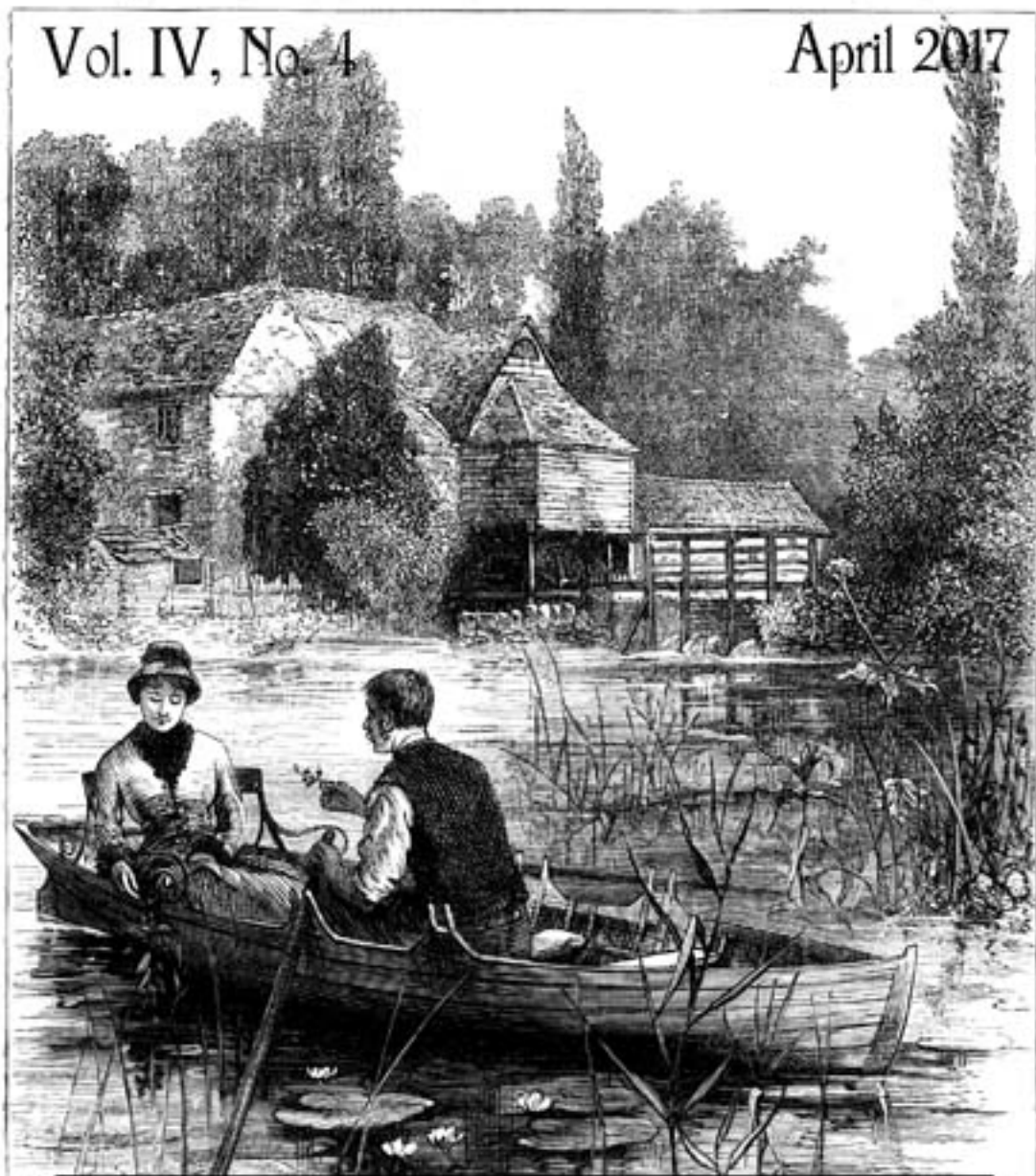


Victorian Times

Vol. IV, No. 4

April 2017



*Some Peculiar Wills • Lady Cyclists • Salad Love: All About Mustard & Cress
A Country Walking Tour • Visiting the American Gypsies • French Cooking Terms
How to Make Easter-Egg Tea-Sets • Ponds and Waterways in April
The Love and History of Rubies & Sapphires • Examples of Animal Justice*

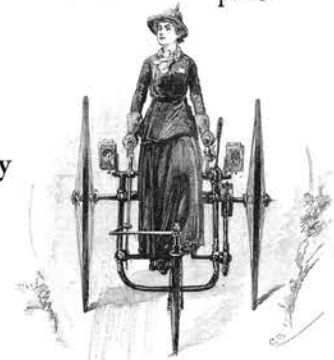
Victorian Times

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

Victorian Invaders

Sometimes, reading a Victorian article can give one chills. This month, shivers come from “Hints and Topics for April,” the latest installment in our charming series on the seasons. It’s another piece that could easily begin with the lovely, peaceful *Bambi Meets Godzilla* theme—until you read between the lines and recognize some classic, world-destroying bits of Victorian thinking.

Specifically, the author rhapsodizes over the joys of introducing non-native fish to British waters, and British fish to non-British waters. Fish introduced to Britain in Victorian (and earlier) times included the carp, the Prussian carp, the gold-and-silver fish, and the silurus (or Wels catfish). Happily, the silurus, which could reach lengths of up to seven feet, didn’t take. Since one was found in Europe with the body of a baby in its stomach, the author concedes that this was probably just as well. At the time of this article (1875), attempts were being made to stock the Thames with grayling; today grayling are still struggling to survive in that river.

In America, streams were being stocked with shad, black bass and salmon. Overseas, Victorians hungry for a taste of home were happily stocking Tasmanian waters with trout, perch and tench. “What a comfort to the emigrant in Tasmania or New Zealand, to be able to take the fish that in the long-past days of youth and childhood he captured near his early home!” The tench also made it to American waters, where it is considered a nuisance fish and is subject to ongoing efforts at eradication.

Many Victorian imports (and exports) managed to settle in without creating too much damage. Reports are mixed on the “little owl” imported by Lord Lilford, but it is now a familiar part of the British countryside. The carp is one of Britain’s most popular game fish. But some imports have proven less welcome.

For example, if you keep a bird feeder in your yard, you’re probably familiar with the flocks of starlings that will swoop in, chase the other birds away, and spend the day in raucous and messy squabbling. For these, you can thank Eugene Schieffelin, who was (at the time) president of the American Acclimatization Society. This group, founded in 1871 (and a spin-off of a similar French society founded in 1854) sought to introduce to America “such foreign varieties of the animal and vegetable kingdom as may be useful or interesting.” The society attempted to stock New York’s Central Park with a variety of birds, such as skylarks, European robins, English chaffinches and Java sparrows. Most of these either didn’t survive or, apparently, didn’t care to stay in Central Park (skylarks moved to Carnarsie). More successful was the house sparrow.

The group’s crowning achievement (?), however, was the starling. Allegedly, Schieffelin hoped to introduce to America every creature mentioned by Shakespeare. In 1890, he released a flock of 60 starlings in New York, followed by another flock of 40. Today, there are more than two million starlings in the US. Starlings are credited with over \$800 million in crop damages annually in the US, and the downing of at least one airplane. They’re almost impossible to get rid of, and a key reason why we now have laws against introducing potentially harmful non-native species. (Ironically, this in turn is why we have also house finches, whose importers released them in the 1940’s to *avoid* prosecution under such laws.)

Animals weren’t the only invading Victorians. Victorians loved passing along favorites of their own gardens, while adding new and exotic plants from other parts of the world. Hence, I have a seed catalog that advertises the lovely, exotic “New Japanese Flowering Bean.” A rose by any other name may smell as sweet; a Japanese flowering bean, by another name, is... kudzu. This plant was introduced to America in 1876, but one can’t really blame Victorians for its spread; in the 1930’s and 40’s, farmers were paid to plant kudzu to prevent soil erosion.

What one sees in such articles is a glimpse of how Victorians viewed their world: As the best of all possible worlds. If one had to relocate to some other part of the globe, one shouldn’t have to leave the joys of that perfect, British Victorian world behind; just bring them along! Victorian travelers, even in the most remote locations, expected to be served tea at the appointed hour, on a proper Victorian tea set, with all the proper British fixings. Explorers included in their equipment such necessities as cases of wine and champagne. Victorian ladies wore no fewer layers in the heat of India than in the cold and damp of London.

Destruction of the ecosystem is far from a “modern” problem. Victorians were terra-formers on a grand scale, and today we often have no idea how to “fix” the problems caused by our ancestors. So the next time that flock descends on your bird feeder, remember: You’re living in a world the Victorians created!

—Moira Allen, Editor
editors@victorianvoices.net

Some Peculiar Wills.

BY L. S. LEWIS.

[From Photographs specially taken by George Newnes, Ltd.]



MOST people are interested in wills, directly or indirectly. If one has no "expectations" oneself, one has probably often followed some elusive document through three acts of a play or three volumes of a story. Goodness only knows what novelists and dramatists would do without wills. And everybody is aware that Somerset House is the headquarters of these things; are not the "searchers" one of the sights of the town—a race apart, comparable only to the curious wildfowl met with in the British Museum?

Thanks to the courtesy of Sir Francis Jeune, the writer was enabled to explore the vast vaults and strong-rooms beneath the Probate Registry in which the millions of originals are stored. To these wonderful vaults no one ordinarily has access, but, then, the whole world knows that Somerset House is always open to the "Strand."

In spite of the ever-present gloom and dust, the spirit of romance pervades the great subterranean chambers we are considering. Millions of wills, going right down through the ages! The system of arrangement is absolutely perfect. Shakespeare's will is as readily produced as is that of the lowly Cockney who died the other day.

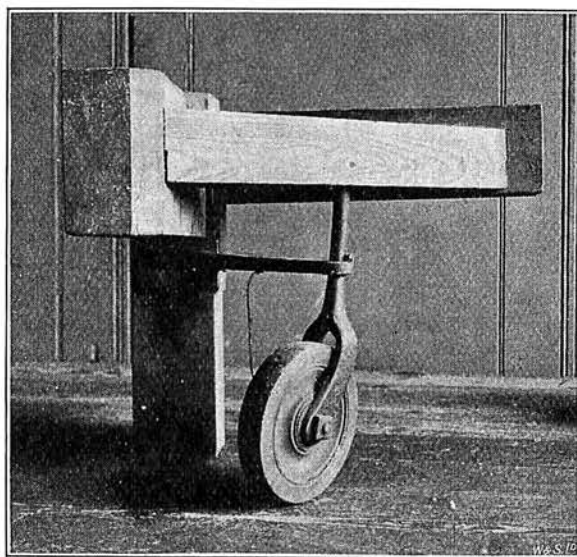
The oddities and curiosities among this stupendous collection are, as might be supposed, both extensive and peculiar. There is even quite a little museum of more or less romantic objects connected with litigation about wills; and these have at one time or another been produced as evidence in court. The courteous Record-keeper, Mr. Rodman, and his assistant, Mr. Stevens, do not exactly view these things with boundless enthusiasm, but of the interest attaching to the objects there can be no question. Just look at the leg of an old-fashioned "four-poster" bed-

stead, which is seen in the accompanying illustration. It was photographed by our own artist, in the strong-rooms or vaults of Somerset House, and with the other curiosities it now appears for the very first time.

Briefly, this is the story. The Earl of S—— was an eccentric peer, a morose, reserved man, who apparently suspected everybody of sinister motives. He used to hide things. Important deeds and letters, and bank-notes for huge amounts, he bundled into damp cellars, with disastrous results. He would rip open chair-cushions and secrete

things *there*; and in short he had treasure of greater or less value in every hole and corner.

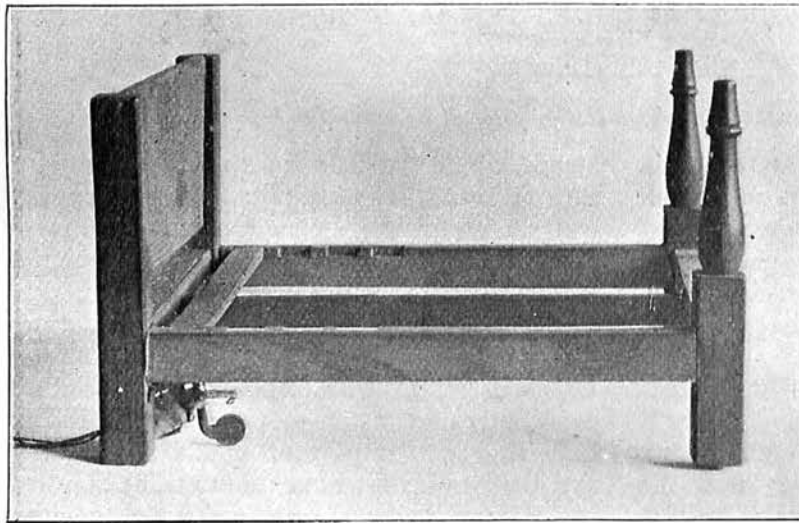
After Lord S——'s death, the will and first codicil were readily forthcoming, mainly because they were in safer keeping than his lordship's. The second and most important codicil, however, took no less than three years to find! After the Earl's death the bed on which he slept was unceremoniously pitched into the lumber-room, and it was



LEG OF BEDSTEAD IN WHICH A NOBLEMAN'S WILL WAS CONCEALED.

by the merest accident that a servant at length discovered the long-lost codicil, cunningly tied to the bar of the bedstead leg. In the photo. we see the very string that held the will in position. The paper was found folded neatly, and resting on the ledge formed by the bar where it meets the bed-post. As his lordship lay in bed, it was his delight to withdraw the will from its hiding-place (he could do so easily), and either dwell with satisfaction on its contents, or else make any slight alterations that pleased him. It was the poor man's only hobby.

As the missing codicil contained legacies and bequests to a very large amount, its ultimate production caused a great deal of excitement. And therefore, in order that the whole romantic story might readily be demonstrated before the Probate Court, a complete model of the entire bedstead was



MODEL OF BEDSTEAD PRODUCED IN COURT.

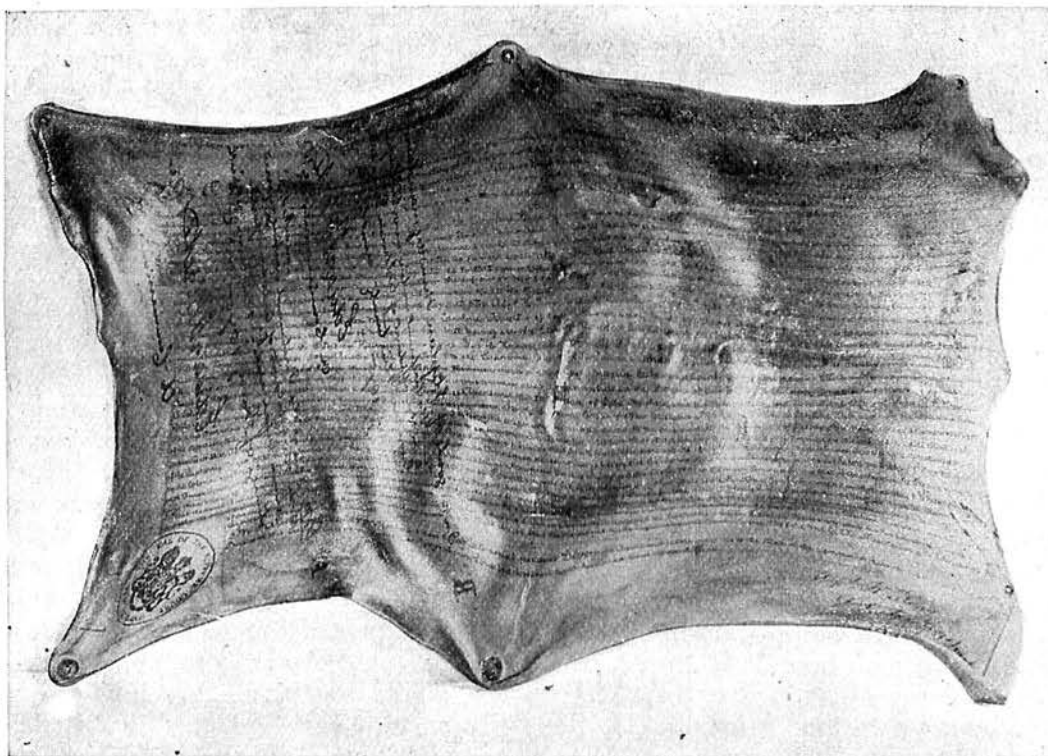
made on the scale of one inch to a foot. Our next illustration is a photograph of that model, which is still preserved in the strong-room at Somerset House. The case was a *cause célèbre* in its day. The Prerogative Court of Canterbury had the whole business well in hand, when it was served with an inhibition from the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council to transmit all proceedings to them. Somerset House, by the way, has not always been the head-quarters of what may be styled the "will trade." Previous to 1858 all testamentary business was in the hands of the Church, and the old Prerogative Court of Canter-

bury was located at Doctors' Commons.

When the Government took over the business (if one may say so without disrespect) a big "moving" job had to be negotiated. Doctors' Commons contained wills dating back to 1484, and all these had to be transferred to their new quarters. The office was closed for a fortnight. The thousands of wills were shot into baskets and conveyed to Somerset House in strongly guarded vans. They were then classified—a

labour that might well have horrified Hercules himself.

The will next seen is not a decorative object, but it has an interesting history. The testator was a labourer who died at Sunnyside, Canterbury, New Zealand, on June 11th, 1868. He left all he had—some £300 in the British Post Office—to his wife, who lived at Rye, in Sussex. The will was rather an elaborate affair, engrossed at prodigious length on parchment, and adorned with the Seal of the Supreme Court of New Zealand in the bottom left-hand corner. The solicitor responsible for the document was proud of his work. He was Mr. William H.



NEW ZEALAND WILL RECOVERED FROM THE SEA.

Kissling, of Auckland, N.Z. In due time Mr. Kissling dispatched the will to a brother professional in London, but, alas for human hopes! the ship conveying the will was dashed to pieces in a hurricane off the Scilly Islands, and out "on the face of the waters" went the will, with the crew and cargo.

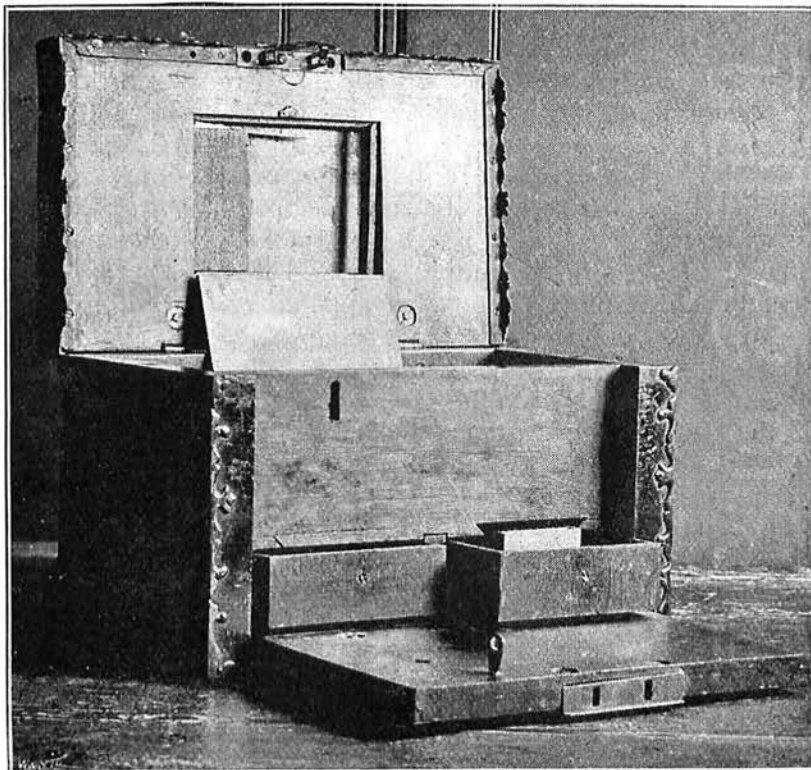
Some time after this tragic occurrence one of the Cornish fishermen was mending his nets on the beach when he saw a packet washed ashore. It was that Antipodean will. The fisherman made inquiries as to the best course to pursue, and he at length sent on the packet to London.

In his affidavit the solicitor to whom the will was addressed gives some quaint details. He received it in an envelope from the G.P.O. on May 18th, 1875. On the envelope was written "*Ex Schiller*"—the name of the ill-fated vessel. "The will," says the lawyer, "was sent with other documents by Mr. William Henry Kissling, solicitor, of Auckland, New Zealand, to me, to enable me to take out Letters of Administration of the estate and effects in England belonging to the deceased. That the said parchment writing, and the letters and papers which accompanied it, and the envelope from Mr. Kissling which inclosed them were perfectly wet and saturated, and formed altogether a confused packet, like pulp. It was only by using the greatest care that the said parchment writing was separated and stretched out, as the same now appears. I have no doubt whatever that the said packet came to England in the mail steamer called the *Schiller*, which was wrecked on the Scilly Islands on Friday, the 7th May, 1875."

The will stories buried away in the dark vaults of Somerset House would enable novelists to turn out stories until the Greek Kalends. Only one has to do one's own delving in this extraordinary place—as Miss Braddon frequently does, by the way.

The secret cabinet next depicted is in accordance with the most hoary traditions of the penny novelette. It is a massive, brass-bound affair, with any number of sliding

panels within sliding panels, and secret drawers within secret drawers. Many of these our photographer has endeavoured to show. This is one of the relics that came from Doctors' Commons. The casket, or chest, belonged to a wealthy physician who lived at the beginning of last century. He had an astonishing number of relations, and as he advanced in years their attentions became intolerable. They all wanted to know how the old fellow was going to dispose of his money and property. They wrangled and fought with him, and they wrangled and fought



SECRET CABINET IN WHICH A WILL WAS FOUND.

among themselves. The old doctor had a plan of his own. He just made his will definitely, and then made a place of safe-keeping for it. In other words, he set to work and made this secret cabinet with his own hands, taking the utmost delight in devising the many panels and drawers. And when once the will was deposited in the cabinet, the latter never left the doctor's possession, even for a moment. He slept with it under his pillow, and he took it about with him from place to place.

His "bedside manner" grew tenfold more serious when he was sitting on the cabinet; and he allowed the report to get abroad that he carried in the brass-bound box medicines of wondrous efficacy. His income increased to quite an enormous figure, but at length the time came when he had to relinquish his

beloved box, which, of course, fell into the eager hands of the relatives. In the photo. the will itself is seen in the hollow part of the lid just peeping above the secret sliding panel in which it was found.

As might be imagined, the moment the contents of the will were made known, there was a frightful outcry, followed by prolonged litigation. However, matters were eventually arranged exactly as the astute old doctor had desired, a poor married niece coming in for nearly the whole of an immense fortune. Altogether a curious realization of hackneyed fiction.

Wills are often found in strange places, from weather-cocks to picture-frames, but there is surely but one instance of a will being found in a business day-book. There is a day-book treasured carefully at Somerset House, because a will has been made in it. It is a long, narrow book, of a well-known kind, and on the outside is written, "Peter Smith, March, 1807. Day-book for the Park." Peter was apparently an overseer or steward on some big estate. As the Probate people are only concerned with the one folio, the remainder of the leaves are fastened together, so that the book immediately opens at the required place.

The entry which is really the will has been marked "A," and here we read, "Left due to my dear wife, £100 os. od." Above is an entry debiting "Mr. Richard Hill" with "3 Beasts @ £15 10s. od." Certainly an unconventional will, this.

A punning will is doubly painful, particularly when much of it has reference to the "mode of my burial." A Kentish gentleman who

left personal estate worth £10,091 os. 10d. wrote as follows in this connection: "The coffin is to be of red fir. I pine for nothing better. Even this may be thought a deal too good, though certainly not very spruce"—and so on.

There are in the Registry many ancient wills of a highly decorative kind. They contain elaborate drawings and sketches, mainly illustrative of the trade or occupation of the testator. For instance, the initial letter of a certain baker's will takes the form of a sheaf of golden corn. Most of the wills up to comparatively recent times had something distinctive about them. Isaac Walton's is sealed with a curious device, showing the Saviour crucified on an anchor. Other wills in the great collection contain long sermons; and others, again, abuse of a peculiarly vituperative sort. "I leave," shrieks a barrister, who really ought to have known better, "to Herbert L—, his wife, and Frances Elizabeth, my sister, the happy assurance that their greed, jealousy, folly, plots, schemes, and vile lies have succeeded in making life a burden to me."

"Many times," wailed a Manchester man who was disinheriting his wife, "she wished I was stiff"—a curious saying, but sufficiently

	Nov 19	Left due to my dear wife, £100 os. od.	46	10	0
	Dec 29	Mr. Richard Hill with 3 Beasts @ £15 10s. od.	8	12	10 1/2
A		Left due to my dear wife for money Bond at sundry times which this my Peter Smith has to pay	100	0	0

WILL MADE IN A BUSINESS DAY-BOOK.

expressive of the lady's weariness of her stricken spouse.

The will next seen came from Egypt preserved in a bottle of spirit for fear of the plague. The testator was apothecary to His Majesty's forces in Aboukir Bay, and he sent his will in the form of a letter to the surgeon on board the flagship. This is the cheerful way in which the will commenced:—

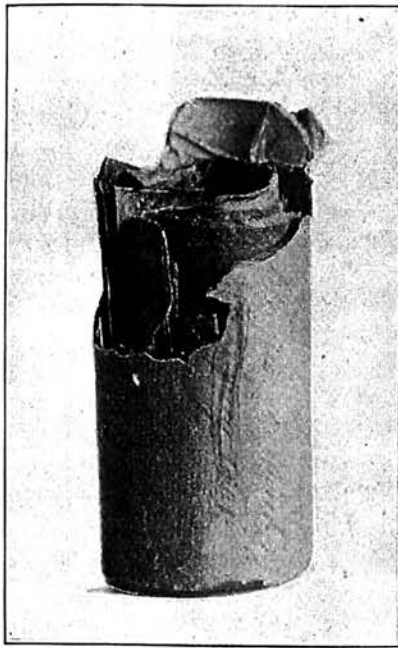
“Aboukir,
“July 1st, 1801.

“My dear—

“Being now afflicted with the Plague, the Scourge of Mankind, which will probably soon terminate my existence . . .” etc., etc.

On receiving this strange will - epistle, the surgeon grew alarmed for his own safety. Fearing that the paper was infected, and dreading to put it with his other papers lest the contagion should spread, he instantly made a copy of it, and then carefully compared that copy with the original. This done, the surgeon placed the original in the bottle of spirit, and brought it home to England with him. When the bottle was opened, no trace of writing could be found on the paper, it having been completely absorbed by the strong spirit. Then, of course, the copy had to be produced and proved.

Of rhyming wills there are not many examples. Mr. Powell's “last will and testament,” with its magnificent impartiality and high moral tone, is a good specimen. That it may



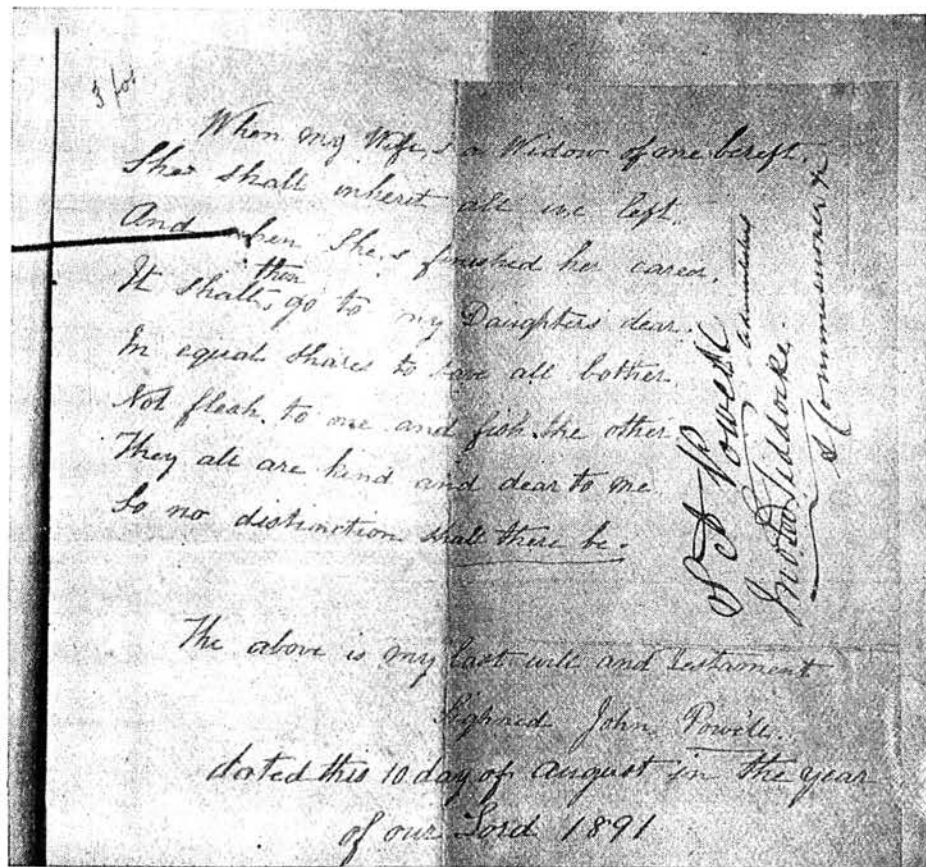
WILL PRESERVED IN SPIRIT FOR FEAR OF THE PLAGUE.

be easily read, we print it here:—

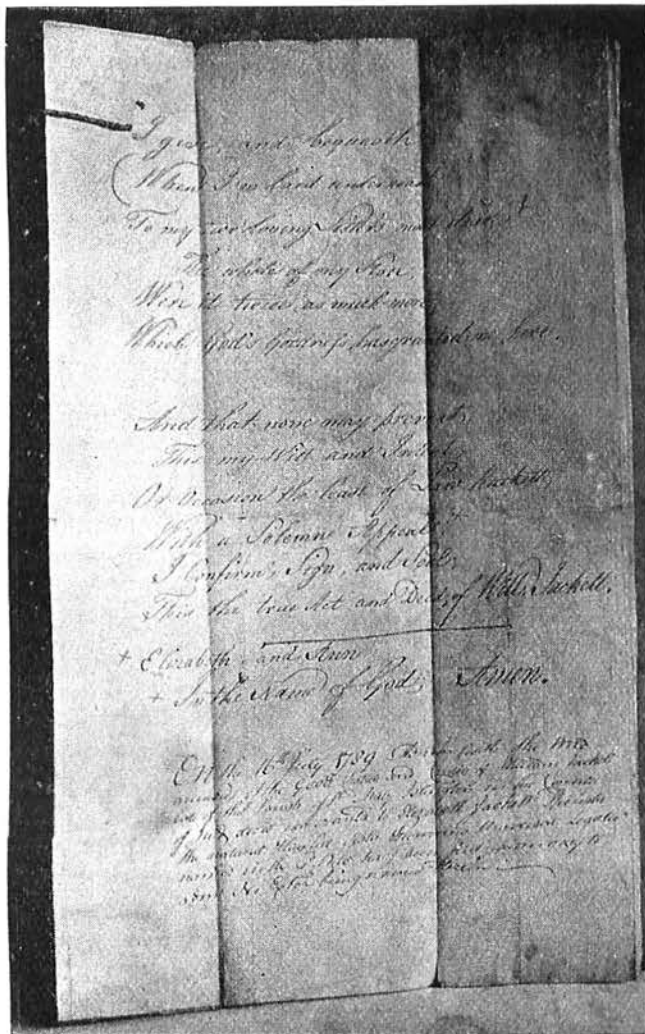
When my Wife's a Widow of me bereft,
She shall inherit all I've left ;
And when she's finished her career,
It shall then go to my Daughters dear.
In equal Shares to save all bother,
Not flesh to one and fish the other.
They are all kind and dear to me,
So no distinction shall there be.

There is practically no end to the curious and interesting wills in the Probate Registry. There is, for example, a little pocket-book of Nelson's which seems to have escaped the notice of even Captain Mahan. In

it the hero makes a strange kind of will. He bequeaths Lady Hamilton to his King and country, and relates in sonorous prose how she helped him to win certain victories. He also rambles on about some letters she stole for him. This extraordinary will is dated “In sight of the ‘Allied Fleets.’”



WILL WRITTEN IN POETRY.



MR. JACKETT'S POETICAL WILL.

The officials at Somerset House haven't much time to take notice of the queer names of testators, but "Time Of Day" was a regular stagerer! The unfortunate man's family name, it seems, was Day, and his people had the monumental fatuity to christen him "Time Of," in order to round off an outlandish phrase-name. The notion is full of ghastly potentialities.

The rhyming will of Mr. Will Jackett, seen in the next reproduction, goes with the lilt and swing of a ballad by Kipling or Colonel Hay. Notice how ingeniously the testator has found a rhyme for his own name—entirely without the aid of a rhyming dictionary, but merely out of his own fears respecting dissension after

his death. Jackett's writing is so legible that it is unnecessary to print the will-poem.

There is on record only one will made in shorthand, and here it is. The paper lies in a glass case set in a box made to resemble a bound book, so that the moment you lift up the cover you behold this most curious of wills. On the outside is the name, "H. Worthington, February, 1815."

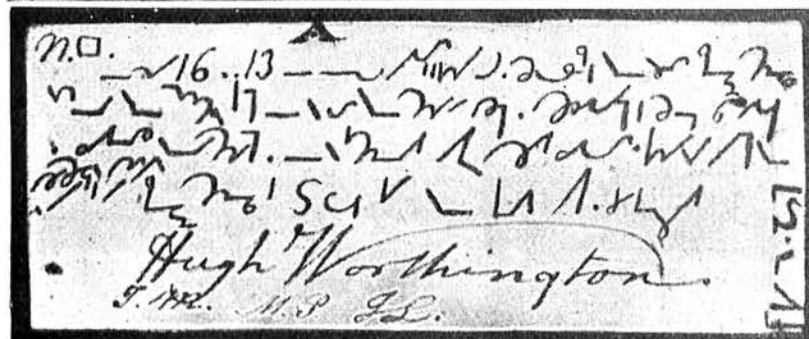
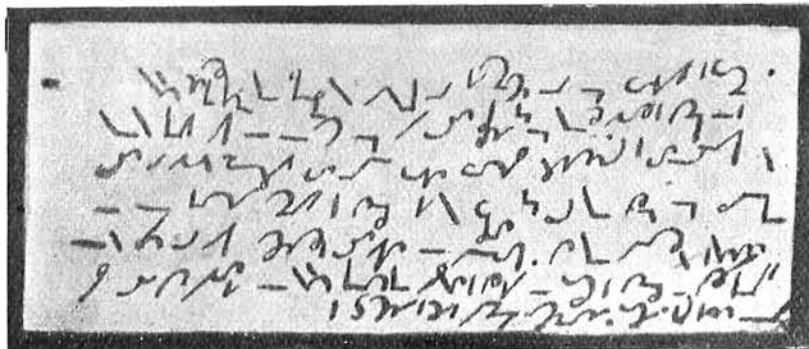
The Rev. Hugh Worthington was formerly of Highbury Place, Islington. His unique will reads:—

"Northampton Square, June 16th, 1813. I, Hugh Worthington, give and bequeath to my dear Eliza Price, who is my adopted child, all I do or may possess, real and personal, to be at her sole and entire disposal; and I do appoint William Kent, Esq., of London Wall, my respected friend, with the said Eliza Price to execute this my last will and testament.

—HUGH WORTHINGTON."

The other side of the queer little box also opens, and here we read:—

"Most dearly beloved, my Eliza. Very small as this letter is, it contains the copy of my very last will. I have put it with your letters, that it may be sure to fall into your hands. Should accident or any other cause destroy the original, I have taken pains to write this very clearly, that you may read it easily. I do know you will perfect yourself in shorthand

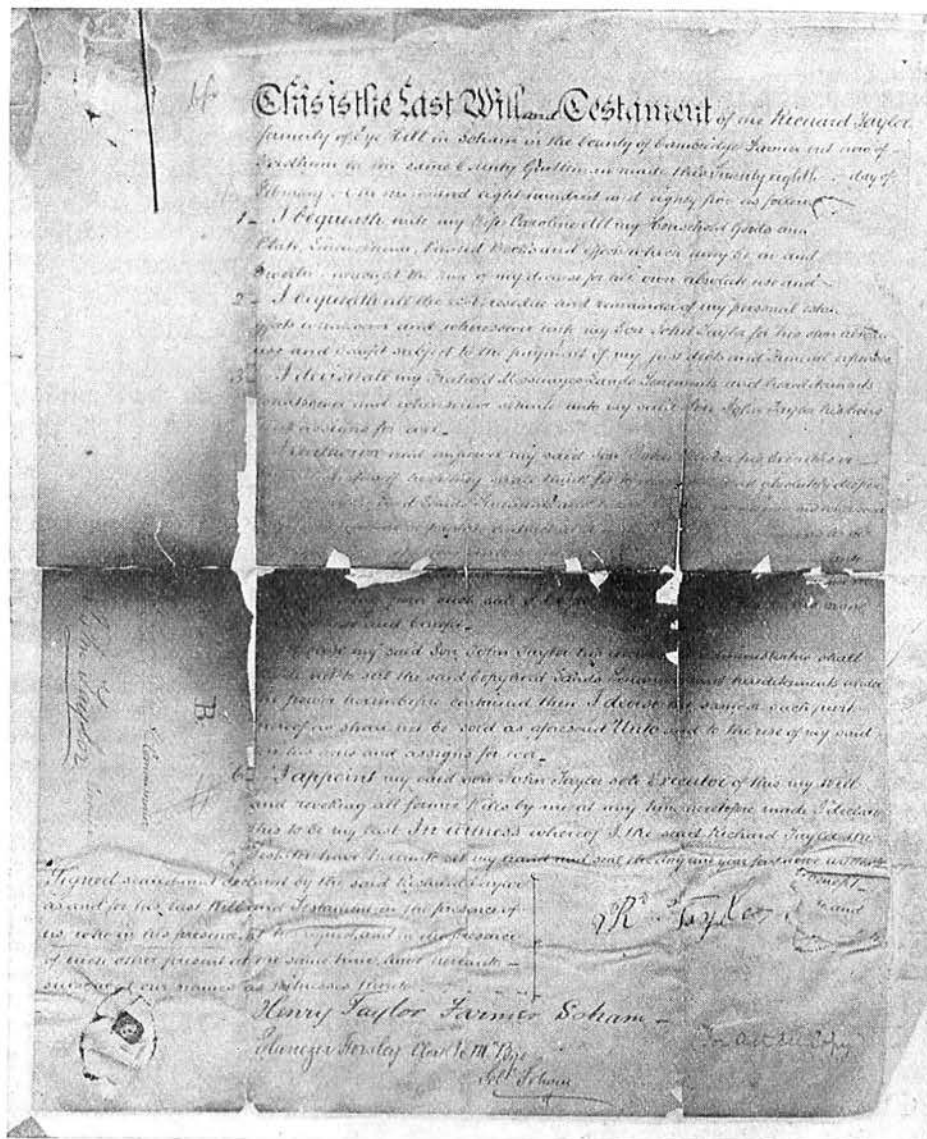


THE ONLY WILL EVER WRITTEN IN SHORTHAND.

for my sake. Tomorrow we go for Worthing, I most likely never to return. I hope to write a few lines to express the best wishes, and prayers, and hopes of thy true, HUGH WORTHINGTON."

All sorts of queer accidents happen to wills. They get burnt or thrown into the water; torn up, eaten by rats, and the like. One will in the great Registry is preserved in cotton-wool in a big box. If the document itself were touched it would crumble to pieces. It is the will of a rich baker, and somehow it got into a big oven, where it remained for months. The original is never disturbed now, a copy being kept for reference.

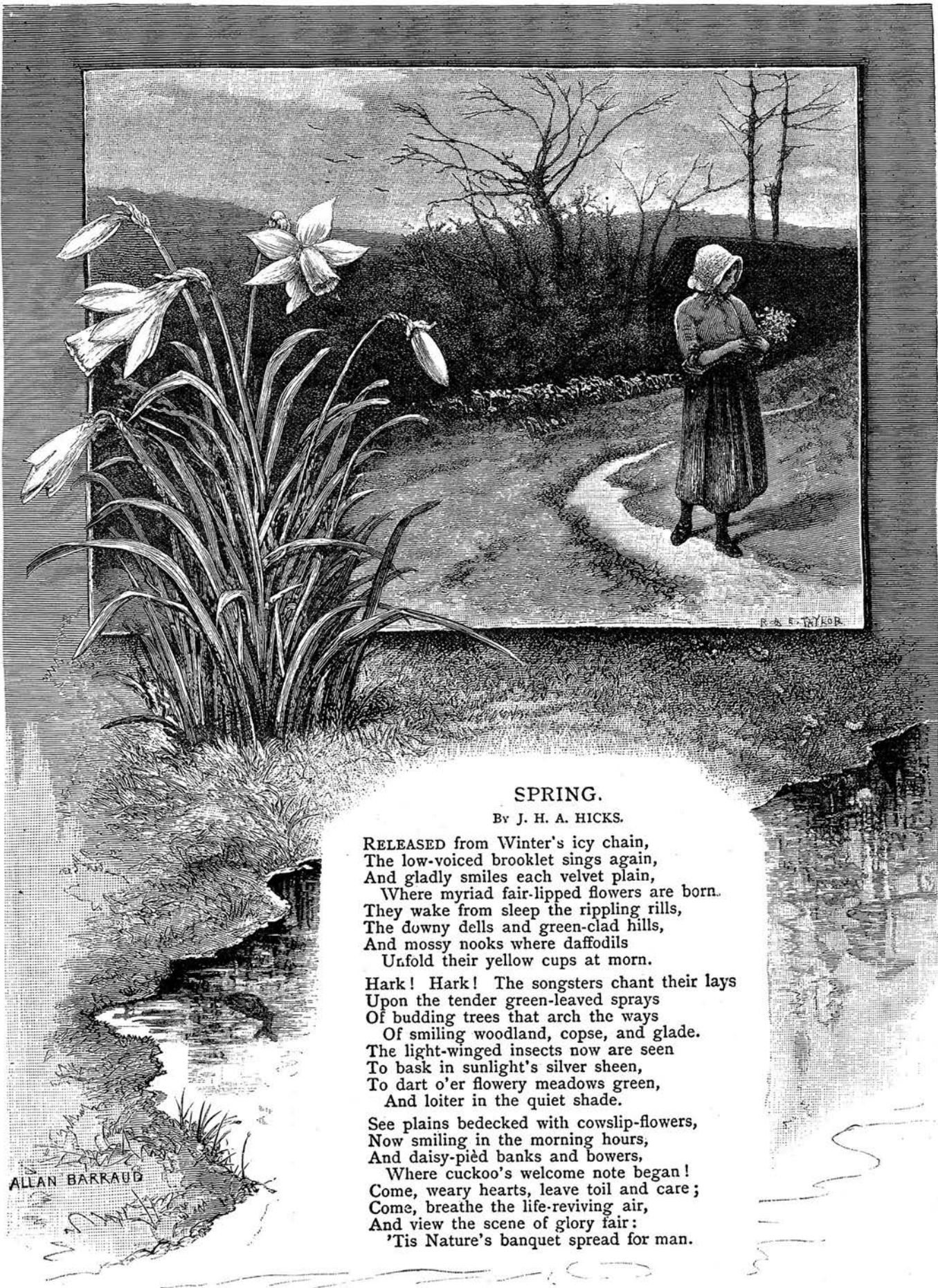
Here is a will that has been damaged by fire. It is the will of a Mr. Richard Taylor, who lived in Cambridgeshire, and it was prepared by a local solicitor. Taylor himself called and signed the engrossment in the presence of two witnesses, and he then took the document away with him. The will did not again come into the solicitor's hands until about four years later, and then it was in the condition in which we see it—badly damaged by fire. Mr. Taylor died about a year after he had made the will, and his son took possession of the document, together with certain other title-deeds and accounts. Then came the great fire at the house of young Mr. Taylor, who declares in his affidavit that all kinds of valuable papers were "destroyed or rendered illegible by the flames." Fortunately, this will was saved from the burning building, with no more damage than



WILL DAMAGED IN A FIRE.

we see in the photograph. The original, however, is very liable to crumble on being handled.

Perhaps the queerest will on record was that of a very prominent citizen in the United States. The trustees were directed to pay the widow every year *her own weight in gold!* The weighing took place more or less in public, and needless to remark, it was an interesting ceremony, particularly to the lady herself. By this curious will the widow was always pretty sure of about 1,161 troy ounces of the precious metal, which at £4 an ounce works out at quite a handsome income. We understand she did *not* diet herself so as to increase her weight; she merely charged a fee to the public who wished to be present at the weighing ceremony; and in this way indemnified herself against possible loss.



SPRING.

By J. H. A. HICKS.

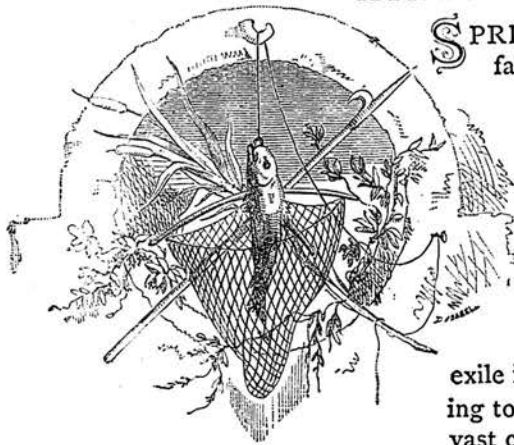
RELEASED from Winter's icy chain,
The low-voiced brooklet sings again,
And gladly smiles each velvet plain,
Where myriad fair-lipped flowers are born.
They wake from sleep the rippling rills,
The downy dells and green-clad hills,
And mossy nooks where daffodils
Unfold their yellow cups at morn.

Hark! Hark! The songsters chant their lays
Upon the tender green-leaved sprays
Of budding trees that arch the ways
Of smiling woodland, copse, and glade.
The light-winged insects now are seen
To bask in sunlight's silver sheen,
To dart o'er flowery meadows green,
And loiter in the quiet shade.

See plains bedecked with cowslip-flowers,
Now smiling in the morning hours,
And daisy-pied banks and bowers,
Where cuckoo's welcome note began!
Come, weary hearts, leave toil and care;
Come, breathe the life-reviving air,
And view the scene of glory fair:
'Tis Nature's banquet spread for man.

ALLAN BARRAUD

HINTS AND TOPICS FOR APRIL.



SPRING has now fairly come to our shores, and Nature is tricking herself in the tenderest colours of the year. Well may the exile in India, aiding to civilise that vast country, or the soldier on foreign service, sigh in Browning's words—

“ Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there !
And whoever wakes in England
Sees some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tender leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now ! ”

The fisherman eagerly throws his flies to the trout during this month, and prompts us to say a few words about fresh-water fish.

Our ponds and watercourses are by no means utilised as they might be ; large supplies of valuable food are neglected thereby, and the country loses much wealth. Indeed, our forefathers made greater advances in the feeding and supply of fish from inland ponds than we have, and reaped much profit from sources which we almost wholly neglect. Prejudice now says that pond-fish are muddy, bony, and insipid, and then shelves the question. But fresh-water fish ought never to be eaten when first removed from the muddy ponds in which they have been reared ; they ought (as our ancestors well knew) to be first placed in a “stew,” or clean pond, to enable them to scour themselves.

Turning now to the acclimatisation with us of new and superior kinds of fish, in old days it may be noted that the popular voice attributes to the monks the introduction of that beautiful member of the *Salmonidae*, the grayling. It is only found in a few rivers of England, and is highly lauded by Izaak Walton.

The carp is a fish which is now universally naturalised in England, but it too was originally introduced, as the old rhyme tells us, although it points to a time long subsequent to its real acclimatisation :—

“Turkies, Carps, Hops, Pickerel, and Beer
Came into England all in the year.”

Its brother the Prussian carp has also been brought to English waters. Another member of the same family—the gold and silver fish—is thought to have been introduced here from China in the seventeenth century. It is well known that these fish thrive best in water

which has been heated. We have seen them flourishing in the waste hot water of an engine-house. At the other extremity of the scale they can endure extreme cold, and even be thawed out of a frozen mass of ice without apparent injury.

Amongst fish which have been recently brought to this country should first be named the silurus. It is a common Continental fish, being abundant in the Danube, and in Prussia and Poland ; of a ferocious aspect, not unlike a huge cod, and grows to a larger size than any other European fresh-water fish. It would not commend itself to every possessor of a pond, as one was taken in 1700 which had the entire body of an infant in its stomach ; and one recently caught in the Upper Amazon was nearly seven feet in length, and quite capable of performing the same feat. Still, five or six were lately brought from the Danube, and introduced to a pond near Reading. They could never again be found, however, and we are inclined to blame the herons for their disappearance, if they were not still in the mud.

As we write, a movement is being set on foot to stock the Thames with grayling. They would probably flourish in the upper waters, if they could be protected at first against their ravenous kinsmen, the Thames trout ; and the fry can be procured at £4 10s. per thousand.

The Americans are great pisciculturists, and have successfully reared and distributed amongst their waters the shad and the black bass, and salmon-eggs have been introduced into the Delaware, although too lately to allow of any opinion being formed as to the success of the operation.

From Tasmania comes a still brighter account of fish-acclimatisation. The salmon, the sea-trout, the common trout, the perch, and the tench have now become naturalised in that country. In 1864, 300 healthy trout-ova were sent to Tasmania, from which have sprung thousands and tens of thousands of trout, dispersed through many waters, and far exceeding in size the standard of our average British streams. The report is enough to make an English fisherman's mouth water.

These facts show that enterprise and experience have introduced a new science in the last twenty-five years, whose operations will revolutionise the whole face of the fresh-water world, and very largely increase the native wealth of many countries. What a comfort to the emigrant in Tasmania or New Zealand, to be able to take the fish that in the long-past days of youth and childhood he captured near his early home ! Even on this view, that man deserves well of his race who promotes the acclimatisation of fish in our distant colonies.

East winds generally characterise April. The green mist-like foliage begins to gather on the larch as the month opens ; horse-chestnuts extend their long gummy spathes ; a pink cloud of delicate blossom

creeps over the weeping elm in the garden, and the birches hang their tassels against the vivid blue of the young spring skies. Hedges and hawthorns deepen their greenery.

During the last week of April, in the west of England and other sheltered situations, the apple-tree's blossom spangles the orchards; plums also flower; the pear is a trifle later than these. The sycamore may be noticed covering its lower branches with crumpled foliage before the higher ones show any signs of spring.

The marsh-marigold and orchises are splendidly in bloom, and towards the end of the month the cowslip. In short, we are now inheriting the full wealth of spring's wild flowers, and happy is he who can ramble at this season free from cares over hills golden with furze-blooms, opening into lanes starred with primroses, or fading into woods just preparing to put out their treasures of blue-bell and anemone. Such a walk pursued with merely an indiscriminate sense of beauty is delightful; but it becomes tenfold more interesting when the observer knows something of the flora and fauna of the district in which he wanders, and habitually uses pocket lens and binocular.

But where art assists nature the floral display of April is even more gorgeous. In lines little known to these days, which for the most part are satisfied with their own poets, Thomson (whose sense of colour was very delicate) paints the garden to the life:—

“Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,
And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace—
Throws out the crocus and the snowdrop first,
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumbered dyes,
The yellow wallflower stain'd with iron-brown,
And lavish stock that scents the garden round;
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
Anemones; auriculas, enriched
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves,
And full ranunculus of glowing red.”

The two most requisite operations in the garden this month, whether among flowers or kitchen-plants, are to keep under most rigorously all weeds, and to guard seedlings, fruit-blossoms, &c., from late frosts. Every weed now eradicated means the destruction of hundreds—nay, often thousands—which later on will infest the garden. And let all such hoed-up weeds be burnt. If flung into the compost heap, many of them will ripen their seeds and germinate when thrown out on the beds.

In flower-borders extreme care must be bestowed upon roses, if they are to bloom in perfection. Many of the leaves and early buds will be found unnaturally crumpled, which betokens the presence of a grub whose ravages will not only ruin the bud on which it lives, but also disfigure the foliage. They must

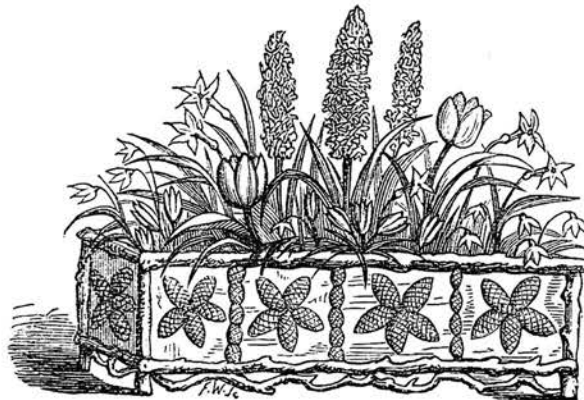
be sedulously watched, and every grub picked off and killed.

April is the proper month for sowing the main crop of annuals in those gardens which do not depend mainly upon bedding plants; the hardier ones at the beginning, the more delicate kinds towards the end of the month. Mignonette, whether in the border or the window, must also be now sown. Cuttings of fuchsias, verbenas, salvias, &c., if taken now, can readily be struck, even in a sunny window, by placing a square of glass over the mouth of the pot.

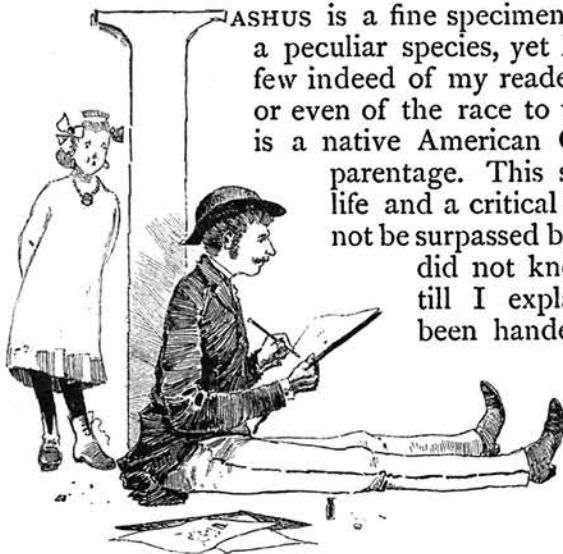
In the kitchen-garden it is difficult to say what should not be planted. Everything, in short, which has been forgotten in March, or which has missed germination, may now be renewed with success, and crops to follow earlier ones should be planted at once. Suckers and ill-grown shoots must be removed from all fruit-trees, and the ground about them kept friable by constant hoeing. Weeds are thus discouraged, and the utmost value obtained from dew. Peas and radishes may be procured very quickly by soaking the seeds in water before sowing them; and in the case of radishes, if soaked for twenty-four hours, then planted in a light well-manured bed, and watered frequently with lukewarm water, a constant and speedily-grown crop may be obtained. It is thus that the nursery-gardeners manage to obtain them in such profusion, and so succulent.

All manner of evergreens and flowering shrubs ought to have been transplanted before April. There is, however, a chance for those which have been delayed, if the roots are well puddled before planting, and if water be given during the summer droughts. Those who are about to fill their shrubberies with ornamental trees should be reminded that cut-leaved, variegated, and drooping specimens of our commonest trees may now be obtained in great profusion, so that with so large and beautiful a choice of rarities, it is absurd to plant in such situations ordinary elms or beeches. The addition of a few pence to the cost of each tree is amply repaid by its rarity, and the novel appearance which it gives to what would otherwise be ordinary borders or shrubberies. The new pines in particular are many of them very striking objects in pleasure-grounds. If common trees be chosen, none are so beautiful, quick-growing, and satisfactory as the lime, both the red and yellow-budded varieties. And by all means let the lover of fine foliage place the *Ailanthus glandulosa* in his grounds.

These hints are only thrown out that they who are about to plant gardens may take an opportunity during the summer of visiting Kew Gardens, and some of the leading nurserymen's establishments, before filling good situations with common trees and shrubs, when a little judgment will secure their being far more advantageously planted.



VISITING THE GYPSIES.



LASHUS is a fine specimen of a native American, of a peculiar species, yet I venture to say that very few indeed of my readers know much about him, or even of the race to which he belongs,—for he is a native American Gypsy, of English Gypsy parentage. This stock, for vigorous faith in life and a critical knowledge of horses, cannot be surpassed by any in the world. Lashus did not know what his name meant till I explained to him that it had been handed down with many other words in Romany from



A HUNGARIAN ROMANY.

a Slavonian origin. It means Louis, which in Eastern Europe is called Lajos. When the Gypsies came, in the fifteenth century, to England, they brought with them no French words, but a number borrowed from Slavonic sources, such as *shuba*, a cloak or flowing skirt; *mass*, meat;

adosta, enough; and from Greek the words for a kettle, a bone, and a chair.

Not long ago, when Lashus was bidding me good-bye, just before folding his tents like the Arabs and silently stealing away, he said:

“There is a large camp of Romanies just now over in Oakdale Park, near Broad street. They are Lovels—Kamlos—you know?”

“It’s a mistake,” I confidently asserted. “There wasn’t a Romany there three days ago. I should have heard of their arrival as soon as you.”

“Will you bet *panj lil* [five dollars] on it?” said Lashus. “No,—well, that’s five dollars saved to you, *rye* [sir]. For they *are* there, and very nice, deep, old-fashioned Romanies they are. Only be careful when you call, for I heard that the old grandmother, who is full a hundred years old, is dying. She’s the Queen of the Gypsies, and knows a lot about old times. But—I say, *rye*—don’t let on to them at first that you can *rokker* [talk Romany].”



AN OUT-DOOR KITCHEN.

Play 'em—have some fun out of 'em. They've never so much as heard of you, nor of the *tāni rāni*. It'll be a new sensation for 'em."

The *tāni rāni*, or young lady referred to, was Miss Elizabeth Robins, who is well known to most of the Gypsies who visit Philadelphia. It was only on Sunday that we could make our visit to the newly arrived, since on week-days the women, at least, are rarely at home in a Gypsy camp. So, on Sunday morning, we found ourselves at the Park.



A GYPSY DIANA.

"Why, it's quite a little Gypsy town of tents and vans," said L., as she looked at the camp. "I never saw so many here before. *Jasa tu sig-ān* [go on before, quickly!]"

I went on and found myself among the tents, where we were politely welcomed by a very striking-looking, middle-aged, and thorough Gypsy woman. We sat down on some wood, and I began:

"Why, what singular-looking persons you are? Are you foreigners?"

"We are Gypsies, sir," replied the woman.

"Gypsies—*Gypsies!*" I answered, reflectively. "I think I've read about Gypsies in books. Ah, yes—I remember! How strange, though, that I should really meet with one. Did you ever see a Gypsy before?" I said, turning to L., who looked innocent ignorance. "And is it true," I continued, to the woman, "that you can tell fortunes?"

"Yes, sir."

"How wonderful! But I am afraid that is very wrong. And can you tell a Gypsy when- ever you see one?"

"Always, sir."

"And have you a language of your own?"

"We have a broken one, sir, called Ro- many."

"Romany—Roman—why it must be like Latin. I know Latin. I will give you some words first in English, and then in Latin, and if you know what any of them means you must tell me."

There was great curiosity expressed to hear Latin. I began, and exclaimed with great solemnity:

"This is the English: 'Tiglath-Pileser said unto Nebuchadnezzar, Thou art the man,—for he played upon the harp of a thousand strings, spirits of the just made perfect.'"

There was no doubt of it. I was a moral missionary, and it was with a manifestation of great respect that the Latin was now solicited. Changing my expression, I said in Ro- many, or Gypsy:

"*Tutes a bori dinneli that dont jin tiri noki foki vanka tu diks a lende* [You are a great fool not to know your own people when you see them]."

There was a general spasm of amazement, and then a roar of laughter. No one enjoyed the joke more than a very venerable and picturesque woman in whom I at once recognized the hundred-year-old queen. But instead of lying at death's door, as I had been led to expect, she was now sitting up all alive, and enjoying a pipe, as I sincerely hope that all my readers may when they, too, achieve their centuries.

The sheep had proved to be a wolf, but there was a forlorn hope left in L. Turning to her, the Gypsy said:

"Shall I tell your fortune?"

"Tell *my* fortune, indeed!" returned L., in fluent Romany. "Hold up your hand and let me tell yours, or let us tell them one against another for a dollar——"

"And see who can tell the most lies in ten minutes," I added.

The Gypsy shook her head and said, seriously:

"Between such as we are there can be no lying. *Patserus.*"

"And do *you* tell fortunes?" said the Queen to L., in amazement.

When Arbaces, the arch sorcerer, wished to reveal himself to the Witch of Vesuvius as belonging to her order, he exhibited the burning girdle. When my niece was thus ques- tioned, she drew from her pocket a small book bound in old red morocco, and opening it, said:

"Here's my *dukkerin-lil.*"

The reader must understand that, among the women Gypsies, there is no treasure so coveted as a so-called *dukkerin-lil*, or fortune- telling book. By this is not meant a dime

dream-book or a cheap fortune-teller, such as are generally to be found associated with cent-broadside ballads, but some quaint and ancient little work on chiromancy or magic, garnished with pictures of hands and strange cabalistic devices, such as abound in Agrippa and Trithemius. Such a book is to a fortune-teller what a wand was to a sorcerer or a broom to a witch. The possession of a really remarkable specimen of such literature in Gypsy circles confers a species of renown. One hears that a certain family owns it as one hears of another's owning a famous horse or a superior wagon. This which my niece had was a curiosity in its way, being filled with marvelous illuminated hands, dragons, and other monsters, in vermilion, gold, or silver, and looked as well able to raise Mephistopheles as any specimen of occult philosophy which eyes ever beheld. It was gazed at by a deeply appreciative audience with intense admiration, but by none so much as the Queen, who knew by nearly a century of experience what an aid such a work could be in all manner of secrecy. I need not say that she expressed a fervid desire to become the possessor of the volume, which was to her all that the book of gramarye of Michael Scott was to the Lady in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel"; but when I was asked its value, and I replied in rhymes,

"Miri dye,
Mukela grai,
Or a chai"—

that is, "It is worth a horse or a girl"—there was no further question of buying it.



A TYPE.

Then we talked of Gypsies known to us in England long ago, of the living and the dead, of races run lang syne, and of all the affairs of Egypt; how they had traveled far and wide in America, and of all the band of Gypsies from Providence, who had visited Philadelphia the week before, and bought many horses,—yes—two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar horses. There was much similar gossip, and many quaint confidences.

There is nothing in Gypsy life which is remarkable to an indifferent person, but there is certainly much in it which is very different from household ways to a keen perceiver. I could amuse myself all day in a Romany camp by watching the animals. They live



A HARD CASE.

on such familiar terms with such singular people of odd ways, that anybody can understand why the Hindoos, the ancestors of the Gypsies, believed as a matter of course that animals had souls. What duck, except a duck brought up in a family, would ever put its head in through a hole in the tent, quack to those in there in all but human fashion, and then retire shaking that head with such a meaning air? And the poultry! Why, Gypsy cocks and hens are as different in their demeanor from the ordinary denizens of the barn-yard as are their mistresses from the Gentile farm-wives. Just watch them, and mark their superior familiarity with man.

I had noticed lying at my feet a mysterious, large, fluffy ball, a thing of woolliness and mystery, which might have been photographed for an enormous tarantula, or octopus, or hedgehog, or hairy crab,—or as a mixture of them all. This thing growled as I at first sat down,—not angrily, but in tones which plainly said: "Um—m! What sort of folk be these here?" But when I spoke in Romany, it opened two awful eyes, fixed them steadily on me with a superhuman stare, and grunted with an expression distinct as words: "Well, *you're* all right—I shouldn't have thought it—*but you'll bear watching.*"

"That's a *fino jucko!* [a fine dog]" remarked a younger woman. This was Mrs. Lovel, junior. The *fino jucko* opened his eyes and winked affirmatively. There was a sound from within the tent like *Auwa*, or yes, uttered in a cawing tone. I looked up inquiringly, and Mrs. Lovel said:

"It's our *rakkerin chillico* [talking-bird or parrot]." She should have said *chiriclo*, which

is more correct. In the Thug slang of India, the word *chiricea* is applied to a small owl, whose cry formed a most significant omen which encouraged or deterred them from the most desperate enterprises.

“And the parrot talks Romany?”

“Yes.”

I wondered if it had occurred to any people who had seen this bird on its constant

scarlet red, she seemed the very ideal of Gypsy and sorceress. There are not many left at the present day of the old *kālo-ratt*—the black, or unmixed blood; and the Gypsies of this generation are losing all their old ways so rapidly, that one like the Queen is becoming a curiosity. By strange chance I also knew very well, in England, old Charlotte Cooper of Bow Common, whom the reader may find



A GYPSY CAMP.

travels, that, though American-born, its native tongue, acquired in America, was a dialect of the old Hindi Persian Urdu or camp-language formed during the tremendous struggle which centered round the fierce Mahmoud of Ghazneh? But it did not seem strange to me when I looked at the half-Indian faces before me, at the old Queen, who, with her daughter, would have passed unobserved in Calcutta as a Northern native, or even the children, who evidently had more Gentile blood in them than there was in the mothers.

The parrot, by speaking Romany, had a right to be called a Gypsy-bird, or would have, were not the word already preëmpted by another. In England, the water-wagtail has this name, from a strange superstition that he who beholds one will soon after meet with Gypsies. There is some cause for the belief. The wagtail haunts solitary places, near water, and in such spots Gypsies love to camp. In folk-lore it is an unearthly, witch-like bird, owing to its eccentric ways and haunts, and therefore it is not an inapt symbol for such weird people as the Romany. But the greatest living curiosity in the *tan*—that is, the place or *tent*—was the old Queen. Dark as an Indian, with gold ear-rings, and many strings of well-worn coral beads around her neck, and all her head attire and neck-wraps of

described in George Borrow's "*Romano Lavo-Lil*." Charlotte is dark, and is supposed by the people to be also a hundred years old; but when I asked her if this was the case, she, with the natural instinct of her sex to appear as young as possible, replied, "Indeed I'm not; I'm only ninety-four." This was five or six years ago. Should any of the residents of London who read these lines take the pains to ascertain whether Charlotte be still alive, as I think she is, he may see not only a veritable centenarian, but also one whom George Borrow, as he told me, he believed to be the last Gypsy of absolutely pure blood in England. I think this is, however, very doubtful. From their habits of intermarrying there are, I think, still many who are, in all probability, perfectly *kālo-ratt*, and of these the Queen seems to be a good specimen. That she is an accomplished fortune-teller, not without faith in her own powers to ban or bless, I was subsequently well assured. As we sat in the tent by the smoldering fire, whose smoke gave a delicate chiaro-oscuro to the scene, and I looked at the old woman, so unlike anybody whom I meet in ordinary life, my mind wandered to the strange people and scenes which she must have lived among long, long ago. She had known the chiefs of her people in the

days when they were really fierce and law-defying men who died on the gallows-tree, or in some form of violent death,—the days when the Rom was a leader in the prize-ring, or noted as a highwayman, and wore hunting-boots, and green coats with spade-guineas for buttons, and always carried the tremendous *chuknee* or jockey-whip, characteristic of his people. She was a living link with all that was wildest in England before the days of railroads and gas, steamboats and telegraphs.

* * * It is a curious coincidence that, as I write, and since I wrote that last line, I have received a note from Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in which he says: "I remember, by the way, that Cooper, the Gypsy, was one of the heroes and portraits of Boxiana. You may have known the very fellow in his old age." This was Jack Cooper, the husband of Charlotte, to whom I alluded. I did not know him, because he was sent lang syne as a convict to Australia. If still existing, he must be as old as his wife, but it is a strange thing that the Gypsies are all certain that he is yet alive. He abandoned his wife when young, and went off with another girl. But to the very last, old Charlotte always believed, as she still believes, if alive, that Jack will yet return to England and to her. I shall never forget how truly touched I was when this old woman, well-nigh at the end of her century, spoke with trembling, loving tones of her long-lost husband, and said that she knew he was not dead—she had dreamed it so often—and that he would yet return. Even among the Lovels, when I visited the Gypsy Queen, I found that they believed that Jack was yet of this world. I well remember my last visit to old Charlotte. I was accompanied by a lady who spoke Romany perfectly, and who took to the old woman a warm winter jacket for a present. After duly admiring it, and uttering *paraco tute*, or "thank you," many times, the ancient Gypsy remarked to me roguishly: "It's a beautiful coat, *rye* [master],—but—how perfect it would be—if the pocket wasn't *quite* empty." As she said this her attention was diverted, and by a dexterous exertion of *hanki panki*, or legerdemain, I slipped a shilling into the empty *putsí* [pocket], and bade her search again. I think that she was as much pleased with the gypsy way in which the money was given as with the coin itself.

After a most entertaining call, we took our



THE QUEEN OF THE GYPSIES.

departure. A few days after, I determined to pay the Queen another visit, in company with Mr. Pennell, the artist. Miss Robins did not accompany us, but, with great generosity, sent her magic book as a present to her majesty. "The dear old soul," she said, "was really dying to get it. Did you ever see anybody gaze at anything with such longing eyes? You will astonish her with it!" So I took the volume with me. We found all the family at home, the parrot preaching away in Romany or the unknown tongues, the children charmed to see us. I need not say that her majesty was also charmed to receive her present. But when she was told that the *tāni rāni*, or young lady, wished, in return, to have her picture and that of the others taken by Mr. Pennell, there was great reluctance, it being well known that it is a very unlucky thing to have one's picture taken, unless, indeed, it be done by the sun. I had in Egypt a friend named Mahomet, who was a strict Mussulman. He even considered it to be a great sin to have one's likeness painted. "How is it, then, that you have your daughter's photograph?" I asked. To which Mahomet gravely replied: "Him man no takee; Sun takee that portraits." Fortunately I had, foreseeing this reluctance, provided myself with a red string, it being well known that anybody's portrait may be taken with full exemption from harm if the sitter be presented with a shoe-string or a red cord. This being duly given, the sittings commenced. It was a good picture of itself to see the artist seated almost on the ground in the darkened tent near the fire, over which leaned the *sarshita*, or kettle-iron, with its pendent kettle, grimed with smoke. Everything seemed so gypsy and witchlike, as if one were living in one of Hoffmann's "*Phantasie-stücke*." The spout of the kettle looked to me like a long nose; I fancied I saw a goblin face in the soot-marks on it. I began to think that the



A GYPSY WOMAN.

Queen-Witch had lost no time with the red book of gramarye, but had already begun to raise something *bengalo* or diabolical. There was a forked radish lying on the ground, and I at once recalled the Mandrake and the Queen of the Gypsies, who form part of the unearthly company in the carriage, in "Isabella of Egypt." As for Pennell, what with visiting Voodoo queens in New Orleans, and consorting with Gypsies, he, too, is becoming over-familiar with uncanny folk, and would, I fear, sit down to paint the Father of Lies himself as coolly as ever did the Spanish artist famed in Southey's song.

While speaking of Gypsies and unearthly things, I may interest the reader by remarking that their language is full of strange hints, which they themselves do not now understand. The Romany word for a bone, borrowed from the modern Greek, is *kokalos* or *kuklos*. But it also means a dwarf, a puppet, a doll, a fairy, a goblin, and unquestionably refers us to many old Greek and Indian stories in which a bone is renewed by a sorcerer into humanity, or in which it changes to a diminutive being. So, too, the word *mullo* (*moolo*), or "dead," is applied not only to corpses and ghosts, but also to the shadow of a man, to bubbles which dance and break on rapid rivulets, and to rings of smoke. The



"LIKE AN INDIAN."

on his breast. So it is in talking with very old people, who being, of course, by reason of their age, much nearer heaven than we, are continually rising beyond us in memory. So when I spoke with the Queen of Plato Buckland, she at once remembered him, but we soon discovered that my Plato is the grandson of the one whom her majesty knew in her youth, and who was a famous Romany in his day. Witness the following song, or its incident, for the truth of which nobody vouches:

"Two Romany fellows were banished afar,
Far away over the dark rolling sea,
Lasho for robbing,
And Plato for fobbing,
The purse of a lady as great as could be.

"And when they came to the far-away land,
The land that is over the dark rolling sea,
One came to the halter,
But one at the altar
Soon married a lady as fair as could be.

"Would you like to know who the lady was?
'Twas the lady whose purse he had stolen, d'ye see;
For the chap had an eye,
Black, witch-like, and sly,
And she'd followed him over the dark rolling sea."

While I was singing this in the original Romany, it was not to an attentive audience, since I was accompanied by the parrot with a hymn in the unknown tongues, into which a Gypsy word now and then peeped like a dark heathen through a window upon a white congregation, and the three Mrs. Lovel, three children, and three dogs maintained, each in their way, a running conversation as Pennell sketched, and exclaimed at regular intervals: "Turn your head that way!"—"Look to one side!"—"Look up!"—"Keep still!" Even



THE BELLE OF THE CAMP.

connection between these is obvious, but their connection by a single word is poetical.

I once said of an interview with the giant Chang that I was continually startled when turning my head toward him, as we were seated in conversation, and expecting to meet his eyes, to find myself looking at the buttons

the fire seemed to be sociable, for it emitted its volumes like an author who, unable to talk in society, inflicts his opinions on it in puffs, and in fact with much the same result, since the smoke soon obliged me to look out-of-doors and get fresh air. Reëntering, I distributed Havanas,—for as fire may be used to fight fire, smoke also neutralizes smoke, as I found,—a good cigar being specially appreciated among the Gypsies, who are all right valiant smokers. Of which I may, by the way, remark that the Latin writer, who made *fumum vendere* or selling smoke a synonym for that which is without value, never foresaw cigars nor their present price.

One of the children was a pretty, sturdy little miss, named Madonna. It is a part of the quaint picturesque life and nature of the Gypsies that they generally take strange names, particularly for women. One of those present was called Shéva—in my book, “The Gypsies,” the reader may find such appellations as Alabina, Marbelenni, Starlina, Otchamé, and Catseye. Madonna was occupied with a spitz, holding it at one minute and pulling it by the tail the next.

It is a curious fact that no people put more faith in quaint observances and magical practices than those who live by them, though one would think that, like the augurs of old, there would be no great exchange of magic between them out of business hours. But when I showed the Queen a very large pocket-knife, which I have had for many years, and as I mentioned to her, had carried even in Egypt, and when I told her I esteemed it highly, she bade me hold it in my right hand. Then, having uttered the appropriate words in Romany, I was told to make a wish. I asked if I might not have three wishes, for it was a very strong *dukk*, and three being allowed I made them. This is a charm which never fails when granted by a very old woman, and it was a great favor to bestow it on me. The secret of this spell is beautifully set forth by Heine in the “Pictures of Travel,” where he declares that objects long worn or carried become as it were inspired with our life, or magical, and give to us again, in another form, the life we gave them. This, he thinks, is the origin of the German tales in which spoons and staves and chairs think and talk, and the bean and straw go forth on their travels. Who is there that has not felt the nameless charm attached to some old coin or gem which he has got into the habit of carrying, he hardly knows how? I read recently in the newspapers of a gentleman in the West, who believes there is a spirit in his cane; still more recently, I read of a large tribe in the East—I think it

is in Borneo—who worship their walking-sticks. Thus amber beads long worn become each the shrine of a little guardian sprite, while in every cherished cross there dwells a little Christian fairy. Whether the Gypsy charm given to me is not some remote transmission of the Hindoo oath on the knife, esteemed so sacred by the Thugs, who were also a species of Gypsies, I do not know, but the Gypsies, even in America, have exactly the same word for knife—*chūri*—as that used in India; and taking all things into consideration, I am inclined to think that this “blessing of the poignards” is an extremely ancient and curious incantation. It was indeed the oath by the knife and the cord which was the great adjuration not only of the Indian sect, and of the Assassins of Syria, but also of the Vehmgericht of Germany; and the reader may remember how, only an hour before the spell of the knife, I had removed ill-luck from portrait taking or giving, by bestowing a string.

There was an outlying encampment of the Lovel family, a mile distant, by the rising sun, and there I went with “our artist,” after sketching the Queen and her court. Here, too, we were unknown, and there was only a little girl about, who evidently had never heard of us, since when I asked her where her mother was, she went up to a closed van, and said in a low voice in Romany: “*Dai, shan dui mushi akai* [Mother, here are two men],” and then ran aside. I began to ask her what the language was in which she had spoken, but of course she kept silence. “Was it French?” Great was her astonishment when the mother came forth and I spoke to her in the secret tongue. We were most cordially received, the *dai* being a lady-like woman of middle age, with fine features, much resembling those of a high-caste Hindoo. Her style was reflected by the neatness of her person, the cleanliness of her children, and the remarkable luxury of a carpet on the floor or earth of her tent, while there were coverings on the boxes or furniture on which to sit.

The family had just come from Florida, and had brought with them a black goat who looked as if he should have been the property of the Witch Queen. I never saw an animal so suggestive of the Brocken. He was very tame, however, and did not object to be ridden by the youngest child, a very pretty boy, who, when mounted, reminded me of many a picture of fairies or sylvan *amorette* on similar steeds.

In conclusion, I may briefly answer a question which many persons have put—“Who and what are the Gypsies?” To this, I reply,

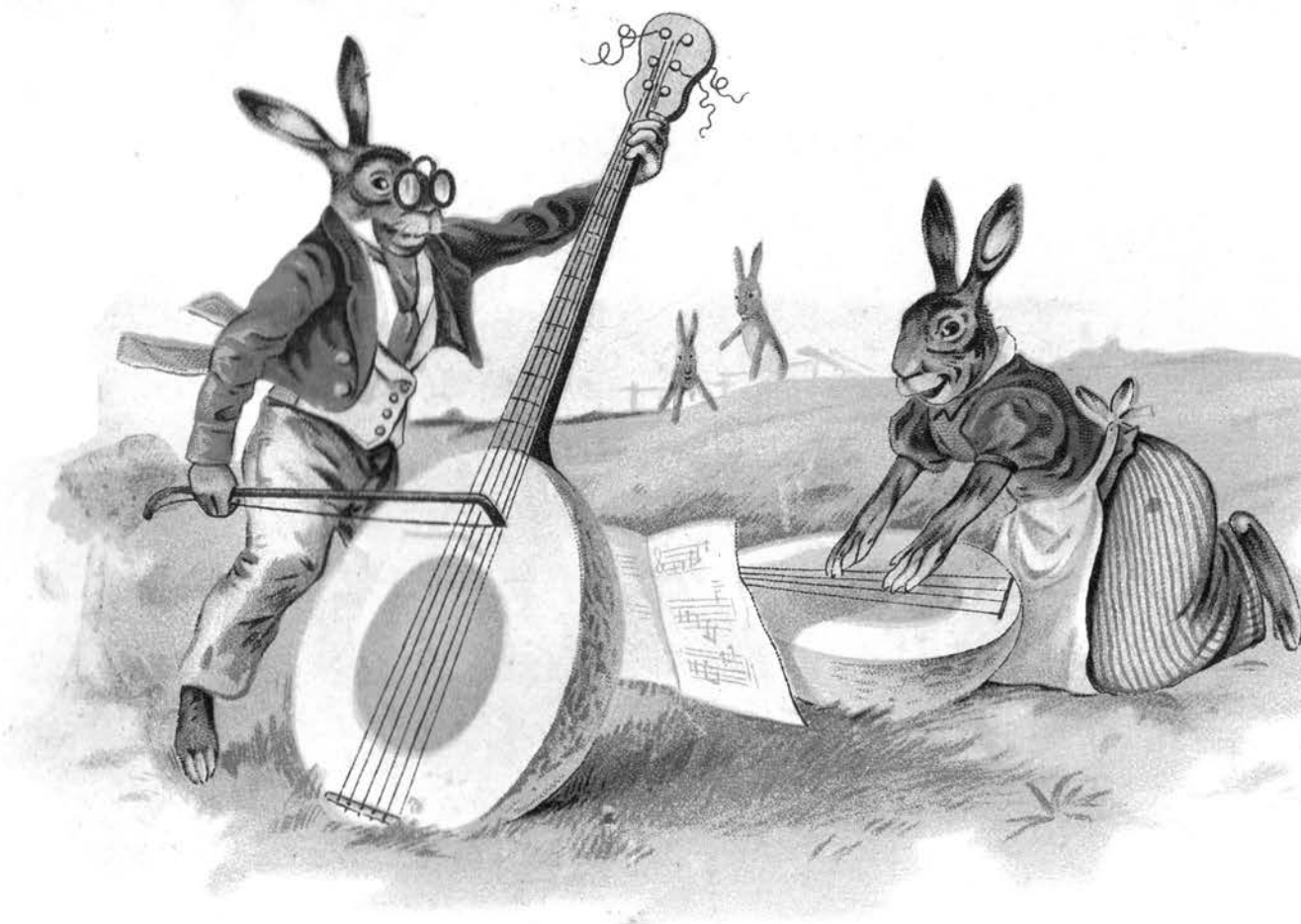
that they are of a mixed Aryan and non-Aryan stock from Northern India, where they have been known since prehistoric times. In their own language they call themselves Rom, meaning husband; but the word may also have some affinity with *ramna*, meaning to roam or wander. I believe that I have been the first to prove that there is at the present day in India, among the one hundred and fifty kinds of wandering castes of that country, which are all Gypsies, one in particular which is there regarded as specially Gypsy, and which calls itself *Rom*, and which uses words not collected in any other Indian dialect, but which are used by the Gypsies of Syria, Turkey, and Europe. This tribe is allied to, and is most probably, only a more widely wandering branch of the Dom, who are also known as outcasts and Gypsies. When I speak of so many kinds of wanderers as Gypsies, and yet not identical with our own, I may make my meaning clearer by saying, that as all the tramps, peddlers, etc., who roam in our roads, are still not Romany, so of all the Indian nomads, there is but one which in every partic-



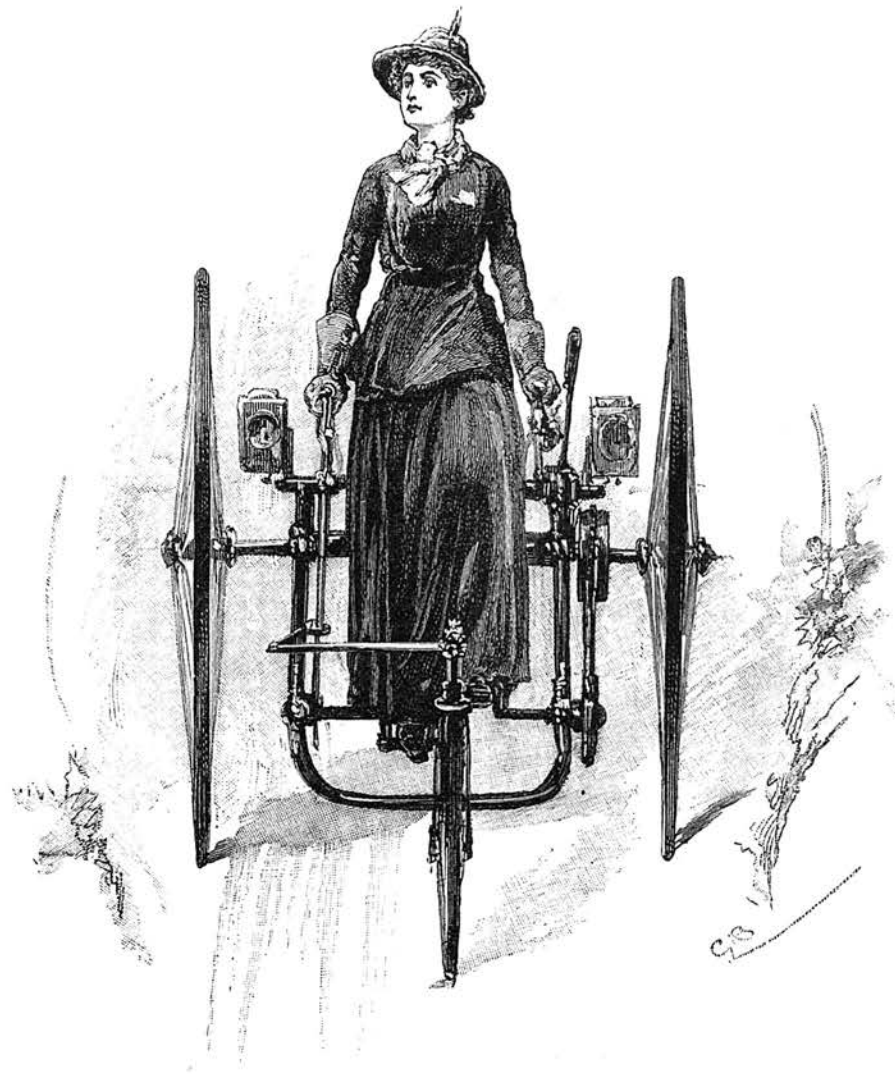
"AULD MON LOVEL."

ular, especially that of language, exactly corresponds to those whom I have described.

Charles G. Leland.



From a Victorian scrap album, ca. 1900



WOMEN ON WHEELS.

BY A LADY CYCLIST.

IN these days of the higher education of women, people have gradually come to recognise the fact that if a man's field of study is equally open to a woman, a certain amount of exercise and recreation, hitherto regarded as exclusively the heritage of man, must become the right of woman too. This fact is, as I say, pretty well understood and appreciated nowadays, and lawn-tennis, skating, and boating are as important factors in the amusements of a woman's life as the classics, algebra, and Euclid are in her education.

But of all the healthful and enjoyable modes of exercise now thrown open to women, there is none so beneficial to health and spirits, none so conducive to pleasure, interest, and wholesome excitement, as that to be obtained by the use of the tricycle.

Four years ago a woman on wheels was a rare and conspicuous sight; but to-day there are few parts of England—perhaps I may say of the United Kingdom—where a tricycling maid or matron excites any wonder in the mind of the spectator.

Certainly no more delightful means of locomotion was ever placed within my sex's reach. Women are seldom good walkers; their duties and pursuits confine them far more within-doors than do those of men, and even those who are most ardent over tennis or archery think, as a rule, that they have rather achieved a deed of prowess when they have taken a ten-mile walk. But the tricycle gives them at once a means of wandering far afield; of exploring forest glades and heathery moorlands; of finding close to their own familiar haunts beauties hitherto undreamed of, which, without such aid, they would never have been able to discover. We have slowly grown to realise that, in these days of over-brain-work and over-civilisation, no medicine but fresh air can calm the restless pulses and soothe the fevered mind, and the tricycle offers to women that panacea for over-wrought nerves and tried tempers.

"Why not ride instead?" asks some one. Certainly almost all that can be said in praise of the tricycle applies equally to the horse; but while thousands may enjoy the former, the latter is within the reach of



the rich alone. And it is particularly to the women of the middle class that I wish to recommend the use of the tricycle ; that class which suffers most from what we have grown to call the "little health of women ;" the class whose lives are the busiest, and whose minds the most heavily taxed, and who, just in proportion to that taxation and that business, need some relaxation which shall

offer them the most complete change and rest from their ordinary occupations.

For it is the very charm of the tricycle that it affords instant change of scene and thought. All worrying cares, all fretting petty details of daily life, seem to fall from one like an ugly shadow when one mounts one's iron steed. Who can keep a wrinkled brow or a heavy heart as one darts swiftly and smoothly through the sweet keen air ; or glides down some long descent with an exhilarating rush which is more akin to flying than any known motion ? Suppose yourself a dweller in some great dull town, where the air is heavy with the smoke of a hundred thousand chimneys, and your heart is sick with the endless roar of the streets. The country seems a dozen miles away ; life seems all grime, and ugliness, and money-getting, with an upper-current of housekeeping cares, or the commonplace round of daily monotonous duties. Your tricycle is at the door ; you mount your saddle, and press the pedals with feet which seem as languid and spiritless as the heart within you. A few turns, and the quickened circulation begins to act upon you. Your sad eye brightens ; the colour mounts to your pale cheek ; you draw a longer breath, and settle down, no longer languidly, to your work. A few minutes, and the dreary town surroundings are left behind. God's own fresh, pure country stretches before you, with smiling meadow and budding hedgerow ; there is a burst of heavenly melody from the lark that hangs on quivering

wing bathed in the sunlight glory ; a rush of perfume in the delicious air that touches with its soft sweet lips your glowing cheeks. You ride and ride, till the calm fair beauty of wood and stream sinks deep into your weary heart, and you feel young and strong, and happy again all on a sudden, and you reach home refreshed and invigorated in body and in mind, feeling as you alight as if you were treading on air, and could scarcely keep from bursting out into singing as blithe as that of the soaring lark you left behind you an hour ago.

That night you sleep the sleep of tired childhood, and you wake to feel the world a very good place. after all, and duties not so irksome by half as you thought them yesterday.

Or if you are fortunate enough to own a lot cast in country places already, your tricycle opens up to you a thousand new joys. What pic-nic parties may be yours in summer ! What long rides with a merry party to visit some distant ruin, or quaint cathedral town ! What pleasant teas in quiet village inns, or gipsy-meals beneath forest oak, or beside the sounding shore ! What nutting parties in the autumn, and what brisk rides to the meet on cold winter mornings, when cowering over the fire doesn't seem to warm one in the least, and only your tricycle-ride sends the quick blood tingling and dancing through every vein ! Ah ! the woman who has never been on wheels has not tasted half the innocent joys of life !

At first there was some amount of prejudice against tricycling for women. People looked askance, perhaps rather confounding three wheels with two, and fancying that anything of a cycling description must needs be unfeminine. Time has, as usual, proved the best advocate of a good cause, and there are few districts, and still fewer families, where tricycling now suggests anything fast or unwomanly.

That any prejudice against tricycling for women still exists is due, I fear I must own, a good deal to women themselves. Such lamentable spectacles as those afforded to the public from time to time by some riding women go far towards injuring the whole cause of tricycling in the eyes of the world at large ; and the unwomanly desire to compete in tricycle races, which lately gave rise to such hot discussions in the cycling press, has done still more. But it is palpably unfair to condemn tricycling for women at large because a few clumsy girls dress unsuitably, ride awkwardly, and attract a good deal of unflattering notice ; or because a small minority of silly women pant to win prizes in competition with men in the racing-field.

Of course in tricycling the first consideration must be the tricycle. The question of expense often disposes one to invest in one of those second-hand articles so temptingly advertised on all sides, but as a general rule the few pounds so saved are dearly saved. Never buy a tricycle without a personal examination and as prolonged a trial as possible. Faults, at first unsuspected, often make themselves apparent by use. Avoid rear-steerers—a class of machine which, for some occult reason, were considered, until quite recently, as appropriate for a lady's use. They are less

easy, less pleasant, and far more dangerous than the front-steering build.

The tricycle being secured, the next step is to ride it. Very little practice is needed by any woman of average quickness and common-sense, the motion is so easy. The steering is, of course, the difficult part, and a little usage is required before one grows aware how almost unconscious one's touch must be—as light and delicate as that on the tiller-lines of a boat, or the rein of a horse. Of course, as in all else, it is experience that teaches in tricycling. One learns by degrees to save oneself much hard labour by letting the pedals do most of the work for themselves, and by economising all that outlay of strength and breath with which one was at first so over-lavish. One great secret of graceful and easy riding is having the saddle sufficiently high—*i.e.*, just so that the instep rests on the lower pedal as one sits at full height. To sit low is infallibly to ride awkwardly and to exhaust oneself.

Dress is the next important question in the female mind. The great fault of most costumes devised by men is their excessive weight and warmth. Men never seem able to comprehend that a woman cannot carry what would be a light burden to themselves. The Touring Club uniform, otherwise neat and appropriate, suffers from this grave defect; also from being too expensive for many lady riders. The taste and fancy of the wearer can best decide how much and what quality of clothing should be worn, but there are two or three indispensable points to be considered. The gown must not be over two yards in width, or it may catch in the wheels; it must be guiltless of steels, or other dress-improving arrangements; it must be long enough to touch the instep as it reaches the lowest pedal; it must be made plainly and simply, with no floating flounces or frills. A colour calculated to withstand dust and grease is the most sensible wear, and jewellery, coloured ribbons, artificial flowers, &c., are all entirely out of place. Shoes should always be worn, and the head-gear should be chosen with a view to wind, sun, and possible showers.

I have found it a good plan to carry with me a small fur cape—just sufficient to protect my shoulders in a sudden storm, or to prevent a chill when overheated.

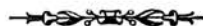
Beginners should be careful to avoid long distances at first; it is better never to attempt riding after one is tired, or to ride up ascents if one feels one's breath failing. By degrees the distance can be increased to almost any extent, and at last one grows to feel it far easier to ride up most hills than to push up the machine.

Touring is one of the great pleasures that tricycling brings with it. I should have mentioned, as another proof of the growing popularity of tricycling as an exercise for women, the fact that the club lists of the Cyclists' Touring Club show monthly an ever-increasing

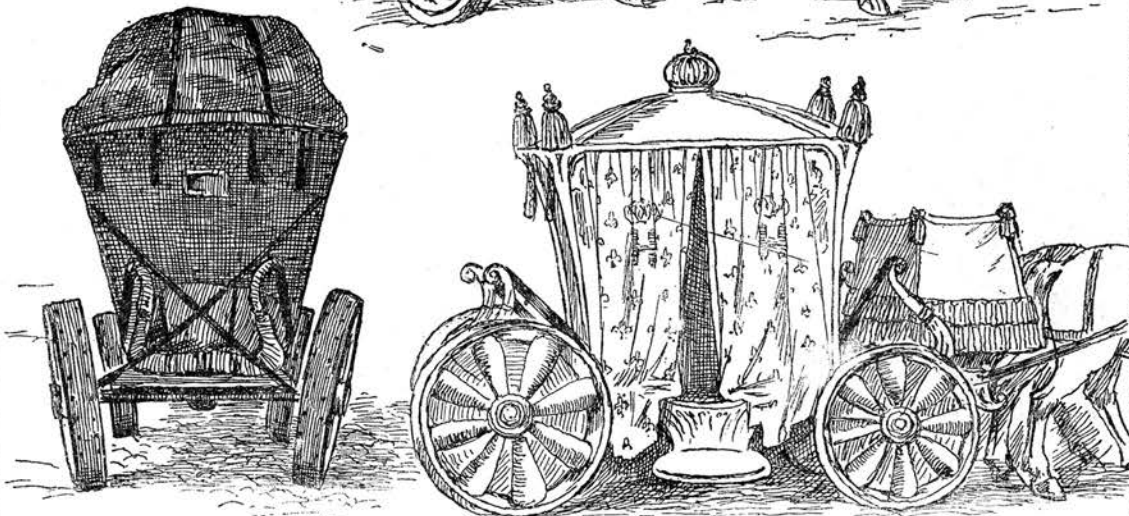
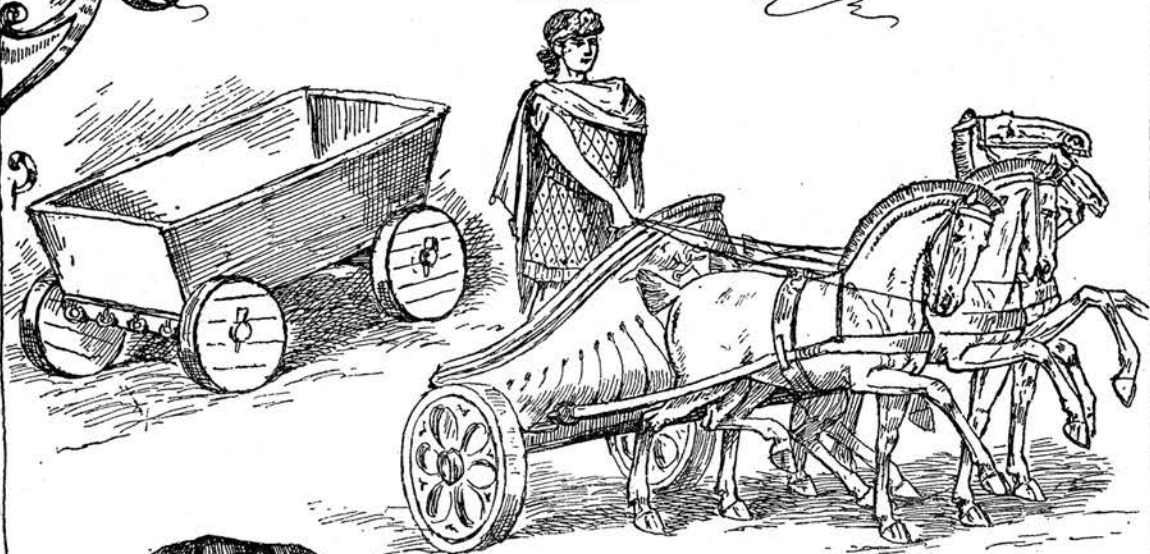
number of ladies' names. This Cyclists' Touring Club, which is open to all amateur riders, offers certain very real advantages to its members in the shape of official maps, hand-books, &c., as well as a settled tariff of charges at reduced rates at all inns bearing the club badge, of which there is at least one to be found in almost every town in the kingdom. Besides this, there are consuls appointed for the different divisions of the country, whose duty it is to supply information and assistance to all touring members applying for their aid. The subscription to the club is half-a-crown annually, with an additional shilling as entrance fee. Uniform is worn at option.

The club already numbers over sixteen thousand members, and any lady-tricyclist who contemplates touring should certainly add her name to the sixteen thousand.

And what form of touring can equal the utter enjoyment of the tricycle tour? Far longer distances can be covered with less than half the fatigue of walking, and there is far greater independence than in driving, and even riding does not afford such varied pleasure as the tricycle. To rise betimes on a sweet fresh summer morning, to mount one's steed after an early breakfast, and to whirl away mile after mile through fragrant hedgerows, or amid cool forest shades; to rest at some roadside inn through the burden and heat of the day, only to start once more as the sun is waning in the west, and to ride again under broadening shadows or by rising moon; to sleep in quaint old-fashioned hostelries, where the fare is sweet and hearty and the welcome warm and kind; to gain daily strength and health, and tone of mind and body; to learn that the pure healthful joys of life outweigh all its feverish intoxicating pleasures, as the gold outweighs the thistledown—all that is to have lived, and not to have lived in vain! And that is the happy possibility that every tricycle opens up to its possessor.



ROAD TRAVELLING



George Brent Richards 1892

OF THE EAST

FROM 800 to 1830



HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

CLEAN looking-glasses when smeary with a little methylated spirit, and then polish with a leather.



IN cases of great weakness during illness, it is not uncommon for the patient to have distressing fits of hiccough, which leave great prostration. To stop the attack, give a wine-glassful of boiling water to be sipped slowly at the very commencement of the attack. This will often completely stop it at once. Allowed to go on, the spasm may become dangerous.



IMMEDIATE relief may be had in cases of neuralgia by squeezing a sponge or cloth out of water as hot as it can be borne, and applying it to the back of the neck. Acetic acid diluted is also most invigorating and refreshing, applied to the top of the head and back of the neck. For a fever-patient, this acid applied according to the directions on the bottle over the body, has been found of the greatest value, and is most refreshing. It gives tone to the nerves, and materially aids convalescence.



WHEN having a house papered, make quite sure before the papers are put on the walls that they are not arsenicated. Some firms supply wall-papers free from arsenic, but if you are doubtful about them submit a piece of each paper to a chemist or analyst, and ask his opinion. Many cases of persistent illness have been traced to arsenic in the wall-paper, and it is not only present in green papers, but also in those of other colours.



SLEEPLESSNESS is generally caused by the brain having more blood than usual supplied to it; anyone desiring sleep should therefore draw the blood to the stomach by taking warm nourishing food the last thing at night, a basin of gruel, or bread and milk, or some other light and digestible food.



It is stated that more than half the consumption in the world is due to wrong breathing and disuse of one lung. Remarkable cures of persons with consumptive tendencies have been effected by their taking singing-lessons, in which the right method of breathing has been taught.



PATENT-LEATHER shoes and boots are best cleaned with a little sweet-oil on a soft rag, after wiping off any dust.



WHEN other remedies are not at hand, rags soaked in milk are valuable for burns on the skin.

How rare it is to find anyone able to read aloud properly, and yet what a treat it is when you can get one to do so. Children, and those who read indistinctly, should be made to read aloud at the far end of a room, with some one listening at the other end, to correct them whenever they mumble or lower the voice.



It is a capital plan to make boys and girls describe in their own words some event in which they are interested, standing at a little distance from you. It is a good preparation for public speaking, and gives practice in clothing their thoughts in appropriate language.



In every house there should be a drawer, in which string, scissors, nails, hammer, and other small tools should be kept for immediate use. In another drawer brown paper, neatly folded, should be always kept. Much needless trouble may be avoided if these things can be always found in the same place ready for use. It should be the business of one member of the family to see that the ink-bottles are kept clean and filled, and that sealing-wax and pens, paper and envelopes, are at hand, and the blotting-paper changed for fresh when used. Umbrellas should not be left stretched open to dry but closed, and with the handle downwards, otherwise the silk-covering and the metal-work rot and rust.



WISDOM-TEETH coming up in the mouth are often responsible for all sorts of mysterious illnesses in growing girls and boys, and even in older people. They come up at all ages, and in all sorts of odd corners, sometimes trying to force their way up under double or other teeth; then begins a spirited warfare, neither tooth willing to give way, and serious ill-health—spinal derangement, fits, and even blindness are the result. Many lives have been saved by the timely examination of the mouth, and sometimes the necessary removal of one of these offenders. It is well to remember this in cases of obscure and obstinate illnesses not amenable to ordinary treatment. Cases sometimes occur when wisdom-teeth are cut by people of mature age, and even by old people.



NEVER cook mushrooms a second time, if this be done they may develop unwholesome and even dangerous qualities.



Do not let the side of your bed ever be placed against a wall, but well out in the middle of the room, and, where it is possible, the head to the north. Free circulation of air is absolutely necessary to health, and where this is not obtainable, headaches, bad dreams, and other ailments are the result. Never close the register of your fireplace, and if you are too delicate to bear your window open at night, leave the door partly open, if possible.

HERE are some useful hints for those who keep canaries. A daily bath is necessary to keep the feet clean, the sand being removed whilst master dick is bathing, so that his pedal extremities do not get clogged. The water should be tepid in winter. Hemp seed should be given in small quantities and with discretion: a little is warming and the birds look upon it as a great delicacy. Should a bird after moulting still look sickly, a rusty iron nail in its drinking water acts as a tonic. A little bread or biscuit soaked in port wine may occasionally be given.



CORNWALL and Devon are the land of dainty foods. Here is the recipe of some delicious cakes, which are always to be found on the tea-table of a Cornish manor-house famous for its genial hospitality. Take a quarter of a pound, respectively, of flour, butter, and sifted sugar, two eggs, a little grated lemon-peel or essence of vanilla. Should the butter be hard, melt it slightly, and beat it into a cream, then add the sugar beating it in well into the frothy butter; next beat in one very well-beaten egg, afterwards adding the flour by slow degrees; lastly, beat in the remaining egg which must be thoroughly well beaten first itself. Mix the whole very carefully, and then pour into small buttered patty pans, baking in a brisk oven until the cakes are of a rich golden colour.

Some other cakes, scarcely less delicious but simpler in manufacture, can be made by mixing one pound of flour, half a pound of butter and of castor sugar, one teaspoonful of baking powder, and a little grated lemon peel. This should also be poured into buttered patty pans and baked in a brisk oven. Careful and thorough mixture is essential for the success of both these recipes.



A SUGGESTION may be taken from Russia and Scandinavia for the cooking of game. A partridge, grouse, or pheasant, may be treated in the following manner:—When the bird has hung for a week, pluck it, and place it in a dish with milk so that it is completely covered. It can stand for several days, but the milk must be occasionally changed. Before roasting, lard the bird with bacon and place it in the oven with milk in the roasting-pan. During the roasting operation pour three or four spoonfuls of cream over it at intervals; this will give it a nice brown glaze. Before serving pour more cream into the thick gravy in which it should be served. This treatment makes the flesh most tender, and although entailing great trouble and care, the result is incomparably superior to the British mode of cooking game.



POTATO PATTIES.—Mash three or four moderate sized potatoes, add an egg (raw) to them, make into the form of little patty cases, fill with a small quantity of minced meat or of dressed fish, cover with a half ball of the potato, brush the outsides over with yolk of egg, put in the oven to brown; when done place a paper on a dish, with a fish slice carefully remove the patties from the tin in which they are baked, and place on the paper to serve.

EXPLANATION OF FRENCH AND OTHER TERMS USED IN MODERN COOKERY.

PART I.

Allumande.—Concentrated white velouté (see velouté) sauce, seasoned with nutmeg and lemon juice, and thickened with yolks of eggs and cream.

Angelica.—A plant, the stalks of which are preserved with sugar; as it retains its green colour it is pretty for ornamenting sweet dishes, cakes, etc.

Appareil.—This word is applicable to a preparation composed of various ingredients, as appareil de gâteau (mixture for a cake).

Aspic.—Name given to clear savoury jelly, to distinguish it from sweet jelly. Cold entrées, which are moulded and have the ingredients set in jelly, are also called aspics.

Assiette volante.—A small dish (holding no more than a plate) which is handed round the table without ever being placed on it. Things that must be eaten very hot are often served in this way. Little savouries, foie-gras, or cheese fondus in paper cases are thus handed.

Au bleu.—An expensive way of boiling fish. A broth is made by boiling three onions, two carrots, two turnips, some parsley, pepper, salt, sufficient water, a tumbler of white wine, and a tumbler of vinegar together; the scum is removed as it rises, the fish is simmered in the broth. This broth is called Court bouillon. Fish cooked thus is eaten hot or cold, with suitable sauce.

Baba.—A Polish cake of a very light description.

Bain marie.—A sort of bath-saucepan, which stands on a stove with hot water in it, and has small bright saucepans stood in the water for the contents to cook slowly without reducing or spoiling them. A bain marie has no cover.

Bande.—The strip of paste that is put round a tart; sometimes the word is also applied to a strip of paper or bacon.

Barde de lard.—A slice of bacon. To barder a bird is to fasten a slice of bacon over it.

Béchamel sauce.—Equal quantities of velouté sauce and cream boiled together. The sauce was named after a celebrated cook.

Beignets.—Fritters.

Beurre noir.—Butter stirred in a frying-pan over a brisk fire until it is brown, then lemon-juice or vinegar, and pepper and salt are added to it.

Beurre fondu.—Melted, that is to say oiled, butter.

Bigarade sauce.—Melted butter, with the thin rind and the juice of a Seville orange boiled in it.

Blanch.—To parboil or scald. To whiten meat or poultry, or remove the skins of fruit or vegetables by plunging them into boiling water, and then sometimes putting them into cold water afterwards, as almonds are blanched.

Blanquette.—A kind of fricassée.

Boudin.—A very delicate entrée prepared with quenelle forcemeat or with fine mince.

Bouquet garni.—A handful of parsley, a sprig of thyme, a small bay leaf, and six green onions, tied securely together with strong thread.

Bouilli.—Boiled meat; but fresh beef, well boiled, is generally understood by this term.

Bouillie.—A sort of hasty pudding. Bouillie-au-lait is flour and milk boiled together.

Bouillon.—Thin broth or soup.

Braise.—To stew meat that has been previously blanched, very slowly with bacon or other fat, until it is tender.

Braisière.—A saucepan with a lid with a rim to it, on which lighted charcoal can be put.

Brider.—To put thin string or thread through poultry, game, etc., to keep it in shape.

Brioche.—A sort of light cake, rather like Bath bun, but not sweet, having as much salt as sugar in it.

Brandy butter.—Fresh butter, sugar, and brandy beaten together to a cream.

Caramel.—Made by melting a little loaf sugar in a saucepan, and as soon as it is brown, before it burns, adding some water to it. Sometimes used as a colouring for stews. Made into a syrup by adding more sugar after the water, it is a very good pudding sauce.

Casserole.—A stew-pan. The name given to a crust of rice moulded in the shape of a pie, then baked with mince or a purée of game in it.

Cerner.—Is to cut paste half way through with a knife or cutter, so that part can be removed when cooked to make room for something else.

Charlotte.—Consists of very thin slices of bread, steeped in oiled butter, and placed in order in a mould, which is then filled with fruit or preserve.

Chartreuse of vegetables.—Consists of vegetables tastefully arranged in a plain mould, which is then filled with either game, pigeons, larks, tendons, scollops, or anything suitably prepared.

Chartreuse à la Parisienne.—An ornamental dish made principally with quenelle forcemeat, and filled with some kind of ragoût, scollops, etc.

Chausse.—A jelly bag.

Compote.—Fruits preserved in syrup. Apple and any other kind of fruit jelly. This term is also used to designate some savoury dishes, prepared with larks, quails, or pigeons, with truffles, mushrooms, or peas.

Consommé.—Strong and clear broth used as a basis for many soups and gravies.

Conti (potage). Lentil soup.

Contise.—Small scollops of truffles; red tongue, or other things that are with a knife inlaid in fillets of any kind to ornament them, are said to be contisés.

Court bouillon.—See *au bleu*.

Croquettes.—A preparation of minced or pounded meat, or of potatoes or rice, with a coating of bread-crumbs. Croquettes means something crisp.

Croquantes.—Fruit with sugar boiled to crispness.

Croustades.—An ornamental pie-case, sometimes made of shaped bread, and filled with mince, etc.

Croutons.—Sippets of bread fried in butter; used to garnish. They are various sizes and shapes; sometimes served with soups.

Cuillerée.—A spoonful. In most French recipes I have found ten spoonfuls equal to a quarter of a pint of fluid.

Cuisson.—The name given to the liquid in which anything has been cooked.

Dariole.—A sort of cake served hot. The name of small round moulds in which various little cakes are baked or puddings steamed.

Daubière.—An oval stew-pan in which daubes are cooked. Daubes are meat or fowl stewed in sauce.

Dégorgier.—To soak in water for a longer or shorter time.

Dés.—Very small square dice.

Désser.—To bone; to remove the bones from fish, meat, game, or poultry.

Dorer.—To paint the surface of tarts or cakes with a brush, with egg or sugar, so that they may be glazed when cooked.

Dorure.—The glaze one uses for pastry; sometimes beaten white of egg, sometimes yolk of egg and cold water, sometimes sugar only.

Entrées.—A name for side dishes, such as cutlets, fricassées, fricandeaux, sweetbreads, etc.

Entrées (cold).—Consist of cutlets, fillets of

game, poultry, &c.; salads of various kinds, aspics, ham, and many other things.

Entrémets.—Second course side dishes. They are of four kinds—namely, cold entrées, dressed vegetables, scalloped shellfish, or dressed eggs, and lastly, sweets of any kind, puddings, jellies, creams, fritters, pastry, etc.

Escalopes.—Collops; small round pieces of meat or fish, beaten with a steak beater before they are cooked, to make them tender.

Espagnole.—Rich, strong stock made with beef, veal and ham, flavoured with vegetables, and thickened with brown roux. This and velouté are the two main sauces from which nearly all others are made. The espagnole for brown, the velouté for white.

Etamine.—See Tammy.

Ethiver.—To stew meat with little moisture, and over a very slow fire, or with hot cinders over and under the saucepan.

Faggot.—A bouquet garni.

Fanchonettes and florentines.—Varieties of small pastry, covered with white of egg and sugar.

Faire tomber à glace.—Means to boil down stock or gravy until it is as thick as glaze, and is coloured brown.

Farce.—Is ordinary forcemeat, such as is used for raised pies.

Feuil étage.—Very light puff paste.

Flamber.—To singe fowls and game after they have been plucked.

Flans.—A flan is made by rolling a piece of paste out rather larger than the tin in which it is to be baked, then turning up the edge of the paste to form a sort of wall round. Flans are filled with fruit or preserve, and baked.

Foncer.—To put slices of ham or bacon in the bottom of a saucepan, to line a mould with raw paste, or to put the first layer of anything in a mould—it may be a layer of white paper.

Fontaine.—A heap of flour with a hollow in the middle, into which to pour the water.

Fondu.—Or fondué. A cheese soufflé.

Fricandeau.—Fillets of poultry or the best pieces of veal, neatly trimmed, larded, and well glazed, with their liquor reduced to glaze. They are served as entrées.

Fricassée.—A white stew, generally made with chicken and white sauce, to which mushrooms or other things may be added.

Fraisier.—A way of handling certain pastry to make it more compact and easier to work.

Frémir, frissonner.—To keep a liquid just on the boil—what is called simmering.

Galette.—A broad flat cake.

Gâteau.—Cake. This word is also used for some kinds of tarts, and for different puddings. A gâteau is also made of pig's liver; it is therefore rather difficult to define what a "gâteau" is.

Gaufres.—Or wafers. Light spongy biscuits cooked in irons over a stove.

Glacer.—To glaze; to brush hot meat or poultry over with concentrated meat gravy or sauce, so that it shall have a brown and shiny appearance. Glaze can be bought in skins. Glacer, in confectionery, means to ice pastry or fruit with sugar.

Gnocchi.—Small balls of paste made with flour, eggs, and cheese to put into soup.

Gramme.—A French weight. An ounce avoirdupois is nearly equal to thirty grammes.

Gras.—Made with meat and fat.

Gratins (au).—Term applied to certain dishes of fish, game, poultry, vegetables, and macaroni dressed with rich sauces, and generally finished with bread-crumbs or bread-raspings over the top.

Gratiner.—Is to brown by heat, almost burn.

Grenadins.—Similar to a fricandeau, but smaller; grenadins are served with vegetable purées.

(To be continued.)

PART II.

Hors d'œuvres (hot).—A species of very light entrées, such as small patties, ox-piths, brains, cock's combs, croquettes, etc.

Hors d'œuvres (cold).—Sardines, anchovies, prawns, tunny, prepared herrings, savoury butters, radishes, caviar, and many other things are served as hors d'œuvres. They should be eaten immediately after the soup and fish, as they are considered as appetisers.

Jardinière.—A mixed preparation of vegetables cut in dice or, more generally, fancy shapes—small balls, diamonds, etc.—and stewed in their own sauce, with a little butter, sugar, and salt.

Julienne.—Vegetables cut in very thin strips, and used for soup; also in some ways of cooking fish and meat.

Jus.—The gravy that runs from roast meat, or strong, good gravy made from meat.

Kilogramme is equal to two pounds and one-fifth of a pound avoirdupois. It contains 1,000 grammes, so one generally takes 500 grammes as equal to one pound.

sometimes of only one kind. Trout, eels, or carp are most used. Wine enters largely into the composition of this dish.

Marinades.—Cooked marinade is prepared with vinegar, water, vegetables, parsley, herbs, and bayleaves. If it is not cooked, it consists of chopped onions, parsley, herbs, oil, and lemon-juice, or vinegar. Marinade is a pickle.

Mayonnaise.—Yolks of eggs worked into a stiff cream by slowly dropping oil and vinegar into them as they are stirred.

Mazarines.—Ornamented entrées made of forcemeats, with either fillets of fish or pieces of chicken or game.

Menu.—A bill of fare.

Meringue.—A kind of sweetmeat or icing, made by beating whites of eggs and sugar to snow, and then baking in a slow oven.

Mignonette Pepper.—A preparation of either black or white peppercorns, which, after being broken in a mortar to about the size of mignonette-seed, is sifted to remove the dust from it.

Minestrone.—Clear stock, with peas, rice, carrots and tomato sauce in it, served with grated Parmesan cheese.

Mirepoix.—A compound used to impart flavour to braised meats.

Mirton.—Pieces of meat larger than collops, such as would be put in a stew.

Mitonner.—Same as mijoter; to simmer or cook very slowly.

Mouiller.—To add liquor to anything.

Nougats.—A mixture of baked almonds and boiled sugar.

Nouilles.—Paste made of yolks of eggs and flour, which is cut in fine strips like vermicelli.

Panada.—A preparation of sopped bread wrung in a cloth, then cooked with butter, or of flour, water, and butter. Panada of bread or of flour is needed in the preparation of many forcemeats.

Paner.—To cover meat or anything else with very fine breadcrumbs before broiling, frying, or baking it.

Panure.—Scollops, croquettes, cutlets, or any other entrée that is breadcrumbed or pané.

Papillottes (en).—Cooked in buttered papers.

Piping.—This is the name given to the sugar work used for ornamenting cakes, tartlets, etc. It is done by working white of egg and fine sugar together, and then pressing the sugar through a sort of funnel. An india-rubber implement is made for this purpose, which is much easier to use than a tin one.

Laitance.—Soft rows of fish.

Larder.—Larder is sometimes confounded with piquer. Larder is to stick pieces of ham, to rye, truffles, or bacon into meat or poultry, after making little holes in it to receive them, so that when it is cut it looks marbled, and the meat gains in flavour from the truffles or whatever it may be that is inserted.

Lit.—A bed or layer; articles in thin slices with seasoning or other things placed between them.

Liaison.—Thickening. By this word is understood a thickening made with one or more yolks of eggs. They are used for many sauces and some soups; sometimes a little cream or milk is added to them.

Litre.—A French measure, equal to a pint and a half English measure.

Luting.—A paste made of flour and water only, and used for fastening down the lids of fireproof pans and jars when preserving game, etc., in them, so as to prevent evaporation.

Macaroncini.—A small kind of macaroni, larger than vermicelli.

Macedoine.—Vegetables prepared and

cooked as for *jardinière*, but with the addition of some white sauce to them.

Macedoine of fruit.—Mixed fruits in jelly.

Madeleine.—Very like queen cake.

Maigre.—Without meat; sauces, soups, or broths made with vegetables, etc., but without meat or meat stock.

Maitre d'hotel.—A sauce made with white sauce, parsley, and lemon juice, if to use hot; if cold, it is made by kneading butter, parsley, and lemon-juice together. Made thus, it is often put on fillet or rump steaks before they are sent to table.

Manier.—This word is applied to the preparation of butter or other fat used for making different kinds of paste. It consists in pressing the fat in a cloth until it is quite soft and all the moisture is removed from it.

Massepains.—Sweetmeats made from almond paste (similar to that put over wedding cakes), cut or moulded into shapes, and glazed on the outsides. They are easy to make, and very nice for dessert.

Matelotte.—A rich and expensive fish stew, made properly of mixed fresh-water fish, but

prepared with truffles, etc., for croustades, timbales, croquettes, etc.

Salmi.—A highly-finished hash of cooked game or wild-fowl, cut up and prepared with rich sauce or made gravy.

Sauté.—To fry cutlets, scollops of game, poultry, or fish, etc., lightly in butter.

Sautoir.—A very shallow stewpan used for sautés.

Soufflé.—The word means something puffed up. Soufflés are very light puddings. They may be made with any kind of farinaceous substance, with the addition of well-beaten eggs flavoured with fruits, liqueurs, or essences. They must be served the moment they are ready. They can also be made with fruit. Iced soufflés are made in various ways; but the mixture is iced, instead of baked.

Spaghetti.—Naples vermicelli.

Stock.—Unthickened broth or gravy, with which soups or sauces can be made.

Tartare.—Mayonnaise, with the addition of chopped shallots, gherkins, tarragon, chervil, and a little chili vinegar and mustard.

Tamis, or *Tannmy*.—A cloth made for straining through. It should be of goat's hair, but is frequently only woollen canvas.

Timbale is a sort of pie made in a mould and turned out before it is sent to table.

Tourner is used for stir; but it also means to turn—that is to say, to shape, as cutting vegetables into the form of olives, balls, pears, etc.

Tourte.—A delicate sort of tart, baked usually in a shallow tin. It may contain fish, meat, or fruit.

Trousser.—To truss.

Truffer.—To stuff with truffles. This is generally for pheasants, turkeys, or capons.

Turbans.—Ornamental entrées made of game, poultry, or fish, and forcemeats.

Velouté.—The white sauce used as a basis for so many others. It is rich double stock, made with veal, poultry, ham, vegetables, etc., and thickened with flour and butter. It must always be white.

Vol-au-vent.—Puff paste of the lightest kind, filled with a delicate ragout or fricassée. Fruit may also be enclosed in a vol-au-vent crust.

Vinaigrette.—Oil, vinegar, pepper, and salt together.

Water-souchet.—A simple way of dressing fish by boiling it with parsley roots and leaves, and pepper and salt, and serving it in its own broth, with plates of brown bread-and-butter.

Zeste.—Lemon rind. Sometimes orange and Seville orange rind are called "zeste."

Zita.—Naples macaroni.

PRECIOUS STONES; THEIR HOMES, HISTORIES. AND INFLUENCE.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RUBY AND THE SAPPHIRE.—*Hardness*, 9;
Specific Gravity, 4.

The ruby signifies divine power and love, dignity and royalty, while the blue-coloured sapphire is an emblem of heaven, virtue, truth, constancy, heavenly love and contemplation.

“The ruby doth cast forth the glory of its splendour and its sparklings like lightning.”
Thos. Nicols, 1652.

“And there was under his feet as it were a paved work of a sapphire-stone, and as it were the body of heaven in his clearness.”
Ex. xxiv. 10.



N all the world and in every age there has been but one idea of a perfect ruby, *viz.*, that it is the most rare of all the productions of nature, that it forms the highest known standard of perfection, and excels in

value the diamond itself.

When the ancients desired to convey the idea of something very precious they compared it with the ruby, for example, “The price of wisdom is above rubies,” and “Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is above rubies.”

It is not difficult to imagine that in the age of superstition wonderful qualities were ascribed to it, for whatever startled the imagination of the ancients with a new and mysterious beauty was at once invested with supernatural power.

It was firmly believed that the ruby furnished light to certain great serpents or dragons whose eyes had become feeble through old age; also that it had the power of shining brilliantly in darkness, and that its light was of such a nature that nothing could arrest it. It was a matter of firm faith that if the ruby were worn in an amulet it was good against poison and the plague, and that so worn it would drive away evil thoughts, sadness, bad dreams and wicked spirits; it was also credited with the attribute of cheering the mind and keeping the body in safety, and even of warning the wearer of the approach of danger by growing black and obscure, and returning to its former colour when the danger was past. In fact the belief prevailed that the presiding genius of a man's fate might be carried with him in the shape of a ruby.

The following occurrence is related by Wolfgang Gabelschoverus—

“This have I often heard from celebrated men of high estate and also know I it, woe is me! from my own experience; for on the 5th day of December, 1600 after the birth of Christ Jesus, as I was going with my beloved wife, of pious memory, from Stutgard to Caluna I observed by the way that a very fine ruby which I wore mounted in a gold ring, the which she had given to me, lost repeatedly and almost completely its splendid colour, and that it assumed a sombre blackish hue which blackness lasted not one day but several: so much so that being greatly astonished I drew the ring from my finger and put it into a casket. I also warned my wife that some evil followed her or me, the which I augured from the change in the ruby. And truly I was not deceived, for within a few days she was taken

mortally sick. After her death the ruby resumed its pristine colour and brilliancy.”

It was related by Sir John Maundeville, a traveller in the fourteenth century, who visited a royal court in the East, that the emperor had in his chamber pillars of gold, in one of which was a ruby or carbuncle of half a foot long which, in the night, gave so much light and shining as to be equal to the light of day; and by Louis Verolam the story was told that the King of Pegu wore carbuncles of such a size and lustre that whoever looked at him in the dark saw him as resplendent as though he were illumined by the sun. It is related also in *Ælian's Book of Animals* that “a woman of the name of Heraclia, having cured a stork of a broken leg, the grateful bird brought and dropped into her bosom a carbuncle or true ruby which shone in the darkness of night like a lighted lamp.”

Putting aside, however, all the quaint pretty stories, beliefs and mystic powers with which the fancies of five thousand years have endowed precious stones, and this one specially, we come face to face with facts important for us to know, *viz.*, the composition, the home and surroundings of the ruby and the sapphire, which are one and the same stone varying only in colour.

These two stones do not always grow together, and their colour is derived from their surroundings just as two children in a family exhibit different characteristics if brought up under different influences.

We have seen that the pearl is composed of lime and the diamond of pure carbon, therefore we shall not be unprepared to find that the ruby and the sapphire, exquisite as they are, are formed almost entirely of clay, a substance quite as common as lime and carbon.

It scarcely seems possible that the material with which children make mud pies can have anything in common with the ruby and the sapphire, but so it is.

The basis of clay is alumina, a substance which exists largely in vegetable mould and in most of the rocks of the world, and it is of alumina nearly pure that the ruby and the sapphire are formed. I say nearly pure, because some faint traces of foreign matter, such as oxide of iron or chromic acid are detected in them, and probably it is these minute particles coming into contact with the alumina which afford the colouring to these exquisite gems.

Just as we saw that the diamond had a double in an inferior variety, so the ruby has its inferior in the Oriental topaz, the first being a hundred times more valuable than the last. There exists but one true ruby, “of colour glorious and effects rare,” and that is the Oriental ruby. When its colour is of good quality it has the tint of arterial blood, a tint known in commerce as “pigeon's blood.” Some of the reds in the stained glass of our ancient cathedrals, when the daylight pours through, give an idea of this brilliant colour.

Formerly the people of the East called all coloured stones by the name of ruby, and in the language of Pegu, the sapphire was a blue ruby, the topaz a pink ruby, the amethyst a violet ruby, and so on.

The ruby, sometimes called carbuncle from its fiery appearance, is easily distinguished by a property shared by the sapphire and the emerald, and which is known as dichroism, and belongs only to those gems whose form is six-sided or pyramidal. The stones which possess this power, when viewed in different directions, exhibit two distinct colours—the ruby, aurora red and carmine; the sapphire, greenish straw

and blue, the emerald, yellowish green and bluish green, while diamonds, garnets, and spinel, which crystallise in the cubic system, show a pair of images identical in colour.

The name given to all minerals consisting of alumina nearly pure, is corundum. This is very largely distributed over the world, but the fine red varieties are extremely rare; indeed, it may be said that they have no home outside Burma, Siam, and Ceylon, and even of these it is only Burma which is celebrated for the favourite tint known as the true pigeon blood; those of Siam being often too dark and those of Ceylon too light to satisfy the connoisseur.

It is only of late years that we have learnt anything definite about the home and surroundings of the ruby, and great thanks are due to Mr. Streeter, whose skill, energy, and organisation have opened up to us a mass of information respecting the character of the country in which rubies are found, and the working of the mines not only in Burma, but also in Montana.

As to the origin of the ruby little is known. Cardan, who was born in 1801, declared they were engendered by juices distilled from precious minerals, while the people of the East believed that rubies ripen in the earth; that they are first colourless and crude, and gradually as they ripen become yellow, green, blue, and red, which they considered the highest point of beauty and ripeness. But to go from fancies to facts. The mines in which rubies are found are as a rule natural caverns into which ruby-sand and clay have been washed. They are also found in calc-spar, and it has been thought by some therefore that calc-spar is the matrix or mother-rock of the ruby, while others with more reason, perhaps, think that the calc-spar has closed round the gem, but whence the ruby itself originally came is a mystery up to the present time.

The knowledge that ruby mines existed in Burma first reached Europe in the fifteenth century, but there was so much mystery about them that up to the beginning of 1886, the date of the annexation of Upper Burma to the British Empire, we were quite ignorant as to the conditions under which these gems occurred in this inaccessible country. The mines were so strictly guarded that no European was allowed to approach them on any pretence. They were a royal monopoly, and fine stones could only be obtained for the outside world by smuggling, as the order was to retain all for the king's treasury. One of the titles of the King of Burma was “Lord of the Rubies.” The origin of the king's possession of these mines is given in the following tradition.

In the year 1630 it happened that a Burman came to Mogok, a hundred miles north of Mandalay, with tamarinds for sale, and having obtained a red stone in exchange for some of his fruit presented it to the King of Ava, the ancient capital of Burma. The king was so pleased with the ruby that he entered into negotiations for the tract of country which produced such minerals, and in the year 1637 he peacefully obtained the ruby district in exchange for other territory, and from that time to this it is probable that the majority of fine rubies have come directly or indirectly from Upper Burma.

Since the ruby tract has been worked by Europeans, first by Mr. Streeter and now by the mining company, large numbers of rubies have been found, but most of them small, and not enough to pay the heavy rental, but great hopes are entertained that the coming years will be more successful.

The country which is the chief centre of the ruby mining district is a dense mass of forest jungle rising above the valleys, which are cultivated for rice, and the climate is very unhealthy both for Europeans and natives. The mines may be divided into three classes—the pit, the hillside-working, and the cavern. The first of these is worked in the valley-bottoms in dry weather; they seem to be beds of former lakes gradually filled up by detritus deposited there by successive rains. The bed of *byōn*, or ruby-bearing earth, is at a depth of from fifteen to twenty feet.

In the wet season the working of the hill-side cuttings commences; the *byōn* here is of a yellowish-brown colour; the water for working is often brought for miles along the hill-sides by ditches, forming a large item of expense. The third class, or cave-workings, are very interesting, but attended with considerable danger; the air, too, is so foul that it is often impossible to work or to keep lights burning. The *byōn* here is of a more sandy nature than in either of the others, and though there are fewer stones found they are, as a rule, of better size and quality.

The working tools of the Burmese miners are very simple. He has a rough dress to wear in the mine; his lamp is a little earthenware saucer of oil, with a wick burning at one side; by digging he has a spud shaped like a flat trowel, a few sprigs cut from the nearest trees, bamboos to make a platform, and some creeper-stalks to serve as ropes; and then he has all he requires. The use of modern machinery and of explosives by Burmese miners is prohibited by law.

The public place of sale in Mandalay for the sale of rubies is called Ruby Hall, and serves also as a kind of intelligence office. In 1886, it was estimated that the value of the rubies sent every month to the hall was between 50,000 and 100,000 rupees.

Wherever the ruby is found, there, as a rule, other stones of value may be seen; and where rubies and sapphires meet together it may be taken as a fact that gold is not far off.

The two most important rubies ever known in Europe were brought to England in 1875. They were re-cut in London, and their colour was magnificent. One sold for £10,000 and the larger for £20,000. "It is doubtful," says Mr. Streeter, "if the London market would ever have seen these truly royal gems but for the necessities of the late Burmese Government." In Burma the sale of these two rubies caused intense excitement, a military guard being considered necessary to escort the persons conveying the package to the vessel.

Ceylon is the most marvellous gem deposit in the world, and was known in the period of the Roman empire as the land of the luminous carbuncle; but, as more sapphires are found here than rubies, we will speak of it in the next part of this chapter.

THE SAPPHIRE.

"The azure light of sapphire stone
Resembles that celestial throne,
A symbol of each simple heart,
That grasps in hope the better part,
Where life each holy deed combines,
And in the light of virtue shines."

Marbodæus.

The sapphire has been known from earliest antiquity, and venerated beyond all other precious stones; indeed, it was known to the ancients as the sacred stone, and was endowed by them with the most exalted qualities. It was one of the gems which had place in Aaron's breastplate, and was chosen of all gems to represent the throne of God. Epiphaneus states that the vision which appeared to Moses on the mount was in a sapphire, and that the first tables of the law given by God to Moses were also of sapphire.

It is supposed to have been the earliest gem known to man; and long before the diamond, with its less attractive natural appearance, was recognised as valuable, the bright-coloured ruby and sapphire caught the eyes of the early inhabitants of the earth as the stones were separated from the matrix and laid bare by the mountain torrents.

Specimens of sapphire are found among the ruins of the ancient and long-forgotten cities of Arabia and Persia, where one looks in vain for diamonds. This is not surprising, seeing that the diamond was unnoticed and unknown until civilisation, far advanced, revealed its hidden splendour by the application of art.

All precious stones have, it is believed, an antipathy to vice and intemperance, but the sapphire, above all others, has this quality. If worn by a person of bad habits, it never displays its full beauty, and it is stated as a reason why it is specially worn by priests that it helps the wearer to be pure in thought and deed. And so great was its power supposed to be on venomous creatures that if a sapphire were placed over the mouth of a phial containing a spider the insect died on the instant.

It was an article of belief that powdered sapphires, made into a paste and placed over the eyes, would draw out any dust, insect, or other foreign matter that may have fallen into and injured them.

The sapphire, in its purest state, is of a clear blue colour, very much like that of the blossom of the cornflower, and the more velvety its appearance the greater its value. Although more widely distributed over the earth than its sister the ruby, it is no more lavish in its production of the true cornflower blue, which is the standard colour, than the ruby of its pigeon-blood colour.

Wherever perfect sapphires are found, their home or mother is ferruginous sand (that is, containing iron), produced by decomposition of basaltic rock.

In former times Europe obtained sapphires almost entirely from Arabia, and subsequently from Persia and Ceylon. At present, the best sapphire-yielding localities are Burma, Cashmir, Siam, Ceylon, and, quite lately, Montana, but of all these Siam produces the finest. The stones yielded by these mines are of the highly-prized velvety blue colour, and fortunately those over one carat in weight are better in colour and quality than those under. Although these mines have only been worked about a quarter of a century, they must have been known long ago by the natives. They consist of rude pits, about four feet square and five to twelve feet deep, on the sides of the mountain and in the valley. The stratum in which the sapphires are here found is clay with a small admixture of gravel. The miners, chiefly Burmese, work two or three in a pit, and raise the sapphire-earth in baskets by means of ropes made with creepers.

The clay is then washed and the gems picked out of the residuum by hand. The curious habit obtains here of not allowing the buyer to see the sapphires before purchasing; the stones are put into a short joint of a small bamboo, and the intending purchaser judges of their weight by the rattle they make when shaken.

The great gem-bearing district of Siam is supposed to cover an area of a hundred square miles. So extensive is the trade in Siamese sapphires, that a gem broker in London certified that in 1889 he sold wholesale nearly £70,000 worth of these stones.

In Upper Burma, sapphires are found associated with rubies, and although not of very fine quality they are of large size. The largest ever found in Burma weighed 253 carats, and was purchased for the king for 7000 rupees.

About thirteen years ago a remarkable dis-

covery was made in the valley of the Himalayas in Cashmere. It seems that a landslip occurred about the year 1880 and laid bare the rock exposing sapphires. The surrounding rocks are of gneiss and crystalline limestone intersected by veins of granite. The sapphires were found loose among the detritus on the side of the valley high up the mountain near the line of perpetual snow. This first supply soon came to an end, but a second landslip having occurred fresh deposits have been exposed. Some of these Cashmere sapphires are of very fine colour. Here, as in many of the other findings of precious stones, a true and interesting story is attached.* Near the spot where the sapphires have been found lived a monk, who first noticed a pale blue vein in the rock. He broke off pieces and exchanged them with traders for sugar and tobacco, carefully concealing whence he obtained his treasures. Subsequently he disposed of a quantity to some men who took the pieces to Simla. One piece, about a foot long and three or four inches in circumference, he was persuaded to give to one of his brotherhood in order to have an idol made of it. A lapidary engaged to form it into the idol found it so hard that he came to the conclusion it was of extraordinary value, and showed it to an official, who decided to send it to the Maharajah of Cashmere. On enquiry being made a messenger was despatched to bring the monk who had found the stone, and he was compelled to disclose the locality where he had obtained it. The result was, that a responsible official with a strong guard was sent to protect the place until the value of the discovery should be known.

Sapphires are found by the Lacha Pass, which is about ten days' journey from Simla. A native is said to have found a large number here, and loading several goats with these valuables he took the journey to Simla where he tried to sell them; but the people to whom he showed them knew nothing of their value, and would not give even a rupee for them, which the man would gladly have taken, for he was starving. He then proceeded to Delhi, where the jewellers, knowing them to be sapphires, gave him their value and had them cut and sent to London.

In Ceylon, the sapphires are usually found with other gems either in the old river-beds or in a bed of gravel which occurs at a depth of from six to twenty feet below the surface.

The gem mart of Ceylon, Ratnapoora, which means literally the city of rubies, is situated in the very midst of the mines, and the beds of the torrents sometimes contain so great a quantity of broken fragments of sapphire, garnet and other stones, that the sands are often used by the lapidaries in polishing gems. It is the opinion of learned men that the sapphire is formed in crystalline rocks; that in process of time the matrix, or mother-rock, is disintegrated, the gems set free, and washed down to the alluvial soils where they are now found.

The sapphire-mines of Montana are, says Mr. Streeter, after visiting them, exceedingly rich both in precious stones and gold. The existence of curious stones in North Carolina and Montana territory has long been known; they were seen by the gold-mining pioneers, who, when they tried to get an opinion upon them, were told they were merely specimens of quartz. On leaving Montana for what they supposed richer fields, some took a few of the stones away with them, which falling into the hands of Messrs. Tiffany, jewellers of New York, were recognised as true sapphires and rubies.

The most important sapphires known in Europe are two magnificent stones, which were exhibited in the London Exhibition of 1862 and in the Paris Exhibition of 1867.

* Related in Streeter's *Precious Stones and Gems*.

The smaller of the two was perhaps the more valuable; it was a badly-shaped stone, but when re-cut in London and all defects removed it was a splendid gem of 165 carats, and worth from £7000 to £8000.

In the Hope Collection there was a large sapphire of a rich colour, which retained its beauty as well by candle as by daylight.

Among the jewels of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts are two magnificent sapphires, said to be worth £30,000.

Among celebrated sapphires is the one found in Bengal by a poor man who sold

wooden spoons. It is over 133 carats in weight, and is without spot or fault. It was brought to Europe and bought by the house of Raspoli in Rome. Later it became the property of a German prince, who sold it to the French jewel-merchant Perret for £6800. It forms one of a collection in the Jardin des Plantes in Paris.

The ancients engraved the sapphire, notwithstanding its hardness, and a beautiful specimen of this may be seen among the Crown jewels of Russia, representing a female figure enveloped in drapery. The stone is of

two tints, and the artist has made use of the dark tint for the woman and the light for the drapery. Another specimen in the Strozzi Cabinet in Rome is a perfect marvel of skill, representing a young Hercules.

We have now disposed of those gems whose composition is carbonate of lime (the pearl), pure carbon (the diamond), and clay, the basis of which is alumina (ruby and sapphire); and it would be difficult to say which of all these common materials have turned out, with the help of mother Nature, the most perfect and exquisite gem.



Home Art and Home Comfort.

Easter-Egg Tea-Sets,

AND OTHER ORNAMENTS.

MANY of the charming conceits which pass from one to another as gifts or remembrances at Easter-tide, are either eggs or in egg-shape, and may often be as well made by the home-worker as by those who supply the dealers with these pretty devices.

As many of the daintiest articles of food are concocted with eggs for chief ingredients, so no less dainty, though different, usage may be made of the discarded, empty eggshells "with white-washed wall as white as milk,"—nature's own porcelain fabrication, more fragile and delicate than anything human skill has yet succeeded in creating.

Our pretty tea-set is made of this exquisite ware, and



EGG TEA-POT. ACTUAL SIZE.

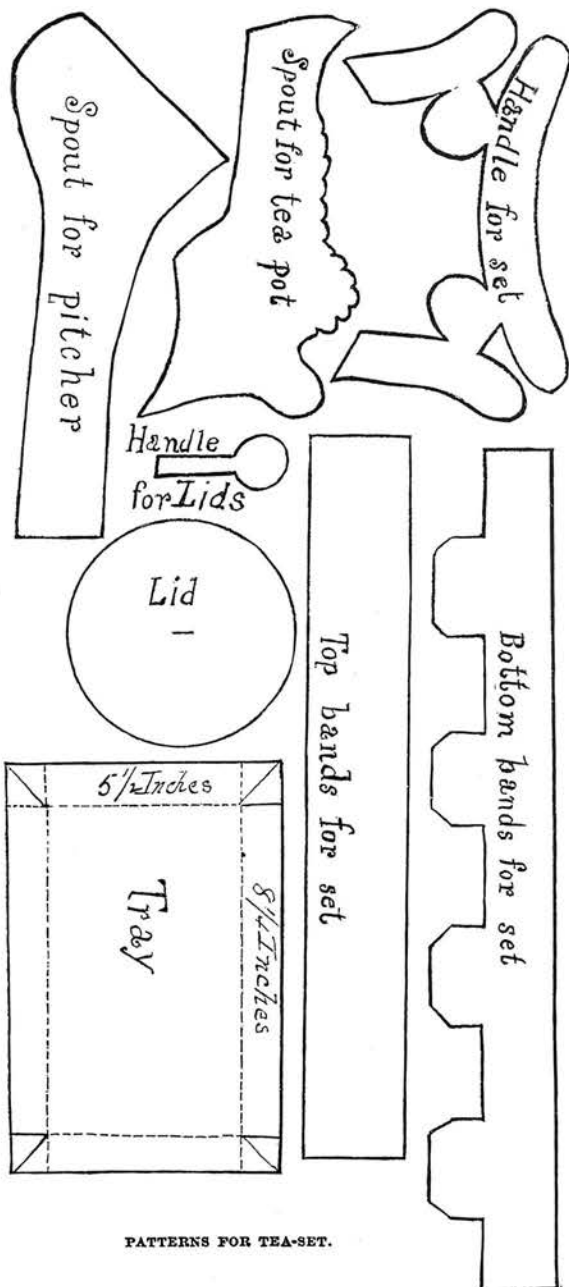


EASTER-EGG TEA-SETS.

with the body of the design at hand, the manufacturer has only to complete and embellish. The set comprises four pieces: tray, tea-pot, sugar-bowl, and cream-jug. The first illustration shows three different patterns of "egg-shell china," but we give working designs for one only; and as the variations in the shapes of the spouts and handles constitute the only real difference in the patterns, these modifications can be made by reference to the illustration.

No. 2 is the tea-pot of the first set, in actual size. The first thing to be done is to remove the contents from the eggs, from the pointed end. You will not be able to make the aperture very even, but this will be concealed by the bands.

Then cut out of white card-board the bands, handles, spouts, etc. Eight pieces, cut after the pattern given, will be required for the handles for the set,—two pieces for each handle; two pieces each for the spouts of the pitcher and tea-pot; three bands for the bottoms, and four



PATTERNS FOR TEA-SET.

for the tops; two lids, and four pieces of the handle for the lids. The tray is made of a piece of card-board seven and a half by five inches, to be cut as indicated by the black line, half an inch on each side, and folded as indicated by the dotted lines, which will make a rim half an inch deep all around the tray.

Gum the pieces for the handles together in pairs, leaving spaces open at each end to glue on the egg-shells. The spout for the tea-pot is made in the same way. The two pieces of the spout for the pitcher are to be glued together at each end, and then set over the small end of the egg-shell and secured with glue applied between the spout and the shell. The bands for the top and bottom of the other pieces are put on in the same way. The lids are made with bands gummed around to fit inside the bands in the tea-pot and sugar-bowl, and the round parts of the handles are gummed together, while the straight pieces are run through a slit in the top of the lid and gummed down flat on the other side.

Now the tea-set is ready for decoration. It may be left all white, with only a gilding put on the edges, or decorated in Sèvres colors, with the card-board bands at top



FLOWER-HOLDER.

and bottom, spouts, handles, lids, etc., painted pale blue with gilt edges, and the egg-shells painted with tiny blue and white flowers, and a suitable motto in gold letters, such as, "A Happy Easter," or "Easter Greeting," on one side of each piece. The paints will work best in oil-colors, and the effect of the blue and white gives a closer resemblance to china than any other color, although yellow, pink, red, and dark blue may be used. Royal Worcester ware may be imitated by painting shells and all a pale yellow in water-color, and when perfectly dry adding gilt lines and faint designs in red and gold.

Tiny flower-holders for violets may be made of egg-shells painted in water-colors, varnished, and mounted as shown in our illustrations. The larger of the two is the shell of a duck's egg supported by three balls of putty or modeling clay painted brown. The shell supported on a wire tripod is that of a hen's egg. The standard is made of three pieces of bronzed wire, three inches long, and twisted together about an inch from the lower ends.



FLOWER-HOLDER.

The basket of flowers and eggs illustrates a pretty arrangement for an Easter souvenir. The basket may be made of green rushes or any attainable twigs, in the shape of a sedan-chair, which is only a square shape, with poles extending from the corners, and a little canopy over the top, which make the basket in all about eighteen inches high. The ribbon is pale pink satin, draped carelessly in bows and loops, and the flowers may be either natural or artificial, as convenient.



EASTER SOUVENIR.

USEFUL HINTS.

TWO BLACKBERRY PUDDINGS.

Lay in a pie-dish slices of bread as for a bread and butter pudding, but without the butter. Boil some blackberries with either damsons or bullaces, about half and half of each, and sufficient sugar to sweeten them; when hot, pour over and between the slices of bread. Let it stand the night, or at least five or six hours; turn it out into a glass dish (it will have acquired consistency), and before serving throw over it a custard made with one egg and thickened with cornflour.

The second pudding I would mention is made thus:—Butter the outside of a pound jar, place it in a buttered tin or pie-dish.

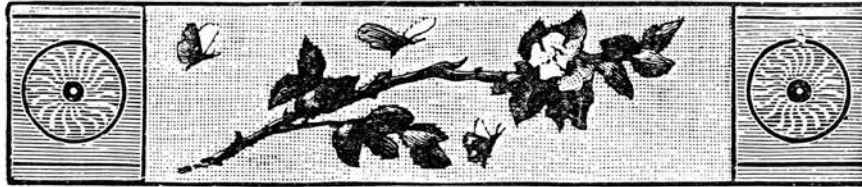
Pour into the pie-dish batter, and bake it. When ready to serve extract the jar, and into the cavity pour about a pint of blackberries and damsons sweetened and stewed.

In the matter of a preserve, I would remark, that I think blackberries boiled with common white bullaces make a far better preserve than with apples—I have tried both.—*Mab.*

STAFFORDSHIRE SHORTCAKE.—Beat a quarter of a pound of butter to a cream in a basin, add a quarter of a pound of castor sugar and two eggs; mix all together, then add four ounces of almonds, blanched and chopped small, one ounce of angelica and two of candied

cherries, also chopped finely; add sufficient flour to make a fairly stiff dough; turn on to a board, roll out a quarter of an inch thick, cut into squares and diamonds, pinch the edges; bake in a rather quick oven to a pale brown tinge.

TINNED FRUITS.—A Medical Officer of Health and Public Analyst says that “it is practically impossible to preserve fruits with acid juices in tins without the acid acting to a greater or less extent upon the metal, and there are instances on record in which such foods have caused serious illness. Acid fruits should never be preserved in anything but glass or porcelain vessels.”



MUSTARD AND CRESS.



WHY do we always associate mustard and cress together? Because they both belong to the same genus: *Sinapis*, of the *Cruciferae* order. This is an order of plants which inhabits most of the temperate countries, and which embraces some remarkable members, as we shall presently see. Botanically, they are characterised by their essential deviation from the ordinary symmetry observable in the relative arrangement of the parts of fructification. Linnæus divided the order into two, and more recent further divisions have been made. But we shall not concern ourselves with details which any ordinary student of botany knows, or can readily learn. We are not going to write a botanical article, but one explanatory of some of the little-known lore of these exceedingly familiar plants. Let it just be noted *passim*, that all the *Cruciferae* possess antiscorbutic and stimulating properties, combined with an acrid flavour, and that the order includes—besides mustard and cress—turnip, sea-kale, radish, cabbage, cauliflower, broccoli, as well as the stock, wall-flower, honesty, and candy-tuft.

Mustard belongs to the *Sinapis* family of the *Cruciferae*. The mustard-pot of the dinner-table is replenished by *Sinapis nigra* (Black Mustard of Europe), a plant which grows to a height of two or three feet, which has a bright yellow flower, and the powdered seeds of which form our familiar condiment. The pungent properties of the mustard of commerce are not observable in the seeds before

crushing, but are developed by fermentation in the process of mixing. The ferment *myrosin* exists in the seed, and is converted into *myronic acid* by the mixture with water. This it is which gives the “heat” to mustard. The Black Mustard plant grows to a much larger size in warm climates than in Europe, and thus it is supposed to be the mustard-tree referred to in the New Testament. But as to this, authorities differ, and the point does not affect our present purpose.

It is the *Sinapis alba*, or white mustard, which is grown along with cress for salad-making. Its seeds, also, when powdered, will produce *myronic acid* by fermentation with water, and are used for that purpose to some extent. But it is chiefly grown for its leaves, which are familiar in every kitchen-garden of the land, and more or less all over Europe.

One of the first references to the use of mustard in cookery in England occurs in Venner’s “Via Recta ad Vitam Longam,” published in 1650. It is there stated, by the way, that “oysters are usually eaten a little before meate,” a gastronomic custom which most people have probably believed to be quite modern. But as to mustard, Venner names it as “a sauce in common use with sundry meats, both flesh and fish.” Muffet, who wrote a book called “Health’s Improvement,” in 1655, also says: “I commend the use of mustard with bief, and all kinds of salted flesh and fish.” Venner says that “radishes are used as sauce with meat;” and Muffet that “most men eat radishes before meat, to procure appetite, and help digestion.”

According to an old edition of M’Culloch’s “Dictionary of Commerce,” it would seem that mustard was not known at table in this country as we now use it until the year 1720. Previous to that, the seed had been rudely pounded in a mortar, and the integuments roughly separated. But about the year 1720 a happy

thought occurred to a good woman of Durham city, by name Clements. She thought it would be worth while grinding the seed in a mill, and treating the meal as carefully and tenderly as flour. She did so, and her mustard rose rapidly to fame, securing the special approval of His Majesty King George I. It was thus that Durham mustard came into fashion; and Durham mustard remained a monopoly for a long time, for the simple reason that shrewd Mrs. Clements refused to part with the secret which was making her fortune.

There are several references to mustard in Shakespeare, which have been carefully collated by Mr. Ellacombe in his well-known book. For instance, Falstaff says in *Henry IV*, "He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit's as thick as Tewkesbury mustard; there is no more conceit in him than in a mallet." In explanation of this, we gather from an old writer, Coles, that "in Gloucestershire, about Teuxbury, they grind mustard and make it into balls, which are brought to London and other remote places, as being the best that the world affords."

This was before Mother Clements' day, and it is supposed that in Shakespeare's time mustard was used dry, as we now use pepper. There is, moreover, a passage in an Anglo-Saxon "Leech-book" which seems to indicate that Mrs. Clements' discovery had been anticipated by some centuries. Thus it runs, in directing how to compound an appetiser:—"Triturate all together; eke out with vinegar as may seem fit to thee, so that it may be wrought into the form in which mustard is tempered for flavouring; put it then into a glass vessel, and then with bread, or with whatever meat thou chose, lap it with a spoon."

To turn now to Cress.

It is very curious, sometimes, to hunt up the origin of common sayings; one meets with so many surprises. Everyone can understand what is meant by laying up a thing or a resolution "in lavender," but not everybody knows that an expression in the South of England, "as dear as saffron," has reference to an old belief in saffron as an infallible remedy for consumption. Again, who would suppose that the very common and very forcible phrase about anything being "not worth a curse" has an intimate connection with the humble herb with which the Londoner delights to furnish his tea-table?

It often happens, as that authority in flower-lore, the Rev. Hilderic Friend, remarks, that apparently vulgar sayings had their origin in something that was noble and expressive, but the meaning of which has by the corruption of language become obscured, or even totally altered. Thus in the case in point, the "curse" has, by a simple and quite common transposition of letters, taken the place of "kers," or "cress." Chaucer calls the cress "kers," and he uses the word in much the same sense as "curse" is used in the proverb or colloquialism: "Of paramours ne raught he not a kers." Not to "care a curse" for anything or anybody is, therefore, simply not to care a cress-leaf.

A name given to members of the cress family, nasturtium, has become corrupted almost everywhere in

the country to "stertion," and in the North of England we fancy it is more commonly "storshen." But the real name, nasturtium, was bestowed for a real reason. It means "the nose-twitcher," and is applied to those members of the cress family which have sharp, hot, biting qualities, which irresistibly produce a facial contortion. It was long ago discovered by Pliny that some kinds of cress would put the nose into convulsions. But it was of other kinds that the Greeks thought when they created the proverb, "Eat cress to learn more wit."

We shall see presently about the medicinal or health-giving properties of cress, but here is a curious thing worth noting, especially in connection with the Greek proverb. The shamrock, which is the national emblem of Ireland, was said by all the early writers to be the water-cress, although the trefoil clover has been more recently adopted in order to support the story that St. Patrick selected the flower to prove to the people the doctrine of the Trinity. Now, there is a three-leaved plant of the cress family which in Arabic is called *Shamrakh*, and which is held sacred by the Persians. This is apparently the same plant as that referred to in Pliny's "Natural History" as one upon which serpents are never seen, and which will prevail against the sting of snakes and scorpions. Note the Arabic name, and the peculiar feat ascribed to St. Patrick of driving all the reptiles out of Ireland, and then we shall find in the floral emblem of Ireland a good deal to think about.

To come back to the virtues of the cresses: it is remarkable that no family of plants has an older or a higher reputation. And another remarkable thing is that from the very earliest period of human history they have been esteemed alike by rich and poor, by ignorant and learned, for their agreeable characteristics and health-giving properties.

The best known of the tribe is the water-cress; and this is declared by the author of the "History of Cultivated Vegetables" to be really both the most agreeable and the most wholesome variety. And, as he somewhat magniloquently adds: "This aquatic plant waits not for the splendour of the warmer sun, which produces various vegetable offerings as numerous as the friends who crowd about those on whom prosperity shines. It visits us singly in a dreary season, without requiring a return of attention or manure. It rides the driven flood, regardless of the piercing blasts of Boreas, and offers its abstersive leaves through the congealed waters."

Another medical writer assures us that the presence of the common water-cress is sufficient evidence of the purity of the water, and that, on the other hand, the water of a stream in which duck-weed or lentil is found should be avoided.

The water-cress is easily cultivated, and it grows rapidly—so rapidly that some have supposed that the name cress is derived from *crescens* (growing) rather than from cross (*Crucifera*), but that is a moot point. Perhaps it is not generally known that the water-cress can be grown in an ordinary garden without water, if a moist place, such as an old tank or pond-

basin, can be utilised. All that is wanted is a gravelly soil, and the introduction of the garden-hose two or three times a day.

In this country the water-cress is chiefly eaten as a salad, or as a relish with breakfast or tea. But in France they use it largely—dipped in oil and vinegar—as a garnish for chicken, and also in soup. But it is excellent when cooked like spinach, and Dr. Kitchener also gives a very good recipe for stewed water-cress.

Its many excellent properties were well understood by the ancients. Pliny says that it “purges the head of ill-humour, and, taken in a vinegar, it staveth the brains of them that be troubled in mind; and drunk in wine, or eaten with a fig, it is singular good for the spleen.” Xenophon recommended the Persians to feed their children on water-cresses, that they might grow in stature and have more active minds. Pliny also said that it would make the hair grow on bald pates, and prevent the hair from falling out; but we have never tested it for this.

There is a large consumption of cress in Holland, where it is highly esteemed as an anti-scorbutic, and there is no doubt that it is a great preservative against scurvy; only it is not procurable where scurvy is most prevalent—on ship-board, during a long voyage with salt meat. It is also a cure for indigestion, although very apt to produce indigestion when eaten raw in quantity. For flatulence and heart-

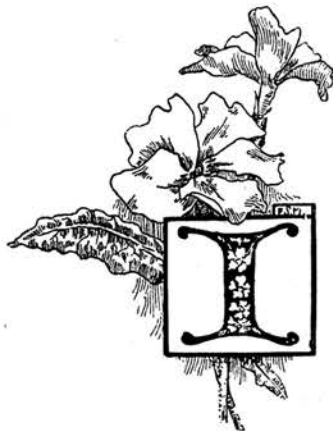
burn cress is much commended by French medicals; and it is believed to have much virtue in disorders of the liver and kidneys. A French doctor says that emulsions made of the seed of garden-cress are efficacious in small-pox, and promote perspiration.

Pliny said that it cured coughs, eased those who were short-winded, and relieved pains of the chest. Perhaps this was how it came to be regarded as a cure for consumption; but we fear that our readers must not attach much value to it on that head. Still, in some medical works we have seen the use of water-cress recommended as a palliative in the treatment of pulmonary disorders.

That the cress family are excellent purifiers of the blood is undoubted. They contain a volatile oil in combination with potash, phosphorus, iodine, and iron—the very elements which are needed for a healthy condition of the blood. The volatile oil, which is rich in sulphur, is called sulpho-cyanide of allyl. Mustard contains even a larger percentage of the same oil. Now, sulpho-cyanides are given out in the fluids and secretions of the human body, more or less according to the state of health. Mustard and cress supply the elements which pass off in natural waste, and which are necessary to a healthy condition. And this explains why the *Cruciferae* plants have always been appreciated as food, even more than they have been understood as medicinal plants. Nature, after all, is the best mentor and guide.



A PARTY OF TWO.
BY ONE OF THEM.



SAID: “Let those who will pack themselves into railway-carriages, and whirl about the country at sixty miles an hour; let daring honey-mooners brave the pains

and perils of the English Channel in a hot and throbbing steamer; let the resigned paterfamilias accompany his wife and children to the fashionable ‘health resort,’ there to be roasted on the blazing beach; let the sprightly bachelor crouch crab-like on his ‘safety,’ and flash, heedless of the beauties of Nature, up hill and down dale, kept continually at

'eyes front' on the look out for the 'spill,' which, like death, is sure to come sooner or later; in short, let everybody do what he likes: but as for us, scorning all the clumsy aids of an over-blown civilisation, we will Walk!"

"Shan't we wear out a lot of boots?" said Dulcie.

That's the worst of Dulcie: she is so prosaic and practical. I mean, she is always like that when I'm

prepared, and all men are invited to be present at the 'bridal of the earth and sky.' Is it fitting that they should rush shrieking through her silent solitudes with the thunder of iron wheels, defiling her pure face with the smoke of steam-engines? Is it enough that they sit in the sun, eating buns on the beach? My idea is that we should walk, and wend our way through leafy lanes, beside the fruitful fields and silver



"SHE ONLY HID HER FACE IN AN ABSURD BIT OF NEEDLE-WORK."

inclined to be poetical. Of course, there are times when it's impossible to get a moment's reasonable conversation with her—chiefly on pay-day, when I'm busy parcelling out my modest "screw," and anxious to impress her with the necessity of retrenchment, she indulges in the wildest dreams of the time when I shall be "taken into partnership." I am not blaming Dulcie. I have no doubt that her motives are excellent: I believe she entertains sound views on the subject of balancing, as applied to matrimony; and is always on the look-out to save me from kicking the beam or bumping the counter; but the thing itself is irritating. She never will warm up to my poetry; no, not any more than she will laugh at my jokes.

It is needless to say that I utterly ignored her sordid reference to boot leather. I also refused to have my wings clipped. If a City man is not poetical when he sights his summer holiday just a week ahead of him, he is a hopeless groveller.

"Nature," I resumed, leaning back in my easy-chair, hooking my thumbs into the armholes of my waistcoat, and playing a solemn tune on my breast with my disengaged fingers—"Nature has embroidered her regal robe; the 'Pageant of Summer' is

streams, listening to the carolling chorus of beautiful birds and—and—and restless rooks. What are you laughing at, Dulcie? I was not aware that I had made a joke."

Dulcie did not answer; she only hid her face in an absurd bit of needle-work, and shook all over, till I felt quite cross. I sat up straight, folded my wings severely, and pulled out pencil and note-book.

"The fact is, my dear, I'm rather short of cash," I said; "and I think that if we decide on a walking tour, we can do our holiday cheap. Look here; I've been figuring it out. Two weeks, for beds, breakfasts, and suppers—"

"Oh, Fred dear, it will be charming!" cried Dulcie, clasping her hands in ecstasy, and gazing into my face with shining eyes. "Have you thought how sweet it will be to walk side by side in the moonlight, hand in hand if we like, for nobody will be there to see us? 'Far from the madding crowd,' and the sneers of cynics, we may remember the dear days that are gone."

And so on, and so on. That's Dulcie all over. She can talk poetry by the yard when she chooses; but I didn't encourage her. I told her that there was a

time for everything; I said something clever and unkind about "moonshine," and begged her to give me her serious attention for a moment, if possible. Then carefully eliminating myself from the whole affair, I asked her, with icy politeness, what *she* would like to do with *her* holiday. She said she didn't care what became of her; but perhaps the steamer was best, because it might be wrecked, and then she would be at the bottom of the sea, among the seaweed and the shrimps; and—and wouldn't worry me any more again.

Then I felt uncomfortable and tried to hum, but couldn't; and Dulcie worked so fast, that her swift-glancing needle became positively dazzling. Then something else began to glitter on her work, and I saw that she was crying great, round, shining tears; and I went and sat beside her, laid my hand shyly on hers, and asked her what was the matter. Then she called herself "silly," and I called myself "a beast." Then we both contradicted each other. Then we kissed and . . .

Then we made friends.

Then, last of all, we decided that we would go for a walking tour.

On a misty summer morning, a man and woman tramped out of a suburb of London town, and made for the open country. They were not professional tramps, for they walked side by side, and it was the man who carried their luggage—what there was of it—in a knapsack strapped to his shoulders. They both wore broad-brimmed straw hats and strong walking shoes; their clothes were made of light tweed, cut in a loose Norfolk-jacket style; turned-down collars of grey flannel took the place of the regulation bands of stiff linen; and each of them grasped a stout oak stick.

Before starting on our walking tour we had sent on a small portmanteau of necessaries to await us at a little country town, which we should reach in a week's time; and we had made up our mind that between this and then we must depend upon the knapsack,



"WE BOTH THOUGHT DEEPLY."

the making and packing of which were the work of Dulcie's clever fingers.

"I hate London!" I said, as I ungratefully shook off the dust of the City which fed me. Then my poetical instincts were too much for me again, and I began to talk like the Introduction to Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales."

Dulcie did not throw cold water on me this time. She gave a sigh of relief, and gazing sentimentally at the dusty hedges and brickfields surrounding us, she said—

"Yes; it's nice to get into the country."

The mists of early morning quickly passed away, and the blazing heat of the sun asserted itself. There was no breeze; and if there had been, as yet there was no foliage for it to rustle into a suggestion of coolness; and the white dust lay thickly on the road or curled up like smoke around our footsteps.

We panted and coughed, slackened our pace, and looked at one another with an injured expression of countenance. Somehow or other, we had not expected this. Of course, we had been fervently hoping that the sun would smile upon our walking tour; and now that he was doing it with the broadest good-humour, we felt that we were being ill-treated. That is the difference between the sun smiling in imagination and smiling in earnest from a sky of undimmed blue. The one is cheerful, pleasant, and bright, showing up the beauties of the landscape, and sparkling in cascades of diamonds upon the purling streams; the other is fierce and scorching, playing upon head and back, melting brain and spinal marrow, and making people sick and stupid.

"Fred, I can't bear this much longer. Can't we find a shady place, and rest for a little while?" said Dulcie.

I searched the surrounding country for the "shady place." Behind us lay London, a sullen monster, blowing black smoke from its million nostrils, and stretching out blood-red tentacles of suburban terraces; far away on either side stretched fields and hedges of a sagey hue; immediately around us, and straight ahead, lay the brickfields, dry and parched as the Great Sahara.

"There's a gasometer," I said doubtfully. "That's our only chance of shade for the next mile, at least."

Accordingly to the gasometer we wended our weary way, and found that its shady side commanded a fine view of the brickfields. I said that there was no breeze. There wasn't while we walked and needed it; but no sooner had we taken our seats in the narrow strip of shade afforded by the gasometer than a steady wind sprang up, and blew the acrid smoke of the burning bricks straight in our faces.

Under these depressing circumstances we celebrated our first meal. We wanted to drink, but the knapsack contained nothing fluid, except a little brandy for medicinal purposes, and a stagnant pool was the only water procurable. Neither of these proving sufficiently inviting, we decided to go thirsty; and we opened our little packet of ham-sandwiches, and dined in silence. But we both thought deeply as we munched

our salt repast ; and the subject of our thoughts was the Vanity of Human Wishes.

Rested, if not refreshed, and feeling that we could not breathe the smoke of the brickfields any longer, we resumed our journey. Our brows were knit and our lips firmly set, for we were both trying very hard not to grumble. I had made up my mind that I would bear more before I began to use unpleasant language ; and Dulcie did not want to cry. But I knew she was thinking what a fool I was to have suggested a walking tour. I felt quite certain of this because I myself was thinking how silly *she* was to fall in with such an idiotic plan. But I record it to our credit that we said nothing—as yet. We tramped steadily and sullenly onwards, out of the sunshine and into the shadow of a solid bank of purple clouds which had been brought up by the wind.

Hark ! what was that ?

A low rumble, as if a hundred empty beer-barrels were being rolled down the slope of the sky. The breeze died away as suddenly as it had risen, and for a moment all was still. Then, Flash ! Bang ! a blaze of blue, a roar as of heavy guns, followed by a rattling volley of musketry, and a Miltonic battle was in full blast overhead. We quickened our pace, but it was of no use : the great drops of the thunder-shower began to fall, flattening out as big as pennies in the dust at our feet ; and in five minutes we were both wet to the skin.

This was another thing we had not expected. We knew the country wanted rain, and we were quite aware that the roads would be very uncomfortable for walking if the dust wasn't laid. But our imaginations had led us to suppose that a special arrangement would be made for nightly showers to fall while we slept, so that each morning we might step out to meet Nature fresh from her bath, with the diamond drops still sparkling in her hair. It was a bitter thing to learn that Nature was, after all, a most unmethodical person, who liked to take her shower-bath at odd times, as she fancied it. And as for us, it seemed that we were only regarded as sponges : of no use until thoroughly soaked.

When we had been reduced to a state of pulpy misery, we came in sight of a little wayside public-house—one of those narrow strips of whitewashed buildings which are half covered with a brilliant announcement of Somebody's Bitter Beer—and here we took refuge. The landlady did what she could for us with the coarse fare at her disposal ; and we sat in a stuffy-smelling little parlour, clothed in hideous unaccustomed garments, talking to one another in low tones, as if somebody was dead in the house.

The thunder-storm quickly rolled away out of ear-shot, but the rain continued in a steady downpour, and we were obliged to make up our minds to stay where we were. The afternoon and evening spent in that little public-house were not pleasant. The bar and tap-room were filled at an early hour with men



“CLOTHED IN HIDEOUS UNACCUSTOMED GARMENTS.”

from the brickfields—rough men, who used “language” about the weather, and drank much beer, and sang unmelodious songs whose chief charm consisted in long choruses, many times repeated by the whole company.

I tried to keep Dulcie amused by reading aloud the legends inscribed upon the framed and glazed memorial cards which hung on the parlour walls ; and when she got tired of these, I fell back upon choice extracts from the only book in the room—Hervey's “Meditations Among the Tombs.” But, as the dear old writers of yesterday's fiction used to say, “let us draw the veil” over our misery. At length the last Ballad of Beer was sung and, heartily thankful that night had ended the first day of our walking tour, we went to bed and to sleep, still within sight of the lights of London.

Next morning the sun was shining brightly again : all dismal thoughts of returning were banished from our minds ; and having once more donned our walking suits, we swallowed a hasty breakfast and went forward. A strong wind had dried up the worst of the rain ; but the dust was all gone, and the air was cool, and we began to laugh at the misfortunes of yesterday. A few hours' trudge brought us into the real country : the country of tangled hedgerows,

flowery banks, and singing birds; and then with every step we took our hearts beat higher, and the blood danced more swiftly through our veins. One by one the artificial restraints and prejudices of civilisation relaxed their hold upon us, and our emancipated spirits began to revel in the mere joy of living. By the time the sun sank Dulcie had forgotten all about those proprieties which are expected of the "young lady": she was actually singing the ballad of "The Nut-brown Maid" as she walked by my side down the lane which led to the little village where we meant to put up for the night.

No vulgar beer-house this time, but a tiny rose-covered inn afforded us a lodging; and we did not know whether the lavender-scented guest-chamber or the odorous fried ham and eggs in the parlour appealed to us in the stronger language. Of course we decided to try both, and we supped and slept in high content; and on the morrow went on our way.

This is not a diary, so I must bridle my desire to record our daily doings. Every day had its special feature. When Dulcie and I talk over our tour, we remind each other of its varied delights, and say: "Don't you remember it was on the first Tuesday we met the caravan going to the Newborough Fair, and saw the thirsty giant drink a quart of beer standing on his head?" and "Oh, Fred! I shall never forget that terrible Friday evening when you went up the hill to see if you could see any houses, and I sat and waited on the fallen tree, and the drunken tinker came

and frightened me so till you came back and knocked him down; and that frightened me worse than ever, because I thought you had killed him, and would be tried for murder"; and "I say, Dulcie, didn't we cut and run from that old black bull? By the bye, old girl, I wouldn't have you tell that story to the fellows for the world; I should never hear the last of it at the office." That's how we ramble on about our wonderful walking tour by the hour together; but I should have to fill a small book if I told half of the adventures that befell us, and then I should have to leave out most of the strange and beautiful sights we saw. Why, the sunsets alone of that fortnight painted upon our memories a fourteen-page picture-book, such as no money could buy, and no lapse of time can stale.

Certainly our first day was the worst, but we had plenty of ups and downs afterwards. I think our phenomenal hunger and thirst led us into more scrapes than anything else. Some of these scrapes were funny, and some weren't.

I remember that one day we knocked at the door of a cottage, and modestly asked for a drink of water.

"Come in, ma'am! Come in, sir!" said the tidy woman who opened the door. "It be main hot, sure-ly! an', maybe, you'd like to sit down?"

She dusted a couple of Windsor chairs with her apron: and, encouraged by her hospitality, I asked if she could give us anything to eat. She was instantly overwhelmed with distress, for the last loaf of her baking had been eaten that morning, and the

new bread was still in the oven; but she had plenty of milk. When she had left the room to fetch it, Dulcie nudged me furtively, and pointing to a little cupboard in the corner, whispered that it looked as if it had things to eat in it.

Now, in cities we don't open cupboards in strange houses; but in the country, when we are out on a walking tour, we do—sometimes. At least, I did. I blush to record that I stole on tiptoe across the red-tiled floor, opened that cupboard gingerly, shut it again as swiftly as if it had contained a full-grown boa-constrictor, fled back to my seat, and whispered in Dulcie's ear the magic word "*Cake!*"

A hungry light sprang up in my wife's eyes, and I knew that it only reflected my own sentiments; but before we had time to be tempted to lower depths of demoralisation the woman came back with a jug of milk.



"THAT FRIGHTENED ME WORSE THAN EVER."



"I MEEKLY COUNTED OUT FIVE MORE SHILLINGS."

"Oh, thank you so much!" said Dulcie sweetly, while I blushed like a beetroot. "You are so kind; and—and we are *so* hungry! If you only had a little piece of cheese, or—or—cake——"

"Well, ma'am," said the woman, "I have got a bit of cake, but not such as the likes o' you'd care to eat."

We eagerly assured her that cake of any sort was the fare we craved before anything else; and after a little more hesitation the coveted food was brought from its hiding-place, and we made a hearty meal.

But then a second difficulty confronted us. It was easy to see that the woman was respectable, with a capital R, and to offer her money for her cake and milk would seem to cast a slur upon her hospitality. Just as I was consulting Dulcie as to the advisability of slipping a shilling behind a picture-frame—to be found "after many days"—the inner door was pushed open, and a small tow-headed urchin crept in and edged his way to his mother's skirt, to which he clung like a limpet to its native rock. Here was the way out of my difficulty.

"Ha, my little man!" I cried in a cheery, grandfatherly fashion; "see what you can buy with this."

I dropped the shilling into his hand. I might as well have dropped a penny into the slot of an automatic model. No sooner did the coin touch his palm than the cottage began to work. First, there was a creaking sound, such as all well-conducted models

make; then the door swung back, and five more tow-headed urchins of assorted sizes lurched in the room, and, with much scraping of hob-nailed boots, ranged themselves before me, pulling their forelocks and bobbing curtsies.

I glanced at their mother, and saw that her eyes were full of admiration and expectancy. For herself, this respectable woman would have scorned to accept a penny; but motherly affection was quite another matter: and instinct told me that in this instance motherly affection meant nothing short of strict equality. I meekly counted out five more shillings, keeping an apprehensive eye fixed on the inner door; and then we hastily bade the family good-bye, and proceeded on our way.

On the whole, we managed to keep down expenses very well; but to this day, in our Walking Tour Account, one item stands out in bold black letters: "*Cake and Milk, 6s.,*" to which is added the remark: "*Rather tall!*"

On a sultry summer's evening a man and woman tramped into a suburb of London town. Their garments were torn, and frayed, and weather-stained; their shoes were burst at the seams and white with dust; and their faces were as brown and shiny as well-polished saddle-leather. Yet they could not have been professional tramps, for they laughed and talked merrily together. The professional tramp is never

merry unless he is drunk; and he has never been known to talk to his wife—he only swears at her.

Our walking tour was over, and Dulcie and I were at home again.

“I shall go out and buy a rump steak,” I said with some decision, directly we had seen that all was right and had resumed the costumes of civilisation.

“Yes, do, there’s a dear!” said Dulcie. “And, Fred dear—”

“Well?”

“You must buy a bigger one than you used to.”

“I will.”

I did; and Dulcie and I played at Jack Sprat. And I beg that the fastidious reader will not be too hasty in condemning this as a vulgar and unnecessary detail. It is the moral of my story.

Did I say that our walking tour was over? Nay, then I talked but as the fool who knoweth not the pleasures of memory and the imagination! Before our feet had been soiled by the dust of the high road, we had rejoiced in the “good time coming”; while we tramped side by side through the green garden of Merrie England, we tasted to the full the bitter-sweet of reality; but now the best of all had come.

We remember our walking tour; we talk it over together, we tell our friends about it; and, forgetting everything that was unpleasant, we magnify all its joys, and exaggerate about it, telling lies which are always true, because they idealise the real thing, and tell of a walking tour as it should be.

“’Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.”



Chatterbox 1893

ANIMAL TRIALS BY JURY.

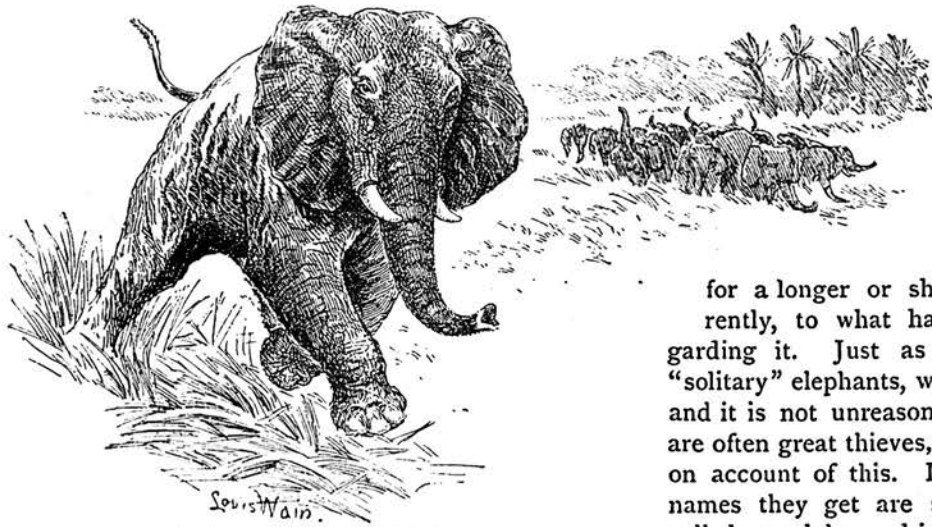
BY ALEX. H. JAPP, LL.D., F.R.S.E., AUTHOR OF “EXPRESSION IN ANIMALS,” ETC.



HERE can be no doubt that in animals the sense of justice is more or less developed, and that in some instances it reaches a very high level. Not only do they individually exercise the revenge for injuries which Lord Bacon defined as a kind of wild justice; but, in certain circumstances, they will combine for protection, and actually proceed precisely as men do

in parliaments and in law courts against enemies to the common good. This is especially noticeable among certain orders of birds, but it is not unknown amongst mammals either; the most careful observers and the closest thinkers, however sceptical of many stories, having to admit that, in not a few of the most remarkable cases reported, there could be no room to doubt that animals had instituted law courts, conducted what were really trials by jury, and appointed certain of their number to see the sentence carried out—that is, to act as executioners of the will of the majority, or of the whole met in solemn council. A few of the most striking and thoroughly verified instances may be given, and, we think, cannot fail of interest for our readers.

Among the beavers it is undoubted that courts were held, and judicial functions exercised, and the sentences



THE "ROGUE" ELEPHANT.

carried out with most exact discipline. This is proved by the fact that near to every beaver settlement there exists a class of what are called "bachelor beavers." This is composed of two sections, old males who had lost their mates and were held to be no longer of true use to the community, and younger "bachelors" who had been expelled the settlement for misconduct, idleness, and laziness, more generally theft, and by a jury awarded a sentence of perpetual exclusion, a kind of penal servitude, which all the community of beavers were bound to join in order to see thoroughly carried out. These "bachelors" live alone, not in warm houses protected by dams, as in community, but in holes in the banks of the rivers—prison cells, in fact—where they just manage to live, and where they can at a pinch succeed in storing sufficient winter food. Sometimes their privations must be great, but there is no escape for them. If they endeavour to build a proper beaver house—at all events, within ken of any of their old associates—it is reported, and it becomes the bounden duty of the members of the community to turn out and destroy what has been done. Penal servitude among beavers really existed, as it does among us. The beaver-thief is compelled to work hard, in isolation from his family, and yet cannot secure the most primary personal comforts—cannot exercise himself in that craft of construction in which alone he can find true pleasure. He must atone to society for his fault, just as our convicted prisoners do. Anyone who has seen the beavers at the Zoological Gardens ceaselessly comforting themselves and passing their time in constructing houses that they do not need, will realise what a punishment a jury of beavers mete out to one of their own kind who is idle or lazy, or has been guilty of theft, or violated any of the essential laws of the beaver community, when they make him a "bachelor" beaver and will not let him erect a house near to them.

The herds of wild elephants undoubtedly exercise judicial functions, and sit as juries in the case of any offence or departure from elephant rules. They will gather together in circles, the culprit in the middle, and after certain communications made with each

other will trumpet distressfully, as if in concord, after which the poor offending elephant will be beaten by the trunks of the rest, driven out, rusticated, forced into solitary life, absolutely without any association with its friends,

for a longer or shorter period, according, apparently, to what has been originally decided regarding it. Just as with the beavers, there are "solitary" elephants, which live apart from the herd; and it is not unreasonable to conclude that, as they are often great thieves, they have been made outcasts on account of this. In some cases, at all events, the names they get are significant—in India they are called grondahs, and in Ceylon horas, or rogues.

Of course, this judicial capacity will be found in its highest forms among social animals, that is, animals which live in herds, or in groups, and where, for their safety from enemies, very strict rules of sentinel conduct and united watchfulness are required. In these cases the maxim that "Unity is strength" is very thoroughly acted upon.

Dogs will often sit as jurymen in cases of any wrong from which they have all alike suffered. I know one case in which this happened. A big, rough dog, a cross between a collie and a hound—a sort of lurcher, in fact, which used daily to accompany a milk-cart into the town I come from, had for a long time borne the character of a surly tyrant, dealing blows, in the shape of bites, to the little dogs in the town, till more than one of them bore his memorial marks on head or body. He was a big bully of the worst sort, ill-used dogs smaller than himself, and took care not to meddle with a bigger one. With a friend I was walking in the twilight one evening, along a lane a little distance from the town, and not far from the farm where that big, rough lurcher stayed. What was our surprise to be overtaken by a bevy of dogs, big and little, some dozen or fifteen of them rushing past us from the town with such speed that they made quite a wind as they went. We speculated much on what this could mean. Next day, we heard that Nelson's "Victor" had been found in a dreadful condition at his master's door, bleeding and torn, and with just life left in him and no more. A very noticeable change was to be detected in him when he got better after that, and came into town as before. He did not meddle with the little dogs any more; but kept close beneath the master's cart, instead of roaming about and dealing punishment to smaller specimens. It was a matter of common remark, indeed, that Nelson's "Victor" was a changed dog. Are we not justified in assuming that the dogs had sat as a jury on it—perhaps engaged one or two bigger dogs in their cause—and themselves proceeded, as we saw them, to be the executioners of the law? The person who along with me saw that sight of the dogs proceeding to inflict legal punishment is now dead, but often, indeed very often, up almost to the end, was that incident referred to. The dogs acted

precisely as boys at school do, when at length they find out "the bully," and, led by a lad of energy, determine to teach him better manners and put him down.

Among birds the exercise of judicial functions is still more common. Who has not heard accounts of trials by jury among the crows? At the building time more especially, young crows will be found rather apt to try to save themselves the trouble of foraging for the necessary sticks and lining materials, and will go and pull a bit or two out from the nest of another pair more advanced in their work, and during their absence. Found out in their pilfering, the offending pair are taught that, whatever the crows may do outside their

thoroughly verified, gave the following at page 324, from the pen of the late Bishop of Carlisle:—

"I have seen a jackdaw in the midst of a congregation of rooks, apparently being tried for some misdemeanour. First, Jack made a speech, which was answered by a general cawing of the rooks; this subsiding, Jack again took up his parable, and the rooks in their turn replied in chorus. After a time, the business, whatever it was, appeared to be settled satisfactorily. If Jack was on his trial, as he seemed to be, he was honourably acquitted by acclamation; for he went to his home in the towers of Ely Cathedral, and the rooks also went their way."



"VICTOR'S" PUNISHMENT.

settlement, no thieving is allowed among themselves. Crow courts, or trials by jury, have often been observed and described. What a chattering and loud caw-cawing there is—these are the calls to come to court. Then one old fellow, the head village-man, patriarch, or chief, who for years on years "has led the clanging rookery home," as the poet sings, takes up the parable and addresses his companions in the most solemn judicial tones. Then there follows the chorus of agreement in the law laid down, "caw, caw," "hear hear," "let judgment be done," and straightway the nest of the offending pair is torn to pieces, to be worked into other nests by-and-by, and the offenders are driven out—for a time at all events—to find a site for their nest-building and pairing elsewhere than with their own family or tribe.

Mr. Romanes in his "Animal Intelligence," into which he admitted no statement that he had not

Many observers have noted about the stork that, in certain circumstances, the decision of whole communities holds with regard to certain offences, as they evidently regard them, though generally the poor female storks, who are the victims, become to the others monsters through the devices of men. Here are a few instances vouched for by the Rev. Mr. Morris, the famous ornithologist:—

"A French surgeon at Smyrna, wishing to procure a stork, and finding great difficulty, on account of the extreme veneration in which they are held by the Turks, stole all the eggs out of a nest and replaced them with those of a hen. In process of time the young chickens came forth, much to the astonishment of the storks. In a short time the male went off, and was not seen for two or three days, when he returned with an immense crowd of his companions, who all assembled in the place and formed a circle, taking no notice



“ITS COMPANIONS STOOD LISTENING, TO ALL APPEARANCE WITH GREAT EMOTION.”

of the numerous spectators which so unusual an occurrence had collected. The female was brought forward into the midst of the circle, and after some consultation the whole flock fell upon her and tore her to pieces ; after which they immediately dispersed and the nest was entirely abandoned.”

The following, in many respects similar, case occurred on the estate of a gentleman of large landed property near Berlin, and is a valuable corroboration of what might to many appear as unworthy of credit :— “A pair of storks built a nest on one of the chimneys of his mansion ; having a curiosity to inspect the nest, the owner climbed up and found in it one egg, which, being about the size of a goose’s egg, was replaced by one belonging to that bird. The storks seemed not to notice the exchange, but no sooner was the egg hatched than the male bird, perceiving, rose from the nest, and flying round it several times, with loud screams, disappeared, and was not seen again for three days, during which time the female continued to tend what she took for her own offspring as usual. Early on the fourth morning, however, the inmates of the house were disturbed by loud and discordant cries in the field fronting the house, when they perceived about five hundred storks assembled in a dense body, and one standing about twenty yards before the rest apparently haranguing its companions, who stood listening, to all appearance with great emotion. When this bird had concluded it retired and another took its place, and seemed to address them in a similar manner. This proceeding and noise was repeated by several successive birds until about eleven o’clock in the forenoon, when the whole flock simultaneously rose in the air, uttering dismal cries. The female all this time was observed to remain on her nest, watching their motions with apparent trepidation. In a short time the body of storks made towards her, headed by one bird supposed to be the male, who struck her vehemently three or four times and knocked her out of the nest ;

the whole mass then followed the attack, until they had not only destroyed the female stork (who made no attempt either to escape or defend herself) but the young gosling, and utterly removed every vestige of the nest itself. Since that time no stork has been known to build there.”

“Some hen’s eggs were laid in a stork’s nest and the others removed. The female stork, not aware of the change, sat patiently the appointed number of days, till the shells were broken and the young chickens made their appearance. No sooner were they seen by the old birds than they testified their surprise by harsh notes and fierce looks, and after a short pause they jointly fell upon the unfortunate chickens and pecked them to pieces, as if conscious of the disgrace which might be supposed to attach to a dishonoured nest.”

Something of the trial by jury character also connects itself with the habit of the small birds to follow and surround the owl if he chances to find himself out of his nest through the day. Those who have witnessed this little bit of animal revenge say that it is very funny. The owl goes tumbling and blinking, incapable of flying straight in the clear daylight, and they flutter around him, scream and set up their feathers, while he becomes nothing but a nondescript bunch of feathers. The little birds play precisely the same part with the cuckoo in the brooding season. The male cuckoo has a peculiarly hawk-like aspect ; and when he is thus surrounded and hunted by juries of small birds, he often presents a very wretched aspect. Clever and selfish though he is, his life is not all pleasant either.

Even the shy and shrinking swallows have been known to sit as a jury and to resolve on combined action against an enemy. Here is a story of the way in which the wiles of a cat to make prey of some of their number were defeated by them. It was told and vouched for by the Rev. Philip Skelton :—

"I once saw a remarkable instance of the sense and humour of the swallows played off upon a cat which had, on a very fine day, placed herself on the top of a gate-post, as if in quiet contemplation, when about a dozen swallows, knowing her to be an enemy, took it into their heads to tantalise her. One of these birds, coming from behind, flew close to her ear, and she made a snatch at it, but was too late. Another, in five or six seconds, did the same, and she made the same unsuccessful attempt to catch it. Then followed a third, and a fourth, and all the rest; and every one, when it passed, seemed to set up a laugh at the disappointed enemy. Then they formed a kind of circle in the air, and flew round and round her for nearly an hour; till at last pussy, tired of being made a butt of, jumped down and fled, as much baffled, I believe, as I had been diverted."

Sir John Lubbock has completely demonstrated that ants, by their antennæ, communicate with each other and hold conference, among many other things, with regard to the intrusion into their nest of certain individuals of other species of ants. After a great deal of discussion and conference—trial by jury, in fact—has ended, certain members of the ants are delegated to turn out the intruders, which they do in the most deliberate and systematic way.

There are certain insects which very closely imitate the colours of bees, and intrude themselves into the hives of these bees, with the definite object of robbing them of their honey. When they are detected there is great excitement in the hive, one bee communicating to another, and considerable disorder seems to prevail, until, finally, a sort of court is held, after which the business of dealing with the intruders comes on, when a certain number of bees, as though deputed for the purpose, proceed to seize with their pincers the unlucky personator, and either turn him out or tear him to pieces.

But there are instances of hive-bees on being injured, as they conceive, by a human being, taking up a definite case against the individual, and deputing certain of their number to watch and deal out sentence, as is attested by the following anecdote, vouched for by a correspondent of *Land and Water* :—

"A friend of mine at Stratford-on-Avon, wishing, this past autumn, to procure some honey from his

hives, applied the fungus to stupefy the bees, as usually done. However, whether from his own awkwardness or the badness of the fungus, he could not thoroughly succeed. The consequence is, he has become an out-cast from his garden. The inmates of those two hives will on no account allow him to enter it. His wife and children walk as usual, and stand and watch the hives without any molestation, but immediately he is recognised, however far off, he is pursued and stung by constantly-increasing numbers, and made to fly at his best pace; and this occurs months after the event; and he expects the only remedy must be the total destruction of those hives and their vindictive little tenants."

Here is another instance of jury-like deliberation issuing in definitely concerted action for punishment, on the part of ducks, not generally credited with much cleverness or power of united action, vouched for by another clergyman. He writes :—

"One more anecdote in evidence of the sagacity of the duck. I had five Aylesbury ducks, with a number of fowls. The lord of the yard, a most despotic chancleer, would never suffer the ducks to feed with his family and friends when, at the regular meal-times, the grain was scattered for their common use. Ferociously and without pity he drove them from the ground. This had been going on for many weeks, and one day, at the usual twelve o'clock repast, the act of expulsion was performed as usual. I was present, and saw the discomfited ducks retire to a corner of the yard. There they evidently held a conference, or resolved themselves into a jury. Having been so engaged some five minutes, they proceeded with deliberate and resolute air, in single file, as is their wont, towards their oppressor. Having reached the tyrant, they surrounded him, each duck turned his posterior towards the enemy, and with concerted action fairly hustled him clean out of the yard. To see the surprise of the cock, as he jumped from side to side to avoid the pressure of the attacking party, was ludicrous in the extreme. The victory was complete; from that hour the ducks were never again molested."

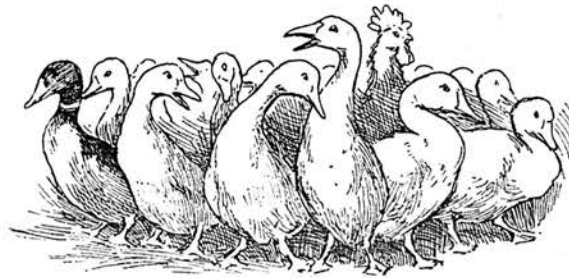
Now, concerted action, in all these cases, with a definite penal purpose, could only have resulted from conference at which a systematic process of procedure was settled on. That the animals perfectly understood and agreed to this was essential to success. We might cite many more cases, but the principle in all is the same—the recognition of a common cause, or right, or interest first; next, the full consciousness that individual action could not avail, but that united action would prevail. There could hardly be a higher or more definite proof of the exercise of reason. The animals suffer from the fact that they have no clerks to make record for them, as we human beings have; but human beings, observing their action are compelled to draw certain inferences, that animals, the more closely they are observed, reveal more and more likenesses to men, even in the higher aspects of moral and social development. Surely, that nice observer and thorough lover of the animals, Henry Thoreau, was right when he summed up his deliberate conviction



"THE SMALL BIRDS' REVENGE."

in the words : " Animals are undeveloped men, standing on their defence awaiting their transformation." Thoreau in much anticipated Mr. Darwin—only, though he would have joyfully hailed many of Mr. Darwin's results, he would have mourned over the lack of that sympathy and poetic imagination which

seemed more and more to have, on his own confession, deserted Mr. Darwin the more completely the longer that he lived, observed and succeeded in justifying his theories. No gain but there is loss to set against it. Mr. Darwin was a kind of martyr, too, to his own success.



The Rhyme of the Hercules Club.

BEING A BALLAD OF TO-DAY, DESIGNED TO ILLUSTRATE THE PRINCIPLE OF REACTION, AND TO SET FORTH HOW THERE MAY BE TOO MUCH OF AN EXCELLENT THING.

THERE was once a young man of the medium size,
Who, by keeping a ledger, himself kept likewise.
In the matter of lunch he'd a leaning to pies,
And his chronic dyspepsia will hence not surprise;
And his friends often told him, with tears in their eyes,
Which they did not disguise, that a person who tries
To live without exercise generally dies,
And declared, for the sake of his family ties,
He should enter the Hercules Club.

Tom Box and Dick Dumbell would suavisely say,
If they met him by chance in the roar of Broadway,
"It's bad for a fellow, all work and no play;
Come, let us propose you! You'll find it will pay
To belong to the Hercules Club!"

And he yielded at last, and they put up his name,
Which was found without blame; and they put down the same
In a roll-book tremendous; and straight he became
A Samson, regarding his tame past with shame;
Called for "Beef, lean and rare!" and cut off all his hair,
Had his shoulders constructed abnormally square,
And walked out with an air that made people declare,
"He belongs to the Hercules Club!"

And he often remarked, in original way:
"It's bad for a fellow, all work and no play;
Without recreation, sir, life doesn't pay!
And I for my part am most happy to say
I belong to the Hercules Club."

And frequently, during a very hot "spell,"
In thick woolen garments clad closely and well,
"Reducing,"—for he was resolved to excel,—
He rowed in the sun at full speed, in a shell
That belonged to the Hercules Club.

And for weeks, while the dew on the racing-track lay,
He ran before breakfast a half mile a day,
Improving his style and increasing his "stay";
And was first at the finish, and fainted away,
At the games of the Hercules Club.

* "H. A. A. A.": Hercules Amateur Athletic Association.

Six nights in succession he sat up to pore
"The Laws of Athletics" devotedly o'er
(Which number ten thousand and seventy-four),
With a view to proposing a very few more
In a speech to the Hercules Club.

And his coat upon festal occasions was gay
With medals on medals, marked "H. A. A. A.,"*
With a motto in Greek (which, my lore to display,
Means "Pleasure is business"), a splendid array
Of the spoils of the Hercules Club.

But acquaintances not of the muscular kind
Began to observe that his brow was deep-lined,
Too brilliant his eye, and to wander inclined;
He appeared, in a word (early English), "fore-pined";

And one morning his ledger and desk he resigned,
Explaining, "I can't have my health undermined
By this 'demnition grind'; and I'm getting behind
In my duties as Captain" (an office defined,
Page hundred and two, in the by-laws that bind
With red tape the great Hercules Club).

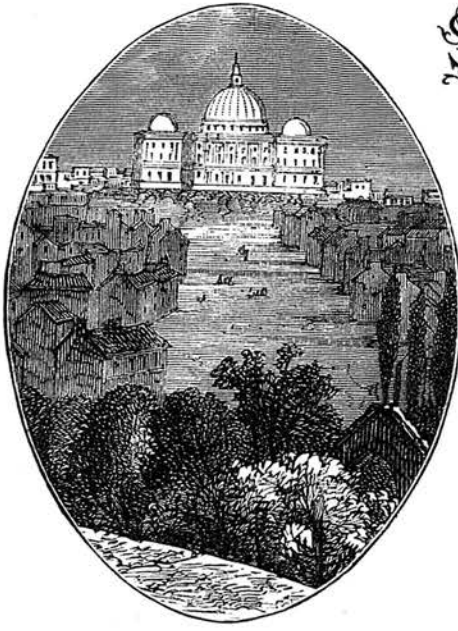
And he further remarked, in most serious way:
"Give it up, did you say? 'Twill be frigid, that day!†
Why, without relaxation, sir, life wouldn't pay!
And I, for my part, will remain till I'm gray
On the roll of the Hercules Club!"

You perceive, gentle reader, the rub.
Is it nobler to suffer those arrows and slings
Lack of exercise brings—or take clubs, and let things
Unconnected with matters athletic take wings;
Till all interests beside, like the Arabs, shall glide
From the landscape of life, once a plain free and wide,
But now fenced for the "Games" which we lightly began,
Grown our serious aims and the chief end of Man?
There's an aureate mean these two courses between,
But I humbly submit that it seldom is seen,
With all proper respect for that organization
Of benevolent purpose and high reputation,
The excellent Hercules Club!

Helcn Gray Cone.

† Frigid day, or day of low temperature: A singular idiom of the American language, expressing grave improbability.

ENGLISH LADIES AT WASHINGTON.



SHOULD you ask me why it is that English ladies who visit Washington, the capital city of the United States, are as a rule so delighted with it, I will reply, in the first place, by telling you something you already know very well—which is, that in

England there are thousands upon thousands of ladies of culture, refinement, beauty, good manners, and often wealth, who are debarred by their lack of rank from ever getting a glimpse (socially speaking) of those high official personages in whom, nevertheless, they feel so keen and loving an interest. They cannot entertain the hope of ever being presented to the Queen, or the Princess of Wales; many of them, though often in London, have never had the luck of even seeing these great ladies. At home in Manchester, Birmingham, or Bristol, Mrs. A, Mrs. B, and Mrs. C may have splendid residences, an agreeable social circle by whose members they are fully appreciated; but in the *grand monde* of the metropolis they are social and financial nobodies, a fact which is none the less galling because they know that it can never be altered.

Now, let us say, one of these ladies finds herself at Washington, during the course of a pleasure-trip to the States. What is the first and pleasantest thing for her to do in Washington?" Why, call on the President, of course. She requires no letter of introduction, no friend at court to present her. She has simply to wend her way to the official residence, the White House, either treading thither on foot through the broad, well-paved streets, and under the luxuriant trees of the beautiful old Southern parks, or she may prance thither in coach and four with outriders, or pull up before the classic pillars of the Executive mansion in a shabby hired hack—it will make no difference in her reception. An intelligent-looking man who acts as doorkeeper, and wears no livery, will step forward to inquire the purpose of her call; and when she states it is to see the President, another man—probably a bright mulatto, with a jovial smile disclosing his dental advantages—will say, "Would you please to step dis way, marm?" She steps this way, and after a short period of waiting finds herself, with-

out other ado than having sent in her name on a card, in the presence of the President of the United States—that is to say, of the greatest emperor, for the space of four years, the most untrammelled potentate the world knows. He will shake hands cordially with her, ask her how she likes the country, and make other such interchange of polite nothings as is usual between new acquaintances; he will probably invite her to come again to the White House. All this is very pleasant; and the most agreeable thing about it, to the English woman of sense, is that she knows an equally cordial reception would be accorded to the poorest lady of her acquaintance at home, should that poor lady find herself perchance at Washington. It is not because she is the wife of the rich British merchant that she is treated thus; it is simply because she is an English *lady*, using the word, as Americans always do, to indicate goodness and refinement, not the narrow boundaries of rank.

While Congress is in session the wives of the Cabinet Ministers, the Senators, and the Representatives have certain fixed afternoons upon which they receive. Here the English lady, quite unIntroduced, is just as welcome as she was at the President's; and these receptions are an experience to remember. Giving her name to the servant, the English lady will find herself greeted at the threshold of the drawing-room by the wife of some great man with whose fame the country is ringing. Presently she is in the midst of an agreeable chat with a bevy of ladies, either callers like herself, or friends of the hostess, who are assisting her to receive. The toilettes worn on these occasions are often of an indescribable magnificence and amazingly costly, being paid for at the rate of £40 to £80 each, to the men-milliners in Paris, to which must be added 60 per cent. for customs duty at the American ports. Nevertheless our English lady need feel no hesitation in presenting herself even in a modest travelling costume at these gay parties; she will find plenty to keep her in countenance, and it may even be that she will encounter some earnest woman present, who will compliment her and thank her for the rebuke to extravagance which she is thus making. Very frequently at these afternoon receptions music is provided and quadrilles, waltzes, and galops are gone through with, by those who like to amuse themselves in this way. The floral decorations of the rooms are almost always exceedingly beautiful, and quite unique and peculiar to America. I suppose all the American flowers can be grown by professional nurserymen in England without difficulty; but I have never seen anywhere in Europe those charming little parasols quite made of flowers, those ships in full sail of pink and white rosebuds, those pet names fashioned with violets on a bed of tuberoses, those flags of flowers, those harps, and doves, and crowns, and I know not what besides.

Having written her address on the card which she has left at all places where she has called, our English

lady will be surprised to find that every Cabinet Minister's wife, every Senator's and Representative's, will call on her in return. Etiquette exempts the President's wife from this social duty, but the wives of other officials must at least call once during the season, or leave a card, on every lady who has called on them. This is really a task of alarming proportions in the way of fatigue, and costly too. My cousin, who is a Senator's wife, and has enjoyed official position in Washington for fourteen years, amused herself once by making an estimate of what she had paid for visiting-cards in that time. The exact figure has slipped my mind, but I remember it was nearly 3,000 dollars, or about £600 sterling.

The debates in the Capitol between the Senators in their Chamber and the Representatives in theirs can be heard by our English lady whenever she likes. She requires no order, no *laissez-passer*. She can betake herself to the galleries without fear or favour, and gaze down upon the craniums of the law-makers to her heart's content. Something that will strike her as a novelty here is the female reporters for newspapers, who are prominently installed in a tribune set apart for the use of the representatives of the press, and called the "Reporters' Gallery." Here women hurriedly take notes of what is passing, sitting cheek by jowl with the male members of the craft, between whom and themselves the best feeling exists. These women reporters are universally respected, and their comments on the proceedings in Congress are telegraphed from end to end of the vast continent. Several of the great newspapers of California are represented at Washington by women. Many of these have acquired such a reputation for ability, wisdom, and reportorial "smartness" that their services are in great demand, and splendid prices are paid for their work. An English lady who left the Isle of Man ten years ago, quite penniless, now owns a beautiful residence in Washington, grandly set upon the Capitoline Hill and overlooking the fairy-like loveliness of the Potomac Valley, the broad, historic river winding almost at the foot of her sloping lawn. She earned it, and supports it with her pen, which has never been engaged in fiction at all, but always either in thoughtful articles upon the position of women in the social economy, or in reporting the Congressional proceedings.

A class of persons of whom our English lady will hear a great deal and see but little, during her sojourn in Washington, are the so-called "female lobbyists." The term will perhaps seem vague to many readers. Its explanation is that there are certain women who wickedly use the beguilements of a pretty face and a gentle voice, to obtain the votes of certain Senators or Representatives for or against the passage of this or that bill, thus sometimes defeating the ends of justice for their own personal aggrandisement. The professional female lobbyist is as much abhorred in Washington as the woman reporter is respected. Rumour hath it that these professional lobbyists come to Washington when the session opens, take furnished houses and live in fine style, give gorgeous entertain-

ments, and never deign to haunt the lobbies of Congress at all for the purpose of button-holing the Senators and wheedling them into voting as they wish, but receive these magnates at home. In the lax period during the Civil War, such corruption may have existed, but it exists no longer. The only female lobbyists now to be seen in Washington are poor women who have, or fancy they have, some claim on the Government, and who naturally haunt the lobbies in the hope of touching the hearts of Senators with their woes. Madame Octavia Walton Le Vert, at one time the richest woman in America, who on her visit to England five-and-twenty years ago was received by the Queen at Windsor Castle, and made a round of visits in the ancestral homes of the highest aristocracy, was ruined by the Civil War, and for some years before her death came to Washington each session, in the hope of getting Congress to grant her the paltry sum of £300 or £400, as payment for the occupation of her mansion as a hospital by the United States troops when they took Mobile. Only the old lady's distinguished character—her grandfather having been one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and herself and her husband of the best families in the South—prevented the odious epithet of "lobbyist" being attached to her.

Do not leave Washington without visiting the Treasury, and seeing the feminine Treasury clerks at their monotonous work of counting endless piles of that paper money with which America is afflicted. You would be surprised could you hear the history of many of these ladies. One was born in the White House, a close relative of hers being President at that time; one—a near friend of the writer—was born a princess of an ancient Continental house, and married a handsome English attaché of embassy to a foreign court at which her father was accredited as ambassador from his country. She lived a happy and brilliant life for a time, had two lovely children, and existence was an unceasing holiday; but a change came. Both their families were ruined, and the husband lost his reason. She went to America, and obtained a situation in the Treasury, at the rate of seventy-five dollars or £15 a month. She works each day at the Treasury, has a jolly old negro "mammy" to take care of her children, and after four o'clock in the afternoon she is free to visit any house however exclusive, or receive any caller however distinguished, at her own. My first meeting with her was at the residence of a Cabinet Minister, whose wife she was assisting to "receive" on one of her at-home days. She told me she was a Treasury clerk before she mentioned that she was a princess.

I need not go into any abstruse deductions to show why in a society like this—so brilliant and so cultured, so cordial and so kind—the English lady, whether traveller or resident, soon becomes very much attached to Washington. In the States, Washington is humorously called "the woman's paradise;" and in that paradise none are made more welcome than English ladies.

OLIVE LOGAN.

Odds and Ends.

THERE seems to be no limit to the uses to which the bicycle may be put. The cowboys in a cattle ranch near the Cheyenne River, in America, have been using the machines during the past summer in place of the horses with which they used formerly to collect their masters' herds. When the owner of the ranch first suggested that the cowboys should ride bicycles instead of horses for the work amongst the cattle on the level parts of the ranch, the men looked upon him as being little short of insane. But he persisted, and, the experiment being tried, was found so successful, that the men now declare that they have done better work in some cases than they would have done with horses. When the deep snow renders the use of the bicycles impossible, the horses will again be called into requisition, but not before.

THE national flower of England, the rose, is the oldest flower of which the world has any record. Its origin has never been stated, and it is not mentioned in the Bible before the reign of Solomon; but then it is spoken of in such terms as to indicate that it had already been well known for a long time. It is found drawn upon some of the earliest Egyptian monuments, and upon the tomb of an Egyptian princess being opened only a year ago, several vessels, hermetically sealed, were found, which contained attar of roses. From the Egyptians the manufacture of attar of roses or rose-essence was doubtless taken by the Greeks and the Jews, as it was common to both peoples. It is an extraordinary fact that wild roses grow upon every continent on the globe with the exception of Australia, and even in the Polar regions, where the summer is only of two months' duration, they are to be found, travellers in Greenland, Kamschatka, and Northern Siberia constantly gathering them, as well as at Spitzbergen.

By some extraordinary oversight there is absolutely no public official record of the birth, baptism or confirmation of Queen Victoria. As the Queen was only three degrees removed from the throne at the time of her birth, it would be thought that some document setting forth the fact of her entrance into the world would have been found amongst the mass of public archives, but it appears that the announcement of the birth was all that was deemed necessary by the State officials, whose duty it was to be personally aware of the fact; consequently there is nothing in our public records to show the birth of one of our greatest sovereigns. Of course, there are the private entries of birth, baptism and confirmation in the royal registers kept for the purpose.

A NATURALIST who has been observing ants very closely for some years, and who has written much about them says that each ant of one particular species is regularly washed by another ant who for the time being acts as lady's-maid. They were examined beneath a microscope, and on an ant waking up the assistant ant began by washing its face and then going over the whole body, the insect expressing all the signs of extreme pleasure and gratification during the process. These particular ants, the naturalist found, slept for three hours at a time in relays, the toilet operation being performed upon each set as it awoke.

"To know how to learn, so that when need arises knowledge may be quickly attained, is a better provision for the business of life than is afforded by the largest or richest store of information packed away in the memory—perhaps so packed as to be inaccessible when wanted."

"If ever the happy time should arrive when we are more interested to discover the excellences of our friends and neighbours than their defects, and more anxious to study their ideals than to insist upon our own, a great impetus will be given to moral progress and to the true and cordial brotherhood of man."

A VERY wise edict has lately been put in force in Massachusetts. This entails a penalty upon the wearer of the skin or feathers of any bird which is protected by the laws of that State, as well as upon the person who kills it. Thus any girl or woman who buys these feathers or birds from a milliner to decorate her hat or bonnet runs the risk of a fine or imprisonment as much as the man who has shot the bird. The law is certainly drastic, but the indifference of women to the total extinction of certain species of birds in order that they themselves may be adorned is so great and so increasing, that it needs restrictive measures to bring them to a proper sense of kindly feeling and humanity.

WE are not generally aware that whilst we are awake we are continually winking. Every five minutes or so the upper eyelid suddenly drops down, and each time it does so a tear is swept across the eye and washes away any speck of dust or dirt that may have lodged upon it. This action on our part is quite unconscious; but this moisture is perpetually clearing the vision. The eyes themselves frequently become weak from improper use, such as reading by too bright a light, or not sufficient light. Women often ruin their eyesight over fancy work in which the colours are dazzling and the designs intricate. Happily fancy-work is no longer so fashionable as it was, but that, and fine embroidery and lace-work have much to answer for with regard to the short-sightedness of many women, for whose eyes the strain necessitated by the keen attention to minute stitches has been too great.

IN China everything is done backwards. The men wear skirts and the women wear trousers; the Chinese compass points to the South instead of to the North, and whilst the men wear their hair in a pigtail, the women coil theirs into a knot, and oddly enough the dressmakers are men and the women act as labourers. The written language is not spoken, and the spoken language is not written; books are read backward, and they write from the right to the left-hand side of the paper, instead of from the left to the right. White is the colour of mourning, and black is the colour for bridals, the bridesmaids being old women. When a Chinaman meets a friend he shakes his own hand, and he commences his dinner with dessert, ending with soup and fish. Their vessels are launched sideways and they always mount their horses on the off side.

FINLAND is a country of which comparatively little is ever heard, but its women are much more advanced in education and social progress than those of almost any other country in Europe. During the past twenty-five years the schools have been free to both sexes, and in the University of Helsingfors—the capital—there are now two hundred women-students. Two flourishing clubs in the country are solely supported by women, whilst over a thousand women are engaged in the public service, such as post-offices, railroads and telegraph offices. Nearly another thousand are teachers in schools of various grades, it being no uncommon thing to see young men of eighteen who are preparing for a commercial or academic career amongst their pupils. Business engrosses the time and attention of three thousand of the Finnish women, and out of the eighty poor-houses in the country, fifty-two are managed by women superintendents. The population of Finland being small, the total of these figures represent a large percentage of the women of the nation.

THE Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia has become better known to Europe during the last two or three years, owing to the disastrous Italian campaigns against him and the missions that both France and England have sent to his court. Most of the Biblical manuscripts which have passed into the possession of European countries have come from Abyssinia, and it is said that there are still large quantities remaining in the Emperor's keeping. When Ethiopia was invaded by the Mahomedans in the sixteenth century, the Abyssinians placed all their manuscripts in an island of Lake Zana called Debra-Sina, where they were carefully guarded by the inhabitants, who looked upon the books as tutelary deities. The Emperor of Abyssinia has now conquered these "holy islands," and has built a great library in his capital for the safe keeping of the mass of manuscripts he found. The time may come when European savants will have free access to these treasures, many of which are supposed to bear directly upon the earlier history of the Christian religion.

It is just a hundred years ago since the art of lithography was discovered. Mozart's opera, *Don Juan*, had been most successfully produced at Munich, and after the performance a man named Sanefelder, whose duty it was to stamp the tickets of admission to the opera house, began to stamp the tickets for the following day. When he went to his room he had three things in his hand, a polished whetstone for sharpening razors, a ticket-stamp still wet with the printing-ink, and a cheque for his week's salary. As he placed this cheque upon the table, a draught of wind caught it, and, carrying it up almost to the ceiling, finally deposited it in a basin of water. Sanefelder dried the cheque and then pressed it flat with the whetstone, upon which he had before carelessly placed the ticket-stamp. When he took the cheque from under the stone the next morning, he found that the letters of the stamp were printed upon it with faithful accuracy. It then occurred to him that by this means he could probably simplify his work of copying out the parts of the chorus of the various operas, so he purchased a large stone, and, after making several experiments, discovered the art of lithography, or, in other words, the art of printing from stone.



Belford's Chatterbox, 1885

April.

My name is April, sir; and I
As often laugh as often cry,
And I cannot tell you why.
Z. B. Gustafsen.

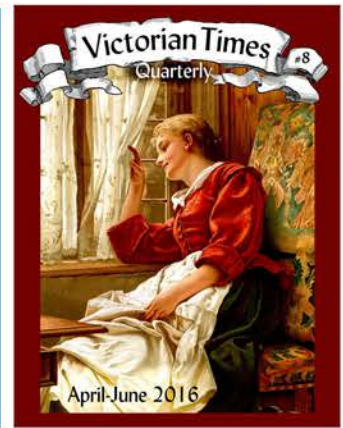
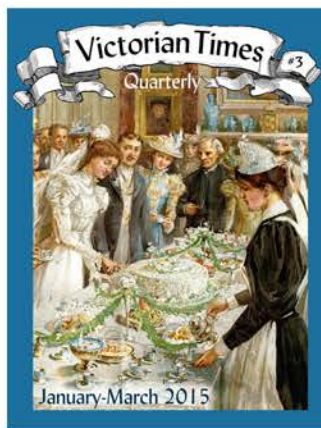
April cold with dripping rain,
Willows and lilacs brings again,
The whistle of returning birds
And trumpet lowing of the herds.
R. W. Emerson.

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