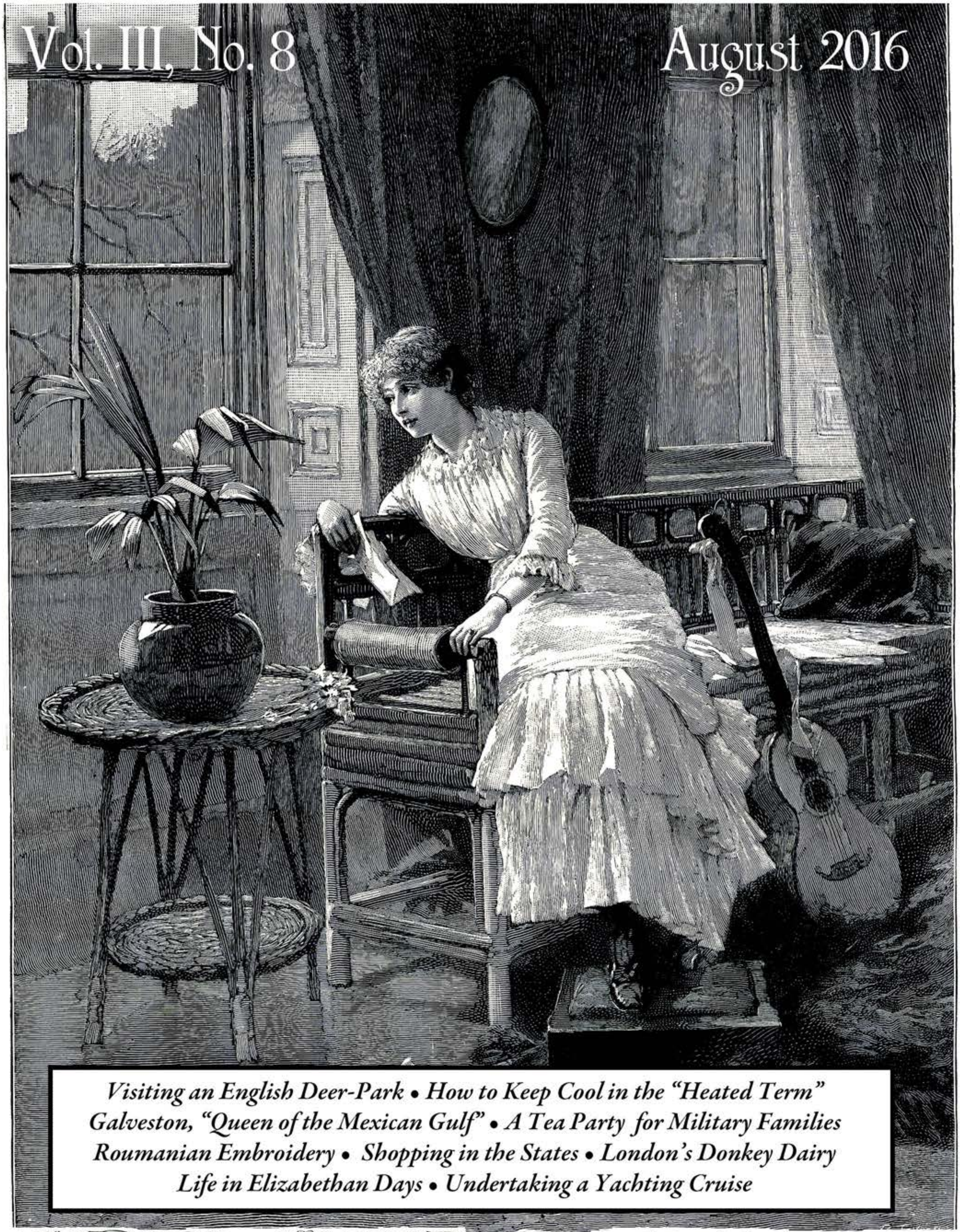
Victorian Times

Vol. III, No. 8

August 2016



Visiting an English Deer-Park • How to Keep Cool in the "Heated Term"
Galveston, "Queen of the Mexican Gulf" • A Tea Party for Military Families
Roumanian Embroidery • Shopping in the States • London's Donkey Dairy
Life in Elizabethan Days • Undertaking a Yachting Cruise

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2 **Editor's Greeting: The Accomplished Woman,** by Moira Allen

3 **An English Deer-Park,** by Richard Jefferies *(Century, 1888)*

17 **Through the Heated Term,** by Laura Willis Lathrop *(Ingalls' Home Magazine, 1889)*

20 **Picture Feature: Children of 1000 Years** *(The Strand, 1893)*

22 **The Month of August,** by John Timbs *(Illustrated London Almanack, 1846)*

23 **Sights and Scenes of the New World: The Queen of the Mexican Gulf,** by Catherine Owen *(CFM, 1884**)*

25 **Model Menu for August,** by Phyllis Browne *(GOP, 1893*)*

28 **Roumanian Work,** by Josepha Crane *(GOP, 1894)*

31 **Poem: "The Sad Story of Blobbs and His Pullet"** *(Harper's Monthly, 1876)*

32 **The History of Home, Part 2,** by Nanette Mason *(GOP, 1887)*

34 **The Requirements of a Yachting Cruise** *(CFM, 1887)*

37 **Shopping in the States,** by Deliverance Dingle *(CFM, 1890)*

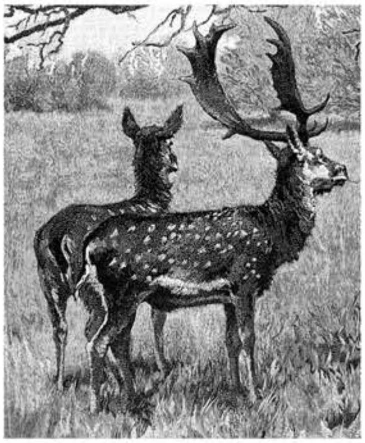
39 **Useful Hints** *(GOP, 1888)*

40 **Some Home-Made Effects** *(GOP, 1895)*

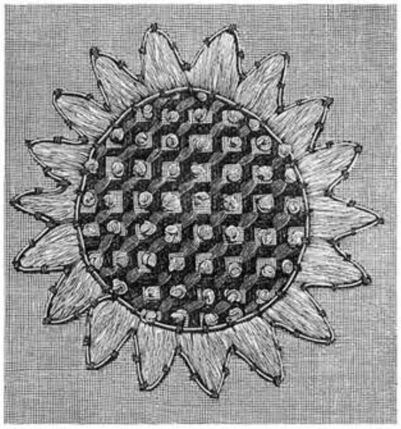
41 **In the Donkey's Dairy,** by Framley Steelcroft *(The Strand, 1895)*

47 **A Military Tea-Party,** by Louisa Crow *(CFM, 1877)*

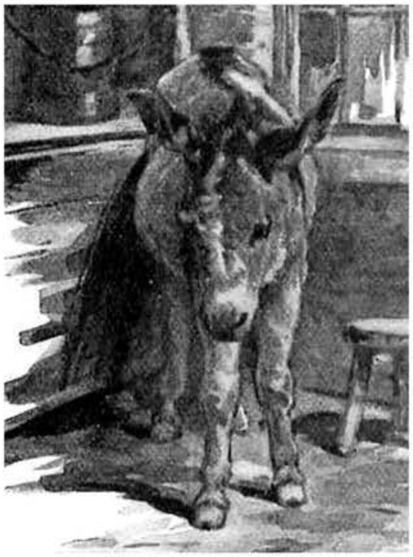
49 **Odds and Ends** *(GOP, 1897)*



p. 3



p. 28



p. 41

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

The Accomplished Woman

Accomplished is a word often used, in Victorian times, to describe the Victorian woman. The Victorian woman was generally likely to be a woman of many "accomplishments" – accomplishments being defined as "an activity that a person can do well, typically as a result of study or practice." In fact, a quick look at a Victorian woman's standard set of "accomplishments" makes me feel rather inadequate!

First, let's dispel the stereotyped notion of the "uneducated" woman. While women's access to *higher* education was one of the great controversies of the day, that didn't mean a lady was uneducated. In fact, she would probably read Latin (and possibly a bit of Greek) as well as English, and speak at least one other language (usually French). She would have a basic grounding in mathematics – essential for handling the household budget, managing the servants, and ensuring that she wasn't being cheated by the grocers.

Well, that's not so bad. When I graduated from high school, I could read Latin and speak Spanish passably well. My math would have been good enough to balance a checkbook if anyone had taught me how to balance a checkbook. So far, so good...

Unfortunately the Victorian lady goes on to leave me in the dust. Typically, she would play at *least* one musical instrument (most likely the pianoforte). Since an evening's entertainment would probably involve singing, she could probably sight-read music, and sing a solo or duet – or accompany another singer on the pianoforte. Our lady had no pretensions of being a "musician" – playing an instrument was simply the only practical way of having music in the home. Radio was decades away, and the phonograph very new indeed.

Our lady would have been skilled at some form of embroidery or needlework. Here, I feel comfortable again; I got hooked on embroidery as a child. But my Victorian counterpart leaves me behind once again, for she would also most likely be able to knit, crochet, darn, create "point lace," and "tat" (whatever that is). Many Victorian women could also draw, sketch, or paint; painting "ceramics" may be all the rage today, but its roots go back to the 19th century. It was assumed, then, that anyone could learn basic artistic skills; again, our lady had no pretensions of being an "artist," but simply expected to be reasonably "accomplished" with pen or brush.

Though many women's magazines offered craft articles along these more dainty, ladylike lines, *The Girl's Own Paper* clearly believed that "girls" (of all ages) were capable of handling more than a brush or a needle. Its pages offered how-to articles on metalwork (including iron-mongering!), wood-carving, leatherwork, brass repoussé, hot poker work on wood and glass, "crazy china," and a host of other crafts that, in the 20th century, would probably have been relegated to "shop class for boys." They certainly weren't on offer at *my* school!

The list could go on, but I'm running out of space. And surely, one would think, our Victorian lady would be running out of time! Granted, if she's engaged in all these activities, she almost certainly doesn't have a "day job," but still... being "accomplished" sounds like a full-time job in itself!

I'd like to console myself for my feelings of inadequacy by reminding myself that we live in busier times, and who has time to learn how to draw *and* paint *and* play the piano *and* embroidery *and* knit *and*... and, most of all, become *accomplished* in any or all of the above? But as I was writing this, my mind flashed back to a time in junior high school, when a friend and I – both of us "old movie buffs" – decided to try to list all the movies we'd ever seen. Keep in mind that this was long before videos; cable television, that new kid on the block, was our drug of choice. Each of us still managed to come up with a list of several hundred movies. Assuming that each movie represented from 90 minutes to two hours of viewing time (no fast forwarding in those days either!), I realized that by junior high, I had already spent thousands of hours... watching television.

Our Victorian lady had no television, no movies, no radio. Books were neither cheap nor abundant. She did, however, possess a certain cultural mindset that dictated that even "free time" should be spent in a constructive fashion – in tasks that might improve the mind, the home, or society at large. From childhood to adulthood, despite a busy schedule of chores and study, she had thousands of hours to become "accomplished."

The Victorian woman had to "make her own fun" – and along the way, she made for herself an array of skills that leaves me breathless to contemplate. Today, we don't have to make our own fun... but I wonder what we'd accomplish if we did?

—Moira Allen, Editor
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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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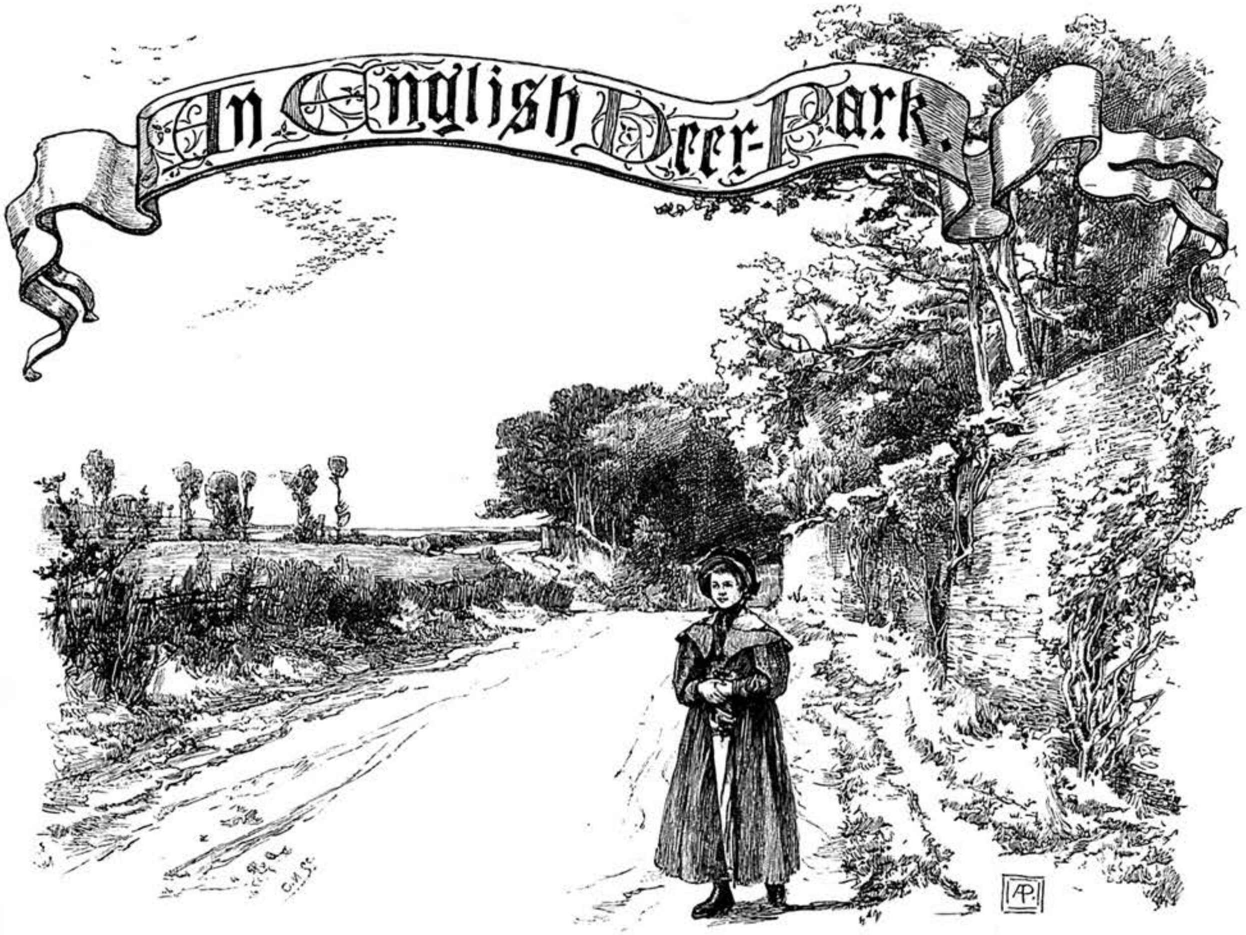
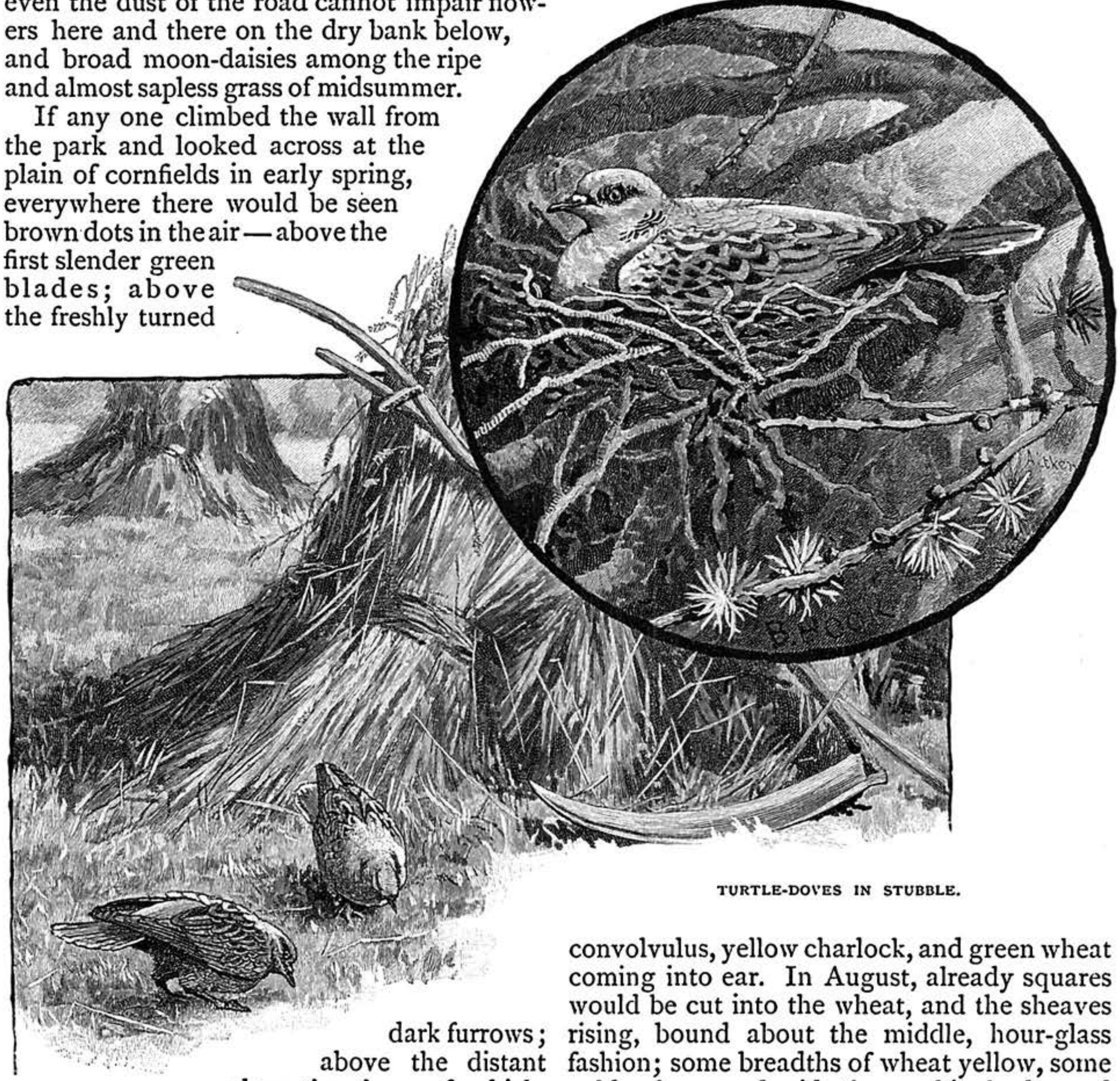


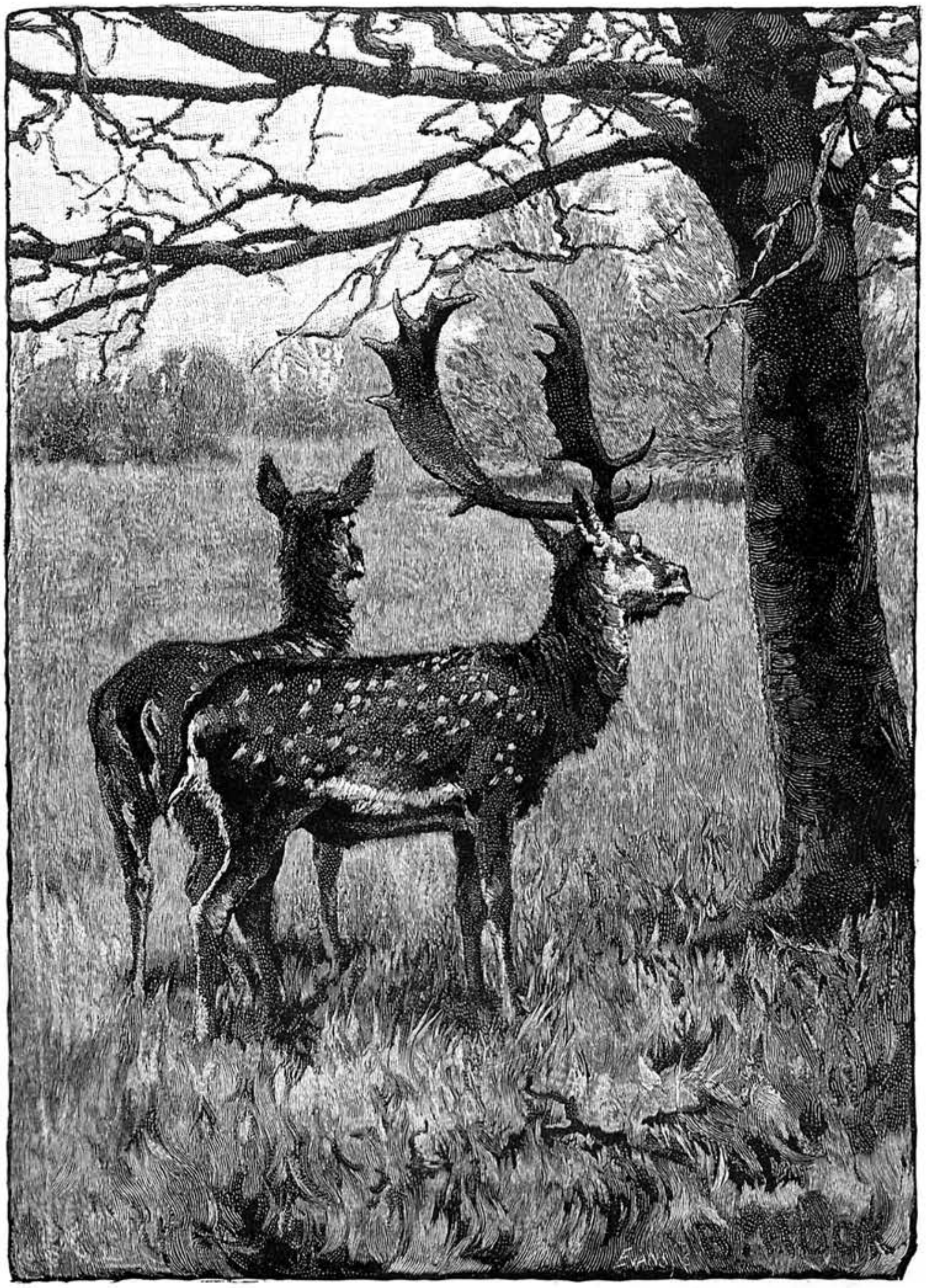
An English Deer-Park.

THERE is an old park wall which follows the highway in all its turns with such fidelity of curve that for some two miles it seems as if the road had been fitted to the wall. Against it hawthorn bushes have grown up at intervals, and in the course of years their trunks have become almost timber. Ivy has risen round some of these, and, connecting them with the wall, gives them at a distance the appearance of green bastions. Large stems of ivy, too, have flattened themselves upon the wall, as if with arched back they were striving like athletes to overthrow it. Mosses, brown in summer, soft green in winter, cover it where there is shadow, and if pulled up take with them some of the substance of the stone or mortar like a crust. A dry, dusty fern may perhaps be found now and then on the low bank at the foot—a fern that would rather be within the park than thus open to the heated south with the wall reflecting the sunshine behind. On the other side of the road, over the thin hedge, there is a broad plain of cornfields. Coming from these the laborers have found out, or made, notches in the wall; so that, by putting the iron-plated toes of their boots in, and holding to the ivy, they can scale it and shorten their long trudge home to the village. In the spring the larks, passing from the green corn to the pasture within, fluttering over with gently vibrating wings and singing as they daintily go, sometimes settle on the top. There too the yellow-hammers stay. In the crevices bluetits build deep inside passages that abruptly turn, and baffle egg-stealers. Partridges come over with a whir, but just clearing the top, gliding on extended wings, which to the eye look like a slight brown crescent. The wagoners who go by know that the great hawthorn bastions are favorite resorts of wood-pigeons and missel-thrushes. The haws are ripe in autumn and the ivy berries in spring, so that the bastions yield a double crop. A mallow the mauve petals of which even the dust of the road cannot impair flowers here and there on the dry bank below, and broad moon-daisies among the ripe and almost sapless grass of midsummer.

If any one climbed the wall from the park and looked across at the plain of cornfields in early spring, everywhere there would be seen brown dots in the air — above the first slender green blades; above the freshly turned dark furrows; above the distant plow, the share of which, polished like a silver mirror by friction with the clods, reflects the sunshine, flashing a heliograph message of plenty from the earth; everywhere brown dots, and each a breathing creature — larks ceaselessly singing, and all unable to set forth their joy. Swift as is the vibration of their throats, they cannot pour the notes fast enough to express their eager welcome. As a shower falls from the sky, so falls the song of the larks. There is no end to them: they are everywhere; over every acre away across the plain to the downs, and up on the highest hill. Every crust of English bread has been sung over at its birth in the green blade by a lark.


TURTLE-DOVES IN STUBBLE.

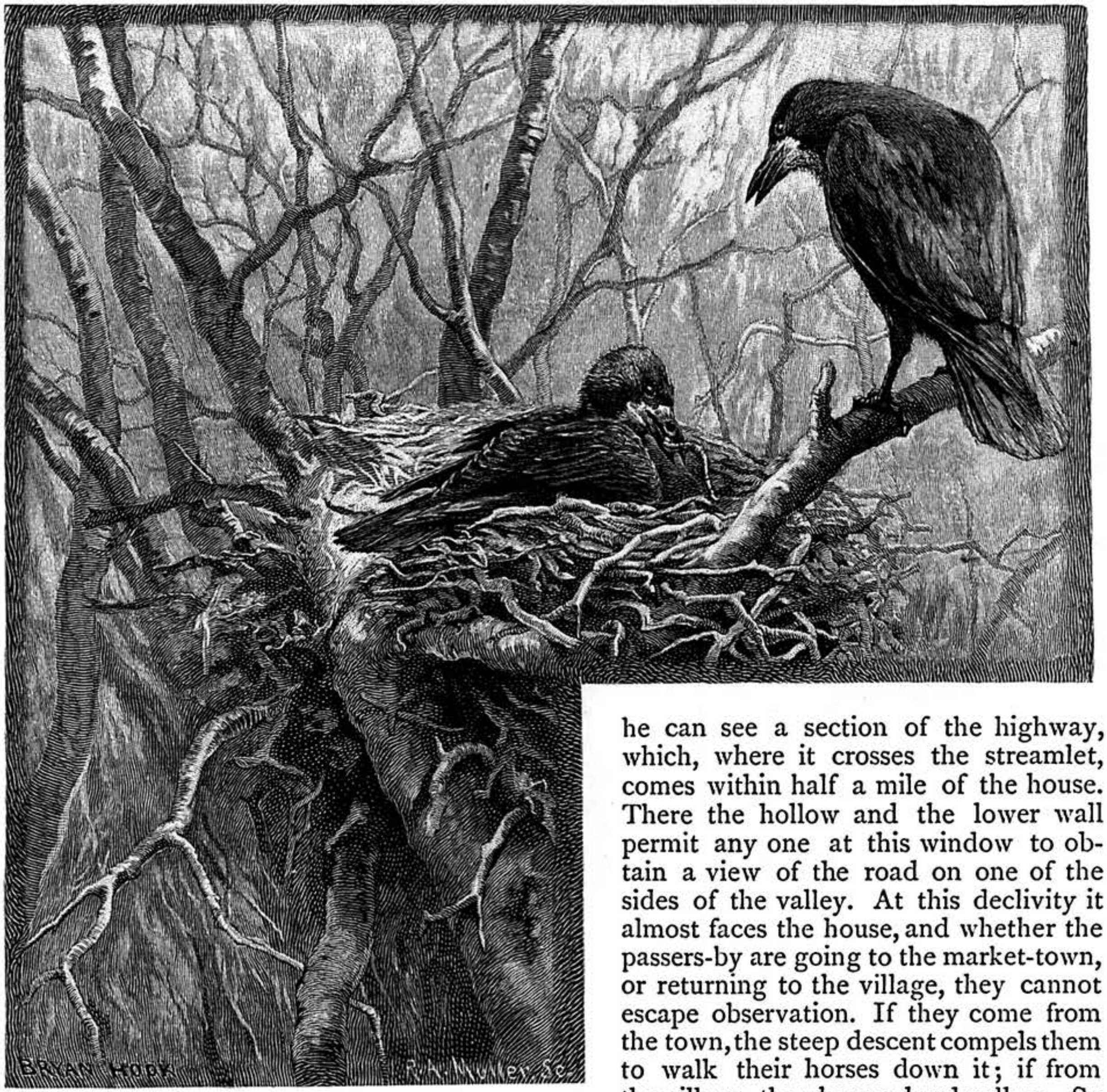
If one looked again in June, the clover itself, a treasure of beauty and sweetness, would be out, and the south wind would come over acres of flower — acres of clover, beans, tares, purple trifolium, far-away crimson saintfoin (brightest of all on the hills), scarlet poppies, pink convolvulus, yellow charlock, and green wheat coming into ear. In August, already squares would be cut into the wheat, and the sheaves rising, bound about the middle, hour-glass fashion; some breadths of wheat yellow, some golden-bronze; beside these, white barley and oats, and beans blackening. Turtle-doves would be in the stubble, for they love to be near the sheaves. The hills after or during rain look green and near; on sunny days, a far and faint blue. Sometimes the sunset is caught



FALLOW DEER.

in the haze on them and lingers like a purple veil about the ridges. In the dusk hares come heedlessly along; the elder-bushes gleam white with creamy petals through the night.

Sparrows and partridges alike dust themselves in the white dust, an inch deep, of midsummer, in the road between the wall and the corn — a pitiless Sahara road to traverse at noonday in July, when the air is still and you walk in a hollow way, the yellow wheat on one side and the wall on the other. There is shade in the park within, but a furnace of sunlight without — weariness to the eyes and feet from glare and dust. The wall winds with the highway and cannot be escaped. It goes up the slight elevations and down the slopes; it has become settled down and bound with time. But presently there is a steeper dip, and at the bottom, in a narrow valley, a streamlet flows out from the wheat into the park. A spring rises at the foot of the down a mile away, and the channel it has formed winds across the plain. It is narrow and shallow; nothing but a larger furrow, filled in winter by the rains rushing off the fields, and in summer a rill scarce half an inch deep. The wheat hides the channel completely, and as the wind blows, the tall ears bend over it. At the edge of the bank pink convolvulus twines round the stalks and the green flowered buckwheat gathers several together. The sunlight cannot reach the stream, which runs in shadow, deep down below the wheat ears, over which butterflies wander. Forget-me-nots flower under the banks; grasses lean on the surface; willow herbs, tall and stiff, stand up; but out from the tangled and interlaced fibers the water flows as clear as it rose by the hill. There is a culvert under the road, and on the opposite side the wall admits the stream by an arch jealously guarded by bars. In this valley the wall is lower and thicker and less covered at the top with ivy, so that where the road rises over the culvert you can see into the park. The stream goes rounding away through the sward, bending somewhat to the right, where the ground gradually descends. On the left side, at some distance, stands a row of full-grown limes, and through these there is a glimpse of the old manor-house. It is called the old house because the requirements of modern days have rendered it unsuitable for an establishment. A much larger mansion has been erected in another part of the park nearer the village, with a façade visible from the highway. The old manor-house is occupied by the land-steward, or, as he prefers to be called, the deputy-forester, who is also the oldest and largest tenant on the estate. It is he who rules the park. The laborers and keepers call him the "squire."



ROOKS REPAIRING A NEST.

Now the old squire's favorite resort is the window-seat in the gun-room, because thence he can see a section of the highway, which, where it crosses the streamlet, comes within half a mile of the house. There the hollow and the lower wall permit any one at this window to obtain a view of the road on one of the sides of the valley. At this declivity it almost faces the house, and whether the passers-by are going to the market-town, or returning to the village, they cannot escape observation. If they come from the town, the steep descent compels them to walk their horses down it; if from the village, they have a hard pull up. So the oaken window-seat in the gun-room is as polished and smooth as an old saddle; for if the squire is indoors, he is certain to be there. He often rests there after half an hour's work on one or other of the guns in the rack; for, though he seldom uses but one, he likes to take the locks to pieces upon a little bench which he has fitted up, and where he has a vise, tools, a cartridge-loading apparatus, and so forth, from which the room acquired its name. With the naked eye, however, as the road is half a mile distant, it is not possible to distinguish persons, except in cases of very pronounced individuality. Nevertheless old "Ettles," the keeper, always declared that he could see a hare run up the down from the park, say a mile and a half. This may be true; but in the gun-room there is a field-glass, said to have been used at the siege of Seringapatam, which the squire can bring to bear upon the road in an instant, for from constant use at the same focus there is a rim round the tarnished brass. No time, therefore, need be lost in trials; it can be drawn out to the well-known mark at once. The window itself is large, but there is a casement in it,— a lesser window,— which can be thrown open with a mere twist of the thumb on the button, and as it swings open it catches itself on a hasp. Then the field-glass examines the distant wayfarer.

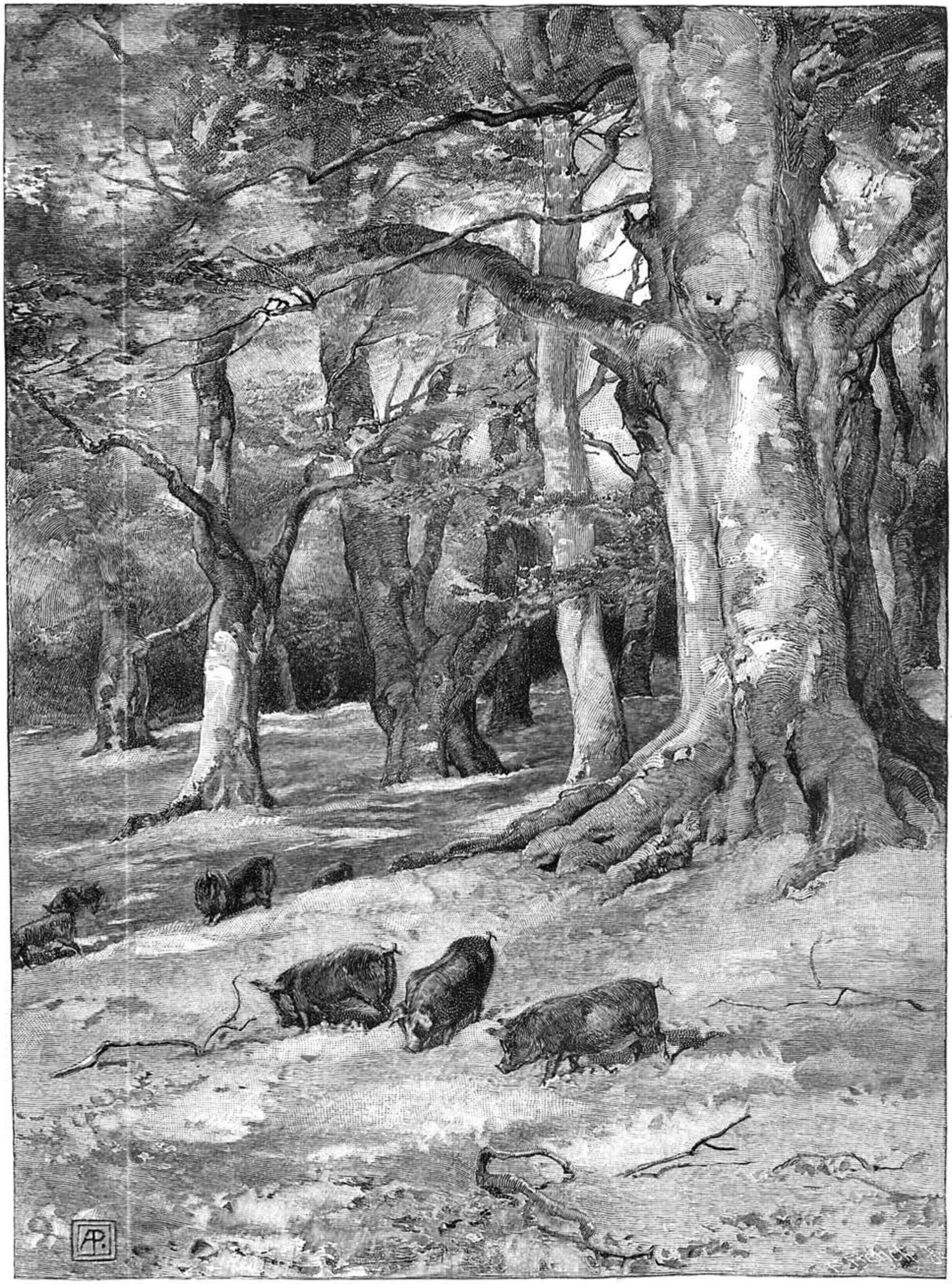
When people have dwelt for generations in one place they come to know the history of their immediate world. There was not a wagon that went by without a meaning to the squire. One perhaps brought a load of wool from the downs: it was old Hobbes's, whose affairs he had known these forty years. Another, with wheat, was Lambourne's team: he lost heavily in 1879, the wet year. The family and business concerns of every man of any substance were as well known to the squire as if they had been written in a chronicle. So, too, he knew the family tendency, as it were, of the cottagers. So and So's lads were always tall, another's girls always tidy. If you employed a member of this family, you were sure to be well served; if of another, you were sure to be cheated in some way. Men vary like trees: an ash sapling is always straight, the bough of an oak crooked, a fir full of knots. A man, said the squire, should be straight like a gun. This section of the highway gave him the daily news of the village as the daily papers give us the news of the world. About two hundred yards from the window the row of limes began, each tree as tall and large as an elm, having grown to its full natural size. The last of the row came very near obstructing the squire's line of sight, and it once chanced that some projecting branches by degrees stretched out across his field of view. This circumstance caused him much mental trouble; for, having all his life consistently opposed any thinning out or trimming of trees, he did not care to issue an order which would almost confess a mistake. Besides which, why only these particular branches? — the object would be so apparent. The squire, while conversing with Ettles, twice, as if unconsciously, directed his steps beneath these limes, and, striking the offending boughs with his stick, remarked that they grew extremely fast. But the keeper, usually so keen to take a hint, only answered that the lime was the quickest wood to grow of which he knew. In his heart he enjoyed the squire's difficulty. Finally the squire, legalizing his foible by recognizing it, fetched a ladder and a hatchet, and chopped off the boughs with his own hands.

It was from the gun-room window that the squire observed the change of the seasons and the flow of time. The larger view he often had on horseback of miles of country did not bring it home to him. The old familiar trees, the sward, the birds, these told him of the advancing or receding sun. As he reclined in the corner of the broad window-seat, his feet up, and drowsy, of a summer afternoon, he heard the languid cawing of an occasional rook, for rooks are idle in the heated hours of the day. He was aware, without conscious observation, of the swift, straight line drawn across the sky by a wood-pigeon. The pigeons were continually to and fro the cornfields outside the wall to the south and the woods to the north, and their shortest route passed directly over the limes. To the limes the bees went when their pale yellow flowers appeared. Not many butterflies floated over the short sward, which was fed too close for flowers. The butterflies went to the old garden, rising over the high wall as if they knew beforehand of the flowers that were within. Under the sun the short grass dried as it stood, and with the sap went its green. There came a golden tint on that part of the wheat-fields which could be seen over the road. A few more days — how few they seemed! — and there was a spot of orange on the beech in a little copse near the limes. The bucks were bellowing in the forest; as the leaves turned color their loves began and the battles for the fair. Again a few days and the snow came, and rendered visible the slope of the ground in the copse between the trunks of the trees: the ground there was at other times indistinct under brambles and withered fern. The squire left the window for his arm-chair by the fire; but if presently, as often happens when frost quickly follows a snow-storm, the sun shone out and a beam fell on the wall, he would get up and look out. Every footstep in the snow contained a shadow cast by the side, and the dazzling white above and the dark within produced a blue tint. Yonder by the limes the rabbits ventured out for a stray bunch of grass not quite covered by the drift, tired, no doubt, of the bitter bark of the ash-rods that they had nibbled in the night. As they scampered, each threw up a white cloud of snow-dust behind him. Yet a few days and the sward grew greener. The pale winter hue, departing as the spring mist came trailing over, caught for a while in the copse, and, lingering there, the ruddy buds and twigs of the limes were refreshed. The larks rose a little way to sing in the moist air. A rook, too, perching on the top of a low tree, attempted other notes than his monotonous caw. So absorbed was he in his song that you might have walked under him unnoticed. He uttered four or five distinct sounds that would have formed a chant, but he paused between each as if uncertain of his throat. Then, as the sun shone, with a long drawn "ca-awk" he flew to find his mate, for it would soon be time to repair the nest in the limes. The butterflies came again and the year was completed, yet it seemed but a few days to the squire. Perhaps if he lived for a thousand years, after a while he would wonder at the rapidity with which the centuries slipped by.

By the limes there was a hollow,—the little circular copse was on the slope,—and jays came to it as they worked from tree to tree across the park. Their screeching often echoed through the open casement of the gun-room. A faint mark on the sward trended towards this hollow; it was a trail made by the squire, one of whose favorite strolls was in this direction. This summer morning, taking his gun, he followed the trail once more.

The grass was longer and coarser under the shadow of the limes, and upborne on the branches were numerous little sticks which had dropped from the rookery above. Sometimes there was an overthrown nest like a sack of twigs turned out on the turf, such as the hedgers rake together after fagoting. Looking up into the trees on a summer's day not a bird could be seen, till suddenly there was a quick "jack-jack" above, as a daw started from his hole or from where the great boughs joined the trunk. The squire's path went down the hollow till it deepened into a thinly wooded coomb, through which ran the streamlet coming from the wheat-fields under the road. As the coomb opened, the squire went along a hedge near but not quite to the top. Years ago the coomb had been quarried for chalk, and the pits were only partly concealed by the bushes: the yellow spikes of wild mignonette flourished on the very edge, and even half way down the precipices. From the ledge above, the eye could see into these and into the recesses between the brushwood. The squire's son, Mr. Martin, used to come here with his rook-rifle, for he could always get a shot at a rabbit in the hollow. They could not see him approach; and the ball, if it missed, did no damage, being caught as in a bowl. Rifles in England, even when their range is but a hundred yards or so, are not to be used without caution. Some one may be in the hedge nutting, or a laborer may be eating his luncheon in the shelter; it is never possible to tell who may be behind the screen of brambles through which the bullet slips so easily. Into these hollows Martin could shoot with safety. As for the squire, he did not approve of rifles. He adhered to his double-barrel; and if a buck had to be killed, he depended on his smoothbore to carry a heavy ball forty yards with fair accuracy. The fawns were knocked over with a wire cartridge unless Mr. Martin was in the way—he liked to try a rifle. Even in summer the old squire generally had his double-barrel with him—perhaps he might come across a weasel, or a stoat, or a crow. That was his excuse; but in fact, without a gun the woods lost half their meaning to him. With it he could stand and watch the buck grazing in the glade, or a troop of fawns—sweet little creatures—so demurely feeding down the grassy slope from the beeches. Already at midsummer the nuts were full formed on the beeches; the green figs, too, he remembered were on the old fig-tree trained against the warm garden wall. The horse-chestnuts showed the little green knobs which would soon enlarge and hang all prickly, like the spiked balls of a holy-water sprinkle, such as was once used in the wars. Of old the folk, having no books, watched every living thing, from the moss to the oak, from the mouse to the deer; and all that we know now of animals and plants is really founded upon their acute and patient observation. How many years it took even to find out a good salad may be seen from ancient writings, wherein half the plants about the hedges are recommended as salad herbs: dire indeed would be our consternation if we had to eat them. As the beech-nuts appear, and the horse-chestnuts enlarge, and the fig swells, the apples turn red and become visible in the leafy branches of the apple-trees. Like horses, deer are fond of apples, and in former times, when deer-stealing was possible, they were often decoyed with them.

There is no tree so much of the forest as the beech. On the verge of woods the oaks are far apart, the ashes thin; the verge is like a wilderness and scrubby, so that the forest does not seem to begin till you have penetrated some distance. Under the beeches the forest begins at once. They stand at the edge of the slope, huge round boles rising from the mossy ground, wide fans of branches—a shadow under them, a greeny darkness beyond. There is depth there—depth to be explored, depth to hide in. If there is a path, it is arched over like a tunnel with boughs; you know not whither it goes. The fawns are sweetest in the sunlight, moving down from

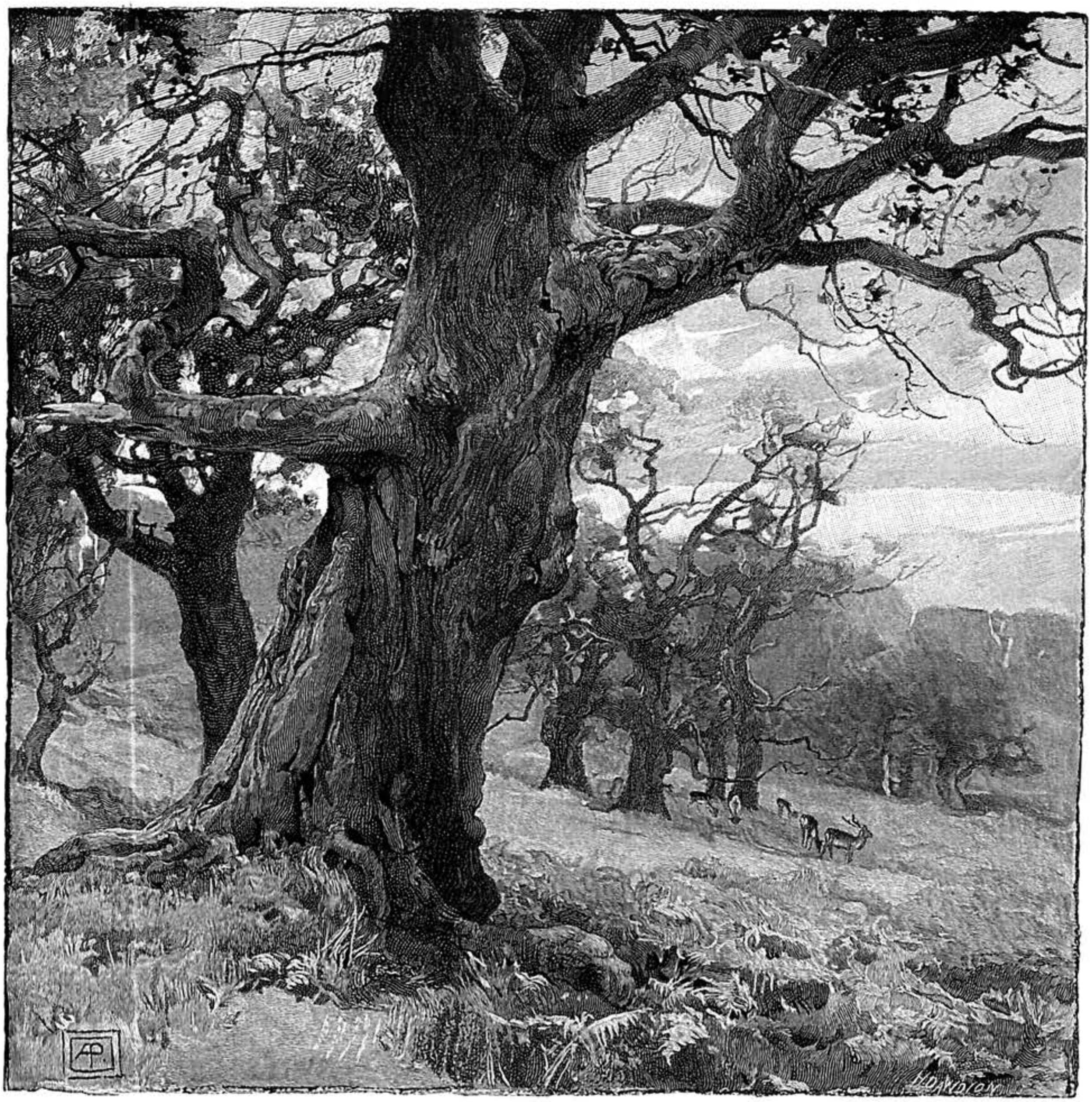


IN THE BEECH WOODS.

the shadow; the doe best partly in shadow, partly in sun, when the branch of a tree casts its interlaced work, fine as Algerian silverwork, upon the back; the buck best when he stands among the fern, alert, yet not quite alarmed,—for he knows the length of his leap, —his horns up, his neck high, his dark eye bent on you, and every sinew strung to spring away. One spot of sunlight, bright and white, falls through the branches upon his neck, a fatal place, or near it: a guide, that bright white spot, to the deadly bullet, as in old days to the cross-bow bolt. It was needful even then to be careful of the aim, for the herd, as Shakspere tells us, at once recognized the sound of a cross-bow: the jar of the string, tight-strained to the notch by the goat's-foot lever, the slight whiz of the missile, were enough to startle them and to cause the rest to swerve and pass out of range. Yet the cross-bow was quiet indeed compared with the gun which took its place. The cross-bow was the beginning of shooting proper, as we now understand it; that is, of taking an aim by the bringing of one point into a line with another. With the long-bow aim indeed was taken, but quite differently, for if the arrow were kept waiting with the string drawn, the eye and the hand would not go true together. The quicker the arrow left the bow the moment that it was full-drawn, the better the result. On the other hand, the arblast was in no haste, but was adjusted deliberately — so deliberately that it gave rise to a proverb, "A fool's bolt is soon shot." This could not apply to the long-bow, with which the arrow was discharged swiftly, while an arblast was slowly brought to the level like a rifle. As it was hard to draw again, that added strength to the saying; but it arose from the deliberation with which a good cross-bowman aimed. To the long-bow the cross-bow was the express rifle. The express delivers its bullet accurately point-blank — the bullet flies straight to its mark up to a certain distance. So the cross-bow bolt flew point-blank, and thus its application to hunting when the deer were really killed for their venison. The hunter stole through the fern, or crept about the thickets, — thickets and fern exactly like those here to-day,— or waited Indian-like in ambush behind an oak as the herd fed that way, and, choosing the finest buck, aimed his bolt so as either to slay at once or to break the fore-leg. Like the hare, if the fore-leg is injured, deer cannot progress; if only the hind-quarter is hit, there is no telling how far they may go. Therefore the cross-bow, as enabling the hunter to choose the exact spot where his bolt should strike, became the weapon of the chase, and by its very perfection began the extermination of the deer. Instead of the hounds and the noisy hunt, any man who could use the cross-bow could kill a buck. The long-bow, of all weapons, requires the most practice, and practice begun in early youth. Some of the extraordinary feats attributed to the outlaws in the woods and to the archers of the ancient English army are quite possible, but must have necessitated the constant use of a bow from childhood, so that it became second nature. But almost any man who has strength to set a cross-bow, with moderate practice, and any idea at all of shooting, could become a fairly good shot with it. From the cross-bow to a gun was a comparatively easy step, and it was the knowledge of the power of the one that led to the quick introduction of the other. For gunpowder was hardly discovered before hand-guns were thought of, and no discovery ever spread so swiftly. Then the arquebuse swept away the old English chase.

These deer exist by permission. They are protected with jealous care; or rather they have been protected so long that by custom they have grown semi-consecrated, and it is rare for any one to think of touching them. The fawns wander, and a man, if he choose, might often knock one over with his ax as he comes home from his work. The deer browse up to the very skirts of the farm-house below, sometimes even enter the rick-yard, and once now and then, if a gate be left open, walk in and eat the pease in the garden. The bucks are still a little wilder, a little more nervous for their liberty, but there is no difficulty in stalking them to within forty or fifty yards. They have either lost their original delicacy of scent, or else do not respond to it, as the approach of a man does not alarm them, else it would be necessary to study the wind; but you may get thus near them without any thought of the breeze — no nearer; then bounding twice or thrice, lifting himself each time as high as the fern, the buck turns half towards you to see whether his retreat should or should not be continued.

The fawns have come out from the beeches, because there is more grass on the slope and in the hollow, where trees are few. Under the trees in the forest proper there is little food for them. Deer, indeed, seem fonder of half-open places than of the wood itself. Thickets, with fern at the foot and spaces of sward between, are their favorite haunts. Heavily timbered land and impenetrable underwood are not so much resorted to. The deer here like to get away from the retreats which shelter them, to wander in the half-open grounds on that part of the park free to them, or if possible, if they see a chance, out into the fields. Once now and then a buck escapes, and is found eight or ten miles away. If the pale were removed how quickly the deer would leave the close forest which in imagination is so associated with them! It is not their ideal. They would rather wander over the hills and along the river valleys. The forest is, indeed, and always would be their cover, and its shadows their defense; but for enjoyment they would of choice seek the sweet herbage, which does not flourish where the roots of trees and underwood absorb all the richness of the soil. The farther the trees are apart the better the forest pleases them. Those

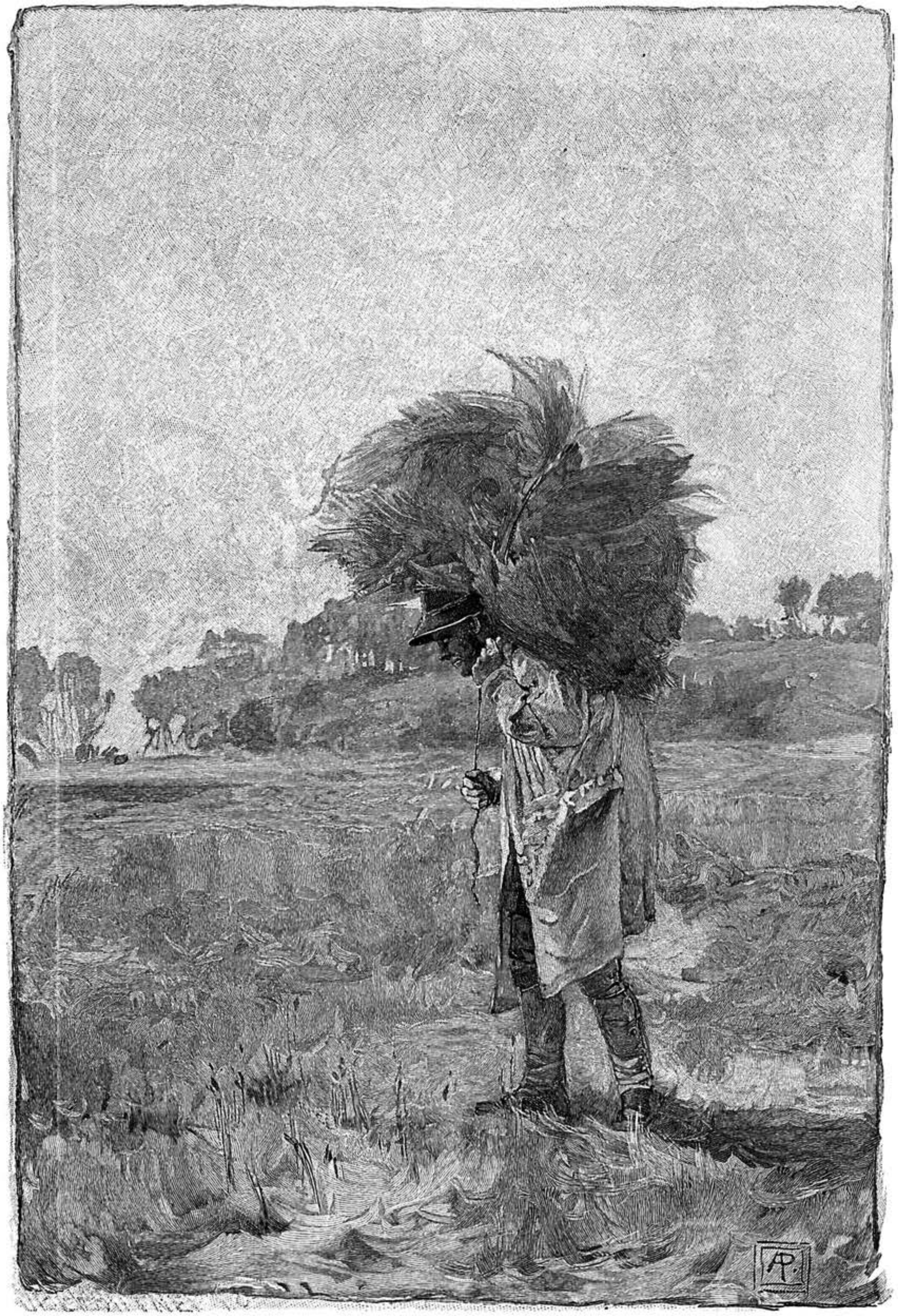


AMONG THE OAKS.

great instinctive migrations of wild animals which take place annually in America are not possible in England. The deer here cannot escape—solitary individuals getting free of course, now and then; they cannot move in a body, and it is not easy to know whether any such desire remains among them. So far as I am aware, there is no mention of such migrations in the most ancient times; but the omission proves nothing, for before the Normans, before the game laws and parks together came into existence, no one who could write thought enough of the deer to notice their motions. The monks were engaged in chronicling the inroads of the pagans, or writing chronologies of the Roman Empire. On analogical grounds it would seem quite possible that in their original state the English deer did move from part to part of the country with the seasons. Almost all the birds, the only really free things in this country now, move, even those that do not quit the island; and why not the deer in the old time when all the woods were open to them? England is not a large country, but there are considerable differences in the climate and the time at which vegetation appears, quite sufficient of themselves to induce animals to move from place to place. We have no narrowing buffalo zone to lament, for our buffalo zone disappeared long ago. These parks and woods are islets of the olden time, dotted here and there in the midst of the most modern agricultural scenery. These deer and their ancestors have been confined within the pale for hundreds of years, and though in a sense free, they are in no sense wild. But the old power remains still. See the buck as he starts away, and jumps at every leap as high as the fern. He would give the hounds a long chase yet.

The fern is fully four feet tall, hiding a boy entirely and only showing a man's head. The deer do not go through it unless startled: they prefer to follow a track already made, one of their own trails. It is their natural cover, and when the buckhounds meet near London the buck often takes refuge in one or other of the fern-grown commons of which there are many on the southern side. But fern is inimical to grass, and, while it gives them cover, occupies the place of much more pleasant herbage. As their range is limited, though they have here a forest of some extent as well as the park to roam over, they cannot always obtain enough in winter. In frost, when the grass will not grow, or when snow is on the ground, that which they can find is supplemented with hay. They are, in fact, foddered exactly the same as cattle. In some of the smaller parks they are driven into inclosures and fed altogether. This is not the case here. Perhaps it was through the foggers, as the laborers are called who fodder cattle and carry out the hay in the morning and evening, that deer poachers of old discovered that they could approach the deer by carrying a bundle of sweet-smelling hay, which overcame the scent of the body and baffled the buck's keen nostrils till the thief was within shot. The foggers, being about so very early in the morning,— they are out at the dawn,— have found out a good many game secrets in their time. If the deer were outside the forest at any hour it was sure to be when the dew was on the grass, and thus they noticed that with the hay truss on their heads they could walk up quite close occasionally. Foggers know all the game on the places where they work: there is not a hare or a rabbit, a pheasant or a partridge, whose ways are not plain to them. There are no stories now of stags a century old (three would go back to Queen Elizabeth); they have gone, like other traditions of the forest, before steam and breechloader. Deer lore is all but extinct, the terms of venery known but to a few; few, indeed, could correctly name the parts of a buck if one were sent them. The deer are a picture only — a picture that lives and moves and is beautiful to look at, but must not be rudely handled. Still, they linger while the marten has disappeared, the pole-cat is practically gone, and the badger becoming rare. It is curious that the badger has lived on through sufferance for three centuries. Nearly three centuries ago a chronicler observed that the badger would have been rooted out before his time had it not been for the parks. There was no great store of badgers then: there is no great store now. Sketches remain in old country-houses of the chase of the marten: you see the hounds all yelping round the foot of a tree, the marten up in it, and in the middle of the hounds the huntsman in topboots and breeches. You can but smile at it. To Americans it must forcibly recall the treeing of a coon. The deer need keep no watch, there are no wolves to pull them down; and it is quite probable that the absence of any danger of that kind is the reason of their tameness even more than the fact that they are not chased by man. Nothing comes creeping stealthily through the fern, or hunts them through the night. They can slumber in peace. There is no larger beast of prey than a stoat, or a stray cat. But they retain their dislike of dogs, a dislike shared by cattle, as if they too dimly remembered a time when they had been hunted. The list of animals still living within the pale and still wild is short indeed. Besides the deer, which are not wild, there are hares, rabbits, squirrels, two kinds of rat,— the land and the water rat,— stoat, weasel, mole, and mouse. There are more varieties of mouse than of any other animal: these, the weakest of all, have escaped best, though exposed to so many enemies. A few foxes, and still fewer badgers, complete the list, for there are no other animals here. Modern times are fatal to all creatures of prey, whether furred or feathered; and so even the owls are less numerous, both in actual numbers and in variety of species, than they were even fifty years ago.

But the forest is not vacant. It is indeed full of happy life. Every hollow tree — and there are many hollow trees where none are felled — has its nest of starlings, or titmice, or woodpeckers. Woodpeckers are numerous, and amusing to watch. Wood-pigeons and turtle-doves abound, the former in hundreds nesting here. Rooks, of course, and jackdaws, — daws love hollow trees,— jays, and some magpies. The magpie is one of the birds which have partly disappeared from the fields of England. There are broad lands where not one is to be seen. Once looking from the road at two in a field, a gentleman who was riding by stopped his horse and asked, quite interested, "Are those magpies?" I replied that they were. "I have not seen any since I was a boy till now," he said. Magpies are still plentiful in some places, as in old parks in Somersetshire, but they have greatly diminished in the majority of instances. There are some here, and many jays. These are handsome birds, and with the green woodpeckers give color to the trees. Night-jars or fern-owls fly round the outskirts and through the open glades in the summer twilight. These are some of the forest birds. The rest visit the forest or live in it, but are equally common to hedgerow and copse. Woodpeckers, jays, magpies, owls, night-jars, are all distinctly forest and park birds, and are continually with

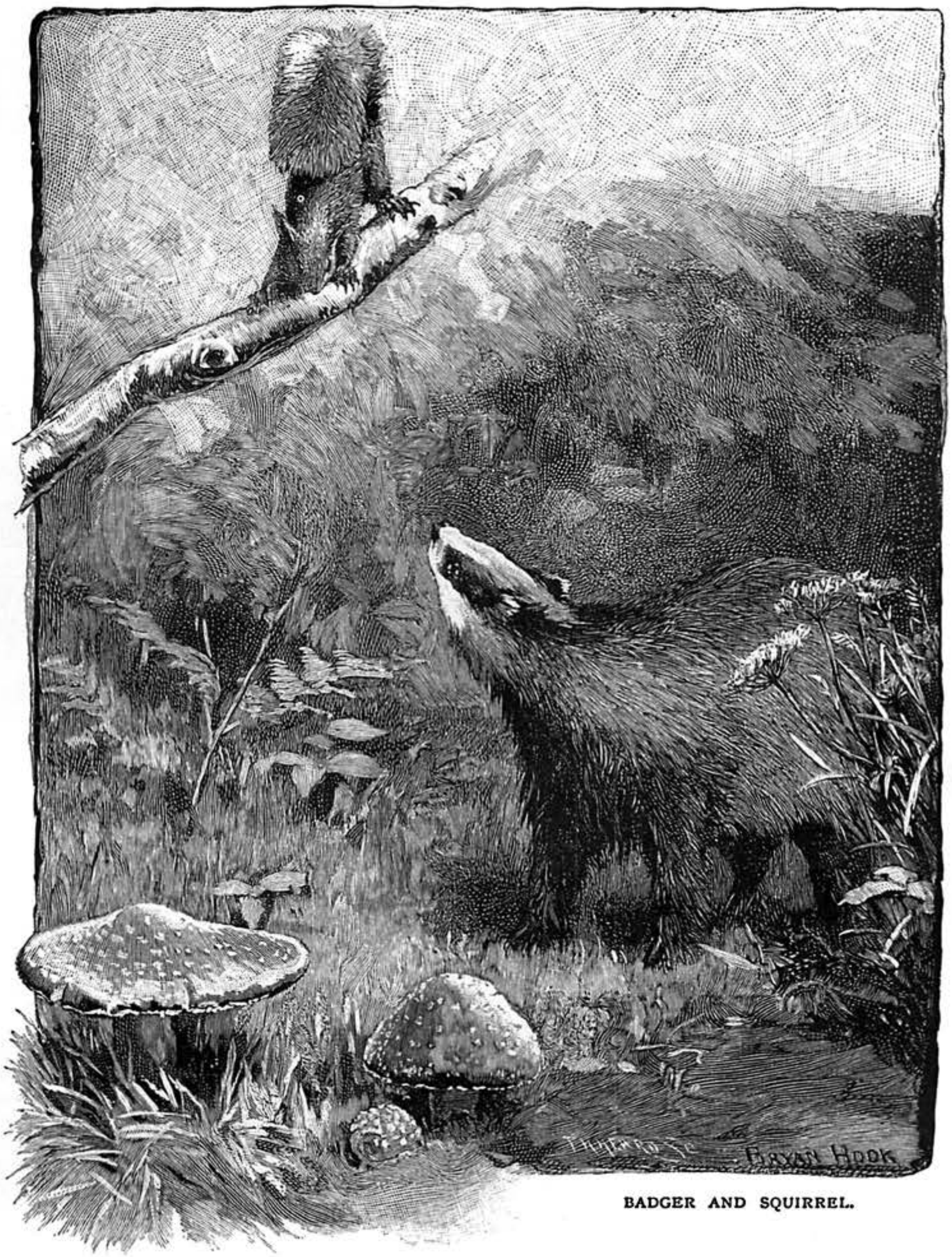


A FOGGER.

the deer. The lesser birds are the happier that there are fewer hawks and crows. The deer are not torn with the cruel tooth of hound or wolf, nor does the sharp arrow sting them. It is a little piece of olden England without its terror and bloodshed.

The fawns fed away down the slope and presently into one of the broad green open paths or drives, where the underwood on each side is lined with bramble and with trailing white rose, which loves to cling to bushes scarcely higher than itself. Their runners stretch out at the edges of the drive, so that from the underwood the mound of green falls aslant to the sward. This gradual descent from the trees and ash to the bushes of hawthorn, from the hawthorn to the bramble, thence to the rose and the grass, gives to the vista of the broad path a soft, graceful aspect.

After the fawns had disappeared, the squire went on and entered under the beeches from which they had emerged. He had not gone far before he struck and followed a path which wound between the beech trunks and was entirely arched over by their branches. Squirrels raced away at the sound of his footsteps, darting over the ground and up the stems of the trees in an instant. A slight rustling now and then showed that a rabbit had been startled. Pheasants ran too, but noiselessly, and pigeons rose from the boughs above. The wood-pigeons rose indeed, but they were not much frightened and quickly settled again. So little shot at, they felt safe, and only moved from habit.



BADGER AND SQUIRREL.

He crossed several paths leading in various directions, but went on, gradually descending till the gable end of a farm-house became visible through the foliage. The old red tiles were but a few yards distant from the boughs of the last beech, and there was nothing between the house and the forest but a shallow trench almost filled with dead brown leaves and edged with fern. Out from that trench, sometimes stealthily slipping between the flattened fern-stalks, came a weasel, and, running through the plantains and fringe-like mayweed or stray pimpernel which covered the neglected ground, made for the straw-rick. Searching about for mice, he was certain to come across a hen's egg in some corner, perhaps in a hay-crib, which the cattle, now being in the meadow, did not use. Or a stronger stoat crept out and attacked anything that he fancied. Very often there was a rabbit sitting in the long grass which grows round under an old hay-rick. He would sit still and let any one pass who did not know of his presence, but those who were aware used to give the grass a kick if they went that way, when he would carry his white tail swiftly round the corner of the rick. In winter hares came nibbling at everything in the garden, and occasionally in summer, if they fancied an herb: they would have spoiled it altogether if free to stay there without fear of some one suddenly appearing.

Dogs there were in plenty, but all chained, except a few mere puppies which practically lived indoors. It was not safe to have them loose so near the wood, the temptation to wander being so very strong. So that, though there was a continual barking and long, mournful whines for liberty, the wild creatures came in time to understand that there was little danger, and the rabbit actually sat under the hay-rick.

Pheasants mingled with the fowls and, like the fowls, only ran aside out of the way of people. In early summer there were tiny partridge chicks about, which rushed under the coop. The pheasants sometimes came down to the kitchen door, so greedy were they. With the dogs and ponies, the pheasants and rabbits, the weasels and the stoats, and the ferrets in their hutches, the place seemed really to belong more to the animals than to the tenant.

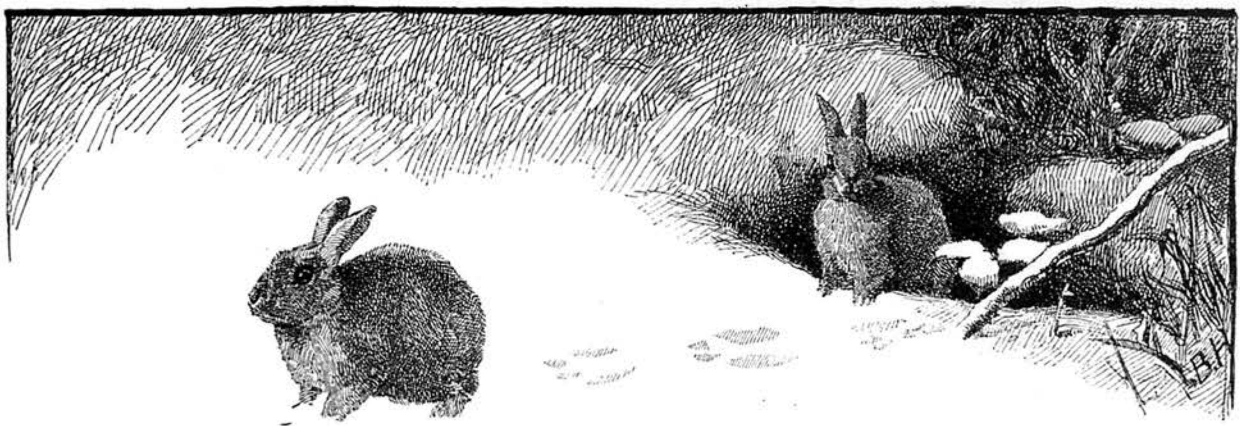
The forest strayed indoors. Bucks' horns, feathers picked up, strange birds shot and stuffed, fossils from the sand-pits, coins and pottery from the line of the ancient Roman road, all the odds and ends of the forest, were scattered about within. To the yard came the cows, which, with bells about their necks, wandered into the fern, and the swine, which searched and rooted about for acorns and beech-mast in autumn. The men who dug in the sand-pits or for gravel came this way in and out to their labor, and so did those who split up the fallen trunks into logs. Now and then a woodpecker came with a rush up from the meadows, where he had been visiting the hedgerows, and went into the forest with a yell as he entered the trees. The deer fed up to the precincts, and at intervals a buck at the dawn got into the garden. But the flies from the forest teased and terrified the horses, which would have run away with the heavily loaded wagon behind them if not protected with fine netting as if in armor. They did run away sometimes at harrow, tearing across the field like mad things. You could not keep the birds out of the garden, try how you would. They had most of the sowings up. The blackbirds pecked every apple in the orchard. How the dead leaves in autumn came whirling in thousands through rick-yard and court in showers upon the tiles! Nor was it of much avail to sweep them away; they were there again to-morrow, and until the wind changed. The swallows were now very busy building; there were not many houses for them, and therefore they flocked here. Up from over the meadows came the breeze, drawing into the hollow recesses of the forest behind. It came over the grass and farther away over corn just yellowing, the shadows of the clouds racing with it and instantly lost in the trees. It drew through the pillars of the forest, and away to the hills beyond.

The squire's ale was duly put for him, the particular gossip he liked was ready for him; and having taken both, he looked at his old watch and went on. His path now led for a while just inside the pale, which here divided the forest from the meadows. In the olden time it would have been made of oak, for they built all things then with an eye to endurance; but it was now of fir, pitched, sawn from firs thrown in the copses. For the purpose of keeping the deer in, it was as useful as the pale of oak. Oak is not so plentiful nowadays. The high spars were the especial vaunting-places of the little brown wrens which perched there and sang, in defiance of all that the forest might hold. Rabbits crept under, but the hares waited till evening and went round by the gates. Presently the path turned and the squire passed a pond partly dried up, from the margin of which several pigeons rose up, clattering their wings. They are fond of the neighborhood of water, and are sure to be there sometime during the day. The path went upwards, but the ascent was scarcely perceptible through hazel bushes, which became farther apart and thinner as the elevation increased, and the soil was less rich. Some hawthorn bushes succeeded, and from among these he stepped out into the open park. Nothing could be seen of the manor-house here. It was hidden by the roll of the ground and the groups of trees. The close sward was already a little brown — the trampling of hoofs as well as the heat causes the brownish hue of fed sward, as if it were bruised. He went out into the park, bearing somewhat to the right and passing many hawthorns, round the trunks of which the grass was cut away in a ring by the hoofs of animals seeking shadow. Far away on a rising knoll a herd of deer were lying under some elms. In front were the downs, a mile or so distant; to the right, meadows and cornfields, towards which he went. There was no house nor any habitation in view; in the early part of the year, the lambing-time, there was a shepherd's hut on wheels in the fields, but it had been drawn away.

According to tradition, there is no forest in England in which a king has not hunted. A king, they say, hunted here in the old days of the cross-bow; but happily the place escaped notice in that artificial era when half the parks and woods were spoiled to make the engraver's ideal landscape of straight vistas, broad in the foreground and narrowing up to nothing. Wide, straight roads — you can call them nothing else — were cut through the finest woods, so that upon looking from a certain window, or standing at a certain spot in the grounds, you might see a church tower at the end of the cutting. In some parks there are half a dozen such horrors shown to you as a great curiosity; some have a monument or pillar at the end. These hideous disfigurements of beautiful scenery should surely be wiped out in our day. The stiff, straight cutting could soon be filled up by planting, and after a time the woods would resume their natural condition. Many common highway roads are really delightful, winding through trees and hedge-rows, with glimpses of hills and distant villages. But these planned, straight vistas, radiating from a central spot as if done with ruler and pen, at once destroy the pleasant illusion of primeval forest. You may be dreaming under the oaks of the chase or of Rosalind: the moment you enter such a vista all becomes commonplace. Happily this park escaped, and it is beautiful. Our English landscape wants no gardening: it *cannot* be gardened. The least interference kills it. The beauty of English woodland and country is in its detail. There is nothing empty and unclothed. If the clods are left a little while undisturbed in the fields, weeds spring up and wild-flowers bloom upon them. Is the hedge cut and trimmed, lo! the bluebells flower the more and a yet fresher green buds forth upon the twigs. Never was there a garden like the meadow: there is not an inch of the meadow in early summer without a flower. Old walls, as we saw just now, are not left without a fringe; on the top of the hardest brick wall, on the sapless tiles, on slates, stonecrop takes hold and becomes a cushion of yellow bloom. Nature is a miniature painter and handles a delicate brush, the tip of which touches the tiniest spot and leaves something living. The park has indeed its larger lines, its broad open sweep, and gradual slope, to which the eye accustomed to small inclosures requires time to adjust itself. These left to themselves are beautiful; they are the surface of the earth, which is always true to itself and needs no banks nor artificial hollows. The earth is right and the tree is right: trim either and all is wrong. The deer will not fit to them then.

The squire came near enough to the cornfield to see that the wheat-ears were beginning to turn yellow and that the barley had the silky appearance caused by the beard, the delicate lines of which divide the light and reflect it like gossamer. At some distance a man was approaching; he saw him, and sat down on the grass under an oak to await the coming of Ettles the keeper. Ettles had been his rounds and had visited the outlying copses, which are the especial haunts of pheasants. Like the deer, pheasants, if they can, will get away from the main wood. He was now returning, and the squire, well knowing that he would pass this way, had purposely crossed his path to meet him. The dogs ran to the squire and at once made friends with him. Ettles, whose cheek was the color of the oak apples in spring, was more respectful: he stood till the squire motioned him to sit down. The dogs rolled on the sward, but, though in the shadow, they could not extend themselves sufficiently nor pant fast enough. Yonder the breeze that came up over the forest on its way to the downs drew through the group of trees on the knoll, cooling the deer as it passed.

Richard Jefferies.



THE HOUSEHOLD

CONDUCTED BY LAURA WILLIS LATHROP.

THROUGH THE HEATED TERM.

MUCH comfort may be gained during this period if a systematic adoption of ways and means for the exclusion of heat from our homes be pursued. During no month of the year is the heat so oppressive and so conducive to both physical and mental prostration as now; and all efforts to render it more tolerable will be well repaid in the general family comfort It is advisable to make a special effort to rise earlier during this month that the blinds, windows and doors may be thrown open to admit the refreshing coolness of the early morning. Its tonic influence will reënforce us against the sultry atmosphere which is ushered in almost simultaneously with the fervid rays of the August sun.

If windows are provided with screens so constructed that they need not be removed at night, much inconvenience and the annoying ingress of flies and other insects is avoided. Those which slide up and down in the casing, or better still, those provided with a small slide at the bottom, allowing the passage of the hand in opening and closing blinds, are commended.

As soon as the air has lost its dewy freshness, close the blinds, and in the sleeping apartments, the windows also. These should remain closed during the entire day, and both blinds and windows be opened immediately after sunset, to admit the evening air now robbed of its fiery attendant. Of all plans known to us, we have found the one of *excluding heated air* most conducive to cool apartments. It should be unnecessary to say that the windows of sleeping rooms should be kept open sufficiently during the night to admit plenty of fresh air, care being taken to place the bed in a location insuring security from draughts.

Those having a decided antipathy to night air on the plea of its dampness, forget that warm air is more heavily laden with moisture in suspension, than a colder atmosphere. We heartily second the sentiment of a celebrated authority, who strongly advocated the admission of night air as being the only kind of *pure* air available at *night*, and eminently superior to that rendered noxious by the exhalations of the unhappy victims of closed rooms, implanting as it does the germs of dread disease, and laying the foundation of a large percentage of the tuberculous cases so alarmingly on the increase. Dr. Brown-Sequard has recently made some experiments that show why the expired air of man and animals is so deadly. From the condensed *vapor* of expired air, he produced a liquid so poisonous, that when injected beneath the skin of rabbits, it produced almost instant death. His conclusions are that the expired air of man contains a poison more fatal than carbonic acid.

This subject of damp air carries us, next in order, to the cellar. The philosophy of cellar dampness is very simple if we but give it thought. Just as the moisture of the heated air of a room is condensed on the outside of a glass of ice-water, so does the moisture in the hot summer air, if admitted to the cellar, condense on its cool inner surface, and often to such an extent that it may be seen trickling down its sides. Mustiness and mold are sure to follow, poisoning the atmosphere of the rooms above, engendering diphtheria, typhoid fever and kindred ills. As the breath of life, then, depends literally upon the condition of the cellar, let the windows be closed during the day, opening them after sunset and reclosing them after sunrise. One will be well repaid for the trouble.

Heavy wire screens or grating before the windows will prevent the entrance of prowling animals. If your cellar is cemented or of stone, a rinsing of hot water and copperas or potash, will render it perfectly sweet and pure. Where this is not practicable, a thorough sweeping overhead and down the sides, and fumigating with sulphur will accomplish the same result. Drains and cess-pools may be purified by flushing them with hot water and potash, or even common washing soda.

Flies will occasion little annoyance to the housekeeper, who, fortified by screens in windows and doors, takes care that no garbage shall collect without, while a systematic course of starvation for flies is pursued within. If tables are quickly cleared, dishes washed, floors swept, and everything eatable placed out of their reach, they will soon take their departure for more sumptuous quarters. An effectual and harmless mode of extermination is to sprinkle the room freely at night, with Persian insect powder, and close both windows and doors until next morning, when the flies, asphyxiated (not *poisoned* as some suppose), should be swept up and thrown into the fire.

The selection of food with a view to cooling effects is of the greatest importance. Nature has so provided a succession of fruits and vegetables in addition to the plentiful supply of fish, eggs, poultry and meats at this season. Meats should be used sparingly, choosing chiefly the lighter kinds, the system requiring cooling and healthful juices rather than carbonaceous food. Vegetable soups or *purées* should take the place of the heavier meat soups.

Fish, salads and eggs, served in a variety of ways are both wholesome and acceptable. Such articles as fish, flesh and berries, if placed on ice for preservation, should remain there until wanted for cooking.

Vegetables keep in very good condition for a short time, in a cool cellar. They should never be left in the wilting atmosphere of a heated kitchen.

Fruit should be placed on the table twice or thrice a day, if possible, and whether in its natural state, or prepared in some of the many delicious forms, should be thoroughly chilled. If one has not the facilities of refrigerator, ice, etc., a cool, well-kept cellar is not to be despised.

Melons, summer apples or pears are rendered delightfully cool if submerged in a pail of very cold water, placed on the cellar floor for a few hours before serving.

Numberless ways of adding to the comfort of the household — self included — will suggest themselves to the painstaking housekeeper.

Some Excellent Dishes.

GREEN CORN PIE. — To one quart of sweet corn, cut from the cob, or canned, add one quart of cold boiled veal cut, in small cubes. To the stock in which the veal was boiled, add one tablespoonful of butter and a teaspoonful of flour rubbed together. Season highly with pepper and salt, let come to a boil and set aside to partially cool. Line the sides of an earthen baking dish with a *rich* baking powder or biscuit crust, pour in the veal and corn, and cover with the gravy. If there is not enough to cover, add a little water, or better still, sufficient milk or cream. Cover with a top crust, having an opening in the center; bake three-quarters or a whole hour, according to oven, which should be rather moderate. Spring chicken may be boiled tender and added in place of veal. Either is delicious.

CURRY OF LAMB OR MUTTON. — Put three tablespoonfuls of butter into a kettle with an onion chopped fine. Stir over the fire until the onion becomes a light straw color. Then add three pounds of lamb or mutton, cut into pieces about two inches square. Cover the kettle tightly and set it back where it will simmer slowly for an hour, stirring occasionally. Now add three teacupfuls of water and a cupful of stewed tomato. Stir thoroughly and place where it will cook slowly for another hour if lamb, and somewhat longer for mutton. Add a teaspoonful of curry powder mixed with two tablespoonfuls of water. Season well with salt, add a pinch of pepper, simmer for twenty minutes and serve with boiled rice. Veal is excellent served this way. Those who are not fond of curry powder may cook the dish as directed, omitting that. Curries are very wholesome in hot weather.

RICE SOUP. — This is made by using mutton stock which has been cooled and skimmed, adding a half teacupful of rice which should be soaked for a couple of hours, before adding, in lukewarm water. Season with salt and pepper. This is especially healthful in warm weather. It is an excellent diet for children afflicted with bowel complaints, often controlling obstinate cases without the aid of medicine, especially when a change of diet is indicated. Omit the pepper in these cases and add a slight grating of nutmeg, if agreeable. It is well to serve this soup once or twice a week in hot weather.

Tomato Soup.—Put one tablespoonful of butter into the kettle with one heaping tablespoonful of chopped onion. Stir over the fire until the onion is straw-colored. Add one tablespoonful of flour, stir a minute longer and then add one quart of tomatoes—already stewed—and two teacupfuls of hot water, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt and a scant half teaspoonful of pepper. Simmer ten minutes, strain and pour over a half teacupful of cracker crumbs.

Tomato Salad.—Peel tomatoes (without scalding), using a very sharp knife. Cut in thick slices, and arrange upon a bed of lettuce leaves. Pepper and salt to taste. Pour over them either a mayonnaise dressing, as given in previous numbers, or a cooked salad dressing.

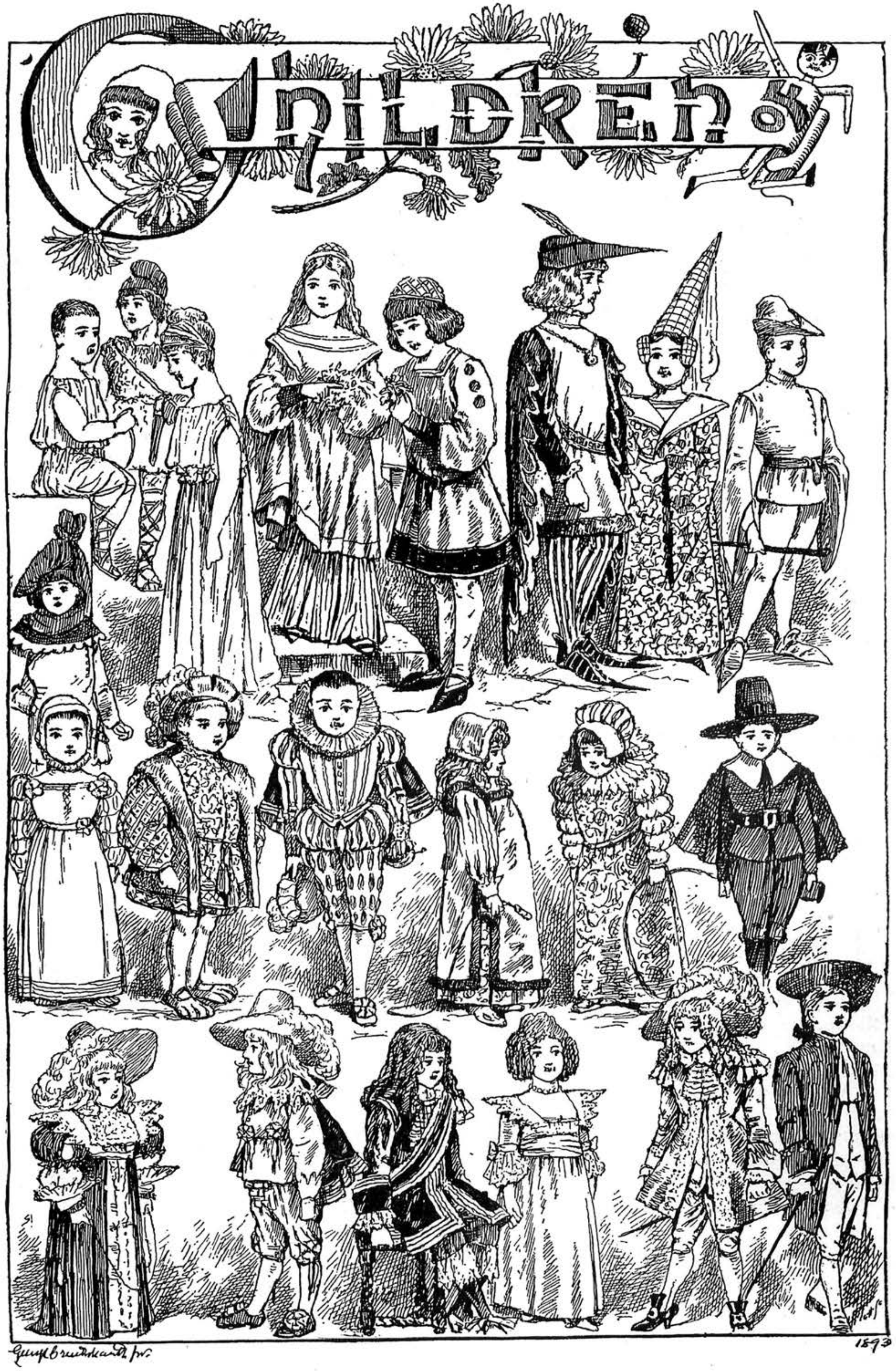
Cooked Salad Dressing.—Four eggs well beaten, four tablespoonfuls of vinegar (weakened by adding same amount of water), four tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Put these ingredients into a stew-pan, set in a vessel of boiling water and stir until as thick as very thick cream—do not allow it to bubble. Remove from the fire and add one teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper and one tablespoonful of mixed mustard. Some like double the amount of mustard. Oil may be used instead of butter. Either will keep for weeks in a cool place. Fine for salads of potato, lettuce, celery, string-beans, or almost any form of salad. A tablespoonful of chopped onion, combines well with almost any vegetable in a salad.

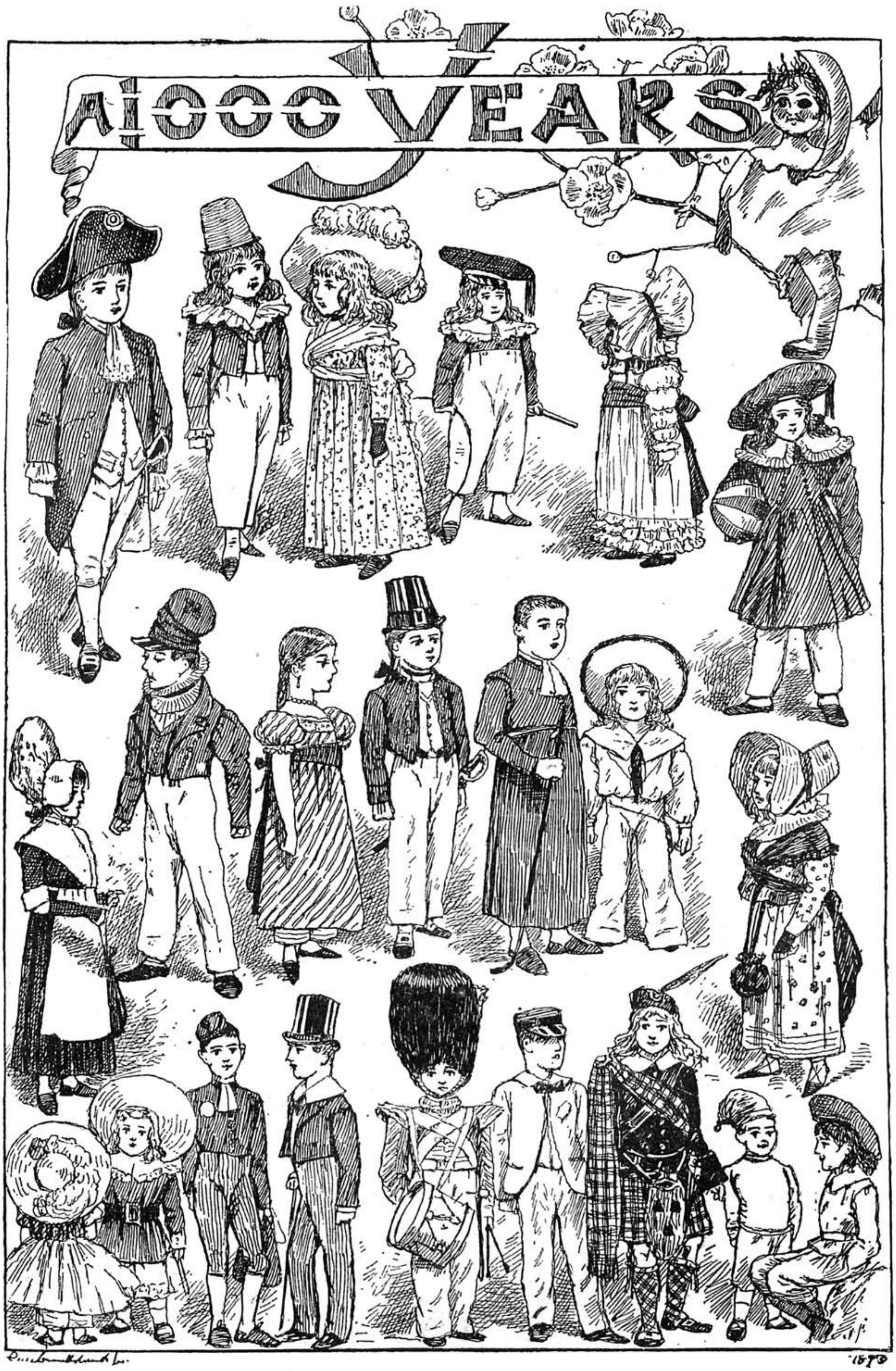
Dainty Breakfast Muffins.—Two eggs and two tablespoonfuls of white sugar, beaten together. One and a half cups of sweet milk, one teacupful of white corn meal, two cups of flour with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted together. Add one level teaspoonful of salt, and one tablespoonful of melted butter. Bake in gem pans fifteen minutes.

Fried Tomatoes.—Remove a thin paring from each end of a half dozen nice tomatoes, then divide into slices about half an inch thick. To a cupful of cracker crumbs, or grated bread crumbs, add a finely chopped onion, and salt and pepper sufficient for seasoning. Fill the interstices of the tomato with this stuffing, and fry a rich brown in butter or fresh pork gravy, or half of each. A delicious side dish.

Imperial Pudding.—Boil together in a double boiler half a cup of rice and two cups of sweet milk. When done add a cup of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of rich strawberry juice, and half a box of gelatine which has been soaking for two hours in a cup of cold water. Stir well together and place in a pan of broken ice, stirring occasionally. When cold add two cups of whipped cream, beaten to a froth. Pack in a pudding mould, and set away to harden on ice. When ready to serve turn it out upon a flat dish and heap strawberry sauce around it. This forms a delicious cold pudding. Orange juice may be used for flavor, and orange jelly broken into irregular pieces, may ornament the base.

If you are a thrifty housewife, you should have a rag-bag, and I will tell you how to make one. Take a strip of material the size of an ordinary chair-back, linen or woolen stuff will do; embroider it at one end and fringe it, turn over the other and work it to match, so that two rows of fringe and work appear one above the other. Sew a piece of muslin at the back to make the bag and some rings at the top, through which run cord; hang it inside a cupboard, and put in your rags. If you do not want them or the money they will bring, sell them for the benefit of the poor.


Children
Georg Brueckhardt jr.
1893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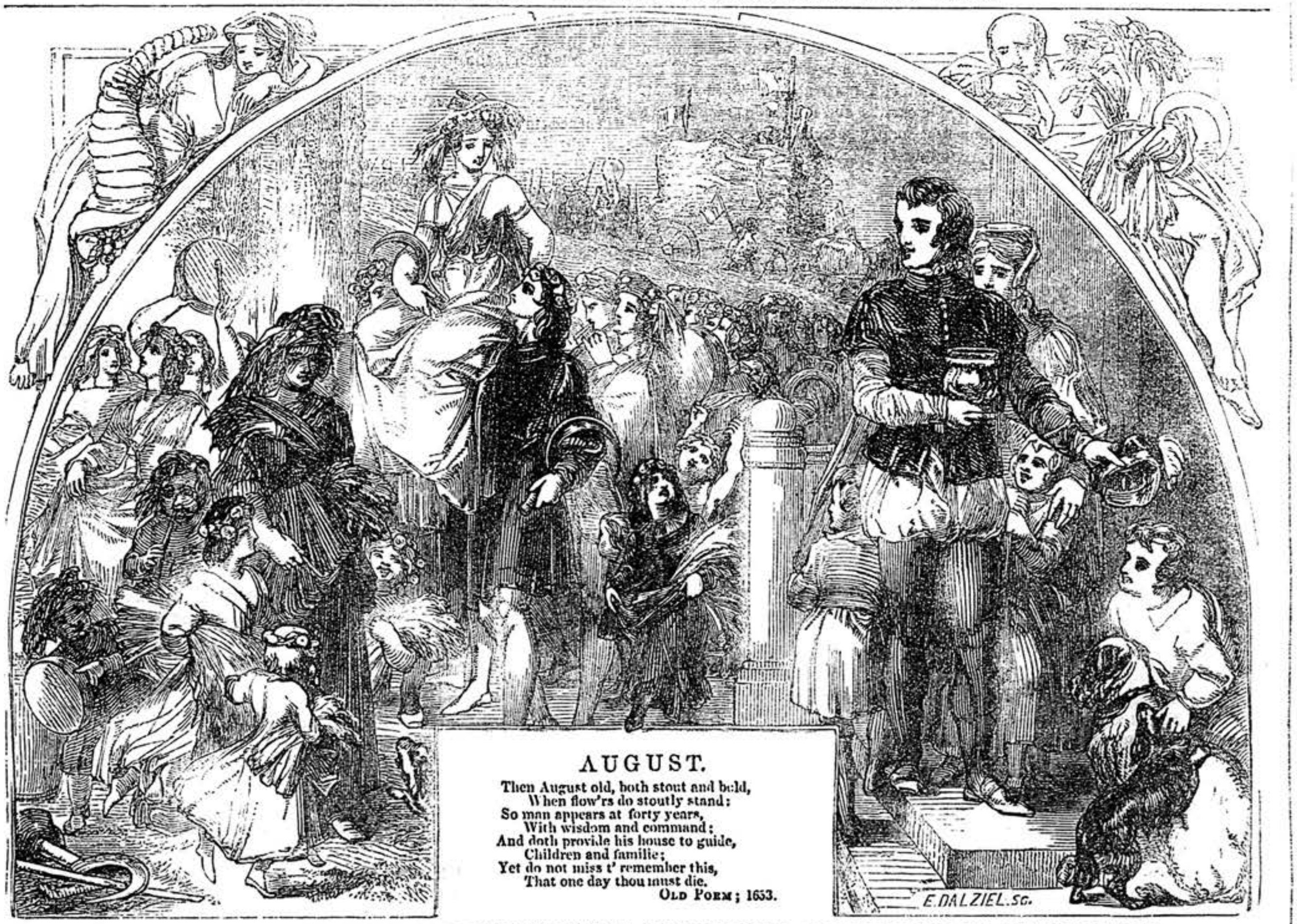

E. DALZIEL. SC.

AUGUST.

Then August old, both stout and bold,
When flow'rs do stoutly stand:
So man appears at forty years,
With wisdom and command;
And doth provide his house to guide,
Children and familie;
Yet do not miss t' remember this,
That one day thou must die.
OLD POEM; 1653.

THE HOST SURROUNDED BY HIS FAMILY, RECEIVES THE QUEEN OF HARVEST FOLLOWED BY THE HOCK-CART AND CEREAL PROCESSION.

AUGUST is named from Octavius Cæsar, better known as Augustus, when the Senate, to pay the same tribute to him as had already been rendered to Julius Cæsar, decreed, that to commemorate his many triumphs, should from him take the name of Augustus, which we call August. The Saxons called it *Wead-Monat-wead*, signifying a covering or garment, and thus they expressed the beauteous clothing of the ground in harvest.

Gule of August, or Lammas Day, is variously explained. *Gule*, from the Celtic or British *Wyl*, or *Gule*, signifies a Festival or Holiday, and explains Gule of August, to mean the holyday of St. Peter and Vincula in this month, when the people of England, in Roman Catholic times, paid their Peter pence. *Lammas* is by some, derived from Lamb-masse, because, on that day, the tenants who held lands of the Cathedral church in York, which is dedicated to St. Peter and Vincula, were bound, by their tenure, to bring a live lamb into the church at high mass; others trace it to the Saxon loaf-masse, or bread-masse, from the first-fruits offering referred to in the Calendar, (Aug. 1.)

The Anniversary of the Accession of the House of Brunswick to the British Throne, August 1, (1714), was formerly celebrated; "Dogget's Coat and Badge" rowed for on this day, annually, on the Thames, was bequeathed by Thomas Dogget, the comedian, in commemoration of the above event.

The Transfiguration, (Aug. 6,) festival was abolished, in England at the Reformation; but is still celebrated with much pomp and solemnity in the Greek and Latin churches.

The Assumption of the Virgin Mary, (July 15,) was formerly a great Festival; and, upon this day, it was customary to implore blessings upon herbs, plants, roots, and fruits. Wordsworth has some exquisite lines on the eve of this Festival—meditations amid the silent splendour of "the midnight moon," in Italy:

The watchman on the battlements partakes
The stillness of the solemn hour; he feels
The silence of the earth, the endless sound
Of flowing water soothes him; and the stars,
Which in that brightest moonlight well nigh quenched,
Scarce visible, as in the utmost depth
Of yonder sapphire infinite are seen,
Draw on with elevating influence
Toward eternity, the attempered mind.
Musing on worlds beyond the grave he stands,
And to the Virgin Mother silently
Breathes forth her hymn of praise."

St Roch's Day, (Aug. 16,) was formerly celebrated as a general Harvest-Home in England. Sir Thomas Overbury, (1630,) under the Franklin, says, "he allowes of honest pastime, and thinkes not the bones of the dead anything bruised, or the worse for it, though the country lasses dance in the churchyard after even-song. *Rock Monday*, and the wake in summer, shrovings, the wakeful ketches on Christmas Eve, the hoky, or seed cake, these he yeerely keepes, yet holds them no reliques of Popery."

Harvest-Home, from the Saxon *hærfest, q.d.* herb-feast, is defined by Ash, to be Harvest-Home, "the last load of the harvest, the feast at the end of the harves a song sung at the end of the harvest; the opportunity of gathering harvest treasure." With us, the festival is, doubtless, as old as agriculture. Thomson has left us this beautiful description of its rustic joys:—

The harvest treasures all
Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up;
And instant Winter's utmost rage defy'd,
While, loose to festive joy, the country round
Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth,
Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strung youth,
By the quick sense of music taught alone,
Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
Her ev'ry charm abroad, the village toast,
Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,
Darts not unmeaning looks; and where her eye
Points an approving smile, with double force
The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.
Age, too, shines out; and, garrulous, recounts
The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice, nor think
That, with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil
Begins again the never-ceasing round.

Harvest-Home customs are too various for us to detail. "The Queen of Harvest," whom our artist has portrayed, was anciently brought home with the last load of corn; though an image was formerly thus richly dressed up, to represent the Roman Ceres, as recorded by Hentzner, in 1598, in a Harvest-home at Windsor. Here, too, are the pipe and tabor, the latter taken from the timbrel of Miriam, as an accompaniment to her song and victory after the passage of the Red Sea. In the distance is seen the Hock Cart, "with all its gear," commemorated by Herrick:—

Come, sons of Summer, by whose toile
We are the Lords of Wine and Oile,
By whose tough labours and rough hands,
We rip up first, then reap our lands,
Crown'd with the ears of corne, now come,
And to the pipe sing Harvest-home;
Come forth, my Lord, and see the Cart,
Drest up with all the country art.

* * * * *

About the Cart, heare how the rout
Of rural younglings raise the shout;
Pressing before, some coming after,
Those with a shout, and these with laughter.

Bloomfield has left us a picture of Harvest-Home in Suffolk, where the foremost man in the field was honoured with the title of "Lord," and at "the Horkey" or Harvest-Home Feast, he collected money from the farmers and visitors, to make a "frolic" afterwards, called the "largess" spending; but in Bloomfield's time, this custom was going fast out of use. In his ballad—the Horkey, he sings:—

Home came the jovial *Horkey Load*,
Last of the whole year's crop;
And Grace among the green boughs rode,
Right plump upon the top.

Leasing or Gleaning, dates from three thousand years and upwards, as testified by Ruth. "If it were not then first instituted, it was secured and regulated by an especial ordinance of the Almighty to the Israelites in the wilderness, as a privilege to be fully enjoyed by the poor of the land, whenever their triumphant armies should enter into possession of Canaan. By this law, in the field where the corn grew, 'clean riddance' was not to be made, the corners were to be left unreaped, and even the forgotten sheaf was not to be fetched away by the owner, but to be left for the 'poor and the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow'"

St. Bartholomew's Day (August 24), is now kept as a holiday at the Bank, and certain Law Offices. Many centuries since, labour was forbidden on this day; and subsequently, only Harvest-work was allowed by law.

I. T.

SIGHTS AND SCENES OF THE NEW WORLD:

THE QUEEN OF THE MEXICAN GULF.

BY CATHERINE OWEN.

GALVESTON, Texas! There at least will be something of the wild Western life of which we have all read so much, and of which no hint is to be found in New York, Philadelphia, or any city I had as yet been in; something that would remind me that Dickens' "Notes" were not an exaggeration.

I had been told by unprejudiced Americans that when those notes were written, they were but very slightly exaggerated, but that the manners described could only now be found in Western cities. This, of course, was not told to me by Western people.

I had gone to Chicago and St. Louis, therefore, in full expectation of finding a specimen of the American, so familiar to our reading, who says, "Wa'al, stranger," who expectorates tobacco-juice in all directions, as he sits, with feet above his head, in railway waiting-rooms and elsewhere, and would flourish a bowie-knife on small provocation. I was very anxious to see a bowie-knife; I had been several years in the country, and had not seen one yet.

But I was doomed to disappointment. At the Chicago station I found just the same sort of crowd as I might have done in New York, or—except that the women were better dressed than in a similar London gathering—such as I might have seen at Paddington or Victoria. Eager men in tweed business suits, well-cared-for women in handsome travelling-dresses and linen dust-cloaks, and the usual sprinkling of the less well-to-do—Irish or German workmen, or shabby gentility out of employ—but no sign of the specimen I sought, and I was discontented that it was so.

Chicago I found as near an imitation of modern Paris as circumstances would allow. There were, of course, Western men in abundance, keen, cheery, business men, of polite, genial manners; but their trousers were not tucked into their boots, and if they chewed tobacco they did it too discreetly for the casual observer to be able to testify.

Here we turned off from the due west course; we were bound for Texas, *viâ* Memphis and Little Rock. Little Rock, Arkansas (pronounced *Arkansaw*), promised great things in the way of desperadoes, and expectation rose again.

Memphis, Tennessee, is a beautiful city, and of a mingled Western and Southern character; here the business seemed more languidly carried on, and here, too, one began to meet dark, Spanish-looking men, whose faces needed only to emerge from a red shirt, and whose extremities, instead of being clad in cool linen trousers and easy cool boots of soft leather, to have been adorned with "butternut" pants thrust into high boots, to realise somewhat the ideal of handsome desperadoes.

The journey from Memphis to Little Rock, Arkansas, is of the most uninteresting kind. Every now and again, that is to say at intervals of some hours, one comes on a village; and the centre of the village, answering perhaps to our market-place, seems generally round the station; the general shop is close to it; the "real estate" agents' and whatever other commercial business the village may have—though often the general store comprises all—are grouped round the depôt.

To this spot, also, in the cotton country, negroes come with a few bales of cotton, which they are probably going to send to some common centre. The most lazy, and evidently the most comfortable, people now-a-days are the negroes; and if servitude and ill-usage leave their impress on a race as we are told, then it is difficult to believe that the wrongs of the negro have ever caused him much pain.

Little Rock I found to be, outwardly at least, as proper and respectable as any other city I had seen, although a lady living in the city assured me that it was a very rough place; but in the few hours we stayed there I saw no signs of its roughness. We reached the city at nine o'clock in the evening, and everything seemed silent and dark in the main street, and the waiters at the hotel were very much surprised that we could need to do anything but go to bed at that late hour. This bespoke a state of good morals I thought, and next morning the prosy quietude of the streets seemed to confirm the idea, and after a few hours for rest we were *en route* for Texas.

But while looking out for the crude specimens of American humanity, in this two thousand and some odd miles we had come, I had observed one thing particularly: we had stopped at mere villages—settlements a "hundred miles from a lemon," it would seem—but I had seen no genuine *rustics* at the stations. I have since learnt that there is no rusticity in America. Fashion-books and plates and the dissemination of newspapers may account for this; but the fact is that every one looks more or less "cityfied." The farmer might be a hatter or a storekeeper, for all that there is in his appearance to indicate his calling, and the women are dressed as nearly like the fashion-plates as their own ingenuity will permit. The village store contains, with its groceries and dry goods (drapery), the latest Paris cut-paper fashions, with "full directions," so that American country girls are not dependent on a rare visit to a city, or a glimpse of gentry visiting the village, for a knowledge of the changes in dress.

Now, of course, we were to see "Texan rangers," "cowboys," and "ranchers." After all, we had come through very civilised parts hitherto; Texas must be the place to see "characters."

At last we reached Houston, Texas, having come nearly three thousand five hundred miles from New York. The sight of Houston (pronounced *Heuston*), so green, so tropical-looking, and its streets so clean, was refreshment and rest. Here the umbrella-trees shaded the streets, the tea-berry tree, and huge orange-trees, loaded with golden fruit; oleanders, as tall as the houses, made me forget for a moment that I was expecting something very different. The daily life here seemed to be provokingly like a tropical Chicago: the new houses were built on the same plan, with a little more piazza (or galleries, as they are termed in the South) outside. The aspect of the place was redeemed from utter common-place only by the horses. Yes, the horses were decidedly different from any we had seen elsewhere; they were spirited little mustangs. The "horse-cars" were drawn by mules, but for most other purposes the mustangs seemed in general use; and every man appeared to ride; and when one sees a tall man wearing a long linen coat in a Mexican saddle on one of these little animals, the effect is certainly not at all common-place; and when I had seen several gravely ambling along to or from business in this way, I felt at last that I was far away from New York and all imitations of it.

A bayou runs between Houston and Galveston; and on this narrow, winding, sluggish water ply steamers which seem huge in comparison with the bayou. As a matter of fact, they are almost as wide as the water; and during our journey the deck was many times brushed by the trees on either side. In several parts the course of the bayou is so winding that the steamer can only be manœuvred by tacking from bank to bank, a man being on the look-out with a pole which he plants on the bank to prevent "bumping."

At the first sight of Galveston Bay I gave up all hope of "Texan rangers," and other heroes. The masts of shipping in the harbour; the prosaic business aspect of the quays, on which were great bales of hides and cotton, waiting for shipment; busy men going to and fro; the prosperous warehouses around—all this was not suggestive of the kind of things one associates with that "last jumping-off place"—Texas.

Galveston is, like New York, an island city; but, unlike the latter, it has no elevation. At no point, I believe, is it more than twelve feet above the sea; and that part is facetiously called "the hill." It is really very little more than a sand-bar. Its streets are ankle-deep in silvery sand, except the business streets, and those occupied by the wealthy, where, as in most American cities of later growth, wooden pavements are laid down.

In this semi-tropic city the only trees that grow freely are the fragrant oleander, which is almost the only shade-tree, and grows to a great height, and the orange, many houses being almost entirely concealed by these two trees. Probably the salt sand—which is the only natural soil—prevents the healthy growth of others; but it certainly seems to agree with these, for nowhere else have I ever seen orange-trees grow to such great size.

Although Galveston may be termed a beautiful city by reason of its handsome houses and oleander-shaded streets, it has only one natural claim to beauty, and that is its magnificent beach of hard, firm sand, along which one can drive for thirty miles; the tepid waters of the Gulf just breaking on the beach with a gentle lapping sound.

The climate of Galveston is, of course, almost tropical; in winter it has a balmy temperature of about seventy-five degrees, except during a "norther." These come very suddenly, the only premonition, so far as I could find out, being the roaring of the Gulf. The houses in the city are built to be cool, and when a norther comes they are ill-adapted to keep it out; and then, though the thermometer rarely goes down to freezing point, the norther possesses a certain marrow-searching quality of its own, not be equalled by any east wind I ever experienced.

Now, as I have said, in Texas I did expect to find a rough life at last, something that should give colour to some of the stories I had heard and read; but instead I find the same high-pressure civilisation, the same Paris fashions, only more decidedly Parisian, and quite as new as on Broadway—for Galveston is only "across the Gulf" from New Orleans, that very centre of French life in America, whose women claim to be infinitely more French than the Parisians who only live in Paris—the same mansard-roofed houses, plus the galleries and the orange-trees, as in any city near New York; the same carriages, and receptions, and life altogether as in a Northern city, only less of it; but when I saw the carriages driving off in a long stream, when the heat of the day was over, for the regular evening drive by the Gulf, it was difficult to realise that I was between three and four thousand miles from New York, and about the same distance from London.

And yet the household details of life do remind one that they run in a different groove, for one has to be up very early indeed to order one's dinner, the butchers', fish, and poulterers' shops being all closed at eight in the morning, and the principal hours for marketing are from four to five.

The pleasures of life in Galveston are its climate—for its greatest summer heat is tempered by the winds which rise at regular intervals that may counted upon—its fine open sea, and magnificent beach. Its disagreeables are more numerous. The worst, perhaps, is the plague of insects and reptiles, especially the former. Here the common little red ants become a dreaded scourge, swarming everywhere, devouring everything, even choking the life at times out of caged birds by forcing themselves into their beaks by thousands; and a piece of fruit or bread dropped on the ground, a few minutes after assumes the appearance of a small mound of red pepper. Still more disgusting, however, are the huge cockroaches, which infest the houses by millions, their odour perceptible everywhere.

The high price of living, the smallest coin in use five years ago (and I presume still) being a five-cent piece, makes life, except for the very wealthy, full of small privations, not of course of food, for work is plentiful, and crops coming from four to six times a year makes everything grown on the spot cheap; but clothing, furniture, groceries, are very costly, and servants not only very highly paid, but difficult to get; therefore to the refined, to whom some of the luxuries of life have become necessaries, life in Texas is hard.

Being asked by a Texan what I thought of Texas, I spoke of the impression I had had that here at last I should find something of the rough life I had heard of. He laughed heartily.

"Ah," he said, "you must go a few hundred miles further; on the frontier you would see plenty of it, and even nearer than that; they are a pretty rough lot about Dallas and Marshall, and if you were a man you might see some samples of it here. You see, *you* don't go into the saloons and low places where the real rowdy life exists."

But that was just the point. I had been led to suppose that in the West, and especially the South-West, rowdyism was rampant, that bowie-knives were as common as penknives, derringers openly worn in the streets; and after nine months' residence in Galveston I left it without having ever seen the terrible knife, and indeed I have never yet seen one anywhere, and know a great many American women just as ignorant. At the same time I must confess that two or three times in the main street of Galveston I did see figures, men with faces so desperate and hard, who had evidently come from a distance, that I had some belief in the rowdyism existing "nearer the frontier."

A MODEL MENU FOR AUGUST.

BY PHYLLIS BROWNE.

MENU.

Italian Salad.

Sole au Gratin.

Braised Fillet of Veal, with Vegetables.
Stewed Potatoes.

Grouse.

Sheldon Pudding.
Plum Tart. Cream.

Cheese.

IN the middle of summer, when the weather is very hot, soup is often at a discount, and a well-mixed salad is, with the majority of diners, more acceptable at the commencement of a dinner than any other dish. Under these circumstances housewives will occasionally do well to venture on a new departure, to dispense with soup altogether, and to put Italian salad or a similar dainty in its place. It must be understood, however, that unless the family has been educated to appreciate salads mixed with oil, this change will most likely not be approved.

Italian Salad.—An Italian salad may be made with almost every kind of vegetable, but this does not mean that all kinds may be put together indiscriminately; on the contrary, those only should be used which go well together. Amongst the vegetables usually used are green peas, heads of asparagus, sprigs of cauliflower, French beans, mushrooms, celery, and haricot beans. It is evident that only one or two of these varieties could be used, as they must be cooked beforehand; an Italian salad is frequently made from vegetables that have been left from a previous meal and carefully preserved. In any case they must be cut into neat fancy shapes of an equal size, and equal proportions of each variety must be taken. If there is in the larder a little cold fowl or game or ham, these can be shred small and added; and hard-boiled eggs cut into quarters, filleted anchovies cut into strips and rolled in parsley, chopped capers, etc., may be used as a garnish.

As general directions are rather vague, it may be well to give a detailed recipe for a typical Italian salad.

Take the bowl or dish in which the salad is to be served and make it as cold as possible by putting ice round it, or in any other way, but it must be made cold. Take two boiled potatoes, half a small beetroot, a cupful of boiled green peas, and a sound firm cos lettuce that has been stripped of the outer leaves. Cleanse the lettuce and make it perfectly dry by tossing it in a napkin, then break it into pieces about the size of a shilling. Cut the beetroot and potatoes also into neat shapes. Boil four eggs hard, and when cold cut them into quarters. Fillet four anchovies, cut them into thin strips and roll these in parsley, chop also a tablespoonful of capers, and stone five or six olives by peeling them round and round close to the stone.

To make the sauce beat the yolk of an egg till it is thick, then add oil very gradually, beating well between every addition until the sauce is very thick. This point being reached, thin it with tarragon vinegar, and add a little salt. The sauce should look like thick yellow cream.

Do not dish the salad until just before dinner.

Arrange the prepared vegetables in separate layers on the cold dish, and sprinkle a little salt and a few drops of tarragon vinegar over them; but they must not be made at all moist, merely flavoured. Pile them in the shape of a dome with a small cavity in the centre, and take great pains to contrast the colours, so as to make the salad look attractive. Garnish with the beetroot, the hard boiled-eggs, etc., and pour the sauce into the cavity at the last moment. Send the salad to table unmixed, but toss it well with the sauce just before serving it.

Sole au Gratin.—A large thick sole will be wanted for this dish, small soles are not suitable for it. If a good-sized sole cannot be obtained, it will be better to cook the sole another way. It is desirable also to send the sole to table in the same dish in which it is cooked. By rights, therefore, an oval earthenware dish that will stand the fire should be used for cooking it. If this is not at hand an ordinary baking dish will have to be used, and the sole will have to be taken up with a slice, and transferred to a china dish.

Wash the sole and dry it well with a cloth. Cut off the fins with a sharp knife and nick through the skin of the tail and the head. Push the little finger under the white skin and draw it off.

Prepare a savoury mixture as follows:

Wash a sprig of parsley, wring it dry, pick off the leaves and chop them finely. Chop also a quarter of a shalot, and four button mushrooms which have been washed and peeled. Mix these ingredients together, and add pepper and salt. Butter the dish well, and sprinkle one-half of the mixture upon it, and add a few drops of lemon juice. Nick the sole on the white side in two or three places, and lay it with the nicked side up upon the dish. Sprinkle the rest of the mixture over it, and add a little more lemon juice. Take a wire sieve, and rub some stale bread through it, put the crumbs on a baking tin, and set them in the oven for a few minutes. When the crumbs are brown, sprinkle them on the fish to cover it, and put half an ounce of butter divided into little pieces on the top, and round it two tablespoonfuls of glaze or of stock that is so strong that it will jelly when cold. Bake in a moderate oven for about twenty minutes. The sole is cooked when a steel knife will go through it quite easily. It should be brown, moist, and tasty. If through any mischance the gravy should boil away, a little more may be put round the fish. The earthenware dish in which it is baked should be placed upon another one covered with a napkin.

Braised Fillet of Veal.—Procure about three pounds of the fillet of veal and a small block of fat bacon an inch and a quarter long, weighing about six ounces, and cut near the rind. This part is the best because it is the hardest. There will be needed also a pint and a half of second stock; a small onion, a leek, two carrots, two turnips, a bay leaf and some marjoram.

Prepare the vegetables in the usual way, and take from the carrot and the turnip two or three slices an inch thick to garnish the dish. These slices should be stamped with a vegetable cutter into fancy shapes, squares or rounds, and there should be altogether about half a gill of shapes of carrot, and half a gill of shapes of turnip. The red part only of the carrot should be used in this way. The garnishing vegetables will have to be boiled separately in a little salt and water, and put aside till wanted. The carrots will have to boil about ten minutes, the turnips five minutes. The trimmings and the remainder of the vegetables can be put into the stewpan with the veal.

Make a little veal forcemeat by mixing together a tablespoonful and a half of breadcrumbs, one tablespoonful of finely shred suet, a dessertspoonful of chopped parsley, half a teaspoonful of chopped marjoram, pepper, salt, and an egg. Remove the bone from the meat, and with a sharp knife cut off the skin; put the stuffing neatly into the part from which the bone was taken, fasten it securely, and bind the joint together compactly.

Now proceed to lard the top of the fillet. Inexperienced cooks may feel afraid to attempt this operation, but it is not nearly as difficult as appears at first sight, and it very much improves both the taste and the appearance of the meat. In order to accomplish the business, it will be necessary to procure a larding needle (which is a little instrument made for this purpose, and consisting of a piece of wire split at one end), and to cut the fat bacon into narrow strips, the eighth of an inch in width and thickness. Take up these strips, put them one by one into the needle and draw them through the meat in straight rows, letting the ends of the bacon project at each side of the stitch. Place the strips of bacon at equal distances, and let the rows alternate as it were, by making the stitches of one row come between two stitches of the rows above and beneath it. By this means the ends of the bacon which project will cross slightly, and will form a sort of lattice-work; and when the upper surface of the veal is covered thus, the ends of the bacon can be made even with a pair of scissors. It will soon be discovered by those who attempt to lard that it is necessary to be careful to take fairly deep and long stitches, so as not to tear the meat, and also to draw the strips of bacon forward very gently, and manage not to break them when doing so. With a little practice anyone may learn to lard successfully. Those, however, who do not feel sufficiently courageous to make the experiment may leave it, and instead put slices of fat bacon on both sides of the veal whilst it is in the pan. The result will not be quite as satisfactory, but it will be fairly good. Veal is in its nature rather dry and tasteless. It needs to be made mellow and tasty in cooking, or it is a somewhat disappointing dish.

In addition to the ingredients already mentioned, a little "second stock" will be required. Second stock it will be remembered is stock produced by stewing bones and meat a second time with fresh water after the first stock has been poured off. Its chief characteristic is that it jellies when cold, because the long stewing to which the bones have been subjected have extracted the gelatine from them, consequently it is suitable for making the glaze required for the veal. If there is no second stock in the house, ordinary stock which has been mixed with a little gelatine may be used instead.

The materials being now collected, we may proceed to cook the veal. Get a saucepan with a tightly fitting lid which is of the same shape and not very much larger than the veal. Put the vegetables already prepared (omitting those which are to be used for garnish) at the bottom of the pan, place the bones and any scraps and trimmings there may be upon them, with the veal on the top, baste the meat constantly until the stock boils. Pour the stock round, lay a round of greased paper over the veal to keep it moist, and to prevent its getting brown too quickly, put the lid on the pan, and stew gently for an hour and a quarter. Every now and again baste it well over the paper. This is necessary, because the surface of the meat is not to be covered with the gravy. It must be raised above it, so that it will be cooked in the steam and not in the stock.

When the meat has stewed for the time named, remove the lid and the paper, and put the veal on a hot dish in the oven to let it brown. The gravy should be skimmed and strained and allowed to boil down rapidly till reduced to a gill. Meanwhile, the shaped vegetables which are to be used for garnish should be made hot in about a wineglassful of this stock, and a tablespoonful or so of cooked green peas, or French beans cut into lozenges should be put with them. When the meat is well browned and the gravy sufficiently reduced, put the veal on a dish, take away the string used for binding it and keeping in the stuffing, arrange the garnish in little heaps round it, and pour the gravy round. Veal thus dressed will be very appetising. Though it has been necessary to go into a good deal of detail when describing the method of preparation it is much more easily managed than it appears to be.

Stewed Potatoes.—Chop finely two or three shalots or small onions, and mix with them a tablespoonful of chopped parsley and a little pepper and salt. Put the mixture into a saucepan with a tumblerful of good stock, thicken it with flour, and stir it till it boils and is smooth. Put in eight good-sized potatoes which have been partially cooked in their jackets, peeled, and cut into thick slices when nearly cold. Let them simmer gently for a few minutes till hot through, and serve hot.

Roast Grouse.—Epicures tell us that grouse is the finest of all winged game. When the bird is perfectly served, having been properly hung, and well roasted, its flesh is acknowledged to have a taste belonging to it which nothing can approach, and which can never be imitated. Yet the season during which grouse are obtainable is very short. It begins on August 12th, and it ends December 10th. Consequently it behoves housewives who are able to obtain grouse, to make the most of it while they have the opportunity. It is to be remembered also that the birds are at their best early in the season. Moreover sportsmen tell us that young birds do not need to hang as long as older birds do in order to develop their flavour. After they have been in season a few weeks their peculiar taste and aroma is never enjoyed, unless the grouse have been hung in a cool airy place as long as it will remain untainted.

Well-hung grouse are unquestionably at their best when plainly roasted. They should be plucked very carefully so as not to injure the delicate skin, trussed like fowls, without the head, and very liberally basted with hot butter or hot bacon fat whilst they are being roasted. For this purpose the employment of dripping is not allowable. They will take from half to three quarters of an hour according to size. It may be added that when game has been well hung, it ought to be well-cooked. "High" game that is under-dressed is most unwholesome. Ten minutes before they are taken up a piece of buttered toast half an inch thick may be laid under them in the pan, and upon this toast the birds can be served. Gravy and bread sauce, and if liked fried bread crumbs should be sent to table also. It is a good plan to put a piece of butter about the size of a walnut, and a little pepper and salt inside each bird. This helps to prevent their getting dry; and roast grouse is more frequently spoilt by being too dry than in any other way.

Gravy for Grouse.—The gravy for roast grouse ought not to be overflavoured. The following is a good and easy way of making it. Scald and scrape the rinds of half a dozen rashers of bacon, or if these are not at hand cut a small slice of ham or bacon into dice. Lightly fry them in a little butter, with a slice of onion half a dozen peppercorns and a branch of parsley. Pour over them a tumbler of stock, and stew for about half an hour. Skim well, and strain for use; make the gravy very hot before serving it. For the most part epicures prefer to dispense with gravy when enjoying roast grouse.

Bread Crumbs for game should be made of stale white bread that has been rubbed through a fine wire sieve to make them quite even, then put into a frying-pan with a little butter and stirred with a spoon till they are lightly browned. They may then be spread on kitchen paper to free them from grease, and seasoned with salt and cayenne. They should be sent to table in a sauce tureen.

Bread Sauce.—Boil half a pint of milk with a small onion and six peppercorns. Pour it through a strainer upon two ounces of fine bread crumbs. Let it stand a few minutes, return it to the saucepan, bring it gently to the point of boiling, then add either two tablespoonfuls of cream or half an ounce of butter.

Sheldon Pudding.—This delicious and little known pudding is very easily made if pure double cream, that is cream which has stood on the milk twenty-four hours, be used for it. If single cream be employed it does not thicken properly. It is rather expensive; the cream makes it so, but it is worth adding to the list of dishes to be used for superior occasions. To make it get half a pound of savoy finger-biscuits and dip them one by one into hot syrup made with the juice of a lemon, two or three lumps of sugar and a tablespoonful of water. As the biscuits are soaked arrange them in the form of a pyramid on a deep dish. Sweeten and flavour a pint and a half of cream with sugar that has been rubbed on the rind of a large fresh lemon, boil it for five or six minutes, pour it out and let it get lukewarm; then stir into it the strained juice of the lemon. In a short time (if the cream has been all right) it will become thick, and may then be piled roughly over the biscuits.

Plum Tart.—There are few households in which pastry is not used occasionally, and when it is not considered unwholesome, it is generally much liked. Great praise also is given to the member of the family who can make pastry well. It would therefore be an omission if we were to attempt to suggest menus for one day of each month in the year, and make no mention of pastry.

The art of making good pastry can only be acquired by care and practice; it is impossible to give a recipe for making it which shall ensure success. This remark is true of course of all cookery, but it specially applies to pastry. The only help which one can hope to give in this direction, is to set workers in the right way; they must learn to follow it by themselves.

There are several sorts of pastry used for fruit pies—puff paste, rough puff short paste, flaky paste and what not. Short paste is the easiest of all; and every one who professes to know anything at all of cooking can make short paste either well or ill. Its peculiarity is that when making it the shortening is rubbed into the flour before the latter is made into paste; and the secret of managing it is that it should be rolled and handled as little as possible. Puff paste is the most difficult to make of all varieties of pastry. There are many people who can cook ordinary dishes very well who have no idea how to set about making puff paste, and who would be delighted to learn. Between these two varieties there are many gradations.

It is not possible for me to give here detailed instructions for making the various sorts of pastry. The subject is too large, besides which constant readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER have had it discussed more than once for their benefit in this Journal. Some years ago I tried to tell what I knew about it in two or three articles, and the said articles reappeared in a small book entitled *The Girl's Own Cookery Book* published by the Religious Tract Society. This volume may still be had. But without going once more into full particulars about pastry generally, I may perhaps be allowed to describe an easy ready way of making, not true puff pastry, but a sort of imitation thereof, which answers exceedingly well for family pies and tarts, and which is neither as troublesome to make nor as expensive as the the real product. True puff pastry, it will be remembered, needs to be rolled and put on ice between the turns; it needs to be most carefully manipulated, and a trifling mistake causes failure. The following method is much simpler, and the result, though not equal to the other, is not to be despised.

Simple Way of Making Household Puff Paste.—Be sure and have all the materials used good and fine of their kind. Vienna flour is the best for the purpose. It is more expensive than other sorts, and it is less nourishing, but it makes the daintiest pastry. If Vienna flour cannot be had, the best English flour must be employed, and it must be dry and quite free from lumps. The butter too must be sweet, well-made, and free from buttermilk or salt. Though cold it must be soft or it will not spread. If very hard, therefore, it may be pressed before the pastry is made, otherwise it will not be workable; but if warm and oily it will be enough to spoil any pastry. If preferred half butter and half lard can be used instead of butter only. All the utensils used must be cold, the hand must be cool, and the pastry must be made in the coolest part of the house. In hot weather clever cooks often go down into the cellar to make pastry, because they know that it is so very important to secure coolness in everything.

The proportions of butter and flour used must depend upon the degree of richness required. The best puff paste we know is made with equal weights of butter and flour; but this is not necessary here. Very excellent pastry can be made with three quarters of a pound of butter to the pound of flour; and even a smaller proportion of butter will yield good results.

When the materials are all ready, put the flour on a board, mix a small pinch of salt with it, and make it into a stiff paste with cold water, then work in more flour till it ceases to be sticky. Roll it out and spread butter upon it as if it were a slice of bread and you had to butter it. Dredge the board lightly with flour, and fold over the corners of pastry to cover the butter entirely with a single layer of paste. Roll again and butter again, and repeat this process, three or four times. Now fold the pastry as before, and let it rest for awhile, again roll it, and then spread butter on it once or twice and it is ready. Old-fashioned cooks acquainted with this recipe usually commence making the pastry over night and finish it next day.

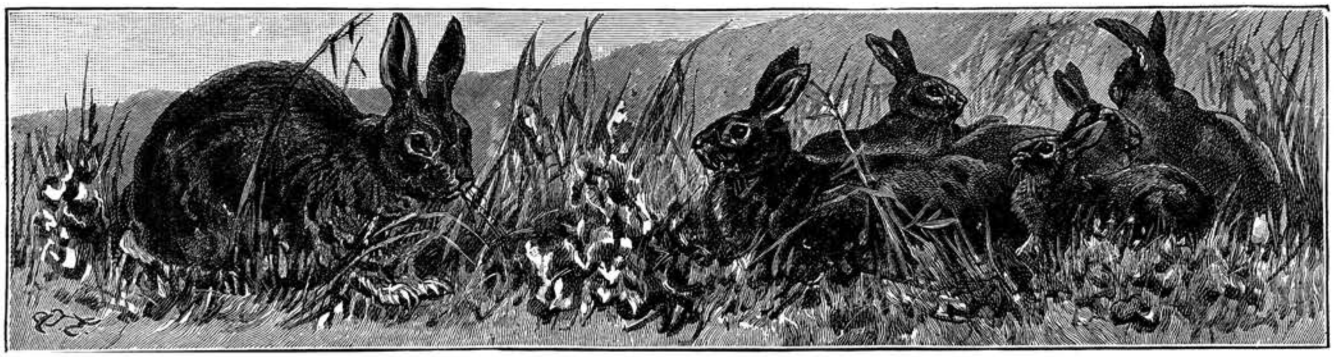
Even when pastry is made skilfully, a plum tart will not have a good appearance unless it is made up properly. It is astonishing what a difference the adoption of the right method makes in this respect. The well-known chef, M. Soyer, once published two portraits, one of a fruit pie "as it ought to be," the other of a fruit pie "in a fit," as fruit pies often are. He declared that both these pies were made with the same materials, at the same cost, baked at the same baker's, at the same time, in the same oven, but executed by two different feminine artists. It is quite possible that these portraits were real, and therefore it is worth while to gain a clear idea of the right way of making a fruit pie.

The chief point to remember is to avoid flattening the cover, especially the border, and to aim at keeping the pastry as light as possible. It is a good plan after rolling out the pastry to hold the dish to be covered over the paste to get the size of the cover. The portion outside this can be used to line the edge, and with pastry of this particular sort which is intended to be in layers when cooked, it is well to roll the piece intended for the edge as thinly as possible, then lay two or three strips, one above the other, not into the side of the dish but on the edge, putting the cover over all. Of course the edge of the dish and the strips must be moistened slightly to make the pastry adhere; but in every instance it must be touched very gently. If it is necessary to trim the pastry, hold the pie up on the palm of the left hand, slanting the knife outwardly to make the paste project a little to allow for shrinkage. When pulling on the cover be careful not to drag down the border, and never in any case decorate the edges. The top of the border may be ornamented if liked, but to decorate the edge of the border will be to hinder the pastry rising in the oven. Many a pie that would otherwise have been excellent has been inferior through neglect of this trifling detail.

Great difference of opinion exists among cooks as to whether or not a slit should be made with a knife in the centre of the cover to let out the steam. The slit is nearly always made in home-made pies, and the consequence is that when the fruit is very juicy, the juice makes its way through the slit and flows over the cover, and this makes the pie look tempting **although the** portion of pastry over which the juice flows is apt to be heavy. On this account the best cooks never make a slit in the centre of the cover. If the fruit is very soft and juicy they make a small hole with a skewer on each side of the pie. The truth is that the method which should be adopted when finishing a pie must vary with the nature of the fruit. The juice of fruits that cook slowly, such as cherries and plums, will be less likely to flow over the pie if they are partially stewed with a very little water before being put into the dish. The juice should then be sweetened, boiled, and poured over them just before the cover is put on. If they are boiled to pulp they will lose flavour, if they are partially cooked they will be enriched. They should be piled high in the centre of the dish, and the more fruit that can be put in the better, because it generally happens with fruit of this sort that there is not a due proportion of fruit for each piece of pastry. It may be added that meat pies should always have a slit in the cover. If the steam does not escape the meat will be likely to be unwholesome.

The excellence of a fruit pie depends very much upon its being well baked. If the oven is not hot enough the pastry will sink away from the edges of the dish; if it is too hot the pastry will be burnt or will stiffen without rising. The surest way of getting the oven right is to test it by baking a little piece of pastry in it before putting in the pie. Another way is to sprinkle a little flour on the oven shelf. If the flour turns black in a few seconds the oven is too hot; if it remains pale the oven is too slow, if it browns well the oven is right. A tart should be put in the hot part of the oven first, and when it has risen properly it may be turned and removed to the cooler part that it may be cooked through. Every one knows how disappointing it is to cut into a pie which is beautifully brown and well-baked outside, but which is doughy on the under part. To prevent this a piece of paper should be laid over the pie very early in the proceedings if there is any sign that it is browning too quickly. It must not be forgotten also that large pies need to have the oven cooler than small ones, that fruit pies should not be in the oven at the same time as meat pies, that most people prefer to have fruit pies cold, especially at this time of year, and that all fruit pies are daintier for being glazed before they are baked. The easiest way of doing this is to sprinkle a few drops of cold water on the pastry (without wetting the edge of course), and dredge castor sugar on it.

When people fail in pie-making it is nearly always the case that they have neglected one of the simple details mentioned above. Of course the hints given are obvious to skilled workers, but that proves nothing. "Knowing how" is one of the best machines for making work easy. The people we want to help are the people who do not possess it.



ROUMANIAN WORK.

By JOSEPHA CRANE.

The idea of Roumanian work is usually associated in the minds of people with cross-stitch, and it is true that a great deal of work correctly called by that name is done in this way with the admixture of a little gold. But many people do not love cross-stitch at all, and I can sympathise with these, for I dislike it exceedingly myself. It is to me very troublesome and uninteresting to execute, and I am not in love with the effect when it is done. The perpetual counting is troublesome, and I doubt whether in spite of all efforts to introduce it into this country it will ever "catch on" to use a telling Americanism.

There is another variety of Roumanian work which is absolutely different, and to my mind very much more fascinating and artistic. It is also easy to do, and as several stitches are used, it gives plenty of scope for the exercise of individual taste. In some respects it resembles old Hungarian work, the three colours, dark blue, red, and ochre being used, and the cotton employed is *coton à repriser*, D. M. C. make. There however all likeness to Hungarian work ends.

The designs for Roumanian work are different from Hungarian; the stitches are not the same, and it is done upon a dark-coloured linen, something between grey and brown. There is gold mixed with it, and it is seldom used for articles which are intended to be washed. If you choose however to use washing gold, of course it will wash, for the cottons and linens stand the water well, but I never advise any but Japanese gold being used, as that is much cheaper and answers as well. The latter will not wash, but it does not tarnish, and the linen and cottons will really last a long time even in smutty London without looking at all dirty. For blotters, *Graphic* and book covers, Bradshaw cases, sachets for gloves, handkerchiefs and nightdresses, for tea cosies, table and mantel borders, work-bags, etc., etc., Roumanian work is very suitable.

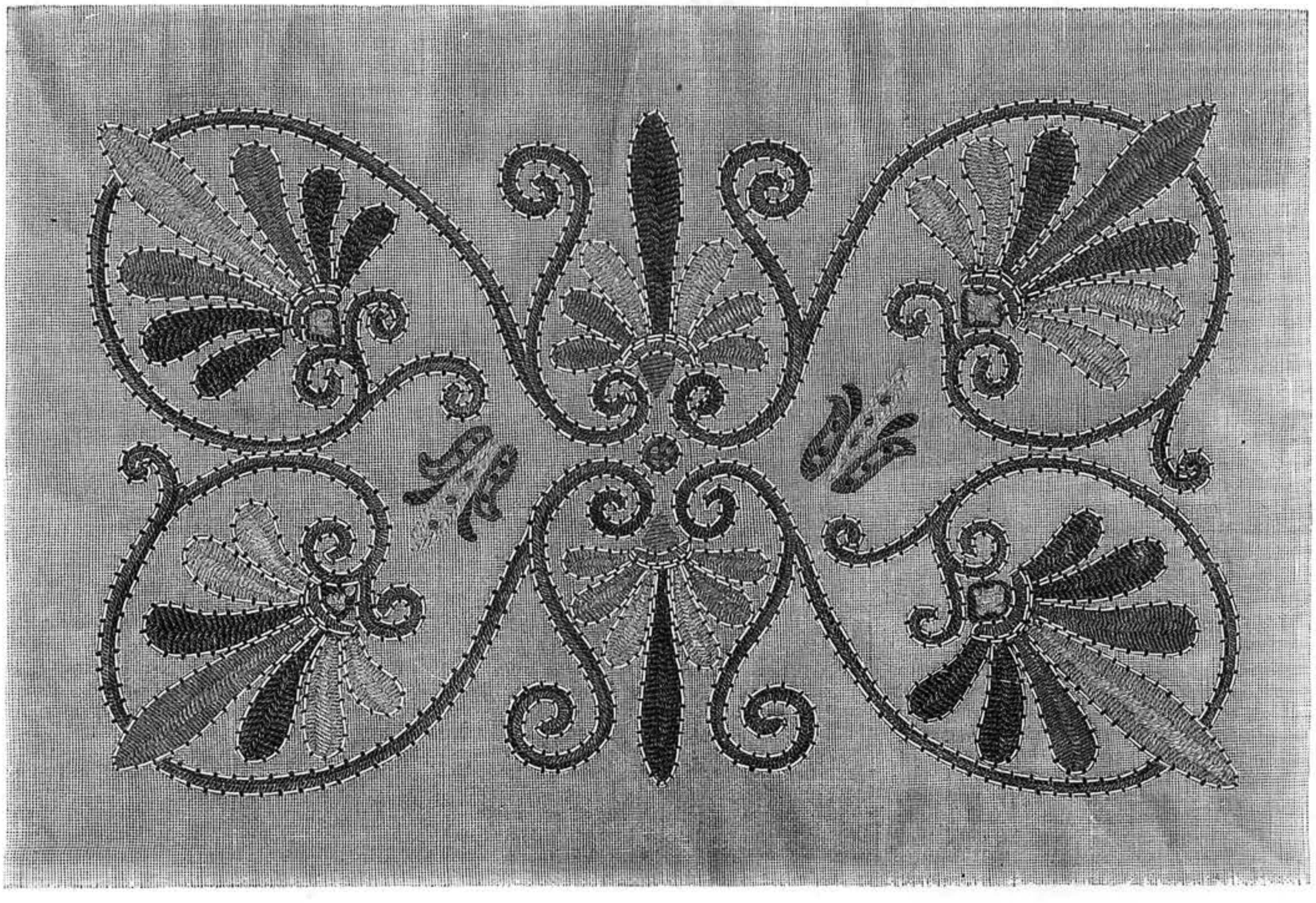
The cottons cost but a few pence a ball, and as the linen is not dear, those who wish to execute this work will find that they can do it at a wonderfully small cost. If my readers write to Miss Baker, 5, Clifton Gardens, Chiswick, W., enclosing stamped envelope, she will forward them a price-list of articles of all kinds which have good designs on them suited for this work, and she provides all materials at very moderate prices, as well as beginning work when desired.

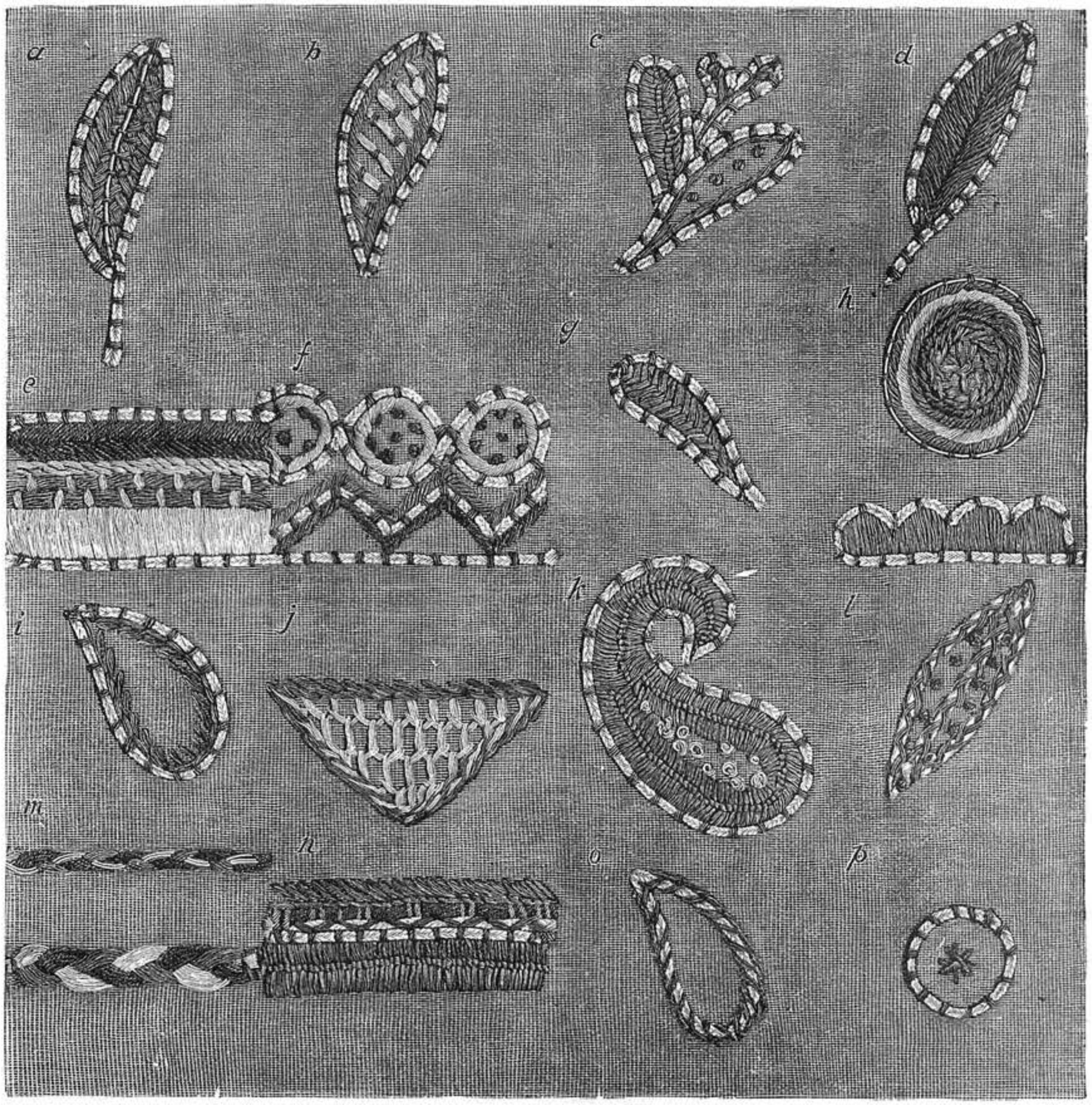
The blotter cover in our illustration is a very good specimen of Roumanian work. The bold design with its perfect curves and graceful lines is carried out in the three colours already named, and it is worked chiefly in a stitch called Indian filling, the method of working which will be described later on. All the petals of the conventional flower are done in this stitch. The curved scroll is done in two rows of rope-stitch worked closely, side by side, and the entire work is outlined in nearly every portion with Japanese gold of a rather coarse number, sewn down with the cotton.

As my readers may like some guide as to the using of the colours, I must tell them that though they can of course please themselves, it is better not to mix the colours about haphazard. The way in which the latter are used here may serve as some guide. The rope-stitch scroll is done in red and blue, the gold being sewn in red. Two of the corners have the colours in the petals arranged thus: the centre petal yellow; a red on each side of it, and then two blue again on either side. In the other two corners the middle petal is red with one blue on each side of it, and two yellow on either side of that. The colouring thus will harmonise and please the eye, for the opposite corners are alike, and the two centre clusters of petals are also alike. If you were to do each petal indiscriminately in red or blue or yellow, whichever came first, the effect would be as bad as this is good. The smaller details of the design are worked in the colours used throughout, each part corresponding with the rest.

These three colours, *bizarre* though they seem, go wonderfully well together, and the gold outline gives a richness to the whole and makes the work as beautiful as it is uncommon.

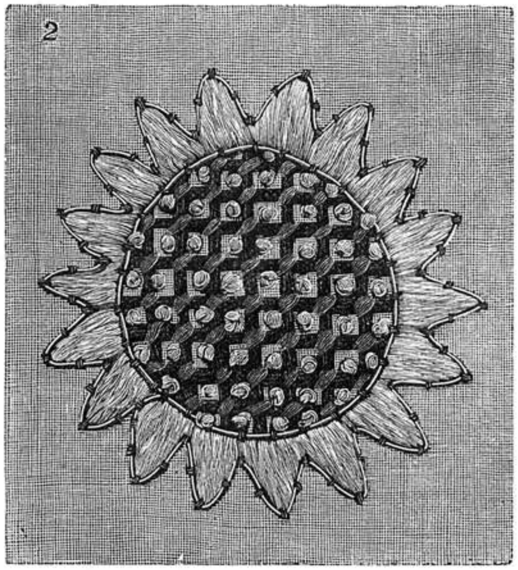
About the gold, I must not forget to tell you that this is sold in skeins, and that when you work it you should first pass the end through the large eye of a coarse tapestry needle. Push this through from the right to the wrong side of the material, then withdraw the needle and secure the gold firmly at the back with a few stitches. Then return to the right side of your work, and sew your gold down with *coton à repriser* of one of the three colours. I seldom use the yellow, as the red or blue, particularly the former, look very much better. Leave about an eighth of an



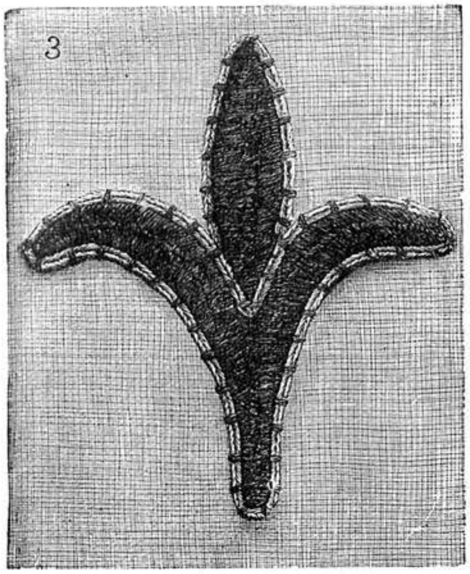


inch between each stitch, and as you are working twist the gold with your left hand. This must always be done, as if you do not do it, the gold paper uncurls and spaces are left showing the red cotton or silk upon which it is placed, and this is extremely ugly. I have seen work done in this gold which was quite spoilt because of carelessness in this respect. Another hint I may give you is to give the gold a slight pull, particularly when going round curves, as it should lie quite close to the cotton embroidery and perfectly flat, any unevenness or looseness being very ugly indeed. Make your stitches at equal distances, and finish off the gold as you began, by pushing the end through from the right to the wrong side when threaded into a tapestry needle.

Apropos of needles, fine tapestry or coarse crewel needles are the best to use; the cotton will not go well into the eye of an ordinary needle, and unless the latter has a large enough eye it does not answer at all. This blotter should be mounted by turning the edges over two pieces of mill-board, then lining it with silk, and placing a gold cord all round it. This design, which happens to be a very perfect one, answers for several purposes besides a blotter. It makes a charming end for a piano-cover, it serves for a sachet and many other things. Borders of curtains embroidered in Roumanian work and mounted on plush look very well, and the work repays mounting in this way. For example, you could embroider a centre for a sachet, and making the latter of plush or satin, lay the piece of embroidered linen on it and *appliqué* it with gold thread. A work-bag made of plush or silk, any one of the three colours, would look very handsome with a band of Roumanian work at the bottom.



In Fig. I you will see samples of various leaves, etc., showing how much the work can be varied. *a* is a leaf done in two lines of red herring-bone stitch with a centre vein and outline in gold sewn down with blue; *b* has a red rope-stitch outline, with long yellow transverse stitches fastened down with red, the whole being bordered with gold sewn down with blue; *c* is a small spray, the upper leaf of which is done in red Roumanian stitch, bordered with gold, sewn down with red, the lower leaf being in red stem-stitch, outlined in gold, sewn down with blue, and red French knots being down the middle; *d* is a blue leaf in plait-stitch, outlined with gold, sewn down in the same colour; *e* is a very pretty border done thus. A deep yellow satin-stitching has two lines of red couched down in brick-stitch. This red is done in the red cotton, about four lengths being taken together, and then sewn down as you see in the illustration with yellow. Above that is a row of yellow cording-stitch, and above that again is a deep row of blue in plait-stitch. The top and bottom of the embroidered border is outlined in gold sewn down, the upper in red, the lower in blue cotton. A border such as this would look very handsome round a small table-cover. It can, of course, be varied by using the stitches in other colours, placing more lines of gold, etc. *f* shows another border of red and blue points done in rope-stitch with gold laid in between and sewn down in red. The circles are done in yellow, bordered with gold sewn down in blue, French knots of the same colour being placed in the centre and sides. The gold at the edge is sewn down with blue. *g* is a leaf in red herring-bone, or as it is sometimes called Turkish stitch. The gold is sewn down with blue. *h* is a round done in rope-stitch. Red, yellow, red, blue, and then a round in red cording-stitch with a centre wheel of red. The border below it is of red scallops done in simple flat-stitch—or satin-stitch as it is more often called, outlined in red sewn down with blue. *i* is a leaf in cording-stitch done rather far apart with a gold outline sewn down with blue. *j* is done in red button-hole stitch with red cording-stitch outline. *k* is a red palm in Roumanian stitch, outlined in gold, sewn down with red, with gold French knots in the middle. *l* is a leaf done in gold, simply laid down, and kept in its place by red herring-bone done over it. The



knots are blue. *m* shows two plaits useful for borders and placing round sachets, etc. The upper plait is done in a couple of strands of blue, a couple of red, and two lines of gold plaited in three. The lower plait is thicker and done in the cotton alone. Do not mix the colours, but keep the three parts of the plait each in one colour. *n* is a border, the lower part of which is done in Roumanian stitch in blue, above it is a line of gold sewn down in red, with another line of gold above that fastened down with herring-bone stitch. Then a line of blue cotton couched down and an upper edge of cording-stitch in red. *o* is a leaf of gold outline kept in its place with blue cording-stitch. *p* is a circle of gold sewn down with blue, a star of the same colour being placed in the centre.

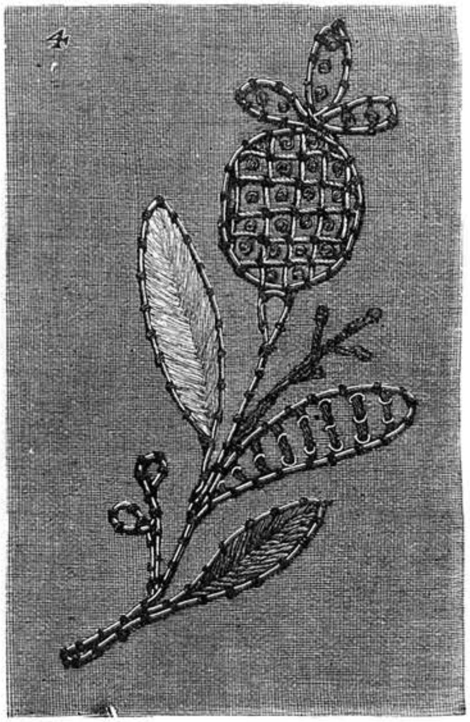
Fig. 2 shows a sunflower, which is most effective, and as it is quickly and easily worked I think many will find it a favourite design.

Take a length of blue cotton, double or single as you prefer. Bring it across all one way, just going in and out at the edge of the flower. Then cross it again in the opposite direction. Fasten the crossings with a small red stitch. All these stitches, I must remind you, that secure the cotton where it crosses must go the same way. Then make yellow French-knots in each space.

The points of the flower are worked in simple satin-stitch, yellow cotton being used, and they are all outlined with gold. A line of gold is sewn down in red cotton between the centre and the pointed petals. Sun-flowers worked in this way and placed at intervals over a cushion are very pretty, or they form capital edges for tables or mantel-borders.

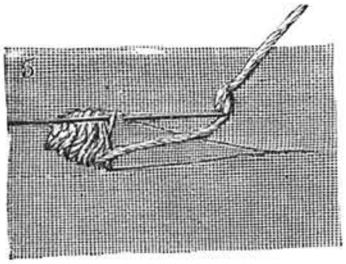
Fig. 3 is a design worked altogether in red Roumanian stitch, outlined in gold sewn down with blue.

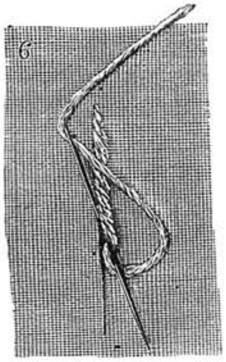
Fig. 4 is a conventional spray, the flower of which is done in gold, crossed and secured with blue stitches, red French knots being placed in the spaces. The whole is outlined in gold sewn down with blue, and the three top

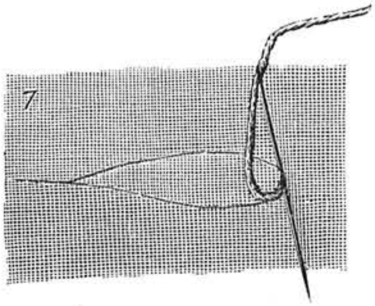


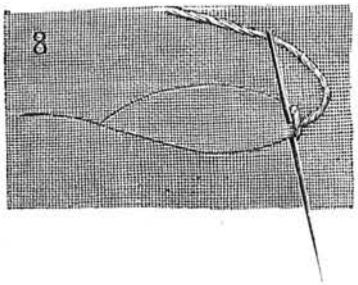
petals are done in an outline of gold and French knots.

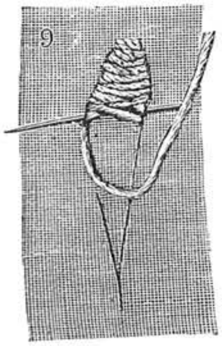
The uppermost leaf is yellow, and done in plait-stitch, the gold outline being sewn down

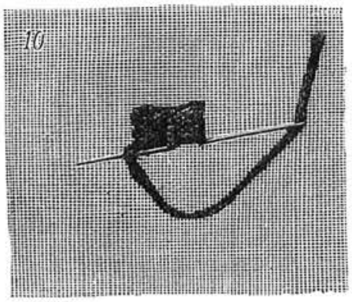


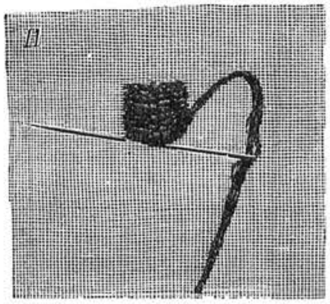


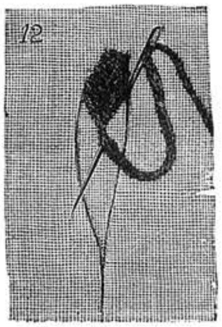


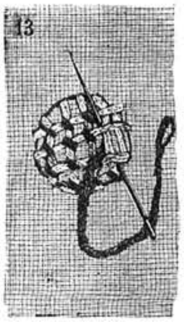


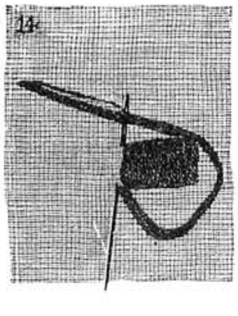


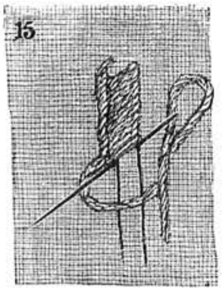


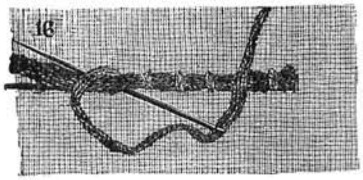


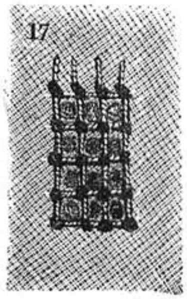












in red. The open leaf below on the other side is done in long red stitches sewn down in yellow, and with a gold outline sewn down in blue. The lowest leaf is red plait-stitch, the outline of which, like the stem of the whole spray, is done in gold sewn down in blue.

Fig. 5 is Turkish stitch. It looks like herring-bone, and so it is in a sense, only as you will see in the illustration, the needle is placed between the two last stitches and not in front of the last. A careful examination of the illustration will explain my meaning better than pages of letterpress.

Fig. 6 is rope-stitch. Form a loop as if for chain-stitch, and when you do the next and succeeding stitches, place the needle behind the loop, not into it.

Figs. 7 and 8 are Indian filling, the stitch in which the flower is done in the heavier parts. As it is by no means an easy stitch to learn unless you actually see it done, I have given two illustrations. In the first, Fig. 7, you will notice that a very small piece of the material is taken up by the needle at the top edge of the leaf, which is held before you lengthwise, as in illustration. Also notice that your working cotton lies to your left. Having withdrawn your needle, you place it as you see in Fig. 8. After that is done, place your cotton to your left as in Fig. 7, and go on in the same way.

Fig. 9, is basket-stitch, and I will quote here some directions for working it which are very good and clear.

"You insert the needle from left to right, and pass it under, from three to six threads of the foundation, according to the stuff and the material you are using, then downwards from left to right, and over, from six to eight threads, into the stuff again from right to left; then you push it under the stuff in an upward direction and bring it out on the left in the middle of the space left between the last stitch and the top of the second."

Figs. 10 and 11 show the real Roumanian stitch, and from the same well-known authority, and I will quote how it should be worked:—

"Bring out the needle on the left, two or six threads beyond the line your embroidery is to follow; with regard to the number of threads you take up you must be guided by the quality and the stuff and the material you have selected: put the needle in on the right, the same distance in advance of the line as before, and bring it out in the middle of the stitch; then passing the needle over the first stitch, put it in again, one or two threads in advance of the point where it came out, and draw it out close to where the first stitch began." As you have here two illustrations, it will be easy to learn how to do it.

Plait-stitch is seen in Fig. 12. This is done like feather-stitch, only the cotton is kept over instead of under the needle, and the stitch is taken in such a manner that the cotton crosses at the centre. By bringing out your needle, not in the middle, but a little at one side of the last stitch, this effect is gained.

Fig. 13 shows how the crossing is fastened down.

Fig. 14 is simple flat-stitch — or satin-stitch.

Fig. 15 is cording-stitch, the way to do which is simple to work, as if for coral-stitch, only more closely together, keeping the cotton under the needle.

Fig. 16 shows how the cotton is corded down.

Fig. 17 is a fancy pattern of gold crosses, with two blue stitches instead of one.

Button-hole stitch, or honeycomb as it is sometimes called, and which you see in Fig. 1, is worked as follows. I quote from a very good authority:—

"This covers the surface of the material like a network, and is one of the prettiest stitches for filling in. Begin by drawing up the needle and cotton through the material at the left-hand top corner of the space to be filled in, insert the needle in the material one-eighth of an inch above the place you have just brought it out, and bring it up again to the same place as before, forming a simple perpendicular stitch; hold the cotton under the left-hand thumb, and about one-eighth of an inch to the right take another stitch similar to the last, bringing out the point of the needle over the cotton held by the thumb, like working a button-hole stitch, and proceed thus to the end of the space; then work another button-hole stitch and one below this row, proceeding from right to left, making the stitches come intermediately between the stitches of the last row, and inserting the needle above the horizontal threads of those stitches, and bringing it out one-eighth of an inch below, and over the cotton held by the left-hand thumb, and continue forwards and backwards thus till the filling-in is completed."

Roumanian work has all the charm of novelty, and I am sure my readers will find it very fascinating and easy to do.

THE SAD STORY OF BLOBBS AND HIS PULLET.

In a tiny country villa lived our Blobbs, but all alone;
Never wife or chubby children this staid bachelor had known.
Yet—for hearts *must* cling to something—he had made himself a pet
Of a little snow-white pullet, with her wings just tipped with jet.
Daily feeding and caressing, these had won the pullet's heart;
Following close her master's footsteps, seldom they were far apart;
And his love grew deeper, stronger, with the passing of each day—
"Wiser far than any woman," wicked Blobbs was wont to say.
Near by rose a wondrous structure—architects their brains had racked—
Cross between a Chinese temple and a cruet-stand, in fact.
This the pretty pullet's dwelling; here she hastened every night;
Perched on high, became a *rooster* till the dawning of the light.
One sad day a Yankee peddler, glib, persuading, passing by,
Gazed at Blobbs and that poor pullet with a calculating eye.
From his wagon's deep recesses drew out, smiling wickedly,
"Johnson's Patent Hen-Persuader;" then to guileless Blobbs said he:
"Here's a marvelous invention! In this box you see a nest;
Hens at once will lay an egg here, lured to do their very best.
Then behold! this sliding bottom lets the egg drop out of view,
And the hen, somewhat bewildered, lays at once egg number two!"
'Twould be useless to repeat all that this wily peddler said;
This suffices. Blobbs, unwary, by his specious tongue misled,
Bought the "Patent Hen-Persuader," set his snow-white pullet on,
Locked them both within the hen-house ere he went to town that morn.
Business then engrossed him fully, till, with num'rous cares beset,
Who can wonder that the pullet and her nest he should forget?
Nothing all day to remind him; but returning late at night,
Flashed a sudden recollection, and his cheek grew pale with fright.
Rushing madly from the station, straight he sought the hen-house door,
Called his pet in tones entreating. Ah! she'll never answer more!
Full of gloomiest forebodings, in he dashes; finds the nest
Overflowing with its treasures—yes, she's done her level best.
Forty-seven eggs! and near them head and tail and wings still lay,
For the poor ambitious pullet thus had laid herself away!

THE HISTORY OF HOME.

OR,

DOMESTIC WAYS SINCE THE TIMES OF HENRY VIII.

By NANETTE MASON.

PART II.

THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

THE reign of Queen Elizabeth is, perhaps, the most picturesque period of English history. Vigorous national life and increased wealth, refinement, and leisure expressed themselves then in many original ways.

In few things were the progress of the country and its growing riches more clearly seen than in the changes effected in dress. The fashion of ladies' dress in the upper ranks, on its reaching its full development in the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth, is well known to us from the portraits of that illustrious queen. The body was imprisoned in whalebone to the hips; the partelet—a covering to the neck and throat previously worn—was done away with, and its place was taken by an enormous ruff, which, "rising gradually from the front of the shoulders to nearly the height of the head behind, encircled the wearer like the nimbus or glory of a saint." Then came a long peaked and tight stomacher, on each side of which jutted out horizontally a farthingale of enormous dimensions. The dresses were of rich and showy fabrics, worn with the additional finery of lace, feathers, and embroidery.

A round bonnet, like that worn by the men, sometimes took the place of the cap or coif; or the hair was dressed in countless curls, and adorned with ropes and stars of jewels, bugles and beads, and at the close of the reign with feathers.

Ornaments of every kind abounded, and great liking was shown for colour and display. The demand for gems reached an extraordinary height. A writer of the day, who thought it his duty to rebuke the extravagance of ladies who were his contemporaries, tells us that "their fingers must be decked with gold, silver, and precious stones, their wrists with bracelets and amulets of gold and costly jewels, their hands covered with sweet-washed (*i.e.*, perfumed) gloves, embroidered with gold and silver; and they must have their looking-glasses carried with them wheresoever they go;" and he is specially severe on those who "are not ashamed to make holes in their ears, whereat they hang rings and other jewels of gold and precious stones."

A small looking-glass was a common companion with fashionable people of both sexes. By the ladies it was carried either in the pocket or hanging at the side, or it was inserted in the fan of ostrich or other feathers. Masks were frequently worn by ladies; they are said to have been introduced in this reign. The author we have just quoted has a hit at them: "When the ladies," he says, "used to ride abroad, they have masks and vizors made of velvet, wherewith they cover their faces, having holes made in them against their eyes whereout they look; so that if a man knew not their guise he would think that he met a monster or devil."

As at other times, the general fashions for women's dress in the Elizabethan era were just a modification of the style of the court, varying more or less according to the circumstances and position of different classes and individuals.

The Elizabethan costume for men had also marked features, the most noticeable being the large trunk hose and the long-waisted doublet. Of both the hose and the doublet there were many varieties. Doublets fitted the body very closely from the commencement of the reign, and the waist gradually lengthened to its conclusion. Over the doublets were worn coats and jerkins, cut in various fashions. Then there were "cloaks of white, red, tawny, black, green, yellow, russet, violet, &c., made of cloth, silk, velvet, and taffeta, and cut after the Spanish, French, and Dutch fashions."

Silk stockings were a great rarity when Elizabeth came to the throne. "In the second year of her reign," says Stow, the historian, "her silk-woman, Mrs. Montague, presented Her Majesty with a pair of black, knit-silk stockings for a new year's gift; which, after a few days' wearing, pleased Her Highness so well that she sent for Mistress Montague, and asked her where she had them, and if she could help her to any more; who answered, saying—

"'I made them very carefully, of purpose only for your Majesty, and seeing these please you so well, I will presently set more in hand.'

"'Do so,' quoth the Queen, 'for, indeed, I like silk stockings so well, because they are pleasant, fine, and delicate, that henceforth I will wear no more cloth stockings.'"

And from that time to her death the Queen never wore cloth hose, but only silk stockings.

Soon after this, says Stow, a London apprentice seeing a pair of knit-worsted stockings at an Italian merchant's, brought from Mantua, borrowed them, and having made a pair like them, presented them to the Earl of Pembroke, which was the first pair of worsted stockings knit in this country.

A useful invention of this reign was that of the stocking-frame, which had its origin in 1599. We are indebted for it to William Lee, a fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. "Tradition," says Mr. Planché, "attributes the origin of his invention to a pique he had taken against a townswoman with whom he was in love, and who, it seems, neglected his passion. She got her livelihood by knitting stockings, and with the ungenerous object of depreciating her employment, he constructed this frame, first working at it himself, then teaching his brother and other relations." Stow says that Lee not only manufactured stockings in his frame, but "waistcoats and divers other things."

Houses built in the Elizabethan era are the earliest houses, great or small, in which a modern Englishman of any class can live with any degree of enjoyment. "It is from the period of good Queen Bess," says Mr. J. R. Green, "that we can first date the rise of a conception which seems to us now a peculiarly English one, the conception of domestic comfort. The chimney corner, so closely connected with family life, came into existence with the general introduction of chimneys, a feature rare in ordinary houses in the beginning of this reign." The lofty houses of the wealthier merchants, with their parapeted fronts and quaintly figured gables, broke the mean appearance which till then marked English towns. In the case of the dwellings of the gentry, gloomy walls and serried battlements gave place to the pomp and grace of the Elizabethan hall. "We still gaze with pleasure on their picturesque line of gables, their fretted fronts, their gilded turrets and fanciful vanes, their castellated gateways, the jutting oriels from which the great noble looked down on his new Italian garden, its stately terraces, and broad flights of steps, its vases and fountains, its quaint mazes, its formal walks, its lines of yews cut into grotesque shapes in hopeless rivalry of the cypress avenues of the South."

In the furnishing and decoration of house interiors a great advance took place. In houses inhabited by the upper classes the prevailing taste showed itself in richly ornamented staircases, costly wainscoting, quaintly carved chairs and cabinets, and huge chimney pieces adorned with fawns and cupids, and with fantastic interlaced monograms. The floor of rushes became a thing of the past, and carpets came everywhere into use. The wooden trenchers of the earlier yeomanry gave place to pewter; there were even yeomen who owned a fair show of silver plate.

The London of Queen Elizabeth's time was strikingly unlike the metropolis of the present day. The crowded neighbourhood of St. Giles's was then a village in the fields; Covent Garden was an open field or garden; Leicester fields was Lammas land. Moorfields was drained and laid out in walks in this reign. At Spitalfields crowds used to assemble on Easter Monday and Tuesday to hear the Spital sermons preached from the pulpit cross. Cockneys went to Holborn and Bloomsbury for change of air; and houses were there prepared to receive children, invalids, and convalescents.

"In the north," Mr. H. B. Wheatley remarks, "were sprinkled the outlying villages of Islington, Hoxton, and Clerkenwell. The Strand was filled with noble mansions washed by the waters of the Thames, but the street, if street it could be called, was little used by pedestrians. Londoners frequented the river, which was their great highway. The banks were crowded with stairs for boats, and the watermen of that day answered to the chairmen of a later date and the cabmen of to-day."

The rapid growth of London attracted considerable attention and caused considerable alarm. It was thought that moderate dimensions were best, and no doubt they were, in an age when sanitary arrangements were defective, and facilities in obtaining food supplies far from satisfactory, whilst many difficulties of which we can now form but a faint idea existed in connection with labour, the protection of life and property, and many other matters.

The Queen issued a proclamation in 1580 forbidding the erection within three miles of the city gates of any new houses or tenements "where no former house hath been known to have been." In a subsequent decree she ordered that only one family should live in one house, that empty houses erected within seven years were not to be let, and that unfinished buildings on new foundations were to be levelled with the ground.

Music was popular in the last reign, as we mentioned in our first article, but it was even more so in this.

"During the long reign of Elizabeth," says Mr. Chappell, "music seems to have been in universal cultivation, as well as in universal esteem. Not only was it a necessary qualification for ladies and gentlemen, but even the City of London advertised the musical abilities of boys educated in Bridewell and Christ's Hospital, as a mode of recommending them as servants, apprentices, or husbandmen . . . . Tinkers sang catches; milkmaids sang ballads; carters whistled; each trade, and even the beggars, had their special songs; the base-viol hung in the drawing-room for the amusement of waiting visitors; and the lute, cittern, and virginals for the amusement of waiting customers were the necessary furniture of a barber's shop. They had music at dinner; music at supper; music at weddings; music at funerals; music at night; music at dawn; music at work and music at play.

"He who felt not in some degree its soothing influence was viewed as a morose, unsocial being, whose converse ought to be shunned and regarded with suspicion and distrust." Tusser, writing in 1570, recommends the country housewife to select servants that sing at their work as being usually the most painstaking. He says:

"Such servants are oftenest painful and good
That sing in their labour, as birds in the wood."

The ordinary routine of a young lady's education was "to read and write; to play on the virginals, lute, and cittern; and to read prick-song—that is to say, music written or pricked down—at first sight." Whenever the abilities of a gentlewoman were praised by a writer of that age, her skill in music was sure to be mentioned.

The most common musical instrument of the time was the cittern, which received most attention, perhaps, because it was the most easily played. It was an instrument of English invention, shaped something like a lute, but differing from the lute in being strung with wire instead of catgut strings, and played on with a plectrum of quill instead of with the fingers.

The lute was also much in use; indeed, though now obsolete, being superseded by the guitar, it was once the most popular instrument in Europe. It was a large and beautiful stringed instrument, with a long neck and fretted finger-board. "The tender charm and colouring of the lute-player's tone," says Mr. A. J. Hipkins, "can in these days of exaggerated sonorousness be scarcely imagined."

The worst of the lute seems to have been the troublesomeness of keeping it in tune. One writer on the subject says that a lutenist of eighty years old had certainly spent sixty in tuning his instrument, and that the cost in Paris of keeping a horse or a lute was about the same. On this another authority remarks that the horse would soon be like one of Pharaoh's lean kine.

Lute-strings were very often given to ladies as new year's gifts.

In both the sixteenth and the seventeenth centuries, lutenists, or, as they were sometimes called, "lewters," or "luters," always formed part of the musical retinue of kings and princes, and one at least was ordinarily included in the households of nobles and landed gentry.

The virginals was an instrument with a keyboard, in which strings of brass wire were twitched by small pieces of quill. Some have thought the instrument was named after the queen, but it is more likely that it was so called because chiefly played upon by young girls.

Queen Elizabeth, however, was a skilful performer upon it. Sir James Melvil, in his "Memoirs," tells how one day, about 1564, "after dinner my lord of Hunsdean drew me up to a quiet gallery that I might hear some music (but he said he durst not own it), where I might hear the Queen play upon the virginals. I ventured within the chamber and stood a pretty space, hearing her play excellently well; but she left off immediately as soon as she turned her about and saw me. She appeared to be surprised to see me, and came forward, seeming to strike me with her hand, alleging that she was not used to play before men, but when she was solitary, to shun melancholy."

Popular sports in Elizabeth's day were often of rather a barbarous nature, and the court did not set an example in the way of refinement by the encouragement it gave to bull and bear baiting. On the 25th of May, 1559, the French Ambassadors came to dine with Queen Elizabeth, and after a splendid dinner they were entertained by the baiting of bears and bulls with English dogs. The Queen and the Ambassadors stood looking on till what was then held to be a late hour of the evening, and the foreigners expressed their gratification in such glowing terms that Her Majesty seldom failed in future to provide a similar show for any visitors she wished specially to honour.

In the festivities of Kenilworth Castle, given in 1575, in honour of Queen Bess, part of the programme provided by the Earl of Leicester consisted of a series of bear and dog combats. There were no fewer than thirteen bears assembled, and these had to do battle with what were known as ban-dogs, a small kind of mastiff.

It was in Queen Elizabeth's reign that the first royal licence for a theatre was issued. It was granted in 1574 to Master Burbage, and four others, servants of the Earl of Leicester, authorising them to act plays at the Globe Theatre, on the Bankside. This was the theatre at which Shakespeare and his companions acted.

In those times London was so often visited by the plague that people were afraid of the gathering together of any large assemblages. This dread of pestilence, and a puritanic hatred of plays as well, made the citizens do all in their power to discourage theatrical entertainments. The Queen acknowledged that the first reason was a good one, but she had no objections to plays in themselves, provided proper care were taken to allow only such to be performed as "were fitted to yield honest recreation and no example of evil."

On the 11th of April, 1582, the lords of the council wrote to the Lord Mayor, saying that as "Her Majesty sometimes took delight in those pastimes, it had been thought not unfit, having regard to the season of the year and the clearance of the city from infection, to allow of certain companies of players in London, partly that they might thereby attain more dexterity and perfection, the better to content Her Majesty."

When theatres were established the city authorities took care to have them built without the city bounds.

Prices of almost all articles steadily advanced during the reign of Elizabeth. In a dialogue published in 1581 we find one of the characters thus addressing another:—"Cannot you, neighbour, remember that within these thirty years I could in this town buy the best pig or goose that I could lay my hands on for 4d., which now costeth 12d., a good capon for 3d. or 4d., a chicken for 1d., a hen for 2d., which now costeth me double and triple the money. It is likewise in greater ware, as in beef and mutton. I have seen a cap for 13d. as good as I can get now for 2s. 6d.; of cloth you have heard how the price is risen. Now a pair of shoes costs 12d., yet in my time I have bought a better for 6d. Now I can never get a horse shoed under 10d. or 12d, when I have also seen the common price was 6d."

In 1572 legislation took a vigorous turn for the punishment of vagabonds and for the relief of the poor and impotent. Persons above fourteen being rogues, vagabonds, or sturdy beggars, were on conviction to be "grievously whipped and burnt through the gristle of the right ear with a hot iron of the compass of an inch about, manifesting his or her roguish kind of life, and his or her punishment received for the same." A third offence was punished with death. Offenders under fourteen were whipped or put in the stocks. By the same act charitable provision was made for the poor, aged, and infirm, and the duty of the community was fully recognised in regard to its suffering members. There was more legislation in the same praiseworthy direction in the reign of Elizabeth.

People still moved from place to place with difficulty. There were few wheeled vehicles; everybody who wanted to travel had either to walk or ride on horseback. Ladies, as we mentioned in our last article, rode on pillions fixed on the horse, and usually behind some relative or serving man. In this way Queen Bess, when she rode into the City from her residence at Greenwich, placed herself behind her lord-chancellor.

But a change was at hand. According to Stow, a Dutchman called Guilliam Boonen became the Queen's coachman in 1564, and was the first to bring the use of coaches into England. Stow is incorrect in attributing the introduction of coaches to the time of Elizabeth—they had been in use before; but there is no doubt that at the time he speaks of the employment of wheeled vehicles began to be so common that it then became a prominent public fact. "Little by little," he again states, "they became usual among the nobility and others of condition, and within twenty years became a great trade of coach-building."

By the close of Elizabeth's reign the use of coaches had increased to such an extent that the attention of Parliament was called to it, and a bill "to restrain the excessive use of coaches" was introduced in 1601. It was not passed, however. The employment of coaches in London was a severe blow to the Thames watermen, and Taylor, the poet and waterman, dipped his pen in gall when he wrote early in the next reign against the new-fangled practice, complaining that

"Against the ground we stand and knock our heels,
Whilst all our profit runs away on wheels."

The custom of making presents on New Year's Day by people of all classes to each other was in full force during this reign. A present of some sort was an Elizabethan form of New Year's card. Tenants in the country gave their landlords a capon; an orange stuck with cloves was another common present. Some people gave pins, when ladies were in the case, and very customary New Year's gifts were pairs of gloves. These were much dearer than they are now, and occasionally a sum of money was given instead, which was called "glove-money."

Many of these presents were no doubt in recognition of favours to come. We conclude that this was the case with a large proportion of the extravagant New Year's gifts made to Queen Bess herself. An exact and descriptive inventory of these for several years has been preserved. They were made to Her Majesty by all sorts and conditions of men and women—great officers of state, peers and peeresses, bishops, knights and their ladies, gentlemen and gentlewomen, physicians, apothecaries, and others of lower grade, even down to the Queen's dustman. The presents consisted of "sums of money, costly articles of ornament for the Queen's person or apartments, caskets studded with precious stones, valuable necklaces, bracelets, gowns, embroidered mantles, smocks, petticoats, looking-glasses, fans, silk stockings, and a great variety of other articles."

Lotteries, so far as can be ascertained, were first started in England during the reign of Elizabeth. The first lottery began to be drawn on the 11th of January, 1569, at the west door of St. Paul's Cathedral, the drawing continuing day and night till the 6th of May. It was composed of 400,000 lots of ten shillings a piece. The shares were occasionally disposed of in halves and quarters, and these again were subdivided for "convenience of poorer classes."

The prizes consisted of money, plate, and goods of various kinds. The highest prize was estimated at £5,000, of which £3,000 was to be paid in cash, £700 in plate, and the remainder in "good tapestry meet for hangings and other covertures, and certain sorts of good linen cloth."

The reason given by the Government for starting what proved to be a long series of legalised swindles was that money was required for repairing harbours and fortifications, and for other public works. The object was praiseworthy enough, but a demoralising means was taken to attain it. Few things can be imagined more harmful to public morals than lotteries.

This first lottery was followed very shortly afterwards by another "for marvellous, rich and beautiful armour," which was also drawn at the west door of St. Paul's.

Alchemy and astrology were practised and believed in. Dr. Dee, a famed astrologer, and professor of the black art, who claimed to hold communication with the world of spirits, was asked to name "a propitious day" for the coronation of the Queen, and the same impostor encouraged Her Majesty to hope that she might obtain from him the elixir of life.

Belief in witchcraft was a growing superstition; it was to reach its height in the days of James I. Penal laws were passed against witches, and many unhappy persons were put to death in consequence of the popular delusion. During the reign of Elizabeth the Anglican divines of what would now be called the high church party steadily resisted the increasing belief in possession and witchcraft, and "by their influence the national liturgy was saved from the disgrace of having a form of exorcism introduced into it."

(To be continued.)

THE REQUIREMENTS OF A YACHTING CRUISE.

BY A CAREFUL HOUSEWIFE.

I WAS but just seventeen when I married, and almost the only clouds which arose during the first few happy years had reference to housekeeping. I was so inexperienced, and had so little knowledge to aid me, that the mistakes I made were appalling. In time, however, I got wiser, and was beginning to be rather proud of my powers of management, when suddenly my husband bought a yawl of some fifty tons, and I found that all the arrangements for our domestic comfort therein would devolve on me.

Now it may happen to some of my lady readers to be in the same predicament, and to know as little as I did; and as knowledge is decidedly power, and would have been highly prized by me, I propose giving them the benefit of the experience I gleaned, trusting it may be of service to them.

We women soon learn that a little common sense and patience carry us through most difficulties, and that, where men are concerned, it is advisable not to ask too many questions. My husband, I found, expected the necessary knowledge to come by intuition; and as I did not want him to find me more stupid than my fellows, I kept my eyes open, and learnt all I could. But I fear, if I had not gone down to inspect our new possession before I took up my quarters on board, I should have arrived with my belongings packed in the usual trunks and dress-baskets, not realising that there could be no room for stowing such away, and I should have had the trouble of unpacking, and returning the boxes by train. As it was, we had to take all we could in bags and collapsing portmanteaus. A fifty-ton yacht conveyed nothing to my mind: it might have been a vessel capable of holding any number of people, or it might have been a mere nutshell. I soon, however, found out that, among the 3,000 odd yachts belonging to the different yacht clubs, the tonnage varies from two to over 600 tons, those of two tons coming under the head of yachts rather by courtesy, being in fact mere sailing boats; that they are divided into three classes—cutters, yawls, and schooners. A cutter has one mast; a yawl, two of unequal size, one small; and a schooner, two of equal height.

The *Agnes* had accommodation for five of us, and five crew. The ladies' cabin held two berths, and there were three other cabins, besides the main cabin, where, on a pinch, we could have stowed away two more, letting them sleep on the two sofas. We were to devote the month of June to our first cruise, with three friends on board, so I had to provide a liberal supply of stores, which consisted of some thirty tins of preserved soup of various kinds, one for each day (and these, by-the-by, proved very palatable, especially with the addition now and then of onion and sauces); some twenty bottles of preserved fruit, which we ate with moulds of rice and oswega; jams of all kinds; plenty of hard biscuits of different sorts; preserved milk, to use when fresh was not to be had; pickles; tins of preserved tongue, and some dried ox-tongues,

which require much previous soaking; anchovy paste, boxes of sardines, tea, sugar, plum-cakes, rice, potatoes, a large cheese, and several stone jars of butter, as well as a large ham. Just the day before, we took in a good supply of bread and eggs, and a joint of beef and two of mutton, which kept hung over the taffrail for many days, and when cooked proved in perfect order—the taffrail being at the stern of the vessel, and meat so hung gets an occasional dip in the salt water, which improves it. During the whole month we were only dependent on the places where we stopped for milk, meat, eggs, and bread. I found that the less shopping we had to do the better. In the first place, it took up time that was wanted for sight-seeing; and though the crew were good caterers, and, considering how little they knew of the languages and of foreign money, managed fairly well, they were apt to be extravagant. We always had a large holland bag on board, as well as baskets for the provisions bought, which one of the crew carried and filled as I purchased. How many peeps of rustic life in farmhouses and cottages, how many amusing scenes in foreign markets, we came across in these foraging expeditions! and how much we used to enjoy the little treats of fresh vegetables and fruit which we thus obtained! As a rule, the meat proved fairly good, and half the price we pay at home; eggs also were cheaper and more plentiful.

We fared worse with regard to fish than anything else, which seemed curious, seeing we were on the sea. As a rule, I am inclined to think it is best not to attempt to procure it. We on one occasion paid dearly for some skate which we obtained with great glee of a German fisherman in port. The supply was a liberal one, and we presented half of it to the crew, who, to my surprise, did not eat it—and they were right, for all who did were ill. It seems foreigners have a habit of keeping the fish alive in tanks where the water cannot be pure, and they prey on each other, so become of necessity unwholesome. When they can be had good, skate and all that class of fish, which seem to be more abundant than any other, are mightily improved by adding a *soupçon* of vinegar to the water in which they are boiled.

Our meals were:—For breakfast we had tea (as coffee requires more milk), ham or tongue and eggs, toast and hot bread (for the foreign bread soon becomes dry, and was much improved by being placed for awhile on the stove), butter, and jam. Our lunch was cold meat, sardines, cake, and biscuits. Dinner: preserved soup, joint and potatoes, and some kind of pudding, and cheese. Sailing down rivers and in harbour, it is quite easy to have whatever the steward can cook; and as our man was very efficient, we had some excellent puddings now and then, though the galley stove which you have on a yacht is not like a kitchen range; but at sea more management is required. When it is rough and the wind contrary, there is a great difficulty with the fire, and it is well to have a large joint of cold meat in hand for emergencies. I used to lay in a store of the delicious pastry you get in many foreign ports, enough to last a day or two, and sponge-cakes, which were sent in well covered with jam; these, and anchovy paste spread on toast, made good sweet courses when regular puddings were not to be had. You see, you have not only to consider the fire, but to be economical with regard to water; for though a yacht carries many gallons, a great deal is required for ten people, what with washing and cooking, and in all ports a fresh supply is not always easily to be had. We often had to linger a day longer than we had intended for this filling up with water. Happily, the crew board themselves, so you have no trouble catering for them.

It is absolutely necessary to have a supply of medicine on board, a small medicine-chest being useful. The want of exercise and the sea-air generally upset the system a little at first, and it is advisable to take some ordinary family medicine before starting. We found pyretic saline, effervescing magnesia, nitre, and quinine were the drugs most wanted.

One of my difficulties was the laundry department. We all took as large a supply of body-linen as possible, and I was not very liberal in the matter of sheets or table-linen. Unless you stay a long time at a place, the washing is done hurriedly, and mostly very badly—so badly that I was never able to wear the collars and cuffs; they had not even a suspicion of starch, and I fell back entirely upon paper ones, which answered admirably, and were thrown away when done with. Besides, there is a trouble in finding out washerwomen the moment you arrive, and, as often happens, they do not return the clothes when promised, and you have to decide between leaving them or maybe losing a favourable wind.

With regard to dress, three gowns are ample—an old useful serge to wear at sea, a better one with an extra jacket, and a black silk or cashmere when you land and visit towns, or dine at *tables-d'hôte*, &c.; but, generally speaking, a serge looks best coming off a yacht; and the gentlemen, as a rule, take nothing but yachting suits. You want many wraps. However hot the weather, it is generally cold at sea some part of the day. An old sealskin jacket is invaluable; so are fur boas and warm shawls. A macintosh is a necessity, and shoes with india-rubber soles like those worn for lawn tennis. Three hats at least will be wanted—a straw shading the face, a sailor's hat covered with black glazed cloth, and a felt or some better kind for shore work. Finery of all kinds is out of the question; the sea takes the colour out of ribbons, the stiffness out of lace, &c., and tarnishes jewellery. It is well to keep collars and cuffs, and boots and shoes, and ribbons in tin boxes. The ladies' cabin generally contains a hanging cupboard for dresses, and lockers which are large enough to hold a desk and small boxes for hats, &c.; indeed, until you are accustomed to a yacht, you would hardly believe what an amount even a small one will stow away; but then not an inch is wasted, and many a dozen of wine can be put away beneath a berth, and many a ton of coke or coal in the hold.

The stores of jam, &c., are placed in two or three of the cupboards of the main cabin, being careful to have a board in front to prevent the bottles slipping about at sea. Another cupboard will hold the bed and table linen, which should include a good supply of cloths and dusters, for many of these are used.

In furnishing, glass or china is all chosen with a view to its not being broken with the motion of the vessel; the plates are deeper than ordinary ones, the glasses thicker and squatter, if we may use the term. These are principally kept in the forecastle, where there is a sort of small butler's pantry, with places for the plates well walled in, and a shelf with apertures, into which each glass or bottle is separately inserted. The knives and plate are kept in baize-lined drawers in the main cabin, together with butter dishes, cruets, &c., and of these the wooden kind hooped with silver are the best. Another cupboard here is generally fitted up as a cellarette, the decanters each slipping into their respective holes particularly prepared, thus keeping them quite firm.

Another cupboard should contain books—a good book of reference on general subjects, and volumes on navigation, together with novels, travels, and others of interest. Now and then you get through a fair amount of reading, the gentlemen especially; but I always found there was plenty for me to do. Having no woman servant on board, I liked to attend to my own cabin, and used to don a holland apron, and, dustpan in hand, do a little sweeping in the main cabin also, for what with the coloured blankets and the sails there is much flue and dust, and these the steward was apt to ignore. I was soon as fond of the yacht as my husband, and was never tired of making it pretty—what with framed china tiles, and muslin curtains at the port-holes, vases of flowers, and worked cushions, and other little finishing touches, which render it home-like.

The happiest days of the year we spent on board the *Agnes* with genial companions. To make a cruise perfect, these should be chosen with care. A good temper and a cultivated mind are rarely more valued.

SHOPPING IN "THE STATES."

BY AN AMERICAN.

Of course we "go shopping" in street-cars—'tis the way of the country.

Ours is crowded with women, for it is a "shopping car." The business cars, crowded with men, finished their runs an hour ago, and only a few stragglers since have mingled with the advance-guard of the army of women. And now even these stragglers have fallen away, the last of them queer and forlorn, as if consciously out of his element in a garden of spring bonnets.

Your Londoner has an adamantine conviction that the Americans are a noisy people. Acknowledged that they are when abroad, and that the neighbourhood of the Langham resounds with their barbarian yells, it may yet be conscientiously denied that they are a noisy people at home. The excitement of meeting each other in a foreign land, the exhilaration of a just-finished sea-voyage, and the emotional stimulus of strange and storied scenes long hungered for, together with the fact that the American voice *is* vibrant, and not booming, like the English, explains this difference, and not that there is more vocal vigour in the effort. America produces more singers than any other country, and her forests are fuller of singing birds. Among bobolinks are often jackdaws; but what music-lover would declare that the jackdaws were all?

A shopping expedition into Boston would convince the most prejudiced "Britisher" that the American *chez lui* roars him but mildly.

Our electric car is as mum as a catafalque. Not a voice is heard, not a nasal note. All the way in from Harvard Square we might be corpses to ramparts carried, save for the muffled voices of a mother and daughter, whose words none can distinguish. It is almost always so, and street-car conversation, when it exists at all, has a woolly suggestion, as if murmured under blankets.

In the great shops it is much the same. The voice of the national bird is not heard to complain. Nobody utters war-whoops. Shopmen and shoppers bend confidentially over counters and talk in discreetly modulated accents.

As we stand in one of the great shops of Boston, New York, or Philadelphia, we are conscious of a short sharp shock incessantly repeated, and punctuating the woolly hum like the prickings of innumerable pins. It comes from above our heads, and looking up to ascertain its cause, we find the upper space thickly threaded with metallic lines, like miniature railways. Over these railways round balls are continually rushing to and fro, in which money and purchase-slips are conveyed to and from the eyries of the auditing clerks. These balls fall into the stations for which they are designed with a sharp click. The American shopper does not trot up to a cashier's desk with her bit of paper to claim her package, like a nice proper little demoiselle, as the Parisian does, but the whole transaction is finished by means of these aërial railways between shopman and shopper. The numerous stations of the air lines, where auditing clerks work, look for all the world like tiny reading-desks, and are stuck about in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, poised in corners and impinging upon walls—more like swallow-nests than like places reached without wings.

This manner of expressing money and purchase-slips is usually only for the lower floors. Upstairs little cash-girls run about with sparrow-like hop, skip, and flutter, and sparrow-like bickerings. They are not joys for ever or things of beauty. Taken from the very poorest of the poor classes at an age when the children of the ambitious labourer are kept, by hook or by crook, at the public schools, they have no chance to outgrow congenital ugliness and disease, even while growing sharp and clever in the ways of their own dark little world. It is remarkable how many of them, particularly in New York, tots of ten and twelve, wear spectacles, for short sight or to hide rheumy lids, and thus go goggling hither and yon—poorly dressed, queer, uncomely objects, for which our civilisation has no reason to rise up and call itself blessed.

Britannia, who shops with us this June morning in Boston, gazes meditatively about the floors.

"Where are the spittoons?" she murmurs as dulcetly as though she asked, "What are the wild waves saying?"

"*Spittoons?*"

"Are not heaps of these shop-people, men and women, chewing gum with might and main?"

There was no "denigin of it." Chew, chew, chew—"sales-gentlemen" and "sales-ladies" alike. Their jaws worked like automatic machines.

We confessed then and there to Britannia that this habit of chewing is really a national one. Our chewers are in every rank of life, in every profession. Last summer, at the C—— House on Beach Bluff-by-the-Sea, it was a spectacle to see faultlessly attired men and women upon the broad piazzas swaying for ever back and forth in rocking-chairs, chewing, chewing, ever chewing, though the eternal tides came in or the eternal tides went out: though Æolian music swept up from the great deep, or dusty zephyrs howled out from the wide land. Strange was it to hear a beauteous bride call from halfway up the stairs to her husband below—

"Arthur, I do wish you would look under the seat of my rocker, and see if I didn't leave my gum there!"

So popular is this gum habit that physicians have been known to advise it for gastric deficiencies, as aid to the salivary flow.

In its first condition this gum is a hard lump, difficult to manipulate. Not until it has been pretty thoroughly chewed is it agreeably chewable. For this reason the first chewing is something to be avoided, if possible; and a certain well-known figure, a boarder in a certain well-known hotel, is said to maintain his high popularity by preparing their gum for all his women-friends!

Thus was Britannia persuaded, much against her will, that the cuspidor is not a feature of American "stores," though the marble water-fountain is, with silvery tinkle into fluted shells. We saw a farmer-looking man drinking from a fountain.

"Is it sody?" asked his wife, hastening to his side.

"Norr," quoth the husband, dropping the silver cup in disdain; "northin' but ice water!"

"What can the matter be?" exclaimed Britannia. "Somebody fainted?"

We were near a little knot of women closely huddled about some central object, and all gazing upward with intent expression.

"Only the elevator," we explained, and laughed with our London friend at this new proof, where none was needed, of the indisposition of Americans to use their own pretty feet when it is possible to avoid it. At every one of the several elevators in the large American establishments is always this waiting group. At some of the stations sofas are provided, so that delicate Columbia may not even stand and wait. Usually one may see Columbias, more than one, waiting there five and ten minutes for the elevator's next ascent, though their business is only to the floor above, and the stairs, close beside them, are wide and easy as Capitoline steps.

That brilliant American novelist—George Fleming—once described one of her brilliant American heroines as "born tired." George Fleming knows her American heroine! So do we, thousands of her, and we see scores of her every time we go shopping, so glued to the cushioned seats of the elevator, that she leaves them reluctantly even when her floor is reached.

Perhaps the reason of this constitutional fatigue is not far to seek—no further than Columbia's mother and grandmother. A generation and more ago, American towns and cities were perfect pandemoniums of lawless domestic service—of raw "hired girls," driven only by starvation from their Emerald Isle, and bringing scarce else with them to this country than great expectations and bog-born and bog-bred ignorance. Not half the labour-saving conveniences existed then that nowadays make it possible to manœuvre an American house with half the help necessary to an English one of the same pretensions. Thus it doubtless comes about, because Columbia's grandmother and mother spent anxious lives fleeing upstairs and downstairs, and into all my lady's chambers, that baby Columbia came to a heritage of fatigue not of her own earning. She is resting now in "elevators," "electrics," in rocking-chairs, and on sofas, with electric bells and telephones at her elbow, and Biddy Americanised into Bessie, into Mamie, and Molly and Minnie, into Nellie and Annie and Jennie, when not even Edith and Maud and May; and it is, perhaps, to be hoped that our daughters may reap the benefit of it all.

"You've got seventeen people aboard, 'n y'aint 'low'd to carry but twelve!" cried a pert minx of a sales-lady of sixteen to an elevator conductor.

"Shut yer head!" was that gentleman's suave reply. He, too, was seated, and an open book was between him and his stool.

Shoppers and shop-people meet freely in these mirrored and upholstered boxes. He who knelt at your feet a moment ago, fitting you with bottines, stands now beside you in a Napoleon-at-Elba attitude; while he who a little while ago wooed you with the silken blandishments of ladies' underwear in form *le plus intime*, gazes heroically upon each descending floor, like Washington crossing the Delaware.

This intermingling of shoppers and shop-people, unknown save in this Land of the Free-and-easy, brings one face to face with scraps of domestic histories else eternally hidden from us. The American sales-lady, as a rule, is not a secretive person; and the sales-gentleman, when young, is like her.

Our electric car may start from Bowdoin Square at five, and now it is past four. We have not selected our flower-seeds yet, nor yet prowled among the pirated English reprints sold at the price of a song, a newspaper, or an eighteenth-century chap-book. Nor can we, till a pair of shop-people can spare time to wait upon us from discussing the probabilities of Ernest's being "mashed" on Edith; if Walter's "parr" was mad because Walter had bought that "soot"; if Maud's trousseau were as good as Gracie's; and if Mrs. Cleveland "ain't sorry she married old Grover, who is no bigger than other folks now!"

Americans upon first shopping in London are very apt to vent nasal shrieks at each other in disgust of what they consider the offensive sycophancy and servility of the English shopman.

"Why," screamed a Philadelphia bride, "would you believe it, a Waterloo Place young man said 'Thanks!' when I said I wouldn't take any of that silk to-day!"

En revanche, the Londoner just arrived in America booms vigorous objections to seeing a declaration of independence in the manner not only of our sales-people, but of everyone who condescends to wait upon him.

"To whom shall I give these brasses?" a tourist was heard to ask in a vestibule car.

"I *say*, boss," expostulated the porter; "carn't you speak the Amme*rr*ican langwidge? Them ain't 'brasses'—they's 'checks!'"

In one of Boston's shopping streets is a showy millinery establishment, whose lavish display of artificial flowers will smell as sweet if we call it "The Bouquet" as by any other name.

That June morning Britannia yearned for lilacs to blossom on a new bonnet. A woman met us, stout and of somewhat Hebraic comeliness. Britannia murmured of lilacs.

"Yes, dear," cooed the sales-lady; "I know exactly what you want. We have it just from Paris."

Britannia's eyes grew prominent, but she tried the bonnet on.

"There, dear; I knew I could suit you!" chirped Deborah (or Judith, and perhaps Saphyra). "It exactly suits your style."

"Isn't—it—a trifle—youthful?" breathed Britannia.

"Youthful? No, dear. You know I wouldn't think of offering you a bonnet to betray your age, as one too youthful would. No, indeed, dear!"

The Londoner bought the bonnet. But she never mentions it now except as "that 'dear' bonnet from 'The Bouquet.'"

New Yorkers are given to much tip-tilting of the nose at Boston and Philadelphia for their waterproofs and coloured petticoats—"so English, you know." Boston and Philadelphia on their parts do not refrain from shooting out the lip at New York for its over-showiness of taste and embroidered petticoats—draggling through summer dust and winter mire. There is the same difference in the shops and shopping of these cities; and the frills and flounces and furbelows so conspicuous in one are replaced by more Puritan and Quaker-like stuffs in the other. But the principal shops in all American cities, while as fully provided with goods as those of London and Paris, lack the style of those shops. We have Oxford Street in plenty, but little of Regent Street and Piccadilly. No great establishment here requires saleswomen to wear the black silk gowns furnished them at reduced rates, and required of them in London and Paris. There are actually no sumptuary laws at all over here—motley's the only wear, and very motley it is. In a Whiteley-sort of Boston bazaar a sales-lady wears a dingy black gown and alpaca apron, with elaborately dressed and artificially golden hair, and complexion enough for a dozen renovated belles. In the same building a middle-aged woman waits upon us, and addresses us incessantly not as "madam," but "lady," wearing one of the coarsest of Cardigan jackets out at elbows.

Like everything else in America, our shops are more business-like than artistic. Far more Hamburg embroidery is sold than hand-worked, more bed-spreads than lace flounces, more flannel than foulard. In spite of their extravagant reputation abroad, American women in the vast majority are domestic in their tastes and economical in their dress.

Boston, New York, and Philadelphia shops cater to a vast population, not of those cities themselves alone, but of wide, teeming suburbs and outlying towns, brought close to the city by easy public conveyances. This vast suburban population is not stylish, not extravagant, and it could buy everything it wants in Islington, or within a stone's-throw of the Elephant and Castle. Londoners know nothing of this kind of American, for such never go to Europe, and the English tourist never works his way into the pine-fantasticality of our villa'd and cockney suburbs—where women read housekeeping journals with infinitely more zest than fashion-books.

But it is for these that the large American shops cater. It is something the same in all cities. But not all large shops, like those of Boston and Philadelphia, deliberately choose to attract patrons by displays of useful articles rather than decorative, flannel petticoats rather than jupes de point d'Alençon.

DELIVERANCE DINGLE.

USEFUL HINTS.

To Remove Grease from Silks, Satins, Hats, Coats, &c.

Saturate a piece of clean flannel with benzine collas, and rub gently; then expose to a good current of air.

To Loosen a Tight Stopper.

Apply hot water to the neck of the bottle, which will expand, while the stopper retains its former temperature and becomes loose. In the case of a phial containing smelling salts, dip the neck and stopper in vinegar or a solution of citric acid. Then place the phial in a vessel of hot water, when the stopper will readily come out.

To Take Ink Stains or Iron Moulds from Linen.

Place the linen over a basin containing boiling water, strain it tight, and wet the stain with water. Then carefully drop on it a few drops of diluted spirit of salts from a feather or hair pencil; wash carefully in clean water when the stain has disappeared. A simple method of removing stains from linen is to dip it in pure buttermilk, and dry it in a hot sun; then wash in cold water, and dry it, two or three times a day.

To Remove Claret or Port Wine Stains.

Apply a little salt to the spot stained, and also moisten it with sherry. After washing, no trace of the stain will be left.

To Clean Wash-leather Gloves.

Remove the grease-spots by rubbing with magnesia or cream of tartar; prepare a lather of lukewarm water and white soap; wash the gloves in it, wring them, and squeeze them through a fresh lather. Rinse first in lukewarm water, then in cold, and stretch them (on wooden hands, if possible) to dry in the sun or before a fire.

To Wash Ivory-backed Hair Brushes.

Make a solution of borax (in the proportion of one teaspoonful of borax to a pint of boiling water) in a shallow dish. Whilst quite hot, immerse the bristles only of the brush, and agitate them slightly, till thoroughly clean; then place on a dry cloth, bristles downwards, and when quite dry the bristles will be found to be as stiff as when new. This treatment answers equally well for every description of hair brush. The chief essentials are speed and quick dressing.

To Remove Grease from Stone Steps or Passages.

Pour strong soda and water, boiling hot, over the spot, lay on it a little fuller's earth made into a thin paste with boiling water, let it remain all night, and *repeat the* process should the grease not be removed. Grease is also occasionally taken out by rubbing the spot with a hard stone (not hearth stone), using sand and very hot water with soap and soda.

To Remove Mildew.

Mix soft soap with powdered starch, half as much salt, and the juice of a lemon. Lay the mixture on both sides of the stain with a painter's brush; let it lie on the grass day and night till the mildew stain disappears.

To Take Grease Spots out of Carpets.

Mix a little spot in a gallon of warm soft water, then add half an ounce of borax; wash the part well with a clean cloth, and the grease or dirty spot will shortly disappear.

SOME HOME-MADE EFFECTS.

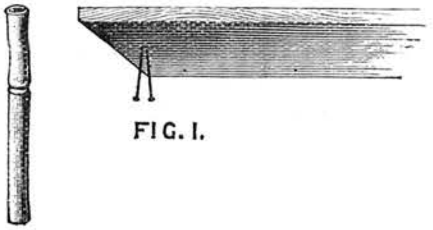


FIG. I.

"YOU ought to do something to that ugly black mantelpiece," said Celia.

I said, "Yes, I ought," because I was too lazy to discuss the matter or point out how very well the mantelpiece could wait.

"Japanese Lhaga mats would do nicely to cover it with, and go well with the rest of your room."

"They would be just the thing," I acquiesced placidly.

"They are quite cheap, too, only 1s. 6½d., and nearly three yards long."

"Are they really as cheap as that?" I asked with polite interest.

"And you should get a broad board and lay on the mantelshelf; it is too narrow as it is."

"That would be a great improvement," I agreed.

"I will come Tuesday morning and help you to do it," said Celia, decidedly.

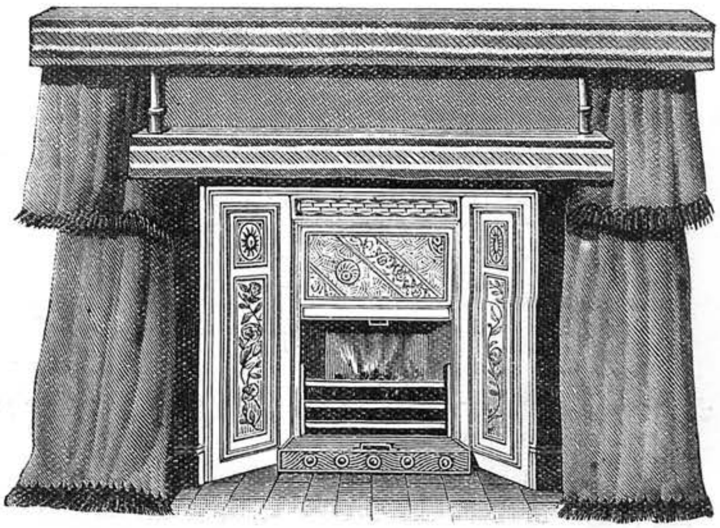
So I was in for it; my very laziness had been the means of forcing me to action. I undertook to have all the materials ready in time. Celia took her departure, leaving me rather glad that, being of a naturally lazy and procrastinatory temperament, I have friends of taste and good nature who keep me up to the mark; my ugly black mantelpiece had long been a discredit to me and an irritation to my friends, an untidy blemish in an otherwise pleasant room.

I thought the business over. The mantelshelf was fifty-four inches long and eight broad. The chimney projection much wider, being seven feet across. The mantelshelf was rather low, and therefore would not look well if it were made wide. The best thing would be to keep the small shelf as it was, and run a wide shelf right across the projection some eighteen inches above it.

Accordingly I ordered from a carpenter a piece of board seven feet long at twopence half-penny a foot—this came to 1s. 5½d. Then after careful search I found the right place to buy Lhaga mats. I say careful search, because at the two shops I visited first, though they had the mats, they were short, narrow, ugly, and twopence dearer than those I had seen in Celia's house. Those I bought finally were the full length, four yards, and the width from twenty-three to twenty-six inches. The best Lhaga mats are very beautifully toned in soft, clear natural colours, browns, yellows and terra-cottas, with a little blue-grey, grey-green and white, just the colours of an autumn landscape seen through a mist.

Celia arrived punctually on Tuesday and we set to work just covering the black mantelshelf, using the middle out of one of the mats. About nine inches was left to fall over the edge, then the top covered and the rest of the width carried up the wall. The next business was to fix up the wide shelf. This was to be done with bamboo uprights, as iron brackets would have been out of place among the Japanese mats; but bamboo is hollow and could not be nailed to the board, nor could anything at all be nailed to the stone mantelpiece. Our first idea was to burn holes in the board with a poker and fit the bamboo into them; but presently Celia hit on a better plan. This was to drive large nails into the board side-ways, the points close together and the heads about three-quarters of an inch apart (as in sketch 1). These pressed together and thrust into the hollow of the bamboo would spring apart of themselves and hold the bamboo's support so firmly that a row of nails above and below the edge of the board were all that was needed to make the shelf perfectly firm.

FIG. 2.



The upper shelf was then covered, a valance falling over the edge. This shelf being so long, only two ends of twenty-four inches in length were left from it. These arranged with a pleat or two under the ends of the upper shelf, just reached the level of the second shelf. The longer ends left from the short shelf pleated on underneath them reached to the floor, so that the whole projection was covered in the matting to the height of the upper shelf, and the fireplace effectively framed (sketch 2).

FIG. 3.

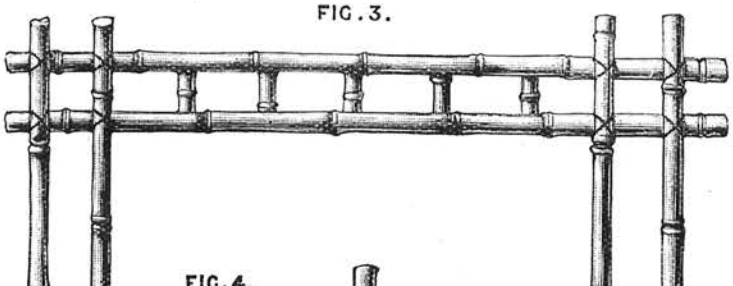


FIG. 4.

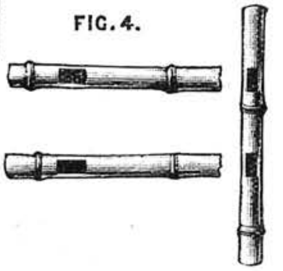
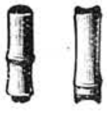


FIG. 5.



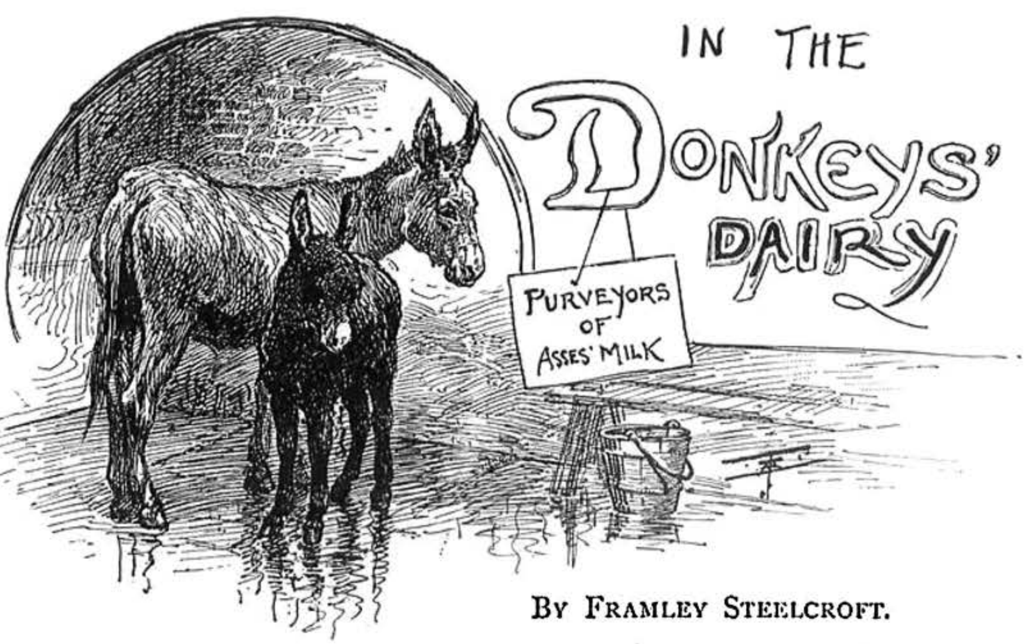
The cost had been—two Lhaga mats at 1s. 6½d. each, 3s. 1d.; seven foot of plank at 2½d., 1s. 5½d. Total, 4s. 6½d. The bamboo uprights do not count, as they were pieces left over from another piece of work I had just finished. The result, simple as it is in effect, is very pretty indeed, and has been much admired.

The other piece of work of which I have just spoken was a bamboo grill to hold the curtains (sketch 3). This is a very simple thing to make, and costs just 1s. 3½d. The materials are—three bamboo rods about six feet long and averaging an inch in diameter at 5d. each, a little glue, and a few yards of invisible black wire (it is for these two last items I have allowed the extra half-penny).

Saw the bamboo into the required lengths, and then where the rods cross saw half through each of them (sketch 4). This is a little troublesome as the bamboo is apt to split. Then patiently chip the sawn pieces out with a sharp knife. Fit the rods together where the piece has been sawn out, using a little glue, and binding them round crossways with the invisible wire; it needs Japanese skill to rivet bamboo successfully, but the glue and wire will serve. Fix the short uprights between the two long rods. Fill the hollow centres of them with wadding, shredded-out wool from old stockings, torn strips of old art muslin or any rubbish you have by you. Soak in a good deal of weak glue and water, so that the rags or wadding will stick to the inside of the bamboo; leave a little of the wadding projecting. This when soaked in glue will fit itself to the shape of the bamboo rod it has to join (sketch 5), and the glue drying will take exactly the same colour, so that the junction will scarcely be noticed. Bind the two long rods together with stout string, tightening the bands by pushing in nails between them and the rods after you have tied the string. This will hold the uprights in place till the glue dries. Lay the grill on the floor between newspapers. If the ends show any tendency to slope one way or the other, force them into place with flat-irons or heavy weights of some kind, and leave the grills to dry. When it is dried you can cut off the strings and put it in its place by means of nails driven into the walls or the window-frame.

V.

IN THE DONKEYS' DAIRY

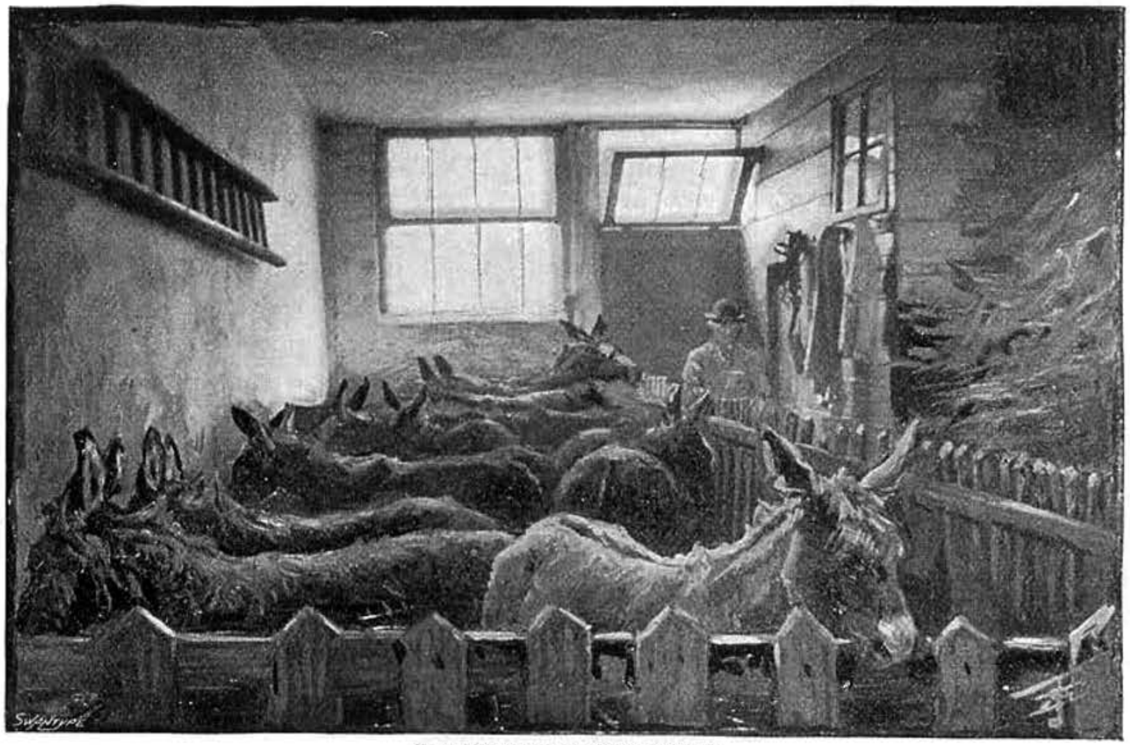


By Framley Steelcroft.

THAT the wealthy *malade imaginaire*, luxuriating in sunny Carthagena, should order a sleek, well-groomed milch ass to be brought to his door every morning in order that he may drink of the thin, sweet fluid, is quite in accordance with the fitness of things; but we venture to doubt whether it is generally known that a fully-equipped donkeys' dairy is established within a few hundred yards of the Marble Arch, at Hyde Park.

Accompanied by an artist, we visited this extraordinary establishment, which, by the way, is nearly one hundred years old. On entering from a mews at the back of the premises, one stands in a long stable wherein are about twelve or fourteen asses of eminently respectable appearance. Really, they resemble Mr. Walter Rothschild's zebras rather than their own humble and long-suffering brethren on Hampstead Heath and elsewhere.

The visitor notes with interest that a certain sweet smell pervades the place, just as though it were a cows' dairy. A wooden railing, running the whole length, forms a kind of pen for the asses; and at one end of this pen is a sort of reserved inclosure for a few foals, or baby donkeys, whose presence is an absolute necessity to the milch asses.



THE INTERIOR OF THE STABLE.

The foregoing illustration shows the interior of the dairy itself. The donkeys, apparently for want of other employment, are jostling each other in an unobtrusively persistent sort of way, rendering it almost impossible for any one animal to have a minute's uninterrupted nibble at the sweet hay in the racks.

Every one of these placid, lovable animals has been fortuitously redeemed from a life of appalling drudgery, and, in the ordinary course of things, will revert thereto as soon as the yield of milk has ceased. The stoical philosophy of these animals is absolutely perfect. They trudge through the dreary desert of a donkey's life with utter indifference, regarding the vigorous thwack of their owner's bludgeon in the same light as the persistent annoyance of an errant fly—at least, to the outward seeming.

Then come the oases (no joke meant), and with them a fleeting period of idyllic repose; but you will notice no change in the donkeys' demeanour—no exulting joy at emancipation from dire slavery; just a meek acceptance of things, and what may be described as an apathetic readiness to resume the fearsome *status quo ante*, which has an appropriate termination on the banks of the asinine Styx.

Upon no other animal does maternity confer so great a boon as on the patient and much-abused ass. The wretched animal may be a mere machine for giving carefully-measured rides to children, not to mention hilarious adult holiday-makers who certainly ought to know better; it may pass its days in semi-starvation, varied only by unmerciful and undeserved hidings administered at frequent intervals; but the moment it brings a little foal into the world, these things belong to the past, and the milch ass enters upon a glorious period of *otium cum dignitate*, since the life of a ducal baby may depend upon its daily yield.

Look at the "milkers, not workers," in the accompanying reproduction; then think of the lot of the common or beach donkey, and you cannot fail to understand the *pons asinorum*—to an evanescent Elysium. In fact, no pauper to whom fickle Fortune's wheel has brought untold wealth was ever so much courted as the erstwhile coster's moke. Now let us get to the practical side of this curious and interesting subject. The astute middleman in London will purchase milch asses in the remotest parts of the kingdom; it matters not whether the animals hail from the heights of Hampstead, the Welsh mountains, or the pastures of Kerry. All expenses are added to the price of the donkeys. The middleman, however, seldom pays more than thirty shillings for a milch

"MILKERS, NOT WORKERS."

ass and foal (the two invariably go together); and he retails the pair for about thrice that sum to the proprietor of the London dairy.

It is a remarkable fact in connection with milch asses on hire, or bought altogether by wealthy invalids, that servants somehow acquire an idea that the milk is possessed of certain magical virtues; consequently, natural repugnance is conquered by a supreme effort, and asses' milk swallowed by the pint below-stairs. Then, of course, the animals are sent back; or complaints are received at the London depôt that the asses are unsatisfactory. One lady in London had four asses on hire, one after the other, and would probably never have known why the daily yield was so surprisingly meagre, were it not that she beheld her cook using asses' milk at tea, just as though it were ordinary cows' milk, only the allowance was far more liberal.

Talking of prejudice against asses' milk reminds us that a lady of title, living at Windsor, suffered a serious relapse when she discovered what "medicine" she had been taking. This lady was ordered to drink two pints of asses' milk per diem, but the nature of the fluid was carefully concealed from her. During her convalescent period, however, she chanced upon some screw-stoppered bottles, inclosed in wooden receptacles, the labels on which gave her a disagreeable surprise, which culminated in a feeling of utter loathing quite disproportionate to the occasion.

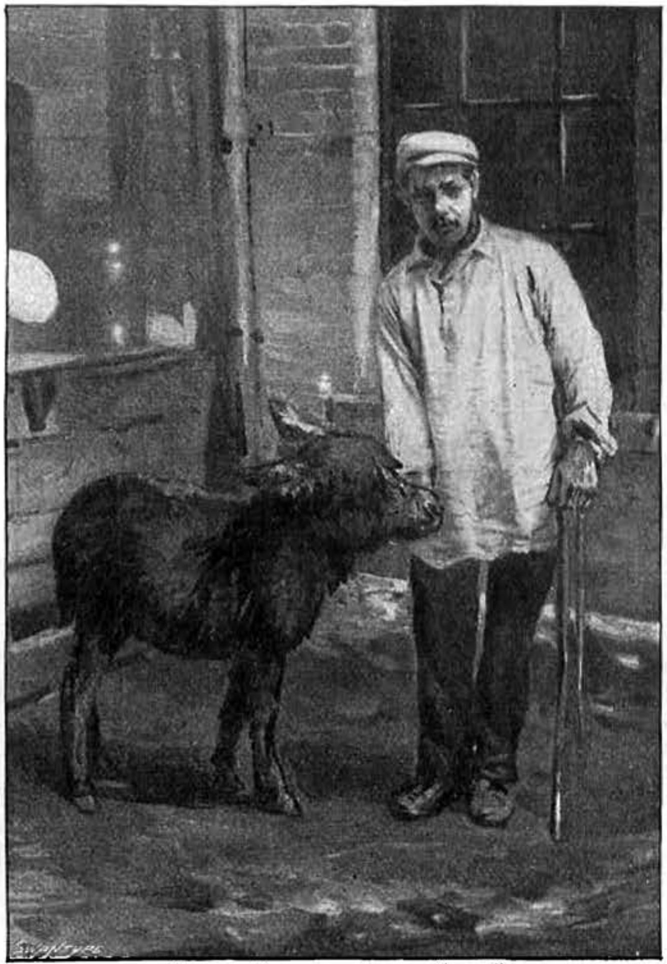
Our next illustration shows the donkey and its little one standing in the yard near some outhouses. The milking-stool and churn have been placed in readiness.

Asses' milk is retailed at six shillings per quart. As one might expect, the trade is practically made by fashionable physicians and trained nurses, who recommend the milk in consumption cases, and for pulmonary complaints generally. Therefore, the winter season finds the donkeys' dairy exceedingly busy; and wealthy invalids, who fly to the Riviera to escape the London fogs, actually pay ten guineas for a milch ass of their own, and take the animal with them—foal and all—so that from first to last the humble ass costs as much as a decent park hack.

In the "babies' pen," a photograph was out of the question. Where two or three donkey-foals are gathered together, the spirit of sheer exuberance is surely rife among them. They jostled each other without apparent cause; they indulged in spasmodic gyrations, and leaped into the air, giving their woolly little bodies a playful twist as they leaped; and it was very evident the playful creatures possessed an inexhaustible amount of energy and vitality. We even took all the foals out of the pen save one, the smallest of all—a mischievous little wretch called Tim, who certainly was not two feet high.

But if we thought that Tim, deprived of the companionship of his fellows, would remain quite still, we were grievously mistaken. Having none of his kind to jostle, the aggravating little brute rolled upon his back with calm deliberation, and then swayed backwards and forwards with a slow, rhythmical motion that was intensely exasperating. We finally took Tim into the court-yard of the dairy; and after he had run round and round, with praiseworthy determination—for all the world as though he was training for a circus on his own account—he consented to stand with the chief drover—a serious man who went by the name of "Ginger," and whose chief delight was to christen his queer flock

WAITING FOR THE "MILKMAID."



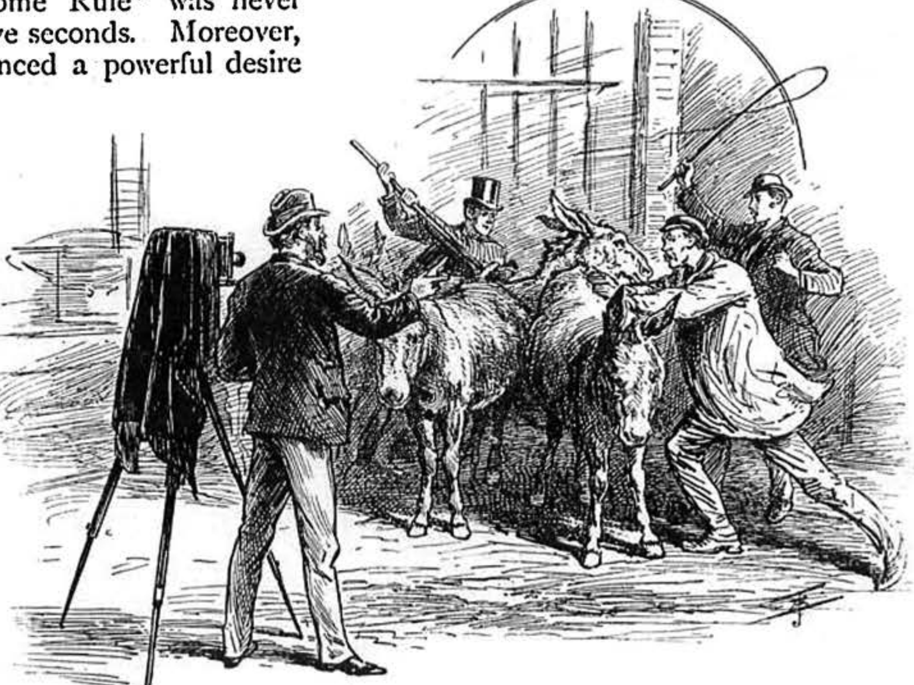
"GINGER," AND THE BABY "TIM."

by such absurd names as "Peter the Great" and "Queen Anne"; other monarchs were also represented.

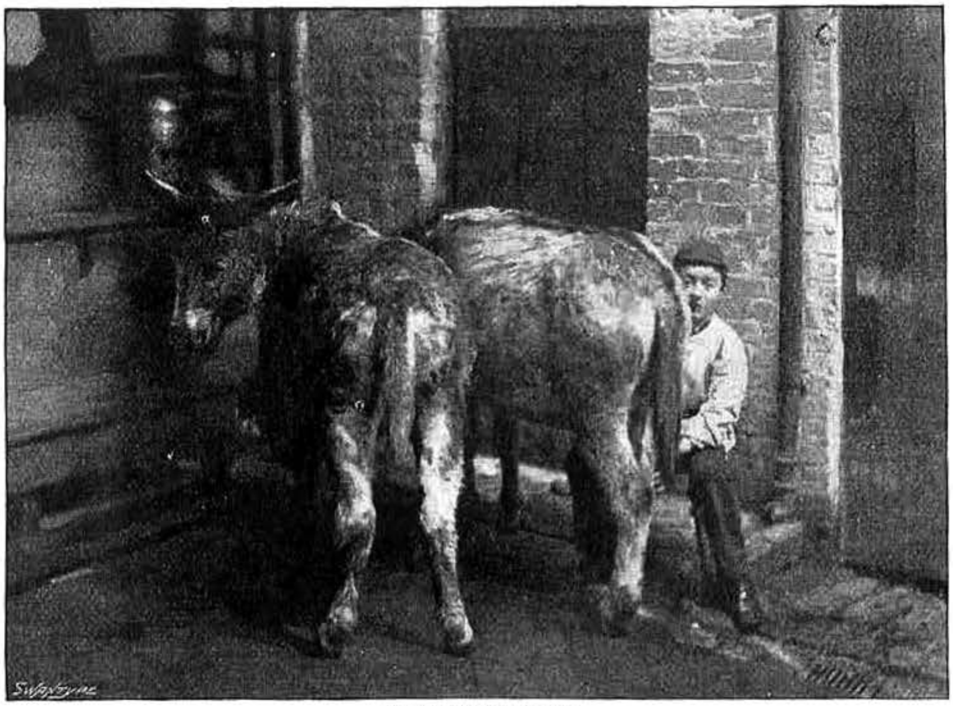
Anyway, we had a vast deal of trouble with "Ireland," and "Home Rule" was never still for five consecutive seconds. Moreover, the last-named ass evinced a powerful desire to join its comrades in the pen; and when our artist was on the point of uncovering the lens, the obstinate and dismal-looking brute would make yet another determined effort to get back into the stable. Unfortunately, although imposing names were conferred on the asses, the latter refused to acknowledge them; and in certain instances, indeed, repudiated such appellations by violent demonstrations which caused the fiery "Ginger" to make use of epithets which we sincerely trust have never before been bestowed on the most long-suffering of donkeys.

At last, by dint of much shoving with brooms and the like handy implements—for the animals offered a quiet, but very obstinate, resistance—we got two asses into a corner of the dairy-yard, and then a white-smocked lad brought the stool and commenced to milk one of these, as is seen in our illustration. The asses, by the way, are milked four times a day, but during this period the yield is seldom more than a quart. Under favourable conditions the animals give milk for about eight months, so it is to the consumer's advantage to hire an ass at a guinea a week, and get all the milk obtainable. This plan is often adopted; but it is a noteworthy fact that the introduction of a milch ass into the *personnel* of an aristocratic family is but too often productive of deplorable dissension and heart-burning.

We will suppose that a certain peer, whose country house is in the north of England, hires or purchases outright a milch ass. A roomy horse-box and enough straw for a big stable are provided by the careful railway company for the valuable animal, upon whose milk a precious life may depend. This accommoda-



PHOTOGRAPHY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.



MILKING THE ASSES.

tion, however, has to be paid for pretty dearly in the long run. Then, of course, a man is sent with the ass; and it is this man's duty to hand the animal over to the custody of the purchaser's housekeeper, or some other responsible person.

Now, after all expenses have been paid—and these, you may be sure, are considerable—and the ass comfortably installed in a special outhouse, the fittings of which would cause a belated tramp to weep with envy, the momentous question arises: *Who is going to milk the animal?* You will ask: *Is* this a momentous question? We rather think it is. We have before us a letter from a certain noble earl, well known in society, who ruefully tells us that his servants were so horrified at the thought of milking a donkey, that they threatened to resign in a body if the dreadful request were persisted in.

The chief groom implored his noble master with tears in his eyes to be mindful of his six-and-twenty years' service, and not to again ask him to milk the donkey. What would his fellow-servants say? Could he again look the housemaid in the face? No, no, the whole thing was horrible.

We should like it to be understood that this particular instance is perfectly true. Finally, his lordship simplified matters by actually milking the ass himself—though, being absolutely ignorant of the operation, he went in fear of his life for many days. The noble earl still has both donkey and foal, the latter having been the children's playmate until it was quite grown up.

The illustration here given depicts the chief dairyman—who has occupied for over twenty years his dangerous position, as sundry bites and other marks upon his person testify—about to place in the wooden case a screw-topped glass bottle containing one pint of

SENDING OUT THE MILK.

asses' milk. The boy on the tricycle then delivers the precious fluid at various West-end mansions.

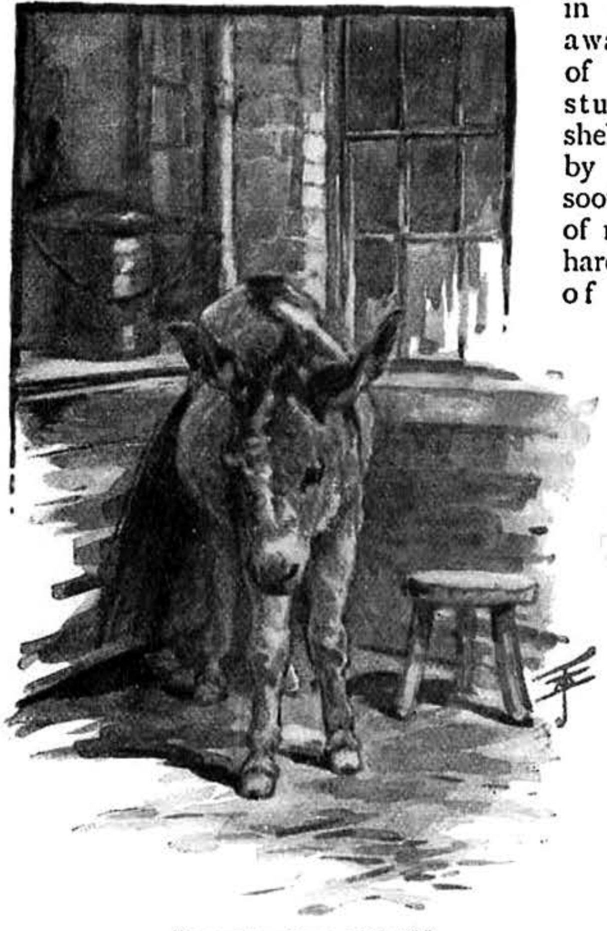
Astonishing as it may seem, a special train, costing more than £20, has been chartered for the conveyance of one quart of asses' milk, in charge of the chief dairyman. It was ordered by telegram, and was required for a dying child in Oxford. This brings us to the queer uses of asses' milk.

One well-known and fashionable man—a member of the late House of Commons—has one gill every morning, and his valet mixes the milk with patent blacking, in order to impart an exquisite gloss to his master's shoes. Again, a lady who took a furnished house in Mount Street paid two guineas a week for three years in order that a quart of asses' milk might be delivered daily. After this lady had gone to New York, her discharged maid informed the proprietors of the dairy that her late mistress found asses' milk "matchless for the hands and complexion." In a word, the lady used the milk in her bath.

As a matter of fact, the vagaries of wealthy invalids and others who hire and buy milch asses are so extraordinary that we certainly should hesitate to believe them were it not that we have before us, as we write, piles of coroneted letters, coming from some of the most aristocratic addresses in Europe.

We select a long, rambling, but wholly charming letter from the Marchioness of ——, who, having been informed that asses' milk is the nearest possible approach to human milk (which is perfectly true), would be "awfully glad to know" whether the luckless donkey she had bought was to be "fed like an ordinary person." "The ass," wrote the noble marchioness, plaintively, "has steadfastly refused cooked meat and sweets, yet will eat with avidity a raw carrot." We should think so! We read farther on that the plebeian animal descended yet lower, and partook freely of "nice sweet hay"—for all the world like an ordinary donkey. Somehow, the whole species seems to be misunderstood; the milch ass is pampered and surfeited, while the common donkey is slowly murdered. No wonder that, if left to himself for a moment, the unfortunate animal seems to settle naturally into a position of utter dejection. The accompanying sketch, made by our artist in the yard of the dairy, illustrates this trait in a peculiarly happy manner.

Out of curiosity we made further inquiries about this particular ass. It had, we learned, originally belonged to a costermonger of Spitalfields. It was about to be sent away to a gentleman's country seat in Devonshire, and would in all probability laze away the remainder of its days in flower-studded meadows, sheltered from the sun by giant trees, and soothed by the murmur of running water. The hardest task required of the animal was an occasional romp with high-born children—a labour of love, surely, after dragging monstrous loads of vegetables along the arid stretches of the Bethnal Green Road.



"IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?"

A MILITARY TEA-PARTY.

COMMENDABLE and beyond all praise is the custom which has now become regular, that the children of parochial and other schools shall have one day in the summer devoted to a pleasant outing, and we do not know a more gratifying sight than the happy faces that peep at us from the vans bound for Epping Forest or Petersham Park; but certainly the largest and most picturesque open-air festival the writer has ever witnessed is that of the schools attached to the regiments encamped at Aldershot.

The wives and children of the private soldier are no longer huddled out of sight; their existence and their needs are recognised by the State; and every one who lives near our army centres is familiar with the neat uniform of the regimental schoolmasters. At the close of each year the local papers record the seasonable gifts provided by the officers and ladies connected with the corps to the little ones who are born in the bustle of military life—rarely knowing the comfort of a settled home—playing now on the turf of the Curragh or the sandy common at the North Camp, and to-morrow on board a troop-ship bound for Gibraltar or Madras; and yet amidst all changes and discomforts growing up smart, shrewd, and healthy.

But acceptable though Christmas gifts may prove, especially when presented through the medium of a Christmas-tree, and supplemented with tea, cake, and oranges, the great event of the year is the summer treat. For this the loan of some neighbouring park is generally asked, and cheerfully accorded. Several of these military tea-parties have been held in the very pretty park attached to Farnham Castle, the residence of the Bishops of Winchester; and the late Bishop Sumner, even when failing speech and ill-health had induced him to live in great retirement, was still able to enjoy the animated scene, standing up in his carriage ere he departed, and baring his hoary head to acknowledge the cheers of the children gathered *en masse* around him.

All the preparations for this pic-nic are made with soldierly precision. The number of guests to be provided for varies with the number and strength of the regiments, or battalions of regiments, stationed in the camp, but we believe that it is rarely under 1,800. Some hours before the time appointed for their arrival at the spot selected, a detachment of the Army Service Corps, with their baggage-wagons, put in an appearance. Some of them set up huge boilers in a convenient nook, and range near them rows of the shiny, queerly-shaped cans or pails, from which the mugs of the thirsty juveniles are to be filled; while others erect bell-tents—one for each school, with a pennon fluttering from it which bears the name or number of the corps to which it is attached, besides marquees for the accommodation of the teachers and ladies who interest themselves in the Sunday as well as the daily instruction of these little ones. A Punch-and-Judy show is already on the ground, and the proprietors of a merry-go-round—also hired for the occasion—are setting up their fiery coursers; whilst two or three of the most agile of the soldiers have climbed a couple of the fine old oak and chesnut trees, and knotted to the most convenient branches some stout ropes for swings, which will be extensively patronised in the course of the afternoon.

And now it is nearing three o'clock; there is not a cloud in the sky to mar the festivities, and the happy children begin to arrive—not afoot, nor in twos and threes, but drawn by stout horses in the great transport wagons, converted for the nonce to the pleasanter uses of peace.

Winding down the hilly road, through the park-gates, and then across the sward, frightening away the dappled deer to some secluded covert, comes the lengthy cavalcade, the scarlet or blue tunics of their drivers and the soldiers in charge lighting up the scene vividly as the wagons halt for a moment in the broad shadow of the trees, and then emerge once more into the sunshine.

With plenty of bustle and fun the children are assisted to alight. Then the wagons are drawn up in a long line—horses picketed—the two brass bands, which are to play alternately, set up their music-stands; a party of the elder boys organise a game at cricket, others are already scrambling after a foot-ball tossed amongst them; the tall Hussar in charge of the swings is besieged by a small crowd; the horses and carriages of the roundabout are all appropriated, and a ring of candidates for seats are impatiently awaiting their turn; the voice of Punch has gathered about his stage all within sound of it, young or old; the Army Service men stir the fires under their boilers, and the mounted officer, who has taken upon himself the control of the affair, rides round and looks well satisfied.

There are few *contretemps*, and there is no confusion. Every one engaged in ministering either to the wants or pleasures of those little ones has his certain duty to perform, and it must be done just as promptly and carefully as if he were on duty or at drill. At the bugle-call each child takes its place on the grass in front of the tent bearing the name or number of the regiment. Occasionally a little dot, who has strayed from her companions, gets confused, and then the question is not, "Whom do you belong to?" but "*What?*" and the answer comes oddly from baby-lips, "Please, I'm in the Army Hospital," or "the Dragoons."

So many of the soldiers are told off to wait upon the tea-drinkers; so many more bring forward the piled baskets of provisions, which have been made ready beforehand, every child's portion—a goodly one—being enclosed in a paper bag, at the bottom of which is very often found some pleasant surprise or other.

Visitors troop into the park to see the children at their feast, or their games, to which, as their appetites are satisfied, and the day grows cooler, they return with increased zest; the music, exquisitely played by the fine regimental bands, attracts scores of attentive auditors; equestrians canter up just to see how the children of "ours" are enjoying the pleasure they have subscribed to promote, the bronzed and weather-beaten face of some *vieux militaire* telling a tale of familiarity with scenes very different to these. Soldiers' wives stroll about watching the frolics of their offspring, or sit on the grass and gossip with their friends; the Irish lassie, who has left Galway to follow the fortunes of her soldier laddie, mingling her soft coaxing brogue with the harsher utterances of the North country woman, who has come down South for the first time. Here glides by an officer's young wife, whose dark eyes and olive skin proclaim her the native of a sunnier clime than ours; and there stands a sweet-faced English matron, waiting for the little son and heir who has petitioned for just one turn in the ring with the children of "papa's" troop.

Every regiment in camp is represented here to-day, and amongst the spectators may be seen soldiers of all grades, from the imposing drum-major of the "death or glory boys," the 5th Lancers, or a trim farrier of the Artillery, to the little fifer of the Rifle Brigade, and the merry, swarthy corporal of a West Indian corps.

These tall lads in the neat undress of the Hussars, who are roaring at the vagaries of Punch, are recruits who have not long left their village homes, but are changed already by drill and discipline into creatures wholly unlike the cowherds or farm labourers of a few weeks ago. Close beside them comes a portly sergeant-major, but not stern and pompous, as we have been wont to see him at the march past in the Long Valley or on the parade ground, but suiting his steps to those of the tiny daughters clinging to either hand, and listening indulgently to their chatter. A little child runs up to claim acquaintance with a fiercely-moustached dragoon as "my teacher," while not far off stands a stalwart Highlander, one of those martial-looking soldiers whose dirk and sporran, flowing plaid, and long black plumes waving wildly, always carry us back to those days when the "Scottish Chiefs" ranked next to "Ivanhoe" in our romantic imaginations. But this imposing Gael is dandling the baby instead of brandishing his claymore, while his wife snoods the long fair hair of the little romp who irreverently calls him daddy! A little further away the boys are racing for knives and other prizes, and on a tolerably level bit of sward nearer the band, half a dozen of the soldiers, having contrived to secure partners, are waltzing—and waltzing well—to the strains of the Manola.

One long-drawn note on the bugle and the dancers stop short; the bandsmen restore their instruments to their cases and pack up their music; the horses are harnessed, and, as before, without confusion, no matter how great the noise, these hundreds of little children are carried back to their homes in the huts, the town, or the permanent barracks. A couple of troopers sit on their well-trained horses beside the park gates, and not a wagon is permitted to pass until the schoolmaster or soldier in charge has given proof that every child committed to his care is with him. The tents are taken down, the proprietor of Punch shoulders his stage and retires into private life, the visitors disperse, and the day's outing is over.

The point in which it has always seemed to us to differ from school feasts in general is the precision that is brought to bear upon it, and makes it so great a success. All who are connected with schools are kindly anxious to promote the enjoyment of the children, but how many there are who do not know how to set about it, or neglect to map out in advance the day's proceedings, so that everything may work well and pleasantly! We have a vivid recollection of seeing a large party of children marched along a dusty road till the smaller of them began to fret with the heat and fatigue, in order to reach a meadow lent for the occasion; and, worst of all, discovering when they reached their goal, that the resources of the cottager who was to have supplied the tea were so limited that it had to be taken in relays, and many even went without.

We can also recall how a flock of tall, awkward girls, an advanced class in a suburban school, stood helplessly in a corner of a bare, bleak common—the only available bit of ground—vacantly glancing at a well-meaning lady teacher who, with a battledore in her hand, tripped to and fro exclaiming, in sprightly tones, "Now, children, run about and enjoy yourselves!" and doubtless went home very much fatigued with her exertions. It was a good-natured clergyman who came to the rescue, and routed them out of their shyness; he identified himself with them—not only suggested games, but played them with such zeal and spirit, that we are sorry to say he left a coat-tail in the hands of his too-eager pursuers, and finally utilised his young friends by entrusting to their care for the homeward journey the tiny ones who could not be left to take care of themselves.

How the eyes of those young sempstresses glisten when, as they sit at their work in their close London room, they recall their day's outing! "The ladies was kind; oh, yes!" assented to coldly; "but the Rev. Mr. Blank—ah, he was a gentleman, wasn't he?" and this time one of them adds, "He did it all as if it were a pleasure to him!"

And there surely lies the secret of giving enjoyment to others: leaving nothing to accident, no matter how trivial; making one's plans, and carrying them out with the precision of the military tea-party we have been describing; and last, but not least, nor always easiest, doing all that falls to our share as if we took a pleasure in it.

LOUISA CROW.

Odds and Ends.

"ALLOW the thought, and it may lead to a choice; carry out the choice and it will be the act; *repeat the act, and it* forms a habit: allow the habit, and it shapes the character; continue the character, and it fixes the destiny for both time and eternity."

⁂

A LADY who was formerly one of the Princess Henry of Battenberg's governesses has a great talent for illumination. Every year she is now commissioned to design and decorate borders for the Queen's private journal, and so carefully and minutely is this done that it takes her nearly six months to complete a volume. Each page has a distinct and separate border, and as far as is possible, the subjects chosen for illumination are suggestive and suitable to the season of the year, or the place at which the Queen is likely to be living at the time. The frontispiece is always a beautiful piece of colour and design in the Italian style. The binding of these volumes, which will one day doubtless add greatly to the history of the nation, is invariably chosen by the Queen herself.

⁂

TWO towns in Michigan, Decatur and Marcellus, are said to be entirely under the control of women. In Decatur, there is a population of 1500, and all the officers of the municipality are women. The leading physician, and one of the most popular pastors, are women, and the principal restaurant, the largest grocer's shop, and the chief bootmaker's shop are under the management of women. There are also women painters, harness makers, florists and stockbrokers, and it is further said that one consequence of this feminine supremacy, is the severe laws against drunkenness, and the sale of intoxicating drink in the town.

⁂

"BE sure that to find the key to one's heart is to find the key to all; that truly to love is truly to know; and truly to love one is the first step towards truly loving all who bear the same flesh and blood with the beloved."—*Charles Kingsley.*

⁂

THERE are several royal ladies who are the titular heads of regiments. Of these the Empress Frederick of Germany ranks first in seniority, having been in command of a crack Hussar regiment since 1861, to which she was appointed by the Emperor William I. at his coronation. In those days the Empress, then Crown Princess, dressed in the regimental colours, used to lead her men on parade-days past the saluting-point, to the great pleasure and delight of her father-in-law. Ten years afterwards, Princess Frederick Charles, the wife of the famous Red Prince, was appointed colonel of a regiment of dragoons. The present German Emperor has made his grandmother, Queen Victoria, colonel of the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland's First Regiment of Dragoons of the Guard, this being followed in the same year (1889) by the appointment of Princess Albrecht of Prussia to the head of a gallant Hanoverian regiment. In 1890 the present German Empress was appropriately gazetted as colonel of the Schleswig-Holstein Fusiliers, her Majesty having been a Schleswig-Holstein princess. The Duchess of Connaught was the next royal lady chosen for military honours, being given the honorary command of the (64th) Infantry Regiment, Prince Frederick Charles, the Red Prince mentioned above, he being her father, in September, 1890. When the Queen-Regent of Holland visited Berlin in 1892, the Emperor appointed her to the command of the Prince of the Netherlands' Regiment, and with the nomination of his aunt, Louise, Grand Duchess of Baden, to the honorary colonelcy of the Queen Auguste Grenadiers of the Guard, the list is ended. These appointments being purely honorary, none of the ladies will ever be called upon to lead their various regiments in time of battle. On the other hand, they involve considerable outlay in the matter of subscriptions and presentation of regimental plate. In some instances the royal ladies have taken active steps to better the position of the wives and widows of the soldiers under their titular command.

⁂

PLEATING and crimping are operations which have been in use from the very earliest times. From the Egyptian sculptures it is plain that the subjects of the Pharaohs pleated their drapery, others of the ancients also occasionally following this practice. In the days of Queen Elizabeth linen was crimped with what were then called "poking-sticks," these being first made of wood or bone and afterwards of steel. The ruffs then in vogue were pleated with extreme care.

⁂

A QUAINT recipe was given to a lady by the cook of an Irish house which she was visiting, and where she had had some delicious hot cakes for breakfast. "You must take more than you think of flour ma'am," said the cook, "just what you'd know of butter, the slightest taste in life of baking powder, and the fill of the jug of milk."

⁂

IT is said that between two and three hundred callings are now open to women. Some of them are certainly curious. Sometimes a girl who has not had a good education is left utterly unprovided for, and the greater attention that is now paid to the decoration of the home, offers such a one a chance of utilising any taste she may have in that direction. Even in quite a small way there are many people only too glad to entrust the harmonious decoration and furnishing of their houses to some one who will relieve them of all trouble in the matter, and granted a certain amount of taste, a short training in a school of design and a close study of hand-books on the subject and the art magazines, would give an intelligent girl the necessary foundation upon which to work. Engraving too is an employment that many girls are now following in the home, visiting and invitation cards, and the stamping of letter-paper, being the chief articles upon which they work. Training is necessary for this, its advantage being that it may be done at home, the customer merely sending a postcard or letter with the directions, or asking the engraver to call should the work be in any way complicated.

⁂

"HOPE is the sweetest friend that ever kept a distressed soul company; it beguiles the tediousness of the way and all the miseries of our pilgrimage."

"MORE men are injured by having things made easy for them than by having their path beset with difficulties, for it encourages them to stay themselves on circumstances, whereas their supreme reliance needs to be on their own personal self."

⁂

"HE who has once stood beside the grave, to look back upon the companionship which has been for ever closed, feeling how impotent there, are the wild love and the keen sorrow to give one instant's pleasure to the pulseless heart, or atone in the lowest measure to the departed spirit for the hour of unkindness, will scarcely for the future incur that debt to the heart which can only be discharged to the dust. But the lessons which men receive as individuals, they do not learn as nations. Again and again they have seen their noblest descend into the grave, and have thought it enough to garland the tombstone when they had not crowned the brow, and to pay the honour to the ashes which they had denied to the spirit. Let it not displease them that they are hidden amidst the tumult and dazzle of their busy life, to listen for the few voices, and watch for the few lamps which God has toned and lighted to charm and guide them, that they may not learn their sweetness by their silence, nor their light by their decay."—*Ruskin.*

⁂

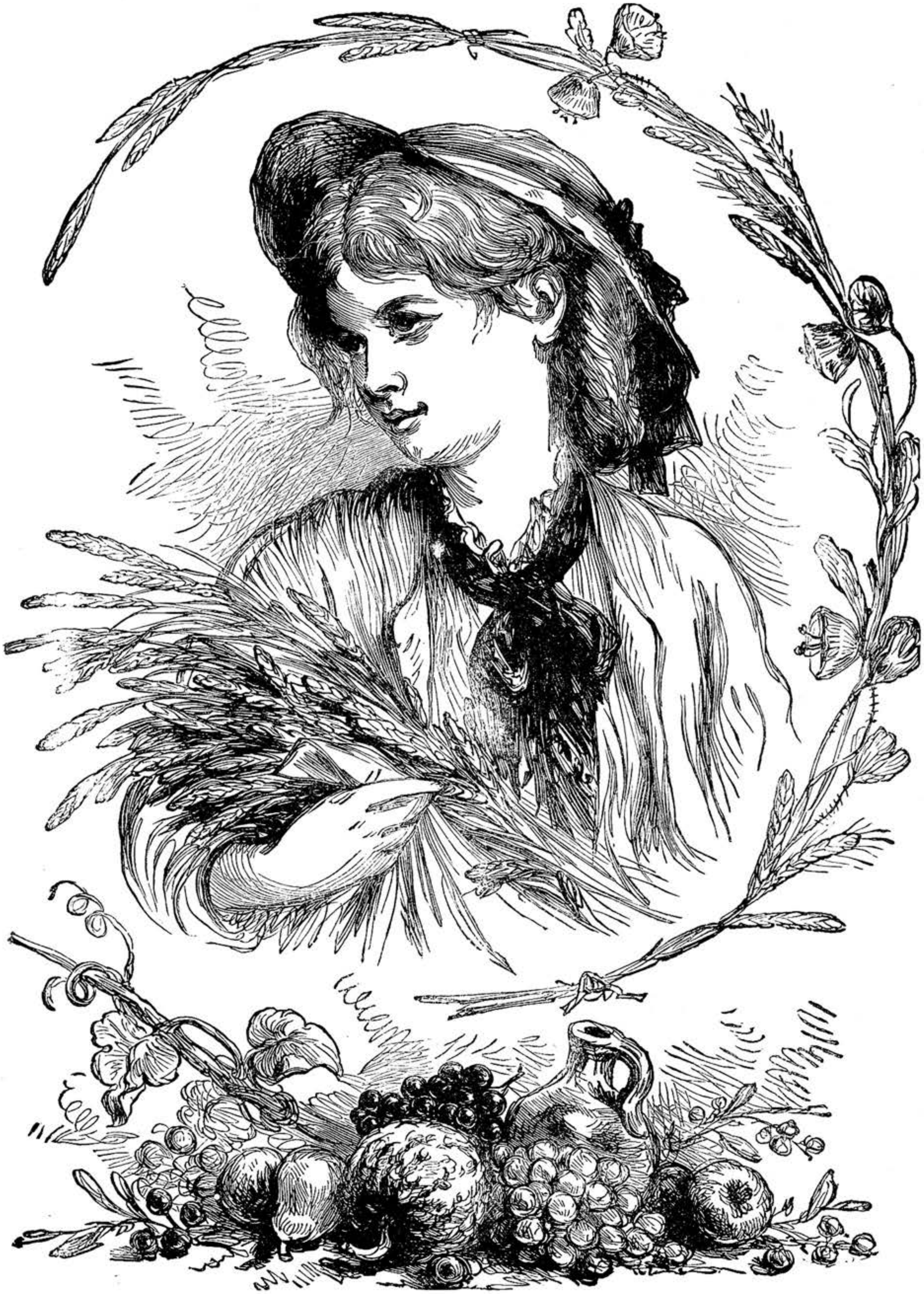
SPEAKING of eyes, artificial ones in imitation of those of birds and animals are made in great variety and are employed in mounting stuffed birds and animals. They are also used for birds in millinery, and animals' eyes are used for the heads of rugs, in cane and umbrella heads and in toys. Living animals are sometimes provided with artificial eyes, the most common cases being amongst horses and dogs, who very often have glass eyes.

⁂

AN English naturalist has just discovered a species of American beetle that possesses the extraordinary power of being able to cut metal with its mandibles. Some of these beetles were sent to him by a friend in South America, and being very much occupied when the insects arrived, he placed them for the time being in a glass-jar with a pewter top. To his great surprise, on going to the jar forty-eight hours afterwards, he found the beetles had cut holes in the metal sufficiently large to get their heads through, and they would soon have escaped had they been left to themselves much longer.

⁂

IN every farmyard, country lane, and wood, Nature has provided countless weather-prophets. For instance, before a rain-storm horses stretch their necks and sniff at the air, whilst chickens huddle together. Swallows and martins fly very low, and the hedgehog fortifies his cave. In the wood the sugar-maple actually turns its leaves upside down at the approach of doubtful clouds, and the silver-maples also show the white lining of their leaves. But the common chickweed is the most reliable barometer of them all, for not only does it close its flowers firmly in the damp air presaging a rain-storm, but it opens them again if the rain is only to be of short duration.



August

Over the fields by winding ways
We wandered on together,
Under the flashing azure skies,
In a hush of August weather.

Round about us, afar and near,
We heard the locusts humming,
And the asters starring the lonely path
Laughed out to see us coming.

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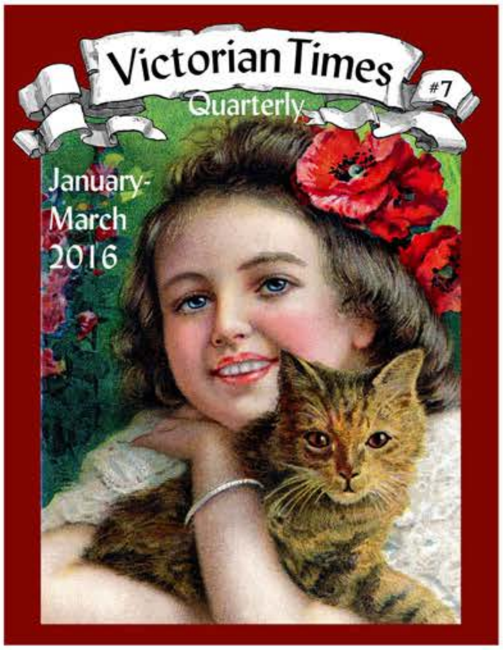
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July-
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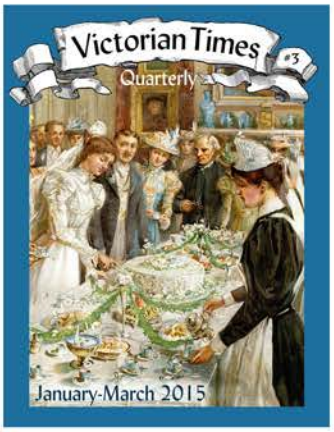
October-December 2014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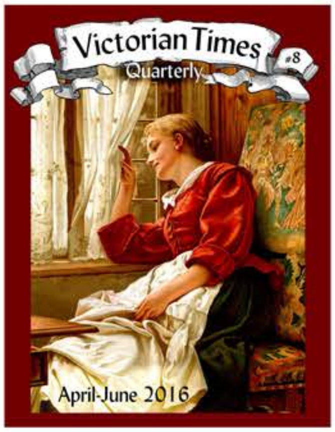
Quarterly
#3
January-March 2015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Quarterly
#8
April-June 2016

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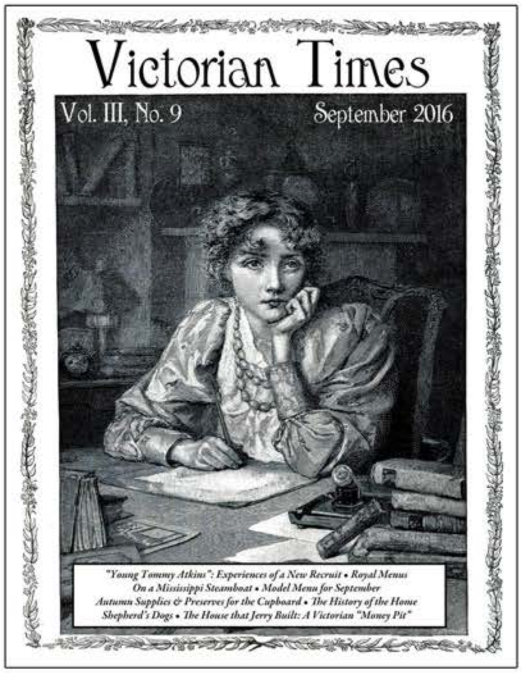
- "Young Tommy Atkins" - Experiences of a New Army Recruit
- Sights and Scenes of the New World: On a Mississippi Steamboat
- Beautiful Patterns for Art Needlework
- A Model Menu for September Dinners
- September Stores: Putting Away Pickles and Preserves for the Fall
- Royal Menus for Royal Feasts
- The History of Home Part3: Domestic Ways in the Days of James I, Charles I and the Commonwealth
- The History of the Home Part 4: Domestic Ways in the Days of Charles II, James II, William & Mary, and Queen Anne
- Dogs of the Mountain Shepherds
- September Folklore and Festivals
- The House that Jerry Built: A Victorian "Money Pit"
- Ketchups and Savouries for Autumn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