

Victorian Times

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Children's Outdoor Games • Model Menu for the Month • Gimcracks
Dressing the Victorian Child • Life in an American Boarding House
Mr. Smith & Friends • Austrian Easter Eggs • Butter & Cream*

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

Coming Full Circle

One of the aspects of Victorian society that tends to draw the most criticism—and sneering—is its reliance upon servants. A large Victorian country home might have more servants than family living under its roof. And even the “genteel poor” are often depicted, in Victorian tales, as having at least one faithful retainer; to have no servants at all was poverty indeed!

Throughout most of the 19th century, a well-bred Victorian woman could not leave her home without the escort of a footman. Not that he was expected to engage in fisticuffs on her behalf; his role was to protect her reputation. (After all, who knew what a woman might do if allowed out of the house unattended?) The need for that escort was very real; his presence signaled that this was a woman of quality and not to be molested; the lack of such a footman indicated a woman was no better than she should be and fair game.

Of course, if one *did* happen to have a large Victorian home, its legion of servants (and their rigid below-stairs hierarchy) was not exactly a luxury. Knowing how difficult I find it to keep my own home swept and dusted, I rather doubt I could handle the maintenance of, say, Highclere Castle (aka Downton Abbey) without a little help. Or maybe a lot of help.

The Butler’s Pantry Book, by Elizabeth Drury, describes the various roles of Victorian servants in detail, along with a host of “recipes” for various tasks and cleaning products. Most of this material is drawn from sources published before 1870. As the 19th century drew to a close, so did the era of servants. Upper-class ladies who might once have expected to marry well often found themselves, instead, managing a relatively small establishment with a single maid, housekeeper, cook, or “maid of all work.” Conversely, middle-class families were beginning to rise *up* to a lifestyle that might include, for the first time, *having* a servant (usually just one).

This, I suspect, is why Victorian women’s magazines of the late 19th century—anywhere from the 1870’s onward—have so many “how-to” articles. Women who never “had to” in previous decades now, for the first time, needed to learn “how to”—how to handle the laundry, the cooking, the cleaning, the mending. A similar process was underway in America, parts of which were learning to live not only without servants but without slaves. American ladies, however, were generally less restricted by the social stigma of self-reliance.

The growing attitude of self-reliance continued into the 20th century, and fueled an entire industry dedicated to “labor-saving devices.” Today, we take for granted the vacuum cleaner, the dishwasher, the washing machine, and a host of other appliances that have made it possible to do it yourself without actually doing it by hand. And so, armed with the knowledge that, in many cases, we have only to push a button to accomplish what once took a maid half the day or more, it’s easy to look back on the Victorian dependence upon servants with a smile (or a sneer). Yet, I think perhaps we are not so far removed from that mindset as we might like to believe.

Today, for example, I’ve just received a notice from Amazon about the latest developments to their Amazon Echo, which, apparently, will do nearly everything except wash the dishes and walk the dog (for which you still need a maid and a footman, or at least a sponge and a leash). It will add items to my grocery list so I don’t have to lift that heavy pencil or carry that cumbersome bit of paper to the store. It will cheerfully order things from Amazon for me (surprise, surprise). It will turn my lights on and off, adjust my thermostat, and even open and close my garage door. And best of all, it does all this in response to voice commands.

You know, *orders*.

Today, there is an entire industry based on providing us with apps and tools that enable us to order electronic devices to do things for us *on command*. We can speak to our remotes. We can speak to our apps and tell them to perform all manner of services for us. We have become a generation that is relearning the joy of being able to tell, if not someone, at least *something* what we want done, and relax in the knowledge that it will happen.

Things like... turning the lights on. Adjusting the thermostat. Choosing a TV station, or a movie, or a song.

When Amazon’s Alexa can do my laundry, wash my dishes, *and* walk the dog, then, maybe, I’ll get a dog... In the meantime, another industry is busily making billions of dollars selling diet aids, diet plans and fitness equipment to a generation that barks a command into an electronic device to switch TV channels. (Granted, if Victorians had had televisions, they would have had a special servant to stand by and change channels...)

But somehow, I rather think that if a Victorian were introduced to the Amazon Echo and told of the wonders it could perform and the labor it would save, they might... well... sneer...

—Moirra Allen, Editor
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THE place is Cuernavaca—that beautiful, remote, semi-tropical Mexican town of Morelos : the month is March, balmy, flowery, and lovely : the day a great fiesta one, which all the peon-Indian world, his wife and family—as also the animals—are hasting to celebrate, for the occasion is nothing more or less than the now almost obsolete “Blessing of the Animals,” seen nowadays in Mexico only by those who live in or visit the remote and isolated pueblos or towns.

For many days preparations have been in swing for the joyous occasion : this you would realize had you been with us in the Mexican hotel in Cuernavaca, for not only does that hotel’s landlord possess several “animalitos” himself, but our windows overlook a great poultry yard and corral, the inmates of which have been duly washed, brushed, painted, and decorated for the ceremony of to-day—to our great amusement and entertainment. The final adornments and finishing touches were given early this morning ; so early, in fact, that at five o’clock, when the first bells began to chime out, we had to give up all hope of slumber : the lowing, bleating, cackling, quacking, baa-ing, squealing, and crowing was more than enough to “murder sleep.”

Even when breakfasting two hours ahead of the usual time we can hear sounds betokening that the procession is already on its way to the cathedral yard, where the blessing is to come off. In the dining-room

our waiter Felipe rushes distractedly about, for he has two dogs, a small brother, and a small donkey to escort to the ceremony, and with all the lazy people who will not take their chocolate and “pan dulce” for two hours more, how can he expect to get there in time for even one small word of blessing?

From the hotel windows, a few moments later, we are just in time to get a good view of mountain Indians and charcoal-burners who are trotting down the street, driving before them their rough little burros, all spick and span, and ready to be blessed. Being too suspicious to walk on the side-walks, as the rest of the crowd are doing, these charcoal-burners trot steadily along in the middle of the road, all shoulder to shoulder, while their flop-eared little burros keep close in front.

All of these little burritos have some sort of adornment, though of humble origin—for there are few ribbons and such decorations to be found in the charcoal-burners’ remote mountains ! One little grey-and-black donkey, however, jingles merrily a collar of tiny tin bells ; his companion is brave in a necklace of pine-cones, while another little brown fellow trots along proudly in his saddle and necklace of fern and pine leaves. They have all been decorated as well with bright tail and head knots of the yellow mountain flowers, on all of which the blanketed charcoal-burners keep careful watch, for on no account must a donkey lose his decorations before he reaches the churchyard and the priest.

The procession is waxing thicker and thicker, now: in the middle of the road come horses, bulls, and the poor old patient oxen, the latter chewing steadily at their cud, and now and then looking up and about, as if to say: "What does all this foolishness mean, and why aren't we at work in the alfalfa fields, with our wooden yokes on our necks instead of these silly flowers and leaves? What is going to happen, anyway?"

Just as we ourselves join the procession (for if we don't hurry our "reserved seats" on the cathedral wall will be gone!) the waiter Felipe, in his best fiesta clothes, and accompanied by his "little brother" and two dogs, joins us. Pancho, the burro, has gone on some time ago. The little brother also wears his best holiday clothes and a very fine silver-trimmed sombrero; but the finest of all sights is the small, fat puppy which he carries proudly in his arms and keeps careful watch of all the time; for, surely, never was there such a beautifully decorated "perrito" (little dog).

The puppy is a white one, to begin with, but one would never guess it from his present appearance. He has been washed and scrubbed until he fairly shines. His curly locks have been trimmed and combed, and he has been painted in the most elaborate and bewildering fashion—even his own mother doesn't quite recognise him, and circles about him with amazed stares and indignant "yaps."

Around his fat little stomach are three bright red stripes, around his neck a blue one, his tail has been dyed pink, and his ears yellow! A collar of tiny brass bells jingles and clicks as he wriggles his curly, dazed head, and on the tip of his short pink tail a bow of white and blue ribbons has been tied. At intervals the puppy's bearer pats and squeezes him, telling him to be a good perrito, for soon he is to be blessed by "*el padre!*" But poor puppy whines all the more, and wriggles pitifully in his efforts to find his mother. "Nasty ribbons and nasty collar," he mourns. Why can't he be left

quietly at home, and why doesn't his mother come to him? Yap, yap, y-a-p!

Just as we are entering the churchyard gate we hear pitiful and heartfelt "meows"—some poor pussy-cat is lifting her voice in lamentations *this* time! At first it is impossible to locate kitty: there are only birds and parrots in cages, close to us, where the "meows" seem to originate from. But as we continue to peer about a little girl carrying a huge parrot-cage utters a reproving cry, "Afe, que gatito!" ("What a naughty cat"). And then we find that pussy has reason to cry and object, for *she* is shut carefully up in the parrot-cage, out of a crack of which her be-ribboned tail is hanging, unknown to her mistress, and to the great glee of several small boys, who are taking advantage of the opportunity to slyly tweak and pinch it!

Having reproved the naughty boys and tucked pussy's tail safely into her cage, we hasten to ascend to the big, flat-topped cathedral wall, from which good Padre Tomás has assured us we will get a fine view of all that goes on.

The cathedral yard is a very huge one, but it is crowded now with animals of all

sorts, sizes, and conditions, as well as social ranks, from the Jefe Politico's magnificent thoroughbred horse (which objects very much to being blessed) down to the meek, ragged little burro of Timoteo, the charcoal-seller.

There is a perfect sea of rebozo'd and tilma'd Indian and Mexican forms down below one, and every man, woman, and child of them has brought to be blessed one, two, and even three animals! There arises a perfect Babel of sounds: the lowing of cattle, the angry bellowing of a fighting-bull; horses neigh shrilly and prance about in fright; there is the pitiful, helpless baa-ing of goats and sheep; dogs bark loudly, while the cackling and crowing and jabbering of the poultry contingent is almost deafening. The crowd is so dense that, until the blessing commences, little can be distinguished; there is merely a view of a struggling, packed mass of people and animals, all working eagerly toward the stand from



"A BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED 'PERRITO.'"

which Padre Tomás, with two aiding acolytes, is to sprinkle and bless the "animalitos." Finally, however, silence and order have been enforced, and the cathedral yard gates are shut and locked. No more animals will be allowed to come in until the ones now present have been blessed and sent out. Padre Tomás, in his robes of office and attended by his two acolytes, ascends the steps to his stand; a great bowl of holy water is placed ready for him, and he beckons that the first animals be brought forward. So that now we can see the animals and their decorations.

Several huge ploughing-oxen come up first, very unwillingly, to be blessed. They are garlanded from hoofs to horns with wreaths of flowers and leaves, and look very picturesque and festive indeed, for which they seem to care little, but stand sulkily, their great heads lowered, the

with wreaths of flowers and vines, while the blooded fighting-bulls have their horns gilded and wrapped about with gay ribbons. Everyone breathes more freely when these latter creatures are taken away, for they are very vicious, bellowing and pawing furiously all the while, and it requires strenuous efforts on the part of their owners to keep them quiet. Some of the cows are also very frisky, and leap about in the most alarming manner; everyone is glad when the last is seen of these horned and heeled creatures, and a large space is left for the bringing-up and blessing of the more peaceful burros, goats, sheep, and lesser animals.

The yard has so thinned out now that all of the remaining animals can be easily distinguished and attended to: the burros, with their gay ribbon and



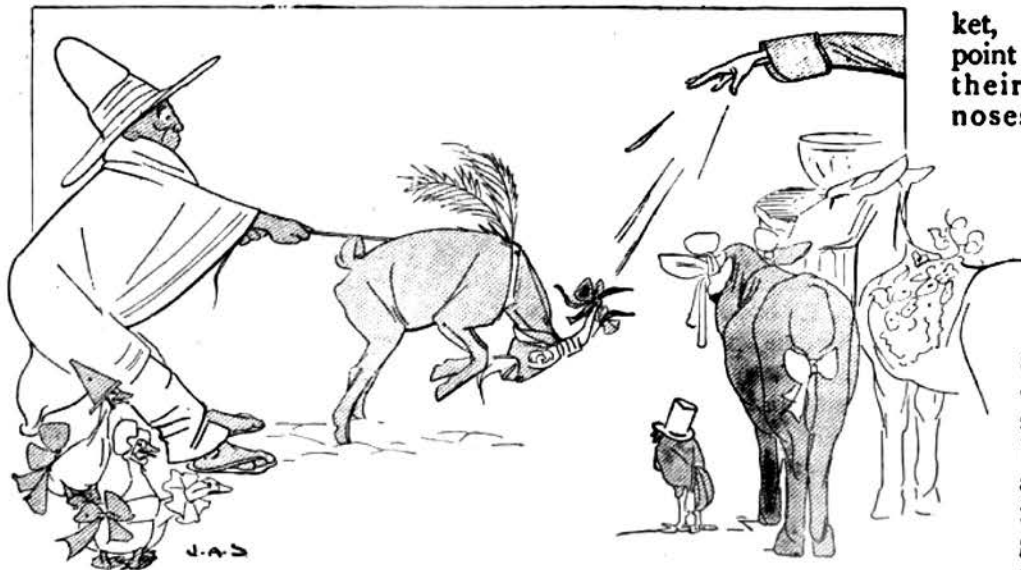
PLOUGHING-OXEN WAITING TO BE BLESSED.

while Padre Tomás sprinkles and blesses them, adjuring them in Spanish to be good and faithful to their several tasks, as the good saint who loved and blessed animals (St. Anthony) would have them be. And then, the ceremony (so far as they are concerned) being concluded, the huge beasts are taken away, and their place at the stand given up to two mules, these latter kicking and squealing and objecting both visibly and loudly to the holy water sprinkling and the blessing of Padre Tomás.

Then come, after these mules, more oxen, cows, several wicked-looking bulls, horses, more mules, and all the larger animals. There are so many of them that nearly three hours are consumed in their blessing alone. All of them are decorated in much the same way: the cows, bulls, and oxen are garlanded

with flower decorations, receiving special sprinkling and blessing at the hands of the priest. For these patient little animals are both beasts of burden, companions, and dear friends to the labouring classes of Mexico, and well deserve St. Anthony's blessing.

Numberless goats and sheep are here, too, for holy water and good words: there are long-horned old patriarchs among both the sheep and the goats, which have butted off most of their tissue paper and flower adornments, and by dint of hard efforts only are restrained from making for the priests, who bless them very warily and from a distance *only!* And then come the mothers, with their gay collars, bells, and ribbons, the cunning little lambs and kids frisking at their sides. Some of these babitos (little ones) are very prettily decorated, one jet-black kid



BLESSED FROM A DISTANCE ONLY.

being particularly noticeable in his collar, *waist-band*, and tail decorations of brilliant red flowers, with red ribbons tied to his sharp little horns. And then there is a white woolly lamb, decorated entirely in the Virgin's colours of blue and white, with forget-me-nots tied to his meek little head and neck. He is a beautifully behaved little lamb, and everyone cries, "Que bonita!" ("How pretty").

In spite of the rapidly diminishing throng of people and animals, the crowing, cackling, quacking, and barking noises seem to be as loud and strong as at first; but all of a sudden even louder and shriller sounds arise above the confusion. This is when the "pig-animals" (as the peons call them) are driven forward to be blessed.

A poor peon who lives miles away near Iguala has with untold trouble and difficulty brought an old mother pig, with her five small ones, to be blessed. The mother has rubbed off most of her decorations, and now chases wildly about, with loud and despairing squeals. "No," she shrieks; "I will *not* be blessed!" After her rushes the poor peon, with five small piglets wrapped safely up in his *tilma*, or blan-

ket, from which point of vantage their wee pink noses poke inquiringly. "What *can* be the matter with naughty *mamma-cita*?" they seem to wonder. But, in spite of her babies' ashamed and inquiring glances and all the desperate efforts

of her poor, perspiring master, the obdurate *mamma* still flees wildly in every direction but the right one, squealing and grunting. It is a very comical sight, and the spectators laugh and applaud poor, hot, red-faced Antonio, as he cajoles and threatens *mamma pig* with both voice and whip. Finally, however, when all the other pig creation has been sprinkled and blessed, she is captured and led up to Padre Tomás for reproof and blessing.

The dogs, on the whole, are the best-behaved "animalitos" present. Seeming to understand just what is meant, they go quietly up to the stand with their masters, and only frisk a little when the cold water is thrown on them. One dog, in particular, is very cunning, and "brings down the house" by standing up straight and begging, in the



THE PEON AND THE FIG.

most gentlemanly and approved fashion, when his turn comes. He is a very nice curly dog, having a blue body and red legs, with a big spotted sash tied about him, and his small owner carries him from the scene proud and rejoicing.

The sun is high in the heavens now, and warned by that and pangs of hunger (for we breakfasted early) we look to see what time it is. If one will believe it, the blessing of the animals has been going on for seven hours! Even yet many "creatures" remain unblessed: all the chickens, ducks, turkeys, and other small beasties, both four and two-legged, are still awaiting their turn!

"last, but not least." For of all the truly comical things to be seen anywhere, in any land, the geese, ducks, turkeys, and other "criaturas" brought here for St. Anthony's blessing surely surpass all else! On their decoration has been expended endless labour and ingenuity. Murmurs of admiration and shrieks of laughter arise as the poultry are driven up to the priest's stand: not even Padre Tomás, tired and worn out as he is, can restrain his amused smiles. For the sight is such a truly comical one.

Every turkey present wears an elaborate paper frill about the neck, with large bows tied in front; paper caps, of all colours and



"EVERY TURKEY PRESENT WEARS AN ELABORATE PAPER FRILL"

Of the cats and kittens there seem to be hundreds, all elaborately adorned with neck and tail ribbons, and painted in stripes, spots, and figures. Several white rabbits have also been brought to be blessed, and they are very cunning and pretty, their long ears decorated with vari-coloured stars, and tissue-paper scarves tied about their necks. And, towards the last, one very weeping, red-eyed boy stumbles forward, carrying tenderly in his arms a very quiet and much-decorated rabbit; it is so still and quiet that people turn to look at it. Then they all murmur, pityingly, "Pobre" (poor one), for the bunny is dead! He had been sick for two days, but Roberto (his master) had hoped that he would at least live long enough to be blessed by the padre. But not so: on the very morning of St. Anthony's Day poor Bunny departed this life, but is still brought, in the decorations gaily prepared before his demise, for his first and last blessing.

Last, but not least, of all the "animalitos" come the poultry. When we enumerate their decorations you will understand why one says

designs, on the head; huge bows, of many-coloured paper or cloth, decorate their astonished legs; and some even wear flowing tissue-paper sashes. One very pompous bird not only wears, in addition to his other finery, a large paper-frilled night-cap, but blue goggles protect his small and thoroughly bewildered eyes. No wonder he gobbles indignantly and hysterically as he is dragged forward, along with his wife and children, to the blessing of Padre Tomás.

And the other two-legged "animalitos" are quite as comical and absurd. Nearly all of them are dressed and decorated just as are the turkeys, with the exception of the hens and gallos (fighting-cocks). The old hens, in particular, we do not think we can ever forget, so perfectly ridiculous are their make-up and general appearance. There is one clucking, distressed mother hen, attired in a short red Eton jacket (made of paper) and a pair of full and flowing bloomers; on her bewildered head rests a very coquettish nursemaid's cap, which has worked down over one eye, and her wings are tied, carefully and elaborately, with white and blue ribbons!

Behind her scurry several small chickens, with many gold and silver stars pasted on their fluffy wings; ribbon bows adorn their clumsy, tottering legs, and tiny peaked caps their heads. Just behind these, in their turn, come a batch of fighting-cocks, most of them dressed in little suits of clothes, so cut as to leave the wings free. Around their necks the poor birds wear tall, stiff paper collars, and high hats or gay sombreros put the finishing touch to a bird-costume that is certainly about as odd and truly ridiculous as one may expect to see.

There are still many queerly costumed birds about which we could tell funny things: the geese, waddling along in their paper trimmings and large caps; the ducks, quacking loudly and angrily in their unwonted decorations; guinea-fowls, frightened

almost into fits and shrieking discordantly; while from their cages and perches green and yellow parrots chatter and shriek, and make, upon occasions, loud and impolite—not to say profane—remarks.

Very nearly every Mexican or peon owns a parrot, not to mention one or more mocking birds, and little green scolding “love birds.” All of them have been brought for a blessing to-day, though we think that, for politeness’ sake, the parrots should have been left at home, and forced to go without blessings! For, while prettily decorated, and their cages gilded and flower-adorned, these wicked birds cannot be made to appreciate the nature of blessings or holy water, and behave most disgracefully even while under the watchful eye of Padre Tomás and his assistant priests.

One big handsome “Loro” nods sleepily

in his cage until he feels the first touch of holy water, but then he gives vent to a deafening torrent of yells and naughty Indian words. As this evil behaviour has no effect on the padre, who goes steadily on with his blessing, this unregenerate parrot proceeds to

perform all sorts of acrobatic tricks, swinging himself upside down in his cage, balancing on his yellow head, and then on first one leg and the other, amid delighted roars of laughter from the audience! So that Padre Tomás, unable to hear himself speak, cuts short the blessing and has the wicked bird taken away.

It is late in the afternoon—long after four o’clock—before the last bird or beast is blessed, but we watch to the very last, and the big cathedral yard is entirely deserted when we climb down from our perch on the wall.

As we go wearily

and hungrily hotel-ward we see many painted and decorated “animalitos” frisking about the streets, and Felipe’s white puppy, with his rejoicing mamma, meets us in the hotel patio. He (the puppy) no longer wears his ribbons and bell collar, but his mother is trying hard to lick him clear of his various stripes and streaks, and has partially succeeded, with the result that he is as nondescriptly coloured and odd a little object as one can imagine!

For a long time, too, you must be reconciled to seeing purple and pink cats about, red and green dogs, and even vari-coloured pigs, burros, sheep, and goats! Because all this paint and decoration goes with the blessing of St. Anthony, which is bestowed only once a year in Mexico—in other countries not at all, which cannot but seem a pity!



“A DISTRESSED MOTHER MEN.”

AMERICAN DINNERS: HOW THEY ARE PREPARED.



THE principal thing that characterises an American dinner is its abundance. Huge joints of meat are not so common in this country as in England, eight pounds of sirloin, or an eight-pound leg of mutton, being considered a fairly large joint, while the English sixteen to twenty-pound roasts are never seen in private families. But outside of the size of the joint, everything else is on a larger proportionate scale—large dishes of vegetables, and great variety of them, large pies, and a huge tureen full of soup—however few are going to sit at table. Anything less than such abundance savours, to most Americans, of stint; and it is common to hear it remarked among them, of English tables, that everything seemed so scant. "Such a tiny tart for three people!" One may ask—small as it was—if there was not more than sufficient, and be answered in the affirmative; but to those accustomed to see pies made a foot in diameter, whether there are two or eight to eat it, the average English fruit tart would indeed look very small. By the way, when speaking of American "pies," I mean the article peculiar to the country—tarts are unknown as we understand them, *pies* are in their place, and are a great "institution;" pumpkin (commonly pronounced "punkin") and apple pie taking the lead in popularity, although cocoa-nut, custard, and lemon pies are all favourites, small fruit less so.

In providing for their table, the mass of Americans rarely consider what goes with what (of course there are the epicurean few who do). Except the Yankee "pork and beans," there seems to be no viand so wedded to vegetable as to be spoken of together, like our "duck and green peas," "mutton and turnips," &c. Generally speaking, vegetables are chosen haphazard, and so carrots, or dried beans, or turnips are as often served with poultry as not; no question of the "eternal fitness" of things seems to trouble the average housekeeper. Then, not only is the unfitness of certain vegetables for certain meats unthought of, but the vegetables themselves are served with sublime disregard to harmony, and so peas and asparagus, and summer squash and potatoes, often find themselves cheek by jowl on one plate. From four to six vegetables are often served at once, and two merely are considered by any but very fashionable people (who affect English and French customs very much) to be a very mean sort of dinner.

Tomatoes, in some form or other, are invariably on the table when in season, and more often than not canned, even in winter. But although they are now as generally eaten as potatoes are with us, I am told that twenty-five years ago they were quite rare, and few people liked them. They are now, however, the most popular of all vegetables, except potatoes, which are here called "Irish potatoes," to distinguish them from the sweet esculent, and are cooked in a variety of ways—some, I think, quite new to English people.

Thanksgiving Day, which falls on the last Thursday in November, is the great dinner day of the American year; for that festival turkeys are fattened, mince pies and pumpkin pies, and cranberry sauce—always eaten with turkey—are in order, and preparations for Thanksgiving Dinner keep cooks afoot for days beforehand, as Christmas does in England. Not that Christmas is a neglected feast in this country, by any means, but it seems less national than Thanksgiving.

All puddings at American tables are eaten with sauce of some kind, even baked milk puddings; and most popular of sauces is that called "hard sauce." As it is very ornamental, and for some puddings, such as boiled lemon or batter, a very acceptable addition to our list of sauces, I will give it later.

Oysters, of course, take a very prominent part at the American dinner-table. Oyster soup, being certain to suit all tastes, makes its appearance oftener than any other; and oyster pie is one of the favourite accompaniments to roast turkey, as tongue or ham is with English people.

No account of an American dinner would be complete without allusion to celery, which plays a very important part; it is not, as with us, introduced only at the end, with cheese, but the celery glass is put on with the castor, and removed only with it—that is to say, just when at an English table it would come on. Most people take it as the French do radishes, as as soon they take their places, and nibble at it while awaiting the soup, and again when soup is removed, and so on through the dinner. A very delicious soup is made from it, which I have never seen out of this country, and which I will therefore append.

Oyster soup is made in several ways, each differing from the English method, and varying from very good to very bad; the following are the best recipes I know of:—Strain the liquor from two quarts of oysters, add to it a tea-cupful of water, and set it to heat slowly in a covered vessel. When it is near boiling, season with pepper and salt, and stir in a quart of milk; either stir constantly or set the vessel containing the liquor in a pot of boiling water. When the soup is again near boiling add the two quarts of oysters, and two table-spoonfuls of butter rolled in one of flour, stir till it boils, then let the whole simmer five minutes, when it is ready to serve.

Another and richer soup is made as follows:—Strain the liquor from two quarts of oysters as before, add a tea-cupful of water, and season with salt, cayenne, a little nutmeg, and a blade of mace; when near boiling add half the oysters, chopped *very* finely, boil five minutes fast, then strain the soup and return it to the saucepan with a quart of milk. Now have ready some very small forcemeat balls, made of the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs worked to a smooth paste with butter, then mix a tea-spoonful of finely chopped parsley, and six raw oysters chopped very finely, season, and bind with raw yolk of egg; flour your hands and make into tiny balls. When the soup

boils, drop in the remaining quart of oysters and the balls, boil five minutes *gently*, then beat the yolks of two eggs, take a cup of the soup liquor (which you must have drawn back from the fire), add it gradually to the eggs, beating all the while, stir into this a table-spoonful of butter, and then add all to the soup; stir till it reaches the boiling point—but it must *not boil*, or the eggs will curdle—then serve.

Slices of lemon are served with oyster soup, which is here eaten with a kind of biscuit, made on purpose for eating with oysters, called “oyster crackers.” Some, however, prefer butter biscuits.

In making oyster soup the principal thing to guard against is either over or under-cooking them. Over-cooked, they are shrunken and tough; under-cooked, flabby and disagreeable. Five minutes’ simmering is generally enough to cook them; the right point, however, may best be told by the oyster becoming quite plump, and the beard “frilled.” Oysters are never bearded by American cooks.

Tomato soup is second only to oyster soup in popularity. Many would say, perhaps, that it reigns supreme over every other in America, and one or two hotels have acquired such fame for its perfection that they put it up in cans, and send it over the country to such unfavoured mortals as appreciate it, but live at a distance from the spot where it daily sends forth its fragrance. Like oyster soup, it is made in several ways; the following recipe is good, and perhaps the most general:—

Make stock of three pounds of veal and one gallon of water, reducing it to two quarts; scald two quarts of fresh tomatoes, to remove the skin, take away the hard core, and cut them up fine. Strain the stock, put in the tomatoes, stirring hard, that they may dissolve thoroughly, boil half an hour. Season with chopped parsley or celery, and pepper and salt; strain again, and stir in a large table-spoonful of butter with a tea-spoonful of white sugar before pouring into the tureen.

This soup is still better if made of the liquor in which chickens have been boiled. Another excellent tomato soup is made as follows:—

Take a dozen ripe tomatoes stewed without water, as before directed, strain them through a coarse sieve, and to the liquid add a large piece of butter rolled in flour, stir till dissolved, then allow to boil once, add a pint of milk, stir all together, but do not boil again, simply allowing the soup to be thoroughly hot. If it should boil after the milk is added it will curdle.

Stewed tomatoes are prepared as follows:—

Loosen the skins by pouring scalding water upon them, peel and cut them up, remove any hard or unripe parts, stew in a thick saucepan (enamelled is the best) for half an hour, *without adding any water*—the juice is sufficient; then add salt, pepper, a tea-spoonful of sugar and a table-spoonful of butter

rolled in flour; simmer gently a quarter of an hour longer, or till the juice is sufficiently reduced. A minced onion—a very small one—improves the flavour for those who like them.

Stuffed tomatoes are a very favourite dish with the Americans, as with French people. Choose large smooth tomatoes, cut a thin slice from the blossom end of each and lay it aside, scoop out the inside, and chop it fine with some veal stuffing; fill the tomatoes; fit the tops on neatly, place in rows in a deep dish, and bake three-quarters of an hour.

Broiled tomatoes:—Select large firm ones, slice half an inch thick, and broil on a small gridiron. A few minutes suffice to cook them. Have ready in a cup some hot butter, seasoned with pepper, salt, a little sugar, and half a tea-spoonful of made mustard. As soon as the tomatoes are done, dip each piece in this mixture, and lay in a hot dish. When all are dished, heat what remains of the butter seasoning to a boil, and pour it over them; serve very hot. By lovers of tomatoes this is considered a very delicious mode of cooking.

Another method of cooking is to scald, peel, and cut a hole in the top of each, into which put a piece of butter, a little pepper and salt, set in the oven and bake an hour, covering them the first half of the time; five minutes before serving, pour over them four table-spoonfuls of cream, whipped a few minutes with some warmed butter.

But notwithstanding the various modes of cooking the tomato in vogue, in no way are they more frequently used than cut up raw and used as salad, either with sugar and vinegar, oil and vinegar, or with the following dressing:—

To twelve tomatoes, peeled and sliced, take four hard-boiled eggs, one raw egg, one tea-spoonful of salt, one salt-spoonful of cayenne, one tea-spoonful of white sugar, one table-spoonful of salad oil, two tea-spoonfuls of made mustard, one tea-cupful of vinegar. Rub the hard yolks to a smooth paste, adding salt, pepper, sugar, mustard, and oil. Beat the raw egg to a froth and stir it in; lastly the vinegar. Peel the tomatoes, slice them a quarter of an inch thick, and set in a dish on ice, or in a very cold place, while you make the dressing. Stir a lump of ice rapidly in the dressing, when made, till cold, then take it out and cover the tomatoes with the mixture, setting it back on ice until you send it to table. This is a delicious salad, especially when ice-cold.

The before-mentioned “celery cream soup” is made as follows:—

Take the white part of two large heads of celery, either grate it or chop it very fine, set it to boil in a quart of milk, in which put a cup of rice; allow the rice and celery to slowly stew until they can be rubbed through a coarse sieve, adding more milk if they get too thick, then add to them an equal quantity of strong veal or chicken broth, white pepper and salt to taste.

CATHERINE OWEN.



III.

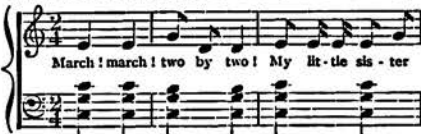
THE games I have lately been describing are, to a certain extent, played by boys as well as by girls, though the latter are more inclined to them than the former. There is, however, one set of games which the American girl monopolises for her own, and which the rougher sex rarely dares to meddle with. The chief requisites for the playing thereof are a tenacious memory and a good ear, as well as a certain modicum of voice. These games I have christened as a class "ring games," for in all of them the first essential is a ring of girls, who clasp each other's hands and circle round, making the still summer air musical with their soaring treble voices, and vying with the cheery blue-bird and the comical cat-bird as they flutter in and out of the shady recesses of the elm trees.

As soon as an American girl can walk, it appears to me she begins to sing, and though she does not despise a solo, she appreciates much more highly a chorus, and seems to enjoy the sound of her own voice all the more

when she hears those of her companions chiming in therewith.

Thus, before they are even old enough to join in with the "ring games," one may see and hear them toddling along in a tiny procession, each pair of wee dots holding each other's hands and piping out—

MARCH! MARCH! TWO BY TWO!



I'll tell ma, when I go home,
The boys won't let my curls alone;
They pull my curls and break my comb,
I'll tell ma when I go home."

Probably the most widely-known and universally popular of these "ring games" is that called "Little Sally Waters," which, in the most complete form in which I have been able to obtain it, is probably only a portion of some vastly more elaborate and comprehensive entertainment. So popular indeed is "Little Sally Waters," with a popularity which is largely dependent upon the catchy air to which its quaint words have been set, that it has been woven into a characteristic New York melody by Mr. Dave Braham, who is probably known best to English readers as the composer of that unpleasantly familiar strain, "The Bogie Man." When girls want to play "Sally Waters," they either "count-out" or choose one of their number to enact the part of the bereaved "Sally." She sits down in the centre of a ring formed by her companions, and holding the hem of her dress to her eyes, pretends to sob violently as she rocks herself to and fro; the others then walk slowly round in time to the following air, which they sing in chorus:—

THE JOLLY SAILOR BOYS



SALLY WATERS.

Lit-tle Sal-ly Wa-ter, Sit-ting in the sun,
 Cry-ing and weep-ing for her young man!
 Rise, Sal-ly, rise! Wipe off your eyes!
 Fly to the East, Fly to the West!
 Fly to the ve-ry one that you love best.

(here "Sally" gets up, and as the old stage directions used to say, "suits the action to the word.")

and "Sally" makes a rush for one of the girls in the ring. The two exchange places, and the new "Sally" is then sung to, and goes through the same pantomimic display of grief and consequent recovery, and the game continues *ad infinitum*, which in this case means until the girls grow tired of playing it.

More elaborate and more like a real game, perhaps, is "The Farmer in the Dell," which is also a great favourite in all the Eastern States of America. One girl is chosen either by acclamation or by the "counting-out" process, which may in this case be conducted with the aid of the following versicle, which I have not yet set down. It is most evidently of modern origin, and as far as I can learn has not travelled outside New York city. It runs as follows:—

"I had a little nigger,
 And he would grow no bigger,
 So I set him in the window for a show;
 He fell out of the window,*
 And broke his little finger,
 And couldn't play the old banjo."
 The girl chosen in one way or another stands in the centre of the ring, and while the others circle round her, they sing:—

THE FARMER IN THE DELL.

The far-mer in the dell . . . The

* Generally, I am sorry to say, pronounced "winder."

GO IN AND OUT OF THE WINDOW

far-mer in the dell . . . Heigh! Ho!
 Cher-ry! oh! The far-mer in the dell . . .

Then there is a pause, and then the second verse is taken up:—

"The farmer takes his wife,
 The farmer takes his wife;
 Heigh! ho! cherry! oh!
 The farmer takes his wife."

The girl in the middle who represents the farmer then runs up to one of the ring and escorts her out of it and into the middle, while the others, closing up the breach thus made in their ranks, go on singing:—

"The wife takes the child,
 The wife takes the child;
 Heigh! ho! cherry! oh!
 The wife takes the child."

Then the "wife" runs up to another girl and takes her into the middle in her turn, and "the ring" sings:—

"The child takes the nurse,
The child takes the nurse;
Heigh! ho! cherry! oh!
The child takes the nurse."

and the "child" in her turn chooses out one of the ring to act as "nurse." The song then is taken up again with this change:—

"The nurse takes the dog," etc.

The "nurse" chooses the "dog," and the chorus goes on:—

"The dog takes the cat," etc.

and the "dog" chooses out the "cat," the song continuing:—

"The cat takes the rat," etc.

Then when the "cat" has picked out her "rat," the few remaining in the ring sing:—

"The rat takes the cheese," etc.

and the "rat" picks out the most athletic girl she can espy from among those left to act as the "cheese," and then the last verse of the song is sung as follows:—

"The cheese stands still,
The cheese stands still;
Heigh! ho! cherry! oh!
The cheese stands still!"

And as with vigorous emphasis the last word is pronounced the ring breaks up, and with one accord all the girls, including the "farmer," his "wife," "child," "nurse," "dog," and "cat," fall upon the "rat" and the "cheese," and endeavour to part them from each other, while they in their turn vigorously resist the attempt. The game thus breaks up in a general romp, accompanied by shrieking and laughter *ad libitum*.

A pretty game, but one hardly so elaborate as the foregoing, is "Water, Water, Wild-flower," which, as are the majority of these girls' "ring games," is concerned, if not with marriage and the giving in marriage, at any rate with the pretence thereof, a fact which may, as an old writer observes about something entirely different, "cause the judicious to grieve." In playing this the girls simply form themselves into a ring and circle around singing:—

WATER, WATER, WILD-FLOWER!

Wa-ter, wa-ter, wild-flower; Growing up so high!

We are all young maidens, And we have got to die.

Ex-cept-ing Ma-ry Wat-kins,* She is the

fair est flow-er! Fie! Fie! Fie for shame,

Turn your back and tell your beau's name!

* One of the players' names is here inserted, and in the next verse the name of some boy the other girls wish to tease her about.

And still holding the others' hands, the girl so singled out turns around and continues marching in the ring in this attitude with her back instead of her face towards the centre of the ring. Then the second verse is thus taken up with a noticeable change of air:—

JOHNNY BROWN.

John-ny Brown is a nice young man, He

comes to the door with his hat in his hand.

Down comes she, all dressed in silk, A

rose in her bo-som as white as milk.

He pulls off his gloves, and shows her the ring; To-

mor-row, to-mor-row the wedding shall be-gin.

And then it all begins over again with some other girl named as "the fairest flower."

An ingeniously pretty game is "The Jolly Sailor Boys," with two extremely catching airs cleverly blended therein. The girls form as usual in a ring, one of them, who is chosen either by "counting-out" or in some other way, standing in the middle. These preliminaries arranged, the ring begins its slow circling around, singing:—

HERE COMES A CROWD OF JOLLY SAILOR-BOYS.

Here comes a crowd of jol-ly sail-or-boys, Who

late-ly came a-shore; They spent their time in

drinking lager-wine,* As they have done be-fore.

* There is no such beverage as this known, but it suits the metre, and is perhaps all the better for being meaningless.

As we go a-round, and a-round, and a-round, As

we go round once more! And this is a girl, and a

ve-ry pret-ty girl, A kiss for kneel-ing down!

Then the girl in the middle takes up the strain, and with her forefinger points at one after another of the ring as they circle round:—

"And this is a girl, and a very pretty girl!
A kiss for kneeling down!"

The girl at whom her finger is pointed, as the last word is emphasized, leaves the ring and kneels down in front of the leader. The ring then repeat with a slight change:—

"Here comes a girl, and a very pretty girl!
A kiss for kneeling down!"

On which the kneeling girl rises to her feet, and is kissed by the leader. Now comes one of the prettiest parts of the game. The girls in the ring separate somewhat, and, holding their clasped hands high up in the air, sing:—

GO IN AND OUT OF THE WINDOW!

Go in and out of the win-dow, Go

in and out of the win-dow, Go in and out of the

win-dow, As we have done be-fore.

And the leader threads her way in and out between the girls in the ring, passing under their up-held arms. She finds herself at the end of the verse standing outside the ring, and the girls circle round, letting their arms drop, and sing:—

"Go back and face your lover!
Go back and face your lover!
Go back and face your lover!
As we have done before!"

Then once more they raise their arms high up, and as they sing the following verse, the leader threads her way backwards and forwards between them:—

"Go in and out of the window!
Go in and out of the window!
Go in and out of the window!
As we have done before!"

She is now "facing her lover," and the game is so far finished. The leader now takes her place in the ring, leaving the other girl in the middle, and the song is begun again from the

beginning, with the girl who is left in the middle playing the leader's part, and choosing another girl, as she herself was originally chosen; so as in all these "ring" games the

girls play on and on until they are tired, or some one proposes some such variant as will give them less trouble and exertion to play. Some of the "ring" songs, which I hope to

give on another occasion, are apparently composed for the very purpose of giving the girls a needed rest.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO DRESS YOUR CHILDREN.

BY A MAIDEN AUNT.



It is a very true saying that "onlookers see most of the game" — therefore it may be supposed that people who have no children of their own are pretty well able to criticise the clothing and costumes of the rising generation.

A maiden aunt is constantly in the way of hearing discussions about the children's garments, and her opinion is, if not always accepted, at least often asked for. "Here is summer coming on, and I have no thin frocks ready for the children. What shall I get them? Do suggest something." Or "What shall I get the girls for Mrs. Friendly's party? I want something pretty and cheap. Fred complains dreadfully of how much I spend on the girls' gowns." These are questions often asked, and not so easily answered; children's dress, even where expense has not to be seriously considered, is an important thing, and they are often made quite unhappy by being unbecomingly, or, worse still, over-smartly dressed. Many a girl's pleasure, at her first party, is completely spoiled by an injudicious mother's way of dressing her; and many a boy's first term at school is made a misery to him from the same cause.

As to a schoolboy's clothing, however, I really do not feel at all competent to pronounce an opinion. Every one who has read Mrs. Ewing's tale of a "Flat Iron for a Farthing" will remember the amusing conversation which takes place between Reginald and his nurse, on his first return home from Eton, when she asks him what has become of "them bran-new fine linen shirts of his," and "where them rub-bishing cotton rags in his box have come from;" and he loftily replies that he has used the former "to clean Damer's lamp," and that the latter are the "correct thing." This shows that a boy's dress is a thing not to be lightly tampered with—the colour of a necktie, the shape of a hat, the depth of a collar, are matters far too abstruse to be entered upon here, and most mothers will find that on this subject they had better refrain from too much interference.

But the dress of a little boy still in the nursery is quite another thing. Here the maternal fancy may have full play. There are countless charming little suits for these urchins of tender years. The "Jack Tar," for instance, is one of the most popular just now; and though, to my thinking, it looks decidedly out of place in town, it is just the thing for the country or the seaside, where the small wearer may dabble in sea-water or bedaub himself with mud to his heart's content. There are also the Jersey suits, in navy blue, red, or white, with the "jelly-bag" cap of the same material; while for London wear, I think there is nothing prettier than the "Patience suit," in cloth, velvet, or plush, with either a Tam o' Shanter or a plain polo cap as head-gear. There seems to have been rather an attempt lately to revive the Highland kilt, but in cold weather it is decidedly out of place, and even dangerous, for a child to go about with semi-bare legs; besides, these said legs must be very bonny ones to look well in this kind of costume.

A midshipman's dress is charmingly piquant on a very little boy. In Kensington Gardens, not long ago, I saw two little fellows, who looked about six and seven years of age, dressed as two complete miniature midshipmen, "pin for pin alike"; the effect was very pretty, and it had all the merit of being uncommon.

But *place aux dames*. As to materials and styles for little girls' costumes, the only difficulty is to choose among the many exquisite things that one sees everywhere. Some of the shops in Regent Street and Bond Street constantly exhibit the most ravishing little frocks in their windows, and these can be very easily and cheaply copied at home, it takes so very little material. One cannot do better than make a study of them.

As to colours for children's frocks, I think, as a rule, anything bright and pretty in itself may be worn by them; all young children have good complexions, and most of them are pretty. Bright red, so trying, and, as a rule, so conspicuous and unbecoming a colour on a grown-up person, is quite charming for a child's frock, worn with a "granny" bonnet in velvet or plush of the same bright shade.

Peacock-blue, moss-green, and mustard-colour are also effective and pretty shades for young children of both sexes.

Just now, the usual thing is to see tiny maidens from two to five dressed completely in white, dead white in

the summer, and a cream shade, suitable to the thicker materials, in winter. Certainly, where expense is not the primary object, nothing can look better than these last, while they are fresh and clean ; but the smuts of London necessitate a constant renewal, for the thick material will not often wash or even clean satisfactorily, and this falls heavily on mammas whose purses are not long. In the summer, however, when the little cambric or muslin frocks can be washed every week, they may very well be worn : at any rate, put on for going out of doors, with the pink or white sun-bonnets, which shade the little faces so charmingly. There is no doubt that white is the colour, *par excellence*, for children.

Children's frocks should always be made quite simply, and comfort be the first thing considered. The fashion of dressing up little folks in white open-work socks and thin kid shoes for an out-door walk has now happily disappeared, and the low necks and short sleeves are also going the same way ; one now sees the tiniest "dots" in long black stockings and long-sleeved frocks. At the Health Exhibition, some two or three years ago, among the many ludicrous and ill-constructed monstrosities designated "rational costumes," there were some really charming frocks for little girls exhibited, though perhaps there was nothing startlingly new about the patterns, and many, no doubt, had been long familiar to mothers and nurses. Most of these little frocks were of the "smock" type, the dress hanging from the shoulders almost straight, the bodice part being made with a yoke prettily "honeycombed," the sleeves loose and drawn into a band at the wrist, the waist just "hinted at" by a broad soft silk sash. This is a very good and healthy style of dress for a girl in the schoolroom who has entered upon the "leggy" stage of her existence, for at nine or ten years old it is quite time to leave off dressing a little girl smartly and picturesquely. While they are in the schoolroom their dress cannot be too simple for good sense, good taste, and economy ; though, at the same time, there is not the slightest reason why the frocks should be unbecomingly or badly made, and harmony of colours and suitability of materials should be always considered. There is not the least excuse for a girl being sent out for her daily walk in a brown dress, a black jacket, and a grey hat, because she is "only in the schoolroom," or that she should be made to go on wearing a winter felt hat into July for the same reason, and because "it is not worth while to get her another one for every day."

Incongruity of attire should no more be tolerated in a girl in the schoolroom than in a young lady making her *début* in London society, these things being precisely what make so many girls uncomfortable about themselves, and often seriously unhappy, especially when getting on in their teens, and beginning to consider their own dress for the first time.

As a rule, light-coloured materials, except in very hot weather, should be eschewed for, at any rate, every-day frocks, as they soon become soiled and messy-looking.

Navy blue serge is one of the best of materials for a

school frock, and it is almost unending wear ; also the infinite variety of checks and stripes in neutral-tinted woollen stuffs make useful and neat dresses.

If no maid sufficiently advanced with her needle is kept, the frocks should always be made by a thoroughly good dressmaker. There are many who make quite a study of children's dress, and things last twice as long which are thoroughly well made and finished off at first. The neat little cloth jackets, and useful tweed ulster or Newmarket coats, should be always made by a tailor.

Hats, which are very expensive items if bought ready made and trimmed from a milliner, can generally be most successfully trimmed at home. Many mothers with a knowledge of and taste for millinery trim all their children's hats, and very easily this is done, and very neat and pretty the effect. The countless varieties of the sailor hat, either trimmed with a plain band of ribbon to match the frock, or a cluster of upstanding bows at front, side, or back, are quite the prettiest and most useful for the summer, and, trimmed with white bows of ribbon, are sufficient for the most dressy occasions. Even in the winter they can now be obtained of felt or velvet, and trimmed with a few bright silk pompons in the front, or a bow of velvet and a wing. Most mothers, I think, find the hats a pretty easy business, and there are quantities of pretty shapes brought out every season which, simply and quietly trimmed, may be worn by these "little maids from school."

Now as to boots and shoes, to go from one extreme to the other, I think that these, not excepting even gloves, are the most troublesome and expensive articles of all in a child's wardrobe, and bootmakers are perverse people. When choosing their boots, it should always be borne in mind that they should, if anything, be a little longer than the foot ; a short boot is a most dangerous thing, often tending to produce that painful affection, ingrowth of nail. Boots that come tolerably high up the leg, also, should be worn, as they help to support the ankles ; the heel should be always square and tolerably low. Indoor shoes perhaps wear out soonest, especially with school-girls, and many mothers have despaired over this, and almost wished to return to the old-fashioned copper-toed shoes. Except on the most dressy occasions, therefore, those with very thin soles should never be worn. Oxford shoes, with flat heels and a tolerably thick sole, are, I think, the best, though some people think house-boots should always be worn by growing girls, as they prevent the feet from spreading.

Shoes, however, of the slipper type must be avoided, as they encourage a slouching style of walk, and are sure to be "trodden over." Now-a-days girls take so much more exercise than formerly, and are treading so closely on their brothers' heels in their games and gymnastics, that tight shoes, or tight clothes of any kind, would be simply an impossibility. We no longer see little girls decked out in exact imitation of their mothers and grown-up sisters ; and even French people now follow our sensible fashion, and dress their children *à l'Anglaise*.

SO VERY HUMAN.—III.
RUGBY FOOTBALL.



HARRIS
B. NEILSON.

ART NEEDLEWORK.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.



FIG. 1.—WALL POCKET.

In this and successive papers on the subject of Art Needlework we hope to tell you much which will indirectly help your work for the forthcoming Art Needlework Competition, and at the same time show you how the result of your labour can be made up by yourselves into beautiful and useful articles for home decoration.

The wall pocket, Fig. 1, can be made in almost any material or colour you please. The sketch we give is taken from one of terra-cotta coloured plush and satin; the front part is of plush, having a spray of pale pink chrysanthemum embroidered on it. This it would be best to work in a frame, to avoid dragging the plush. The leaves should be done in shaded crewel—solidly, of course—and the flowers in such delicate shades of pink silk as will harmonise well with the plush; the lights must be picked out with white, and a few stitches of pale green silk should also accentuate the lights of the leaves. When taken from the frame, the back of this embroidered panel should be stiffened with embroidery paste; it is then mounted on a stout piece of millboard, and



FIG. 3.—FIRE SCREEN.

backed or lined with sateen; the piece forming the bottom of the pocket is covered on both sides with sateen (which can be got in all art shades, exactly matching the more costly material). The back is of satin, which matches the plush exactly in colour, and is gathered rather full on to its foundation of millboard. The three divisions are very carefully fitted and sewn together, and are edged with silk cord. Such a wall-pocket as this can be easily made by clever fingers in a few days. The cosy, of which we give a sketch in Fig. 2, is of olive-green velveteen—any scraps of velvet, serge, satin, and plush which you may happen to have by you can be utilised for this style of appliqué. The design must be traced rather

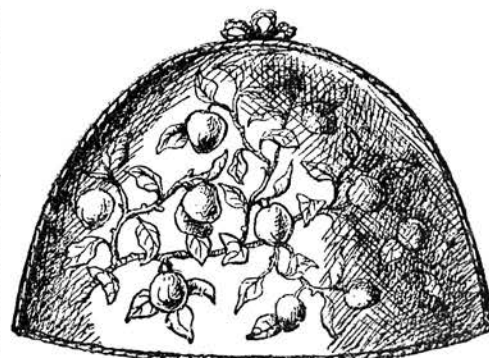


FIG. 2.—TEA COSY.

shades are introduced in the leaves. The mount may be of brass, ebonised, or painted wood, if you are ambitious enough to attempt mounting it at home, which is quite possible with the aid of some deft carpentering; paint will be best. The work must be stiffened at the back with embroidery paste, and carefully nailed into a light frame which will fit into the mount; you must then back this frame with some suitable material; the mount can be made of deal, painted with Aspinall's enamel, in black, dead white, or some delicate colour. It will require three coatings; and if you paint smoothly, and rub over each coat, when perfectly dry, with pumice stone, the result will give exactly the same appearance as if the wood were enamelled, and we think the accomplishment throughout of so uncommon and dainty a piece of handi-



FIG. 4.—EASY CHAIR BOLSTER.

smaller than it really is on the ground material, which must be stretched in a frame, corresponding leaves and fruit being traced on the scraps of plush and satin, etc., of the real size; these are carefully cut out and pinned in their places on the velveteen, with small pins, till the whole is arranged. The stems are then worked solidly and rather coarsely in shaded browns, outlined with Japanese gold thread; each leaf and apple is sewn down all round, the apples, which should if possible be of plush, or velvet of various shades, being raised by means of cotton wool inserted underneath; the leaves are of satin, from olive to the palest apple-green. The whole is outlined with Japanese gold thread, which is used also for the markings of both leaves and fruit. Both sides of the cosy can be treated in the same manner, and finished at the seam with a trimming of silk cord. It is an effective and truly "cosy"-looking article, which can be manufactured at home at very little expense.

Fig. 3 is a fire-screen, which shows a revival of a very old shape, and the design is an adaptation of an old style of needlework to match. The material, which must be stretched in a frame, is of cream-coloured silk, and the pattern is worked solidly in feather-stitch, in a variety of delicate shades of silk, no two flowers being the same colour. A great number of greens and dead-leaf



FIG. 5.—WALL HANGING, SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM. North Italian, Nineteenth Century.

work would be no small credit to the home-decorators.

"There is nothing new under the sun," and in Fig. 4 we believe our girls will recognise a modernised substitute for an old friend, not of their own, but of our grandmothers. We ourselves remember to have seen gorgeous objects covered with stripes of knitting in vivid hues, dangling by woollen cords and tassels from the backs of the easy chairs of a former generation, together with their contemporaries, the no less gorgeous and hideous "antimaccasars" of old; but modern culture has changed all this.

Nevertheless, the ugly little bolsters were comfortable, and consequently appear in a new form. The necessity of showing the design in our sketch makes its shape appear to be stiff, whilst the original is quite limp. The embroidered part is of Kirriemuir twill, on which the design of ox-eyed daisies is worked in outline only, with two shades of blue crewel, the centres of the flowers being filled up with French knots in dark blue.

The ends of the bolsters are of dark blue silk, drawn up with cord, and soft little plush balls to match. It has a cord to suspend it to the back of the chair, so that it is really a decorative substitute for the old abomination. Sateen might be used for the ends, which would be cheaper; but if you wish to make a really handsome one, this design could be as well worked solid and in natural colours, on silk sheeting, or any kind of soft silk.

Fig. 5 is drawn from a specimen of a wall-hanging in the South Kensington Museum. It is a pattern which could be so well and easily adapted for panels or wall-hangings in transposed appliqué, that we use it as an example. The original is silver brocade on crimson velvet.

By transposed appliqué, we mean that alternate inlaid and onlaid panels may be produced by the simple method of tracing the same pattern on two different materials, such as the crimson velvet and silver brocade of this wall-hanging; both patterns are cut out care-

fully, and the crimson pattern laid on the silver ground, whilst the silver is placed on the crimson. A very fine effect was thus produced by the Italians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when wall-hangings and panels were so much used in the decoration of rooms.

The inlaid part is sewn down with thread; the edges are then covered with a couching of filoselle, or with fine cord; the onlaid panel is treated in much the same manner; the small details of both, such as the markings of leaves and flowers, high lights, or necessary bits of shading, are worked with stitches of silk on the surface of the appliqué after it is sewn down.

Much less costly material may be used for this style of work; it is both effective and durable when well done, and is easily and quickly accomplished. It may therefore be applied, with advantage, to many articles of domestic use, by the more clever and industrious of Our Girls.

LIFE IN AN AMERICAN BOARDING-HOUSE.

BY AN AMERICAN.



AMERICANS have sometimes been said by foreigners to care little for home life; this opinion comes from the fact that so many married Americans live in boarding-houses.

Those who have hastily come to this conclusion have not studied

the American character, or remembered that the true American has Anglo-Saxon taste, and that he is an intensely modern, commercial Englishman in heart and feeling; and no one has a greater love for home than the American.

The boarding-house as a home is rarely a matter of choice, but it is the best he can do to meet the difficulty of living in a country where the conditions of social life are less easy than elsewhere. The American boarding-house is actually, although not ostensibly, a co-operative enterprise, and the only one that seems to flourish on this side the water.

A young married couple with, say, an income of one thousand dollars (men who earn this are in about the same position as those who earn a hundred pounds in England) would find it very difficult to live in their own house in New York on that sum; the usual rent for which a small house can be obtained in this city is eight hundred dollars, and these houses are very few, and seldom to be found vacant in a fairly good locality. This rent, of course, is impossible out of an income of one thousand dollars. Within the last few years there is the alternative of "flats," which, however, have the drawback of having very tiny bed-rooms; and in low-priced ones—such as let for five hundred to eight hundred dollars—the bed-rooms have usually only borrowed light, and the ventilation and sanitary arrangements are often very bad; and even with these evils excepted, the cheapest flat would leave little margin for comfortable living.

On the other hand, the boarding-house gives in

luxury what it lacks in comfort, and the discomfort is of a kind that many young married people do not mind.

By the fact of some twenty or thirty persons living together, the proprietor is enabled to give her boarders the advantage of a large house, servants, and a better table than they could keep alone on a much larger sum. True, the class I have in mind can only have one room—a large, commodious bed-room, usually comfortably furnished with (more often than not) a closet or "pantry," as it is termed in this country, containing on one side a stationary washstand, with hot and cold water; on the other, a press, and drawers under it. In some houses there is a door at the back of this closet, going into the bath-room, but more often it communicates with another closet, which goes with the next room—the two closets forming the centre of each floor. Though most boarders during the day sit in their own rooms, they have the range of the house; and bath-room, dining-room, and drawing-room, or "parlor," as it is called here, belong to every one alike. And, as in all cases of privilege in America, the freedom is absolute, there are no petty restraints; the proprietress of the house keeps strictly to her own sphere as caterer, and never interferes with her guests, unless in the rare instances where the liberty is abused by one to the annoyance of others.

The "parlor" is generally as handsomely furnished as the proprietor's means allow, and there is always a piano. Here the ladies congregate in the morning after breakfast, while the servants are busy arranging their rooms, and if they choose to do so, they can remain all day. Where there are several congenial spirits in the house, the "parlor" forms a pleasant meeting-place for social amusement in the evening. It is also, of course, the room used for the reception of all visitors not intimate enough to be received in the private room.

Of course there are many degrees and kinds of

boarding-houses in New York, from the costly, luxurious Fifth Avenue house, to live in which one must be wealthy, to the cheap mechanic's boarding-house at the extreme east or west side of the city. But the class of houses I have described lie outside of the fashionable localities—which may be roughly described as lying one block west and two blocks east of Fifth

or eggs, and either hot corn bread, griddle cakes, or biscuit (rolls), and potatoes, with coffee. The cooking is the weak point, and the boarding-house keeper who can keep a good plain cook (almost impossible to get, even for a private family) is certain of a successful house.

The dinner is roast or boiled beef, with roast mutton



MORNING IN A BOARDING-HOUSE PARLOUR.

Avenue, beginning at Tenth Street. The houses between Sixth and Ninth on the west side, and Fourth and Second on the east, rank in this city about as Bloomsbury does in London; more often than not the houses are handsome, large, highly respectable, but *not* fashionable.

In spite of the outcry against boarding-houses, and the jokes at their expense, I must confess the well-managed ones are usually better than could be expected for the money. The arrangements are generally liberal. It is very rarely that the food is not good in quality, and abundant. For breakfast there is usually a choice between steak, mutton chops, some kind of fish,

or lamb, and some other dish, chicken, pot pie, or turkey, according to the season and market prices; some houses always have soup, others only occasionally. The excellence of the table depends more on the kitchen management than on the expenditure. There is always dessert, as the sweet course is called in this country, consisting of two kinds of pie and cake or ice cream, followed by fruit, and tea or coffee. As men in business are usually away at lunch, that is a very light meal of cold meat and cake with tea.

The average rate for such board as I describe is ten dollars a week for each person, a single man or

woman getting only a small room, or giving higher rates ; and it will, of course, be seen that most things, with the exception of meat, bread, butter, and coals, being very much dearer than in England, no one could live so well for the money in their own house or flat as in a boarding-house. But the question of service alone complicates matters so much in this country, that numbers of persons board, whose means are ample, simply to avoid the worry of housekeeping. These, of course, are the people who live in the expensive houses, and spend as much per annum as would support them handsomely in their own, some houses charging hotel rates, forty to fifty dollars a week for each person.

The London system of furnished apartments with attendance is unknown here. Many persons whose social position forbids, or think it forbids, them living in a humbler quarter, and without a servant, have in the boarding-house a share in the services of chambermaid, cook, waiter, and hall-porter, for less money than they could live on in the plainest way, and keep a general servant, in a very obscure locality.

But the boarding-house thus conducted loses in reputation from the many incapable women who rush into that business here, as others do, everywhere, into teaching. Women who have always found it impossible to manage one servant and their own house well, will, on being thrown on their own resources, calmly set up a boarding-house, as if the ability to do so came with the necessity. Of course such attempts fail, but not before several have tried and suffered, and then condemn the whole system. The well-managed house, well situated, is always certain of being well filled, and its owner generally makes money.

The objections to boarding are grave. The life and its absence of household duties is too often demoralising to young wives, the leisure and propinquity of many unemployed women leads to much gossip, and other, graver troubles are attributed to boarding-house life. The case is still worse when children are brought up in this way, and too often people, much against their judgment and will, can see no alternative ; and, in truth, the problem of family life in New York for any above the working class is a difficult one : the only solution seems to be a house in the country with the daily journey of the bread-winner to the city. This the said bread-winner sometimes objects to, or his hours are such as to make it almost impossible ; and the boarding-house, unless the family becomes too large, secures a better alternative than the flat without a servant, unless the mother is very much stronger than the average American woman.

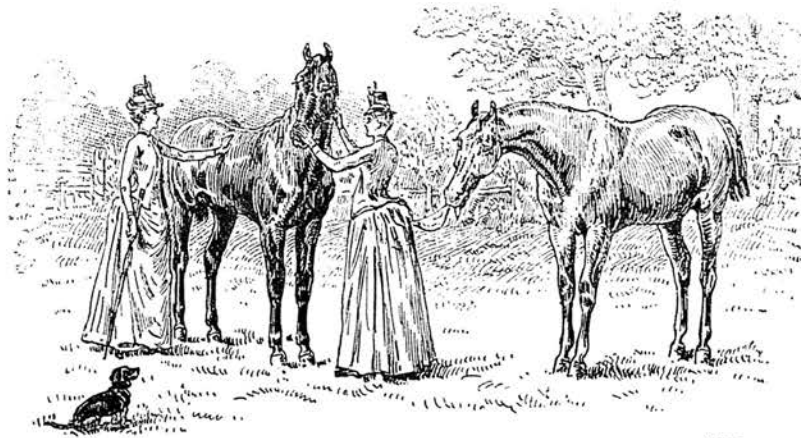
Another objection, and the one most loudly expressed, is, that notwithstanding the generally good quality of the food, the sameness of the variety, if I may use a seeming paradox, tires, and also that the cooking is so poor. The cooking is poor in America everywhere, except in families able to pay for the services of a professed cook, or where the lady has a natural taste for cooking and does her own. Of course the cook who would be incompetent in a private family,

is still more so where she has to prepare two or three joints and several vegetables. I have known, in many instances, part of the dinner to be cooked early and kept hot till the other is done, and this not from lack of conveniences, but from sheer inability to see the consequence.

What is true of New York is true, but not to the same extent, of other American cities, although they have not all the same excuse as this one ; some have small, well-located houses, as Philadelphia and Boston, but neither has them so small or so cheap as are required. New York can only build sky-wards on the narrow strip of land between the two rivers, and to accommodate the increasing population, higher and still higher houses are being built for letting in flats ; and as these are constantly improving (although the good ones, even with little ten by ten bed-rooms, range in price from fifteen hundred to four thousand dollars a year) perhaps the day will come when they will solve the difficulty now felt.

Competent domestic service will then be the only barrier to comfortable home-life in large cities, for the refined American family of small means. I do not know whether Americans themselves are as well aware of it, as one who has been an observer for some years, but the servants have so greatly improved in the last decade, that a similar improvement in the next will make life as easy in that respect here, if not as in Paris, at least as in London, for it must always be remembered that a great deal more is expected from servants here than in England. On account perhaps of the sleeping-room required, and oftener the high rate of wages, fewer servants are kept, and one is often required in a small family to be cook, laundress, waitress, and chambermaid. The general servant (usually Irish or German) readily undertakes all these duties without knowing one. Thus the life of the American house-keeper is a series of efforts to train inefficient, often indifferent girls, into satisfactory servants, and frequently the weary discouragement from much fruitless effort induces her to retain one, for the sake of a single good quality, and put up with her general incompetence. The remedy seems to lie in the hands of the ladies themselves. If they refused to pay the wages of a good servant to the untrained, and established a standard of efficiency by which the wages would be gauged, there would be some prize for the servant to work for, and some assurance to the mistress, that the girl she takes raw from her native bogs, knowing not even the names of the articles in common use, will feel the need of working up to better things, if she is engaged at low wages and sees high ones to be obtained, only on producing testimonials of her fitness.

At present the girl who can light the kitchen fire, and has learnt the names of the ordinary kitchen utensils (not how to use them, be it said), gets the wages of an experienced servant, if she only asks them and declares her ability. She may leave in a month, but she carries with her the month's good wages, and finds another place next day.



S.T.D.

“TO STAY WITH US TO BE PETTED AND CARESSED”

MR. SMITH AND HIS FRIENDS.



THINK it is hardly necessary to inform the readers of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE who and what Mr. Smith is.* He has gained many friends from its pages already, and has earned a notoriety in his own and other neighbourhoods which he receives with the calm complacency of conscious merit.

The friends of his, however, of whom I propose to write at the present time are of another order than these, being the four-footed companions with whom he has

enjoyed so many breathless scampers across country—in other words, the horses.

I have heard it said, even by possessors and lovers of horses, that they have but little individuality of their own: that they are not either intelligent or affectionate to any marked degree, and that, save in matters of idiosyncrasy of temper, one horse is very much like another.

In answer to such a statement, I can only say that the reverse has always been our experience, and that I consider it a libel on their sensibility and discrimination, which seem to me remarkably sound. It is my impression that if it were practicable to have horses about us as we have dogs, we should find them just as intelligent and companionable and affectionate. We have had many horses in our stable, but never one that would not, after a very short residence there, whinny at the sound of our voices in the yard, and stretch out a soft nose towards us for a bit of bread or sugar, or simply a caress, just as the case might be. I do not mean that there have been no marked differences in the manner in which it is safe to respond to such

*See *Victorian Times*, January & February 2016

advances, for some horses in their eagerness will grab with their teeth at anything offered, or indulge in a little horse-play that may not be all play to the recipient, however good-temperedly proffered; whilst others will be gentleness itself, so that a child might approach them without the least fear. But what I do maintain is that any horse whose temper has not been hopelessly spoiled in youth will respond to kindness and gentle handling, and repay it by a friendliness in stable and a docility out, which are certain indications of intelligence and good sense.

It is not an easy thing to get suited with horses, as everyone knows, especially when they are wanted for saddle work as well as harness. We made several changes before we could suit ourselves to our satisfaction, finally settling down with a black thoroughbred Arab, called Sultan, and a strong handsome chesnut, whom we called Crusader, but whose name was clipped by the groom to 'Sader, and 'Sader he remained.

Sultan was never very strong, and was always thin, though blessed with an excellent appetite, which never failed; but his paces were perfect, and his mouth the same, and it was quite a treat to ride him. He was timid on the roads, and, at first, would rear at the sight of a train or traction engine; but he soon got over this nervousness, and the boldness of 'Sader in the midst of any amount of tumult gave him great confidence.

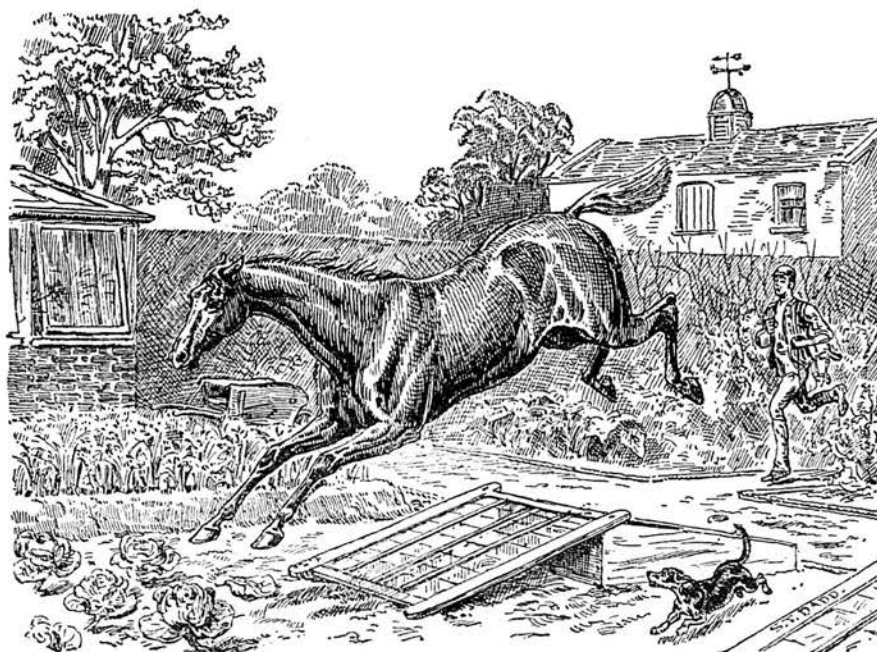
'Sader was more spirited than Sultan in many ways; but his nerves were of iron, and we never could find the thing that he feared. He would cross a railway bridge under which two trains were passing, letting off steam, without so much as pricking his ears: and a traction engine he did not take the trouble to look at. I have never come across a more thoroughly good-tempered, dependable horse. He was never naughty, never fretful or sluggish, and the only way he ever vented his excess of spirit was by holding his head up very high and going off at a tremendous pace, though without the least disposition to bolt.

It need hardly perhaps be said what great friends Smith and these horses always were. People used to think that his barking and pirouetting round them at the start must be an annoyance to them; but on the contrary, they always liked it immensely after the first few times; and if Smith was for any reason left at home, the horses quite missed him, and kept looking back and gazing all round in search of their faithful attendant. For one thing, they always had great confidence in his opinion. I remember noticing this particularly one day, when there had been a hard frost which had knocked off the riding for a time, and we had availed ourselves of the first thaw to take the horses out again. We came to a hill with a slope to the north which had not yet melted, and which lay before us like a sheet of ice. The horses, not unnaturally, pulled up, and looked rather dismayed; we thought it probable that the appearance was worse than the reality, as the roads we had already traversed were quite soft, and we thought that the ice would most likely break and crumble under the horses' feet. Still we did not wish to run any risk either for them or for ourselves, and were hesitating for a moment whether or not to proceed, when Smith, who had been running on ahead, now came trotting back, and seemed at once to enter into the difficulties of the situation. He, however, was decidedly of opinion that we ought to proceed, and, placing himself a yard or two in front of the horses, he began carefully descending the hill again, planting his feet firmly, and looking over his shoulder with an expression in his eyes and ears that said as plainly as any words could do: "Come along—cheer up! It isn't half as bad as you think!" And the horses, plucking up heart of grace, moved on of their own accord, and copying his movements closely, reached the foot of the hill quite safely: finding it just as he had said, not half so bad as it looked.

Anything new in the stable arrangements always excites Smith intensely; and I think that the climax of his jubilation was when he first saw the horses put in double harness. We had had Sultan and 'Sader a year or more before we attempted this, as it was some time before we had anything but a dog-cart to drive in; but as they were the same height and we had often long distances to go, it seemed a pity not to put them together: and in the end we did.

The arrival of a hooded phaeton and double harness had been quite interesting to Smith. He had tried all the seats of the carriage and watched the piecing together of the harness with an interest that equalled our own. But until the final moment came, when both the horses were put in, he did not realise the innovation that was about to be introduced; and when he did so, his excitement knew no bounds. We had not much attention to give him, however, for it was rather exciting to ourselves, as we had no idea how the horses would behave. Sultan showed a disposition to perform his part on two legs, whilst 'Sader pranced and held his head as high as his martingale would allow, and both felt excessively surprised. Smith simply yelled with joy. It was in vain that the groom, standing up in the back seat, ordered him to "go and lay down"—as is his favourite phrase, of which Smith never takes the slightest notice—in vain that from time to time we shouted to him to be quiet. His excitement and pride at seeing his mistresses driving the two horses together could be quenched by nothing short of an order to go home, that we had not the heart to give when he was enjoying himself with such *abandon* of happiness.

Our trial trip was to Winchester, which is about eight miles distant. Smith generally barks at the start and for the first quarter of a mile along the road, and is then quiet, unless a horse canters or mis-



"THE TWO PLAYFELLOWS WERE MADLY CAREERING THE WHOLE LENGTH OF THE KITCHEN GARDEN"

behaves in any way, or unless we pull up and start again, in which case he breaks out for a few minutes. But on this occasion he never stopped barking the whole way there; and on the return journey he began again with renewed vigour, and barked for about four miles, when his voice gave out. It had been growing thin and hoarse for some time, but at last the strain was too much, and it collapsed. Smith, quite undaunted, did his "level best" to keep up his clamour, but before we got home there really was not so much as a squeak left in him, and it was days before he could use his voice again to any purpose.

It is most amusing to see Smith and the horses when the latter are turned out, as sometimes happens in the summer months, when we are going away. Very near our house is a nice pasture—one or two meadows, with a pond in one, and several dykes and ditches intersecting them. This pond is the joy of Smith's heart in hot weather; he goes there frequently, alone or in company, for a bath. But what amused us greatly was the fact that when 'Sader was first turned out he too made straight for the pond, and, after a few wild flourishes with his heels, went splashing in, and lay down and regularly rolled and wallowed in the shallow water. Smith's excitement was great. He rushed down to the water too, and began a regular game with his big playfellow, a game that looked rather dangerous to outsiders; for though 'Sader's feet were shoeless, he pawed at

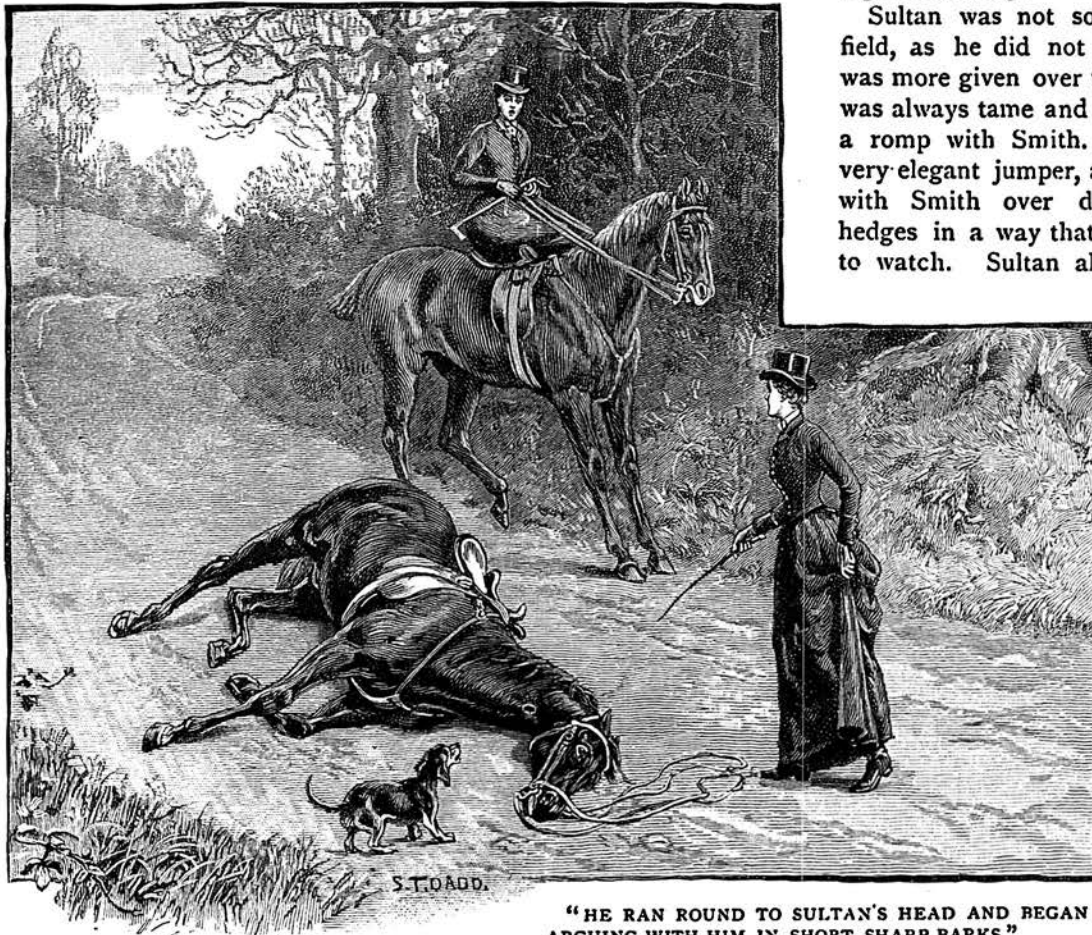
Smith with a vigour that might soon have brained him, only that he is so quick in his movements that no one can ever catch him unawares. When they had done their game in the pond, they careered about the field like a pair of wild things; and we finally left them to their play, which was renewed daily with the same gusto.

What is particularly engaging about Sultan and 'Sader when turned out is that they will always come to us when we visit them; trotting right across the field as soon as they catch sight of us: not just to get anything we have brought and then go away, but to stay with us to be petted and caressed. As for 'Sader, he will let me mount his slippery back and walk me round the field as good as gold. Both will follow like a pair of dogs as long as we stay, and attend us to the gate at our departure.

'Sader is always a leading spirit, and other horses or colts turned out in the same field regard him as a natural leader and king. Once when he was out and the man went down with his daily feed of corn, no 'Sader was to be found in the fields, and he was half afraid he had been stolen, but a labourer from the adjoining farm came out to tell him that 'Sader was in their straw-yard. They had wanted to catch one of their own colts, but could not get near the creature, who did nothing but tear about with 'Sader. So at last they had "made bold" to put the halter on 'Sader and lead him off, whereupon all the colts had followed him to the yard like a pack of sheep.

Sultan was not so amusing in the field, as he did not take baths, and was more given over to feeding, but he was always tame and gentle, and liked a romp with Smith. He was also a very elegant jumper, and would career with Smith over ditches and low hedges in a way that was very pretty to watch. Sultan also, though quite

pleased to be barked at out of doors, drew the line at being lectured in his own stable. We observed one day that Smith appeared to fight shy of Sultan's box on our visits to the stable, and asked the reason. The man told us that a day or two before, when Sultan was standing



"HE RAN ROUND TO SULTAN'S HEAD AND BEGAN ARGUING WITH HIM IN SHORT SHARP BARKS"

ready harnessed with his box open, whilst 'Sader was being groomed down, Smith had come in, and had begun his barking and jumping before Sultan considered that the right time had come, whereupon he "went for him," and chased him round the stable, and gave him such a scare that he had been much more reticent of expressing his opinions since—in stable, at any rate.

'Sader is a horse with a decided sense of humour. He quite enjoys a little joke on his own account, and will pick your handkerchief out of your pocket if you happen not to be looking, and he sees a protruding end. He will also steal a stable duster and hide it in his manger, and then stand looking the picture of meek innocence whilst the groom hunts for it. Indeed, he generally betrays himself by over-doing his part, and looking altogether too good and humble. When new peat moss is laid down in his box he loves to roll in it, but he knows that if he does so in his day-rug he is scolded for it, so the moment he hears the approach of a foot-step, up he scrambles, and gets right away up to the corner of his box, where he stands with drooping head and most *dégagé* air, and though he and his rug are stuck all over with bits of peat moss, he looks quite reproachfully at anyone who scolds him, as much as to say, "How *can* you accuse *me* of having done anything wrong?"

If, when we are riding, Smith finds a bone in the road and declines to move out of the way for the horses, Sultan steps over him, as most horses would do, but 'Sader must have his little joke, so he just puts a large forefoot under his middle and throws him to one side quite gently and humorously, as if it was part of a game. I have never seen any other horse do anything the least like this.

Poor Sultan's end, as far as we were concerned, was rather tragic. He was looking wretchedly thin one winter and spring, despite all the feeding up we gave him, and though he did not seem at all ill in himself, we were not satisfied about him, but hoped that it was only the coldness of the season, and that he would pick up when the warm weather came. We

were riding as usual one cold March day, and cantering along a piece of sandy lane, when all in a moment, without the least warning, down went Sultan on his head as if he had been shot. I had just time to slip off—luckily I was not hurt or entangled in any way by his fall—before he gave a convulsive roll, and then lay perfectly unconscious, his eyes glazing as if he were dead—as for a few moments we thought he was.

Smith's wrath was extreme. For any horse of *his* to behave in such an unseemly manner raised his ire to boiling point. First he ran round to Sultan's head,

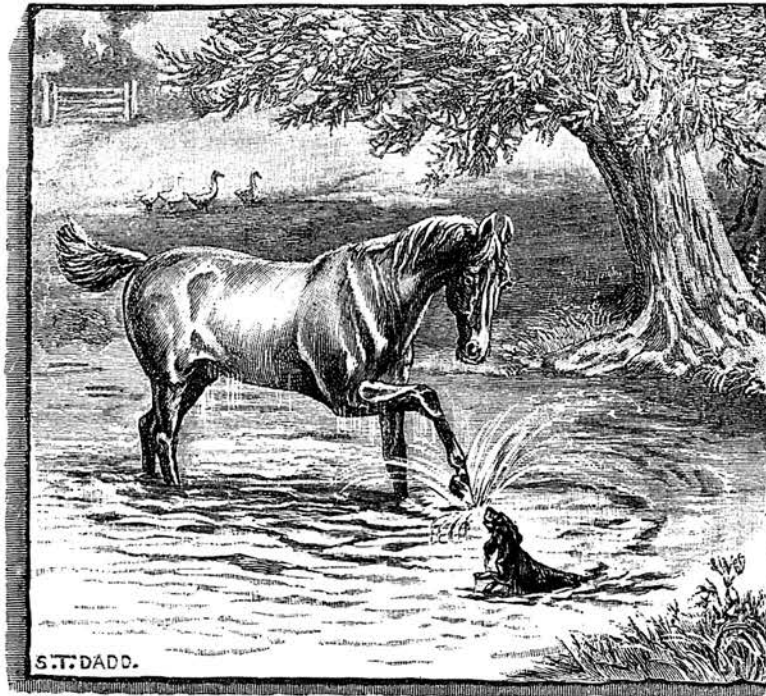
and began arguing with him in short sharp barks, the vehemence of which propelled him backwards at every utterance. Finding remonstrance unavailing, he ran round and nipped him in the flank, returning to his former position to see the effect of this method of persuasion, which he repeated three times before we realised what he was doing.

After about five minutes, however, during which we hardly expected to see him move again, Sultan began to

come to, and after I had loosened all the straps I could get at, he struggled to his feet again, looking dazed and shaken. Luckily we were only two miles from home, and but half a mile from a friend's house; so to this stable poor Sultan was led, whilst 'Sader and his mistress went home with the news, and sent the groom to fetch the patient home.

Of course, after such an experience, one felt that it would never do to mount the horse again, and we gave him away to a man who thought he might be able to cure him. He had one or two more fits, and then yielded to treatment, and was seen not long ago by our man, looking fat, sleek, and hearty, and making a desperate effort to get in at our gate, past which he was being taken!

'Sader's next companion was a chestnut mare, just his height and colour, but quite young and flighty in her mind, and only partially broken when we had her. She had very good paces and a light mouth, but wanted a good deal of riding; and we had to teach her all her harness work, as she had not had a collar on for a twelvemonth when we bought her, and all



"A GAME THAT LOOKED RATHER DANGEROUS TO OUTSIDERS"

her breaking had been done in three weeks, a year before.

'Sader was simply invaluable at this time. The way he taught the mare her work, shouldered her round corners, pulled her past alarming sights, and made her keep straight and trot steadily, was a sight in itself to see. She simply adored him, and would make love to him so vehemently whenever they were pulled up that the man was quite ashamed of her.

Phyllis is very gentle and engaging in her ways in stable, but not always so amenable on the roads, though she is very pretty, and has the making of an excellent horse in her. One day she gave us a good fright.

We were sitting at lunch when the maid looked in with a scared face, to tell us that the new horse was running about the garden and could not be caught.

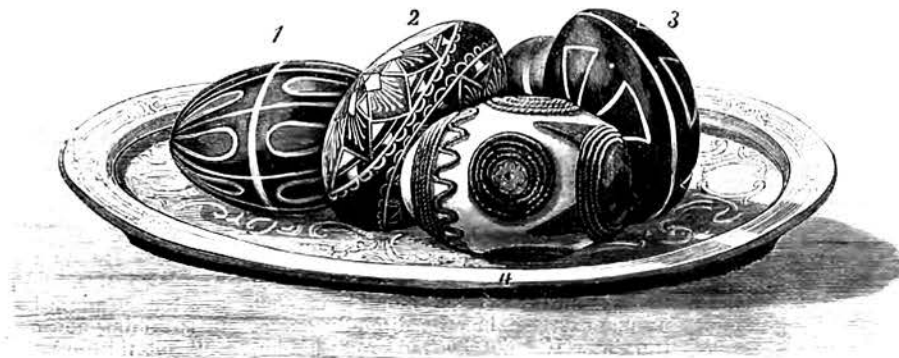
Out we went at once, and out went Smith with us, unluckily, and the next moment the two playfellows were madly careering the whole length of the kitchen garden to the tennis lawn at the extreme end, Phyllis kicking her heels, leaping the celery trenches, and disporting herself generally like a wild thing. She had escaped from the stable at the critical moment when her rug and head-stall had been removed, and not a single piece of harness had been put on, and how to catch her was a puzzle. First Smith was ordered to his kennel, and reluctantly

trotted off, but Phyllis did not at all see being deprived of his company, and tore after him, capering and pawing, and sending our hearts into our mouths, for once or twice she seemed within an ace of dashing herself into one of the glass houses in her path. However she escaped doing herself an injury I really do not know, but she did get off with only a scratch or two, and by chasing Smith to the stable-yard she enabled us to pen her in and catch her, though not without difficulty, as she was full of tricks, and delighted in her freedom. She was from the first, however, very responsive to our voices, and we succeeded in quieting her down at last.

'Sader once got out into the garden much in the same way, but he was perfectly good, and came trotting up as soon as we called him, and let himself be led by his forelock to the stable.

For sense and spirit, combined with most engaging obedience and fidelity of disposition, I really doubt if our Smith and 'Sader could be easily matched. The only room for regret is that they cannot keep their youth for ever, and be the life-long companions of the mistresses they serve so well. Yet Mr. Smith, at least, appears to have the secret of eternal youth within him, and we will hope to keep him with us many years yet. He would like to be kindly remembered to all his unknown admirers, and hopes that this account of him and some of his friends may prove entertaining to them.

EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN.



A GROUP OF GALLICIAN EGGS.

EASTER EGGS.

IN many European countries the egg is a prominent feature in the observance of Easter.

Many things indicate, however, that the Easter egg is older than that great Christian feast. It seems probable that the egg was dedicated to the goddess of Spring and played an important part in the heathen spring festivals.

Even to-day all sorts of curious superstitions attach themselves to eggs laid on Maundy Thursday. They are supposed to protect those who eat them from all sorts of diseases, and it is firmly believed that if a shepherd buries the shells of one or more of these Maundy eggs in his pasture land, he will not lose a single sheep during the year following.

It is no doubt owing to the strong belief in their power of conferring benefits that we send eggs to our friends at Easter.

But long before the observance of Easter people wanted to improve upon the eggs as they came out of the nest, and proceeded to spend time and talent in colouring and beautifying their shells.

Originally Easter eggs were coloured red, which to our forefathers was a symbol of the rising sun.

Later, all possible colours were used for this purpose, and the eggs were adorned with coloured patterns, pictures and proverbs.

Franz Paul Figer, who has lately written a very interesting paper on Easter eggs for the Austrian folk, says that "the art of decorating Easter eggs is not so simple as one might think." The artist first colours the egg yellow with the bark of apple trees which

woman at the work of scratching or engraving. Many of the Easter eggs are quite works of art in Moravia. There is a great variety of patterns, including geometrical figures, leaves, flowers, sprays, hearts, and stars.

The dark blue Easter eggs are especially beautiful covered with heart's-ease.

In the illustration "Moravian Eggs," we see in No. 1 a red egg engraved with a sharp-pointed instrument; No. 2 is yellow-red; No. 3 is painted; No. 4 is blue, and engraved.

The decoration of Easter eggs is a custom with the Slavonic National Races of Austro-Hungary, and our illustration shows us something of the Gallician skill. In Poland the women blow Easter eggs and cover them with coloured satin, after which they stick on them all sorts of threads and tinsel. No. 4 in the illustration is an example of such an one, while No. 2 is an engraved and coloured egg; the two remaining patterns are of Ruthenian origin.

In Bohemia light-red eggs prevail, while in Salzburg Easter eggs resemble marble. It is only on close inspection that one discovers that the hens' eggs have received the veining by the most skillful and tender colouring.

The painting and other preparation of Easter eggs form quite an event in a country household, and here and there, especially in Hungary, the preparation is accompanied by national songs.

It is most amusing to note the care bestowed by the maidens on the eggs intended for the betrothed, the usual ornamentation being caressing doves and intertwined hands. If a Ruthenian youth receives from a girl an egg adorned with threads of wool he is thereby assured of her love and fidelity.

The same is the case in Carinthia and in the Rosenthal. Girls must present their lovers with at least two eggs adorned with inscriptions in order that there may be no doubt as to the firmness of their affection.

The artistic Easter egg, such as we have shown here, is gradually being set aside for eggs of chocolate and sweets, and the time will certainly come when, if we want to see artistic eggs, we must look for them in museums.

They will, we hope, for many years continue to appear in all their beauty at the sound of the Easter bells, be a proof of love and friendship, and awaken joy in many a heart, both abroad and at home.



GIRL ENGRAVING EGGS.

Here and there, especially in Austria, this custom still obtains, and in many of the villages and districts may be found skilled "Egg Painters," who supply artistically-ornamented eggs at Easter.

The number of these artists is rapidly decreasing, for in modern times people, specially in towns, prefer to present their friends with eggs of chocolate and sugar. In Moravia, among the German population in Iglau, the Easter egg still holds a very important place. Young and old present them one to the other, and young girls are allowed to give them to their sweethearts. A very interesting feature is that eggs are sent by those at home to their relatives in foreign lands. Great care is taken to have these beautifully painted or adorned with mottoes. There are skilful people in the surrounding district, who devote themselves to decorating and adorning with mottoes Easter eggs.

he has cooked in water; the part which is to remain yellow he covers with fine layers of wax, and then proceeds to cook it in water, with onion skins, which turns it red. This being done, he rubs the wax off and he has a yellow and red egg. Now he takes a sharp-pointed instrument and scratches his drawing on the egg-shell, which shines on the yellow or red ground in pure white. In this way he represents human figures, creatures and flowers.

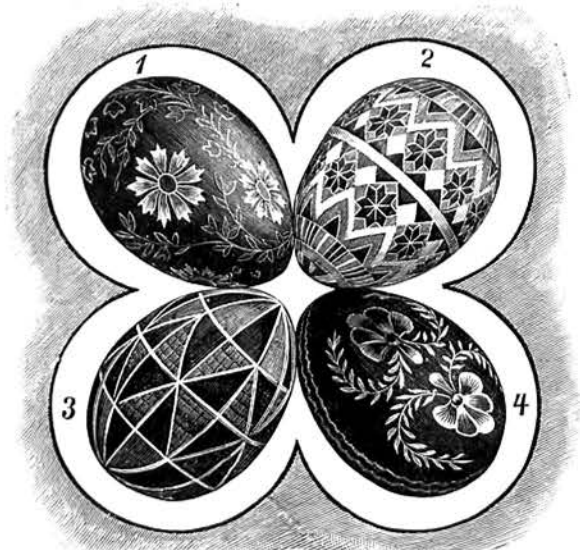
The most important things on Easter eggs are the mottoes which are usually specially given by the person who orders the eggs. These mottoes are often full of sentiment, of expressions of love, friendship and good wishes; sometimes they are jests.

Not only are hens' eggs used for this purpose, but those of geese also, which look more stately, and being larger admit of longer mottoes.

Men, women and girls also are occupied in ornamenting Easter eggs. Our illustration shows a Moravian



A PAINTED AND ENGRAVED GOOSE EGG.

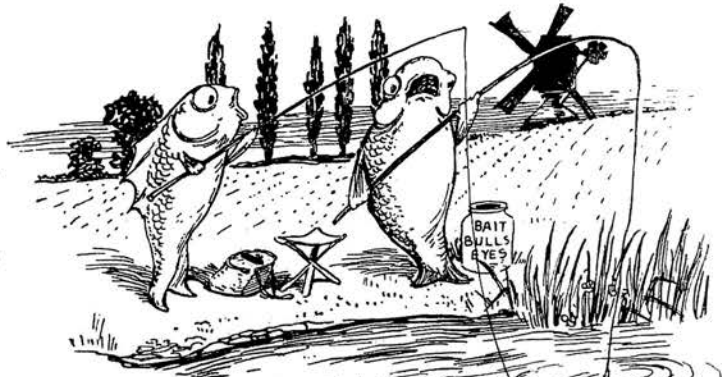


MORAVIAN EGGS.

THE LAND OF TOPSY-TURVY.

BY G. E. FARROW.

In the land of Topsy-Turvy
Everything is very strange,
Birds keep boys and girls in
cages.
Men wear muzzles for a
change.



I'd advise you not to go there,
For, although you made a
fuss,
Should a few young horses catch
you
You'd be harnessed to a 'bus.



With a donkey for conductor
They would have a jolly ride ;
But I doubt if *you'd* feel happy
When they shouted " Full
inside ! "



In the land of Topsy-Turvy
With a hook and piece of string,
Boys are caught by little fishes,
Though they scream like anything.

These and other strange things happen,
But they nobody appal,
For the land of Topsy-Turvy
Isn't anywhere at all.



SMYTH. SC.
MARCH.
Then in comes March, that noble arch,
With wholesome Spring and air,
The child doth spring to years fifteen,
With visage fine and fair;
So do the flowers with softening showers,
Aye spring up as we see;
Yet, nevertheless, remember this,
That one day we must die.

OLD FORM; 1653.

CHILDHOOD SEEKING THE EARLY FLOWERS.—THE FIRST GAME OF SKILL.

MARCH, named from Mars, the god of war, was the commencement of the Roman year, and was, in fact, so considered in England before the alteration of the style; the legal year commencing on the 25th of March. Our Anglo-Saxon ancestors called it *Length-monath*, "because the days did then begin to exceed the nights in length. There is an old proverb which charges March with borrowing certain days from April; and these, being generally stormy, our forefathers endeavoured to account for this circumstance by pretending that March borrowed them from April, that he might extend his power so much longer. "Those," says Dr. Jamieson, "who are much addicted to superstition, will neither borrow nor lend on any of these days. If any one would propose to borrow of them, they would consider it as an evidence that the person wished to employ the article borrowed for the purpose of witchcraft against the lenders." There is a different proverb relating to this month, viz., that "A bushel of March dust is worth a King's ransom," thereby expressing the importance of dry or dusty weather at this particular season of the year, in an agricultural point of view.

St. David founded many monasteries and religious houses, and built a hermitage and chapel in the vale of Llanthony, near the Black Mountains:—

A little lowly hermitage it was,
Down in a dale, hard by a forest's side,
Far from resort of people, that did pass
In travel to and fro; a little wyde
There was an holy chappelle edifyde,
Wherein the Hermit dewly went to say
His holy things each morn and eventyde;
Therebye a christall stream did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth away. SPENSER.

The custom of Welshmen wearing leeks on *St. David's Day*, has been traditionally referred to the Britons, under their general, *St. David*, gaining a victory over the Saxons, and transferring from their caps to their own, leeks, as signals of triumph. Sir Samuel Meyrick discredits this story; and infers from some lines of the time of James I., that the leek was assumed upon, or immediately after, the battle of Bosworth Field, which was won by Henry VII., who had many Welshmen (his countrymen), in his army, and whose yeomen-guard was composed of Welshmen; and this inference is strengthened by the fact, that the Tudor colours were white and green, the colours of the leek. Still, this explanation is shaken by the fact of the leek being a native of Switzerland, and, according to the *Hortus Kewensis*, not introduced into England till about the year 1562. Churchill thus satirises the custom:—

March, various, fierce, and wild, with wind-cracked cheeks,
By wilder Welshman led, and crowned with Leeks.

Lent is commonly said to be named from a Saxon word for Spring. It was originally called *Quadragesima*, and only lasted forty hours, from 12 on Good Friday to Easter morn; but it was gradually extended to forty days, after the fasts of Moses, Deut. ix.; of Elijah, 1 Kings xix.; of the Ninevites, Jonah iii.; and of our Lord himself, Matthew iv.; all of which fasted forty days. This fast begins on Wednesday, because the six Sundays, being festivals, were not in-

cluded in the fasting days; and, therefore, unless four days were added before the first Sunday in Lent, the fast would only last thirty-six days instead of forty.—(*Elementa Liturgica*.)

Herrick has a quaint instruction:—

TO KEEP A TRUE LENT.

Is this a Fast, to keep
The larder leane,
And cleane,
From fat of veales and sheep?
Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?
Is it to fast an houre
Or rag'd to go,
Or show
A down-cast look, and sowre?

No; 'tis a Fast to dole
My sheaf of wheat,
And meat,
Unto the hungry soule.
It is to fast from strife
From old debate,
And hate;
To circumsise thy life:
To show a heart grief-rent
To starve thy sin,
Not bin;
And that's to keep thy Lent.

Battle of Culloden.—The present year is the centenary of this memorable event, which finally extinguished the hopes of the House of Stuart; it was, indeed, a blood-stained victory:

Drumossie muir, Drumossie muir,
A waefu' day it was to me,
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear and brethren three.

Midlent.—The Fourth Sunday in Lent was anciently kept by Catholics visiting their mother-church, and making their offerings at the high altar: thence arose the dutiful custom of visiting parents on this day, therefore called *Mothering Sunday*; when the children were treated with a regale of excellent furnety, or they presented their mother with a sum of money, a trinket, &c. On the following Sunday, preceding Palm Sunday, fried peas, or *carlings*, are eaten in the North.

St. Patrick's Day.—The shamrock, or trefoil, is worn as the national emblem of Ireland, from *St. Patrick* having referred to it in illustration of the Trinity, when he landed near Wicklow, to convert the Irish to Christianity in 433. Still, the trefoil is not fully expanded on *St. Patrick's Day*, and old authors affirm that the shamrock was eaten, and was a sour plant: now, wood-sorrel alone is sour, is an early Spring plant, is abundant in Ireland, is a trefoil, and is called by old herbalists, *Shamrog*.

With March we may expect "many weathers;" and there is a very old proverb, "March hackham, comes in like a lion, goes out like a lamb."

By the storms of this period, we are reminded of a touching epitaph on two infants buried in the churchyard of Hemel Hempstead, in Hertfordshire:

As fades the flower in early Spring,
When tempests sweep the lawn,
So droops the tender infant's form,
When seized by Death's cold hand.
Farewell, sweet babes, the loss is ours,
For you are gone to rest,
The Shepherd has but called his lambs,
To fold them to his breast.

I. T.

ON GIMCRACKS.



In almost every drawing-room or woman's bedroom that one enters, in a multitude of gay and tempting shop-windows, in every list of wedding-gifts bestowed upon

a bride, the tendency is shown of the modern mind to delight in flimsy trifles, popularly believed to be ornaments.

To take the drawing-room first. Does not the average specimen suggest a fancy bazaar, rather than a home to live a useful life in, when we look at its array of rickety little tables, silk draperies, brackets, wall-pockets, screens, photo frames, ornamental crockery, and multiplicity of little pictures on the walls? In the homes of the wealthy, the travelled, and those blessed with naturally good taste, these items are often individually very beautiful things, but their beauty is eclipsed by the crowd of incongruous odds and ends by which they are surrounded; but to the humbler imitator of the fashionable craze quantity, not quality, seems the end for which to strive.

I was once shown into the parlour behind a village shop, which was such a caricature of the modern drawing-room, that I had difficulty in keeping my countenance sober while I conversed with its complacent mistress. It was a good-sized, pleasant room, and with sufficient tidy furniture, but there were gorgeous antimacassars on every chair, glass vases innumerable, some holding paper flowers, some of a bright-blue colour, with heads of plummy pampas-grass, dyed magenta, green, and orange.

Every available inch on table, whatnot, and piano, was crowded with cheap and hideous

trifles, and the pictures and brackets on the walls were beyond description!

It did not look like a room in which the master of the shop could enjoy his well-earned Sunday rest with his little children—indeed, I doubt if the bairns were ever allowed to set foot within its sacred precincts, yet the house was a small one, and what folly it seems to sacrifice the comfort of the home, to the empty glory of impressing an occasional caller with its splendours.

Another objection to these crowds of ornaments is the work they make for mistress and maid.

In the days of our grandmothers, when spinning and sewing, baking and washing, preserving and pickling, were all of necessity done at home, there was no time to waste on fancy dusting, and middle-class parlours were bare and sombre, even to dreariness. We do not wish to return to this style, but to find the happy medium of beauty and utility.

By all means have some pictures—a few really artistic ones, on which the eye can rest with pleasure. In these days of etchings and photographs it is easy to find such, but do not frame the children's school drawings, or ordinary oleographs, unless some special interest is attached to them. We remember one middle-class household in the old days, where the walls were entirely pictureless. The means were small, the family large, and the father said that he knew what good pictures were, and would not spoil the taste of his children by having cheap and inferior ones always before their eyes.

Liberty-silk and art-serge are in many cases a delusion and a snare; they are so inexpensive, and so fresh and pretty at first, but in the sooty atmosphere of our town homes, what faded, dingy, dust-traps they become, before we can bring ourselves to put away some dear Ethel's or Helen's clever handiwork! For this reason china ornaments are most desirable. If kept from breakage they never get faded or shabby, and soap and water make them like new again. Most families

have some pretty old china, and very graceful and artistic things can sometimes be picked up at small cost among the legions of crude and tasteless articles at fancy shops.

Flowers, both cut and growing, are some of the best adornments of our rooms. To keep them in order and well-arranged takes a good deal of time, but they are a fresh and living interest, and surely it is better to spend sixpence on a good hyacinth root, than fourpence three-farthings on a trumpery photo frame or a china dog.

In bedrooms, for health's sake, all dust-collectors should be avoided; but we must not banish all pleasant objects for the eye to rest on during our waking hours, or in illness. Here we can have around us those mementoes of happy days, which can be rightly described as "of no value except to the owner;" and here also is the place for those family photographs which always give a common look to sitting-rooms, when displayed in frames on the wall.

In dress for ordinary occasions, there has been a tendency of late years to renounce gimcracks. In spite of rumours to the contrary, the sensible plain skirt continues in favour, in agreeable contrast to the meaningless buttons, bows, fringes and flounces, which bedecked the skirts of fifteen years ago. Dangling eardrops, locketts, and showy bracelets have also disappeared from the persons of well-bred women, and also the long curls, which were not always growing from the head to which they were supposed to belong!

Would it not be well if the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER were to resolve to spend their money on books, and really useful things, instead of buying cheap, frail prettinesses for presents, and also earn a little more precious leisure for self-improvement, and helping the needy, by banishing from the living-rooms one-half of the trifles which now crowd them, and endeavour to induce their friends to join in the crusade against the multiplication of useless gimcracks?

MAUD MORISON.



MODEL MENU FOR MARCH.

By PHYLLIS BROWNE.

MENU.

Soubise Soup.
 Salmon Cutlet, with Capers.
 Angels on Horseback.
 Rolled Veal and Bacon.
 Mashed and Browned Potatoes. Sea-Kale.
 Forced Rhubarb and Cream. Victoria Sandwich.
 French Pancakes.
 Cheese.

Soubise Soup.—A most excellent, tasty, and nourishing soup is soubise soup; and yet it is so easily made and so inexpensive that only those well acquainted with it would believe

that it could be so simple and still so good. As a matter of fact, it is merely a modification of onion soup, and its fine name is given to it by way of disarming criticism. We all know that soubise sauce is a refined variety of onion sauce; so soubise soup is a refined variety of onion soup. When it is called by its English name, however, fastidious people are afraid of it. They think it must necessarily be strong of flavour and indigestible; yet it is nothing of the sort. When the recipe here given is followed, the onions are deprived of their acrid qualities, and the taste is mellowed and softened; consequently, there is nothing objectionable about it.

Peel two good-sized onions, say, half a pound, cut them in halves, and then crosswise in thin shreds; throw them into boiling water

for five minutes, then drain them. Dissolve an ounce and a half of butter in a stewpan, put in the onions, cover closely, and let them sweat for half an hour. They should not take any colour; and if the stewpan is tightly closed, they will remain white. As a matter of course, the saucepan should be shaken now and again to keep the onions from sticking to the bottom of the pan. Add a quart of white stock or water, some strips of bacon rind scalded and scraped, two pinches of salt, two small pinches of pepper, and either two ounces of stale crumb of bread or two peeled potatoes. Bring the soup to a boil, cover the stewpan again, and let it simmer an hour longer; pass it through a sieve, boil it up once more, put a cupful of boiling milk with it, and serve very hot.

It will be understood that the bread and potato are put with the onions in this and similar recipes in order to bring the ingredients together, and to keep them from separating in the tureen. Any starchy material would answer the same purpose; therefore, if more convenient, we might use a little flour or tapioca, or fine sago. Potato and bread are, however, to be preferred for mixing with onions, because they soften the onion flavour and make the soup mild. Milk answers the same purpose.

Salmon Culet with Capers.—Irish salmon-fishing begins in February, and we generally understand that salmon is in season from February to September. Early in the season, however, it is scarce and dear, and thrifty housekeepers turn away from it. Curiously, however, it frequently happens that soon after it comes in it is very often cheaper than it is five or six weeks later, and therefore, in places where there is a market, those who know the fact and are on the look-out can occasionally buy a small piece of salmon at a fairly reasonable price. The possibility is very much of a chance, of course, and it is not safe to count upon it; but it is well to remember it, because salmon is exceedingly satisfactory food. It is highly esteemed, especially when it is known to be scarce; and it is very profitable, because it is not only satisfying, so that a little goes a long way, but also it can be used to the last fragment—not a scrap need be wasted.

It is not necessary to buy a large piece of salmon for an occasion of this kind; a very excellent dish can be made from a small piece weighing a pound or a pound and a half. This quantity can be obtained either in one slice of the required size—three-quarters of an inch thick—or it may be taken from a piece of the tail end of the fish and filleted. In either case the fish may be gently boiled; and it will be most successfully managed if cooked in the frying-pan, because it can be readily taken up with an egg-slice without breaking it; also it can be kept flat. The way to deal with it is to boil enough salt and water in the frying-pan to cover the fish, lay it in carefully, and boil it gently. If in one slice, it would have to boil about fifteen minutes; small filets would not need to be cooked quite as long. The fish should be neatly dished and covered with caper sauce. Filets might be arranged in a circle, with potato balls or mashed potatoes in the centre.

If preferred, instead of being boiled, a small piece of salmon might be cut into neat rounds a quarter of an inch thick and three inches in diameter, dipped into a mixture of flour and curry powder, then gently *sauté* in a little hot butter till brown.

Angels on Horseback.—This curious name is given to oysters cooked in bacon, a simple dish which provides a dainty entrée when well cooked, and which is very easily managed. A good many housewives are rather afraid of entrées. They say that entrées are nothing unless they are perfect; yet it is difficult to secure their perfection, because they occur at a stage of the dinner when the cook is very busy, and consequently liable to overlook the details which are necessary to their excellence.

These remarks are quite true, and we might enforce them by saying also that the time and labour spent upon elaborate entrées are too often wasted. When a good dinner is provided, very few people care for entrées, and it is quite usual for a dish that represents any amount of skill and energy to be passed from the table and sent away untasted. Ladies, it may be noticed, rarely patronise entrées, although gentlemen, who through experience

have acquired a taste for such things, think a good deal of them. No one, however, would object to a dish of angels on horseback, because it was too troublesome or elaborate; for it is one of the most easily made entrées that can be named.

Take as many oysters as may be required, and an equal number of small slices of bacon cut as thinly as possible, so thin that they can be seen through. Roll each oyster (bearded) in a slice of bacon, and make it secure with a skewer, then cook in a Dutch oven, or even in the ordinary oven, until the bacon is transparent, and place each small roll on a little round of toast. Serve very hot; and be careful not to let the angels be overcooked. Some admirers of this dish instead of cooking the bacon and oysters together, prefer to fry the bacon separately; place each piece on a round of fried bread, and put a bearded oyster which has been made hot in the oven on the top. When this plan is adopted the oysters should be seasoned with white pepper, and a little chopped parsley should be sprinkled over them.

Rolled Veal and Bacon.—Veal is supposed to be at its best from March to July. It is rather expensive, but it is much liked by those who can eat it, although many avoid it on the ground of its being indigestible. It needs to be carefully chosen. Small veal finely grained is the best.

Take about four pounds of the breast of veal, and remove all the bones with a sharp knife; lay it as flat as possible, and spread over the inside, some good veal force-meat intermixed with bacon. The bacon is necessary because it mellows the veal and makes it tasty; and veal is apt to be tasteless unless well-flavoured. Roll it tightly, and bind tape firmly round it. Spread dripping or bacon-fat over it, and wrap it in greased paper, then bake it in a moderate oven. Baste it frequently over the paper. When nearly done, remove the paper, sprinkle salt on the meat and let it brown well. Have ready some good brown gravy, thickened to the consistency of cream, and free from fat. This can be made from the veal bones. Put the meat on a hot dish, remove the tape, strain the gravy over, and garnish with rolls of bacon.

Bacon Rolls.—Cut some bacon into very thin slices about three inches long, and an inch and a half wide. Form these into small rolls, and fasten them with a skewer to keep them in shape. Lay them on a tin, and put them in the oven till sufficiently cooked. They will take five or six minutes. Take out the skewers before using them. If any of the veal is left, it may be cut in slices, fried, and served a second time. As it contains no bone, this will be easily managed.

Potatoes Mashed and Browned.—Critics of English cookery are accustomed to say that an Englishman wants a potato with every dish of meat that comes before him; he cannot do without it; no matter what other vegetables are provided. When inclined to be very severe these critics proceed to remark that the reason why potatoes occupy so important a place at English tables is that all the other vegetables are badly cooked and not worth eating. We will not endorse this comment. We will only say that potatoes are very excellent in themselves, and that we cannot wonder that they are liked. We rather wonder however that the mode of their presentation is not more often varied. There are so many dainty ways of serving potatoes that it seems a pity that they should invariably be plainly boiled. Perhaps it will promote variety if with each of these menus I give a recipe for

a special way of serving potatoes. Here is one of these.

Boil some potatoes and mash them in the usual way with butter and milk. When smooth and rather moist form them into balls by shaking them in a small cup which has been slightly floured, turn them upon a greased baking tin and flatten them. Brush them with milk, sprinkle bread raspings over them, and put them in the oven till hot, and brightly browned. Take up carefully with a slice and serve hot.

Sea-Kale.—Amongst the vegetable dainties now available sea-kale should not be forgotten; it is at present in full season, and it is soon gone. It is generally sold by the basket, and is rather expensive. Housewives who desire to economise, however, should ask for loose sea-kale, which consists of the less handsome roots left after making up the baskets. When to be had loose sea-kale can be bought for fourpence or fivepence per pound, whereas the same quantity if bought in a basket would cost a shilling. Yet it is quite good when carefully prepared and trimmed and well-boiled. It is only occasionally to be bought in this way. The middle-sized sea-kale is the best.

To cook sea-kale cut away the black part near the root, wash well and tie in small bundles of about six sticks. Put these into slightly salted boiling water with a little butter, and boil with the lid off the pan until soft. If young the sea-kale will need to boil about twenty minutes, if large and well grown from half to three-quarters of an hour. When cooked, serve on toast with melted butter or white sauce poured over it. If liked the sea-kale can be boiled in milk which can afterwards be used for making the sauce.

Rhubarb Compôte.—Rhubarb is not universally liked, yet early in the year, when other fruits used in cooking are not to be had, even the most fastidious epicures will not turn from the forced or light pink rhubarb daintily cooked and served with a little cream.

Procure fresh rhubarb, wash without peeling it, and cut the sticks into four-inch lengths. Take as much water as will abundantly cover the fruit, and convert it into a syrup by boiling it till clear with six ounces of sugar to each half pint of water. Put the sticks in the syrup and let them stew gently till they are soft, and take them up carefully one by one while still they are firm, before they have time to fall. Add two or three drops of cochineal to the syrup to make it pink, and pour it over the rhubarb. Three-pennyworth of cream whisked till firm will be an excellent accompaniment to the dish.

Victoria Sandwich.—Equally suitable as an accompaniment to the rhubarb will be the Victoria sandwich. To make it take one egg, and its weight in sugar, butter, and flour. Cream the butter and sugar together and add the other ingredients gradually, including the yolk only of the egg. Beat between every addition. Just before baking add the white of the egg whisked till firm. Pour into a greased baking tin and bake in a quick oven for ten minutes or so till brown and firm. Both the rhubarb and the Victoria sandwich can be served cold, consequently they can be made some time before they are wanted.

French Pancakes.—Should a hot pudding be required as well as a cold one, French pancakes may be supplied. Make a little good batter, and pour it into three shallow flat saucers well buttered. Bake in a good oven till of a pale brown colour like the outside of bread, and the thickness of a finger. Spread different kinds of jam on each, pile one pancake upon another, and cut through.





• BONEY'S • • BONFIRE.

• AN INSTRUCTIVE • HISTORICAL •
• NARRATIVE • FOR • OLD • AND • YOUNG •

quite as much as her father. And young Mr. Fielding was a very slow pupil indeed, and had to come over very, very often. Why, he had been there only the day before yesterday!

He rode leisurely up to the rectory garden gate, and almost before he could get off Tommy, his cob, out came Miss Lucy, a lovely golden-haired vision, flying down the path and looking more charming than ever, but evidently in a great state of mind about something.

"Oh, Mr. Fielding," she cried, "I am so glad you've come! Something has happened, and I'm in such a state of distress about it!"

It was so great a pleasure to the young man to be welcomed like that, and to have both hands held out to him (as Miss Lucy had actually done in her excitement) that it was as much as he could do to control his voice and ask what the matter was.

"Oh, Mr. Fielding, I hardly know how to tell you—and father knows nothing about it; and you know he's so deaf, he would never understand. It was this afternoon, and I had gone down into the village with some gravy soup for old Sally, who lives opposite the green, you know, and just as I had left Sally's and was coming back by Dimble's, the baker's, I saw a man—a poor man looking like a tramp—after a glance round to see that no one was spying (and he never could have noticed me at all), dash into the shop and come out again with a loaf, which he tried to hide under his coat. He set off running up the street, and I, before I knew what I was doing, cried out, 'Stop thief!' as loud as I could. They must have heard me at the forge, for Bull, the constable, was there, and he ran out with Higgs, the blacksmith, and—oh! Mr. Fielding!—they knocked the poor man down, and when I got up to them, there he lay on the road all in the dust, and his head was bleeding and the loaf was rolled away in the gutter.

I.

IT was nearly—but not quite—a hundred years ago; just within this present century, in fact. Be pleased to picture a very old-fashioned village—old-fashioned even at that remote period. Sharlford was its name, and it lay completely out of the world and some three miles inland from the coast—the south coast of England; the latitude and longitude of it to be had on personal application to the existing churchwardens, but not otherwise.

On a particular summer evening a goodly young man rode slowly down the village street, and everyone, as a matter of course, came out to have a look at him and his brown cob. He was dressed pretty smartly, and his horse's skin was so well groomed that it shone like satin, and altogether he was an agreeable object of contemplation.

"Young master Fielding goin' a-courtin' again," said the villagers with sly wags of the head; "goin' a-courtin' up to rectory."

But that was all nonsense. What he came to the rectory so often for was to learn all about bees and bee-keeping from old Mr. Burlingham, the rector, and—yes—from that charming Miss Lucy, his daughter, who knew

“And when I wanted them to let the man go, seeing what a poor half-starved wretch he was, Bull said he couldn't do it, and that it was a hanging matter ; and then Dimble came up after his loaf, and he said it was a hanging matter too. And the poor man begged ever so hard, and said he was nearly dead with hunger, but Bull wouldn't listen to him ; he dragged him up and said he must come along to the lock-up until the morning, when he would be taken off to Dullington to be charged before a justice. And the worst of it is, I am the witness—the chief one, I mean—and if the poor man is hanged, it will be all through me ! Think how dreadful ! I bound up the poor fellow's head with my handkerchief, and they took him off to the lock-up, and—oh ! dear, dear !” cried Miss Lucy, now fairly breaking down and sobbing, “whatever am I to do ? My dear Mr. Fielding, do help me !”

The young man comforted her, and said he would do what he could ; but all the time he was at his wits' end to think what he *could* do, for he knew enough of the law (as in force in those glorious old times, for the return of which we all sigh and groan continually) to be fully aware that the thief was as good as hanged already unless he could be got clean out of the clutches of Bull the constable. However, he promised vaguely, and Miss Lucy was sure he could do anything he chose, and she should be *so* grateful to him ; she could never show her gratitude enough. But Mr. Fielding thought that last might be possible. At which speech Miss Lucy blushed, and the young man departed feeling that he must do or die, and, forgetting all about the bees, strange to say, only wondered whether that charming young lady would listen to him, if he could do her the service she asked. He set his wits to work upon it as he rode off down the rectory lane.

II.

At this time the great Napoleon (this is the instructive portion of the narrative for the benefit of youth)—the great Napoleon, I say, had got the best part of Europe firmly under the heel of his jack-boot, and scarce a creature dared to say his soul was his own except he was a Frenchman ; and even then he had (per conscription) to go out and be shot at, as well as try to shoot others, for the Emperor's delectation. All this without a murmur and when called upon. But what chiefly concerned English folk was that Boney was not yet master of *them*, though that he meant to make a try for it sooner or later everyone knew ; and none could be certain but that some fine morning the jack-boots and the cocked hat and all the rest of

it would appear with a French army outside the very house-door, and slay every mother's son that could be found.

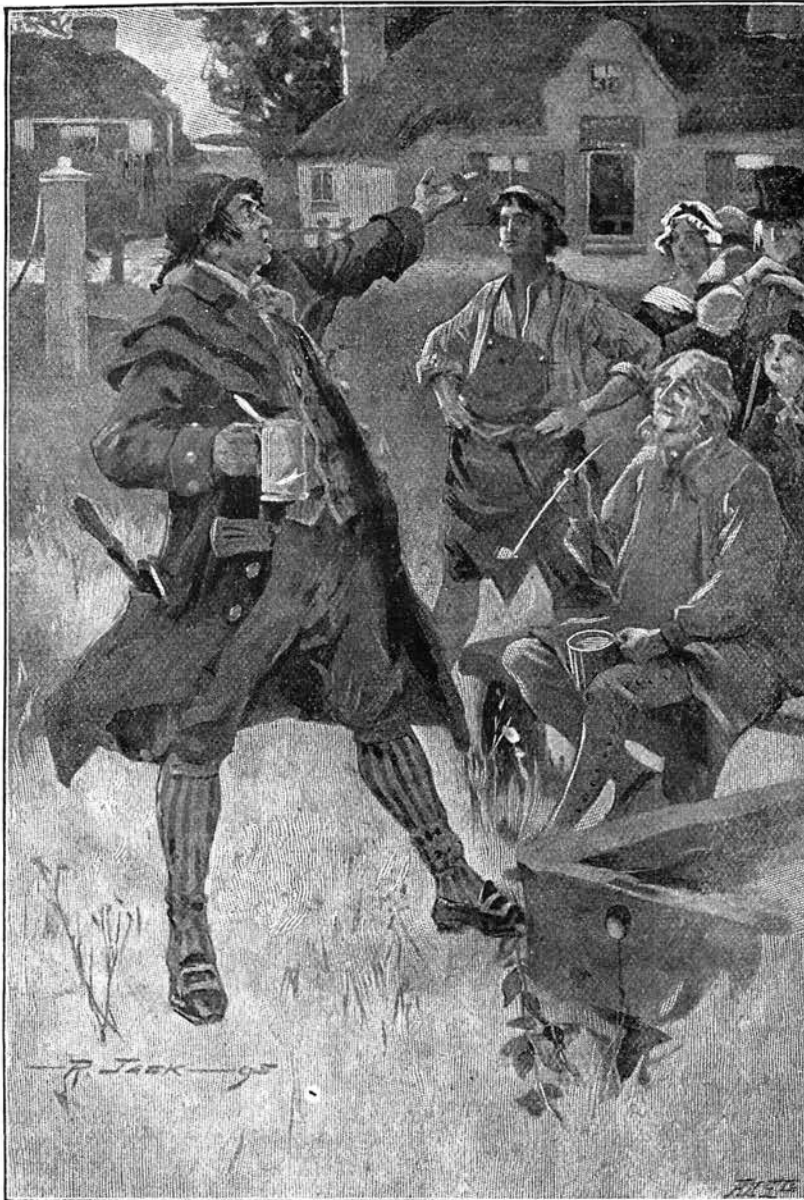
It is all very fine to laugh at these fears now, but Waterloo was not fought as yet, nor had the Emperor received his quietus, although old Nelson was crashing round-shot through as many French men-of-war as he came across, and Wellington was keeping the Marshals lively. Still no one knew but what an invasion of England might take place at any time, and folk slept badly in their bed o' nights, especially if they lived on the South Coast, where the enemy, if ever they did come, would be pretty sure to land.

Now when all kinds of rumours were flying about—some even going so far as to state that Boney had already made a start of it—the village of Sharlford was in a dreadful state of mind. They were clean out of the world, and their news was generally a good week old, but when they did get it, they discussed it pretty fully.

Sharlford considered itself hardly treated. There they were, not three miles from the coast where was as good a landing place as the Frenchmen could wish, and not a vestige of defence was there for the unhappy village—nothing to hinder old Boney from marching his men straight down upon them and (as Bull the constable expressed it) making cold meat of all the inhabitants. Other places had their defences. Southampton, Portsmouth, Plymouth, had nothing much to fear ; but Sharlford was perfectly clear that the enemy would never attack one of those big places. They would just slip in quietly at Sandy Bay and swoop down like a wolf on the fold.

And yet nobody took one-pennyworth of notice of Sharlford. A petition signed by the rector, two churchwardens, and three other men who could write, despatched to the Government, setting forth the unprotected state of the village and requesting a body of troops for defence, was simply ignored by my lords and gentlemen, and Sharlford folk finally had to face the bitter truth that, if anything was to be done for their safety, they must do it themselves.

After immense discussion upon the village green, it was decided (the schoolmaster, John Grundy, quoting the precedent of the Spanish Armada) to erect a bonfire on the hill above Sandy Bay, kept in readiness to be lighted, and to station a watchman there at the public expense, on the look-out all night over the sea ; who, if he saw the least sign of an approaching French fleet, was to set the bonfire ablaze, and thus warn the village of impending danger. As for the daytime, nobody was afraid of that ; all were firmly



"THIS WAS HIS FIRST PRISONER FOR SOME TIME."

convinced that the Frenchmen, if they did come at all, would come in the night.

Two watchmen were hired (at sixpence each per week and find themselves) to stop awake all night, one at the bonfire and one at the village; and the inhabitants of Sharlford each evening saw that everything was ready for flight if ever the beacon fire shone down on them. Their programme contained no single item of resistance. All they wanted was to have time to get away across the River Mullet and break the bridge down after them. Farm wagons were kept in readiness to carry the children and the old people; folk saw that the flint and steel were where they could lay hands on them, and that their boots were

ready, and then went to bed to sleep as well as they could.

This sort of thing went on for a month or more, and as each morning rose without ever a sign of a Frenchman or of the bonfire being lighted, the villagers began slowly to lull themselves into the comfortable belief that Boney was too well occupied elsewhere to bother about such a small place; that he might not come after all; and that there had altogether been too much of a panic. Still they kept on the watchmen and paid them their sixpences with great magnanimity, although it was considered that they had done nothing for their money so far; but the mass of the folk slept sounder and were less particular about the boots and the flint and steel.

They were just in this stage, and with their minds fairly easy, at the time when this little story opens—with which, by your leave, we will now proceed

III.

I AM afraid, now I come to think of it, that young Fielding was not too scrupulous a gentleman, and had but a small regard for law and order. All he

wanted was to please Miss Lucy and extricate her from her unpleasant position as witness in a criminal case. As to the poor prisoner being hanged for stealing a loaf—why there was nothing out of the common about that; people were used to it in the good old times.

Fielding rode down to the village green, and there he found the usual company assembled, discussing affairs of state, and Bull, the constable, swollen to twice his natural size with the importance of his capture, swaggering up and down and taking all due credit for his great achievement. This was his first prisoner for some time, so no wonder he bragged about it. In his character as hero he had also been treated to a good gallon and

a half of beer by his friends, which inflamed his courage mightily.

"Secured him myself," he was announcing (for about the fifteenth time) and waving his truncheon in a valiant manner, "secured him myself, I did, an' fastened him in lock-up."

"First 'angin' matter you've 'ad," quoth one, Jonas Black, butcher and grazier, with a cheerful relish.

"You'll get promoted, eh, Thomas Bull?" said Dimble, the baker, a stout flabby man, who had, since the theft, made money out of showing the particular loaf as a curiosity.

Bull shook his head in a knowing manner, and no one had a doubt of it.

Mattock, the sexton, here chimed in with his thin squeaky voice—"If ye *hev* done a great thing, there's no need to flourish that there staff of yourn, Thomas Bull; I don't want my brains beat out wi' it. Put it up, Thomas, or else go an' fight French wi' it."

"Frenchman!" cried Bull angrily, and scenting sarcasm in the little sexton, "who's afeared of a Frenchman?"

Here, glaring defiantly round the circle, he stuck his chest out still further; and young Fielding (who had stood by, his horse's bridle over his arm, during the foregoing conversation) left the valorous Bull descanting on the summary manner in which he would deal with all "forringers" who came within a reasonable radius of his truncheon.

Now Fielding had intended, as the shortest way out of the difficulty, to have got that truculent constable quietly on one side and offered him so much in good English money to allow his prisoner to quietly escape—by accident. But finding that this plan was now out of the question by reason of Bull's having taken the whole village into his confidence (as well as being some three-parts drunk already), he abandoned that scheme, and cast about in his mind for some other plan of delivering the wretched criminal.

As he rode off again the shades of night were beginning to fall, and old Mattock, the sexton, was ambling peacefully up to the church to ring the curfew.

IV.

Up on the hill above Sandy Bay sat old Anthony Trip, watchman, beside a great stack of wood and other combustibles which had been dragged up there and set ready to blaze when wanted. Anthony was growing used to his professional duties, and less and less fearful of ever being called upon to do anything but watch, though he considered that a penny a night, with one thrown in every seven, was little enough for his services

He had now slept comfortably for several nights, and found it such a success that he blamed himself severely for not trying it before. As rather a cool wind blew in from the sea, he sat himself down under the lee of the stack, and faced comfortably inland with a small fire to warm the soles of his feet by, and to get a light for the big bonfire whenever that should be necessary; though how he was to see the Frenchmen coming while looking quite in the wrong direction did not occur to him, or, if it did occur to him, did not trouble him.

He had been doing a job at thatching that day, and repose was particularly grateful; the spot was peculiarly lonely, there was nothing to disturb him; the fire to the soles of the feet was very grateful. Loud snores soon shook the stack of wood, and proclaimed to three dismal shorn sheep, the only auditors, that Mr. Anthony Trip was asleep again for the sixth time that week.

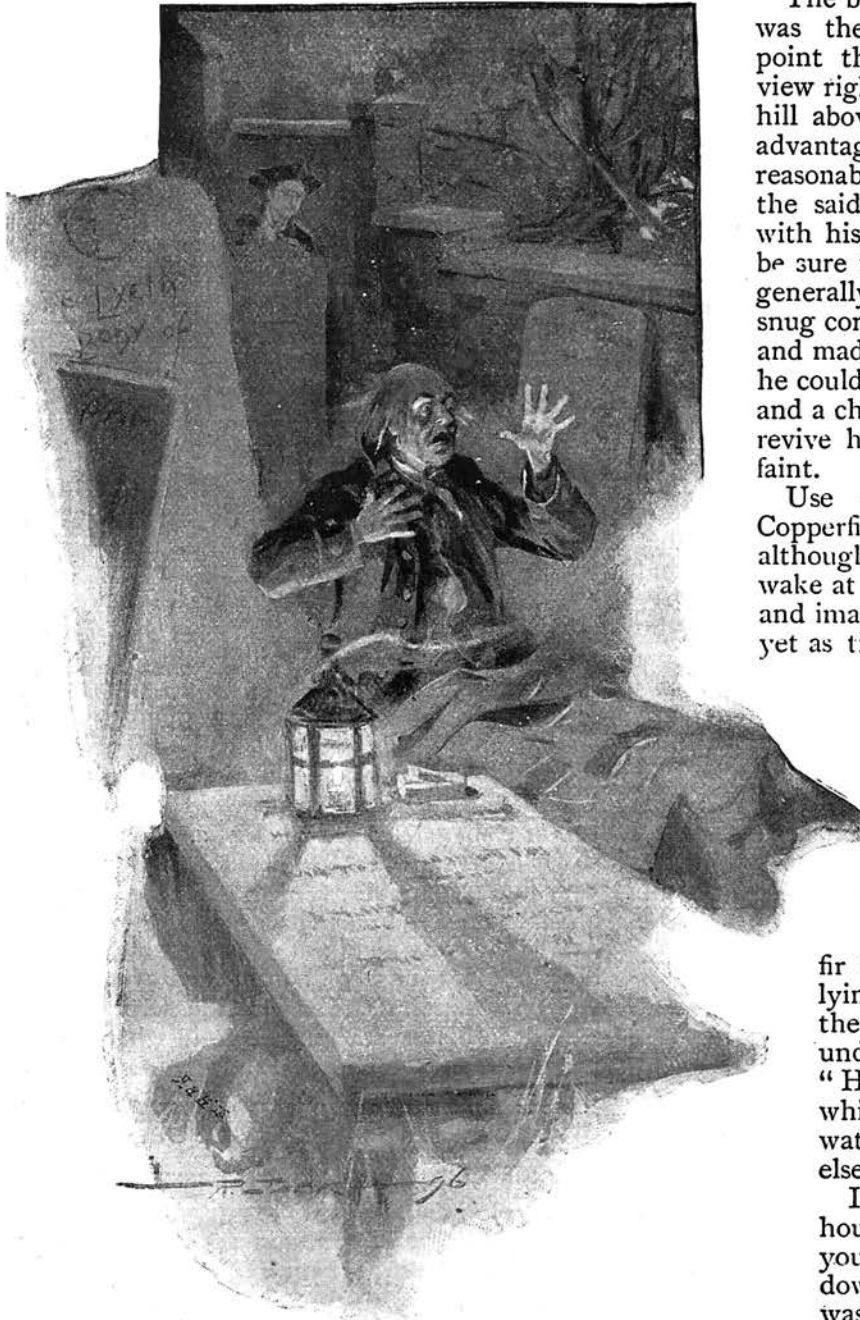
He dreamed, did Anthony—actually dreamed that the French were come; and he knew it, but could neither move hand nor foot to give the alarm. Now, to his horror, one of them—none other, he thought, than Boney himself—came creeping quietly up the hill, while he (Anthony) would have given a week's pay to cry out and run away. But no; he seemed to be chained to the spot, and in another moment up came Boney behind him, and clapped a sack over his head, and—

Gracious powers! He was awake, and the dream was true! There *was* a sack over his head, and he was being tied hand and foot—nay, was already bound and could not move. He gave a stifled cry under the sacking, and thought his last moment had come; and his conscience had time to tell him that this was a very proper reward for his unfaithful service as watchman. He began to beg hard for his life, and even went so far as to say that he thought the French a very fine and noble race, and Bonaparte even a better man than a Briton.

All this was while he was being rolled downhill by unseen hands, and without a word spoken on the other side. Finally he rested, to his great satisfaction, in what in his blindfold state he judged (and quite rightly) to be a ditch-bottom, still alive and able to breathe through the sacking with fair ease.

While lying there and wondering what to make of it, he heard to his wonderment the crackling of wood, and scented the reek of smoke; and, in spite of his desperate situation, old Anthony could not repress a chuckle to think that these very Frenchmen

in their folly were giving warning of their own approach. That they had lighted the fire from his own small embers was clear. The crackling was like guns going off; soon he could even feel the heat of the flames blown down to him where he lay among the dock-leaves, and decided that if ever that dreadful night should be got through with safety, and he ever saw his village again, he would take credit for having lighted the beacon himself and ask for an increase of wages—if the churchwardens were not both of them slain—on the strength of it.



"HIS EYE CAUGHT THE DISTANT GLARE ON THE HILL,"

V.

Now the watchman who stopped down at Sharlford to keep one eye—or two, if he chose—on the spot where the beacon might blaze, was old Anthony's own brother. Jeremiah Trip was his name, and he was a more conscientious man than his relative, for he had concluded within himself that to sleep when he ought to be watching was a most dastardly thing, and not to be thought of for a moment. But as he felt that some repose was necessary, he decided to wake once every three hours, cast an eye up to the beacon, and go to sleep again.

The best place for his observatory was the churchyard, from which point there was an uninterrupted view right on to Sandy Bay and the hill above it. It also possessed the advantage that no man could there reasonably expect to sleep more than the said three hours at a stretch, with his mind dwelling, as it would be sure to do, on ghosts and bogies generally. Jerry had sought out a snug corner among the gravestones, and made himself as comfortable as he could with an old piece of carpet, and a chunk of bread and cheese to revive him if he woke up and felt faint.

Use is everything, as David Copperfield's waiter remarked; and although at first old Jerry used to wake at short intervals with a start, and imagine the place full of ghosts, yet as time went on he was as easy in his mind among the gravestones as you or I are (let us hope) in our beds. Ease of mind conduces to slumber, and on that very night when the bonfire was blazing away like "old boots"—and, in fact, very much better, being mainly of fir and pine wood—Jerry was lying asleep at full length, with the carpet round him, and just under a big headstone, with "Here lyeth ye body of—" which happened to do for the watchman as well as anybody else.

It must have been half an hour after midnight when a young horseman came cantering down into Sharlford, and there was a curious odour of smoke and burnt wood about him

which his brown cob could not make out at all. He appeared to be a good deal surprised and even disgusted to find the happy village so perfectly sound asleep and wrapped in darkness.

"Much good their watchmen are!" he muttered. He tied up his horse to a tree on the green and went stumbling into the churchyard, over the stones in the darkness. Here he flung a handful of light gravel at "Here lyeth ye body of—," and concealing himself behind a buttress watched the result.

Nor was he disappointed, for up got Jerry thinking it was rats, and deciding in his mind that he would have Dimble's old Tom with him another night. However, he kicked against the stone to frighten them away, and then his eye caught the distant glare on the hill, and he woke up with a vengeance.

Without a moment's hesitation he plunged down the path, dashed open the creaking gate, and out into the village street, bellowing like a madman—

"French! French! Look at bonfire! Look at bonfire!"

VI.

AT ten of the clock on a sunny morning, the rectory garden, looking its best, was the scene of a little conversation. Miss Lucy was listening with evident gratification to the recital of certain interesting particulars by young Fielding, who, with his horse's bridle over his arm, as usual, was holding forth with manifest enjoyment.

He had stopped for a minute to take breath, but Miss Lucy was impatient.

"Pray go on," she cried, "what happened next?"

"Well," said the young man, "when the alarm was given you should have seen what a stampede there was! Upon my word I felt it was a shame, but I didn't see how else to manage it. The first man to flee out of the village was—just as I had expected—the courageous Bull himself, and when everyone else, as well as they could in the darkness, saw the very fattest and bravest of them running away, they felt that Sharlford was no place for them to stop in. All I wanted was to get the constable off in a hurry, and other folk too busy and scared to mind what I was doing.

"Directly Bull had cleared out of his cottage—you know he lives there alone—I nipped across, had the keys of the lock-up down from the nail—"

"You don't mean to say that Bull had left them?" cried Miss Lucy.

"Left them? I should think he had! Why he had forgotten even his truncheon in

his flight. Well, I say, I got the keys and in another minute I had the poor prisoner out of his den. He was terribly frightened at first, and thought I was come to carry him off to immediate execution; but I reassured him and gave him the food you had tied up ready, and—and a little money to help him on, and I told him to strike away west as sharp as he could, and he would be safe enough."

"And will he?" queried Miss Burlingham anxiously.

"Certainly he will. For no one knew anything of him except the villagers here, and who's to stop him? So you may make your mind easy, Miss Lucy. As for the rest of it, I had a regular business, I can tell you, when I had given my man his start, to persuade the folks that there were no French visible as yet; and as for Bull, he had outrun everyone else, and was too far away, fortunately, to be brought back at all. But he came in this morning, looking scared, and we have all had the laugh of him, for no one will confess to being frightened now, or even on the point of running away. The best of it all was when Bull took down his keys and went to the lock-up. I had fastened the door again so that he thought it was all right, but when he opened the door and found the bird flown, you should have seen his face! He is in a terrible state of mind now lest he should be reported to the justices for neglect of duty, and has been begging everyone to keep quiet about it.

"Dimble and Higgs and some others have been up as a deputation to the bonfire (which is all burnt out now, by the bye), and they found poor old Anthony" (Mr. Fielding's expression very innocent here) "actually tied up in a ditch, and able to tell them nothing. Anyhow, there was no sign of a Frenchman; so they all came down, vowing vengeance on the rascal who had lit the beacon; but—but I don't think they'll find him."

"Nor do I," said Miss Lucy with a smile. "And you don't think anyone's any the worse, do you?"

"Not a bit of it! Everyone's greatly the better—except—except me," rather dolefully.

"Oh!—and why—except you?" said the girl, but she turned her head aside and spoke as though she knew the answer.

"Lucy!" cried Mr. Fielding.

She looked up, and the eyes of the two young people met.

The next thing—well, the goodly youth had to drop the cob's bridle, because—really he required the use of both arms, and—

Oh, come! The instructive historical part is all over; there's really nothing more to say.

ANDREW HOME.

NEW IDEAS FOR TEAS.



TEAS have, for a good many generations now, been an important feature in our social life, and the descriptions of the tea-drinking in Mrs. Gaskell's delightful *Cranford* make one feel that even we do not make as much of such gatherings as we might. The teas in *Cranford* were not mere polite "four o'clockers," to use a new French coinage which they have adopted from us, but sociable meals of a sufficiently substantial character to carry the guests round until the next morning, with a sandwich or two and, maybe, a glass of home-made wine before leaving to help keep out the night air.

A good many folk who cannot invite people to dinner or supper can entertain their general friends to tea, and the

thing is to think of some diversion, some general scheme of entertainment that shall knit the company together and give point to the gathering when it is on a somewhat larger scale than usual.

A good many people are very scornful at the mention of the word "game," and yet games, of sorts, afford a good deal of fun if people will only throw themselves into the game with zest, and leave self-consciousness behind for the while. I have known a good deal of amusement got out of "rhyming." One starts a line in the metre of some well-known poem, and the next person has to add the next line, following the metre and the subject started, and so it goes on, each one contributing a line, or maybe two, if the couplet form, familiar in the poems of Pope and Goldsmith, be adopted, and the rhymed couplet is one of the easiest to manage. As for the subject itself, it should be something occupying people's thoughts at the moment, say the Coronation, the approaching holiday-time, or other matters in which all can take an interest. One of the party should write down the lines as they are given out, so that the poem of many poets can be read in its entirety, and very quaint and curious verses result from this kind of collaboration. The great thing in all such games is for the hostess to encourage her guests to make an effort. With our cold and lymphatic temperaments we want a good deal of stimulating into action, but once get us under weigh we go at quite a pace, and it is astonishing what an amount of talent seems to rise to the surface. There are other *mauvais quarts d'heure* than the one before dinner, but get over them and things brisk up, and before long everyone is gathered into the social net, and the impetus necessary can be given by the hostess or host.

A very successful "tea" was given recently, at which the writer was present, where the hostess required her guests to caricature any three of those present. Several protested "that they could not draw to save their lives," but paper and pencils were handed round and each one had to do his or her best, and some very laughable results came from the pencils of those who could not draw to save their lives. When each guest had drawn three portraits the papers were collected and then passed round for all to record their votes upon, by putting either naught or one, two or three, according to the merit of each drawing, those securing the greatest number of marks winning the prizes. These were two small pocket-books or metal mem-books with spring-hinged

covers which are kept closed by the pencil. A "booby" prize of a piece of india-rubber was given to the lowest score. This idea of a caricature tea was, so far as the writer is aware, an original one of the hostess, and it certainly went well. It put people in touch with one another, and by the time the drawings were finished and the tea itself came to be drunk, not one of those terrible pauses occurred which bring the hostess the crushing feeling that her gathering is slow and her guests are being bored instead of amused. As a detail it was found that shrimp paste sandwiches and cress sandwiches met with great favour, so it is evidently a good plan to provide something other than sweets for teas, for these soon cloy, whereas brown-bread sandwiches with bloater paste, cress or cucumber give the palate a zest for some of the sweets.

"Penny" teas are a novelty and afford amusement, and also exercise the ingenuity and give people something to do in their leisure time. The idea is a simple one—to show the greatest effect obtainable at an expenditure of one penny in materials, time and labour not being counted. I suppose more paper can be purchased for a penny than any other manufactured product, and it is astonishing what can be done with three-farthingsworth of paper and a farthingsworth of glue. The first prize at one such tea was given to a lady who made a model of a grocer's shop, every article being contrived out of brown and coloured paper. It would be permissible to purchase two or four separate pennyworths of materials and then take half or a quarter of the purchases for use, though it would be as well in that case to bring the surplus with you, so that the hostess can satisfy herself that the actual cost of the work submitted does not exceed one penny.

Wire, again, is cheap, and skilful fingers with a pair of pincers could contrive some artistic toast-forks and other articles out of a pennyworth of wire.

Wood, again, is cheap, and some good models and toys could be contrived out of, say, a halfpennyworth of wood, a farthingsworth of glue, and a farthingsworth of colour to decorate the wood with.

Out of a halfpennyworth of wire and ditto tissue paper an artistic lamp-shade could be contrived.

Those who can paint might buy a penny box of paints, and on the paper in which the box is wrapped paint a landscape or head. Such a picture would be a veritable *tour de force*, as the colours and brushes in a penny box leave much to be desired.

Those who have culinary skill could show what can be made for an expenditure of one penny. I imagine a farthingsworth of rice, a farthingsworth of sugar, and a halfpennyworth of milk would make a pudding. The cost of firing would not be counted, but if something ought to be allowed for this, then the rice and sugar should cost a farthing, fire a farthing, and milk a halfpenny.

Don't be scornful, gentle reader, at such suggestions, for after all a difficulty so many hostesses encounter is what to do with people when you have gathered them together? and it is one way out of the *impasse* to suggest all doing the same thing at the same time. And even if the "thing" be as trite or ordinary as those above, it will at least serve to start the social machine; it will do something to overcome the inertia that affects us too often; and don't let your enthusiasm be damped by the critic, who is, as Byron said, "ready made." The croaker is soon silenced when he sees that you are not to be turned aside from your purpose by his cynical douche. The hostess, with a little tact and the courage to carry her programme through, can do much to make her gatherings delightful half-hours instead of dreary interludes in which the guests say spiteful things about her and her friends.

FRED MILLER.



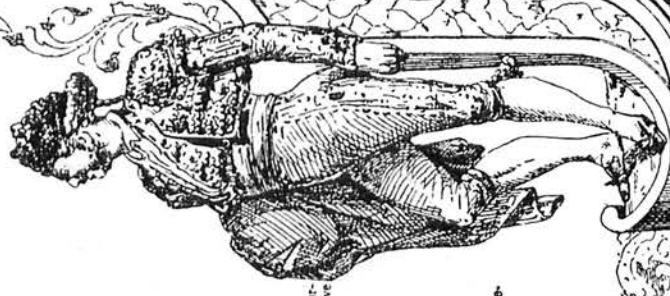
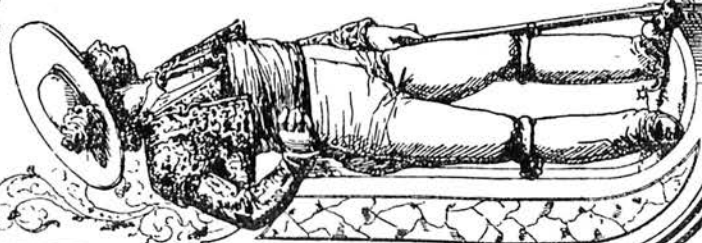
PLAZA DE TOROS DE ALGECIRAS

PRIMERA TARDE
SE LIDIARAN SEIS TOROS
DE LA CANADERIA

D ANASTASIO MARTIN
DE SEVILLA

SEGUNDA TARDE
SE LIDIARAN SEIS TOROS DE LA CANADERIA
SEÑORA VIUDA DE VARELA
hoy de

D GERONIMO MARTINEZ ENRILES
DE MEDINA SIDONIA



WITH THE PERMISSION OF AUTHORITY IF THE WEATHER IS NOT CONTRARY,
TWO BULLS.

FIGHT 'S WILL HAVE IN THE AFTER-NOONS
OF 8 TH & 9 TH JUN 1873.

The undertakings which have taken these spectacles at their expences have made all short of sacrifices for the benefit of this city and the border's greatness affected. For it they have pickwit out twelve bulls a very good 'A TRAPIO, in the better flocks which to day are known in Spain and they have contracted also the better bull fighters.

ESPADAS.

MANUEL FUENTES (a) BOCANEGRA, DE CORDOBA,
Y JOSE SANCHEZ CAMPOS (a) CARA ANCHA, DE ALGECIRAS.

PICADORES.—José Fuentes (a) Pipi, de Córdoba, Juan Trigo, José Gomez (a) Canales, y Emilio Barbolesi, todos de Sevilla.
BANDERILLEROS.—Antonio Herrera (a) Ahillo, José Sanchez Laborada, José Martín, Manuel Mejías (a) Bienvenida, todos de Sevilla, y Pedro Sanchez Campos (a) el Niño, de Algeciras.—CACHETERO.—Manuel Bustamante (a) la Pulga, de Sevilla.

It is forbidden with any one descend into the place during the fight and to dart the fighters anything for their mischief. The dro's cart will have been used for the bulls which was the case in the previous years.

The tickets close will be situated at the Convento's street and in the others places of custom and after two o'clock for the bull fight's place. The after-noon of 7th & 8th the flock correspondent to 8th & 9th will be in the Plaza's marketplace. The public can not inquire after any other fighters if any one of them was wound and bull's rest was not fitted.

TARIFA.—Paseo sin entrada, 60 rs.—Sillas, 25.—Delanteros de balcon, 20.—Vallas, 16.—Terrells alla primera fila, 30.—Segunda id., 20.—Tercera id., 16.—Cuarta id., 12.—Quinta id., 10.—Sexta id., 8.—Séptima id., 6.—Octava id., 4.—Nona id., 2.—Decima id., 1.—Módica entrada de señoras para niños y soldados, 7.—Id. de r. l., 4.

"ENGLISH AS SHE IS WRITTEN."

The above bill of a bull-fight was specially "done in English" for the benefit of the British garrison at Gibraltar.

TWO DOLLS.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

BLUE-EYES was bought in Burlington Arcade;
As for Black-eyes, I know not whence she came;
From some poor shop, I fancy, in the shade,
And quite unknown to fame.

My rich great-aunt, who wears such splendid things,
Presented me with Blue-eyes one fine day,
Bright Blue-eyes with her hair in golden rings,
And cheeks as fresh as May.

But once, when I was very weak and low,
My nurse's poor old mother came to call;
And as it rained she brought Black-eyes, you know,
Under her shabby shawl.

Poor Mrs. Grimes! She was so limp and damp,
And made a muddy mark upon the floor!
Her big umbrella, which nurse called a gamp,
She left outside the door.

And yet I thought her coming quite a treat,
For Black-eyes was a friend in need to me!
So Mrs. Grimes had buttered toast to eat,
And muffins with her tea.

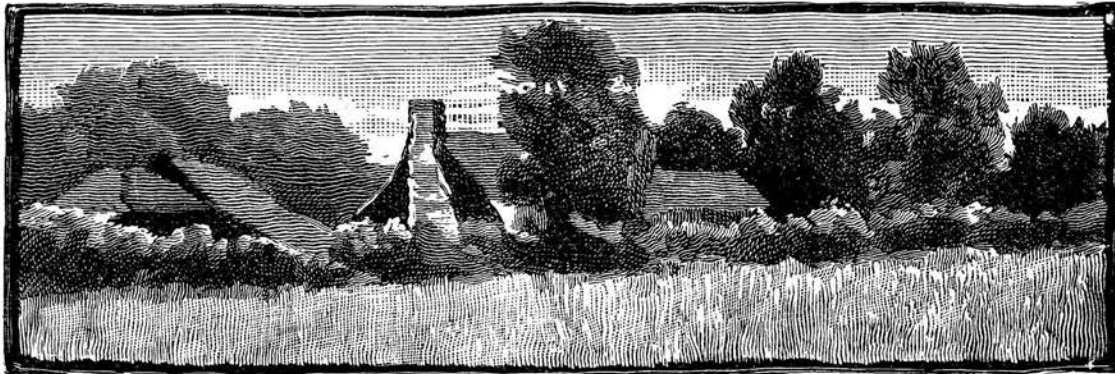
Blue-eyes too soon her haughty ways began,
In spite of all that I could say or do;
Black-eyes, poor soul, was only stuffed with bran,
Blue-eyes was wool all through.

Black-eyes had only pink kid-gloves for arms;
Two faint red spots were all the lips she had;
And yet, when nurse declined to see her charms,
It made me really sad.

Day after day her looks grew worse and worse,
Her arms came off, her hair stood up on end;
Not all the scorn of Blue-eyes and of nurse
Could change me to my friend.

Poor dear, you came when I was sick and tired,
And did your best to make me want to play;
And now, although you cannot be admired,
You shan't be thrown away.

Leave Blue-eyes, with her sweet contemptuous smile,
Perked up among her tea-things gold and red;
And come and talk to me a little while,
Before we go to bed.



BUTTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COMMON-SENSE HOUSEKEEPING."



“**T**HERE'S folks as make bad butter and trusten to the salt to hide it,” said Mrs. Poyser. Ah! but the salt will not hide it. Bad butter proclaims itself, it is an abomination, an annoyance, a loss, and an injury. It is unwholesome and unpalatable. It is good for nothing, neither for eating nor for cooking.

Good butter, on the contrary, is exquisite, tempting, delicious. It melts in the mouth as butter should do. It crowns the efforts of the skilful cook and helps to hide the short-comings of the unskilful one. It gives satisfaction however it is used. It is a most valuable food, less likely to disagree with the stomach than any other fat, and is liked and enjoyed by the sick as well as the hale and strong. Amongst the cultivated and refined it is everywhere regarded as an indispensable article of daily food, and the meal is incomplete from which it is absent. In short, it is one of the crowning luxuries of a perfect meal.

This being the case, what a pity it is that good butter is so hard to get! But there is no question about the fact. It is quite appalling to read the accounts of the adulterations to which it is subjected. For it is said that not only do salt and water enter into the composition, but that in different samples there have been found, besides salt and water, flour, oatmeal, pea-flour, lard, mutton and beef fat, purified animal fat (by which is meant bone-fat, horse-grease, and the fat of dead dogs melted down), with oil, tallow, rag-pulp, &c. &c. There!—that is quite enough.

It appears as if only one thing could be done in the matter. We cannot awaken the consciences of the manufacturers and purveyors of butter; we cannot terrify them with our Adulteration Acts, so it only remains for us to try to understand for ourselves what good butter is, and to refuse to put up with the inferior article. If impositions did not succeed they would not be repeated.

Of course the great test of butter is the palate. Those who are accustomed to perfect butter, “gilt-edged

butter" as the Americans call it, cannot tolerate the sham. But what about those who are not accustomed to it—whose only experience in that line is "Dosset, inferior Dosset?" Would it not be best that they should remain in the ignorance which is bliss? A summer or two ago, some friends of mine who had lived in town all their lives, having only occasional glimpses of the country, had the unspeakable happiness of receiving an invitation to spend six weeks at a large farm in Denmark. They accepted it, and it was quite amusing to see in how short a time they took advantage of their privileges. They had cream, unlimited cream, and beautiful butter, fresh and sweet, and of an exquisite flavour, and they proved in the most satisfactory way that they appreciated it. Even the very little ones got into the way of spreading the odorous substance upon the bread in layers ever so much thicker than the bread itself; and this to the distress of the mother, who, frugal soul, was horrified at their extravagance, as she called it. "Oh, let them have it," said the hospitable hostess, "it will do them good, they cannot have too much good butter." "But what shall I do when they return home, if they acquire habits of this kind?" was the answer. "I can never afford to supply them with butter at this rate." But it was soon found that there was no cause for anxiety on this account. Their taste had been educated. They knew good butter from bad, and had no desire to do more than spread the "best fresh" lightly and sparingly over the bread as they had always been accustomed to do.

But now about understanding butter. Butter is either fresh or salt. A little salt is put even with the best butter, but the quantity ought not to exceed half an ounce to the pound. Sometimes, however, in inferior samples salt and water together make up more than a third of the weight. Salt can, however, easily be removed by washing the butter, and water can be squeezed from it, and the extent of the adulteration can be ascertained by weighing the butter before and after these operations.

There are certain special chemical tests by which the quality of butter can be determined, but these cannot be applied by every one. Still there is one very simple plan by which the commoner adulterations can be discovered. This is to put some of the suspected butter into a glass tube and plunge it into hot water till all the substance is melted. After a little time it will separate into layers, and then the different ingredients which enter into the composition will lie in marked distinctness before us. If lard is present it will be of a paler colour than the butter. If little pieces of skin are found, coarse animal fats have been introduced; and if bits of thread are there, rag-pulp has been used for adulteration.

Supposing, however, that the butter is tolerably good and pure, there will be seen in the bottom of the tube a little, very little, water; on this, and like it by no means conspicuous, will be the curd, and at the top of all will lie the true butter or milk-fat, which will in appearance much resemble oil.

Yet even when both manufacturer and purveyor are quite honest and well-intentioned, butter is not always

perfect; for there are so many little circumstances that may hinder success in butter-making. No other substance absorbs foreign odours and volatile flavours as butter does, so that foul gases or smells accidentally admitted to the dairy are sure to taint the butter, and once injured in this way it can never be recovered. Our forefathers knew this, and in order to prevent the admission into the dairy of any unpleasant odour they used to plant bushes, more particularly the common elder, a short distance in front of the dairy window, to purify the air before it came to the butter. It would seem that modern science has confirmed the wisdom of this plan, for it has discovered that trees and shrubs do inhale gases, some so markedly as to prevent fever. Any one who doubts the fact that butter easily absorbs the flavours of other substances, would do well to put a little butter away on a plate with a slice of cheese and a rasher of bacon, and taste it after a short time. Careless cooks make this experiment constantly though unconsciously.

Then the taste of butter is influenced by the kind of food upon which the cow has been fed; a pleasant and delicate aroma being given to it by some pastures which is not afforded by others. If strong or improper food has been given to the cow, the butter is sure to be affected. Thus butter is much stronger when the cow is fed on turnips than when it is fed on grass or hay. Besides this, a very unpleasant flavour is frequently noticeable in butter made in the autumn, and this is caused by the cow having eaten fallen and decayed leaves with its food. The taste of the butter differs also with the animal from which the milk is taken; and butter made in Egypt and India from bison's milk, and in our own country from goat's milk, is much stronger than that made from cow's milk.

A good deal of difficulty is experienced by housekeepers in keeping butter in good condition. It is so liable, and especially in hot weather, to become rancid. It should be generally known that if rancid butter be washed first in good new milk, and afterwards in cold spring-water, it will become as good as ever. The rancidity in butter is due to the presence of what the chemists call butyric acid, and this is freely soluble in fresh milk.

Fresh butter will keep sweet for a long time if it is put into a bowl with plenty of water, with every half-gallon of which a tea-spoonful of tartaric acid has been mixed. This water should be changed every five or six days, and oftener in hot weather. Butter thus treated has been known to retain its freshness at the end of two months under the existence of a temperature of from 60° to 68° Fahr.

In summer time butter is frequently presented in an oily condition. This is, however, quite unnecessary, for it may easily be kept firm with ice, or, failing this, by the adoption of either of the two following methods—1. Put the butter on a soup-plate and place upon it an inverted flower-pot covered with a cloth, then pour water on the plate. 2. Put the butter in a bowl and place this in a dish that contains water in which a little saltpetre has been dissolved. Lay on and round the bowl a clean cloth with the ends in the saltpetre-

water, and keep the bowl in a cool and *dark* place.

If it is wished to preserve butter for a considerable time, it is a good plan to press it into pots to within an inch of the top, then to lay on it some coarse-grained salt about half an inch thick, covering each pot with a plate or slate. By long keeping the salt runs to brine, which forms an air-tight covering for the butter, which can be easily poured off when the butter is wanted. Dr. Anderson recommends a plan by which he declares that butter may be kept in a cool place for years, and if packed so as not to melt will even bear a voyage to the East Indies. According to this method, each pound of butter is incorporated thoroughly with 1 oz. of a mixture made of 1 oz. of saltpetre, 1 oz. of white sugar, and 2 oz. of Cheshire large-grained salt, all finely powdered. "Butter thus prepared does not acquire its proper taste until it has stood for three or four weeks, when it is found to have a rich marrow-like flavour which no other butter ever possesses."

The varieties of butter are, of course, numerous, as every one knows, and amongst them it must in all honesty be confessed that the English butters do not hold a prominent place. Some of them certainly are excellent; Devonshire, Aylesbury, and Epping butters are deservedly popular, and Cambridge butter also, though it is said that what is called Cambridge butter is only a mixture of foreign butters. Delicious butter, possessing a fine creamy flavour, is made also in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. Yet nearly all the best butter supplied to the London clubs comes from Ostend, from Normandy, and from Brittany. Dutch butter is very largely consumed in every part of Great Britain, and it has been estimated that three-fourths of all the foreign butter used in England is imported from Holland. It is much to be feared that a good deal of this is only purified fat flavoured with buttermilk. A considerable trade is done in butter in Ireland, but as a rule foreign butters from Holland and France are preferred to Irish butter, because they are scrupulously clean, while the Irish butter frequently contains hair and dirt as well as too much salt and brine.

The French in their cookery use a great deal more butter than we English do, and an English housekeeper would be appalled at the quantity disposed of in a French kitchen. But we are not in a position to blame our neighbours in this respect. They save more by utilising the scraps and pieces than we do by being sparing of butter, and if we had learnt to employ the fragments as they do, we could well afford to enrich our dishes in the same way. In various forms they use butter for sauce. *Ravigote* butter is butter incorporated with chopped herbs, pepper, salt, and lemon-juice. It is served with steaks and broiled fish. *Maitre-d'hôtel* butter is butter kneaded with chopped parsley, pepper, salt, and lemon-juice, and a pat is put cold either under or upon broiled meat or fish, and melts in the dish. When a dish is said to be *à la maitre-d'hôtel*, it is almost always served either with this butter or with what is called *maitre-d'hôtel* sauce, which is only English melted butter with chopped

parsley added to it. Anchovy butter is made with butter and pounded anchovies.

There are simpler preparations of butter sauces than these, however, which are most excellent, and which can be prepared so easily that it is a pity they are not more generally known. Amongst these the most important are "black butter," the French *beurre noir*, a piquant sauce used for skate, calf's brains, and similar dishes. It is made by melting fresh butter in a small saucepan and letting it remain over the fire till it is brown, without being at all burnt. It is then mixed with vinegar which has been boiled rapidly till it is considerably reduced, pepper and salt are added, and the sauce, after being passed through a strainer, is ready to serve. *Beurre à la noisette*, or "nut-brown butter," is one of the most perfect of fish sauces. It is made by melting fresh butter and allowing it, not to brown, but to acquire a light golden tinge. When this point is reached, the butter is taken at once from the fire and served with salt and a little lemon-juice. Oiled butter, another simple sauce highly esteemed by epicures, is nothing but fresh butter melted to oil, but not coloured at all, then strained to free it from the milky sediment contained in the butter, and slightly salted before being served.

It must not be thought, however, that butter is esteemed everywhere alike. In the United States, in Sweden, and elsewhere it is made and used in large quantities, and it is employed in England so generally that, in addition to that made at home, 80,000 tons of foreign butter are imported annually, and it has been estimated that in London only the consumption amounts to 15,000 tons. In India it is made from the milk of buffaloes, and under the name of "ghee" is universally used in native cookery. In Brazil it is largely used, and quantities are imported from England, France, and Germany, in addition to that made by the natives. The Brazilians churn their butter in a very curious fashion. Sometimes they put the milk into a bottle, and shake it till the butter comes, then to get it out break off the top of the bottle. Another plan is to put the milk into a hide, and let this be shaken well by two natives, one at each end, or else be dragged on the ground after a galloping horse till the butter appears. Yet in Southern Europe butter is very sparingly used, and in Italy, Spain, and Portugal it is sold by apothecaries as an ointment for external application—as we use it also ourselves, for if one gets a knock or a bump, there is nothing more natural in the world than to rub the place at once with butter.

In choosing butter it should be remembered that fresh butter should be of a pleasant odour, and of an equal colour throughout. If it smells sour it has not been sufficiently freed from the buttermilk; if it is streaked or veiny it has probably been worked up with stale butter or lard. It is a good plan with salt butter to plunge a knife right into it, and if when this is withdrawn it has a rancid and unpleasant smell, the butter is bad. When butter is bought in a tub it is best to have the cask unhooped and try the butter in different parts, for it is more than probable that the butter has

been made at different times, and is not all alike in quality.

Clever housekeepers with artistic tendencies are very fond of making butter *look* pretty for the table. One of the methods they employ for this purpose is to "squirt" the butter. This is done by rolling a piece of stiff white paper to the shape of a sugar-bag, and squeezing the butter in strings through a hole at the bottom. Butter thus prepared may be dished, and garnished with small sprigs of parsley, or it may be used to ornament glazed hams, tongues, &c. "Scooped butter" is made by scooping the butter quickly and thinly with a scooper that has been dipped in warm water. "Curled butter" is made by putting the butter into a cloth, two ends of which are fastened to a hook in the wall, and the other two are tied in a knot so that a stick might pass through. The cloth is twisted

tightly so that the butter shall fall in small curly strings through the knot into a dish put under it to receive it. Very pretty moulds are sold and extensively used for shaping butter. They should be kept perfectly clean, and before being used should be wetted with cold spring-water in order to prevent the butter from sticking to them. Scotch hands for moulding butter are very inexpensive and very easily managed. They consist of two plain pieces of wood fluted in the inside. They require to be soaked in cold water before being used, and if used constantly should be kept in a bowl of water to be ready when wanted. The butter should be taken up between them in small portions, and rolled either into balls or small rolls, and if these are put on a butter dish and garnished with parsley they may be made to look very pretty.

PHILLIS BROWNE.

CREAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COMMON-SENSE HOUSEKEEPING."



It is not given to every one to know what cream really is. People who have lived in towns all their lives, and formed their ideas of country life and country joys from the experiences gained during their yearly holiday, taken it may be in the heat of summer, are as ignorant of cream, its sweetness and richness, and delicate delicious flavour, as they are of the beauty of the lanes in spring, or the loveliness of the woods in autumn. If they could just for once have a dish of real cream put before them, say with a few freshly gathered strawberries, or a tart made of early gooseberries, what would their sensations be, I wonder? It would be like a revelation to them.

I remember many years ago that I had a treat of the kind. In the early summer weather I went with a number of friends on a picnic to Bolton Woods. After spending the day in gathering wild violets and primroses, and watching the rush of waters, and peeping at the blue sky through the branches of the trees, we went into the country inn and had some dinner, and amongst other good things provided there were gooseberry tart and unlimited cream. I am afraid it will be pronounced a very gross association of ideas, but ever since that time early primroses have been connected in my mind with gooseberry tart and cream.

Of course that cream was quite a different thing to town cream. And yet town cream is not so bad in its way. Putting all ideas of comparison aside, it is good enough. It is exceedingly expensive, that is the worst of it, so that in using it one has the uncomfortable feeling that Cleopatra must have experienced when she drank the pearl dissolved in acid. Very likely the

reason that it is so inferior to true country cream is that the milk from which it is taken is inferior too. Horrible stories have been told of late years of the most objectionable adulterations to which milk is subjected; and it has been said that the brains of animals, plaster of Paris, and other substances have been mixed with the milk; but the alarm was needless. It is not often that milk is diluted with anything worse than water—which is bad enough. Those serious adulterations would be very easily detected, for they would alter the flavour and appearance of the milk entirely, as they certainly would those of the cream.

But how even town cream makes its presence felt! Blancmanges and custards are very different articles made with cream and with milk, and certain soups into the composition of which cream has entered are not to be compared for a moment with the same soups when cream is absent. If good milk can be obtained at all, it is worth while to let it stand a little and see if it will not yield some of the precious liquid, which is sure to be appreciated by some favoured member of the household, or which will prove valuable for making cakes and pastry. A little water stirred into new milk makes cream rise more quickly than it otherwise would, although it does not affect the quantity yielded. And it is an undeniable proof of the goodness of milk when cream can be obtained from it. When it is wished to keep cream for a short time, it is a good plan to boil it and sweeten it slightly with sugar. At all times the cream should be kept in a cool place, and the jug which contains it may with advantage be put into a basin of cold water.

Then cream is such a wholesome dish. Is it not Miss Nightingale who says that "in many long chronic diseases cream is quite irreplaceable by any

other article whatever. It seems to act in the same manner as beef-tea, and to most it is much easier of digestion than milk. In fact, it seldom disagrees"? Many doctors are of opinion that Devonshire cream is a valuable substitute for cod-liver oil, in cases where the latter disagrees with the stomach. Strange to say, too, that when it is taken continually for a long time, it inspires the same distaste that oil does. A little while ago I brought out a dish of Devonshire cream to a young friend of mine, quite expecting that it would be considered a great treat, but to my astonishment she involuntarily turned away from it. I might as well have offered her a black draught. "Is it possible that you do not like Devonshire cream?" I inquired. "Indeed, I do not like it," was the reply. "I have never cared for it since I was obliged to take it as a child, instead of cod-liver oil." This is all the more singular because we know that cod-liver oil, though it may be disliked at first, frequently comes to be very much enjoyed by those who take it.

As a rule, however, Devonshire cream is valued and appreciated very highly, and those who are fortunate enough to be able to obtain it think themselves highly privileged. Some young folks of my acquaintance spent the summer at Ilfracombe a year or two ago, and they were so enthusiastic about the cream! They were always early "off to market on a market day," making the old women bring out the mugs, and jars, and cups that contained the delicacy, and entreating their mother to lay in a goodly store of the same. Then they ate the cream instead of butter at breakfast, and had the cream with jam and bread for pudding at dinner, and cream at tea, and cream whenever they could get it between meals; and when they returned to town, healthy and strong, after their summer's trip was over, they declared that they owed their rosy cheeks and bright eyes quite as much to the Devonshire cream they had indulged in, as to the fresh sea breezes, and rest, and change.

These children had a great desire to see how Devonshire cream was made, so one day we made an expedition to a farm-house a few miles out, which was kept by a friend of our landlady, and there they saw how their favourite delicacy was produced. The beautiful milk—yesterday's—was put into polished shallow tin pans over a low clear fire, quite free from smoke, and was to remain there gradually heating, but never being allowed to boil or to get any way near boiling, for about twelve hours, till the cream was ready to take off. We were fortunate enough to see it just as it was being lifted from the fire. It lay in a kind of thick ring on the top of the fluid, and looked most delicious; but we did not taste it, for we were told it was to remain untouched until the next day, when it would be skimmed off and put into jars ready for sale.

It would appear from this as if any one who had a shallow pan, and could keep a low bright fire, could have this kind of cream. So they could if they could get equally good milk. A friend of mine in Natal has supplied her family for many years with clotted cream of her own manufacture, and may be doing so now

for anything I know. But to have real Devonshire cream there must be real Devonshire milk, and this can only be obtained from cows that have been fed on the rich pastures of humid Devonshire. Everything has its price, and it is more than probable that the Devonshire people owe their rich milk to the continual rainy weather which they endure.

Corstorphine cream, sometimes called Ruglen cream or Lappered milk, is almost as great a favourite with the people in whose neighbourhood it is made as Devonshire cream is with the Devonians. It is made by pouring new unskimmed milk into a jar, and the next day pouring in some more milk and stirring the milks together, and in this way mixing the milks of three or four consecutive days, and letting them remain until sour and coagulated. The whey is then drawn off, and the thick milk is mixed with fresh cream and sugar. The cream is particularly refreshing and cooling, and is delicious when eaten with fresh fruit. There has been quite a dispute amongst learned men whether the honour of having invented this cream belongs to Corstorphine, near Edinburgh, or to the burgh of Rutherglen, in the neighbourhood of Glasgow.

Scotch sour cream is another delicacy very much esteemed by many people. It, however, is a sort of imposture. It looks very nice and tastes very nice, though not like real cream, and it sells for double the price of fresh milk, but it is really made from skimmed milk. The milk is put overnight into a small tub with a spigot at the bottom, and this is placed in another filled with hot water. In the morning the smaller tub is taken up, and the thin part of the milk, called the "wigg," is drawn off, leaving the thick sour cream behind it.

We English people are not, however, in a position to throw stones at the Scotch for impostures about cream, for it is to be feared that a good deal of what is sold as cream cheese is not made of cream, but rather of the last milk that is drawn from the cow at each milking. Yorkshire cream cheese is, however, usually made of real cream, and exceedingly delicious it is. The worst of it is that it will not keep.

Economical housekeepers, who do not like the idea of paying a fancy price for cream, occasionally make a mock cream with eggs and milk, and endeavour to persuade themselves that the imitation is as good as the reality. But, like Dick Swiveller's marchioness, they are compelled to "make believe very much." Perhaps the most successful of these sham creams is that prepared from the following recipe:—"Beat the yolk of an egg, and mix it with a quarter of a pint of milk. Strain the mixture into a jug, and set this in a saucepan of cold water over the fire, and stir the mixture until it thickens; but it must not boil. Sweeten the preparation slightly, and when cold it is ready for use. This cream may be used either for tea or tarts." A still more inexpensive substitute for cream is made by mixing a dessert-spoonful of flour to a smooth paste with a little milk, and adding gradually more milk to make up the quantity to one pint, and simmering the preparation for a few minutes to take off the rawness from the flour. The well-

beaten yolk of an egg should be added when the cream is partially cooled. Milk and the yolk of an egg are frequently put into soups, too, to save the expense of cream. When this is done, the milk should be boiled separately, and poured through a strainer into the soup just before it is to be served. The egg-yolk should be thrown into the tureen (which has been already made hot, ready to be sent to table), and beaten up with a spoonful of the soup out of the saucepan. Afterwards a few more spoonfuls may be thrown in one at a time, and when the yolk is well mixed with these the remainder of the soup can be added.

Besides being taken in tea and coffee, and served with fruits and compôtes, cream is subjected to the skill of the confectioner, and constitutes the foundation of various delicacies. Amongst these are ice creams, which are so popular with the fair sex, and are said to have been introduced by Catherine de Medici. They are made of congealed cream mixed with the juices of fruits or other flavouring ingredients. The mixture requires to be prepared and manipulated with great care, and especially while it is being thickened over the fire, during which time it should be continuously stirred till it is sufficiently smooth and thick, when it should be rubbed through a sieve. Afterwards it can be frozen and moulded in the usual way. When ice creams are only occasionally required, it will be found to be both more economical and more satisfactory to buy them of the confectioner than to endeavour to prepare them at home. Cream ices, though exceedingly refreshing and delicious, are not considered particularly wholesome. They should certainly be avoided either when people are very warm or after violent exercise, otherwise they might produce serious indisposition. The weakly, the aged, and the very young would do well to avoid them altogether.

Whipped cream is another of the forms under which cream is presented to us by the confectioner. It is used chiefly to fill meringues and adorn trifles and sweet dishes of various kinds. It is made by sweetening and flavouring good cream, then whisking it with an egg-whisk or wire spoon till a froth rises to the surface. This should be taken off as soon as it forms,

and laid upon a lawn-sieve, and the cream should be whisked again until it is used. This is best when made some hours before it is used, as by that means it will become more solid. When it is not needed to be very solid it can be used at once. The whip will be more easily made if the cream is whisked over ice. When very good cream cannot be obtained, white of egg is generally added to the cream before it is whisked. This preparation is seldom satisfactorily managed by the amateur.

French creams are simply custards flavoured with various ingredients, and stiffened with isinglass. There are a great many of these creams, such as lemon, orange, ratafia, vanilla, and maraschino, and each is named after the flavouring ingredient. Custards were for a long time known on the Continent as English creams. They are very favourite delicacies, and may be made with cream and eggs, or with boiling milk and eggs. The secret of making them well lies in stirring them sufficiently. The custard made of yolks of eggs upon which boiling milk has been poured ought to be put into a saucepan and stirred briskly over a slow fire for a quarter of an hour or more, till it begins to thicken. It ought then to be drawn back and put on a cool part of the range, where it cannot even simmer, and here it should remain, being stirred occasionally, for another quarter of an hour. A custard thus made with a pint of milk and three eggs will be very little inferior to one made with cream and eggs. The flavouring essence should be added very sparingly after the custard is poured out. If the flavour of lemon is desired, the thin rind of half a lemon finely shredded should be boiled in the milk, and left in the custard till it is cold. A very delicious flavour may also be imparted to a custard by boiling a laurel-leaf in it—not a bay-leaf, but the leaf of the cherry-laurel. The leaf should, however, be taken out as soon as the custard is flavoured, for it must be remembered that the cherry-laurel is poisonous.

In large towns and among ordinary people cream is becoming more and more of a rarity. The reason of this not that it is not appreciated, but that it cannot so easily be obtained. PHILLIS BROWNE.



Odds and Ends.

AN interesting story is told of a pearl necklace belonging to the Archduchess Rainer of Austria. The Archduchess some years ago was seized with a most malignant fever exhibiting symptoms not unlike those of the Black Plague. She always wore a necklace of pearls, and these were not removed when the illness commenced. Oddly enough the pearls seemed to contract the illness of their wearer, for they lost all their beauty and colour, becoming brown and of a dirty appearance. On the Archduchess's recovery the pearls were taken to every expert in Europe, the general opinion being that they were worthless and that their former superb sheen was irretrievably lost. One jeweller, however, advised as a last resource that the pearls should be restored to the sea for a period of ten years in the hope that the action of the salt water would remove the stains upon them. At the present moment the necklace lies in the sea in an open-work iron casket off the Island of Corfu, close to the castle of Miramar.



AN interesting experiment, owing its conception and organisation entirely to women, is being tried in Chicago. It is a circulating picture library. A large number of photographs of the world's most famous paintings, together with engravings of the Arundel Society and reproductions of some of the best examples of modern art, have been deposited in the Hull House Settlement in that city, and are lent to the working people in the neighbourhood. No charge is made nor is any security required. Each picture is lent for a fortnight, and the borrowers seem to be in every way worthy of the confidence reposed in them. The greatest care is taken for the safety of the pictures by those whose homes they brighten, and so great is the appreciation that there seems every possibility of such an arrangement meeting with similar success elsewhere. Ignorant and uncultured people whose days are spent in unremitting toil cannot possibly be expected to read great books when their work is done, but a great picture appeals to every intelligence, however uneducated. The most popular pictures are Fra Angelico's Paradise, the Sistine Madonna and other of Raphael's works, the Presentation in the Temple, and Bastien Lepage's Joan of Arc. There are hundreds of poor districts in this country where sordid homes might be made beautiful by the presence of a representation of a splendid and elevating picture, and it is to be hoped that the circulating Picture Library will commend itself to some of our philanthropists.



IN the daily press there constantly appear the most ludicrous mistakes; but of the many that have late been noticed, the following are really funny. A well-known minister in a country district was married, and a list of the bride's presents was sent to the local paper. The feelings of both givers and receivers can be imagined when they read: "Silver-mounted dressing-case, case of silver dessert-spoons, knives, one Galloway heifer, four score white-faced sheep, demand for young pigs steady, silver reading-lamp, etc." A report from the cattle-market had been amalgamated with the list of wedding-presents. The following lines at the end of an advertisement of a nursing-bottle might have been clearer. "When the baby is done drinking, it must be

unscrewed and laid in a cool place under a tap. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk it should be boiled." Another ludicrous mistake was made by a reporter in reproducing the speech of a great nobleman. The original sentence ran, "In these days every clergyman is expected to have the intellect and wisdom of a Jeremy Taylor;" but in the paper it appeared, "Every clergyman is nowadays expected to have the intellect and wisdom of a journeyman taylor." A minister was once described as a "putty-eyed monster" instead of a "pretty aged minister." Hailstones in a severe storm were said to have been as large as "pullets" instead of "bullets," and the "bust of Milton" was turned, either by the reporter or the compositor, into "breast of mutton." But perhaps the most amusing of them all is one which appeared in a Somerset county paper. "The Express Engine," it gravely announced, "is indisposed. Her Majesty is suffering from a painful local affection of the parts about the ear; this is accompanied by not a little constitutional disturbance, with, in addition, annoying neuralgic pains, which radiate over the face and parts of the head." The "Express Engine" should have been the "Empress Eugénie."



WOMEN are still advancing rapidly in all paths of work, but the latest avocation to which the sex is devoting itself seems to be that of stevedore. A large number of women have recently been engaged at the East India and Millwall Docks in London in this capacity. So far the experiment has been confined to vessels used only for the transit of bottles, mineral waters, and other light merchandise, and it has been found that the women perform the task of loading and unloading as satisfactorily as men. The men-stevedores at the docks have made no objection to this incursion into what has hitherto been regarded as their own special field of labour, and regard the spectacle with some amusement.



"IN that moment when, as to most at some time or other, a kind of despairing feeling comes to you, when energy lags, and the heart, bitten by the chill of some disappointment, sinks far below the zero point—then the safety for you and the sure path into more genial spiritual health is the duty next you. Do that any way. Even with failing feeling and nerveless hands compel yourself to do it. Do not put it off. Do not allow yourself bewailingly to wait for a better mood. Do the duty next you, or any way try at it. At least a fine sense of accomplishment will come in a very real consciousness of personal heroism." *Wayland Hoyt.*



"ALL quarrels, mischief, hatred, and destruction arise from unadvised speech, and in much speech there are many errors, out of which thy enemies shall ever take the most dangerous advantage."—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*



AT Cardigan there is a woman-pilot, who for many years has steered all the sailing-vessels and steamers which enter the river there, to the town.

THERE are eighteen state-whips belonging to the British royal and viceregal establishments, six being at Buckingham Palace, four at Marlborough House, and the remaining eight at Dublin and Calcutta. They are practically all alike, having a lancewood stick and an ivory handle, with richly-chased silver mounts all the way up. Two specially-fine whips were made for the Queen for the Jubilee ceremonials; one was for a four-in-hand, the other for a postilion. They were braided by hand in silver-gilt wire and silk, and were replicas of whips made for the Queen's coronation. They cost £12 and £10 respectively.

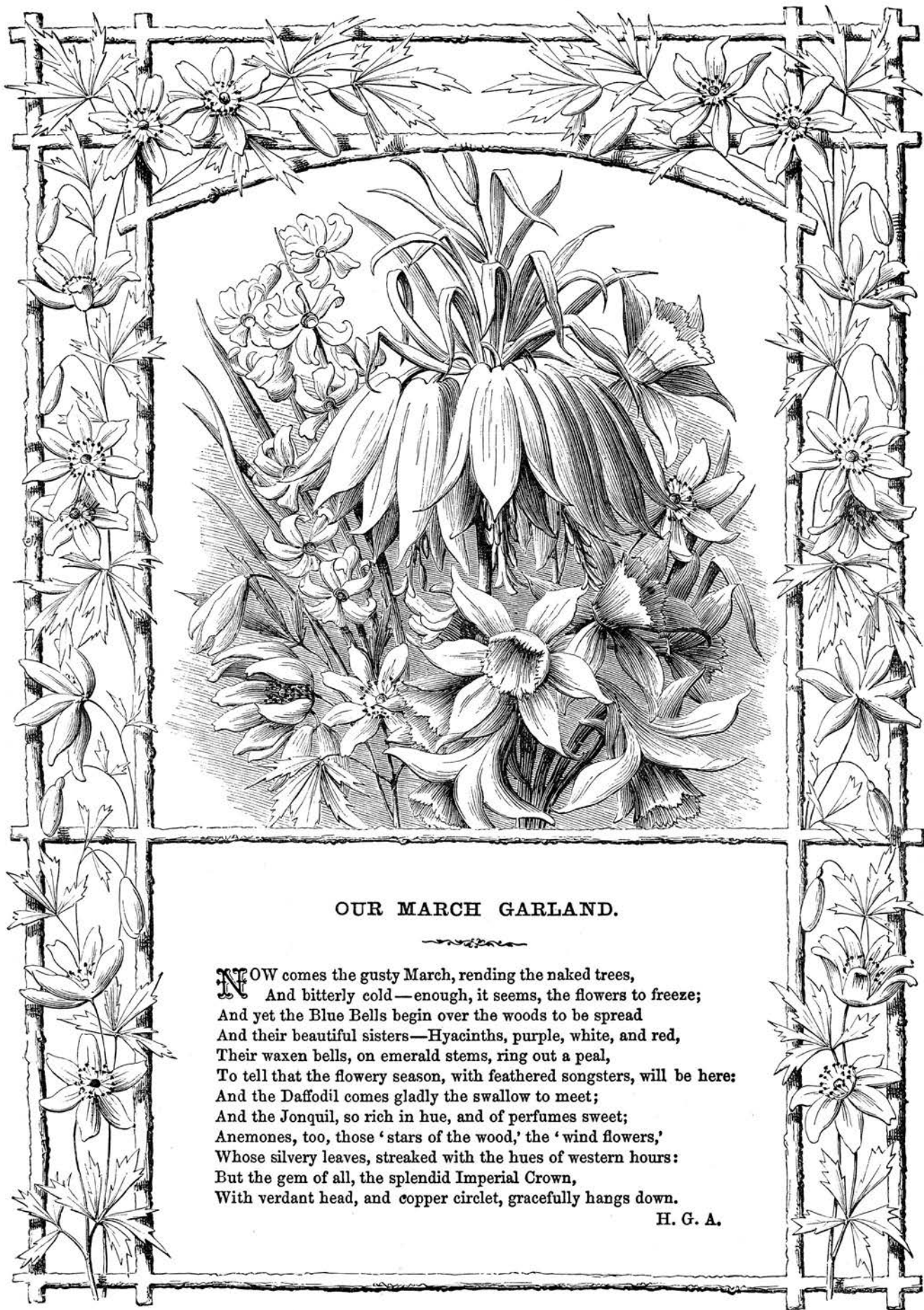


Too much cannot be said against the system of wearing the stuffed bodies of birds or plumage in hats and bonnets, nor can it be said too often, and the following lines are an echo of what every right-thinking person feels on the subject:—

"Just in front of my pew sits a maiden,
A little brown wing in her hat,
With its touches of tropical azure,
And the sheen of the sun upon that.
Through the bloom-covered pane shines a
glory,
By which the vast shadows are stirred;
But I pine for the spirit and splendour
That painted the wing of the bird.
The organ rolls down its great anthem,
With the soul of a song it is blent;
But for me I am sick for the singing
Of one little song that is spent.
The voice of the preacher is gentle—
'No sparrow shall fall to the ground!'
But the poor little wing on the bonnet
Is mocking the merciful sound.
And I wonder if ever or never
With white wings o'er weary and furred,
I shall find the sweet spirit of pity
Abroad in the heart of the world."



To the foreigner learning English, more difficulties present themselves than to the Englishman who learns, say, German, French, or Italian. Apparently our language is full of contradictions, "See what a flock of ships," cried a Frenchman pointing to some fishing-vessels. He was told that a flock of ships is called a fleet; and the occasion might have been improved by telling him also that a fleet of sheep is called a flock, that a flock of girls is called a bevy, a bevy of wolves is a pack, a pack of thieves is a gang, a gang of angels is called a host, a host of porpoises is called a shoal, a shoal of buffaloes a herd, a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a covey, a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, a horde of rubbish is called a heap, a heap of oxen a drove, a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, a school of worshippers a congregation, a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, a band of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd. Other difficulties of our language are well-illustrated by three French boys, who were translating the "To be or not to be" speech in *Hamlet* into their own language. The three translations of "To be or not to be" were: "To was or not to am," "To were or not," and "To should or not to will."



OUR MARCH GARLAND.

NOW comes the gusty March, rending the naked trees,
And bitterly cold—enough, it seems, the flowers to freeze;
And yet the Blue Bells begin over the woods to be spread
And their beautiful sisters—Hyacinths, purple, white, and red,
Their waxen bells, on emerald stems, ring out a peal,
To tell that the flowery season, with feathered songsters, will be here:
And the Daffodil comes gladly the swallow to meet;
And the Jonquil, so rich in hue, and of perfumes sweet;
Anemones, too, those ‘stars of the wood,’ the ‘wind flowers,’
Whose silvery leaves, streaked with the hues of western hours:
But the gem of all, the splendid Imperial Crown,
With verdant head, and copper circlet, gracefully hangs down.

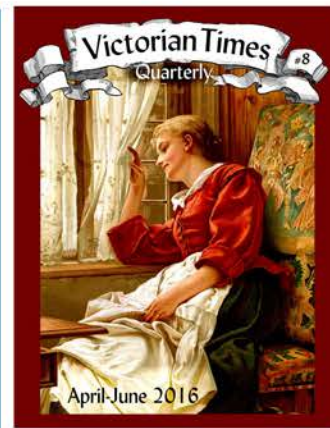
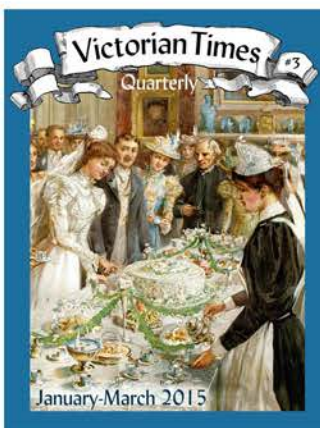
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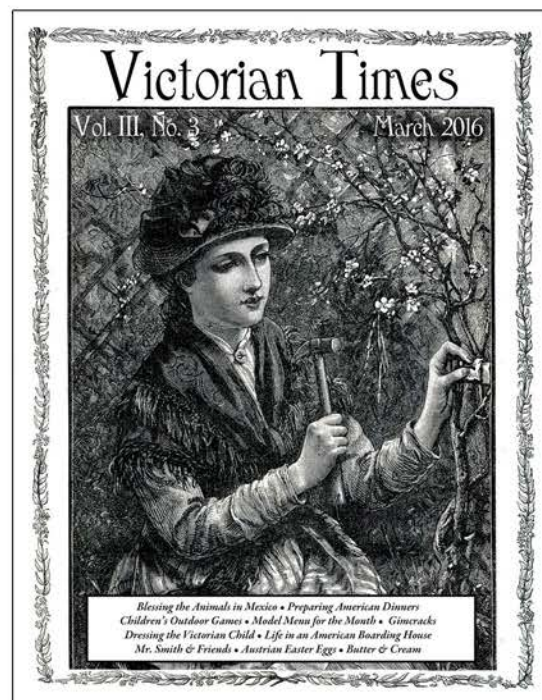
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