

# Victorian Times

Vol. III, No. 5

May 2016



*Frauds, Forgeries & Begging Letters • Welsh May Queens • Afternoon Tea  
Hosting a Musical "At-Home" • Model Menu for May • Art Needlework  
Children's Outdoor Games from America • Outwitting the Wily Rat  
Curious Cotillion Customs • A Stormy Voyage Around the Horn*

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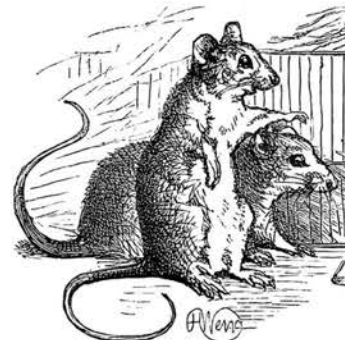
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\**The Girl's Own Paper* \*\**Cassell's Family Magazine*

# History Before It Happens

One of the more intriguing aspects of reading articles from Victorian magazines is the ability to read about history *before* it actually “happens.” A more clichéd phrase would be “history in the making,” but that doesn’t quite express the experience. Victorian writers were often aware that their subject was “history in the making,” but they could not know just what sort of history was to be *made*. And there is a vast difference between the way articles are written by people who know what an outcome was, vs. people who do not know, yet, what an outcome will be.

A case in point is an article I recently came across in an 1896 *Strand Magazine* about the upcoming expedition to the North Pole by Swedish balloonist S.A. Andrée. Andrée’s idea was to travel by balloon from Sweden to either Canada or Russia, in hopes he might manage to float *across* the North Pole in the process—and thus give Sweden a bit of the glory in the ongoing “race to the North Pole.”

You can look up Andrée on Wikipedia to learn the results: The balloon crash-landed after only two days, and the crew perished some three months later, trapped on a small island for the winter. (Their final camp was not discovered until 1930; until then, their actual fate had remained a mystery!) This excellent Wikipedia article looks at the many flaws in Andrée’s plans, and notes that the explorer was pretty much picked to pieces by subsequent historical analyses.

Today, Andrée is little more than a footnote to the history of Arctic exploration. In 1896, however, he was big news. *The Strand’s* article acknowledges the hazards of the expedition, but maintains a hopeful outlook. It also documents in great detail the explorer’s plans, preparations and equipment—information that is far less likely to appear in articles *after* the fact, which focus on what *did* happen rather than what *might* happen.

Since I’d never heard of Andrée before reading this article, my experience was probably similar to that of the 1896 reader: I had no idea what would happen next. When one has the benefit of 20-20 hindsight, however, reading “history before it happens” can be a bit more chilling. Take, for example, another 1896 *Strand* piece on the coronation of Czar Nicholas II of Russia. The author basically offers his readers a travelogue of the wonders of the emperor’s palaces and carriages. (Lots of carriages!) Royalty was, to this British writer, something glittering and eternal. Today, we know what would happen to Nicholas and his family in a cellar in Yekaterinburg, 22 years later. And today, many historians tend to regard their fate as “inevitable”—but to the writer of 1896, it was unimaginable.

One gets a similar shiver reading about individuals who would, one day, embark on the maiden voyage of a certain steamship named *Titanic*. A 1912 volume of *The Girl’s Own Paper* includes a brief editorial note mourning the loss of a regular contributor. The view of a writer who has just lost a dear friend in a disaster is surely going to be very different from the view of a writer commenting on the 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary of that event!

I could go all sagey here and point out that we are all experiencing “history before it happens,” but that’s so true of every era that it’s a rather pointless point to make. Rather, from the standpoint of studying history, what struck me in these articles is how much we can learn from writers who do not know, yet, what history will bring. “History,” typically, is what is written *after* the fact. The event, whatever it is, has occurred—and from that point forward, historians look *back* to seek explanations, answers, causes... and, quite often, someone to blame.

Many people find “history” to be a stale topic, and I can’t help but wonder if one reason for that is precisely *because* it is written “after the fact.” We already know how the story ends before we begin. Scholars vie with one another to provide interpretations of history—and those interpretations tend to change as perspectives and fashions of thought shift over time.

Reading “history” is like reading a guide-book to the past, and it can be a wonderful guide. Reading “history before it happens,” however, is like putting the guide-book down and stepping away from the beaten path. What you discover may not look quite like the guided tour—but it’s sure to be interesting!

—Maira Allen, Editor  
editors@victorianvoices.net

## Crimes and Criminals.

### FORGERS AND BEGGING-LETTER WRITERS.



THE doings of forgers, if properly chronicled, would fill sufficient volumes to stock the library of any average mansion with as sensational a series of works as could be found—indeed, so would the operations of begging-letter writers, for the matter of that. The previous papers under the heading of "Crimes and Criminals" have particularly dealt with the relics at New Scotland Yard, and although it must be admitted that the mementos here of this particular branch of punishable professions are not peculiarly extensive, yet they are unquestionably highly instructive and interesting, and it is not proposed to deviate from the pivot round which our previous observations have been made.

One glass case is practically given up to them. It is a "creepy" case. It contains the last clothes worn by a famous forger, whose action set the whole world talking for weeks—his silk hat, travelling cap with ear laps, pocket-handkerchief, collar, etc. It is not considered politic to mention his name. Close by is a poisoner's pill case, whose nefarious deeds in a neighbourhood "over the water," and in the immediate vicinity of Waterloo Bridge, made one shudder only a year or so ago. Then we come to the relics which call for more minute attention.

Here are the plates for printing, gelatine moulds, and specimens of notes, which form the relics of the case known as the "Forged Russian Rouble Notes," which had a run between the years 1868 and 1876. A glance at a frame containing samples of notes purporting to be for one, three, ten, twenty-five roubles, etc., will at once convince the observer that the Russian Consulate spoke truly when, at the hearing of the persons arrested, at

the police-court, he said: "They are really splendid specimens of forgeries of the actual legitimate notes." In company with these are treasures associated with what is known as the "Ti Kroner Case." They consist of a cigar-box converted into what is generally believed to be a photographic camera, a negative—broken fortunately—of a Ti Kroner note, a note photographed on a piece of substantial box-wood, several specimens of forged notes, and a note pasted on to a piece of paper with three circles cut out of it. This is peculiarly interesting, for "the operator" has pencilled in the centre disc, "£10 clock here," in the left-hand disc "£10 watch here," and in the right-hand circular space, "watch here." The excuse of the person on whose premises these were found was that he intended to use the Ti Kroner notes as a novel form of advertisement for clock and watch makers!—to distribute these notes, drop one or two carelessly in the streets, or leave them on the cushions of railway carriages; and when the thinkingly

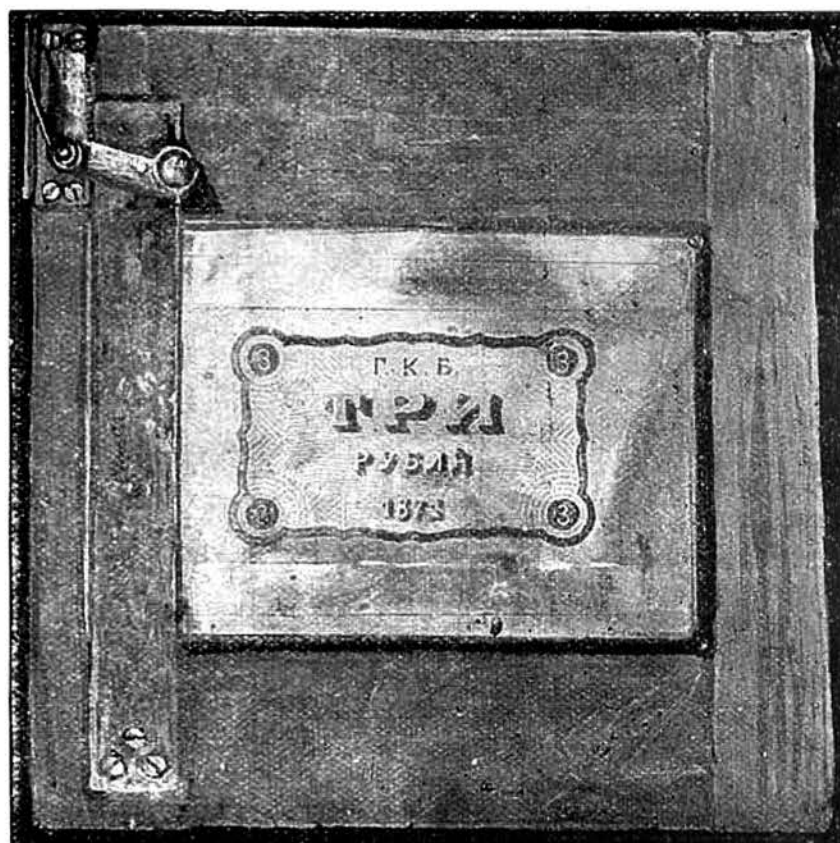


PLATE USED FOR PRINTING FORGED RUSSIAN ROUBLE NOTES.

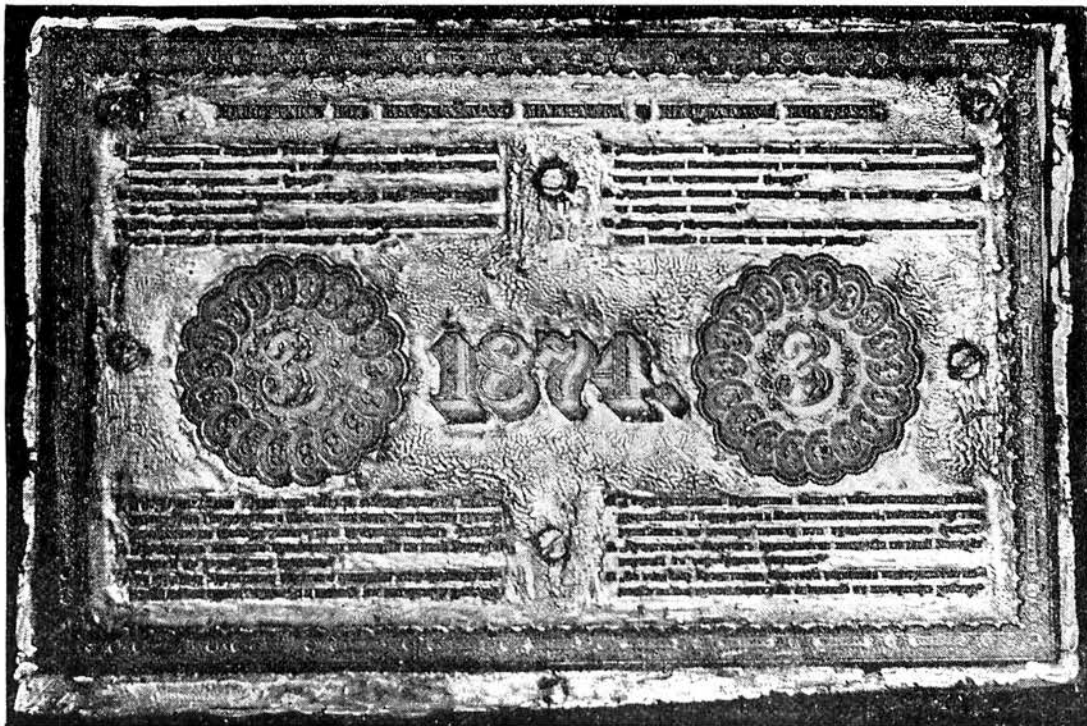
lucky finder hastily picked one up, popped it in his pocket, and waited until he got home to examine it, he found it was only, after all, an advertisement for Brown, the watchmaker, or Tompkins, the clock manufacturer!

Strangely enough, these relics were never brought as silent witnesses against the person who at one time owned them. He was voted by a thoughtful judge a perfectly fit and proper individual to partake of Her Majesty's hospitality for the comfortable period of twenty years for quite a different offence. He used to send notes—not forged ones, but nice, delicate little note-paper notes—to old ladies, threatening them that if they did not send him money he would, at the earliest opportunity, place dynamite on their door-mats, so that the first time they rubbed their boots or goloshes on the cocoa-nut fibre, they would be—well, he wouldn't venture to say where they would be blown to! Our Ti Kroner forger must have been a very versatile genius.

The simplicity which is characteristic of not a few of the inhabitants of Britain and the readiness with which some people are taken in are well illustrated by New Scotland Yard's collection of flash notes. Flash notes are generally carried by the members of that fraternity who delight in showing you what is known as the three-card trick, or by persons who wish, for some particular reasons of their own, to inspire your confidence

in them, and lead you to trust in their keeping for half an hour or so your money, watch, or what not.

There are several hundreds of these notes at New Scotland Yard. It is not a punishable offence, by-the-bye, to have them in your possession, or even to print them, but it would go badly with you should you try to pass one as a real note. Now, it is a certain fact that in the case of many of these notes, they were never intended for any wrong purpose, but were merely brought out as a novel and attractive advertisement. It is to be hoped that the writer does not convey the smallest impression to the reader that these notes were in the first place originally issued for anything but a proper and legitimate cause. But your confidence-man, your cardsharper, should any perchance happen to fall in his hands, uses them to suit his own game. They are crisp—just like real bank-notes, and when rustled in the palm of the hand make that delicious sound which cheers the heart and wreathes the face in smiles: they are very nearly the same size, too, of a real "fiver." So they are used for a purpose for which they were never intended, and the confidence-man pulls out of his trousers pocket a handful of—what? Bank-notes? Nothing of the kind. But they look like them. Of course they do. But if you get hold of them yourself you would see that this crisp piece of paper with a big TEN in the left-hand



MOULD USED FOR FORGED RUSSIAN ROUBLE NOTES.



FORGED RUSSIAN ROUBLE NOTE--FRONT AND BACK.

liarily interesting. It has, at some time or the other, formed part of the "monetary" luggage of somebody engaged in the confidence trick. Kossuth, the great Hungarian patriot, gave orders to a firm of lithographic printers for the printing of several million notes, which he intended for circulation in Hungary. The Austrian Government, however, objected to this, went to law, and the case was decided in their favour. The notes were to be destroyed, and so great was their number that several waggons were loaded with them. One of these identical notes is to be found framed at New Scotland Yard!

Whilst on this subject, a good story may be told, which will well illustrate the ingenuity of some to take advantage and make profit of a "forgery" scare.

Some time ago considerable consternation was created in France

corner was only: "Bank of Engraving. I Promise to Engrave and Print in Letterpress, etc., on Demand for the Sum of Ten Pounds in the First Style of the Art or forfeit the above sum. London, 29 April, 1840. For Self & Co., Bank of Engraving, J. Duck, Fitzroy Square. £ Ten."

Another of these is in reality a capital advertisement for a well-known circus, stating that it has been "Entirely redecorated and renovated at the cost of One Thousand Pounds"—a big One Thousand Pounds appearing in the left-hand corner. Indeed, your cardsharpener and confidence-man knows how easily gulled some folk are, that he has even included in his stock-in-trade a note-advertisement emanating from a Parisian firm of dentists, stating that they will gladly supply you with a new false tooth for the modest sum of five francs!

These and many more are in a frame at New Scotland Yard—a good supply of American notes being noticeable. Amongst them is one which, at the moment of writing, is pecu-

owing to the circulation of forged 500 franc notes. An individual—always on the lookout for the adaptation of his genius to circumstances—exhibited one of these sham notes and netted a neat little sum by charging a franc a head.

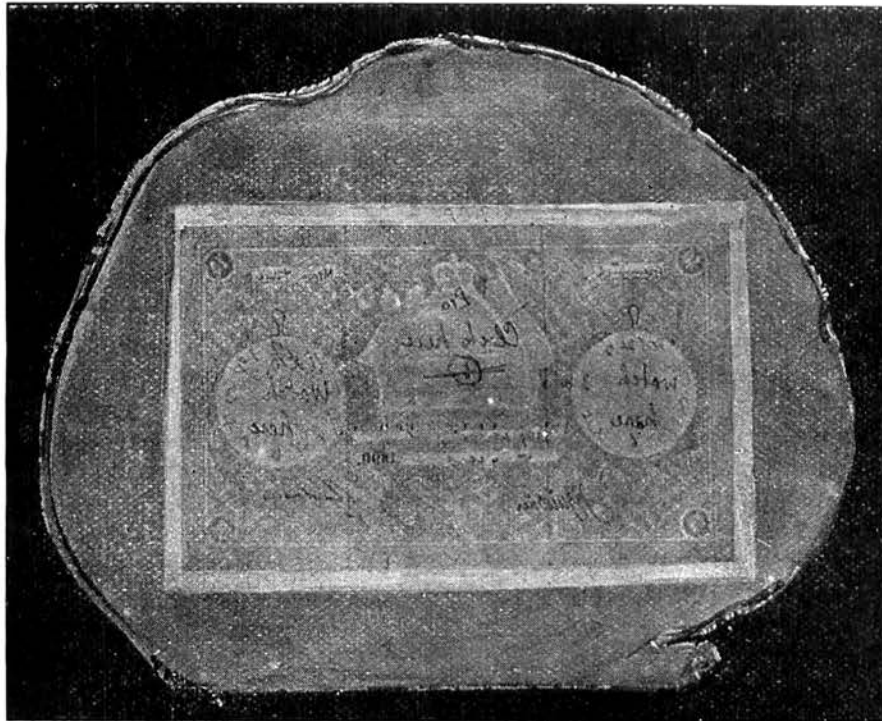
"Beautiful imitation," said one, "but not good enough to take me in."

"Very clever," remarked another, "but not quite clever enough to catch me."

"Ha! Ha!" exclaimed a third, "I should have known it as a bad 'un at once!"

The exhibitor smiled and said nothing. They had been looking at a *real* note all the time!

The particular glass case at New Scotland Yard to which we have been devoting our attention also contains substantial mementos of a gentleman who was closely associated with the great forged will and next-of-kin swindle of 1885. Charles Howard was this worthy's name, and he died within the walls of Holloway Prison, on the 25th November, 1893, whilst under remand.



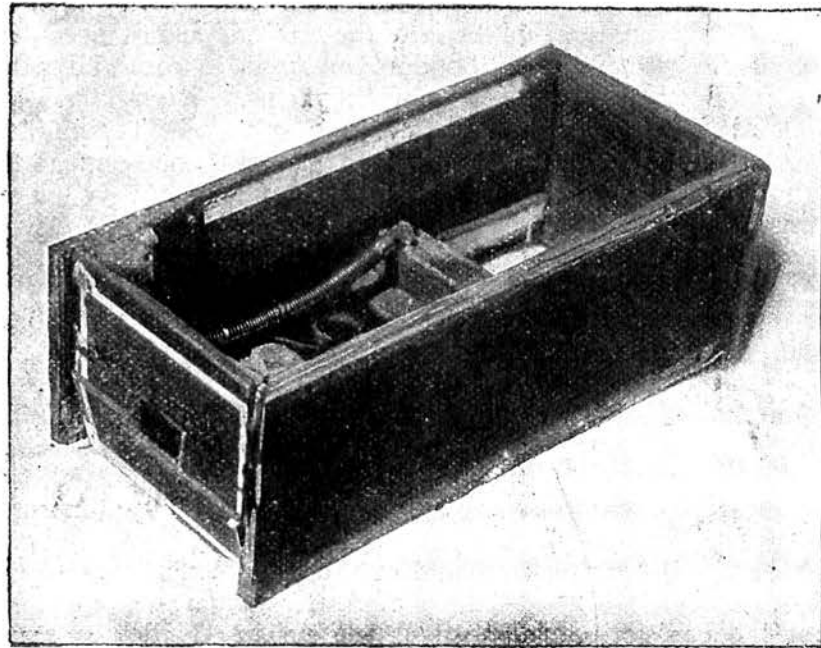
11 KRONER NOTE PHOTOGRAPHED ON WOOD BLOCK.

Old Howard—for he was over seventy years of age—was a colossal swindler. He played for high stakes in the highest quarters. No twopenny-halfpenny swindles would appease his criminal appetite—thousands, and nothing short, was his game, and more often than not he bagged them. His operations extended all over the civilized world. His portrait has followed him all round Europe. On the Continent he posed as the Count Von Howard and Count Hovardi. The writer has had an opportunity of looking at his picture—a more benevolent-looking old fellow never faced a camera. His plausibility was simply delicious—his impudence at facing a thing out, in spite of immense odds against him, was undeniably tremendous. He had received a good education—indeed, it is believed at an important public school—and furthermore, came of good family. In order to give some idea of his monumental “cheek,” almost his last exploit was to pose as the friend of a mythical Australian heiress, to whom he was prepared—subject, of course, to some monetary considera-

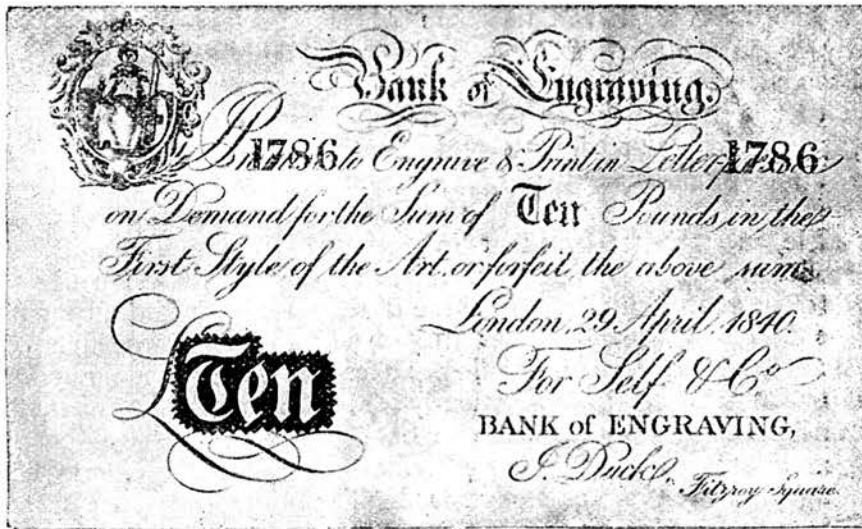
tion—to introduce such gentlemen as were matrimonially inclined. When one of these sought to expose him, Howard immediately wrote to a number of leading journals in a feigned name, stating that he was a retired Indian officer, and that he was prepared to vouch for the accuracy and *bona fides* of the whole affair. This letter was actually published.

His *modus operandi* in the forged will case was both simple and elaborate. Its simplicity lies in the fact that it merely took the form of an advertisement in the newspapers,

stating that a Mr. Clark had died leaving many thousands. Applications from persons of that name were invited. It was a taking bait, and hundreds nibbled at it, as is proved by a perusal of the papers preserved as relics of this case at “The Yard.” Howard was magnificently artful. He did not choose the name of Smith, Brown, or even Jones—but one almost as common. A person would write in answer to the advertisement. Howard would reply, asking for fifty shillings,



CAMERA MADE OUT OF A CIGAR-BOX.



A "FLASH" NOTE.

The other is from a confiding person who writes—Howard has evidently asked for a commission—"I am willing to have ten per cent. reduced," and the bad-spelling simpleton plaintively adds: "Please to get the thing through as soon as possible."

Your true begging-letter writer is certainly entitled to join the family circle of forgers, though in most cases only as a distant cousin. What a begging-letter

prepaid, to cover inquiry fees, and holding out further bait by stating that only the first thirty-five "Clarks" would receive a share; that the money could not go to persons of affluence, but to people of small means; that he could only correspond with principals, and that "James Hill Cooper Clark" had left the highly respectable sum of £105,000. Who would not be one of the happy thirty-five for fifty shillings!

Howard and his works might be dilated on from cover to cover of this Magazine, but to show how perfectly he played his "clients" we will give two extracts from the scores of documentary proofs we have examined. One is a death certificate, and it reads:—

"In memory of William Clark, of—, who departed this life, April—, 18—." Then follows: "I hereby declare that the above is a true copy from the tombstone of W. Clark, of—."

The suggestion to copy the tombstone could not have been evolved from any mind but that of the late Charles Howard.

writer Howard would have made! But there are men and women whose talents



ADDRESS BOOKS, MEMORANDA, ETC., OF A PROFESSIONAL BEGGING-LETTER WRITER.



in this peculiar art are just as fine if not so varied. It is only when a man attains to position that he becomes aware of what a number of boys used to play marbles with him at school. Your begging-letter writer at once marks him for his own, he has "got him on the list."

It would be quite impossible, in a short paper such as this, to place on record anything more than a few of the methods of your modern begging-letter writer; of the old soldier who sends a line to some Army man at his club; of the ardent but hard-up politician who addresses some M.P.; of the real truth regarding that hurriedly pencilled note addressed to the City merchant and stating that "years ago" the applicant was once "on the market himself," etc., and would you oblige with five shillings, "which I faithfully promise, dear sir, to pay you back in a fortnight's time." Have you ever met the good woman—perhaps you have heard from her—who is a widow with two children, her husband is lying dangerously ill at home, and she wants a few shillings to purchase necessaries. As a proof of her honesty she incloses the receipt for her last month's rent. A certain society can show you a bundle of some forty of these letters, and every one of them contains a receipt for that same month's rent. The common lodging-house is the *dépôt* for every fraud under the sun, and there are scores of men who frequent them who will write you the most touching appeal for threepence or fourpence, and find the note-paper into the bargain.

The memory of the greatest genius the begging-letter world has ever known is kept green at New Scotland Yard. He is believed to be dead—for if he were out of prison London would soon hear of him. We will hide his identity—for the sake of his friends and relations who may have survived him—under the unassuming name of Brown. Brown was an old fellow, with a glorious white head of hair, and always dressed in black cloth. His great *forte* was his ability to write in assumed hands—he could write in a hundred different ways, for which purpose he was aided by a variety of pen-nibs and various coloured inks. He was so systematic. Just ex-

amine some of his books—usually those familiar little red rent-books. Here is one—it contains the names and addresses of peers, etc., M.P.'s, and widows in North and South Wales. A second is devoted to peers and M.P.'s in England, another to Scotland, and a third to those resident in Ireland. There are a dozen books of this kind, and were the writer to publish some of the "notes" in these begging volumes they would provide some interesting reading. Then he would divide London—particularly the West-end—into districts. So we have books given up to such happy hunting grounds for the begging-letter writer as Belgravia, Knightsbridge, Onslow Square, Queen's Gate, Portman Square, Berkeley Square, Grosvenor Square, etc.

He never addressed anybody without acquainting himself with their history and particularly finding out their age, whether they have reached those years when they are generally supposed to be sympathetic, or if they were in the prime of life and inclined to be cynical. How much is conveyed on a small slip of paper, bearing the name of the

Marchioness of Westminster -  
 - Mother of The Duke of Westminster  
 and aunt to the Duke of Sutherland  
 She was born in 1797. Married 1819  
 The Marquis of Westminster who  
 died in 1869 - - -  
 She is 91 years of age and  
 a widow 19 years of  
 To The Most Hon<sup>ble</sup>  
 The Marchioness of Westminster  
 Motcombe House -  
 - near Shaftesbury -  
 Dorsetshire

A PROFESSIONAL BEGGING-LETTER WRITER—SPECIMEN OF MEMORANDUM.

Immanuel Vicarage  
Streatham  
Jan. 10<sup>th</sup> 90

The Rev<sup>d</sup> of Sidway the official  
presents his Compl<sup>t</sup> to Mrs  
a. Saunders, & at the  
earnest solicitation of Mrs  
Clarke, beg to submit the  
inclosed document for  
his Charitable Consideration.

M<sup>r</sup> Clarke is a poor widow  
who has sustained a severe  
loss.

coming in contact with a coal-wagon the horse was killed, the van dashed to pieces, and her eldest son 16 years of age was thrown from the van, and received such injury as caused compound fracture of the right thigh, and now lies in St. Thomas's Hospital in a dangerous state, whereby Mrs. Clarke has sustained a severe loss, estimated at £45.

"Knowing Mrs. Clarke, a respectable and industrious widow with a family of five children depending on her for support, I beg to recommend her case to the notice of a few benevolent neighbours, to enable her to follow her occupation as heretofore, trusting it will come under their notice with that eye of sympathy it so much merits.

"Vestry Hall, Streatham.

"This 17th day of December, 1889."

This would be presumably signed—of course in Brown's handwriting—by the Vestry Clerk with "2os." against his name. This in

Marchioness of Westminster and the words, "She is ninety-one years of age and a widow nineteen years"!

Brown used to supply beggars with letters, and several samples of them are preserved. His favourite theme was the poor widow, and the plea put forth was the same in nearly all cases save that the names were altered and the locality different. Here is one of these "appeals," accompanied by a letter on black-edged paper purporting to be from a clergyman in the same parish:—

"Parish of Streatham,

"County of Surrey.

"These are to certify that Mrs. Anne Clarke (widow) carried on business as laundress in this parish for several years, and has hitherto supported a large family in respectability.

"On the afternoon of Saturday, the 14th day of December instant, while Mrs. Clarke was delivering clean linen with her horse and van near the Streatham Railway Station, the horse took fright at the whistle of a passing train and started off at a furious pace, and

Parish of Streatham,  
County of Surrey.

These are to certify that Mrs. Anne Clarke (widow) carried on business as Laundress in this parish for several years, and has hitherto supported a large family in respectability.

On the afternoon of Saturday the 14th day of Dec<sup>r</sup> instant while Mrs. Clarke was delivering clean Linen with her Horse and Van near the Streatham Railway Station, the Horse took fright at the whistle of a passing train and started off at a furious pace, and in contact with a Coal-wagon the Horse was killed, the Van dashed to pieces, and her eldest son 16 years of age was thrown from the Van and received such injury as caused compound fracture of the right thigh and now lies in St. Thomas's Hospital in a dangerous state, whereby Mrs. Clarke has sustained a severe loss, estimated at £45.

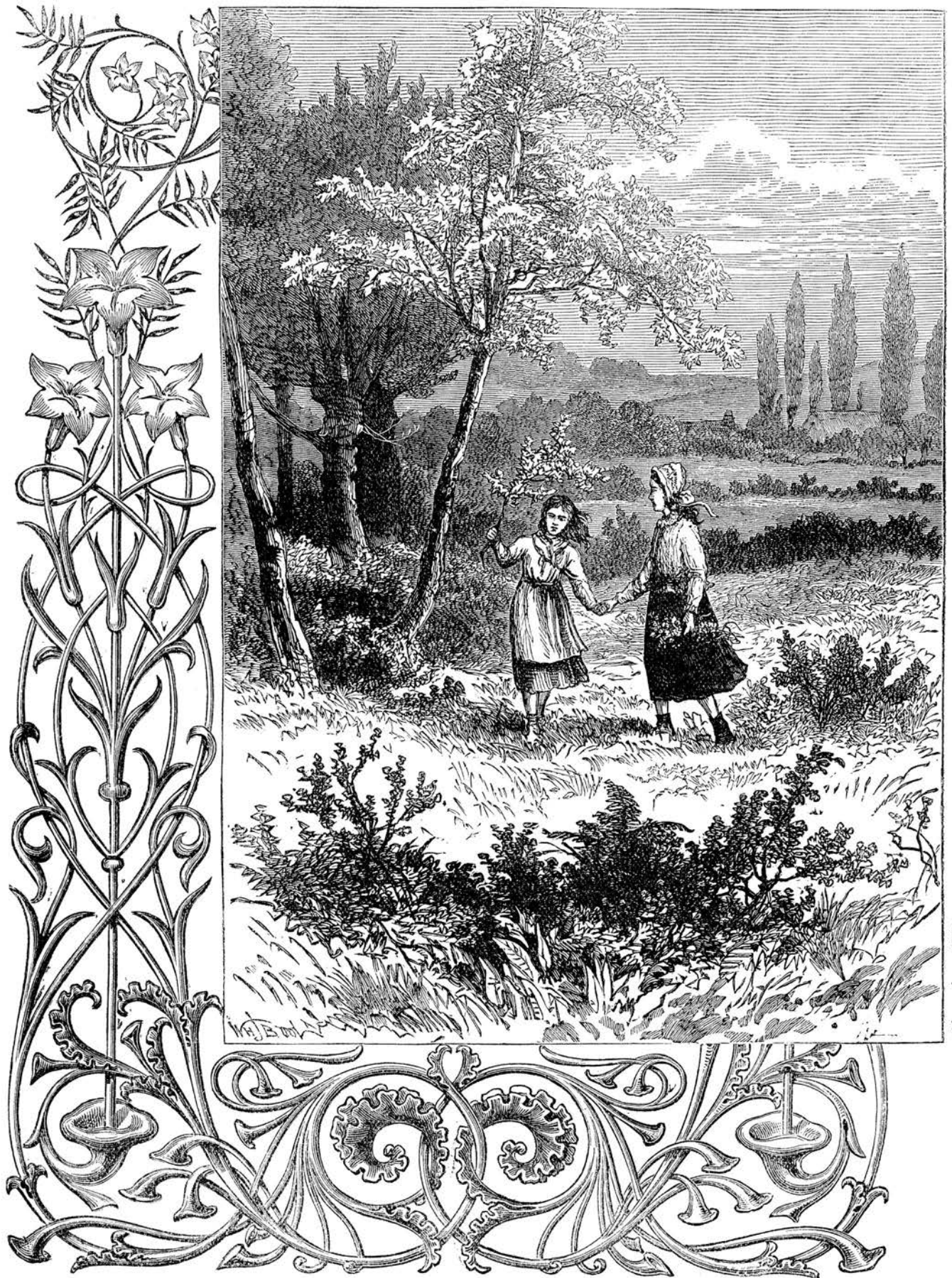
Knowing Mrs. Clarke a respectable and industrious widow with a family of five children depending on her for support, I beg to recommend her case to the notice of a few benevolent neighbours, to enable her to follow her occupation as heretofore trusting it will come under their notice with that eye of sympathy it so much merits.

Vestry Hall, Streatham  
this 17th day of Dec<sup>r</sup> 1889

M<sup>r</sup> Mellor 2/-

"BROWN'S" BEGGING-LETTERS.

itself is a delightful composition—but it did not end here. Our estimable friend Brown would follow on with a few more signatures giving various sums of money, but one signature always headed the list—after that of the Vestry Clerk. It was a coal-wagon which upset poor Mrs. Clarke, killed her horse and dashed her van to pieces. Hence—written in red ink—there appears on all these appeals the name of a well-known firm of London coal merchants, who give Two Pounds.



Chatterbox, 1890

May-Day. By W. H. Boor.

## Welsh Queens of the May.

BY M. DINORBEN GRIFFITH.



HERE are not many picturesque and romantic customs left in this prosaic land, therefore we ought to appreciate the more the pretty custom of electing May Queens which still prevails in various country towns in England and Wales.

But perhaps at Llandudno, in North Wales, is the place where this charming function can be observed with the greatest wealth of picturesque detail. As one approaches the beautiful town on May Day, one cannot fail to notice that the peerless sea-front is adorned with Venetian masts, while innumerable pennons and flags wave their multi-coloured silks in the breeze, and enliven a picture which Nature has painted with skilled fingers.

May Day at Llandudno has no gloomy memories to sadden it. Each succeeding festival, it is said, eclipses the last; and every year a sweeter, daintier little maiden, clad in royal robes, is for one brief day *fêted*, cheered, and worshipped by enthusiastic thousands.

If faces are indicative of character, these little royal ladies have all the attributes that were necessary for candidates for the French *Rosière*—a general all-round goodness, in addition to their own personal charms of youth, beauty, and dainty robing. The make-believe of these children is delightful; the train and crown transform a merry little mad-cap into a stately little queen, unsmiling and staid, as if the cares of the kingdom were in reality hers. She accepts the homage rendered her as though to the manner born.

It was in 1892 that the May Day Carnival was inaugurated in Llandudno, and so great was the success of that charming festival that it has been repeated every year since that date.

On this page will be found reproduced the portrait of Miss Gwladys Jones, who was the first of Llandudno's May Queens. There was a most gorgeous procession, followed by the crowning of the Queen and the children's maypole dance. Crowds of sightseers poured into the town during the morning, taking advantage of the special railway facilities granted. The whole town was *en fête*, and practically every tradesman contributed towards

the success of the procession. There were marshals on horseback, and the Conway brass band; the London and North-Western Railway Company's horses and carts; coaches, carrying the local football and cricket club; scores of private carriages, omnibuses, and brakes; the local fire-brigade, too, and the lifeboat; displays by grocers and bakers and butchers. There were decorated cart-horses, and donkeys with grotesque riders. And, fortunately for Llandudno, there happened to be at that time in the town a certain Professor Dainez, a show gentleman, whose circus ponies and goats added great dignity to the procession. No wonder, then, that the procession took rather more than half an hour to pass a given point. Needless to remark, the tradesmen were very much in evidence, but whether they were more interested in advertising their own wares than their appreciation of May Day, is not for me to say. One enterprising trader had what the local news-



MISS GWLADYS JONES (QUEEN IN 1892).  
From a Photo. by W. Symmonds, Llandudno.

paper called a "unique exhibit," consisting of heaps of Welsh shawls, in front of which was a young person, attired as "blind Justice," holding the scales and declaring the superiority of the Welsh manufacture. Between three and five in the afternoon, the coronation and maypole dance took place in the Pier Pavilion. The big building was packed with an interested and excited crowd of spectators. The Queen herself was tastefully attired in white silk, embroidered with gold and trimmed with the choicest flowers. Her Majesty's train was two and a half yards long, and was borne by two little powdered pages, dressed in black velvet relieved by lace ruffles. There were four little maids of honour, dressed all in white, and wearing sashes of beautiful flowers. The moment the Queen had ascended the throne, she turned to the maids, who at once bowed low, and then the Queen seated herself with august and smiling mien. A ceremony of crowning was then gracefully performed by Master Maurice Mostyn, and then the Queen was presented with a splendid bouquet by Lady Augusta Mostyn.

Our next photograph is a portrait of Miss Effie Cooper, who was Llandudno's May Queen in 1893.

"Of one thing," wrote the reporter of that excellent paper, *The Llandudno Advertiser*, to whom we are greatly indebted for our details, "we are now assured — that May Day and its attendant festivities has been firmly established as an annual carnival in Llandudno." The procession started from the usual rendezvous in Gloddaeth Street soon after two o'clock. The unfavourable weather, unfortunately, prevented a large number of exhibitors from sending round contributions to the procession, there-

fore the committee very properly decided to dispense with prizes in the various classes, and to award, in lieu thereof, a certificate of merit to all those who had contributed towards the success of the procession. We read that the Saint Tudno brass band was there, playing a lively air. The commissioners' contribution was very excellent in itself, but its connection with the *fête* was not obvious. To quote from the local newspaper again, it "comprised a load of coke, a water-cart, and a street-sweeper."

There were prize horses and ponies in the procession; also three very fat boys on a cart, who were "fed on J. B. Edwards's bread." Truly it was a great day. One of the most imposing exhibits in the May Day procession was that contributed by Mr. James Haworth, the ironmonger, who sent along a special wire mattress, a mangle, a garden-roller, and other unlovely things. He could have sent along a lot more things, only he was afraid the rain would spoil them. "The drizzling rain," wrote the local man, "greatly marred the glory of the procession," but it intensified the success of the gala in the Pavilion, where was presented a unique spectacle of lovely and idyllic beauty, witnessed by thousands of sight-



[From a] MISS EFFIE COOPER (1893). [Photograph.]

seers. Seated on the platform were about 120 boys and girls in pretty costumes, forming the court of the May Queen. The Queen's maids wore Kate Greenaway dresses of ethereal blue. Miss Cooper bore her regal honours with sweet grace, being dressed in white broché silk trimmed with Brussels lace, her long white satin train being carried by two pages. The crown was of silver, decked with choice artificial flowers. Little Lady Viola Talbot presented the Queen with a handsome banner, after the orchestra had played the



MISS LAURA HAWORTH (1894).  
From a Photo. by Stater, Llandudno.

After the coronation, the Queen held a reception of her subjects, who were dressed in costumes representing every nationality over which Her Britannic Majesty holds sway. The May Queen's dress on this occasion is described as "A white Empire robe with lace and jewelled trimmings, and a white satin train 4yds. long." The train was lined with pink silk and trimmed with pink genista, roses, and maidenhair fern. Her Majesty had a most dignified appearance, and she constantly bowed

her acknowledgments to her people and her courtiers. It is interesting to note that the receipts in the Pavilion on the occasion of this coronation exceeded sixty-seven pounds. In the evening, there was a grand masquerade and fancy-dress ball, as to which you have only to learn that Mr. T. Bibbey appeared as Sir Walter Raleigh to get an adequate idea of its imposing magnificence.

It is no wonder that the

grand "Coronation March." Then followed some pretty rustic dances, and, finally, Her Majesty was presented with five shillings. In the evening, some of the processionists—240 in number—were entertained to a capital dinner by the May Day Committee.

Next comes Miss Laura Haworth, the May Queen of 1894. The day was observed as a complete holiday, coming, as it did, before the heavy work of the summer season commenced. There was the usual crowd in the Pavilion to witness the coronation and to gaze on the Queen, with her gathering of attendants, courtiers, and dancers. The plaiting of the ribbons of the maypole, a stately gavotte, and the graceful fan dance received the applause they deserved, while Queen Laura sat gracefully in state and smilingly surveyed the gay revelling. Various exhibits numbered 125. They were controlled by marshals on horseback, who were all dressed in costume—a field-marshal, a brigand chief, a bushranger, and so on.



From a]

MISS HELEN HUGHES (1895).

[Photograph.

May Day festivities in Llandudno continued to be maintained. Miss Helen Hughes's photo. is next reproduced, she having been the May Queen of 1895. Over the whole committees on this occasion towered the form of Mr. John Jones, J.P., whose astounding energy and ubiquity were constantly remarked upon. He was backed up by local men of note, including Messrs. Bibbey, Broome, Littler, Wyley, and Pedler. An important item in the procession was contributed by the Llandudno Brick Company, who sent along a wagon-load of bricks. In the afternoon, the Queen, preceded by heralds and followed by the crown-bearer, entered the Pavilion. She wore a dress of ivory silk, trimmed with lace, and there was a train lined with pink satin and trimmed with a ruche of tulle. Her Majesty carried a crown shower bouquet, and wore on dress and train sprays of lilies of the valley, roses, pink may, and other lovely flowers presented by the ladies of the May Day Committee. Soon Queen and court retired to a veritable bower of flowers and ivy, and here Her Majesty remained to receive her subjects and witness the dancing.



From a Photo. by]

MISS GWLADYS WOOD (1895).

[Stater, Llandudno.

But we must pass on to the next year (1896), when Miss Gwladys Wood was Queen. The same able persons were again on the spot, full of energy and ingenuity. The procession was a specially brilliant one. Of course, there was the inevitable Saint Tudno brass band and a host of butchers' carts, but there were also a great number of emblematical figures, such as an Australian bushman on a bicycle, and a troupe of old and new Negroes — whatever they may be. Miss Symonds, of

Deganway, contributed an old horse, aged thirty-six; close behind, appropriately enough, was a detachment of the Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes. Mr. Percy J. Hutt contributed a coffee-roasting machine, and Mr. Roger Jones a severely plain milk-cart. All these things, of course, were not precisely topical; but they served to impress spectators, and, after all, that is the principal thing. Next, of course, came the usual festivities in the Pavilion, ushering in the charming May Queen, who was clad in white silk and pink may. Her

two pages wore white and gold satin coats and knee-breeches. The stage was beautifully decorated with a profusion of flowers, and there were two crowns kindly contributed by Mr. Peterkin. One of

these was suspended over the Queen's head, whilst the other was placed upon her regal brow. Then came the revels, appropriately inaugurated by the maypole dance.

The weaving of the be-ribboned pole having been gaily and skilfully accomplished, four breezy little lasses in nautical caps ran on to the stage

and danced a rattling hornpipe. Finally, the May Queen was photographed, and presented with a new half-crown.

The May Day *fête* of last year was to be a record one. The weather was glorious, and the town gaily decorated. Train after train poured living freights into Llandudno, and the front was crowded with a merry throng, waiting for the procession. The queens, it should be said, are all children of good position. The May Day Committee of ladies work indefatigably for weeks, arranging and selecting the dresses, and coaching the children. The Pier Pavilion was again the

scene of the coronation. After the marshals, heralds, and courtiers came the crown-bearer. Last of all came the Queen herself, Miss Georgie Mather. The beauty of the little maiden was enhanced by her rich robes of thick white satin. Everyone was charmed with the modest grace of the little May Queen. Her Majesty's train was held by two diminutive baby boys, also in white satin, their eyes wide open with wonder. There were eight maids of



MISS GEORGIE MATHER (1897).  
From a Photo. by Slater, Llandudno.

honour, gorgeously attired. The stage, as usual, was a perfect bower of exquisite, fragrant flowers. Our next photograph shows the Queen, surrounded by the whole of her court. This May Day had really three queens, for in addition to the newly-crowned monarch there was Queen Victoria of 1837 and Queen Victoria of 1897, who was attended by a Highlander. The coronation was performed by the Scotch laddie, who afterwards kissed the Queen's hand.



From a Photo. by]

THE QUEEN SURROUNDED BY HER COURT.

[W. Symmonds, Llandudno.





THE TWO OTHER QUEENS OF 1897 (AND 1837), WITH THE ARCHBISHOP, PAGE, JESTER, ETC.  
*From a Photo. by W. Symmonds, Llandudno.*

He was assisted in the ceremony by a most lovable and accurate archbishop, clad in stately robes, and with a most imposing mitre.

Our next photograph shows this group. Lying at the feet of the 1837-1897 queens is the court jester. The children were really very well drilled. The twenty-four dancers who went through the maypole dance held brightly-coloured ribbons in their hands, as they daintily trod their



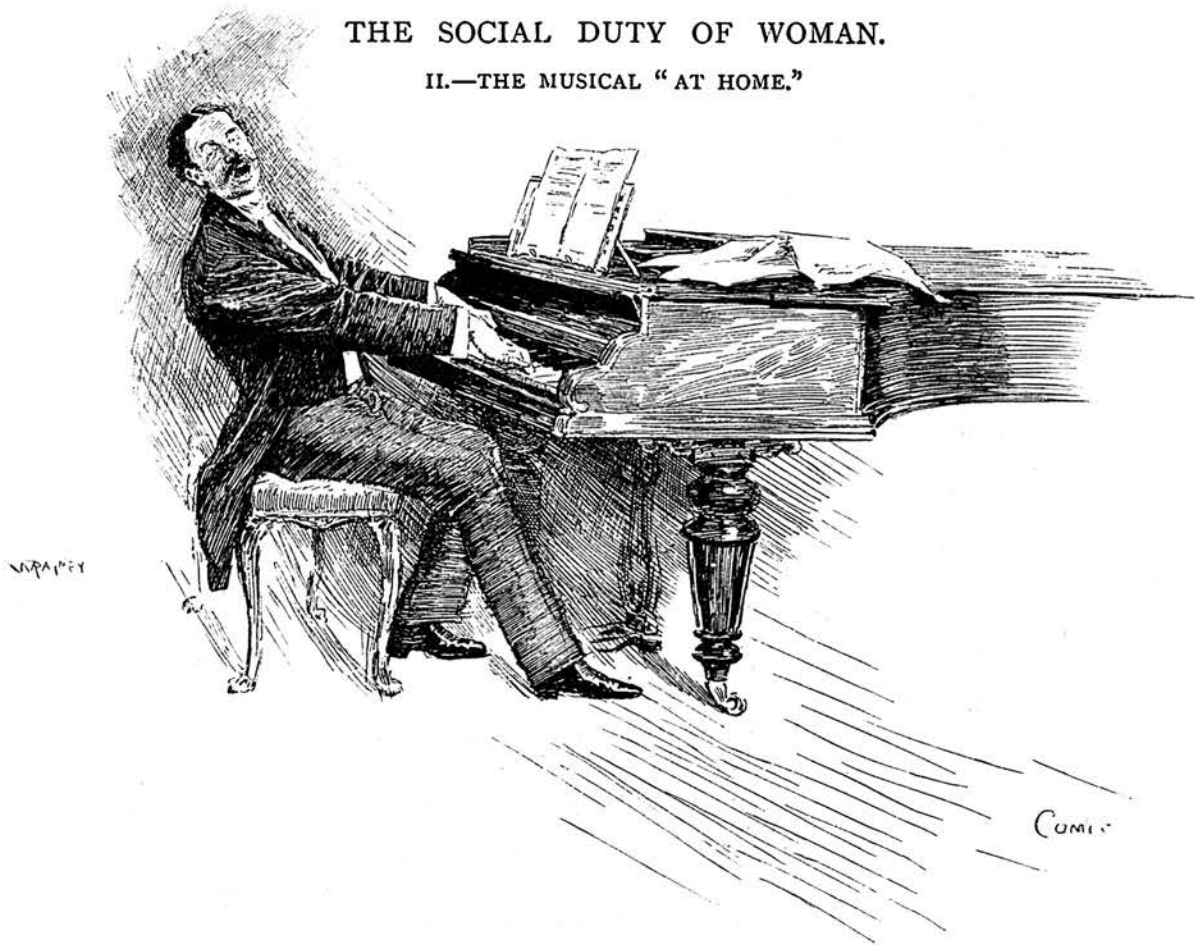
MISS KATIE HOOSON, ELECTED MAY QUEEN FOR 1898.  
*From a Photo. by Manders, Llandudno.*

mazy steps. Now and again there were unforeseen incidents. For example, on this occasion the crown-bearer dropped the crown off the cushion, and it rolled over to the Queen's feet. The unfortunate official was very much confused, but the Queen reassured him with a gentle smile.

Lastly, we give the portrait of Miss Katie Hooson, who has been elected the May Queen for the present year.

# THE SOCIAL DUTY OF WOMAN.

## II.—THE MUSICAL “AT HOME.”



**L**ET us begin at the beginning. When can musical “At Homes” be said to begin? At the time when you are asked, the unsophisticated would say. This sounds simple, but then in some cases you are not asked for any time at all, and the results of such ambiguity may be exceedingly awkward. Here is the card I received a short time back :

LADY XXX  
At Home,  
JUNE 10th.

Music. Very early.

“Very early” had caused me some anxiety. I knew that fashionable people kept late hours ; still, in my innocence, I thought “very early” might possibly mean about 10 o’clock or a quarter-past. Alas ! I was undeceived. On my arrival, everything—the hall, the liveried footman, the cloak-room—looked chilly and desolate ; there was a general air of being “before the play.” And my heart sank into my shoes, for as yet no

other cloak could I discover ! But it was too late to turn back. The ordeal must be faced. Still, I must own that never in my life have I more longed for the earth to open and swallow me, than on that occasion.

The music had not yet begun ; indeed, there was no sign yet of the musicians ; three mandolins, resembling nothing so much as giant lemons cut in halves, and tied with long ribbon streamers, were all in that line that greeted my despairing eyes. The big French double drawing-room, into which I was ushered, seemed to me as large as Trafalgar Square ; and the footman shouted my name in stentorian tones. The house-party—numbering about fifteen, who had just finished their after-dinner coffee—glared at me ; some of them used those terrible straight eye-glasses in my direction. But though the guests were something lacking in politeness, not so was the hostess ; and “the party,” after all, was not so very long in assembling. The mandolins struck up—the guests seemed to come in a surging crowd, all at once. Half an hour, I discovered, made all the difference. In social life, the most fatal blunder, the one unpardonable sin, is “not to know” ; and I ought to have known that “very early” meant half-past ten, not ten.

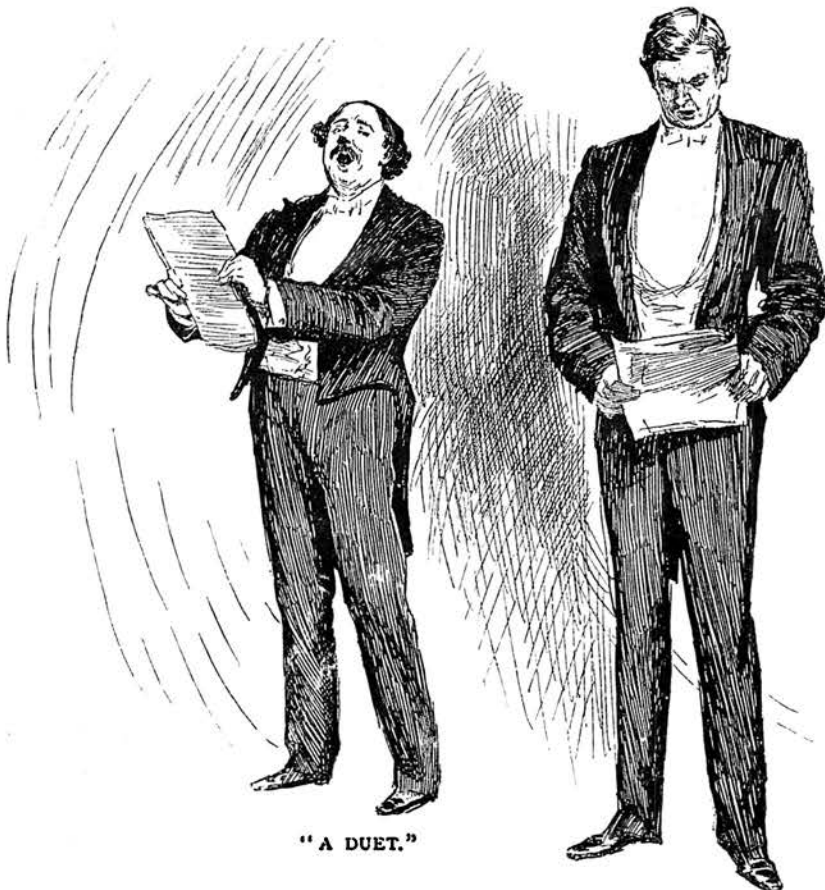
Here, we see, is the first pitfall that the unwary may fall into. Such a *mauvais quart d’heure* as the foregoing is surely sufficient to warn any of us, however rash, that it is much better to “put on” the time, and arrive, say, twenty or thirty minutes later than we have reason to believe the party will assemble.

As to the length of our stay, this will be in most cases decided for us by our bodily fatigue ; for, although the fashionable world seems to be as a rule extremely robust—to judge from the numbers of people who go, in the season, from one crowded “At Home” to the other, standing long hours night after night in a vitiated atmosphere and a fatiguing crush—still, those of us who are candid confess to feeling a very natural fatigue. At some musical “At Homes”—alas, not all!—they provide seats ; but it must be said that, as a rule, the more fashionable the party, the less the comfort meted out to the guests. Fewer seats are given, and more meagre refreshments : also, there is less attention paid to the music ; indeed, people often talk straight through it. It is best, when attending one of these parties, to stroll slowly through the rooms, listen for a polite interval to the music, chat with one’s friends during the pauses, and time one’s leave-taking so as not to clash with the third verse of a sentimental song or the “adagio” of a sonata. Some musical “At Homes” are indeed so big, that you are not expected to take your leave verbally at all, but there is a separate staircase, down which you may quietly and unostentatiously depart. At a large musical party I recently attended, I found, indeed, that no guest was expected to make “the tour of the rooms” more than once, for naturally this would necessitate a fresh introduction, as neither the footman nor the hostess could possibly be expected to remember which of the ever-ascending guests had been introduced, and which had not. Such a little *contretemps* as being twice introduced is not, it is true, of much account, but it is

for the moment decidedly embarrassing ; and here I may remark, that it is the small vexations of life that certainly contribute most to our annoyance. For instance, if you give a party, be sure to instruct your servants to number the cloaks and hats carefully with numbered tickets—which can be written at small trouble, or bought at small cost.

We will suppose that you really want to see your guests, to enjoy them, and to make them enjoy themselves ; and that your object is not solely to “get through” as long a list of your acquaintances as you can. Nay, we will stretch a point, and suppose that you know them by sight, and feel a slight interest in them. To begin at the beginning, it is better not to put R. S. V. P. on your invitation cards. To spare your intended guest the trouble of answering is an attention for which he is always grateful ; and though no doubt it is more convenient to know exactly how many people to expect, still, you can always provide for the many ; and, as a matter of fact, even when guests *have* accepted, you can never be quite sure of their coming. Very foggy nights have been known to keep everybody away. It is better to provide against all contingencies by securing a small number of one’s own personal friends, to save appearances should anything of this kind occur. I may mention here that it is a good thing, in any case, to get as many available “sisters, cousins, and aunts” as one can, to help one in the arduous duties of the evening. It is so encouraging always to know that there is someone to fall back upon in any emergency. Then, in preparing for the rush of guests, you might leave a little furniture in your rooms, instead of turning your house out of doors, as though you were preparing to receive the occupants of the Augean stables. It always looks more comfortable to see a few armchairs and sofas scattered about. And do not give your guests either too little or too much to eat, but strike the happy mean. People do not go to a party, like children to a school feast, having starved previously for a week. If in the afternoon, tea, coffee, ices will be all-sufficient ; if in the evening, the visitor, who has presumably dined, will certainly not require a big sit-down supper, but soups, sweets, and other light refreshments.

Afternoon parties, it is hardly necessary to remark, usually take place from four to seven ; evening parties, as a rule, last from ten to one. Of these the evening parties are distinctly the more popular form of entertainment. Busy professional men, to whom an afternoon free would be an impossibility, can generally get away in the evening ; and as the majority of men are busy, the afternoon “At Home”



“A DUET.”

consists often of bevvies of ladies, among whom men are "few and far between." At a musical party last year, I remember the arrival of one such solitary man. He was abashed to find himself alone among thirty ladies, and did not dare, apparently, to advance much beyond the door, where he took up a mildly apologetic attitude. And very often I have been amused to see several young men arrive at once, as if they had been waiting about outside, to gain confidence from numbers.

As to the musicians, of course it is always nice to have available friends, if their music be at all tolerable; but should you have recourse to professionals, have the best if you can afford them; if not, then the best you can. If your guests are many of them young and frivolous, do not overdo the

line; generally, it must be confessed, in friendly amateurs. With regard to the paying of professional artists' fees, that is not such a difficult matter as some people imagine, who go through great mental agonies on that account. All those ladies and gentlemen who give their services to musical parties have their stipulated fees, and the whole matter is easily arranged by letter.

Finally, when you have secured your musicians,



"SERIOUS."

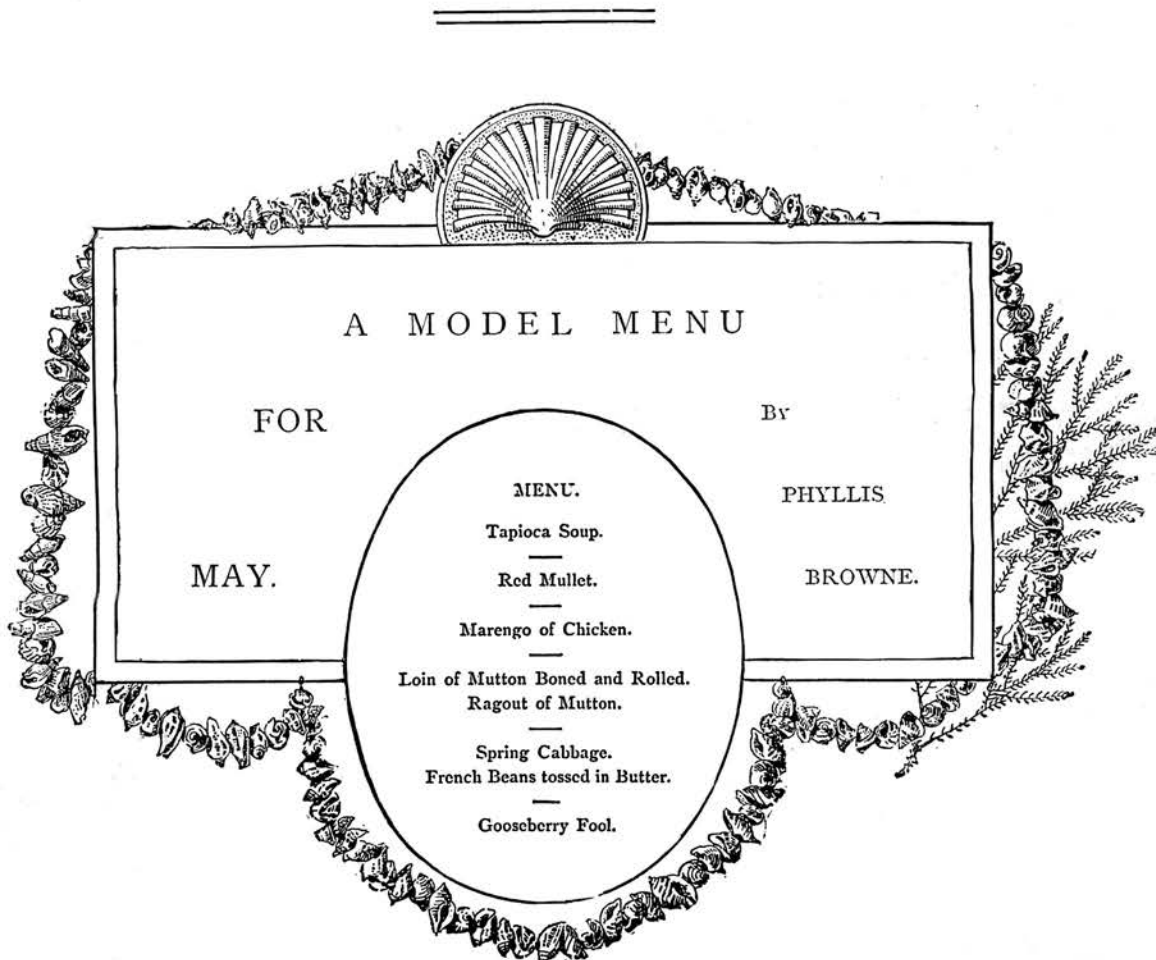
classical music. People do not like to be bored, and their weaknesses must be indulged. So have your songs "up to date" as much as possible—but a *little* real music will not hurt—and a sentimental ditty of Tosti's, a piano-piece of Grieg, or, more especially, a nocturne of Chopin, will always give delight. If you get a comic singer, be careful to get one who will be "in keeping" with his audience. There is a vast difference in audiences. Some will be amused at what will irretrievably shock others. And, a last word of warning, should you decide on having recitations, see that your reciter be equal to the occasion. It has been our lot to see—and to pity—most painful exhibitions of incompetency in this

and the evening has fairly begun, do not seize upon your guest and nail him or her to listen *malgré soi*, but let them all do as they like. They will not listen any the better for being obliged to listen against their will. The music is there for the guests, not the guests for the music; therefore, do not enslave them. Their good feeling should make them know how to listen and be quiet; and, at any rate, it is not your business to teach them. For the "lady of the house" to go about saying "Hush" and gesticulating wildly at the beginning of each fresh song, has a painful, if not a ludicrous effect.

Let your guests, then, wander about at will, and do not oblige them to stay in the music-room. Introduce

your guests at convenient intervals to one another, and when the opportunity occurs; never mind if it is "the thing" to do or not. I may remark in this connection that it is as well to be thoughtful in the selection of one's guests, and not to invite people to meet each other whom you happen to know do not assimilate. And, finally, do not ask more people than your house will hold. It is best, indeed, to ask more than you can conveniently entertain: more, say, than you have chairs for; because you may be quite certain that all will not come. Then, again—but I do not mean to lay down any hard-and-fast rules. There are many roads to success; and there are more ways than one of making a musical party pleasant. Tact and

thoughtfulness for others are, after all, the chief desiderata. With them you can do much; without them, nothing. If you have really had kindly feelings towards everyone, and have wished not so much to "swagger" as to make your friends happy; if you have worked not so much in the aim of "enlarging your acquaintance" as in that of keeping those friends you already have; if, thanks to your endeavours, things have gone smoothly, comfortably, and without hitches, you may, when the last carriage has driven away from the door, betake yourself to a well-earned rest, with a proud consciousness of having successfully accomplished a thoroughly enjoyable "Musical At Home."



*Tapioca Soup.*—If white stock is not available, this simple and easily prepared, but yet dainty soup, may be made with water. It is especially suitable for this time of year when a light soup is often felt to be more acceptable than a strong soup. The ingredients of which it is composed make it fairly nourishing.

Put on the fire a delicately clean saucepan with three pints of cold water. Peel and slice thinly four large potatoes or six small ones, and two leeks or two small onions. Put the prepared vegetables into the water, with a pinch of celery seed, or a little dried celery; an ounce of butter, and half an ounce of salt. Boil gently for one hour, pour the soup into a sieve, and press the ingredients through with the back of a wooden spoon. Return all to the saucepan; add a pint of milk, and stir the

soup till it boils. Add three ounces of crushed tapioca, sprinkle this in by degrees; boil for about fifteen minutes, and serve hot.

*Red Mullet.*—This fish is very much sought after, and greatly approved by epicures. It is to be had nearly all the year round, by those who do not object to pay highly for it, and as it is small, and one fish is usually allowed for each person, it is somewhat costly. In May, however, it is generally more easily obtained, and more reasonable in price than at any other time; therefore now is the best time for people who care for it to get it.

The *Red Mullet* is named the woodcock of the sea, and in every recipe for cooking it we are told that like woodcock the trail is to be eaten; therefore the fish is not to be cleaned, it is merely to have its eyes removed, to have

its tail and fins trimmed with the scissors, and to be wiped with a clean cloth, and either boiled, baked, or fried. This method of preparing it may be all very well if the fish can be had quite fresh, otherwise it is not very safe. The truth of the matter is, that the most dainty part of a red mullet is the liver; and so long as the liver is preserved, the fish may be emptied through the gills without any hesitation, and it will be the more enjoyable, because it has gone through this process.

The orthodox way of treating red mullet is to gash the fish across slantwise if small, and to fillet them if large, to lay them for an hour or so in a marinade of pepper, salt, and oil, then to wrap them securely in heart-shaped pieces of strong white paper, which have been oiled outside, and garnished with a spoonful

or two of good sauce. The paper cases thus arranged are laid on a greased baking-tin, and covered with a sheet of oiled paper; the fish is baked in a moderate oven for fifteen or twenty minutes, and served hot in the cases, the livers of course being with the fish.

It often happens that inexperienced cooks are rather afraid of this procedure. Unless the cook is very skilful, paper cases are apt to be a failure. They soon become greasy and untidy, and it is not easy to make them look elegant. When they are used, they should, after being oiled, be baked for a few minutes ~~to harden them~~. A method much more likely to be generally acceptable than the use of paper cases for mullet, is the following—

Take a white earthenware dish that will stand the fire. (These dishes are most useful. It is well worth while for housewives to provide themselves with two or three of different sizes for cooking.) Butter the dish well, and lay the mullet neatly in it, heads and tails alternating; the liver being in each one. If a white earthenware dish is not available, a well-greased baking-tin must be used. Sprinkle over the fish a savoury mixture made of fine bread crumbs, chopped parsley, pepper and salt; squeeze a lemon over them, and moisten with a little butter melted, or pure salad oil. Cover them with a greased paper, and bake in a moderate oven for about a quarter of an hour. Genoese sauce, a recipe for which was given in the menu for December—melted butter flavoured with any moisture that has drained from the mullet, or a sauce prepared as follows may be furnished as an accompaniment—any one of these sauces will be suitable.

*Sauce for Baked Red Mullet.*—Melt an ounce of butter in a stewpan, and mix smoothly with it a tablespoonful of flour. Add half a pint of milk, stir the sauce till smooth and thick, and add an ounce of grated Parmesan. The sauce must not boil again after the ingredient last-named is put in.

If red mullet cannot be had, turbot may be substituted for it with advantage. Turbot is the king of flat fish; and the present is the time of year when we may expect that turbot will be at its best and cheapest. Fishmongers always say that turbot is in season all the year round, and the remark is true, if to be in season means that it is to be bought. Mr. Buckland, however, who was the great authority about fish, puts down turbot as out of season in March and April. We generally find that when foods come "in" after being "out" they are at their best; and this is why experienced housewives are always pleased when they get good things early. With regard to turbot, we may say without fear of making a mistake that housekeepers who buy turbot in May and June will find the fish very delicious, very wholesome, and easy of digestion, and very profitable, because it is so solid.

Last but not least among the virtues of turbot may be named that of keeping fairly well. Turbot does not go bad so quickly as do varieties of fish that are more oily and rich, such as salmon, herrings, and mackerel. Indeed, when well cooked, it is one of the most satisfactory viands which can be sent to table.

Excellent though turbot is when in perfection, there is no doubt that its superiority depends very much upon its being wisely chosen and properly dressed. Sometimes this fish attains a great size, and it lends itself very well to division, because dainty dishes may be made of small portions of it. Nevertheless it is at its best when boiled whole, and a moderate sized fish is to be preferred to any other. Very small fish are liable to be deficient in flavour, and very large fish to be deficient in delicacy. Like all flat fish, turbot is best when thick, and the test of its goodness is that it is stiff, and that the flesh feels springy when pressed with the finger. If it must be

cut, slices from the middle and the back are the best.

It is very important that a turbot should be cleaned carefully before it is cooked, because there is a good deal of slime about this fish, and unless the slime is got rid of, the fish will be coarse. One way of removing the slime is to soak the fish for an hour or more in cold salt and water. A better way is to empty it, wash it inside till perfectly clean, then rub a little salt lightly over it, and rinse it in two or three waters, handling it as little as possible. A turbot should not be skinned, and though the fins may be trimmed they should not be cut off, because the skin and the gelatinous parts about the fins are considered the tit-bits of the turbot.

It is probably not necessary to describe in detail how turbot should be boiled, for housewives as a rule know all about boiling it. Incidentally, however, we may say that whereas a few years ago, turbot used to be put into cold water, the modern practice is to lower it gently into boiling water, to which salt and a spoonful of vinegar have been added; bring the water to the boil again, let it boil for less than a minute, draw it back and simmer gently till done.

A good deal of pains should be taken to make a turbot *look* inviting. It is a luxurious dish, and it ought to be made to look what it is. Fortunately, this task is easily accomplished by means of lobster coral, when lobster sauce is used, or slices of lemon and cut parsley when it is not. Lobster sauce is considered the correct accompaniment to turbot, although any other fish sauce, such as shrimp sauce, anchovy sauce, or Dutch sauce, may be satisfactorily substituted for it. Housewives who are doubtful how to make lobster sauce, are referred to the remarks about lobster coral in the first paper on Our Model Menu. Lobster sauce is simply English melted butter coloured red with coral, and enriched with the flesh of the lobster cut into dice. Many cooks have a notion of putting essence of anchovy into lobster sauce. When lobster is used, however, it is a pity to run a risk of spoiling its delicate flavour.

*Marengo of Chicken.*—This dish is one of the most famous of the national dishes of France, and its origin is historical. It is said to have been invented by the cook of Napoleon Buonaparte at the battle of Marengo. Not having any butter on hand, he conceived the idea of frying a chicken in oil, and the result was so satisfactory that the dish at once was given a place of honour in the list of French dainties. A Marengo can only be produced in perfection, however, from a young chicken. Nevertheless, as the bird is cut into joints, and made the most of with sauce and garnish, it is quite possible to prepare this dish for four or five people with one chicken. Consequently the dainty is not quite as extravagant as it seems to be, and it would be a pity to omit the recipe.

Spring chickens begin to appear in the month of May. They are expensive, it is true, but they are very delicious, and the season for them is soon past. By the end of August the chickens have become fowls, and they gradually get cheaper till the end of January.

A good chicken may be recognised by its size and by the suppleness of its feet (unprovided with spurs), by its white fat, and by the tenderness of its flesh, which crushes when pressed between the fingers. It should be cut to make ten pieces—that is, two legs, two wings, two pinions, two back pieces, and two breast pieces. It will be understood that the wings will be taken with the muscle belonging to them, cut from the body slantwise. The flesh can then be laid over the bone. The legs too should be cut as long as possible.

When everything is ready pour a quarter of a pint of salad oil into a stewpan, and make it

hot. Throw in a shalot, a little salt, five or six peppercorns, a small blade of mace, and a pinch of herbs, and after stirring these over the fire for a minute or two put in the pieces of chicken and turn them about till they take a good brown all over. Drain away the oil and remove the herbs. Pour a pint of stock over the chicken (in the same stewpan), and simmer *three-quarters of an hour*. Now add a quarter of a pint of tomato purée, a little piece of glaze about the size of a nut, and if they are to be had, a dozen button mushrooms. Simmer some minutes longer, and serve.

When cooking a dish of this sort it is never to be forgotten that the legs need to be cooked a few minutes longer than the other parts of the bird. When the oil is hot, therefore, put the legs of the bird in first with the skin downwards, and facing each other, the wings may then be placed on each side, and the other parts in the middle. Let the browning be accomplished over a moderate fire without letting the oil boil. Sprinkle salt over it as soon as the chicken is in the stewpan. The wings will be ready first; they may be taken out and put between two plates to keep hot; in a minute or two the breast and the back may be taken out, the legs being left till the last.

A chicken or fowl that has been cut up in the way described above, and cooked in joints, cannot be arranged in a circle in a dish. It should be placed on a very hot dish in the form of a pyramid; the first layer being composed of the inferior parts, and the superior joints on the top. *Mushrooms*, when there are any, may be placed in the crevices, and the boiling sauce can be poured over all. The dish will go further if croûtons, or pieces of stale bread cut into triangles, squares or other fancy shapes, and fried till brown in hot fat, are put round the dish. These croûtons will form a dainty accompaniment to the excellent gravy of the Marengo. They can be prepared some time beforehand, because they should be allowed to rest on kitchen paper for awhile, in order that superfluous fat may drain from them; they are so excellent one wonders very much that they are so seldom seen.

The tomato purée spoken of may be bought in bottles or it can be prepared from fresh or tinned tomatoes. It consists simply of the pulp produced by rubbing cooked tomatoes through a sieve. The tomatoes should be boiled with a slice of onion, and a little butter and stock to cover them. If tomato purée is not obtainable, a little lemon juice may be substituted for it.

*Loin of Mutton Boned and Rolled.*—An excellent joint for a small family can be made with about two and a half or three pounds of the best end of a loin of mutton. Many housekeepers object to this joint because they think it is very wasteful. Served in the usual way this is true without doubt. There is a good deal of fat with the joint, and more than this, few people take the trouble to cut the meat from the chops; they eat the fillet of lean at the top, and leave the rest. Thrifty housewives find this waste very grievous. By the help of a little management, however, a loin of mutton need not be extravagant. Let the butcher bone the joint, and send the bones home with the meat. If long stewed with a couple of lightly fried onions, the bones will make excellent gravy for the meat, and being prepared beforehand this gravy can be free entirely from fat, and thickened with a little arrowroot. When the gravy of loin of mutton is caked with thin hard fat on the surface it is very objectionable.

After being boned a loin of mutton should be neatly trimmed; it should have a good deal of its fat cut away, it should be skilfully rolled and carefully cooked. If liked, a little veal forcemeat can be spread over the inner surface, but this is a matter of taste. The roll

should be wrapped in greased paper when put into the oven, and the paper can be removed during the last half hour, in order that the meat may brown properly. Both the dish on which it is served, and the plates used for it should be very hot.

*Ragout of Mutton.*—If it is thought unnecessary to provide a Marengo of chicken, the loin of mutton may be cooked another way so as to comprise to some extent the qualities of the entrée and of the roast.

The following recipe is to be strongly recommended. It is thoroughly French, yet it is quite easy to manage, while the dish produced is excellent, being tasty, tender, refined, nourishing, and economical. The method employed can be adopted for various small joints, and it is particularly suitable for a piece of the shoulder of mutton weighing about two pounds, or pieces of the same weight from the neck or loin. In all cases, however, the meat should be neatly trimmed and shaped so that it will stand squarely and firmly on the dish when cooked. The vegetables cooked with it should be served round it.

Take a good slice of butter or sweet dripping, make it hot and put the meat into it, then turn it about until it is lightly browned all over. While the meat is colouring put with it some pepper and salt, about twenty small button onions (when peeling these be careful not to cut into them), and half a dozen young carrots and young turnips cut into fancy shapes or into quarters. When the meat is brown drain away the fat, flour the joint and pour on about a pint of hot water or stock, and stir it till it boils. Put with it a shallot wrapped in parsley, cover closely and simmer for an hour and a half. When half cooked put in a dozen small potatoes of an even size. Before dishing the mutton take out the herbs and serve very hot.

Potatoes cooked thus are very superior.

*Spring Cabbage.*—It will probably be thought by some people that cabbage is a vegetable not worthy to appear in a dinner of the kind now under consideration, as it is coarse and unpalatable food. When roughly prepared cabbage is objectionable, without doubt; but when carefully prepared it is excellent. Even the homely savoy may be cooked so as to be appetising, and a young, freshly-cut spring cabbage with stalks like marrow is too good to be despised.

Take two firm young cabbages, remove the outer leaves and lay them in salt and water for an hour with the stem uppermost. Drain and divide each one into halves, splitting through the heart down to the stem, which should be left entire till after boiling if the cabbage is of moderate size; if large, it may be cut into quarters. Put it into plenty of fast boiling water to which salt has been added in the proportion of a tablespoonful to every two quarts. Unless the water is exceptionally hard, soda should not be used. Green vegetables are more frequently spoilt with soda than with anything. Boil quickly with the lid off the saucepan till the cabbage is done, and frequently press the vegetable

under the water. Remove the scum as it rises. A small cabbage will need to boil about twenty minutes, a large one from half to three quarters of an hour.

Take the cabbage up and drain it very well, pressing it with the back of a plate to squeeze the water out of it. Do not forget to carry the cabbage-water outside the house before pouring it out, if emptied down the sink it may make an unpleasant smell. Cut out the stalk from the cabbage, and chop the leaves finely, peppering them and salting them while doing so. Melt an ounce of sweet butter in a saucepan, put in the cabbage and let it stand at the side of the stove for six or seven minutes, shaking the pan now and again until the vegetable is dry and inclined to be crisp at the edges. Have ready a very hot basin, press the cabbage into it to make it take a round shape, put it in a hot tureen and serve.

*French Beans tossed in Butter* (commonly called *French Beans Sautés*).—Amongst the vegetables which are delicious when served alone, kidney beans occupy a prominent place. In Paris they are served every day during the season at the popular restaurants, and a Parisian epicure would consider himself quite defrauded if he could not have French beans as a separate course two or three times a week. French beans tossed in butter are always considered a dainty by those who have learnt to appreciate them, and they are so easily prepared, so nourishing and so easily digested that it is a pity they are not more frequently seen on English tables. Moreover it is to be remembered that they are not at all expensive. Home-grown French beans are not likely to be in the market until near the end of June. But every year earlier and earlier we get French beans from abroad; probably they are grown under glass, for they are small and delicate, and therefore particularly suitable for being served in this way. They usually cost sixpence or eightpence per pound, and English housewives accustomed to pay a penny per pound for beans may consider the price extravagant and prohibitory. Yet as one pound of beans will furnish a liberal supply for four people, the dish will not be a very costly one after all.

Get a pound of beans as fresh as possible, look them over and pick out any that are at all defective, wash the remainder well in cold water and drain them, but do not cut them into strips; they should be cooked whole. At this time of year, also, it will probably not be necessary to string them. Put them into a saucepan with plenty of fast boiling salted water, do not cover the pan, and boil fast till tender. Drain, and if they are not to be used at once, put them into cold water for a few minutes as this will help to preserve their colour. If they can be tossed in butter at once they may be simply drained. Put them into a stewpan and shake them over the fire for a minute or two to make them hot and quite dry, as the butter more readily adheres to them when they are dry, then put with them two ounces of fresh butter, a pinch of

salt and a few drops of strained lemon juice. Shake them again over the fire for two or three minutes so that each bean may be coated with the butter. When this point is reached, and when the beans are hot through, serve at once upon very hot plates. The plates should be placed round the table, and the beans handed round.

If beans cooked thus are to be enjoyed in perfection, they should not be touched with a knife. To make them slightly the round thick little piece at the stalk end may be broken off, and any fibre there may be can be drawn away with it. But beans that are so fully grown, that they need to be stringed with a knife, and cut into strips, are too old to furnish a satisfactory dish of this sort.

*Gooseberry Fool.*—Green gooseberries are now to be had, and when they are small, young, and freshly gathered, no more delicious dish can be made with them than gooseberry fool. Well known as this dish is, it is not as popular as it deserves to be, because it is so often badly made. It seems as if some cooks were resolved not to make it properly; they will persist in leaving the skins in it, and these skins make the difference between what is super-excellent of its kind, and what is inferior and likely to disagree with people.

To make it as it should be made, top and tail a pound of green gooseberries, and stew them gently till soft and broken in a cupful of water, with half a pound of lump sugar. Rub them through a wire sieve with a silver or wooden spoon, and throw the skins away. Let the pulp go cold, then mix cold milk with it gradually, till it is of the consistency of cream. Many recipes say that cream should be used to thicken it, and if liked, a little cream may of course be used, and the fool will be all the richer. I should say, however, that milk was good enough for anybody. Before dishing the fool, taste it, and, if necessary, add a little more sugar. The preparation will be more refreshing and more generally acceptable if a little tart.

There are many housekeepers who acknowledge the excellence of gooseberry fool, who yet hesitate to put it on their tables, because they say that it does not look inviting. This is quite true. It is generally poured into a glass dish, and then it has merely the appearance of a greenish grey sauce, and only those who are acquainted with its virtues care to partake of it. It is, however, easy to make it look pretty, if we will bestow a little pains upon it. Let the cook put a little ground rice, not moulded, in the centre of the dish, pour the gooseberry fool round it, and arrange sponge fingers on the top, and she will have quite a charming-looking dish. Or if she is one of those who think that gooseberry fool requires a little cream to make it perfect, let her put two penny sponge biscuits in the middle of the glass dish, pour thin custard or syrup, thickened with a little gelatine, over them, and the gooseberry fool over all. The cream provided may now be whipped till firm, and piled upon the sponge biscuits. The appearance of the dish will then leave little to desire.



# ART NEEDLEWORK.

BY HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

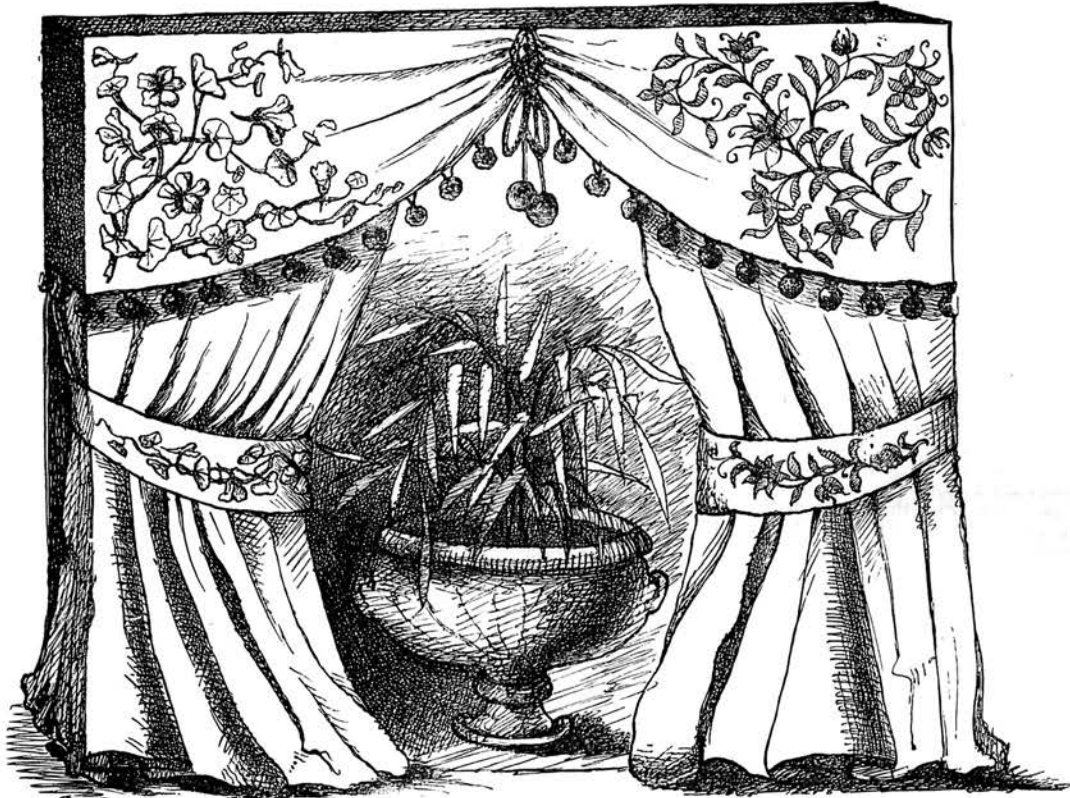


FIG. 1.—MANTEL VALANCE WITH CURTAINS AND BANDS. TWO DESIGNS.

We have lately heard or read somewhere that mantel valances are going out of fashion, but, judging from the number of those which have been displayed at all the latest exhibitions of art needlework and decorative work of all kinds, we venture to think this is a mistaken notion,

founded probably on the changes in form which are always taking place. These changes do not always tend to prove the so often repeated charge of fickleness in public taste; rather are they the outcome of ever-increasing culture and love of true artistic decoration. Instead of the straight bands or borders of embroidery which have so long been used for the purpose, we now more often see draped valances, and the style of the needlework is not so much confined to "all over" patterns.

In Fig. 1 we give a sketch arranged so as to show two different styles of design adapted for the same mode of draping, so that either can be used for the whole. The material is rich brown plush. On the left side is a design of nasturtium, the flowers of which are of a variety of natural shades, from deep red to pale yellow. It is worked solidly in crewel, with a few stitches of silk here and there to indicate the lights. The band of the curtain has an adaptation of the same design.

On the right side of the valance the pattern is more Japanese in style. It would look very handsome on crimson plush, with the design worked in satin stitch in shades of terracotta red, and the whole outlined with Japanese gold thread. Plush drapes so beautifully that its own folds are sufficiently handsome for the centre of the valance and also for the curtains. The effect of the latter with bands of embroidery only is in better taste than if they were covered with needlework. The valance is trimmed with plush ball fringe, the appearance of which is very complete and pretty.

Velveteen or soft cloth can also be used if plush be more costly than is desired. Both valance and curtains must be lined, or they will not drape so well; the bands should also

be finished with silk cord round them, or, if liked, with ball fringe at the lower edge, to match the trimming of the valance. Another way to drape the latter is to loop it up between twenty and thirty inches from both ends, thus making three festoons, in each of which a spray should be worked. A fireplace is always so much the centre of attraction—the heart of the room, so to speak—that we do not think the decoration of it will ever cease to be the first effort when we turn our thoughts to making our homes beautiful. It has often occurred to us that the heaviness of effect, which is so difficult to avoid in the arrangement of this most important part of a drawing-room, could be overcome if (in cases where it



FIG. 2.—BELLOWS.

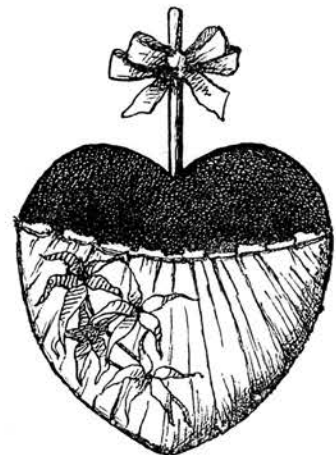


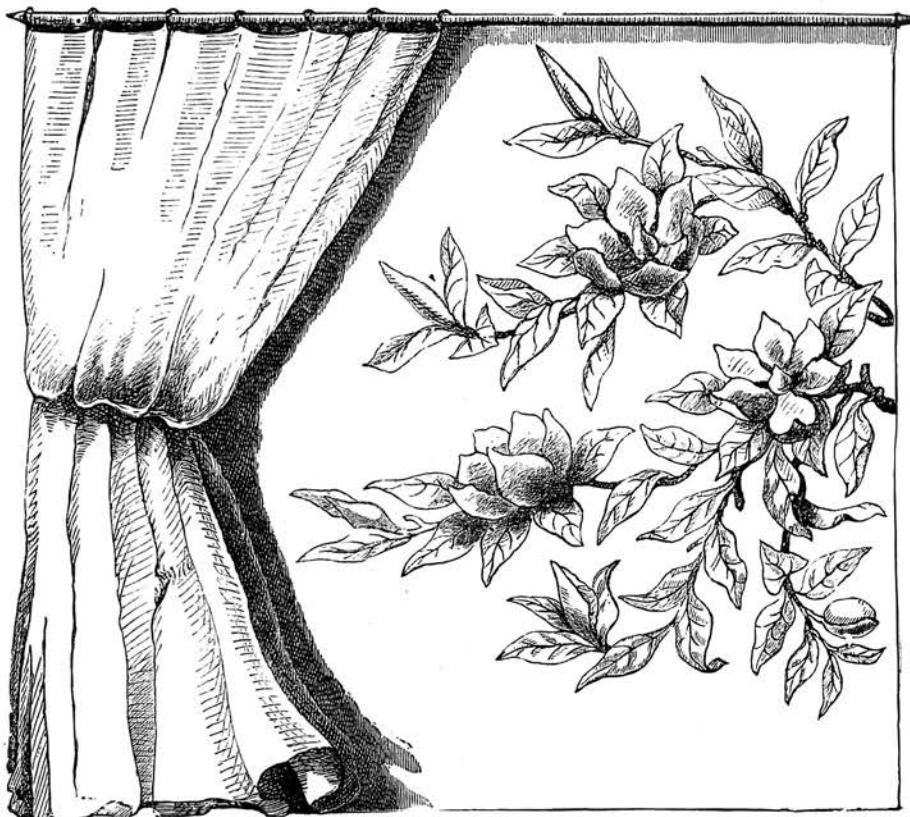
FIG. 3.—WALL POCKET.



be architecturally practicable) a tiny hanging conservatory could be built outside the wall over the fireplace, having a single large pane of glass or a window let into the wall of the room. The over-mantel, which should have no back, can then be placed over this window, prettily draped with soft silk or muslin. The little conservatory thus made may be filled with hanging pots of ferns, which could easily be attended to by means of a ladder or steps, and showing through what appears to be the glass back of the over-mantel, they would make a very light and pretty natural decoration. The great drawbacks to this plan are that it could only be carried out on a detached drawing-room wall, and that it would necessitate the chimney being carried on one side. Doubtless some of our readers can improve on this suggestion (for the introduction of which, in an article on needlework, we make a humble apology).

Fig. 2 represents a design for a pair of bellows, which are covered with velveteen. The design is worked in crewel, in satin stitch, the flowers in shaded white, or pale pink, and the leaves in olive green; the veins of the leaves and flowers are of fine gold thread. This pattern would look very well embroidered in olive green satin, or in natural coloured silk. Bellows are amongst the oldest objects to which needlework and all manner of art decoration has been applied, examples of which we have seen in various quaint and charming shapes.

Fig. 3 is a sketch of one of the innumerable wall pockets made of fans, which are always so greatly in favour with amateur embroiderers, and is very simply made. It is a penny palmleaf fan, the front of which is first covered with crimson plush. It may have a thin sheet of cotton wool inserted, by way of padding, under the plush. If liked, a spray of palm leaves is worked in outline with Japanese gold thread on a piece of terra-cotta coloured pongee or tussore silk, which is gathered across the fan with elastic. To form the pocket a silk cord can be sewn all round, and a handsome bow in two contrasting shades of ribbon attached to its handle. This wall pocket may be made in any colour or combination of colours, and any simple spray will do to embroider on it, or tiny powderings will do, if preferred. It might be varied by the fan being covered with silk, whilst the pocket is of plush. Another way would be to place the pocket diagonally across



PIANO BACK.

the fan, and have long ribbon loops attached to the handle on one side.

Fig. 4 is a decoration for a piano back, which could easily be managed at home if a light wooden frame the size of the piano be made, with a brass rod and rings for the curtain. The material is of wallflower red velveteen, on which a branch of magnolia is embroidered in natural colours with crewels, with a few stitches of silk. Care must be taken to introduce the russet and golden browns in the stems and backs of the leaves, which are the great characteristic of the magnolia. The flowers, too, need careful shading with grey and pale green, the buds at the ends of each branch having a good deal of pale green at the base. The panel must, we think, be worked in a frame, and when finished will want stiffening with embroidery

paste before it is nailed into the wooden framework. A curtain of pale terra-cotta coloured pongee silk is then arranged on the unembroidered side, and a very artistic and effective piano back is the result. It would look equally well on brown velveteen, with a curtain of old gold. Any large branch of effective and graceful plants, such as honeysuckle, chrysanthemum, etc., would do to use for this purpose, or two or three stems of lilies, foxglove, or iris springing from the base of the panel at one side. The large flat surface of a piano back is one which naturally lends itself for purposes of decoration. The addition of a curtain breaking the expanse is a great improvement, and the embroidery being confined to one side only, it does not really cost more than a plainer style of ornament.

## DOBSON'S PLOTS.



LET not the reader suppose that my title refers to any dark conspiracies of which my friend Dobson was the instigator. No; his plots were as harmless as himself, which is saying a great deal, for a more good-natured, easy-going fellow than Dobson never breathed. The fact is, I wished to write a story, and the only obstacle in my path was the want of a plot. In vain I cudgelled my brains for something original in the way of love affairs, highway robberies, mysterious disappearances and discoveries; there was nothing new to be turned up by

me in that direction. The subject of madmen engaged my attention for a time; but I could think of no fresh combination of circumstances in connection with them. Happening one day in despair to mention my difficulty to Dobson, I was surprised at the sudden illumination of his countenance, which, sooth to say, was not generally of the brightest.

"Hard up for a plot, are you, old man?" he ejaculated. "Well, you've come to the right quarter for one. My brain literally teems with plots, and if I only had time I would write the most original and amusing stories you ever read. But, as it is, dear boy, you shall have them all, and welcome."

I was somewhat surprised, never having suspected Dobson's talents to lie in that direction. But then how likely we are to be mistaken even in those whom we think we know best! How often does a simple, dull exterior conceal the smouldering fire of genius! and, with a pang of self-reproach for the slight regard in which I had hitherto held my old friend's capabilities, I grasped him warmly by the hand, and thanked him for his generosity.

"Can you let me have one of them immediately?" I asked, being anxious to start my story without any further loss of time.

I fancied Dobson seemed slightly taken aback. He rubbed his hand hard over his forehead, as he answered slowly, "I can't at this moment recall one, but"—here he brightened up again—"just look me up to-night, and I'll have one ready for you."

That evening accordingly found me, all expectation, at Dobson's lodgings. No sooner had he caught sight of me than, with a violent clap on my back—"I've got one for you!" he cried. "Just the thing!"

I begged him to come out with it at once.

"Well," began Dobson, in his most dramatic manner, "you must have a fine old country house—picture-galleries, and all that sort of thing. You'll have to work it up, you know. You're on a visit there, and they put you into a splendid room—oak-panellings, large four-poster hung with silken curtains, and so on. You'll know how to describe it."

"Yes; go on with the story, please," I urged.

"Well," pursued Dobson, with a confident air, and lowering his voice for the sake of effect, "*that room is haunted*. Do you catch on?"

"Yes?" said I, with breathless eagerness.

"At about midnight you wake up suddenly with a sort of all-overish feeling, you know, as if some one were in the room; and there"—Dobson stretched out his hand, and mechanically I followed its direction, half expecting to behold some spectral apparition—"gliding up to your bedside in the moonlight is the figure of a beautiful young lady, hair all wet and streaming, wringing her hands together as if in anguish."

"And what did she do?" I inquired, as he came to a dead stop.

The question seemed to irritate Dobson.

"Do! It was a *ghost*," he explained, with some show of condescension.

"Oh!" I meekly returned, though I certainly had suspected the appearance to have been of that nature; and Dobson took up his parable with renewed spirit.

"The next morning you come downstairs to breakfast, pale and a little flurried. Your host asks you what's up, and you come out with what you have seen. Your host turns livid, mutters something under his breath, and asks you to follow him. He takes you to the picture-gallery: stops before the portrait of a beautiful young lady. But you're not listening."

"Yes, indeed, I'm all attention," I assured him, recalling my wandering thoughts.

"Well," resumed Dobson, fixing me with his pale grey eye, and speaking in his most impressive manner, "that portrait was the very *fac-simile* of the young

lady who had visited your room the night before. Her lover had proved false, and she had drowned herself in the moat, more than two hundred years ago. That accounted for her dripping hair, you understand."

The thought occurred to me that the young lady might have managed to get her hair dry in two hundred years, but I kept it to myself.

"Very good," I said; "very striking, really; but do you know, Dobson, I almost think I've seen something of the kind in print."

"Impossible!" cried Dobson, with a touch of resentment in his tone. "I've never told it to a soul before."

"Don't be offended," I said, smothering my disappointment as best I could, "but I fancy ghosts are rather played out. Has nothing curious ever happened in your own experience?"

Dobson evidently withdrew his thoughts with difficulty from the subject of the haunted house, but he made an effort to fall in with my wishes, and, after a few moments' reflection, exclaimed with an ecstatic expression which at once revived my hopes, "I have it! An aunt of mine—I've often heard her tell the story—was travelling in the night mail to Scotland. There was only one other passenger in the carriage with her—a man of dark, dare-devil aspect. Well, after they had gone a little way, he begged my aunt to look away for a moment, as he had one or two changes to make in his toilet. My aunt was a very decorous old lady—spinster, you know—and she was rather alarmed at the request, though the young man's manner was perfectly civil. In about ten minutes he told her his toilet was complete. She looked round, but where was the young man gone? I've heard my aunt say it gave her quite a turn, for in the corner of the carriage where he had been sitting was a most dignified-looking old gentleman—fine broadcloth, gold spectacles, snow-white hair, and all that. She could hardly believe her eyes; but he was reading quietly, and took no notice of her. A few minutes afterwards they reached their station, and then my aunt discovered that she had been travelling with one of the most notorious robbers that was ever heard of, who had made his escape in that disguise."

I had a vague recollection of having met with something very like this before, but as Dobson argued that it was impossible two people should have passed through such a curious experience, and that his aunt was undeniably the heroine of the story he had just told, I could only conclude that the old lady must have published it herself, and took my leave, promising to think it over. It is needless to say I never made use of this plot; in fact, my confidence in Dobson's ability to furnish me with what I required was considerably lessened by the evening's experience.

A few days later, as I was walking homewards, Dobson and his plots far from my thoughts, I heard his voice behind me. "Hallo, Brown, old man! Have you got your story off yet?"

"No," I replied; "I've been rather busy of late."

"Well, it's all for the best," said Dobson. "I've

been considering your case, and I really think I've got a plot that will satisfy you now."

"Indeed!" I asked, I fear without much interest in my tone.

"Yes," he rejoined; "just the other night such an odd thing happened—something out of the common, don't you know?"

"What was it?" I demanded, with awakening interest.

"Well, you know," he went on glibly, "the other evening I was calling on the Smiths. Smith was out, but his daughters were all at home—he has seven, you know. I was asked in, and the strange thing is that there were only ladies in the room, fully a dozen, I should think." Here he stopped, as if expecting me to say something.

"Where's the plot?" I said, growing slightly impatient.

"The plot!" echoed Dobson; "why, don't you see? That's just it—one gentleman amongst a dozen ladies! You could work a capital story out of it," and he gleefully rubbed his hands together, as if he saw before him the unfolding of a romance beside which the wildest situations of Dumas, the most intricate involvements of Wilkie Collins would show tame and feeble.

"Isn't it rather bald?" I brutally suggested.

"Bald!" retorted Dobson, somewhat crestfallen. "No; I don't see anything bald about it. None of the ladies were bald," he went on, taking refuge in what took the place with him of choice *badinage*, "and I've still got some hair left," passing his hand meditatively over his sparsely covered pate.

I was turning wearily away when, with recovered equanimity, for Dobson is of a buoyant disposition, he stopped me. "You're awfully hard to please, but here's another, and you can't say it has no point. Founded on fact, too, which would make it all the more taking. Just listen," he persisted, ignoring my efforts at escape. "Do you remember how smitten I was with that McTavish girl? Well, this is a thing I've never confided to any one. I had fully made up my mind to give her the chance of becoming Mrs. Dobson, and had actually called at her house for the express purpose of popping the question. She was standing in front of the mirror when I was shown in, and, as I hastened towards her, I caught sight of the reflection of her face. 'Pon my word, her mouth was all twisted to one side in the glass, quite altering her expression. I was thrown completely off my balance, and the occasion went by—never to return. Ha! ha! very good, ain't it? Just work it up, and you'll make a name for yourself."

"Very amusing, Dobson, but I should hardly feel justified in bringing such a delicate affair before the public. Besides, I've almost given up the idea of writing a story."

"Don't say that," protested Dobson, in genuine anxiety. "I'll find you a good plot yet."

From that hour Dobson became the torment of my life. I could never meet him without having one or more of his plots thrust down my throat, for the poorer they became the more lavishly he bestowed them on me. "Hallo, Brown!" he would exclaim on the most inopportune occasions, "I've got another plot for you." And then I would be compelled to listen perhaps to the mad bull story, related by Dobson with all the spontaneous gusto of an improvisatore; or else to the experience of that incorrigible noodle of a young lady who gets periodically overtaken by the tide, for the express purpose, so far as I can see, of inveigling some young man into wetting his feet in fishing her out.

Once it was the blood-curdling story of a doctor finding himself in the power of a madman, who, in the suavest manner possible, and with no intent of malice, but only in the interest of science, had set himself the task of abstracting the doctor's heart, that he might perform certain long-cherished experiments on it.

Another time the idea to be worked out would be that of a heroine of an extinct dynasty reappearing on the drama of modern life, and working strange charms, through her possession of some secret, unsuspected power, by which she was enabled to keep both decay and death at bay.

And again, the suggested nucleus of a story would be that venerable device of a missing will, turning up just in time to frustrate the machinations of some evil-disposed party, and to consummate the happiness of two mercenary young lovers.

If it were not one of these antediluvian acquaintances it would be some inane production of Dobson's own, or else the account of any trivial occurrence which might have befallen him in his unusually humdrum existence, and which he would detail as something altogether remarkable, and bid me "work it up." This mania of his at last attained to such a pitch, his brain meanwhile becoming more and more exhausted, that he could scarcely see a cab-horse fall down, or a policeman running a small boy in, but he would eagerly suggest the incident to me as the foundation for a story.

I am certain, however, that Dobson—he is such a good-natured fellow, despite his foible—will be really pleased to see that his plots have proved of some use to me after all.

DAVID C. ROOSE.





MAY.

Then cometh May, gallant and gay,  
When frequent flow'rs do thrive,  
The child is then become a man,  
Of age twenty and five.  
And for his life doth seek a wife,  
His days and years to spend;  
May life above send peace and love,  
And grace unto the end.  
OLD POEM; 1653.

THE YOUNG MAN ABROAD—TO "OBSERVE THE RIGHTS OF MAY."

MAY is, throughout, a month of out-door rejoicing; and, as its festivities are inspired by the gay face of Nature, they are as old as any we have on record. Mr. Borlase says: "May customs are nothing more than a gratulation of the Spring, to testify universal joy at the revival of vegetation." And, Mr. Douce remarks: "there can be no doubt that the Queen of May is the legitimate representative of the Goddess Flora, in the Roman festival." In Scotland, on May-day, is held a rural sacrifice called the Baltein, or Fire of Baal—the only word in Gaelic for a globe; this festival being, probably, in honour of the return of the Sun, in his apparent annual course:—

All hail to thee, thou first of May,  
Sacred to wonted sport and play,  
To wine and jest, and dance, and song,  
And mirth that lasts the whole day long.

In the days of "Merry England," all ranks of people—royal and noble, as well as the vulgar—went out *Maying*, i.e. gathering May, on the first of May: who does not remember Herrick's lyric "To Corinna, to go a Maying." The universality of the custom—the multitudes roaming in the fields on May morning, and the towns and villages subsequently bedecked with evergreens, are thus told:—

Come, my Corinna, come; and, coming, mark  
How each field turns a street, each street a park,  
Made green, and trimm'd with trees; see how  
Devotion gives each house a bough,  
Or branch; each porch, each door, ere this,  
An ark, a tabernacle is,  
Made up of whitethorn neatly interwove;  
As if here were those cooler shades of love.

Our artist has picturesquely illustrated the "rites of May"—where the youthful swain is adorning the brow of his fair companion with a garland of flowers, and is about to lead her forth to the sports of the Morris-dance and May-pole, where too are Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, and Maid Marian, from the rustic chivalry of ages long past: the Morris-dance originated from the Moors, (*Morisco*); and the Marian, perhaps, from Morion, a head-piece, because the head was gaily dressed.

Nor was this merely a rustic sport, for it was equally enjoyed by those "in populous city pent." In "Jolly old London," on May-day, the doors were decorated with flowering branches, and every hat was decked with hawthorn, brought in triumph from the neighbouring fields. Then, May-poles were set up in various parts of London: Chaucer mentions the pole or *shaft*, in Leadenhall-street, higher than the steeple of the church of St. Andrew-under-shaft. Beaumont and Fletcher allude to the May-pole nearly on the site of the church of St. Mary-le-Strand; and its successor, when removed, was used for a telescope-stand in Essex; it had two gilt balls and a vane, on the summit, and was decorated on festival-days, with garlands of flowers. Another pole must have been set up in May Fair, just upon the verge of Hyde Park. The Puritans fought a stubborn battle with the May-poles—as "heathenish vanities of superstition and wickedness:—"

Alas! poor May-poles! what should be the cause  
That you were almost banished from the earth?  
Who never were rebellious to the laws:  
Your greatest crime was honest, harmless mirth.

At the Restoration, May-poles were permitted to be erected again; though few held up their heads after the *coup fanatique*. They were condemned as pagan; but, on the observance of May Day, there could scarcely be any difference of opinion. Even the grave old Chronicler Stowe, talks of rejoicing the spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the notes of birds—praising God in their kind."

May has, indeed, been a "feast of the poets." Who does not remember Milton's glorious invocation to "flowery May," and "bounteous May," Then, too, the festive muse of Moore:

Of all the fair months that round the Sun  
In light-linked dance their circle run,  
Sweet May! sweet May! thou'rt dear to me.

Even, the gentle Gray is roused to sing "We frolic while 'tis May." Yet, those who can "suck melancholy from a song" may find it in this month, and its frail flowers. Ben Jonson, in his exquisite ode "To the Memory of a Youth," after the long-standing oak, says:—

A lillie of a day  
Is fairer farre in May,  
Although it fall and die that night:—  
It was the plant and flower of light.

Among the superstitions of the month, it was a bad omen to be married in it—a notion as old as Ovid. On Old May Day, 1610, Henry IV. was assassinated by Ravallac—a tragedy of such eventful consequences, that it must have added to the *fatalities* of the month.

*Holy Thursday* (Ascension Day), is still set apart for parochial perambulations, and beating bounds—a custom traceable to the pagan Terminus (Lat. bound), who was the guardian of fields and landmarks, and the keeper-up of friendship and peace among men; the procession was formerly headed by the Bishop or Clergy, who sang Litanies in the fields, &c. A Homily was formerly set forth, for this day; for which, also, the Injunctions of Queen Elizabeth, in 1599, declared that a proper service should be provided.

*Restoration Day* observances are now but rare; though, formerly, the statues of Charles I. and II. were dressed with oak-branches, as was the tomb of the preserver of Charles II., at St. Giles's church, London. At Newcastle, it is called "Barge Day," there being on the Tyne a Corporation procession, similar to that on the Thames, on Lord Mayor's Day.

*Whit Sunday*, or Pentecost, or *Whiten-Sunday*, was named from its being one of the stated times for baptism in the ancient church, when those that were baptised put on white garments, as types of that spiritual purity which they had received. In Catholic countries, the priests, on this day, cast flowers from the upper ambulatories of their churches, upon the congregation of the faithful assembled in the nave below.

SO VERY HUMAN.

THE COQUETTE.



# OUT-DOOR GAMES

From over the SEA.



## PIES

V.

"PIES" is a homely enough name for a game, but as played by American girls a fair amount of fun and frolic arises from it. First, by a process of "counting-out," a "mother," a "nurse," and a "baker" are chosen from among the crowd of girls who decide that they are going to play this somewhat elaborate game, which, with all its dialogue, is yet played in exactly the same fashion by girls living in towns hundreds of miles apart. The balance of the girls represents the children, and when the game begins they are placed in charge of the nurse by the mother, who withdraws to a convenient distance. The children immediately begin to keep up such a chattering, and otherwise so misbehave themselves, that the nurse threatens that she will sell them to the baker to be made into pies. This is the cue for the appearance of the baker, who comes up to the nurse and says, "Please, miss, give me a match to light my fire with." The nurse innocently turns round to find the match, and the baker, seizing the child nearest to her, runs off with her. Leaving her safe in the "shop," the baker returns and again asks for a match. Again the foolish nurse turns to get it, and again the wicked baker steals one of the children. When, however, she approaches her for the third time with the same request, the nurse is too wide awake, and refuses her. But the

baker is not to be outwitted. She calls out suddenly—

"Please, ma'am, your kettle's boiling over!"

The unsuspecting nurse turns her head away, and another child is carried off to the baker's shop.

From this point onward the baker's devices for causing the nurse to turn her head away are impromptu ones, and the baker's imaginative and inventive powers are called into full play. At length she finds herself in possession of all the children, and proceeds to make them into "pies," which means that all the girls cover their faces with their hands and stand in a row.

Now comes the mother's turn. She is on her way home when she calls in at the baker's to buy a pie for her children, and the following set dialogue ensues—

"Good morning, baker!"

"Good morning, ma'am!"

"Have you any pies to-day?"

"Yes, ma'am. Five, or six, or seven" (as the case may be).

"What kind are they?"

"Apple, mince, gooseberry, cherry" (and so forth).

"Then give me a nice apple pie, and let me taste it."

"Certainly, ma'am!"—and the first "pie" is handed to the mother. She touches the girl on the head with the tip of her finger, pretends to taste it, and then says—

"Why, this tastes like my Mary" (or whatever the girl's name may be). "Mary!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What brought you here?"

"My big toe!"

"Then run away home with you!"—and she chases her home. Then she proceeds to

taste the mince pie, and the same dialogue ensues, with another girl's name in place of "Mary," and so on, till all the "pies" have been chased home, and the rapacious baker is outwitted.

"Colours" is really a method of choosing sides, though it is sometimes played as a game in itself. The leader of the girls chooses two of them who are to act as the "bogie" and the "angel." They stand apart while the leader whispers in each girl's ear the name of some colour by which that particular girl is to be designated. Then they stand in a row while the bogie comes forward and sings—

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling,  
The door-bell rings."

The leader answers—

"My friend, your friend,  
Please to walk in!"

Then she asks "Who are you?" And the bogie replies, "The bogie with his pitchfork."

"What do you want?"

"A colour."

"What colour?"

"Red or black or green" (as the case may be)—and the girl who answers to the colour mentioned goes off with the bogie.

Then comes the other girl—

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling,  
The door-bell rings,"

she says in her turn, and the leader answers her—

"My friend, your friend,  
Please to walk in!"

"Who are you?"

"The angel with golden hair."

"What do you want?"

"A colour."

"What colour?"

"Blue or yellow" (or some colour not mentioned by the bogie).

So she gets her victim, and the process continues until the girls are evenly divided, and they set to at playing "Pots," or some other game of the sort; or sometimes some cakes or sweets are divided among the angel's "colours," while the bogie's are playfully beaten with a stick.

There are many other rhymes and what I may call fragmentary games, of which, though I have made every enquiry, I have never been able to find the exact meaning or complete scheme of playing. For instance, four girls will play what they call "Mulberry Bush." Two by two they clasp hands and stand on the arms of an imaginary cross, the clasped hands crossing each other at the juncture of the supposed arms of the cross. Then, as they sing the following lines, they see-saw backwards and forwards in time to the air—

"Draw a bucket of water!

A lady and her daughter!

One in a rush, two in a rush!

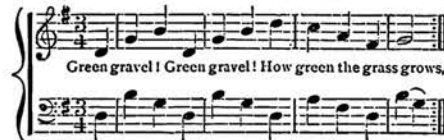
Please to walk under my mulberry bush."

That in the original form of the game something or other was done by other girls at this juncture seems to me self-evident; but the American girls are satisfied with carrying it only to the point I have indicated.

Then there is an old rhyme which I have been told is of Old English origin. The American girls simply walk round in a circle, and as each girl's name is mentioned, she turns round so as to face away from the ring, but still goes round with the others. The verse is sung

over and over again till all the girls are facing outwards. The song runs as follows—

### GREEN GRAVEL!



And all pretty maidens grow red as a rose.  
Oh, (Mary)! oh, (Mary)! your true love is dead;\*

He sends you a letter to turn back your head."

There are other fragmentary games, too, which have no vocal accompaniment. For instance, "Good and Bad Eggs," which is somewhat akin to "Colours," and which gives lots of fun apparently to those playing it, though the amusement is oftentimes gained at the expense of frocks and pinafores. The two eldest and strongest girls are selected to act as judges of the "eggs," one of them being called the "good angel," and the other the "bad angel." They stand opposite each other, and

\* This, I am told, is the version sung by Boston children—

"Green gravel, green gravel, the grass is so green;  
The fairest young maiden that ever was seen.  
Oh, Mary! oh, Mary! your true love is dead;  
He sent you a letter to turn round your head.  
Oh, Mary! oh, Mary! do you think it is true?  
Oh, yes! and oh, yes! and what shall I do?  
We'll wash you in milk, and dress you in silk,  
And write down your names with a gold pen and ink."

But as to the method of playing it, I have not been informed. A version somewhat similar was sung in Staffordshire (England) half a century ago.

the first "egg" steps forward to be judged. She clasps her hands tightly under her knees, which brings her in a crouching attitude. Then the two judges clasp their own hands under her arms below the shoulders, one on either side, and lifting her in this manner clear from the ground, begin to slowly swing her backwards and forwards like a living pendulum of a clock. As they swing her they keep tally, counting "one, two, three," and so on with each swing till they reach "twenty." If the "egg" can keep her hand clasped without letting go while she is swung the requisite number of times, she is a "good egg," and takes her place behind the "good angel." If, however, she cannot support the strain, which is considerable, she not only falls to the ground with an unpleasantly hard bump, but is sent, as a "bad egg," to join the "bad angel." The ending of the game, when all the "eggs" have been judged, is the same as that of "Colours," which I have already described.

When the girls rush out of school for the usual ten minutes "break" in the morning, and have not time to play any regular or lengthy game, they occupy themselves with "Sail-a-Boat" or "Weighing Butter." In "Sail-a-Boat" two girls face each other, and, clasping hands tightly, try how quickly they can whirl each other around until one or another is forced to let go, and shoots off at a tangent. In "Weighing Butter" two girls stand back to back, and, locking arms, alternately lift each other off their feet, the girl so lifted being supported on the back of the other. The girl who first "gives out," and can "weigh" no longer, is of course the loser.

(To be continued.)



GOOD AND BAD EGGS

## "AFTERNOON TEA;" A CHAT OVER THE TEACUPS.

By AMY S. WOODS.

WITHIN the last twenty years the simple but most popular meal known by the name of "afternoon tea" has become a prominent feature in domestic and social life.

"Afternoon tea!" The very words suggest to our minds pleasant visions of cosy fireside tea and talk on winter afternoons, or lazy enjoyment of the "cup that cheers" under the welcome shade of some spreading tree in drowsy *summer-time*.

True, the institution of this meal has been much condemned of late. We are told that women drink far more tea than is good for them and are growing more nervous in consequence; while the sterner sex complain that the enjoyment of their dinner is spoiled by their previous indulgence in the dainties of the tea-table.

Nevertheless, I think even those who cavil most at the evil influence of tea and its accompanying delicacies would, in their hearts, be sorry to witness the abolition of a meal which has won the support of so large a section of English society, from royalty downwards.

To those who are weary of formal entertainments, it comes as a boon and a blessing, while to those whose love of social pleasures is larger than their purse it is even more wel-

come, as it enables them to entertain their friends more frequently, with but little of the cost and trouble which more elaborate social gatherings involve. And it is to this latter class of afternoon-tea devotees that I dedicate the following recipes and suggestions.

It is easy for dwellers in London or other large towns to obtain a nice variety of cakes and biscuits wherewith to grace their tea-tables; but those who live in country villages are less fortunate, and are sometimes sadly conscious of lack of variety in the cakes they can make or procure. I hope therefore that the recipes here given will be acceptable to all those who are willing to spend a little care and trouble in carrying them out. Most of them are capable of further variation, and clever heads and fingers will devise artistic and dainty decorations and ornamentations for themselves, the result of which will be that their cakes will be quite as beautiful to look upon, and probably more beautiful to eat than those supplied by a fashionable confectioner.

One thing must be remembered by all aspiring cake-makers, viz., that dainty cakes and biscuits require time, care, and patience in their production, and cakes that are hurriedly made are seldom satisfactory. Another point to be remembered is that afternoon tea

is not a substantial meal, so that we must endeavour to have all our dishes as dainty and elegant as possible both in their composition and manner of serving.

We cannot perhaps all boast of silver or Sheraton tea-trays, or of Dresden or Worcester china; but a plain linen or small-patterned damask cloth embroidered with a large initial, and either prettily hemstitched or edged with Torchon lace, will hide all the deficiencies of our tea-tray, and now that such pretty Coalport china can be bought at such a reasonable price, no one need be without a charming tea-set.

In arranging the china and linen for afternoon tea, it will be well to remember that coloured china looks best upon a white cloth or upon a cream-coloured one embroidered in silks or flax threads to match the colours in the china, while for use with plain white or white-and-gold china a cloth of art linen, in plain blue, yellow or pink, with white embroidery is most suitable.

Nor need any hostess lament over her scarcity of small silver table appointments in the way of teapot and cream jugs and sugar basins, for a china teapot and hot-water jug and the sweet wee cream jugs and tiny basins now sold to match almost every stock pattern



AFTERNOON TEA.



of china, look quite as dainty and artistic as their more imposing silver brethren.

See that your bread-and-butter is delicately thin, and that it and your cakes and sandwiches are served upon dainty doyleys of fringed damask, and if you provide two small plates, one with brown and one with white bread-and-butter, they will be found more convenient to hand about than one large plate.

When there is only a small party, the use of a luncheon tray, with three divisions, will save trouble in handing cakes, etc., and, be it whispered, these same trays are also convenient when your stock of cake is low, as small pieces of cake which could not possibly attain to the dignity of the cake-basket, will make quite an imposing appearance if cut in slices and arranged in one division of the tray, with some biscuits in the second and some carefully-rolled bread-and-butter in the third.

No doubt all my readers are acquainted with the silver or electro-plated handles which are now sold for attaching to cake and bread-and-butter plates, and a very convenient invention too; but should your means preclude your indulgence in these luxuries, do not, I pray you, be inveigled into buying the substitutes made of a sort of millinery arrangement of wire, ribbon, and artificial flowers. They soon become shabby and tawdry, while even when they can boast of pristine freshness the idea of ribbon and artificial flowers in such close proximity to eatables is to my mind at once incongruous and inartistic.

In cutting bread-and-butter or sandwiches, a loaf at least twenty-four hours old should be used, as it is impossible to obtain a satisfactory result with new bread. Servants, it may be noted, are as a rule far too liberal with the butter, which they often leave in lumps in any holes there may be in the surface of the bread; and should the bread be cut as thin as it ought to be, the butter will probably work its way through to the other side with very unpleasantly greasy results.

And now for the recipes themselves, and as savoury sandwiches—and, indeed, sandwiches of every kind—are always favourites we will have a friendly chat concerning them before passing on to cakes and biscuits.

For the foundation of all sandwiches, we must use evenly cut, and not too liberally buttered, bread, and be very careful that our seasoning is generously used, but with discretion. To crunch a lump of salt in a sandwich is by no means a pleasant experience.

*Cress Sandwiches*, though always appreciated, are simplicity itself. Carefully wash and thoroughly dry the cress, arrange on slices of bread-and-butter, sprinkle with salt, and, after pressing the covering slices firmly down, cut into two-inch squares and pile on a doyley, garnishing with tiny bunches of cress.

*Watercress Sandwiches* are made in the same way, using only the leaves, which must be most carefully washed in salt and water. Most people consider the addition of a little mayonnaise sauce a great improvement, and the following will be found a simple but excellent way to make it:

Rub the yolk of a hard-boiled egg very smooth, adding a good pinch of salt, a grain or two of cayenne pepper, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of made mustard; then add alternately, and drop by drop, lest the sauce should curdle, one tablespoonful of vinegar and two of salad oil, and one tablespoonful of very thick cream. Use a wooden spoon for the mixing, and do not make the sauce too liquid or it will ooze through the sandwiches.

*Chicken Sandwiches*, made with a little finely pounded chicken with a layer of watercress or lettuce and a little mayonnaise, are excellent.

*Cucumber Sandwiches* are always welcome in hot weather. Soak the slices of cucumber

in some well-seasoned vinegar for two or three hours before using, turning it frequently. Cut the bread round each slice of cucumber with a small round pastry-cutter and garnish with parsley. A little dab of mayonnaise in each sandwich is a great improvement.

*Shrimp Sandwiches* are delicious. From a pint of shrimps, pick out a few of the largest with which to garnish your sandwiches, shell the remainder and allow them to get thoroughly hot over the fire (but not to boil) in a quarter of a pound of fresh butter, or two ounces of butter and two tablespoonfuls of thick cream, and a discreet seasoning of salt and pepper. Pound the mixture in a mortar until perfectly smooth, and then spread upon either white or brown bread-and-butter, and cut the sandwiches into rounds. A *dariole* or tiny pudding-mould with a crimped edge answers capitally for the purpose. Pile upon a doyley and garnish with the shrimps upon some fresh parsley.

Crab or lobster paste prepared in the same way but with the addition of a little mustard and vinegar, and no cream, makes excellent sandwiches.

*Anchovy Sandwiches* are made in the same way, using a good brand of anchovy paste instead of the shrimp mixture. If you have plenty of eggs at command, the hard-boiled yolks of two, pounded to a paste with two ounces of butter and a tablespoonful of anchovy paste, will make a superior sandwich.

*Egg Sandwiches* are filled with the same paste of pounded eggs, well seasoned, but without the anchovy; another ounce of butter or two tablespoonfuls of cream is an improvement in this case.

So much for sandwiches; the eight varieties I have mentioned will serve as a foundation from which clever housekeepers will devise numerous other kinds. Almost any scraps of shell-fish, game, or poultry, can be pounded and used as I have described, and if the seasoning is all that it should be, and the sandwiches are delicately made and served, they will always find some appreciative mortals to enjoy them!

And now to turn our attention to the cakes and biscuits, which I hope my fair readers will make with their own dainty hands, and thus ensure success, even if it be evolved from early failures.

Before passing on to the actual recipes, will they accept six general hints as to successful cake-making?

Firstly (as I have said before)—Give yourself time, and do not hurry or slur over any part of the process.

Secondly—Be sure your oven is at the right temperature before you put in your cakes. A quick oven is best for buns and small cakes, and a tolerably quick one to raise large cakes, and then the heat must be lowered and kept at a regular temperature to bake them through. When a cake has risen, lay a sheet of buttered paper over the top to prevent it blackening. To ascertain if a cake is sufficiently baked, plunge a clean knife or skewer through the centre; if it comes out clean and dry the cake is baked, if sticky, it requires further baking.

Thirdly—Be very careful that your cake-tins or moulds are thoroughly clean and well greased. Line your plain tins with well-greased plain paper, not printed. The tins for small cakes such as queen cakes should be sprinkled with flour and castor sugar after they are buttered.

Fourthly—Use only the best flour, and see that it is well dried, sifted, and warmed before using. Clean currants and sultanas with flour on a sieve; this not only cleans them but prevents them from sinking in the cake.

Fifthly—Before commencing to mix your

cake, be sure your tins are ready, and that you have round you all your ingredients weighed and prepared, so that you may not have to leave your cake unfinished while you fetch something you have forgotten. All cakes but those made with yeast should be baked directly the mixing is finished.

Sixthly—Do not be *disheartened* if your first attempt to make a new cake is a failure. We too often forget that success is frequently the outcome of many failures.

Before giving any recipes for fancy cakes, let me advise you to give the following recipes for "Sally Lunn's" and "Tea Cakes made with yeast," a trial.

For the former, mix half a teaspoonful of salt in a pound of flour, and add three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Melt half an ounce of butter in half a pint of new milk, and when milk-warm pour it over half an ounce of German yeast. Add a well-beaten egg and a little grated nutmeg. Stir lightly into the flour with a wooden spoon, cover with a cloth and set it in a warm place to rise; then bake from fifteen to twenty minutes in a quick oven. Some well-greased hoops are best to use for baking Sally Lunn's, and the cakes should be brushed over with some beaten egg before they are quite baked. To serve, split each one into three slices, toast a delicate brown, butter and cut each slice in two, place together and serve on a very hot plate.

For *Tea Cakes* take two pounds of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, quarter of a pound of butter or lard, and three ounces of sugar, with a few currants or sultanas if liked. Mix half an ounce of German yeast with three-quarters of a pint of warm milk and one egg. Rub the butter into the flour, and add the other dry ingredients, mix in the liquid part and knead lightly, and then set to rise. When sufficiently light divide into round cakes, place on a baking-sheet and allow them to remain a few minutes longer to rise again before baking. They will require from a quarter to half an hour in a good oven. They may either be split open, buttered, and eaten while hot, or toasted in the same way as Sally Lunn's. The great culinary authority, M. Soyer, recommends that after toasting cakes or hot buttered toast, each piece should be cut through separately and then placed together, as when the whole is divided at once the pressure needed to force the knife down to the plate, forces the butter into the lowest slice, which is often swimming in grease while the upper slices are comparatively dry.

And now we will turn our attention to a few cakes which I can cordially recommend. Let us take *Cherry Cake* to commence with. For this you will require six ounces of flour, three ounces of butter, three ounces of castor sugar, two eggs, the grated rind of half a lemon, two ounces of crystallised or glacé cherries and a teaspoonful of baking-powder. Slightly warm but do not oil the butter, beat it to a cream with the sugar and lemon, add the eggs, well beaten, then the flour and cherries (cut in halves), and lastly the baking-powder. Whisk thoroughly, pour into a paper-lined tin and bake from three-quarters to half an hour. Another plan is to bake the cake in a Yorkshire pudding tin, and when baked to cover the top with pink icing, made with the white of an egg beaten up till fairly liquid but not frothy, and mixed very smoothly with sufficient icing sugar to make a smooth paste. You will find the readiest way of doing this is to use a wooden spoon on a dinner-plate, holding the bowl of the spoon with the fingers; a little practice and patience are needed to make the icing perfectly smooth, but remember one lump spoils the appearance of the icing. Add a few drops of cochineal and a few drops of vanilla flavouring, and spread the icing evenly over the top of the cake

with a paper knife or dessert knife; a steel one must not be used. Take off any drops that may run over the sides of the cake and divide it in two pieces while the icing is wet, then dry at the mouth of the oven.

For *Orange Cake* take the weight of three eggs in butter, sugar and flour, the grated rind and strained juice of an orange, or two, if small, and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Make and bake the cake in exactly the same way as the preceding one, but if iced, use white icing, or colour it with a little grated orange-rind and juice, using orange-juice to flavour it.

*Madeira Cake* is made in the same way and with the same proportions, but the orange is of course omitted and some finely-sliced lemon or candied peel substituted as a flavouring, or a little essence of vanilla.

For various kinds of cake you cannot have a better foundation than by taking the weight of as many eggs as you wish to use, in flour, butter and sugar, and then adding the various flavourings and a teaspoonful, more or less, according to the number of eggs, of baking-powder.

Desiccated cocoanut makes a nice change if *Cocoanut Cake* is desired, or, if you do not mind the trouble of grating it, the fresh cocoanut is of course superior. After the cake is baked brush the top over with a little white of egg and scatter some of the cocoanut upon it.

Twelve delicious little *Rice Cakes* may be made by taking one egg and its weight in sugar and butter, half its weight in ground rice and half in wheaten flour. When mixing add the rice after the flour, and also a few drops of flavouring or the grated rind of half a lemon. Bake in small tins in a quick oven for ten minutes. If two or more eggs are used and the other ingredients increased in proportion an excellent cake can be made.

*Almond Buns* are also nice. For these take half a pound of flour, six ounces of butter, six ounces of castor sugar, four ounces of almonds blanched and chopped, and a teaspoonful of baking-powder. Mix together the butter, sugar, eggs and flour, add the almonds and baking-powder last, form into buns and bake on a buttered tin for twenty minutes.

*Queen Cakes* are always favourites but require careful making and the proper heart-shaped tins to bake them in. Prepare the tins as previously directed by buttering them very thoroughly and sprinkling with castor sugar and flour. Then take three eggs, their weight in fresh butter, sugar, flour, and currants, and the grated rind of a lemon. Cream the butter and sugar together, add the eggs, fruit, and a pinch of salt, then the flour and half a teaspoonful of baking-powder, and lastly a small wineglassful of good brandy. Whisk thoroughly, shake off any loose flour or sugar from the tins, fill them three parts full of the mixture and hit each one sharply on the table before putting in the oven. Bake for twenty minutes.

*Genoise Pastry* is also popular, but cannot

be made in a hurry. Take half a pound of butter, half a pound of castor sugar, half a pound of flour, the yolks of two eggs and the yolks and whites of two more eggs, and half a teaspoonful of baking-powder. Mix thoroughly, spread evenly over sheets of buttered paper placed in Yorkshire pudding tins, smooth over with a knife dipped in boiling water, and bake twenty minutes in a moderate oven, but keep the cake a pale brown colour.

While it is baking prepare some icing as directed for cherry cake, using the two whites of egg left over from the cake. Divide into two portions on two plates, colouring one pink and leaving the other white; flavour the former with a little raspberry syrup, or juice from some jam, and the latter with vanilla, lemon, or a little maraschino liqueur. Dissolve half an ounce of grated chocolate with two tablespoonfuls of water and stir it over the fire till thoroughly smooth and liquid, adding two or three lumps of sugar. If you have not a forcing bag with which to ornament your icing, or if you are not an adept in the use of it, provide yourself with a few crystallised cherries, blanched almonds, chopped pistachio nuts, and pink and white comfits with which to decorate your cakes. How they shall be decorated I leave to your own artistic minds to decide—only reminding you that almonds, pistachio nuts or a neat pattern of pink and white icing, or a border of alternate pink and white comfits are most suitable for decorating chocolate icing, while cherries and pink sugar look best on white, and almonds and white sugar on pink. A very speedy and effective decoration is to sprinkle white grated cocoanut on your pink cakes, and a mixture of pink (coloured with cochineal) and pale green (coloured with spinach juice) on white icing, using a mixture of all three colours on the chocolate. The study of the cakes in some high-class confectioner's will help you here. When the cake is baked lift it by the paper on to a clean pastry-board, remove the paper, divide each slab of cake across, and then split it open. On one piece put raspberry jam and press the other half upon it while hot; on another marmalade, on the third apricot, and on the last strawberry or pineapple. Pour over the apricot cake your chocolate icing, and while still hot cut into strips about two and a half inches wide, and then cut again slantwise across the strips so as to form diamond-shaped pieces. Then place them at the mouth of the oven to dry, while you proceed in the same way with your other cakes. Be careful to use your pink icing with the red jam, and white with the yellow. When partially dry the decorations must be added, otherwise they will not adhere to the icing, and then the cakes must be again dried until the icing will not take the impression of the finger when pressed upon it.

*Scotch Shortbread* is a favourite with many people, though hardly to be commended to the notice of dyspeptic sufferers. The following recipe for it, given to me by a Scotch-woman, will be found a very good one.

One pound of flour, four ounces of ground rice, one pound and a quarter of butter, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, a little candied peel, and a pinch of salt. Beat the butter to a cream, add the sugar, and very gradually sift in the flour and rice; work with the hands till quite smooth and divide into six pieces. Put each piece on a sheet of paper and roll out to the thickness of half an inch, prick it all over, lay on it the pieces of candied peel, pinch the edges, and bake in a moderate oven from twenty minutes to half an hour.

*Fancy Biscuits* can be made at home, and will be found quite equal in taste and appearance to the more expensive kinds sold in the shops. Care must be taken that the oven is not too hot as they will not look well if they are browned; and the flour and sugar used for them must be very finely sifted and thoroughly dry. To make four varieties of these biscuits at once, take one pound of fresh butter and cream it with half a pound of castor sugar, and add two well-beaten eggs. When well whisked divide the mixture into four basins. Divide also a pound of fine flour into four parts. To the contents of the first basin add a quarter of a pound of flour and two tablespoonfuls of ground ginger. Mix well. Turn on to a floured board, roll out to the thickness of a quarter of an inch, cut out with a small pastry-cutter or the top of a wineglass, place a piece of candied peel or a preserved cherry on each, and bake on a sheet of buttered paper laid on a baking tin for about twenty minutes. Proceed in the same way with the second portion, but instead of the ginger add the grated rind and juice of an orange, and if needed, a tablespoonful more flour. To the third division add half a teaspoonful of vanilla flavouring, and ornament the top of each biscuit with a little pink and white icing after baking. If the biscuits are made stiff they will keep their shape well in the baking, and may be cut into various fancy patterns such as ivy leaves, stars, diamonds, etc. Ivy leaves with the veins put on in white or pink icing are very pretty. To the last basin add one ounce of finely-chopped almonds, and make the biscuits oval in form with two strips of blanched almonds on the top. Walnuts may be used instead of almonds, in which case I should make the biscuits in the shape of a half walnut shell with half a peeled walnut on the flat part. These would require to be made very stiff. Chocolate icing is very nice to put on vanilla biscuits.

And now space warns me that our chat over the tea-table must come to an end. I hope that the few simple recipes I have given will be found both good and economical. Too economical perhaps for some of my friends, but I would remind all who wish for richer cakes that in the many excellent cookery-books, both French and English, now published, they will find recipes which cannot fail to win their most cordial appreciation. Yet in all humility I venture to hope these few hints of mine may win a meed of fainter praise from those who, appreciating dainty cookery, have yet to study economy in their household management.



## THE COTILLON.

EVERY year the cotillon is becoming more the fashion. In Germany it forms the finale of pretty nearly every ball; and what dance in America would be complete without the German, which is, to all intents and purposes, a cotillon?

It is not by any means imperatively necessary to have presents, bouquets, or expensive adjuncts. We will begin by describing those figures which require no paraphernalia whatever.

The company having chosen their partners, and being seated beside them, in a circle round the room, the music strikes up a waltz, in which everybody joins till it suddenly ceases, when they resume their old seats; and the lady and gentleman who lead the cotillon proceed to arrange any of the following figures, the whole party having a general waltz, at intervals between them; and in Germany it is the custom for gentlemen to ask permission of each other to exchange partners for a turn or two during these intermediate waltzes, and to have polkas and mazourkas, as well as waltzes, during the course of the cotillon.

I. Three ladies and three gentlemen make the tour of the room, the ladies selecting ladies, the gentlemen gentlemen, until two long lines are formed, the latter being one in excess of the former. The two lines, ranged *vis-à-vis* to each other, describe a snakelike movement, both going simultaneously to the right or left, till the music ceases, when those who are opposite dance off in couples, leaving one gentleman without a partner.

II. Four ladies are chosen, and each stationed in a corner of the room. Five gentlemen surround one of them, and dance round her till she selects a partner to waltz with. Then the disconsolate four retire to their seats, and another five repeat the same, till all the four ladies have partners.

III. Two circles, the inner one consisting of four ladies hand-in-hand, the outer one of five gentlemen hand-in-hand—dance round until the music stops, when the gentlemen's joined hands are suddenly thrust between the ladies nearest to them, one of the former being left without a partner; the rest waltz off in couples.

IV. The musicians play a polka. A gentleman rises, dancing the polka step till he arrives in front of the lady he selects; he bows to her, and she rises and follows him, also doing the polka step, till they turn at the top of the room. She is then leading, and it is her turn to select a gentleman in the same way, who repeats the process, and so on till there are eight ladies and nine gentlemen, when the music changes to a waltz, and one gentleman, as usual, is left partnerless.

V. Eight ladies are stationed about the room as follows: One top and bottom, and three on each side opposite to each other; seven men, following one behind each other, holding one another's coat tails, dance in and out between these ladies till the music stops, when each waltzes off with the lady who is nearest to him—all but one, that is, who has to resume his seat alone.

VI. Four ladies and four gentlemen are selected to dance the chain figure in the Lancers; the latter waltz, when the music ceases with the lady nearest to them at the time.

VII. In a room where there is a door at each end, a very good figure can be done as follows: Eight ladies leave the room by one door and eight gentlemen by the other. When a bell rings in the ball-room a lady enters on one side and a gen-

tleman on the other, and waltz together till the sixteen have all come in in turn, two and two.

So much for the figures without paraphernalia; now for some others.

*The Looking-Glass.*—A lady, chosen by the leader of the cotillon, is seated on a chair in the middle of the room, holding a hand-glass; the gentlemen come up behind her, and when she sees their faces there she either chooses them to dance with or rubs out their reflection with her handkerchief, when they have to remain kneeling behind her till she makes her choice; then she waltzes round the room, leaving the glass on the chair, ready for the next lady who may be called upon to take her place and repeat. She may add to the fun of this by inflicting some penance on the rejected ones. This is one of the commonest figures; there are many similar ones, viz.:

*Aunt Sally.*—For this a huge life-sized figure, ingeniously dressed, is brought in, and placed before a lady seated in the chair in the middle of the room. Two gentlemen have to try which can first knock out, by means of small balls, the cigar which is fixed in the mouth of the doll; whoever does this dances with the lady.

*The Apron Figure.*—Two large aprons are provided, round which the strings should be somewhat tightly wound; one of these is presented by the lady seated in the middle of the room to each of the two gentlemen brought up before her; whoever gets one on first has the privilege of dancing with her, still, by-the-by, wearing the apron.

*The Button Figure.*—Small pieces of cloth are provided, with a button, needle, and thread; the larger the needle the better. These are handed by the lady to the two gentlemen, and whoever sews one on first secures the honor of a dance with her. This always occasions a good deal of fun, and the difficulty in making a knot proves sometimes insuperable. In another similar figure the two gentlemen are required to tie a piece of colored ribbon in a bow round their legs, and this they do not find easy.

*The Foolscaps and Crown* are bestowed as follows: The former on the two rejected swains, and the latter on the favored one. The crown must be worn during the waltz, and the wearers of the foolscaps must dance together and accompany the other couple.

*The Dice Figure* is a pretty one. Two large cardboard dice are made, some six inches square. These are thrown by the two contending gentlemen in front of the lady, who, as in the former figures, is seated in the chair in the middle of the room. Whoever throws the highest number, dances with her.

*The Wine Figure.*—The lady holds a glass of wine and a glass of lemonade. She hands the glass of wine to the one she selects to dance with, the lemonade to the rejected one, and they must both drink the contents of their glasses; but she is by no means obliged to give either to the first, second, or even third couple that are brought up to her.

*The Ninepin Figure.*—The ninepins are set up in the middle of the room before the lady, and whoever knocks down the most dances with her.

*The Broom, Lantern, and Umbrella Figure* is a very amusing one. These articles are placed before the lady, and four gentlemen are brought up to her. She selects one to dance with; to another she gives the umbrella, which he must hold over her as she goes round; to another the lantern, with which he must accompany her as she waltzes to light the

way; and to the third the broom, with which he must sweep the floor before her.

*The Bell Figure* rather reverses the order of things. Here a gentleman is seated in the middle of the room, and has to ring a large bell he carries in his hand, until some lady relieves him from his disagreeable predicament by dancing with him, which the louder he rings will probably be the quicker brought about.

*Coach and Horses* is done as follows: Two sets of harness must be provided; these can be prettily made, one with four strings, the other with five, of red braid, with small bells attached, and a long loop at the end of each piece. A gentleman selects four ladies for his team, a lady five gentlemen, and these go round the room quickly. If there is a large hall and passages, it rather adds to the fun to go through them also. When the music stops the gentlemen hasten to secure a partner for the waltz as usual, and all but one succeeds.

*The Cushion.*—A lady, with a cushion in her hand, intending to select a partner for the waltz, pretends to offer it, to one gentleman after the other as she goes round the circle. It is their object to kneel upon it as she offers it before she can draw it away, leaving them the floor instead of the cushion. Should no one succeed in possessing the cushion against her will, she allows her chosen partner to kneel upon it before dancing with him.

*The Maypole.*—The leader of the cotillon stands in the centre of the room, holding a pole, to the top of which are attached long ribbons of different shades, there being two of each tint. The ladies select their colors first—the gentlemen have to take their hap-hazard, when they all dance round, and, as the music ceases, they find their partners for the waltz, according to the corresponding hues of the streamers.

*La Fleur*, and similar figures, occasion the giving and receiving of those beautiful presents which sometimes occur during the course of the cotillon. In the late French Imperial Court, where, by-the-by, the Marquis de Caux, the husband of Patti, was a distinguished leader of cotillons, these gifts were of the most costly description; and last season at one or two houses noted for their hospitality, the presents in this dance were most elegant and beautiful. There is a well-known story, which is often told, that a vulgar millionaire tried to induce the people in society to come to his parties by promulgating that gold watches and bracelets were given away in the course of the cotillon. Nobody has ever told us whether he succeeded in his endeavors.

*La Fleur* is as follows: Both ladies and gentlemen are presented with bouquets; the lady pins hers to the coat of the gentleman she selects to dance with, and when this waltz is concluded, and everybody seated, the gentlemen select fresh partners by each presenting their bouquets to the lady with whom they wish to dance. In place of bouquets, rosettes of tiny ribbon are often given to the ladies by the gentleman who leads the cotillon, and to the gentlemen by the lady who assists him. There are two of each shade, and the lady and gentleman who have the same shade dance together. Colored flag, instead—two of a kind—are a pretty innovation, especially when the waltzers retain them in their hands as they go round. Another variation is to have a *Noah's ark* filled with animals in pairs, with which the same plan is pursued; or the gentlemen may be supplied with crackers, which they pull with the lady they choose

before dancing with her; and in the same way sealed packets are presented by the ladies to the gentlemen, and by the gentlemen to the ladies, and these contain either a trifling or costly present.

In the *Orange Figure*, gentlemen and ladies stand opposite to each other; the lady throws the orange, and the gentleman who catches it dances with her; or *penny rolls* may be substituted for oranges.

*The Screen* is done with a screen stretched across the room (a shawl held up tightly will do as well); behind this the ladies stand, showing only a finger above the screen or shawl. Whoever guesses correctly to whom it belongs dances with the lady.

*Scarf Dances* and figures from *Country Dances* are often introduced with good effect. Among the newest and most original cotillon figures are the following:

*The Butterfly.*—A butterfly is attached to the end of a long fishing-rod and line, which is waved in the air by one of the ladies, and four or five gentlemen try to catch it in nets, of various colored gauze, on long poles. The reward to the successful knight, as in all the contests, is the honor of dancing with the lady.

*The Heart.*—The lady holds a large cardboard heart at arm's length; the gentlemen are provided with arrows, and whoever sends the first in is victor.

*The Tournament.*—For this a long pole with a ribbon attached has a slit in it, so that the other end of the ribbon is slipped through it. The gentlemen are provided with sticks, and it is their object to be the first so unthread the ribbon.

*The French Bracelets*, viz., colored ribbon bracelets with bells for the ladies, and the same armlets for the gentlemen to be tied round the upper part of the arm by the lady who does them the honor to choose them, and *vice versa*.

*The Thermometer.*—An expensive article, costing 50s., round which the company dance. Some one at the back pulls a string, which causes it to register hot or cold, and by these magical indications partners are selected.

*The Sphinx* is rather less costly, being only 30s. This is a figure which by a movement of the head, either nodding or shaking, by means of strings at the back, decrees whether a partner is to be chosen or not.

*Snowballs.*—Paper balls thrown by a lady or gentleman. In breaking they scatter atoms of soft paper, and those on whom these fall are the favored partners.

*Sugar Puffs.*—Small bags in silver paper, attached to a line of colored ribbon held out tight. Whoever succeeds in breaking these first, and scattering the contents by means of a stick, is the victor.

A few hints, by way of conclusion to the leaders of a cotillon, and of these there ought to be two, a lady and a gentleman. Have all your paraphernalia ready in the order it will be required. We have seen quite an ornamental trophy made of these by placing them on a large ottoman, the favors or bouquets round the base, the flags in the centre, and the other things between. Have all your figures, and the order in which they come, perfectly pre-arranged. Instruct the musicians beforehand exactly as to what they have to do, and the gentleman who leads should give the signal when the music is to stop, himself, by clapping. Do not repeat your figures too often. Most cotillons are spoiled by being too long; and be careful that all the ladies and gentlemen in the room take their turn from time to time in the figures. It is a great mistake to confine them too much to a few.

## USEFUL HINTS.

**INDIAN KABOBS.**—Pass through the mincing-machine three times about two pounds of uncooked lean mutton or beef, then squeeze the juice of two oranges into it, and the pulp pass through the machine, and add one tablespoonful of crushed coriander seed, which can be bought at any chemist, or one dessert-spoonful of curry powder. Mix all well together, and make into small balls about the size of a walnut; then pass wooden skewers through the centre of them, taking care that they do not touch each other, and bake in a quick oven, turning them round on the skewers every five minutes, and basting them well with hot butter. Time to cook, about a quarter of an hour to twenty minutes; serve with "potato or spinach fritters" made as follows:—

Fritters to accompany above.—Make a batter of three tablespoonfuls of flour, one egg, one teaspoonful of curry powder, and sufficient water to make the batter as you would for pancakes; then cut some raw potatoes into very thin slices, or if spinach, wash it well, and dip each leaf into the batter, and fry in boiling clarified fat a nice delicate brown and crisp. Serve at once, or they will become "leathery."

**BENGAL CURRY.**—Put about two ounces of butter into a saucepan, and, when boiling, have ready two good-sized onions sliced "lengthways," and very thin, and put into it. When these are fried a nice dark brown, pare and

slice two large apples; add to the onions and fry, stirring frequently, till the apples are a complete pulp; then add your beef or mutton, which should have been previously cut into nice square pieces about half an inch square. If it is uncooked meat it must be fried in butter first. Now mix one dessert-spoonful of curry powder and one teaspoonful of flour with half a pint of milk, or milk and water, and pour into saucepan; let it come to the boil, and then stand it where it will only just simmer for half an hour. Just before serving, add one tablespoonful of crushed almonds and two tablespoonfuls of curd; serve with boiled rice.

**SWEET RICE.**—Make a syrup of sugar, water, a small pinch of saffron, and the juice of a lemon—about half a pint of syrup to two tablespoonfuls of rice. Fry the rice—which should be well washed—in butter for one minute, and when the syrup has boiled for five minutes add the rice and stir gently with a fork; let it boil till the rice has absorbed all the syrup. Great care must be taken with this dish, as each grain of rice should be separate. To make a pretty dish you might colour one-third with cochineal and another with spinach colouring, and the remainder leave as it is, which should be of a bright yellow. Dish each colour in circles on dish. Serve hot with "Indian custard," made as follows:—Put about an ounce of best fresh butter into an

enamelled saucepan, and when boiling add five cloves and the seeds from two cardamums; let these fry well for five minutes, then add one tablespoonful of flour and stir well; let this fry till brown, then add half a pint of milk, and stir over fire till it boils and thickens; then add one tablespoonful of crushed almonds and a little colouring matter, either cochineal or saffron water, and serve hot in glasses.

**POTATO CURRY.**—Have ready some boiled potatoes beaten to a pulp; then add one teaspoonful of curry-powder, the same of aniseed, and about one dozen slices of ginger (green). Mix all thoroughly and stand aside. Now get a frying-pan with about two ounces of butter, and when it boils cut three good sized onions into it and fry a nice brown; then put in the potato mixture, and stir well for ten minutes; then add two tablespoonfuls of water and the juice of a lemon. Just before serving have ready half a pint of curds and mix with it. Serve hot, with *poorées* made as follows:—Make a paste of eight ounces of flour and rub into it six ounces of butter; then add as much water that will make it into a stiff paste. Work it well with the hands till it does not adhere to them; then roll out on paste-board to a wafer-like thinness, and cut in circles, either with pastry-cutter or an ordinary tumbler glass, and bake, on tin in quick oven, a light delicate brown.



## AN ARTIST'S VOYAGE ROUND THE HORN.



**W**e were nearing Cape Horn—Cape Horn, the mist-shrouded, where the long billows from that mystic southern ice-home break for the first time against rock-cliffs.

We left Sydney behind us one sweltering summer afternoon, with the sun sinking like a bar of red-hot iron dipped into soot-grimed water, casting upwards rolling masses of flame-tinted steam, and spreading beneath and around fitch-work splashes of prismatic gleams.

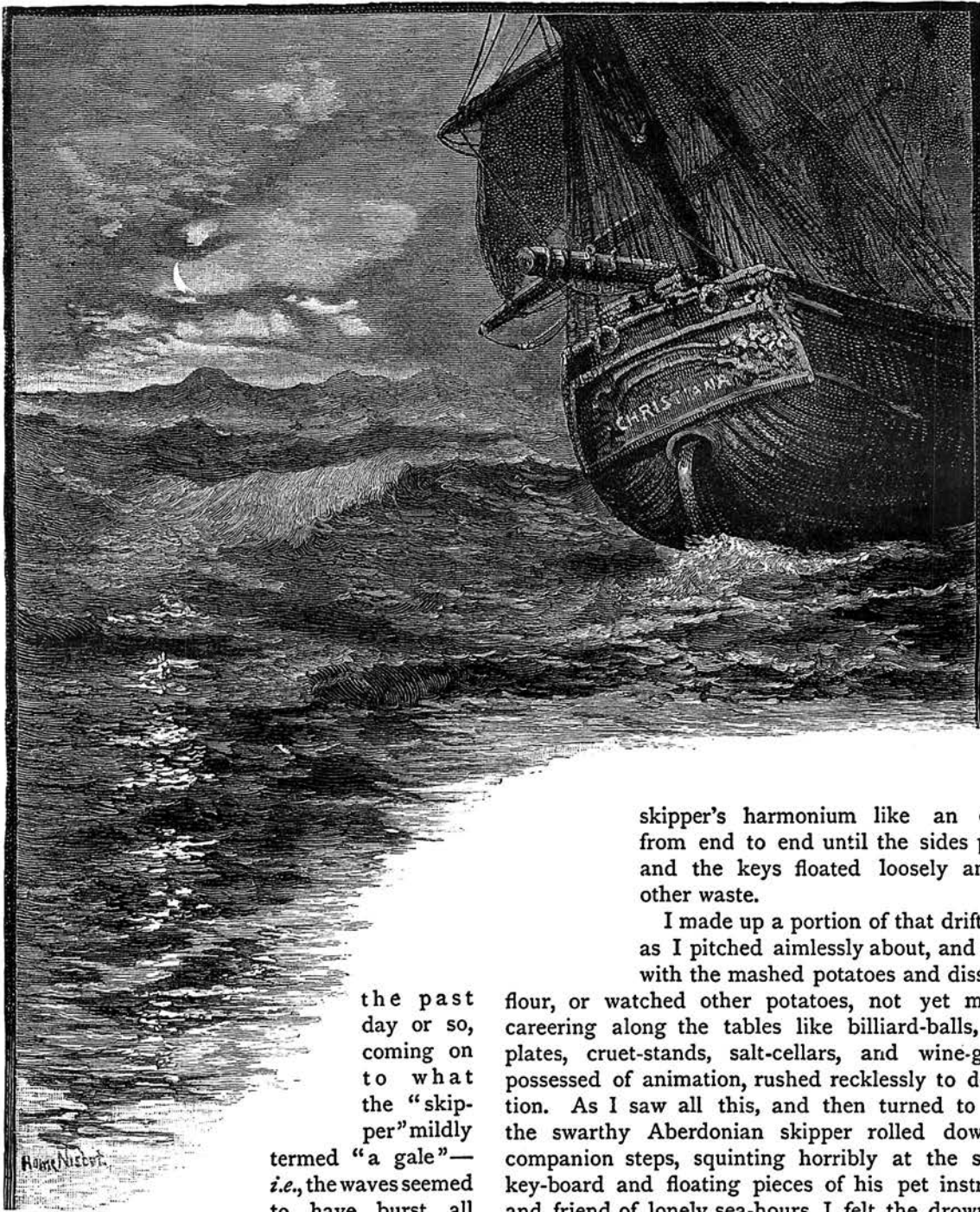
For nine years ice had been a phenomenon, and even that about the thickness of a well-worn sixpence; but as the days passed, the phenomenon of nine years became an every-day common fact, to be endured as best we could: first the smell of it morning and night, then the putting on of shirt over shirt and suit upon suit of our thin colonial clothing, and eventually the vengeance of the Frost-Ghoul ever gnawing at our extremities; when the seamen came down from the rigging, hanging masses of icicles; and the salt waves, as they dashed spray-fashion over the gunwale, cracked and splintered like glass against our faces or upon the thickly-coated deck.

Personally I had courted the black cook, and

existed as often as I could inside the galley; yet, even to the warm bar at the back corner of the stove, the chill breath came and drove out comfort; but, for the sake of what we could glean of heat, we, the thin-blooded ones, refused to leave, despite the many hints which we received that we were disturbing Othello's reflections, his orders to get out, or the other inducements by which he tried to make us evacuate, such as roasting cayenne until we were almost suffocated; for even that seemed better than the bone-piercing blast outside.

So the cold increased, and we strove to counter-balance that rapid increase with what expedients we had at hand, trusting alone to time as our remedy; and with the cold, the wind and waves grew—those long lines of waves, rolling on from limitless sea to almost limitless strand—gust stronger than gust, gradation upon gradation, each roll mightier than the former, as the ship sped on, and the mercury sank until it could go no lower, and then rested compact, leaving us to guess how much under zero we were, after which we could only look out for the peaks in front, and wish with sickened hearts, and resolve with the A.B.s never again to risk Cape Horn—resolves which, we understand, are made every voyage and forgotten the week after they have rounded.

In sea-phraseology, it had been blowing hard for



the past day or so, coming on to what the "skipper" mildly termed "a gale"—*i.e.*, the waves seemed to have burst all

bounds, deluged the galley, put out the fires, and with this final stroke we thought the worst had come. Those who had work to do, tried their best to do it. To me, an idler on board, bed seemed the only resource left, so I staggered along the frozen deck, with my saturated suits and shirts like paste-boards, feeling as if I had discovered the seat of the soul from the misery within me; so I lay down under my crackling blankets, and shivered myself to sleep.

Perhaps I had slept an hour, possibly not so long, when I woke up choking with salt water and slushy ice-paste—a wild struggle, the flinging up of arms, and then the spike-charged waters rushed from my head while I gasped for life, the wave poured along the passage into the saloon, breaking in doors, tossing the

skipper's harmonium like an orange from end to end until the sides parted, and the keys floated loosely amongst other waste.

I made up a portion of that drift-waste as I pitched aimlessly about, and mixed with the mashed potatoes and dissolving flour, or watched other potatoes, not yet mashed, careering along the tables like billiard-balls, while plates, cruet-stands, salt-cellars, and wine-glasses, possessed of animation, rushed recklessly to destruction. As I saw all this, and then turned to where the swarthy Aberdonian skipper rolled down the companion steps, squinting horribly at the severed key-board and floating pieces of his pet instrument and friend of lonely sea-hours, I felt the drowning of the galley fires was not the last stroke of sullen Fate.

"Pick up the bits, lads," he groaned wearily—"and you, painter-chap, come on deck if you want to see a wave." This title referred to me, and as the planks were becoming somewhat firmer under foot, I groped the best of my way after the skipper to where three seamen were clinging to, rather than controlling, the wheel.

Behind them reared a dense black precipice of solid water, beetling cliffs which rose far over our heads, seeming to rise over the top of the mainmast, straight as a wall, with a coping at the head, rushing after us like the Scotch express, growing every instant bigger, bending every instant farther, casting its great shadow—the dark shadow of death—along the poop, main-

deck, and portion of the forecastle, leaving only the straining sheets and bulging sails at the bow glittering like three flakes of snow in the ghastly sunshine.

We were "head-reaching," running a stern race against Death. All our hopes rested in those two narrow strips of swollen, shadow-darkened canvas on our fore-top and main-top sail-yards, with the three shining ribbons at the bow. If these split, farewell to life and England, for thousands of tons will fall and crush us to atoms in one instant, without leaving a whole plank to tell the fate of the *Christiana* in that pitiless Antarctic Ocean.

Sliding gradually down the sides of that black mountain, we raced over it, while it galloped madly under us, a mountain smooth as glass or fused asphalt from its own velocity, with the surge steadfast upon its breast, and the ice-lumps and spike-ends pointing steadfastly towards the base, each lump and foam-curd reflected like our weather-worn hull within the darkness down to the gulf before us—that gulf of boiling, whirling spume.

In front, upheaved another vast mound, spreading triangularly, and solid as that behind, but glittering under the beams of the white sun, piercing the thin scud-work of cloud, and leaving bare patches of cold blue beyond the steel-grey of the surrounding space, with the crispness and sparkle over all like to a polished shield.

The three men at the wheel watched the compass-box before them intently, their oil-skins close up to their necks, and their sou'-westers tied down over their ears, their lips shrunk apart, with the clenching of teeth beneath their frozen, tangled moustaches,

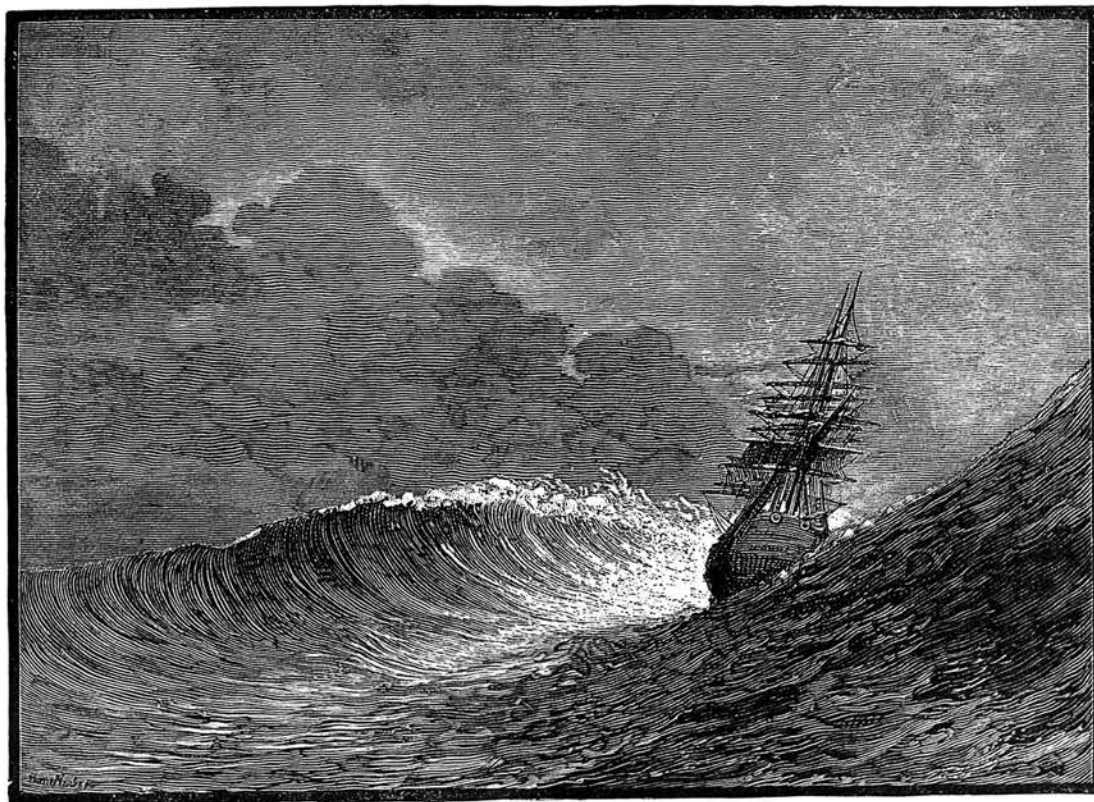
and their dusky cheeks pallid with fear, or the intense cold.

And the hardy old Aberdonian master never spoke a word, but motioned with his hand the direction he wished to impart, and which they seemed to see without turning their looks from the compass-box. He was facing them and the black enemy behind, with his stern eyes upon the men, and in his hand a heavy marline-spike, looking as he stood, with legs apart, sturdy and unflinching, the proper hero for such a fight.

"Ye've been here lang enou'; gang below while ye can!" As he roared this hoarsely in my ears, I was spared the trouble of obeying his command, for we had reached the foot of the mountain, and were rushing butt against the white wall which wedged us in. A savage yell of torn-up waters rang through my brain as I was caught up and pitched head-foremost down the companion ladder, an ocean around and after me.

The steward, poor fellow, had been inspired by curiosity likewise to see the great wave, and at the moment of my hasty descent was crawling up the steps to the poop: fatal spirit of curiosity to him, however providential to me, for my head, coming in contact with his mouth, stove in a couple of his front teeth, besides nearly dislocating his jawbone, as we both shot back into the confusion-crowded saloon, while behind us broke wave upon wave, covering all up to the ceiling, as we choked down brine, fought madly for breath, and gave it up.

When life came back, or rather the consciousness of our misery, we had passed through the Valley of



Death and left in our rear the three mountains of waves, now clashed into a yeasty chaos upon the backs of other upheavings. The brave old skipper, having done his work, had resigned his post to the first mate, and was then toiling, waist-deep, to his comfortless cabin. For two days had he watched on deck, eating nothing, but working well all the while, and finishing his task with as daring and splendid an inspiration of sailorship as ever skipper conceived and wrought successfully out, literally cutting through the mighty wedge; for while we were choking below, our gallant *Christiana* had been diving through that mountain's base, righting herself at the other side, and, once more caught up by the blast, scattering the waters from her streaming sides, and rushing along at a breathless rate over the lessening waves.

A very few moments had done it all, and even as we were trying to find out which was the warmest, under or out of the water, a keen cry startled us all—a cry which seemed to ring throughout the ship and through every beating heart which heard it.

"Man overboard!" was the cry; and it sent us, from skipper to Johnny Ducks, up to the freezing deck with a simultaneous rush of excitement which banished all sense of cold in the flush of sickened horror.

There he was behind us, already miles, striking out bravely, with his heavy oil-skins and sea-boots weighing him down, in sight of all, who could only watch his vain efforts and see him sink, for we could not have stopped the vessel if we had tried with such a wind and such a sea.

On we rushed, and he became a dark spot upon the grey hill-side; on, our hearts bulging with the gloom of bitterness; on, without the power to stop, although forty lives, instead of one, hung on it; onward, with the sun-broken clouds overhead, and the seething masses of waters around and scurrying after us; onward we fled, and the brown spot has become a hazy purple speck. Onward, onward, and the purple has grown to blue-grey, and the blue-grey speck has vanished into the general blue-grey of that heaving champaign.

"Wha wass it?" asked the skipper, running his eyes over the silent and melancholy group.

"Charley, the Swede," replied the gruff old boat-swain.

"Paur chiel," said the skipper, hanging his head for a moment thoughtfully, while the comrades of the drowned sailor poised into attitudes of sheepish dejection, so peculiar with rough men aboard ship, when aught touches their sympathetic hearts; and so for a space they ranged about their master, watching him with side-long glances and shuffling feet, while they thought upon the one now at rest, and the woman who waited at home for him, until the skipper, lifting his voice with his head, cried—

"Come awa tae the cabin, all o' ye, and let us read a verse or twa over the laddie's death."

After we had read and prayed, with the wind howl-

ing all round, and the planks creaking, with the cold salt water rolling amongst our legs as the vessel lurched heavily forward or from side to side—prayed with our teeth chattering and our hearts like lumps of cold lead—it was the burial service which the skipper led off, and we followed, and we were more moved than ever cathedral service with its mighty organ accompaniment could have moved us, for the music of our service was the wailing of waters half spent with their own fury; of waters seeming to wail over the uselessness of their passion, mingling with the fearsome shrieking of the dying blast.

After the skipper's deep-toned and final "Amen!" each went forth in silence, with bent heads and softly-planted feet: the sailors to their work or their watch below, the three mates into the skipper's berth to consult, and the little French officer, my fellow-passenger, and myself to our ice-starved blankets.

We must sleep somehow, whether we are miserable or happy; we lie down and toss, or sit up to shiver, thinking that it will never come, and so fade into slumber, as we do into death, without any knowledge of the supreme moment.

So upon that evening the conditions were about as unfavourable to sleep as they possibly could have been. I was drenched to the skin; my bed saturated; my box, with every article of use, wet, where it was not frozen; my soul weighed down with care unutterable, and my body suffering from pangs of hunger only partly numbed by pangs of cold; and yet, despite of all, no sooner was my head down and my body horizontal, than I was warm, well-fed, and happy, because I was asleep.

And while I dreamt about Australia and summer, our good ship plunged on her cheerless way; over dark ridges of broken-up waters, with the horned moon lying upon her back in a trough of inky clouds, burying her faint lustre within a heaving foam-flecked grave, to reappear between the froth-apertures in broken threads of silver.

And when I woke to find the steward standing beside me with the morning coffee in his hand, he had at last succeeded, after infinite efforts on the part of the black cook, in lighting the galley fires, and boiling the kettle, and so greeted my waking senses with a fragrant steaming panikin of the fluid two hours earlier than usual, and never before or since did I put lips to beverage so delicious.

The worst of the storm was over, and the morning blast did not smell so keen, while through the open doorway I could see one sailor at the wheel, and above him a star or two, with that uncertain sparkle which stars have before the dawn; there were points rising and dropping behind the stern, rounded off like stage waves and very black, and the vessel was cleaving her way steadily.

"Where are we now, steward?" I asked, as I drank from the panikin.

"Round the Horn!"

HUME NISBIT.



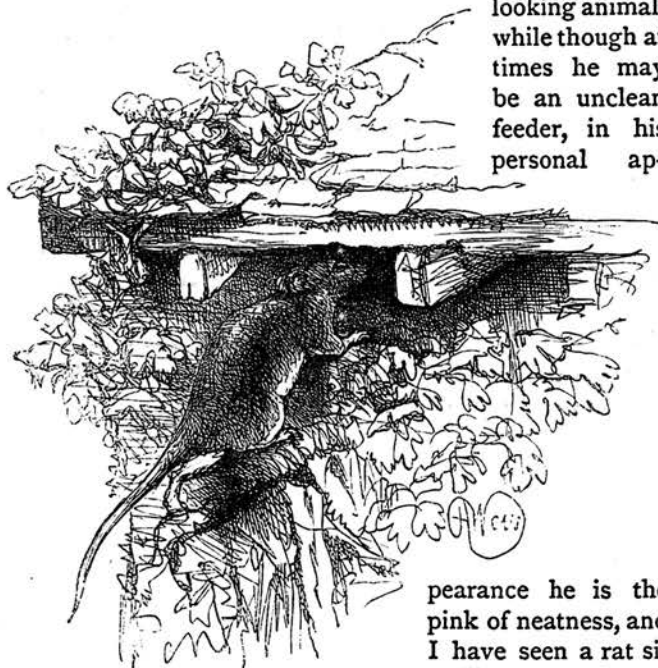
## A LITTLE ENEMY.



**T**HIS world is so large, and affords such ample space for all created things, that one always feels disposed to look with indignation on those who persecute animal life in any of its forms. Every creature is so beautiful in its way, and displays such wondrous instinct, that its destruction, setting aside the cruelty, seems like a crime. Make this a rule, however, and in come the exceptions. The world is wide enough for animated nature, but all the same we find ourselves compelled to kill and slay, as the legal documents term it, and though one would not shed blood, it becomes a necessity—when we are attacked.

That is the point. There are so many creatures on this earth which will not be content with their own share of this world's surface, but continually invade that of their superiors, and that too in spite of the risks they run. The consequence is that we are forced to open a campaign against them, either to slay or drive them back.

Now perhaps the greatest nuisance in the country, for it is comparatively little seen in the greater towns, is that sleek, clean, clever, and smart-looking animal which is called at the head of this paper "A Little Enemy"—that is, the rat. Some people will be doubtless disposed to shudder and call it horrible, ugly, and the like; but, all the same, if examined without prejudice, a rat is a well-formed and far from ill-



"HE MAKES HIS WAY IN BY THE EAVES."

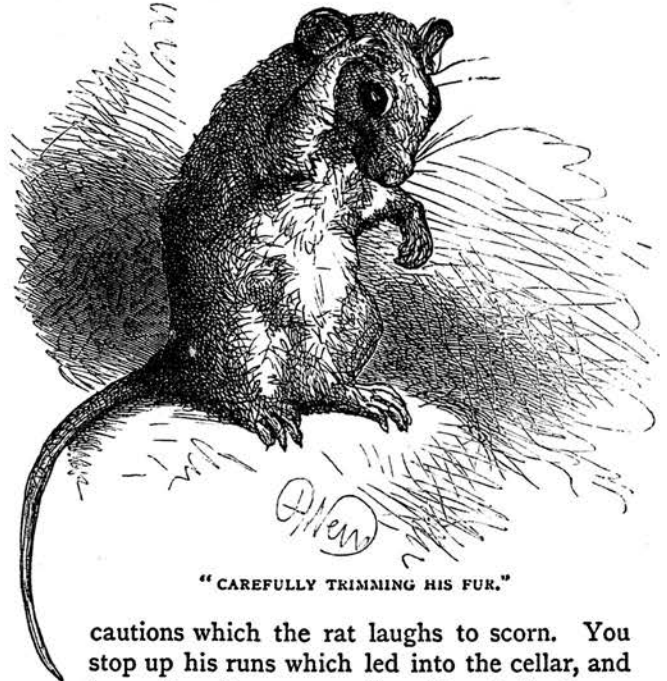
looking animal, while though at times he may be an unclean feeder, in his personal ap-

pearance he is the pink of neatness, and I have seen a rat sit up like a cat and carefully trim his fur till dry and clean and quite satisfactory to his feelings.

In the warm weather rats are so little seen that the occupant of a country house, while finding occasional

old runs and marks of teeth, probably congratulates himself on their departure; but "bide a wee." Let the leaves fall, the heavy rains set in, and the cold blast sweep over the hills, and the rats that have been out in the fields and hedgerows, fattening on corn and fruit, nuts, and pleasant succulent roots, come back to the houses for shelter—and get it.

You say that you will not have him, and take pre-



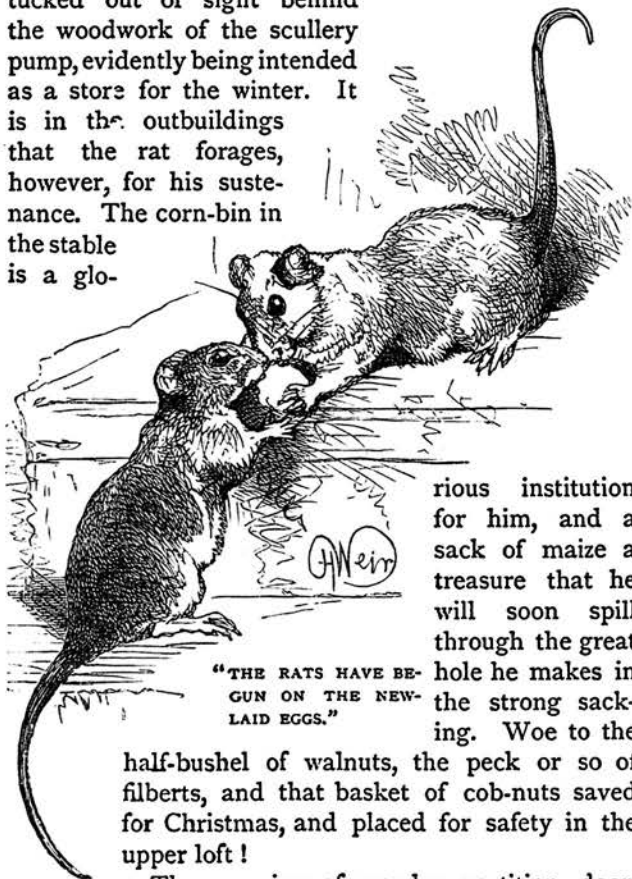
"CAREFULLY TRIMMING HIS FUR."

cautions which the rat laughs to scorn. You stop up his runs which led into the cellar, and he makes his way up the side of the house and in by the eaves. You secure them, and he comes up the drain. You place gratings to your drains, and he will come in at the open door or window. Come he will somehow or another, and before long you are aware of his presence as he hunts his companions through the narrow passages behind the wainscot, races between the joists in the ceiling, gnaws away at the boards, and sets himself to work mischief incalculable. In one night a strong rat will gnaw off chips and wood-dust enough to fill a half-peck measure, and he is so indefatigable that sooner or later he makes his way through into the house, though perhaps for months all he asks of the place is its shelter, and he makes his runs with here and there snug nests of soft hay, wood, and paper for bachelor bed-rooms, or the nurseries of the married lady rats with their progenies already arrived or to come. These nests, or sleeping-places, are very curious and remarkably snug. Some that have been turned out of rat-holes will consist of several handfuls of nice dry material, and these dormitories are of course used by day, for it is by night that the business of the rat begins.

As a rule, beyond gnawing a hole or two, or making his way into the cellar, the rat leaves the contents of the house alone. It is only when provisions fail outside that he makes an onslaught on to the flour in sack or barrel, takes toll of the lard, tries the bacon, and



bodily carries off anything portable—for instance, such things as potatoes, about a couple of dozen of which have been known to be carried off from the larder in one night, and found two days afterwards tucked out of sight behind the woodwork of the scullery pump, evidently being intended as a store for the winter. It is in the outbuildings that the rat forages, however, for his sustenance. The corn-bin in the stable is a glo-



"THE RATS HAVE BEGUN ON THE NEW-LAID EGGS."

rious institution for him, and a sack of maize a treasure that he will soon spill through the great hole he makes in the strong sacking. Woe to the

half-bushel of walnuts, the peck or so of filberts, and that basket of cob-nuts saved for Christmas, and placed for safety in the upper loft!

The gnawing of wooden partition, door, or shutter has been touched upon; now follow further acts of mischief. Let him but gain a footing in the greenhouse, and he will diligently dig up and taste your hyacinth, amaryllis, narcissus, and crocus bulbs. If he likes the flavour, away they go to his hole; if he does not approve of them, they are left—dug up—spoiled. Apples in the store-loft are great favourites, but one evil of the rat is that he is so dainty. He does not take an apple and finish it, but neatly scoops out a hole in the side of one with his wedge-shaped, well-enamelled teeth, and then goes to another and another till perhaps a dozen are spoiled.

Being a country resident, you very probably have what are technically termed pits and frames, in which you tried to strike some cuttings of the succulent geranium, the pendent fuchsia, and various choice flowers, for the summer to come. Night falls. Enter rat. One night suffices for him to tear up, gnaw, and destroy a hundred well-rooted little plants, and as if in derision of the worker who prepared the warm bed of dead leaves upon which the cuttings were placed, he burrows into them, makes himself a snugger, and goes to sleep—but catch him if you can! Another night, and he has a turn at the sets of new potatoes—

choice Ashleaf—planted for forcing an early supply. Some he digs up and carries off, some he gnaws, and some he spoils by cutting off the growing shoots. What he leaves are not worth much; and so the game goes on till two of the pigeons are gnawed to death, and then, in despair, the pursuit is fiercely commenced, and the owner vows this day a rat must die.

But how? What is to be his fate? We have to deal with a little beast that is cunning and suspicious to a degree, though at the same time terribly stupid, and when you know his weak points his capture is not so hard. But all this you have to learn. Say, however, that the pursuit of the rat is determined upon, and the first idea is, buy a trap. Yes, but what sort? Oh, something humane, of course; so a wire trap is bought, with nice little holes for the rat to go in, to feast upon the bait placed ready—holes so constructed that he can enter, but not return. Bait it and set it. Bait and set a dozen of them, and examine them in the morning. Not a rat will go in.

Next the box-traps, made on the mouse-trap principle, half cage, half swing-door, are tried; but, no: thanks! rats don't like box-traps, and smiling a radiant smile they pass them by, and more pigeons are brutally murdered; and, would you believe it? the rats have certainly begun upon the new-laid eggs in the hen-house; so what is to be the fate of the spring chicks?

Those steel-tooth jaw-traps are hideous things; but there is no mercy now for the little enemy who has become a murderer, and if the steel-trap will guillotine him, that's to be his fate. So these are bought and set here, there, and everywhere, nice and handy to the runs of the rats, and morning after morning they are examined. But the result is that you ask yourself how you could be so foolish as to imagine that a rat would go and put his foot in a trap that should spring up and destroy his busy life. No, the little



"NOT A RAT WILL GO IN."

enemy knows better; and at last, in a weak moment of despair, poison is bought—the deadly arsenic or fatal strychnine—and, being artfully mixed with meal and sugar, placed ready for the rats, with water close at hand for them to drink and die, so that they shall not expire and prove

noisome in their holes. From that moment you have no peace. You fidget about your hands, and wonder whether any of the poison has been scattered on your clothes. You feel sure that some one may meddle



"HIS INQUISITIVE NATURE WILL LEAD HIM TO CREEP THROUGH."

with the deadly dose, portions of which you have wrapped up in paper, and so you go on, fearful lest the children should go near early next morning, or the cat or dog eat a poisoned rat; a hundred similar fancies haunt you, till you vow that you will destroy what poison is left, and never use it more.

Next morning you hurry away early to the out-buildings, to find most likely that the poisoned meal has been untouched; the rat is evidently of opinion that a mineral poison may disagree with him, and the vegetable one prove unpleasantly strong. Maybe, however, the poison has been touched, and a little screwed-up packet or two carried away before the rat tasted and found it not to his liking. And now where are those deadly packets gone? Who can say? Suffice it that their disappearance has made you terribly uncomfortable. Worse still, you want some apples for the house, and going to the apple-loft, find several with slight fresh gnawings through the skin. So slight are the gnawings that they can easily be cut out, you conclude, and placing them in the basket, are on your way back, when like lightning the thought flashes through your brain—suppose those apples have been gnawed by teeth that tasted strychnine?

What, then, is to be done? How is the cunning little creature to be caught?

The answer is simple: a man's brain is bigger than a rat's; set your cunning against his, and you will win. Here is one plan adopted by a gentleman I know, who had tried the usual traps in vain. In a store-room was a barrel of maize-flour, of which the rats were enormously fond, and their habit was to climb up to a shelf, run along it, leap down on the flour, and feast.

Good. My friend took another barrel, and of the head he made the trap. He took it out, and treating it as a globe, he made a wire north and south pole, which, when placed in corresponding holes in the

cask, allowed the lid to spin round easily on its pivots, and return directly to its natural horizontal position. When ready this cask was placed in the stead of the flour-cask, its head fixed firmly, and covered thickly with the sweet Indian-meal. The rats came, leaped down as usual, feasted, and went away. This was kept up for a couple of nights, fresh flour being placed on the head, and duly eaten. Then came the Nemesis. The next night that barrel was half filled with water, the head glued and thickly sprinkled with flour, and then left loose, swinging so easily that on the first rat leaping down there was a slip and a scramble, followed by a hollow splash, but the lid resumed its position, covering the drowning enemy, and placing itself ready to entrap the next.

For months that trick succeeded well, four and five rats being taken of a night, and the place was at last well cleared.

Good traps of the ordinary kind are of course useful, but they must be set with brains, as the painter's colours were mixed. Rats will not directly walk into them if placed ready; but as a rule, if you as it were say mentally to those noxious, mischievous vermin, "I have a trap, and you shall not get caught," they will probably go and get in. Set the trap however cunningly, and with whatever concealment you please, and they will not be caught; but hide that trap

somewhere at the back of a shelf, half covered with a board; place



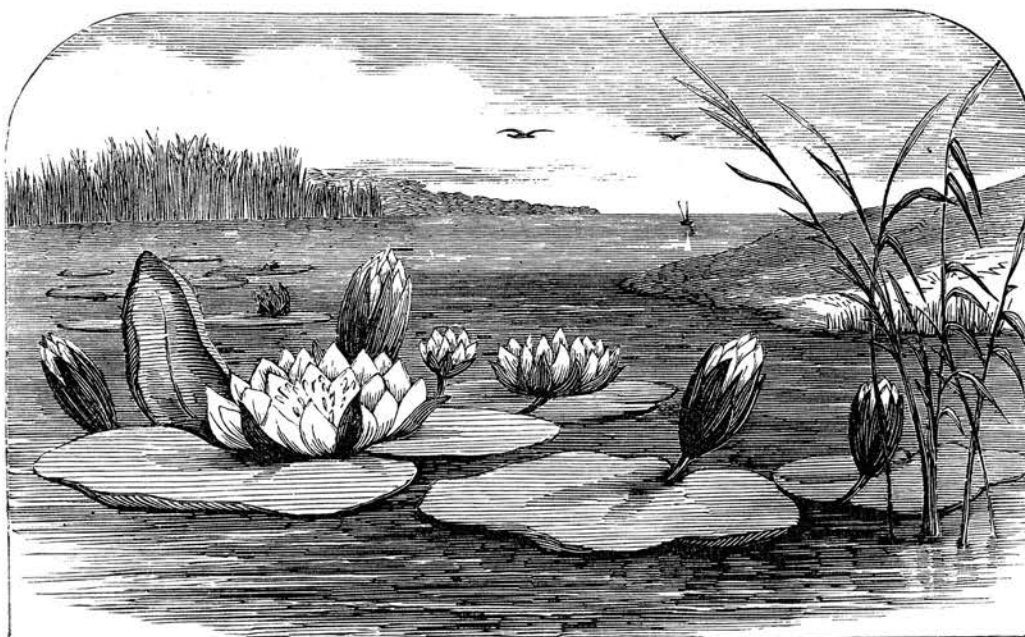
"A BARREL OF MAIZE-FLOUR, OF WHICH THE RATS WERE ENORMOUSLY FOND."

it by the wainscot of a room, and lay a slate slanting over it; make a loop of the mat and place it beneath; a tube of a roll of oil-cloth—anything, in short, that suggests a narrow hiding-place, through which a rat can run, and the chances are that his secretive and inquisitive nature will lead him to creep through them; and if there be a trap set, he will be caught. No better plan could be adopted than to place

food of some kind shut up closely in a basket or hamper near the rat-runs, and let them work their way in. The next night repair the hamper to keep the rat out, but this time place the trap within. Many hours will not elapse before your wicker repairs shall have been destroyed, and the rat have received his reward.

Of one thing the reader may rest assured, and that is—rats are to be caught, but it requires some subtlety. The above are suggestions that might be, and can be, largely supplemented by those who take the trouble to think, and have the misfortune to be troubled by the little enemy.

GEO. MANVILLE FENN.



Chatterbox, 1897

## SAVOURIES.

SAVOURIES nowadays being such an important and appetising part of a dinner, I have selected a few of the easiest and best, in the hope that my readers may be induced to try them. A few are original or improved on.

### CANAPES.

Take six or eight sardines, one dozen fried rounds of bread, two tablespoonfuls grated Parmesan cheese, two tablespoonfuls breadcrumbs; pepper and salt to taste. Skin the fish, pick meat from the bones, and pound in a mortar. Butter the fried rounds of bread, spread each with a layer of the sardine paste; mix the cheese and crumbs and sprinkle over, place a piece of butter on each, and brown quickly before the fire, not in the oven.

### FINNAN BALLS.

Take cold Finnan haddocks or close fish and pound the meat in a mortar. Add one ounce butter, two tablespoonfuls breadcrumbs, cayenne to taste, and enough cream to moisten all. Roll into balls, egg and breadcrumb them, and fry in boiling lard; serve very hot.

### FINNAN TOAST.

Cut squares of bread, toast them, and fry in butter. Flake the meat of a cold, cooked Finnan, and cover each square with some of it, place before the fire to heat, add a dash of cayenne, melt some cheese and pour some over each square of bread, and serve at once.

### POTATOES A LA CREME.

Put in a saucepan three tablespoonfuls of butter, a small handful chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste; stir up well till hot, add a small teacupful cream, with two teaspoonfuls flour; stir till it boils. Chop up some cold boiled potatoes, add, boil up, and serve.

### SARDINES A L'INDIENNE.

Put in a saucepan the yolks of four eggs and a pat of butter, a good spoonful of chutney, and salt and pepper to taste; stir over a slow fire till it becomes a fairly firm paste. Trim each sardine, and wipe off all moisture with a clean cloth. Thoroughly cover each fish with the mixture, dip in egg and breadcrumbs, and fry a delicate brown in butter; dish them on strips of crisp toast, and serve them very hot.

### DEVILLED EGGS.

Boil six eggs hard; leave in cold water till cold, then shell them; cut in halves, slicing a little bit off the bottom to make them stand. Take out carefully the yolks, rub to a smooth paste with a little melted butter, some cayenne, mustard, and a dash of vinegar. Fill the whites, and send to table standing on a bed of chopped cress or lettuce, seasoned with salt, pepper, vinegar, and a very little white sugar.

### OLIVE CUSTARDS.

One ounce grated Parmesan cheese to one egg well beaten, mix over the fire till like a thick custard; fry some rounds of bread in butter, spread them thinly with anchovy paste, and pour on each a small quantity of the custard, and place a stoned olive in the centre of each round. Serve very hot. A tablespoonful of cream is an improvement to the custard.

### SARDINES AND EGGS.

Take six squares of bread the length of the sardines and three times the breadth; fry in butter. Lay on each piece two sardines fried hot, and in the space between them lay neatly a spoonful of scrambled eggs, to which a spoonful of cheese has been added, and serve at once.

### SAVOURY RICE.

Boil some rice as for curry; put on in a pan with a piece of butter, and as much tomato sauce as the rice will take up, and plenty of grated cheese. Mix well over the fire till hot, and serv' piled up high on the dish.

### TOMATO PIQUANT.

Cut half a dozen tomatoes in slices and fry in butter to brown them, and add a tablespoonful white vinegar, the same of chilli vinegar, and a few drops of tarragon vinegar, a saltspoonful of salt, and the same of white sugar, and simmer for twenty minutes.

### PARMESAN BALLS.

Whites of two eggs, beaten very stiff two ounces grated Parmesan, and salt and cayenne to taste. Mix cheese into the whipped whites; make into small balls, and fry in lard to a light brown.

### OYSTER FRITTERS.

Drain the liquor from them, and to a teacupful of it add same quantity of milk, eggs, and salt, and enough flour to make a thick batter. Stir in the oysters, whole, into the batter. Have ready a pan of boiling lard, drop in the batter by the spoonful, taking care to see that an oyster is in the spoonful; fry a nice brown, and serve very hot.

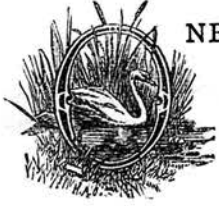
### CAULIFLOWER AU GRATIN.

Boil a small cauliflower till tender, and break it into sprigs, and lay some of them on a buttered dish; then sprinkle with pepper, salt, and a handful of grated cheese, lay the remainder of the cauliflower on neatly, then more cheese, and cover with breadcrumb, pour over a little melted butter, and bake in oven twenty minutes till a golden brown.

CONSTANCE.

## THE ART OF COOKING RICE.

BY A. G. PAYNE, AUTHOR OF "COMMON-SENSE COOKERY."



NE of the most constant complaints about English cookery is the want of variety of dishes. We seem to have settled down into fried bacon for breakfast and a joint for dinner, varied perhaps with the English hotel fare of the waiter's everlasting "Chop, steak, cutlet," and after a pause, "Nice fried sole." The fault lies with ourselves and not with our shops and markets. I have been told repeatedly by my friends that the receipts I have from time to time written are "all very good, you know, but then they require such devotion of time." Perfectly true. We never have a variety of dishes, first, because the cook is too idle to put herself out of the way to learn how to make a new dish—her stock of knowledge is limited probably to about twenty; secondly, we are too indolent even to try and teach her, and insist on an attempt even being made. I have had some little experience in trying to explain new dishes to "good plain cooks," the result being, as a rule, that I could have made the dish while they were talking about the difficulty and trouble there would be in doing it.

There is a strange prejudice abroad that any *new* dish is something extravagant. There are many persons who eat plain boiled eggs and bread and butter every morning for breakfast, who would cry out if the same quantity of eggs and butter were made into an omelette. We have plenty of admirable cookery books. The most complete cookery book in the world, viz., "Cassell's Dictionary of Cookery," contains nine thousand different receipts—yes, nine thousand, and yet we complain of a want of variety. Now who is to blame?—undoubtedly ourselves.

The dish I am now about to explain is simply an ornamental border made of rice, hollow like a vol-au-vent, the inside being filled with a variety of nice things. The French call this a "casserole of rice." First, for a large casserole, take, say, a pound of good rice and wash it carefully in several waters, and drain it on a sieve. Next put it in a stewpan (*clean*) with a little water, or still better, stock; it does not matter if the stock is greasy, as a little fat helps to make it better; also add about three ounces of butter, and if possible a slice of raw ham. Let this boil and afterwards simmer gently, till the rice is perfectly tender. In order to avoid the rice browning at the top, it will be as well to cover it with a piece of buttered or oiled paper. Also keep the lid well down. While the rice is boiling, it should be stirred occasionally to avoid the chance of its sticking or burning. When the rice is thoroughly done, put it in a strong basin and mash it with a large wooden spoon till it is quite smooth—in fact, like a thick white paste. The success of the dish very much depends upon the care that is taken in getting this paste quite smooth.

Next roll the whole mass into a round ball, and then flatten it so that you get it into the shape you require, which can be either quite round or oval. Next you want to mould the sides so as to make it look pretty. Suppose we take the simplest form and say we want the casserole to be oval and fluted outside. The easiest plan is to make a mould out of some raw vegetable; a potato, turnip, or carrot will do. Cut a carrot like a hollow chisel, or you can cut it so that the hollow only reaches to within an inch of the top. Then shape the rice all round outside after placing the casserole on a piece of buttered paper on a tin. Of course the number of designs for moulding are simply infinite, and if you like you can buy moulds for the purpose. You can cut the carrot a wedge shape and make the outside of the casserole like a star. In any case, when it is moulded, oil a little butter—that is, melt it—in, say, a saucer by putting it in the oven, and with a thin soft brush paint the mould over with the butter. It is best before doing this to let it stand a little while so that the outside gets dry. Then put the whole in the oven and bake it carefully, till it becomes a light golden colour. It should be turned round occasionally and painted again where it turns colour. Then take it out, scoop out the inside with a spoon, cutting round first with a butter-knife, and leave the edge, say, about an inch thick. Plaster the inside carefully with the back of the spoon, and put the mould by till it is wanted. The interior should be filled with some hot prepared meat or curry, and then the casserole, thus filled, should be put back in the oven to be warmed up, but avoid burning it after it is filled; it only requires thoroughly warming through, and as the inside is already hot this will not take long.

Before describing a few "meats" to fill it with, I will remind you that a casserole of rice can be made for sweets, only of course you must use milk sweetened instead of stock. Milk mixed with Swiss milk, the latter being very sweet, will do well.

If you want the casserole to look very rich, you can glaze it in both cases. Get some stock and reduce it. You won't want more than a table-spoonful. Take care it is perfectly bright. Water will do, coloured dark with a little extract of meat and some soy, and thickened with a little corn-flour. At any rate, be sure it is perfectly transparent. When the casserole is *finally* warmed up, paint the outside with this rich brown mahogany-coloured glaze, just before sending it to table. In order to glaze a casserole for sweets, thicken a little sugar and water with corn-flour, and colour it with cochineal.

I will now describe a few ways of filling it. We will buy a tin of preserved prawns. Open the tin, and make a nice curry-sauce, which I will briefly explain by saying—fry an onion, and add a small apple; warm up in a little strong gravy; rub the whole

through a wire sieve, add some curry-paste and curry-powder, and thicken it till it is like a purée. Warm up the prawns in the curry, and fill the casserole. The casserole should be made rather small for this, as a tin of prawns would not fill a large one.

Another excellent cheap method is to take a tin of pilchards, open the tin, and pour the oil into a frying-pan, and put the pilchards in a small stewpan. Next add a little stock or water and some curry-powder to the oil, thicken it with some corn-flour, then pour this over the pilchards; make them hot, and fill the casserole. The pilchards can be halved and the bone removed. This is a very quick and cheap way of dressing tinned pilchards, and both prawns and pilchards make a capital breakfast dish cooked this way without any rice border at all.

Again, suppose you have that common dish left, cod-fish and oyster sauce. Take the remains of the fish and pull it with a fork into flakes; pick out the oysters that are left and stew the fish-bones in the remains of the oyster sauce, and if possible get an extra dozen oysters. Blue-points are cheap and cook, if anything, better than natives. Add the oyster liquor to the sauce but keep the oysters. Then drain off the sauce—adding a little milk and butter, and flour if necessary—make the whole hot, and warm up the fish in it; when *quite* hot take it off the fire, add the oysters, toss it all lightly together, fill the casserole, and warm up in the oven, only avoid making it too hot, as should the mixture turn the boiling point the oysters will be as tough as leather.

Perhaps the most useful method of cooking rice is to boil it plain for curry, as this serves as the basis of a variety of other dishes. Rice for curry should be served so that each grain is separate, and tender, and yet the grains do not stick together. The best way to obtain this end is to get good Carolina rice, and after carefully washing it in several waters, put it into a saucepan with plenty of water and boil it till it is nearly done, but not quite. Then strain it off into a sieve and wash the rice again with plenty of cold water. The grains will now be quite separate. Put the rice back into the saucepan, and put the saucepan, after buttering the bottom, by the side of the fire where the heat is slack, and let the rice gradually warm and dry. This will be sufficient to make it tender.

It is not really economical to throw away the water the rice is boiled in, as this water contains so much nourishment. There is a well-known story told of the devotion to Lord Clive shown by some native troops in a memorable siege during the conquest of India by the British. These natives, when provisions ran short, told their chief that the rice might be given to the English troops, who required solid food, as the water in which the rice was boiled would amply suffice for them. Lord Macaulay quotes this as one of the greatest instances on record of the devotion of troops to a popular commander. It is rather cruel to throw cold water on such a good story, but the natives probably got the best of the bargain.

A very nice Italian way of cooking rice is as fol-

lows:—Boil it as above, as though for curry; spread it out and let it dry thoroughly. Then fry it of a light golden colour, only take care not to let it get too dark. Then add some grated Parmesan cheese and some meat or fish shredded. Season the whole with pepper and salt, and moisten with a little butter. Serve very hot.

Rice is so much used in the East that it is just as well to give their method of cooking it a trial. The rice is first boiled for a few minutes and then dried. In the meanwhile you cut up an onion and fry it brown, and then fry the rice in the same butter or fat that you fried the onion in till the rice has turned colour. Then you stew the rice in some soup, coloured yellow with saffron, till it is tender. You thicken the whole with butter and flour, and add some grated Parmesan cheese.

Another Turkish method is to boil the rice, then fry it in some butter, season it with salt and cayenne pepper, and add, when it is tender, a handful of raisins.

In making simple baked rice puddings, the usual fault is to put in too much rice, the result being that the pudding is what is called stodgy. A baked rice pudding can be flavoured with lemon, by rubbing a few lumps of sugar on the outside of a lemon. You should never put in any juice.

A very famous Eastern dish is pilau. This consists of mutton or fowl, cut up and stewed in broth, to which are added some onions, fried in butter, and a fresh mango—where mangoes cannot be obtained some Sultana raisins can be used—as well as some spices freshly ground, such as are used for making curry. In this country, curry-powder can be added. This is allowed to stew till the meat is very tender, then some rice is boiled; the meat is placed on the rice, which is hollowed out, and the gravy poured over the whole.

The best method of boiling rice for pilau is to boil it for a short time, to lightly brown it over a fire in some butter, and then let it stew in some good stock till it is perfectly tender. Indians colour the rice with saffron, and add a good deal of cayenne. Sometimes pilau is garnished with hard-boiled eggs and rings of onions fried brown.

One very simple form of rice, is rice curried. This makes a nice supper-dish and can be done very easily. First take some rice and boil it till it is nearly done, wash it in cold water and warm it up as follows:—Slice an onion and fry it in some butter till it is quite tender and slightly brown—not burnt. Then warm up the washed rice in this butter and onion, after adding a tea-spoonful of curry powder and another of curry-paste. Here again a little coriander-seed may be added as well as a bay-leaf.

When there is meat or stock in the house this will be found a very nourishing dish. Or the rice can be boiled tender in a little water till it has almost absorbed the water. This can then be added to the fried onion and curry powder and paste, and you by this means get the entire nourishment out of the rice, as you do not waste the water in which it has been boiled. The rice should, however, always be washed first in cold water.

## Odds and Ends.

ON the south coast of Patagonia on the Straits of Magellan, there is a post-office without either postman or clerk. Near the shore is a large sign-post with "Post Office," written upon it, whilst attached by strong chains to its foot is a very strong chest which is the post-office. Ships passing through the straits send a boat to the shore to fetch any letters there may happen to be addressed to their ports of call, and also to leave any letters they may wish to be left in the opposite direction. There is another similar post-office in the Torres Straits in Australia.



AN interesting story is told in Motley's *Dutch Republic* of the important part played in the fortunes of Holland by a spaniel. "On the night of the 11th and 12th of September, 1572, Don Frederic (the Spanish leader) hazarded an *encamisada* upon the enemy's camp, which proved eminently successful, and had nearly resulted in the capture of the Prince of Orange himself. A chosen band of 600 arquebusiers, attired, as was customary in these nocturnal expeditions, with their skirts outside their armour, that they might recognise each other in the darkness, were led by Julian Romero within the lines of the enemy. The sentinels were cut down, the whole army surprised, and for a moment powerless, while, for two hours long, from one o'clock in the morning until three, the Spaniards butchered their foes, hardly aroused from their sleep, ignorant of by how small a force they had been thus suddenly surprised, and unable in the confusion to distinguish between friend and foe. The boldest, led by Julian in person, at once made for the Prince's tent. His guards and himself were in profound sleep, but a small spaniel that always passed the night upon his bed was a more faithful sentinel. The creature sprang forward, barking furiously at the sound of hostile footsteps, and scratching his master's face with his paws. There was but just time for the Prince to mount a horse, which was ready saddled, and to effect his escape through the darkness, before his enemies sprang into the tent. His servants were cut down, his master of the horse and two of his secretaries, who gained their saddles a moment later, all lost their lives; and but for a little dog's watchfulness, William of Orange, upon whose shoulders the whole weight of his country's fortunes depended, would have been led within a week to an ignominious death. To his dying day the Prince ever afterwards kept a spaniel of the same race in his bedchamber. In the statues of the Prince a little dog is frequently sculptured at his feet."



A PAVEMENT which is being greatly used in Vienna is made of granulated cork mixed with mineral asphalt and other cohesive substances, compressed into blocks of suitable size and shape. It is said to be cleanly, noiseless, durable, elastic, and never slippery whether it be fine or wet. Unlike wood, this cork pavement is non-absorbent and consequently is inodorous. There is no vibration under the pressure of heavy traffic. The cork blocks are imbedded in tar, and rest upon concrete six inches in thickness, and after two years' wear only showed a difference of half-an-inch when compared with absolutely new blocks.

IN Germany there are schools of domestic science where every detail of housekeeping is thoroughly taught to the girl pupils, and no diploma is issued until the girl has proved herself to be an expert.



"A LARGE proportion of people are greatly lacking in downright honest, moral courage. Many times it has been the case that one man having rugged moral courage, will boldly speak out his mind on some unpopular question, concerning which a dozen of his neighbours have the same opinion, but dare not openly declare it from sheer cowardice. A large body of people have been known to hold certain views concerning a matter, but kept solemnly quiet until one brave man expressed the same views without apology, and then the rest of the company have cheered him and said—'Those are our sentiments exactly.' The great strong leaders of men are those who have the highest type of moral courage."



IN Sweden doctors never send bills to their patients, the amount of remuneration being left entirely to the latter's generosity. The rich however, pay their doctor very liberally, when once he has been retained by them, whether they have need of his services or not. From the poor he receives only small sums, and from the very poor, nothing. Yet to his great credit be it said the Swedish doctor visits the poorest of his patients as faithfully and constantly as his richest.



NOT long ago an old ash tree in the manse garden at Duddingston near Edinburgh fell a victim to a severe storm. In the early part of the present century Sir Walter Scott was a constant visitor to the then minister of Duddingston, and his favourite seat was under this tree. It was beneath its branches that the great writer sketched out a portion of the *Heart of Midlothian*, in which the scene of the home of the devout David Deans is laid in the immediate neighbourhood of Duddingston.



IT is said that the custom of throwing rice at brides and bridegrooms upon their departure for their honeymoon is going out of fashion. Bowls filled with rose-leaves and orange blossoms have at several weddings recently been handed to the bridesmaids and grooms-men, and the various happy pairs at whose weddings the innovation has taken place have gone to their carriage under a shower of fragrant pellets. The idea is certainly a pretty one, and much kinder in its effects than the biting rice, which frequently finds its way, quite unintentionally on the part of the throwers, into the eyes of the wedded couple.



DURING a thunderstorm it is always wiser to keep the doors and windows of a house shut as a draught is liable, curiously enough, to attract lightning. This is the opinion of a scientific man.

A VERY funny wedding was recently celebrated in a village near Paris. The bride was forty-six years of age, and the bridegroom only twenty-two. The bridal procession was formed at eight o'clock in the evening and was led by a man riding a camel, a fiddler followed him seated on a donkey, the rest of the guests riding similar animals. In the only carriage rode the bridegroom's mother, who was only two years older than his wife. Great amusement was caused by this grotesque procession amongst the villagers, who accompanied it, carrying coloured lanterns, and beating a wild tattoo upon tin pots and frying-pans and kettles.

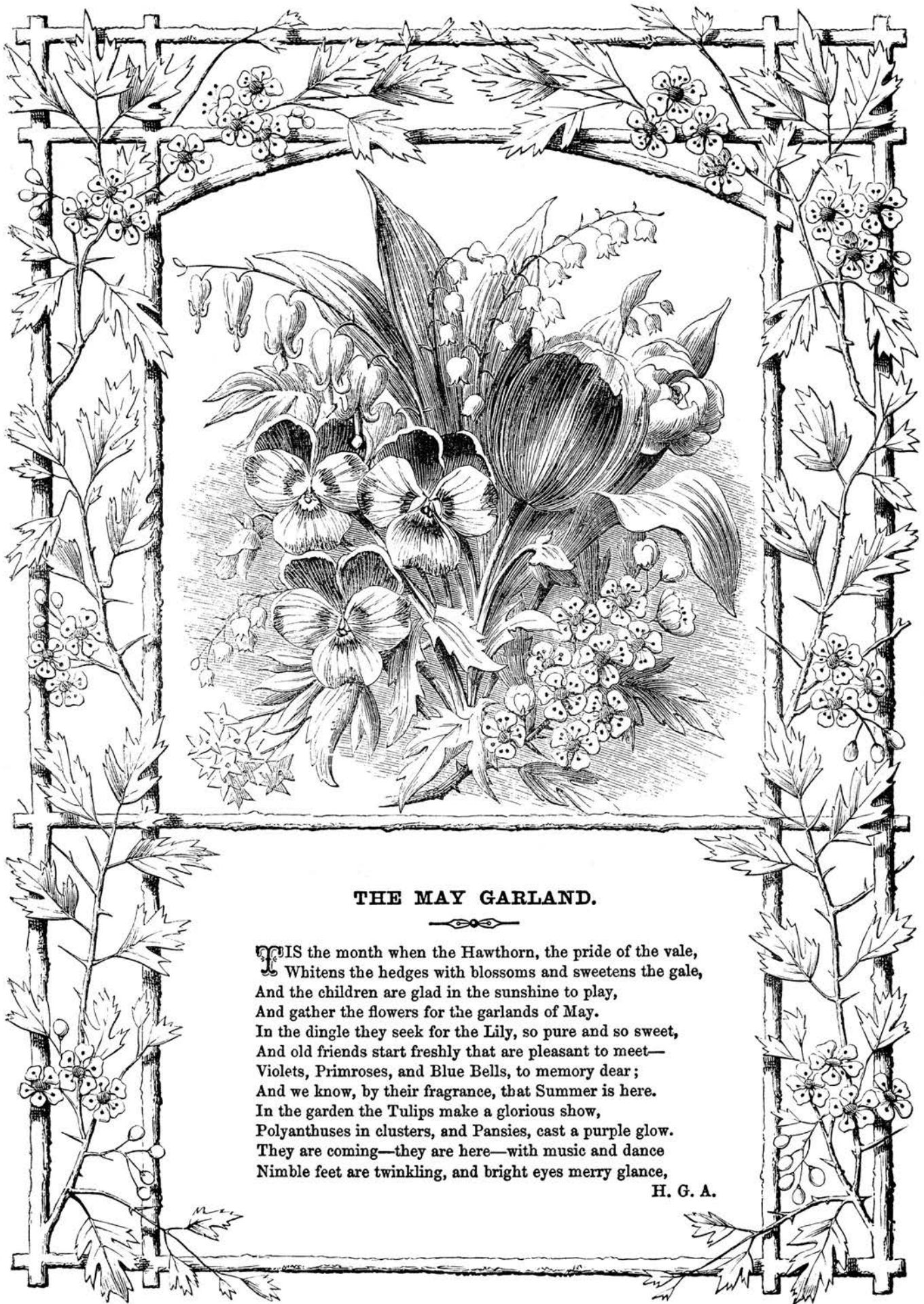


SIR WILLIAM FLOWER of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, has publicly expressed an opinion, which coming from so distinguished a naturalist cannot fail to be of the greatest possible weight, on the subject of ladies wearing feathers in their hats and bonnets. Sir William inveighs more particularly against the use of the aigrettes usually known as osprey feathers. He says:—"Especially has it been pointed out that the lovely, delicate plumes of the small white herons or egrets can only be procured by the destruction of the birds during the season in which they have their nests and young, as then only are these feathers developed. In the trade, for some unknown reason, they are called 'osprey,' though the real bird of that name, a kind of fishing-hawk, produces no ornamental plumes. Notwithstanding all that has been said the fashion is as prevalent as ever. I have recently noticed many of the gentlest and most kind-hearted among my lady friends, including some who are members of the Society for the Protection of Birds, and who, I am sure, would never knowingly do any injury to living creature, adorned with these very plumes. Why is this? Simply because, in order to keep up their trade and dispose of their stock, the purveyors of female raiment, to salve the consciences of their customers, have invented and widely propagated a monstrous fiction, and are everywhere selling the real feathers warranted as artificial! Within the last few days I have examined numbers of plumes, the wearers of which were priding themselves on their humanity, relying upon the assurance of the milliner that they were not real egret's feathers, but manufactured. In every case I did not take a very close scrutiny to ascertain that they were unquestionably genuine. The only 'manufacture' consisted in cutting the plume in two, and fixing the upper and lower half side by side, so that a single feather does duty for two in the 'brush.' Thus one of the most beautiful of birds is being swept off the face of the earth, under circumstances of peculiar cruelty, to minister to a passing fashion, bolstered up by a glaring falsehood."



"NATURE, that formed us of four elements,  
Warring within our breasts for regiment,  
Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds:  
Our souls whose faculties can comprehend  
The wondrous architecture of the world,  
And measure every wandering planet's course  
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,  
And always moving as the restless spheres,  
Will us to wear ourselves, and never rest  
Until we reach the ripest fruit of all."

Christopher Marlowe.



### THE MAY GARLAND.

**T**HIS the month when the Hawthorn, the pride of the vale,  
Whitens the hedges with blossoms and sweetens the gale,  
And the children are glad in the sunshine to play,  
And gather the flowers for the garlands of May.  
In the dingle they seek for the Lily, so pure and so sweet,  
And old friends start freshly that are pleasant to meet—  
Violets, Primroses, and Blue Bells, to memory dear ;  
And we know, by their fragrance, that Summer is here.  
In the garden the Tulips make a glorious show,  
Polyanthuses in clusters, and Pansies, cast a purple glow.  
They are coming—they are here—with music and dance  
Nimble feet are twinkling, and bright eyes merry glance,

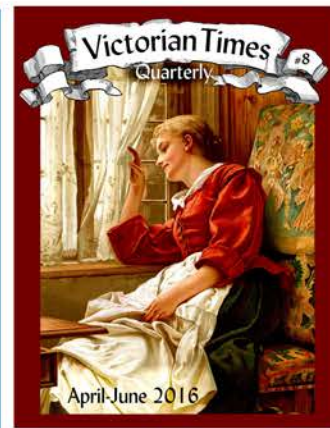
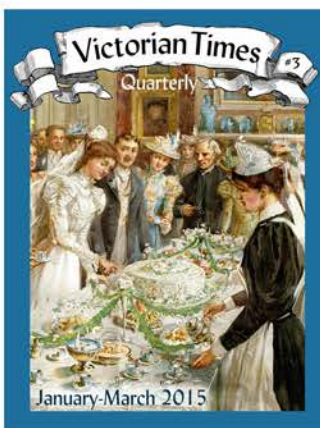
H. G. A.

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