Victorian Times

Vol. III, No. 9 September 2016

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On a Mississippi Steamboat • Model Menu for September
Autumn Supplies & Preserves for the Cupboard • The History of the Home
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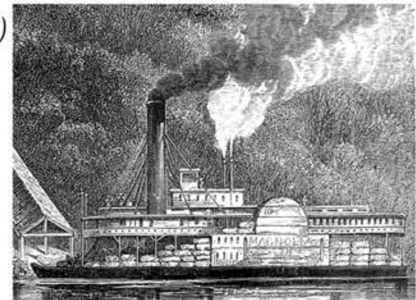

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* *The Girl's Own Paper* ***Cassell's Family Magazine*

The Sweet Smell of September

If you were to talk into a Victorian kitchen this month, chances are that it would smell heavenly. September and October are the apple months, which means that a Victorian cook would be preparing all manner of apple recipes, from pies to baked apples to applesauce. September is also the beginning of "preserving" season, when the Victorian housewife would be making plans and laying in "stores" for the winter months to come.

In the country, a Victorian housewife would, most likely, be turning to the fruits of her own kitchen garden for the fall preserves. Even a small cottage home was likely to have a garden, complete with fruit trees that were typically "espaliered" (trained to grow flat against a wall, rather than free-standing). Espaliered trees made it possible for homes with very limited ground space to still enjoy a wide variety of fruits, while the ground itself could be used for much-needed vegetables.

In the city, a housewife was still dependent upon the fruits of the season. Fruits and vegetables might be imported from the Continent, and some imports might even come from America and Asia, but the farther the source, the more expensive the produce. Hence, the seasonality of cooking articles in Victorian magazines was as pertinent to the city cook as to the country cook.

Today, we are no longer as dependent upon "seasonal" produce. We can find apples in the middle of winter. They may not be very *good* apples, but we can find them. There's virtually no point in the year when one can't find tomatoes or lettuce or green beans in the grocery store. Some items are still seasonal; we expect cherries in June, corn in the summer, and pumpkins in October. But if today's consumer put forth a demand for pumpkins in, say, July, I'm sure that grocers would find a way to meet that demand.

The Victorian housewife, conversely, knew that once the frosts of November set in, fresh vegetables were going to be a mere memory until spring. If one wanted fruits or vegetables on the table for the next five or six months, September and October would see some busy days in the kitchen.

I suspect that many of my readers have experienced such days for themselves. It's comforting, at this time of year, to see stocks of canning jars and other supplies filling the shelves at Walmart—clearly, the fall custom of preparing for winter by storing away stocks of fruits, vegetables, jams, preserves and pickles has not perished with the Victorians. There is something fundamentally satisfying about "harvest season"—and about filling one's own shelves with colorful jars of pickles and jams that taste oh, so much better than their commercial counterparts.

If you're a "canner," then you probably also share another aspect of the Victorian mindset: The sense of looking ahead, here in September, toward the festivities of Thanksgiving and Christmas. While the main goal of "preserving the harvest" is to keep food on the shelves for the winter months in general, another part of the process is to create certain treats that will grace those special feast days. When I was young, my mother would always "put up" some spiced apple rings, some dyed red and some dyed green, especially for Christmas. How we looked forward to the day we could take them off the shelf!

September would be more than a time of preserving food, however. When foods are seasonal, you don't want to miss the opportunity to enjoy them when they're available. Thus, the Victorian kitchen would probably be turning out quantities of apple pies, apple crisps, apple puddings, apple turnovers, baked apples, and anything else you can imagine doing with apples. (Which is quite a lot, as anyone who has ever had to harvest an apple tree can tell you.) In certain parts of America, this is also huckleberry season, and nothing on Earth quite compares to a fresh huckleberry pie.

Oddly, it seems to me that today's year-round availability of certain foods makes us *less* likely to enjoy them. If you know that you can only get fresh apples in September and October, you're going to be sure to make an apple pie while you can. When you can get fresh apples any time of the year, the "need" to make an apple pie at a particular time goes away—and since you can make one any old time, you may actually never make one at all.

Depending on seasonal harvests has its problems and perils. But it also has pleasures—pleasures that too many of us, caught up in our weekly shopping at a grocery store that is franchised across half the country and gets its foods from half a world away—are likely to miss. So this month, take a moment to indulge your inner Victorian. Find a farmer's market or a pick-your-own orchard, and enjoy the sweet smell of September!

—Moira Allen, Editor
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Young Tommy Atkins.

A Personal Experience.

"HULLO, Dapper," said I, "what's up with you?"

"Same to you, Tommy, old boy. I'm down in the dumps, and am going to enlist. I hear good accounts of the army now, and they say that anyone who knows his drill, and is steady and well educated, is pretty sure of a commission. I've had a shindy at home, and I think a few years in the army would suit me down to the ground."

"Well, I'm reduced to my last shilling," said I.

"And I to my last sixpence," said Dapper, "so let's go and get another shilling at once."

I suggested a little more deliberation, and we sauntered into St. James's Park, sat down and discussed the situation. And at last I agreed to enlist with Dick Dapper.

We strolled leisurely through the Horse Guards and conned the bills headed "recruits wanted," and we were not long before a smart recruiting sergeant accosted us, and we walked with him to a public house called I think the "Blue Pig." The sergeant took us to a quiet corner in a big room where there were other sergeants, and eight or ten young fellows woe-begone, but none of them so completely down in the dumps as Dapper and me.

"All found and a shilling a day," said the sergeant, smiling, "and the Government puts by £3 a year for you, till, at the end of seven years, you have £21 to receive for deferred pay. At the end of seven years with the colours, you will be drafted into the Reserves, and receive sixpence a day, and do twenty drills a year. Now, that's all you want to know at present, so come with me to the barracks and see the doctor."

We got there with several other recruits, most of whom were required to have a hot bath; we were not, but we had to strip, and, in "our birthday suits," as Dapper described it, were ushered into the doctor's room.

"This regiment must be the First Buffs," said Dick to the doctor.

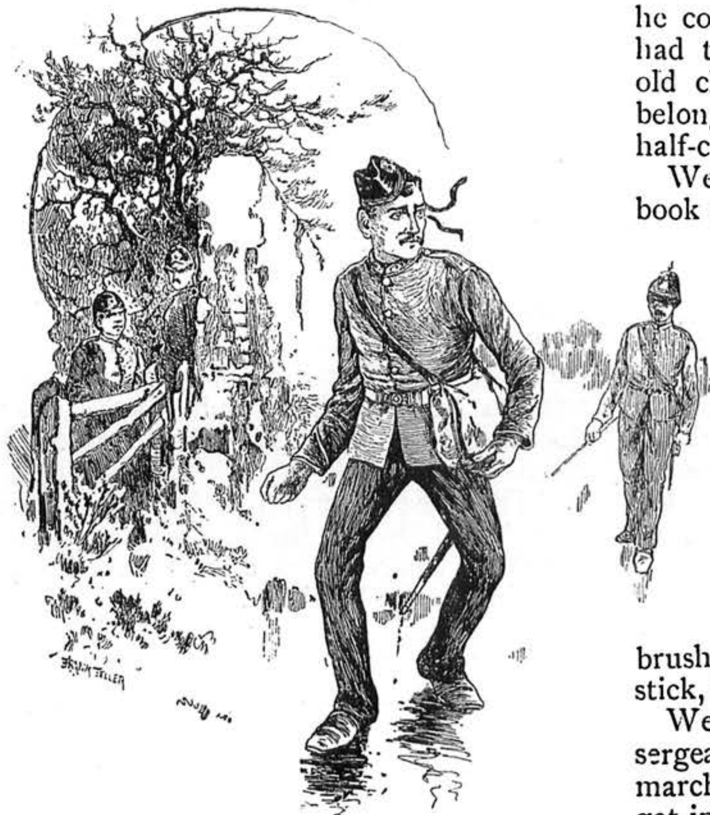
"Well, you're all in uniform, anyhow," said the doctor, laughing.

We were thoroughly examined, and I fancied that the doctor was entering in a book any particulars he could see, like mole marks, tattooing, and so forth. Dick and I were both fairly developed for young men of eighteen, and passed the doctor all right. Dick's chest measured 35 inches, mine 36; the minimum accepted was 33 inches. The minimum weight was 115 lbs.—8 stone 3 lbs.—and we were both nearer 9 stone.

TRIMMING UP.

Our eyesight was tested by the hospital sergeant putting his hand over our left eyes, and asking how many spots we could see on a board some paces off. Dick was a little doubtful when his left eye was covered, but the considerate sergeant opened the fingers, so that Dick could see with both eyes, and the doctor passed us as physically fit. Indeed, I heard that there were no rejections that day, though two recruits at least were not up to the standard of height, weight, or chest; but as they were promising lads who were likely to grow, they got their certificates.

Having been duly attested before a magistrate, we received, I think, 1s. 6d.



POST ORDERLY.

each, and were drafted off to the depôt of the Royal Wessex Regiment.

I sold my watch and chain to Sergeant Snapcap, and Dick disposed of a couple of pawn-tickets in the same way.

"You won't want watches in the army," said Snapcap, "and if you do you can buy a cheap one, and you won't be so likely to lose it."

This put nearly six pounds into my purse, and Dick got a sovereign for his two tickets.

At the barracks our first business was to dispose of our civilian clothes, about which there was no difficulty. Most of the recruits got rid of theirs to Jew dealers, but Sergeant Trail, who took us in tow to show us over the place, hinted that he could make more of anything that we had to sell than we could get out of the old clo' man, so we both parted with our belongings to him, realising about three half-crowns each.

We were then entered in the brigade book and received our regimental numbers.

We then received our kits, which consisted of scarlet tunic, and navy blue trousers and a serge frock or jacket, a dark grey great-coat and cape, and short leather leggings; two grey flannel shirts, three pairs of socks, and a Glengarry cap; two pairs of "Cossack" or "ammunition" boots; a set of blacking brushes, a clothes brush, and a tin of blacking. The small kit, as it was called, consisted of a knife, fork, spoon, razor, lather brush, hair brush and comb and button stick, and a hold-all to put them in.

We then received from the paymaster-sergeant our "ration money," and were marched off to our room in barracks. We got into our regimentals, and were introduced to one of the regimental barbers, who gave us the real "Royal Wessex cut." He told us that beards were only worn by the pioneers. We could, of course, shave ourselves. I fancied I saw Dick busy with a bit of pencil and a small card making a sketch of me, and he seemed awfully amused. It certainly was a close crop, but I never saw hair better cut.

THE KITCHEN—SERVING OUT BREAKFAST COFFEE.

Dick quite disconcerted the barber by saying: "Look here, Snipper, don't cut me as close as you have my chum, for I've got a scar I don't want seen."

"Oh, sir," said the barber, "soldiers' scars are honourable. Don't hide one if you have it."

"But I didn't get it in a war," said Dick.

"Who's to know that?" said the barber. "Ah, I see it. Lots of our men would give a penny a day for a scar like that; it's a beauty."

THE GYMNASIUM.

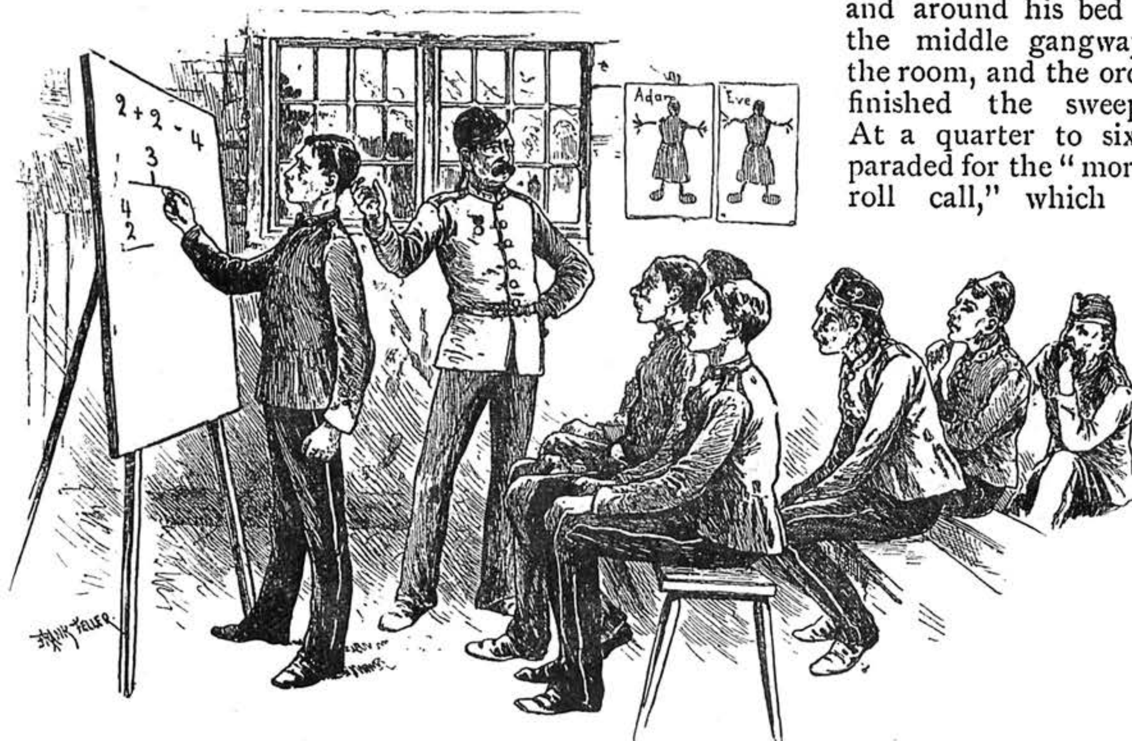
Dick Dapper roared with laughter, and caused the barber to stick the point of his scissors in his head.

"Hold hard!" said Dick. "I don't want you to make any more scars; one's plenty for me."

Dick said he did not want any of the patent pomatum recommended by the barber, but was told that he could not wear his cap properly without it, and the "love lock" must be greased.

We were glad to get to bed, and delighted to find that, after the lights were out, there was none of the larking and tale-telling that Dapper and I were looking forward to. One man began singing a loose song, but the sergeant shut him up sharp with a threat of the guard-room.

The bugles woke us up at five, and we turned out sharp. It was a glorious morning, and we followed the example of our comrades by putting on "fatigue" dress. We packed up our beds like the rest, and each one swept beneath and around his bed into the middle gangway of the room, and the orderly finished the sweeping. At a quarter to six we paraded for the "morning roll call," which took



THE SCHOOL.

about a quarter of an hour, and from 6 o'clock to a quarter to 8 we were furbishing up our uniforms, and paring the potatoes for the mess, the allowance being a pound for each man. We found this work rather irksome, and would have shirked it. Dapper wanted to know why they could not be cooked with their jackets on. Our sergeant was most sympathetic, and generally called one or both of us off to send us on some errand like fetching the letters, which was more to our tastes, and Dick was able now and then to add to his miniature sketch book—he was very clever with his pencil.

SENTRY GO.

We had breakfast at a quarter to 8. The orderlies went to the kitchen and fetched the coffee in pails. They also drew the day's rations, consisting of 1lb. of bread, three-quarters of a pound of boneless meat, and potatoes for each.

The orderly afterwards put the meat into a twine net, if for boiling, and if for roasting, into a baking tin. The cook put a number on the joint, which varied in weight according to the number of men in the mess to which it belonged.

We paraded in drill order at a quarter to nine, and had an hour's drill under the sergeant major, a good-tempered but blustering Irishman. It was his privilege to pick out the men for promotion, and both Dick and I did our best to gain his good opinion. We found our volunteering experience a wonderful help, and we were not long before we were promised promotion.

The commanding officer's parade was from 11 till 12, and all fell in in full dress and the bands attended.

KIT INSPECTION.

At 12.45 the dinner bugle sounded, which seemed to be better understood than many

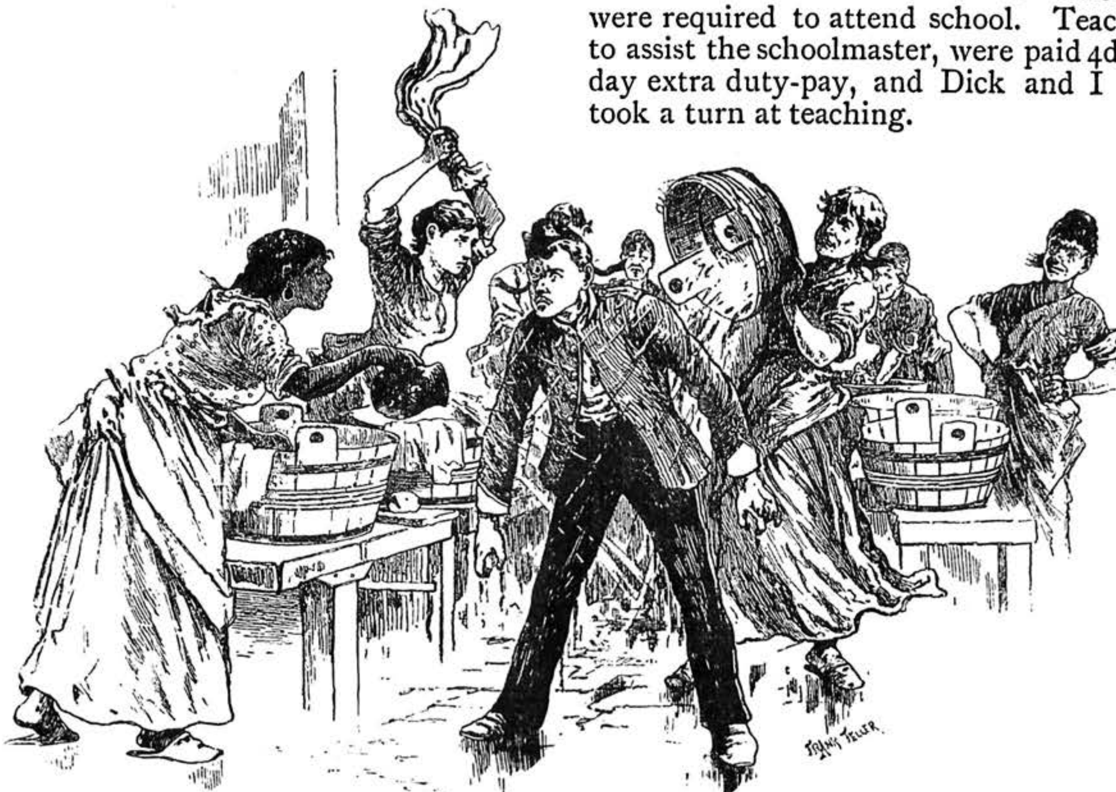
AIMING DRILL.

halfpence. I ought to add that there were two canteens—the "wet" one and the "dry." The dry canteen supplied groceries, pickles, jams, sauces, and so forth, and was always open; the wet one was only open from 12 till 2, and from 6 till 9.30. Dapper declared he could not understand the distinction, for he always went to the wet canteen when he was dry.

During the dinner-time an officer looked into each room, and inquired if there were any complaints. I never heard any made, though some discontented grizzlers were always threatening what they would say when they got a chance. But they had no encouragement from any of us, and were systematically "sat on" or cold-shouldered.

The sergeant-major had another parade from 2 till 3. After that time till 5 we were free to do what we liked in barracks, but some who wanted setting up had to go to the gymnasium, and others who had not reached a certain standard of education were required to attend school. Teachers, to assist the schoolmaster, were paid 4d. per day extra duty-pay, and Dick and I each took a turn at teaching.

of the other "calls." There was very little variation in the daily *menu*, unless the "grocery book" showed a balance in hand of the paymaster-sergeant, which sometimes permitted of the addition of soup, which was brought in in pails like the coffee. We occasionally got pudding and "greens" in a similar way. No beer was allowed in the barrack-room, and as soon as the food was finished, there was a stampede to the canteen, where a pint of good beer could be had for three



RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.

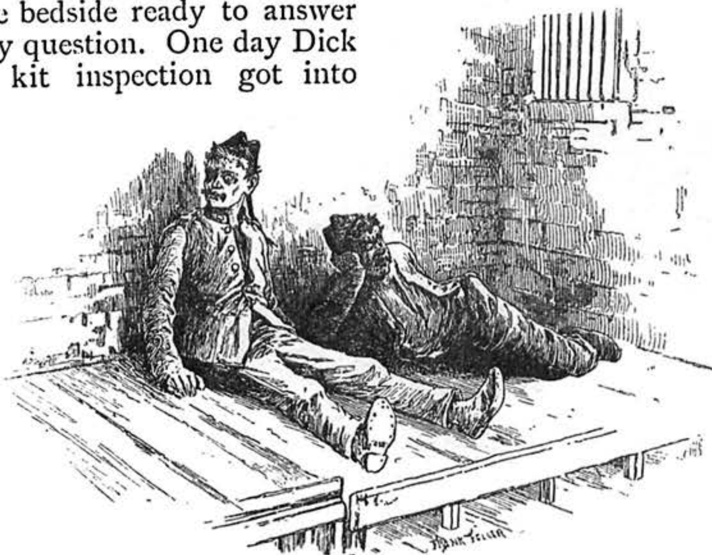
We were soon qualified for sentry duty, and at first found it pleasant enough, especially when we were supplied with fruit and a smile "over the garden wall." "Sentry go" meant two hours on duty and four off for twenty-four consecutive hours.

Tea was served at a quarter to four, and consisted of tea and bread and butter, with "snacks" for those who could afford to buy them.

From 5 till 6 the sergeant-major had another parade, and we were dismissed till 9.30, when "First Post" sounded, "Second Post" at 10, and "Lights out" at a quarter past 10.

BARRACK TAILORS.

This was the general daily routine, but on certain days it was varied. I was much struck with the appearance of the rooms when the officers made the "kit inspection" on Saturdays. Then every article of Government property comprised in the soldier's kit had to be neatly arranged on his bedstead so that their condition could be readily seen, and the soldier stood at attention at the bedside ready to answer any question. One day Dick at kit inspection got into momentary trouble. "No blacking tin here," said the officer, pointing to Dick's kit, but he took no further notice. The sergeant, however, gave Dick a rare wigging, and wanted to know where it was. Dick had mixed the blacking with water in a jam jar, and was only waiting till he could get a brush, when he purposed ornamenting the barrack room with some startling design of his own.



IN THE CELL: "TWO LOVELY BLACK EYES."

We looked forward eagerly to the time when we should be able to get to the butts and have some shooting. The ordinary recruit had to go through a careful training before he was allowed to shoot, but Dick and I soon showed our proficiency in musketry, and were glad enough to be told after one lesson in aiming drill that we could begin class-firing at once.

Dick was delighted, and in a merry mood made for the laundry, as he said he had a grievance in that quarter. I give his version of what happened:—

"Serve me right," said he, "I deserved all I got. I pushed the washhouse door open, and chucking one of the women under the chin, I said, 'Look here, Lady Soapsuds, don't you scrub the buttons off my shirt like you did last week.' For which I got a spank on the face with a wet shirt, and a jug of water from a negress, and a

CONVALESCENT.

shindy there one night, which ended in a free fight between the "Dare Devil Dicks" and the "Bangshire Bucks," in which belts and fists were freely used, and we had to send out an extra strong picket and the ambulance to bring home our wounded. The guard-room was full to overflowing, and some of the more obstreperous had to be put into the cells, Dick, I am sorry to say, amongst the rest. He heard a call for "Dare Devil Dicks," and joined in the scrimmage when he saw some of our men being badly mauled, and he let out right and left, to the astonishment of the "Bangshire Bucks."

tub of suds from another woman. 'Let's show Mr. Cheeky our new wringing machine,' said one. 'Do, do,' they shouted, and I was soon surrounded by a dozen or more nymphs of the tub, one of whom dropped down behind me, and another pushed me backward over her ; and amid shouts of laughter, they took me, head and heels, like a sheet ready for wringing, and gave me a twist, head one way and heels the other, and then dropped me. 'Now rinse him,' they shouted, and I was nearly drowned. One of them then dabbed my cheeks with the blue bag, and suggested that the sheet should be hung out to dry, but I managed to get to the door, and took to my heels." These laundresses are generally the wives of the married soldiers, and each man contributes a halfpenny per day to the laundry fund, and there is no limit to the clothes he likes to send to be washed.

Trades were not taught in our regiment, but there was a tailor's shop, a boot shop, and a carpenter's shop, in which soldiers who were qualified and were inclined that way, could earn extra pay. It was only repairing and altering that was done in these shops.

The evenings were very enjoyable. In the summer we had cricket, and for those who thought this too hard work or not to their taste, there was a skittle alley attached to the canteen.

Some went into the town, and often got into trouble through stopping too long and drinking too much at "The Swiggers' Arms." There was an awful

Some of our men had been so badly hurt that they were sent into hospital.

I found that all sick soldiers were attended to with the greatest care. Anyone who wanted advice reported himself at nine o'clock in the morning, but urgent cases were sent to the hospital at once. The best of advice, medicine, and nursing were available, and the convalescents had a pretty

"A GOOD CONDUCT BADGE."

garden in which they could enjoy the fresh air and sunshine.

The prospect of promotion or the right to wear a good conduct badge was a great incentive to the recruits, and there was always great excitement when a new batch of promotions was issued. Dick and I were much amused one morning when we happened to peep into one of the huts and saw a two-year-old soldier trying to get a glimpse of himself in a small piece of broken looking-glass. He had just got his good-conduct badge, but, in the excitement of the moment, had pinned it on point downwards. This badge carries with it an extra penny a day. When a lance-corporal gets his stripe he gets an increase of 3d. per day; when he gets his second chevron his pay is 1s. 8d. per day; and the third, or sergeant's stripes, carries 2s. 4d. per day. Colour-sergeants get 3s., and staff-sergeants from 3s. 6d. to 5s. per day.

SKITTLES.

We were only in the ranks a few weeks before we got to be full corporals, and so got off the fatigue duty; but our last bit of fatigue work was amusing. We were both on fatigue duty, and the regiment had gone off early to take part in a field day some distance off; and Dick and I were left behind, and, amongst other things, had to whitewash the room. It was a fine summer day, and the work was soon done, with the only discomfort of aching wrists and a plentiful sprinkling of whitewash over ourselves. When it was dry, Dick said: "Now for a little adornment. I'm going to put this sketch life-size over the mantel, and give the dado a frill"; and he showed me a little sketch of the canteen, with himself at the piano—he could play a break-down, or vamp an accompaniment fairly well—and one of the men was dancing a jig.

"There will be a shindy," said I.

"Never mind," said Dick, "they can but make us wash it over."

He fetched his jam-pot with the blacking in ready mixed, and, producing two brushes, he set to work, while I did the dado edging. I was not very successful, so Dick said, "You rough it out and leave the finishing to me."

It was tea-time before we heard the regimental band playing "When Johnny comes marching home again," but we had finished our work and cleared all away.

The men roared with delight when they

"A SKETCH OF THE CANTEEN."

saw the picture and recognised the portraits, and their shouts of laughter brought in the sergeant.

He stood petrified for a moment, and then burst out, "Divil fly away wid me, and who's been damaging the barrack walls like that? Fetch the whitewash and clear it out before the colonel and his ladies come."

But the sergeant was too late, for the colonel and his visitors at that moment entered the room, and the sergeant called out "'Tention."

"That's capital," said one of the ladies, going straight to the fireplace to get a close view of the sketch. "Now that's what I've always been advocating—making the barrack-rooms as bright and cheerful as possible." All the visitors admired the picture, and the colonel's wife thought the ornamental dado a decided improvement.

The colonel said he supposed that it was Dapper's doing, but who gave permission to do it? Dick came forward rather sheepishly, and said he thought it would do for the Christmas decorations. "Long time to Christmas," said the colonel, "but let it stay till then. You must not do things—even good things—in the army without permission."

Dick touched up and improved his picture from time to time, and every visitor to the barracks was taken to see it. The frilled dado, however, did not go down with the authorities, and Dick and I had to paint it out and make it match the other rooms.

Sunday was always a delightful day, for after church parade we were comparatively free.

It struck me that some better plan might be adopted for soldiers seeing friends who call at the barracks. Instead of getting leave to go out, and then adjourning with their friends to the nearest publichouse, there should be a spacious waiting-room near the entrance gates.

There was great excitement when it became known that the Royal Wessex Regiment was ordered off for service abroad at very short notice, and word was passed round that every man should make his will and declare his proper name before leaving England.

Dick and I were in great demand as will-makers, but most of the men copied out one of the simple forms set out in the little pocket-book which is given to every recruit, and sent it off to some relative with a good-bye letter.

The news that our regiment was going abroad woke up the friends of some of the men, who were bought off at, I think, £18 each, but Dick and I go with the regiment.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

THE LOVE-LORN LOBSTER.

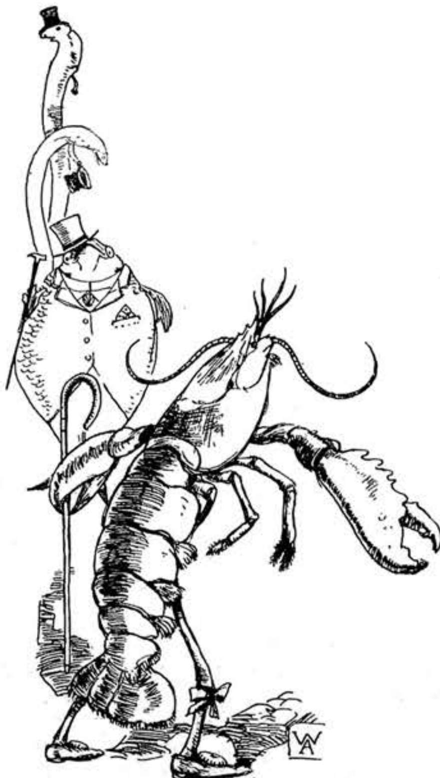
By G. E. Farrow.

Now a Lobster loved a Codfish
  Whom he daily sought to woo,
But this Codfish was an odd fish,
  And she scorned his love so true.

"Why consult a Lobster's wishes
  When so many dabs and eels
And a score of other fishes
  Are all dangling at my heels ?"

Bald the Lobster grew, and thinner,
  With sad brooding o'er his fate.
"As a soldier, I should win her,
  I'll enlist," I heard him state.

Then I thought his cares to lighten,
  And I tapped him on the head,
"There's a Fishmonger at Brighton
  Who would drill you well," I said.



So the Lobster went to Brighton,
  For as bold as brass was he,
"Pooh, there's nothing there to frighten
  Such a valiant man as me."

And he swaggered to the portal
  Of a grand emporium,
Crying, "Fishmonger ! but mortal,
  To enlist me, have I come."

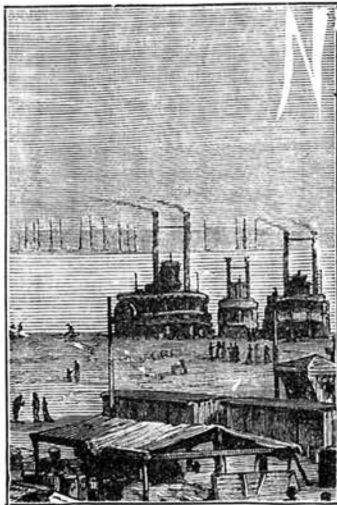
"Step in," said the man politely,
  Then he popped him in a pot.
"Your appearance doth delight me,"
  Red the Lobster turned and hot.

* * * *

Soon the subject of this ballad,
  Resting in a dainty dish,
Flirted with a crisp young salad
  And forgot the gay Codfish.

SIGHTS AND SCENES OF THE NEW WORLD.

ON A MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT.—BY CATHERINE OWEN.



STEAMERS AT THE WHARF.

NEW Orleans is in sharp contrast to other American cities. Unlike most of them it seems to have grown, and not been made by rule and measure. After leaving the dazzling newness of Galveston, its old-world look, its narrow, shady, many-balconied streets, make us think that in crossing the Gulf of Mexico we have landed on the old Continent.

There is a sultry silence in some of those old streets, filled with dense shadow and brilliant sunlight, that remind one of Spain, and the Spanish faces with olive skin and almond eyes favour the illusion; and then again one turns a corner and seems to be in some city of Southern France; fantastic colour and bright vivacity greet one at every step, with music and song and flower-filled spaces. Gay little villas of prosperous modern French merchants abut on the melancholy grandeur of the old creole noblesse; and then again we come to blocks of new and American houses, in which every form of latter-day luxury and modern improvement has been imported, and the spick-and-span newness, and perfect cleanliness, speak of the energetic Northern element that has crept into the fine old city since the war.

There is a squalid picturesqueness at the boat-landings of many American cities, but nowhere is it so replete with colour and life as in New Orleans on a bright day; and days here seem always bright; I have heard many Northern people say they longed for a grey sky, for some relief to this perpetual sunshine.

The great Mississippi steamboat abuts right on to the wharf, which is itself part of a commercial thoroughfare through which horse-cars, carriages, and vehicles are passing; and as the huge white bow of the boat, with its many windows, and balconies running round the decks, looms up before one, it looks like a high-shouldered house of eccentric shape.

The Mississippi steamboats resemble those of the Hudson, except that the sleeping accommodation is more like that of an ocean steamer. This is necessary, as the journey from New Orleans to St. Louis often takes almost as long as from England to New York. There is on these steamers no less luxury, plate-glass and gilding, than on those of the Hudson, but the perfect cleanliness is absent. There is a general air of *laissez aller*, the employés take their time about everything, and in this way typify the difference between North and South.

But if the steamer, or at least the particular one on which I made the trip, was not shining with cleanliness, it was not dirty; the beds were clean, so was the table-linen; it was only that the grime inseparable from steam navigation was not so rigorously fought against as it is in the North; and therefore men sitting on velvet chairs, in the light linen clothes so general in the South, were apt to carry the marks away.

The appearance of travellers on these boats, too, is very different. North, every one tries to put the best foot forward; and those of the poorer classes who travel, dress as well as their means will permit. In the South it is different: there is no separation of classes, of course; all have equal rights on board, for all pay the same; but the difference between wealth and poverty appears more sharply drawn, because the poorer seem to take no care to hide it—sometimes from a natural light-hearted carelessness, at others no doubt from utter disregard as to what any one may think. And thus the Mississippi boat, instead of carrying a crowd of prosperous-looking people like those on the Hudson boats, has a medley in which the social status of each can be more accurately judged. From the opulent planter in immaculate white or grey linen, to the seedy-looking small-store-keeper going North to buy goods, or the numberless others, all wearing the clothes in which they pursue their calling, none are dressed up: there are cattle dealers, cattle drovers, gentlemen whom it is difficult to class, others about whom there is no difficulty at all, ladies the same, and not a few weary-looking people who have made a mistake in settling, and are going back to the North to try again.

The impedimenta of travel which many bring on board are significant of the semi-tropical climate we are leaving. Under the awning in the coolest part of the steamer hang great bunches of bananas and other fruit, which diminish day by day as the journey proceeds, and the fruit is shared with the children, though, as I found, generally brought on board with the idea of taking some local production North. Several mocking-birds in cages hung amongst the bananas, when I made the trip, and one man was taking two baby alligators to New York.

Of the scenery of the lower Mississippi there is not much to be said; it is absolutely flat on either bank. There is the novelty to Northern eyes of gliding between fields of waving sugar-cane, alternated with acres of orange groves, so long as we are in the State of Louisiana; but once that State is passed and we are travelling through Tennessee and Mississippi States, there is nothing to redeem the general ugliness.

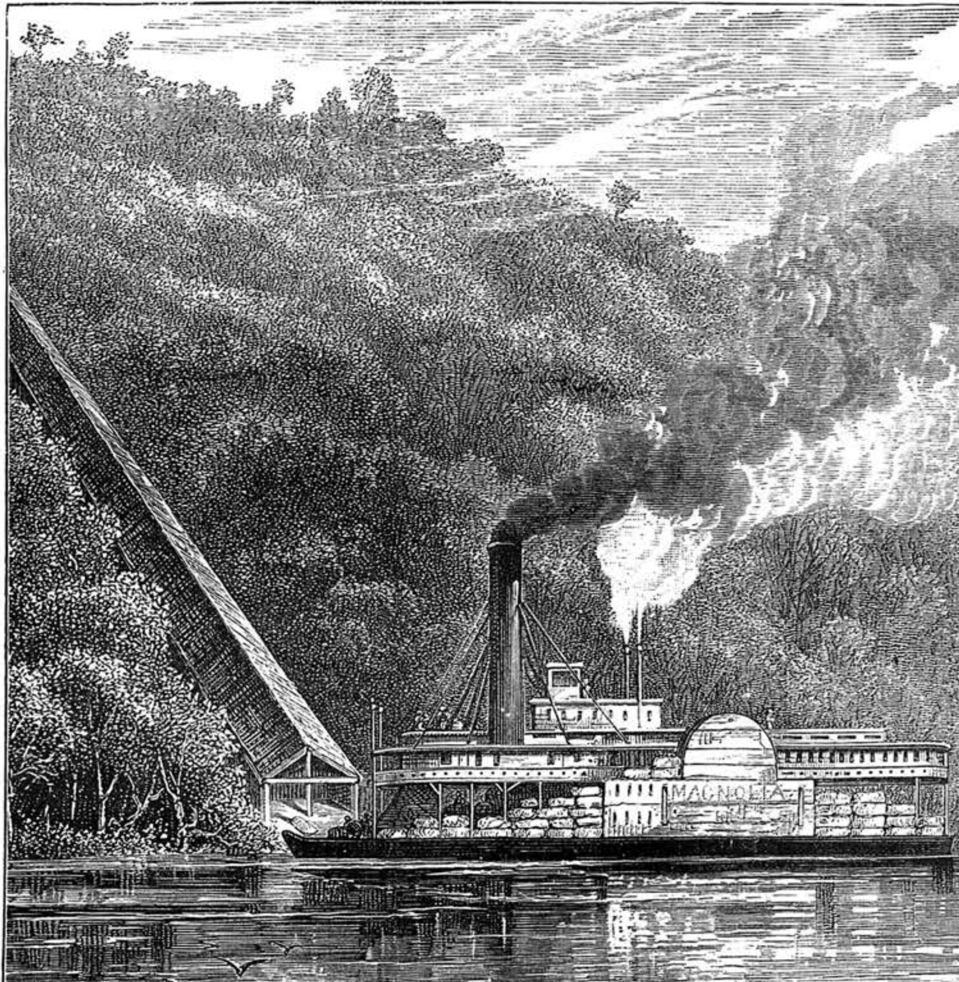
The boat stops at numberless small landings with strange names, to take on or put off passengers or freight—a bale or two of cotton, sometimes sugar. Occasionally these little settlements are verdant, prosperous-looking places, with cheery people to watch the boat coming in; but more often they are such as

remind one of Dickens' "Eden," the yellow ague-worn faces, and weary listless air, telling of the fatal malaria that dwells in those water-soaked lands.

Every now and again some spot of interest in connection with the rebellion comes in view—Bâton Rouge, Natchez, Vicksburg, all large handsome cities, —but to specify the points of historic interest would carry me beyond the limits of this paper.

Dickens has told us of the sluggish, filthy river, whose turbid and loathsome waters brought disease and death to the poor settlers at Eden. But though he in no way exaggerated the foul appearance of the water, and believed in calling it filthy he was correct, it is probably more free from actual filth than many a river of bright running water.

Its appearance is as dirty a hundred miles from a large city as in its vicinity, which would indicate that its dark appearance is not due to sewage; far fewer factories discharge their contents into it during its whole length than into the Thames, and as all the population that dwells on its banks is probably less than that of London, while the volume of water is a great many times more than in the Thames, whatever is foul must be more largely diluted. Yet the water is disgusting in appearance, being like coffee to which a very little milk has been added; it is nearly opaque, and even when filtered is very uninviting in appearance; yet those who drink it protest that it is wholesome, and some account for its appearance by saying it is dyed by the bark of trees from the forests through which it passes, which gives it the tan-coloured appearance; and in some parts of the stream huge quantities of bark are found floating in it. A planter on the steamer told me his men had caught at least forty cords of wood that spring, which had floated down below New Orleans, and that the planters generally obtained their supply in this way.



A COTTON-SHOOT ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

But in addition to the colour it may get from the prodigious amount of trees and vegetation it is for ever bringing down to the Gulf of Mexico, it is soiled by the red ochre of the Red River and the Arkansas, and the white mud of the Missouri.

Some idea of the vastness of this *Miche Sepe*, as the Indians called the Mississippi, may be gained from a statement which I quote from a recent article. "Its length from Lake Itasca to the Gulf of Mexico is

more than one-eighth the distance round the world ; its basin exceeds a million square miles." Nevertheless no idea of beauty can be attached to the lower part of this Father of Waters, with its low-lying banks ; even the majesty of its breadth is lost sight of as one glides through it, brown and turbid, and watches waves of liquid mud roll from the bow of the boat.

I am sorry to say a great deal of drinking, smoking, and card-playing goes on, on board these steamers ; and notices are conspicuously posted about, "Beware of gamblers," reminding one of the stories we have read of gamblers fleecing innocent travellers on these journeys ; and the result is that every traveller looks somewhat askant at his neighbour for the first few hours of the trip.

The water was very high when we left New Orleans, and every hour got higher, until when we reached Memphis we found the "levées" had broken, and vast tracts of land were under water, and as we proceeded the devastation became terrible. So complete was the inundation that I failed at times to recognise it as such; the river seemed to have become a vast lake, and then I was told that beneath it were hundreds of acres of cultivated fields, that what I took for small bushes growing in the water were full-grown trees of which only the very tops were visible. The water was sixty feet above the average level, and soon we found a frame-house floating, and many poor wretches in boats, who had lost everything in the floods. Population is happily very scant in these districts, so that the loss of life is small during the frequent rising of the terrible river ; but who can measure the suffering?

The steamer would go for many hours and we would see no habitation, only evidence by the tops of the trees that the banks were wooded ; then perhaps a solitary man in a boat would come towards us—he wanted a newspaper, or to inquire news from below.

One boat we met which contained a man and a pig ! It was hours since we had seen a house, and this solitary boatman on the dreary waste of waters brought home to one strangely the solitude of life in these wilds. He had saved his pig ! was it possible he had lived so utterly alone that he had no human being to save—no wife, child, or friend ?

And thus we came to Cairo, where the Ohio river joins the Mississippi. Cairo, a large prosperous city now, is said to have been the Eden of Dickens ; in his time it was but an unhealthy settlement, now it is a city with, of course, all the "modern improvements" for which America is so celebrated.

At Cairo, as we are bound for Cincinnati, we leave the Mississippi, and enter the Ohio, which is also flooding ; and now we change submerged cotton lands for miles and miles of tobacco fields under water, and can only think of the unfortunate men who see thus their year's harvest destroyed and can do nothing to save it.

Every effort has been made to devise some plan by which to prevent the periodical destruction of the miles of "levées," which carries ruin and death to the cities, towns, and villages in its course, but as yet in vain. It is the great problem science has yet to solve.

No attempt has been made in this short paper to specify all the large cities between New Orleans and Louisville, nor have I attempted statistics ; my aim in these papers is rather to give pen-pictures of what most strikes the eye and senses, than to present facts which have been frequently given by travellers, and can be found in any encyclopædia.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Hot lemonade is very good for colds, so is a cup of boiling milk with a little cinnamon in it, sipped slowly.

Never peel potatoes before cooking. It is wasteful and not so wholesome as cooking them in their skins. Boiling or steaming them (which is much better) in this way retains the potash which is so valuable in the cure of rheumatism.

Be very careful, when giving young children sweets, to break them up first and not give them whole. Sugar almonds, toffee drops, and all smooth hard sweets are very dangerous if put in their mouths whole. Children are sometimes choked this way, as they are apt to let the sweets slip down their throat when laughing or talking.

To clean knives, never rub them on a board, but hold them level on a board or table and rub them along the blade with the end of a smooth cork or piece of leather dipped in knife powder. This saves much of the wear and tear of knives and makes no noise.

Do not be deluded by the idea that flannellette (which is a most admirable material in its place) contains any wool, and is safe for underwear in cold weather. Many cases of ill-health have arisen from the use of this instead of real wool flannel. For those who cannot bear the irritation of wool next to them, it is admirable to wear under woollen garments, but it can never be a substitute for wool for delicate people or children.

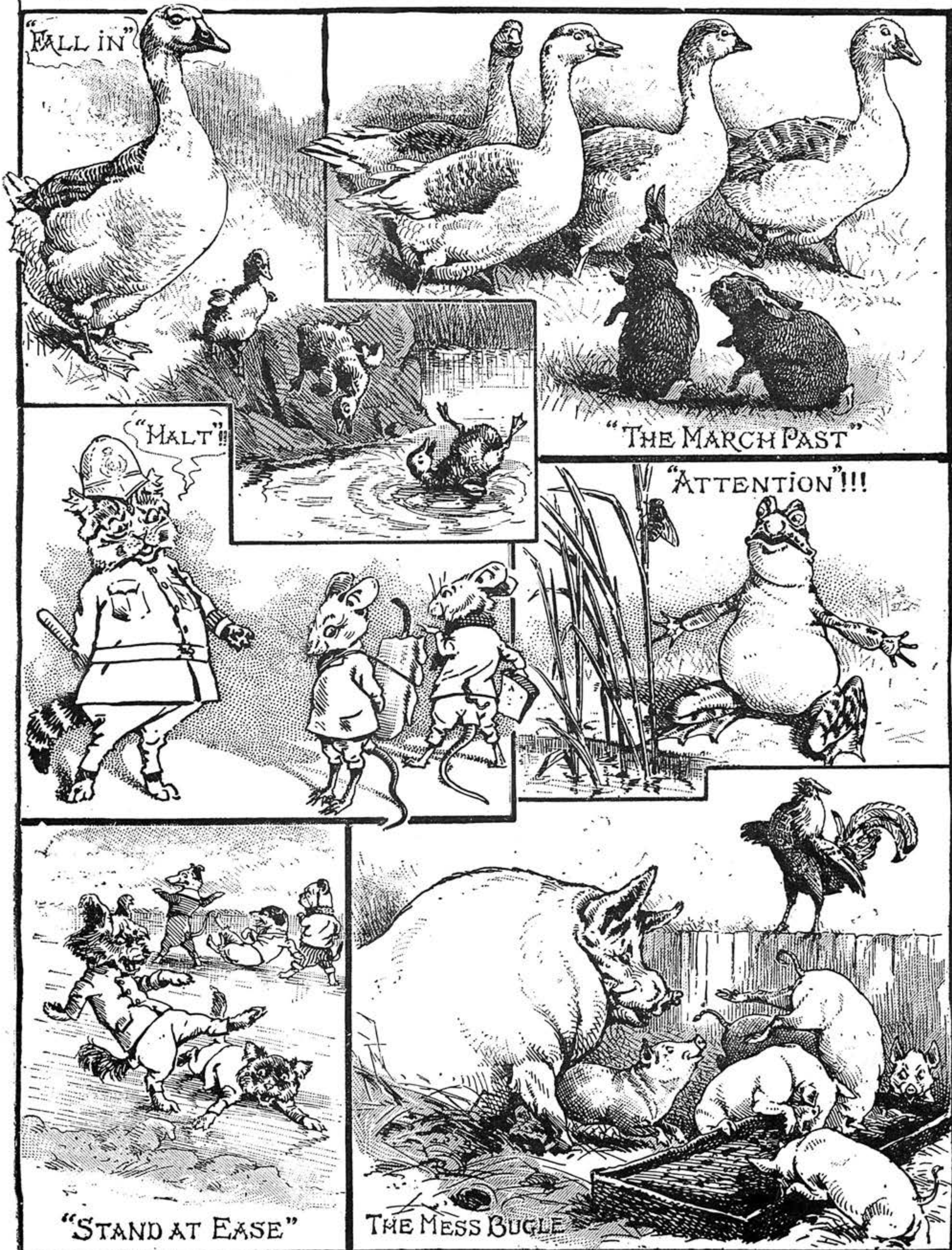
Cocoa if made from the boiled nibs is a delicious drink, but you must be absolutely sure of the cleanliness of your tin saucepan and of the quality and freshness of the nibs. It can also be made by placing the nibs in a stone salt jar with half a pint of water, in the oven for some hours, and then heated up in a saucepan when required.

Never let the housemaid take away cinders from any fire-place. Each fire should consume its own cinders, and these can be sifted with the little handy wire cinder-sifter which should be kept with her housemaids' box.

To make coffee quickly and well, put a good tablespoonful or more into an ordinary pint china jug. Pour quite boiling water over it, and let it stand covered over a few minutes before the fire, stir it once, and then pour into your cup through a small strainer. This should be made with the best coffee without any chicory.

To keep up a steady hot fire without flame. When the fire is bright and red, put on a shovelful or more of coal dust and small pieces, previously sprinkled well with water, press it firmly down and put over that any ashes or cinders you may have. This will make a steady hot fire which will last for an hour or two.

When flowers are scarce in winter, fill your vase with holly, ivy-grasses and any leaves you can get, and mix in among them a few silk-leaved artificial blooms, such as poppies or roses. The silk petals are more natural than others and look very well thus arranged.



THE WORDS OF COMMAND.

FIG. I.—TABLE-COVER—NATURAL IRIS.

ART NEEDLEWORK.

TABLE-COVERS will be found very convenient articles to work; a good bold outline pattern is very effective on a large cloth, and if a tolerably soft material is used, it does not form too heavy a piece of work to be done in the hand.

For small ones a simple spray of conventional fruit or flowers in the corners is generally sufficient. The edges of cloth or serge table-covers would be finished off all round with pointed blanket stitch, two or three colours or shades of colour being blended together. This stitch can be varied a great deal so as to form quite a pretty border, or if a plainer style be preferred a cord sewn at the edge of a thick cloth looks very well. A small square tablecloth suitable for a work or occasional table, on diagonal cloth with a bold, well-defined spray of fruit, such as plum or peas, in each corner, would take very little time to work, and be very inexpensive, as they need only be worked with crewel.

Fig. 1 is a spray of natural vine, which can be worked in any colour. It ought to be some twelve or fourteen inches in height, and therefore would not be suitable for a very small cloth; it is drawn for working on diagonal, and would look well on any dark shade of olive or sage green. I would advise you to copy your colouring from nature, taking care to use some brown and yellow-brown at the root part of the stem and at the points of the leaves. There are so many varieties of pale purple and yellow iris, and if you introduce a little filoselle into the lightest parts they make really beautiful and artistic subjects for needlework. You might also work this on blue-green diagonal, or on brown velveteen.

Fig. 2 is for a small table-cover about a yard square, and the design need not be more than six or eight inches in height. The one I give is a small sunflower with buds, rather conventionally arranged. This style wants a rather large flower in the centre of the design, therefore a strictly conventional one is perhaps the best to use. If you cannot make a good original conventional flower, you can copy one from any carving or relief near you, or even from cretonne. I have seen many patterns of the latter from which entire sprays can be traced and transferred for needlework, or if you have any bits of plush, velvet, or velveteen you desire to use up, you might use a bold little spray of fruit or flowers, and cut up your scraps as for appliqué, and adopt a very clever method, which no doubt you have seen, and which would suit many of our girls who do not feel competent to draw designs for themselves. Cut out a good spray of flowers and leaves, and arrange them on the corner of your tablecloth; after carefully tacking these on, you can then work the edges down in long and short stitches; then, with the addition of perhaps only a few stitches in silk or crewel in the centre of the flowers, you have very nearly as good an effect as a worked corner. This method is of course admissible, and perhaps even more effective for cushions and curtain borders; but we must not diverge from the subject of this paper.

If you have any pretty bits of plush, or velvet, you might use them for legitimate appliqué; and you could make a very pretty fruit corner by choosing different greens for the leaves and grouping. Your fruit can — if you are clever enough—be a little raised by pushing a little cotton wool underneath. The edges of the stuff must then be sewn down as before, and can then be finished off by what we call couching stitch, or in the way I have just described, by working up the edges. Veins can then be worked in of lighter or darker green, and a few shading lines added.

Fig. 3 is a purely conventional pattern, intended to be worked in a rather Japanese style, and it would look well on velveteen or plush. It could be any size you like, from ten to fourteen or fifteen inches in height; and you may, if you like, so alter the termination of the corners that you can continue a narrow scroll border of the pattern all round, which would make it handsomer, and have a very pretty effect. Of course, the lines round these corners are not intended to be worked. The designs should be placed from one and a half to two or two and a half inches from the edge, which would then, as I said above, be finished off in blanket-stitch.

FIG. 2.—SMALL TABLE-COVER—CONVENTIONAL SUNFLOWER.

You might outline this pattern with gold, and fill in with crewel or silk, as you prefer. The flowers, to avoid monotony, can be worked in different harmonious colours, or shades of colour, and the centres a different shade to the outer petals. It might also be worked on cloth with crewels, but I do not think the effect would be so good as if it were done on rich material with a gold outline.

Fig. 4 will do for a cloth of any size, as you can enlarge the design according to your needs; it might be as much as seven inches wide, and you can make the daisies either white or pale yellow. I have drawn it only with the idea of its being enlarged to three or four inches, and it would then look very well on diagonal. If you are going to make it this size and work it in white, shade a little with grey at the base of the petals, and put in a few stitches of pale pink at the tips, or outline each petal with pale grey or green; this will throw up the white on a light ground and look very artistic. The flowers will be best worked in silk, with the centres a little raised by means of French knots. The leaves can be worked with crewels. If you are

FIG. 3.—TABLE-COVER CORNER—CONVENTIONAL.

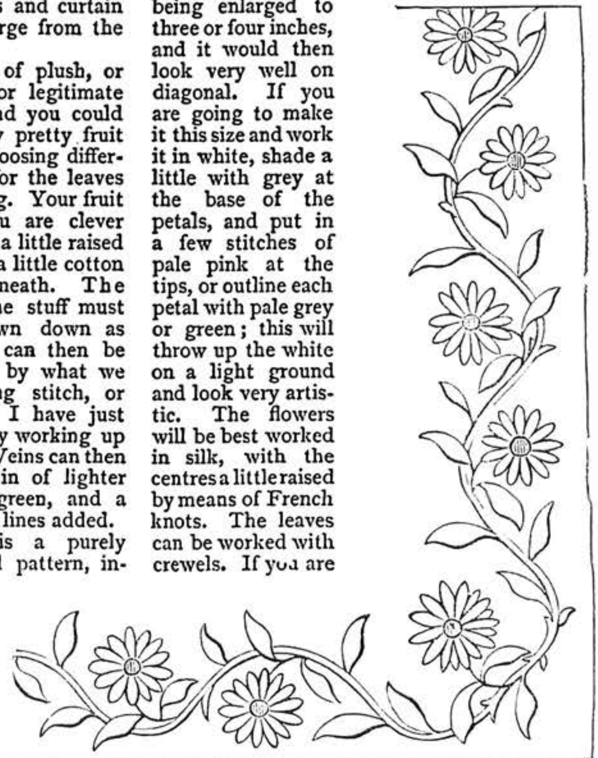


FIG. 4.—CONTINUOUS SMALL TABLE-COVER BORDER—DAISIES

going to enlarge the daisies into ox-eyes, you must leave out the pink at the tips, and be careful to make the stalks sufficiently thick in proportion, or it will have a weedy look ; but if carefully enlarged it would make a handsome border for a cloth, worked either on dark green or blue.

Fig. 5. This is a border for a round table in orange, and can be worked in almost any style or colour you like. It should be enlarged to four or five inches wide, supposing the border to be six or seven inches in depth ; and it would be finished off with a fringe according to your taste and the style of the work, supposing it to be worked in natural colours. A very good fringe can be made with the same crewels used in the work by knotting in a few strands of crewel with perhaps a little silk now and then introduced. You should pass the crewel in about an inch and a half from the edge, very close together; then you can cut the bottom even, and leave the cloth to lie under the fringe, which will make it look handsomer, and prevent it getting tangled and out of place.

Dark green, or blue cloth, or Roman satin would be a good ground for this, and then you can work it in the hand, as, indeed, you can most of the designs I give in this paper. Do not work the oranges with too bright a yellow ; a sort of yellow ochre or old gold colour will be best, and the flowers can be put in with silk. I daresay you have discovered by this time that oranges are somewhat difficult to work with, drawing the material. They should either be begun from the outside, and worked in circles to the centre, or else, taking the black eye, or spot, at the top of the orange for a starting point, work each side in a curve to the stalk. The latter method is rather less apt to draw, and gives a better effect, if done carefully, as it defines the roundness of the fruit better. Another way would be to work it in outline only (but you would then need a handsomer material, such as plush or velvet, and work with Japanese gold). And again another, to make an outline with gold, fill it up with subdued colours in silk; it would make a very handsome border like this. The same pattern will also do for brackets in any of the styles I have mentioned.

Fig. 6 is a broad border, which can either be worked on your tablecloth at once, or on a different material or colour, to be afterwards put on. In this style of design, which is good for plush, you get a very good effect, with comparatively little work; the sprays and butterflies give just enough interest and lightness, and prevent too much of your handsome material being covered. This is a good plan for large tablecloths, as you often find the folds hide the work over which so much trouble has been spent. Should you work this on plush I would advise a gold outline, and simple flat colouring, as where there is so little pattern it should be clearly defined.

The limits of space will oblige me to close my chat about table-covers now ; but, as I often say, my object is as much to lead you to help yourselves to designs as to make them for you, so I trust what I have already said will suggest to you others on which you can show your own taste and skill ; though, of course, I am highly flattered when I find—as I have done in several cases—that you have managed to reproduce some of mine.

HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

The Farmer's Wife.

The farmer came in from the field one day,
His languid step and his weary way,
His bended brow and his sinewy hand,
All showing his work for the good of the land;
For he sows,
And he hoes,
And he mows,
All for the good of the land.

By the kitchen fire stood his patient wife,
Light of his home and joy of his life,
With face all aglow and busy hand,
Preparing the meal for her husband's band;
For she must boil,
And she must broil,
And she must toil,
All for the sake of the home.

Sun shines bright when the farmer goes out.
Birds sing sweet songs, lambs frisk about,
The brook babbles softly in the glen,
While he works bravely for the good of the men.
For he sows,
And he hoes,
And he mows,
All for the good of the land.

How briskly the wife steps about within—
The dishes to wash and the milk to skim,
The fire goes out and flies buzz about—
For dear ones at home her heart is kept stout:
There are pies to make,
There is bread to bake,
And steps to take,
All for the sake of a home.

Then the day is o'er and evening has come,
The creatures are fed and the milking is done,
He takes his rest 'neath the old shade tree,
From the labor of the land his thoughts are free.
Though he sows,
And he hoes,
And he mows,
He rests from the work of the land.

But the faithful wife, from sun to sun,
Takes the burden up that's never done;
There is no rest, there is no pay,
For the household good she must work away;
For to mend the frock,
And to knit the sock,
And the cradle to rock,
All for the good of the home.

When the autumn is here with chilling blasts,
The farmer gathers his crops at last,
His barns are full, his fields are bare,
For the good of the land he ne'er hath care,
While it blows,
And it snows,
Till the winter goes,
He rests from the work of the land.

But the willing wife, till life's closing day,
Is the children's and the husband's stay,
From day to day she has done her best,
Until death alone can give her rest,
For after the test,
Comes the rest
With the blest,
In the farmer's heavenly home.

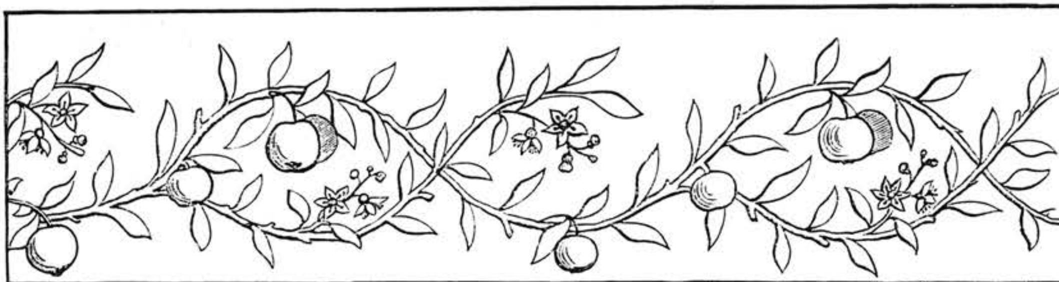


FIG. 5.—CONTINUOUS TABLE-COVER BORDER—ORANGE.

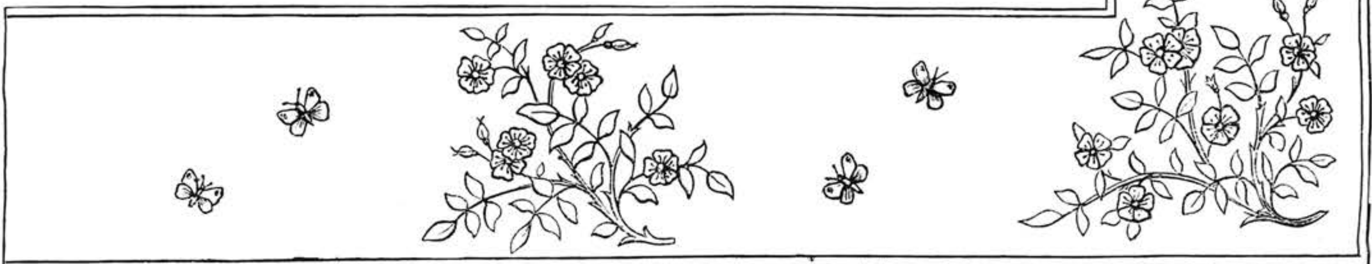


FIG. 6.—BROAD TABLE BORDER—BRANCHES OF ROSES AND BUTTERFLIES.

MODEL MENU FOR SEPTEMBER.

By PHYLLIS BROWNE.

Oysters on the Shell.—Oysters come into season in August, after which they are generally understood to be available so long as there is the letter R in the name of the month. During this time there is no *hors d'œuvre* that can be supplied that is more universally appreciated at the beginning of dinner than three or four oysters placed before each guest with a quarter of lemon and a slice of thin brown bread and butter as accompaniments, and one or two sprigs of parsley by way of garnish.

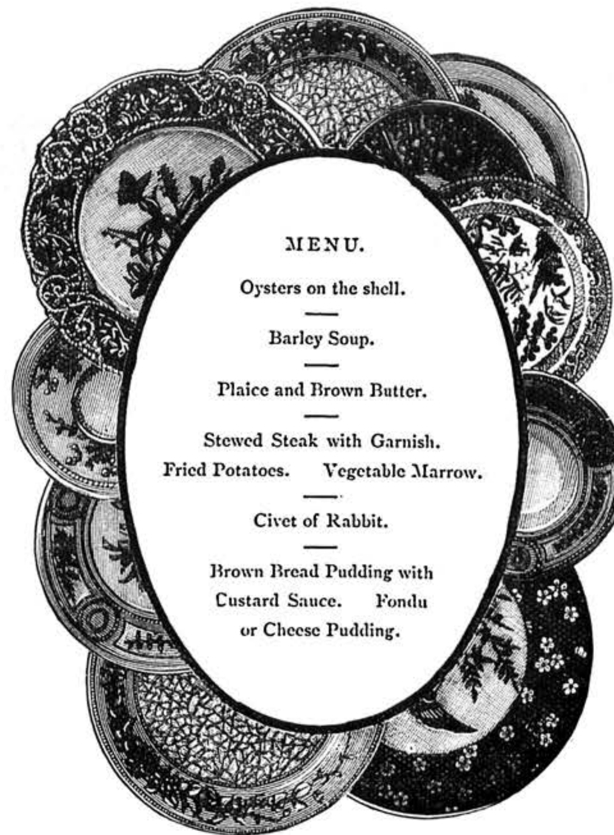
The reason why oysters are so rarely served thus is that thrifty housewives regard the price as prohibitory. They think it is no use having oysters if they cannot supply the best natives, the cost of which is usually high. If, however, they would be content now and then with seconds, and take special pains to have them opened just before being served, then laid in the deep shell, and neatly bearded, they might frequently allow their families to indulge in the dainty, and yet not feel that they must reproach themselves with being unduly extravagant. The difference between natives and seconds is not so great as is the difference between oysters opened at the moment, and oysters which have been opened for an hour, and exposed to the air. The reason why oysters are enjoyed in their highest perfection at the oyster shops is that there they are freshly opened for every comer. Because they deteriorate in flavour and excellence every minute that they remain open on the shell, it is most desirable that they should be opened at home with a proper oyster knife, and with a little practice anyone can soon get into the way of opening oysters quickly, and skill in this direction is well worth acquiring.

One advantage associated with opening oysters at home is that the shells can be scrubbed and laid in clean salt and water for some hours before being used. Real oyster broth is excellent and full of flavour; it is a valuable addition to oyster soup and oyster sauce, and housewives are very sensible who take care of it and make the most of it by putting the fish when opened in the deep shell instead of the flat one. But to make the most of water in which fish have been rinsed, and to call it oyster broth simply because oysters have lain in it for awhile is a great mistake. Yet it is impossible to escape from the suspicion that this is what occurs occasionally. There is no fear of a mischance of this kind when oysters have been cleansed at home and opened at home.

Barley Soup.—There is no soup more universally approved than the homely comfortable preparation known to everyone as barley soup. In Scotland, the country to which this broth belongs, it is usual to make it of the best end of the neck of mutton divided into small cutlets, which are served in the soup, and not long ago a north-country critic was heard to complain that when English people made barley soup they always forgot to put in the mutton. It is, however, quite possible to avoid this error without stewing a prime part of the animal for making the soup. It is believed that if the hints here given are acted upon, the soup will be good, and not extravagant.

When using barley for making soup, we have to remember that barley burns very easily, and also that broth which contains it very quickly turns sour. Therefore it ought to be watched very carefully while on the fire, and it ought also to be freshly made. The scrag end of a neck of mutton answers excellently for mutton broth so long as it is fresh, and its juice has not dried up. The shank bones of a leg or shoulder of mutton may be used as well, and any scraps and bones there may be in the house should be added. For every pound of fresh mutton a pint of water, and for every pound of bones half a pint of water should be allowed.

An ounce and a half of barley, two large carrots, a large turnip, an onion, and a leek should be allowed for each quart of water.



The barley should be soaked for two hours before being boiled. The vegetables should be cleansed and cut either into thin strips or into small dice, and they should be kept separate because they ought not all to be boiled the same length of time. The tenderest should be put in last.

To make Scotch barley soup then take two pounds of the scrag end of a neck of mutton, one or two shanks of the leg or shoulders, and any bones there may be. Divide the meat into small pieces, and trim away nearly all the fat. Put it into a saucepan with three pints of stock or cold water, and a teaspoonful of salt, if the stock is not already salted. Bring it gently to the boil, and remove the scum as it rises; then put in the barley, and simmer for two hours, and skim the broth from time to time. Now put in the carrots and onions, a bay leaf and a small sprig of parsley and thyme. Simmer again, and at the end of an hour throw in the turnip, and simmer another half hour. The broth will now be ready. Remove the meat, bones and herbs, and pour the broth into a bowl, let it stand a few minutes, then free it from fat. Put it again into the pan, add salt and pepper to taste, and stir it frequently, as it will be very liable to burn at this stage of the proceedings. Put it into a tureen, sprinkle freshly-chopped parsley on the top, and serve. This broth, it will be understood, is to be thickened or lithed with vegetables and barley; when it is wanted specially good, small neck of mutton cutlets can be served in it. If approved the meat can be picked from the scrag of mutton and put into the soup.

Plaice and Brown Butter.—Plaice is always in the market (though it falls off in quality in the early spring), and it is always cheap. Yet a great many housewives have a deep contempt for it, and if they know it, they will not have it at any price, yet fishmongers say that inexperienced people often eat it, thinking it is sole, having no knowledge of the difference between the two sorts of fish. The statement is not easily believed, because undoubtedly plaice is inferior to sole. But we have to remember that it is much less costly than sole; it can almost always be bought for fourpence per pound, and in the open market it is often to be had at this time of year for even a smaller sum. Also without question it does not merit the scorn that is heaped upon it by experts. M. Kettner is one of the most sensible culinary authorities of whom we have any knowledge, and yet even he says, "The worst cookery cannot do plaice wrong, the best cannot do them good." This opinion is very discouraging.

Let us confess at once that when small thin plaice are boiled and served with sauce they are most unsatisfactory. The mistake, however, is, firstly, to buy plaice of this description, and secondly, to treat it in this way. With plaice the choice and method of treatment are everything. Let housewives therefore who have hitherto despised this cheap and always to be obtained fish try the following simple plan, and see if they do not like it.

Get the thickest and firmest fish which is to be had, and be sure that it is very stiff and fresh. Fillet it, and divide the fillets into pieces the size of the palm of the hand; trim them neatly and flatten them with a wet knife. Put them in a single layer into a well-greased baking-tin, salt and pepper them, squeeze the juice of a large lemon over them, cover them with a sheet of kitchen paper well buttered, and set them in the oven for about ten minutes, when they will be ready. Dish them in a circle, pour brown butter sauce over them, and serve hot. The recipe for making brown butter sauce was given with the model menu for March. If liked three or four chives can be chopped small, and sprinkled over the fish before it is sauced.

A still more excellent but a little more troublesome way of preparing plaice is the following. Fillet the fish and cut it into neat pieces, dry these well, cover them with egg and bread crumbs, and fry them in a good depth of hot fat till brown. Drain on kitchen paper, dish in a circle, and garnish with fried parsley. Send a good fish sauce to table in a tureen.

Stewed Steak with Garnish.—Have the steak taken from a rump of beef which has been well hung, but do not let it be cut until it is wanted. Let it be taken off in one even slice about an inch and a quarter thick. Trim it neatly, and cut away the outside skin, and all the fat. The skin will contract with the heat, and draw the steak out of shape. The fat should be cooked separately. If stewed with the steak it will make the gravy greasy. This result it is desirable to avoid.

Having trimmed the steak, take a frying-pan, make it hot, and melt a little butter in it, and let it brown, not burn; when one side is done, turn it to the other. Put it in an enamelled saucepan, and with it a carrot, a small turnip, a stick of celery, or a few celery leaves, a small bunch of herbs, pepper and salt, and enough stock or water to cover the meat. A good-sized onion should also be added, but this should be sliced and lightly browned in the frying-pan before being set with the meat. Put the lid on the saucepan, and set it at the side of the stove, where it will gently simmer till the meat is done. Steak of this quality will take about an hour; if it were of coarser quality it would need to stew longer. The chief point to be observed is that it must be very gently stewed all the time. A quarter of an hour before it is taken up mix a tablespoonful of flour to a smooth paste with a little cold water and a teaspoonful of home-made ketchup, put a little of the gravy with it and mix it with the rest, stirring it till the flour is cooked. The fat which was cut off the meat should be cut into small dice and cooked on a baking-tin in the oven or in the frying-pan.

While the steak is being stewed, its garnish should be prepared. This should consist of as many small balls about the size of a marble of carrot, turnip, and cucumber as will form a ring of each round the steak. They should be boiled separately in salt and water. For convenience sake they may be cooked betimes, then made hot at the last moment by being shaken over the fire in a little butter mixed with lemon juice. The time required will depend on the age and quality of the vegetables. Probably the cucumber balls will need to boil half-an-hour, the carrot balls ten minutes, the turnips five minutes. The vegetables boiled with the steak will not do for this purpose, they will have yielded most of their goodness, and will be suitable for putting into the stock pot.

When all is ready, put the steak on a hot dish with a little mound of its own fat on the top. Place around it first a ring of cucumber balls, then a ring of carrot balls, and last a ring of turnip balls, and sprinkle a little chopped parsley over the various rings. The gravy in which the steak was stewed should not be poured over the meat, it would disturb the rings. It should be sent to table in a tureen. If neatly arranged this dish will look exceedingly inviting, and it is not as troublesome as appears at first sight.

Fried Potatoes.—Rump steak and fried potatoes go very well together, so well indeed that if the garnish of vegetable balls described above is considered unnecessary, the steak may be surrounded with fried potatoes as a garnish, and it will constitute a very dainty dish.

Fried potatoes are very easily managed when once the cook has got into the way of doing them. It is extraordinary and rather unfortunate that English cooks are so afraid of attempting them, for they are considered quite a dainty; they make a good show at little cost, and they are always appreciated. When a pan with a good depth of fat in it is kept ready for frying, and when there is a frying basket in use, there need be no difficulty at all about preparing them, although it is granted that where fat is not thus kept in readiness, and where there is not a frying basket the case will be very much altered.

Kidney potatoes should be chosen for this mode of cookery. They should be peeled, and may either be cut into thin round slices about the thickness of a penny (in which case they will be called chips); into square plugs about the thickness of a finger and two inches long; into ribands (in which case the tuber must be pared round and round as one would pare an apple, being careful to break the ribands as little as possible); into wedges in shape and size like the quarters of an orange; or they may be cut thin and puffed out like small balloons. In the latter case they will be called potato *soufflées*. The variations here named will depend chiefly on the way in which they are cut. For the particular dish now under consideration they will perhaps be best cut into plugs, and they should be prepared as follows—

Peel the potatoes and cut as many shapes as are needed to make a dish, then throw them in cold water and let them lie for awhile. This will free them from the potato flour which clings to them, the presence of which does not assist matters. After undergoing this operation, however, it is important that they should be spread between the folds of a doubled cloth and dried perfectly. The rule nothing fries crisp that is wet applies here. Put an iron stewpan filled to one-third of its depth with frying fat on the stove, and let it remain until it is still and a blue fume rises from it. It is necessary to have a sufficient depth of fat to receive the frying basket and cover the potatoes freely; yet there must not be over much for fear of accident. Potatoes contain a good deal of water, and are very cold. Directly they are put into it the fat will rise and fizz, and if there were too much fat it would go over the sides and cause quite a disturbance. It is no advantage, therefore, to have too great a depth of fat.

Neither is it an advantage to put too many potatoes at once into the frying basket. There should be a single layer and no more, and even in this layer there should be room to shake the potato plugs about and turn them over. When frying potatoes it does not save time at all to put too many plugs or slices into the basket at once, because the shapes crowded thus do not brown properly. I have known inexperienced cooks to have potatoes in the fat for half an hour, and at the end of the time they were not brown, but pale and greasy, whereas by rights they ought to have been brown, crisp, and dry enough to take between the fingers, in seven or eight minutes, not counting the time of course that the fat takes to get hot. We shall have to calculate if the pan is of a good size, as it must be if the frying basket can go into it, that the fat will take about twenty minutes to get hot the first time, and five or six minutes to be heated the second time. Of the second heating, however, we have as yet said nothing, so let us return to the potatoes.

The fat being properly heated therefore, and the potatoes ready, we must plunge the basket into the fat and shake it backwards and forwards now and again until the potatoes are soft enough for eating, though still pale. We now lift the basket out and let the fat get hot once more, rather hotter than it was in the first instance; the blue fume must be distinctly visible; we plunge the basket in a second time, and in a couple of minutes the potatoes will turn crisp and brown. They can be thrown upon kitchen paper while a second layer is fried in the same way, and they will keep hot a long time. When all are ready they should be put into a tureen, a little salt may be sprinkled over them, and they are ready to be served. They will be most excellent. They must be left uncovered however. If the lid is put on the tureen they will turn soft.

When potatoes instead of being cut into plugs are cut into thin slices and cooked as just described, the second frying causes them to inflate and look as if they were blown out with air. Potatoes thus prepared look very pretty, in fact some people think they look better than they taste.

Boiled Vegetable Marrow.—Vegetable marrow too often comes to table with water draining from it, and in this condition it is anything but inviting. The fact is that marrows are of a watery nature, and it requires a little management to get rid of the water. If they are cooked in the usual way, that is skinned, cut into pieces and boiled, then sent to table, water will ooze from them freely. It may be that by way of overcoming the difficulty the slices will be put on toast and sauce will be poured over them. Yet in some cases the water will be too much even for the toast; it will continue to flow, will go cold and mix with the sauce, and the result will be anything but agreeable. Let housewives who have come to the conclusion that they do not care for marrows because they are watery, try the following method and see if it is not an improvement.

Boil the marrow some time before it is wanted, and cook it before skinning it, either whole or in large pieces. When tender, peel it, cut it into neat pieces, put it on a dish raised at one end and let the water drain from it till it is nearly cold. Melt a good slice of butter in a saucepan; when it boils put in the pieces of marrow, sprinkle salt and pepper over them and shake them gently till hot through. Pile them on toast and pour sauce over them or not as liked.

Civet of Rabbit.—An appetising and economical dish of game may be made with a young rabbit cooked as follows. Wash and dry a young rabbit, and cut it into pieces about the size of a small egg. Cut up also a quarter of a pound of bacon into dice, and fry it until it is brown. Take it up with a slice and put it aside, then fry the pieces of rabbit in the fat which the bacon has yielded. The rabbit being browned in its turn take it up, put back the bacon, and add an onion, a shalot, a small carrot, a small turnip, and a small bunch of herbs or half a teaspoonful of mixed herbs. Turn these ingredients over the fire for a minute or two to bring out their flavour, put the fried rabbit with them with a pint of second stock and a dozen small mushrooms. Stir in a tablespoonful of flour which has been mixed to a smooth paste with water, and season the gravy with pepper and salt if necessary. Cover the pan closely, draw it back and simmer gently for about an hour. The exact time allowed must depend on the age of the rabbit. Dish the pieces of rabbit on a slice of toast cut into four with the gravy poured over, or some fried sippets by way of garnish. The gravy should be thick and very hot, and there should be enough to give a little with each helping. If when the rabbit is tender the gravy is thin, the meat should be taken out, the gravy should be reduced by rapid boiling, then made hot again before serving. Should mushrooms not be available a little mushroom ketchup may be substituted for them. It must however be used with discretion.

Brown Bread Pudding.—Take a stale brown loaf, remove the crust, and rub the crumb through a wire sieve to make five ounces of bread-crumbs. Put these into a bowl with three tablespoonfuls of sugar and the grated rind of a fresh lemon, and pour over all a quarter of a pint of boiling milk. Flavour the pudding with twenty-five drops of essence of vanilla. Stir in one at a time the yolks of three eggs which have been lightly beaten, and just before the pudding is to be cooked add the whites of the eggs whisked till firm, and also a quarter of a pint of cream

which has been whipped till thick. Butter a pint mould rather thickly, turn the mixture into it, lay a round of buttered paper on the top, and set it in a saucepan containing boiling water two and a half inches deep. Let it steam gently for an hour and a quarter. The pudding will be sufficiently cooked when the centre is firm under light pressure. It is to be remembered that if by any chance the water should touch the paper placed on the top of the pudding it will absorb the moisture all through. The round of buttered paper is intended to prevent the condensed steam from falling into the pudding. Turn the pudding carefully on a hot dish, and pour custard sauce round it.

Custard Sauce.—Break the yolk of an egg into a basin, beat it, and pour on it gradually half a pint of boiling milk. Sweeten it and flavour it with a few drops of vanilla essence, strain it into a jug, and set this in a saucepan of hot water to come half way up the vessel. Stir the sauce over the fire till it thickens and it is ready. The white of the egg can be used for the cheese pudding.

Fondu.—This dish is often spoken of as if to make it were a triumph of the culinary art, and inexperienced housewives sometimes conclude that it is quite beyond the powers of the average cook. Yet if only a little attention be given to one or two simple details, it is quite easy to make, and there is no reason why it should not be served frequently if it is wanted It is a very savoury preparation, and gentlemen nearly always like it. Moreover when eggs are abundant it is not a particularly costly dish. True it may be made to be expensive, as when cream is largely used in its composition. Yet though an extravagantly made fondu may be richer, it is not necessarily more agreeable than a simply made one, while the less expensive preparation will certainly be the more wholesome of the two.

The chief difficulty associated with a fondu is that it must be served as soon as it is ready. If too much cooked or too little cooked its excellence is gone, and it deteriorates very quickly when once it is taken from the oven. Consequently there is a saying amongst those who are accustomed to make fondus that though the guests may wait for the pudding, the pudding must never wait for the guests. A fondu requires a quick oven, and it ought to be sent to table in the tin in which it is baked. When a silver *soufflé* dish is available, it is usual for this tin to be slipped inside the silver dish. If there is no silver dish, a hot napkin has to be fastened quickly round the ordinary tin. But whatever the arrangement is, it must be accomplished as expeditiously as possible.

To make a fondu or cheese pudding then, take a small-sized cake tin. Butter it well inside with fresh butter, and roll round the outside a band of kitchen paper about three inches deep which has also been well buttered. This band is intended to be a support to the pudding, should it rise above the rim of the tin. It should be taken off before the tin is sent to table.

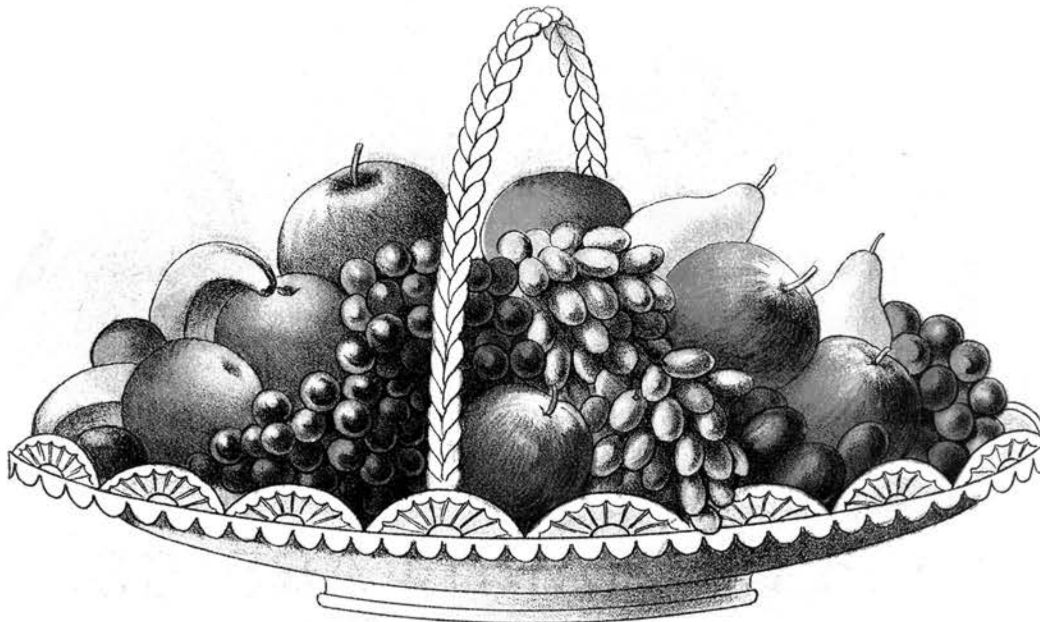
When everything is ready melt an ounce of butter in a stew-pan, and mix half an ounce of flour smoothly with it. Beat the panade over the fire until the flour is thoroughly cooked, so that the sauce leaves the sides of the saucepan with the spoon. The success of the fondu depends very much on this part of the business being successfully done. Stir in one by one off the fire the yolks of two eggs, a little salt and cayenne and three ounces of freshly grated Parmesan cheese. Just before the fondu is put into the oven, add the whites of three eggs which have been whisked till firm. (The unused yolk in this case can be used for making the custard sauce. A fondu is always lighter when a larger number of whisked whites than yolks of eggs are used for them.) Put the preparation into the mould, and set it in a hot oven. Do not look at it for a few minutes; the mere opening of the oven door would let in a current of air which might check the rising of the fondu, and when it must be looked at be careful to open and shut the oven door gently. The pudding ought to rise high in the pan, and it will be enough when it feels firm in the centre. It will probably take about twenty minutes, although it is impossible to give the exact time. Anyhow, it is better to put it to bake a minute too late rather than a minute too soon, because if it is not quite ready, the company can wait for it, but if it is too much done it will be spoilt. It should be of a golden brown colour and quite light and savoury.

September is a busy month for housewives, who wish to keep the store-closet well filled. Then it is that blackberries and the later plums have to be preserved. Of the methods of making ordinary jams, it will not be necessary to speak here, but a reminder may be given about Sour Plums, a most delicious accompaniment to hot roast mutton and hare, and a substitute for red currant jelly served with meats. The time during which this dainty can be made is so very limited that it is necessary to be on the alert concerning it, and not miss the opportunity of making it.

Sour plums are of German origin, but every one likes them who has tasted them. They are made of *Zwetchen* plums, the large, long, pinky purple and rather hard plum which comes into the market when English plums are past. In some years these plums are very plentiful and cheap; sometimes they are very scarce. Last year only one consignment reached England; and people who wanted the plums looked for them in vain When true *Zwetchens* fail, however, late damsons, which are rather larger and longer than early damsons, may be used instead. They are not quite the same thing, but they are nearly so. It is necessary to remember, however, when we have to put up with plums of this sort that because they are softer than *Zwetchens*, they need to be cooked a shorter time and watched carefully for fear they should fall. When the dainty is finished the plums should be whole yet tender, and the syrup should have penetrated through them. If they are in a mash, as the saying is, they are spoilt.

To make sour plums then, take three pounds of *Zwetchens* and prick each one with a needle. (When damsons are used they should not be pricked.) Boil a pint of best vinegar for a quarter of an hour with a pound and a half of sugar, a teaspoonful of cloves, three blades of mace, a stick of cinnamon, and half a teaspoonful of allspice. (These spices should be tied in a muslin bag, and soaked with the plums. The preparation should taste very decidedly of spice, but it will not taste so strongly when it is cold, as it does when it is hot.) Put the plums into a large bowl, and pour the hot syrup over them. Let them stand for twenty-four hours, then boil the syrup again, and again pour it over the plums. Then simmer syrup and plums together for a few minutes, bottle, and tie down while hot.

In September also filberts can be stored for dessert. If put into a jar with hay at the top and the bottom they will keep all the winter. During this month too, potatoes may be laid down for the winter. If they are put in a box or barrel in a cool dry place where the frost cannot get to them, and covered to exclude the light, they will be excellent. Yet the probability is that they will get dearer as time goes on. With a little forethought much economy may be effected in these ways.



CONDUCTED BY LAURA WILLIS LATHROP.

SEPTEMBER STORES.

THE housekeeper who has endeavored to keep pace with the fruits of summer, in their rapid succession, adding from each to the store of delicacies which shall lend the variety to her table so desirable during the long dreary winter, has doubtless learned that unless she constantly anticipates forthcoming varieties, the ones which she most desires often go by before she is aware of it; and now that autumn has come, double demands are made upon her time and skill, for hand in hand with preserving, the pickling season sets in. The early frosts of some localities render timely attention to the latter branch of housewifely art a necessity, and, despite all that has been said about the unwholesomeness of pickles, the housekeeper recognizes the fact that they will prove a spicy relish to serve with meats in almost any form and an appetizing addition to the luncheon basket; forming also a choice reserve store from which to draw when she wishes, for some special occasion, dainties defying criticism. In case of emergencies, she can call them into requisition without the uncertainty, as to quality, attending the use of the ready prepared supplies offered for sale at the stores, suggesting the presence of sulphuric acid frequently, by the remarkable clearness of the vinegar, and confirming our suspicions by the sharp twinge which conveys to the palate a certainty of its presence. The work, in all its branches, requires both time and care, and one must bring the requisite amount of both to its performance to secure the best results. A good rule is to use all fruits when they are at their very best — firm and ripe, but not allowed to reach that stage of over-ripeness which is but a step removed from decay. The last is a fruitful source of failure in the manufacture of jellies. If one has home-grown fruits, strict attention and a determination to make all other duties yield ground to that which cannot be deferred without loss, will yield us most delicious products. In the markets, fruit may be had the cheapest when just in its prime, being more abundant then, so that it is a matter of economy, as well as of quality, to let nothing within our control interfere with the work.

Two preserving kettles are always necessary, one for keeping a reserve supply of syrup, or for hastening the preparation of large quantities, as the case may be. These should be of granite ware or lined with porcelain. Scales are a necessity, also some means of correct measurement. We have found it economy to use self-sealing jars for both preserves and choice pickles, as the quantity of sugar used may then be lessened to suit individual tastes, without the danger of fermentation consequent upon the slightest exposure to air.

General Rule for Clarifying Syrup. — To every four pounds of sugar add one quart of water. For this quantity beat the whites of two eggs until light but not stiff, and stir them into it. Pour into the preserving kettle and place where the contents will heat slowly, stirring often until they begin to boil. Now, cover the kettle and keep it on the back of the stove where it will just boil, but not rapidly, for half an hour. On removing the cover, at the end of this time, lift and remove the thick cake of scum on its surface, and you will find a syrup ready for use and clear as crystal. If the syrup, during this process, is allowed to boil rapidly, the scum is broken and can only be removed by straining, and is never, even then, perfectly clear. Unless the greatest care is given to this work, it is better to use the syrup without clarifying.

Pears Preserved with Ginger. — Choose firm ripe fruit, rejecting those which have become mellow. Pare them, divide into halves, core, and remove the blossom and the stem, and drop into cold water until all are ready. Allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar to every pound of fruit, which will insure sufficient syrup to cover them. Put the

parings into a preserving kettle with a quart of cold water, boil for twenty minutes, strain, and to this juice add enough water so that there will be a quart for every four pounds of sugar required: To every quart of juice, add one ounce of green ginger root, sliced, and a table spoonful of lemon juice. Clarify this syrup according to general directions given above. On removing the scum, rinse the ginger root which will be found in it, in cold water and return it to the syrup. Simmer the pears in this syrup until they are tender, putting in only enough to form a layer at a time. When all are cooked, take up carefully, one by one, and place in glass jars, and pour the syrup, boiling hot, over them. Screw on the covers immediately, tightening them, from time to time, as the jars cool.

Preserved Peaches. — Select the firmest of perfectly ripe peaches, rejecting any that are bruised. Pare with a very sharp knife, halve them, removing the stones. Drop the peaches as fast as pared into cold water to prevent discoloration. Put the stones, as fast as removed, into the preserving kettle containing one quart of cold water. When all is done, boil the stones in this water for fifteen minutes. Strain, and to this juice add enough water so that there will be a quart for every four pounds of sugar, allowing three-quarters of a pound of sugar to every pound of fruit. This will furnish juice sufficient to cover the fruit. Clarify the syrup and proceed precisely as in directions given for pears. Peaches should be simmered very gently. Either of these preserves are very fine for winter desserts, served with some nice form of white cake and cream.

Peach Marmalade. — Small peaches and bruised fruit from which the spots have been removed, answer for this purpose. Plunge the peaches for two or three minutes into boiling water, and then transfer immediately to cold water, when the skins may be easily removed with a coarse towel. Slice the fruit quite thin, and after weighing it, put it into the preserving kettle, allowing a pint of water to four pounds of fruit. Cover, and cook for an hour, taking care that it does not burn. Now add one-half pound of sugar for each pound of fruit as weighed when first put into the kettle. Boil steadily for three-quarters of an hour, stirring constantly. It should be thick and smooth by that time. Put in small jars, bowls or tumblers. When cold, cover with round pieces of stiff white paper, cut just large enough to fit inside, having first brushed the upper side of paper with white of egg, and allowed it to dry. Now, unless you have used glasses with metal or glass covers, cut larger pieces of *soft* heavy paper, dip both sides into white of egg and paste down carefully around the edges, pressing downward and out any air spaces. Write the name of the contents upon the paper when dry. This forms a delicious ingredient for the queen of puddings, so aptly named.

Spiced Pears or Peaches. — To every seven pounds of fruit, allow four pounds of sugar and one quart of good cider vinegar or white wine vinegar. Chemists' vinegar softens and spoils the fruit as well as the flavor. To every quart of vinegar add one tablespoonful each of ground cinnamon and whole cloves, and if you wish, two or three sticks of mace. Tie these loosely in a piece of cheese-cloth, and boil together with the vinegar for half an hour in a preserving kettle, adding boiling water as it boils away, to keep same amount of syrup. Put in your fruit, and keep just at the boiling point for half an hour. Lift out the fruit carefully, pack in jars and cover with the syrup. In two days pour off the syrup, heat to the boiling point, and pour over the fruit. When it is cold, cover the jars with manilla paper, and over this a layer of oil-cloth, both securely tied down. If these pickles are placed in self-sealing jars, and sealed boiling hot, they will keep perfectly for years. This will answer for cherries, plums, grapes, etc.

Watermelon Rinds. — These form a very fine pickle, if trimmed free from the outside rind and colored inner portion, then cut up into cubes or strips, soaked in a weak brine (teacupful of salt to a gallon of cold water) for twenty-four hours, then drained, covered with boiling water for ten minutes, drained again, and weighed. Allow half a pound of sugar to every pound of rind, and vinegar enough to cover. For every four pounds of rinds allow one ounce of stick cinnamon, half a grated nutmeg, and a teaspoonful of whole cloves. Tie the spices in a cloth and simmer in the syrup, adding water as it boils away, as directed for pears. Simmer the

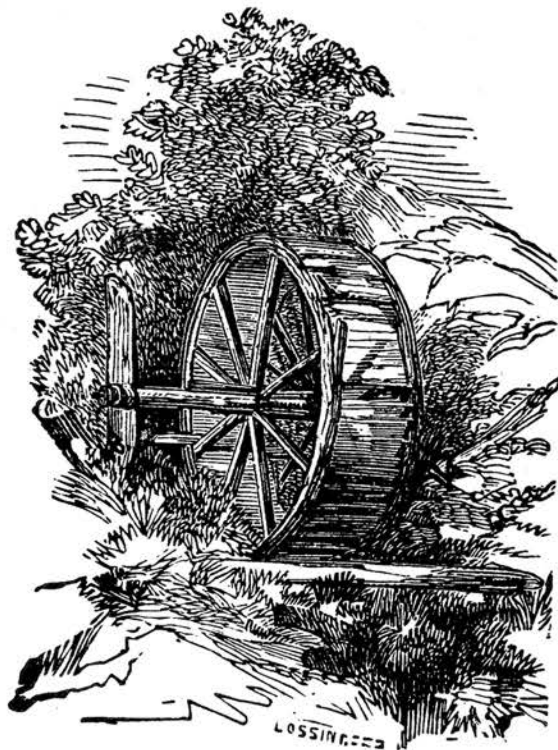
rinds in this syrup until they look clear, and can be easily pierced by a broom splint. Put in a stone jar, when cool, tie down securely, and keep in dry, cool place. A most excellent pickle.

GREEN TOMATO PICKLE. — Slice thin without peeling, soak in weak brine, drain and scald as directed for melon rinds. Put them in the preserving kettle and just cover with vinegar, measuring it, as you pour it in. To every pint of vinegar allow two pints of sugar, a tablespoonful each of ground cinnamon, whole cloves, half an ounce of whole mace, half an ounce of sliced green ginger root. The latter is put loose into the kettle, while the spices are tied up in a cloth. Simmer the whole gently until tender, which is usually in about twenty minutes. This is almost equal to an imported preserve, and forms a delicious accompaniment to cold meats. Ripe cucumbers are fine prepared this way, soaking them twenty-four hours in weak vinegar instead of brine, and then draining them, and using fresh vinegar. Omit the ginger. Excellent with roast mutton or beef.

DELICATE PEPPER MANGOES. — Let those who do not relish pepper mangoes as ordinarily prepared, try the following, which we devised a few years since, to suit our own individual taste. Take large green bell or mango peppers; cut out the stem carefully with a sharp pen-knife, and clean out the seeds. Lay them, with the stem section, in weak brine for a week, changing the brine for fresh every twenty-four hours. This frees the peppers from the intolerable pungency, and renders them mild and delicious. Chop some nice white cabbage quite fine, salt it in the proportion of one-half teacupful of salt to a gallon of cabbage. Put it in a cheese-cloth bag and drain under a weight all night. To each quart of the cabbage, add two tablespoonfuls of white mustard seed and a teaspoonful of grated horse-radish. Mix thoroughly, pack firmly into the mangoes, place stems in position, put in a stone jar, closely packed and stems upward, cover with a plate to hold them down, and cover all with good cider vinegar. They will keep all winter, are fine with roast meats, especially roast pork or veal. Reserve some of the peppers, unstuffed, place them in a separate jar, and covered with cold vinegar, to serve as deviled peppers during winter as required.

DEVILED PEPPERS. — Chop fine either cold boiled tongue or chicken, and moisten with the following dressing: To one-half cup of vinegar, add one beaten egg, one teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of ground pepper, a tablespoonful of butter and a level teaspoonful of made mustard. Place over the fire, and stir constantly until it becomes of the consistency of thick, sweet cream. Do not allow it to boil, as it will curdle. This will be sufficient for a quart of the meat; add a little more salt and pepper if your taste demands it. Fill the pepper shells with this mixture, rounding it up nicely, and omit using the stems. Serve with the mounded meat upward.

MOCK OLIVES. — Gather plums just before ripening — when of a yellowish green. Let soak over night in weak brine. Drain, and pour over them boiling hot, a pickle prepared as follows: To every quart of vinegar add two tablespoonfuls of white mustard seed, and a half teaspoonful of whole cloves. Tie in a cloth loosely, and simmer for fifteen minutes in a little vinegar, then add to the rest. Let plums remain in this for twenty-four hours, pour off, reheat, and return to plums. Keep cool. Fine for picnics.



A Tale of a Cruel Woman.

In days of old, the daughter of a lord of Kienast Castle, in Prussia, named Cunigunda, who was as cold and hard-hearted as she was beautiful, made a vow to accept no one as a lover who should not previously ride round the castle on the top of the outer wall. Now, Kienast is perched on a rock detached from the main body of the mountains, and its walls rise from the brink of almost perpendicular precipices, so that it is accessible only on one side by a drawbridge.

Cunigunda had many suitors, but on this announcement being made, the greater number retired, a few made the attempt and were dashed to pieces in the terrible abyss. The lady showed no signs of pity; she desired to remain single and was glad to be relieved from the importunities of so many lovers, all of whom were equally indifferent to her.

At last a knight presented himself to try the perilous adventure, whose manly beauty and engaging manners interested her so much that she repented of her vow, and with fear and trembling beheld him mount the wall upon his steed. To her great joy he performed the exploit in safety; but to her surprise when she advanced to throw herself into his arms as her destined bridegroom, instead of a kiss he gave her a box on the ear and a smart reproof, and then, leaping on his steed, left her in shame and amazement.

It was the Landgrave, Albert of Thuringia, a married man, who, in order to punish Cunigunda for her cruelty, had previously practised his steed in this dangerous exercise.

A Definition of Man.—The question has often been asked what man is principally made of. Some say a bucket of water and a few pinches of phosphorus, but other observers hold that in nine cases out of ten he is principally made of brass.

Woman in Fiction. — Mrs. Hannah More's dull novel of "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife," issued in 1808, contained, perhaps, the first argument in fiction that a ninny is not necessarily an ideal wife, or a knowledge of the Latin grammar incompatible with a turn for housekeeping.

Well-deserved Praise.

Of all the boasted conquests man has made
By flood or field, the gentlest and the best
Is in the dog, the generous dog, displayed,
For ah! what virtues glow within his breast.

Through life the same, through sunshine and in storm,
At once his lord's protector and his guide;
Shaped to his wishes, to his wants conform;
His slave, his friend, his pastime, and his pride!

Easily-forgotten Crimes.—We easily forget crimes that are known only to ourselves. —*Rochefoucauld.*

THE HISTORY OF HOME;

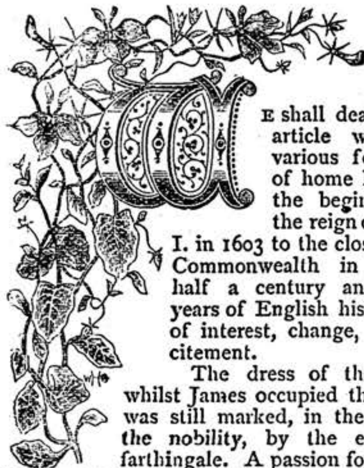
OR,

DOMESTIC WAYS SINCE THE TIMES OF HENRY VIII.

By NANETTE MASON.

PART III.

JAMES I., CHARLES I., AND THE COMMONWEALTH.



We shall deal in this article with the various features of home life from the beginning of the reign of James I. in 1603 to the close of the Commonwealth in 1660—half a century and seven years of English history full of interest, change, and excitement.

The dress of the ladies whilst James occupied the throne was still marked, in the case of the nobility, by the enormous farthingale. A passion for foreign lace sprang up, pearls were the favourite jewels, and the ruff maintained its sway.

The prevailing freaks of woman's taste are glanced at in a sermon preached before the King at Whitehall in 1607 as "her French, her Spanish, and her foolish fashions; her plumes, her fans, and a silken vizard, with a ruff like a sail, yea, a ruff like a rainbow, with a feather in her cap like a flag in her top, to tell which way the wind will blow."

Such pulpit criticism, however, had no effect. Anne of Denmark, James's queen, was Elizabeth over again, with the farthingale, if anything, intensified. When Lady Wych had an interview with the Sultaness—Sir Peter Wych at the time being ambassador at Constantinople—she and her waiting-woman went in all the glory of Court dress. The Sultaness looked at the huge farthingale, and seriously inquired if that was the natural shape of Englishwomen, and Lady Wych was forced to explain the whole mystery of the dress, in order to convince her Highness that she and her companions were not really so deformed as they looked.

Less fashionable ladies between 1615 and 1625 left off wearing the tight and pointed stomacher and farthingale, and wore over an easy jerkin and ample petticoat a loose gown open in front, and made high to meet the ruff. It had long, hanging sleeves, through which the tight sleeves of the jerkin were shown.

In the reign of James's successor a gradual change was seen. Gowns with close bodies and tight sleeves were worn, but the farthingale and the French hood were still in fashion. The hair was worn in small curls, and hoods of all colours were fastened under the chin with curious effect. From the hoods descended long veils, often of such ample proportions that they looked like mantles. Earrings, necklaces, and bracelets were the ornaments of all who could afford them, except among the Puritan party. The Puritans forbade their wives and daughters to wear lace, jewels, or even braided hair.

Before the close of the reign of Charles I. the farthingale had disappeared, and with it the yellow starched ruffs and bands. The wearing of yellow starched ruffs had declined from the time that Mrs. Turner, a physician's widow, who had taken an active part in the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury, was executed. She went to the gallows with a yellow ruff round her neck (she claimed, by the way, to have been the means of introducing yellow starch into England from France), and association with the hangman soon made this article of dress unfashionable.

During the Commonwealth the ladies of the Roundhead section of the community were chiefly distinguished by the plainness of their attire and their adherence to some of the more sober articles of the old dress, such as the hood and the high-crowned hat.

Patches, with a view to heightening the brilliancy of the complexion, made their appearance in England in the reign of Charles I., and notwithstanding "their intrinsic absurdity and their strange faculty for disfigurement," continued in fashion throughout the century. The fops of Elizabethan England had occasionally decorated their faces with black stars, crescents, and lozenges; but the earliest mention of the adoption of the practice by ladies occurs in Bulwer's "Artificial Changeling," published in 1653:—"Our ladies," he complains, "have lately entertained a vain custom of spotting their faces, out of an affectation of a mole, to set off their beauty, such as Venus had; and it is well if one black patch will serve to make their faces remarkable, for some fill their visages full of them, varied in all manner of shapes."

A favourite patch was one in the shape of a coach and horses; but the cheeks and forehead of a fashionable beauty often formed quite an exhibition of ingenious devices. In "Wit Restored," a poem printed in 1658, we have a lady thus described:—

"Her patches are of every cut
For pimples and for scars;
Here's all the wandering planets' signs,
And some of the fixed stars,
Already gummed to make them stick;
They need no other sky."

Painting the face—a practice of much greater antiquity—was also fashionable in the time of Charles I. Bulwer, in his "Artificial Changeling," besides telling us of the ladies' patches, says, "Sometimes they think they have too much colour; then they use art to make them pale and fair. Now they have too little colour; then Spanish paper, red leather, or other cosmetical rubrics must be had." Overbury describes a lady of the period, not satisfied with "a woman's face, by Nature's own hand painted," reading her countenance in the glass every morning, while her maid stands by, ready to write "red" here and blot out "pale" there, till art had done its best or worst. Court ladies continued to wear artificial white and red till the Court itself was for a time banished from England. Whilst the Commonwealth lasted, however, no respectable woman dared to paint her cheeks.

The close of the Commonwealth period

was signalised by an event that has had a wonderful influence on our fireside happiness. This was the introduction of "the cups that cheer, but not inebriate." The exact date when tea was first brought into England from China is involved in some obscurity. The earliest advertisement in which it is mentioned is the following, which appeared in the *Mercurius Politicus* on the 30th of September, 1658:—"That excellent, and by all physicians approved, China drink, called by the Chineans *Tcha*, by other nations *Tay*, *alias Tee*, is sold at the Sultaness Head Coffee House, in Sweeting's Rents, by the Royal Exchange, London." Previous to this date it had been supplied to the nobility at £6, and sometimes at £10, a pound. Such was the high-priced beginning of that delightful beverage, at the mention of which we may well exclaim with the lady in the play, "Thou soft, thou sober, sage and venerable liquid! thou female-tongue-running, soul-smiling, heart-opening, wink-tipping cordial, to whose glorious insipidity we owe the happiest moments of our lives!"

It is a curious fact that coffee was introduced into England about the same time as tea. It, however, came to us from quite a different district of the world. It was first sold in London in 1652, in which year a coffee-house was opened in London by a Greek, Pasqua Rossie.

Rossie had come from Smyrna with a Mr. Edwards, a Turkey merchant, and in the capacity of servant he prepared coffee daily for his master and his master's visitors. So popular did the new drink become with Mr. Edwards's friends, that their frequent visits uninvited caused him great inconvenience, to obviate which he set up Rossie in a public coffee-house. The original establishment was in St. Michael's-alley, Cornhill, over the door of which Rossie erected a sign, with his portrait, subsequently announcing himself to be "the first who made and publicly sold coffee drink in England."

Before the introduction of tea and coffee into this country, our forefathers were in the custom of using different kinds of infusions, which were drunk warm, just as we do with these two popular beverages. Sage was at one time extensively employed as a drink in England, and its leaves were actually taken by the Dutch to China as an exchange for tea.

The best cookery book of the period we are now speaking about was written by Theodore Turquet de Mayerne, a Frenchman by birth, but long resident in England, where he practised as a fashionable physician. Mayerne's cookery book bears the high-sounding title of "Archimagirus Anglo-Gallicus," and the following specimen of its contents is given by Dr. Robert Chambers, to show that it well merits its appellation of "Archimagirus," or the Master Cook:—"The jolly physician," says Dr. Chambers, "often participated in the hospitalities of my Lord Mayor and the great commercial guilds and companies; so as a fitting token of his gratitude he named his *chef d'œuvre*, the first and principal recipe in his book—

"'*A City of London Pie*.—Take eight marrow bones, eighteen sparrows, one pound of potatoes, a quarter of a pound of eringoes, two ounces of lettuce stalks, forty chestnuts, half a pound of dates, a peck of oysters, a quarter of a pound of preserved citron, three artichokes, twelve eggs, two sliced lemons, a handful of pickled barberries, a quarter of an ounce of whole pepper, half an ounce of sliced nutmeg, half an ounce of whole cinnamon, a quarter of an ounce of whole cloves, half an ounce of mace, and a quarter of a pound of currants. Liquor when it is baked with white wine, butter, and sugar.'"

Dr. Robert Chambers mentions that he had a pie made from this recipe, with slight alterations—adopted, after deep consultation, to suit the palates of the present day—and it gave complete satisfaction to a party of connoisseurs in culinary matters.

An interesting book for housekeepers, which first appeared in 1631, and went through many editions, was Markham's "English Housewife." The full title of this work is "The English Housewife, containing the inward and outward Virtues which ought to be in a complete Woman, as her skill in Physic, Surgery, Cookery, Extraction of Oils, Banqueting Stuff, Ordering of great Feasts, preserving of all sorts of Wines, conceited Secrets, Distillations, Perfumes, ordering of Wool, Hemp, Flax, making Cloth, and Dyeing, the knowledge of Dairies, Office of Malting, of Oats, their excellent uses in a family, of Brewing, Baking, and all other things belonging to a household."

The reference here to oats and their "excellent uses in a family" suggests the remark that at that time oatmeal was a regular article of diet in England, just as it is at the present day in Scotland. Markham gives a whole chapter to the subject, and, after furnishing many useful particulars and practical directions, winds up with an outburst of enthusiasm. Oatmeal, he says, "is the very crown of the housewife's garland, and doth more grace her table and her knowledge than all grains whatsoever; neither can any family or household be well and thriftily maintained where this is either scant or lacking."

The most original example of the cooking of Charles I.'s reign was a cold pie which was served up at a banquet given to the King and Queen by the Duchess of Buckingham. Out of this pie stepped Jeffery Hudson, the first English dwarf of whom we have any authentic history. He was a youth then of only eighteen inches high; but he afterwards grew to the stature of three feet nine inches, though never beyond that. Such shrunken specimens of humanity being at that time regular institutions at Courts abroad, if not in England, Hudson was presented by the Duchess to Queen Henrietta.

Tobacco had been introduced into England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and its use had spread with wonderful rapidity. The commencement of the seventeenth century may, indeed, be called the golden age of tobacco. It was in favour with everybody, and many virtues were imputed to it which it never possessed. Even the ladies sometimes took to smoking. Mr. Fairholt, in his "Tobacco: its History and Associations," gives a copy of a curious portrait, painted about 1650, representing a lady who has a tobacco-box in her hand and is indulging in the solace of a pipe. She is shown wielding the pipe in a very graceful and ladylike manner.

Prynne, the well-known Puritan writer against stage plays, tells us that in his time ladies at the theatre were sometimes "offered the tobacco-pipe" as a refreshment, instead of apples, which appear to have been the staple commodity.

Music continued to flourish during the reigns of James I. and Charles I. "The most distinguishing feature of chamber music in the reign of James I., compared with what was in fashion during the reign of his predecessors," says Mr. Chappell, "was the rapidly increasing cultivation of instrumental music, especially of such as could be played in concert, and, coevally, the incipient decline of the more learned but less melodious descriptions of vocal music, such as madrigals and motets." During the greater part of the reign of Elizabeth vocal music had held an almost undivided sway, and the practice of instrumental music in private life had been generally confined to solo performances and to accompaniments for the voice.

Amongst the musical instruments in common use at this time were the lute, viol, gamba, cithern, pandore, theorbo, gittern, kit, cornet, fife, hautboy, sackbut, recorder, flute, shawm, cornamute, bagpipe, tabor, and pipe.

Many of the eminent composers of Elizabeth's time lived to embellish the reign of James. Amongst them were Ford, Ward, Weelkes and Orlando Gibbons. The first three were noted for madrigal writing, Weelkes excelled in ballads, and Gibbons' genius shone both in madrigals and cathedral music.

The popular music of the time of Charles I. very much resembled that of James. The King himself helped to keep the art in fashion. He was not only fond of it, but played with considerable skill on the viol da gamba. Unfortunately, he encouraged foreign musicians rather than English, and with his reign native talent ceased to have the fair play necessary for its development.

A more serious blow to music in England was the rise of the Commonwealth. Puritanism had no sympathy for the art; indeed, by many Puritans it was denounced as profane. Not only were organs banished from churches, but every effort was made to discourage the most innocent musical relaxation in private houses. At a convocation in Bridgewater in 1655 the question was proposed "whether a believing man or woman, being head of a family, in this day of the Gospell, may keepe in his or her house an instrument of musicke, playing on them or admitting others to play thereon?" The answer was, "It is the duty of the saintes to abstaine from all appearance of evil, and not to make provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof."

In these unfortunate days, however, not a few remained faithful to music, and found solace and enjoyment in its cultivation. Oliver Cromwell was a great lover of the art, and "entertained the most skilful in that science in his pay and family." An old writer of the Royalist party compares him in his love for music to "wicked Saul, who, when the evil spirit was upon him, thought to lay and still him with those harmonious charms." Cromwell engaged John Hingston, one of the best musicians of the time, and who had been in the service of King Charles, to instruct his daughters in music, and gave him a pension of a hundred pounds a year.

We get a pleasant glimpse of music as practised in an English home about this time in the life of Milton, the poet. Aubrey tells us that the author of "Paradise Lost" had "a delicate, tuneable voice, and good skill in music." After dinner it was his habit to "play on the organ, and either he or his wife sang. He made his nephews songsters, teaching them to sing from the time they were with him; and although towards his latter end he was visited with the gout, he would be cheerful even in his gout fits, and sing."

"Milton," says Mr. Chappell, "imbibed his love of music, in all probability, from his father, who made it the relaxation of his leisure hours, and was an excellent amateur composer. In his time the habit of singing part songs after meals was general, especially after supper, the hour of which corresponded with that of our present dinner." This, Mr. Chappell adds, and we quite agree with him, is a practice that might be revived with great advantage; for, while assisting digestion, there is no time at which music is more thoroughly enjoyable to those who can take a part.

The popular outdoor diversion of falconry, in which ladies often took part, began to decline about the middle of the seventeenth century. Up to that time it had been followed in this country with an ardour that perhaps no other sport has called forth. For King James, for instance, falconry had a fas-

cination that "seems to have thrown every other pleasure in life into the shade." The sport revived somewhat after the Restoration, but it never quite recovered its former favour. There were a number of reasons for this, such as the enclosure of waste lands, agricultural improvements, and the growing employment of firearms in pursuit of game.

A great advance was made in the first half of the seventeenth century in the decoration of house interiors. The hangings of beds and windows increased wonderfully in splendour. There was a profusion of rich velvets and silks, embroidered with gold and silver, and all of the most gorgeous hues. The walls were covered with paper and leather hangings, richly stamped and gilt, instead of with the ancient tapestry. The ceilings of the houses of the nobility were painted with historical and mythological scenes, and on the walls were hung the masterpieces of Flemish and Italian art. Superb ornaments of ivory and china were now imported from the East, and formed the choice treasures of many great houses. Furniture, however, it is to be observed, lost in the seventeenth century something of the elegance of form and perfection of detail which had distinguished it in the sixteenth. The framework became bulky and heavy, and the details coarse.

When James I. came to the throne the social life of London was confined to the City. It had not then shifted to the West End and the suburbs. The term "suburbs" had at that time an uninviting sound, as all the disreputable people who could not find shelter in the City itself settled in the outlying districts. The line of the Strand was at that time almost the only outskirt of real respectability.

Moorfields, now drained and laid out in walks, was much frequented by beggars, and travellers from the village of Hoxton, who crossed it in order to reach London, did so with as much expedition as possible. The showplace of London was Fleet-street, where were exhibited a constant succession of puppets, naked Indians, and strange fishes.

"The great meeting-place of Londoners in the daytime," we are told by Mr. H. B. Wheatley, "was the nave of Old St. Paul's. Crowds of merchants with their hats on transacted business in the aisles, and used the font as a counter upon which to make their payments; lawyers received clients at their several pillars; and masterless servingmen waited to be engaged upon their own particular bench. Besides those who came on business there were gallants dressed in fashionable finery; so that it was worth the tailor's while to stand behind a pillar, and fill his table-book with notes."

Under James I. the theatre not only kept the firm hold on the public taste which it had acquired in the latter days of Queen Bess, but considerably increased its influence. To the entertainments given at the many playhouses may be added the masques, which were now produced regardless of expense at Whitehall and at the various inns of court. In 1613 the "Masque of Flowers" was a spectacle given by the members of Gray's Inn in the Old Banqueting House in honour of the marriage of Carr, Earl of Somerset. The entertainment was prepared by Sir Francis Bacon at a cost of £2,000.

During the reign of Charles I. the first great exodus was made of the wealthy and fashionable from the City to the West End.

The growth of London necessitated the introduction of hackney coaches, which first began to ply in 1625. Writing from London in 1634 to Lord Strafford, Mr. Garrard says:—"Here is one Captain Bailey: he hath been a sea-captain, but now lives on the land, about this city, where he tries experiments. He hath erected, according to his ability, some four hackney coaches, put his men in a livery, and appointed them to stand at the May-pole in the Strand, giving them instructions at what rate to carry men into several parts of the town, where all day they may be had. Other hackney men, seeing this way, they flocked to the same place, and perform the journeys at the same rate, so that sometimes there is twenty of them together."

In 1637 there were in London and Westminster no fewer than fifty such coaches; in 1652 they had increased to two hundred, and in 1654 to three hundred, employing six hundred horses.

A few years after hackney coaches were started sedan chairs became common objects in the streets of the metropolis. Sir Sanders Duncomb introduced the sedan chair from Naples into England in 1634, and, obtaining a patent for it from the King, prepared forty or fifty examples for public use. The first nobleman to employ this very handy and pleasant means of getting about either to a public or private entertainment greatly excited the disgust of the people, who exclaimed that he was employing his fellow-creatures to do the work of brute beasts.

Amongst the gloomy features of the social life of the period is the relentless persecution of old women, under the belief that they were witches. It is to James I. that the disgraceful persecution of the pretended witches in England must be mainly attributed. He had, before becoming King of England, taken an active part in Scotland in several witch trials, and he brought with him to the South a keen sense of the duty of finding out and punishing all sorts of diablery.

The subject was brought before his very first Parliament, and in 1604 a great Act against witchcraft was passed. By this statute it was enacted that "any one who shall use, practise, or exercise any invocation of any evil or wicked spirit, or consult or covenant with, entertain or employ, feed or reward, any evil or wicked spirit *to or for* ANY *purpose;* or take up any dead man, etc., etc., etc., such offenders, duly and lawfully convicted and attainted, shall suffer death." We have here witchcraft first distinctly made of itself a capital crime.

The Puritans having got legal sanction for their zeal, urged forward their accusations against witches with great vigour during the reigns of James and his son. The Episcopal party seem to have held aloof from the prosecutions. As examples of the intemperate zeal with which their superstitious work was carried on, the following cases have been given by one who has investigated the subject. Leaving out of sight single executions, we have in 1612 twelve persons condemned at once at Lancaster, and many more in 1613, when the whole kingdom rang with the fame of the "Lancashire witches"; in 1622, six at York; in 1634, seventeen in Lancashire; in 1644, sixteen at Yarmouth; in 1645, fifteen at Chelmsford; and in 1645 and 1646 sixty persons perished in Suffolk, and nearly an equal number at the same time in Huntingdon. Under the Long Parliament, from 1640 to 1653, the mania blazed with such fierce intensity, that, according to Dr. Zachary Grey, three thousand witches were executed during these thirteen years.

The poor creatures who thus fell victims to the prejudice and superstition of the times were sometimes young and fair; but the sufferer usually, says an able observer, was "an old woman with a wrinkled face, a furrowed brow, a hairy lip, a gobber tooth, a squint eye, a squeaking voice, or a scolding tongue, having a ragged coat on her back, a spindle in her hand, and a dog by her side—a wretched, infirm, and impotent creature, pelted and persecuted by all the neighbourhood, because the farmer's cart had stuck in the gateway, or some idle boy had pretended to spit needles and pins for the sake of a holiday from school or work."

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PART IV.

CHARLES II., JAMES II., WILLIAM AND MARY, ANNE.

STARTING from the Restoration of Charles II., in 1660, we shall bring down our domestic history in this article to the close of the reign of Queen Anne, in 1714, thus including a period of fifty-four years. We have begun in previous articles with a few notes on dress and fashion; this time, however, we shall speak first of the progress of music, and postpone for a little what we have to say about the changes and eccentricities of ladies' toilettes.

An entire change in the style of music cultivated in England dates from the Restoration. People got out of taste gradually with the learned counterpoint and contrivance displayed in previous years in both vocal and instrumental music. Lighter and more melodious art got a lift into credit, and only those composers were much thought of who could tickle uncultivated ears.

Up to this time the viol had been the chief instrument for chamber concerted music, but it fell gradually into the background, its place being taken by the violin. The reason why viols had hitherto been preferred to instruments of the violin class, according to Mr. Chappell, was simply this: until the reign of Charles II. the music played was in close counterpoint, of limited compass for each instrument, and in from three to six parts, every visitor being expected to take a part, and generally at sight. Now, the parts on the fingerboard of the viola secured the stopping in tune, which, for amateur players on the violin, is, as everyone knows, one of the most difficult things in the world. Little wonder, then, that violins received in fireside circles no encouragement.

The guitar was brought into fashion in 1662,

and as an accompaniment to vocal music soon rivalled the lute in popularity. King Charles had a great liking for it and set the fashion, so that, says Count Grammont, "every person played upon it, well or ill; and you were as sure to see a guitar on a lady's toilette as rouge or patches."

Many interesting glimpses of the cultivation of music during Charles II.'s reign are found in Pepys' Diary. The good-natured diarist had a thoroughly musical household. He himself not only sang at sight, but played on the lute, the viol, the violin, and the flageolet. He composed music, too, in a small way, and did not think his house completely furnished till he had become possessed of an organ and pair of virginals. His wife was also musical, and he took pains, evidently, to select servants who could both play and sing. It is interesting to notice that owing to the widespread knowledge of music in those days, he had no great difficulty in procuring them.

As examples of some of his amusing passages about music, let us take the following:—

"*Nov.* 21, 1660. At night to my violin, in my dining-room, and afterwards to my lute there, and I took much pleasure to have the neighbours come forth into the yard to hear me."

"*Dec.* 3. Rose by candle and spent my morning in fiddling till time to go to the office."

"*Dec.* 28. Staid within all the afternoon and evening at my lute, with great pleasure."

"*Sept.* 9, 1664. After dinner, my wife and Mercer (the maid), Tom (the boy), and I sat till eleven at night, singing and fiddling, and a great joy it is to see me master of so much pleasure in my house. The girl (Mercer) plays pretty well upon the harpsichon, but only ordinary tunes, but hath a good hand; sings a little, but hath a good voice and ear. My boy, a brave boy, sings finely."

"*May* 5, 1666. It being a very fine moonshine, my wife and Mercer came into the garden, and, my business being done, we sang till about twelve at night, with mighty pleasure to ourselves and neighbours by their casements opening."

Evelyn, another diarist of the period, almost as famous as Pepys, and all his family were lovers of music and well skilled in the art. He mentions his daughter Mary as having "substantial and practical knowledge in ornamental arts, of education, especially music, both vocal and instrumental."

It was about this time that the native music of Scotland was first heard of to the south of the Tweed. Pepys first speaks of Scotch music in 1666, and it would seem to have been then a novelty. In January of that year, he hears Mrs. Knipp, the actress, sing "her little Scotch song of Barbara Allan" at Lord Brouncker's, and he was "in perfect pleasure to hear her sing it." In the following July he says, "To my Lord Lauderdale's house to speak with him, and find him and his lady and some Scotch people at supper. But at supper there played one of their servants upon the violin several Scotch tunes only; several, and the best of their country, as they seem to esteem them by their praising and admiring them: but, indeed, the strangest airs that ever I heard in my life, and all of one cast!"

In "The Levellers: a Dialogue between two Young Ladies concerning Matrimony," published in 1705, we learn something of the cultivation of music among ladies at the beginning of this century. Politica, who is a tradesman's daughter, describing her education at a boarding-school, says she "learned to sing, to play on the bass-viol, virginals, spinnet, and guitar." There were many, however, in those days who thought the bass-viol "an unmannerly instrument for a woman."

The English had long been celebrated for their dancing and their "sweetest and most perfect of human enjoyments," as Homer calls it, was pursued with energy in the latter half of the seventeenth century. The dancing schools of London are described by an Italian Count, who visited England with the Grand Duke of Tuscany, in 1669. "They are frequented," he says, "both by unmarried and married ladies, who are instructed by the master, and practise with much gracefulness and agility, various dances after the English fashion. Dancing is a very common and favourite amusement of the ladies in this country; every evening there are entertainments at different places in the city, at which many ladies and citizens' wives are present. . . . . His Highness had an opportunity of seeing several dances in the English style, exceedingly well regulated, and executed in the smartest and genteelest manner by very young ladies, whose beauty and gracefulness were shown off to perfection in this exercise."

Country dances, in the reigns of Charles II. and James II., were very popular. They served to heighten the merriment of an evening party or open-air gathering after the first formality had worn off. In the "Art of Wooing and Complimenting," written by Milton's nephew, we have the dancing-master saying, "Ladies, will you be pleased to dance a country dance or two, for 'tis that which makes you truly sociable and me truly happy; being like the chorus of a song where all the parts sing together."

The popular winter amusement of skating was greatly improved early in the reign of Charles II., the English taking a few hints from foreign sources. Several old chroniclers mention that the London apprentices were in the habit of tying the bones of sheep to their feet, and by that means sliding on the ice. But this clumsy apparatus was superseded by what Evelyn calls *scheets* (skates), "after the manner of the Hollanders." Their use was a perfect novelty to him in the winter of 1662, when he saw certain performers exhibit their "strange and wonderful dexterity" before the King and Queen, in St. James's Park. He was greatly amazed to see with "what swiftness they could pass," and "how suddenly they could stop in full career on the ice."

During the reign of the so-called "Merry Monarch," card-playing emerged from the obscurity in which it had passed through the period of the Commonwealth. The game of ombre was most probably introduced into this country by Catherine of Portugal, the Queen of Charles II. Waller, the court poet, has a poem on a card torn at ombre by the Queen. This royal lady also introduced to the English court the wickedness of playing cards on Sundays. Pepys, in 1667, writes: "This evening, going to the Queen's side to see the ladies, I did find the Queen, the Duchess of York, and another at cards, with the room full of ladies and great men; which I was amazed at to see on a Sunday, having not believed, but, contrarily, flatly denied the same, a little while since, to my cousin."

The familiar potato had been introduced into Ireland from its native South American ground, by Raleigh, during the reign of Elizabeth. It was so extensively cultivated there in the time of the civil wars, as to be of real service to the poor when all the grain crops had been destroyed by the soldiery. It was transplanted from Ireland to England, but was so little cultivated there towards the end of the seventeenth century as to be sold in 1694 at sixpence or eightpence a pound. It made such slow progress, indeed, in England, that not much more than a century has elapsed since its cultivation became general.

The first notice we have of the potato in Scotland is in 1701, when the Duchess of Buccleuch's household-book mentions a peck of potatoes as brought from Edinburgh and costing 2s. 6d.

Tea and coffee, the successful introduction of which we mentioned in our last article, continued to grow rapidly in popularity. In a tract, of which they form the subject, published in 1682, we are told, however, that some people made decoctions of sage, betony or rosemary, which they praised as far above both. Spenser's "wholesome sage," we may remark, was once held to be an herb of such virtue that it was asked in all seriousness how anyone who grew sage in his garden could die.

Coal, as an article of fuel, came into greater prominence, and was now the staple article for burning in London. The dealers in it, however, retained for some time the name of woodmongers, and those who burned coal regarded the lighting of fires of wood or charcoal as a mark of respect to their guests. Billets and charcoal were used in the private apartments and state-rooms of William and Mary, and coal was chiefly employed by the household.

Rushlights were in common use all over the country. Aubrey, writing about 1673, says that at Ockley, in Surrey, "the people draw peeled rushes through melted grease, which yields a sufficient light for ordinary use, is very cheap and useful, and burns long." This economical practice was common even in the early part of the present century, and rushholders—the utensils used for holding the rush in burning—are still to be met with in many an old farmhouse.

It had not been decided in the times of which we are speaking that slavery could not exist in England: indeed, that legal decision was not given for fifty years later. Men of colour gave fashionable variety to many domestic establishments, and advertisements such as the following, which appeared in a newspaper of 1664, were not at all uncommon:—"Lost, on the 13th inst., a little blackamoor boy in a blew livery, about 10 years old, his hair not much curled, with a silver collar about his neck inscribed, 'Mrs. Manby's blackamoor in Warwick Lane.' Whoever shall give notice of him to Mrs. Manby, living in the said lane, or to the 'Three Cranes,' in Paternoster-row, shall be well rewarded for his peynes."

Ladies' dress in the reign of Charles II. was marked, as most of us have seen from pictures of the period, by studied negligence. It was a revolt from the formality of the starched ruff, the steeple-crowned hat, the rigid stomacher, and the stately farthingale. Hoods were worn, but, as a general rule, only as a protection against the weather, the prevailing practice being for ladies to wear their own hair flowing in natural ringlets over their shoulders, and with small curls over their foreheads. False hair was occasionally to be met with worn in an extravagant fashion, but it was only occasionally.

The custom of painting and placing patches on the face, which we mentioned in our last article, became more and more common. There is a curious engraving of a lady with patches in the form of triangles, half moons, stars, and crosses, on the title-page to a sermon by Andrew Jones, entitled "*Morbus Satanicus*, or the Sin of Pride," published in 1665, in which he speaks of it as a frequent practice with our proud ladies "to spot their faces with black patches." Pepys, it appears, did not object to them: we find him declaring in his diary that his wife, with two or three patches, looked far handsomer than the Princess Henrietta.

A marked tendency was shown in those days, as it has often been since, to imitate the style of dress worn by men. This was noticed by the observing eye of Pepys, who writes in his diary on the 1st of June, 1664: "Walking in the gallery at Whitehall, I find the ladies of honour dressed in their riding garbs, with coats and doublets, with deep skirts, just for all the world like mine, and their doublets

buttoned up the breast, with periwigs, and with hats; so that only for a long petticoat dragging under their men's coats, nobody would take them for women in any point whatever; which was an odd sight, and a sight that did not please me."

With men, the most fantastic fashion was the periwig, the origin of which, according to Mr. Planché, was as follows: When Louis XIV. of France was a little boy he had remarkably beautiful hair, which hung in long waving curls on his shoulders, and the courtiers, out of respect to their young sovereign—he succeeded to the throne when only five years old—had heads of false hair made to imitate his natural curls. These got the name of perukes. When the King grew up, he returned the compliment by adopting the article himself. The fashion soon found its way across the water "to Whitehall stairs," and the perruque or peruke lodged on the heads and shoulders of all the gentlemen of England under the corrupted appellation of a periwig.

In the reigns of James II. and William and Mary, says Mr. Planché, "the periwig became more monstrous, and it was the fashion for the beaux to comb their perukes publicly, for which purpose large combs of ivory or tortoise-shell, curiously chased and ornamented, were carried in the pocket as constantly as the snuff-box, which had latterly also become an indispensable appendage to a fine gentleman. At court, in the Mall, and in the boxes of the theatre, a gallant of those days combed his peruke during a conversation or a flirtation with the same air that a modern exquisite would twirl his moustaches."

Ladies' costume in the reign of James II. remained unaltered, but some Dutch fashions made their appearance in the court of William and Mary. The formal stomacher was again introduced, and the sleeves of the gown were made tight with a cuff above the elbow, from beneath which fell a profusion of lace in the shape of ruffles or lappets. Long gloves were in fashion.

The hair was combed up and with an inclination backward from the head: it looked, says one writer, like a rising billow. On the top was put a strata of ribbon and lace, sometimes intermingled with feathers, and a kerchief or scarf of some very light material was thrown over all, and sometimes hung down to the waist. "Structures so produced assumed various forms, some of them being made to project, while others either rose vertically or expanded in a horizontal direction; height, however, being the special aim: but in every case the result was the reverse of graceful or becoming." It was such a contrast to the flowing ringlets and natural gracefulness of the coiffure of the reign of Charles II.

In the reign of Queen Anne this head-dress, known as the tower or commode, was still worn. The gowns and petticoats were flounced and furbelowed, so that every part of the garment was "in curl," and, according to the *Spectator*, a lady of fashion "looked like one of those animals which in the country we call a Friezland hen."

In 1711 the towering headdress, however, was reduced in height. Addison, the famous essayist, remarks in that year that "the whole sex is now dwarfed and shrunk into a race of beauties that seem almost another species." "I remember," he adds, "several ladies who were once very near seven feet high that at present want some inches of five. How they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn; whether the whole sex be at present under any penance which we know nothing of, or whether they have cast their head-dresses in order to surprise us with something in that kind which shall be entirely new, though I find most are of opinion they are at present like trees lopped and pruned that will certainly sprout up and flourish with greater heads than before."

But for what they lost in height the ladies made up in breadth. About 1710 the hoop-petticoat was introduced, this being at first worn in such a manner as to give the person of the wearer below her very tightly-laced waist a shape like a V turned upside down.

In the reign of Queen Anne, the umbrella appears to have been in common use in London as a screen from rain, but only for ladies. If men used it they were looked upon as effeminate. An umbrella, however, appears to have been sometimes kept at coffee-houses, to be lent out on special occasions. In the *Female Tatler* of December 12, 1709, there occurs the following announcement:—"The young gentleman belonging to the Custom House, who, in the fear of rain, borrowed the umbrella from Will's coffee-house, in Cornhill, of the mistress, is hereby advertised that to be dry from head to foot on the like occasion, he shall be welcome to the maid's pattens."

The most remarkable event in the home life of England during the period now under review was that which will ever live in history as the Great Plague of London. It began in December, 1664, but it was several months before alarm was excited and deaths became numerous. Pepys tells us that it was on the 7th of June, 1666, that for the first time he saw two or three houses marked with a terrible red cross, and the words, "Lord, have mercy on us!" on the doors.

From about that date, the pestilence gained ground with startling rapidity, and people began to hurry out of town in great numbers. Soon, however, it was impossible to escape, for when the plague had become general, the strictest measures were enforced to prevent any of the inhabitants leaving London, for fear of their communicating the infection to towns and villages in the country.

The state of the city in the worst period, when the grass was to be seen growing in the area of the Royal Exchange, at Whitehall, and in the principal streets, may be seen from Defoe's History of the Plague, a book which everyone should read. "London," says Defoe, "might well be said to be all in tears. The mourners did not go about the streets, indeed, for nobody put on black, or made a formal dress of mourning for their nearest friends; but the voice of mourning was truly heard in the streets; the shrieks of women and children at the windows and doors of their houses, where their nearest relations were perhaps dying, or just dead, were so frequent to be heard as we passed the streets, that it would pierce the stoutest heart in the world to hear them."

"It is scarcely credible," he adds, "what dreadful cases happened in particular families every day. People in the rage of the distemper, or in the torment of their swellings, which was indeed intolerable, running out of their own government, raving and distracted, and oftentimes laying violent hands upon themselves. throwing themselves out of their windows, shooting themselves, &c. Mothers murdering their own children in their lunacy: some dying of mere grief, as a passion; some of mere fright and surprise, without any infection at all; others frightened into idiotism and foolish distractions; some into despair and lunacy; others into melancholy madness."

Such was the dread of infection that when people bought a joint of meat in the market they would not take it out of the butcher's hand, but took it off the hooks themselves. As for the butcher, he would not touch the money, but made his customers drop it into a pot full of vinegar which he kept for that purpose. The buyers always carried small money to make up any odd sum, that they might take no change.

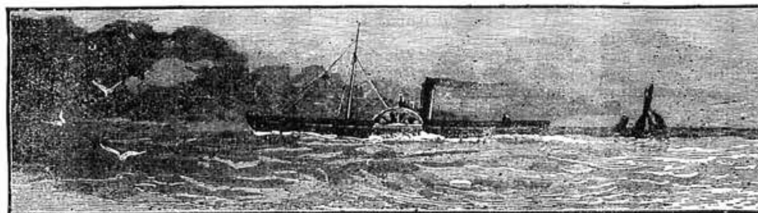
The markets, however, were shut up when the plague was at its height, and the country people brought their provisions to places appointed in the fields outside the town, where the citizens went to purchase them with extraordinary precautions.

On the 4th of September, 1665, Pepys writes an interesting letter to Lady Carteret, from Woolwich. "I have stayed in the city," he says, "till above 7,400 died in one week, and of them about 6,000 of the plague, and little noise heard day or night but the tolling of bells."

The number of deaths in the week ending the 19th September was upwards of ten thousand. The weather, which had been very oppressive, then began to change, and the air became cooler and purified by the equinoctial winds. The number of deaths gradually diminished, but it took a good part of the winter to allay the plague entirely, and it was not till late in December that people who had fled began to flock back to their homes.

Counting from the 20th of December, 1664, when the first cases were met with, to the 10th of December, 1665, when the weekly return of deaths from the plague had fallen as low as two hundred and fifty, the entire number of victims swept off by the pestilence in the city of London was, according to the official returns, 68,596. Defoe and others, however, make it to be at least 100,000.

The plague was scarcely stayed before the whole city was in flames—the great fire of London breaking out on the 2nd of September, 1666, at one o'clock in the morning, at a house in Pudding Lane. About two-thirds of the city were burned down, including the Cathedral, the Royal Exchange, about a hundred parish churches, and a vast number of other public buildings, not to speak of countless shops, warehouses, and private dwellings. It was a great calamity, but much good came of it in the end: the seeds of disease were destroyed, a new London under better sanitary conditions rose on the ashes of the old; and, in consequence, the city has never since been visited by such an appalling epidemic as the Great Plague.*



*Editors's Note: Here the series ends; further installments were promised but never published.

SOLDIERS OF

A CENTURY
G.C.

THE HOST HAVING RETURNED FROM HIS SUCCESSFUL DAY'S FIELD SPORTS, WITH HIS FAMILY, WITNESSETH FOOTBALL.

SEPTEMBER was named to mark its position of seventh (*Septem*), month in the Alban Calendar—and from *imber*, (shower); it being the commencement of the wet season in Rome. The Saxons called it *Gerst Monath; gerst*, or barley, being then in perfection. After the establishment of Christianity, this month was called by the Saxons *Halig-Monath*, the Holy Month, from the numerous religious ceremonies observed in the course of it.

The Anniversary of the Great Fire of London, Sept. 2, (1666) is, to this day, kept as a Holiday at the Bank, Customs, and Excise.

Bartholomew Fair is held on September 3, St. Bartholomew's Day, in the Old Style: it originated in two fairs or markets, one for the clothiers of England, and drapers of London, granted to the Prior of the Convent of St. Bartholomew, and held within the churchyard: the other granted to the City of London for cattle and goods, held in the field of West Smithfield. For many years, the Fair lasted fourteen days, and was a great source of revenue to the Corporation: in 1735, it was restricted to three days, and it now extends but to one day.

Holy Rood, or Holy Cross Day, (September 14), is still observed as a Holiday, to commemorate the recovery of the Cross, which had been carried away by the King of Persia when he plundered Jerusalem, and was brought back in triumph by the Emperor *Heraclius*.

Nutting was formerly customary throughout the country, on this day; and, for centuries past, the boys of Eton School have written verses, and had a holiday for nutting, in this month.

September 18th is kept as a Holiday; and the Salisbury Breviary has on this day: "Keep always the Fast of the 9th month."

St. Matthew's Day, (September 21), the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London visit Christ's Hospital in state, when orations are delivered in the great Hall by the senior boys, who are qualifying for college. The suppers on Sundays in Lent, are other public sights of this Hospital, "the noblest Institution in the world."

Michaelmas Day (Sept. 29), was instituted in the year 487, to commemorate the Ministry of St. Michael and all Holy Angels, the messengers of good-will toward men. It is a Holiday at the Public Offices: and in the Court of Exchequer, there is on this day performed a ceremony, by one of the Aldermen of London, of chopping sticks and counting hob-nails, as suit and service of certain ancient tenures. The custom of eating goose on Michaelmas Day, has much exercised the ingenuity of antiquaries; and is traced by some to a goose being the dish before Queen Elizabeth, when the news was brought of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. A more probable reason is, that Michaelmas Day was a great festival, and geese were then most plentiful; and it being one of the quarters, or terms, for the payment of rents, a fat goose was the customary present, though, as it would appear, from the tenant to the landlord :—

> And when the tenauntes come to pay their quarter's rent,
> They bring some fowle at Midsummer, a dish of fish at Lent
> At Christmasse a capon, *at Michaelmas a goose*,
> And somewhat else at New Year's tide *for feare their lease flie loose*.

A later poet says :—

> At Michaelmas, by custom right divine,
> Geese are ordained to bleed at Michael's shrine.

In the autumnal garden, the day is florally commemorated :—

> The Michaelmas Daisy, among the dead weeds,
> Blooms for St. Michael's valorous deeds.

Harvest-home customs still linger, though they scarcely deserve the name of that festival, when, as Pope says :—

> Our rural ancestors, with little blest,
> Patient of labour when the end was rest,
> Indulged the day that housed their annual grain
> With feasts, and offerings, and a thankful strain:
> The joy, their wives, and sons, and servants share,
> Ease of their toil, and partners of their care:
> The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
> Smoothed every brow, and opened every soul!

Hunting has now commenced: the welkin begins to ring with the music of hounds; and the sound of distant guns may be heard in a country of game. Hunting was formerly commenced at day-break :—

> Oft listening how the Hounds and Horn
> Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
> From the side of some hoar hill
> To the wild woods echoing shrill!

Somerville has left us an animated sketch of a morning in Autumn, preparatory to "throwing off the pack :"

> Now golden Autumn from her open lap
> Her fragrant bounties showers; the fields are shorn;
> Inwardly smiling the proud farmer views
> The rising pyramids that grace his yard,
> And counts his large increase; his barns are stored,
> And groaning staddles bend beneath their load.
> All now is free as air, and the gay pack
> In the rough bristly stubbles range unblamed;
> No widow's tears o'erflow, no secret curse
> Swells in the farmer's breast, which his pale lips,
> Trembling conceal, by his fierce landlord awed:
> But courteous now he levels every fence,
> Joins in the common cry, and halloos loud,
> Charmed with the rattling thunder of the field

Again :—

> The horn sonorous calls, the pack awaked,
> Their matins chant.
> My courser hears their voice; see there with ears
> And tail erect, neighing, he paws the ground;
> Fierce rapture kindles in his reddening eyes,
> And boils in every vein.

Our classic artist has depicted the host returned from sports with "hawk and hound," to witness the foot-ball match, first mentioned in the reign of Edward III. It was mostly played by "sturdie plowmen, lustic, strong, and bold;" or as the courtly Waller sings :—

> A sort of lusty shepherds try
> Their force at foot-ball; care of victory
> Makes them salute so rudely breast to breast,
> That their encounter seems too rough for jest.

Sometimes, pease and horse-beans were put into the ball, a blown bladder; and then,

> It ratleth, soundeth, and shineth clear and fayre,
> While it is throwen, and caste up in the ayre,
> Each one contendeth and hath a great delite
> With foote and with hande the bladder for to smite;
> If it fall to the grounde, they lift it up agayne,
> And this waye to labour they count it no payne.

Formerly, money was given at weddings for foot-ball play; and about a century since, matches of foot-ball were played in the Strand, where the May-pole streamer flaunted in the breeze.

Royal Menus.

By J. J. Moran.

THE growing demand for information as to all matters of national and Imperial importance connected with the personal life of Royalty (such matters, for instance, as the size of the gloves worn by our beloved Queen, and the colour of the largest cat at Windsor Castle) betokens a patriotic fervour greatly to be welcomed. So urgent, indeed, has the demand been found, that the supply of facts has now and again failed to keep pace with it, and many a hard-worked journalist has been driven to his imagination for his anecdotes; anecdotes which all the other hard-worked journalists instantly fell upon with large scissors and reproduced in their own journals. As is the case in other departments of fiction, the kailyard school of anecdote takes its full share of public attention, and the happenings (mostly meaning things that might have happened) about Balmoral have been prepared in large quantities and with heavy pepperings of dialect. Thus the story of the boy driving sheep who shouted indignantly to Her Most Gracious Majesty to "Gang awa', wifie, and dinna brak ma sheep!" may be true or it may not, but in any case it has as generous a dose of dialect as can well be crammed into eight words, and, after all, that's what people want.

The anecdote culinary and the anecdote gastronomical, closely allied in nature, and sometimes indistinguishable, have also had their part among the most esteemed stories of the little doings of Royalty. In this paper we shall not report simple facts (nor, indeed, any of the other things), but shall present the facts themselves by way of facsimiles. So that our fellow-countrymen who rightly esteem the importance of a general knowledge of what daily food is preferred and consumed by Royalty may refer direct to the menus themselves, or, at any rate, to as good reproductions thereof as the resources of photography will permit.

First, then, we have a menu itself somewhat in the kailyard manner. It is the menu of the Queen's luncheon served on Sunday, December 30th, 1888, on board a yacht on which Her Majesty was taking a short cruise. The design of the card is Scotch distinctly, and such as to lead one at once to look for caller herrin' in the list. Herring, however, is not there—caller or otherwise; a good opportunity is lost in line three, where "Faisans rôtis" (merely roast pheasant) might at least have been made "Faisans de Billingsgate." But there are Scotch broth, haunch of venison (of Scotch deer, doubtless), Scotch kale (kailyard, indeed!), boar's head, and brawn. But in order not to show undue preference, and so offend national susceptibilities, there is Indian curry, also "bouillie gratinée" (which means baked milk pudding) as a concession to France; and something called "Gerostete Lerchen," which would seem to have been made in Germany. While, to finish the list and to reconcile ancient enemies, there is apple tart done in a German manner, and described in the French language. Altogether a sufficiently Scotch luncheon, with an elegant touch of cosmopolitanism to save it from severity.

The Royal Luncheon
Sunday 30th Decr 1888

Scotch Broth
Haunch of Venison
Les Faisans rôtis
Indian Curry and rice
Gerostete Lerchen
Scotch Kale

Hot and Cold Fowl Tongue
Baron of Beef Boar's Head
Game Pie Brawn

La Bouillie gratinée
Les Dames d'Honneur
La Tarte de p^{mes} a l'allemande

The next menu has a more important and more historical character. It is that of the Royal wedding breakfast eaten on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke of York and Princess May, Thursday, July 6th, 1893. The floral design at the side is printed, in the original, in silver, gold, and pink, and it carries its meaning; the white roses of York being twined with hawthorn and other flowers blossoming in May—this in compliment to the Royal bride's name. As to the solid in formation, we perceive that there are two soups, as usual, hot entrées and cold, divided by fillets of beef and larded fowls, announced in French. It is all a very admirable breakfast, including nothing very astonishing (one doesn't like being astonished at meals, especially in presence of Royalty), but a good many very excellent things. Lamb cutlets make capital entrées, and so do duckling and peas, even when they come disguised in French. Lobster salad and mayonnaise are good, too, for those who have good digestions, and so are ham and tongue in aspic jelly, and collar of veal, and all the rest of it.

WINDSOR

Her Majesty's Dinner
Tuesday 27th Novr 1894.

Potages
A la Purée de Marrons – Chôntë au p...
Poissons
Indian Dish
Les Rougets à l'Italienne
Les Merlans frits
Entrées
Les Rissolles de Crevettes
Les Perdreaux à la Flamande
Relevés
Le Jambon braisé sce au Vin
Rôt – (Roast-Beef –
Les Pluviers
Entremêts
La Chicorée à la crême
Rahm Strudeln
La Biscuit-Plombière
— Side Table —
Hot & Cold Fowl Tongue. Cold Beef.

THE

ROYAL WEDDING BREAKFAST,

THURSDAY, 6TH JULY 1893

POTAGES.
Bernoise à l'Imperatrice.
Crême de Riz à la Polonaise.

ENTRÉES (CHAUDES)
Côtelettes d'Agneau à l'Italienne.
Aiguillettes de Canetons aux Pois.

RELEVÉS.
Filets de Bœuf à la Napolitaine. Poulets gras au Cresson

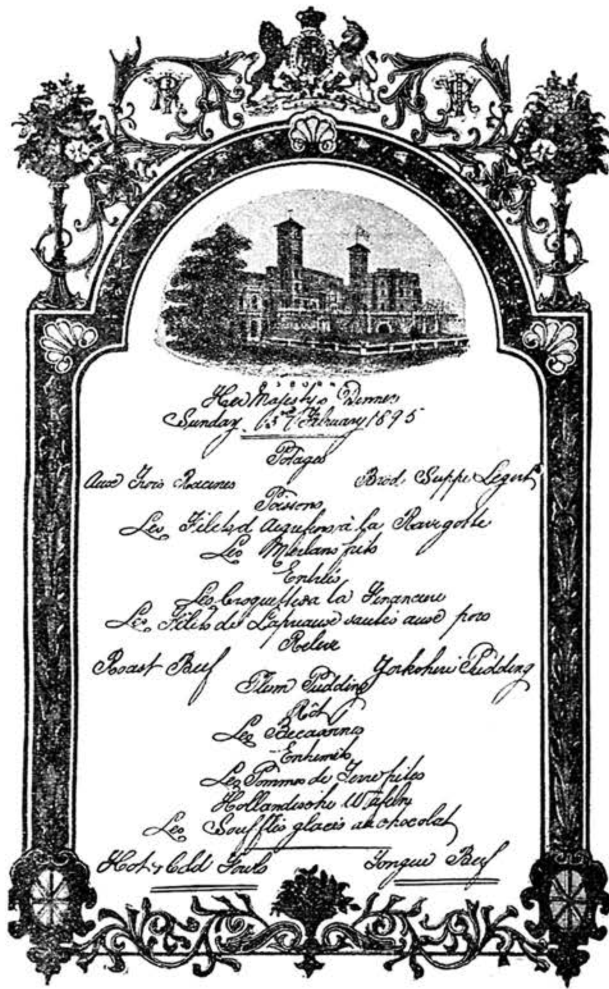
ENTRÉES (FROIDES).
Mayonnaises de Volaille. Salades d'Homard
Jambons decoupés à l'Aspic.
Langues decoupées à l'Aspic.
Roulardes de Veau.
Pains de Foies à la Gelée.
Haricots Verts. Les Epinards.

Gelées et Crêmes.
Pâtisserie assortie.

Cold Roast Fowls.

It is something of a puzzle to guess why the able *littérateur* who composed this menu could bring himself at the end of his task calmly to set down "cold roast fowls" in simple English. But he did it; though one would suppose that "poulets rôtis, froids" would have done as well.

Three years and a few months ago—on November 27th, 1894, to be precise—Her Majesty the Queen dined at Windsor, and what was offered her appears on her menu for the meal, here reproduced. Again we may recognise a graceful cosmopolitanism in the selection, red mullets done Italian fashion standing just below an indefinite Indian dish of fish, the partridges being cooked in a Flemish way, and the roast beef of Old England giving general support, while the whole feast is held together and given finish by a general layer of the French language. Truly our Queen has none of the exclusive Chauvinism of her grandson of Germany, who was some time since reported to have ordered all his menus to be set out in


Her Majesty's Dinner
Sunday 3rd February 1895
Potages
Aux Trois Racines — Brod. Suppe Legut
Poissons
Les Filets d'aiguefin à la Ravigotte
Les Merlans frits
Entrées
Les Croquettes à la Financière
Les Filets de Lapereaux sautés aux pois
Relevé
Roast Beef — Plum Pudding — Yorkshire Pudding
Rôt
Les Becasses
Entremets
Les Pommes de Terre frites
Hollandische Waffeln
Les Soufflés glacés au chocolat
Hot & Cold Fowls — Tongue Beef

German wholly and entirely. The design of this card is in gold, blue, red, and brown.

Now we arrive at a menu which gives a piece of information as to a taste of Her Majesty's which is little known. It is a taste for roast beef and plum pudding eaten from the same dish. The relevé, as one sees, is roast beef, with Yorkshire pudding and plum pudding served with it. Truly, our Queen could offer no better testimony of her truly English character than her preference for a combination of the two national dishes on the same plate. Whether a public knowledge of this preference will lead to the eating of beef and plum pudding together as a general fashion, we are unable to prophesy; but if such a result actually follow, we *do* venture to prophesy digestive trouble among those of Her Majesty's subjects blessed (or otherwise) with a weaker constitution than that of their Queen. Another very noticeable thing—noticeable in most of these menus—is that Her Majesty always has a certain sound "stand-by," or more, on a side table. These are usually hot and cold fowls, beef, and tongue, all very excellent resources in case of a temporary distaste for things more artificial. The menu under notice is dated Sunday, February 3rd, 1895, at Osborne.

Here is another Royal wedding breakfast, three years later than that we have spoken of already. On Wednesday, July 22nd, 1896, Prince Charles of Denmark and Princess Maud were married. The menu card of the breakfast is printed in gold, silver, red, green, blue, and pink. At the bottom the initial of Prince Charles (embellished with an anchor to signify his naval profession) is joined to that of Princess Maud by a true lover's knot, and at the top the crowned monogram of our Queen beams over all. Roses, forget-me-nots, shamrocks, and thistles typify the sentiments proper to the occasion, further assisted by knots of silver ribbon. As for the tale of dainties itself, it is singularly like that of the other wedding breakfast—indeed, every very good wedding breakfast is a matter of much the same dishes as every other. The soups are different, it is true, but the hot entrées and the relevés are exactly the same, and the cold entrées are very little varied, except that this time the composer spells "roulades" correctly. But he has not mustered the courage to wind up with that

THE
ROYAL WEDDING BREAKFAST
WEDNESDAY. 22ND JULY. 1896.

POTAGES
A la Princesse.
Vermicelle à la Windsor.

ENTRÉES (CHAUDES)
Côtelettes d'Agneau à l'Italienne.
Aiguillettes de Canetons aux pois.

RELEVÉS
Filets de Bœuf à la Napolitaine.
Poulets gras aux Cressons.

ENTRÉES (FROIDES).
Chaudfroids de Volaille sur Croûtes.
Salades d'Homard.
Jambons decoupés à l'Aspic.
Langues decoupees à l'Aspic.
Mayonaises de Volaille.
Roulades de Veau à la Gelée.

Haricots verts. — Epinar…

Gelées et Crèmes.
Patisserie assortie.

calmly English "cold roast fowls" that distinguished the other menu. Vegetables and sweets are precisely as before.

Our next is the menu of the Queen's dinner on Monday, September 28th, 1896, at Balmoral. The border, with its stags' heads, thistles and heather, is extremely and appropriately Scotch, but the written list is pure and uninterrupted French until we arrive at that excellent "Side table," with its fowls, its tongue, and its beef. So much had we written when we glanced at the list again and saw that we were mistaken: the list *is* pure French except for the one very British item "roast beef," which must always stand important in any dinner which shall please Her Majesty. And, indeed, though the names be French, there is much sound British food disguised in this list. There is ox-tail soup, fried whiting, haunch of venison, and stuffed turkey—though there are worthy people who might fail to recognise these things in "potage aux queues de bœuf," "merlans frits," "hanche de venaison," and "dindes farcis." Just as a gentleman from the country, whom we once observed at a great restaurant after he had ordered "Pied di porc au Bechamel," by pointing to the words with his finger; and who was mightily amazed, a minute later, at receiving a pig's trotter.

The Royal Luncheon,

MONDAY, 2nd AUGUST, 1897

Potage Tapioca clair

Soles au Gratin

Cotelettes d'Agneau panées sautées

Bœuf braisé au Macaroni

Purée de Ris de Veau à la gelee

Poulets à la Casserole

Epinards aux Œufs

Riz aux Pêches

Tarte de Prunes

BUFFET.

Hot and Cold Roast Fowls

Cold Roast Beef Tongue

Homard, Sauce Rémoulade

Salade Macédoine

Balmoral

Her Majesty's Dinner

Monday 28th September 1896

Potages

Aux Queues de Boeuf

Poissons

Les Rougets à l'Italienne Les Merlans frits

Entrées

Les Quenelles à la

Relevés

La Hanche de Venaison Rt. Beef

Rôt

Les Dindes farcis

Entremets

Les Haricots verts

Les Compignes à l'orange

Les Eclairs au chocolat

Side Table

Hot & Cold Fowls Tongue Beef

On August 2nd of last year, the King of Siam took luncheon with Her Majesty. On that occasion, by reason of the preferences of the Royal guest, the dishes were of a much lighter nature than are generally set before the Royal Family. The menu card, which was printed in the colours of Siam, is here reproduced. Clear tapioca soup is not heavy, nor is sole au gratin, nor spinach with eggs, nor peaches and rice. Indeed, the heaviest dish in the luncheon proper would seem to be braised beef with macaroni; but there stands the faithful buffet, laden as usual with hot and cold roast fowls, cold roast beef and tongue, and in addition, with lobster and a salad; ready for the succour of such as may require it.

Three days later is the date of our next example, but then there was no Oriental monarch to consider. Consequently, observe the difference After the soup there are fillets of soles, fillets of beef, fowls, goose-livers in jelly, green peas, omelette, and brown bread pudding with cherries. And the fowls and tongue on the buffet are

BUCKINGHAM PALACE

The Royal Luncheon.

THURSDAY 5th AUGUST, 1897

Potage

Filets de Soles, Sauce Tartare

Filet de Bœuf Jardinière

Poulets, Sauce au Persil

Aspics de Foies-gras

Pois a l'Anglaise

Omelette soufflée au Citron

Gâteau de Pain bis aux Cerises

BUFFET

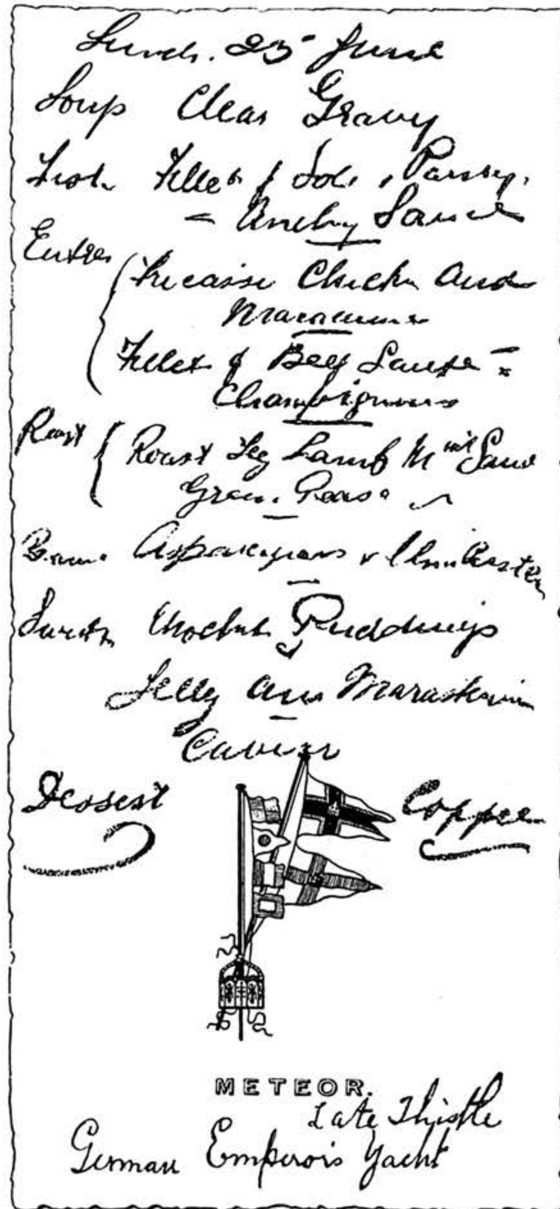
Cold Lamb and Salad

Hot and Cold Roast Fowls

Canapés d'Anchois Tongue

reinforced by cold lamb and salad and anchovies on toast. Buckingham Palace was the scene of this luncheon, and the design of the menu card, in gold, green, red, and blue, is perhaps more remarkable for complexity than for beauty.

Last we have a remarkable menu card of a luncheon consumed, not by our Queen, but by her grandson, the German Emperor. The luncheon was prepared and eaten on board the Emperor's yacht *Meteor* (previously *Thistle*) in course of a race. The menu is written very hurriedly in pencil, and, wonder of all wonders, in English! Somebody seems to have been in such a hurry as to forget all his French and the Emperor's order as to German menus at the same time. The word "luncheon" is hastily abbreviated to "lunch," and "Imperial" is left out altogether, which looks rather like an insidious sort of *lèse-majesté*. Nevertheless, no treasonable attempt is made to starve the Emperor. Gravy soup, fillet of sole, with anchovy sauce, fricasseed chicken and macaroni, fillet of beef sauté with mushrooms, roast leg of lamb and mint sauce, with green peas; beans, asparagus and butter, chocolate puddings, maraschino jelly, caviar, dessert, and coffee—this lunch spells anything but starvation. And, if this is the insufficient luncheon of the German Emperor in a hurry, racing his yacht, what must his full dinner be like at home, with plenty of time to eat it?



Lunch. 23 June

Soup Clear Gravy

Fish Fillet of Sole, Parsley, Anchovy Sauce

Entrée { Fricassee Chicken and Macaroni
Fillet of Beef Sauté Champignons

Roast { Roast Leg Lamb Mint Sauce
Green Peas

Beans Asparagus & Butter

Sweets Chocolate Puddings

Jelly au Maraschino

Caviar

Dessert Coffee

METEOR.

Late Thistle

German Emperor's Yacht

BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

MOUNTAIN SHEEP, SHEPHERDING, AND SHEPHERDS' DOGS.

By Ruth Lamb.

In Cumberland and Westmoreland there is a famous breed of sheep which are said to be descended from Spanish ancestors. They are beautiful sagacious creatures to which one could not apply the term "silly," so commonly given to sheep by persons who see animals without observing their habits.

In Cumberland there is a tradition that their mountain sheep, so prettily marked and so *cute* looking, were brought to them by what has proved a fortunate accident.

A ship, containing a number of Spanish sheep of a remarkably fine breed, was wrecked on the Cumberland coast, but the live stock it carried were all saved, and were the ancestors of those which now feed on the heights of Helvellyn and Blencathara. They are lively, active creatures, which roam and feed on the fells during the summer, and spend their winters in the valleys, foddered from day to day by the hand of the shepherd.

People generally speak of sheep as helpless creatures, which stray away without any provocation so to do, and have not the slightest notion of taking care of themselves. In one sense they are helpless and timid, for nature has left them without the means of defending themselves; but when they stray it is not always in the purposeless fashion generally attributed to them, as the following anecdotes abundantly prove.

A farmer, living near Thirlmere, sold three sheep to go to a place near Keswick, above six miles off. A few months later, during the lambing season, the three sheep made their appearance at their old home, weary with their walk, and evidently with the intention of being tended by their former shepherd. They were of course restored to their proper owner, but they went back a larger flock than they came, for their lambs were born a few hours after they reached the old spot, where they had nursed the offspring of the previous year.

Two other sheep, sold from the same farm to another near Cockermouth, also started back again, after several months' absence. One reached Thirlmere safely, having passed through Keswick on its way; the other was seen and restored to its purchaser.

Another day there was considerable anxiety at the Thirlmere farm, because two extremely handsome and valuable rams had taken themselves off in company. These creatures had lived two years on the banks of Thirlmere, yet it is evident they had not forgotten their old home, for they were seen pattering away in the direction of Ennerdale, the spot from which they were originally brought. They did not reach it, however, for someone, recognising them by their marks, stopped them on the way, and sent a message to their owner, who fetched them home again, rejoicing.

In these northern counties a book is kept at each farmhouse, containing a description of the various marks placed upon the sheep, so that when any of them set off without the owner's leave, they are easily recognised and restored to their proper bounds.

Do not the above anecdotes show, not only remarkable memory of places and roads, and a fixed determination on the part of one animal, but prove that the two or three entered into a plan to act in concert, and travel together? It seems to me that the more sheep are noticed, the less we shall feel inclined to speak contemptuously of their want of sagacity.

They, however, require incessant care and watchfulness, for their enemies, though apparently contemptible ones, are such as the sheep cannot battle with unassisted.

In mountainous districts the carrion crow is a terrible foe, and will sometimes peck out the eyes of a poor sheep, or even its tongue, when it is wearied and blown with the weight of its fleece. Then the flies are terrible pests, and the cause of indescribable torture to the poor creatures. Shepherding must, therefore, be untiringly followed up; and it is a most interesting sight to see the wiry dalesmen race up the sides of Helvellyn day by day, accompanied by their delightfully intelligent dogs.

In the level pastures of Lincolnshire and many other English counties, one colley, with sleek, well-covered sides, is amply sufficient for the work. He drives the flock towards a gate at which the shepherd stands, and they are counted, reviewed, and dispersed again with little cost of time or trouble.

But the mountain shepherd must have, at least, a couple of dogs to help in his task and to gather the sheep and lambs. They scour along from height to height, the shepherd shouting to his four-footed assistants, and using untranslatable ejaculations, which only the dogs appear to understand. These cries sound very much like those uttered by a little Japanese acrobat, whom I once saw flourishing his small limbs at the top of a ladder balanced on his father's chin. However, the dogs know what their masters say, and pay attention to it.

They are thin, wiry creatures, these Cumberland shepherds' assistants, and when I first patted some of my colley acquaintances there, I was quite shocked at the ease with which their ribs could be counted. I felt indignant that such good servants should be so badly fed, and ventured to express my opinion rather warmly.

For answer, I was allowed to see the huge bowls of porridge which awaited them on their return from the mountain, and the rapidity with which the food disappeared showed they had brought a good appetite back with them.

"These dogs cannot carry flesh," I was told. "They have too much travelling for that. Mountain work runs all the flesh off their bones, though they get plenty to eat. If they were fat th-y could not do their work. They would be exhausted, out of breath, and wearied with carrying their own weight before they were half-way up the mountain."

So I understood that there was a needs-be for the disreputable, thin appearance of the faithful beasts.

Sheep-dogs enjoy their work, and if the shepherd does not attend to his share of the duty, they will go off to the fells on their own account. To prevent this, one of the pair which are accustomed to go out together is usually kept under lock and key, so they go about the farm in turns.

During the hay-harvest a year ago, a succession of hot days were eagerly turned to account by the farmers, in order to get in the crop as quickly as possible, and for once shepherding was neglected. It happened that some person let the second dog, Ben, out of the stable, whilst Bess was also at liberty. Determining to do some shepherding at all hazards, and yet not daring to go on the mountain after their own sheep without the master's presence, they crossed the lake, ascended the opposite fells, and collected the whole flock of the farmer, who resided at the foot. They were driving them down for inspection, when they were discovered and sent off to mind their own business.

Before closing this paper, I should like to say a few words for these valuable and intelligent dogs. I know from experience that during the winter, when the sheep are in the low pastures and the services of the colley are less needed, he is often very badly treated and insufficiently fed. I never heard of this being done in our own northern counties; but in January last a statement was made in a paper read before the Manchester Literary Club, which has positively haunted me whenever I have since looked at the beautiful, intelligent face of a colley dog at work.

The writer said that some of the Welsh farmers turn out the faithful creatures, which have guarded their flocks through nine months of the year, to shift for themselves as best they can; that they subsist, sometimes on the carcase of a sheep that has been killed by a fall from the rocks, or perished from cold, and sometimes, driven by starvation, they turn upon the flock of which they have been the faithful guardians, and take a lamb for themselves. If detected in this their lives would pay instant forfeit, though the cruel master, who could so illuse a hard-working, four-footed slave, is the one who really merits punishment.

One cannot help hoping that the exposure of such conduct may shame those who have been guilty of it into treating with more consideration their humble but indispensable assistants in the care of their flocks.

RECONCILED ENEMIES.

It is only a short time since I wrote of the jealousy of our adopted cat, Blackie, as manifested towards our proper cat, Kitty. And, more recently, they have become friends in a funny way. Kitty had a young family, from which a handsome tabby was selected to be kept and brought up for a fri-nd—the race being a valuable one, and greatly prized as mousers.

Jealous Blackie was moved to interest herself in the mamma, and even popped her nose over the side of the basket and bestowed a patronising lick on both its inmates, to the discomfiture of the little terrier, which dodged to the opposite side and kept one eye on its old foe's claws and the other on the blind youngster down below.

The kitten throve, and was most devotedly nursed for three weeks by its own mother, when Blackie, too, had a family, all of which were doomed to a watery grave. Whereupon, instead of lamenting over what could not be mended, Blackie took advantage of Kitty's absence, the first time that loving little mother went to take a walk abroad, jumped into the basket and took possession of the kitten.

She lavished caresses upon it, and coaxed the little fat, furry bundle to take her on as nurse number two, but at first without success. By dint of perseverance, she succeeded, and the real mother acquiesced in the arrangement in the kindest way.

From that time the cats nursed the little one by turns, and sometimes both would lie in the basket together, with the kitten between them, and Kitty's white paw thrown lovingly round the black neck of the pussy by whom she had been so often maltreated. Lady was no longer clawed by Blackie for venturing to look over the side, or interfered with when the kitten was big enough to seize the doggie's tail and caper round her.

I took my husband to look at the pretty group one day, and he said, with a smile, "It is not the first time that a helpless baby has been the means of reconciling old foes. Such things happen in human families, as well as amongst cats."

DOWN in the dell where the brambles grow
And the lilies are all afire with a glow
Of the crimson sun on the waters cool,
You may hear the buzz of the weary bee
As it flies to its home in the hollow tree,
And the leap of the trout in the sombre pool.

The wild trout leaps, and the still deep pond
Breaks with the flash of a diamond
About the large-leaved lilies there;
And the rippling wave and the hum of the bee
Blend in a murmured melody:
"It must be summer: the world's so fair."

SIDNEY A. ALEXANDER.

THE HOUSE THAT JERRY BUILT

by LEONARD LARKIN

I VIEWED the house for the first time in the happiest and most hopeful circumstances. The sun shone and the birds twittered, and the clinker-strewn road with the broken fence on the other side seemed rather picturesque than otherwise. My wife was greatly pleased with everything. Far be it from me to call my wife fickle, but it is a fact that she has since changed her mind.

But on this occasion, when first my villa burst upon our gaze (if only it had never burst again in more surprising ways !), everything was seen at its best advantage. True, the "five minutes from the station" of the advertisement seemed a very modest estimate after we had floundered a mile through the mud of roads that were not yet there; but we told each other that our natural eagerness had made the way seem longer than it was. In this we did an injustice to the advertiser's imagination: a faculty which had leaped far beyond the present possibilities of a raging motor-car on a smooth road; an imagination that pierced the veil of years and contemplated the distant future when villa-tenants shall reach their railway-stations in flying-machines every morning. Five minutes may not be out of the question then.

The style of my villa's architecture was a style I have observed in many new suburbs. It has no very definite name, and I believe each speculative builder gives it a name in accordance with his own taste and fancy. As often as not he does not hesitate to call it the style of the late Queen Anne. The speculative builder is a prudent man, not desirous of getting into trouble, and he has probably ascertained that Queen Anne is dead.

It is a gallant and tempestuous style of art, in which every detail does its best most valorously to outstare all the others. It is clever, too. You may fancy that the door-step is stone; but, no—it is an ingenious sort of composition which crumbles steadily and quietly, and no doubt has the advantage of being softer for tender feet. A rash observer would tell you that the gable was half-timbered; but in reality the "timbers" are just streaks of brown paint over the plaster—much more easy to renew than timber, and handier to carry up a ladder. There are columns stuck about here and there, too, that you might suppose to be stone at least

as solid as the doorstep; but you are sold again—they are not even that; they are wooden cylinders with iron bars up the centres, and no doubt there is some great advantage in this device if only I had time to think it out. As to the thin coat of plaster which makes the wall angles look also like stone, that has one very great advantage over the genuine material—from the speculative builder's point of view. It is an advantage shared by all the other substitutions I have named; but if you ask the speculative builder what this advantage is he will not tell you, though you may observe a twinkle in his eye. It is a trade secret. Every speculative builder is sworn not to betray trade secrets—sworn over a shovelful of *real* mortar, kept for the purpose. It is the only shovelful in the trade.

The builder of my villa is the landlord, though at first he tried his utmost to induce me to take that honourable title on myself. He expressed himself amazed to hear that I had no higher ambition than to be a mere tenant. A man of my eminence, he said—he had made up his mind about my eminence before he heard my name—a man of my eminence, distinction, wealth, and—I am sure he meant to have added—personal loveliness, owed it to his own dignity and self-respect to be landlord of his own house. Indeed, to do the thing properly and establish his credit beyond question, he ought also to be landlord of the house next door. And, by a singular coincidence, the house next door was for sale, too, the pair having been built together.

We "went over" the house in company with the builder; and here I must record a circumstance that fills me with admiration for that remarkable man. It is a fact that he opened every door in the house (including cupboard doors) and two of the windows, without breaking a single thing. Not one. Not a lock, a handle, a hinge, a frame, or a panel broke under the strain. In my foolish inexperience I thought little of this at the time, but now I marvel how he did it. It must be another trade secret.

I did *not* buy the house, nor the one next door. But I took my villa on a lease—a repairing lease. The builder thought it would be almost an insult to offer me any humbler tenancy than a repairing lease. And as to the liability—what repairs could a new house possibly require? So I escaped the insult and had the repairs instead.

"HE NEARLY CUT HIMSELF IN TWO."

The first repair was required the day we moved. The key broke in the front-door lock, and a man had to climb in at a window and unscrew the lock from the door. He unscrewed the lock, but first he nearly cut himself in two; for the sash-line chose the moment when he was climbing in at the window to break, and drop the sash on him. He said he was quite sure that several of his ribs were broken, and he strongly suspected that his spine was dislocated, at least; and he hinted that the remedy instantly needed was beer.

I am afraid that none of the removal-men understood the builder's trade secrets; they were not sufficiently gentle with my villa. They pulled all the handles off the doors and some of the fasteners off the windows through rashness in opening and shutting them. And they did not think out possibilities beforehand. There was a wardrobe, for instance, for which my villa had a constitutional antipathy, and the ensuing warfare between the two objects was what first brought home to me the full responsibility of a repairing lease; for the villa had altogether the worst of the

battle, and got seriously wounded in every encounter.

The wardrobe would go in at the front door well enough, but that was tactical deception—a sort of strategic retreat on the part of the villa to draw its enemy into a disastrous position. The real line of defence was the stairs. They had been constructed most skilfully with a single view to the exclusion of that wardrobe. Wherever the way looked so plain and simple that there was a temptation to take the position with a rush, there some corner or projection was lying in wait to attack the invader in flank and wedge it fast. The wardrobe didn't seem to mind a bit, and at every fresh assault it took a piece out of its adversary somewhere; but it got "no forrarder," and at last it was taken prisoner altogether, with three of its corners jammed into three different holes in the plaster, and its under edge gripped by a splintery gash in the handrail.

" THE BALUSTERS GAVE WAY."

So it remained for several minutes; and then the balusters gave way. The removal-man who was dragged from under the *débris* assured me that his skull was fractured, and that it would take quite a lot of beer to save his life.

We abandoned the stairs and tried other points of attack. But my villa seemed invulnerable to this wardrobe, notwithstanding that the wardrobe was by far the stronger article of the two. It left its mark on the house at every onslaught, and retired unharmed and, I fancied, smiling—but it retired; whereas the villa, sadly mauled, and accumulating a horrible repair bill with every skirmish, still gallantly kept the assailant at bay. Till at last I began madly to wonder if it would not be cheaper, on the whole, to take the house down and build it up again round the wardrobe.

I was considering this appalling alternative when the foreman suggested that we might try the bedroom window. If only the men's constitutions could be built up first—beer being recommended for the purpose—he thought they could manage to hoist the wardrobe up the slope of a ladder, and so shove it obliquely through the window, the sash having been first removed.

I received the proposition with joy, and proceeded at once to build up the men's constitutions, which seemed to have run down very low indeed. We sent up a man, who had no difficulty in getting out the sash; indeed, it came out much sooner than he expected, bringing an assortment of fittings and fastenings with it, and subsiding on his head with a clamorous tinkle of broken glass; so that his constitution had to be taken in hand again and built up afresh. But the foreman's suggestion succeeded in the end, though, indeed, the wardrobe was a tight fit. It was shoved and hauled up the ladder with much labour and constitutional disturbance (beer again), and, hastening upstairs to meet

it, I had the felicity of observing the victorious object coming triumphantly into the bedroom, bringing the whole of the window-frame with it, like a collar.

The wardrobe was all right, and there was a quiet twinkle about its keyholes that betokened complacent triumph. Fortunately it seemed a good-humoured piece of furniture; if it had lost its temper in the course of hostilities nothing could have saved my villa from total destruction.

The wardrobe had hit the house pretty hard, but the effect of the carpets was alarming, too; or, rather, not so much of the carpets as of the tacking of them down. For with the concussion the ceilings below began first to crack and then to sag gracefully like stretched curtains; so I had to stop the tacking and persuade the removal-men to put down the furniture very carefully and lightly. The nervous delicacy required to carry out these instructions was obtained by the administration of more beer; and by the exercise on my own part of great care in walking about the rooms, and the use of list slippers, I was able to keep the ceilings at the original curve for several days. Then I rashly started to knock nails in the walls to hang pictures on, and as I knocked the ceiling dropped on my head in uneasy instalments. More, the jar shook other things loose, such as mantelpieces and cupboard frames; and there was no balance of advantage after all, for the nails all came out when they felt the weight of the pictures, and brought down pieces of the wall with them. So I tried replacing them with longer nails, which made a considerable difference; the difference being that larger instalments of the ceiling fell more frequently on my head as I drove the nails in, and much bigger pieces of the wall accompanied them when they fell out again. I decided that the pictures would look better on the floor.

"AS I KNOCKED THE CEILING DROPPED ON MY HEAD."

The wear and tear of moving in had mellowed my villa considerably, and given it in most places a venerable air of antique dilapidation that compared favourably with that exhibited by the most genuinely ancient baronial hall I know. I tried to get as much consolation out of this reflection as I could, for I had a sort of presentiment that I should want some consolation when the bill came in.

I found out many curious things, and altogether generally improved my education, in the first few days of my tenancy; and before long I was a deal wiser, and poorer, and wetter, and dustier, and angrier, and generally deteriorated than before I came to my villa, and had several entirely new experiences in rheumatism, as well as an improved form of bronchitis. It was not the bath that caused the bronchitis, however. I do not know the scientific name of what I suffered from that, but if you have ever sat down in a new bath full of hot water, and shortly afterward discovered that the hot water has made the enamel stick better than the most expensive sort of glue, you will understand what I mean. I cannot say precisely whether I tore more enamel off the bath or the bath tore more skin off me, but I think we averaged it out fairly even, and honours were easy. But it was a long time before I was.

For a long while the joinery saved us the cost of a cheap barometer. It bulged up and stuck and burst itself in wet weather, and shrunk and gaped wide in dry. I can just remember a little toy villa that stood in my grandmother's breakfast-room, with two doors in it and two inhabitants, one of whom kept indoors in dry weather and the other in

wet. My villa had a somewhat similar property, with the important difference that everybody stayed in when the weather was inclined to dampness, because none of the doors would open to let us out. After a time, however, these violent changes in the woodwork abated, and it settled down to a more or less permanent shrinkage and gaping, which had the advantage of enabling one to inspect the adjoining room without opening the door, and entirely freed our servants from that troublesome backache and cold in the eye that are prevalent in households where observation is restricted to keyholes.

The floor-boards shrunk, too, and let up such steady hurricanes from some subterraneous cave of winds that the carpets rose and fell like the property sea in a theatre, and the lighter articles of furniture were blown out of window or up the chimneys, while persons of less than eighteen-stone weight—but, there, I must be careful to avoid any statement that unbelievers might be tempted to misrepresent as exaggerated. Let it suffice to say that the articles lost though the cracks — when the hurricanes were in abeyance — grew steadily in size day by day, beginning with such things as studs and cuff-links, and going on to property of a larger gauge each day, till, what with the windows and chimneys on the windy days and the floor-chasms on the others, the household was gradually impoverished of everything smaller than a coal-scuttle. I bore it for long without taking up the boards, until at last the baby, unobserved for a moment, ventured too near an unusually large crack, and—but, steady again; there are people so ignorant of the possibilities of a speculative builder's villa that they would not believe even *that*.

At any rate, I took up the boards *then* and recovered most of my missing property —to say nothing of the baby. Also I discovered that whatever ill-wishers might say of my landlord they could not justly liken him to the foolish man that built his house upon the sand; for I saw nothing anywhere distantly approaching the appearance of sand, but more than one sense bore witness that my villa was established on a foundation of beef-tins and defunct cats. This striking fact no doubt accounted in some degree for the diversifications of the architecture of Queen Anne, which surprised me on mornings when I surveyed my villa from the road. Oblique zigzags and other lines of less definable shapes appeared upon the brickwork, and the windows began to change places. This, the landlord assured me, was nothing but "a little settlement"—a statement that relieved me a great deal, for I had suspected a large earthquake. "A little settlement," it appeared, was a sort of architectural thrush, measles, teething, whooping-cough, or what-not, that every respectable house went through in its infancy. I was glad to find it was nothing worse than that; but even an architectural whooping-cough can be disconcerting when it lets in a fresh expanse of landscape almost daily into one room after another.

"A LITTLE SETTLEMENT."

But landscape was not the only thing that passed freely through the walls, inward and outward. Rain, hail, fog, wind, sleet, snow, smoke, and gas went to and fro regardless of bricks and mortar; the gas also went regardless of pipes; and cats and dogs will not surprise me soon. As to ghosts—well, if I saw a weird human figure coming through the wall of my villa, I should know at once that the settlement was getting worse, and this was a burglar. A real ghost would disdain to pass through such a wall as mine; the job would do him no credit at all.

I hear that settlement making extensions and improvements in the dead silence of night. A quiet, intermittent clicking and grinding is the sound, as a rule, only noticeable when the household is deep in slumber. But occasionally something particular happens—some fundamental beef-tin buckles or some dead cat turns in its grave—and there is a sharp crack, and I know that in the morning I shall find an extra window somewhere, or another and a wider laceration across the fair face of Queen Anne. I am continually strengthening that front wall, too, with fresh thicknesses of wall-paper.

I think it must be on such occasions as these that my chimneys grow crookeder. They were not very straight in the beginning; but now their sinuosities would break an eel's back. Sweeps' brooms get lost in them and have to be paid for and left there. And then they catch fire and attract fire-engines—which also have to be paid for. When I look back upon my tenancy—not a long one, either—it often seems to me that it would have been really cheaper on the whole to have adopted the builder's suggestion, bought my villa—and instantly pulled it down.

There is a sort of democratic quality about the house—an equal distribution of advantages among the deserving rooms, so to speak. Thus, when onions are being cooked, the drawing-room gets as much of the smell as the kitchen; and when the dining-room fire is lit the smoke comes out of the wrong ends of all the other chimneys. When the water-pipes burst, too—and they often do things of that sort—there is a very general and impartial distribution of the water; and as to gas, while the leaks and explosions take their turns very systematically in the different rooms, the smell is always so generally diffused that it has become indissolubly associated with the tenderest ties of home life; and never again can I experience the full flavour of domestic felicity without a good gas escape close under my nose.

Now, I wonder why it is that the mere mention of my nose should instantly remind me of the drains at my villa? Extraordinary, isn't it? Well, the drains were most conveniently laid, nice and close to the surface, and rising gradually as they led away from the house. There was never any difficulty about finding them. The gardener often finds them still with a spade or a rake—once he found one with a broom. No difficulty about knowing where to put them back, either, if you happened to fetch any up in digging—anywhere would do. It wasn't as though they'd been cemented at the joints, or led anywhere in particular. They had been put in in compliance with the prevalent superstition in favour of having drains of some sort, and such was the perfection of the system that if you pulled up a drain-pipe here and there and used it for a chimney-pot or anything of that sort it made no difference whatever.

I have left off having dinner-parties, not being a lawyer, and having some doubts as to the precise legal liability attaching to a tenant with a repairing lease whose guest gets killed in carrying out a dinner engagement. I had a little dinner once, by way of house-warming, soon after we came in, but I am not persevering. I was not so much disturbed by the tile that shot off the roof and laid a friend low in the front garden—not so much as he was, at any rate—because that is a thing that might happen to anybody, and people ought to look out for things like that, and, after all, he had not actually arrived. And although it was a little inconvenient to have the drawing-room hearth suddenly sink at the front and pitch the fireplace, with the fire in it, face downward on the hearth-rug, still that is the sort of thing that does happen when a young house catches a settlement; and, we were going into the dining-room presently, in any case. But I had made a rather serious mistake in the dining-room. For fear of accidents I had knocked down the looser parts of the sagging ceiling with a broom, ignorant that I was weakening the main support of the floor above; for in my house the floors and ceilings were devised and constructed on a new and ingenious principle: the floor held up the ceiling from above, while the ceiling supported the floor from below. So that when the well-meaning but incautious nurse walked across the bedroom floor to inspect the sleeping baby, first a large piece of ceiling fell

into the soup, and then the nurse followed it, in a tempestuous tangle of legs and arms and boards and plaster. And somehow I sort of got discouraged at last.

We went to bed somewhat discontented that night, and we took our umbrellas with us; for the tile that had cancelled the invitation of one of our guests was not the only one gone from the roof.

I am now having the house painted all over just to hold it together temporarily till I have had an interview with the builder. I am, in fact, anticipating another settlement—a final one. I have bought a large pole-axe.

"THEN THE NURSE FOLLOWED."

HOW I FURNISHED MY STORE CUPBOARD.

I AM about to detail the methods of making a few very useful and wholesome commodities, although I am well aware that most people in these days get such things from their grocer; yet, as some of them are so simple and inexpensive, especially when a garden is at hand, I feel sure that many people may be glad to attempt the concoction of them. They are, for the most part, the original recipes of a lady whose guest I was some few years ago; some of them are my own; others I may call a joint production, as they are the outcome of experiments made during the visit in question.

Space will not permit mention of many, so I will just enumerate those for which the ingredients are readily obtainable, and, while omitting any detailed reference to the excellent jams and jellies of my hostess, I will give her method of preventing the usual candying of the surface which takes place after a year or two. This was a very simple one, viz., covering with a layer of tissue paper dipped in brine before tying on the outer cover of bladder or vegetable parchment (the latter is now very generally used and is a good substitute for bladder). As to brandy papers and other preservatives, she ignored them altogether, believing that fruit well boiled, if stored properly, needed nothing more than an air-tight cover.

But to my recipes, which are all savouries :—

I will not guarantee the keeping properties of the first on my list: I have only made it once, and then it was not allowed to keep. Nine pounds of sound, ripe damsons formed the foundation, to which were added four pounds and a half of sugar, a pint of pale brown vinegar, a couple of dozen cloves, two blades of mace, a dozen allspice berries, the same number of black peppercorns, and half an ounce of bruised ginger; the jar containing them was then tied lightly over with bladder and set up to its neck in a kettle of cold water over a slow fire, the water in the kettle being kept simmering for a couple of hours. After its removal from the fire I took care to leave the jar until the water was cold; then, over the neck, bladder was tied tightly, previous to its removal to the store cupboard. This pickle, if intended to keep, is better put away in wide-necked bottles, with new corks, which should be waxed over. Although it is fit to eat at once, I was told that it *does* improve with age. It may be eaten as pickle pure and simple, or added to salads; while a fish sauce, both appetising and unique, may be made by stirring a gill of the syrup into a tureen of melted butter. As to the superiority of this sweet pickle over those of the sour, uncooked varieties, so far as its digestive properties are concerned, there is certainly no need for comment.

Most people like *Mint Sauce*, and they may enjoy it in perfection all the year if they choose to follow the example of my hostess, and store some for use in the days when lamb lingers only in the memory. On a dry, sunny day the mint was gathered, picked leaf by leaf, wiped with a cloth, and chopped a little, then pounded in a mortar with castor sugar (about six ounces to half a pound of mint), a dash of cayenne pepper, some salt, and the merest suspicion of chopped garlic; half a pint of pure malt vinegar was added little by little during the process, and, at the last moment, just before bottling, another half-pint of vinegar was put to the mixture. Small bottles, such as are used for capers, are best for it, and the corks *must* be sound. This will be voted "a lot of trouble" by those who are unaccustomed to the use of the pestle and mortar, but if any of my readers make it a rule, as I do, to pound the mint and sugar for everyday mint sauce, they will agree with me that by no other method (certainly not by chopping, however finely) can equal success be attained.

Of the *ketchups*, which were all delicious, I have but space to mention three. The first was quite new to me. It was obtained from elderberries, and is particularly good with fish dishes. During my stay a stock was made, the berries being just in their prime, so I had a practical lesson. I remember that, after stripping them from the stalk, the berries were measured and put into a jar with just half their measure of boiling vinegar, and baked in what my friend called a "baker's oven" all night, by which she meant a cool oven after a batch of bread has been drawn. The next morning she strained off the juice without any pressure and measured it carefully, adding to each quart half an ounce of salt, half a dozen shallots, half an ounce of whole ginger, an ounce of peppercorns, and half an ounce of cloves—the spices being most thoroughly bruised previous to boiling the whole for ten minutes. My informant added that a little salad oil should be poured into the neck of each bottle to ensure its keeping, and I may mention that all her bottled fruits had received the addition of some melted suet, sufficient to form a layer half an inch thick in each bottle's neck.

Mushroom Ketchup, as ordinarily made, is, in my opinion, so spicy that the mushroom flavour is almost overpowered; but, if made as I will direct, I think it will be voted very good. I must urge the importance of sound, freshly gathered mushrooms—those that we used were almost equal in size. We broke them up, after cutting off the ends from the stalks, and put them in a pan with six ounces of salt to the gallon, and stirred them every day with a *wooden* spoon for six days; the liquor was strained and measured, then boiled until reduced to half the quantity. The exact time cannot be stated, but the boiling should be quick. The spices (viz., a quarter of an ounce each of whole black pepper and allspice berries, a morsel of root

ginger, and a blade of mace to each pint) were then put in, and after twenty minutes' further simmering, the contents of the pan were poured into an earthen basin and covered with a cloth until next day, when the ketchup was poured off very carefully from the sediment into small bottles.

My friend then suggested our making some "second ketchup" from the sediment and "squeezings" of the mushrooms by boiling them with spices, as in the foregoing recipe; this, I was told, was suitable for hashes and stews, and although a less refined, it is an equally useful preparation.

Of the two kinds of *Walnut Ketchup* which I learnt how to make, I recommend the one prepared from the surplus vinegar from pickled walnuts, not because it was nicer than the other, which was obtained from walnuts in their green state, but because it is such an excellent way of utilising what is sometimes wasted. Supposing, then, your jar, which once held pickled walnuts, has in it a quart of their vinegar, put into it some mixed pickling spice, about a dessertspoonful, half a dozen chopped shallots, and a generous teaspoonful of salt, and boil it for at least a quarter of an hour, when you may either bottle it as it is or make a "compound sauce" of it by mixing with it a pint of mushroom ketchup, and enough celery-seed to cover a sixpence. The combination of flavours is a very agreeable one.

With reference to celery, I should like to call attention to *Celery Vinegar*, so handy when the fresh vegetable is not to be had, for which white wine vinegar, though not absolutely necessary, is preferable, as a few drops can then be added to white soups and sauces without injuring the colour. To make it, a couple of ounces of celery-seed should be bruised and added to a pint and a half of boiling vinegar, and half an ounce of salt. It should be corked after it has cooled properly, then set in a warm place for a month, when it is ready to strain into small bottles. Another store vinegar, equally useful, was made in just the same way, by substituting four ounces of shallots and an ounce of garlic for the celery-seed. "Use it with caution," said my friend, when I took down the recipe, "or you will regret having made it, for a drop or two will give zest to a good quantity of sauce or gravy." But those of my readers who appreciate the twang imparted by rubbing the salad-bowl with a clove of garlic will not need the warning to be sparing in its use.

Our talk one day drifted to tomatoes, and, as the love-apple just then was prolific, we set about a store of conserve or chutney, for use in the winter, and the result of our labour was the undermentioned compound, which can be used for anything and everything, from a sandwich mixture or salad, to the hundred and one soups and sauces that may be concocted by the frugal housewife. It is very palatable, wholesome, and economical, but will be too mild for those who indulge in pungent compounds, though the spices can be increased to suit the palate. I only ask that the mode of preparation be carried out. Break up four pounds of tomatoes (they must be ripe, but sound) into a jar, and add a pound of moist sugar (Demerara) and a quart of vinegar; then cover and bake gently, or, if more convenient, boil in a preserving-pan, until the whole is a pulp; while this is hot, it must be passed through a coarse hair sieve, using a large wooden spoon or potato masher; then put into an earthen jar with a pound of sultana raisins, picked carefully, two ounces of mustard-seed, three ounces of salt, half an ounce of garlic, chopped or pounded, an ounce of ginger, grated, and a quarter of an ounce of the best cayenne. Stir every day for a week, then bottle. And for one of the best and most wholesome of apple chutneys that it is possible to make, the ingredients are the same as the foregoing, except that, instead of the tomatoes, four pounds of apples form the basis, and the proportions are different. The vinegar and sugar are to be doubled, also the garlic, ginger, and cayenne; of salt, another ounce, and of raisins, another half-pound will be needed. I have not tested the keeping properties of the tomato sauce, but that from the apples will keep good for years; in any case, it should be stored for a year before being eaten; while quite fresh, it is quite another thing. As to its uses, it is hard to say for what it cannot be used. As an accompaniment to cold meat, an addition to made dishes (notably curries), or a zest to sandwiches, it is always acceptable; and the mixing of a tablespoonful of it with your apple sauce will ensure the tureen going empty to the kitchen.

And now I will give a *dry seasoning*, a useful adjunct to forcemeats, sausage-meat, rissoles, and all similar concoctions. It is very simple—just equal weights of black pepper, white pepper, ground ginger, and grated nutmeg—say half an ounce of each, and half the weight, *i.e.*, a quarter of an ounce each of ground cloves, curry powder, ground allspice, and cayenne pepper. As these may all be purchased in the ground state they only need mixing, and to ensure uniformity they should be passed several times through a sieve. That these ingredients may retain their strength, a glass-stoppered bottle, covered with a rubber cap, should be used; failing this method, use a rubber cork.

My friend is famed for her pies and puddings, notably meat and game, and I learnt that the special seasoning for them consisted of a mixture of herbs—thyme, basil, savory, and marjoram, with finely grated lemon-peel and a suspicion of cayenne and nutmeg, the herbs being gathered just in their prime, and reduced to the finest powder; while for dishes in which herbs in their dry state would prove objectionable, an essence was made from them by nearly filling a bottle to the neck with the above and other herbs on their stalks, and filling it up with white vinegar, the infusion being strained off in about three weeks. I would like to detail other uses of herbs of all kinds—indeed, I think that the information on that particular subject was the most useful item acquired during a visit which was as pleasant as it was profitable.

Odds and Ends.

COLLECTORS are eagerly seeking the iron mourning-rings that were generally worn in Germany in 1813, as they are now worth more than their weight in gold. These rings are testimonies of the heights to which German patriotism rose against Napoleon in 1813. In that year the Princesses of the Royal House made an appeal to the nation to sacrifice all personal ornaments for the sake of the treasury, themselves setting the example. This appeal has its parallel in our own history, the Long Parliament having, at the beginning of the struggle between Parliamentarian and Cavalier, made a similar call upon English patriotism. In consequence of the personal example of the Princesses, an immense number of mourning rings were sent to the treasury at Berlin, each sender receiving an iron ring in acknowledgment, bearing the words, "Gold I give for iron." From a place called Swinemünde, no less than one hundred and fourteen gold rings were sent, the same number being despatched in exchange. These iron rings are now extremely rare, hence their value.

IT is difficult to believe that such carelessness, as is shown to exist by the returns made from Scotland Yard, is possible. Cabs would seem to be the bane and pitfall of the truly careless person, for amongst the things left in them during the past twelve months were £700 in a banker's bag, an astronomical telescope, bicycles, a bantam cock, a cat, a canary in a cage, chairs, dogs, cylinders of compressed gas, foot-warmers, electric batteries, opium, perambulators, a horse's brain in spirits, rifles and guns, swords, a suit of chain mail, a sewing-machine on a stand, soldiers' kits, and a large assortment of tools belonging to workmen. Some of these articles are so large, and others so valuable, that it is a matter for marvel how they could possibly be overlooked by anyone having charge of them.

THE sea-gull is the scavenger of the ocean. It scours the surface of the sea near the shore and frequents harbours to seize on floating garbage, dead fish, and other putrefying matter; and these birds have saved many a village and seaport town, round about which they hover, from plague and pestilence. Such being the services of the sea-gull it is a short-sighted policy that causes them to be ruthlessly killed by thousands, partly in idle sport, but principally that their wings may be used for millinery purposes. Their eggs also are collected in enormous quantities for museums and for the shops of naturalists.

IT is very sad to learn that the indefatigable efforts made by the Countess of Buckinghamshire, who published a paper in this magazine on the subject, and other ladies to revive the lace industry amongst the village-women of Buckinghamshire have not met with any great success. At one time every cottage nearly sent its portion of delicate lace to the markets; but now the work seems to have fallen into disfavour, and, as it has not been taken up as a recreation by ladies with leisure, there seems every prospect of this particular kind of lace becoming practically extinct. Lace-making is a fascinating occupation and not difficult of mastery, and many ladies of limited means might add to their incomes by devoting some of their energies to the weaving of pillow-lace and other varieties.

THE following letter, sent by a little girl to her father who was away from home, is delightful in its unconscious and unintentional severity: "Dear father—we are all well and happy. The baby has grown ever so much, and has a great deal more sense than he used to have. Hoping the same of you, I remain your daughter, Mollie."

MISS LILIAS HAMILTON is the trusted medical adviser of the Ameer of Afghanistan, and came over to England in attendance upon the Shahzada when he visited this country. She returned to Afghanistan at the special entreaty of the Ameer, but her own health having failed she is returning to England to remain for a considerable time, although it is more than probable she will return to Cabul. The Ameer's confidence in his doctor was strongly expressed a year before she came with the Shahzada to England. A false report had been spread about that the Ameer was dead, and he requested the British Resident at his Court to state that, although he had been ill, he had recovered "by the skill of his medical attendant, Miss Hamilton." The position Miss Hamilton holds is unique in the annals of women doctors.

WITH a view to induce servants to remain in their situations, a very excellent scheme has been started in Norway and Sweden, which English mistresses might easily follow —and with advantage. A general fund is formed into which mistresses pay whatever they can afford for every servant who has remained with them for twelve months. This money is registered in the servant's name so that when age or sickness overtakes her and she is no longer able to work, she has a comfortable annuity to fall back upon. This plan is found to work excellently upon both sides, for, where a servant may be inclined to change her situation for mere trifles, the fact that every year she remains in one place adds to her comfort in the future tends to make her more tolerant, and the mistresses naturally take a kindlier interest in servants for whose ultimate welfare they are providing.

BREAD has frequently been made in America during times of famine from wood-bran and the husks of corn. This wood bread is made of the sawdust of the least resinous wood obtainable—generally the beech—which is first well washed to get rid of any soluble matter. Then it is thoroughly dried in an oven and reduced to a fine powder. A little flour is added, some yeast and water, and a dough is made which, when baked, becomes a bread exactly like ordinary brown bread in appearance. The taste is said not to be at all unpleasant.

"NO trait of character is more valuable to a woman than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be happy without it. It is like the flowers springing up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition; it is sunshine falling on his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten."

UMBRELLAS will last much longer if, when they are wet they are placed handle downwards to dry; the moisture then runs from the edges of the frame and the material dries uniformly. If stood handle upwards, as is usually the case, all the moisture runs into the top of the umbrella and is kept there by the lining underneath the ring, consequently it takes a long time to dry, and injures the silk or other fabric with which the umbrella is covered. The latter is one of the chief causes of umbrellas wearing so soon at the top. Umbrella cases are not so much used as formerly, for these are responsible by their constant friction for the small holes in the fabric that appear very early When not in use an umbrella should be left unrolled, and when wet should be left loose to dry.

TACITUS the Roman historian, in describing the complete overthrow of the Roman power by the Germans and the establishment of the German nationality, which has held its own from that day to this, overrunning all central Europe and wiping out the Roman Empire itself, says: "The Germans always consulted their women in all great and important undertakings. Nations and peoples that have degraded their women have become weak and imbecile, and so it has become part of civilisation to put women on an equality with men."

AN English judge has declared that the owners of cats are not responsible for the actions of their pets, which he described as "quasi-domestic animals." The case that brought about this decision was that of a cooper who sued a signalman for damage his (the signalman's) cat had done by killing and eating thirteen of his (the cooper's) chickens. The judge said that as "a cat's intellect is not so extensive as to render it able to distinguish between chickens and small birds," the signalman was not responsible.

IT is a curious fact that Her Majesty the Queen has outlived all the members of the House of Lords who held seats in it at the time of her accession, with the exception of Earl Nelson, who was, however, a minor at the time. She has also outlived all those Peers who were members of the House of Commons, or had previously been members, except the Earl of Mexborough, the Earl of Mansfield, and the Duke of Northumberland. During her reign there have been five Archbishops of Canterbury, six Archbishops of York, four Bishops of London, eleven Lords Chancellor, ten Prime Ministers, and six speakers of the House of Commons. The Queen has also outlived all the members of her first Privy Council, and very few members, including Mr. Gladstone, Mr. C. P. Villiers, and Mr. J. Temple Leader, of her first House of Commons now survive. Another curious fact of Her Majesty's lengthy reign is that since she came to the throne she has seen every episcopal see vacated and refilled twice at least, and most of them four or five times, and the Judicial Bench has been changed from end to end at least twice. The Queen has also had four successive Earls Marshal in the persons of four Dukes of Norfolk.

Chatterbox 1885

September.

SEPTEMBER strews the woodland o'er
With many a brilliant color;
The world is brighter than before—
Why should our hearts be duller?

Sorrow and the scarlet leaf,
Sad thoughts and sunny weather!
Ah me! this glory and this grief
Agree not well together.

T. W. Parsons.

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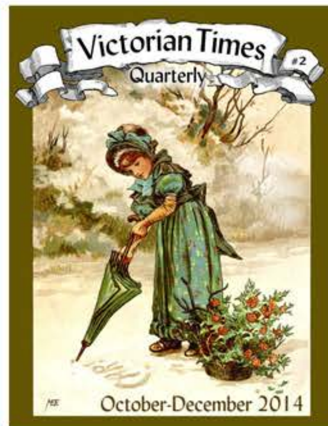

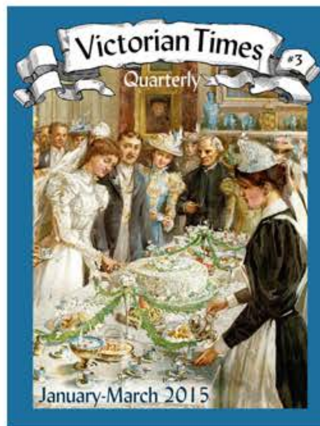

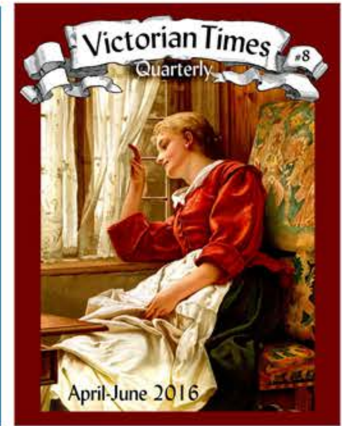

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