

Victorian Times

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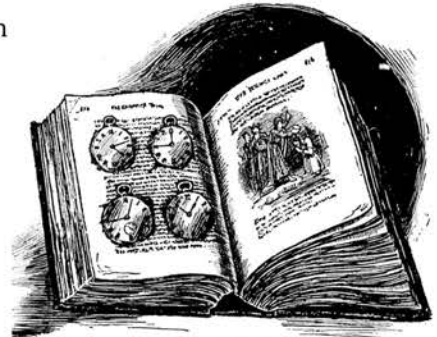


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Model Menu for November • A Lady's Voyage to Canada in "Intermediate"
Some Remarkable Accidents • The Courteousness of Animals
Recipes for a Thanksgiving Feast • The Sequel to "The Lady or the Tiger?"*

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

Reasons to Be Thankful

AT this time of year, it's traditional to examine some of the many reasons we have in life to be grateful. It is the season of "giving thanks" – a wise custom whether one anticipates spending the last weekend of the month consuming large amounts of turkey, or shaking one's head from the other side of the Atlantic at yet another example of American tendencies to overdo things.

So I began to ask myself whether there was anything about the *Victorian* era for which I had particular reason to be grateful. It didn't take long to realize that the list could be virtually endless – from the scientific advances that make my life infinitely easier than it was for my 19th-century ancestors, to the medical advances that make it (potentially) considerably longer and more comfortable.

What springs to mind first and foremost, however, was the issue of "education." Today, as I look back upon that distant, fog-shrouded era when I graduated from high school (I lived in Berkeley, so we were often fog-shrouded), I realize how much I was able to take for granted. It never occurred to me then to wonder "whether" I could, or should, go on to get a college education, a college degree. Of course I could. Of course I would. I'm the youngest of three girls, and both my sisters had PhDs. (Ironically, I'm the odd one out in that regard!) The only question one had to ask, in my day, was whether one had the grades to "get in" to the college of one's choice. It would never have occurred to any of us that we might not *have* a choice.

And for that, I have the Victorians to thank. It wasn't the feminists of the 1960's who bought us Anderson girls the "right" to have a higher education, the right to go for the highest degrees if we wanted them. It was the feisty ladies of the Victorian era who demanded, fought for, and won that right. America's Wesleyan College, founded in 1839 as the Georgia Female College, claims to be the first college to offer chartered degrees for women. In England, Girton College (part of Cambridge University) was founded in 1869 as the first British residential college offering higher degrees for women. The controversy over whether women could or should *pursue* such degrees persisted well into the 1880's and even to the turn of the century, with many an article expressing the fears that such education would destroy women's gentle traits and "womanliness," if not overwhelm their poor, feeble minds.

The second battle for which I have Victorian ladies to thank is, perhaps, related to the first: The right to *work*. Of course, it's easy to overlook the fact that this "right to work" was an issue only for the "well-bred" gentlewoman; obviously, working-class Victorian women had been working pretty darn hard all along. The question wasn't so much whether a person of the female *gender* was capable of working, but of whether a person of *breeding* could work and still retain her social standing. Could a "lady" work and still remain a lady?

The Victorian lady declared – possibly as a result of her newly won education – that if a lady had to roll up her sleeves and get her hands dirty in order to support herself or her children, then that was what a Victorian lady would do. And by doing so, Victorian ladies won access to trades and professions above and beyond the "traditional" female working roles as servants, maids, housekeepers, cooks, nannies and governesses. Thanks to those Victorian ladies, I could not only *go* to college, I could *work* my way through college – not as a maid or a waitress, but as a secretary (which doesn't sound so glorious today but was definitely top-of-the-line back then). And that, by the way, was largely due to the marvelous Victorian invention of the typewriter, with which I've had a love affair for most of my life! (In fact one of my first major purchases was my very own electronic typewriter, so that I could "take in" typing and work at home as well – whilst aspiring to be a writer at the same time.)

Now, as I look back upon these Victorian changes to the lives of women, I see a curious thing: What goes around, comes around. Because of Victorian-era shifts that enabled women to have educations and careers, I became a student of history and anthropology, a writer, and a person who enjoys working at home with lovely bits of computer technology. (I confess, I no longer actually own a typewriter...) And that has led to... the ability to create a website and a magazine that celebrate Victorian history and Victorian life. None of which would have been possible, quite probably, without the changes to the world that were made by the Victorians themselves!

And for that, I'm truly grateful!

—Moira Allen, Editor
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Smugglers' Devices.



THE evasion of the customs duties has, since customs duties were first collected by Government, been in this country almost a national vice—or crime, as many will consider it. Not that no smuggling goes on, or has gone on in other countries; but with the very large duties which in old times were imposed on almost every article imported to this country the practice attained tremendous proportions, and was looked upon almost as a legitimate trade, having its risks, but bringing commensurate profit. The facts

that all contraband articles came from across the water, and that the country possessed a very long coast line difficult to watch everywhere, and providing numberless convenient landing-places, also tended to make the trade general and lucrative. The last century witnessed the most flourishing days of the industry, and indeed it was not till many years of the present century had expired that smuggling of the old-fashioned sort fell into unprofitableness and evil repute. The Sussex smugglers were at this time a most active and popular body of ruffians, whose misdeeds the whole population facilitated and screened as far as possible. Indeed, many a worthy parson thought it no shame to allow the vaults and belfry of his church to be used as warehouses for contraband merchandise, and received consideration for his assistance in many a keg of good Nantz. Dangerous ruffians, too, were the Sussex smugglers, and, indeed, those

all round the coast; and the criminal records contain many horrible stories of savagely murdered customs officers, whose lives went in the execution of their duty. Of course, often a stand-up fight took place, in which men of both sides died fighting man to man; but the tales of brutal murder of solitary and defenceless officers and suspected informers are numerous and unpleasant. The bold smuggler in actual life was not, any more than the bold highwayman, a very heroic person, although the excessive duties in his time levied on almost every article of daily use and the consequent general high prices gained him many friends and apologists. Even a great moralist like Adam Smith felt justified in describing him as "a person who, though, no doubt, highly blamable for violating the laws of his country, is frequently incapable of violating those of



"CONTRABAND MERCHANISE."

natural justice, and would have been in every respect an excellent citizen had not the laws of his country made that a crime which nature never meant to be so."

There can be no doubt that the best measures of repression against smuggling are a simplification of the customs laws and a reduction of the duties until the profits of the fraud are too small to pay for the risk and trouble. Since the old protective days, when the smuggler of the old school, with his fast vessels, his boldness and his pistols, waxed fat and prospered, customs laws have been simplified and duties have been wonderfully reduced; consequently, smuggling is no longer a trade, and such smuggling as still goes on, the effect of the old taint in the national blood, is mean, small, and petty by comparison. Boldness has given way to peddling individual cunning, and for the cargoes of brandy and lace once "run" by popular ruffians, miserable pocketfuls of tobacco are secreted by very ordinary and unheroic persons who very probably, in many cases, would shrink from an action involving anything like intrepidity, and would resent the imputation of dishonesty with much indignation. Nevertheless quaint and curious are the devices they employ to baffle the Queen's officers, and, as often as not, extremely ingenious. Such smuggling as now goes on is almost entirely confined, as might be guessed, to tobacco, although spirits or eau de Cologne in small quantities sometimes successfully tempt.

The ingenious and horny-handed docker is responsible for more than one quaint artifice, and, as the secretion of tobacco or spirits on his part may at times involve an accusation of theft as well as of smuggling, a sharp lookout is kept for him. Let us imagine ourselves at the dock gates as a dock-labourer approaches to leave, and observe proceedings.

To ordinary observation he is a plain and innocent docker, with the customary amount of hard wear in his clothes and the customary amount of dirt upon his face. But, as he approaches the gates there becomes apparent upon that same face an unusual expression of blank blamelessness which at once attracts attention. He looks much too innocent altogether, and has, besides, a slight limp; so the constable stops him. Now we should never notice, unless our attention were first directed to it, that the docker wears very large boots. The constable has observed it, however, and makes a pointed allusion to the fact. The blameless docker murmurs something indefinite about corns, and, being at once offered a seat, is, much against his will, induced to ease his feet by taking the large boots off.

Dear, dear!—no wonder the poor fellow was limping. The fact is, he has been



"NO WONDER THE POOR FELLOW WAS LIMPING."

making anti-damp socks, like cork soles, for himself, but has made them much too thick. Besides, they are made of tobacco cake, which is no doubt a capital thing for the purpose, but looks very suspicious. So the gentle docker is kept for awhile to explain, and he probably finds the explanation a difficult one.

The tobacco sole dodge is a very common one, and quite "blown upon"; but as it is impossible to examine everybody's boots, no doubt some such things get through still, from time to time. Sailors and others employ it, as well as dockers.

Here comes another blameless docker. He looks neither to the right nor the left, but gazes straight ahead through the gates with an expression which may mean thoughts of his happy boyhood, or bloater for tea, or indeed anything but smuggled smokes and drinks. Still he is stopped, and the constable's hand falls upon his arm. Something about the arm takes the constable's fancy, so he slips his hand under the sleeve; and draws forth an odd article—an article at which the docker gazes with intense astonishment, as though he couldn't think how it came there. And, indeed, how could it have come there? For it is a piece of bamboo, nearly a foot long, with one end open, and a piece of small rubber or leather tubing attached to the other end. Now there is nothing contraband in a piece of bamboo, with an indiarubber tube attached, but somehow about half a pint of rum has contrived to get into this particular piece of bamboo, and docker No. 2 goes to join his persecuted colleague.

Now this docker was a man of sagacity. When he took that bit of bamboo and dropped it, open end downward, into a barrel of rum, it immediately filled up with the spirit, because the air escaped through the india-rubber tube. Then this scientific person pinched the sides of the tube close together, near the bamboo, so that no air could re-enter to allow the rum to fall out, and carefully lifted the machine out of the bung-hole. Having turned it open-end up, and dexterously manipulated the rubber tube so that no rum might escape thereby, nothing remained but to slip the whole instrument up his sleeve, march to the dock gates and—be caught.

The bamboo dipper is not an uncommon dodge, and its success varies. It is a much more artistic trick than the generality of those adopted by men employed about the docks, whose genius does not often rise

above tobacco in a coat-lining, or "sucking the monkey." But honest Jack Tar is perhaps a greater smuggler than the docker—honest Jack Tar nowadays being often a Lascar. 'Baccy is Jack's chief weakness, of course. Dive down into the lowermost internals of some sailing vessel in the London Dock—down where the smell of pitch hangs solid in the air, and where the dirty lantern rarely saves the explorer's head and shins from grievous bangs. Here are coils of rope, not by ones, or tens, but by hundreds, all tarry, all smelly, all in confusion alike. There is no difference, one might say, between any of them, excepting, perhaps, in size. But if somebody connected with the ship were confiding enough, and foolish enough, to come and pick out for us the right coil of rope, and hold it close against our noses, we might, even in that pitch-laden atmosphere, just detect the familiar smell of—twist. There it is, one fraudulent coil among a hundred innocent ones, simply several pounds of twist tobacco. The Custom-house officers know this dodge, but it is not surprising that it has at times eluded them after they did know it.

If the vessel is a Dutch-trading one, or one trading to other ports where the 'baccy temptation is especially great, we may perhaps discover something else—a trick which, we believe, is not very generally known among the customs men, and which we hereby reveal for their information. Lying about the deck will be a number of "fenders"—shapeless conglomerations of fibrous rope, which are hung over the side coming into dock to ease the scraping of the ship's side against the quay or against other ships' sides. Now an honourable fender is filled up inside with scraps of oakum, old rope, waste yarn, and things of that sort; but, sad to say, all fenders are not honourable. Tobacco makes a good stuffing, and doesn't smoke much the worse for having been squeezed a bit against a ship's timbers.

Logs and billets of wood lie about promiscuously on deck and below. It is not a difficult thing for a handy man to hollow out a billet of wood and provide it with so neatly fitting a lid or end that it looks as solid a log as ever was chopped. But then its lightness and hollow sound would betray its ingenuity of construction, so that it becomes necessary to fill it with something to make it feel and sound solid. Again tobacco is found to be a most valuable material for the purpose, and stuffed full it accordingly is. Melancholy to relate,

this artifice no longer deceives the officers, who have discovered it again and again, so that it is really safer to leave the log solid and uninteresting.

A variation on the log trick was invented by a stoker, who hollowed out a long cavity from the end of a beam and slid into it a tin drawer, the end of which was faced with wood corresponding in grain to the beam. Unavailing all, however, for the stoker and his tin box and his "hard cake" made a simultaneous appearance at the police-court.

Jack has always been a musical person, and among the many instruments which he affects the concertina and the accordion occupy honoured places. There are many persons whose ears are not attuned to appreciate any superiority of either of these instruments over the other, and, indeed, whose sole preference would be for the abolition of both. Jack, however, usually prefers the accordion—because it holds more cigars. It is not long since a guileless son of Neptune had to bid a long farewell to his accordion—an unusually large one—in consequence of its being found to enclose 300 and odd cigars and two pounds of cake tobacco. These things did not improve the tone, but they made the instrument much more valuable.

There has been a sad falling off in the consumption of snuff of late years, and the article is really scarcely worth smuggling. Still a seizure is made now and again, but never a very large one. When the sale was larger, conscientious merchants were wont to import snuff compressed to the shape and general appearance of oil-cakes, such as are used to feed cattle. These cakes of snuff were mixed with genuine oil-cakes, and the only way in which to distinguish them was by smell. A Custom-house officer's nose is a most useful professional implement.

Not unlike the hollow log device in idea, but perhaps superior as an artistic conception, was the coal stratagem. A large lump of coal would be chosen—a lump with a smooth, straight grain which splits easily. A nice flat slice would be chopped off this, and then, on the surface thus exposed, the persevering mineralogist would make laborious excavations till the lump of coal became a hollow shell; and, as it would have been rather a pity to have this careful piece of work crushed in by accident from the outside, the interior was suitably supported by a tight and hard packing of the proper kind of tobacco, or sometimes even with snuff. Then, when the slice first removed had been carefully replaced over the hole and neatly fastened down with pitch, that piece of coal became an object of loving solicitude to its proprietor. And very proper, too; for, just as the Venus of Milo is not a mere



"A CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICER'S NOSE."



"THE ACCORDION."

lump of stone, so this was no longer a mere dull piece of coal—it had been invested with artistic merit, and some pounds of superior plug. We regret to say that this triumph of art met with early destruction at the hands of a clumsy Philistine with a crow-bar—a customs man. Wherefore the coal-box strata-

gem has fallen into disfavour, and is fast becoming a lost art.

Did the gentle reader never inspect a pigeon-box? A pigeon-box is a tall, oblong affair, in several storeys, each divided by a diagonal partition. In each of the compartments thus provided a pigeon is placed, the broad end of the triangle accommodating the bird's head and shoulders, and the tapering tail just fitting in the sharper apex. Now, if a searcher omit to lift out the upper storeys, it is plain he will not see any pigeons in the storeys below—nor, indeed, any tobacco or brandy. At some far-off, guileless, Arcadian time, it would seem that the searchers did not look into the lower storeys, and the result of this carelessness may be imagined. Once, however, somebody *did* look, and saw something that certainly wasn't pigeons. After this other expedients had to be adopted. The bottoms

of the boxes were made double, and tobacco and cigars found their way into these happy realms between these double bottoms. Then this little game was spoiled by a meddling person who measured the depth of the whole concern inside and compared it with the height outside; and then arose the final triumph of smuggling art as applied to pigeon-boxes. The boxes became stout and clumsy; the walls were thick, the bottoms were thick—they were thick altogether. No sliding bottoms here, no storeys full

of "jack," all solid, sound, and thick—until you whittled some of the wood away with a knife. Then it became evident that all this stout, clumsy wood was hollow, built of fine match-boarding, and—so full is the heart of man with deceit and desperately wicked—very fully and completely packed with tobacco. After this discovery pigeon-boxes from Antwerp were abandoned as vehicles of the surreptitious weed. It was felt that ingenuity could go no further than hollow planks, and attention was turned to other gear. Still false backs and bottoms to boxes and drawers continue in favour, from the many opportunities for their use which a ship's furniture gives. It

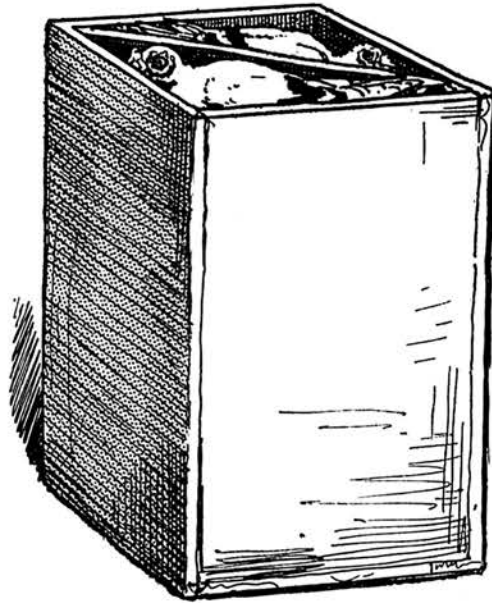
is not long since a monkey of much activity and intelligence was brought ashore in a sort of exaggerated parrot cage. Something led to an examination of the tin bottom of this cage, when it was found to be as hollow as the woodpecker's beech-tree—a tin canister, in fact, full of canister.

Hollowness is a great characteristic of things manipulated to carry contraband goods; indeed, to a fairly successful Custom-house officer the world must appear a very hollow thing altogether. It is a fairly good number of years ago now, as a man's life lasts, since what had probably been a most successful hollow fraud was discovered at the Custom-house. Broomsticks were imported into this country in very large numbers, and one importer was very regular with his consignments.

One fine day, however, the consignment arrived, but nobody appeared to claim it.

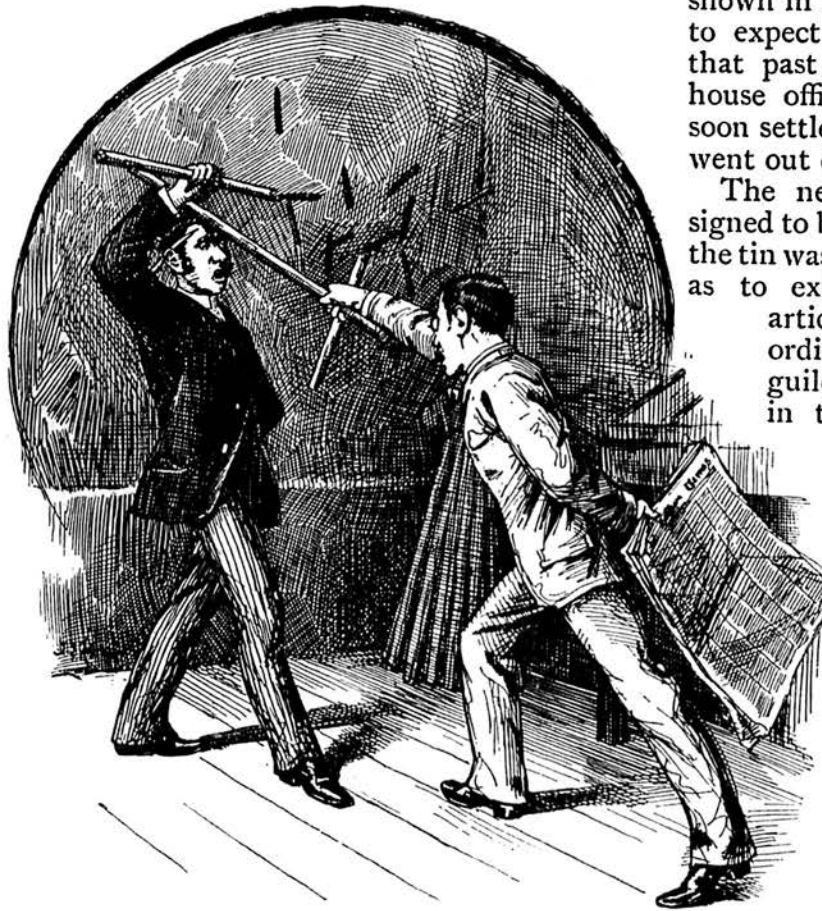
Several fine days passed—several weeks and months, fine and otherwise, but still nobody came. The broomsticks were put away in an odd corner in a spare room of the Custom-house, and became dusty. The winter arrived, and upon a cold morning two Custom-house clerks found they had nothing to do. This is not an alarming state of affairs for two Government clerks—it has occurred at other times. But the morning was really too cold to permit of much comfort being extracted from gentle exercise with *The*

Times newspaper, and the eyes of the two clerks fell upon the heap of broomsticks. Single-stick was obviously the pursuit most suited to the occasion, and here were the sticks to hand—rather long, of course, but that was a detail. So single-stick they began, with energy. At the first sharp cut and guard off snapped eighteen inches from the end of one broomstick, followed by a flying tail of cigars. The combat ceased on the spot, and an examination of the sticks revealed the fact that they were simply wooden tubes, neatly stopped with wooden plugs at the ends, and filled up as to the remainder of their length with cigars and hard



"A PIGEON BOX."

tobacco. The man never came for his broomsticks, so that the story is deprived of what might have been an interesting sequel. An adaptation of the broomstick machination has also been employed with lead pencils containing bank-notes of doubtful manufacture, rolled up small. A man with a pocket-knife took it into his



“SINGLESTICK.”

head to sharpen one of these, and so this well laid scheme went agley.

In the matter of the smuggling of spirits in fairly large quantities, a continual war of wits has been waged between the smugglers and the customs authorities—a war in which a chief feature has been the battle of the oil-drums. So far the authorities have won pretty handsomely. To begin with, the ordinary oil-drum of commerce was put into requisition. This carried just so much oil that when a long bladder full of spirits was introduced through the bung-hole, or before the drum was headed, it would quite fill up; then the official inquisitors might smell the oil or pour a little out, and be none the wiser. But the inquisitors developed an awkward habit of poking about down into the oil-can with

sticks, and soon the fond illusion burst, and so did a good many of the bladders.

The bladders having been placed beyond the region of practical politics, refuge was taken in the time-honoured dodge of the double bottom. Very probably this served for a time until the smugglers' greediness exceeded reasonable bounds, and the grog-chamber became of the proportions shown in the diagram. It was not wise to expect to get many such things as that past a moderately smart Custom-house officer, and a dip with a stick soon settled matters. The pattern early went out of fashion.

The next attack was especially designed to baffle the poking stick. Again the tin was perfectly innocent and normal as to external appearances—all such articles are so, of course. An ordinary oil tin, from the outside, guile and cunning lurked within in the shape of a perpendicular oil chamber, of parallel diameter down to an inch or two from the mouth of the vessel, and thence gradually enlarging, cone fashion, to a base of eight inches. Now, this bottom diameter of eight inches was so carefully proportioned to the width and length of the parallel entrance above that the exploratory stick might, while reaching the very bottom, twist and wag about in any direction without touching a side of the chamber, and, of course, always dived into

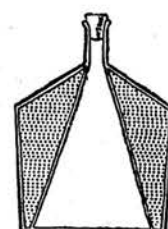
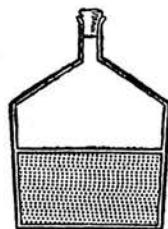
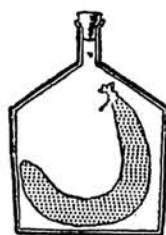
nothing but oil. In the extensive region round about this cone, however, and occupying much the greater part of the whole interior, the liquid was not oil, but brandy. This was pretty ingenious, and perhaps for a time fairly successful, but the customs men were equal to the occasion, and the cone chamber is no longer an effective dodge.

It would seem difficult to devise an improvement on it, but still it was done. The can was made with just the same guiltless exterior, though still with the unholy conical oil chamber inside. But its honest and straightforward character was still further testified by a small spout in the top of the vessel, near the very edge, right away from any possible central chamber, and out of which the contents, or a little of them,

might conveniently be poured. What could possibly be more above-board and open than that? You might put your stick down from the top to the bottom, and waggle it in all directions; you might pour out of the top a little of the contents—oil; you might pour more out of the more convenient side spout—the same oil; you might even poke a stick or wire as far as you pleased down the little spout, and still it was all oil. But the smuggler's ways are dark. There was a tube leading from the little spout to the conical oil chamber in the middle—just as the diagram shows—and all round about was just about the same quantity of just about the same brandy! Truly, it would seem impossible to detect fraud in this. But the fraud was detected, and every customs officer knows of it. The smugglers

brandy—something more than the smell of a mere flask—and a small liquid trail which marked the wobbling lady's path. Somebody went after that hapless lady, and she was, with a great deal of difficulty, prevailed upon—the trickling stream expatiating into a goodly puddle the while—to submit herself to the investigations of a female searcher. Then the cause of the seclusion, the haste, the wobble, the smell, and the puddle became obvious. Somewhere about twenty long bladders full of strong Cognac had been used to trim one of the unfortunate lady's petticoats, and one of these bladders had sprung a leak.

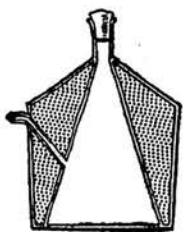
Women have often found their skirts and bodices useful aids to smuggling, and the reign of crinoline or dress improver is their opportunity. Indiarubber dress im-



OIL TINS.

are beaten, at any rate for the present. What more, though, can they possibly do with the oil tin?

Brandy has been smuggled in bladders, otherwise than in oil tins. More than once these bladders have been found among a woman's under-clothing. Many of the hauls have been made at



Dover, the smugglers landing from the Calais packet. The bladders are, as a rule, pretty trustworthy, though they have been known to leak with disastrous results. This was what brought a very elaborately dressed lady to grief a little time ago at Dover. She had kept very much to herself on the run over, and was thought to be rather unwell. Her only luggage, a small bag, was examined and passed, and she started off—rather hurriedly. This was nothing extraordinary, perhaps, in itself, but her gait was an odd one—she wobbled. Now many people wobble when they leave the Calais boat, and even this might have passed unheeded were it not for a very strong smell of

provers distended with brandy, and petticoats quilted heavily with tobacco, are well-known plans for defeating the revenue officers. Again and again smugglers, male and female, are betrayed by attempting too much; and many a skirt full of cigars has been detected through the obvious weight of the burden, the different "set" it gave to the clothes, and the check it constituted to an easy gait.

The story of the Calais-Dover baby is pretty well known. It was always so unwell, poor little dear! and its face had to be kept heavily veiled from the cold wind. Notwithstanding this, it was always being carried back and forth between England and France by the interesting young mother: never cried, and never, somehow, grew out of long clothes. The Custom-house officers—married men themselves—didn't understand it. So that, next time, the most married man among them ventured to insist on being introduced to the interesting little creature. He had a difficulty in convincing the lady of his amiable intentions, and, indeed, had to use a *little* force before discovering that the baby was an entirely artificial sort of infant, chiefly tobacco, but largely lace. This sort of baby



"THE CALAIS-DOVER BABY."

was much quieter and less troublesome than the ordinary kind, and worth more money—lace being dutiable at that time, as well as tobacco. Still there is reason to believe that the lady afterwards gave up that class of baby.

Clocks and watches are not dutiable under English customs laws, but they are so in France. This is what led to the sad disaster to a French lady who had bought a charming drawing-room clock in Switzerland, and essayed to cross the frontier with her bargain worn as a dress-improver. It was a capital idea, and would have succeeded admirably were it not that, while the lady was assuring the *douanier* that there was nothing dutiable about her, the virtuous clock solemnly struck twelve.

Watches were once dutiable in England, however, and a very highly approved way of smuggling them was in a book. The book was opened, and a good bunch of the middle pages punched through with circular

holes, just large enough to admit the watches. Then, the punctured leaves having been glued together and the watches inserted in the holes, two or three whole leaves on either side next the glued ones were pasted down to conceal the contraband articles, and the leaves still remaining loose at either end of the book were still available for mental improvement. He must have been

a very rude Custom-house officer who first insisted on taking away a lady's or gentleman's book in the middle of her or his perusal, and finding watches in it. But he did it, nevertheless, and, doubtless, never felt the least sorrow for his want of courtesy.

The bread manœuvre is worth mentioning. You make up your 'baccy or cigars into a firm paper parcel, and, having plastered it round with dough in the correct shape of a half-quartern loaf, you bake it, and there you are. When the revenue men can penetrate even this disguise—and they have done it—what hope is there for a poor smuggler? The French under-

stand this plan, and if any English boy at a French school has cakes sent from home, they always arrive cut into wedges by the *douanier*, and sad are the misgivings in that school that the *douanier* may have poached a wedge for himself.

Sixty years ago or more, when the country was ravaged by small-pox, many





"WATCHES."

nailed-down coffins arrived in London with the words "small-pox" painted thereon in red letters. It may be readily understood that nobody was anxious to interfere with the contents, which proved very profitable, being principally brandy, and, now and again, rum. The "stuff" had been landed on the Sussex coast, and a coffin was found to be a handy thing in which to send it to market.

Attempts are, of course, still sometimes made to smuggle on a large scale, and perhaps a case, ostensibly of cottons or other Manchester goods, will be found to contain something dutiable. The biggest attempt of recent times, and an attempt that had no doubt been many times successful before its final detection, came to light a few years ago. An immense boiler was sent over from the Continent, and travelled to and fro more than once—for repairs. Somebody who had some special information about this boiler imparted it to a cus-

and found to be packed full from end to end with tobacco. This was an immense haul, and no doubt marked the stoppage of a leak in the customs defences which had existed for some time. Those who may feel at any time disposed to assist other persons in matters of smuggling, may be interested to learn that the whole turnout—lorry, horses, harness, and all—was confiscated, as the law provides, although the carman knew nothing of the hidden tobacco.



1st On
 My dear mother
 The box is some I want
 to know about the ~~the~~ cake
 was it like this  or
 like that  I
 think the beggers have
 cut it ~~it~~ ~~been~~ ~~bound~~
 a big lump out of the
 middle. dear father
 please write ~~it~~ ~~to~~
 tonight to the times

"THE ENGLISH BOY AT A FRENCH SCHOOL."

toms man. Consequently, as that immense boiler was slowly proceeding along an East-end street on a lorry drawn by half a dozen horses, it was stopped,

A very simple smuggling device, and a well-known one, is to pack whatever articles it is desired to conceal in tin cases and sink them in the water, with small cork or wood floats to denote their whereabouts, till the ship has been

searched. Life-buoys and belts, too, are not always made of cork. Tobacco has been found good for the purpose, and, before the duty was abolished, silk. There is an ingenious gentleman in Jersey who has a powerful little hydraulic press with which it is possible to compress a pound or so of tobacco to the size of a couple

of ounces. Now the Customs people are not vexatiously strict, and will not stop a man for carrying a few cigars or a little tobacco for his personal use, although they would be quite within their rights in doing so. So when the passenger from Jersey freely shows an ordinary two-ounce packet it is allowed to pass, although the actual quantity may be something above a pound. Let the customs men, therefore, judge weight by the hand and not by the eye.

As long as human nature is what it is, and as long as customs duties exist, smuggling of some small sort will go on. The abolition of a duty of course stops smuggling altogether, and its reduction to low figures renders the smuggling petty and insignificant. Double-lined clothes to carry tea and lace are now useless, but for bringing in tobacco, spirits, and perfumery there still exist the devices we have described, and possibly others.



AT HARVEST.

WHEN the world is radiant,
Rich with summer hours,
Wood and field and garden
Gemmed with brightest flowers,
When the wheat is golden,
Gleaning in the sun,
And the scythe and sickle
Harvest have begun,
May our thoughts turn often,
In our gratitude,
To the Lord of harvest—
Giver of all good!

He who in the winter
Clad the ground with snow,
He who in the spring-time
Caused the seed to grow,
He who sent the showers,
And the dew at morn,
Then the sunny hours,
Ripening fruit and corn—
He is Lord of harvest,
And to Him we raise
Songs of humble gratitude,
Thankful songs of praise.

GEORGE WEATHERLY.

ATB

THE LAST OF THE SMUGGLERS.

AN INTERVIEW.

BY S. BARING-GOULD, M.A., AUTHOR OF "JOHN HERRING," "MEHALAH," ETC.



“THAT there darned telegraph was the end o’ we. It killed honest trade.”

With these words an old smuggler concluded his tale of the good old times of “free trade.”

He is aged ninety-one, a Cornishman; still able, as he assured me, to do as good a day’s work as can any young man of the present generation. I had come on him after he had spent a day in the harvest field, and there most certainly in binding sheaves and in tossing into the waggon he kept pace with men fifty years his junior.

He was never married. “My sister,” said he, “her kep’ house for me sixty year; and when her died, I were too old to marry—leastways, I reckon the maidens ’ud say so.”

“Have you asked any?”

He shook his head. “I didn’t want to be made a fule of—by one takin’ me.”

Wisdom Penaluna—I do not give his real name, as I am not sure he would like it—spent a twelvemonth in prison the year that King William was crowned. “All along o’ free trade,” as he explained. In fact, he had been caught smuggling. That was in 1830, consequently when he was a lusty young fellow of twenty-six.

“Them was brave times,” said Penaluna.

“What? when in prison?”

“No—out of it,” he answered sharply.

“Tea sold in England at eight shillings a pound, and we could buy in Guernsey or Jersey at sevenpence. That was tidy profits. The year of the breaking out of the Revolution in France (1830) I was over at Cherbourg, and I and my mate we bought a score of tubs of Hollands—that is to say, twenty-one to the score—for seven pounds. We brought them back safe to England and sold them there for three guineas a tub. Made by that transaction £26. That’s what I call fair trading. We got ’baccy at Jersey for sevenpence a pound, same as tea, and sold it at half-a-crown. That waren’t quite the profits as there was on tea, but it was easier to dispose of. And one-and-eleven on a pound ain’t to be sneezed at.”

The old man smiled; his face glowed with conscious pride. Not a shadow of a suspicion that there was anything of blame, morally, attaching to his conduct passed over his conscience. I am quite sure he reckoned up his successful runs with contraband goods as some men would count up their good deeds.

“At times,” continued he, “there was rough dealings. I mind in February, 1816, there was a bit of a scratch. The chaps had brought over a famous lot o’ spirits and got all safe ashore. The Customs men heard of it somehow, and two riding officers came out and called to their aid two light horsemen, and tried to stop the goods as they were being carried from shore to the distributing place. But the farmers all round came to the aid of the smugglers, and there was some fighting. One officer was thrown from his horse and had an arm broken; some of our men were severely wounded. Search was made for them after the affair, but they were not to be found; they’d been

hid away, and were kept hid till their wounds were healed. I reckon there was a hundred and fifty men out that day—our fellows and the farmers and their men.”

“I suppose you were not always successful?”

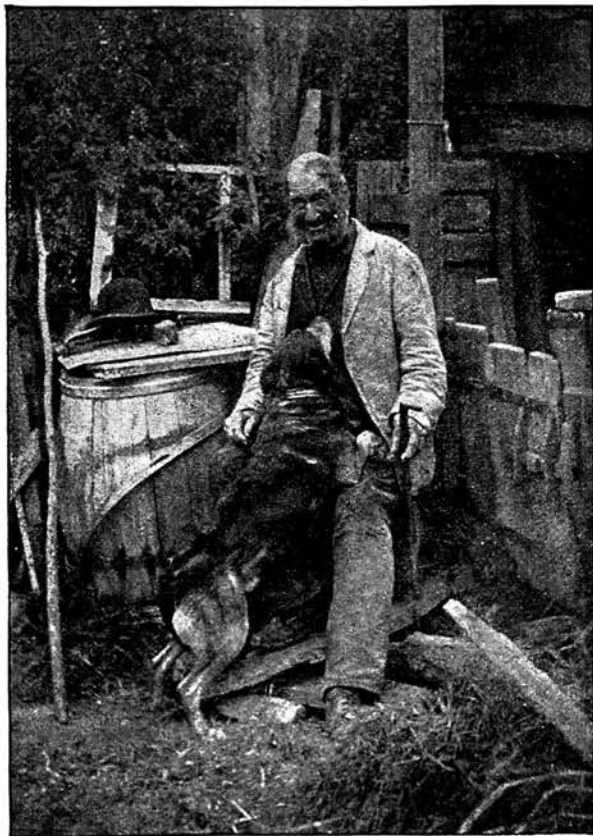
“No; I were cotched that year George IV. died. The worst of it was, we had to do with informers. The Government they had paid spies everywhere: they had spies in France, they had spies on our own Cornish coast—more shame to Cornishmen for doing the dirty work! But, bless you, sir! there will always be tares among the wheat; we are told that in Scriptur’.”

Then the old fellow flushed up, reared himself, and said—

“Did you ever hear of the Hoopers of Looe Island?”

“Never.”

“Well, the first o’ the Hoopers was a banished man to the Mewstone off Plymouth. Why he wor sent there I cannot tell; but if he were to be ketched ashore on the mainland, he’d ha’ been hung. So he lived till he died on the Mewstone, and there the Hooper I knowed and will tell ’ee about he were reared. The Hooper I knowed he left the Mewstone, and takin’ kindly-like to an island,



WISDOM PENALUNA.

(From a photograph.)

he took to living on Looe Island—that’s about eight acres, and off the coast of Looe; it belongs to Sir William Trelawny—always did belong to the Trelawnys, ever sin’ it wor created. He gave ten shillin’ an acre for the island; in all four pound. I hear tell it lets now for forty or fifty. Hooper, he and his sister, Black Till they called her, and a boy, they lived there. Black Till were the clever one. Sometimes her dressed as a man, and her’d work like a sailor; but she’d put on petticoats sometimes—Easter Day, like enough. There was once a black man on that island—his head has been found, and is put in a glass case now. But there!—I’m ramblin’ away. Hooper and the boy they went over to Roscoff in a fourteen-foot boat and brought away a lading of tubs. ’Twere cruel rough weather, and they was balin’ all night long to keep the open boat afloat. They couldn’t make Looe Island, so they runned into the mouth of Fowey Harbour, and up the little creek to the mill. They was that terrible tired out that they crep’ into the straw in the barn and fell dead asleep. I reckon that was in 1827. What do ’ee think now of the miller? He went off same night and betrayed ’em, and Hooper and the boy was took sleep-drunk as they lay in the straw, and all the tubs were seized. What do ’ee think now should be done wi’ such a villain as that there miller? Hangin’ would be too good for the likes of he!”

“What did become of him?” I asked.

“Well, you sees, there be a Providence over all; and the face o’ Heaven turned agin him after that, and he never prospered, but went down, down.”

“I suppose the good folk gave up dealing with him?”

“Aye; ’twas so, I reckon. A chap as acted as did he, all the honest men were agin him, and he wor lucky that he didn’t get trun’led over the cliffs.”

A pause, and then—

“I reckon he knowed it mightn’t be over-safe for he to go along the edge o’ the cliffs after that.”

As mention has been made of Roscoff—a little place in Brittany that flourished on the illicit trade with Cornwall, and has languished since that trade has ceased—it may be mentioned that there was a notorious man of the name of Coppinger, who had a small estate near St. Austell, and another at Roscoff. He had a lugger of his own, and during the European war was employed by the British Government to convey communications between England and their agents in France. The man was well known to be engaged in the contraband trade, and it was for that reason that he was received without suspicion

in a French port. Of course, during the war the French were only too willing to damage the British revenue by the encouragement of smuggling. But the English Government, knowing the man to be a smuggler, connived at his proceedings for the sake of having

The farmhouse was old, ramshackle, and was surrounded with barns and outhouses. The house itself has been since pulled down and a new one built on its site. One of the great barns remains.

As the island grew nothing save rabbits,



"BLACK TILL SAT OVER THE FIRE SMOKING."

a means of carrying on secret communication with their agents in the enemy's country.

Coppinger must have done well, for he married a daughter to a Trefusis, son of Lord Clinton, and a son married the daughter of Sir John Murray, Baronet, of Stanhope. On the occasion of the marriage of his daughter, he gave her as a portion the sum of £40,000.

To return to the Hoopers.

As already said, they had a house on Looe Island. This became an emporium for smuggled goods. The brother and sister were so clever and so daring that the revenue officers were continually baulked by them. At last the Government resolved on planting a station upon the island itself, close to the farmhouse of the Hoopers, where it was to be as a cat watching a mouse. It was a cottage surrounded by a ring wall.

it was obvious that these outbuildings could only be used for merchandise, not for agricultural produce. The boy was now employed to watch the one preventive man who was planted to watch the farm.

All the business done was done when the officer was asleep. The lively traffic of the Hoopers was hampered, not stopped.

On one occasion a smuggling vessel ran boldly to the island and discharged her cargo. The one preventive officer could not approach. A ring of men kept him at a distance. However, the proceeding had been observed from the shore, and a preventive boat was manned and run out, but did not reach the island till the vessel had spread sails and departed.

The premises of the Hoopers were searched—nothing was to be found. Black Till sat over the fire smoking; Hooper himself stood

listless, with his hands in his pockets. The officers ransacked the barn, the outhouses, every portion of the dwelling—and found nothing. They could not swear that the ship had discharged run-goods, and nothing savouring of contraband was to be detected. Annoyed and angry, they departed.

In fact, there were numerous subterranean passages, so carefully concealed that to the present day only one has been discovered, and that by the giving way of a portion of the floor of the barn.

Now, although the smack had landed her cargo, there was another proceeding to be gone through before the cargo was safe. It had to be conveyed on shore on the mainland.

One day Black Till ran in despair to the preventive man, with tears in her eyes and wringing her hands.

"Oh, lor!" cried she, "what iver shall us do? There is our boat hev broke away, and be now carried out to say. Do 'ee now help me, there's a dear man. If that 'ere boat be lost, I'll go and drownd myself."

The obliging officer ran to the cliff and saw the black speck of the boat tossing on

the waves, and being swept out to sea by the tide. He at once jumped into his own boat and rowed hard in pursuit of her, and after some time succeeded in recovering her.

Whilst this was going on on one side of the island, a party of smugglers was clearing the hiding-place and carrying away the tubs of spirits as fast as they could on shore. The officer returned, bringing the rescued boat with him. Whether he ever found out how he had been befooled I could not learn.

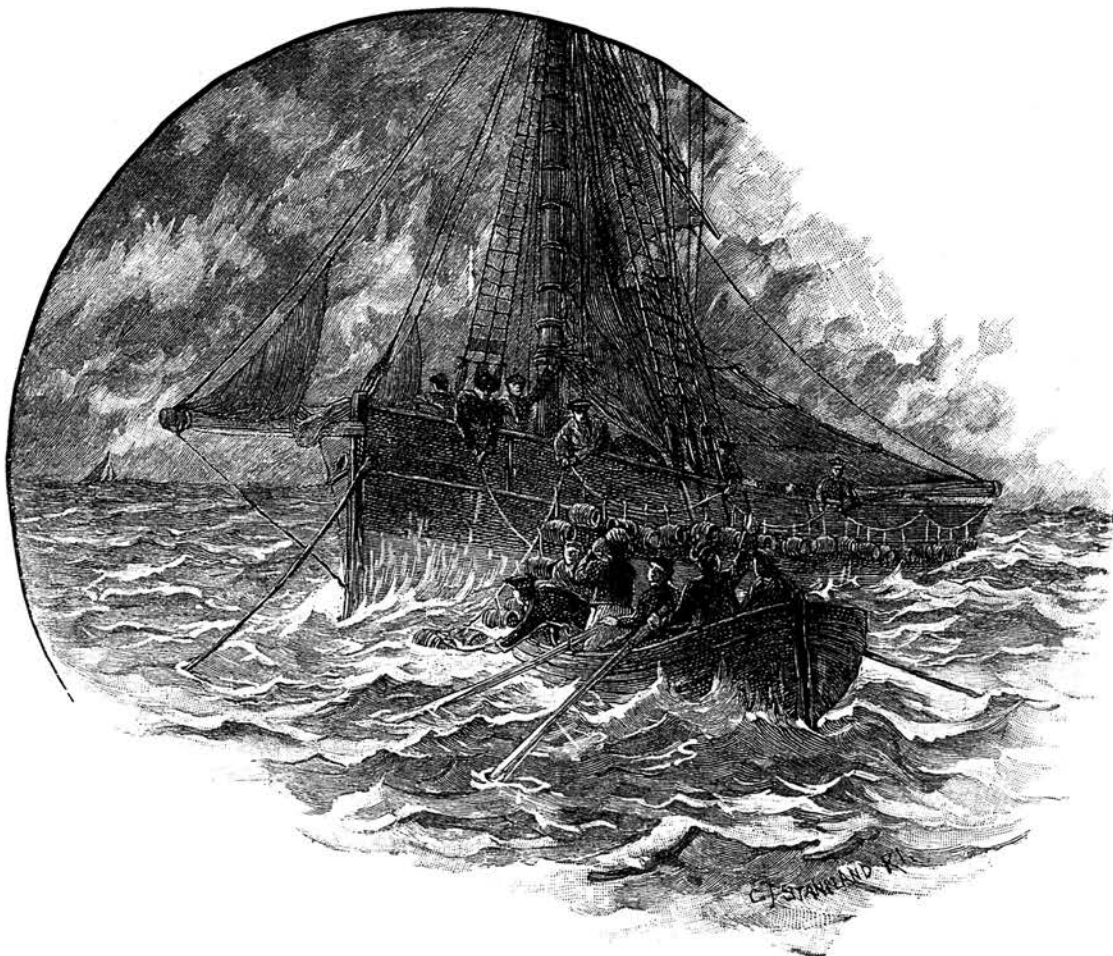
At one time the officer who patrolled the shore at Looe was in the pay of the smugglers. He rode a white or grey cob. On reaching Looe, a man would come up to him and say—

"That's a nice cob you have; is he for sale?"

"That depends," the officer would answer. "I ain't inclined to sell him dirt cheap."

After a little haggling a price was agreed on. Then the officer would say: "Now, I can't walk home, you see, so you must lend me the cob for my return."

And the officer persistently watched the vegetation on the banks and the inland landscape as he rode home, and never by any



TOWING A SUNK "CROP."

chance cast a look to sea. That cob was believed to have been sold over some half-a-hundred times.

The story was told me that when old Hooper lay a-dying he was offered as much as sixty pounds if he would reveal the secret of the hiding-places. He steadfastly refused. "I'll die as I've lived—an honest man," he said.

The farmers were in league with the "free traders." As soon as it was made known to them that a vessel was about to discharge in the nearest cove, they would assemble their men. The farmers kept donkeys, which were ostensibly employed to carry loads of sand from the beach for the manuring of the fields. On the occasion of the landing of a cargo these donkeys were put into requisition. But the men were all accustomed to carry kegs. Indeed, at Cherbourg, Roscoff, and elsewhere the "tubs" of brandy were provided suitably furnished with slings. These slings consisted of a piece of small rope secured round each end of the tub, so as to leave the two "tails" of rope of equal length. A cargo was not always carried on board a vessel, but was frequently sunk and towed, and when so, a chain of tubs was formed by tying one of the sling-ropes to the sinking rope. When the "crop" was brought ashore the rope end was untied or cut, and then tub carriers took one tail over each shoulder, and tied the other tails together. Thus each man carried two tubs.

When a smuggling vessel towed a number of tubs a heavy stone was slung between each, so as to keep them under water and invisible. Moreover, on reaching the coast, if it were not possible to at once remove the "crop," it was customary to sink it. This was done by fastening each rope end to a small anchor, which prevented the crop from drifting away. Then the smugglers could take their own time to remove the sunken spirits. The revenue officers were, however, well aware of this, and if they had observed a suspicious-looking vessel moving about the coast, and

then run in, they would feel or "creep" for the cargo with crooks, and raise the sunken kegs if able to light on them.

Signals at night were given with flint and steel. A code of flashes was agreed upon. Also windows that commanded the sea were eminently useful as a means of communication. The smugglers had their agents on shore shadowing the preventive men, and they had a lingo of their own, by means of which they were able to give information, even before their enemies, without being understood. Whistling certain tunes was also a means of conveying instructions or giving warning. "Jenny to the Fair" meant

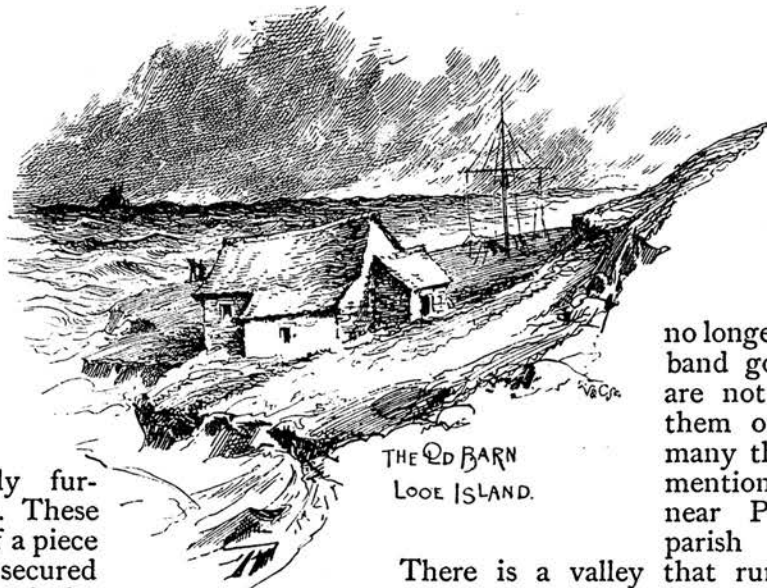
that the coast was clear; "Baalam" was a caution that a watch was kept. Along the coast at various points were—and are still—places of concealment.

They are now no longer used for contraband goods, and people are not shy of pointing them out. Among the many that exist may be mentioned the "Vouga," near Penrose, in the parish of St. Eval.

There is a valley that runs down to the sea, forming a small cove, with a beach. Opening out of this valley is a lateral coombe—all moor—covered with heather, gorse, and brambles. In the side of this coombe, hidden behind briers, is the mouth of a cave that has been cut out of the rock. It forms a passage or gallery, and has marks in the side where a door and beams were placed to secure the entrance. A lateral gallery is said to have run a mile under ground, and to open into the back yard of a cottage on the cliffs. Much of this has fallen in, but both entrances remain, and the places where the roof has given way can also be traced. There are still alive people who can recall when this was used.

"Ah, sir," said my man to me, "in them glorious days us didn't count gold, us measured it out."

I have seen a china imperial quart mug in which the gold was thus measured. At Maker there lived a handsome woman—she is now dead—who used to go up and down the street, carrying a baby in long clothes. Somehow the baby never got out of long



THE OLD BARN
LOOE ISLAND.

clothes. One day a preventive man in passing greeted her—

"Well, Mrs. Lee, a quiet baby yours—never cries!"

"No. I reckon her don't cry terrible, but her's got a lot o' spirit for all that in her."

And so the "baby" had. It was a keg of contraband brandy.

It was a favourite practice to press well-known smugglers for the navy. One such was thus taken and run on board a man-of-war lying in Cawsand Bay. He waited his time. One evening, when he thought the opportunity was come, he jumped overboard and swam to a fishing-smack anchored hard by, cut her adrift, and hoisted sail.

The wind blew strong inshore, and he was speedily making for land. The alarm was given and a boat sent in pursuit. The smuggler waited till he got near another boat, then again went overboard, and watched the man-of-war's men rowing in pursuit of the empty smack, which, with sail spread, ran ashore. When he deemed himself safe he made for the land in another direction, and

was never retaken. The man died a few years ago.

The condition of mind in which the State is regarded as the natural enemy, to be resisted, overreached, defrauded, is not one which we can at present readily comprehend. And yet it is quite possible that such a condition of mind may again occur should the State unduly tax and oppress any class by laying excessive burdens upon it; or, again, should it become so Socialistic in its all-embracing activity as to threaten individualism with extinction.

It was a favourite belief among the smugglers that the Customs duties were laid on goods by the Government for the purpose of maintaining a fleet to protect the shores of Great Britain from the incursions of Algerine pirates. The necessity ceased, yet the Customs were maintained. The smugglers justified themselves by pretending that the Government had not kept faith with the nation, and that in consequence no moral obligation weighed on them to respect the law in this matter.



MODEL MENU FOR NOVEMBER.

By PHYLLIS BROWNE.



MEALS for imaginary dinners are at the present time very popular subjects of consideration.

Through a variety of channels they are supplied to the public by experts, who presumably draw them up for the

guidance of housekeepers of an enquiring mind, who are supposed to be anxious to provide dainty dinners for their families, and quite able to pay for the same, but who lack ideas concerning the dishes to be prepared.

Regarded simply as menus, many of the suggestions for dinners referred to are most excellent. They are produced by clever persons, who know their subject. They are occasionally not too expensive for moderately-filled purses, and the mere sound of the dainties named is certainly most appetising; in itself it is enough to make anyone hungry. The menus suggest most agreeable combinations of flavour, and they are altogether attractive and agreeable. The only objection to them—and it is a serious one—is that they awaken longings which will never be satisfied; because to the large majority of middle-class householders they are entirely impossible. Dinners made from them are as much out of reach as dinners cut from slices of the moon would be. The average comfortably-off house-

keeper has no one to carry them out. She does not employ a skilful *chef*, who is able to make all sorts of complicated dishes. The search for a fairly competent good plain cook is one of the trials of her life. She does not possess an extensive *batterie de cuisine*, which includes utensils and appliances known only to the initiated; or a store of condiments and garnishes calculated to make a novice stare. Her staff of helpers is not large enough for her to arrange to have saucepans, plates, and dishes galore "washed up" after every dinner; if the truth may be told, the manner and method of the necessary daily "washing up" is a detail which leads to frequent friction in the kitchen. If the menus placed at her disposal had to be followed, our comfortably-off friend would have to increase her permanent staff of domestic helpers, add a considerable sum to the estimate of her yearly expenditure, and entirely alter her style of living. For such thorough changes few housekeepers have any desire.

Most people agree in thinking that dainty fare—when we do not pay too much for it in money, time, labour, thought, or enjoyment—is a good thing. It tends to health, comfort, happiness, and sociability; and it helps to refine the habits of the members of the family for whom it is provided. This dainty fare, however, is a benefit only when it is a matter of course, and forms part of the routine of the household. The daily fare of a family is an outward and visible sign of the character of that

family; ceremonious dinners and "spreads" are merely the expression of what the family regard as the correct thing. It follows, therefore, that if we want to improve the family fare we must not be too pretentious, and we must not make the preparation of dinner a bugbear. There are numbers of people, not poor by any means, but still anxious to avoid extravagance, who would be glad to have good dinners well cooked, daintily arranged, and attractively served, if the luxury could be enjoyed without its being too great a strain on the resources of the establishment. To people of this sort many of the menus we see are simply a delusion, because they are either too complicated, too elaborate, too expensive, or too difficult, inasmuch as they require too many utensils. Before everything else, menus that are to be helpful must be practicable, and our menu claims to be a "model" one in this sense only.

In the volume of the *GIRL'S OWN PAPER* which begins this month an attempt will be made to furnish with each number a menu, with accompanying recipes, of a good dinner, that shall be attractive and at the same time practicable and suitable to the season, for a family not of the class who have to cook their own dinners, nor yet of the class who employ a professional cook, but of the comfortably-off middle class, who possess refined taste without being gourmands, and who employ a cook not above being told how to do this, that, and the other, yet clever and intelligent enough to be

able to carry out directions clearly and carefully given.

PRELIMINARY.

Before giving the first menu it will be necessary to make one or two preliminary remarks, by way of clearing the ground.

We often hear it said that dinners would be better cooked, and difficulties in domestic management would disappear, if the ladies of the household, the mother and daughters of the family, would go into the kitchen daily, and personally undertake the preparation of the meals. With this opinion we are compelled to disagree. Where personal work is necessary, there is no reason why it should be shirked. Cookery is very satisfactory work, and there is nothing disagreeable or degrading about it. Those to whom it comes in the way of duty have reason to be very thankful that nothing worse has befallen them. We have to remember, however, that to do it properly takes up a great deal of time and close attention; that cookery is heating and fatiguing; and it is a great strain on the nerves to be responsible for the cookery, and for a dozen other household details as well. There are very few ladies, no matter how capable they may be, who can prepare a good dinner of three or four courses, and be ready, when the task is done, to take their place at the head of the table and gracefully preside over the meal.

It is desirable of course—more, it is almost imperative—that if dinners are to be well cooked and daintily served the mistress of the household should *understand* cookery, and also marketing; and *be* a good cook. To choose food wisely is quite a business; it can only be learnt by experience. The subject is too extensive to be discussed here, yet it is not easy to make dinner appetising and agreeable when the material is not of good quality. To gain familiarity with the details of cookery, the mistress of a household should have gone through a course of practical work, and practised cooking every day for some months. It would be a good thing if everyone did this before she married. The knowledge thus gained would be chiefly valuable because it would enable her to criticise the work of her cook. If a dish were spoilt the mistress thus educated would be able to say how and why it was spoilt, and to suggest a better method; when reading a recipe she would be able to judge whether or not it was workable, and she could point out ways of lessening labour and promoting economy. But here her co-operation in the work of cookery should end. As a rule, sensible, conscientious cooks (a class of workers by no means extinct), respect a mistress who knows what good cookery is, and they thankfully accept hints from such an one.

There is still another reason why it is desirable that ladies should be satisfied to understand cookery, and should let their cooks carry out their wishes. In these days good plain cooks are urgently needed, so that to train young girls to be good cooks is the work of a philanthropist. Dexterity in cookery can only be gained by practice; yet how can a young girl get practice unless she has it in the kitchen of her employer? A capable mistress who will give a young girl the opportunity to cook daily, who will insist upon food being well chosen, well and economically cooked, prettily dished and daintily served, is one of the benefactors of the age. She is putting a trade into another woman's hands by means of which the worker can always make her living. Perhaps some of these days mistresses of households will feel that they have failed to do their duty if a cook should leave their service knowing no more of cookery than when she entered it.

As to the dinner itself; the elegance and satisfactoriness of a dinner depend quite as

much upon the refinement of the surroundings as upon the excellence of the cookery. A capable mistress invariably gives both thought and vigilant supervision not only to the appearance of the dinner-table, but also to the comfort of the room in which dinner is served. She is careful to have the dining-room well lighted, well warmed, and well ventilated; the hearth being swept and the room dusted before every meal. Her table-linen is spotless and smooth, the crumbs are brushed from it, and it is folded carefully every day and kept in the press when not in use. Her dinner-napkins match her tablecloths; they are considered a necessity of the situation. Flowers or decorations of one kind or another are always to be seen on her table; indeed, to look out and collect things that shall "make the table pretty," that shall "brighten the table," is a detail which she continually bears in mind. It is a great point with her also to make her decorations harmonise with each other and with the room, and to vary them from time to time, so that her table does not always look the same from month's end to month's end. Her glass and silver are always clear and brilliant; and to secure their being so she makes it a rule that forks, spoons, and glasses shall receive an extra polish every day at the last moment before being put on the table. Water carafes, goblets, and decanters are all bright, and cruets are replenished daily. So important does she consider it to be that the table should be artistically laid, that she always speaks of the business as one of the most responsible of household duties, and never, if she can help it, allows an incompetent person to lay the table.

The manner of serving the various dishes is another detail requiring careful attention. The capable house-mistress invariably encourages her cook to make the dishes look as pretty as possible. No matter though food may taste deliciously, she is never satisfied unless it also looks inviting. She never allows food to be simply *turned* upon a dish; it must be placed daintily. A joint is never allowed to be served on a dish that is either too large or too small; for if too large it looks lost, if too small there is danger that the carver will be inconvenienced, and the gravy will be spilled. The plates on which hot meats are served are very hot; if there is not sufficient accommodation for heating plates in the kitchen, the cook is told to dip them quickly in and out of very hot water just before sending them up. Plates used for cold food also are quite cold; they are never sent to table lukewarm. The edges of dishes are never splashed with gravy, and a quantity of gravy is never poured round a joint. The gravy provided is sent to table in a boat. At the table of a capable house-mistress, who realises what dainty meals are, root vegetables never appear cut in thick, ugly slices; they are always prettily thick, and the garnish for a dish is as much a matter of choice, as is the material of which the dish is composed. It is wonderful what an improvement in appearances is effected when once the aim to make food look attractive has been entertained. Even a dish of boiled new potatoes looks altogether a different affair when served plain and when garnished with butter and parsley.

Housekeepers who do not possess a "digester" have no conception what an improvement, and also what economy, can be effected in the family fare by obtaining one of these valuable utensils, and using it of course daily; it will not do much good if it is kept on the shelf. Individuals given to letting things slide very often say, "What is the good of a digester? An ordinary stewpan will do just as well." This is not the teaching of experience. A digester has a tightly-fitting lid, which keeps in the goodness of the material. But this is not its only advantage.

The mere fact that there is at hand a special receptacle for stewing odds and ends, bones and trimmings, helps many a time to save these valuables from being wasted. It is a great mistake to use water for making gravy, sauces, soups, and for stewing meat, when we might have used stock for these purposes. An old housekeeper said once, "To have a little good stock always on hand quite raises the tone of family life." It certainly improves the quality of the family fare if only the cook will use the stock when she has it. Gravies made with water taste weak and watery; gravies made with stock taste meaty, look rich, and are nourishing. It would be a good thing if cooks would realise that one of the chief defects of English cookery is its wateriness. How often it happens that there is water in the tureen with boiled vegetables, and that stews are quite insipid because too much water has been put with them. Let us give up using water constantly, and substitute stock for it; we shall make a great step in advance by doing so.

When buying a digester, there is no need to get one of the largest size. People often make the mistake of buying a huge vessel too heavy to lift easily, and which occupies a large corner of the stove, and is very costly. For family use get a small size; a cast-iron digester holding a gallon and a half will do wonders for us, and it will not cost much, though the price varies with the shop at which it is bought. **Keep it at the side of the stove, and every day stew down all scraps and bones of flesh, fowl, and game.** The smallest piece, if made to yield its goodness, will help the stock. If the business is conscientiously done it is no exaggeration to say that a supply of stock might be kept always on hand without buying soup-meat or gravy-meat excepting on very special occasions.

In the management of a digester it is to be remembered that the water in which meat has been boiled is better than plain water for stewing scraps. Also, that unless the stock is to be used straight away, it is not advisable to stew vegetable scraps and trimmings indiscriminately with meat trimmings, because stock in which vegetables have been boiled goes sour quickly. Nor is it well to keep on boiling scraps in fresh water until the cook has a quantity of weak stock on hand more than she can use. Her aim should be to have a little stock that is good; therefore she should boil it a second time, and let it reduce, flavouring it when she wants it. It is important too that the digester should be emptied every night, cleaned and dried thoroughly, and started again every morning, because stock should never be allowed to cool in the vessel in which it is made. If the scraps are systematically put in one place as they are made, the business will not occupy many minutes. If the bones have not yielded their goodness they may be stewed a second time; and it is to be noted that "second stock," as it is called, or stock made from bones stewed a second time, jellies better than first stock; the long boiling dissolves the gelatine that is in the bones. Stock that has been poured off in the way recommended can be easily freed from fat, because the latter will have caked on the top; and this is a decided advantage. In summer stock should be boiled every day; in winter every third day.

There is another point to be remembered. Conscience ought to go into the making of stock. When the spirit of economy enters into a cook, and she has at hand a digester into which she can throw "anything" without anyone being any the wiser, there is a little temptation to put in all sorts of scraps. Conduct like this is very unkind. In boiling scraps we ought not to stew one morsel that is not absolutely sweet and clean. Food that is at all tainted, or that has been thrown

about (although no food will be thrown about in a well-managed kitchen), should be burnt; there is no better use to which we can put it. Yet having burnt everything that is even questionable, there will be plenty of valuable material left. Every bone should be stewed, and before being put into the stock-pot it should be broken, and any marrow or fat there may be about it should be taken off. Bacon rinds after being scalded and scraped should be stewed; they contain more of the flavour of ham than any other portion of the animal of the same weight. In a moderate-sized house where meat is served every day, the cook who is willing to do it can always find pieces for the digester. When there is a difficulty, it is usually the will that is wanting.

The people who do not care to make stock from scraps are generally unwilling also to render small pieces of fat for frying, and consequently if anything has to be fried in their kitchens there is quite a piece of work about it. This ought not to be. In a moderate-sized kitchen, where meat is used every day, it ought scarcely ever to be necessary to buy fat for frying. Every tiny piece of fat ought to be melted down and added to the store. This should be kept in an iron saucepan; to strain it, wash it, and keep it in order should be part of the routine work of the kitchen. If carefully looked after it will remain sweet for a very long time, because it will be always having fresh fat put to it as the old fat boils away. Nor is there any need to have two pans of fat—one for fish and one for sweets; because if the fat is in good order, and goes cold between the fryings, it will not be likely to impart the flavour of what has been cooked in it to anything else. The chief thing to be careful about is, to see that the pan is not more than a third full, for fear of accident; and it may be remarked, that in ordinary households, when the cook has got into the way of rendering every small piece of fat, there is much more danger that the pan which contains the fat will become too full than there is that there will be a deficiency of fat. When frying has to be done, the pan with fat will simply need to be put on the stove. It will melt, then it will begin to bubble; but it must not be touched until it is still and a blue fume rises from it, when it will be ready to have the article to be cooked immersed in it. As soon as done with it must be lifted from the stove, or it will burn.

The care of fat kept in an iron saucepan is a very simple affair. Frequently—that is, after being used twice or thrice, and especially when batter and egged-and-breaded articles have been cooked in it—the fat must be strained, or the black particles floating in it will spoil the next thing fried. Before straining it should be allowed to cool a little, or it may ruin the strainer. About once a week, if in regular use, the fat must be washed—that is, it must be turned into a bowl, have plenty of boiling water poured over it, and be stirred until melted. It must then be left until the next day, when the fat will be a solid cake, with the water underneath. The fat must be taken up, have the impurities which adhere to its lower part scraped away, then be put into the oven, gently melted, and allowed to go cold once more, to ensure its being quite free from moisture. When fat that is heated splashes and fizzes instead of becoming still, the reason is that there is a little water left in it, and great pains should be taken to make fat *dry*. Frying-fat for home use can be satisfactorily made of any fat pieces mixed—beef, mutton, veal, pork, and bacon. The lard, which some cooks will insist upon having, is perhaps the worst fat which can be chosen. Success in frying depends not so much upon any particular sort of fat being used, as on the attainment of the right temperature of that which is used.

A detail of great importance in the arrange-

ment of a dinner is the waiting at table, for a skilful waitress will hide deficiencies which an awkward waitress apparently insists on discovering. We have to confess, however, that it is not easy to secure good waiting. In this respect, as in cookery, ladies are too often discredited through the incapacity of their assistants. When the mistress of a house understands what good waiting is, however, it frequently answers well for her to engage a young maid, and train her into good ways. If this be done, and if correct waiting is expected at every meal, dinners will go smoothly as a matter of course. When there is a hitch in the waiting, however, a dinner can never be called a success.

We hear a good deal of praise in these days of the dinner *à la Russe*, the peculiarity of which is, that dishes are carved and portions dispensed at a side table, and handed round; while sweets, entrées, and dishes which permit of it, are handed round for the guests to assist themselves. The advantages belonging to this mode of service for a set dinner, or for a dinner where there are three or four guests, are obvious. In a dinner *à la Russe* the host and hostess are at liberty to converse with their friends, and to enjoy their own dinners, and all responsibility for details rests with the waiters. Economy also is promoted, because when portions of food are to be handed round, it is easy to calculate how much will be needed, to provide what is necessary, and no more. The difficulty belonging to a dinner of this sort is, that it throws more upon the waiters; and it is a failure unless most perfectly done. When dinner is served in the old-fashioned way the host and hostess have the management, and one clever, quick waitress can attend to four or six people with ease—that is, if the table has been laid with forethought, so that the extras likely to be required are on the table instead of being on the sideboard. But there are not many waiters who in a dinner *à la Russe* could attend to more than four persons without keeping one or two waiting now and again for certain accessories longer than is agreeable. Yet to have to wait thus is a great discomfort. Unless, therefore, there is a reserve of strength in the waiting department, it is much the simplest and wisest plan to have the dishes put on the table in the usual way, to have the soup served by the mistress, meat carved by the master, and pudding served by the mistress again. Then entrées and vegetables can be handed round with advantage, and dessert dishes will not need to be placed on the table until the end of the meal, when the crumbs have been cleared away. Fruit is much more enjoyed when it is first seen after a dinner is eaten, than when it is looked at all the time hot foods are being discussed. It may be added that one or two dishes of fine fruit are much to be preferred to a number of dishes and odds and ends of fruit of inferior quality.

When cheese precedes dessert (and at English family dinners the majority of diners would feel defrauded if there were no cheese), it should be made as inviting as possible; and it should not be always the same from one day to another. Yet both variety and daintiness are easily secured by having a choice of cheeses; by arranging occasionally to have cheese straws, or cheese trifles; by providing butter prettily moulded, crisp biscuits, or pulled bread, with celery or watercress. If the cheese course is dainty, a dinner is sure to conclude triumphantly, even though there have been one or two mischances during its progress.

Coffee is always served at the conclusion of a dinner. Not very long ago it was taken for granted that a good cup of coffee was not to be had in English homes. Now this reproach is to a great extent removed from us, and there are hundreds of houses in England where coffee is as fragrant and delicious as it

would be if served in France. As a matter of fact, it is not in the least difficult to make good coffee. The housekeeper who will use a coffee-grinder and a *cafetière*, who will buy coffee-berries in small quantities, freshly roasted, grind as much only as is wanted for a brew, warming the berries before grinding them, eschew chicory and use plenty of coffee, may have coffee as *fragrant as could be desired*. When giving orders for dinner, she should insist upon the coffee being quite hot, upon the cups being only half filled, and upon the milk being scalded. After-dinner coffee that is not strong is a failure.

Of course one of the difficulties to be faced when attempting to draw up menus of the kind now contemplated is, that householders have such very different ideas; what one would consider needlessly extravagant another would declare to be poor and commonplace. In looking over these menus, the first-named critic is, however, asked to remember that when a menu is too elaborate, it is easy to leave out one or two of the dishes found to be unnecessary. With regard, for example, to the *hors d'œuvres*, one of which will be put at the commencement of some of these dinners. These little appetisers are at the present time growing into favour every day. They are convenient, because when served cold they can be put on the table on small plates in front of each person before the dinner is announced, and they serve to *occupy the time* for a minute or two after all are seated, thus enabling the cook to send in the soup quite hot. They are very inexpensive, very simple, and are intended merely to sharpen the appetite, and be a pleasant commencement to the restful hour to be devoted to what ought to be the most strengthening and enjoyable meal of the day. If omitted, the dinner will be complete without them, for they are merely an extra. In answer to the other objection, that the menus are too homely, it may be said that it is a mistake to make too large a demand on the powers of our helpers. The way to avoid disappointment is to be reasonable in expectation.

We must now turn to the menu for November; and as so much attention has been given to preliminaries, I must content myself this month with simply giving and describing the recipes as briefly as is consistent with clearness. Next month, if all be well, I will do my work more fully, give detailed instructions, try to anticipate difficulties, and guard against them.

MENU FOR NOVEMBER.

—
Anchovy Trifles.

—
Turnip and Tomato Soup.

—
Soles à la Rouennaise.

—
Fillet of Beef Roasted.
Browned Potatoes. Cauliflower.

—
Apple Charlotte. Jelly in Glasses.

—
Macaroni Cheese.

Anchovy Trifles.—Cut two slices of thin brown bread and butter, using plenty of butter. Between them put alternate layers of a hard-boiled egg thinly sliced, a sprinkling of small salad, and the cleansed fillets of three anchovies cut into strips. Press the slices together, and divide them into thin fingers. Give two fingers to each diner, and ornament each plate with a little sprig of parsley.

Turnip and Tomato Soup.—This soup is very easily made, but it is very savory. If fresh tomatoes are not available, tinned tomatoes can be used for it. Cut up a pound of

turnips, one onion, and three tomatoes, and boil gently in about a quart of stock from the digester. Add a slice of crumb of bread, moistened in stock. When the turnips are tender, rub all through a sieve; add plenty of pepper and salt; make hot and serve. The soup should be as thick as double cream. If thicker than this add a little more stock.

Soles à la Rouennaise.—This dish is convenient because it can be prepared an hour or two before it is wanted, and the fillets of sole will not hurt if they are covered with buttered paper and kept in a cool place until the time arrives for putting them in the oven. Small-sized soles are the best for the purpose; if a large sole were used, each fillet would have to be cut in two. In calculating the quantity needed, we must remember that one sole will supply four fillets, and that one fillet will be enough for most people. For a small dinner, therefore, a pair of small soles will be ample. There will be needed also a small lobster, or if this cannot be had, the flesh of a crab, or even half a pint of picked shrimps (measured after being picked) may be used instead. Lobsters, either English or foreign, can, however, generally be had all the year round at good shops.

Pick the flesh from the shell, and cut it into dice. Melt an ounce and a half of butter in a small saucepan; stir in one ounce of flour to make a smooth paste; add half a pint of water, and stir the sauce till it boils; then add lobster-butter to make the sauce as red as a lobster shell, a quarter of a pint of cream or milk, a little salt or cayenne, and the lobster meat. When the ingredients are well incorporated, turn the mixture on a plate to cool. Divide it into equal portions, one for each fillet; spread its intended portion upon one half of each fillet, and be careful to keep the fleshy part of the sole to the outside. If the shiny-skinned part is put outside, the fillet will not keep its position. Fold the sandwiched fillets over, lay them in a single layer in a buttered tin, sprinkle a little salt on the top, squeeze lemon-juice over, and cover with buttered paper. Bake in a moderate oven for ten or twelve minutes. Dish the fillets in a circle, and pour white-sauce over them, with chopped green parsley sprinkled on last thing. The sauce can be made beforehand, and kept hot in a gallipot which has been placed in a saucepan, and surrounded with boiling water.

The dish just described, when successfully managed, is dainty, very tasty, and not expensive. It is, however, a little troublesome; and the want of lobster-butter often prevents its being made. Lobster-butter is one of the

things that ought to be in every store-closet. If made in summer, when lobster spawn is plentiful, put in jars and kept in a cool place, it will remain good for a long time. It can be made also from lobster coral, which is the red substance found in the head and running down the back of young hen lobsters; and whenever a morsel of this material is met with, it should be used, for it is most valuable. Fresh spawn can sometimes be had in winter, but not very often. When, therefore, true lobster-butter cannot be had, it must be dispensed with, and the lobster-paste must either be coloured with vegetable carmine or be left. The colouring does not alter the taste—it simply makes the dish look very much prettier, and there is no question that the contrast between the white meat and the red panade is very effective. Nevertheless, even without the red colouring the dish is very tasty and good. If vegetable carmine is used, care should be given to get it of a good maker; second-rate colouring put into food might be harmful. Cochineal is safe; but it is not exactly the red wanted, which is the red of a boiled lobster.

Fillet of Beef Roasted.—The fillet or under-cut of the rump, removed whole, makes an excellent small roast. It seldom weighs more than four pounds; but as there is no bone with it, it is very profitable, although not cheap. When of good quality, it is, perhaps, the tenderest piece of meat in the animal. It should be carefully roasted, and is best when wrapped in greased paper before being baked, which paper should be removed in time to brown it. Six or seven large potatoes of an equal size may be parboiled and baked in the tin with the meat. They can then be served in a tureen round a mound of mashed potatoes; and a little chopped parsley should be sprinkled over the white mound. The beef may be garnished with scraped horseradish; a little good gravy should be in the dish with it, and a further supply sent to table in a boat.

Cauliflower.—This is a very agreeable vegetable when well boiled and well dished; but it is too often sent to table either hard or too much boiled, and with the flower broken or discoloured; then it does not look at all inviting. It is particularly delicious when carefully cooked and coated with a Sauce Blanche, made as follows:—

Sauce Blanche.—Melt an ounce of butter in a small stewpan; stir in three quarters of an ounce of flour, and beat the mixture over the fire until smooth and well-cooked. Add gradually half a pint of cold water, and keep

stirring till the sauce is smooth. Stir in a pinch of salt and the yolk of an egg, and lay the sauce over the flower with a tablespoon.

Apple Charlotte is an old-fashioned but most excellent dish, especially if a little cream may be allowed with it. It may be most readily made in a mould, a cake-tin answering the purpose. The apples should be peeled, cored, and stewed to pulp, then tossed over the fire with sugar and a little butter until the pulp begins to be stiff. It is not possible to say how much butter or sugar should be put with the fruit, because apples vary very much in sweetness and quality. What is wanted is a pleasantly-flavoured smooth apple-sauce, mellowed and enriched with butter. Take some fingers of stale crumb of bread, and fry them lightly in butter. The bread should be cut into shape like the pieces of a wooden pail, and should be arranged either to fit exactly into the mould, or to make the staves overlap each other. The mould should then be filled with the apple-sauce. Put a lid of lightly-fried bread on the top, and bake for about an hour, or until the bread and butter have assumed a golden-brown tinge; then turn out carefully and serve with cream. An easy way of making Apple Charlotte is to butter a pie-dish, and sprinkle plenty of brown sugar over it, then line the bottom and sides with thin slices of bread and butter. Fill the dish with apples which have been peeled, cored, and cut into thick slices, sprinkle a little sugar over, and moisten with lemon-juice. Put a lid of buttered bread on the top and bake in a good oven. For this pudding it is necessary to have good falling apples. The bread should be like toffee, crisp-brown, but not at all burnt. The secret of managing it is to butter and sugar the dish well, and to bake in a good oven.

Macaroni Cheese.—Wash a quarter of a pound of Naples macaroni, drain it, throw it into boiling water with a lump of butter in it, and boil for twenty minutes. Throw the water away, pour upon it half a pint of milk, and let it simmer gently till tender without being pulpy. Grate an ounce of dry cheese—Parmesan cheese is the best for the purpose, but this is a convenient way of using the dry portions of other cheeses. Turn half the macaroni, milk and all, on a greased dish, sprinkle pepper and salt and a grain of cayenne on it, together with a portion of the grated cheese, and repeat until the ingredients are used. Sprinkle grated cheese and a spoonful of bread-raspings on the top, and pour over a dessertspoonful of melted butter. Brown in front of the fire, and serve hot.

USEFUL HINTS.

Rhubarb Meringue Tart.—Have the rhubarb ready cooked and cold; it should be cut into inch lengths and cooked in sugar that the colour may be kept bright, add a drop or two of cochineal when the fruit is cool, if not sufficiently red.

Cover a flat tartlet tin with a sheet of puff or good short paste, crimp the edge and bake carefully to keep it from rising in the centre. When cool slip it on to a dish, place the rhubarb with a little of the juice in the middle, and heap upon it a meringue of the whites of two eggs beaten up with castor sugar, a drop of lemon juice and a tablespoonful of cream.

Green Gooseberry Tart is excellent if made in a similar way to the above, cooking bottled gooseberries beforehand with sugar and

covering the crust with them afterwards. In place of the meringue a thick custard made with the yolks of two eggs, a teaspoonful of cornflour and half a pint of sweetened milk, will be found preferable.

Cherry or raspberry tart may also be made after the same plan, and a custard made with custard powder goes exceedingly well with these, as its slight flavour of almond accords with the natural flavour of the fruits.

Chocolate Baisers.—Place the following in a mortar: Eight ounces of sugar, two ounces of chocolate which has been softened in the oven, two whites of egg. This must be pounded together for quite half an hour, until it is the thickness of jam, and must not on any account be so liquid as to run. Make with

this paste small round heaps on a baking-tin, which you have previously waxed. Bake in a moderate oven until done through.

Cheese Toasts.—Take the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, pound it with the same quantity of fresh butter and double the quantity of any crumbly kind of cheese, add salt and cayenne pepper. Cut some neat squares of thin toast, spread the mixture on them about the eighth of an inch thick, put the toasts in a dutch-oven before the fire to brown a little, and serve hot.

Small Tea-Cakes.—Two teacupfuls of flour, one teacupful of ground rice, a pinch of salt, half a teacupful of soft sugar, three ounces of butter, two eggs, the grated rind of a fresh lemon, and a very little milk.

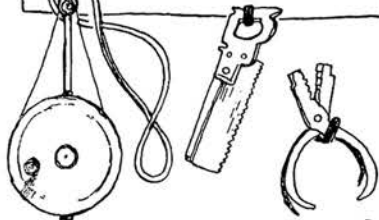
THE TURKEY WITH THE TOOTHACHE.

BY G. E. FARROW.

Mr. Turkey had the toothache,
And he cried in accents sad,
"I must have this tooth extracted,
Or I fear 'twill drive me mad."

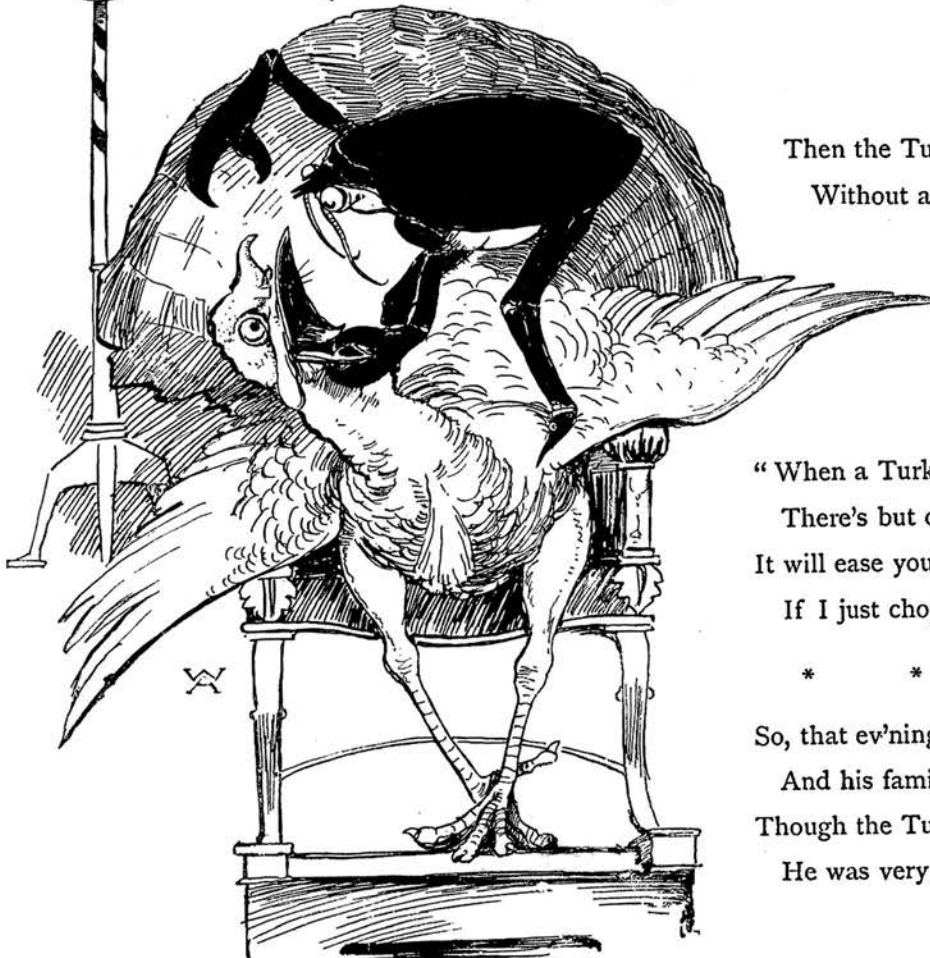
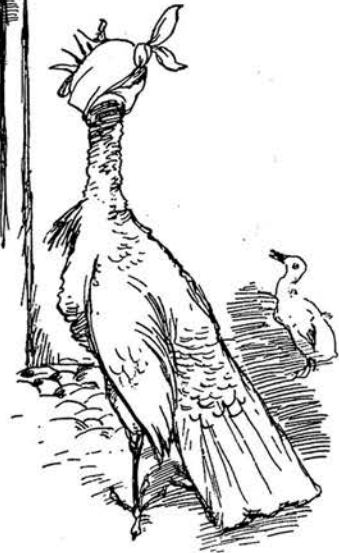


TEETH EXTRACTED
WHILE YOU WAIT.
MR. CRAB
SURGEON DENTIST.



So he went to Crab, the dentist,
But he couldn't ease his pain
Though the payment he demanded
Caused the Turkey to complain.

"Sir, your bill is most enormous."
Mr. Crab replied, "In truth,
I *have* charged a little extra,
Sir, for hunting for the tooth."



Then the Turkey told the Farmer
Without any further fuss
Of his troubles, and
he gravely
Answered Mr. Turkey thus—

"When a Turkey has the toothache,
There's but one thing to be said,
It will ease your pain completely,
If I just chop off your head."

* * * *

So, that ev'ning when the Farmer
And his family did sup,
Though the Turkey had no toothache
He was very much "*cut up*."

ART NEEDLEWORK.

It is many months since we have intruded a paper on art needlework on the readers of *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER*. But, indeed, we think it wisest to stand aside now and then, not only to make room for our betters, but to allow the wheel of progress to make a few turns, and evolve more pretty things about which to speak.

The ever-increasing taste for dinner-table decoration is a growing tax on the invention of both designers and workers, consequently the first design on the opposite page is a table-mat, such as is now most in vogue; it is of pale blue corded silk, on which are embroidered sprays of wild roses, conventionally arranged; the flowers are pale pink and yellow, solidly worked, and shaded naturally with washing or "bobbin" silk; shades of olive green are used for the leaves, and a good deal of dark red is worked into the stems and veins of the leaves in order to give strength to the design. The mat is finished off with "Tom Thumb" silk fringe, composed of most or all the colours used in the embroidery. A mat of this sort is rather costly, to say nothing of the difficulties of cleaning, etc.; but it is lovely when well worked and fresh. Less expensive ones, such as will wash, can be made of white hemstitched linen, embroidered with conventional designs in various coloured flax threads; these threads are now brought to such perfection of colour

that they have precisely the bright appearance of silk, and are much more durable.

Fig. 2 is a horseshoe, or "lucky," work-bag, the sides of which are shaped from millboard, on which the embroidery is mounted; they are of Kirriemuir twill, neutral tinted or self-coloured. The horseshoe is outlined with a double row of Japanese gold, "couched" down, as are also the nails; the latter are then filled in with bits of velvet chenille of various bright colours, which have all the effect of jewels; the design is embroidered with crewels of shades of olive green and terra-cotta in a variety of ornamental stitches, and has a little gold introduced. The bag part is very full, and is of soft olive green silk, lined with pale salmon pink. Such a bag as this would be easily manufactured by a neat-fingered worker, and a variety of others could be made on the same principle, substituting for the horseshoe a panel of any shape, according to fancy. Bags of all kinds and shapes, intended for all manner of purposes, seem to be, at the present time, rather popular articles on which to lavish pretty embroideries, so much so that we purpose shortly to aid the ingenuity of our girls with some more suggestions.

Fig. 3 is a flower-basket, which, though it is available for any occa-

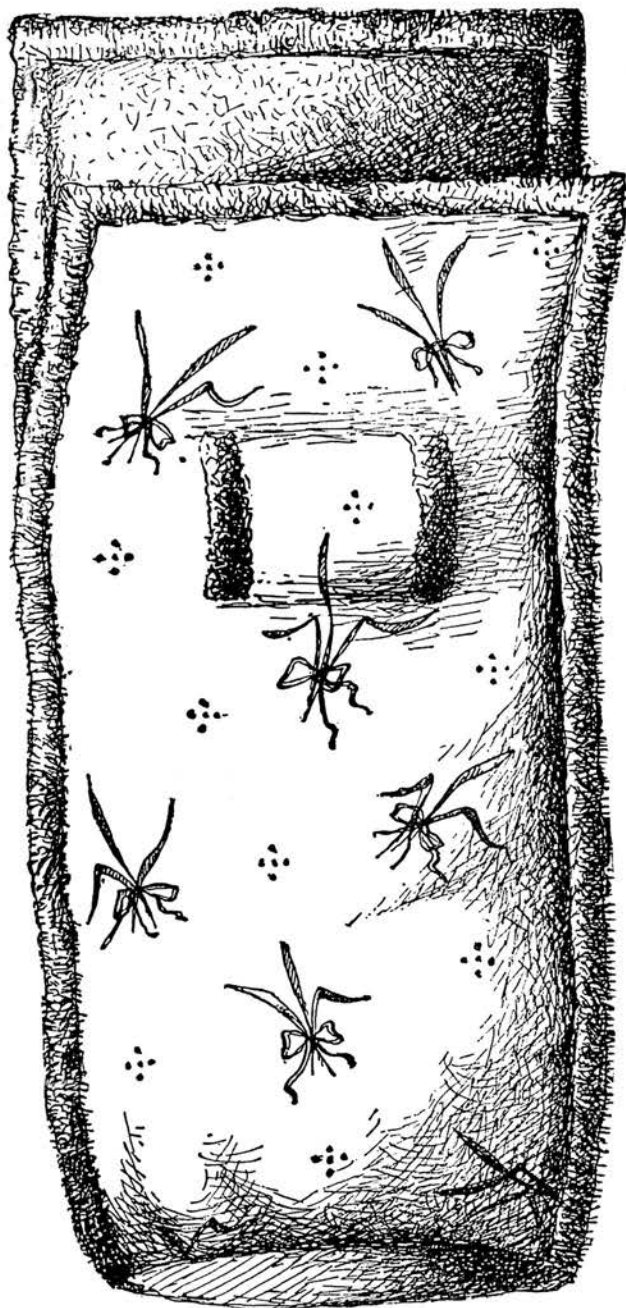


FIG. 4.—CARRIAGE-RUG AND MUFF COMBINED.



FIG. 5.—WASTE-PAPER OR OCCASIONAL BASKET.

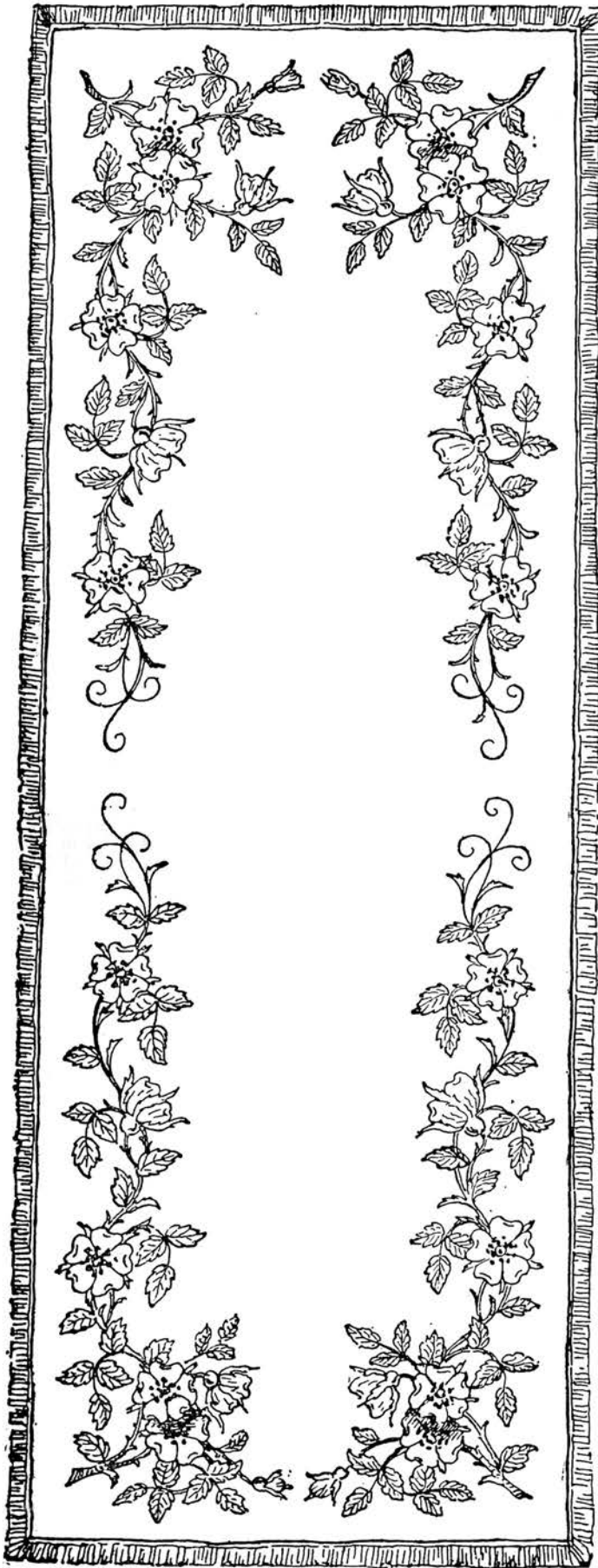


FIG. 1.—TABLE-MAT.

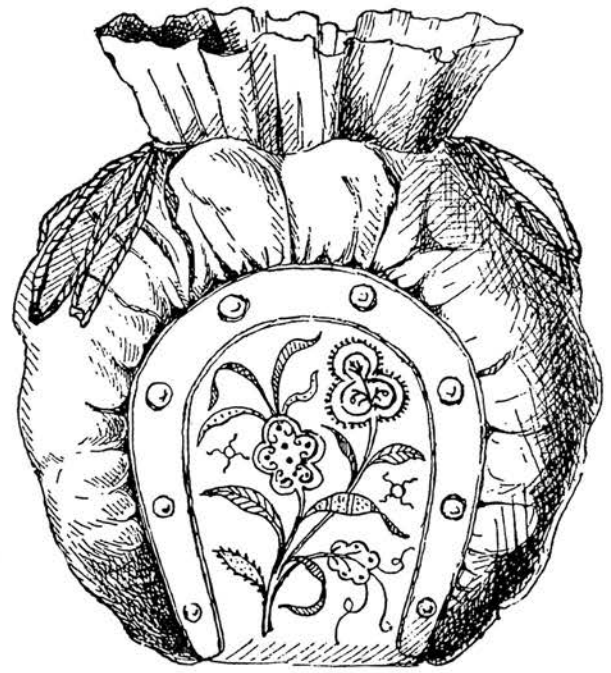


FIG. 2.—HORSESHOE WORK-BAG.

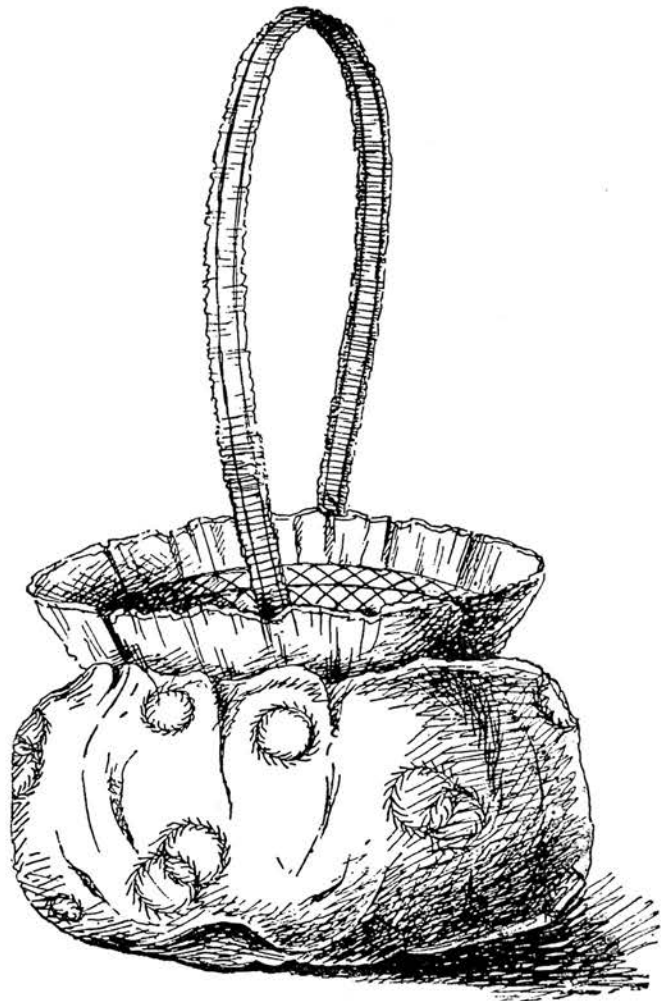


FIG. 3.—FLOWER-BASKET.

sional use, is chiefly intended for a dinner-table decoration. These baskets are very easily made, and nothing is more charming than half a dozen of them or more, in addition to a pretty table-mat. The foundation is of millboard, and they are mostly round in shape; the little design (the more simple the better for this purpose) is worked on a breadth of pongee silk of any artistic shade that will harmonise with the colour of the table-mat, if you have one; this is sewn to the foundation very full, and drawn in at the top, leaving amply sufficient for a puffed frill, of from one to two inches wide, according to the size of the basket. The handle is formed of "crinoline steel," which is slipped into a double strip of silk about three times its width, and closely gathered to each side of it; this is firmly sewn to the foundation of the basket; a tin pan is placed inside, with a wire lattice over it to support the flowers in the right position.

A number of these baskets, made of olive green silk and filled with primroses, make a most beautiful and dainty table decoration, such as would find favour amongst the admirers of these flowers "in the primrose time of the year."

Fig. 4 is a most luxurious variety of carriage

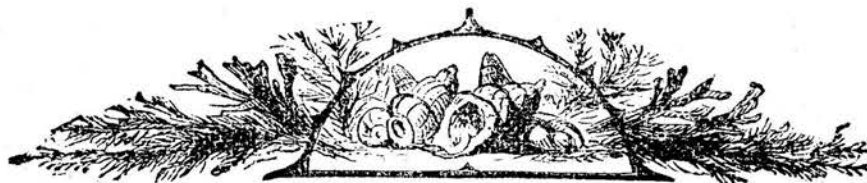
rug, which we give here because it is so easily made, not expensive, and is really so comfortable an article on a journey that we desire to put it within reach of all. The flat wedge at the bottom can even be fitted with a foot-warmer. The outside is of thick, soft serge or cloth, on which powderings of leaves are worked in coarse crewel. Supposing the material to be of dark blue cloth, the leaves might be worked in olive greens, and the ribbon knots either all in pale blue, or part might be in a light shade of terra-cotta. It is lined and trimmed with fur; an old fur cloak, which is past duty in its original form, could easily and economically be utilised for the purpose of lining such a rug, with the best bits put at the top; fur must also be introduced into the muff part in front of the rug. The whole thing should of course be made large and loose, so as to slip comfortably over the dress of the wearer.

Fig. 5 is a vase-shaped basket, which can be used either for waste paper or knitting, or it can be made on a large scale, between two and three feet high, and used as a corner vase for tall grasses and bulrushes, like the china one from which the idea is adapted. It needs patience and exactness to manipulate such a

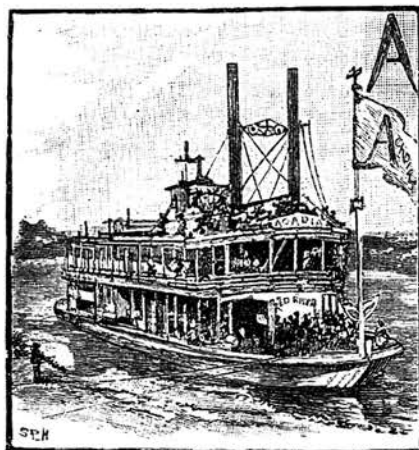
basket; but it is otherwise quite easy. The ten pieces of millboard forming it must be cut exactly to the same size, and the material should be at least an inch larger all round. Crewels of the soft shade of blue, seen in old blue china, should be chosen for the embroidery, and Japanese gold in the outlines of the palm leaves will be an improvement; each section must be separately covered and lined, and they are then very neatly sewn together. The basket, when finished, has so precisely the appearance of a china vase that we have known such a piece of work to be invariably mistaken for one. On the basket of which we speak is embroidered so exact a copy of an old blue dragon vase, such as can be seen in the South Kensington Museum, that we marvel how—being an "all over" pattern—it has been so neatly fitted together that there is no interruption in the design.

We think these baskets might more easily be made of cretonne of some good and artistic pattern, which, if cleverly managed, would have almost as good an effect as embroidery, and a vast saving of time and expense would be accomplished in its manufacture.

HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.



A LADY'S EXPERIENCE IN THE "INTERMEDIATE."



journey, so as to leave as much available capital as possible for the building of the new home; it may be interesting to ladies considering such a step to know that it is not only not impossible, but really very possible, for them to travel "intermediate."

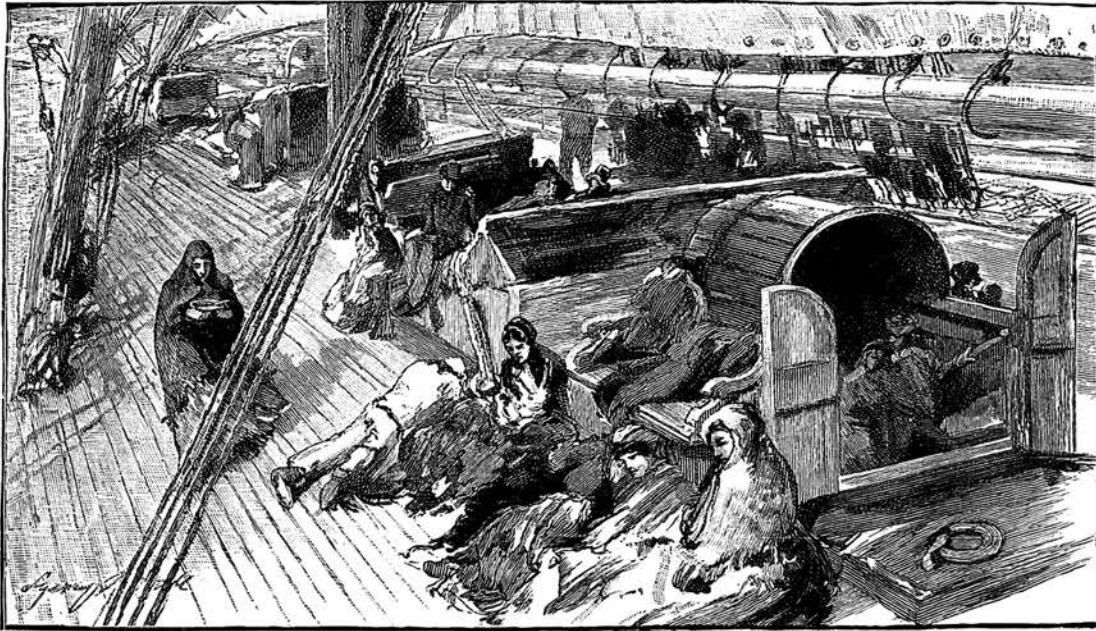
I am encouraged to write this paper, remembering the horror expressed by some, and the doubts of all, when, having made up my mind with my two daughters to join my son in Canada, I announced my intention not to go in the saloon. I may mention that the money saved by this went far to pay for the carriage of the furniture, &c., we took with us. We were going to make a home in that distant land, so carried our household gods.

We started the first week in May, leaving Clifton on the Wednesday; supposing, from the announce-

ment on the tickets we had received when we paid the deposit on our passage-money some weeks before, that it was imperatively necessary that we should present ourselves at the Allan Line office in Liverpool the evening before the day of sailing. This we found, from more than one fellow-passenger, was not the case. They had sent the balance of their passage-money to the agent a few days before, and then travelled by night, reaching Liverpool early in the morning, thus avoiding what, to ourselves, was the most disagreeable part of the whole journey, and, considering the accommodation offered, the most expensive—a night in Liverpool.

Leaving my two daughters in the hotel, my sister and I found our way to the shipping office. Here all was easily arranged. Having paid the remainder of our passage-money, we received our tickets, and a bundle of flaming red labels marked C. P. R., to insure our luggage being transferred at Quebec to the Canadian Pacific Railway.

We had brought with us a flat basket, three-quarters of a yard long and thirteen inches high, packed with provisions to supplement the ship fare, and also for the long inland journey in Canada. It contained tea, coffee, biscuits, marmalade, sugar, beef essence, condensed milk, sardines, anchovy paste, tinned meat, enamel cups, saucers, and plates, teapot, saucepan, kettle, and spirit-lamp. I would recommend all intending emigrants to provide themselves with such a basket. Ours was constructed like a common hamper, and was made at the Blind Asylum in Clifton. It was



“EVERY ONE BEGAN TO SYMPATHISE WITH EVERY ONE ELSE”

lined throughout with American cloth, and had a strip of this fastened along the middle of the lid inside, with divisions for spoons, knives, forks, corkscrew, &c. We had also a tin jug for water. The basket was the greatest comfort, and, being so low and the top flat, it made a most convenient table for me as I lay in my berth.

We had also each a small cushion half a yard square, having a loose cover of Turkey twill, and a long loop of red braid to hang over the arm. These were most comfortable when sitting on deck. A case made in the shape of a bolster, three-quarters of a yard long and one-quarter of a yard in diameter, made of ticking, opening in the middle, and closed by an American rug-holder, held our sleeping garments, brush and comb, &c., pocket-handkerchief, an eiderdown quilt, and towels. It was wonderful how much we managed to squeeze into these little receptacles, which, when full, made most comfortable pillows. We were also provided with cabin-pockets, the work of kind and thoughtful friends anxious to smooth the difficulties of the journey as much as possible for us. These cabin pockets were made of strong striped red ticking. The width of the ticking made two. They were half a yard long, after a deep piece of the stuff had been turned up at the bottom, and divided by rows of stitching into pockets. The four strong curtain-rings at the top, from which they hung, were covered with red button-holing, and a small needle-case of flannel and pincushion of Turkey twill were fastened in front of the pockets. We had a store of drugget-pins, like exaggerated drawing-pins, by which we fastened up these pockets, and a large bag of waterproof, covered with Indian cretonne, on our cabin wall. This latter held sponges, soap, &c. Our umbrellas were in a case made of the same ticking as the cabin pockets. We rolled it up with our wraps,

which consisted of waterproof cloaks and warm red blankets, the whole fastened into a pack all impervious to rain. This list seems a long one, but we did not find we had one unnecessary article. Our deck chairs were, as usual, very long in the back. They were of plain canvas and wood, and had notches behind, which allowed us to lower them to any angle—a comfort indeed when trying to sit up after sea-sickness. We had four with us, and found it very pleasant to be able to lend one.

On Thursday morning we rose early, and left Lime Street Station by a short rail leading to the dock where the ship was lying. She was so close to the shore that we walked with our smaller packages to the shed where all luggage was placed. Our larger boxes had been taken by an agent straight from the station on our arrival in Liverpool. A regular gale was blowing as we battled along to the large covered shed, where we first caught sight of our fellow-passengers, who were sorting their luggage and seeing the C. P. R. labels attached.

Our luggage consisted of tin boxes, portmanteaus, and one bale. From experience, I would now recommend intending emigrants to take tin boxes, but to be sure that they are strapped as well as locked. The locks are very apt to get broken in the rough usage they meet with—though none of ours had this fate. All soft things which cannot be injured by pressure should be packed in American cloth and then sewn up in canvas. Such a package weighs only its contents, and the wrapper is most useful on reaching one's destination; and the tin boxes are invaluable for stores, being proof against damp and mice. Be sure to have painted on each package a distinguishing mark, such as a cross, star, or circle, in vivid red or blue. Among so many hundred packages, all more or less alike, one gets bewildered

in choosing one's own, and, heaped up as they are, it is often most difficult to see the address. I had in my pocket a piece of red chalk, bought months before at one of the stations on the Underground Railway, and several people borrowed it to make a distinguishing mark on their packages.

The waiting in this place was very tedious ; but at last we identified our luggage, pointed out what we should want on board, and passed over the gangway, wondering how and under what circumstances we should cross it the next time into a new land. We made our way at once to the intermediate saloon, into which all the cabins opened. In this ship—the *Parisian*—they are exceptionally well-placed, being on the same level as the saloon cabins. Having been shown our own cabin, corresponding to the number on our tickets, we rejoiced to find it held only four berths, the remaining one being occupied by a very quiet and pleasant fellow-traveller. Having hung up and otherwise arranged our different properties, we returned on deck and sat for several hours.

The boat left Liverpool at half-past three, and, as it was still very windy, we retired to our berths, which were very clean, and quite as comfortable as I have found any first-class berths in other boats. We can never say enough of the kindness and attention of the stewardess, who, with nearly fifty to wait upon, seemed always to have time and a pleasant word for every one. It may seem a small thing ; but it was most refreshing to see her always looking so fresh and neat, with the most beautiful head of hair I ever saw on a person of her age—always smooth, when every one else was looking more or less wan, washed-out, and dishevelled. It did me good to look at her.

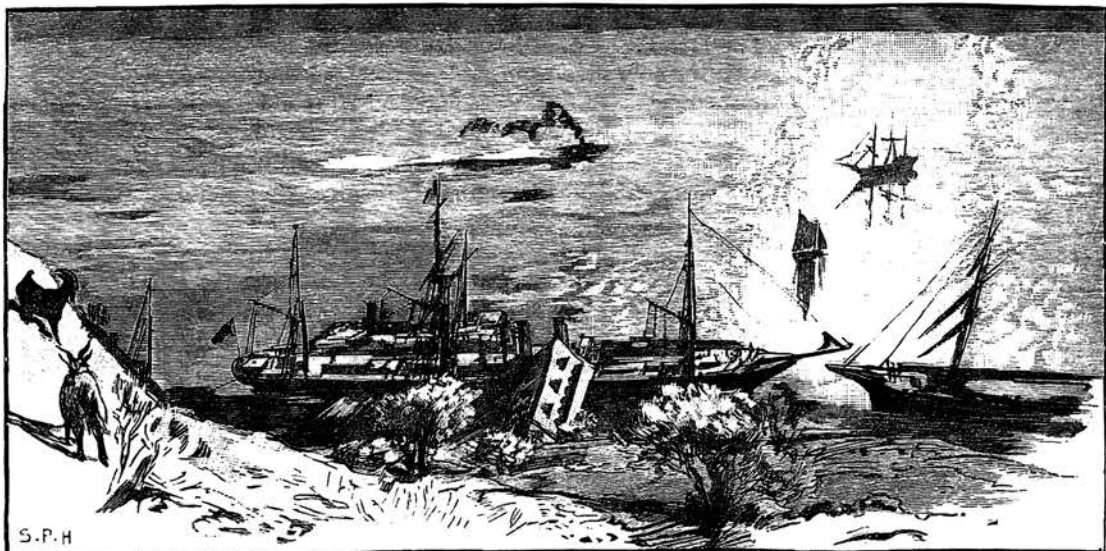
At dinner-time the stewardess brought beef-tea to all who were unable to eat dinner. Most excellent beef-tea it was ; and when tea-time came, and we could not even consider tea and bread-and-butter, she produced some of the same beef-tea cold, which she had reserved. At eight o'clock we had some

very good gruel, and this beef-tea and gruel continued till we were convalescent.

Two mothers, each with two young children, had a cabin next to ours, and early in the morning I used to hear the stewardess carrying in cups of sop for the little ones, long before the regular breakfast was ready. On Sunday, a clergyman on board held a service in the saloon ; we were too ill to go, but our cabin companion managed to struggle up, and came back to tell us how much she had enjoyed it. The sermon was most appropriate, being on the text, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths," and was specially addressed to the emigrants, encouraging them in their enterprise. This Sunday was poor Catherine's birthday, passed in her berth, a strange contrast to the sweet, quiet country home where on a sunny day in May she first saw the light. When the children, recalling that she was born on a Thursday, used to quote the old rhyme, "Thursday's child has far to go," we little thought how true the words would prove in her case.

But, though we were all so miserable bodily, we never lost heart, nor had a doubt as to our having entered on the right path.

On Monday morning, Dolly and I made a desperate effort and reached the deck, poor Catherine remaining in her berth, all her usual roses gone. It was a lovely morning—blue sky and sunshine—though still windy and cold. It was then we found the advantage of the little comforts we had brought—as the pork chops, &c., of the bill of fare made us shudder, and to venture below again was not to be thought of by myself. Dolly made occasional journeys to see after her sister, and kind hands were always ready to guide her along the slippery deck. Now every one began to sympathise with every one else. Those who were not sea-sick themselves moved about cheering the pale, limp, reclining figures. One such good Samaritan brought us some delicious home-made bread-and-butter—the first thing we could eat. From what I



SUNRISE ON THE ST. LAWRENCE : A VIEW FROM THE CITADEL, QUEBEC.

saw then, I felt what an advantage it would be to every party of emigrants if one member could be chosen who was a good sailor, and so could help the others.

We had been told that it would be too disagreeable for us to be in such close contact with the steerage passengers; but let no such false idea deter any one from taking an intermediate passage. All our intercourse with them, and all we saw and heard, made us feel that the world was a better place than many think it; or can it be true that dear old England is driving out from her midst her best children to find in a distant land the food and room she cannot give them? There were sisters going out with, or to, brothers; aged mothers leaving behind them a lifetime of custom and association to make a home for the children; even uncles and aunts going to make a home for orphan nieces. One began to feel that

This good man took entire care of what I may call "the old baby," a little creature who could scarcely walk. It slept in his berth, and he was always seen, with a smiling face, carrying it about. There were several mothers on board with tiny children, going to join their husbands, and I noticed the kind way in which every one helped them. We had observed that one of these mothers, who had a baby in arms and a little girl of three, was always accompanied by a friend, who led the eldest child by the hand, and devoted herself to the children generally. Great was our astonishment to find that they had never seen one another till they met on the ship. "Oh," said Miss James, in answer to our expression of surprise, "when I came on board and found Mrs. Harris was quite alone, I felt it was something for me to do." Any mother will appreciate to its full value such unselfish kindness. We travelled afterwards



"IT WAS ACCEPTED GLADLY."

family affection, which had seemed to us somehow to have begun to die out in England, still lingered strong and fresh in the hearts of these poor people. A family home!—the dream of our lifetime—it was their dream, too—a haven to which the children could always return, sure of a welcome. The son who might be sick, or fail in life's battle; the daughter whose happy married life death had prematurely shortened, leaving her and her little ones to face the world; there would be room for all, and the old place by the fireside would be theirs again. The dream of one's life; and one found it was shared by these simple, unsophisticated people.

As the time went on, we seemed to know almost every one, and heard the histories of many of them. Our cabin-companion was another example of this unselfish family love. She had given up a most excellent confidential situation, which she had filled for many years in the family of one of the late Lord Mayors, to go to a married sister, who longed for her in her approaching hour of trial. An orphan herself, dependent on her own exertions, she was sacrificing all. There was a man who went everywhere by the name of "the kind man." His wife was on board, with several children, the youngest a tiny infant.

with them on the railway; and one night, when the baby was very restless, Miss James sat up the whole night with it in her arms, that the tired mother might rest. Every time I woke, I saw her sitting upright, with the poor, fretting little thing clasped to her.

I despair of conveying to any one's mind the idea of the fellow-feeling which seemed to me to join all during this voyage. Each produced his or her little hoard and shared; and I would beg any one of my own rank travelling "intermediate" to provide herself with more than her own party require, and particularly to get the best tea and coffee that can be procured. A steerage passenger will always contrive to get boiling water, and it is so pleasant to hand round cups of these fragrant drinks to those who, after their terrible sea-sickness, turn from the ship fare.

One day, when most people were convalescent, we were drinking our coffee and sharing with those near us; Catherine pointed out to me one of the steerage passengers, a most respectable, sad-looking, middle-aged man, and suggested that he should be offered a cup. It was accepted gladly; the poor man had eaten nothing for days, and was quite in a state of exhaustion. The coffee so revived him that he was able to eat a piece of roll-and-marmalade, and then

he told us his little story. He was a mason from Cornwall, where he had a nice little home, cows, &c. He had come out to take up land, and then send for wife and children. He evidently suffered from homesickness as well as sea-sickness, poor man. I shall never forget his gratitude, which seemed so entirely out of proportion to the little we had done for him. It quite startled me to hear his feeble voice earnestly praying that "it might be returned to us a thousand-fold both in this world and the next." I think, whenever things seem not quite prosperous in our new home, we shall remember the prayer of that poor man, and feel that it will bring us a blessing.

A dear old woman of over seventy was among the steerage passengers. She was travelling with three daughters, the husband and two children of one, and a young man friend. The old lady had kept a green-grocer's shop in London, she told me; but she had two sons in Canada, and she wanted to make a home for them. This was a most affectionate family party. The daughters hovered incessantly round their mother with cushions, shawls, and offers of food. They had brought a feather-bed with them, sewn to the size of the berth, that the bed might be soft for her aged bones. We often sat by her on deck, and wondered at her courage, for often when she came up in the morning she looked so pale and fragile; but she survived the journey, and we saw the whole party for the last time on the platform at Quebec, all dressed in their best, and evidently starting on their long railway journey in the best of spirits.

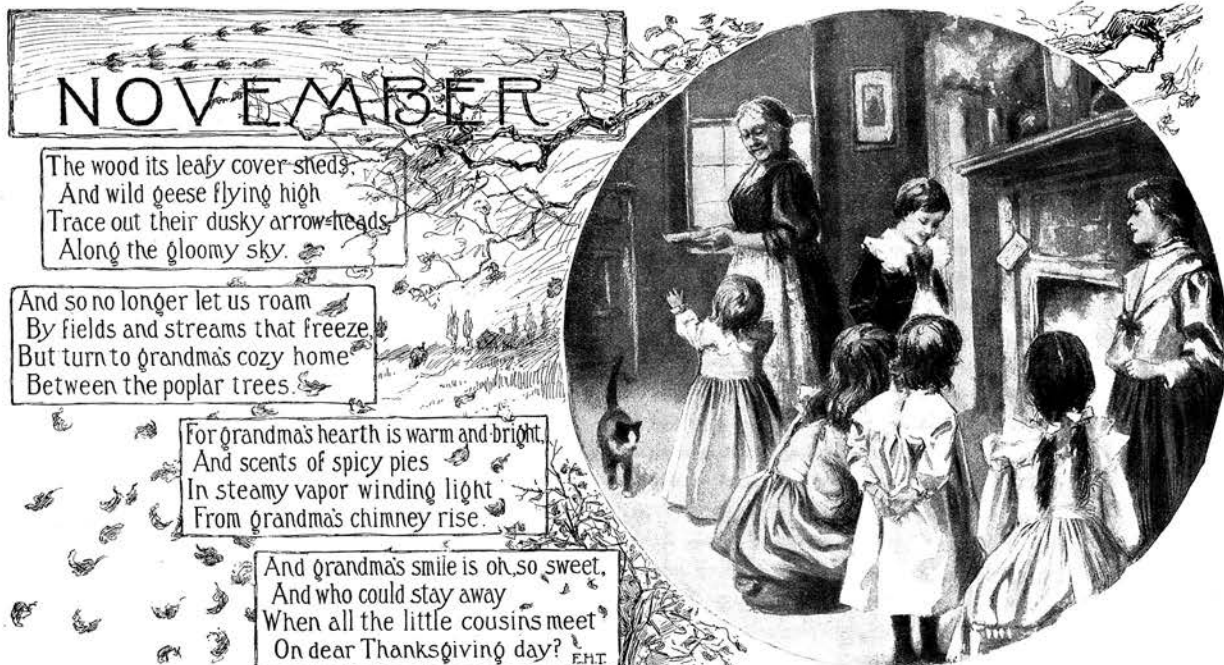
One afternoon a good, earnest steerage passenger held a sort of little service on deck. The next day an attempt was made to have a concert and recitations. The captain, doctor, and saloon passengers were among the audience; but the high wind made it impossible to hear the performers, and it was adjourned to the next evening, when it was held in the steerage. On Friday the saloon passengers gave a concert, to

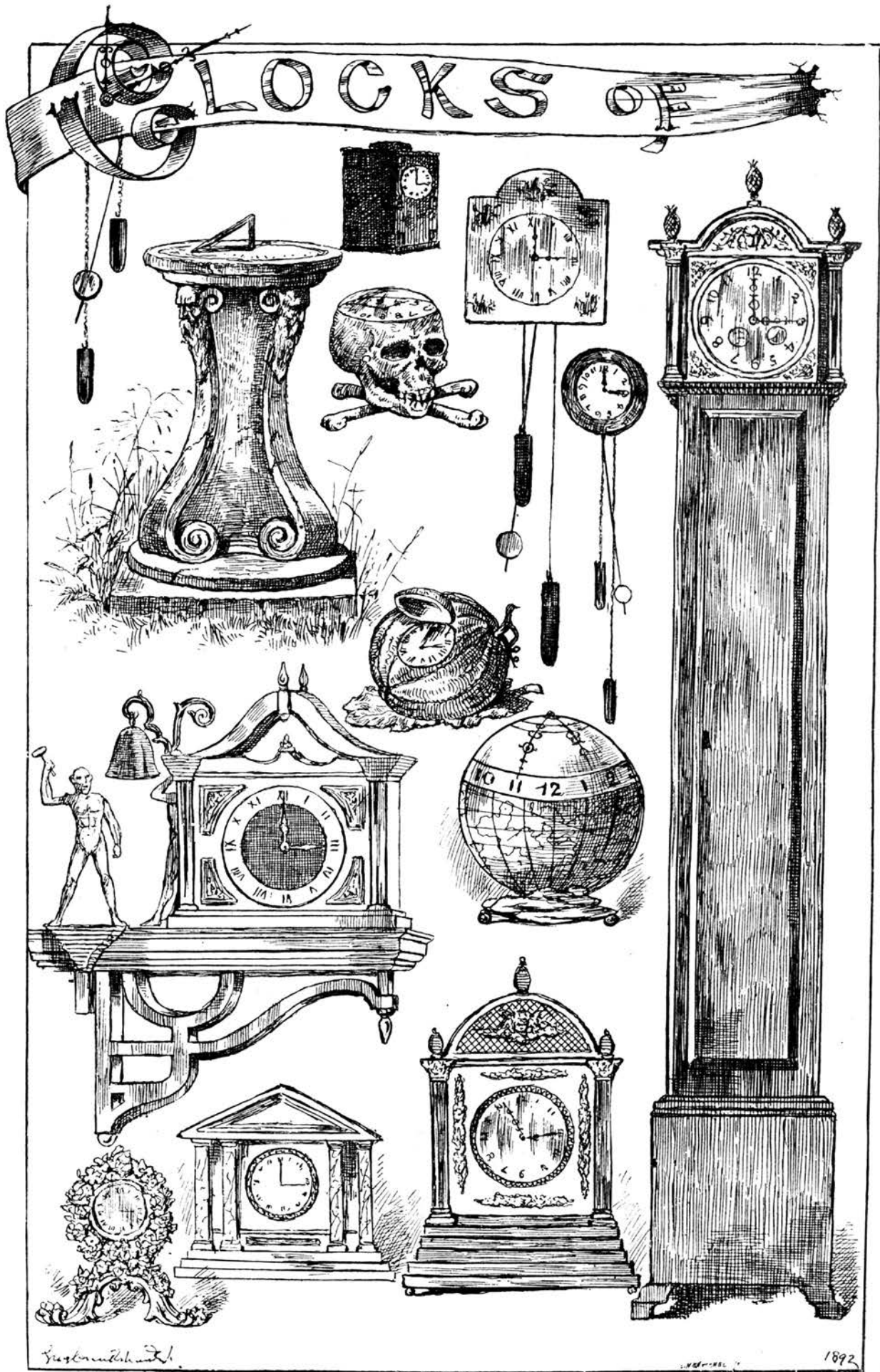
which the intermediate passengers were invited. A collection was made for the Sailors' Orphan Home in Liverpool. The music and recitations were excellent, and one of our number made a capital Punch-and-Judy showman.

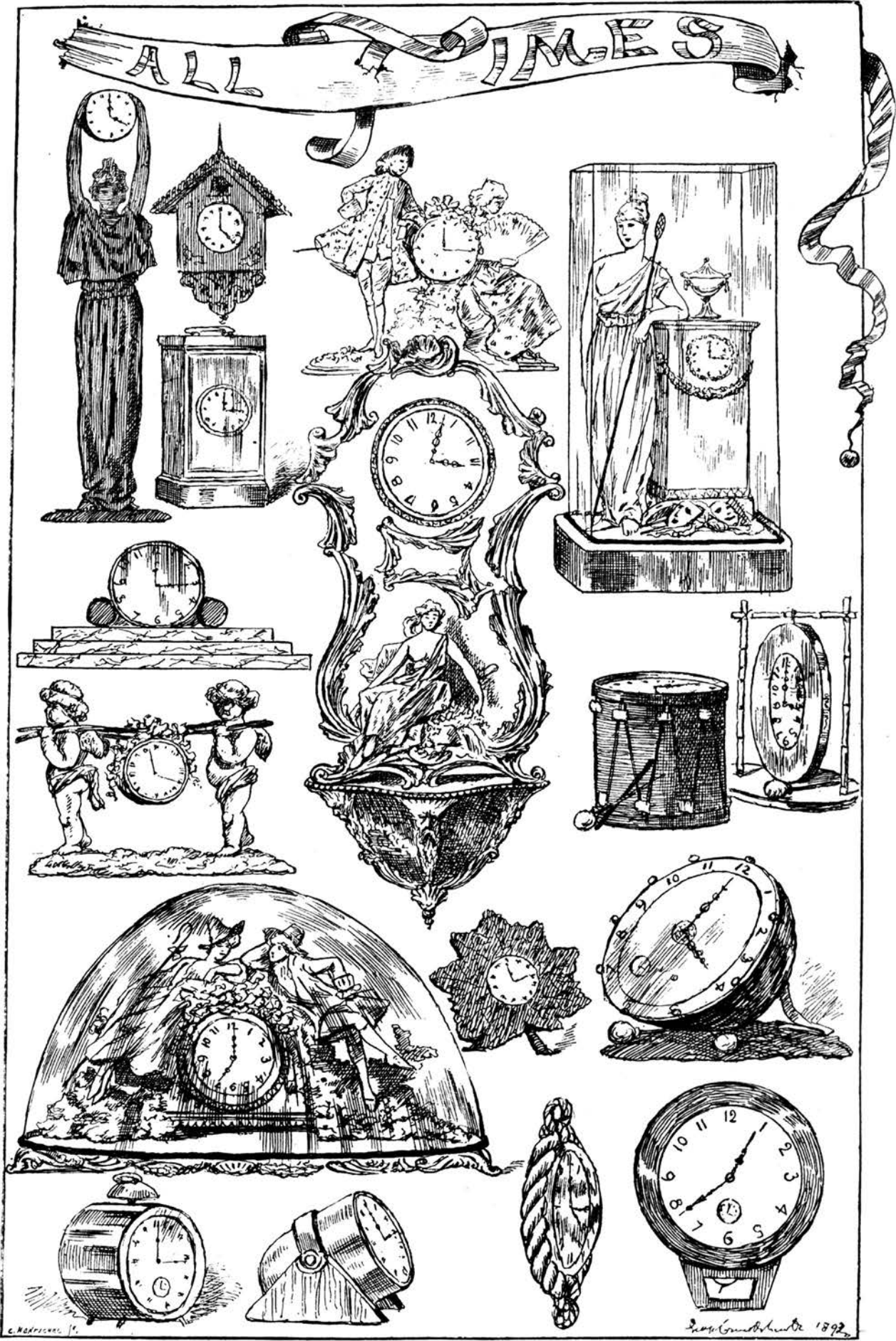
Before the end of the voyage every one was required to show their vaccination-marks to the doctor, or submit to be vaccinated. This, it seems, is a stringent and very wise Canadian law. One passenger refused absolutely, and on our arrival at Rimouski—the first port—a Canadian medical officer came off in a boat, and there was a long delay, ending fortunately in the stubborn passenger giving way, thus saving us, we were told, five days' quarantine.

The weather was very windy during the first half of our journey. After this we had a cloudless blue sky and brilliant sunshine, while a sea with scarcely a ripple floated us onward to our new home. It seemed to us as if Canada had opened her arms in smiling welcome to the poor wanderers who were trusting her with their future. I heard the stewardess say, "the weather seemed as if it were bespoke." Even off the Banks of Newfoundland there was not a sign of fog; and, with grateful hearts, we thought of the many prayers that had gone up for us in England, and which were being so wonderfully answered. The beautiful Gulf of St. Lawrence reached, we felt our journey was over practically, as we saw the pretty little villages, each with its tiny church, lying so peacefully along the shore; each little farm, with its land running down to the sea, giving one the idea of plenty and room.

And so our voyage drew to an end—the dreaded voyage which had been so much better than all our fears—and we parted reluctantly with the kind people who had helped so much to make it pleasant, feeling we should always look back with a lingering affection to our experience as "intermediate" passengers.









NOVEMBER.

November air maketh fields bare,
Of flowers, of grass, and corn,
Then man arrives at fifty-five,
And sick both e'en and morn;
Loins, legs, and thighs, with sad disease,
Make him to sigh and say,
Ah! Heaven on high have mind on me,
And learn me how to die.
OLD FORM; 1658.

PROVIDING FOR THE WANTS OF MARTINMAS AND THE COMING WINTER, DISPOSING OF STOCK, OR VICTUALLING FOR HOME CONSUMPTION; AND WITNESSING THE BULL-RUNNING.

NOVEMBER, the ninth (*Novem*) month in the Alban Calendar, became the eleventh by the insertion of January and February at the beginning of the year. Its name and term of thirty days have remained unchanged, while the other months have been lengthened and curtailed at pleasure. Our ancestors called it *Blot Month*, from the Saxon *blotan*, to slay; for, in this month they killed and salted the *beeces*, *bacons*, and *muttons*, that were to furnish forth the Winter's hospitable board.

All Saints' Festival (Nov. 1,) or, as it was originally called, Allhallow Even Mass, was instituted by Boniface IV., when he obtained permission from the Emperor Phocas, to convert the Pantheon at Rome into a Christian church: it was ordered to be kept in memory of the Virgin and All Martyrs, on the 12th or 13th of May; but, three centuries later, it was transferred to November 1, and All Saints substituted for All Martyrs; this day being set apart for their general commemoration, so that none who deserve to be commemorated by the Church should be omitted. Bells used formerly to be rung on this feast, and on the Vigil throughout the night, when also bonfires were lit: it is still kept as a Holiday at the Public Offices.

"The memories of the Saints, (says the pious Jeremy Taylor,) are precious to God, and, therefore, they ought also to be so to us; and such persons who serve God by holy living, industrious preaching, and religious dying, ought to have their names preserved in honour, and God be glorified in them, and their holy doctrines and lives published and imitated: and we by so doing give testimony to the article of the communion of saints. * * * The holiday is best kept by giving God thanks for the excellent persons, apostles, or martyrs, we then remember, and by imitating their lives: this all may do."

All Souls' Day, (Nov. 2,) is set apart by the Catholic Church for a solemn service for the repose of the dead: in this country, the day was formerly observed by ringing the passing bell, making soul cakes, blessing beans, and other customs. Various teatures, were held by services to be performed on this day.

The Landing of King William, (Nov. 4,) was formerly kept as a general Holiday, termed "Revolution Day." The centenary was celebrated with great pageantry in 1788, especially at Whittington, in Derbyshire, where the overthrow of James II. was plotted, in the "Revolution House."

Powder Plot, (Nov. 5,) is a parliamentary and general Holiday: it was appointed in 1605 as a day of thanksgiving, when all persons were required to go to church, "to give unto Almighty God thanks, and have in memory this joyful day of deliverance." In Spelman's time, the Judges went to church in state, on this day. Bishop Sanderson, in one of his sermons, says: "God grant that we nor ours ever live to see November the Fifth forgotten, or the solemnity of it silenced."

Lord Mayor's Day, (Nov. 9,) is still observed with a procession by land and

water, the only state exhibition in the metropolis that remains of the splendid City pageants.

Shakspeare has left us this picture of its glories:—

Suppose that you have seen
The new appointed Mayor at Queenstaires
Embark his royalty; his own company
With silken streamers, the young gazers
pleasing,
Painted with different fancies;—have beheld
Upon the golden galleries music playing,
And the horns echo, which do take the lead
Of other rounds; now view the city barge
Drives its huge bottom through the furrowed
Thames,
Breasting the adverse surge. O do but think
You stand in Temple Gardens, and behold
London herself, on her proud stream afloat;
For so appears this fleet of magistracy,
Holding due course to Westminster.—Henry V.

Martinmas, (Nov. 11,) was formerly kept with great feasting; one of the delicacies being a fatted goose. In some Church expences on this day, we find entries of "bred and drynke for the syngers," "rose garlands, wyne, and ale." Victualling, or laying in of meat, and curing it for winter consumption, was the business of this day.

Queen Elizabeth's Accession, (Nov. 11,) was long observed as a Protestant Festival; and with the Society of the Temple; the Exchequer; Christ's Hospital, Westminster, and Merchant Tailors' Schools; it is still kept as a Holiday.

St. Cecilia, (Nov. 22,) is regarded as the patroness of Music, her skill having been, traditionally, so great, that an angel who visited her, was drawn from the mansions of the blessed by the charms of her melody; to which Dryden alludes in his celebrated Ode to Cecilia. Milton has, also, some lines on this day, in his *Il Penseroso*. Concerts were common on St. Cecilia's Day, in the times of Dryden and of Pope.

St. Andrew, (Nov. 30,) is the tutelar Saint of Scotland: he suffered martyrdom on a cross in the form of an X; which is introduced as part of the insignia of the Scottish order of the Thistle. St. Andrew stands first among the Saints in the Prayer Book arrangement, because he first found the Messiah (John 1. 18). Advent Sunday is, therefore, the Sunday nearest this Feast. St. Andrew's Feast is kept as a Holiday at the Bank, Customs, and Excise.

November was said by the ancients to be under the tutelage of Diana; from hunting and field-sports being general in this month. The cheerful and lively music of several packs of Harriers and of Beagles, in full cry, are now often heard, reminding us of

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.—SHAKESPEARE,

Our artist has depicted the old barbarism of Bull-running, formerly practised in certain places, on the day six weeks before Christmas; as at Stamford and Tutbury. The hive-skivie, and tag-and-rag of the scene are thus described in a ballad of the early part of the last century:—

Before we came to it, we heard a strange shouting,
And all that were in it looked madly;
For some were a Bull-back, some dancing a Morrice,
And some singing Arthur O'Bradley!

I. T.

INTERESTING DATES OF FIRST OCCURRENCES.

Post offices were first established in 1464.
 Printed musical notes were first used in 1473.
 The first watches were made at Nuremberg in 1477.
 America was discovered in 1492.
 The first printing press was set up at Copenhagen in 1493.
 Durer gave the world a prophecy of future wood engraving in 1527.
 Jergens set the spinning-wheel in motion in 1530.
 Modern needles first came into use in 1545.
 The first knives were used in England, and the first wheeled carriages in France, in 1559.
 Religious liberty was granted to the Huguenots in France in 1562, and was followed by the massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1572.
 Cervantes wrote Don Quixote in 1573.
 The first newspaper was published in England in 1588.
 Telescopes were invented in 1590.
 The first telescope was probably used in England in 1608.
 The first printing press in the United States was introduced in 1629.
 The first air pump was made in 1650.
 The first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1652.
 The first copper cent was coined in New Haven in 1687.
 The first steam engine on this continent came from England in 1753.
 The first balloon ascent was made in 1783.
 Glass windows first introduced into England in the eighth century.
 The first steamboat plied the Hudson in 1807.
 The first sawmakers' anvil was brought to America in 1819.
 The first use of a locomotive in this country was in 1820.
 Kerosene was first used for lighting purposes in 1826.
 The first horse railroad was built in 1826-7.
 The first lucifer match was made in 1829.
 The first iron steamship was built in 1830.
 The first steel pen was made in 1830.
 Omnibuses were introduced in New York in 1830.
 Ships were first "copper-bottomed" in 1837.
 Envelopes were first used in 1839.
 The first complete sewing machine patented by Elias Howe, Jr., in 1846.
 Gold was first discovered in California in 1848.



BILLS OF FARE FOR THANKSGIVING DINNER.

NO. 1.

OYSTER SOUP.
 BAKED BASS WITH SAUCE PIQUANTE.
 CHICKEN PATÉS.
 OLIVES.
 ROAST TURKEY—CRANBERRY SAUCE—MASHED POTATO.
 ASPARAGUS WITH CREAM SAUCE.
 LOBSTER MAYONNAISE.
 PLUM PUDDING—MINCE AND PUMPKIN PIE.
 (ICES AT OPTION.)
 FRUITS—NUTS—COFFEE.

DINNER FOR A FAMILY PARTY.

NO. 2.

SMALL "BLUE POINTS" SERVED ON HALF SHELL.
 VERMICELLI SOUP.
 CELERY.
 BOILED COD WITH OYSTER SAUCE.
 STUFFED TOMATOES.
 ROAST TURKEY WITH CRANBERRY SAUCE—MASHED POTATOES, ASPARAGUS, SWEET CORN AND BOILED ONIONS.
 COMPOTE OF PIGEON (WITH LITTLE PEAS).
 SALAD.
 PLUM PUDDING—MINCE PIE.
 ICES.
 FRUIT—NUTS—COFFEE.

PLAIN SANITARY DINNER.

NO. 3.

SIMPLE CONSOMMÉ SOUP.
 MIDDLE RIBS ROAST OF BEEF—BAKED TOMATOES—MASHED POTATOES—STRING BEANS.
 LETTUCE SALAD.
 EVE PUDDING.
 ORANGES—APPLES—GRAPES—COFFEE.

DINNER FOR TWELVE.

NO. 4.

"BLUE POINTS" ON HALF SHELL.
 MOCK TURTLE AND CONSOMMÉ SOUP.
 BOILED SALMON WITH PARSLEY SAUCE AND "BUT-TON" POTATOES.
 CUTLETS AND STUFFED TOMATOES.
 STUFFED AND BAKED HAM.
 STEWED APPLES.
 BRAISED DUCKS WITH MASHED POTATO, PEAS AND CRANBERRY JELLY.
 MAYONNAISE OF LOBSTER.
 BREAD AND BUTTER PUDDING—MINCE PIE—PUMPKIN PIE—APPLE AND CRANBERRY TARTS.
 FRUIT—NUTS—COFFEE.

DINNER FOR AN INVALID.

NO. 5.

BOUILLON.
 CHICKEN STEWED WITH RICE.
 CRANBERRY JELLY.
 LETTUCE SALAD.
 SMALL CUP PUDDING.
 COMPOTE OF APPLE.
 HOT LEMONADE, OR WEAK TOKAY TEA.

DINNER FOR DELICATE OR OLD PEOPLE.

NO. 6.

TOMATO SOUP.
 WHITE FRICASSEE OF CHICKEN.
 CURRANT OR CRANBERRY JELLY—MASHED POTATO—ASPARAGUS—BOILED ONIONS IN CREAM.
 SWEET-BREADS—SALAD.
 RICE CREAM PUDDING.
 FRUIT—COFFEE.

The first of our bills of fare for Thanksgiving dinners presents only the most ordinary features, and calls for no special remark, except in regard to the dessert, in which ices are put in brackets, and as optional. Ices are so thoroughly and universally understood as an indispensable part of a dinner that makes any pretensions to elegance that it requires some courage to venture to offer a word of caution in regard to placing them upon a bill of fare composed of so much that will tax even a good digestion. Whatever is colder than the natural temperature of the stomach arrests, for the time being, the natural action of the stomach, if taken in any quantity, and the danger is, of course, greater if the digestion is slow and the functional force reduced.

The second dinner begins its courses with the small, delicious oysters known as "Blue Points," served raw, with a quarter of lemon upon each plate. The compote of pigeon may be replaced by any kind of bird or game, and the salad may be a mayonnaise of lobster or chicken, if that is preferred.

The "Sanitary" dinner is one that almost any person could eat, that can eat a dinner at all, without the least disturbance of mind or body; but the simple articles of which it is composed should be perfection in their way, and properly cooked—not made watery, or burnt dry in grease. The meat should be tender and juicy, the potatoes mealy, the beans green and free from stringy fiber, the lettuce crisp, the pudding light, the fruit fresh, and the coffee strong, but in small quantity, and not made leathery by milk and sugar.

The dinner for twelve affords a little more variety, but we have carefully kept within the bounds by which an ordinary cook is limited, and avoided the *entrées* and dishes which can only be accomplished by a professionally trained cook.

The dinner for an invalid, or for delicate or aged people, may afford some suggestions to those who have to cater to the wants of the sick, or dear relatives who are nearing the Valley of the Shadow, and will be found, if care is taken in the preparation, both nourishing and digestible. The following receipts give the formulæ of many of the dishes.

Roast Turkey.—Select a plump hen turkey, and when it is clean, lay it in cool water for an hour to draw out the blood and whiten the flesh. Stuff it with bread-crumbs seasoned with pepper, salt, sweet herbs, and either butter or some sweet salt pork parboiled and chopped fine. Rub the exterior with butter, and a ring of sausage may be laid around the neck if liked. Roast in a hot

oven, and baste frequently. Protect the breast, if necessary, with writing-paper from scorch. The turkey should be neatly trussed, and the heart, liver, and giblets, after having been boiled, chopped for the gravy, which should be made of the liquor in which they were boiled.

Boiled Turkey—Is prepared in much the same way, except that a pint or more of oysters is put into the dressing, and the sweet herbs omitted. The turkey should be wrapped closely in a towel, and put into a pot of boiling water, and cooked slowly—three hours if it is a very large one; two hours if a moderate size, say ten pounds. Serve with oyster sauce, which is simply "white" sauce into which a pint of oysters has been stirred and allowed to come to a boil.

Cream Sauce—Mix a large tablespoonful of flour with two ounces of sweet butter, a spoonful of chopped parsley, and a little grated white onion. When it is well mixed, add pepper, salt, and a pint of boiling milk, which stir into the mixture, and then return the whole to the saucepan, where it should come to a boil. A stick of mace is thought to improve the flavor. This sauce may be used for fish, as well as asparagus.

Eve's Pudding—Half a pound of grated bread, half a pound chopped greening apples, half a pound of chopped raisins, quarter of a pound of granulated sugar, quarter of a pound of chopped suet (after it is chopped and sifted), half a nutmeg, salt-spoon of salt and one cup of sweet cider.

Mix all the ingredients. Boil in scalded bag or buttered mold three hours, or steam four, and serve with hot lemon sauce.

Lemon Sauce—Mix two ounces of butter with a tablespoonful of flour, add half a pint of powdered sugar, an egg, and the rind and piece of a lemon. To this put half a pint of boiling water, and when mixed, pour it upon the pudding.

Pumpkin Pie—Take the half of a large pumpkin, remove the seeds, cut in pieces, peel, and steam it until perfectly tender. Then strain through a colander, and to a quart of the thick pulp allow four eggs and a quart of rich milk, a large cup of sugar, a teaspoonful of salt, a dessert-spoonful of ginger (if strong), and a large nutmeg grated. Line your dishes with a nice light pastry, crimped upon the edge. Then pour in the mixture until it is an inch thick. Bake until it becomes a light brown.

Baked Tomatoes—Take large tomatoes; pour boiling water upon them in order to remove the peel. Drain them, halve them, butter a baking dish, and lay them in, after removing the seeds; fill the interiors with bread-crumbs seasoned very highly with grated onion and pepper and salt; put the halves together, cover the whole with a layer of bread-crumbs, sprinkled with bits of butter, and bake.

Plum Pudding—Eight eggs, one pound of bread-crumbs, one pound of stoned raisins, one pound of Zante currants dried and cleaned, half a pound of suet chopped fine, quarter of a pound of shred citron and lemon mixed, a gill of rich currant or lemon syrup, a large cup of sugar, half a pint of new cider, a nutmeg grated, and a small spoonful of salt.

Beat the eggs, mix the suet with the bread-crumbs, and afterward the fruit and candied rinds. Add the salt and sugar, and to this dry mixture put the cider and the fruit syrup, adding the eggs last. Beat all thoroughly together, and boil in a buttered mold four hours. Serve with a rich liquid sauce.

White Fricassee of Chicken—Clean two chickens weighing at least three pounds each. Lay them in cold water for one hour, and afterward cut them into neat joints, which stew gently in just

water enough to cover them until done. Then remove them. Mix a half cup of flour with a pint of cream and some salt, thyme, and chopped parsley; pour it to the liquid remaining, and which has been thoroughly freed from scum, fat, etc., and bring to a boil with a pat of butter. Put the chicken back in the sauce, and let it come to a boil. Serve with the sauce poured over it.

Compote of Pigeons—After the pigeons are cleaned and scalded, place in the interior of each a slice of sweet salt pork, and lay in a stew-pot, in which is sufficient real stock (boiling) to cover them. Cover them down tight, and let them stew till perfectly tender. Then take the pigeons and put them on a dish; skim the liquid remaining, and when cold, it will make a jelly, which must be cur in pieces, to garnish the dish.

Bread and Butter Pudding—Cut slices of thin bread and butter, lay them in a dish with currants or marmalade between them, and covered with a thin custard rather sweet; bake about half an hour. This is excellent cold.

Sauce Piquante for Fish—Make a brown sauce by frying a chopped onion in a little butter, adding a large teaspoonful of flour and a tumbler of stock. Simmer a little, strain, and put in a teaspoonful of vinegar, one of chopped cucumber pickle, and of capers.

Orange Cream—Make a custard with the yolks of eight eggs, four ounces of pounded sugar, a quart of milk, and the thin rind of two oranges. Stir it in a *bain marie* till it thickens. Dissolve one ounce of gelatine in a little warm water, and add to it the juice of one orange; add this to the custard, strain, put it into a mold, and place it on ice to set.

Marmalade Pudding—Take half a pound of bread-crumbs, six ounces of beef suet very finely chopped, mix the two together with three tablespoonfuls of marmalade, three tablespoonfuls of loaf sugar, the grated rind and juice of a lemon, and a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, then gradually stir into the mixture three eggs beaten up; pour into a plain mould, and steam it for three and a half hours. Serve with marmalade sauce.

Mayonnaise of Fowl—Carve skillfully a roasted fowl into small joints, and trim each of them neatly; put them into a basin with a good sprinkling of pepper and salt and salad-oil and tarragon vinegar, a couple of slices of onion, and two or three cloves; let them remain in this for a couple of hours, turning them over occasionally. Make a foundation of shred lettuce on a dish, dispose on it the pieces of fowl heaped up, and mask them with Mayonnaise sauce. Cut some hearts of cabbage lettuce into quarters, dispose them round the pieces of fowl, with hard-boiled eggs cut into quarters, beet-root cut in small oblong squares, and olives boned, all arranged in some sort of order or pattern.

Canned Asparagus—Melt a tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, and blend with it a tablespoonful of flour; to this put a cup of boiling water; to this put the asparagus, cut up in small pieces, and let them cook gently till tender. When done, take from the fire, stir in half a gill of cream; have slices of thin toast, cut in squares and buttered, ready, and pour the asparagus upon it.

Thanksgiving Chicken Pie—Cut up two chickens as for fricassee, and partly cook them in as little water as possible, but with a thick root of chopped celery. Take them out upon a platter, and to the liquor add a seasoning of pepper and salt. Strain a quart of oysters, butter a baking dish, and over the bottom lay a layer of butter-crackers, then a layer of oysters, then a layer of chicken, then more oysters and more chicken, a

few split crackers (buttered) between, until the dish is full. Bake with a puff paste cover, after having poured over the strained and seasoned liquid in which the chicken has cooked. Bake in a moderate oven a full hour or more, covering the crust if necessary.

Mince Pies without Meat—Mince very finely some beef suet, and of this take one and a half pounds; pick some currants, stone and chop finely some Malaga raisins, and take one and a half pounds of each. Peel and core a quantity of apples, and weigh out one and a half pounds of these; mince them also finely, and mix these four ingredients, adding to them one pound of sugar, half a pound of mixed (orange, citron, and lemon) candied peel, also finely minced. Squeeze the juice of a lemon in the mixture, and, lastly, put in half the thin rind of it, chopped as finely as possible. Work the mixture with a spoon for a little time; put half a tablespoonful of salt into half a tumblerful of sweet pickle juice, and add to it a tumblerful of sweet cider boiled down with sugar or maple syrup, and put in hot mix with spice according to taste; add this to the mince, work it a little more to get it well mixed, and put it by in a covered jar. It should remain seven or eight days before being used, and it will keep for several weeks.

Mince Pies with Meat—Two pounds of fresh roast beef chopped fine; four pounds of chopped greening apples; two pounds of chopped raisins, one pound not cut, one pound of finely chopped suet, one pound of sugar, a quart of sweet pickle with juice; a pint of maple syrup boiled with one quart of cider down to half; tablespoonful of cinnamon, dessert-spoonful powdered cloves, and a grated nutmeg; salt.

Loyster Mayonnaise—Cut the flesh of one or two lobsters into convenient pieces. Pour into a border mold a layer, a quarter of an inch thick, of light-colored aspic jelly just melted; when it begins to set, arrange round it a portion of the pieces of lobster and a few tarragon leaves, filling up gradually with aspic. Put the mold in a cold place; when the border is set, turn it out on a dish, and fill the center with shred lettuce, mixed with the remainder of the lobster, slightly seasoned with oil, tarragon vinegar, pepper, and salt. Heap the mixture well up, and mask it with Mayonnaise sauce laid on very evenly; then ornament both the heap of salad and the top of the mold with truffles in slices, the trimmings chopped up, and lobster spawn, hard-boiled eggs in slices, quarters, or chopped up—yolks and whites separately—and with capers, stoned olives, tarragon, chervil, and garden cress finely minced.

Mayonnaise Sauce—Carefully strain the yolks of four eggs into a basin; place it in a cool place, or, if necessary, on ice; add a teaspoonful of salt, mix well; then proceed to pour in, a few drops at a time, some salad-oil, without ceasing to stir the mixture. When one spoonful of oil is well incorporated with the yolks of eggs, put in, in the same manner, a teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar; keep on adding oil and vinegar in these proportions until the sauce becomes of the consistency of very thick cream; then add white pepper to taste, and more salt if necessary.

Stuffed Tomatoes—Take large, smooth tomatoes; take out a little of the inside at the top, and stuff with a forcemeat made thus: Fry some minced onion in butter, and add some bread-crumbs, some cold chicken chopped very fine, some chopped parsley, and a little stock to moisten, and pepper and salt; mix well; take from the range, add raw yolk of egg, stuff the tomatoes, and bake them in the oven. Broil your chops nicely, butter them hot, and arrange them around a platter with the stuffed tomatoes in the center.

ANIMAL COURTESIES.

BY ALEX. H. JAPP, LL.D., F.R.S.E.



WHAT is courtesy? Voltaire defined it as native kindness, or the beauty of the heart; and another has called it the sweetness of disposition that controls the wish to make those brought near to us feel perfectly at home in our company. It is the very essence of good manners, and the grace of companionship. Do animals show that they

possess this grace? Certainly they do, in far greater measure than would be believed, sometimes seeming even to rise above their generic character in giving expression to it. We may observe at least four degrees of it in those animals which we can observe most closely—the domestic animals :—(1) many pretty self-denials, true courtesies, on the part of one towards another of their own class; (2) remarkable testimonies to it in the case of most oddly-assorted companionships in animals; (3) complete triumph over original dislike, and the establishment of the most affectionate regard between animals by nature inimical to each other, so that native enmity is not only overcome, but the finest feelings are developed and expressed with constant courteous devotion; and (4) courteousness developed into the most constant idea of grateful helpfulness and service towards master and mistress. We will present a few instances of these.

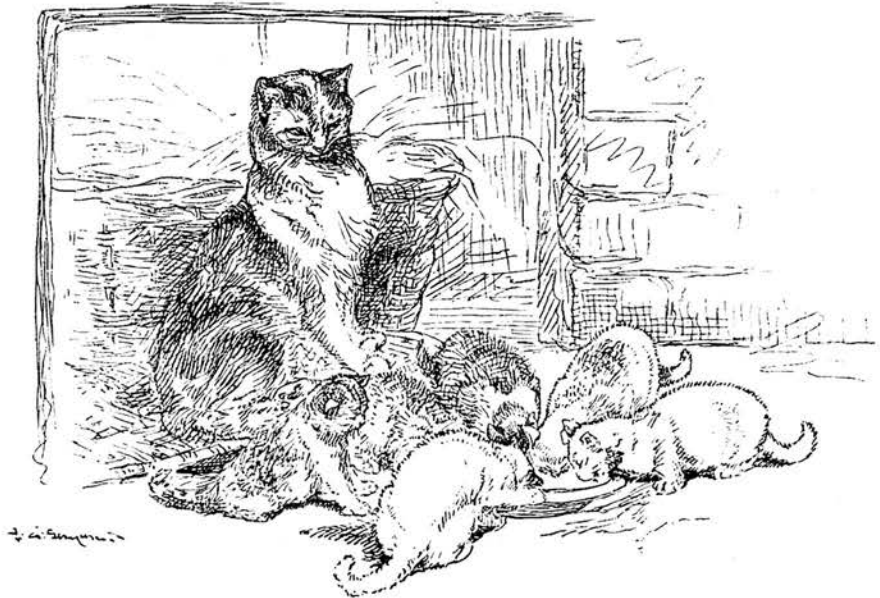
Have you ever noticed a cat with kittens? The cat will not eat till the kittens have been satisfied. I have often looked in wonder at a cat of my acquaintance, which would even retire from the dish if the vessel had been set down and she had commenced to eat in the absence of the kitten. She would retire in favour of the kitten when it came running to assert its claim, and sit quietly by, looking on demurely, till the kitten had had its fill; and then the patience with which she would endure the playful onsets of the kitten on tail and head whilst she was engaged in lapping up the morsels that had been left was truly a fine show of native courtesy. Under annoyance such as few human beings would

have in the circumstances borne with equanimity, she would raise her head and give the kitten a loving lick or two.

Perhaps, however, the most remarkable of all instances of feline courtesy that I have witnessed I saw a short time since at a farm-house in Essex, where there are many cats. Three females had had kittens about the same time; and as the rate of increase was too great even for that cat-supporting farm-house, two of the litters were drowned, and the result was that each of the three mothers became mothers in turn to all the three kittens that were left. The one took up the duty from the other in the most loving manner; and the true mother of the cats—a pretty, pure-black, bright-eyed lady—was particularly careful always to give an affectionate mew and a lick at the head of one or other of the two foster-tabbies as they relinquished their charge to her. It was just as though she said, "It is so kind of you to come and help me in this bit of nursing; for you know it is rather confining, and you know I enjoy a scamper after the young rabbits." And in this it would seem to me that the other two cats agreed; for each of the three has been known to bring tiny rabbits, which all the family shared—mutual courtesies of a sort which human beings do not always succeed in imitating.

These instances are quite matched by others which have been noted and recorded by reliable observers. Here is one, verified by the late Rev. J. G. Wood :—

"A cat in a Swiss cottage had taken poison, and came in a pitiful state of pain to seek its mistress's help. The fever and heat were so great that it dipped its own paws into a pan of water—an almost unheard-of proceeding in a water-hating cat. She wrapped it in wet linen, fed it with gruel, nursed it, and doctored



"THE CAT WILL NOT EAT TILL THE KITTENS HAVE BEEN SATISFIED."

it all the day and night after. It revived, and could not find ways enough to show its gratitude. One evening she had gone upstairs to bed, when a mew at the window roused her. She got up and opened it, and found the cat, which had climbed a pear-tree nailed against the house, with a mouse in its mouth: this it laid as an offering at its mistress's feet, and went away.

"For above a year it continued to bring these tributes to her. Even when it had kittens they were not allowed to touch this reserved share; and if they attempted to eat it, the mother gave them a little tap—'That is not for thee.' After a while, however, the mistress accepted the gift, thanked the giver with a pleased look, and restored the mouse, when the cat



"WOULD OF HER OWN ACCORD CARRY TO HIM A SHARE OF HER DAINTRIES"



"ROUGHY."

permitted her children to take the prey, which had served its purpose in her eyes.

"Here was a refined feeling of grateful courtesy, persevered in for months, quite disinterested, and placed above the natural instincts (always strong in a cat) towards her own offspring."

Mr. Wood caps this with a record of his own cat, "Pret," to this effect:—

"He used to kill the animal in a most curious manner—*i.e.*, by taking it, while quite unhurt, by the tip of the tail, carrying it to the top of the house, and dropping it down the well of the staircase. After repeating the process a few times, he would bring the mouse to me, and, while I stroked and praised it, would keep rubbing himself against me and purring his content. He then took the mouse again, played with it for a while, and then brought it back to me. If the

study-door were closed, and he could not gain admittance, he always left the mouse on the mat, previously having bitten off the animal's head. He had a strange fancy also for putting the mice into my bed; and once, on leaving my room in the early morning, I found no less than nine mice laid in a row just outside the door. Afterwards, when we moved into the country, and he took to catching rats instead of mice, he acted in precisely the same manner, sometimes bringing me three or four rats in a single day.

"Now, in both these cases, the motive is one that would show credit to humanity. There is nothing that cats like so well as a mouse, and yet, just because they thought mice the most precious object in the world, the cats gave their mice to those whom they loved. Affection, self-denial, generosity, and courtesy of the highest kind were exhibited in these actions."

At one time I had a little Scotch terrier whose name was "Roughy"—so called partly because of his rough coat, and partly because of his rough ways towards the cats, whom he ruthlessly hunted and drove off, bounding on the garden-walls to follow them. And this despite his affection for his own cat, whom sometimes he would

even make for, when, instead of running away, she would come forward and rub against him; and it was very funny to see his sudden pull-up when she came close to him thus. He would give her a quick loving dab or kiss, and then the two would come running into the house together abreast,



"FIRST ONE AND THEN THE OTHER"

tails in the air. But "Roughy" at length began to get the worst of it in his encounters with the cats; first a fierce tom managed to put his paw on one of "Roughy's" eyes, so tearing it that he lost the sight of it; and then, through lack of sight in one eye, he unfortunately lost his footing on the wall and fell, and hurt his back. Not daunted, he still persevered in his cat-hunts till his back got so bad that we had to get the vet. to him. All was done that could be done for him, because he was affectionate and most devoted to his own people. He lost his sight altogether before long, and got so ill in the back that he could not venture out. I made a little soft-lined coat for him, to shield the tender parts of his back from contact with rough surfaces, tied with string round his neck, and in front of his hind legs. The cat became, if possible, more friendly to "Roughy" than ever—the weaker he grew the more devoted—and would of her own accord carry to him a share of her dainties.

But another and more remarkable trait was shown. There was a patch on which the sunlight lay very warmly in the breakfast-parlour in the early afternoon, and faithfully the cat, on the appearance of this patch, would go and gently take the front string of "Roughy's" coat in her mouth, and lead him thus from the kitchen to the warm patch of sunlight, where the two would lie together, the cat not ceasing her watchful care of the dog. I myself would not believe in the first reports I heard of this performance, being usually away in the City at the time; but often afterwards—especially on Sunday afternoons—I saw what surely I may call this true act of kindly courtesy of our cat towards "Roughy"; and there was no doubt about it whatever, for many of our friends witnessed and wondered at it. Even for a time after "Roughy" had, with regret, to get a little dose of poison to ease his going, and was buried in the back garden, that cat would go mew-mewing between the breakfast-parlour and kitchen, and sniffing at the spot where "Roughy's" mat used to be, with an air of pained inquiry and sense of loss.

The courtesies of dogs are many. I once had a little Scotch terrier whose delight it was to bring up his master's shoes in the morning, first one and then the other, which he was careful to set near each other, and who was sometimes entrusted to carry up his master's letters, which he would lay down on the floor before him with the prettiest and most courteous looks. This same dog, when his master was engaged in writing late at night, knew that the result of the writing had to be posted, and would go down to the hall and bring up his master's hat, and lay it down on a sofa near him, often a good while before it was wanted. When at length the packet was ready, with what pride little "Dick," packet in mouth, would trot to the post-pillar before his master, and then turn round, and wait till his master came up to take it from him to put it in the slit! Indeed, there is a touch of fine courtesy in all the efforts a dog makes to be serviceable. He says, in effect: "I shall spare no pains to please you, and in pleasing you I gain for myself the highest pleasure in the world. My service to you,

if it meets your approbation, is my reward"; and this is of the very essence of courtesy. Men not seldom fail where the dog succeeds (in their calculated civilities), because they make it too plain that they have ulterior ends.

Among birds many instances of courteous behaviour may be found. The Rev. Edward Spooner, some years ago, gave this very fine illustrative instance of generous courtesy on the part of a cockatoo to other animals. He wrote:—

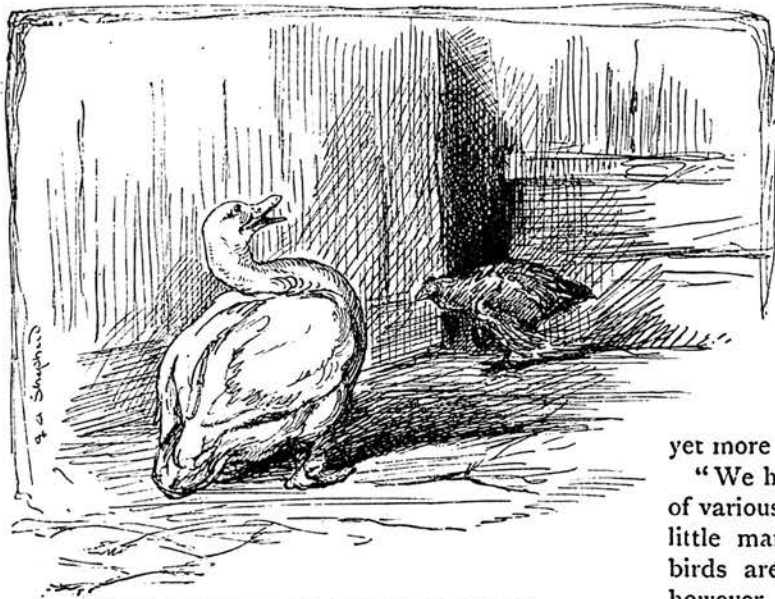
"I have been lately visiting a friend in Staffordshire who owns a large grey cockatoo. 'Poll' is a most communicative bird, and a great friend of the family. On a fine day she generally passes several hours in the back yard, outside her cage; for though unchained, she rarely leaves the house. She is on good terms with all the yard-dogs, the house-cats, and the poultry; but if a strange dog or cat enters the yard, she flies at him at once with a tremendous scream. At night she sleeps in the kitchen, where her usual companions are three cats. One morning the kitchen-maid went downstairs early, and before she entered the kitchen she heard 'Poll' talking loudly. On opening the door, she found 'Poll' seated on the dresser, with a large piece of bread in her claw. Round her, on the floor, were the three cats, and a chicken which had lately taken refuge there. With strict impartiality, the bird was breaking off pieces of bread and dropping them to her pensioners, or favourites, in turn, who received the dole without squabbling and with gratitude, listening all the time to all the words in her vocabulary, which were poured forth in rapid succession."

Ducks are generally held to be somewhat stupid birds; but they certainly are not quarrelsome, and have been found capable of courtesy. Here is one instance, given by Mr. Hawkes, a correspondent of the *Spectator*:—

"The duck is considered a particularly uninteresting and prosaic animal; yet I venture to affirm that in point of intelligence, social kindness, and sagacity he is vastly superior to the barn-door or any other cock and hen. I have kept and closely watched hundreds of ducks: I never saw them fight with each other, nor ever knew a duck the aggressor in a dispute with some other kind of fowl.



"WITH STRICT IMPARTIALITY, THE BIRD WAS BREAKING OFF PIECES OF BREAD."



"SHE PROCEEDED TO THE FOWL-HOUSE."

But I have witnessed striking instances of charity and kindness in ducks. Let one such case suffice. Among some fifty or sixty head of ducks and fowls, I once had a solitary little old bantam hen. She became blind, or nearly so, and, like other birds in that condition, 'sulked,' as it is called—*i.e.*, kept by herself in a dark, retired corner of the fowl-house, knowing instinctively that her cruel and cowardly brethren and sisters would persecute her to death if she appeared amongst them. Here she might, perhaps, have starved, but for the constant and sympathetic attentions of a duck. Twice daily, every day as long as the poor bantam lived—some three weeks—this good Samaritan in the form of a duck was observed to fill her capacious beak with from twenty to thirty grains of barley, with which she proceeded to

the fowl-house, and there deposited her store immediately in front of the bantam. Several members of my family, as well as myself, were frequent witnesses of this beautiful incident."

Those who have kept birds in aviaries, where they have a chance of displaying character in relation to others, have many pretty incidents to report in the way of delicate attentions and courtesies to each other. Here is one from the pen of Bishop Walsham How, which appeared in the *Spectator* of April 19, 1884, and which surely deserves to be

yet more widely circulated:—

"We have a large cage in which there are a number of various birds, among them a cock goldfinch and two little mannikins. These latter little sober-coloured birds are considered very uninteresting. Wishing, however, to provide a mate for the goldfinch, I one evening bought a hen canary, and the next morning turned it into the cage with the others. None of the other birds took the least notice of the new arrival; but the two little mannikins placed themselves side by side by the seed-vessel, and the canary being on a perch above, they fed her in turn with seed, lifting up their little black heads one after the other, and letting her take the seed out of their stumpy white beaks. This appeared to be pure courtesy towards the lady stranger. We have seen no repetition of the act; but one of the mannikins having got wet one day, we watched the canary returning the courtesy by trying to dry its feathers by passing them through her beak."

Surely, after these instances, our readers will admit that we did not claim too much for animals when we said they were, in many instances, capable of the finest courtesy.

A Thanksgiving Song

Come, uncles and cousins, nieces and aunts;
Come nephews and brothers--no *won'ts* and no *can'ts*;
Put business, and shopping, and school-books away;
The year has rolled round--it is Thanksgiving-day.

Come home from the college, ye ringlet-haired youth,
Come home from your factories, Ann, Kate and Ruth;
From the anvil, the counter, the farm, come away;
Home, home with you all--it is Thanksgiving-day.

The table is spread, and the dinner is dressed;
The cooks and the mothers have all done their best;
No Caliph of Baghdad e'er saw such display
Or dreamed of a treat like our Thanksgiving-day.

Pies, puddings, and custards; pigs, oysters, and nuts--
Come forward and seize them, without *ifs* or *buts*;
Bring none of your slim little appetites here--
Thanksgiving day comes only once in a year.

Thrice welcome the day in its annual round!
What treasures of love in its bosom are found!
America's high holiday, ancient and dear--
'T would be twice as welcome, if twice in a year.

Now children revisit the darling old place,
And brother and sister, long parted, embrace;
The family circle's united once more,
And the same voices shout at the old cottage door.

The grandfather smiles on the innocent mirth,
And blesses the Power that has guarded his hearth;
He remembers no trouble, he feels no decay,
But thinks his whole life has been Thanksgiving-day.

Then praise for the past and the present we sing,
And, trustful, await what the future may bring;
Let doubt and repining be banished away,
And the whole of our lives *be* a Thanksgiving-day.

Remarkable Accidents.

BY JAMES SCOTT.



NOTWITHSTANDING the ever-present possibility of meeting with some severe accident, the probability is remote when considering the number of mishaps as compared to the number of persons exposed to them, yet it is hardly too much to say that we live amidst a perpetual plague of accidents, to which all individuals are equally exposed.

My purpose now is to deal with a few of the accidents which have been characterized by some peculiarity or coincidence. Such happenings are of very frequent occurrence, and have sometimes been so strange in their effect as to induce the belief that, were the fictionist to purloin the fact, and palm it off as the work of his imagination, the reading public would accept it in a spirit of disgust, and demand something more probable. Fact has ever been, and doubtless will continue to prove itself to be, more strange than fiction. What, for instance, could be more astounding than the accident depicted on page 350 in Vol. III. of "The Picture Magazine," which explains that a boiler full of hot water, being conveyed in a cart in France, exploded, and after flying completely over a block of houses, fell into a distant street? That publication also contains pictures of other strange accidents, and I here refer to them merely to emphasize the fact that remarkable accidents are by no means rare, comparatively speaking.

In Hoxton, recently, a boiler explosion occurred whilst the workmen were engaged at dinner, and an ill-fated man was blown some distance away from the spot where he had been quietly reading his daily paper, into an empty tank; wherein afterwards, to all appearance, he remained in the same posture, apparently reading his paper, but really, as the dreadful stare in his eyes revealed, dead!

Occasionally some peculiar form of accident has a less severe termination, as is evidenced by the case of a man, running over a level crossing on one of our railway lines, whose foot

was inadvertently imprisoned between one of the metals and the ground, just as an approaching train was upon him. With enviable presence of mind, upon becoming aware that it was impossible to withdraw his foot from its awful position, he ripped his boot open with a pocket-knife, and thus escaped a terrible death.

The illustrations which I have drawn here to assist my forthcoming remarks deal with a very few of the recorded curious mischances which have happened. In only few of the cases that I quote was the effect a fatal one.

In the north of London, a short time ago, the passengers of a tram-car received a shock when, with a terrific smashing of glass, the head of an unfortunate horse appeared within the vehicle. A careless carter, who was driving his van along one of the narrow by-streets of City Road, was forcing the horse onward so quickly that it was impossible for him to pull up in time to avoid a collision with a passing tram-car. The poor animal would have suffered acutely enough by the mere breaking of the glass, but when it is remembered that the car was



FIG. 1.—A HORSE IN THE WRONG PLACE.



FIG. 2.—THE CASE OF THE OLD STALL-KEEPER.

travelling, it will be understood that the gashing of the animal's neck was an additional severity. The fright caused to the passengers was an insignificant matter as compared to the injury undergone by the horse, which, I believe, it was deemed advisable to slaughter, on account of the impossibility of rendering surgical aid (Fig. 1).

My second illustration depicts the result of a curious accident which occurred in a suburb of London. An old female stall-keeper, who sat at the head of her barrow-load of wares, was ignorant of the conflagration roaring beneath her humble vehicle, until awakened in a fright by the commotion of some passers-by, but for whose timely assistance her loss might have been a serious one. In order to imitate as far as possible the comforts enjoyed by the more favoured people who were indoors, she had in front of her

a can containing a small fire. The night being windy, several pieces of paper were soaring promiscuously in all directions, and, suddenly, one piece passed through the flame of the fire and was blown beneath the barrow, where it quickly ignited a sack of coke, which the thoughtful yet drowsy dame had provided for herself. Little damage was done, however; but the accident proves that nowhere can we be free from the playful treachery of that useful element called fire (Fig. 2).

A case in which fire was greatly assisted by its natural enemy, water, is illustrated in Fig. 3. Garrets at no time constitute serviceable bedrooms, and are eminently unfitted for human occupancy when the roofs are in bad condition, and rain is admitted. The gentleman who preferred to suspend a basin near the ceiling of his room, in order to

catch the drops of water which penetrated his abode, no doubt considered that he was acting in a way whereby he would be relieved of the jarring effect produced by water dripping into a receptacle placed upon the floor; but he also, subsequently, repented of his



FIG. 3.—THE BASIN AND THE NIGHT-LIGHT.

ingenuity. Being careless, or not particularly industrious, he must have failed to empty the basin at a proper time, for as a result of its increasing weight, combined with the decaying of the supporting strings, caused by the dampness, one of those strings snapped, and the contents of the basin were precipitated into a plate standing upon an adjacent chest of drawers. Now, it curiously happened that the plate contained a night-light, which illuminant, as all readers must certainly know, is, as a rule, partly immersed in some water which has been poured into the plate or saucer. The consequence was, contrary to what one would have supposed, that the water which was discharged from the suspended basin caused that in the plate to overflow and carry on its surface the night-light, which rapidly overturned on to some inflammable material, igniting it as shown.

A disastrous termination was averted by the waking of the man, who had slept; the return to consciousness being occasioned, no doubt, by the noise and the excessive flare.

In a certain part of the outskirts of Birmingham is a long lane, flanked by a wall surrounding a churchyard, which is reported in the neighbourhood to be visited by the visible spirits of the departed. As may be expected, this thoroughfare is shunned as much as possible after nightfall by the ladies, both young and old, of the neighbourhood. Occasionally, however, necessity demanded the passage of some belated females who had been visiting the adjacent town; and on the particular night to which I am referring, two women, who were walking very quietly down the lane and conversing in very subdued tones, and, perhaps, also trembling in anticipation of meeting the chief ghost, who strolled abroad at that particular hour, received as sudden and effective a fright as the most bitterly-inclined person could desire to befall a dreaded enemy. With scarcely a sound, a huge leg and foot dumped on to the head of one of the pair of women, and trod firmly upon her, causing her and her companion to shriek and flee in terror. It is safe to say that the "ghost" experienced as great a surprise as did the victims of his unpremeditated alarm, for it was subsequently revealed

that the "ghost" was merely the grave-digger leaving a dismal job upon which circumstances had necessitated his presence at a late hour, and that, either because the gate was barred against him or he chose to leave by a near cut, he was climbing over the wall with the object of returning homewards. He is shown to the reader in Fig. 4, in much bolder form and more detail than he appeared to the frightened females.

Beyond some bruises, and a severe nervous shock, the chief victim of this peculiar accident sustained no injury.

The truly remarkable mishap which is the subject of my fifth illustration is one of which several versions are extant, and I cannot accept any responsibility as regards its exact



FIG. 4.—A SUBSTANTIAL GHOST.

truth in connection with narrating here the most popular form of the story. But the manner of the accident is in itself so interesting as to merit a permanent place here. The story runs that a man was found lying dead upon a couch, his life having been destroyed by a bullet discharged from a gun lying near. The circumstances of the matter positively proved that the case could not have been one of suicide, and, therefore, the only alternative which could be reasonably suggested was that he had been murdered. An acquaintance was charged with the crime, but absolute proof of guilt was not forthcoming. One of the parties engaged in the case was so far



FIG. 5.—THE SUN AND THE GUN.

interested in the peculiar facts of the death, as to seek a different solution to the affair to that accepted by popular belief. The result of his observation and deduction was very curious. The rays of the sun had streamed in at the window of the apartment in which the man had encountered his end; and had been concentrated direct upon the explosive chamber of the gun, by which means sufficient heat had been engendered to warm the cap and powder, and cause a discharge. The gun having been quite inadvertently placed in such a way as to point to the unfortunate man, he received the bullet while he lay placidly sleeping, no doubt meeting with instant death.

Schoolboys are fond of torturing themselves by concentrating the sun's rays on to the backs of their hands, through the medium of a small lens, which produces a small, brilliant spot of light, sufficiently strong to severely burn the skin after a few moments' duration. One can therefore believe that in such a case as that described, a lens of increased strength would cause so remarkable an accident. We have seen it stated in other versions of this story, which, however, is in its

main facts undoubtedly true, that the lens was formed either by a spherical water-bottle, or by a "bull's-eye" in the window, that being the name given to the large, dropsical swellings seen in some old windows of which the panes are made of bottle-glass.

Fig. 6 points forcibly to the necessity of paying proper consideration to the state of flooring in our workshops, where the same extent of attention that is usually allotted to the home by those who control it is discarded. Flooring becomes rotten far quicker in rooms devoted to labour, on account of the continued exposure of uncovered and ill-kept boards, and in many cases becomes absolutely dangerous to the limbs of those who tramp upon it. Witness the effect illustrated. An enterprising knife-grinder availed himself of the existence of machinery in a house



FIG. 6.—AN UNFORTUNATE LEG.

situated in his neighbourhood, and had a belt connected with the gearing in an upper room, wherewith to drive his limited set of wheels in the apartment below. There was no space (as is customary in dwelling-houses) between the ceiling of the room he occupied and the floor above: in fact, one set of boards actually served the purpose of both. The decayed condition of the flooring was responsible for the accident under reference, and one night the grinder was astonished to hear a crash above him, and immediately afterwards observe the leg of a workman protrude into his shop. In its descent the leg had been stripped of its trouser covering, which was retained at the edge of the hole made by the foot. Its owner, as soon as he felt the touch of the fast-travelling belt, naturally kicked the leg about in order to effect a withdrawal; but before that desirable end could be accomplished, he was mortified at feeling it seized by the belt, which, as a result of the excited movements of the foot, entwined the ankle, and was drawn so tightly as to threaten to pull the member from its socket. Happily, the knife-grinder retained sufficient presence of mind to quickly detach the belt from his wheels, and to release the foot before anything more serious than a rather severe sprain had ensued.

An accident which was more amusing than painful happened when a mischievous boy—a very common product—climbed over into one of the many “squares” dotted about London, and who, after having satisfied his curiosity, endeavoured to beat a retreat by squeezing through the iron railings. He managed to get his intelligent head through (Fig. 7), but was quite unable to create sufficient elasticity in the metal bars whereby to enable the remainder of his precious

person to effect a passage. Deeming, too late, that discretion was indeed the better part of valour, he sought to withdraw his upper anatomy, but in this he also failed. His ears had smoothly passed the bars in the first instance, but quite refused to repeat the performance, so the poor boy became alarmed, and struggled frantically, doubtless so irritating the ears and the adjacent flesh as to cause inflammation of the parts. At any rate, all his efforts bore futile results, and rescuers had to come to his aid. The railings must

have been very inflexible, for, notwithstanding the willing exertions of strong arms induced by sympathy, they failed to release their prisoner. In the end it was found absolutely necessary to dig one of the offending bars from its bed, and thus provide plenty of space for making the release.

Fig. 8 represents a mishap which was caused by a quantity of snow falling from a roof, and being chiefly deposited upon the tray of a muffin and crumpet seller, who chanced to be walking past the shop at the time. The sudden weight upon the tray caused it to upset, and, naturally, at that precise moment

the man paused momentarily; and, simultaneously, a collision occurred between him and a gentleman coming behind him, whose progress it was impossible to stop in time to prevent the curious accident. The rising end of the crumpet tray encountered the front portion of the gentleman's umbrella, which was immediately snapped from his hands; whereupon the force which had effected the severance was still sufficiently strong to thrust the umbrella handle into contact with the crumpet-seller's head, bruising it to a considerable extent. The gentleman's share of the matter consisted of a severe scratching about the head and neck,



FIG. 7.—THE PENALTY OF MISCHIEF.



FIG 8.—WHAT A FALL OF SNOW DID.

provided by the ribs of his rebellious "gamp." During our late unusually severe winter a huge icicle fell from the roof of a house, and with amazing effect pierced the hat of a passer-by and penetrated the man's skull, causing death.

Of a similar character was the case of a woman who, whilst proceeding along a street carrying an open umbrella, was fatally injured by one of the ribs of her umbrella penetrating one of her eyes, after having been broken by the fall of a mass of snow from the roof of a house whereby she was passing.

Accident number nine was less serious than might have been expected under the circumstances. A slater was engaged upon the repairs necessary to the roof of a cottage, and had placed his small pail of material on the top of a chimney-pot, to which convenient position he had been tempted to allot it on account of the absence of any smoke proceeding therefrom, he naturally deducing that the absence of smoke revealed the fact that the fire-grate below was not in use, and that, therefore, he would not incommode anyone by

choking the chimney. But he acted really unwisely, for the ever-useful sweep was expected, and, of course, in view of his visit no fire had been lighted in that particular grate. Quite without warning, the black one's broom protruded from the dark cavity of the chimney and dislodged the blockading pail, which fell on to the man's arm, cutting it rather severely, and careered down the sloping roof, from which it eventually tumbled into the yard of the premises. The sweep, doubtless, wondered what on earth obstructed the proper passage of his familiar broom; but he was not long in being acquainted of the fact (Fig. 9).

Had the bucket fallen a few inches to one side the man would have been stunned, and thus being unable to control himself, would have lost his

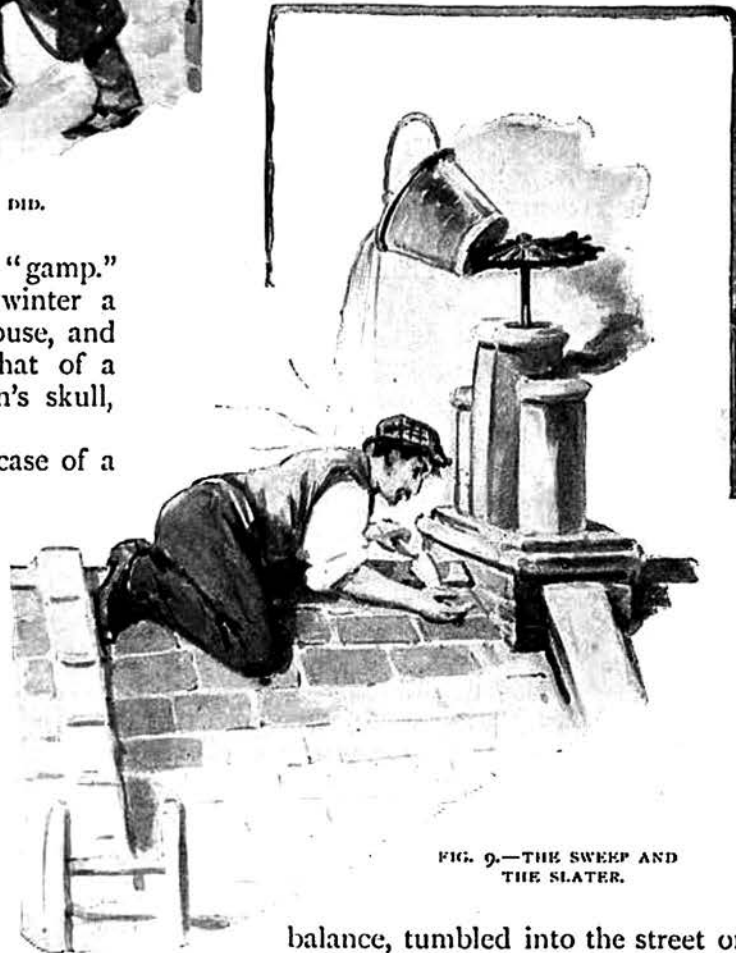


FIG. 9.—THE SWEEP AND THE SLATER.

balance, tumbled into the street or yard, and probably have been killed.

It is to be hoped that the narration of these few peculiar accidents has not created any feeling of timidity; for surely it would be far better to go through life not fearing chance occurrences, but with sufficient precaution to avoid them.

THE DISCOURAGER OF HESITANCY.

A CONTINUATION OF "THE LADY, OR THE TIGER?"

IT was nearly a year after the occurrence of that event in the arena of the semi-barbaric King known as the incident of the lady or the tiger* that there came to the palace of this monarch a deputation of five strangers from a far country. These men, of venerable and dignified aspect and demeanor, were received by a high officer of the court, and to him they made known their errand.

"Most noble officer," said the speaker of the deputation, "it so happened that one of our countrymen was present here, in your capital city, on that momentous occasion when a young man who had dared to aspire to the hand of your King's daughter had been placed in the arena, in the midst of the assembled multitude, and ordered to open one of two doors, not knowing whether a ferocious tiger would spring out upon him, or a beauteous lady would advance, ready to become his bride. Our fellow-citizen who was then present was a man of super-sensitive feelings, and at the moment when the youth was about to open the door he was so fearful lest he should behold a horrible spectacle, that his nerves failed him, and he fled precipitately from the arena, and mounting his camel rode homeward as fast as he could go.

"We were all very much interested in the story which our countryman told us, and we were extremely sorry that he did not wait to see the end of the affair. We hoped, however, that in a few weeks some traveler from your city would come among us and bring us further news; but up to the day when we left our country, no such traveler had arrived. At last it was determined that the only thing to be done was to send a deputation to this country, and to ask the question: 'Which came out of the open door, the lady, or the tiger?'"

When the high officer had heard the mission of this most respectable deputation, he led the five strangers into an inner room, where they were seated upon soft cushions, and where he ordered coffee, pipes, sherbet, and other semi-barbaric refreshments to be served to them. Then, taking his seat before them, he thus addressed the visitors:

"Most noble strangers, before answering the question you have come so far to ask, I will relate to you an incident which occurred not very long after that to which you have referred. It is well known in all regions

hereabouts that our great King is very fond of the presence of beautiful women about his court. All the ladies-in-waiting upon the Queen and Royal Family are most lovely maidens, brought here from every part of the kingdom. The fame of this concourse of beauty, unequaled in any other royal court, has spread far and wide; and had it not been for the equally wide-spread fame of the systems of impetuous justice adopted by our King, many foreigners would doubtless have visited our court.

"But not very long ago there arrived here from a distant land a prince of distinguished appearance and undoubted rank. To such an one, of course, a royal audience was granted, and our King met him very graciously, and begged him to make known the object of his visit. Thereupon the Prince informed his Royal Highness that, having heard of the superior beauty of the ladies of his court, he had come to ask permission to make one of them his wife.

"When our King heard this bold announcement, his face reddened, he turned uneasily on his throne, and we were all in dread lest some quick words of furious condemnation should leap from out his quivering lips. But by a mighty effort he controlled himself; and after a moment's silence he turned to the Prince, and said: 'Your request is granted. To-morrow at noon you shall wed one of the fairest damsels of our court.' Then turning to his officers, he said: 'Give orders that everything be prepared for a wedding in this palace at high noon to-morrow. Convey this royal Prince to suitable apartments. Send to him tailors, boot-makers, hatters, jewelers, armorers; men of every craft, whose services he may need. Whatever he asks, provide. And let all be ready for the ceremony to-morrow.'

"'But, your Majesty,' exclaimed the Prince, 'before we make these preparations, I would like ——'

"'Say no more!' roared the King. 'My royal orders have been given, and nothing more is needed to be said. You asked a boon; I granted it; and I will hear no more on the subject. Farewell, my Prince, until to-morrow noon.'

"At this the King arose, and left the audience chamber, while the Prince was hurried away to the apartments selected for him. And here came to him tailors, hatters, jewelers, and every one who was needed to fit

* If you haven't read this classic story, stop now, and go to

<http://www.eastoftheweb.com/short-stories/UBooks/LadyTige.shtml> - you don't want to miss it!

him out in grand attire for the wedding. But the mind of the Prince was much troubled and perplexed.

“‘I do not understand,’ he said to his attendants, ‘this precipitancy of action. When am I to see the ladies, that I may choose among them? I wish opportunity, not only to gaze upon their forms and faces, but to become acquainted with their relative intellectual development.’

“‘We can tell you nothing,’ was the answer. ‘What our King thinks right, that will he do. And more than this we know not.’

“‘His Majesty’s notions seem to be very peculiar,’ said the Prince, ‘and, so far as I can see, they do not at all agree with mine.’

“At that moment an attendant whom the Prince had not noticed before came and stood beside him. This was a broad-shouldered man of cheery aspect, who carried, its hilt in his right hand, and its broad back resting on his broad arm, an enormous scimeter, the upturned edge of which was keen and bright as any razor. Holding this formidable weapon as tenderly as though it had been a sleeping infant, this man drew closer to the Prince and bowed.

“‘Who are you?’ exclaimed his Highness, starting back at the sight of the frightful weapon.

“‘I,’ said the other, with a courteous smile, ‘am the Discourager of Hesitancy. When our King makes known his wishes to any one, a subject or visitor, whose disposition in some little points may be supposed not to wholly coincide with that of his Majesty, I am appointed to attend him closely, that, should he think of pausing in the path of obedience to the royal will, he may look at me, and proceed.’

“The Prince looked at him, and proceeded to be measured for a coat.

“The tailors and shoemakers and hatters worked all night; and the next morning, when everything was ready, and the hour of noon was drawing nigh, the Prince again anxiously inquired of his attendants when he might expect to be introduced to the ladies.

“‘The King will attend to that,’ they said. ‘We know nothing of the matter.’

“‘Your Highness,’ said the Discourager of Hesitancy, approaching with a courtly bow, ‘will observe the excellent quality of this edge.’ And drawing a hair from his head, he dropped it upon the upturned edge of his scimeter, upon which it was cut in two at the moment of touching.

“The Prince glanced and turned upon his heel.

“Now came officers to conduct him to the grand hall of the palace, in which the cere-

mony was to be performed. Here the Prince found the King seated on the throne, with his nobles, his courtiers, and his officers standing about him in magnificent array. The Prince was led to a position in front of the King, to whom he made obeisance, and then said:

“‘Your Majesty, before I proceed further—’

“At this moment an attendant, who had approached with a long scarf of delicate silk, wound it about the lower part of the Prince’s face so quickly and adroitly that he was obliged to cease speaking. Then, with wonderful dexterity, the rest of the scarf was wound around the Prince’s head, so that he was completely blindfolded. Thereupon the attendant quickly made openings in the scarf over the mouth and ears, so that the Prince might breathe and hear; and fastening the ends of the scarf securely, he retired.

“The first impulse of the Prince was to snatch the silken folds from his head and face; but as he raised his hands to do so, he heard beside him the voice of the Discourager of Hesitancy, who gently whispered: ‘I am here, your Highness.’ And, with a shudder, the arms of the Prince fell down by his side.

“Now before him he heard the voice of a priest, who had begun the marriage service in use in that semi-barbaric country. At his side he could hear a delicate rustle, which seemed to proceed from fabrics of soft silk. Gently putting forth his hand, he felt folds of such silk close beside him. Then came the voice of the priest requesting him to take the hand of the lady by his side; and reaching forth his right hand, the Prince received within it another hand so small, so soft, so delicately fashioned, and so delightful to the touch, that a thrill went through his being. Then, as was the custom of the country, the priest first asked the lady would she have this man to be her husband. To which the answer gently came in the sweetest voice he ever heard: ‘I will.’

“Then ran raptures rampant through the Prince’s blood. The touch, the tone, enchanted him. All the ladies of that court were beautiful; the Discourager was behind him; and through his parted scarf he boldly answered: ‘Yes, I will.’

“Whereupon the priest pronounced them man and wife.

“Now the Prince heard a little bustle about him; the long scarf was rapidly unrolled from his head; and he turned, with a start, to gaze upon his bride. To his utter amazement, there was no one there. He stood alone. Unable on the instant to ask a question or say a word, he gazed blankly about him.

“Then the King arose from his throne, and came down, and took him by the hand.

“‘Where is my wife?’ gasped the Prince.

“‘She is here,’ said the King, leading him to a curtained doorway at the side of the hall.

“The curtains were drawn aside, and the Prince, entering, found himself in a long apartment, near the opposite wall of which stood a line of forty ladies, all dressed in rich attire, and each one apparently more beautiful than the rest.

“Waving his hand towards the line, the King said to the Prince: ‘There is your bride! Approach, and lead her forth! But, remember this: that if you attempt to take away one of the unmarried damsels of our court, your execution shall be instantaneous. Now, delay no longer. Step up and take your bride.’

“The Prince, as in a dream, walked slowly along the line of ladies, and then walked slowly back again. Nothing could he see about any one of them to indicate that she was more of a bride than the others. Their dresses were all similar; they all blushed; they all looked up, and then looked down. They all had charming little hands. Not one spoke a word. Not one lifted a finger to make a sign. It was evident that the orders given them had been very strict.

“‘Why this delay?’ roared the King. ‘If I had been married this day to one so fair as the lady who wedded you, I should not wait one second to claim her.’

“The bewildered Prince walked again up and down the line. And this time there was a slight change in the countenances of two of the ladies. One of them among the fairest gently smiled as he passed her. Another, just as beautiful, slightly frowned.

“‘Now,’ said the Prince to himself, ‘I am sure that it is one of those two ladies whom I have married. But which? One smiled. And would not any woman smile when she saw, in such a case, her husband coming towards her? But, then, were she not his bride, would

she not smile with satisfaction to think he had not selected her, and that she had not led him to an untimely doom? But then, on the other hand, would not any woman frown when she saw her husband come towards her and fail to claim her? Would she not knit her lovely brows? And would she not inwardly say, ‘It is I! Don’t you know it? Don’t you feel it? Come!’ But if this woman had not been married, would she not frown when she saw the man looking at her? Would she not say to herself, ‘Don’t stop at me! It is the next but one. It is two ladies above. Go on!’ And then again, the one who married me did not see my face. Would she not smile if she thought me comely? While if I wedded the one who frowned, could she restrain her disapprobation if she did not like me? Smiles invite the approach of true love. A frown is a reproach to a tardy advance. A smile——’

“‘Now, hear me!’ loud cried the King. ‘In ten seconds, if you do not take the lady we have given you, she, who has just been made your bride, shall be your widow.’

“And, as the last word was uttered, the Discourager of Hesitancy stepped close behind the Prince, and whispered: ‘I am here!’

“Now the Prince could not hesitate an instant; and he stepped forward and took one of the two ladies by the hand.

“Loud rang the bells; loud cheered the people; and the King came forward to congratulate the Prince. He had taken his lawful bride.

“Now, then,” said the high officer to the deputation of five strangers from a far country, “when you can decide among yourselves which lady the Prince chose, the one who smiled or the one who frowned, then will I tell you which came out of the opened door, the lady or the tiger!”

At the latest accounts the five strangers had not yet decided.

Frank R. Stockton.



RECIPES FOR THE MONTH.

Gravy for Wild-fowl.—To one wine-glassful of port wine add a tablespoonful each of walnut ketchup, mushroom ketchup and lemon-juice, one shallot sliced (or a little of the essence), a small piece of lemon peel and a blade of mace. These should all be scalded, strained, and added to the gravy that comes from the fowl in roasting. The breast of the fowl should be scored in three or four places and the gravy poured boiling hot over it before it is sent to the table.

* * *

Patti Veal.—Take a knuckle of veal, cover it with water, and boil it two hours; take out the meat, and chop it coarsely; strain the liquor, and season it with salt, pepper, and sage; pour it over the meat, and let it cool in a jelly.

* * *

Soles with Cream Sauce.—Skin, wash, and fillet two soles, and divide each fillet into two pieces; lay them in cold salt-and-water, which bring gradually to a boil. When the water boils, take out the fish, lay it in a delicately-clean stewpan, and cover it with cream. Add the seasoning, simmer very gently for ten minutes, and, just before serving, put in the juice of half a lemon, flavour with salt, cayenne, and pounded mace.

* * *

Pigeon Pie.—Take six young pigeons; after they are drawn, trussed, and singed, stuff them with the chopped livers, mixed with parsley, salt, pepper, and a small piece of butter. Cover the bottom of the dish with rather small pieces of beef; on the beef lay a thin layer of chopped parsley and mushrooms; season with pepper and salt. Over this place the pigeons, between each put the yolk of a hard-boiled egg. Add some brown sauce or gravy. Cover with puff-paste, and bake the pie for an hour and a half.

* * *

Browning for Gravy.—Put four ounces of sugar in a small frying- or saucepan, set it over a clear fire, add a little butter, mix it well with sugar, when it begins to get frothy hold it higher over the fire. When of a deep brown colour pour in a pint of red wine by degrees, stir it well and add some pepper, cloves, eschalots, mace, catsup, a little salt, the rind of a lemon. Boil slowly for ten minutes, then pour it into a basin, when cold skim and bottle for use.

* * *

Vanilla Ice Cream.—Pound a stick of vanilla (or sufficient to flavour it to palate) in a mortar with half-a-pound of sugar; strain through a sieve upon the yolks of two eggs, put it into a stewpan with half-a-pint of milk, simmer over a slow fire, stirring all the time, the same as custard; when cool, add one pint of cream and the juice of one lemon, freeze.

* * *

Iceland Moss Jelly.—One handful of moss, well washed; one quart of boiling water, the juice of two lemons, one glass of wine, a quarter of a teaspoonful of cinnamon; stir the moss (after soaking it an hour in a little cold water) into the boiling water, and simmer until it is dissolved; sweeten, flavour, and strain into moulds. Good for colds, and very nourishing.

Fricassee of Parsnips.—Boil in milk till they are soft, then cut them lengthwise into bits two or three inches long, and simmer in a white sauce, made of two spoonfuls of broth, a bit of mace, half a cupful of cream, a bit of butter, and some flour, pepper, and salt.

* * *

Veal Cheese.—Take a shoulder of veal, take out the bone, cut it into small pieces, with just water enough to cover it; stew until tender, take out all the pieces of gristle, mince it fine and return to the liquor it was boiled in. Then add one pound of cold boiled pork, chopped fine, one tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful each of pepper, some sweet herbs, and two well-beaten eggs; put all into an earthen dish with a plate on the top, and bake one hour. To be eaten cold.

* * *

Salad Sauce.—Pound in a mortar the hard-boiled yolk of an egg, mix with it a saltspoonful of mustard, a mashed mealy potato, two dessertspoonfuls each of cream and olive-oil, and a teaspoonful of good vinegar.

* * *

Potato Chips.—Wash and pare off the skins of two or three or more large potatoes, and when you have done this go on paring them, cutting them as thin and as evenly as possible in ribbons nearly an inch wide; throw these into boiling fat, let them take a nice colour, drain them well before the fire, and serve immediately (or they lose their crispness), piled high on a napkin.

* * *

Chicken and Ham Pie.—Cut two chickens into joints, season them with salt, pepper, and cayenne, a little powdered mace, and a tablespoonful of chopped mushrooms; then make balls of forcemeat and the hard-boiled yolks of eggs, and lay them in the dish between the joints of chicken with a few slices of lean ham in between, and add a little water with a mushroom boiled in it; cover with puff-paste, and bake.

* * *

Celery Sauce.—Cut up a large bunch of celery into small pieces, use also that which is blanched. Put it into a pint of water and boil until it is tender, then add a teaspoonful of flour and a lump of butter the size of an egg; mix well together, season with salt and pepper, and stir constantly until taken from the fire. It is very nice with boiled poultry.

* * *

Salmon Croquettes.—Carefully pick out the flesh of some remnants of boiled salmon, and mince it finely. Melt a piece of butter in a saucepan, add the smallest quantity of flour and some hot milk. Stir on the fire a minute or so, then add pepper, salt, and a little grated nutmeg, some minced parsley, and lastly the fish; shake it well, and as soon as the fish is hot take the saucepan off the fire, and stir in the yolk of an egg beaten up with the juice of half a lemon. Now spread out the mixture on a plate to get cold, when cold divide it in tablespoonfuls, and fashion them with bread-crumbs into the shape of balls; roll these in beaten-up egg, bread-crumbs them well, and after the lapse of about an hour, fry in very hot lard, serving with fried parsley.

Fiquante Sauce for Salads.—Two hard-boiled yolks and two raw ditto, mashed smooth, together with a tablespoonful each of cream and salad oil. Add sufficient vinegar to make it pretty sharp.

* * *

Rice Cakes.—Half a pound of ground rice, half a pound of flour, half a pound of soft sugar, eight eggs, a little grated lemon or nutmeg, half a pound of butter melted, and when cool pour into the above; two ounces of candied peel, bake in a flat tin, and cut into squares when wanted for use.

* * *

Rock Cakes.—One pound of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, half an ounce of sweet almonds, four eggs, the butter to be rubbed into the flour; then add the sugar and wet with the eggs. Bake twenty minutes in small tins.

* * *

Plain Lunch Cake.—One pound and a half of flour, six ounces of butter, six ounces of currants, six ounces of sugar, some citron; beat the butter to a cream, half a cup of sour cream and half of butter-milk. Bake an hour and a half in a quick oven.

* * *

Sweet Soda Cake.—Half a pound of flour, two ounces of sugar, two ounces of currants, two ounces of butter, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, a little buttermilk (and spice if you wish). Mix it lightly, and bake in a moderate oven until done.

* * *

Spice Cake.—Two pounds of flour, one pound of sugar, three quarters of a pound of butter, one ounce and a half of ground ginger, quarter of an ounce of ground cloves, a little grated nutmeg, two drachms of soda, the same of tartaric acid, some citron; all these to be well mixed with the flour, then wet with one pound and a half of treacle, in which put some browning and a glass of lemon-whiskey.

If not wet enough, add a little milk or an egg or two well-beaten. Bake in a moderate oven two hours, or less if required.

* * *

Baking Powder.—Rub two ounces of carbonate of soda, two ounces of tartaric acid, two ounces of flour of rice through a hair sieve. Put in a bottle and cork well.

* * *

A subscriber sends the following recipe for a sort of cake-biscuit, which she has only met with in the West of England, and which is always spoken of as Easter cakes, and are met with in pastry-cooks' shops before and after Easter:—

Recipe for Easter Cakes.—Half a pound of flour; six ounces of butter; two ounces of sugar; two ounces of currants; a small quantity of carbonate of soda, and half of a beaten egg. Rub in the butter and work all the ingredients together; roll out very thin, cut into shapes with a cutter, place on a greased tin and bake in a brisk oven.

Odds and Ends.

THERE is a pretty legend as to the origin of tea-drinking. The story goes that one of the daughters of an Eastern sovereign was greatly enamoured of one of the young noblemen of her father's court. One day her lover, without the knowledge of her attendants presented her with a few green branches, one of which she carefully kept, and on reaching her apartments placed it in a goblet of water. Some time afterwards, whilst fondly thinking of the young nobleman, she was seized with a sentimental attack, and impulsively drank the water in which the green twig had been standing. The water to her surprise had a most agreeable taste, whereupon she ate the leaves and stalk. The flavour pleased the princess so much that every day she had bunches of this tea tree brought to her, which she ate, or put in water and drank the infusion in memory of her lover. The ladies of the court seeing her appreciation of the new drink imitated her example, and with such pleasing results that the practice soon spread and speedily became universal.

THE figure 9, which came into the calendar on January 1st, 1889, will stay with us 111 years from that date, or until December 31st, 1999. No other figure has had such a long consecutive run in the centuries, and the figure 9 itself has only once before been in the date of every year for over a century, and that was on January 1st, 889, to December 31st, 999. The figures 3 and 7 occasionally fall into odd combinations, but neither of them has ever yet served for a longer period than 100 consecutive years in our calendar, since the present manner of calculating time was established. It is also clear that from their relative position amongst the numerals, it is an impossibility for either of them to appear in date-reckonings continuously for a longer period than a century.

"If I knew the box where the smiles are kept,
No matter how large the key
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard
'Twould open, I know, for me.
Then over the land and sea broadcast
I'd scatter the smiles to play,
That the children's faces might hold them
fast
For many and many a day.
"If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would gather them, every one,
From nursery, school, and street.
Then folding and holding, I'd pack them in,
And turn the monster key;
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
To the depths of the deep, deep sea."

SOME of the furniture belonging to Marie Antoinette has just been bought by the Museum of Decorative Art at Berlin. The furniture, which consists of three arm-chairs, a sofa, and an ordinary chair, has passed through several hands since it was sold, together with the rest of the contents of Versailles at the time of the French Revolution, and is still covered with the superb silk originally made for them at Lyons. The woodwork is beautifully carved, and is the work of Georges Jacob, a famous wood-carver of the period. Under each chair is a metal plate, upon which is inscribed "Boudoir de la Reine."

AN amusing story is told by a passenger on a railway accident. Seeing a fellow-traveller, an old gentleman, anxiously looking amongst the wreckage with a lantern, the passenger thought that he was looking for his wife, and offered to assist him in his search, asking in most sympathetic tones—"What part of the train was she in?" The old man raised his lantern, and glaring at the kindly disposed passenger, cried out indignantly: "She, sir! She! I am looking for my teeth."

THERE is no expression in the English language which is applied more incorrectly than the saying, "The exception proves the rule." It is generally used to imply that the validity of some rule or other is strengthened rather than weakened by the existence of an exception. It would be difficult to imagine anything sillier or more contrary to common sense. The phrase is really a literal but somewhat incorrect translation of an old Latin grammarian's dictum, "Exceptio probat regulam." "Probat" may be translated "proves" in the old sense of "tests," but not in the more modern sense in which the expression is used of "demonstrates." The real meaning is, "The exception tests the rule," that is to say, if the exception is found to be too strong, the rule breaks down under it, and ceases to be a rule at all.

THERE seems to be no limit to the powers of art in replacing nature. It is said that a well-known London hair-dresser has discovered a new way of fixing eyelashes and eyebrows in place of the method of painting them on the skin when they are non-existent. The operation is extremely difficult and as painful, so painful in fact that it is a marvel that anyone will submit to the process. The hair-dresser takes a hair of the lady's head—he says most of those who come to him to be supplied with eyelashes and eyebrows are ladies—or if she prefers hair of some other colour he chooses any she pleases. Then he threads a very fine needle with the hair, runs it along inside the skin of the eyelid or eyebrow, sewing in sailmaker's fashion, but leaving the loops sufficiently long to enable him to cut them afterwards so that they will form a range of fringe and look perfectly natural. With the eyebrow it may be a comparatively harmless operation, but the eyelid by its juxtaposition to the eye must be a very different matter.

IT is a remarkable fact that the majority of great navigators, whose exploration of unknown seas has had the greatest effect upon the world, worked for foreign governments. Thus Christopher Columbus, a native of Genoa, where a fine statue to his memory has recently been erected, discovered America under the protection of Spain; John Cabot, a Venetian, sailed in the service of England; Vitus Behring, who discovered Behring Straits, carried the flag of Russia, although he himself was a Dane; and Verazzani was a Florentine, but his discoveries were for the benefit of France. Considering the supremacy of England in all matters pertaining to the sea, it is curious to note that although the famous Hudson Bay, in America, was discovered by an Englishman of that name, he was in the service of Holland at the time.

THE only gold and silver bound and diamond encrusted book in the world was lately enshrined in the holy Mohammedan city of Isonan-Ruza in Persia. The book is a copy of the Koran, and is a gift from the Ameer of Afghanistan. The covers of this book, the sides of which are nine and a half inches long by four inches wide, are made of solid gold plates one-eighth of an inch in thickness, and are lined with silver plates of the same thickness. In the centre and at the four corners are symbolic designs in diamonds rubies and pearls. The figure in the centre is a crescent with a star between its points, and the whole design contains one hundred and nine small diamonds, one hundred and sixty-seven pearls, and one hundred and twenty-two rubies. The diamonds in the designs at each corner are almost hidden in their golden setting and the orange-coloured lacquer with which they are fastened, and are said to be each worth £1000. The pages are of parchment, and the whole book is written by hand, and is valued at no less than £25,000.

THE child's meaning in the following story is perfectly clear, but it might have been expressed differently. An inspector of schools was examining a class of village school children, and he asked them what was meant by a pilgrim. A small boy immediately answered—"A man what travels from one place to another!" Not being able to get any clearer definition the inspector, hoping to help the answerer, said, "Well, but I am a man who travels from one place to another. Am I a pilgrim?" Whereupon the boy promptly exclaimed, "Oh, but please, sir, I meant a good man!" The inspector himself enjoyed the naïveté of the reply more than anybody else.

THE copyright of the Holy Scriptures is the property of the Crown, and there are only three authorised printers. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have the right of printing the Bible by Royal Charter; but the Queen's printers are only licensed to print the sacred books during Her Majesty's pleasure, and this licence can be withdrawn at any time by an Order in Council. This applies only to England, for in Scotland anybody may print Bibles, but it is not lawful to publish any edition that has not been first read and licensed for publication. These rules, however, apply only to that version of the Bible which is known as "authorised." The two Universities alone have proprietary rights in the "revised version," and the only copies of it came from the Oxford and Cambridge presses. The cost of this revision was very heavy, £20,000 it is said, and although the Queen's printers were asked to contribute to the expenses they did not do so. The "revised" version has now been published for fifteen years, yet the Clarendon Press at Oxford prints five times as many copies of the old version every year, and the Cambridge Press nearly as many.

"THE first wealth is health. Sickness is poor-spirited, and cannot serve anyone; it must husband its resources to live. But health, or fulness, answers its own ends, and has to spare—runs over, and inundates the neighbourhoods and creeks of other men's necessities."—Emerson.



Belford's Chatterbox, 1885

NOVEMBER.

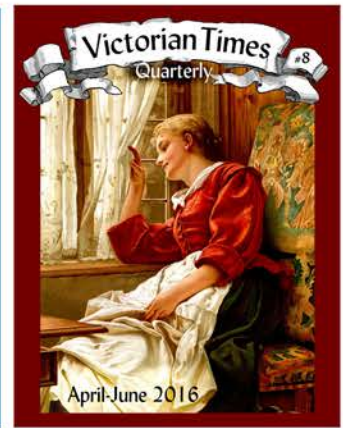
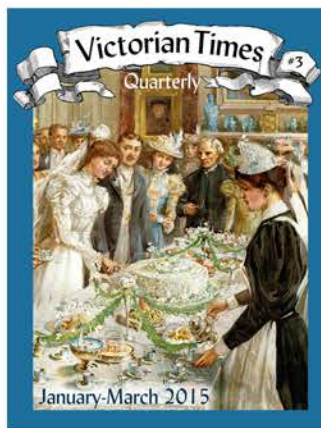
THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
 Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
 Heaped in the hollow of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead.
 Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprung and stood
 In brighter light, in softer air, a beauteous sisterhood?
 The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain
 Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again. *W. C. Bryant.*

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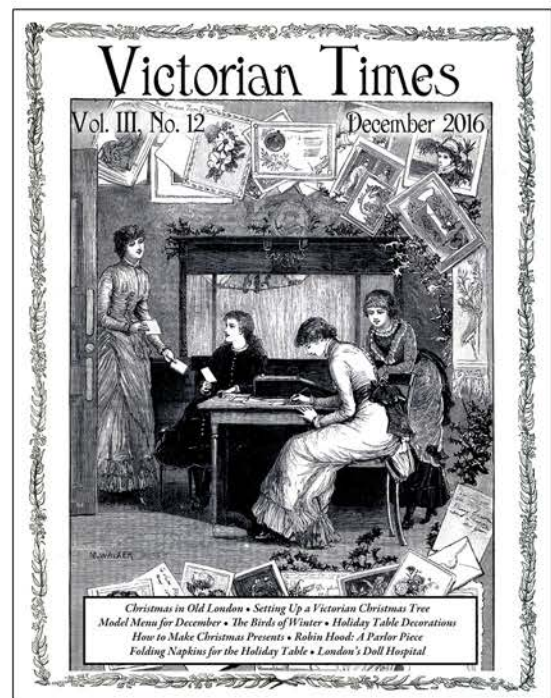
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