fine cream, or self-coloured Roman satin, on which the design is worked throughout in "couching" or "laid stitch" with silk.

FIG. 4.

The success of this work depends, firstly, on the choice of colours and shades of colours; and, secondly, on the smoothness and regularity of the threads, which are laid from side to side of the pattern, and evenly stitched down; a great variety of shades can thus be blended together.

All manner of delicate and harmonious colours are needed in the piece of work which the sketch suggests; browns and greens for the scroll and leaf part, and reds, blues, and yellows for the flowers and birds. It must, of course, be worked in a frame, and I will undertake to say that any girl with a feeling for the harmonies of colour would find the execution of such a panel a most fascinating employment; whilst its artistic appearance when finished would amply reward her for the time and patience which must needs be bestowed upon it. The writer, who has lately been studying most beautiful old specimens of this style of work in the South Kensington Museum, finds that in many of those worked in Italy, not only the pattern itself, but the entire ground of large surfaces is covered with needlework in the same stitch, the material used being strong linen. No doubt this ground is more durable, and it certainly must have been more costly; but to our advanced taste, controlled by the more practical minds of the nineteenth century (which would not sanction the bestowal of more time on one thing than is really necessary), the silken ground of the material is all that is needful for the working out of the design. The Spaniards, as well as the Italians, of the same period seem to have

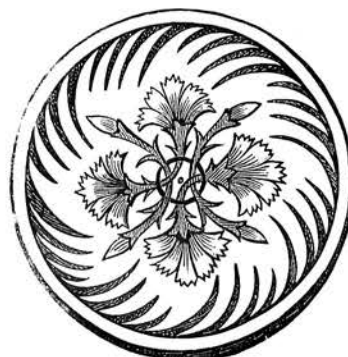


FIG. 3.

used this couching stitch, or laid work, very frequently for covering large surfaces with embroidery.

Fig. 2 is another specimen of the revival of old style in designing; though in the form of a panel, it could be used equally well as a quilt or *portière*, or for any large and important piece of needlework. A girl with some inventive talent could draw such a design for herself, and put into it such flower and leaf forms, and such variety of stitches as she fancies. It gives a greater scope for imagination and skill than almost any other style could do, and, if carefully stretched and mounted afterwards, it can be worked in the hand.

The material should be strong, evenly woven linen, and crewels should be used for working. A great variety of colours can be used, but dark blue and Indian red should predominate. The stems might be worked with dark blue, and the fringe of stitches along them put in with dark red. Some of the larger leaf forms might be worked with shaded blues, and others with greens; the smaller ones only should be solidly worked in ordinary stem or satin stitch. Some of the leaves can be filled in with seeding stitches, others with thickly worked veins and French knots; the pears should be raised by inserting a little cotton wool under the work, and the round flowers, which are worked round and round in a manner somewhat resembling the rosette-like petals of roses, are also slightly raised.

It is only for these smaller details of the work, and for filling in the large leaf forms, that light and delicate colours should be used. A large piece of work executed in this manner has an indescribably quaint and old-world appearance, and I think the result would amply repay any of our girls who have the courage and skill to embark in such an undertaking.

The other sketches which I give will present an idea less formidable to amateurs.

FIG. 5.

Fig. 3 could be adapted and used either for a round cushion, the top of a milking stool, or for the footstool for which it is intended. The colours used must be determined by those of the room in which it is to be used; and if for a footstool, by all means use contrasting colours—they may still be in harmony; but a footstool which is too nearly the colour of the carpet is a trap for the feet of the unwary to trip over, and is simply a trial instead of the comfort it is intended to be to its possessor. The material may be of dark blue cloth, with the conventional carnations in the centre "on-laid," in appliqué work in some gold-coloured material which will wear well. The veins can then be put in in terra-cotta toned reds and pinks, the leaves around the edge can be either appliqué of gold colour also, or worked with olive green crewels shaded to gold.

This would make a very pretty stool; but its material and colour can, of course, be varied according to the requirements of the worker.

Fig. 4 is a blotter, which may please members of the Primrose League. It is a quaint and pretty fashion, borrowed from bygone days, to mark historical events by pieces of needlework bearing reference to them. Thus the present Jubilee year of Her Majesty the Queen has become the *raison d'être* of an immense number of articles worked with our national emblems, crowns, monograms, and dates, which will render them interesting mementoes of a great event in years to come. So, also, banners and innumerable pretty trifles bearing primroses will serve to mark the formation of the Primrose League.

The blotter before us is of olive green velvet or velveteen, with the primroses and leaves solidly worked in natural-coloured silks. They are tied up and connected by a ribbon, which must not, however, be of the crude violet colour which really belongs to the badge of the League; various tones of bluish purple shaded into quite light grey might be used to suggest the desired colour, which is too violent in itself to be admissible in artistic work. Ribbons, in some form or other, are to be found in connection with flowers, both natural and conventional, in almost all specimens of Italian needlework, and are so pretty and graceful that it is a pity they are not more used in the designs of the present day. The motto can be embroidered in Japanese gold thread, or in pale olive green silk to match the lines round the edge. When complete it would not be difficult for neat fingers to mount the work on millboard, and line it with satin, thus finishing it off entirely at home.

Fig. 5 is a cushion, in which again we have a revival of old days, and the result is not unlike such a specimen of handiwork as might have been produced by an industrious dame of the early eighteenth century, though both in design and execution it is somewhat Japanese in style.

The material is of pale, greyish green satin, very soft in tone, and the pattern of roses and hawthorn is worked in satin stitch; the silks chosen are various delicate shades of red, pink, blue, and green, such as one sees on old china plates, and when worked it gives very much the same effect as the sprays of fruit and flowers one is familiar with on old china, and has a most dainty and artistic appearance. Some of the hawthorn flowers should be nearly white, whilst the buds are shaded to a dull red; a good deal of the same dull red is worked into the stems. It should, of course, be executed in a frame, but when finished it could be made up at home with a cord of the same colour as the material, or of some of the shades used in working, sewn round the edge.

I have seen large pieces of beautiful old work done in this manner, of which the ground was threadbare and tattered from age, so cleverly transferred that it is almost impossible unless by very close inspection, to discover that they are not entirely new productions fresh from the needles of the workers, especially as the silks with which they are embroidered are still as fresh and pure in tone as they were upwards of a century ago.

In some future chat on the subject of art embroidery, which opens up to us such large possibilities in the way of decoration, I hope to suggest some other objects on which the skilful fingers of our girls may work out the fancies of their clever brains; meanwhile if any of them wish to commence work on the hints I give them here, I would advise them first to visit the marvellous and beautiful specimens of ancient needlework which are to be found in our Museums, as a guide to their choice of colours and the best manner of using them.

HOW TO PUT ON GLOVES.

A GREAT deal depends on the first putting on of gloves. Have the hands clean, dry and cool, and never put on new gloves while the hands are warm or damp. Where a person is troubled with moist hands it is well to powder them before trying on the gloves; but in most cases, if the hands are dry and cool, this is not needed. First, work on the fingers, keeping the thumb outside of the glove and the wrist of the glove turned back. When the fingers are in smoothly, put in the thumb and work the glove on very carefully, then placing the elbow on the knee, work on the hand. When this is done, smooth down the wrist and button the second button first, then the third, and so on to the end. Then smooth down the whole glove and fasten the first button. Fastening the first button last when putting on a glove for the first time, makes a good deal of difference in the fit, although it may seem but a very little thing. It does not strain the part of the glove that is the easiest to strain at first, and prevents the enlarging of the button-hole, either of which is sure to take place if you begin at the first button to fasten the glove.

When removing gloves never begin at the tips of the fingers to pull them off, but turn back the wrist and pull off carefully, which will, of course, necessitate their being wrong side out. Turn them right side out, turn the thumb in, smooth them lengthwise in as near as possible the shape they would be if on the hands, and place away with a strip of white Canton flannel if the gloves are light, but if dark colored the flannel may be omitted. Never roll gloves into each other in a wad. There is always some moisture in them from the hands; consequently when rolled up this moisture has no chance of drying, and must work into the gloves, making them hard and stiff and of very little use after, as far as looks or fit are concerned.

—*Dry Goods Chronicle.*

"SMITH WAS DISCLOSED TO VIEW."

HE was called Smith after an old deceased favourite (who got his name no one knows how, and came at last to a tragic end), and the "Mr." was added by certain friends of ours, who observed traits of character in him that seemed to demand an additional respect.

By courtesy he is a *dachshund;* but I am bound to confess that there is a good deal of courtesy in the appellation, for although he has large spreading feet, bandy legs, and a long body, there is obviously a good deal of terrier in his composition; and most likely it is this cross in him that gives him his remarkable astuteness and sagacity. He is black and tan, with drooping, silky ears, expressive brown eyes, and an abnormally long tail, that gives him an expression all his own.

He arrived one night in the carrier's cart, having come from Winchester, which place is some seven or eight miles away. The hamper that contained him was brought into the dining-room, and as we cut the strings an ominous growling issued forth. When the lid was raised Smith was disclosed to view, curled tight up in the straw, his eyes gleaming significantly, and his white teeth very visible whenever a hand was approached near enough to look dangerous. He was nearly a year old, and his teeth were too strong to be trifled with, so the hamper was shut down again, and consigned to the stable for the night.

The next day, by means of chicken bones and the encouraging presence of the collie dog of the establishment, Smith made friends once and for all, with a fidelity that nothing has ever shaken for a moment; and he soon began to develop traits of character that stamped him as an original.

The household consisted of his two mistresses, two maids, and a man. To his mistresses he became at once warmly attached; the man he held in the most unmitigated contempt, which contempt never diminished, and was displayed in the most ostentatious way on every occasion. As regards the maids, he made great friends with the parlour-maid from the very first, whilst it was three months before the most assiduous courting on the part of the cook won his lordship's confidence.

As for visitors, they were a sad trial to poor Smith during the first year of his life here. He grew used to them in time, and although he never condescends to notice them, or make advances, he can just tolerate their presence in the rooms. But at first they were the very bane of his life; and when he had learned by experience that we declined to dismiss them at his urgently expressed wish, he used to take himself dolefully off, and lie *perdu* till they had departed. The sight of a carriage at the gate would make him shiver with apprehension and anger; and had he had his own way, he would have flown at the calves of the groom or footman he saw advancing to the door. He hated to be noticed by strangers; and as for submitting to their caresses, to this very day he despises such familiarities, and withdraws with dignity.

When Smith arrived we had not long been settled in our country home, and our only means of locomotion was a double tricycle, upon which we scoured the country, paid our calls, and took the main part of our exercise.

The collie had always run with us, and the moment Mr. Smith beheld us mount and set off, off he scampered in hot pursuit. We did not think he would run far, as he was but small; but we little knew his mettle, or the determination of his mind. No amount of exercise seemed to tire him, and he loved his runs above everything. On one occasion, when we thought the round we meant to take would be too long for him, he was shut up at home; and when we came back the maids told us he had "cried real tears" of sorrow at being left behind. We were rather sceptical about the tears at the time, but afterwards had reason to change our opinion.

In the autumn of that year we bought a stout pony and a dog-cart, and tricycling was somewhat superseded by driving. Smith was intensely interested in Tommy the pony, used to visit him in his stable, and stand on his hind legs to kiss him; and to run with him was the very joy of his life.

Tommy could take us farther than we had been able to go before, and he went a great pace too; but that was as nothing to Smith, who galloped along manfully, and always had breath left to bark. We used to take him up for a lift at first, but, thank you, he did not at all care for that; he would watch his opportunity, and jump out, often rolling over and over on reaching the ground; but in nowise daunted, he would pick himself up, rush barking at Tommy with a sort of pæan of triumphant joy, and scamper beside him without flagging the whole of the way.

We used sometimes to drive into Winchester for shopping purposes, and then Tommy was put up at

the hotel whilst we did our business. On the first of these expeditions Smith left the yard with us, but shortly afterwards we missed him, and calling did not bring him. As, however, he was a dog of sense, and quite able to take care of himself, we did not trouble ourselves about him ; and when at length we returned

"SMITH USED TO VISIT HIM IN HIS STABLE"

to the yard, there was Smith sitting right under the cart, with an alert air as of one doing his duty nobly. The ostler said he had quickly returned to the hotel, picked out his own cart from a whole row of them, established himself under it, and declined to allow anybody to touch it. The man had wished to move it to another part of the yard, but he very soon found he must abandon the idea, unless he wished to make himself acquainted with Mr. Smith's teeth. As soon as we appeared, however, he felt his responsibility at an end, and rushed off to the stable to see after Tommy—seeming to know by instinct where he was—watched him brought out and put to with the greatest satisfaction, evidently superintending the whole process, as if he thought the strange ostler was not quite to be trusted without some kind of supervision. To look after cart and horse in a strange place has now become quite a habit with Smith ; and if we put up in any unknown locality, he cannot be persuaded to leave the yard for a moment. He seems to have the cares of empires upon him until he sees us fairly start again.

But Smith's cup of happiness was absolutely full when Tommy was superseded by a pair of larger horses, and we began to ride instead of driving only. To go with the saddle-horses was just the acme of bliss, for he could hunt the hedgerows and fields whilst we quietly walked ; and the breathless spurts he had to put on to keep up when we galloped seemed to fill him with the deepest joy. He would never be out-run. Now and then we passed him when at full stretch, but if he had a mind to keep ahead, he always did, and how he does it is a puzzle to this day. The way he lays himself along the ground and *tears* is so comic that we sometimes can hardly sit our horses for laughing at him.

At first he was almost awed when the two horses went out. He could not understand what we were doing sitting on the top of them, and walking instead of trotting out of the gate. He used to back before us, staring with all his eyes, trying to take it all in, and find out what was the matter with us. But he *loved* to go with us ; and it was on one occasion, when we were trying a new horse, and Smith was tied up, that I saw him shed tears. He had a way of rushing at the horses' feet and barking with joy, which was sometimes trying to unseasoned steeds ; so when this young thing came up to be tried, he was tied up in the yard from which we started, and not allowed to come. As I mounted I heard a sort of sob, and looking round, saw poor Smith sitting on his haunches, shivering like an aspen-leaf with excitement, and with large tears dropping slowly from his eyes and rolling down his cheeks. It was a melting spectacle, and he had to be released. He seemed to understand, however, that he was not to bark at the new horse, and behaved very well.

He soon learned to know that on the days we were going to ride our habits were laid out on the beds soon after luncheon, so as to be ready for us. He used, therefore, to make expeditions into the bed-rooms every day to see if they were out, and if he found them, he would come tearing down the stairs, as if he had at least a hundred legs, to try if he could not worry us into dressing at once, so that we might start off the sooner. He liked to accompany us up-stairs to watch the process, and would drum with his feet to hurry us on if he thought we were tedious. Then once let him see us ready, he would dash off to the stable to see if the horses were saddled, and come tearing round again to bring us out if he found all in readiness.

He very soon learned to connect habits with riding. Once, soon after we had begun to ride, he was not seeming well, and we thought he had better stay at home. So I tied him up under a tree on the lawn, right away from the stables, and he lay sleeping contentedly in the shade, quite happy to keep quiet, until he saw me come out in my habit, when he set up a doleful howl, realising in a moment that we were going to ride and that he was to be left behind.

Dearly as Smith loves running with the horses on every possible occasion, nothing will induce him to do so if the man takes them out either riding or driving. So sure as the groom drives alone, or rides out exercising, so surely does Mr. Smith turn tail in deep disgust, and decline to take the least notice of the proceeding, save by the inimitable contempt with which he sees the more amiable collie run gaily off with the inferior turn-out. I have seen him sometimes when he has almost had to *glue* himself to the ground, to conquer his mad impulse to make just one frantic rush at the horse's feet as he starts off ; but no—pride always triumphs, and in haughty, motionless silence

Mr. Smith watches the departure of the cart that does not contain his mistresses. Even if we are away from home it is just the same. He will not run with the man on any consideration whatever.

He can, however, pocket his pride when he considers that duty demands the sacrifice. Once his favourite parlour-maid had occasion to go up to town for the day, and quite early in the morning the baker's cart came to take her to the station. This unprecedented circumstance aroused Smith's suspicions, and he evidently felt that the matter required his personal supervision, and must be inquired into.

Even the good-natured collie would scorn to follow the baker's cart, and on other occasions Smith would simply decline to see it; but this particular morning a stronger feeling than pride took possession of him, and down he went to the station in hot pursuit. It was in vain that he was ordered home—home he declined to go until he had seen the end of this business. He went to the station and into the station, saw the maid to the carriage and watched the train move off, and then feeling more satisfied (for he often meets trains or comes down to see people off), he trotted home again with the air of a dog who has done his duty by the household. I need hardly say that no further notice was deigned to the baker or his cart.

This maid and Smith are great friends, and he well knows his ascendency over her. If he smells an appetising savour arising from the kitchen, and the door of that domain is shut, and his scratching or grumbling not heeded, he starts off up-stairs to find his willing slave, and whatever she is doing is ruthlessly interrupted, and she is dragged down-stairs to open the door for my lord.

That Smith understands a great deal that is said

"I SPRANG UPON HIM UNAWARES"

"THE LITTLE ONE OFTEN SNATCHES THE PRIZE"

there can be no manner of doubt. Let me but say in his hearing that I am going to wash him at a specified hour, and at that time he is certain to be missing, and has to be dug out, limp and depressed, from some obscure corner. One lady who often comes to see us is so afraid of dogs that they are all tied up before she comes, and if I tell Smith that "Mrs. ——— is coming," he puts down his tail, and goes dejectedly to his kennel without further delay. We had a tradesman of the name of Smith, who gave us a great deal of trouble, and once at dinner-time I happened to observe that if Smith did not amend his ways, we should have to get rid of him altogether. Whereat poor Smith, who was sitting beside my chair, put down his ears and his tail, and slunk silently under the table, and could only be consoled and coaxed out of his depression by many assurances and protestations as to his own goodness.

He has the most tender conscience that ever dog possessed, and if it does not hinder him always from transgressing, it makes him betray himself afterwards in the most unequivocal fashion. He has a peculiar way of puckering up his nose when he is ashamed of himself, that I have never seen in any other dog, and which gives him a most ridiculous expression; and when he is summoned to receive chastisement or rebuke, or even when he is only conscious of deserving them, his action is inimitably comic. He lays himself flat along the ground, his nose pressed against his forepaws, and in some inexplicable way he wriggles himself along at a great rate, and with a snivelled-up nose, crouches at one's feet, almost disarming anger by his intense self-abasement. Many a sin that would never else have been discovered has he betrayed by his puckered nose and grovelling gait; many a hole in his puppy days has he dug and then discovered to us by his own self-consciousness. He was very troublesome when he first came by this

hole-digging, and being a dog of much persistence and determination, he was able in a large garden to gratify his *penchant* undiscovered in a way that was most tiresome. He was cured, however, once and for all in a very summary manner.

Five times in one day had he been whipped and shut up for digging again and again the same hole in the bank by the drive, and each time, on release, had he gone back and excavated it again. On releasing him after his fifth captivity, he went straight off to his hole, and re-commenced his labours with renewed zeal and activity. I let him dig in unconscious bliss for awhile, until he had made a nice roomy grave, and then, stealing up behind him whilst he was all claws and nose in the ground, I sprang upon him unawares, held him firmly in position, and buried him tight in his own hole. He was not long in backing and scrambling out, and emerged a meek and disreputable-looking object; but he never dug another hole. That trick was entirely cured from that day forward, partly, I think, because he got a good scare, and partly because he was quite conscious of the ridiculous appearance he presented, and of which our shouts of laughter made him all the more aware. For Smith, like most dogs, cannot bear being laughed at, and will deny himself a good deal of pleasure rather than submit to ridicule.

We noticed this particularly in reference to church-going. Of course the dogs always wished to accompany us to church on Sundays, and Smith was so depressed at being left at home, that he has never quite got over the feeling that Sunday is somehow his fault, and he is always rather inclined to snivel his nose and abase himself on that day, simply because it is the Sabbath. When, however, his education was complete, and he had learned to go home at a word of command, we let him walk with us a mile of the way, dismissing him at the foot of the church hill to run home with the collie. This delighted him greatly at first, and the church bells had no longer any terrors for him, until one unlucky Sunday, when we chanced to be earlier than usual, and Smith, on his return, met several groups of people, who all laughed heartily at him, for he has a consequential air and a look of self-importance that often give rise to mirth.

But the indignity of being laughed at was quite too much for Mr. Smith. I saw that he was terribly put out (for we could see a good piece of the road by looking back), and there was no mistaking the huge offence expressed by the set of his back and shoulders; and after that episode nothing would induce him to come to church, and even to this day it is often difficult to coax him on Sunday even to go for a walk, if we take the turn from the gate that is right for the church.

Smith's intense love for a stick is another of his most amusing traits. He will carry one for miles with the greatest joy, and the larger and heavier it is the more he seems to delight in it. But the greatest fun is to make the two dogs run races and dispute for the possession of the treasure. Until Smith came, Col—the collie—could not be induced to pick up or carry a stick, but he soon caught the accomplishment from his little companion, and although he has no love for a stick *per se*, and never carries it far, he enjoys a game of play, and throws himself into it heartily.

When the stick is thrown, a rush is simultaneously made. Col can run faster, but Smith has twice his sharpness, and as Col's sight is somewhat defective, the little one often snatches the prize, in which case Col never disputes possession. But if Col gets the stick matters are vastly different. He generally makes off with his prize at a good run, Smith laying himself along the ground and rushing like a whirlwind in pursuit, barking at the utmost pitch of his voice in the wildest excitement. When he reaches his triumphant rival, he seizes a projecting end of the stick, and then follows a regular tug of war, in which the characters of the two dogs come out in strong relief.

Col holds tenaciously to his prize, not much excited by the contest, but simply wishful to hold his own, with a sort of good-natured doggedness of purpose; but Smith's whole soul is in the struggle, and he tears and tugs and pulls, throwing his weight really quite scientifically into the balance, and by his vigorous and determined growling, expressing the state of his feelings most eloquently. Sheer determination and force of will often win him the day, and more especially when he can conquer his temptation to bark as well as growl—which is not always the case, and barking often loses him the battle. His love for a stick is so great, that he will actually climb trees after one. I hardly expect to be believed in this, but it is an absolute fact. I do not mean that he can swarm up a bare trunk; but if a stick is placed high up in a deodaria, or larch-tree, or in any other where a succession of branching boughs gives him a foothold, Smith will climb after it to the height of ten or twelve feet, and with encouragement I have no doubt he could do even more. But we do not like to make him climb often, as he gets wildly excited over it; and when once he has got the stick, no power on earth will make him quit his hold, and as climbing down with it in his mouth is a difficult process, he often hurls himself headlong to the ground in the most reckless way, stick in mouth, and jars his neck in so doing till it is sometimes stiff for weeks. We have, therefore, been obliged to discourage this accomplishment as somewhat dangerous.

I should like to tell further of Smith and the cats of the establishment, and of his visits to the seaside, and the adventures he met with; but I am afraid those who do not know him personally will think they have had enough of his society—at any rate, for the present. Besides, he has just been in to tell me in his own eloquent way that my habit is out and my horse nearly saddled, and that he himself is aching to be off. It is therefore very plain that I must lay down my pen and do his bidding, for Mr. Smith in his own way is quite the master of the house, and knows it too.

EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN.

WEALTH FROM RUBBISH.

"DUST-HO!"

"DIRT," said Lord Palmerston, some years ago, "is simply matter in the wrong place." Modern chemists and speculators, taking the saying to heart, have for a decade or so bent all their energies to getting rid of the obnoxious epithet by putting matter in the right place, when, instead of dirt, it becomes gold. Copying nature, which knows no waste and ignores the term "useless," man has begun to find that everything, however unsavoury or obnoxious in itself, yields, under proper treatment, that which is useful and beautiful; and consequently the rubbish that formerly floated down our rivers, was cast into the sea, shot into waste ground. or increased into ugly mounds, disfiguring the landscape, is analysed, re-constructed, and sent into circulation in other forms, and under new names.

We are all familiar with the London dust-cart and the lugubrious cry of its attendants, who, coated with a light-brown layer of the material in which they are continually dabbling, make the quiet streets and suburbs echo with their loud and prolonged roar of "Dust-ho!" But many may wonder what becomes of all the material these vestry servants collect, and where the hundreds of cartloads collected in the metropolis daily are bestowed. Formerly each vestry had its dust-contractor, who, for a given sum annually, undertook to remove from street and dust-bin everything likely to create a nuisance; but when these dustmen began to grow golden, the eyes of the vestries were opened, and instead of paying they put up to auction the privilege of removing the valuable rubbish; and more recently, finding the utilisation of street-sweepings and the proper distribution of the contents of the dust-heap meant reduction of the rates and general popularity, some vestries have become their own dust-contractors, and in those districts the rate-payers reap a very sensible benefit. In former years, it was quite a common thing to see in outlying pieces of waste ground a warning fixed to a post, "No rubbish to be shot here;" but now, if one comes across such an empty space, very likely he may observe an intimation displayed to induce those who have useless rubbish to place it there. The teaching is obvious. The dust-bin and the rubbish-heap have been found to constitute a mine of wealth, and the smart land-owner is willing to be enriched by his less sensible neighbours.

Whether the dust is taken by contractors or utilised by the vestry in which it is collected, a large open space is needed for its collection. As each cart comes up with its uninviting load, it is directed to a given spot, where the contents are tilted into a separate heap, to be dealt with by a class of persons who have their counterpart in what were formerly known as the "rag-pickers of Paris," or those ragged and solitary individuals called in Scotland "midden-rakers." They are of both sexes, and though the occupation at first sight might appear unhealthy, some veterans in the profession have assured us this is a mistake. Ordinary mortals are said to be obliged to "swallow their peck of dust and die," but these "hill-men" and "hill-women," as they are enigmatically called, although obliged to swallow bushels a year, live to a good old age and enjoy the best health. As soon as one cart has emptied itself in the yard a swarm of men and boys at once surround the load, pick out the bones, glass and crockery, whole or broken bottles, nails, scraps of iron, old saucepans, rags, paper, greasy dish-cloths, and the thousand-and-one items thrown away by the household as useless. This done, women, each armed with a sieve and a number of baskets, gather round the heap, and while one man remains to assist them, the others rush off to a new one to repeat the operation in which they have just been engaged. The women now hold their sieves to receive each a shovelful of the dust, which they riddle till all the finer particles, consisting chiefly of floor-sweepings, ashes, and coal-dust, have passed through, and scraps of unburnt coal, or larger bits of cinder, with paper, small bones, bits of glass, and other things remain. Each of these is thrown into its proper basket, a fresh shovelful of the heap is taken and dealt with, till the whole of it has been roughly but effectively analysed, when the ladies transport themselves to a fresh cart-load, and deal with it in a similar manner.

In most yards the workpeople are paid either by the day or the piece, and the women may earn on an average as much as ten or twelve shillings a week. They have, in addition, the privilege of a "sider" of cinders, coal, and bits of wood, which they either carry home for fuel or dispose of at the yard-gates to those who are poorer than themselves; but these diurnal *honoraria* are worth money, and may, in some instances, add half-a-crown or three shillings to their weekly earnings. Wretched as these labourers may appear, their legs tied up in coarse sacking, their heads covered with some undistinguishable material, and their garments so saturated with dust that it is difficult to say which is flesh and which clothes, to hear them singing at their work, or to see them after their working attire has been removed and replaced by evening dress, and soap and water have charmed the

dirt from face and arms, they look on the whole as if they rather enjoyed living nine or ten hours a day in the midst of "breeze," and took kindly to the wholesale swallowing of dirt.

"Breeze" is the technical term for the small dust that passes through the fine sieves, and, consisting as it does in most localities of a large admixture of unconsumed coal, is a valuable commodity. The brickmakers of the metropolis and the home counties buy it eagerly, and even the builders deal largely in the road-sweepings. The "breeze" is thrown into the interstices between the bricks stacked in the kiln, and when set fire to burns with a dull red heat till the clay is baked into a hard substance. Sometimes it is mixed with the clay prior to its being placed in the mould, to increase the bulk, and at the same time to facilitate the "cooking" of the bricks, so that in reality it may be said that the suburbs are the outcome of the dust-bins of the older portions of the capital, and that what is carted away as useless rubbish is handed back to us in the shape of bricks and mortar.

Bottles, broken glass, and bits of crockery-ware form a large percentage of the contents of every dust-bin. The last-named, with the rest of the "hard core," as the solid ingredients in the dust are called, such as shale, stones, oyster-shells, and clinkers, are used by builders for making the foundations of new streets, laying over drain-pipes, or for forming a solid bottom on which the flag-stones are laid. The whole bottles—mostly those originally bought from the chemist—simply find their way back again to vendors of medicine, and following the hint given by Hamlet in his interview with the grave-digger, one can fancy how one bottle may have had a large and varied experience, and that, gifted by some good fairy with the power of speech, it could tell of strange death-bed scenes, or grow eloquent over its sick-room reminiscences. It is quite possible that the same bottle which originally held some cosmetic for the skin of beauty may at last—through manifold gradations—have become the receptacle for the dose of laudanum which the poor misguided wretch swallowed in frenzy, to get rid of life and misery at one gulp. The broken glass—one of the most indestructible of manufactured products—is simply taken to the glass-house, re-melted, and moulded into new bottles, or spread out into sheets for mirrors or window-panes.

Bones, scraps of iron, nails, hair-pins, broken combs or other articles manufactured from horn or ivory, also take their place among the "hard core" of the dust-yard, and none of them are thrown away. The joint served up hot and appetising at dinner, cold at supper, or in the form of hash a day or so afterwards, has its quota of bone, which, though boiled till it looks more like a bit of lime than anything else, is even then destined to a further career of usefulness. Bones, however, are divided into various classes. There are green bones got direct from the butcher, with marrow, fat, and gristle adhering, which fetch the highest price—sometimes as much as £6 per ton; then household bones, which, taken from the meat, are thrown to the dog or into the dust-bin—worth from a pound to thirty shillings less; then bones that have been boiled, their value depending upon the time they have been subjected to water; and lastly, bones that have been steamed in potted meat establishments, which are the cheapest of all, because neither marrow nor gristle remains on them after the thorough cleansing they undergo. It will be understood that each class of bones has its particular merchant and its individual history; but as we are dealing with dust-bins, we may discard all but that class known as household bones. The larger bones are used by cutlers for knife-handles, tooth-brushes, combs, napkin-rings, trinkets, and other things; and the smaller ones crushed, ground, or broken, to be carbonised, made into bone-flour, or treated with muriatic acid and spread over the soil as a fertiliser much more productive than guano. Carbonisation is carried out on a similar principle to gas-making. The crushed bones are placed in a retort, where they are subjected to such heat as causes them to give off the gas they contain. As this gas is washed it impregnates the water with ammonia, from which the marketable sulphate of ammonia is obtained. The gas is re-conducted to the furnace, and used as fuel to carbonise fresh bones, while the charred bone that clings to the sides of the retort is a valuable bone-black used by manufacturers. Some bones are treated solely with a view to the utilisation of the ammonia they contain; and in France the "bone-black" is largely used for clarifying beet-sugar. This charcoal, which it has been found will easily "revivify," or yield up the colouring matter in the sugar which it has absorbed, is used over and over again. The bone manure is yearly increasing in favour, and has given rise to a distinct branch of manufacture; and as it has been found that time has no effect upon their nutritive qualities, the whole world, so to speak, is rummaged for bones. Charnel-houses, trenches in bygone battle-fields, even the deserts of Africa and Asia, where the skeletons of defunct creatures lie bleaching in the sun, are ransacked to meet the ever-growing demand. It will, therefore, be easily understood how every scrap that turns up in our dust-bins is cherished by the dust-sorters, and eagerly bid for by merchants. These bones, after proper treatment, go to the farmer, who spreads them upon the hungry earth, which gives them back to man in grass, corn, flowers, fruit, fat cattle, and succulent vegetables. Really, then, the ripe lips which the lover kisses in his ardour may owe their colour to the bits of bone that were picked out of the dust-bin attached to her father's house; the waving fields may have grown from the bones of the Pharaohs; the ripe pears and velvet peaches that adorn our tables, and the fruit we so enjoy in pies and puddings, may trace their juice and sweetness to the dry white skeletons picked up in Sahara. From this point of view, the author of "Jack the Giant-killer" must be set among the prophets, for did not he make one of his monsters say, "I'll grind your bones to make my bread"?—a prediction literally fulfilled in these latter days. Bone-ash is used by silver and gold assayers, as it absorbs all impurities, and leaves the precious metal intact; a product made

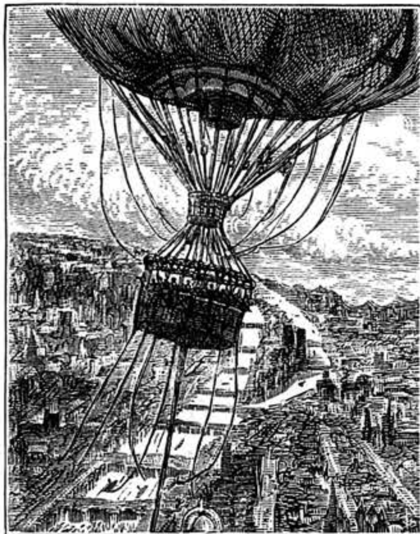
from the ash is used by the butler in scouring the plate; and the perfumer's violet powder and tooth paste are for the most part made of bone-ash. Our dust-bins then, it will be seen, are amongst our best friends.

Other samples of "hard core," such as scrap iron, old pans, nails, &c., are used over and over again; and in the streets and on smithy floors are gathered the old nails wrenched from worn-out horse-shoes, which produce the raw material from which the finest gun-barrels are manufactured. The pan the cook threw away the other day is carefully laid aside by the dust-contractor, and when he has a certain quantity of useless household utensils, he sells them to an enterprising gentleman, who melts the solder, collects it, and sells it to the plumber or tinman in bars of lead. The old iron goes back to the furnace, and assumes the shape of new knife-blades and other useful articles.

"Soft core" is the name given by the dust-sifter to such things as paper, linen, cotton, or woollen rags, hay, straw, vegetables, and all substances perishable and soft. The hay, straw, and decaying vegetable matter are sent to the market-gardeners near London, who from them produce next year's potatoes, cauliflowers, kidney-beans, peas, and cabbages. The paper, if white, goes back to the mill, and is returned to the same house perhaps in packets of superfine scented note-paper. That printed on is cleared from ink, and reappears some day in the last new book, or bearing the name of some morning journal; and the page of CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE which you are now reading may originally have been picked out from your own dust-bin. Coloured or decayed paper is manufactured into papier-maché, or it may be that the head of the doll with which the dear children are playing was moulded out of the paper that rotted on some dustheap. Cotton rags nearly all go into paper; and the dirty cloths with which the servant wiped the canvas, old stockings, and other scraps of wool thrown into the dust-bin, are sent to the town of Batley, in Yorkshire, whence they return in the shape of tweeds and other cloth to make the boys their last new suit. In one word, the dust-bin is a mine of wealth, and the articles that go to it are always returning, after being used by man, to be re-manufactured, used again, and once more thrown away. The odds and ends in the dust-bin, in fact, are indestructible, and, for the most part, come back to us again and again, transformed, beautiful, useful, acceptable to the palate, and comfortable to wear; and many men have from comparative poverty grown to be millionaires simply by learning the varied uses of its contents.

W. GIBSON.

TIED UP IN THE AIR; OR, HANGING THE WRONG WAY.



ANY one who desires a new sensation, and wishes to have a wholly different view of his surroundings to that which has presented itself all his life, had better go up in a balloon. But if he shrinks from the danger of a voyage in the sky, dreading the chance of being whisked off into space, or heavily bumped in his descent, he will ascend in a "captive" one, and so be "tied up in the air" for a time. The risk of the rise is thus infinitely diminished, if not done away with; and yet he will form that fresh estimate of the strength of the atmosphere, in being pushed up by apparently nothing, that a balloon ascent alone conveys. The popularity of the "Captive Balloon" at Paris during the Exhibition will probably result in the provision of others where there are enough people to find custom for them. There was one, indeed, in London some few years ago, but I think it rose only some 1,000 feet, whereas that at Paris has shown that a rise may be had of something more than the third of a mile; and some day we shall see one which will reach a still higher altitude. I went up, as many hundreds did, in the Paris "Captive," and as I had never been in a balloon before, I expected to feel, and felt, a totally new sensation. No mountain-top or edge of a precipice can afford the same view, especially of a city, since there is none with a sufficiently high eminence near it, and certainly none with a standing-place immediately above the heads of its inhabitants. In going up a mountain, moreover, one's progress must be slow, and the perception of more distant objects gradual. The horizon rises step by step, or if any elevated peak is reached after, say, some hours of climbing through forests, the new scene presents itself at the top without any realisation to the climber of the short successive rises which have preceded it. It is not so with an ascent in a balloon. When I had taken my place in the car of the French one, and the thing was let go, the bottom of the middle of Paris seemed to drop out, and the houses to tumble into the crater from all sides. The horizon rose as suddenly,

and we thus appeared to be ascending out of an immense cup. It was at first difficult to realise that the place beneath us was flat. Presently, however, we found ourselves stationary over a coloured map of Paris and its environs. The city was so far off that this illusion was perfect, only it seemed as if the printer had forgotten to insert the names of the streets, buildings, and open spaces. With this omission there was simply a coloured map spread out below us, having a city in its midst. Another balloon point of view exhibited itself. When we went up, the streets were very full. Crowds of people were walking on the their heads it seems almost bare. There are 600 square feet in a piece of pavement ten feet wide and twenty yards long. A dozen hats are nothing in so large a space. You might place hundreds there without their touching one another. Thus when, hovering over Paris, we looked down on the human stream which had appeared to fill the *trottoir* along which I had walked to the Louvre, it seemed, as I have said, to have been suddenly dried up, and the population to have become absurdly small for so great a place. Of course, that which remarkably characterises Paris, its multitude of architectural vistas, also disappeared.

BEFORE THE START.

pavement. In a minute they seemed to have all gone, as if by magic, and to be replaced by a number of small creeping dots. An irregular procession that was crossing some open space beneath us—I am not sure that it was not a regiment: French soldiers march loosely—looked like a set of dominoes put end to end. This delusion rests upon the fact that when you are up high enough, the brim of a man's hat, unless his waistcoat is very protuberant, nearly measures the space he occupies upon the earth. Substitute a hat for every passenger in a street, and the street will be wellnigh empty. When you are walking along the pavement, a dozen people within twenty yards of you shut out the view of the ground beyond them. If you look down a street which has twelve persons walking in every twenty yards of its length the street seems quite full. To the eye of the bird flying high above

The map below us was as if drawn on flat paper. The height of the chief buildings was gone. While we hovered over the great city one was struck, moreover, by the way in which divers seemingly small matters became notable. We pay little regard to the apprentice who sprinkles the stones outside his master's shop in curly patterns. In Paris, however, when the weather is hot and dusty, numbers of men are employed in thus watering the pavement with large watering-pots. That is a sensible procedure, but when viewed from above it seemed to cover the streets with worms. The twisting pattern of the water on the white pavements presented exactly this appearance. The sides of the streets, moreover, were in many places stuck with, apparently, white wafers. I had to consider a minute before I realised that these were the little round tables outside the cafés.

Another thing which soon struck me, as we rose, was the absence of trees or greenery of any kind, except in places where they are seen by all wayfarers. You cannot look down on London from even any high tower in its midst without a manifold revelation of trees in its back premises. In Paris, on the contrary, the rears of the houses everywhere were seen to be singularly cramped and bare. There was no disclosure of snug domestic retreats, however smutty, behind the grand houses which faced the streets. The poor people, who there live much in the highest flats, were thus seen to be without back yards. This is a defect in those improved dwellings which anywhere tower above the streets of small tenements, which, however mean, have mostly some door of escape into a yard behind them. These back yards in London, for instance, are certainly not picturesque, except to a slight extent, in so far as they may contain some small tree, as they often do, but they are certainly convenient; and I could not help feeling that, in a very great part of renovated Paris, the poorest people must be unpleasantly packed. Ruins though look, perhaps, most desolate when seen from above. The view of the fire-smeared and dismantled Tuileries from heavenwards was very ghastly and suggestive. Seen from thence to be gutted to its cellars, this palace showed even a deeper failure than it exhibits from below.

Those who ascend in a balloon may probably expect to experience a sense of insecure flotation, but it is not so in fact. I was much impressed with the stability of our "Captive," not merely from seeing that it was held fast by a rope, for as we drifted slightly with the wind, on looking over the lee side we could perceive nothing of the tie to earth. One felt most the lightness of the huge dome overhead, or rather the upward pressure of the mysterious force beneath us. There were some thirty persons in the car, and had one been with such a company in an omnibus, or small boat, the sense of their weight would have been very perceptible, but in the balloon there was no more thought of it than if they had been feathers. Our specific gravity seemed to be altered. It was not merely that the floor of the car was strong, but the feeling that for the third of a mile there was nothing beneath us was dissipated. The air took a new character, and seemed to be firm rather than buoyant. One felt that if, say, a hat were launched over the edge, it would by no means necessarily fall to the ground. One felt, too, as if the air might be trusted, and that even if the apparently thin thread beneath our feet were to snap, no harm would come to us. It was an odd sensation, that "hanging the wrong way." The idea of falling did not present itself, but after rising to the limit of our tether, the notion was that the earth was more likely to drop than ourselves if the rope broke. We were doing our best to hold it up rather than being held down.

In the ordinary voyage of a "free" balloon the occupants of the car are said to feel as if they were stationary, and the scene moving beneath them. As they travel with and at the same rate as the wind, of course they do not feel it, though they may be moving swiftly. In a "captive" balloon, on the contrary, when you are fairly "tied up in the air," the breeze is felt as if you were on any eminence, but the sense of tugging at an enormous weight is added when the rope is wholly paid out. Certainly, when we were tethered over Paris, the earth seemed to be very heavy, and as we appeared to be part of the air which was trying to get away from it, one wondered why all the air did not leave the earth to itself. Talk of the downward pressure or weight of the atmosphere! Ascend in a balloon, and so get an altogether new and confused estimate of what the barometer tells us. Of course, we knew that we were being hauled up by gas much lighter than the atmosphere, but the irresistible feeling presented itself that the air had an upward tendency, since we seemed to belong to it and were struggling to rise. It was an entrance into entirely new meteorological conditions, or at least perceptions. There was nothing beneath us, and yet we did not fall, but, on the contrary, pulled hard to get higher. And I don't think there would have been any great alarm felt by the party if we had managed to get "free." High as we were, we wanted a still higher view; and, as I have said, one felt a new confidence in the power of the air. We were not so much forcing a passage through as being lifted up by it, and when, after standing still for awhile over the nameless map beneath us, the rope, which looked no bigger than a string, began to drag us down, the thought that it ought to break presented itself vividly.

Altogether, if my reader should be disinclined to make a voyage in a "free" balloon, I would advise him to lose no chance of going up in a "captive" one, if he wishes to experience a sensation wholly unlike any that may be felt while ascending, or looking down from the summit of, any eminence that he can climb.

HARRY JONES, M.A.

BIRTH OF THE YEAR.—CHILD FOUND IN THE SNOW, BESIDE ITS DEAD MOTHER.—EPISODE IN THE GREAT CONTEST: THE SNOW STATUE.

THERE are few persons of a reflective turn of mind, who do not feel a sort of mirth-melancholy at the close of one year, and the commencement of another. This feeling, probably, led Coleridge to observe, "If I were a moralist, I might disapprove the ringing in the new, and ringing out the old year:—

Why dance ye, mortals, o'er the grave of time!"

A living divine remarks, "It is a merciful provision that the stream of time does not run on in one continuous flow, but that it is broken up and separated into larger portions, which are for 'signs and for seasons, and for days and years.' These changes and vicissitudes present us, successively, with renewed occasions and encouragements to amend our lives, and to set out, as it were, on a new course."

The Christian Year commences with the first Sunday in *Advent*, a season to prepare for the celebration of our Lord's first, and to ponder on his second, coming. The *Epiphany* (Twelfth Day), is kept to commemorate the manifestations of our Lord both as God and Man.

To the Epiphany, tradition assigned not only the worship of the Magi, but the baptism of Christ; the miracle of turning water into wine, and that of feeding the 5000, both considered to be typical of spiritual blessing; and which the eastern Christians, until shortly before the age of Chrysostom, when they adopted the custom of the Latin church in this respect, celebrated also as the Anniversary of the Birth of Christ.—(*Neale's Feasts and Fasts.*)

JANUARY is named from Janus, to whom it was dedicated, because, from its situation, it might be considered to be retrospective to the past, and prospective to the opening year. The Anglo-Saxons called January, *Wolf-monath*. Its holidays are very ancient; New Year's Gifts and Twelfth Day customs being as old as Rome itself; of the latter, Herrick sings:—

Give them to the king
And queene wassailling:
And though with the ale ye be whet here;
Yet part ye from hence,
As free from offence,
As when ye innocent met here.

On the first Monday (*Plough Monday*), after, the festivities terminated; for then husbandmen resumed the plough.

The Sundays between the last Epiphany Sunday and Lent, should call us from the rejoicings of Christmas, and prepare us for profiting by the approaching season.

Late Winter begins with the year:—

Winter's white shrowd doth cover all the ground,
And Caecias blows his bitter blaste of woe;
The ponds and pooles, and streams in ice are bound,
And famished birds are shivering in the snowe.

As the day wears,

Through the hushed air, the whitening shower descends,
At first thin—wavering, till at last the flakes
Full broad and wide, and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow.

Shakspeare says, applicable to this month:—

Never resting Time leads Summer on
To hideous Winter, and confounds him there,
Sap-checked with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'ersnow'd and barren.

Yet, there is "good in every thing;" and the hardy band of boyhood begin the contest of life in the shower of balls at the snow statue; as Napoleon, when at school, at Brienne, constructed fortresses out of the same material. One of the weather-saws of the month tells us:—

If Janiveer Calends be summerly gay,
It will be winterly weather till the Calends of May.

Let us sum up with the satirist:—

Froze January, leader of the year,
Minced pies in vain, and calf's head in the rear—CHURCHILL.

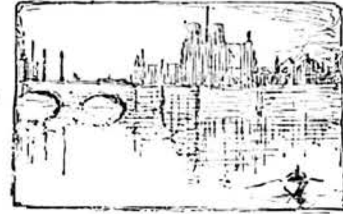
The last allusion is to an annual insult offered on the 30th of January, to the memory of the unfortunate Charles I.; but which has long since yielded to the milder humanities of the times.

Foremost in the list of Festivals stands the Lord's day, or Sunday; "the day of the resurrection, the queen, the chief of all days, in which our life arose, and the victory over death was gained by Christ;" the day also in which, as Justin, the Martyr, urges, God, out of darkness and the primal matter, formed a world. Next in rank to Sunday, at least, if the frequency of its observance be considered, stood the Saturday, or, as it is universally called by the early writers, the Sabbath; a day observed with the same religious services, in all respects, as the Lord's day, though a difference grew up between the eastern and western churches, upon the question whether it should be kept as a festival or a fast. To these weekly holidays were added others of only annual recurrence, commemorative either of the principal events in the history of our Saviour, or of the sufferings of his more eminent followers. These Feasts were preceded by *Vigils* throughout the night, kept in the churches, or, in the earlier times, around the tomb of the Saint.

Jeremy Taylor has left us these Rules for Duties on Christian Festivals: "After the solemnities are past, and in the intervals between the morning and evening devotion, (as you shall find opportunity), visit sick persons, reconcile differences, do offices of neighbourhood, inquire into the needs of the poor, especially housekeepers; relieve them as they shall need, and as you are able: for then we truly rejoice in God, when we make our neighbours, the poor members of Christ, rejoice together with us."

[COMPILED BY JOHN TIMBS.]

Fishing in the Seine with Portraits of the King and others. 1599.



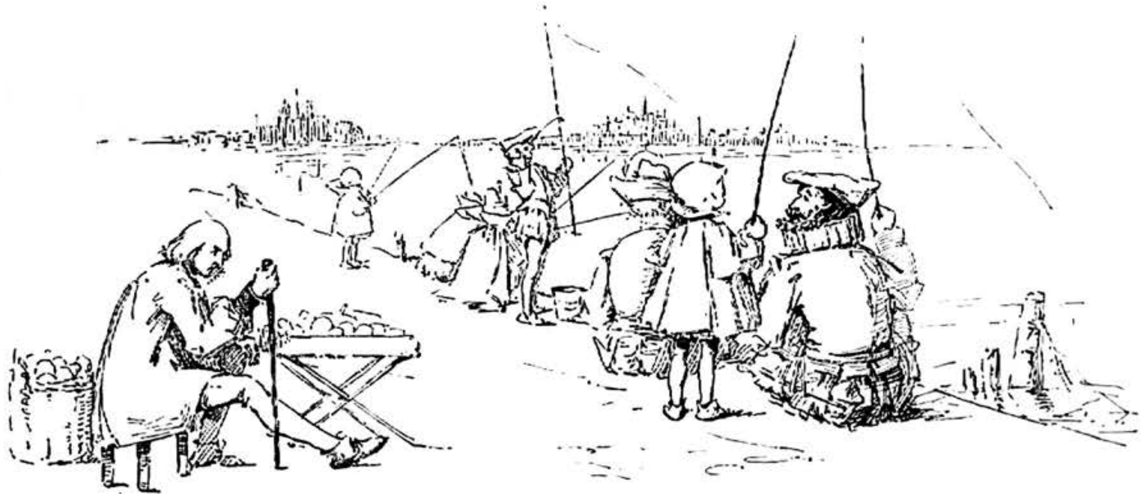
SING a song of angle-worms, pocket full of rain,
Four-and-twenty fishermen a-fishing in the Seine:
If the Seine had any fish, and they began to bite,
Would n't all those fishermen be in a pretty fright!

I asked an ancient apple-man, who sat behind his stand,
How long thought he it needs must be before some fish they 'd land.
"Good sir," replied the ancient man, and wiped a tear away,
"Belike in half-a-hundred year, if you have time to stay!"

Just then the strangest thing occurred that ever heart could wish,
The fattest of the fishermen declared he felt a fish!
And many scoffed thereat, but he continued to be firm
In stating that a goodly fish did nibble at the worm.

"If he speaks sooth," the people cried, in one united breath,
"The King and all his Councilors should be here at the death!"
They bade the crier ring his bell, the fisher stay his hand;
"A prize to him who 'll guess aright what kind of fish he 'll land!"

Quoth one (the corner one), "A carp!" Another cried, in dudgeon
(Their portraits you will see below), "I say 't will be a gudgeon!"
The third declared 't would be a sole, unless all signs did fail;
And one (that rather bumptious boy) felt sure 't would be a whale.



The ancient apple-man alone had no fair word to say,
But wagged his head full solemnly, in sixteenth-century way.
"I 've vended apples hereabout for five-and-fifty year,
And never have I seen a fish in all their fishing here!"

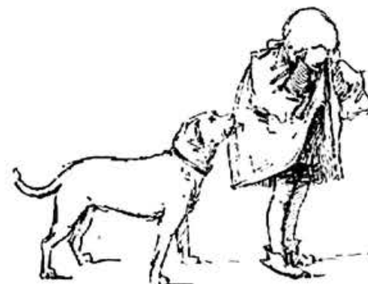
Meanwhile, the King, his crown awry, came puffing in hot haste,
And all the Councilors, their coats unbuttoned at the waist:
The crier gave the signal, and the bugler loudly blew,
And then the fattest fisherman hauled in a — worn-out shoe!

Thereat the people waxed full wroth, and many cried, "For shame!"
But when they stopped to think, they saw that no one was to blame.
As for the prize, that king so wise decided, on the whole,
To give a *part* of it to him who guessed 't would be a sole.

For he was *partly* right, at least; the rest were wholly wrong.
An act of justice that so pleased that sixteenth-century throng,
That, save the apple-man, they all threw up their caps for joy,
And no one wept a tear, except the rather bumptious boy.

Now, that you may believe my tale, I put here in the book,
The pictures that I drew of all, exactly as they look:
The fattest fisherman, perhaps, should be a *trifle* fatter,
And then the king — you know these kings! — the king I *had* to flatter.

Adeline Valentine Pond.



Odds and Ends.

"YOU may pulverise ice, but it is ice still; but let a sunbeam fall on it and it is soon dissolved. Abuse, however severe and humiliating, never softens men; but kindness will melt the most obdurate."

AMERICA seems to be the land of women's progress. It is quite a common custom now for girls who wish to go to one of the many colleges, and who are unable to afford the fees, to assist in the domestic work of the college of which they are members, thus meeting part or whole of their expenses. But the girls do not confine themselves to the colleges, gladly taking places in boarding-houses, where in return for a few hours' household duties, they receive their food and lodging, and are enabled to take part in the college courses. They also have no objection to serving as nurse-girls in the professors' families, or to singing in the choir—in short, they will do anything by which they can support themselves, and at the same time gain a university education. The system is by no means uncommon in England, but it has not reached the colleges open for women.

THE wedding-cake of to-day is the evolution of simplicity, its present form in England only dating from the time of the Restoration. In ancient Rome when a maiden was married she always carried three ears of wheat in her hand, whilst over her head was broken a plain cake made of flour and water, as a presage of plenty and an abundance of good things in her married life. The Early English bride wore a wreath of wheaten ears which were sometimes gilded, and on her return from church, corn was thrown over her head which was afterwards gathered up and eaten by the guests—the genesis of the present day rice-throwing. As the centuries passed, however, this grain was made into large thin biscuits, which were broken over the bride's head and then distributed amongst the assembled company. These cakes in the time of Elizabeth became little rectangular buns made of flour, sugar, eggs, milk, spice and currants. They were usually piled high on a plate, and it was the custom of the bride and bridegroom to kiss one another across them. This mass of cakes covered with comfits and almond paste, and stacked in a pyramid, soon led the way to one huge cake, for which, however, we are really indebted to the exiles who had acquired a taste for French cookery during the Commonwealth, and whose cooks on their return converted the wedding-bun into the wedding-cake of much the same form as we know it to-day.

THE earliest example of the large clocks made by the clockmakers is in the City of Rouen. It was made by Jahan de Felains, and was finished in 1389. Its case is six feet eight inches high and only five inches broad, and so perfect is its construction that it is still used to regulate the time in the town, striking the hours, half-hours and quarters with the most exact regularity. Until 1714 it only possessed what the mediæval clock-makers called a "foliot," but in that year a pendulum was added.

THE figure of Britannia upon our copper coinage was first used in 1672 in the reign of Charles II., and is a copy of a similar one which is found in almost the same position upon the Roman coins of the time of Hadrian and Antoninus Pius, as well as on the medallion of Commodus. At one time the figure was supposed to have been taken from a portrait of the beautiful Frances Stuart, Duchess of Richmond, but this idea has been proved to be erroneous.

INDEXING is peculiarly woman's work, and it says much for their capability in this difficult employment which needs extreme care, that Miss Nancy Bailey has been appointed indexer of Hansard's Parliamentary Debates—the official record of the proceedings in Parliament. The index upon which Miss Bailey will be engaged covers the period between the accession of William IV., and the end of the Parliamentary session of 1891, so its magnitude can be easily imagined. Miss Bailey has also made the indexes to the reports of several of the Royal Commissions.

THERE is a very old herbarium at Padua, which city boasts of possessing the oldest botanical garden in Europe, but the oldest and most curious herbarium in the world is in Cairo. It is in the Egyptian museum and contains crowns, wreaths, as well as bouquets and garlands of flowers taken from the tombs of the Pyramids and other places. All the flowers are in excellent preservation and have been identified by botanists in spite of the fact that they are about 3000 years old.

AT no period in the world's history has the influence of woman in the homes of the upper classes been so paramount as in the fifteenth century. A succession of foreign and civil wars throughout Europe kept the knights away from their homes, and they spent the greater part of their time in camps and courts and on the field of battle. Consequently the charge of their estates, their children and their servants was left to their wives who, in their manor-houses and *chateaux*, directed domestic affairs and left an ineffaceable impression upon the spirit of the time.

"THERE is nothing so necessary to gain perfect order as kindness. It must predominate. The home which is governed by harshness could never become an ideal home. It is not difficult for an ordinarily observant person to see at once what kind of spirit prevails in a family. A person must be dull who partakes of a meal without forming some opinion of the prevailing spirit. In homes where true courtesy prevails it seems to meet one on the threshold. The kindly welcome is felt on entering. It is beautifully expressed in 'kind words are the music of the world.' Hard words, on the other hand, 'are like hailstones in summer beating down and destroying what they would nourish were they melted into drops of rain?' Life without love would be a world without a sun, without one blossom of delight, of feeling, or of taste."

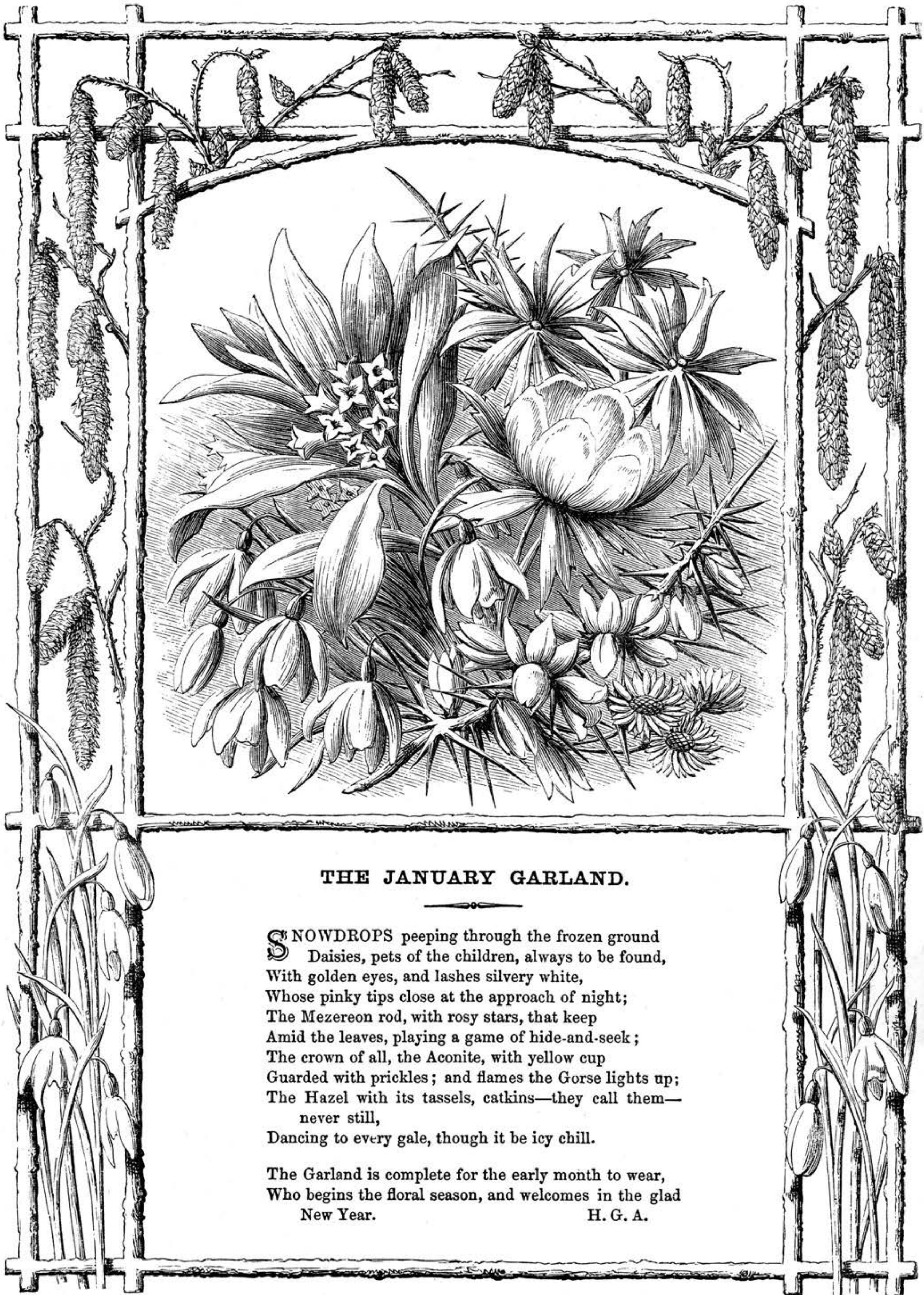
"HOW shall you learn to know yourself? Not by contemplation, but by action. Strive to do your duty, and you will soon discover what stuff you are made of."—*Goethe.*

THE village of Nasso in Sweden has a contingent of one hundred and fifty women in its fire-brigade. The waterworks of the village are primitive, consisting of four huge tubs, which it is the duty of these "firewomen" to keep full during the progress of a fire. Whilst their men colleagues are pouring water upon the flames, they stand in two long lines between the tubs and an adjacent lake, one line passing up buckets full of water and the other passing them back.

MOST people have a craze for collecting, and when the collection is of things of beauty or interest, nothing is more delightful than to be shown such results of careful searching. But amongst the most extraordinary of hobbies, that of collecting historic doors seems to be the least satisfactory, and certainly the most inconvenient, seeing that they must need considerable space in which to be kept. Amongst other odd fads is the collection of chairs, and the hats and bonnets of eminent people. Umbrellas too, that have been used by great persons, are eagerly sought for by some collectors, and it is said that the Prince of Wales has for years made a collection of walking-sticks, of which he has now a sufficient number to stock several shops. An instance of the fact that nothing under the sun is despised of those possessed of a collecting instinct is a collection of "watch-cocks"—a "watch-cock" is the little grating that covers the escapement of a watch—part of which, containing some specimens from historical watches, may now be seen in the South Kensington Museum. The gathering together of the labels of match-boxes, which is the pet hobby of another collector, does not seem to serve any useful purpose.

THE elaborate ornamentation of skates is the last thing to which the ordinary person would think of devoting any time or thought. But on the continent, where skating may be relied upon as a certainty every winter, skates are sometimes made which cost from twenty to three hundred guineas. A pair was made at the beginning of last winter by a London firm for an Austrian Countess, which cost no less than one hundred and eighty guineas, the upper parts being made of frosted silver with clasps of turquoises across the feet. Aluminium and silver are now being commonly used for the framework, and one pair, also made last season, were of chased gold, with a diamond clasp for each foot. A combination of gun-metal and gold is likewise very popular amongst those who care to spend money so unnecessarily.

"SMALL service is true service while it lasts. Of friends, however humble, scorn not one. The daisy, by the shadow that it casts, protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun."—*Wordsworth.*



THE JANUARY GARLAND.

SNOWDROPS peeping through the frozen ground
Daisies, pets of the children, always to be found,
With golden eyes, and lashes silvery white,
Whose pinky tips close at the approach of night;
The Mezereon rod, with rosy stars, that keep
Amid the leaves, playing a game of hide-and-seek;
The crown of all, the Aconite, with yellow cup
Guarded with prickles; and flames the Gorse lights up;
The Hazel with its tassels, catkins—they call them—
never still,
Dancing to every gale, though it be icy chill.

The Garland is complete for the early month to wear,
Who begins the floral season, and welcomes in the glad
New Year.

H. G. A.

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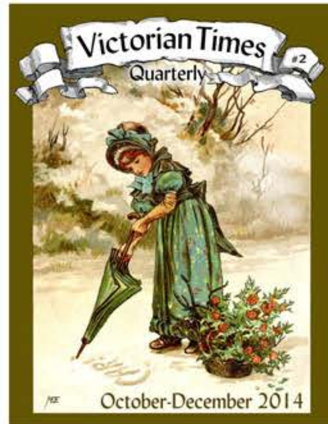

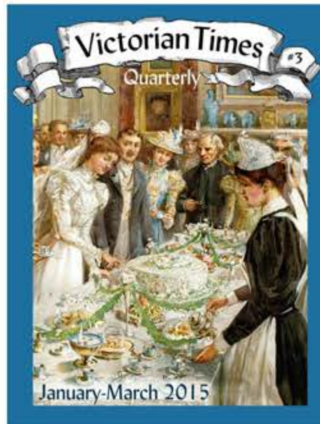

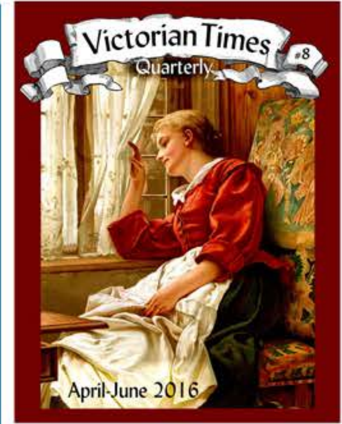

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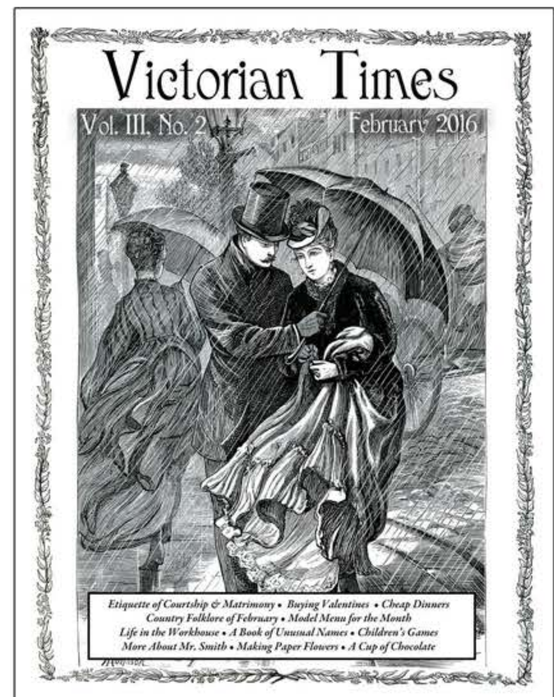

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