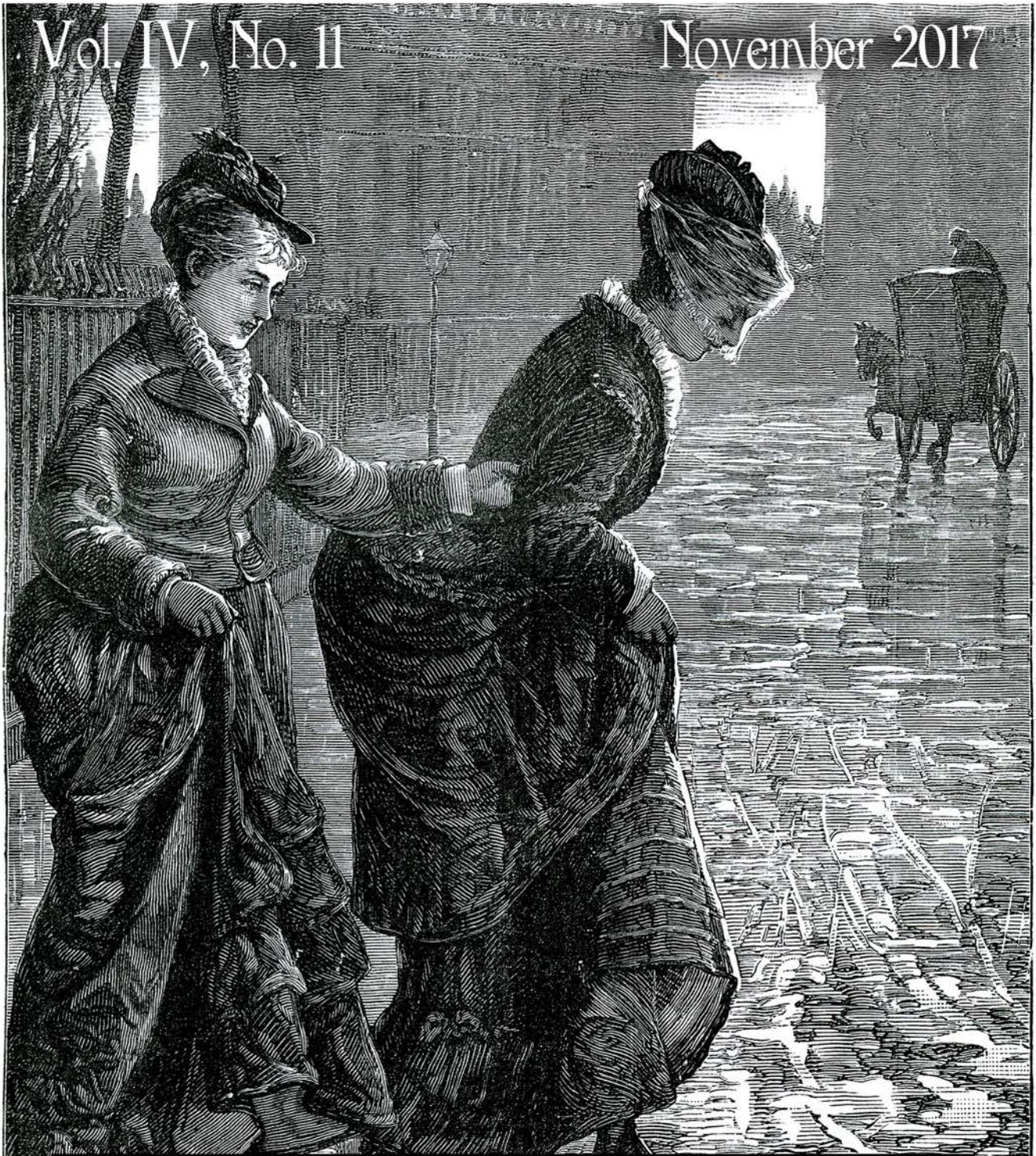


# Victorian Times

Vol. IV, No. 11

November 2017



*Jamrachs: Dealers in the Exotic • 30 Years as a Lady Journalist  
Afternoon Tea Recipes • Crafts with Autumn Leaves • Moorland Idylls  
The Country in November • Forgotten American Foods • Victorian Mothers  
London in the 1820's • A Puppy Named Fuzzles • How to Make Fancy Boxes*

# Victorian Times

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

# Giving Thanks to a Lady Journalist

I undoubtedly watch too many movies. Worse, I've tended to believe too much of what I see in movies! Or at least, I have tended to suppose that movies that purport to take place in a historical period have some basis in genuine history. And so, I confess, a great many of my impressions of how women came to enter the world of journalism has been based on such images as Natalie Wood handcuffing herself to a newspaper office's men's room in *The Great Race*, or Diana Rigg being informed by Telly Savalas that while his male employees would be delighted to take her to dinner, they'd walk out of his newspaper office en masse if he offered her a job in *The Assassination Bureau*.

Don't worry, I never imagined that these comedies were accurate depictions of the methods by which intrepid would-be lady journalists assailed the male-held bastions of the newspaper world. However, they certainly *did* convey the impression that women didn't begin "breaking in" to the journalism field until the 20<sup>th</sup> century. But as I've learned from Jenny June's article in this issue, "Thirty Years in Journalism," that impression was far from accurate.

June's article was published in 1886, and is the text of a talk given at "The Wednesday Morning Club" in Pittsfield, MA—itsself a lady's literary club that hosted a variety of noteworthy speakers and journalists, including Mark Twain. It's worth calling attention to the title: "*Thirty Years in Journalism*." June isn't speaking about her experiences as a "lady journalist" in 1886. She's speaking of her efforts to become a journalist in 1856.

In fact, June (aka Jane Cunningham Croly) didn't just write for newspapers, she even ran one for awhile. Over the years, she worked as a reporter and a columnist for a variety of publications—and worked hard to demonstrate that women reporters (of which there were quite a few even in the 1850's) could write about more than fashion and society topics. According to an article by Kristi Puchko, "June wanted to inspire women to change more than how they dressed. Her 'Talks with Women' series pushed other issues close to June's heart, including success stories of accomplished women, the importance of women in the workplace, women's access to education, equal pay, and their value in the home."<sup>1</sup>

I've read a number of June's articles from *Demorest*, and she doesn't minimize the difficulties faced by a woman attempting to pursue a career in a male-dominated field. Getting equal pay for equal work was never easy, but even in the mid-19<sup>th</sup> century, women managed to achieve that goal. "Lady journalists" were sufficiently common in Victorian days that they were often featured in Victorian fiction—not as freaks or novelties, but as a normal part of Victorian life.

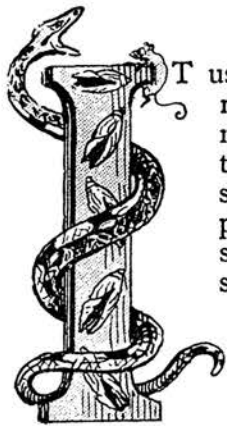
June's observations on the changes she observed in American newspapers, and the changes such papers were bringing to American society, also ring as true today as they did in 1886. "That people read such stuff does not seem to me reason enough for printing it," she says of the spread of gossip and venomous "tittle-tattle." "Gossips and slanderers find listeners, but their listeners do not respect them. Descending to trivialities and the repetition of them *ad nauseum* lowers, has already lowered, the whole tone of the newspaper press... Shall we not have a paper... that works upward instead of downward...?"

The antics of actresses in fictional movies are amusing, and I have no doubt that there were indeed female journalists at the turn of the century who may have shackled themselves to doors and engaged in other dramatic stunts to gain acceptance and recognition. But they were not the first. Intrepid writers like Jenny June began paving the way for women to become writers, journalists, columnists, and, yes, newspaper and magazine editors and publishers more than 160 years ago. And so, when I choose to think about those who have helped make it possible for me not only to do the type of work I do today, but make it possible for me to *take for granted* my right to do that type of work, I will no longer suppose that this battle was begun in my own century. It was waged, and won, much earlier than I suspect many of us imagined. It is thanks to writers like Jenny June that writers like me can simply *assume* we have the right to be heard, and to write about anything we choose, without having to fight for the privilege.

—Maira Allen, Editor  
editors@victorianvoices.net

<sup>1</sup> Kristi Puchko, "Journalist Jennie June Was 'Having It All' in the 19th Century," April 14, 2015, <http://mentalfloss.com/article/62964/journalist-jennie-june-was-having-it-all-19th-century>

## THE ARK OF THE JAMRACHS.



It used to be said of "Old Jamrach" that if an animal, no matter how rare, existed on this globe, he could get a specimen. It was even once proposed—we do not say how seriously—to settle the vexed sea-serpent question by giving the famous animal-dealer an order for the monster. In one case his dominion over the animal kingdom was put to a severe test—

Lord Lilford ordered a pair of nutcrackers—brown birds with white spots, about the size of a pigeon. Jamrach found a pair, but it took him a quarter of a century to do it in. These nutcrackers, it may as well be mentioned, are at the present time comparatively plentiful, though a few years ago thought to be nearly extinct.

Associated with the name of Jamrach are rare stories as well as rare animals; some of these stories bear marks, evident to the experienced, of being works of imagination. For instance, one may almost any time read of Hagenbeck, the celebrated lion-tamer, how he went down to Ratcliff Highway and planted down £200 for a tiger. Then arose the question, so runs the story, as to how the animal was to be conveyed to Hagenbeck's quarters. This question Hagenbeck is represented as speedily settling, by producing from his pocket a dog's collar and chain, attaching them to the tiger; so leading it from Jamrach's stables to the street, hailing a hansom, jumping in with the tiger following at his heels, and taking the vacant seat beside him as a pet dog might do. Now, when a man buys a wild animal, the question as to how it

is to be conveyed never arises. The method of conveying such a commodity is as settled as the method of moving furniture, and the proceeding to the dealer in dangerous animals as prosaic. Again, when a man pays £200 for an animal that is to aid him in getting a living, he has some regard for the animal if he has none for himself and other people. Men are not so fond of attaching £200 worth



MALAYAN OR SUN BEAR.

to the end of a string, and then giving it a chance of running away, of being destroyed, or even damaged.

The nearest approach in actual fact to the story of Carl Hagenbeck and the tiger is found in the freak of a spendthrift, who ran through £300,000 in three years. He bought a tiger from Jamrach; it was put into the regulation den or box—a strong packing-case with sliding doors at each end—and taken on the top of a four-wheeler to Piccadilly. There its mad-cap purchaser turned it loose in his drawing-room, and then ringing the bell sent one of his servants up to fetch something. Fortunately the servant came by no harm. On its becoming known that a tiger was in the house, consternation followed; and when the foolish freak had been carried quite far enough, a hole was knocked in the panel of the drawing-room door and the tiger shot.

Charles Jamrach acquired his world-wide reputation as an animal-dealer from a variety of causes. For one thing he was a keen business man—nothing pleased him so much as a clean, clever deal. He was something more, however, for mere business keenness

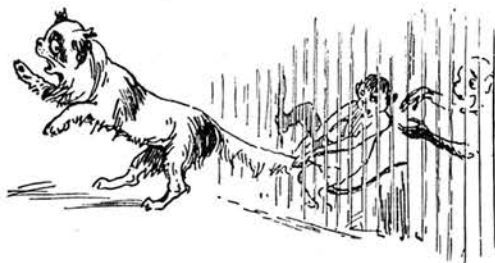
would not make noblemen and other gentlemen speak of him as their "dear old friend," and would not accord him columns of obituary notices in the leading journals at his death. He was a big man and a strong man—big enough, and strong enough, and brave enough to run after a tiger that escaped from his premises, and rescue from its jaws the little boy that it had picked up *en route* to freedom. He was a genial man, too, always the same in manner to people of high and low degree, and always smoked a big Dutch clay pipe, except between his first and second breakfasts when he smoked a cigar on his way to business. It was his habit to take two breakfasts—one at home with his family and another at his office with his chimpanzee. He had a weakness for chimpanzees—for a period regarded as the much-inquired-for "missing link"—and always had one in his office. It was an expensive affection, for his chimpanzees one after another soon caught cold and died, and chimpanzees were then at £30. However, times were good, and £30 were only an hour's makings.

It was the year after the Queen had ascended the throne that Jamrach, at the age of twenty-three, came over from Hamburg and opened shop in Ratcliff Highway. Till then he had been working for his father, who, besides being commander of the Hamburg river police, ran a business in curiosities and strange animals. These were acquired from sailors, and it was the son's business to travel the Continent with the rarities. His last expedition for his father was to St. Petersburg, at that time the great outlet for tropical birds, it being the fashion for the princes and noblemen, and as many others as could afford it, to keep aviaries.

Thither, accordingly, young Jamrach used periodically to set forth from Hamburg with a stock of parrots and his father's benediction. On one of these trips no market being illimitable, he and all the other parrot travellers failed to find buyers—a serious matter for them, for live stock is apt to die, and costs something to look after and keep. To make a long story short, one after another of the travellers succumbed; Jamrach, who had no more money than the rest of them, but had a good reputation in the trade, purchasing their stock at a low figure by means of bills payable at six months. He thus practically made a "corner" in parrots. This in itself helped the market to recover; and when Jamrach returned to his father and placed eight hundred Russian imperiales in the old man's hands, he felt a little grieved, knowing the anxiety and trouble he had gone through, at his father's behaviour. The latter simply



"I'M A JAPANESE DOG WORTH £50."



"ARE YOU?"



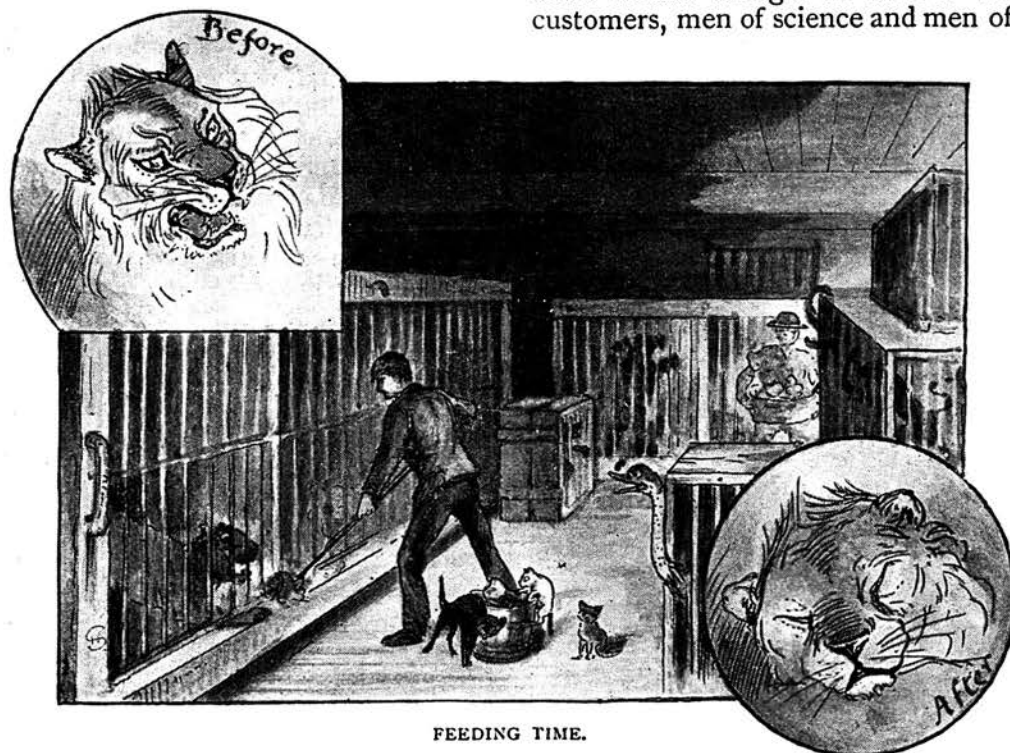
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A COMPLETE STORY—IN THREE CHAPTERS.

took the money—a large sum in those days—and locked it up. This made Jamrach resolve to leave his father; and the conditions of shipping—there being no Suez Canal then, and the ports of this country being consequently the first to tap home-coming ships—pointed to England as the position wherefrom to command the trade in animals and rarities. Nor was he mistaken.

Jamrach still maintained his continental business connections. He now both bought and sold for his father, the latter doing the same for him; moreover, he knew the con-

scientific investigation was on the rise. Museums and zoological gardens were being formed; rarities of every kind were in demand; shell-collecting was becoming a mania. In a word, the people and products of the world were being studied as they had never been studied before. What is more, an era of unprecedented prosperity had set in, and there was no lack of means to gratify the wholesome craving for enlightenment. Jamrach rose on this tide. Seafaring men, as we have seen, flocked to his doors with the results of their tradings with native races, and these results brought to him as visitors and customers, men of science and men of fortune,



FEEDING TIME.

tinental markets generally, and what they were capable of absorbing. He could thus buy what a purely English dealer, confined to the English market for customers, dare not buy.

This alone was sufficient to put him in the front rank at once. He had specially shrewd business ideas too, though. For instance, in dealing with ships' captains and sailors it was his custom not to beat them down to the lowest penny they would take, but to give them as much as he could. In this way he earned the reputation of being a liberal buyer, and was talked of all over the world by seamen. The consequence was, though there were dozens of other animal and curiosity dealers round about him, all seamen with rarities bent their steps in the first instance to Jamrach's. He thus had the pick of the market.

Meanwhile the modern spirit of inquiry and

and the agents of scientific institutions. This gave tone to Jamrach's emporium that mere *bric-à-brac* and animal dealing, on however large a scale conducted, could never have conveyed.

As illustrating some of the uses that Jamrach's extraordinary collection was put to, may be mentioned the purchase of a couple of big elephant skulls by a celebrated hunter and traveller. This gentleman occasionally lectured on his travels, and among the exploits he recounted was the shooting of a couple of elephants, whose skulls he had brought home as a trophy, and which he had displayed on the lecture table. Needless to add, he had been burdened only for a very short journey with these skulls—bought in Wapping! Similarly, after their travels, many young gentlemen found a visit to Jamrach's very necessary to complete their education and their collections.

From these various causes, then, it was that Jamrach's became a resort for people of fashion, and a curious record of some of the odd things that used to go on there may still be seen on one of the office windows. The office itself is worth a word. It is a middling-sized, lowish-roofed, uncarpeted, grimy room at the back of the shop, where the birds are kept, and whose screams are shut off by a couple of glass doors. From the top of an



"DOWN WENT THE INDIAN PRINCE AFTER THEM."

old bureau, heathen idols, dusty and neglected, look down with lofty unconcern or callous grin upon the visitor, knickknacks are strewn about the floor. A few dusty books are on a shelf, and in a handier place is a copy of Debrett's Peerage. The view from the windows is distinctly slummy—a narrow passage in which some rare geese may be waddling about, a dirty brick wall, and the next-door neighbour's washing—such is the place that dukes and duchesses, and people of the highest fashion used to frequent for an hour or two in the afternoon.

Well, the panes of one of the windows of this so-called office are scored and scratched in a singular way, and thereby hangs a tale. The first of these scratches was made by the Duke of Wellington, to whom Jamrach was

showing three very large unset diamonds he had become possessed of. The duke taking the biggest one, went to the window, and after looking closely at it, drew it down the pane of glass nearest him, and so tested it. After that everyone who was shown the diamonds did as the duke had done—made a cut in one of the window panes, and there to this day the various cuts remain.

When the fame of these diamonds got to be noised abroad, Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, who was a constant buyer of rare animals, especially birds, came in one day, and after seating himself began :

"You make a lot of talk about your diamonds, Jamrach. You show them to everybody and you've shown them to me. Now I'm going to show you something."

So saying, he pulled a paper packet out of his pocket, and unfolding it displayed a hundred unset diamonds—all of the finest water and brilliant cut. He placed the open packet on the table and in succession produced two more similar packets.

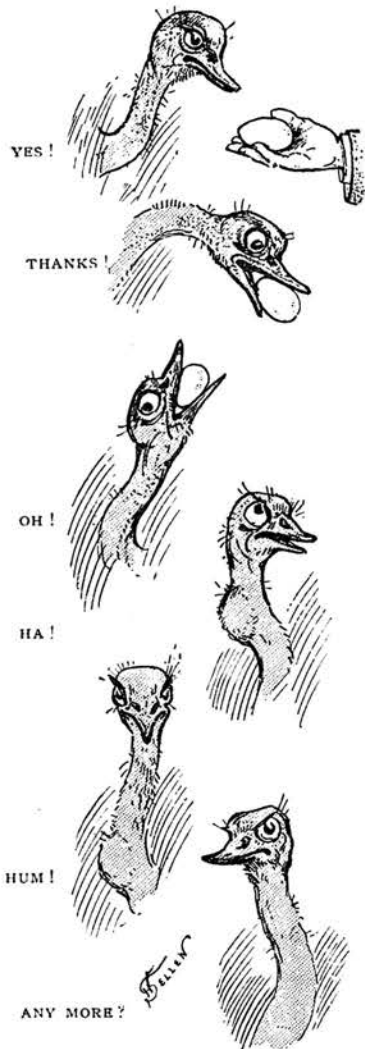
"Now," he said, looking towards the three gleaming packets on the table, "what do you think of that? You may have big diamonds, but my diamonds beat yours in number and value."

The Maharajah was excited and as he finished speaking he extended his hand and upset one of the packets. Splash went the brilliant stones upon the floor, and down upon his knees in the same instant went the Indian prince after them. When Dhuleep Singh had gone, Old Jamrach got down on his hands and knees and had a good hunt for himself. It was in vain, however, not a single jewel having escaped the prince's eye. It was an extraordinary scene—an Oriental potentate on his knees in a back room in what was then the most notoriously cut-throat thoroughfare in London, and picking up diamonds too, in such a neighbourhood!

The Rothschilds have been frequent visitors at Jamrach's, and good customers—especially Alfred and young Walter. Respecting Alfred, a story reappears at regular intervals of a few months in the newspaper chit-chat columns. The latest form of the story is that he has roaming about his house in a state of perfect freedom a couple of lions, which he has succeeded in domesticating by having them brought up on a purely vegetable diet. Vegetarians have even pressed this story into the service of their propaganda, and have drawn the conclusion that if a purely carnivorous animal like a lion can do without meat, *a fortiori*, man can.

Now it may be a pity to stop the interesting career of this story, but Mr. Alfred Roth-

schild hasn't a lion at all, and never had one. What he did have was an idea that the ferocity of the lion was due to its eating flesh, and he communicated this idea to Jamrach. This led to an experiment with a lion cub of



"A LIVELY SENSE OF FAVOURS TO COME."

six months. The cub's fangs were drawn, and its claws cut. It was then fed on bread and milk with two pounds of boiled mutton a day. The intention was to gradually reduce the meat to *nil*, to give the cub a walk on the chain each day; and when he had been proved to be sufficiently docile, he was to leave Jamrach's stables for Mr. Rothschild's hearth-rug, and become a domestic pet at Halton. All these good intentions, however, were frustrated. The young cub was docile enough, and suffered himself to be stroked by the ladies who came to see him. It was the docility of decay though, and Master Leo, as he was called, drooped and died in a couple of months. Now, let us hope, he will be

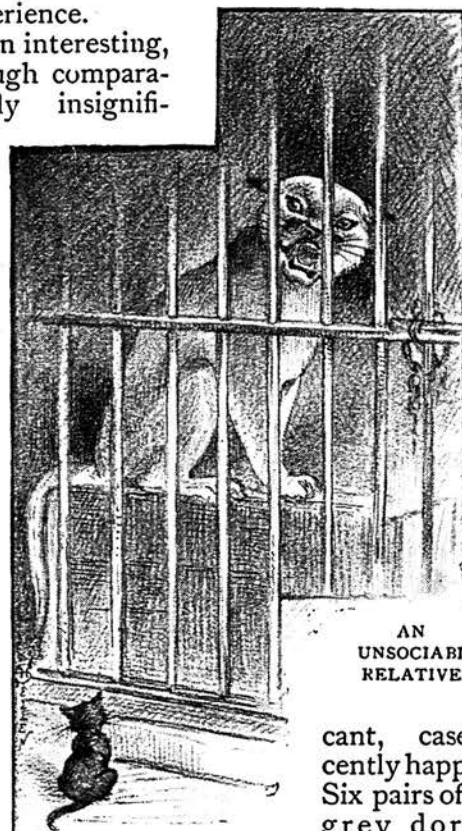
allowed to remain at rest, and not made to go on multiplying as he has done since the writer first described the experiment two years ago.

A deal with one of the ladies of the Rothschild family is told by the reigning Jamrach, Albert Edward, the old man's son and successor. The lady came down to the animal depôt, accompanied by her sister, the late Countess of Rosebery. She wanted a pair of black-necked swans, to make a present of. Jamrach hadn't the swans, but he knew they had a pair at the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, so he wired for them, and next day they were *en route* to London. When they arrived, he wired to the lady; she came down, saw the birds, was delighted with them,

agreed to the price, £40, and left the address she wished to have them sent to. That address was Paris; so they were shipped back, and to all appearance the transaction was happily ended. Some time after that Ferdinand Rothschild wanted to buy a black buck antelope, for which young Jamrach asked £15. "No," said Ferdinand, "you ask too much; I'll give you £10. You sold my sister a pair of black-necked swans for £40, and you paid only £20 for them, and they went back to the place they came from!" The swans had been recognised in Paris by someone connected with the Jardin des Plantes, and so the story of the transaction came out.

To give £20 for an article one day and get £40 for it the next is a pleasant-looking piece of business. All businesses, however, like everything else, have an unpleasant as well as a pleasant side. So great is the risk of his trade, that such animals as Jamrach deals in cannot be insured; and cases where the steamboat or railway companies can be held liable are so rare, that they have yet to occur in his experience.

An interesting, though comparatively insignificant,



AN UNSOCIABLE RELATIVE.

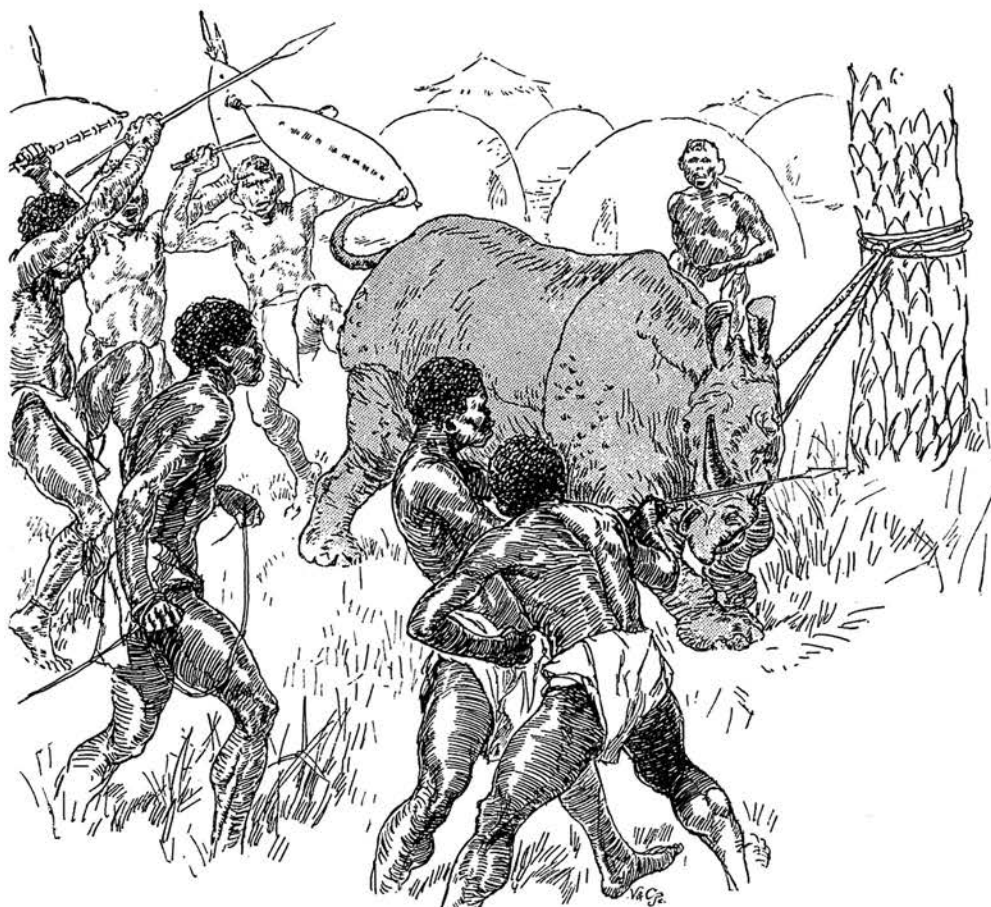
case recently happened. Six pairs of large grey dormice and some blue thrushes, in separate packages, were despatched simultaneously from Switzerland. The blue thrushes arrived all right, and in due time; the dormice didn't. The whole consignment had been seen and attended to, fed and watered, by Jamrach's agent, *en route*,



at Cologne. The next point of inquiry was Ostend. Here the box was found, but it was empty; the dormice had gnawed around the ventilating holes of their box, until these holes were large enough to let them out.

Jamrach claimed compensation; the International Express Company replied that the mice should have been so packed that they couldn't have nibbled their way out. They were securely enough packed, answered

farmer at Weedon. He found a tiger amongst his sheep in a field alongside the London and North-Western line, and not being skilled in the hunting of big game, sent to the barracks for assistance. A troop of soldiers came down the line and fired at the tiger from the train, ultimately succeeding in killing it. That tiger had left Jamrach's in the morning, safely and securely packed in an iron-bound den. Its destination was Liverpool. It was put in



"RAW MATERIAL": A RHINOCEROS TIED TO A TREE.

Jamrach, and nibbled their way to freedom because they were starving, their food-supply having given out through the delay caused by the Company's neglect.

Here this quaint little incident has ended. it may begin a new career by the discovery of a colony of strange dormice at Ostend, and much speculation as to how in the world these strange animals got there!

Animals are found in out-of-the-way places sometimes. One summer, it may be remembered, Harry Furniss, in a letter to the *Times*, told how he found some snakes in Regent's Park, supposed to have come out of the Zoological Gardens. The most startling discovery of this kind, however, was made by a

an open truck of a goods train, and the den, by some means or another, got smashed—it was supposed by a projecting iron girder on a passing train. The liberated tiger jumped from the moving train and ran down an embankment into the field of sheep where it was discovered, and where it found a very easy dinner. The price that Jamrach had sold the tiger at was £150, which sum he claimed from the railway company. All he got was the dead body of his tiger. "There's your tiger," in effect, said the company. "It had no business to jump from the train."

Apart from accidents, the losses of the dealer in strange animals are very heavy. The animals do not belong to this country,

and they are in captivity, while their natural state is freedom. Even at the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens, where the utmost care is exercised, and where everything possible is done to remind the animals of their natural surroundings, three corpses on an average are taken to the dead-house every morning.

The deaths amongst a dealer's stock figure much higher, his animals being more exposed, and at the same time less accustomed to the climate. Chill seems to be the chief cause of death to wild animals in captivity. In this way Jamrach lost eighteen lion cubs worth £30 each in a few days; in one week five giraffes worth £100 each (giraffes would now, through the closing up of the Soudan, fetch £400 a piece—not £1,000, as some reports say); and in a similarly short time four elephants which had been sold for £800, and were on the point of being shipped to America.

Another heavy loss accrued through the death of a rhinoceros, valued at £800. This animal died in so mysterious a manner that its corpse was sent to the Zoological Society's pro-sector for post-mortem examination.

The pro-sector still remembers that post-mortem. How he had to get right inside the carcass of the huge monster to perform the autopsy, and how, even so, the muscular exertion was more like what a navvy might put forth in opening a drain than the skilled operator with the scalpel. The cause of death was found to be suffocation, an abscess in the rhinoceros's throat having eaten its way into and perforated the windpipe. The origin of the abscess was due to its treatment while still in the hands of the natives. They had tied it by the neck to a tree, and its continual tugging had set up the irritation that led to the cancerous growth. Thus the real hide of the rhinoceros, unlike the proverbial one, is penetrable!

Chill has already been instanced as a leading cause of death to rare animals in the hands of dealers. In zoological gardens deaths often happen through the mistaken conduct of visitors. Recently, a hippopotamus died at the Berlin Gardens. It was opened, and an india-rubber ball was found inside it. Now the hippopotami are covered in with wire netting at Berlin. In our own gardens, over-feeding by visitors is a frequent cause of death.

At one time Jamrach had an ostrich with the run of the ground floor of his stables. In a post on that floor was usually stuck, when not in use, the butcher's knife wherewith the meat was cut for the carnivora. The knife suddenly disappeared and could not be found.

The ostrich died, was cut open, and the knife found inside.

Jamrach's first royal customer was the present Emperor of Austria, whom over forty years ago he supplied with a couple of elephants. He delivered them himself at Schönbrunn, where he met the Emperor, who told him he had been seeking a lion with a long mane for some time. Jamrach told him he would bring him such a lion in a week.

"What!" said the Emperor, "you get in a week what I've been trying to get for years?"

The wily dealer said nothing, though he knew exactly where to put his hands on a long-maned lion; and setting off at once, travelled through France in search of the showman who had it. Within the stipulated time he had sold it to the Emperor. Then followed an exemplification of the truth of the astute Bacon's remark that "Dispatch is to them (kings) the most grateful of all things." Nothing was too good for Jamrach, who to his last day could recall the Emperor's Tokay wine. The present King of Italy, when Crown Prince, visited Jamrach's. His fancy was black-necked swans. Dom Luis, the late King of Portugal, was another visitor and customer, a transaction with him being in a pair of black cockatoos for £80.

Space will not permit to tell how Abdul Azziz, the Turkish Sultan, spent the British money he got hold of on marble menageries, and filled them with lions and tigers, nor how another similarly improvident ruler, the Khedive Ismail, indulged his fancy for birds—still, too, with the assistance of British money. These were right royal times for Jamrach, as the plain matter-of-fact records of his ledger show.

Still, clever dealer though he was, Old Jamrach had a weakness. He was a conchologist. As a youth he took lessons in conchology, and all his life he was an enthusiastic collector of shells. He spent several thousands in sending men out to collect for him, not satisfied with the shoals that were ever being brought to his own doors.

At one time Old Jamrach's collection of shells was reputed to be worth £10,000. Since his death, three years ago, they were a perfect nuisance, till last September, when Mr. A. E. Jamrach found a customer for them at £100. Even so, the customer got tired carting them away and left thirty loads. These the dustman was engaged to remove at 3s. a load. Thus, what less than a quarter of a century ago was so highly valued, is today treated as rubbish. Let collectors of postage stamps take warning. *Sic transit gloria.*

W. B. ROBERTSON.



J P R I D J E .

Godley's Lady's Book, 1873

# The Pumpkin

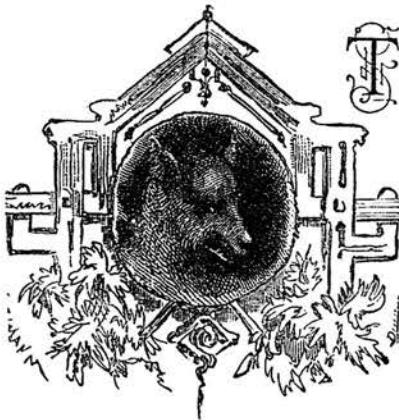
O, FRUIT loved by boyhood ! tho old days recalling;  
When wood-grapes were purpling and  
    brown nuts were falling !  
When wild, ugly faces were carved in its skin,  
Glaring out through the dark with a candle within!  
When we laughed round the corn-heap, with hearts  
    all in tune,  
Our chair a broad pumpkin, our lantern the moon.  
Telling tales of the fairy who traveled like steam  
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her team!  
Then thanks for thy present !—none sweeter or better

E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter!  
Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry more fine.  
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking, than thine!  
And the prayer, which my mouth is too full to express,  
Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be less.  
That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below.  
And the fame of thy worth like a pumpkin-vine grow.  
And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky  
Golden-tinted and fair as thy own pumpkin-pie !

—John Greenleaf Whittier

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## NOVEMBER.



**T**HIS is generally a dreary month (especially in town), mists and showers alternating with furious gales, and it may besnowstorms. Still at the commencement of it the artistic eye finds much to admire in the masses of yellow foliage on the elms, and the russet and golden beauty of birch and beech. The weather is probably mild, and many late autumnal wild flowers are yet blooming. On the 5th of the month last year we counted in a cold district of East Anglia as many as twenty-three species in an afternoon's walk. Amongst them were hawk-weeds, nipple-wort, three species of chick-weed, shepherd's purse, yarrow, bluebell, wild geranium, &c. In Devon at the same time the list was nearly doubled. Much interest attaches to the birds of the month. Wood-pigeons, which of late years, owing greatly to the system of gun licences, have largely increased upon the farmers, now assemble in flocks of two or three hundred and plunder the turnips, or pick up from the stubbles what should rightly belong to the partridges. Most of the winter birds come this month. The red-wing, field-fare, and Royston crow have already made their appearance; but the wild goose and duck, the widgeon, pochard, and teal, some of which have bred with us, are reinforced by large arrivals of their kith and kin, if the weather be at all severe.

The country is enlivened at present by the bustle and excitement of fox-hunting. In a genuine hunting population the cry of the hounds in the distance is the signal for all work to be suspended; men and boys ascend ladders and hayricks, and the horses in the farm-yards neigh, as if they knew the delights of the chase.

In Canute's Laws foxes are specially excepted from being animals of the forest or chase; any one might kill them; but in Edward I.'s reign fox-hunting had attained to the dignity of a sport. It is upon record how much was paid to the king's fox-hunter and his two boys, who took care of the dogs, in 1300. Since that time it has continued to grow more popular year by year; and even the enclosure of the country, the formation of railways, &c., have only added to its charms; whereas hawking, mainly from these obstacles to its free pursuit, has become practically extinct.

Addison has often been laughed at for the little knowledge he evinces of country life when he makes Sir Roger de Coverley hunt hares during the first fortnight of July, and speaks of the worthy knight chasing foxes with beagles.

Most country people know of a fox's earth, and are greatly interested in the safe escape of the cubs. The ground around it is generally littered with wings and tails of crows, hens, &c., which the old ones have brought home for their cubs. The little ones frequently seek the shelter of standing corn, and last year we knew of five thus darting from the centre of a wheat-field as soon as the reaping-machine pressed closely upon them.

When the ivy has ceased flowering (it generally begins to blossom in October), a marked diminution in insect-life will be observed. White notices that it is the last flower which supports the existence of butterflies, gnats, &c. On the sunny days of this month these may be seen swarming on ivy, especially the red admiral butterfly. Some die at the approach of cold weather, others hibernate. The different kinds of gnats must be very hardy, as they come out all through the winter during sunshine, even when snow is on the ground. Insect-eating birds and also trout are thus provided with an occasional dainty. Among the lepidoptera at least nine-tenths hibernate in the chrysalis state, but some of the perfect insects survive the winter, taking refuge under the rafters of outhouses

and in similar places. At the end of autumn all the insect-world busies itself to find suitable spots for winter habitation. Kirby and Spence give a curious account of witnessing in 1816 on the banks of the Humber a general departure of beetles for their winter quarters. They found them under the decaying bark of all the posts and rails on the way, with their antennæ folded up, and just dropping into their winter sleep. The hive-bee is a familiar insect which never, strictly speaking, hibernates, though cold weather reduces it to a state of torpidity.

Owing to the leaves falling off the trees, the larger kinds of our raptorial birds may now be better seen than during summer. The sparrow-hawk draws nearer to man, and pillages stack-yards at times. A friend saw one last year pursue a magpie, which endeavoured in every way to outmanœuvre its assailant. Waiting a favourable moment, the hawk at length dropped on it like a thunderbolt, and knocked it into the ditch with its talons. Our friend rode up at once and separated them, the magpie being only just able to escape.

Though a short-winged hawk, the sparrow-hawk is very destructive to small quadrupeds and young birds. Professor Newton says it is the only bird of prey which the game-preserved now-a-days need fear. Lovers of the country would be grateful to squires and landed proprietors if they would act on this information, and countermand the destruction of the numerous owls, nightjars, kestrel hawks, &c., which now dangle like criminals on too many a gibbet near keepers' cottages. Grouse disease has done good by teaching game-preservers that if birds of prey are remorselessly extirpated, Nature will revenge herself in a very unpleasant manner. She can herself best adjust the balance of feathered life.

Gardens and houses are now relieved from the autumnal plague of wasps. Many die, some hibernate. It is curious to see the dissimilar localities they choose. Early this last spring we found one still in a torpid state under the topmost leaf of a very tall laurel, while, on withdrawing the key from the door of an outhouse, another came out on it, also in a comatose state. It had hibernated in the centre of the lock.

If this should prove as cold a winter as was that of 1874—5, that curious subject, the partial migration of our winter birds, should be observed by ornithological students. Thus, in the end of December, 1874, when the thermometer was in most districts little above zero for two or three days, field-fares and red-wings flew to the west of Exmouth, and returned on January 3rd and 4th, when the thaw had set in. Multitudes of them, too, together with millions of starlings, fled to the milder climate of Cornwall, near Falmouth, during the rough weather of March this last spring.

Importations of rabbits from Ostend now enter England largely. Round Ostend these creatures are daily fed on rabbit farms upon the sand-banks; turnips, &c., being regularly grown for them, as English farmers do for their sheep. They are sent over alive for the most part, in long flat hampers, and the importers keep them living in large sheds, which are scrupulously clean, sawdust being daily strewn on the

floor, until they are wanted for the market. They are very much larger than our rabbits, and readily fetch four shillings a couple. We saw one such shed containing some two hundred rabbits last November. They were of all sizes and colours—black, white, fawn-coloured, spotted, and the like; some with red eyes; and all formed a pretty sight.

Our wild rabbits, like the foxes, are often found in the centre of wheat-fields when the reaping-machine has all but finished its circuits. We have known as many as forty-two thus killed in a single field.

Few people are aware how valuable are rabbits as a food-supply to the nation. In 1872, 5,104,817 rabbits were sold by the licensed game-dealers of the United Kingdom. If those consumed by private owners of land be added to this, a figure would be reached which might stagger those who clamour indiscriminately against the Game Laws. A game-dealer at Birmingham offered to take from a landowner 10,000 rabbits a week, if he could supply them, so great is the demand amongst navvies, miners, and many artisans for the rabbit as a dainty.

It is a great mistake to suppose that little can be done in the garden during November. On the contrary, it is the month of months for pruning, transplanting, and digging. All carrots, potatoes, Jerusalem artichokes, winter apples and pears which still remain out of doors must at once be stored. Roses, currants, gooseberries, &c., must be well mulched. A little parsley, onions, saladings, and the like may yet be sown, if the weather continues open; but the chief work in the kitchen garden is to dig in or burn all rubbish, keep walks tidy, prune and lop trees, and at every moment of leisure lay up the earth in ridges for sun and frost to fertilise. It is amazing how this process improves a garden.

In the flower-garden, dahlias must be carefully taken up and laid under cover for the winter.

The rosarian should remember that now is the time to get wild-briar stocks from the hedges. Better to dig them out than to buy those already taken up and sent to market. No one can say how long they have been out of the ground. Grass-plots must be kept well mown, and leaves raked up at every opportunity. A garden is thus beautiful even at the dullest time of Flora's reign.

Those who are about to plant small shrubberies or gardens should be reminded that, for a few pence more, it is easy now to have curious golden or variegated specimens of all our common trees in the place of the old-fashioned kinds. Thus the golden yew is an exquisite tree; the variegated ash-leaved maple and the yellow-leaved oak (*Pedunculata concordia*) never disappoint. Again, trees of large and striking foliage contrast charmingly with our native small-leaved trees. Thus the *Paulownia imperialis*, the tulip-tree, and the magnolia may be planted with good effect. Who would forget the many noble pines, too, which have of recent years been added to arboriculture? Douglas' pine, *Pinus insignis*, and *Pinus macrocarpa* would be worth any number of the miserable spindling oaks and ashes so often seen planted in suburban gardens, and

they have the merit of being always green and refreshing to the eyes. Let an intending planter visit Kew, or one of our large nurseries, before he bids his gardener "buy trees and plant them as soon as he can." A little trouble is well laid out in a work which is to last so long.

Anglers this month are busy taking the grayling and the pike, whenever the weather admits. The former is a curiously local fish, around which have crystallised many monastic stories more wonderful than true. Modern science points out that it is a survivor of the Glacial Age. When you have first caught your pike, a recipe of amusing particularity for cooking it is to be found in Walton's immortal work, he being, like Barker (another celebrated seventeenth-century angler), as enthusiastic in cooking as in catching fish. He adds, "This dish of meat is too good for any but anglers or very honest men." The pike is fond of sluggish lakes and rivers, and therefore is little known in Devon-

shire. "Lincolnshire" (once more to quote Walton) "boasteth to have the biggest."

The taste for this fish, as for many other of our fresh-water fishes, has almost died out, owing to the extreme facility with which sea-fish may now be procured almost everywhere.

Having now finished a year's observations on the natural history of the months, we cannot refrain from recommending a taste for the plants and creatures of the country to all who are obliged to pass much of their time there. Admirable text-books on every province of British natural history can now be obtained; but, after all, careful observation and loving familiarity with the beasts and birds of the country is the way to derive enjoyment. If these papers have induced any to resort to the quiet pleasures of the naturalist, and to find occupation where once all seemed a desert, they will not have been written in vain.

M. G. WATKINS, M.A.



### SOME NEGLECTED ARTICLES OF FOOD.



O any person accustomed to American life and habits, there is nothing more extraordinary than the absolute disfavour and neglect with which two prime transatlantic favourites are treated in England. Bereft of Indian meal and the pumpkin, the American housekeeper would be indeed a lost woman, and breakfast, dinner, and "high" tea be shorn of more than half their attractions. The prejudice against the former is to me a source of continual wonder, and when we discover that the principal sufferers from it are little children, we shall be rather sorrowful too, the nursery dietary being, at best of times, a very limited one. Perpetual bread-and-butter, or bread-and-milk, with occasional diversions into oatmeal porridge, and boiled eggs, are the daily food of most children throughout the United Kingdom; and if this little talk on paper should persuade one mother to add Indian meal, in its infinite varieties and possibilities of preparation, to the list, it will be a rich reward for the trouble of writing it.

Servants' prejudices are the general cause, I fancy, of the rejection of this delicious food. Children, as a rule, if carefully guarded and brought up, have really no likes or dislikes, I think, although they are too ready to pick up ideas of what is "nice" or "nasty" from their elders. In proof of this we see likes and dislikes continually expressed by little children, evidently copying papa and mamma, who have, in our own hearing, frequently said the same. As I have mentioned oatmeal porridge, I will begin with what our American cousins call "mush," a very pleasant substitute for it, and much more nourishing.

"Mush" is made in the same way as ordinary porridge, the meal being carefully stirred into the water, while boiling, until the mixture is of the proper consistency; a little salt should be added, and the whole boiled about ten minutes. It can then be turned into a dish, and eaten with milk or "golden syrup."

"Mush" is known amongst the lower orders in Italy under the name of "polenta," and forms a great part of their daily food, and is sometimes mixed with the flour made from the chestnuts which flourish so wonderfully there. A careful analysis, made by the late Professor Johnston, proves the Indian corn meal

to be richer in gluten and fatty matter than wheaten flour, with much less starch and water, to which circumstance it owes its extremely nutritive character. The attempt made by Mr. Cobbett to introduce the cultivation of it into England failed, owing to the variableness of the climate. It can be grown in the Channel Islands, however, as I have eaten it there, as a green vegetable, boiled, and brought to the table on the stem or in "cobs," as they are called; and a most delicious addition to the table it is, though mostly used at breakfast. English people, upon first arriving in America, are usually much shocked at the very primitive way in which it is "gnawed" off the cob by the natives, and fancy they never could fall into such a really disgusting-looking habit. A few days' futile and discouraging attempts at cutting and shaving it off with a knife are usually sufficient, and they quietly drop into the manners and customs of those about them, to their own evident enjoyment. When cold, "mush" is very nice fried—cut into smooth slices, and fried a nice brown. It can then be eaten with preserve of some kind, or with sugar and a squeeze of lemon-juice. Hominy, which is a different method of preparing the corn, can now, I hear, be obtained in London. The corn is ground nearly into meal, the broken grains being larger than a pin's head. The flour is then sifted from it, and the husks or bran carefully taken away. The way of preparing it for breakfast, to be used as porridge, is by boiling one pint with two pints of water for about twenty minutes, by which time it will have soaked up all the water, skimming carefully, and standing it on the hob for twenty minutes more to soak again. It is eaten either warm or cold, with milk and sugar, butter, or treacle. Hominy also makes delicious puddings. Boil half a pound in milk, add three-quarters of a pound of butter, three or four eggs, nutmeg, and a little grated lemon-peel, with sugar to your taste. Mix the ingredients carefully, and bake in the oven, in a pie-dish.

Boiled "Indian meal pudding" is very excellent, and is usually much enjoyed by children. The method of making is as follows:—For a very plain pudding, stir two quarts of the meal into three pints of boiling water, with a pinch of salt, and one gill of molasses or treacle. Tie up in a strong cloth, allowing room for the pudding to swell, and boil for three hours. A rather richer one is made with one pint of meal, three pints of milk, two eggs, and half a gill of golden syrup. Stir the meal and milk together thoroughly, that no lumps may remain; add the eggs (well beaten) and the golden syrup. This pudding will swell very much when boiling, so plenty of space should be left in the bag. Boil for three hours. A very nourishing addition to these puddings is a quarter of a pound of finely chopped beef suet. With this the pudding will require a little more boiling. A recipe for a very nice pudding was given to me by a Canadian lady some years ago, which, I think, has never been published before. I give it for the especial benefit of those who depend much on nice puddings, as it will be found well worth a trial. Take a breakfast-cupful of currants, the same amount of chopped suet, and as much also of sugar and

of new milk respectively; beat them up together with three eggs, stir gradually into it six table-spoonfuls of Indian meal, and two of flour, mixed together. Boil for three hours. The favourite American sauce for these puddings consists of butter, sugar, lemon-juice, and a little nutmeg, beaten together to the consistency of cream—a very agreeable sauce, but rather an extravagant one for a large party.

Bread made from this flour is much used in Italy. Of the precise method of making it there, I am unaware; but it looks as if it had wheaten flour mixed with it, as is usually the case when made in America, in the proportion of half and half. The dough must stand all night and rise, like any other species, and there is no difference in the succeeding procedure, except that the Indian meal will require more kneading and less baking.

What is known under the name of "Johnny-cake" is made as follows:—To one quart of milk add three eggs, one tea-spoonful of carbonate of soda, and a tea-cupful of wheaten flour, mixed with Indian meal enough to form a thickish batter. Bake very quickly, and eat hot with golden syrup or butter. Corn bread is made for breakfast in the same manner; both are very nice when cold.

Ginger-cake is made with Indian meal in the Far West, and is considered excellent. The recipe is:—One quart of sour milk mixed with a tea-spoonful of soda, one quart of meal, one pint of flour, and one gill of molasses. Ginger must be added according to taste.

"Hoe-cake," so called from being baked on a hoe, "griddle-cakes," and "corn-dodgers" are all well-known varieties in various parts of America; and the "tortillas," so well known to Mexican travellers, are made from Indian corn, the corn being simply bruised between two stones, and mixed into thin cakes, which are baked like Scotch "bannocks." "Tortillas—tortillas calientes!" is one of the best-known street-cries of that unhappy empire. Many of the recipes most used in America I am obliged to discard, on account of saleratus being one of the ingredients.

The other neglected esculent is the pumpkin, called in France—where its virtues are much esteemed—"Le Roi Potiron" (King Pumpkin), a grand fête being held in his honour at the Halles Centrales in Paris, at about the middle of September, when the beautiful bright yellow-green gourd is in perfection. It can be grown in England equally well, I am told; and certainly would prove a very valuable addition to the food of the people, could they be induced, by the example and precept of their superiors, to adopt it. In America the pumpkin is an old and well-established favourite, and "pumpkin pies," jams, and conserves are made in every farmhouse. As a groundwork to the latter, the pulp of the pumpkin is excellent, as any flavour can be given to it.

An American recipe for preserved pumpkin is as follows:—Choose a fine ripe pumpkin, cut it in halves and quarters, pare off the rind, and take out the seeds. Cut into neat slices of any size or shape you may fancy, which you should endeavour to keep whole

in boiling. Weigh the pieces, and to seven pounds of pumpkin put five of sugar, four lemons, and two ounces of ginger-root. Boil the pieces till tender in water enough to cover them ; then take them out, and to the water add the sugar, and the lemon and ginger—the lemons sliced and the ginger whole. Boil the syrup until thick enough to keep without fermenting, and then add the pumpkin slices to it.

Another method is to place the slices, without boiling, in a deep dish, with sugar sprinkled in between the layers, and the lemon-juice squeezed over them, and to let them remain thus for three or four days. Then to boil all together, adding one pint of water to every six pounds of sugar used, till the slices are tender. If the syrup be not thick it must be poured off, and boiled again by itself.

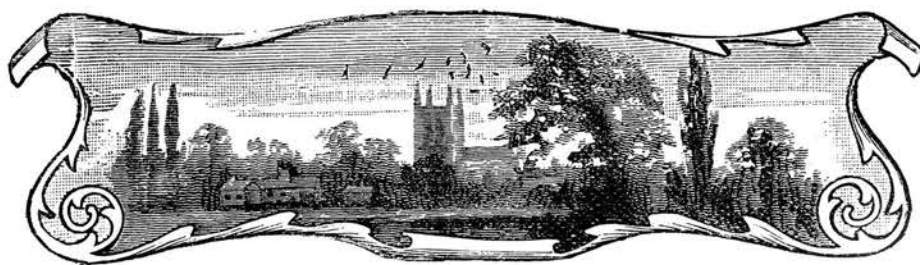
Having once explained that the pumpkin is always pared, and the seeds taken out, it will not be needful, in the following recipes, to mention it again, excepting to say that the parts nearest the seeds being the sweetest, the insides must not be scraped too much ; but only the really stringy parts removed. To make that famous “institution,” pumpkin pie, the slices of pumpkin are stewed with a little water and a pinch of salt until quite tender, then rubbed through a colander, and to every quart of the pulp a quart of new milk and two or three eggs, well beaten, are added. A tea-spoonful of ground Jamaica ginger, a little powdered cinnamon, and enough sugar to sweeten it, complete the list. Grate off the yellow rind of a lemon, and add to it, with a little of the juice. Mix all thoroughly together in a large bowl, and having lined a shallow plate or dish with a thin paste, fill the middle with the pulp. Bake in a moderate oven for three-quarters of an hour. This may also be made with one pint of milk and three eggs to the quart of pulp ; but in this case it must be baked in a rather cooler oven.

A richer pulp, with more eggs, a little butter, and

some brandy to flavour it, is frequently used as a pudding ; the pudding-basin being first lined with paste, and then baked in a moderate oven. A delicious *soup maigre* is made in France from this gourd, which is so simple in its composition that, I think, any person, however inexperienced, could make it.

Into one quart of water put one pound and a half of pumpkin, weighed after cutting up and peeling, a large onion sliced, and half a tea-spoonful of essence of celery, or a very small head of celery itself—if you have it at hand—finely cut up. Boil all together for two hours very slowly ; then add an ounce of good salt butter, rubbed smoothly into a large table-spoonful of flour, with a little seasoning of cayenne pepper and salt. Keep stirring and boiling slowly for half an hour longer, when it will be ready to serve. This recipe is intended to make two quarts of soup.

In giving the foregoing recipes, I do not wish them to be considered perfect, as after the first trial any experienced cook will, I have no doubt, be able to make improvements in them. For instance, in making the soup I have found dripping quite as good as butter, and less expensive ; and a friend of mine prefers pea-flour as a thickening instead of the wheaten. A very ripe pumpkin is best for making soup, and indeed, I think, for all uses. They are quite in their perfection in October, and I only hope my poor little effort towards recommending them may induce the readers of CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE to give them a fair trial. The pumpkin is grown with but little difficulty, and after a month's growth will need no shelter in the open ground. It may be treated in every way like the cucumber, but needs much less care. In dry weather the plants want frequent watering, and the runners should always be pegged down to the soil. The fruit can be kept perfectly good throughout the winter, and will always form an enjoyable change from the eternal round of winter vegetables. D. DE B.



## LONDON SIXTY YEARS AGO.

BY S. BARING GOULD.



Hardly realise the changes that take place under our eyes, the revolutions in social life, unless we go back to old books or diaries that belong to the period when we first began to look out into the world. Customs with which we were familiar in our childhood are now no more followed, and we forget that they were familiar to us till we light on some description of them as they were, when at once old life

rises up before us as seen by youthful eyes, and we are moved with wonder to think that we have passed through such changes without taking more note of them.

In 1825-8 a German named Otto Von Rosenberg was in London. He had good introductions, had an observant eye, some humour, and a ready pencil. In 1834 he published at Leipzig his “Sketches of Modern London from Life,” with coloured drawings. The book is now extremely rare and almost completely



forgotten. There are in it exaggerations, but on the whole it is very true, and almost a photograph of London as it was during the first quarter of the present century. As a photograph, unless much touched up, is often not a pleasant likeness, and makes the most of defects, so perhaps does this picture of London. The writer stumbled upon it by accident when turning over a mass of his grandfather's books, that had lain neglected for over fifty years, and having opened it, he found he could not put the book down till he had read it to the last page.

Rosenberg was present at the funeral of the Duke of York, in 1827, and he was in England when Weber died, in 1826. In connection with the last circumstance he mentions an incident not generally known.

He says: "Weber can, without exaggeration, be called the musical idol of the English people. A few days after his death I was in the Italian Opera, where a concert was being given for orphans, and among other symphonies by Weber, the overture to the 'Freischütz' and his hymn on the death of the King of Bavaria were given. The latter was admirably rendered, and it thrilled through the audience, which at once, moved by the beauty of the music and the sense of loss for the great composer, became profoundly agitated, so that several ladies fainted, and I must confess it, I was myself sensible of some internal emotion. At the close of the piece no loud applause ensued, as had been the case at the conclusion of every other. All the vast concourse in the brilliantly illuminated theatre sat still, and the silence became oppressive. Not a breath, not a word escaped the breast contracted with deep feeling; everyone seemed to be offering by their silence an homage to the departed artist."

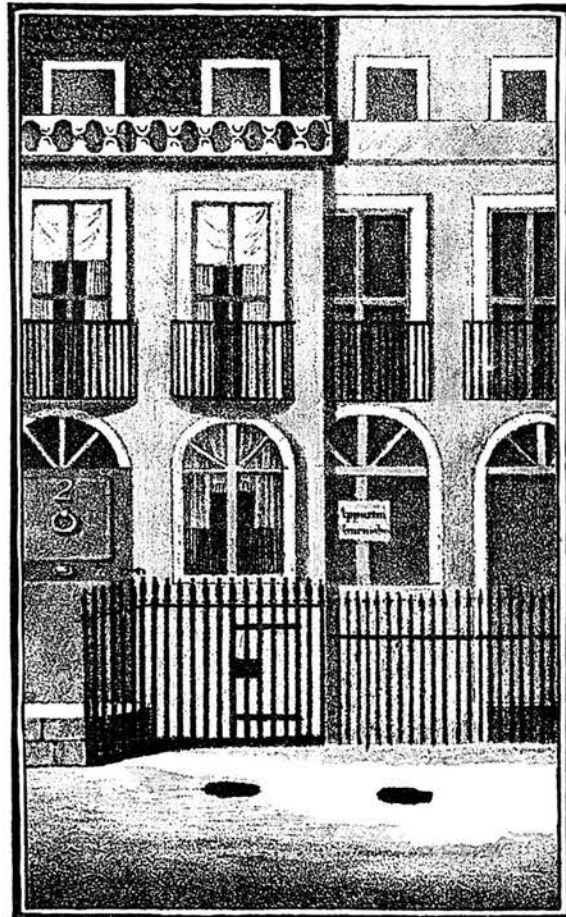
An amusing chapter on "Correspondence" shows us how great a transformation has taken place in the post-office.

"At eight o'clock comes the postman's knock: a double knock. A letter which has come from four to six miles distance in London costs the recipient twopence. Every letter from 'off the stones'—that is to say, from outside London—costs an extra penny. This is called the Two-penny Post.

"In sealing a letter, care must be taken to follow the proprieties. It is most uncourteous to seal a letter to a lady with a wafer. Elegant, sometimes perfumed, sealing-wax is employed, and the look of the seal is enough to convey an idea of what is within. The paper employed is small quarto, gilt-edged. These dainty little letters, which in Germany we should, as a matter of course, set down as love-letters, are fastened with little seals on which are allegorical figures, as a dove with a letter in its bill, with the inscription 'Répondez vite'; or a blind man led by his dog, with the legend 'Faithful in adversity'; or a seated hound with this written round, 'When this dog barks my friendship shall end.' But such seals can be employed only by ladies writing to one another, or by a gentleman to a family with which he is intimate. If a gentleman writes to a lady he franks the letter, but this is rarely done between gentlemen. If you are

writing to a tradesman or a professional man with an order, you do not frank the letter. When the correspondence is between friends, the letter begins, 'My Dear Madam' or 'My Dear Sir,' but when it is addressed to a stranger or an inferior it is conducted in the third person."

Von Rosenberg goes on to describe what constitutes



AN OLD LONDON HOUSE.

the distinction between a Mr. and an Esquire. The latter, he says, corresponds to the German "Wohlgeboren," but the stranger must be careful not to give this title to a lady.

"The General Post is to be distinguished from the Two-penny Post; the functionaries of the former wear a scarlet coat with dark blue facings. The letter-carrier gives the same rap at the door as does the Two-penny postman, but he brings letters from abroad and from other counties of England and all parts of Great Britain. The post comes in once a day only, between noon and one p.m. Every afternoon the postman goes round about five p.m. with a bell, and all who have letters for the post bring them out, and put them into the bag which he carries for the purpose."

Rosenberg was in London at the time when dogs were employed to draw cars, and he mentions as one of the familiar objects in the streets a man born without legs who played national airs on a clarinet, and

was drawn about by a couple of dogs harnessed to the car into which he was strapped. In connection with this subject, he mentions an anecdote told him by Sir Walter Scott of his own dog Camp.

"Camp," said Sir Walter, "was the cleverest hound I ever had. I taught him to understand a great many words, and I am quite convinced that it is possible to develop the intelligence which exists between dogs and men. One day Camp bit a baker, and I beat him for it, and read him a severe lecture over his iniquity. From that time to his death he winked whenever the word 'Baker' was mentioned, and exhibited profound compunction when what he had done was spoken of. If I alluded to this affair, Camp sneaked away into a dark corner. But if I said 'The baker has been well paid,' or 'The baker did not get angry,' then out of his corner bounded Camp, barking and gambolling. When, towards the end of his life, Camp was too feeble to accompany me on my walks, if the servant said, 'Master is coming down the hill' or 'over the down,' it was enough for Camp, even though the man had given no indication with his hand or otherwise that I was approaching."

The description of the hucksters, professional beggars, the ballad singers, the butchers' boys, the sweeps, the dustmen, among the sights of the London streets is very true and amusing.

It is, however, when the writer comes to an account of an English dinner party that we notice the greatest change in our national customs.

"Half, or perhaps three-quarters of an hour before dinner the family is assembled in the drawing-room, the elder ladies in immense caps, in turbans adorned with feathers and flowers, and in evening gowns. Every lady not only comes in gloves, but wears gloves throughout dinner. The gentlemen have changed the nature of their ties, and appear in silk stockings and shoes. All take up their positions in a semi-circle, beginning at the fireplace, leaving a gap through which the guests enter to shake hands, and to inquire mutually after each other's health. At each double knock the porter opens the house door as wide as possible. The guest lays his hat and great coat aside in the hall, and draws off the glove of his right hand and retains this glove in the left, which remains gloved. As soon as he reaches the staircase the footman asks, 'Please, sir, your name?' ascends, and the name is announced aloud at the door of the drawing-room. Then come the introductions. . . . When all those expected have arrived, the butler appears, and bows to the hostess to announce that dinner is ready. The hostess gives the signal to form *en suite*. The greatest stranger, or the oldest gentleman present, takes the hostess on his right or left arm, according to the direction of the stairs, so as to assure her to be near the wall. Every gentleman takes his partner. The *arrière garde* is brought up by the giggling and whispering young people of either sex for whom no partners have been provided. At the dining-room door a solemn halt ensues, and the gentlemen bow profoundly as each lady defiles into the room. The gallant knights hang about the door till the master of

the house has placed them all, each by his lady. Host and hostess then take their seats at the ends of the table.

"When all are seated, the gentlemen proceed to uncover their left hands. Each takes the piece of white bread from his *serviette*, and lays it beside his plate on the left. In the majority of houses, however, no napkins are provided, and then the gentlemen take up the table-cover and lay it over their knees. On the right side of each plate is a white or blue glass bowl, in which are two wine-glasses of different sizes turned upside down, so that they may be cooled by the water in the bowl. Beside the steel forks, everyone has one of silver, which an Englishman invariably grasps with the left hand. Beside the salt-cellars, of which one occupies each corner of the table, several spoons are laid cross-wise about the table, to be employed during the meal for vegetables and sauces. When the dinner parties are not very large this is the order of the dishes:—On taking one's place at table, a tureen is already in place at the upper end, full of strongly-peppered soup; at the lower end is a sea fish that has been boiled in water, only laid on a napkin and not a dish. In the middle of the board are peeled potatoes and others in their skins, others again mashed, carrots, cauliflowers, asparagus, all boiled in water only, covered with highly-polished metal shining dish-covers. After the master of the house has murmured a grace, and everyone has stooped over his plate, the servants



THE GENERAL POSTMAN.



THE BUTCHER'S BOY.

remove the dish covers. Everyone has his choice: first soup, and then fish, or fish and no soup, or soup and no fish. All the guests are asked what they would like to eat.

"After five or ten minutes have elapsed, during which some mouthfuls have been swallowed, each gentleman, naming another, desires the honour of drinking wine with him. A few years ago only heavy, highly-coloured port, Madeira, or sherry, was drunk. Now intercourse with France has led to the introduction of Bordeaux wine, here called claret, Burgundy, and champagne. The gentlemen who are drinking with each other half fill their glasses, which are now removed from the bowl, stare fixedly into each other's eyes for a moment, bow their heads without bending their bodies, put their glasses to their lips, and swallow a few drops: a few drops only, because at each invitation they are bound to replenish their glasses.

"It is hard for a stranger to note the names of the persons, and without knowing their names, one may not venture to invite anyone to drink. After this 'bitter-bad' ceremony is over, or something serves as an interruption to it, the servants plant before the master of the house a gigantic piece of boiled or roast meat, and before the hostess a fricassee of fowl, duck, pheasant, or rabbit, in a strong peppery brown sauce, or a curry. Most of the vegetables that served for the fish remain on table. The guest is asked which or what he will take, and if a stranger, whether he will

have the meat well-done or under-done, fat or lean; but it shows a lack of courtesy in a hostess to ask these questions of an old acquaintance, whose peculiar tastes she is supposed to have taken to heart and to remember. The hostess urges to eat, and endeavours to induce the guests to try other dishes or take additional helpings; and one hears on all sides the assurances, 'I assure you, ma'am, I have made a most excellent dinner.'

"Finally enter the plum-pudding, great and little tarts, creams, and jellies. If anyone desires porter or ale, he asks for it specially of the waiters, and it is served in champagne glasses. Butter and cheese conclude the meal.

"Here I must mention an usage that is somewhat startling, and may be cleansing, but is not cleanly. After the grace, and before the ladies have left the table, each person rinses out his mouth with the water in the coloured glass vessel at his side, and then wipes his fingers in his napkin, if there be one, if not in the table-cloth"—the whole operation is described with terrible minuteness—"then the bread-crumbs are brushed from the table, and everything is removed to the table-cloth, revealing the polished mahogany, which now receives an extra rub, after which dessert is laid on it. Before the host are fresh decanters, with port, sherry, Madeira, and claret, the latter in a peculiarly



JACK-IN-THE-GREEN.



THE THREE DECKER.

formed bottle, bulging, and with a handle and glass stopper. The other wines wear round their necks chains and silver shields, on which their names are engraved. Each decanter stands on a silver base, and is passed from right to left from the host. Every gentleman helps the lady near him."

After an account of the withdrawal of the ladies, the writer goes on to say that then toasts are drunk, the first of which is to the ladies who have just departed.

"Thus from two to three hours are spent in toasting

and drinking, all the gentlemen huddling together at one end near the host, who has removed his place to the other end of the table, and their gravitation to each other perhaps means to prop each other up in the event of intoxication supervening. Finally, a servant announces that tea is ready, and such as are able to stagger adjourn to the drawing-room, where are the ladies."

An amusing chapter is devoted to "Routs": that is to say, "At Homes"; another to pugilistic encounters.

Von Rosenberg's account of a London afternoon as spent by ladies is this:—

"The ladies drive out in their equipage; each young lady with a novel, or, at all events, a book of some sort, in the carriage with her. The carriage halts at a shop. The ladies do not descend, but send the footman into the shop to call out the shopkeeper. He appears, with hair frizzled and dressed in the last fashion at the carriage door, asks for orders, and brings forth all kinds of varieties of the article required, and places them in the carriage. He writes down what is purchased, and promises to send the commands. Infinitely funny is it to see mamma crushed under a mountain of drapery, with the only too handsome tradesman standing by commending his goods, and the young ladies sitting unmoved studying their books, or rather appearing to study them; for what female heart could remain uninterested when the matter discussed is fashion and dress, and the shopman possibly young and good-looking?"

The writer describes what is now quite a thing of the past: the chimney sweep's May-day feast, with Jack-in-the-Green and Maid Marian. Such appeared in the London streets as late as 1845, in which year we remember to have seen them in the Strand, but now Jack-in-the-Green is as much a thing of the past as the Two-penny postman, and blue glass dessert bowls, or three-deckers. Von Rosenberg gives a picture of the last of these articles, which astonished him greatly. The author of this curious little book heard Irving and records some of his prophecies, and he likewise tells some good stories of Dr. Abernethy.

## AFTERNOON TEA.



HIS pleasant meal has now become an institution, and hostesses vie with each other in furnishing their tables with dainties pleasant alike to both eye and palate; and in presenting to our readers the following suggestions,

we are catering for those who, from any cause, are unable to give a dinner or supper party, but do not find it difficult to entertain their friends at a nice meal in the form of tea.

A word, in passing, as to "the cup that cheers." Be it remembered that tea is not a *decoction*, but an *in-*

*fusion*—therefore, if it stands more than four or five minutes the tannin will be extracted; in which case, no matter how light in kind the edibles may be, indigestion will surely claim some of the party for its own.

*Fancy Bread and Cakes* are certain to be required, and in commencing we will, assuming that at most tea-tables there are some who dare not partake of rich cakes, give a recipe for a *Diet Cake*, than which, if properly made and baked, there are none more wholesome, and few nicer; but, as the method is different from that known as "creaming," as well as from the

still better-known one of "rubbing in" the lard or butter, we must ask for special attention. The materials are:—three eggs, three ounces of castor sugar, four ounces of sifted flour, an ounce of fresh butter, a level teaspoonful of grated ginger, and the same quantity of fresh lemon-rind, also grated. Now for the mode. Put the yolks of the eggs into a bowl with the sugar, set the bowl over a saucepan of hot water (nearly boiling), and whisk the mixture until thick; then stir in gradually the dry ingredients and the butter, which must be melted just sufficiently to reduce it from a solid to a liquid, but by gentle heat only. Last of all stir in (do not beat) the whites of the eggs, just beaten to a stiff froth. Have ready a tin, lined bottom and sides with buttered paper, pour in the mixture, which should only half fill it, and bake at once in what is known as a "steady oven:" that is, a moderate one, the temperature being even, as nearly as possible, from first to last. When a wooden skewer will leave the centre of the cake quite clean, and it feels firm top and bottom, it is done. It should be a pale brown only. The directions for this are necessarily minute, but once learned, an ingenious cook may make many varieties in the same way. Ground caraway or coriander seeds, as well as that pleasant spice, Jamaica pepper, commonly called allspice, may be substituted entirely, or in part, for the ginger in the foregoing recipe, as they all have the merit of being wholesome: indeed, they aid digestion.

*Shortbread* is generally liked, though usually made too rich for most people. The recipes which follow will produce real dainties, although of a plainer kind than is often met with. To avoid repetition, we may say that they all need slow baking, as the shortbread ought to be pale, although thoroughly done; if cut small into any shapes preferred, they can be handed round as "biscuits," and will keep well if stored in tins in a dry place.

For *Oaten Shortcake*.—Put into a bowl half a pound of fine oatmeal, with enough boiling milk to form a stiff paste; cover, and leave it for a few hours, then add half a pound of flour, two ounces of corn-flour, six ounces of castor sugar, and six ounces of butter, just liquefied by gentle heat; work the whole into a smooth mass with the hand, then roll it out for use on a floured board. It may be shaped into ovals or rounds, and decorated according to fancy with candied peel in strips, cut-up dried fruits, coarsely crushed sugar, or caraway comfits. The edges should be pinched with the thumb and finger, this being a distinguishing feature of shortbread. It will probably be noted that this mode is not the usual one, the butter being often simply rubbed into the flour; the fact is, oatmeal requires a long time to cook, and the preliminary soaking in the milk enables the starch cells to swell, thus rendering it more digestible.

Another variety, known as *Royal Shortbread*, is thus made:—Equal weights of flour, arrowroot, sugar, and butter are required—say four ounces of each—the yolk of an egg, two ounces each of dried cherries, almonds, and candied peel, all cut very small, and a pinch of salt. The butter is first rubbed into the arrowroot

and flour, just as in making short pastry, then the fruits are put in, and lastly the sugar and egg, the whole being well worked as before. This is very delicious; it should be ornamented with chopped almonds and fruits.

*Cocoa-nut Fingers* are enjoyable, and as the nut, grated and dried, may now be had of grocers, there is every facility for indulging in them. The ingredients are eight ounces of flour, three ounces each of sugar and butter, rubbed together; one ounce of cocoa-nut, and two table-spoonfuls of cream, in which the nut should soak awhile before being added to the other ingredients. The fingers should be three inches long, and rather more than half an inch wide.

*German Honey Cakes* are very easy to make, and a decided novelty; it is probable, however, that they will be too highly spiced for most English people, although the cakes we tasted, made exactly as described, were very good. Six ounces of honey and two ounces of butter are to be just warmed together previous to mixing with six ounces of flour, half a teaspoonful of ground cloves and nutmeg mixed, the same of chopped lemon-peel and carbonate of soda; this is covered with a cloth, and left all night, then rolled out thinly, and cut into fancy shapes. These require a very gentle oven, as does anything containing honey or treacle. A word of explanation is here necessary. We have, in previous papers, stated that the addition of carbonate of soda to cakes, &c., is useless unless it is combined with an acid. In ordinary cases this is true, but cakes or puddings into which treacle has entered are an exception, as an element of both is what we may briefly describe as a "natural acid," which, in combination with soda, creates effervescence.

*Chestnut Pyramids* will meet with the approval of all lovers of the nut in other forms; and when making forcemeat or sauce from chestnuts, there will be a good opportunity for a trial baking. Three ounces of chestnuts (previously baked or boiled, and carefully freed from the husk) are to be pounded while hot with two ounces of flour, two eggs, one ounce each of butter and sugar, and a few drops of vanilla essence—the last-named to be added when the mass has cooked somewhat, otherwise a good deal of the flavour will be lost. Place these in small rocky heaps, the size of a walnut, on a greased baking-sheet; brush them over with beaten egg, and bake in a rather brisk oven. They should be allowed to cool on a sieve, as should small cakes generally, and never taken into cold air immediately. We now pass on to a couple of recipes which, if carried out, will enable our readers to set before their guests something new in the bread and butter line. Both are best if baked a couple of days before cutting up, and are equally good cut into thicker slices, and toasted and buttered in the same way as the well-known "Sally Lunns."

*Hungarian Tea Loaf* deserves first place. A pound and a quarter of Hungarian flour, two ounces of white sugar, and half a teaspoonful of salt are to be mixed in a large bowl; in another bowl, half a pint of warm milk (in which three ounces of butter have been melted)

is added to the yolks of two eggs, the white of one, and two table-spoonfuls of fresh barm. With this mixture the ingredients in the large pan must be made into dough with the hand, and left to rise for a couple of hours, then put into a tin—well greased, and plenty of room left for rising. The heat of the oven should be quickest at the first, and allowed to subside during the baking. As soon as the loaf is taken from the oven, brush it over with the white of an egg, beaten up with a table-spoonful of castor sugar; sprinkle it with chopped almonds, then return it to the oven to set, and lightly brown the surface. Dried yeast, half an ounce, may take the place of fresh barm; it should be “creamed” as described in our article on “Home-made Bread.”

*Scotch Roll* is less expensive than the above; ordinary flour, a pound and a half, is used for it, the other ingredients being two ounces each of lard and sugar, one egg, three ounces of sultana raisins, three-quarters of a pint of tepid milk and water mixed, and fresh or dried barm as above: the mode is also the same, but no tin is required, the dough being made into a roll or twist. When baked, brush it over with a table-spoonful of milk and a lump of sugar warmed together.

We will conclude this paper with a few hints on quickly-made *Fancy Bread*, and our readers will remember that expedition is necessary to insure lightness; indeed, only quick workers will be wise in attempting this pleasant task.

Under the above heading we may class *Dough Nuts*. A very inexpensive recipe is the following:—Rub an ounce of butter into a pound of flour, add an ounce of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of good baking powder, a pinch of salt, and, if liked, a few currants. Mix this to a very stiff paste with an egg and a little milk—as little as possible. Divide into sixteen or eighteen parts, form them into small balls, then make a hole right through each with the finger, to form a ring. These are now ready for frying, or, to be accurate, for *boiling*

*in fat*: the latter being sufficient in quantity to cover them, and quite hot when they are put in. A few minutes will cook them, and after draining them from the fat, and dredging with sugar, pile them lightly on a dish, and serve hot or cold. The reason the hole is made is that the hot fat may reach the centre, otherwise it would not be sufficiently cooked by the time the outside was done. In cooking they puff up, and the hole closes. These may also be made in fancy shapes—little knots, plaits, &c.

*Milk Rolls* are similarly made to the above, except that the milk should be tepid, and no egg is required; about three-quarters of a pint of milk will be sufficient for a pound and a half of flour; they may be made small, or the dough rolled out to the thickness of an ordinary rolling-pin, and “gashed” at intervals of two inches. When baked, break where gashed. If brushed over with beaten egg or milk previous to baking, the appearance is improved; egg gives the richer colour, but is more likely to burn. Or they may be brushed after baking; a very good “wash” is the milk and sugar one previously referred to; or milk with a morsel of butter may be used instead for rolls which are intended to be eaten with meat, in which case, of course, no sugar should be used in making them.

Another pretty-looking tea-cake is made by rolling up the dough (made as above) like a roll pudding; this is cut into slices, and baked what we may call sideways: the flat side, that is, being laid on the tin. The rolling should be loosely done, but the outer edge must be brushed with beaten egg, and lightly pressed down, or the cakes will open too much in baking. Glaze them, and sift sugar over before serving.

*Scones* are perhaps too well known to need a detailed recipe, but we may say that an egg improves them considerably—one to each pound of flour; and the latter, for superior scones, should be at least half Hungarian or pastry flour.

LIZZIE HERITAGE.



## PREVENTABLE WORRIES.



SUPPOSE there are few people exempt from worries in their daily life. They may spring from endless causes, and possibly very many are altogether unpreventable and must be borne with patience and fortitude; it is not

of such as these that I would speak.

The limits of my paper will only admit of my touching upon some of those little frets and jars which cause needless trouble to busy people, and arise simply from lack of method in carrying out our work of whatever kind it may be.

I will first touch upon some small annoyances which are apt to hinder the comfortable dispatch of our daily letters. Quite a crop of preventable worries are apt to cluster around the inkstand and writing materials.

No doubt there are thousands of orderly, well-conducted people whose pens, ink and paper will bear examination by a critical eye and always be found in proper working order; but, ah me! how many of us allow the ink-glass to get lower and lower without replenishment, not observing the incessant dipping of our pens until, in the middle of a page of fair neat writing, we land a great clot of ink from the point of the pen. We then vainly wish we had thought to put fresh ink before beginning our letter. The thing is done and cannot be helped, but we make a mental note that our ink-glass shall be in future attended to in due season.

It is not the easiest thing to fill a small ink-glass without the catastrophe of an overflow, but this may easily be obviated by first pouring the ink from the stone bottle into a phial, from which we can readily replenish tiny glasses.

For the comfort of those who may have ruined a valuable table-cover or damask cloth by an inky flood, let me mention two remedies, not so well known as they deserve to be.

There is, I fear, nothing to be done if the ink-spots have dried, but, in the case of a coloured cloth, if, while the ink is wet, some milk is poured over the stain and rubbed gently with rag, the spot may be entirely removed. The milk must be renewed again and again until the cleansing is complete. The remedy for a damask cloth seems scarcely to be credited, but I can only ask my readers to try it for themselves, and they will be assured that the statement is true. If some red ink is poured over the black ink-stain whilst it is wet, and the cloth is at once taken in hand by a laundress, not a trace of stain or spot will remain.

In public offices I fancy fresh blotting-paper is supplied daily, but in private houses how people do go on with a ragged, poverty-stricken sheet of that article, until it wholly refuses to do its duty and blots very emphatically just in the middle of our best sentence; or, worse still, the blotting-pad having parted with its last remaining strip of paper, we absently take it up and turn our writing into hieroglyphics by applying the bare wood to the wet lines. Linen blotting-paper sold in small sheets is by far the most effectual and pleasant kind to use, and with a packet of it at hand we are without excuse if our letters are ever ink-spotted. In these days of multitudinous pens our writing implement should always be in faultless condition. With J and R pens, Waverleys, Owls and Pickwicks, every style of handwriting may be easily suited; and yet,

do we not sometimes from lack of thought go on using a pen that has attained most vicious ways? With a point that splutters, catches up hairs, digs into the paper, and shows such a will of its own that, at last, when our temper is rasped and patience exhausted, we are led to replace the offender by a new pen whose smoothness and delightful ways make us deeply regret that we were led to bear so long with this preventable worry.

Our inkstand should always possess a well-pointed lead pencil for making casual notes; but are we not painfully familiar with pencils of an unusable kind—perfectly decrepit, hopeless articles, with the lead broken away and nothing left but jagged points of wood, instead of the delicate tapering point which a moment's application of a sharp penknife would produce? There are now also such excellent pencil-sharpeners to be had everywhere that there is no excuse but laziness if our pencils are not in good condition.

After we have been seated at our writing for a while, how frequently we find we are in a cramped position and so cumbered up with books and papers around us that we cannot push our paper higher up as we fill the sheet.

I am reminded of the advice of an old painter to a pupil who was going to sketch under his tuition. He said, "Now my first direction is going to be a most important one, which you must try and remember as a life-long rule: never grudge time or pains in making your position comfortable before you begin; it will be time saved in the end. You cannot do good work with cramped hands and aching limbs, nor maintain the easy mind and unruffled temper which will tend much to promote the success of your efforts." This advice is quite as applicable to letter-writing as to painting. Always, if possible, clear a sufficient space on the table before you begin, have the inkstand at your right hand, and for pity sake dip your pen in gently so that the ink may not be flicked over the table-cloth, or your friends—who may be quietly reading—be regaled by a teasing noise like a woodpecker engaged upon a hollow tree.

Now a word about unreadable writing. Do we not all know what a misery it is when a letter arrives just as we are going out or otherwise pressed for time, and we see with dismay that it is from a friend whose writing is the next thing to Sanscrit for its illegibility. We can read enough to learn that it needs an immediate answer, but what is its purport? One word is run into another, the t's are not crossed, the b's are the same height as the m's, the y's have no tails—in fact, one's reading can only be a series of guesses. It is difficult to bear patiently such a needless strain of mind, but the messenger waits—what is to be done? I have heard of one puzzled friend putting the "vexing letter" upon the floor and walking round it once or twice, hoping for inspiration by viewing it upside down. If only there is time a clue can generally be obtained by observing how the letters of one's own name and address are formed, and then, by applying the same rule to the unreadable words, at last some light begins to dawn. Here and there a sentence can be read, and by degrees the rest is deciphered.

How truly needless and provoking is all this trouble! Surely young people, who can easily alter their style, should endeavour to attain the useful gift of a very clear handwriting. It predisposes one to like a letter and its writer if the missive can be read without trouble, and the saving of time and avoidance of worry are really of importance in this busy life of ours. It was a wise writer

who gave us this excellent piece of advice: "Be a whole man to one thing at a time." I suppose it is the neglect of this rule that leads so many correspondents to say "I enclose" such a thing, but the thing is omitted and you have the trouble of writing a second time to ask for it. It is always well to read over our letters before closing them, to supply any words left out, and to be reminded ourselves of any promised enclosures.

This may seem but a trivial piece of advice, but the omission, for instance, of the word "not" may alter the tenour of the letter and keep some friend waiting for us for hours when we thought we had said "I shall not be there." The non-enclosure of a cheque or postal-order required on a special day may also be of the most serious consequence. In addressing letters it is never wise to add the name of some post-town we think may be right, for if incorrect it will lead to at least a day's delay, whilst the letter is sent there and returned.

No hard-and-fast rule, however, can be given about addressing letters; it simply needs thought and intelligence to avoid mistakes.

Where the name of a town is a very common one, it is most needful to add the county, as there are, for instance, nine Whitchurches and fourteen Newtons, and a letter sent to either of those places without the county would probably be returned in a few weeks' time, ornamented with endless post-marks, showing the needless trouble given to the postmen, who are bound to do their utmost to find the right destination of the letters committed to their charge.

Some people are in the habit of signing their epistles with initials only, so that in the case of strangers one is left in doubt as to the sex of the writer. No one likes to make mistakes, and it is with a feeling of annoyance that one discovers that the correspondent we have addressed as esquire proves to be of the gentler sex. I would earnestly counsel young people to adopt the habit of invariably signing Christian and surname in full, and clearly written, if they would avoid the loss of their letters from misspelling. It is only kind to inform strangers whether they are to address you as Mrs. or Miss, yet how often this simple guidance is omitted!

I often marvel at the unbusinesslike ways of some secretaries. They ask for your subscription to a society the name of which they only give you in perhaps five initial letters. Now in these days of multiplied charities it is really difficult to remember all their names; many are very similar, differing only it may be in one letter, yet the object of the charity may be totally different. Then also it should be a standing rule always to mention the amount of the annual subscription asked for, it saves a busy person having to refer to a list of charities or it may be turn over cheque counterfoils, or search for last year's receipts. All this is clearly preventable worry arising from unbusinesslike habits. Much more might be said upon this subject, but instances enough have I think been given to show the need of careful thought being bestowed upon the work we do with our pen, to avoid as much as possible giving rise to needless trouble. I hope to be forgiven if my strictures seem to touch upon small matters, which to many may appear too trivial to be censured; but let me say that, just as a little pebble may hinder the action of a great steam-engine, so the needless delay of half an hour in our morning's work, and a ruffled temper for the rest of the day, may have very sad and far-reaching consequences.

ELIZA BRIGHTWEN.

## OUR BELONGINGS: THE MOTHERS.



daughter-driving mater lends herself admirably to fiction, doing frequent duty as the shadow in the picture.

When we think, however, of the happy homes, the sweet girls, the manly sons, the wise fathers, it seems impossible to believe that she who trains the children and is companion to their father should be so inferior to them all in worth and wisdom. Reflection leads us to the belief that the happiest mothers, like nations, are those who have no history.

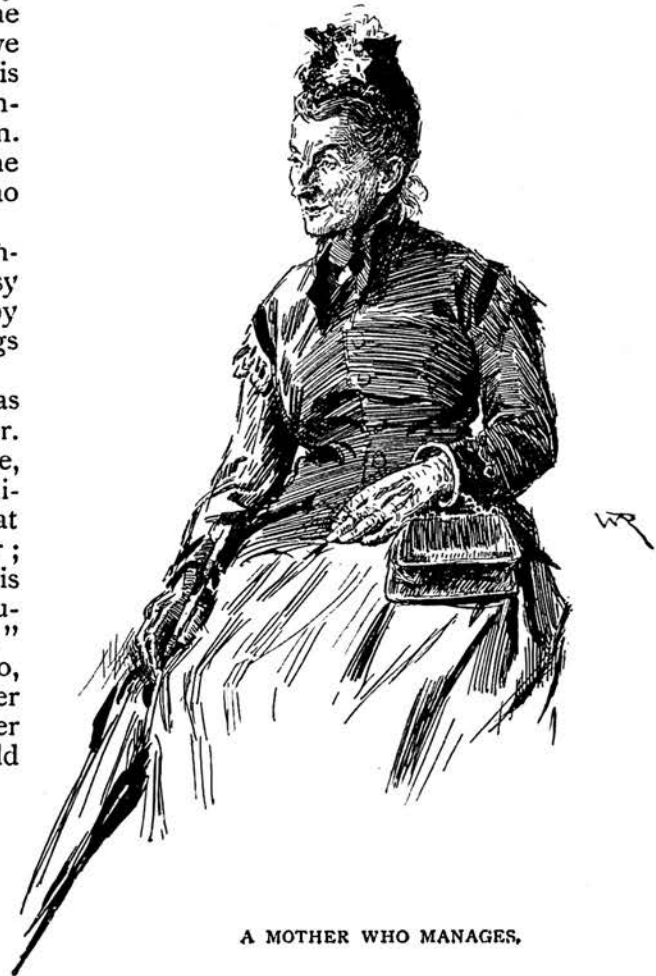
An admirable race we hold them—much-enduring, tactful, loving, unselfish, with busy lives, and often aching hearts, but happy because sure of the niche in life that belongs to them.

In most households mother has to act as deputy between the children and the father. That matter of the latch-key, for instance, when Reginald feels his years and his steadiness entitle him to enter his home at what hour suits him without being "sat up" for; and pater says no son shall hold a key of his mansion. Mater brings to bear the arguments that tell best, and the little "Chubb" is forthcoming. The girls' allowances, too, what a vexed question it is; when Mother suggested that less than the sum Father volunteered to supply would do if he would add expensive evening dresses and riding habits on occasion. Then about Charley's education: pater felt sure that four years at the High School would fit him well for business. How neatly Mother explained the absolute necessity of a good public school, with the university to follow, for

THE opinions concerning "mothers" are, perhaps, more varied than those about any other member of the human family. A little while ago we were told that in the whole realm of fiction no "mother" has played an important part—no good, loving, praiseworthy mother, that is—for the wicked ones, the hard-hearted, match-making,

a boy of such undoubted talent as Charley! Jenny's singing lessons, Clare's violin, Will's trip to Paris—who can say how much diplomatic talent has been brought to bear on each and all? Then, again, that quiet evening hour which Father needs, the strong feeling he holds about early rising, punctuality, quietness of manner, and respectfulness of speech—how could the importance of these things be understood by the flock unless Mother explained them from Father's standpoint?

In the servants' department, again, she has to make cook understand that there are certain crimes for which no quarter will be given. She insists that the coffee shall be always perfectly made, the water invariably boiling, the eggs done to a turn, and that meals shall be served daily exactly at the hour ordered; while pater has to be taught that cook's weekly "evening out" is a thing sacred, that the large blue bow or the bright red feather she wears is not to be noticed. Mater manages not even to see it, but that cannot be expected of pater.



A MOTHER WHO MANAGES.



Mother can do so much ; she has almost a despotic power over the minds and bodies of her belongings, and it is of such vital importance that she should wield it aright; but who does not know the house in which the mother is a nonentity? It makes no difference apparently whether or not she takes the head of the table. She has her

place, and takes emphatically a back seat. Sometimes her brain is too busy and her mind too active to permit her to let the young people follow each his own bent. She must push this one, alter the determination of the other, and repress the longings of a third, till the bewildered boys and girls do not know what to do with their lives.



A LITERARY MOTHER.

Some mothers let their children share all their hopes and fears, anxieties and cares, while others make them stand away in the sunshine while they endeavour to keep the smallest shadow from touching the young lives. One mother will let her daughter leave her for a home of her own, having no notion of the duties of housekeeping, no idea but that the legs of mutton and sirloins of beef will arrive of themselves as does the postman. Another will immerse her girls in housekeeping details almost before they leave the schoolroom, so that at any moment Mary or Jessie can take up the order-books and go with assured steps to the morning interview with cook.

There are mothers who love society, who treat matters of dress and appearance as things of first importance, whose engagement-books are full, and whose card-cases are trotted out every afternoon, and before whom the social duties loom so large that all others are buried in their shade. Others care nothing for the world outside; the sons and daughters may ask and talk, but it re-

quires persuasion that has almost to become threats before the rest of the household can get permission to "invite a few friends." There are mothers who sacrifice everything of self, individuality, time, pleasure, to make their children "happy," and who only end by making them selfish.

There are mothers who expect their children to sacrifice everything to them, to have no thoughts apart, no wish fulfilled, till "mother's" comfort and pleasure are considered. This treatment may make children

own occupations; sometimes, perhaps, they are quite outside her home. She may be an artist, a speaker, writer, or teacher, but her life is arranged without reference to her family, and they have learned to do without her. A maiden aunt, the eldest daughter, a faithful servant—somebody is forthcoming to stop the gap and take her rightful place.

In some sad cases we have noticed the children with more will-power, more capacity for work, and more *savoir faire* than Mother, and she is shouldered and elbowed from her

unselfish, but of a surety it causes their lives to lack brightness.

There are mothers who look so much older than their age, such dear dowdies, with gloves that are always unbuttoned, straggly hair, and ill-made dresses. Inquiring strangers ask if Mary or James be not their grandchild instead of son or daughter. Others are so youthful in appearance that their eldest daughter is taken for a sister, and acquaintances exclaim "Impossible!" when introduced to a grandchild.

There are mothers to whom their house and its appointments are more important subjects for thought than the well-being of husband or child. Mothers there are who care altogether for the children, to the neglect of everything else; mothers, also, to whom the husband is all in all, and everyone else not placed; mothers who are trusted and loved, mothers who are persons apart; mothers who have no sense of humour—surely a chapter might well be devoted to these!—mothers who are always asking advice, mothers who are for ever giving it; and mothers there are who are faithful, just, and true, doing their best for the comfort and guidance of those around, with an earnest longing that every act and thought may help to a higher life those dear to them, who are pleasant, kindly, genial, loving, and who try to live up to their own ideal. These, though not useful as heroines for fiction, should be



A DAUGHTER-DRIVING MOTHER.

held, we think, to have a place amongst the world's good furniture.

M. R. L.



#### Documentary Proof of Self-defense.

PROBABLY no legal phrase in common use is so little understood, and through this ignorance so fruitful of the long, tedious, and expensive litigation which it is said to be the object of law to prevent, as the two harmless-looking words "self defense." In law, the term embraces and describes "all the rights conferred upon the individual to protect by his own acts and agencies his property or his person against some injury unlawfully attempted to be inflicted by another." This definition should be committed to memory by every school-boy in the land. He will then have laid the foundation for a knowledge of the law of self-defense which may be of great value to him in after life.

But the chief difficulty in setting up and proving self-defense in a court is twofold.

*First.* We must be thoroughly convinced that a great injury to person or property is contemplated.

*Second.* We must be able to establish by proof that such injury to person or property was so contemplated by the assailant at the time of the self-defense alleged.

In other words, the identity of the assailant, and his sincere desire to do us great injury, either to person or property, must be proved beyond the possibility of a reasonable doubt in the minds of the highly intelligent jury. This is not so easy as at first appears. We must establish by some proof that is free from bias or prejudice that the defendant was just in the act of imbruing his hands in our gore or about to commit a felony when we smote him, as set up in our defense. Therefore the testimony of members of the family would have little weight with an average jury.

For these reasons, which I trust I have made quite clear, it has occurred to me that documentary evidence

would be the best. Supposing that I awake in the night from a sound and innocent slumber to find the bull's eye of a total stranger shining in my eyes. I see that he is ransacking the pockets of my pantaloons. I start suddenly as a wave of horror passes the entire length of the spinal column. The frenzied start squeaks the costly framework of the richly carved couch on which I recline. In an instant the gentleman whips out a small gun, tells me to move at my peril, and with his pockets full of stuff that I have toiled hard for years to accomplish, he slowly egresses. I realize that my wife would not be a competent witness on my behalf, and I have failed to provide other witnesses in my apartments. You know a man cannot think of everything. In fact thousands of men retire every night with absolutely no one as witness or to protect them but their wives, forgetting that as a protector a wife is almost worthless, and as a witness she is even more so.

So I have written out and had printed a large number of blanks, on which appear the following questions with spaces for answers. You wake up in the dead hours of night to find a party in the room engaged in the felony industry. You ask him to be seated, and taking from your writing-desk the blank alluded to, you propound the following conundrums to him, filling in the answers as he gives them :

1. What is your name ?
2. Where do you reside ?
3. What is your age ?
4. Your weight ?
5. Are you married or single; and if so, would your family be left destitute in case I should shoot you in self-defense ?
6. Do you die easy or do you generally cling to life ?
7. Are you a natural-born citizen of the United States or are you an alien ?
8. If an alien, please state whether it is a family characteristic ?
9. Do you use tobacco ?
10. Please state what disposition you would like to have made of your remains in case you should be shot in self-defense.
11. Do you drink ?
12. If so, why will you persist in so doing ?
13. What do you generally take ?  
(Intermission.)
14. Do you contemplate the commission of a felony ?
15. If so, state what is your favorite style of felony and your reasons for dabbling in felony ?
16. Is this the first time you have ever taken part in a justifiable homicide ?
17. If not, please state fully where, when, and under what circumstances you took such a part, and whether or not you at that time took the offensive or the defensive.
18. Do you smoke cigarettes ?
19. Please breathe hard on the breath-tester, not necessarily for publication, but for future analysis.
20. Have you ever been insane ?
21. Are you insane now ?
22. Do you ever have microbes on your brain ?
23. If so, do you think that they tend to deterio-

rate the brain tissue, or do you think that they improve it in your case ?

24. Have you any other clothes that you would prefer to be laid out in, aside from those you now wear ?

25. When did you first begin to toil up toward the pinnacle of felony ?

26. What amount of money would you be willing to take in order to forego and, as it were, omit this particular felony ?

27. Would mining stock or ninety-day paper be taken in such a deal ?

28. If unsatisfactory answers are made to both the above interrogations, will you please state fully what medical college you would prefer to endow with yourself ?

29. Is the idea of a personal devil repulsive to you ?

30. Would you please protrude your tongue as far as possible, and hold it there until a physician can be summoned ?

31. Are you an offensive partisan ?

(Sign here) .....

Signed in the presence  
of

.....

The witnesses must be wholly disinterested parties, and in case either should be unable to sign his or her name, two witnesses to the making of the mark must be present and sign. The following oath and jurat should then be subscribed and sworn to before a notary public or court of record. The latter is preferable.

State of..... }  
County of..... } ss.

On this .... day of ..... A. D. 188.. before me, a duly elected and qualified....., elected by..... majority on the..... ticket, appeared..... felony-specialist, who, being of sound mind, freely and voluntarily, being beyond the influence of his wife, doth depose and say that he is the felony-specialist above alluded to; that he signed the foregoing list of interrogatories and the answers thereto, and that he would cheerfully do it again if his life could be spared; that he is about to enter into an arrangement by which he will be enabled to grapple with the mysteries of justifiable homicide, and that he was shot in self-defense. He hopes that the jury will accept this ante-mortem statement as true, and that they will excuse all errors in spelling and a poor pen, and further deponent saith not.

(Signed) .....

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this.... day of ..... A. D. 188..

(Signature of ) .....  
notary or judge ) .....

By using these blanks and using them intelligently, I believe that much tedious and exasperating litigation might be avoided, and that a great deal of brain fag, which is becoming so alarmingly prevalent among jurors, will be prevented. Should these lines be productive of such results, though it be in a slight degree only, I shall be proud and happy.

*Bill Nye.*

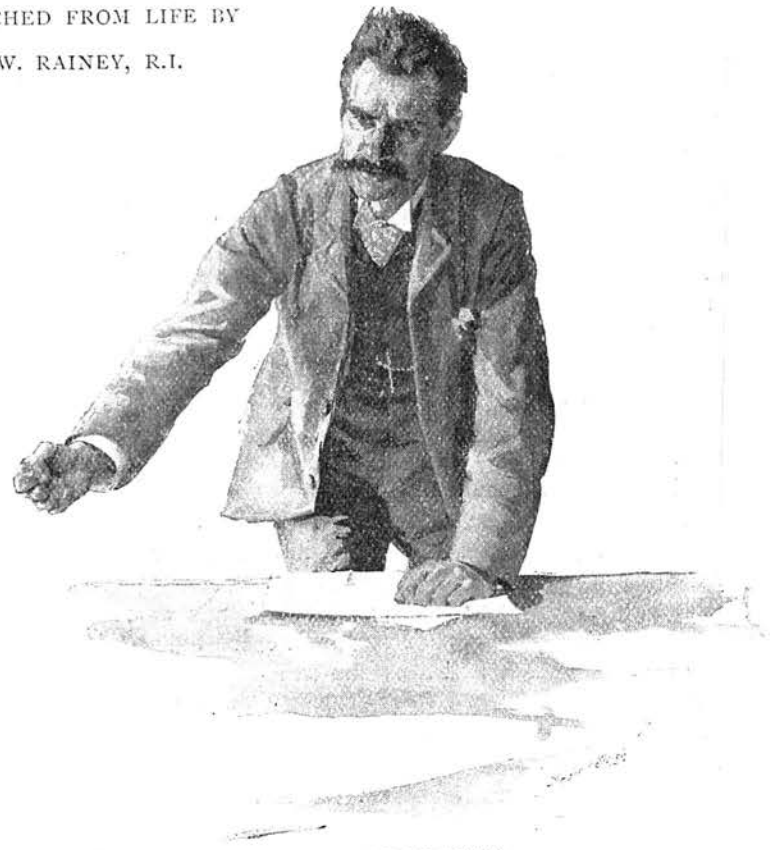
A COUNTY COUNCIL.

SKETCHED FROM LIFE BY

W. RAINEY, R.I.



STATISTICS.



THE PROGRESSIVIST.



FINANCE.



THE REACTIONIST.

A COUNTY COUNCIL.

*Continued.)*



THE OBSTRUCTIONIST.



"GAS."



A POINT OF ORDER.



PARKS AND OPEN PLACES.

## SOME CONTINENTAL RECIPES FOR COOKING VEGETABLES.



**N**F it is true that the meat on the Continent is inferior to English, then must it be confessed that the vegetable and its method of preparation is far superior.

Vegetables simply boiled and served up with a little salt or a lump of butter content the English palate, but the French, Germans, and Italians make of their vegetable-cooking a fine art, and they would reject, almost as uncatable, the salted cabbage or plainly boiled potato beloved of England. If once the English were to adopt the foreign method of serving vegetables, a far smaller quantity of meat would be consumed, and the diet would be consequently cheaper, more wholesome and more easily digested.

The following Continental recipes for cooking vegetables will, I trust, be found an agreeable and practical addition to every English housewife's menu.

### WINTERKOHL (*Winter Cabbage*).

*Ingredients*.—A cabbage, one Spanish onion, one tablespoonful of flour, salt, pepper, dripping or butter, and (when possible) chestnuts.

Cook the cabbage in boiling water until tender, press it well and chop finely. Take a frying-pan, make the dripping (about two ounces) hot, fry a large tablespoonful of flour brown in it, then add the onion which must be finely chopped, and two minutes afterwards the cabbage. Stir all well together, add salt and pepper to taste, and a large breakfastcupful of stock or water with a little meat-essence.

Chestnuts shelled and boiled make a delicious addition to this dish.

### SAUERKRAUT.

*Ingredients*.—Sauerkraut, a quarter of a pound of dripping, one tablespoonful of flour, brown stock.

Take a pound of sauerkraut, cook it in water until tender, strain it. Put the dripping, butter or lard into a frying-pan, and when it is hot add the sauerkraut and stir in the flour. Add a cupful of broth, and let all simmer gently for ten minutes. Serve with pork or bacon.

In Germany sauerkraut is cooked in a variety of manners, the above recipe being the simplest method. Some consider the addition of caraway-seeds and a glass of Kirsch gives a refined flavour, others serve their sauerkraut mixed with boiled chestnuts, others again add a cupful of white wine. A very favourite dish in Switzerland is sauerkraut and sausages or sauerkraut and bacon, the bacon or sausages being cooked with the sauerkraut and thus imparting a very savoury flavour. The addition of a cupful of rice or raw potatoes cooked at the same time as the sauerkraut deprives the vegetable of its strong flavour and is preferred by many. The English method of serving up sauerkraut plainly boiled is unknown on the Continent.

### ROT-KRAUT (*Red Cabbage*).

*Ingredients*.—One red cabbage, two ounces of dripping, one tablespoonful of flour, two apples, one Spanish onion, a lump of sugar, half a teacupful of vinegar and (if liked) a tablespoonful of caraway-seeds.

Take a good-sized red cabbage and cut it up finely, strew a tablespoonful of salt over it and leave it for a few moments. Take a pan and make the dripping hot, fry lightly a shredded-up onion, then add the red cabbage and a breakfastcupful of water. Cover the pan and let the vegetable simmer gently for an hour. Cut up in slices the apples and add them to the vegetable with the sugar, vinegar, salt and pepper to taste. Cook for another half-hour, stir in the flour and serve as soon as the gravy has thickened.

With goose, duck, pork or any rich meat this vegetable is an excellent accompaniment. Caraway-seeds or currants may be added if liked.

### WEISZKRAUT (*Cabbage and Butter Sauce*).

*Ingredients*.—One large summer cabbage, salt, half a pound of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, white stock or milk, two large slices of toast.

Cut the stalk and outside leaves from the cabbage, divide the cabbage into four. Cook in boiling water for a quarter of an hour. Drain the cabbage, dish it on toast and cover it with butter sauce. To make the sauce heat the butter first, then stir in the flour and add either a cupful of milk or white stock, salt and pepper to taste, and add a little grated nutmeg.

### GEMUSE VON SPARGELN (*Asparagus in sauce*).

*Ingredients*.—One bunch of asparagus, one cupful of broth, one tablespoonful of flour, pepper, salt and a glass of white wine.

When the asparagus is thin and small the following will be found a useful recipe.

Cut the asparagus in half, throwing away the bottom half. Cook the other half until tender in salt and water, strain and then pour over a sauce made of the broth, flour and wine. This forms an excellent vegetable, but of course cannot be eaten with the fingers as the ordinary asparagus.

### GALBE RÜBEN (*Carrots*).

*Ingredients*.—A bunch of carrots, a quarter of a pound of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, chives or parsley, stock.

Cut up the carrots in slices, place them in a pan with the butter which must first be melted. Let them cook gently in the butter until nearly tender, stir in the flour, cover with a cupful of brown stock or any sort of gravy, let the whole simmer for a quarter of an hour, add pepper, salt and a little shredded parsley or chives, and serve hot. If the carrots are young they can be cooked whole without slicing. Carrots served in this way will be found an exceedingly tasty and wholesome vegetable.

### GRÜNE ERBSEN (*Green Peas*).

*Ingredients*.—Green peas, chives, a quarter of a pound of butter, one teacupful of broth or water with meat extract, two tablespoonfuls of flour, salt, pepper and sugar.

Melt the butter in a pan and add the green peas, which must first have been shelled and washed. Let the peas simmer in the butter, stirring them all the time with a wooden spoon; when nearly tender strew over them the flour and then the stock. Let all simmer gently, and just before serving add some finely shredded parsley or chives and a lump of sugar.

### WEISE RÜBEN (*Turnips*).

*Ingredients*.—A bunch of turnips, two ounces of dripping or lard, one Spanish onion, salt, pepper, brown stock, and, if liked, caraway-seeds.

Peel the turnips, cut them in thin slices, and let them remain an hour in cold salted water. Make the dripping hot and fry in it a finely-chopped Spanish onion, add the slices of turnip, strew salt over and let them cook until of a gold-brown colour, add the stock and simmer gently until tender. When liked a teaspoonful of caraway seeds may be added.

### GEBACKENER BLUMENHOHL (*Baked Cauliflower*).

*Ingredients*.—Cauliflower, bread-crumbs, butter or dripping, salt, and one egg.

Cook the cauliflower in boiling salt water until tender. Drain it, cut it in slices, dry the slices in a towel, cover with egg and bread-crumbs, and cook in boiling fat until of a golden brown colour.

This recipe is useful for cooking up remains of cauliflower; the fried slices may be served with butter sauce.

## SOME CONTINENTAL RECIPES FOR COOKING VEGETABLES.

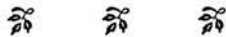
### LINSEN (*Lentils.*)

*Ingredients.*—One pound of lentils, one Spanish onion, two tablespoonfuls of flour, two ounces of butter, an egg-cupful of vinegar, brown stock.

Lay the lentils in water over-night. In the morning cook them in salted boiling water until tender. Take a frying-pan, heat the butter and cook the flour and minced onion in it until they are brown, pour over this the vinegar, pepper, salt and a breakfastcupful of stock, and when the sauce has thickened add the lentils and let all cook together for another ten minutes.

If any lentils are left over, a nice dish may be made of them in the following manner.

Mash the lentils with a fork, then make a little plain dripping pastry, roll it out thin, cut it into rounds with a cup. Place in the centre of each round a teaspoonful of the lentil mixture, fold up and stick together, cover with egg and bread-crumbs and fry in boiling fat.



### FAGIOLE E POMODORO (*Beans and Tomatoes.*) An Italian Dish.

*Ingredients.*—One pound of haricot beans, two tablespoonfuls of flour, two ounces of butter, half a pound of tomatoes, pepper and salt.

Cook the beans in salted boiling water until tender, drain them. Take a frying-pan, heat the butter and cut up the tomatoes, fry these in the butter for ten minutes, add pepper and salt and a cupful of the bean water, thicken with the flour, add the beans to the sauce, let all cook together for about five minutes and serve.



### POLENTA E POMODORO (*Maize-meal and Tomato.*)

*Ingredients.*—Indian or maize-meal, salt, water, one Spanish onion, two ounces of butter, half a pound of tomatoes.

Cook the maize in a saucepan of boiling salt water for a quarter of an hour. Turn it on to a dish, and when firm cut into slices. Have ready a sauce made with the butter, fried onion and tomatoes. Place a tablespoonful of the mixture on the slices of meal and serve very hot. This is a delicious and wholesome dish much in vogue in Italy and often superseding the meat course.



### SELLERIEGEMUSE (*Celery.*)

*Ingredients.*—One head of celery, vinegar, salt, brown stock, one Spanish onion, parsley.

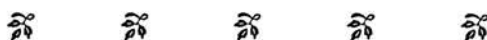
Cut up the celery into small slices, wash it, cook it tender in salt water, to which a little vinegar has been added. Strain it and pour over the brown stock, to which a fried Spanish onion and some finely chopped parsley has been added. Thicken with a little flour, add pepper and salt and serve.



### AUBERGINES FRITES.

*Ingredients.*—Two good-sized aubergines, pepper, salt, oil or fat.

Cut the aubergines into very thin slices, dry them well, season with pepper and salt, dredge with flour and fry in boiling fat. Serve very hot.



### BOHNENKERNE (*Haricot Beans.*)

*Ingredients.*—Haricot beans, two ounces of butter, parsley, pepper, salt, two tablespoonfuls of flour, brown stock or water with a little meat extract, one eggcupful of vinegar.

Soak the beans over-night in lukewarm water. Cook them in the morning in boiling salted water until tender. Strain the beans and cover them with a sauce made in the following manner. Heat two ounces of butter, fry the flour in the butter until brown, add the vinegar, broth, pepper and salt. Stir until thick, then strew over all some finely chopped parsley. An excellent soup may be made from the bean water with the addition of a little roasted flour and fried onion



### CELERIE À L'ITALIANA.

*Ingredients.*—One head of celery, one egg, breadcrumbs, pepper, salt, boiling fat or oil.

Cut up the celery into equal lengths of about two inches, boil in salted water until tender, strain, dry on a towel, cover the pieces with egg and breadcrumbs, and fry in boiling fat, oil and butter. The Italians serve up this dish with tomato sauce.



### CARCIOFE À L'ITALIANO (*Artichokes in Italian fashion.*)

*Ingredients.*—Two or three green artichokes, one egg, salt, and oil or fat, flour.

Cook the artichokes in boiling salted water until tender. Remove the leaves and cut the heart into very thin slices, throw these into a batter made of one egg, one tablespoonful of oil, and two ounces of flour, salt and pepper to taste, and fry gently in boiling oil or fat.



### CONCOMORO FRITTO (*Fried Cucumber.*)

*Ingredients.*—One good-sized cucumber, pepper, salt, flour and oil.

Slice the cucumber and cut into slices a quarter of an inch in thickness, drain them and dry them in a towel, dredge them with flour and fry brown in boiling oil or fat.



### CHAMPIGNONS À LA SAUCE BLANCHE.

*Ingredients.*—One pound of mushrooms, a quarter of a pound of butter, pepper, salt, lemon juice, nutmeg, one cupful of milk, two tablespoonfuls of flour.

Pare the mushrooms and cut into pieces, throw them into a pan with the melted butter, juice of half a lemon, pepper and salt. Stew gently for twenty-five minutes, add the milk, thicken with the flour, flavour with a little grated nutmeg and serve very hot.



### CRÊPES AUX FINES HERBES. Herb Omelettes.

*Ingredients.*—Any sort of herbs, two ounces of butter, four eggs, a cupful of flour, pepper, salt and steaming oil or fat.

Chop up the herbs finely and stew in butter until tender. Make a paste with the eggs beaten into the flour, add the herbs to the mixture, make into thin pancakes and fry lightly.

CONDUCTED BY NATALIE STURGES.

WHAT TO DO WITH OUR AUTUMN GATHERINGS.

A GERMAN lady on a visit to this country expressed herself as charmed with the many pretty ways we Americans have of arranging Autumn leaves, grasses, pressed ferns, etc.

"We have our 'Makart bouquets,'" she said, "arranged for us by the professional florist, but I have never seen natural objects worked into so many pleasing and elegant forms as I see in your country, nor such pretty arrangements for their display, which add so greatly to their beauty."\*

The artistic arrangement of our Autumn gatherings — for who does not come home from the Summer trip to seashore or mountain, laden with a treasure-trove of these beauties—is one kind of fancy work which has of late gained in popularity with the lovers of nature, and the endeavor to form pleasing decorations, leads to many original devices, a number of which I will suggest to you.

The reeds growing in marshy places, which were used so much last year in the construction of pretty frames and easels, may again do duty for various other purposes, two of which are shown in our illustrations. You will see in the first how one of the larger of these reeds may be hollowed out, and used

as a holder for what our English cousins would term "a posy" of grasses, berries, ferns, etc. These are charming to hang at the side of a mantel, or to suspend from chandelier, bracket, or easel frame. The reed may be gilded, bronzed, or left its natural color, and finished with a smart bow of ribbon. A fine gilt wire is used to suspend it, concealed amongst the grasses. Let it incline to one side, instead of hanging perpendicularly.

The basket in our second cut shows another odd and pretty holder for dried grasses. Fine flower wire bent in halves, and crossed once after each rush stalk, holds the whole together. Shape the basket by drawing the ends up as tightly as will be required with the wire. This too, may be painted, bronzed, or gilded, according to fancy, although it is pretty its natural color. Finish each end by bows of ribbon. Grasses, ferns, bright berries, feathery clematis, and thistle, or milk weed pompons, the smaller pine cones and acorns, are all suitable for filling this odd little basket, while in Summer it may be converted into a most unique fruit holder.

Another pretty fancy is to hollow out a bit of a small log, covered with its rough bark. Cut squares at each end, and varnish. This is prettier than the majolica or porcelain dishes made in this shape, and suspended by a brass or nickel chain, makes a charming hanging basket. Hollow gourds, decorated with painting, or metallics, are also pretty



REED HOLDER.

\*See the October 2017 issue for information on how to make Makart Bouquets.



receptacles for holding these autumn gatherings, and perhaps there are some readers of this Magazine yet unacquainted with the pretty birch baskets trimmed with grasses, which have been the rage for several years, but as they are too pretty to be consigned to



ORNAMENTAL BASKET FOR GRASSES, ETC.

oblivion, even though they have ceased to be a novelty, I must mention one which I have seen decorated in a little newer style than those illustrated in last year's papers or magazines. Certainly nothing could be more graceful than these baskets thus decorated. They are manufactured by the Indians in many different shapes, but the favorite seems to be that shown in our illustration, useful as a scrap basket or as a holder for tall plants or pampas plumes. To trim this in a graceful and durable manner, the grasses should be of a kind not to shake off readily, and the best plan is to cut a foundation of pliable cardboard upon which to sew them, beginning at the edges and working towards the center, then filling in at the front, finishing in such a way that the sprays will droop gracefully at the sides. This foundation piece is then placed in position upon the basket, with a pretty bow of ribbons, with ends for a finishing effect. A basket trimmed costs three dollars or more, while the untrimmed article may be had for fifty or seventy five cents, the ribbon being the only expense in this mode of decoration, aside from the basket. Some of our friends who have access to woodland treasures, fashion the baskets themselves, thus saving even that cost. There is nothing finer in the way of household decoration than

one of these baskets loaded with sand, and filled with tall pampas plumes and cat-tails, or a large bunch of pheasant or peacock feathers. Standing in an archway between rooms, at one side, with drapery looped opposite, it is strikingly artistic. Fancy crosses trimmed with autumn gatherings are much liked by some, and although I cannot say that I fancy them particularly, there are others that do, so that the following hints as to an elaborate arrangement of this kind may be acceptable to some of our readers.

“Line a recess with white velvet. Cut a wooden or card cross with three steps, using care to make the steps of size suitable to depth of case. Fasten on the back of recess, and cover with the stiff white moss found on rocks, with clusters of lichens; if none of the last named moss is to be had, dip pieces of the white kind in red sealing wax, dissolved in hot spirits, touching only the extreme points. Make a foundation below the steps and cover with green moss. Cluster grasses, immortelles, pretty leaves, shells, etc., upon this, and let a few droop carelessly

upon the steps, and form a background of the light green and silvery mosses and lichens found upon old trees and fences, with pressed ferns; cluster these also upon the steps at the back, and form a vine of tendrils, stems of ferns, bright leaves and tiny berries, let it



DECORATED BIRCH BASKET.

upon the steps, and form a background of the light green and silvery mosses and lichens found upon old trees and fences, with pressed ferns; cluster these also upon the steps at the back, and form a vine of tendrils, stems of ferns, bright leaves and tiny berries, let it

fall in sprays from one arm of the cross, and cluster thickly upon the top of the opposite arm. Some may like to dot various pretty shells amongst the moss, or touching with mucilage, dust with diamond dust. Frame in a rustic frame of black walnut, inlaid with white wood."



## SOME CURIOUS PAYMENTS FOR LAND.



IT has been often said that the ancient tenures upon which estates in England were originally granted entailed the performance of certain duties towards the commonwealth which have now fallen into desuetude. In some cases there is undoubtedly much truth in this statement; but it may nevertheless be safely affirmed that the

majority of the ancient "services" entailed nothing beyond an acknowledgment of the submission of the tenant to his feudal superior. From Mr. Carew Hazlett's edition of Thomas Blount's famous list of "Tenures of Land and Customs of Manors," it is easy to make a selection of these services which shall give a very fair notion of the nature of the more usual forms of tenure.

First in importance, though certainly not in number, are the tenures by military service—and amongst them one of the commonest is the duty of furnishing armed knights, men and horses, for service in England, or for the innumerable military demonstrations on the Welsh marches. Thus we find that a tenement in Legre, in Essex, was held by the "serjeantry of going in the army to Wales with our lord the king, with one horse, a sack, and a skewer;" but what the latter curious provision was for does not appear. The manor of Horlham was held by the "serjeantry of finding in the Castle of Norwich one balistar, in time of war, for forty days, at his [the tenant's] own proper costs;" a balistar, it may be mentioned, was the worker of the instrument known as the balista, which closely resembled the catapult, and was employed for a similar purpose. It was the duty of Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, to find a balista in

time of war, for fifteen days, in service for his lands at Banningham, in Norfolk; while certain lands in Carleton, in the county of Nottingham, were held in the reign of Henry IV. "by the service of one catapult by the year for all services." So that both these instruments, so frequently employed by the ancient Romans, were still in common use in some form down to a comparatively late period in this country.

The service of providing weapons was a very common one, though these hardly seem to have been furnished in such numbers as to have rendered them practically available for the equipment of an army. Arrows appear to be of most frequent occurrence amongst these old tenure services. But these were not always intended for military purposes. Thus, Auri and Hole, in Devon, were held by Walter Aungerin by serjeantry, "that whensoever our lord the king should hunt in the forest of Exmore, he should find for him two barbed arrows;" and certain lands in Drascombe, in Devon, were held by the service of providing the king with a bow and three barbed arrows "whensoever he should hunt in the forest of Dartmoor."

Certain lands in Horwood, Lancashire, again, were held in socage by rendering one iron arrow to be paid yearly, which seems to be rather a mere acknowledgment than a "valuable consideration." On the other hand, Ralph le Fletcher held lands in Bradeley, Lincoln, by the service of paying yearly to the king twenty fletched arrows at the exchequer; and another twenty fletched (*i.e.*, feathered) arrows were yearly paid by this Ralph for his lands in Lincoln; while the manor of Grendon, in Buckingham, was held by the service or "petty serjeantry of furnishing the lord of the honour with one bow of ebony and two arrows yearly."

Gloves of various kinds were frequently presented in service for lands. Thus, two farms at Carlcoats, in Yorkshire, paid "the one a right-hand, and the other a left-hand glove yearly;" and some lands in Elmesale, in the same county, were held of the king "by the service of paying at the Castle of Pontefract one pair of gloves furred with fox-skin, or eightpence, yearly;" while for the manor of Elston, in Nottingham, were rendered two pairs of gloves, together with a pound of cummin-seed, and a steel needle. Needles are met with several times, but one instance must here suffice—where "Roger, some time tailor to our lord the

king" held lands in Hallingbury, Essex, by paying at the king's exchequer "one silver needle yearly."

Still more curious is the service for certain lands in Rode, Northampton, which consisted in finding "one horse of the price of five shillings, and one sack of the price of fourpence halfpenny, with *one small pin*, for forty days." Probably this "small pin" was similar to the skewer noticed above, and was used to fasten, or attach, the sack, which may have been employed to carry fodder for the horse. That the horses were tolerably cared for, even in those days, seems to be proved by the fact that the manor of Cherburgh, in Dorset, was held "by the service of one horse-comb, price fourpence, to be paid yearly," and that certain lands in the hundred of Loseberg, in the same county, were held "of our lord the king, by the serjeantry of finding a certain horse-comb, or curry-comb," &c.

Amongst other miscellaneous services by which lands were held may be mentioned certain instances of hose. Thus, Cottington, in Nottingham, was held by the service of presenting to the king a pair of scarlet hose yearly; Eldresfield, in Worcester, was held by rendering to Robert, Earl of Gloucester, hose of scarlet on his birthday; and Henley, in Warwick, was held by Edmund, Lord Stafford, by the service of three shillings, or a pair of scarlet hose.

Pushill, in Oxfordshire, was held by paying yearly to the king a table-cloth of three shillings' price. For lands in King's-Brome, in Warwick, Richard de Sandford rendered yearly a pair of tongs. The manor of Grenock, in Sussex, was held by Matthew de Hastings by the service of finding an oar for the king's use when he should pass over the sea to the haven of Hastings. The owners of Ashwell, in Essex, in the time of Henry II., held their lands by the service of finding a broche, or spit of maple, to roast the king's meat on the day of his coronation; while Nicolas la More rendered at the exchequer two knives—one good, and the other a very bad one—the service due to the king for his lands of More, in Shropshire, being two knives (or whittles), "whereof one ought to be of that value or goodness that at the first stroke it would cut asunder, in the middle, a hazel-rod of a year's growth."

A very different class of tenure services is met with in great numbers having reference to the chase. Ardley, in Essex, was held by the serjeantry of keeping a spar-hawk. Barnes, in Surrey, formerly paid a sparrow-hawk, or, in lieu thereof, two shillings, to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Barton, in Nottingham, was held of King John by the service of yielding to the king yearly one soar-hawk. In the time of Edward I., John de Audeley rendered a mewed sparrow-hawk for the manor of Echemendon, in Shropshire. Elkesley, in Nottingham; Esperett, in Somerset; and Huntlesham, in Suffolk, were all held by similar service; while the lands of Hertrug, in Berkshire, were held by the "serjeantry of mewing and keeping one goshawk for the lord the king."

For lands in Wingfield, Suffolk, were paid "to our lord the king, two white doves yearly;" and similar payments are elsewhere met with. Lands

at Aslabie, in Yorkshire, were held by the service of teaching one hare-dog belonging to the king; while Henry II. "enfeoffed one Boscher, his servant, with the manor of Bericote, in the county of Warwick, by the service of keeping a white young brach, with red ears, to be delivered to the king at the year's end, and then to receive another to breed up, with half a quarter of bran."

Boyton, in Essex, was held by the serjeantry of keeping for the king five wolf-dogs. Middleton Lillebon, in Wilts, was held by a nearly similar service; and Little Usworth, in Durham, was held "by the service of finding for the aforesaid bishop [Hatfield, 1361] one man with a greyhound in his great chase, if summoned;" while the city of Norwich, besides other payments, was bound to furnish "a bear, and six dogs for the bear;" so that even in the time of King Edward the Confessor bear-baiting appears to have been a recognised pastime amongst our ancestors.

The term "pepper-corn rent" is a familiar one to us all, and instances of such a rent having been fixed are neither few nor far between. Thus, Bermeton, in Durham, was held by the service of three grains of pepper yearly; Finchley, in Middlesex, by the annual rent of a pound of pepper; Highgate, in Denbigh, was leased for a term of 500 years at the annual rent of one pepper-corn; and for a fortieth part of one knight's fee in the manor of Leyham, in Suffolk, Philippa Ross rendered "one capon and the third part of one capon, and the third part of one pound of pepper." A similar custom was that of Pokerley, in Durham, which lands were held "by one clove on St. Cuthbert's day, in September, for all other services."

All the foregoing examples of services may be regarded as, to some extent, reasonable, though inadequate as payment for the lands held; but many of the services rendered appear to be purely arbitrary and capricious, as when a farm at Brook-house, in Yorkshire, was held by the payment of a "snowball at Midsummer, and a red rose at Christmas."

Roses often appear in these services. Lands in Crendon, in Buckinghamshire, were held by the "service of one chaplet of roses at Christmas." For the manor of Fulmer, in the same county, Sir Marmaduke Darel rendered one red rose yearly; as did Ralph de Belvoir for lands in Mickelham, Surrey; and Sir William Sandes for the manor of Stene and Hinton, in Northampton.

Lastly, certain lands at Haine, in Surrey, "were held of the men of Kingston upon condition of rendering to the said men three clove gilli-flowers at the king's coronation;" and perhaps the single clove referred to above as if it were a spice, should rather be regarded as a similar flower.

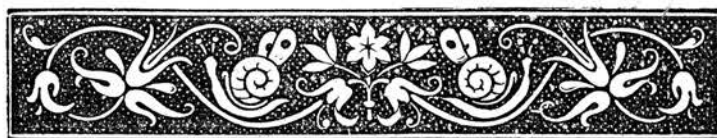
A vast number of services consisted of articles of food and domestic utensils; and a moment may be devoted to a cursory examination of some of these. Amongst them the capon is perhaps most commonly met with. Lands in Bosham, in Sussex, were held by "the service of carrying two white capons to our lord the king, as often as he should pass by the gate" of the holder of the tenement; and a precisely similar

custom was in force as regards the lands of Bradbrugge, in Sussex; while certain lands at Midlovent, in the same county, made a like payment yearly.

The most practical service which has as yet come under notice is, however, that done for the manor of Chetlington, in Shropshire, for which Roger Corbet was bound to find "one footman in the time of war, in the king's army in Wales, with one bow and three arrows, and one pale, and carrying with him one bacon or salted hog, and when he comes to the army, delivering to the king's marshal a moiety of the bacon; and thence the marshal is to deliver to him daily some of that moiety for his dinner so long as he stays in the army, and he is to follow the army so long as the half of that bacon shall last"—from which it may be judged that the diet of the unfortunate "footman" was not of the most sumptuous or plentiful character. Another practical service was that of paying for the bailiwick of Exmore, in Somerset, "fourteen little heifers and a young

bull;" and yet another was that of rendering two oxen yearly for the manor of Gargawall, in Cornwall. Honey was a not uncommon payment, a gallon of honey having been rendered to the king for lands at the well-known Newington Butts, in Surrey; and ale is frequently met with, as where half a hide of land at Apse, in the same county, was held by the "service of distributing and giving one cask of ale on the day of All Saints, for the soul of our lord the king and his ancestors."

Similar examples might be multiplied indefinitely, but enough has been said to prove that, though the great Crown fiefs were undoubtedly held by the tenure of military service, yet, as time went on, lands of greater or less extent were granted upon rents which can only be regarded as nominal, and which are frequently so trifling, as in the case of roses and pepper-corns, that they might be looked upon as practical jokes were they not of such common occurrence.



## HOUSEHOLD ROUTINE.

THE following is the detailed system adopted by the wife of a London curate for keeping her house in good order. The family consists of husband, wife, child, and one servant. The house is small, being in size and appearance similar to the other little houses of which the district is composed. The curate's house is the centre of a vast parochial work, of a pastoral and charitable kind, so that it is necessary that a detailed system of household management should be written out and strictly followed, otherwise between the numerous services, meetings, visitings and visitors, the husband might have to go mealless.

*Duties for Every Day.*—To be downstairs at 7.0. Light fire. Fill the two largest kettles, and put the big one on. Sweep the stairs and passage, not leaving a little heap of dust in the passage. Sweep the dining-room with a hard broom, and with the window open. Then sweep the drawing-room, then dust the dining-room, when the dust will have settled. Lay the breakfast with a slip-cloth, and then see to the coffee, etc. On three mornings of the week, stir the porridge which has been cooked over-night for baby. Breakfast at 8.30 on service days and 9 on late day. At 7.50 bring me the water for baby's bath. At 8.15 on late mornings. Before going upstairs put a little coal on the fire and fill the big kettle and put it on. Then fill the large water-can and take it up with you. During breakfast, make our bed and your bed and empty our slops and your slops, and give our bed-room a dust and every other morning a sweep out. Every other morning stand on a chair and dust the top of my double chest of drawers.

This should all be quite done at latest by 10.15, by which time the water will be hot. Clear out the breakfast things and sweep up baby's crumbs, and then wash up the breakfast things, which need not take more than twenty minutes or half-an-hour. As soon as the kettle is empty fill it again and put it on the fire. From now till cooking wipe and trim, and fill the lamps each morning, and dust the candle-sticks. Now comes any necessary cooking. Any onion-peelings or potato-

peelings, etc., should be put on the fire at once as they make a smell in the dust-hole. On mornings when there is a cold dinner it is only necessary to peel and prepare the potatoes and baby's milk pudding, and you will then be free to do the especial work of the day, such as turning out a room or dusting the dresser if any extra time is left.

It is well to begin putting the table-cloth and knives, etc., on a tray at 12.30, so that you may have a full quarter-of-an-hour in which to dish up the dinner and see that the room is neat and everything is clean. Baby's slip-cloth and mug must not be forgotten.

The moment the dinner is dished and sent up, the large kettle must be filled with a view to washing up. The blades of the knives can then be rested in hot water as soon as they come down, and they will be far easier to clean. The saucepans should be cleaned the minute the dinner is sent up as they can be cleaned easily while moist. Any that require soaking should at once be put to soak.

After clearing the dinner and comfortably eating your own dinner you should at once wash up, and do the grate. The tea-cloth should be hung to dry before the fire. When that is done it is necessary to dust the soup tureens, etc., on the dresser and the mantel-piece, to look round the kitchen to see if any garments, etc., are lying about, and to take them up to your bed-room when you go to wash. Then fill both the kettles and put them on. You should always be upstairs before 3.30, and then you can be down at 4 looking fresh and neat to open to visitors, etc. From 4 to 5 you may sometimes take baby a walk to the park, etc., or to get the next day's necessaries, and if not you may rest or read a story, or sew your own clothes, and then at 5 you must always have your own tea and prepare Mary's. Our tea must be laid by 6.15 in order that you may do any necessary cooking afterwards, and that we may begin tea at 6.30. While we are having our tea fill the kettle, empty all the bed-room slops, including yours, fill all the water-jugs, including your own, and see that the rooms are neat and fresh. Baby's bath-water must be standing by her bath at 7.

Directly after tea clear the table and brush the crumbs up, and wash up the tea-things. These can be quite finished by 7.45, and then every night all the knives and boots must be cleaned. The knives must always all be done at this time. There will be one special task for each evening, but for the remainder of the time you can sew or read. On Saturday afternoon the kitchen must be scrubbed and the kitchen larder cupboard, so you will not be able to get dressed till 5 o'clock.

*Monday night.*—Rub up all the brass things and candle-sticks.

*Tuesday night.*—Stir some porridge for baby and me for next morning's breakfast for fifteen minutes. Evening out.

*Wednesday night.*—Go to church one week. Tidy lumber-room next week.

*Thursday night.*—Stir some porridge for baby and me for fifteen minutes.

*Friday night.*—Rub up silver and plate.

*Saturday night.*—Cook a pie or a pudding for Sunday.

*Sunday night.*—Go to church.

In these evening times after the routine work is done, herrings may be pickled or any preparations for to-morrow's dinner may be started.

Bed at 10 at night.

*Monday.*—Turn out and sweep with tea-leaves the study at 11 o'clock.

*Tuesday.*—Turn out, etc., your own bed-room.

*Wednesday.*—Turn out my bed-room and spare room and turn over the mattress and dust in corners, and shake the carpet and sweep.

*Thursday.*—Turn out the dining-room and dust and clap one shelf of the books in turn from week to week.

*Friday.*—Turn out the drawing-room and dust and clap one shelf of books in turn. This is done by taking them to the front door.

*Saturday.*—In the afternoon scrub the kitchen and clean the dresser and larder.



## THINGS IN SEASON, IN MARKET, AND KITCHEN.

NOVEMBER.

NOVEMBER is one of our months of plenty, and a walk round the great wholesale provision markets gives us a very bright picture. However gloomy the weather may be outside, there is "good cheer" abounding here. We have game and poultry in abundance and just in their prime; the bag that sportsmen take delight in filling is here emptied for the benefit of those who rarely or never breathe the air of the moors where the birds flourished so happily. Rabbits and hares, once so fleet of foot, hang limply from every available hook, and even the barn-door fowl is a finer specimen than earlier in the season, while geese, turkeys, and Surrey capons tempt their purchase, whether we intended it or not.



Freshwater fish appear among their sea-born brethren, and help in giving us variety. Of fruits and nuts we have large choice, and the ripe grains and pulse foods are all garnered, while most of the root vegetables are ready too. Of a truth at this time of the year there is no lack of food stuffs.



Neither is there any lack of other material wherewith to make our tables gay. Dahlias and chrysanthemums, rich foliage, hedgerow gleanings and late grasses, these will stay with us until close upon Christmas, if we take the precaution of sheltering our plants from frost, and of drying our leaves, giving a touch of gum to either flower or leaf, when we see one that is inclined to fall.



None who are able to cultivate a flowering plant, or to take a walk on to a piece of waste land or in a lane, need ever plead excuse for an ungarnished table, and much pleasure is missed by those who think the table can do as well without garnishing as with it, providing there be plenty of good food upon it. We are not of their opinion. "A table well-set is half spread." Care in pleasing the eye will do a vast deal towards aiding good digestion.



Let us look more particularly at what we might call the distinctive features of the month's provisions. Pike and tench among the freshwater fish, before mentioned; oysters, skate, and gurnet among the ordinary. Grouse, snipe, teal, pheasants, hares, and rabbits, also venison amongst game; while geese and turkeys are rapidly advancing in size and quality.



Celery is fast getting to perfection, Scotch kale is fine, so are savoy and salsify.



Chestnuts, filberts, walnuts, figs, and grapes, in addition to the grand autumn wealth of

pears, apples, quinces, and golden oranges, not to mention the preserved fruits which are just beginning to be shown in the windows.



What we will call our characteristic menu of the month ought, then, to be an easy one to compile. We give an alternative one for those who may find themselves unable to provide the first-named.



### MENUS.

Let us take for soup: A *purée* of chestnuts, or cream of celery.

For our fish course: Skate *à la crème*, or baked tench.

For an *entrée*: Baked ham with wine sauce, or curried rabbit.

For a roast: Wild duck and orange sauce, or roast pheasant and fried potatoes.

As an *entremet*: Scalloped salsify, or Jerusalem artichokes.

As a sweet: Apple mirotons and quince jelly.



The recipe for chestnut soup has been given in these columns before. To recapitulate it as briefly as possible is to remind our readers that the chestnuts must be first boiled until the husk and peel can be easily removed, and then to boil them again with minced onion, a few herbs, a carrot, and an ounce or more of butter, and sufficient water to just cover them. This should afterwards be rubbed through a sieve until a *purée* is obtained, a pint of boiling milk added, and a teaspoonful of cornflour (previously wetted) stirred in to thicken it. Boil up once more, then serve at once. It should be of the consistency of cream.



Cream of celery soup is made by stewing a couple of heads of celery, cut fine, with one or two onions and any garden herbs in a little water until thoroughly soft, then rubbing all through a sieve, adding sufficient milk to make up the requisite quantity, a spoonful of cornflour to thicken, seasoning, butter, and after this has boiled add a little cream and a few croutons of fried bread.



Skate is a cheap fish and one that is somewhat despised in our country, abroad it is better understood. Young skate are called ray or maids, and their flesh is very delicate. Skate is improved by being kept for a day or two in cold weather. Cut it into neat pieces and simmer in white sauce until done, then lay the pieces on a hot dish, sprinkle crumbs and a little grated cheese over with a touch of cayenne pepper, and let them slightly brown in the oven, then pour the sauce around the fish. Serve very hot.

Tench, being a pond-fish, and apt to have a slightly muddy flavour, should lie in salt water for a few hours. Rub it all over with lemon-juice, put it into a tin with one or two minced shalots, some parsley, crumbs, and a little dab of butter, and bake for half an hour or more if the fish is large. Serve in the same dish.



A rabbit jointed and cooked slowly in good gravy made from stock thickened and flavoured with a spoonful of curry-paste or powder, onions and any other vegetable liked, seasoning and a *soupeon* of vinegar, makes a delicious variation from the more ordinary stew of rabbit. Serve boiled rice in a separate dish.



Orange sauce, or an orange salad, is the correct accompaniment to roast wild duck. For the sauce: Squeeze the juice of three or four oranges and stir in a teaspoonful of arrowroot to thicken; add a little sugar if liked. Wild duck requires a quick hot oven, but should not remain in it more than three-quarters of an hour, as the gravy should run from it as from a rump steak. Serve fried potatoes and browned crumbs with this as with the roast pheasant; the garnish for the duck would be a lemon cut in quarters, for the pheasant the crumbs are sufficient.



Those who possess a few scallop-shells or the little fire-proof chinaware ramequin pans will find no difficulty in making use of salsify, and this, one of our daintiest, is one of our least-known vegetables. The roots require scraping, then boiling in salt water until they are tender enough to mash, adding then pepper, butter, and a beaten egg. Fill the pans and sprinkle crumbs on the top, then bake in a quick oven till slightly browned.



For a miroton of apples: Pare and core without dividing six or eight good-sized apples; cut them in slices to form rings. Place in a saucepan a piece of butter the size of an egg, a quarter of a pound of sugar, some grated lemon-rind and the juice. Simmer the apples in this, and when tender arrange them in the centre of a dish, and when cool garnish with spoonfuls of quince jelly. A little cream might be poured around the base. Or the apples might be left whole and steamed, then coated with the jelly, the place of the core being filled up with whipped cream, and the dish garnished according to fancy.



As in summer-time we arrange our dishes for cool effects, so in winter months we may try to make as much contrast of bright colour as possible. All these things are worth studying, for it is in such details that the hand of the true culinary artist is shown.

## "FUZZLES": THE STORY OF A PUPPY.

BY G. B. BURGIN, AUTHOR OF "HIS LORDSHIP," ETC.



"WHAT you want," said the family friend, as he looked round our pretty little rooms with that supremely aggravating air of toleration which the family friend always considers he is privileged to assume — "what you want is a dog, just to take off

the loneliness, as it were, of being all by yourselves."

My wife interrupted the family friend.

"Why, we have been married only a month, uncle, and," indignantly, "we are *not* lonely."

"Ah yes, my dear," replied our avuncular relative, "that's all very well. I've been married myself—twice—and I know what it is like. There's nothing so useful to a young newly-married couple as a dog which tones with the furniture and helps to provide a common topic of conversation. It will also keep your husband from going to the club, and—"

"He's given up his club."

"Don't interrupt me, my dear. He'll go back to it. They always begin by giving up everything and gradually going back again: it is a way young, newly-married men have had from time immemorial.

I was young myself once, and did the same thing. You must get a dog for him. If he hears the watch-dog's honest bark baying a deep-mouthed welcome to the intrusive grocer's boy or milkman, and all that kind of thing, it will lend an added zest to domesticity, so to speak. You take my advice" (he frowned portentously, as much as to say: "If you fail to do so, then never more be legatees of mine"), "and buy a dog. If I don't see that dog here the next time I come to stay with you, I—I—candidly I shall" ("Cut you off with a shilling," we expected him to add, but he hesitated and didn't) "be extremely disappointed—extremely!"

Then he went away, and left us gazing somewhat blankly at one another.

"I suppose we must get a dog, dear," said my wife. "You know what your uncle is when roused. If he wanted us to keep a tame megatherium or an ornithorhynchus on the back lawn, we should have to do it."

"But, my dear girl, how am I to exercise

the little beast? I come home tired, I want to write stories; the time not occupied in writing stories I devote to you. And then there'll be this little brute yapping aloud for exercise. Just fancy how pleasant it will be, when I'm comfortably settled down in my armchair, if you remind me that I must rise and go for miles through suburban Hornsey, leading the dog with a string or allowing him to lead me. I shall be taken for a blind man, and have people offer me coppers. Uncle Peter's a pompous, purple old—"

A pretty hand was laid on my lips.

"Your Uncle Peter has been very kind to us, dear; and I should rather like having a little dog here when you are away all day."

Of course that ended the discussion. The matter presented itself to me in a new light. To please my wife, I would have bought a Newfoundland or a St. Bernard already fitted up with life-saving appliances, and ready for action. There must be some poor wretched dog at the Battersea Home who would be glad to make my acquaintance, or, at least, would tolerate me for a few hours every evening.

I decided to go to Battersea the next day and buy something canine. Ten shillings, I believe, is the usual price charged there, utterly irrespective of weight, moral character, or antecedents. I bought



C.T.D.

"I TOOK THE BALL, AND P—— HURRIEDLY EFFACED HIMSELF"

two dogs in rapid succession, but the cold weather was against them, and they developed every possible complaint except hydrophobia. They had to be sent back to Battersea, and the officials there seemed to think that those dogs would soon get over their troubles and end life's pilgrimage in a comfortably painless manner. Just as I was preparing to start for Battersea the third time (I lived there on and off for about a week, and began to be looked upon as a sporting character by all the guards on the Metropolitan Extension) in came my friend P——, the editor of a well-known illustrated paper. P—— carried an animated bundle of something under his arm. It looked like a small door-mat, but one end of it waggled, and from the other end shone out two intensely black eyes, filled with dancing light. P—— proudly

“Occasionally. Now, would you mind playing with him? It diverts his attention.” P—— handed me an indiarubber ball. “Just throw it carelessly about, as if you were doing it merely to oblige him, until I can get out of the office without his knowing it. My wife is crying at home.”

“Crying! What for?”

“Because she can't bear to part with him. He has been a great deal to us. But we have his mother, and cannot keep more than one dog. They gnaw the furniture, and then we have to get fresh things, which becomes expensive. If you throw the ball into that corner and smile, I will bolt while he waddles after it.”

I took the ball, and P—— hurriedly effaced himself. “George Augustus” attracted a good deal of



“HE DEVELOPED A ROOTED ANTIPATHY TO CATS”

deposited his bundle on the carpet; it sat up on the waggling end, two silky ears erected themselves in a perkily inquisitive manner, and I saw that my visitor was a puppy of about four months old.

“Affection's offering,” P—— said proudly. “We couldn't come to the wedding, as we were away at the time, so cast about for one of our most precious possessions to give you. I've brought it along.”

He pointed to the puppy, which suddenly became very grave, as if it realised that the matter was now assuming a more personal complexion.

“What's that?” I asked. “Tisn't a dog? You—eh—really haven't the audacity to call *that* a dog! It's more like Berlin wool-work than anything else.”

“Did you think it was a giraffe?” P—— answered, somewhat testily. “It is a very valuable pedigree, prick-eared, Skye terrier pup, with many good points.”

I picked up the soft, silky bundle.

“Why, he hasn't a point about him. He's as soft and round as a ball of silk.”

“We call him ‘George Augustus Sala,’” said P—— “because he always wears a white waistcoat;” and he pointed to the puppy's white breast. “I never knew any other pup of the breed have a white waistcoat: it is unique—never been done before. This pup is something exceptional. We think he has a future before him.”

“Will it want washing?—the waistcoat, I mean?”

attention that evening in the train. Before I reached Hornsey, he was on friendly terms with all the people in the carriage, particularly one old lady, whose bonnet-strings he affectionately chewed for the greater part of the journey. She kissed him at parting, and gave me her card.

“If the dear little fellow should ever want a home,” she said, “write to me, and I will come for him, even if it should be in the middle of the night.”

I promised I would do so, smuggled “George Augustus” under my coat, and, when I reached home, hurriedly placed him on my wife's lap, where he lay, looking up into her face with his wonderful eyes—eyes soft and sweet, yet full of quaint, owlish solemnity. “I'm here,” they seemed to say. “Now, what have you to say about it?”

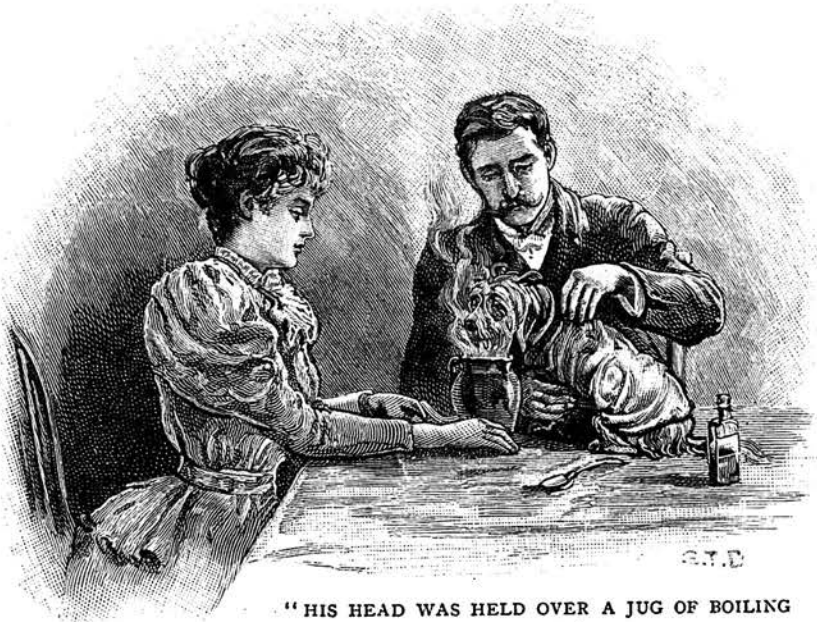
I must confess to feeling rather a jealous pang as my wife hugged that puppy, and he cordially responded by licking her nose. After her rapture had subsided a little, “What are we to call him?” she asked.

“His name is ‘George Augustus Sala.’”

“Then it must be changed,” returned my wife, with prompt decision. “A little wee baby thing like this shall not be called such a long name. Shall it, ‘Fuzzy-wuzzy’?”

“You've hit upon it at once. Don't you remember Kipling's

“‘Ere's to you, Fuzzy-wuzzy, with your 'ayrick 'ead of 'air?’”



"HIS HEAD WAS HELD OVER A JUG OF BOILING WATER."

He does look more like a miniature hayrick than anything else."

"Fuzzy-wuzzy," however, soon degenerated into "Fuzzles." Unsympathising friends who noticed his appetite said that it ought to be "Guzzles"; but this we resented, and it soon came to be an understood thing that no remarks of a disparaging nature were to be made about our puppy. For three months he was a constant joy to us. It was absurd to call "Fuzzles" a mere animal, for he had all the intelligence of a self-willed child, varied with lovable fits, during the continuance of which we felt that so saintly a dog could not live long. At breakfast and dinner he sat on a chair by my wife's side, and was allowed to have bits of bread at the conclusion of the repast. For some time he would control his impatience and sit silent, but as we neared the end of the meal he began to give short sharp barks, and then look round with an unconscious air, as if they had proceeded from some other animal altogether. Soon he developed a rooted antipathy to cats, and was never happier than within a foot of an old Tom's tail as it disappeared through our garden palings. But at length there came a day when even cats could not rouse "Fuzzles." He lay about listlessly, with no appetite, and indisposed to move.

"Don't you think I ought to give him some beef-tea?" asked my wife.

And we gave him beef-tea accordingly, although it bored him very much.

This went on for a fortnight. "Fuzzles" crawled about as if he could scarcely drag one paw after the other. Suddenly he recovered his former spirits, and became more winning than ever. A fortnight later he began to shiver, decline to touch food, and get as thin as the

proverbial herring. At last my wife carried him off to a veterinary college, and asked what was the matter with "Fuzzles."

"We can't take him in here," said the doctor, "as you don't subscribe to the institution. However, if you will call on my friend Dr. H——, he will look after your puppy. It's a very bad case of pneumonia and distemper."

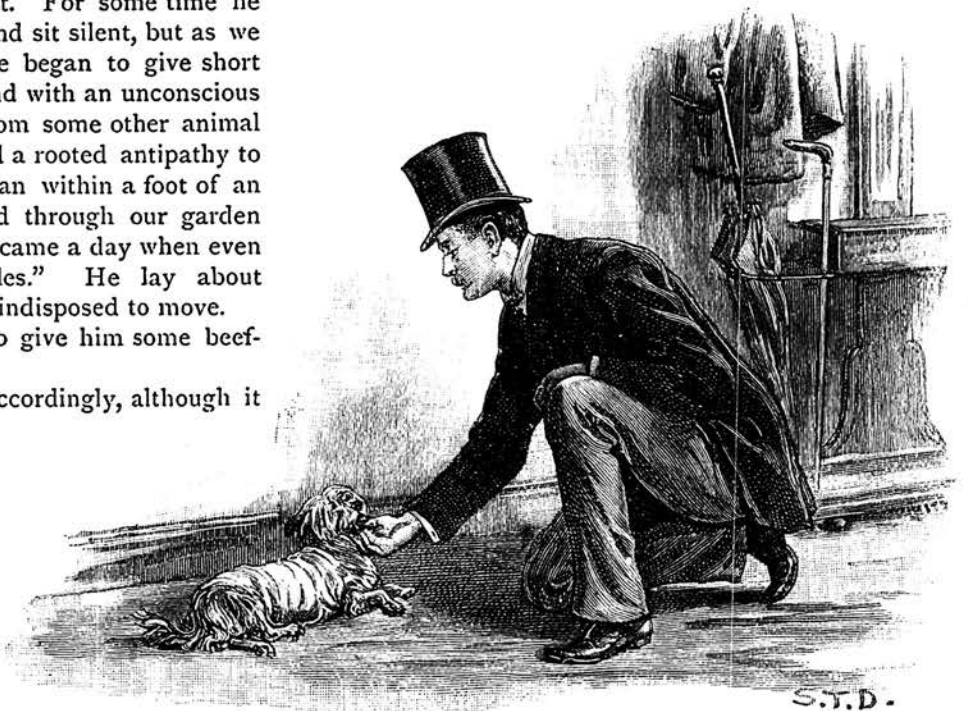
My wife took a cab and drove to Dr. H——'s. Dr. H—— was not at home, but she left "Fuzzles" in charge of a domestic, and sorrowfully came home.

The next morning we received a telegram: "Please fetch puppy, or will fret himself to death. Will attend him at your house."

We immediately posted off to fetch "Fuzzles," who greeted us with momentary rapture, then

nestled into my wife's arms, and shut his suffering eyes. We took him home, and made him a flannel jacket, through which his stumpy little legs were always working in unexpected places. He had beef-tea every two hours, a powerful tonic every four. His head was also held over a jug of boiling water four times a day. After the second experiment with the boiling water, "Fuzzles" gave up struggling against it.

"Very well," he seemed to say, as I lifted him up on the kitchen table, "if you like to parboil me alive, you can do so. It doesn't make much difference. Give me some more minced steak afterwards; that's the only thing I really like. But I wish you'd let me



"LAY DOWN HALF-WAY WITH A FEEBLE WAG OF HIS TAIL"



alone. I've such a lot of things to think over—this jacket, among others, and that fiend in spectacles who's always jabbing spoons down my throat."

This went on for ten days. At last it became evident to me that "Fuzzles" was beloved of the gods, who meant to call him hence. On the evening before his death, directly I knocked at the door, there was a shambling sound in the passage, and "Fuzzles," a wraith in white flannel, crawled slowly along the hall towards the front door, but lay down half-way with a feeble wag of his tail. I picked him up, and carried the poor little wasted thing back to the kitchen, where Eliza, the maid, wept over him without concealment.

"He's been in to say good-bye to missis, sir," she said. "Twice this afternoon he's crawled into the droring-room and laid his head up against her dress, just looking solemn-like, and not saying nothing. He's a-goin' fast, sir. You mark my words. He's a-goin' fast!"

The next morning "Fuzzles" had a fit, and the doctor sent for a chemist with instructions to bring and administer poison. "Fuzzles" took the poison languidly, rolled over on his side with slowly-glazing baby eyes, gave one sigh, and was no more. When I returned in the evening, I found Eliza sitting in the kitchen, her apron over her head, and "Fuzzles" customary corner vacant. My wife was on the verge

of tears. Someone knocked at the front door, and we both started nervously.

"It's the boy come to take 'Fuzzles' away," said my wife, clutching my arm.

We heard the boy's heavy lumbering steps go slowly down the passage. Presently he came blundering back. Then he knocked the box against the wall and half-dropped poor "Fuzzles," but recovered himself with an effort.

"It sounds like a coffin being taken away," said my wife.

The boy's footsteps receded across the hall, he noisily slammed to the door, we heard the front gate open, his footsteps grew fainter and fainter, and Eliza came in with her best black bonnet on.

"What's the matter, Eliza?" I asked.

Eliza checked a fresh outburst with difficulty.

"It ain't right not to see 'im buried, sir. Won't you and missis come too?"

We all crept after the boy at a respectful distance until he entered the field which he had selected for "Fuzzles" last resting-place. From behind an ancient oak we watched the interment with mingled emotions. At length the boy patted down the sod with his spade, and went away blithely whistling. Then Eliza, my wife, and I crept homeward through the shadows, feeling almost as if we had lost a little child.



### A Thanksgiving Hymn.

"Have you cut the wheat in the blowing fields,  
The barley, the oats and rye,  
The golden corn and the pearly rice?  
For the winter days are nigh."

"We have reaped them all from shore to shore,  
And the grain is safe on the threshing floor."

"Have you gathered the berries from the vine  
And the fruits from the orchard trees,  
The dew and the scent from the roses and thyme  
In the hive of the honey-bees?"

"The peach and the plum and the apple are ours,  
And the honey-comb from the scented flowers.

"The wealth of the snowy cotton-field  
And the gift of the sugar-cane,  
The savory herb and nourishing root—  
There has nothing been given in vain,  
We have gathered the harvest from shore to shore,  
And the measure is full and running o'er."

Then lift up the head with a song!  
And lift up the hands with a gift!  
To the ancient giver of all  
The spirit of gratitude lift!  
For the joy and promise of Spring,  
For the hay and clover sweet,  
The barley, the rye, and the oats,  
The rice and the corn and the wheat,  
The cotton and sugar and fruit,  
The flowers and the fine honeycomb,  
The country, so fair and so free,  
The blessing and the glory of home,  
"Thanksgiving! thanksgiving! thanksgiving!  
Joyfully, gratefully call,  
To God, the preserver of men,"  
The bountiful Father of all.

# THIRTY YEARS IN JOURNALISM.

Read before the "Wednesday Morning Club" of Pittsfield, Mass.

It was Charles Dudley Warner, in a recent "Drawer," who told of a country clergyman, who, when his sermon was poor "hollered it up, good and loud." The sentiment was, however, forestalled by Crabbe, whose "village" sermon is "*loudly praised if it is preached aloud.*" I am afraid I cannot make up even in this simple way for my shortcomings, but must trust wholly to your goodness, and knowledge of the fact that such poor work as I have been able to do has been put hurriedly and silently upon paper, not "hollered" from pulpit or platform.

I well remember the sunny Sunday morning in early summer, just thirty-two years ago, when my father and I stopped at the post-office, on our way home from church, as was our custom; and I received, instead of the thin document I expected, a bulky package, containing a voluminous letter of my own. This letter had been sent the week before to a newspaper friend in New York, and described an event which had some importance, and seemed interesting enough to me to warrant a detailed account of its incidents and personages. My friend had been struck with what he was pleased to call the "good newspaper style," and read it to Mr. Charles A. Dana, then managing editor of the *New York Tribune*. Mr. Dana confirmed his judgment, and said: "If the author will revise it, taking out some of the personal allusions, I will print it." These momentous words were copied on a regular correspondence slip, which was all the formidable envelope contained besides my own letter; and can you imagine the thrill, the sudden opening wide of the whole universe which they occasioned?

It is not much now to write for newspapers—the ordinary "newspaper" man, and especially the "newspaper" woman in our large cities, has become so numerous as to be a very common thing, and is sometimes so unscrupulous as to be considered most undesirable for companionship or association. But in those days it was very different; there were then no "society" columns, no women correspondents, no woman's department in any newspaper. Barnum's Museum, *Arthur's Magazine*, and Godey's *Lady's Book*, were the recreations and the authorities of women, and they were all semi-religious and highly moral in tone and character, as befitted the literature and amusements for women and children.

The *Tribune* was a national power; it was a city of ideas set on a hill; it lay piled up by the side of the big Bible on the low, broad shelf of the book-case in the sitting-room; it occupied this place in my father's estimation, and it was an even more real source of hope for the human race in mine. The world of aspiration in the direction of journalism was not entirely unknown to me. I had been the *Star*—the *Evening Star*, written on four pages of foolscap—of the Village Lyceum. I had spent weeks at the home of C. C. Wright, the artist and art critic, in New York. I had visited the studio of William Page; had been one of the crowd at the *Art Union* on Saturday afternoons; had met Albert Brisbane at a "Breakfast;" knew Fourier by heart, and had been "brought up" on Robert Owen, of whom my father was a disciple. Radical meetings had been held in our house in England; radical leaders had found a home there,

until it was considered worthy of being attacked and nearly demolished by a conservative mob, which is just as blood-thirsty as a radical mob; and then my father turned his thoughts to his *Mecca*; to the refuge of the crushed conscience of the Old World—to America; and we felt that we were a part of that multitude, whose voice is the PRESS.

Thirty years of experience have brought some realization with the decay of many hopes, but never could I feel again the sudden thrill that opened and transformed the whole world for me, and must have illumined my face, as we emerged from the old post-office on that lovely June morning; for my father said, "Remember, the sun will rise and shine just the same, whether your letter is printed in the *Tribune* or not."

It would, perhaps, be too much to say that I married in order to get on a newspaper, but I may say, that I certainly should not, if it had not been to a newspaper man. I had tried for a regular position on some one of the New York dailies, but was everywhere laughed at for my answer. "There was no place for women," I was assured, on a daily paper. They might do occasional "outside" work, but they could not be reporters, because they could not go where news had to be gathered, and they could not be editors, because they knew "nothing of politics." Current social topics in those days had no place in newspapers, social interests were limited to sentimental paragraphs, by the city editor, heading his half column of "items," of what he knew about the "first snow," "St. Valentine's Day," Good Friday, Shrove Tuesday, or the like.

The three great dailies in New York represented three great men, who in different ways had each impressed his personality upon his journal in an almost equal degree. Horace Greeley, James Gordon Bennett, and Henry J. Raymond. Always there is found some one man, or woman, behind anything which becomes a power; the gradual realization of this fact makes one a believer in a God—only a supreme intelligence could have developed, could maintain the order of the universe. The individuality of these men impressed itself vitally upon their papers, and the public, who followed their leadership. James Gordon Bennett represented the enterprise and foresight of the immediate future, Horace Greeley its advanced thought and unselfish spirit, Henry J. Raymond its policy and statesman-craft. Of the three Mr. Raymond had the truest journalistic instinct, and more of the formative spirit, but Mr. Bennett was supplemented by an intelligent man, and naturally skillful journalist, Mr. Frederick Hudson, who made the *New York Herald* a news-paper—the first one this country, or any other, had ever seen.

The first newspapers, small though they were, filled their miniature pages with moral aphorisms and pious sentiments. The news was crowded in a corner, briefly summarized, or neglected altogether, unless it found its way in the form of an advertisement. Mr. Hudson recognized the value of news, the *Herald* was poor, and could not afford to pay, nor was there any cable or telegraph lines to transmit it. Philadelphia was a more important port of entry in those early days than New York, but the Philadelphia papers, like those of New York, re-

corded the arrival of a vessel from England, and the interesting news it brought, in three lines, often out of sight, and without editorial reference. Mr. Hudson made a business of disinterring these items, amplifying them, spreading them out in double lead, making a vast number of head-lines, in every variety of big type, until the despised item became a column, which excited the attention and talk of the city, and was perhaps copied back, head-lines and all, into the paper from which it had been originally obtained; its editors being blissfully unconscious of the theft, and giving the credit to the New York journal.

Let me here say, the *Herald* would never have lived and become a power, had Mr. Bennett been only, or chiefly, the mean, unscrupulous man he has been so often described. In his way he was conscientious, ambitious only for his paper and his son—to found a name and a paper that should live. He was illiterate, but shrewd, and would do anything for any one who had the wit to attack him on his weak side.

As an evidence of this I may mention the case of an actress, which occurred about 1857. The artist had won her reputation outside of New York, but she wished to have it confirmed by the New York public; and she came under a three weeks' engagement to play a round of good, old, "legitimate" parts. She was not pretty, but she was clever, and she went at once, on her arrival, to Mr. Bennett, obtained a personal interview, cried a little, played a little bit of the friendless stranger in a great city, and declared she did not care a straw who was with her, or who against her, if she could only obtain the support of the New York *Herald*. Of course she did not want it to go against convictions, or speak of her as she did not deserve, but she had obtained a favorable verdict in other places, and if the *Herald* confirmed it, this was all she wanted. This tribute to the superiority of the *Herald*, as an *authority*, delighted Mr. Bennett. He issued immediate orders that a long, appreciate notice of this particular actress should appear every morning, during her engagement, in the columns of the paper; and Mr. Croly being then "city editor" and dramatic critic, when there was more of such work to be done than Mr. "Ned" Wilkins, the regular critic, could attend to, the every-night visit to the theater, for three weeks, fell to his share and mine, principally mine; for after the first three nights, the mention of her name was enough to make him forget all his early Christian training, and the fifteen remaining notices were my first individual effort in the field of dramatic criticism, which subsequently, for five years, was part of my regular journalistic work. Another evidence of the form that bribery and corruption took in those days was invented by a famous pie-woman, a Mrs. Horton. One Saturday a dozen immense and excellent apple-pies were left at the office, as a little contribution from kindly Mrs. Horton to the editorial-room "luncheon." But as the members of the staff all went out to lunch, there was a general order that anybody could take home a pie that wanted one. Mr. Croly not being proud, and knowing that I had a weakness for apple-pie, brought one home, and it was duly cut at table. But when the knife struck the center it encountered something hard, and further investigation discovered, quietly reposing in the midst of the rich, lemon-flavored syrup, a bright, new, silver fifty-cent piece. We did not know whether this

was by accident or design until, upon comparing notes, it was found that every pie contained a silver coin of equal value and equal newness and brightness.

No sterner school exists than a well-conducted newspaper office for aspiring young spirits who wish to air their ideas, and who believe the public is waiting to learn their opinion before it makes up its mind definitely upon a subject. Such ideas and opinions are usually at variance with those of the editor, and are set aside, cut remorselessly, or so ridiculed as to disgust the ambitious mind, and make it always wonder how a paper can be found to live with such a donkey at its head. But it does live and prosper, and so does the "donkey;" it is the opinion that is sacrificed. This fact illustrates Coleridge's saying that we may safely take every man's opinion of the value of that which he knows, but should distrust his opinion as to the worthlessness of that of which he is not capable of judging.

Those days of "rooms" and restaurant, of lunch on an olive and supper on an oyster for two, were not dark days by any means. I was happy at being, not on one, but several newspapers, for, in the very first year of my work, I initiated the system of duplicate correspondence, and have maintained my connection with some of the papers ever since. But my husband was a man of opinions, and while I was building castles he was nursing grievances. These resulted in the purchase of a weekly paper at the West, a Douglas Democratic organ, in a town of good Republican inhabitants, which had four weekly papers already, and where the fifth was naturally considered, although we did not know it till we got there, as the fifth spoke in a wheel.

But we had relinquished much, and sacrificed much; my husband did not wish to return, at least until all the money was spent, so we started a daily paper, to my great joy, as I knew that would use up the money faster, and bring us back to New York quicker, and we ran it merrily for a year and a half, at a time when it was said you could "buy up the whole North-west for fifty cents in specie," for the West was encountering three years of failure in crops, which meant failure of everything else, and almost all business was transacted by means of "orders" and a "wild-cat" currency. I could never get used to the "order" way of doing business, and never presented one but once, and that was for a pair of shoes. No thief ever entered premises with greater trepidation than I that shop, and before asking for shoes, I desperately laid the bit of paper before the proprietor, explaining that I had been requested to present it, but if he felt any reluctance, etc., stopping with what I had to say half said, and crimson with actual shame. But the good man only laughed heartily, said it was easy to see I was new to the West, and that I should get used to it, and in the meantime my paper "orders" should be received as if they were gold, fresh from the mint.

If we did not make money by our venture, we had lots of fun. We determined to make the *Rockford Daily News* intensely local, and I had two columns per day, of fresh news to gather and write, in an office from the window of which you could look across the bridge, which divided one side of the town from the other, for two hours, and not see a sign of life, in the shape of man, woman, boy, or hand-cart. I was, besides, the proof-reader, made up the head-lines for the telegraphic dispatches, and conducted the New York and foreign correspondence. It was

a happy day for me when some thief stole the wooden bowl of prepared hash from the kitchen window of the hotel where we lived, and partly paid our board by printing the daily bills of fare, for I started with an item which stretched into half a column upon hash in general, and the Holland House hash in particular.

It may be imagined that I was reduced to sore straits, so that sometimes I would nominate some preposterous person for governor or other office, in order to get letters of remonstrance, which I would judiciously edit and print. Then there was always the Hon. Elihu P. Washburne, the standing Republican candidate for Congress, to "pitch into," notwithstanding which we were great friends, and continue to be so to this day. In fact he once assisted in the passage of a Working-Woman's Bill, because I represented that he had never half repaid me for the abuse I lavished on him. Of course, social events were chronicled, but it had not yet become fashionable to catalogue the cushions and tidies received as wedding presents, and these occasions, therefore, were compressed into paragraphs.

The social features were, however, a great part of the life of a Western town, and I remember well my consternation at the spectacle afforded by the first grand party I attended, and which it must be said, to properly understand the situation, was given in my honor. I had one party dress, only one; it was not gay, but it was handsome, and I had also a regulation opera-cloak. In those days ladies wore their opera-cloaks at all evening "dress" entertainments. I wanted to wear my one dress and my opera-cloak, but Mr. Croly vetoed. He said: "This is a little town, and they will call dressing in that way 'putting on New York airs;' go in as plain a dress as you have." I bowed to his superior judgment, though I doubted its correctness, for every one of my callers had been armed to the teeth with gloves immaculate, card-case, and handkerchief tip-tilted on the point of the forefinger, but I went in a plain, dark dress; went to find a beautiful house a blaze of light and color, grounds lit up with colored lanterns, every lady present except myself in white, pink, or blue satin, and I counted seventy-five white opera-cloaks, every one of them handsomer than mine.

It took us just sixteen months to spend all our money, and then we came back to New York, notwithstanding a public meeting called in the Town Hall of Rockford, at which the cost of running a daily paper for a year was guaranteed, if we would remain, but we wrote back: "No, gentlemen; thank you very much, but there is not a contributor of twenty-five cents who would not feel after that that he owned the paper, and had a right to dictate its opinions and policy, and we must work independently or not at all."

My first living child was three weeks old the day I returned to my post, which had been kept open for me, and which was our one resource until Mr. Croly found a position, which he fortunately did, upon the *New York World* from its start, it being then in embryo. Under these circumstances it was not the "World" to me, it was *Providence*, and remained so, for it was on the eve of the breaking out of the Civil War, the air was thick with rumors, and every one full of dark forebodings of unknown evil. In my office three persons constituted the editorial force—Colonel Du Solle, Spencer W. Cone, the father of Kate Claxton, and myself.

Mr. Cone was theatrical critic and contributed to the editorial columns; he received the munificent sum of fifteen dollars per week. I was mail editor, contributed a department of my own, wrote what were called minor editorials, and contributed also to the regular editorial columns, for ten dollars per week. On the breaking out of the war, the "flush" times which resulted from the immediate issue of abundant paper money, and the formation of a great debt, were not anticipated; newspapers especially looked for disaster; the force of our office, like that of many another, was reduced. Mr. Cone was dismissed, his work added to mine, and my salary raised from ten to twelve dollars and a half per week. The columns of the paper were very long and wide, the type small. I occupied this double place five years, contributing five columns of original matter per week, from one and a half to two columns of which were musical and theatrical criticism, besides a column of mail "siftings." At this same time I edited and wrote the whole of a fashion journal, was the fashion editor of the *New York World* and *Daily Times*—for thirteen years of one and eight years of the other; was the correspondent of numerous papers, and executed much order work; among other things got up a cook-book, after ten o'clock at night, in ten weeks, and did much book reviewing. Excepting once, for a short time, I never had any help in my work, neither secretary nor amanuensis—the pay did not admit of it. I had also set my heart on buying a home in New York city and getting rid of rent, and the rapid rise in real estate during and at the close of the war seemed to continually put the object farther out of my reach.

But the war did more than raise prices; it changed the whole aspect of American journalism. It brought the war correspondent to the front; it created individual reputations; it introduced the signed articles into newspaper columns, and, in short, laid the foundation of modern personal journalism.

Up to this time the American newspaper had represented its proprietor, but was otherwise like the English newspaper, strictly impersonal. Military exigencies demanded that writers on war topics should shoulder their own responsibilities; and in this way Mr. Whitelaw Reid, Col. "Tom" Knox, Richard T. Colburn, George Alfred Townsend, and other famous journalists were developed. The war also sharpened and stimulated the public appetite for news, but the news of twenty-five years ago was of a more questionable character even than it is now. Three columns to a prize-fight, a paragraph to a discovery. The social and scientific aspects of affairs were hardly touched. It is something more than twenty years ago since a New York paper, the *World*, with many misgivings, published Professor Huxley's paper on Protoplasm, and a lecture by Professor John Fiske on Positivism; to the astonishment of everybody they scored a success. There was an immense demand for the paper, on account of these particular features, and together they furnished the cue for the features of the *Sunday World*, the father of the later Sunday paper—a marvelous outgrowth, epitomizing all the work of the magazines, and giving us history, science, literature, biography, and the progressive movements of the universe in brief.

The worst side of the newspaper—the worst side of personal journalism is this—that it gives us the

exceptional side, and makes it seem the real and normal side. Crimes are made interesting, criminals heroes, and their doings chronicled as if they were kings and queens. It is the ambition of many persons to see themselves in print; and if a girl will get married to see her name in the newspaper, as one admitted she had done, why it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that a man would commit a murder in order to be the reigning newspaper sensation, and that he would exercise ingenuity to make it brutal as possible, knowing that this increases his sensational value.

We copied from the French the paragraph and the pun; but the French have not yet acquired our faculty for news. A well-known New York journalist was in Paris and in the immediate vicinity when a great fire occurred. He rushed off to the nearest newspaper office and volunteered to sit down and write two or three columns of details "by an eye-witness" for next morning's paper. The editor coolly informed him that a few lines would be sufficient about such an occurrence, but if he should hear a lively bit of scandal or personal gossip about any well-known personage, or a clever *bôn-mot*, they would pay well for it. Since that time numerous country papers have built up a reputation on humorous paragraphs, consisting generally of pen-and-ink caricatures of personal or social characteristics; a sort of fun akin to that which was extracted, for a time, from the dislocation of words, but which seems now to have lost all point and force. The American newspaper joke and joker has, however, a flavor of its own, which is distinctly recognizable. Mr. William Black thought this faculty for seeing the funny side of every-day life, and epitomizing it in a brief sentence, peculiarly American, because so universal in American journalism. He said, at a dinner given him in New York, that the train never stopped at a station, when he was traveling in this country, that he did not try to buy a neighborhood paper, and it was rare that he was not repaid by finding some odd and quaint bit of wisdom or pathos under a comic mask, to add to the collection of newspaper wit and humor which he took home with him.

Newspapers develop in the public whom they address many curious phases of thought, which he who runs may read, and be admonished by, if he will. It does not want science that has been hung up to dry, or school-book facts and figures. But science that takes a new departure—that stimulates ideas; that opens the door to practical work; that enlarges our outlook, and suggests firmer ground for religious and speculative philosophy—is welcomed, and finds a large and eager circle among newspaper readers. The general public, too, resents the advocacy of a cause. It will not pay for being preached to, and resists any attempt to convert it to special ideas. Where a strong public opinion existed or has been created, an "organ" of it may enjoy a certain amount of prosperity, but it only reaches those who are already believers in the doctrine it advocates. A paper that starts to represent a cause must be sustained by individual effort, and often at great sacrifice, or fail altogether.

The latest modern idea is illustrated journalism. I was connected from the start with the first illustrated daily in the United States; and saw that the difficulty in the way of success was the effort to pour the old wine of politics and the police court into the new picture bottles. They could not stand it.

It took the pencil of Hogarth to make the rum-shop interesting, and even he could not make it so to-day. Dogs, prize-fights, police news, are bad enough in type, but how much worse, spread over whole pages in a coarse picture! Had the editors set aside their traditions; had they been trained to a knowledge of the requirements of the new field; had they cultivated the picturesque, the emotional, the romantic, and the social; in other words, presented the "inner" side or subjective transfer of life; made a bright, beautiful family paper, that every man would have wanted to carry home with him, the story of the first ten years of the first illustrated daily paper would have been different.

The second great difficulty was of a mechanical character. No good picture can be produced upon the "turtle," that is the rounded press. If the lithographic stone is ever rounded, so that pictures can be printed directly from it instead of the printing-press, it will cause a revolution in the newspaper. It would abolish the compositor, and bring the artist and scribe into direct relations with the reader. The London *Graphic* and *Illustrated News* are a prophecy of what our daily papers may be, if the circular lithographic stone becomes a well-rounded fact.

It is said that a process has been invented, and is now being developed, by which pictures in color, as well as in black and white, can be printed without the intervention of the stone. If this is true, the day is not distant when we shall have the beautiful and picturesque journal, one that will arouse the sympathies, stimulate the imagination, and satisfy the taste; as yet, they are little more than sensation-mongers, or tails to some ambitious politician's kite. The exceptional facts, that is, the crime and the scandal, will be relegated to a corner and put in small close type; the discovery, its relation to existing circumstances and conditions, the noble act, the great piece of work will, it is to be hoped, be put in colors and occupy the places of honor.

The novel of to-day gives us a truer picture of life as it is than the daily newspaper. The former may be inane, frivolous, but it is not more so than average society; the latter would make us believe that the race is composed of criminals and politicians, and that there is no difference between the two. Yet the newspaper is the most important and intimate element in our daily lives, except eating, and sleeping, and breathing. It is into this element, so cruel and dangerous in evil, so powerful in its possibilities for good, that art is coming to soften, to illumine, and we hope ennoble. What other great changes may take place in journalism in the near future can only be predicted from those we see occurring now. The telegraph is killing correspondence and discouraging fine, descriptive writing. People are too much in a hurry, they will no longer take the time to read it, all they want is the "facts." The great papers, like the great churches, represent wealth and its interests, and the small papers represent their advertisers. Mere news is becoming of secondary importance, for news slips, political news, financial news, sporting news, and the like, all that men are supposed to care for, are distributed all day and in the evening by messenger-boys in every broker's office, every great business house, and every bar-room in the great cities, and is all known before the morning paper is printed. What the newspaper seems to be prin-

cially valued for just now is for doing individual gossiping, scolding, and backbiting on a large scale, and in a way that relieves the individual from responsibility.

Whether we have too many papers or not is an open question. Certainly the eternal iteration to which they are forced, in order to fill their pages, is wearisome beyond telling, while the multiplied repetition of personal gossip, usually untrue, is simply disgusting. The "old women" of the past, have been royally revenged for all the sneers and slights put upon their spectacled talks and tea parties, for back-door tittle-tattle of the meanest, most reckless sort has been made a business, has become the staple of some journals, and the indulgence of nearly all, while there is nothing apparently so low or so venomous that it cannot find a publisher.

That people read such stuff does not seem to me reason enough for printing it. Gossips and slanderers find listeners, but their listeners do not respect them. Descending to trivialities and the repetition of them *ad nauseam* lowers, has already lowered, the whole tone of the newspaper press, so that many avoid it and lose their interest in and con-

nection with its progress and its activities, because they cannot stand the slums they must wade through, or come in sight of, to get to them. I used to buy an evening paper on my way home from the office, until it took away my appetite, veiled the sunshine and made the whole universe a pest-house of living, breathing vileness and corruption. I changed it for the better, but my second venture is a purely *man's* paper, and in a chronic state of ill-temper. Shall we not have a daily paper, some time, that is at once bright, clear, pure, honest, and strong? One that works upward instead of downward; that has its hold upon the best things, and inspires us with new faith in them, and in their power to work out race redemption?

What part or lot are women to have in this new era? The future will tell that. Women have always done their share; they not only keep step, they furnish it to the march of the ages. They do what the time demands of them, whether it is grind the corn, spin the thread, pick the lint, or edit the paper; and like the typical fates of Michael Angelo, they are always engaged in weaving the web of continuous life and destiny.

JENNY JUNE.

#### GOOD RULES FOR WINTER.

The following rules are worth heeding by those who believe that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure:

Never lean with the back upon anything that is cold.

Never begin a journey until the breakfast has been eaten.

Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out into the cold.

Keep the back, especially between the shoulder-blades, well covered; also the chest well protected. In sleeping in a cold room establish the habit of breathing through the nose, and never with the mouth open.

Never go to bed with cold or damp feet.

Never omit regular bathing, for unless the skin is in active condition the cold will close the pores, and favor congestion and other diseases.

After exercise of any kind, never ride in an open carriage or near the window of a car for a moment; it is dangerous to health and even to life.

When hoarse, speak as little as possible until the hoarseness is recovered from, else the voice may be permanently lost, or difficulties of the throat be produced.

Merely warm the back by a fire, and never continue keeping the back exposed to heat after it has become uncomfortably warm. To so expose the back is debilitating.

When going from a warm atmosphere into a cooler one keep the mouth closed, so that the air may be warmed by its passage through the nose ere it reaches the lungs.

Never stand still in cold weather, es-

pecially after having taken a slight degree of exercise; and always avoid standing on ice or snow, or where the person is exposed to a cold wind.

#### "LATEST INTELLIGENCE."

He was a reporter of a local newspaper. He came into the office of the district postmaster, as was his wont, and asked if there was any news.

"No, nothing much," carelessly replied one of the officials. "Have you heard of the new order?"

"What new order?" eagerly asked the reporter, making a move for his pencil.

"Why, that the postmaster-general is not going to issue the postal-cards any longer."

"Where do you get your information?"

"Well, we haven't any official information yet; but we know it is so."

"That will be a great hardship to the poor," ventured the reporter.

"I don't see how it will," replied the official.

"I suppose it is done on account of the loss on the letter postage?"

"No, that isn't the reason the postmaster-general decided not to make them any longer," spoke up another official.

"Well, what is the reason, then?" asked the now desperate reporter.

"Why, simply because they are long enough now! The postmaster-general and the people are very well satisfied with the present length."

The door slammed hard as the reporter went out.

## FANCY-BOX MAKING.

SOME years ago I had the pleasure of visiting the principal manufactories at Birmingham, Sheffield, Barnsley, Manchester, and other places. At a factory in Birmingham, which the kindness of the proprietors enabled me to view, I was much struck with the simple way in which the boxes used in the business were made. I have since then often taught children to make these pretty and useful little boxes, and the work has given them so much pleasure that I venture to think some readers of *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER* will find it an amusing occupation for younger sisters and brothers.

The materials required are a sheet of cardboard, a sharp penknife, a foot rule or a T square, a sheet of fancy paper, a sheet of gold or silver paper or of plain coloured paper (such as is used to line work-boxes with), some very smooth paste, and a small brush for it. Something is also required on which to model the boxes; this last is the only thing that cannot be procured quite easily; the simplest way is to get a carpenter to cut a block the size and shape required, oval, round, or square, as you fancy, but of course the block will only do for one-sized boxes. I have generally managed to find some wooden or metal thing that answered the purpose very well. A wooden pill-box makes a good model for a small round box (Fig. 1); some wood bricks out of an ordinary box of bricks gummed together and allowed to dry, can be used for many different shapes, and when finished with, can easily be washed, and return to their proper use. Small tins also make good moulds.

Round and oval boxes are much easier to make than square or angular ones, so we will begin by making a round one, and will suppose that in the absence of anything better, you are going to use a wooden pill-box to work on. The most important thing is to be very exact in your measurements, it is impossible without, to make a neat box.

Suppose the diameter of box to be an inch and three-quarters, cut two rounds of cardboard, to the size for top and bottom of box; to do this, stand the box on the cardboard and draw a line close round it, then cut with penknife close to, but outside line; after making one box you will easily understand that this little margin is to make the edges of the top and bottom level with the side, to allow in fact for the thickness of the cardboard. Next cut two rounds of fancy paper, the line smaller than the pieces of cardboard. Suppose the mould to be one inch deep, cut a strip of cardboard exactly one inch wide (allow no margin); for length you must measure round the outside of your box, but it will probably require to be a little more than five inches and a half long; the strip must meet exactly round box, not wrap over; cut a second strip of cardboard seven-eighths of an inch wide, but nearly a quarter of an inch shorter than first piece. Cut a strip of fancy paper seven-eighths of an inch wide, but half-an-inch longer than first piece of cardboard, be very careful that the edges of the paper are very even, no jags. Next cut some long strips of gold or coloured paper three-eighths or half-an-inch wide.

Now take your mould in your hand and bend the longest strip of cardboard round it; where it meets paste a little piece of thin paper to keep it in place (stamp paper answers very well for this), put the top of the box on, paste one of the narrow slips of gold paper and put round the top of box as a binding (C, in Fig. 1), press it down carefully, put the bottom of the box on in the same way. Be careful that the strips are sufficiently damp with the paste for you to be able to press the creases very flat on the top and bottom of the box. Let it dry a little, then paste and put the strip of fancy paper round the box, taking care that the join which will lap over a little comes on a different side to the join in the

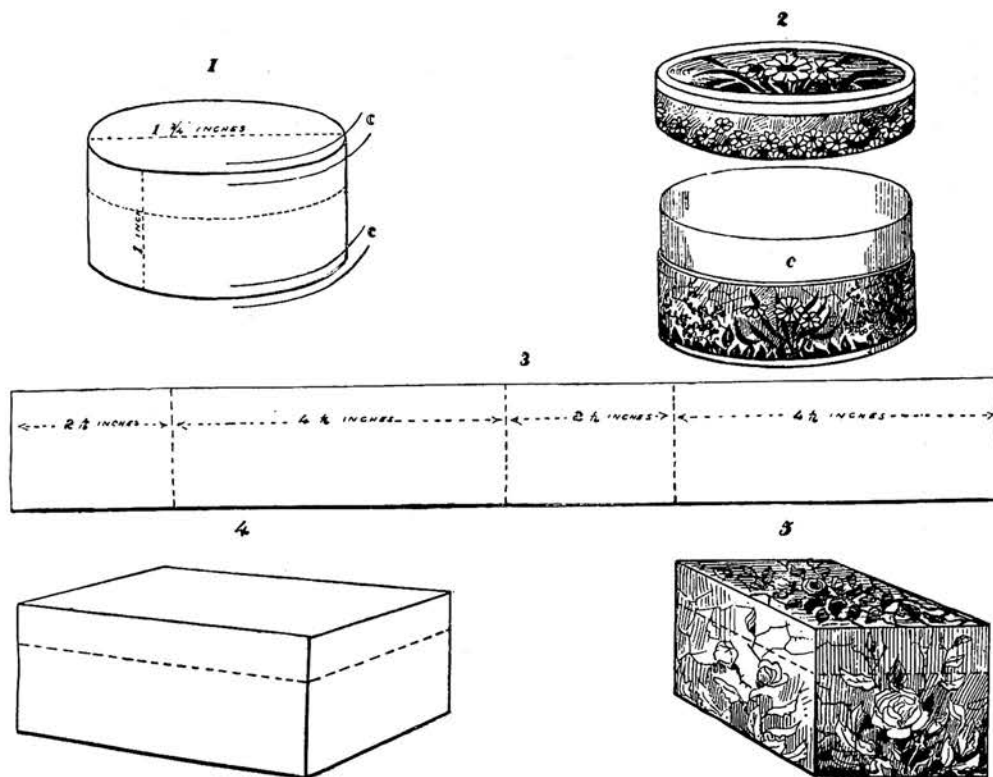
cardboard, put the rounds of fancy paper on top and bottom of box; if your papers are accurately cut, you will have a fancy box with gilt or coloured edges. You must now put it aside to get thoroughly dry (do not dry by a fire), when dry cut round the box one third from the top (see dotted line, Fig. 1). The easiest way to do this is to use a sharp knife. After marking with pencil, remove the two parts from the mould, then take your shorter strip of cardboard, paste all along but only half the width of it, then place inside the bottom of the box (to form C, Fig. 2), letting the join come the opposite side of the join in the outside cardboard, and the paste towards bottom of box; the strip should not lap over. Box and lid are now finished as Fig. 2. An oval box is made in the same way.

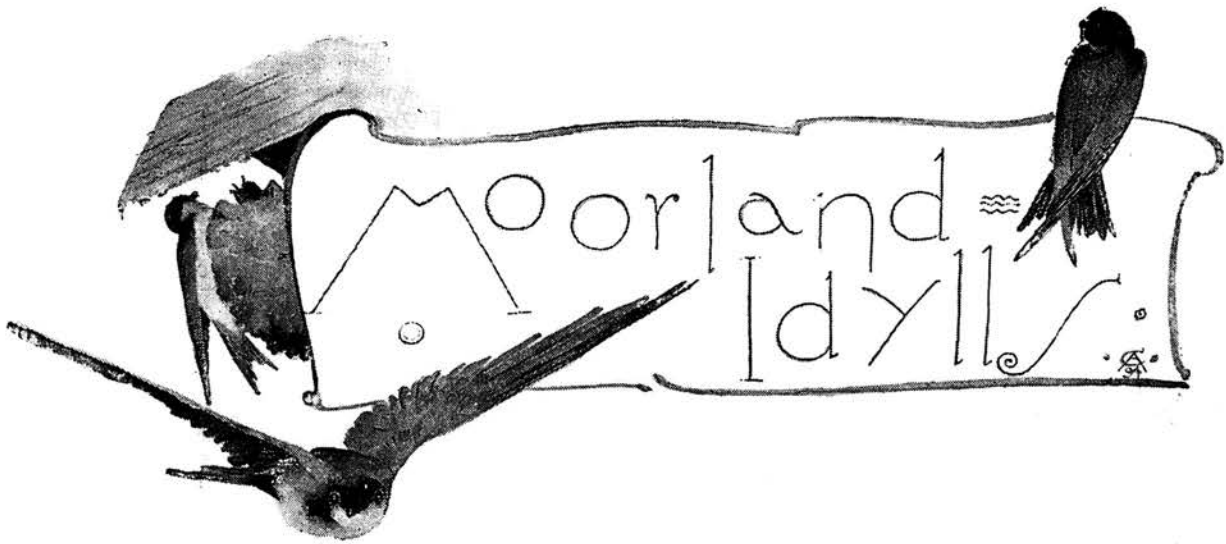
A square cornered box.—We will suppose you mean to make a box two inches wide, four inches long, and three inches high; you will cut the top and bottom, allowing the thickness of a line larger than your block, then cut a strip of cardboard three inches wide, twelve inches and a quarter long, bend this round the block and make sure that the quarter inch (as this depends on the thickness of the cardboard) is enough to allow for the difference in the size of the box and the block; it must fit it tightly, the seam coming at a corner, then lay on a board and cut the corners with your knife nearly half through (dotted lines, Fig. 3). Cut the strip of cardboard for lining box two inches and a half wide and twelve inches long, partially cut through corners in the same way, the measurements for the inside like the outside depends a little on the thickness of cardboard used, when the inside is put in do not forget that the join must come the opposite end to the seam in the outside, cut the fancy paper by the same rule as for round box, that is to say just a trifle smaller to allow the gilt or coloured edge to show, except the strip to go round the box, which must always

be long enough to lap over. In placing the cardboard round the model take care that the cardboard is bent to a sharp angle, otherwise when your box is done you may find the lid will only go on one way, the corners not being true. Rub the sides flat with the back of your knife, fasten the corner with stamp paper, put on top and bottom, bind and finish as you did the round box, cutting off lid when thoroughly dry. Hexagon or octagon boxes are made in the same way, but the more angles there are the more measurements and the greater accuracy is required. Pretty boxes may be made by covering after putting on the gilt edges with white or light coloured paper, and painting or sketching on them, or light coloured velveteen may be used and painted on. But though paste is best to use with paper, if you intend to cover with velvet, the surface on which it is to be placed, must first be covered with thin glue. Stamp boxes with gilt edges, and a halfpenny stamp on top sell at bazaars (Fig. 5).

This work has the advantages of kinder-garten work in teaching children to use their fingers, and to measure with exactitude, I have found it much enjoyed and much appreciated as a pastime.

MARY POCOCK.





By GRANT ALLEN.

### OUR WINGED HOUSE-FELLOWS.

WE have been sitting this afternoon in the Big Drawing-room, enjoying the view from its extensive windows. It is a spacious apartment for so small a house—about three acres large, with windows that open all round over miles of moorland. The carpet has a ground-work of fallen pine-needles and green grass and bracken, irregularly threaded with a tiny pattern of brocaded flowers—yellow tormentil, white bedstraw, golden stoncrop, red sheep-sorrel; while by way of roof the room is covered by a fretted ceiling of interlacing fir-branches, through which one can catch at frequent intervals deep glimpses of a high and bright blue dome that overarches with its vast curve the entire Big Drawing-room. No finer throne-hall has any earthly king; it is quite good enough for ourselves and our visitors.

But as we leaned back in our easy-chairs—spring seats of brake, backed with a bole of red pine-bark—we gazed upward overhead through the gaps in the boughs, and saw our winged house-fellows, the black-and-white martins, sweeping round in long curves after flies in the sunshine. It was immensely picturesque for the martins and ourselves; how the flies regard the question, I forbear to inquire at the present juncture. We had lamb chops for lunch; let him that is without sin among us—for example, the editor of the *Vegetarian Times*—cast the first stone at the house-martins. For myself, I am too conscious of car-

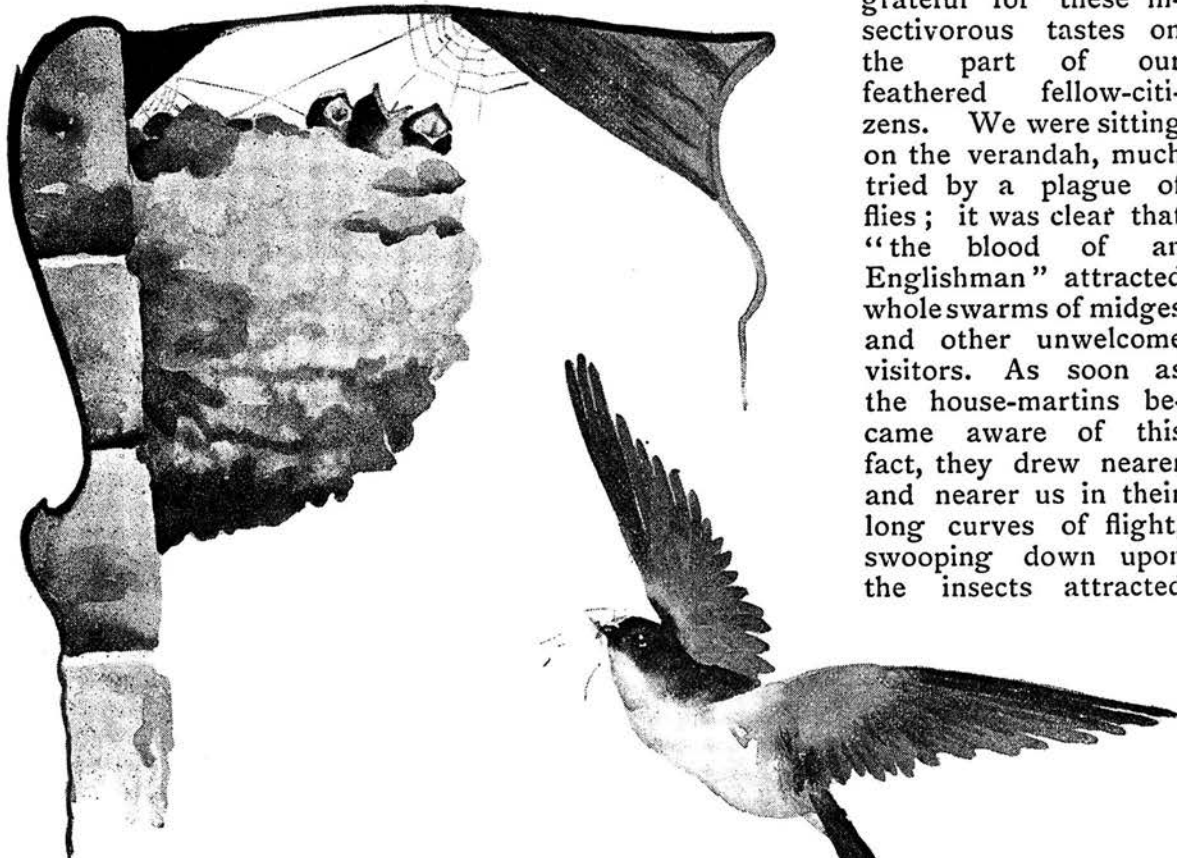
nivorous and other sinful tastes to cast stones at anybody. We are all human, say I, or at any rate vertebrate; let us agree to take things with vertebrate toleration.

The house-martins abide under the same roof with ourselves; literally under the same roof, for their tiny mud nests cling close beneath the eaves of our two spare bed-rooms, familiarly known as the Maiden's Bower and the Prophet's Chamber—the last because it is most often inhabited by our friend the Curate, and furnished, after the scriptural precedent, with "a bed and a table and a stool and a candlestick"—"Every luxury that wealth can afford," said the Shunamite lady. "Under *our* roof," we say, when we speak of it; but the house-martins think otherwise. "Goodness gracious," I heard one of them twitter amazed to his wife the day we moved in for the first time to our newly-built cottage, "how terribly inconvenient! Here are some of those great nasty creatures, that walk so awkwardly erect, come to live in *our* house without so much as asking us. How they'll frighten the children!" For to tell you the truth, they were here before us. They came while the builders were still occupied in giving those "finishing touches" which are never finished; and they regarded our arrival as an unwarrantable intrusion. I could tell it from the aggrieved tone in which they chirped and chattered; "Gross infringement of the liberty of the subject"; "In England,



every martin's nest is called his castle"; "Was it for this our fathers fought and bled at Agincourt against the intrusive sparrows?"—and so forth *ad infinitum*. But after a day or two, they cooled down and established a *modus vivendi*, the terms of the concordat being that we mutually agreed to live and let live, they under the eaves, and we in the interior. Since then,

For myself, I will admit, I just love the house-martins. They may be given to eating flies; but what of that? the skylark himself, Shelley's skylark, Meredith's skylark, affects a diet of worms, and nobody thinks one penny the worse of him. Even Juliet, I don't doubt, ate lamb chops like the rest of us. Indeed, it happened to me a few mornings since, during some very hot weather, to be positively grateful for these insectivorous tastes on the part of our feathered fellow-citizens. We were sitting on the verandah, much tried by a plague of flies; it was clear that "the blood of an Englishman" attracted whole swarms of midges and other unwelcome visitors. As soon as the house-martins became aware of this fact, they drew nearer and nearer us in their long curves of flight, swooping down upon the insects attracted



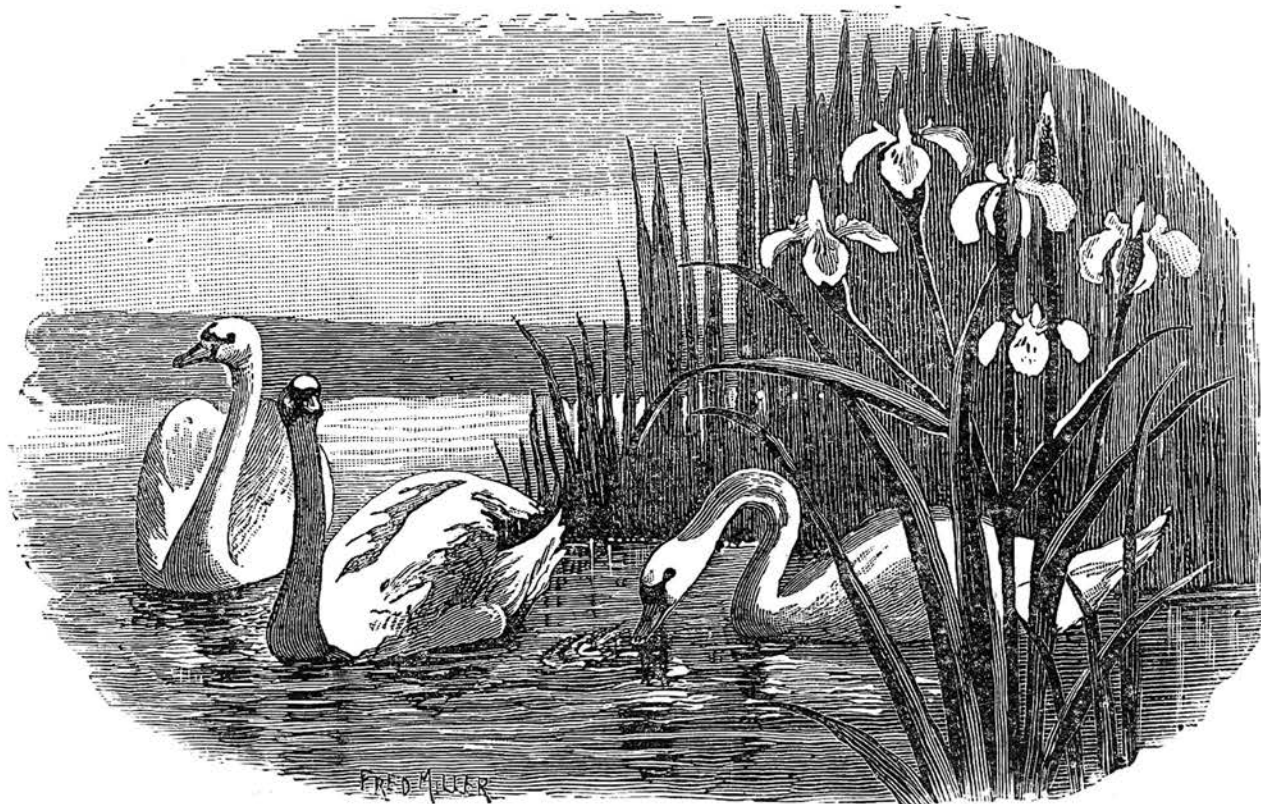
this arrangement has been so honourably carried out on both sides by the high contracting parties that the martins allow us to stand close under them on the garden terrace, and watch while they bring flies in their mouths to their callow young, which poke out their gaping mouths at the nest door to receive them. They know us individually, and return with punctuality and dispatch to their accustomed home each summer. But when strangers stand by, I notice that though the parent birds dart back to the nest with a mouthful of flies, they do not dare to enter it or to feed their young; they turn hurriedly on the wing, three inches from the door, with a disappointed twitter, a sharp cheep of disgust, and won't return to their crying chicks, which strain their wide mouths and crane their necks to be fed, till the foreign element has been eliminated from the party.

by our presence before they had time to arrive at the verandah. We sat quite still, taking no notice of the friendly birds' manoeuvres; till after awhile they mustered up courage to come close to our faces, flying so low and approaching us so boldly that we might almost have put out our hands and caught them. I am aware, of course, that the martins merely regarded us from the selfish point of view, as fine bait for midges; while we in return were glad to accept their services as vicarious flycatchers. But on what

else are most human societies founded save such mutual advantage? And do we not often feel real friendship for those who serve us for hire well and faithfully? In the midst of so much general distrust of man, I accept with gratitude the confidence of the house-martins.

All members of the British swallow-kind are amply represented in and about our three acres. The common swallows breed under the thatched eaves of the ruined shed in the Frying Pan, and hawk all day over the shallow trout stream that bickers down its middle. You can tell them on the wing by their very forked tail; it is, I think, in part a distinguishing mark by which they recognise their own kind and discriminate it from the martins; for the outer-tail feathers are particularly long and noticeable in the male birds; whence I take them to be of the nature of attractive ornaments. At the beginning of the breeding season, too, the males assume a beautiful pinky blush on the lighter parts of the plumage, which may specially be observed as they turn flashing for a moment in bright April sunshine. The sand-martins, again, the engineers of their race, have excavated their long tunnelled nests in the crumbling yellow cliff that flanks the cutting on the high road opposite; I love to see them

fly in with unerring aim at the narrow mouth as they return all agog from their aerial hunting expeditions on cool summer evenings. They are the smallest and dingiest of our swallows; they have no sheeny blue-black plumage like their handsome cousins, but are pale brown above, and dirty white below. The house-martin, last of all, can be recognised at once upon the wing by his conspicuous belt of pure white plumage, almost dazzling in its brilliancy, which stretches in a band across the lower half of his back; as he pirouettes on the wing, this badge of his kind gleams for a moment against the sky and then fades as if by magic. His shorter tail scarcely shows forked at a distance, but when you watch him at close quarters, it is delightful to observe how he broadens or narrows it as he flies, to steady and steer himself. In order fully to appreciate this point, however, you must have the quick keen eye of the born observer. As for the pure black swifts, those canonical birds that haunt the village steeple, they are not swallows at all, but dark and long-winged northern representatives of the humming-birds and trogons. All these alike are summer migrants in England, for they can but come to us when insects on the wing are cheap and plentiful.



The Girl's Own Paper 1883

COUNTRY SCENES.-NOVEMBER.



In the stormy east-wind straining,  
The pale yellow woods are waning,  
The broad stream in its banks complaining,  
Heavily the low sky raining.      TENNYSON.

Illustrated London Almanack, 1848

## A Victorian Christmas Treasury



Recipes, Reminiscences, Games, Decorations, Celebrations, Parties,  
Folklore, Stories, Poetry... and Much More!  
Edited by Moira Allen

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