

Victorian Times

Vol. V, No. 1

January 2018



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The Rag-Pickers of Paris • An Englishwoman in Old Virginia • Moorland Idylls
"Detective Day" at Holloway Prison • The Etiquette of Introductions
Norwegian Embroidery • Aunt Mehitabel's Letters from Washington*

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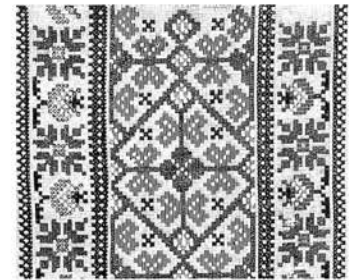
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A publication of VictorianVoices.net
Moira Allen, Editor - editors@victorianvoices.net
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The Girl's Own Paper* *Cassell's Family Magazine*

How Time Flies... and Why...

Every year, it seems, goes by faster than the last. Part of this is simply a function of getting older; Christmas, when you are four, seems a very long time away when a year represents 25 percent of your total lifespan to date. Whereas, when you are [mumble mumble] years old, one hardly seems to have put away one's decorations before it's time to get them out again.

I suspect, however, that age is not the only reason that time seems to fly by at an ever-increasing rate. As the years pass, the pace of living becomes ever faster as well. We can do things today at many times the speed in which they could have been done decades ago. Our society continues to press forward in its endless quest for "more leisure time"—but faster machines simply mean that most of us end up having to do more tasks in the same amount of time.

And for this, we have, at least in part, the Victorian age to thank. It was perhaps the first era of human history in which the speed at which things could be done outstripped the basic speed of the human being. The Industrial Revolution brought about the age of mechanization—and the notion that machines doing things faster than people was a *good* thing.

It's easy to look back on the Victorian era and recognize the abuses that arose from this need for speed. Humans (including very young humans) were sucked by the thousands into factories, where their task was to keep up with the machines. Very few working-class Victorians had any reason to feel that the machines had been created to help *them*, or make their lives better. Rather, most came to feel that their role was to serve and support the machinery. Often, this came at a devastating cost to health and well-being.

Over time, of course, laws came into place—slowly and often, it would seem, begrudgingly—to win back some basic amenities for humanity. Laws began to govern the age at which children could be required (or allowed) to work. Laws eventually shortened the workday, not only for children but for adults as well. But the race to do more, faster—to achieve ever greater goals of production in ever smaller increments of time—had begun. And it persists to this day.

Now, I admit, I love having a fast computer. I grumble over the fact that it takes three or four minutes to fully boot up. When it takes more than a few seconds to navigate from one web page to another, I wonder what's wrong. But I also wonder whether we've truly benefited from the "need for speed" that has its roots in the Victorian era, or if, like those Victorians who ended up mangled by the machinery they served, we aren't sowing the seeds of our own destruction.

Take, for instance, the issue of "servants." It's fashionable today to consider the Victorian reliance on servants to be decadent, condescending, and of course, classist. It's not fashionable to think of the world as divided into those who serve and those who are served. Servants, however, didn't vanish from society because we all somehow became politically correct around the turn of the last century. They vanished because "labor-saving devices" rendered them increasingly obsolete. When you had to wash your clothes by hand, feed the fire with wood or coal, buy your food daily at the market because there was no such thing as a refrigerator, and bring water upstairs to your bath by the bucket, having a servant about the house was a handy "labor-saving device." When technology replaced the servant, thousands of laborers became, instead, servants to technology.

One of the interesting things about the Victorian servant is how much he or she knew how to do. Today, a great many people know how to... push buttons. Somehow, magically, when a button is pushed, one's meal is cooked, one's clothes are cleaned, one's bath is filled. But many of us no longer know just how to cook that meal, clean those clothes, or fill that bath. We can do things in an instant that once took hours—but we're not spending those hours in, say, leisurely creativity—writing poetry, painting landscapes, composing symphonies, creating works of art and entertainment and inspiration. We're spending them pushing still more buttons.

Amazingly, Victorians found time amidst the busy hours to be creative. A well bred Victorian woman was quite likely to be able to cook a dinner for twenty on a wood stove, from scratch—and paint a landscape. It's odd that, the less cooking and washing and cleaning we need to do, the less creative we seem to become. Perhaps one way to ensure that the years don't fly by and leave us wondering where they went is to work *slower* rather than faster—to do *less* rather than more. Then perhaps we can figure out the art of doing more of the things that matter—and leaving the button-pushing to others!

—Moirra Allen, Editor
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Cats.

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

IO a splendid volume published recently in Paris, entitled "Dogs and Cats," with many fine illustrations by Eugene Lambert, Alexander Dumas (the younger) contributed a delightful introduction. In that he casually remarks as follows:—

"Yes, I love cats. How many times has it been said to me, 'What! You love cats?'"

"Yes!"

"You do not love dogs better?"

"No! I love cats better!"

"It is extraordinary!"

That sets forth with dramatic simplicity the wonder with which most people hear expressed a fondness for cats. It is not that most people dislike cats; that can scarcely be, for it is estimated that the household cat outnumbers the household dog in London alone in something like the proportion of four to one; but that they are indifferent to them, or can't be bothered with them: and the reason of that, no doubt, is very much because the cat does not lay itself out to win attention and affection as the dog does. The nature of the dog is open and simple; he is demonstrative, obsequious, and fawning, while the nature of the cat is secret and complex: he (or she) is quiet, independent, and reserved. It is easy to gain the affection of a dog, and difficult to lose it; he will even lick the hand that beats him, and grovel to the human brute that spitefully uses him. On the other hand, it is difficult to win the affection of a cat, and easy to lose it; the cat avoids the hand that beats it, and becomes shy, solitary, and terrified under ill-usage. It is not necessary to depreciate the dog and his admirable qualities in order to show that it is unfair to object to the cat because he is not as the dog. "The dog is frank, friendly, and faithful," say the exclusive lovers of the dog. Very well; we admit it. "The cat is sly, wild, thievish, and treacherous," continue the dog-lovers. That we deny; and one purpose of this paper is to show that those who will take the trouble to care for the cat and to understand it, will find it to be none of the things it is accused of being,

and will, moreover, discover that there is a charm about it which is all its own.

And, first of all, it is necessary to point out that there are cats and cats. The common, ownerless cats of the farm and the country, of the back-garden and the tiles of town, the persecuted poacher, and the perturber of our midnight hours, no better represents the well-bred puss or *basht* of the hearthrug than the pariah cur of Eastern cities represents the domestic dog. There are breeds of cats as there are of dogs. Many of these breeds are as beautiful and valuable in their way as the finest breeds of dogs. But those who take to cat-fancying must remember that—as in any animal-fancying—beauty and intelligence can only become markedly developed by taking pains. If you expect a cat to be a fine animal, you must treat it with care and kindness; it must be fed regularly and sufficiently, and it must not be shut out of nights. There is a popular opinion, which is hard to kill, that the common domestic cat, at least, is an inveterate night-prowler—that he prefers being out of nights. It used to be said, similarly, that the negro liked being a slave. If the average cat has



for generations been turned out of doors at bedtime—if it has been admitted within doors at all—his wakefulness at night must necessarily have become an inherited habit. But let him be kindly treated, and regularly and properly fed, and he will soon abandon his nocturnal wandering. He may desire to take a constitutional after supper, but he will return to go to bed respectably if he be not persistently excluded. Cats, however, have individuality, and even in this small matter there are some curious and perverse exceptions. I have a fine tabby who has a sentimental passion for being out of doors on a moonlight night. He has no disposition for concerts or flirta-



"GAZES UPON THE MOON."

tions; he merely sits solitary upon a low parapet, in the shadow of an evergreen, and gazes from the depth of his large, liquid eyes upon the moon. And the Rev. Harry Jones (in his "Holiday Papers") tells of a cat of his whom he named "Sir Samuel Baker," because of his incorrigible fondness for miscellaneous travel and adventure by night as well as by day. "Sir Samuel" one day—his master then had a living in the East-end of London—returned from the war-path in a grievous plight, with two holes in his pate. He had, it appeared, been stoned by rough boys and left for dead. His reverend master received him kindly, and, to revive his sinking life, gave him a "stiff glass" of brandy and water, and plugged

up the holes and bandaged the wounds, till his head looked as big as a cocoanut. Scarcely was this assuagement of his woes accomplished when "Sir Samuel" set off "on the loose" again, and remained from home for ten days. At the end of that time, to the astonishment and admiration of all, he returned with his bandages complete, and his wounds healed!

Until recent years the cat in this country was valued generally—when he was cared for at all—merely as a creature supplied by Providence for the destruction of rats and mice, and even of cockroaches. But in the ancient world, and notably in Egypt (whence, it is said, the domestic cat originally came), the cat was much regarded for its beauty, and its serene and sphinx-like quiet. It entered into various religious and mythological symbols in both Egypt and Rome. This lofty and worshipful regard of the cat in the ancient world sank gradually to the merely utilitarian view which was mostly in vogue in the modern world, until the wider diffusion of kindness towards all animals, and the more intelligent appreciation of their natures, raised the cat again, not in superstitious esteem, but in fond consideration as a household pet. There would seem to be a common notion that the more a cat is petted and cared for, the less useful it becomes as a hunter of mice and such "small deer." No notion could have less foundation in fact. Indeed, the truth rather is that the better fed a cat is, the better is he (or she) as a mouser. Careful observation goes to show that the cat's native inclination is to hunt the mouse or the rat, not for food, but for "sport," and a cat that is well cared for is more likely to be successful as a sportsman



"SIR SAMUEL."

than a hustled and hungry grimalkin, first, because it is more alert, and second, because it is cleaner ; a hungry and unhappy cat does not keep his coat clean, and the keen-nosed mouse can, therefore, easily sniff out his whereabouts. Now and again, however, one hears of a well-fed cat that is fond of eating mice, but he is usually an old fellow—(like the “ Mincing-lane cat ” of the Rev. J. G. Wood, the naturalist)—who in the course of a long career has acquired a taste for game. Mr. Wood's story is curious, as illustrating, not only the cat's taste, but also the cat's sense—a sense in this instance closely akin to reason. A cunning old black Tom, who had for years been maintained in a set of wine cellars, took into partnership a spry young fellow. There would seem to have been a solemn league and covenant entered into between them. Tom Senior had suffered much in his inexperienced youth from collision with feet and wine cases. in the devious passages of the cellar, and he taught Tom Junior the dodges of his maturity by which he avoided them. Moreover, Tom Senior, who had an epicurean taste for mice, and who had through the inactivity of age and the badness of his teeth for some time

Senior sat aloof and looked on while Junior consumed both shares of cat's-meat.

It should be remembered also that not all cats have the instinct for mousing. A cat has been seen to stare in surprise when a mouse has boldly shot from its hole and whisked across her path ; many a cat when deprived of her kittens has been known to act as foster-mother to young mice or rats ; and not even the pangs of hunger will make a mouser of a cat that has not



“ A FOSTER-MOTHER.”

inherited the instinct of that form of sport—an instinct that seems to run in families—(like a taste for fox-hunting in human beings) rather than in particular breeds of cats.

The true lover of cats, however, does not keep them or care for them because of their utility, but because

of their beauty or rarity, their companionship or their intelligence. From their earliest days of infancy cats of all varieties are deeply interesting. The young of all animals are engaging, but kittens, when they first start off open-eyed and free-limbed, are especially amusing and delightful. The kitten, by contrast with other infants,



“ TOM SENIOR AND TOM JUNIOR.”

seldom caught a mouse, clearly made a bargain with Tom Junior :—“ If you, who are young and active, will catch mice for me, you shall have all the cat's-meat to yourself.” At any rate, it was regularly observed that Junior steadily brought the mice he caught to Senior, who ate them, and that

is so graceful, so daring, so spontaneous, and withal so neat in its movement, that it has quite justly been taken as the perfect type and exemplar of gay, irresponsible, and bewitching childhood. To see a wide-eyed little downy creature dance up sideways on all fours at its fellow-kittens, at a

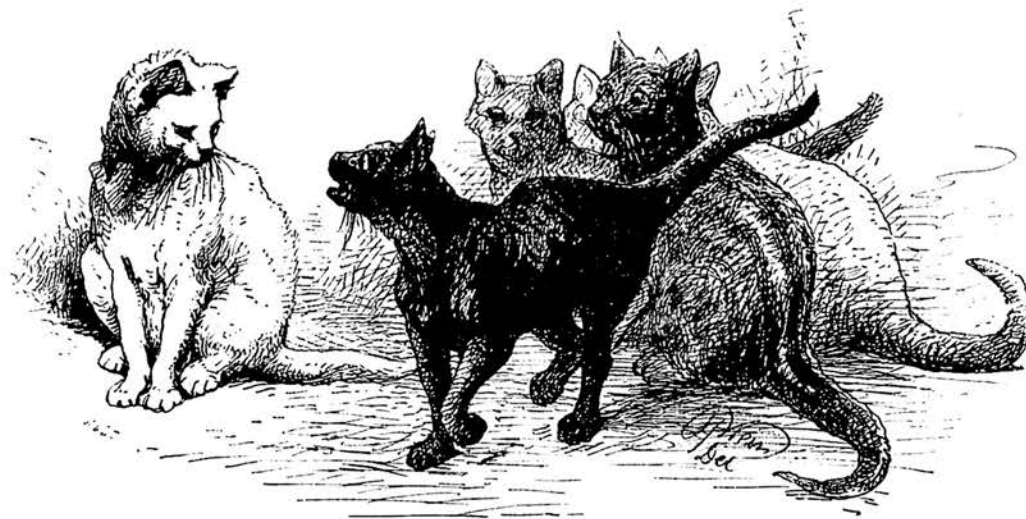


big dog, or even at a solemn human being with the cares of a lifetime on his brow, and invite it (or him) to "come on" and play, is surely one of the most charming visions of careless life and health. The kitten, moreover, needs neither creature nor cork to amuse itself with; its passion for play is so great that it can be amused with absolutely nothing at all. A very observant and sensible school-boy once described (in an essay) this kittenish peculiarity thus:—"A kitten is an animal that is remarkable for rushing like mad at nothing whatever, and generally stopping before it gets there." Some people may think it is foolish and undignified to take pleasure in, and to laugh for a while at, the gambols of a mere kitten, but those who laugh and are unashamed have one or two great names to sustain them in countenance. Cardinal Richelieu, it is said, always kept a number of kittens in his cabinet, and in the intervals of rest from his work he would divert himself by watching their pranks. Another Cardinal and statesman, our own Cardinal Wolsey, was similarly fond of kittens. The poet Southey has somewhere said that no household is complete without a baby rising six months, and a kitten rising six weeks. And it is well known that the graceful and fascinating actress who is as much identified with the Lyceum Theatre as Mr. Henry Irving, is surrounded in her home by a whole tribe of cats and kittens, in whose society she takes much delight.

In entire contrast with the incessant and irresponsible frolicsomeness of the kitten is the staid demeanour and severe intelligence of the full-grown cat. No companionship can be more agreeable or less distracting to a sedentary worker—a writer, a tailor, or a shoemaker—than a handsome, healthy cat. My first cat was one of the most beautiful

of her kind: she was of the variety which the people of Norfolk and of Lancashire used to call "Calimanco." I called her (after one of Balzac's heroines) *La Fille aux yeux d'or*, "the girl with the golden eyes." She would wake me at the proper time in

the morning by rattling at the handle of the door and mewing. She knew the hour of every meal, and would summon me from my study to come and eat. And while I was at work she would sit on the end of my writing-table and watch me, or gaze into the street and consider passing horses, dogs, and butchers' boys. She was especially fond of sitting on a newspaper, or on a new open book—for all the world as if she were a remorseless reviewer—which gave her the appearance of possessing something like literary tastes. Occasionally she would object to my assiduity in composition: she would walk across the table (taking care not to tread on manuscript), gently nibble the stalk of my pen, and rub her cheek against mine. Her favourite seat when she could get it was my leg, on which she would crouch full length with her chin on my knee. If I insisted on removing her from that perch she would sit in offended dignity on the floor, deaf to all the blandishments and endearing terms I might lavish upon her; and if I sought to stroke and caress her under these circumstances she would walk away. She was a born coquette. Though small, she was very beautiful both in shape and in colour, and I think she knew it. At any rate, the males of the neighbourhood knew it, and they would beseech her in the humblest manner to bestow on them a gracious look or mew. I have seen her hold a levee in the garden of ten or a dozen love-lorn swains. She would pass daintily and coquettishly before them, or listlessly sit facing them, looking round as if merely to admire the view. Then, as if weary of it, she would stretch herself and step slowly away with a disdainful wave of her tail, while a plaintive and appealing *waw* was wrung from the tortured heart of one or another of the scorned lovers. If one, under those circumstances, daring all, ventured to



“A LEVEE.”

approach her, she would sit up like a squirrel, and with both fore-paws box his ears, while he sat rebuked and ashamed. As she grew older, and had children, she lost something of her beauty, but she ever had a gentle, tender, and courageous heart. She was fond of basking with her kittens on a certain sunny balcony. One day I saw her thus lie, nursing her favourite son, when a poor, draggled, wayfaring puss appeared, and looked on with sympathy and approval. The look plainly said, “What a lovely child you have, madam! Oh, if I might only embrace it!” The proud mother, with a kindly “w-r-r!” encouraged the strange female to approach; and she crept near to lick the kitten. She had, however, no sooner touched him with her tongue, than he sat up and spat at her. The strange cat drew back, humbled with the repulse; but “La Fille” turned and boxed her offspring’s ears for his incivility. That same son was white, with large blue eyes; he grew to be a gigantic fellow, and was named “Don Pierrot.” Moreover, he had a loud, ringing voice, which was all the louder that, being deaf—like almost all white cats—he never knew the pitch he used. In spite of his size, and his great voice, he had the heart of a mouse—(he was a gelding)—and fled from the meanest thing that ran upon legs. I have seen him, when dozing in the sun with one eye half-open, start up in horror at the approach of the insect (somewhat like a black-beetle) which children call “coach and horses.” The insect paused upon “Don Pierrot’s” movement, when the white Don curiously ventured to touch him with a paw. Upon that the insect reared its tail, according to its

habit, and rushed towards him as with headstrong ferocity; “Don Pierrot” withdrew a step in amazement at the little black demon’s audacity, and as it continued to advance, he lifted away one foot after the other, till, coming to the conclusion that the little black demon was determined to kill him, possess him, and eat him up, he fled wildly from the spot, and hid himself for the day. He was much persecuted by the tom-cats of the neighbourhood, and by vagrant dogs—all the more painfully persecuted that, because of his deafness, he seldom knew of their approach till they were upon him. But when they were upon him, he raised such a great and bitter cry—which resembled nothing so much as “Mother!”—that his assailant held back, and before there was time for a repetition of the attack, the little “mother” was out, with a tail as big as a fox’s, clouting and scratching tom-cat or dog.

I could tell more of “La Fille” and of other cats I have intimately known, but it will be doubtless more agreeable if I tell of notable cats whom others have known, and loved, and praised. Of such none is more remarkable than “Pret,” the cat of a lady with whom the Rev. J. G. Wood had a correspondence. “Pret” was of a fine breed. She had been brought when a kitten from France. She had a long tail and a soft chinchilla fur. “Pret’s” mistress fell ill of a nervous fever, and “Pret,” though little more than a kitten, found her way to the sick-room and refused to leave it. She established herself as head nurse. If the human attendant slackened in her watch “Pret” did not; day or night she knew, to within five minutes, the pro-

per times for physic or nutriment, and if the nurse still slept "Pret" would mew, and, failing to wake her in that way, would give her a gentle bite on the nose. A



"LIFTING THE LATCH."

notable point is that there was no striking clock in the house, so that "Pret" could not have been aided so in her remarkable reckoning of time.

"Pret," like many another cat, preferred birds to mice in the way of sport, and of all birds she especially hunted sparrows, being apparently irritated by their incessant chirp. What is well-nigh incredible, however, even to those who have the greatest belief in the intelligence of cats, "Pret" (so says "Pret's" mistress) used to sit under a bush and decoy the sparrows within striking distance by imitating their chirp! The more reasonable explanation is that "Pret" had that eager manner much pronounced which almost all cats have in lying in wait for birds; they twitter or chatter their teeth and emit a little sound which, emphasised, might easily be taken for the chirp of a bird.

There are countless stories of the intelligence and artfulness of the cat, but it is possible here to

recount only one or two of the most remarkable. It must be a very oppressed and stupid cat that cannot lift a latch, where latches can be lifted. But he is a clever cat who, failing the latch, has wit enough to pull the bell. One of the best stories of a cat and a bell is that told concerning a Carthusian monastery in Paris. The monks possessed and petted a fine cat of the Angora breed. This astute animal discovered that, when a certain bell rang, the cook left the kitchen to answer it, leaving the monks' dinners, portioned out in plates, on the kitchen table. Therefore, he devised a plan (it is impossible to avoid saying "devised") by which he could often secure a portion without the cook's knowledge. He rang the bell, the handle of which hung outside the kitchen window, and then, when the cook had disappeared in answer to the summons, he leaped through the window and out again with his stolen food.

It was some time before pussy's trick was discovered, while several innocent persons were suspected of the repeated thefts; and when it was discovered, the monks, instead of punishing him, let him continue his nefarious career and charged visitors a small fee to see the trick performed—a condoning of crime which cannot have improved that cat's morals. Some writers assert that cats of thievish propensity can readily be told by the length of their nose and their fashion of seizing greedily what food is offered them, but there is little to bear that theory out. The most delicate, gently nurtured cats will sometimes steal—cats that would



"A FONDNESS FOR EGGS."

take a morsel from the fingers with the finest politeness. Such a cat I have known, whose one weakness was a fondness for eggs. To get an egg she would adopt various ruses, a common one being to push aside with her paw the lid of the dish in which eggs are kept, lift an egg out with both paws, as a squirrel takes a nut, and drop it on the floor, whence she would lick it at her leisure. The sole prevention against a general inclination to thieve is to give the cat sufficient food.

But of all cat stories I know, the best is one told by Théophile Gautier, who has written concerning cats with an understanding and a feeling unsurpassed. He kept many cats, a chief favourite among which was "Madame Théophile," a "red" cat, with a white breast, a pink nose, and blue eyes. "She slept," says he, "at the foot of my bed; she sat on the arm of my chair while I wrote; she came down into the garden and gravely walked about with me; she was present at all my meals, and frequently intercepted a choice morsel on its way from my plate to my mouth. One day, a friend who was going away for a short time, brought me his parrot to be taken care of during his absence. The bird, finding itself in a strange place,

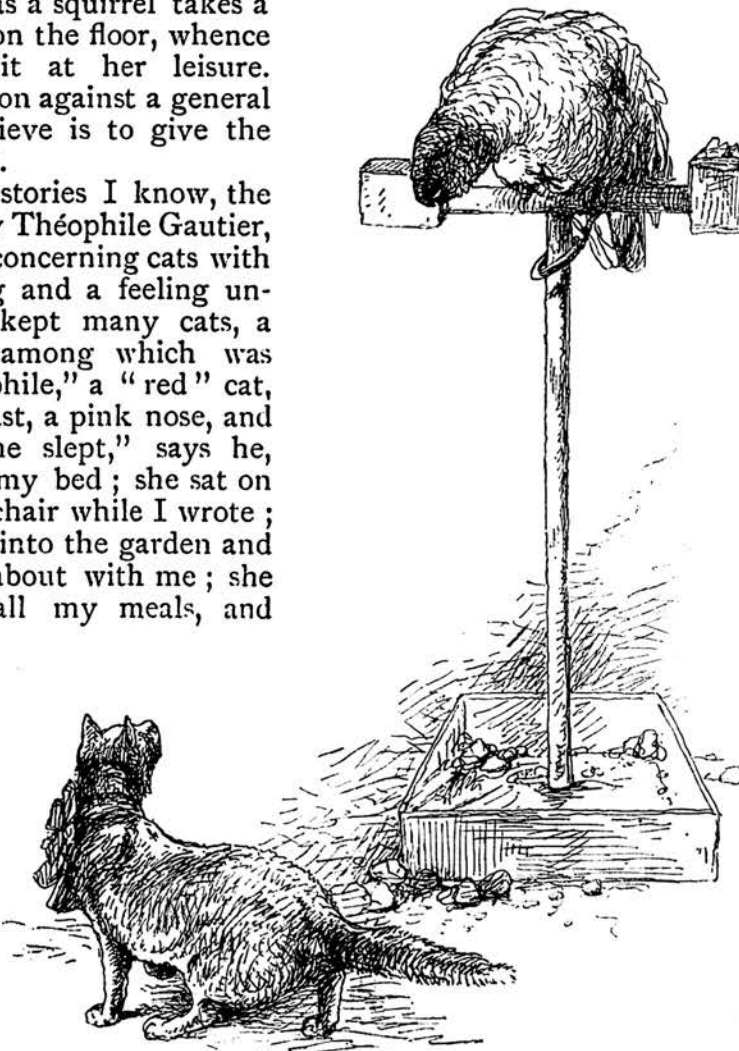
climbed up to the top of its perch by the aid of its beak, and rolled its eyes (as yellow as the nails in my arm-chair) in a rather frightened manner, moving also the white membranes that formed its eyelids. 'Madame Théophile' had never seen a parrot before, and she regarded the creature with manifest surprise. While remaining as motionless as a cat-mummy from Egypt in its swathing-bands, she fixed her eyes upon the bird with a look of profound meditation, summoning up all the notions of natural history that she had picked up in the yard, in the garden, and on the roof. The shadow of her thoughts passed over her changing eyes, and one could plainly

read in them the conclusion to which her scrutiny led:—'Certainly this is a green chicken.' This result attained, the next proceeding of 'Madame Théophile' was to jump off the table from which she had made her observations, and lay herself flat

on the floor in a corner of the room, exactly in the attitude of a panther watching the gazelles as they come down to drink at a lake. The parrot followed the movements of the cat with feverish anxiety; it ruffled its feathers, rattled its chain, lifted one of its feet and shook the claws, and rubbed its beak against the edge of its trough. Instinct told it that the cat was an enemy, and meant mischief. The cat's eyes were now fixed upon the bird with fascinating intensity, and they said in perfectly intelligible language, which the poor parrot distinctly understood:—'This

chicken should be good to eat, although it is green.' We watched the scene with great interest, ready to interfere at need. 'Madame Théophile' was creeping nearer and nearer, almost imperceptibly; her pink nose quivered, her eyes were half closed, her contractile claws moved in and out of their velvet sheaths, slight thrills of pleasure ran along her back-bone at the idea of the meal she was about to make. Such novel and exotic food excited her appetite. In an instant her back took the shape of a bent bow, and with a vigorous and elastic bound she sprang upon the perch.

"The parrot, seeing its danger, said in a



"THIS IS A GREEN CHICKEN."

bass voice, as grave and deep as M. Prudhomme's own :— 'Have you breakfasted, Jacko?'

"This utterance so terrified the cat that she sprang backwards. The blare of a trumpet, the crash and smash of a pile of plates flung to the ground, a pistol-shot fired off at her ear, could not have frightened her more thoroughly. All her ornithological ideas were overthrown.

"And on what?' continued the parrot. 'On sirloin?'

"Then might we, the spectators, read in the face of Madame Théophile :— 'This is not a bird ; it is a gentleman : it talks!'

"The cat cast a glance at me which was full of questioning, but, as my response was not satisfactory, she promptly hid herself under the bed, and from that refuge she could not be induced to stir during the whole of the day."

There is no doubt that the cat is, in our day, more petted, and praised, and bred, and *showed* than ever it was before. To describe all the classified breeds and varieties, with

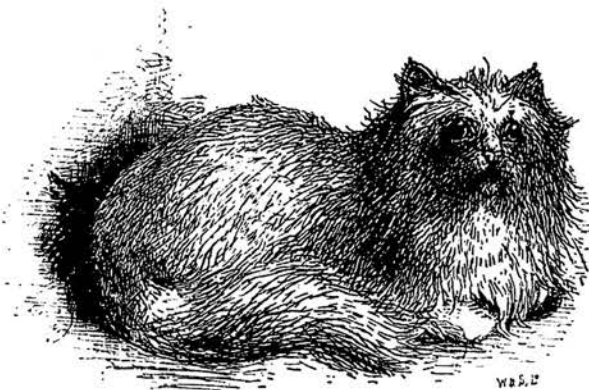


"HAVE YOU BREAKFASTED, JACKO?'

long-haired cats there are the Angora, the Persian, the Russian, and what not ; and of short-haired, more than I can here enumerate. Some people prefer a cat the rarer or the more curious it is, —abnormal and exotic varieties, like the Manx cat and the Japanese cat, which are tailless ; the Chinese cat, which has lop ears ; and the Royal Cat of Siam, which is a singular - looking creature, usually chocolate and white, or dun and white in colour, and very short of fur, especially on the legs

and tail. But the true lover of cats must say of cats as the soldier said of ale, "All kinds are good, though most kinds are better than others."

Enough has been said, I think, to show that the cat is worth attention and cultivation, not only because of its beauty and intelligence, but also for its pecuniary value. The cat has long been misunderstood and misrepresented. It has been accused of untameable ferocity, because when driven to the extreme of nervous dread, it has bitten and scratched ; it has been accused of cunningly murdering babies in their cradles, because it has innocently tucked itself away with the baby in its fondness for warmth ; and it has been accused of lack of attachment, though quite as credible stories are told of the cat's faithfulness and fondness as of the dog's : cats as well as dogs have been known to pine and sicken and die after the loss of a beloved friend or master. It is no less agreeable to be able to write that human beings have also shown themselves ready to die to save their cats. Champfleury tells a story of a sailor-boy who would not leave a sinking ship without his cats. The ship was run into by another, and so much damage was done that the crew had to leave her in all haste. They were safe on board a passing vessel before the captain, looking round among his com-



ANGORA CAT.

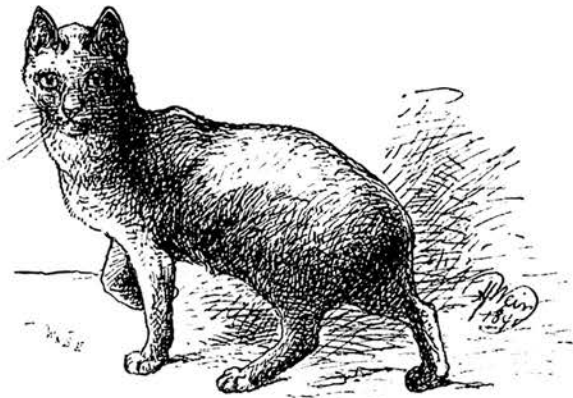
their special points and markings, is impossible here ; those who desire to know these things in careful and exact detail should consult Harrison Weir's book on cats. Of

pany, exclaimed, "Where is Michel, the apprentice?" Michel was not to be found, and no one remembered his leaving the doomed ship. Michel had, indeed, been left behind. He had run to fetch from below the two ship's cats, which he was in the habit of feeding, and on returning on deck he had found his comrades gone. At first he wept, but soon he dried his eyes, lighted a lantern and hung it up, and then ran to the pump. All the night long, pumping and ringing the ship's bell, he fought against destruction.

Day came, and wore on. One, two ships he sighted, but he could not attract their attention. He shared his food with the cats, and pumped to keep himself and them afloat. Thus three days passed, and Michel was at the last extremity of fatigue and despair, when a brig sighted him, and bore down to his relief. Even when a boat came, however, to take him off, he refused to leave the wreck without the cats for which he had endured so much. And soon he was landed in his native port, carrying his two cats in his arms in triumph, amid the cheers of a crowd who had heard the story. Cats, moreover, protect property frequently as well as dogs. There are authentic stories told of cats flying at burglars, and aiding in the detection of murderers; and I myself had a cat that used to run to the door upon the appearance of a beggar, a tramp, or other disreputable-seeming person, muttering and growling like a dog. But of all the false accusations brought against the cat none is more flagrantly false than that its only attachment is to a place or to the bare walls of its home. So little is that true, that many stories might be told of the weary and wonderful pilgrimages cats have gone to find their owners. A family in Scotland, for instance, removed across a frith, or long arm of the sea. The cat was somehow forgotten, but in a few days she appeared at the new house, foot-sore and thin. How had she found her way there? The family had crossed in a boat, and the way by land was sixty miles round, over rocks and mountains! Many have shown by abundant instances that the cat is at-

tached to persons, but I think it has never before been pointed out that even those cats who are taken little notice of by their owners, and who therefore show little affection for them, are attached not really to the mere house in which they have been used to dwell, but to the familiar furniture of the house. Cats have a strong and cossetting sense of smell, and it is well known in every house that they have their favourite chairs or sofa corners; not only so, but, if they have had the run of the

house, they can tell over by scent every article of furniture which the house contains. A furniture-remover has told me that with some household goods which he has kept in warehouse for some years he brought away a white Persian. She has never forsaken her familiar furniture; she has always slept among it; and has brought up several families about it. I have proved that to my own satisfaction oftener than once in removing from one house to another, and I believe all furniture-removers are convinced of its truth. When a removal is arranged for, let pussy



MANX CAT.



"COMPLETE CONTENTMENT."

be secured in a box or basket early, because being such a nervous creature she may flee and hide out of reach, in terror of

the bustle and clatter of the workmen. When the packing is over, either let her loose among the furniture in the van or put her into the van in her box or basket. But do not let her loose in the new house until some familiar article of furniture has been carried in. A chair which she has been in the habit of sitting on will be sufficient. She will probably at first run in terror round the strange room, sniffing at every corner ; then she will go to the chair, with a delicate sniff recognise it, and finally leap upon it and begin to lick herself in complete contentment.

Long ages of neglect, ill-treatment, and absolute cruelty have passed, and "the harmless, necessary cat" is rapidly gaining in favour. There are still many strong prejudices, however, against admitting the cat to such familiar acquaintance and friendship as the dog enjoys. It comes pretty much to this, that you either love the cat or you do not love it. If you love it, the probability is that you incomparably prefer it to the dog.

The cat, you have found, is less fussy, less boisterous than the dog ; it does not trot in and out of doors with muddy feet ; it does not leap upon you and deafen you with its barking to show its affection ; and it does not insist upon startling strangers or upsetting babies and handmaidens by thrusting a cold, wet nose of welcome into the hand, like John Peerybingle's dog in "The Cricket on the Hearth." Compared with the dog, the cat is one of Nature's own aristocrats ; and it is possible that the true implication of the proverb, "A cat may look at a king," is that the cat is of the king's serene and lofty quality. The noblest dog will sometimes put off his dignity, and play the common, vulgar fool ; the cat never. And while the dog is yowling himself hoarse about nothing in particular, the cat sits impassive as Old Age or Fate, and lets the world slide ; a reminder of god-like indifference to a generation anxiously "going to and fro on the earth," restless as Satan.



THE CHIFFONNIERS OF PARIS AT HOME.

BY A PARIS CORRESPONDENT.



HERE are in Paris upwards of 30,000 rag-pickers, who form a community apart, congregating together in "cités," that are hidden away in remote suburbs, rarely explored either by the dwellers in, or visitors to, the capital of pleasure. Through these cités, which are unfamiliar ground to most persons, I propose conducting my readers; but, before doing so, it will be well perhaps to commence with a few statistics.

Thirty thousand men and women trudge nightly through the city streets, seeking in the rubbish and refuse, in the sweepings of the boudoir and the kitchen, the saloon and the scullery, the hospital and the restaurant, daily bread for themselves and their families. This heterogeneous mass, which the fraternity of the hod and crook collect, finds its way eventually to the sorting-rooms (of which there are 200 in Paris), where the street-sweepings are sifted and sorted previous to reappearing in the world under new forms. About 1,000 men and 10,000 women earn their living in these *ateliers*, so we have a total of over 40,000 persons employed one way or another in the chiffonnier trade. The rag-pickers are divided into three categories: there are some—the *bourgeoisie*, so to say—who work on their own account, get the highest market price for their wares, and contrive, one day with another, to earn from forty to fifty sous per diem. These are looked up to by their colleagues as independent gentlemen and ladies, at the mercy of no hard taskmaster. A second class, lower down on the social ladder, are those who dispose of their findings at so much per pound, the good with the bad; these find it a hard matter to make the proverbial ends meet. And there is yet another category of chiffonniers, such as are paid a franc or less per day by the wholesale chiffon merchant, who is generally a thriving person, whilst his employés are the bare-footed outcasts of society.

The cités inhabited by the rag-pickers and their families are principally to be found in the suburbs of Clichy, Levallois, Malakoff, and the adjacent neighbourhoods. A weary tramp it is from these far-off quarters to the centre of Paris; at nightfall they start with the hod, the lantern, and the crook, walking over miles of unprofitable ground by all weathers, to earn a pittance hardly sufficient to keep body and soul together. Their cités are stretches of waste land upon which are erected wooden huts, affording a very imperfect protection from the inclemency of the weather. A gust of wind carries away the roofs of the wretched sheds, a pelting rain enters by every crack; the air is thick with foul smells, the atmosphere breathed is contaminated with the exhalations of half-rotten vegetables, offal, filthy rags, bones—all, in fact, which in England is thrown into the dust-

bin, and in France is nightly emptied into the streets.

The first cité that I explored was tenanted by the aristocracy of the rag-picking brotherhood who work on their own account. Even here, however, a strong dose of moral courage was necessary, for albeit that the Cité Cloys is the Faubourg St. Germain of the quarter, it is stamped with poverty, degradation, and insalubrity. It was close upon noon when I passed this cité in review; the night-labourers had returned, their hods had been emptied into the centre of the room, which served as bed-room, living-room, and warehouse. The majority of the men, worn out by their long tramp through the streets, had thrown themselves on the mattress, sacking, or heap of paper which stood in lieu of bed. Dingy-faced, matted-haired women were cooking the midday meal of the family; young girls and boys with hard-looking, unyouthful faces, were seated around the rubbish spread on the floor, sorting it. This was accomplished with the rapidity of experienced fingers. The paper was thrown here, the rags there; broken glass and crockery ware on one side, broken victuals on another; defunct cats and birds in this corner, remnants of wearing apparel in the opposite one, until in an incredibly short space of time the mountain had become so many mole-hills, the odour arising from the same being such as to make it a problem for me how it was possible for men, women, and children to live and sleep in the midst of such unspeakably foul smells without being overtaken by disease. And these were the relatively fortunate ones amongst this squalid population!

At a stone's-throw in the same street one comes across an archway over which is written "Cité Maupit." The ground on which this cité is constructed belongs, it is stated, to two or three deputies, who let it out to M. Maupit for 1,400 francs a year. The investment, I was told, is not a bad one for the latter. The wooden sheds he has built, each consisting of one room, he lets out to his ragged lodgers at two francs and a half per week, the rent being punctually claimed in advance under penalty of immediate ejection. To give an idea of the fragility of these sheds where the chiffonniers and their families live penned up like cattle, the following incident, which happened a few winters ago, will suffice:—On an unusually gusty afternoon ten or twelve of these "houses" were fairly carried off by the wind, and thrown a heap of débris to a hundred mètres distance from the spot where they had stood. The teachings of experience were not lost on M. Maupit; on the roof of every shed there are now placed huge stones to counteract the effect of the elements. The huts are revoltingly filthy, the dwellers therein not less so, and distress of the direst form is the normal condition of the poor people, who, according to the rules

of the cité, are bound to sell their findings at a fixed price to their landlord. He lives among them, and contrives to enrich himself by his enterprise. His house, consisting of two rooms, might lay claim to a sort of distant relationship with a museum: it contains a collection of art in its last stage of decrepitude, decay, and dismemberment. On the walls there is a fragment of an oil painting representing a moonlit landscape, which, to judge by what remains, had in its better days some artistic merit. There is a portrait of a knight of olden times, with many rents in the canvas; on the mantelshelf there is a bust of a king of France, with a damaged head, and the nose wanting; beside it is a Venus with no head at all. Amongst this rubbish is a quantity of caricatures dated 1830, whilst a corner beyond reveals a company of stuffed birds, over which is ranged a display of ancient china ware more or less broken. The carpet on the floor resembled a patchwork quilt, but as nothing matched anything in the room, the carpet was not out of keeping with its surroundings. In front of the merchant's door are huge heaps of wares waiting to be despatched to their different destinations. At one end of the enclosure is a wine shop kept by the landlord's nephew. When I entered the cité two tattered begrimed men were seated at the roughly made wooden table placed outside the cabaret. A woman of whom I asked some information invited me to seat myself beside these two gentlemen, and to question them, and thus I could learn all I wanted to know. But my companions remained taciturn. One, indeed, could not do otherwise, since he was dumb; the other, an old soldier who had served in the African campaign, bewailed a little his hard daily lot, but seemed too muddled in the head to prove a useful informant. All I learnt, in short, in reply to my questions was, that he slept on the paper he gathered in the streets, and that he changed it every four nights to get rid of the vermin. No doubt these two lodgers of M. Maupit were posted at his nephew's wine-shop table to attract the notice of any visitors who might chance to pass through the cité. The wine to which they were treated was surely charged twice the price the wretched stuff was worth, and the few coppers I left on the table for the men, I feel pretty certain were confiscated by the cabaretier.

After a cursory glance into several other miserable alleys, pompously styled cités, I proceeded to that known by the name of the Cité Fourcault, which is situated in the Avenue de la Révolte, a low-class disreputable neighbourhood, through which a nervous man would hardly care to pass after nightfall. The proprietress of this cité is (or rather was, for she has died since my visit to her unsavoury estate) a well-known character, who obtained a certain notoriety under the pseudonym of the "Femme Culotte," a name given her because she habitually donned masculine attire. It was she who built the cité called after her; it was she who ruled like a potentate in her tattered squalid kingdom; it was she who maintained order amongst her turbulent subjects, interfering personally in the daily frays, souvenirs of which she bore about with her in the shape of numerous scars on

her grizzled head and wrinkled face. When she died a short time since, a paragraph was consecrated to her memory in the majority of the French newspapers. It is reported that she had amassed a large fortune, a statement I can well believe. Her estate was a productive one, and she used her unlimited power to trade upon the miserable population who filled her cité. She had about 400 tenants, each paying a weekly rent of two francs, which gives a total of over 40,000 francs a year. Perhaps, to purchase the ground and erect the hovels, she may have expended 25,000 or 30,000 francs; this would certainly be the maximum. It is easy, then, to understand that she died wealthy. Of course she was exposed to the risk of her lodgers becoming bankrupt, in which case the rent was not forthcoming; but as she generally exacted it in advance, and turned out those who failed to pay, without the smallest compunction, her pocket never ran great danger.

I will now sketch in a few words the aspect of the cité which is christened after the "Femme Culotte." It is difficult to describe the painful impression produced on one's mind on witnessing this corner of Paris, where misery, degradation, and vice, engendered by the most deplorable promiscuity of sexes, has set its stamp upon every surrounding, and every person. Frenchmen, after a brief visit to London, are fond of expatiating upon the poverty-dens to be met with there; they would do well to remember the proverb about dwellers in glass houses, and to look at home first. The Cité Fourcault is a long alley, on one side of which wooden huts are built, each having two rooms, let out to different families. On the ground floor there is a sort of cellar, it can hardly be called a room, to which air and light are admitted by an aperture which may at one time have been a window, but has in the majority of cases lost its unique pane of glass. An ordinary-sized man cannot enter the door without stooping. The floor is clay, and for all furniture there is but a revoltingly dirty mattress thrown in one corner, a crazy chair or two, and a hardly less invalid table. Dirt, foul smells, and vermin are the predominant characteristics of these pestilential cellars, which teem with living creatures who seem lost to all sense of decency or shame. How can it be otherwise, when grown men and women, youths and young girls, little children and infants, are huddled together in one room, parents sleeping side by side with big girls and boys, whose apprenticeship to vice begins almost with their birth? Scenes which the pen refuses to transcribe meet the gaze at every step in these hotbeds of immorality and disease. Persons stricken down with contagious maladies lie in these cellars swarming with human creatures, who appear as indifferent to the dangers of contagion as they are to the most elementary rules of cleanliness or decency. Through the doorway of one room on the ground-floor I saw a woman lying with her newly-born infant beside her, whilst her husband, dead drunk, was stretched on the heap of refuse he had just emptied from his hod. A girl of twelve, with a face of forty, was preparing some food for the sick mother and wailing infant, while half a

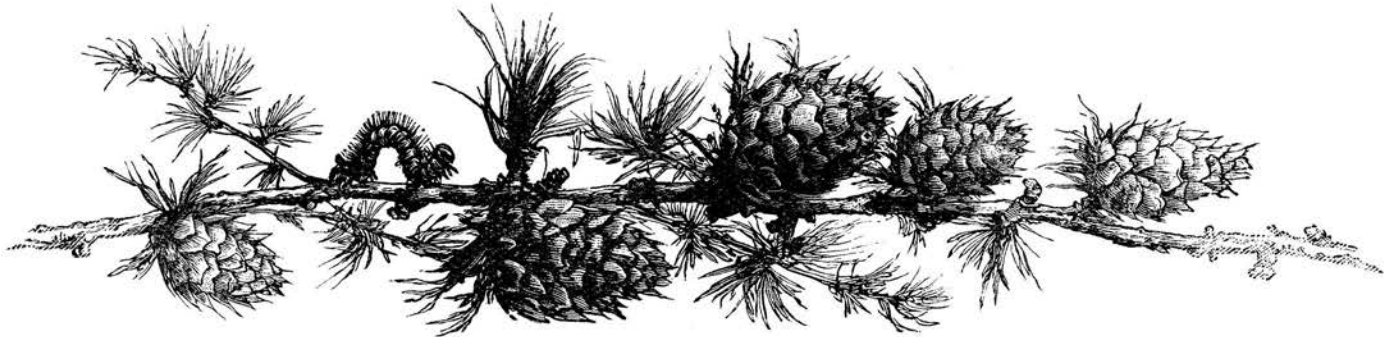
dozen smaller children wallowed half-naked in the dirt on the floor. The male population, I was told by the "Femme. Culotte," were good husbands and fathers as a rule. There was little wife-beating, rarely ill-treatment of children, and she pointed out to me here and there amongst her lodgers certain individuals who had lived upwards of twenty years in the cité, working like slaves to provide for their families, paying their rent regularly, and rarely frequenting the wine-shop. But the cité, of course, was not without its *mauvais sujets*, who were ready to rob, drink, fight, and caused the masculine-looking landlady much trouble at times.

After inspecting this haunt of misery and vice, I thought there could remain nothing more in the chiffonniers' cités to be seen. I was mistaken. Not far off, I was told, was the Petit Mazas, a cité so hidden from sight that, after its locality had been indicated to me, I went round about the cité during half an hour before lighting on it.

The agglomeration of unspeakably filthy hovels which go by the name of the "Petit Mazas," are concealed from public view by a decrepit, crazy wall, through an aperture in which one passes to obtain access to the cité. It is difficult to imagine that within a few miles of the luxuriant Boulevards such a place can exist, and it is incredible that the town authorities have not long ago swept it away. One would imagine the Petit Mazas was never visited either by a *sergent de ville* or a health officer. The hideously dirty cellars in which the rag-pickers live are a disgrace to a city which boasts of being the capital of civilisation. The sights and smells make one feel sick, morally and physically. From stagnant pools of dirty water the most nauseous emanations arise. The huts, made of mud, are reeking with foul humidity. The commonest necessities of life are not provided for in these squalid hovels. When I passed through the Petit Mazas, the July sun was

beating down upon the alley. The smells arising from the heaps of refuse, and the pools of slimy water, were insupportable, to me at all events, for the ragged creatures who seemed hardly to have either sex or age, that live here, were apparently impervious to offensive sights or smells. They were eating and drinking outside the doors of their hovels, a barrel turned on end or a rickety chair serving in lieu of a table. Some were sleeping stretched across the narrow strip of ground which separates the huts from the dung-heaps, their feet within the doorway, their heads almost touching the foul-smelling accumulation of filth. As far as I could judge from a cursory glance, the huts seemed almost devoid of furniture. In a few I caught a glimpse of a mattress, but the majority appeared to be provided with no sort of bedding. Yet on the walls of some of the huts I perceived a print almost effaced by dirt, or a cage with a canary in it, or a bunch of artificial flowers, found probably in the streets, and hung to a nail in the wall, to enliven the dismal poverty of these wretched habitations. There was one old man, now infirm and bent with age, who told me he had been born in the Petit Mazas. He had contrived to reach the age of eighty in this pestilential den of vice and destitution. There were young girls, who had been born and bred here, who had been reared in these hovels, and who, whilst yet almost children themselves, become the mothers of other children, miserable, sickly little beings, whom it made one's heart ache to contemplate.

I cannot pretend to decide whose task it should be to ameliorate the lot of the wretched population which fills the rag-pickers' cités. But that blame must be attached to some one is evident. In the present age of progress and civilisation, no community of French citizens should be allowed to drag out their existence in pestiferous mud-huts totally unfit for human habitation.



LIFE IN OLD VIRGINIA.

IT is May—only May—yet as I sit in the innermost recesses of the large drawing-room I am glad enough to be sheltered from the noonday heat and glare. The blinds are closed—alas, for the sad necessity!—to keep out the housewife's enemies, the flies; but through the carelessly arranged

slats much of the prospect without is to be seen—too much, perhaps, for the expedition of my writing.

Through a gap in the orchard rise the twin mountains—the last of the range—painted a pale summer blue upon the still more misty blue of the distant sky. On the topmost twig of a peach-tree just beyond the

yard-fence a redbird, glorying in his own magnificence, is shouting his love-song, in strains to us somewhat discordant, but to him the perfection of harmony. Another, with uplifted crest and ruffled plumes, hurls defiance from a neighbouring stump, and every now and again a rush of dazzling wings scatters the blossoms from the apple-boughs. From the pasture-land in the valley comes the whirr of the grass-cutter, with its attendant sounds; bluebirds are chattering in the leafy chestnuts, "Bob White" calls from the waving wheat in the orchard, and in the wooden porches the sparrows* are pattering about, only momentarily discomfited by the futile snapping of the big dogs at the flies. Not far away the woods, too, are alive with feathered creatures—blue, scarlet, and golden—darting from tree to tree, or cleaving the upper air like flames of fire. Flowers, as radiant as they are scentless, strew the bare earth or break into blossom on the branches overhead. Butterflies of a size and splendour unknown in England cluster about the creeks to drink, or hover, very flowers themselves, above the crystal water.

Capricious as spring is with us, as elsewhere, when once it has fairly set in that person must be insensible indeed who does not revel in its all too brief beauty. The mere delight of beholding so much verdure is in itself almost enough for eyes weary of the red uplands—sparsely covered even at midsummer with faded grass which disappeared altogether with the first advance of winter. Now everything is young and fresh once more. Yet somehow a longing at first hardly understood steals over one—a longing for the more humble English spring, with its sweet, woody odours, its fern and flower-fringed lanes, its sober-hued birds pouring out melodious rhapsody. Here we have no lanes. The roads are bare and uninviting, and flanked on either side by straggling fences, not in "picturesque disorder," but simply ugly and untidy. To ears accustomed to the prolonged notes of the English songsters the Virginian birds are indeed but "awkward chirrupers," and when the burning days come upon us, as they will do very soon, even these broken songs will cease.

But stay! How can I forget that prince of song, the mocking-bird! Yonder he sits, the daring fellow, high up on the pear-tree above the oriole's nest, hardly ten feet from the window. Up and down he goes, trying every note in the scale—now sweet and melting, now in loud pæans of triumph, always in reckless profusion—anon breaking off to hold up his less accomplished neighbours to scorn. It is well for my letter that the beguiling mocker does not linger long, but swoops off to pastures new, a white gleam flashing from his pen-feathers as he spreads his strong brown wings in flight.

I have spoken of our spring as being capricious, yet of what season may not the same be said in this boasted clime—except perhaps the summer? Vain and delusive are most theories, and especially theories about climates. Here have I been living for five or six years in one of the Southern States of the Union, and

yet when asked the perennial question, "What sort of a climate have you in Virginia?" I am utterly at a loss for a coherent reply.

The English traveller, in whatever section of the States he may chance to be, must be prepared for all kinds of climatic surprises. He is accustomed, as we all know, to a variable climate, but not to violent extremes—such as, let us say, a rise or fall of the thermometer to the extent of thirty or even forty degrees in the twenty-four hours. And when the prospective settler in Virginia is duly informed that that State enjoys an "equable and temperate climate," he must remember that the sentence should conclude thus:—"as compared with some other sections of the States." He will find, even in Virginia, extremes of heat and cold which to English ideas seem very extreme; and the Virginians themselves, when not talking for a purpose, will tell him that he must not expect to find a paradise as to climate—he must not look for perfection, but must take the good and the bad together here as in less favoured latitudes.

Memory, aided by a "weather-diary" which was itself kept in order by a registering thermometer, tells me strange—nay, startling—tales: of days when that thermometer never went lower than 90° in a cool (?) and shady porch from 5 a.m. to 7.30 p.m.; of another when it stood at 113°—in the *shade*, of course; of more than one winter day when it marked 10° below zero. I need not add that I was eagerly assured that these were exceptional seasons, and no doubt they were; but still they betrayed hitherto unsuspected capacities on the part of the climate of Virginia.

Again, the month of November has found me alternating between furs and muslins, suiting my change of raiment to the light-hearted vagaries of the weather; a certain first week of April—so oppressive that even the most sheltered of porches was not bearable until evening—was followed by eight degrees of frost; and January has witnessed us gazing sadly upon a thermometer which, in only partial sunshine, was slowly but surely mounting to 80°. Our Virginian winters assuredly cannot be accused of monotony. They treat us to a little of all kinds—"everything by turns and nothing long." Hot weather, cold weather, summer sunshine, deluges of rain—the like of which are undreamed of in our native isle—followed by a cutting wind which petrifies the drowned earth, hangs up icicles in every available spot, and makes the roads look like the suddenly frozen waves of a turbulent sea.

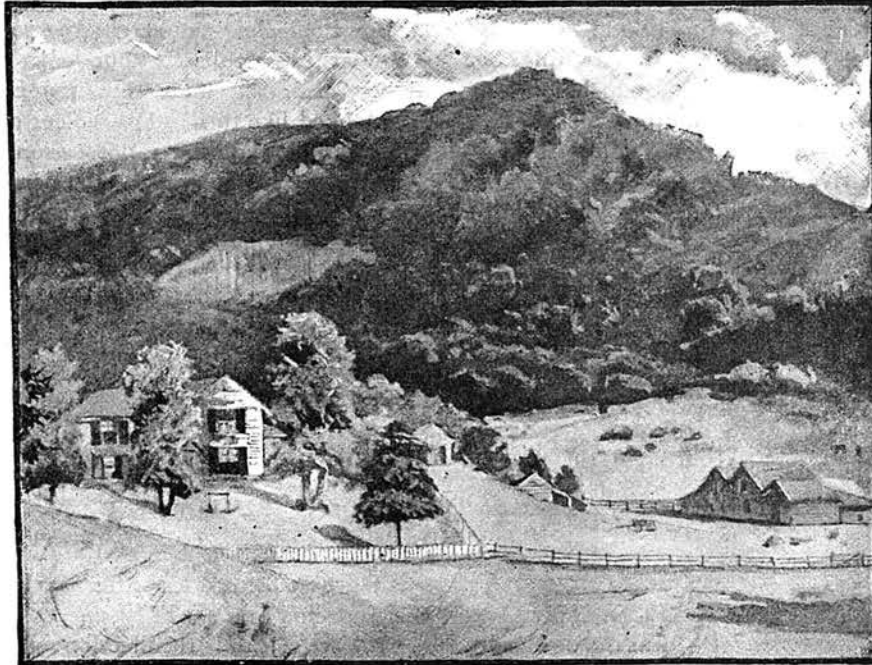
And these roads in winter! Bad enough at all times, they are for most of this season impassable, unless for heavy farm vehicles or exceptionally well-built spring-wagons. Now it is that we are able to prove beyond a doubt that our light American wheels are strong as well as slightly, and that they can stand an amount of rough usage such as their hideous and clumsy English counterparts could not by any possibility endure. On the roads, in their present condition, even riding is a matter of difficulty, walking beyond the confines of the yard-fence is out of the question, and domestic life begins to pall. There can never be any dreaming at ease in any carriage,

* A species of red-pole.

however well hung, upon the Virginian roads—or what we call roads, for the sake of calling them something. How much less so in winter, when they are axle-deep in mud or snow (probably both), varied by rocks, bottomless ruts and mud-holes—allowed to remain, we suppose, for the sake of lending interest—or, perchance, excitement—to the drive! It is along such highways as these that the farmer hauls his produce to market, and no arguments have, so far, had power to convince him that a little timely labour expended on the roads would be repaid tenfold by the eventual saving in vehicles, draught animals, and labour generally. There are, of course, “road-laws”;

mean coolness? No. Such follies as that of sitting in the garden, except on cloudy days—days which are hailed with a rapture which speaks volumes in itself—or of leaving our blinds open so that the heated air may enter and the flies disport themselves in our house, are abandoned to the stranger. And neither does he (or she) long indulge in them. The most British of the Britishers is fain, finally, to confess that there may be good reasons for customs to which he is unaccustomed.

Perhaps it is rather the length than the actual heat of a hot summer in Virginia which is found trying by some constitutions, native and foreign alike. When



AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME IN VIRGINIA.

but the laws are either ill-kept or the work is ill-done. Anyhow, the results leave everything to be desired.

The changing days of winter are more favourable to our grand mountain scenery than are those of summer. The fine wooded heights take on in swift transition the most exquisite shades of brown and blue beneath the clear-washed sky or the trailing shadows of the sombre winter clouds. Indescribably gorgeous as are the fall tints, there is something yet more satisfying to some lovers of colour in the rich and varying hues of our December and January days.

Out of the six summers I have spent here, I have known two pleasant and fairly cool ones; yet even these two would have been considered distinctly hot by some English people, though not by those who, like myself, have never felt too warm in England. The four remaining summers were, I was informed, exceptions to the general rule.

An English person's idea of summer is of lazy sunshiny hours spent in the open air. But with us all this is changed. Shall we forsake our comparatively cool and semi-dark apartments in order to be baked out of doors, where even shade does not

people at the North are being invigorated by glorious fall weather in which the mere sensation of living is a delight, we are still looking sallow and dried up, and feeling exhausted by the apparent endlessness of the “heated term,” extending, as it occasionally does, far into October, or even November, and thus cheating us out of our fall. Without punkahs or trained servants, or in a frame-house, the very walls and furniture of which are hot to the touch, summer may become tedious. We have what is politely called “the mountain breeze,” and often we wish we had it not. It is a scorching blast which disheartens all nature, except the flies. The flowers droop and fade before it; the whole earth parches. We are liable, during the summer months, to more or less lengthy droughts, broken only by terrific storms; and then the lack of broad streams and lakes, and the presence of those interminable fields of scrub-grass, can scarcely be atoned for even by the beauty of the mountains, so barren and thirsty does the land appear.

Never shall I forget going North towards the close of one universally dry summer, and my first

sight of the Northern ranges—the White, the Green, and the stern Adirondacks—their feet clothed in living verdure, the brilliant meadows in the valleys dotted with neat and home-like farms, in marked contrast to the straggling untidiness of the Virginia homestead.

With us the nights are said to be cool. Would that I could endorse that opinion wholesale! But there remain bitter memories of nights hardly more refreshing than days—of friends driven to sling hammocks in porches—of open doors and windows which failed to relieve the stifling atmosphere within. Happily, however, we do not always suffer thus.

The evening is our time for recreation, when everybody's work is over. The Virginian housewife, whose domestic machinery does *not* "run like clock-work," and whose existence consequently is anything but easeful, is too wise to tire herself out before the labours of the day begin. The shortness of the twilight is against protracted excursions, unless there is a moon, but we contrive to make the best use of the brief Blind Man's Holiday allotted us. When the houses are near together—as, in the country, is only

the case on the outskirts of a village—neighbours wander backwards and forwards, and sit in one another's porches, and enjoy themselves in a cheerful and informal manner. On moonlight evenings, buggies and riders turn up from a distance, and the simple supper—with its coffee and iced tea, its warm rolls light as foam, its fruits and cakes, its possible stewed or fried oysters, and its inevitable ham—is shared by all without ceremony or special invitation. "We are always prepared for friends" might well be the Virginian motto.

Night it is not, this moonlight in Virginia, but a new and wondrous day. The mountains rise vaguely beautiful into the translucent sky; the stars are alive, and throb; the moon has a warmth of her own; the shadows fall clear-cut across the road, or upon grass which at this idealising hour looks fresh and velvety as any English lawn—but no English moonlight ever looked like this. The voices of the whip po' will and of the katydid have possession of the night, only overpowered at intervals by the fierce barking of dogs behind yard-fences, as the steady tramping of the horses' hoofs rouses one lone farm after the other.

EDITH M. NICHOLL.

JANUARY.



Illustrated London Almanack, 1851

My Collection.

AN INVITATION.

BY MRS. SARAH BRIDGES STEBBINS.

DEAR, come and see
My pottery,
My plaques and jugs,
My cups and mugs,
And all the thingumy
In china, glass,
Magolicas,
And faience fair,
With other ware
That here belong to me!
For 'tis the rage
Thus to engage
In gathering up
Each cracked old cup
Of our grandmothers' sets;
And costly are
Ancestral jar,
And tea-pot spared,
As lawsuit heired,
Or paying of one's debts!
We seeking prowl
Without a growl
Through garret dust
For flagons thrust
Aside as out of date,
And with cement
And patience spent
Each broken bowl
Is now made whole
With rarest style to mate!
And fashion says
That now-a-days,
Or less or more
Like crockery store
Our parlors must be made;
And so I fill
Each shelf and sill
With varied ware,
And ask you there
To see it all arrayed!

YELLOW plaque
Hangs in a rack,
Whose leaves upraise
Mid shining glaze
In autumn's changing state;
And just near by,
With laughing eye,
A reaper fair
With vine-wreathed hair
Waves sickle in a plate!
While in between
A fish doth lean
'Twixt crab and shell,
Whose colors tell
'Tis dish of Palissy;
Then cups a pair,
With parrots there,

Real Japanese,
Which, if you please,
Just handle carefully!
Next flowery bowl
I must enroll
On platter square
Where blossoms rare
Ne'er die, or fade away!
With Wedgewood jug,
And Canton mug,
Whose melting blues
Contrast their hues
Upon a Dresden tray!
Here's long-necked cruise
None e'er refuse
As Pompeian,
Though each black man
Grew there by Carib sea!
And rich Sevres cup
On hook tipped up,
'Gainst saucer frail
Beside a pail
With marks unknown to me!
Two pitchers gray
Where Bacchus gay
And satyrs queer,
Do reel and leer,
Half dressed, as bold as brass,
And Solon vase
Attract the gaze,
In spite of hints
Of rainbow tints
In iridescent glass!
And flagon bright
Lined through with white,
Whose royal show
Of crimson glow
Is like a robe of state
In Venice worn,
Where it was born,
By Doge old,
Ere Yankee gold
Passed Salvati's gate!

THOUGH here I've got
This mixed up lot,
To show my taste
And money's waste,
I honestly declare,
That still by far,
The ginger jar
On lowest shelf,
Decked by myself,
I think the finest there!

SO come and see
My pottery,
And hear me quote
By book and rote,
The lore too grave for rhyme;
And when to all
Both great and small,
You've made your bow,
I'll tell you how
I caught the craze from Prime!

HOOPS AND CRINOLINE.

NOW-A-DAYS, every young lady—and old ladies too, for that matter—looks like a bell, so ample are their skirts, so widely spread, so singular in aspect, that an inexperienced person might imagine the thought of so much stuff in one dress had never occurred to mortal mind before. But look back awhile, beyond the shallow waists and slender petticoats of fifty years ago; behold your grandmothers, or great grandmothers, as the case may be. And what is it that you see? Just the same sort of amplitude in which your wife, your sister, your sweetheart, indulge in this year of grace 1860.



The above engraving is a faithful copy from a fashion book of the last century, and is equal, in the humble opinion of the writer, to anything seen in our own days. Here is a lady in all the full-blown enormity with which the gentler sex delight to encumber themselves, and keep the men at a distance. The waist is dextrously pinched in, so as to oppress the proper action of the lungs; the skirt is ostentatiously spread out, so as to be at once both inconvenient and uncomfortable. Why is this? Why, but that Madame Mode has said it, and it must be worn! Hoops were known in the days of Good Queen Bess, and the satirists of the time derided them in verse more coarse than witty; they figured again in the days of George II., and hooped and corded petticoats are seen in Hogarth's picture, *A Marriage à la Mode*. Hogarth, you remember, clothes his *Venus de Medici* in a circular bell hoop, in his inimitable picture of *Taste in High Life*. Sir Roger de Coverley, describing his family portrait gallery, says: "You see, sir, my great-great grandmother has on the new-fashioned petticoat, except that the modern is fastened at the waist; my grandmother appears as if she stood in a large drum, whereas, the ladies now walk as if they were in a go-cart." Another writer, about the same period, says:—"Nothing can be more unnatural, and consequently less agreeable. When a slender virgin stands upon a basis so exorbitantly wide, she resembles a funnel or figure of no great elegance." A lawyer of the Middle Temple, in the *Spectator*, describes an adventure which happened in a country church upon the frontiers of Cornwall: says he, "As we were in the midst of service, a lady, who is the chief woman of the place, and had passed the winter at London with her husband, entered the congregation in a little head-dress and a hooped petticoat. The people, who were wonderfully startled at such a sight, all of them rose up. In the meantime, the lady of the manor filled the area of the church, and walked up to the pew, with an unspeakable satisfaction, amidst the whispered conjectures and astonishment of the whole congregation."

Thus it is that fashions repeat themselves. Now 'tis a farthingale, now a hoop, now a crinoline; the wits of pen and pencil are set to work ridiculing the monstrous absurdity; but Queen Mode is imperative, and is invulnerable to the keenest shafts. Here is the same thing that excited the caustic humour of Addison and Gay, and the humorous pencil of Hogarth. Here is floating about an ocean of crinoline, or, worse still, bird-cage petticoats, and steel hoops—what can we say of a lady so habited, but what has been said a hundred years ago: "To conceive how she looks, you must call to your mind The lady you've seen in the lobster confined."

COOKERY RECIPES.

ENTRÉES.

FRICASSEE OF CHICKEN.

Ingredients.—A chicken, milk and water to cover, one ounce and a half of flour, one bay-leaf, one blade of mace, one small onion, one stick of celery, salt, twelve white peppercorns, a bottle of button mushrooms, half a gill of cream.

Method.—Skin the chicken and cut in joints, cut the breast into nice pieces; put the chicken in a stew-pan with the mace, bay-leaves, onion, peppercorns, salt and enough milk and water to cover; put on the lid and simmer very gently for one hour and a half, take out the pieces of chicken and arrange them neatly on a hot dish. Strain the stock, mix the flour smoothly with a little milk, bring the stock to the boil and stir in the flour, let it cook well and then add the cream; pour this over the chicken; have ready the mushrooms heated in the liquor in which they were preserved; drain them well and arrange them in big spoonfuls round the chicken.

VEAL FILLETS AND MUSHROOMS.

Ingredients.—One pound of fillet of veal, two ounces of mushrooms, half a shalot, a sprig of parsley, one ounce of fat bacon, some button tomatoes.

Method.—Cut the fillet of veal into round pieces as for veal cutlets: make a mixture of the bacon, mushrooms, shalot and parsley, all chopped very finely, and spread this on the veal fillets; lay on a buttered paper on a greased tin and put a thickly-buttered paper on the top, bake in a moderate oven about twenty minutes, dish in a circle with cooked button tomatoes round.

VEAL CUTLETS.

Ingredients.—One pound of fillet of veal, egg, bread-crumbs, good dripping for frying, thin rashers of bacon, mashed potatoes.

Method.—Cut the veal into nice round pieces and flatten them with a chopper dipped in warm water; brush with beaten egg and dip in bread-crumbs, flattening these on with a knife. Heat about three ounces of good dripping in a small frying-pan, and when it smokes put in the cutlets; fry them a good golden brown both sides, then lift them out carefully and drain on soft paper. Have ready some nicely rolled thin rashers that have been cooked on a skewer in the oven until crisp. Work the mashed potatoes in a saucepan over the fire with a wooden spoon until thoroughly dry, then turn them on to a floured board and work them into a roll with the hand. Arrange this roll in a ring on a hot dish, brush it with beaten egg and let it brown in the oven; arrange the veal cutlets on this with a rasher of bacon between each. Put some well-cooked green peas or any other suitable vegetable in the centre of the potato border and pour brown sauce or tomato sauce round the base.

EGG CUTLETS.

Ingredients.—Six small hard-boiled eggs, about one pound of sausage meat, egg, bread-crumbs, brown sauce, deep fat for frying.

Method.—Shell the eggs, flour the hands, a knife and the paste-board, and spread the sausage meat on the board in a thin layer; wrap some neatly round each egg in a pear shape making the sausage meat lie close to the egg; egg and crumb the eggs very carefully and fry them a good golden-brown in deep fat. Drain well; have ready some small square pieces of fried bread on a hot dish, cut the fried eggs very neatly in halves, lay a half on each piece of fried bread, garnish with fried parsley and serve at once. Hand brown sauce with the egg cutlets.

STEWED KIDNEYS.

Ingredients.—Six sheep's kidneys, one pint and a half of milk, four ounces of ground rice, two ounces of butter, one ounce of flour, three-quarters of a pint of stock browning, some small round tomatoes.

Method.—Skin the kidneys, cut them in halves and cut away the fat, melt the butter in a stewpan, and fry the kidneys brown in it; warm the stock and pour it over them, put on the lid and let it simmer very gently until tender, about one hour. Mix the ground rice smoothly with a little cold milk, boil the rest of the milk and stir in the ground rice; stir and cook well, season with pepper and salt, and when it is very stiff pour it into a wetted border mould; turn out when cold, brush with egg and let it take a golden brown in the oven and heat through. Place the kidneys neatly on the rice border, mix the flour smoothly with a little cold stock and stir it into the stock in which the kidneys were cooked; stir and boil well, colour with a little browning, skim well, add pepper and salt and pour the sauce over the kidneys. Have ready some small round tomatoes cooked till tender, or some potato croquettes and pile them in the centre of the border.

MUTTON CUTLETS.

Ingredients.—Some best end of neck of mutton, egg, bread-crumbs, fat for frying.

Method.—Saw off the chine bone and saw the rib bones so that each cutlet has about two inches and a half of bone. Cut the cutlets with a bone to each, trim very neatly, scrape the bones very clean. Egg and crumb well, flattening the crumbs on with a knife taking care to leave the bone clean. Heat the frying-fat until it smokes and then lay in the cutlets, fry a golden brown both sides, drain well, put a little paper frill on each and dish on a border of potato or round a pile of any suitable vegetable.

MUTTON CUTLETS A LA NAPOLITAINE.

Ingredients.—Some best end of neck of mutton, some well boiled macaroni, about three ounces of grated cheese, bread-crumbs. Fat for frying.

Method.—Cut the cutlets as for ordinary mutton cutlets, brush them with egg and dip them in grated cheese and bread-crumbs mixed; fry in good dripping and serve round well-boiled macaroni, that has grated cheese sprinkled over it.

JUGGED HARE.

Ingredients.—One large hare, one pound of rump-steak, three onions, nine cloves, one carrot, one turnip, two sticks of celery, one blade of mace, twenty-four peppercorns, two bay-leaves, one sprig of parsley, three ounces of butter, two ounces of flour, one dessertspoonful of salt, one dessertspoonful of red currant jelly, water to cover, a glass of port wine.

Method.—Clean the hare and cut it in joints; save the blood for the gravy. Fry the pieces of hare and the beef in the butter in a large frying-pan. Stick three cloves in each onion and put the vegetables, parsley, mace, bay-leaves, peppercorns and salt in a large stewing-jar with the pieces of hare when they are fried and the beef. Warm the stock and pour it into the jar. The liver should be fried with the rest of the hare but should be put aside to be used later. Put the lid on the jar and let the contents stew gently in the oven for three hours. Pound the liver and rub it through a sieve; take out the pieces of hare and beef and put them on a large hot dish and keep it hot while you make the gravy.

Strain the stock from the jar into a saucepan, saving a little of it to mix with the pounded liver, stir the latter into the stock as soon as it boils; mix the flour smoothly with a little cold stock and add this, and when it has boiled strain in the blood; do not let the sauce boil after the blood has been added. Stir in the jelly and let it dissolve and add the port wine. Pour this sauce over the hare on the dish. Garnish the dish with forcemeat balls, made as follows. Mix a quarter of a pound of bread-crumbs with a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a shalot finely chopped, pepper and salt mixed with enough beaten egg to bind it. Roll into balls and fry brown in a little dripping.

DARJEELING CURRY.

Ingredients.—Two pounds of beef steak, one large onion, one apple, four ounces of butter, one teaspoonful of red currant jelly, one ounce of grated cocoanut, three-quarters of a pint of stock, one dessertspoonful of chutney, one tablespoonful of good curry powder, salt, a few drops of lemon juice, well-boiled rice, half a teacupful of cold water.

Method.—Slice the onion and pound it to a pulp in a mortar; mix the curry powder smoothly with the cold water, melt the butter in a stewpan, put into it the curry powder and onion, stir and cook over the fire until the water boil away and the onion browns in the butter; chop the apple finely and put that in and the steak cut in small square pieces and let all fry brown, but take care not to let the meat get hard, which it will do if cooked too quickly; warm the stock and pour it over, add the cocoanut and the salt, put on the lid, put the stewpan to the side of the fire and let all cook very gently for three hours. Add the lemon juice, chutney, and red currant jelly and serve. Patna rice that has been cooked in fast boiling water for ten minutes and dried on a sieve near the fire, should be served on a separate dish.

ROAST FOWL.

Method.—Have the fowl drawn and trussed for roasting. If possible roast it in front of a clear bright fire, but if not do it in a moderate oven. Put the fowl on a greased dripping tin and put plenty of dripping on the breast for basting. It will take from three-quarters of an hour to an hour according to its size. Just before it is done dredge it with flour and put back in the hottest part of the oven for a few minutes to brown well. Take it off, put on a hot dish; pour off the dripping, pour a little nice stock in the tin, dredge a little flour in, boil it up and pour a little of this gravy round, but not over the fowl. Serve the rest in a sauce-boat. Bread sauce should be served with roast fowl.

BOILED FOWL.

Method.—Have the fowl drawn and trussed for boiling with the legs inside. Rub a little lemon juice over the breast of the fowl to make it white, butter a small clean cloth and tie the fowl in it. Put it in a saucepan with cold white stock, bring slowly to the boil and then simmer gently from an hour to an hour and a half according to the size. Serve rolls of bacon cooked in the oven or in front of the fire round the fowl and pour white sauce over.

Sauce for Boiled Fowl.—Work an ounce and a half of fresh butter with as much flour as it will take up; put three-quarters of a pint of the stock in which the fowl was boiled in saucepan, bring it to the boil and then stir in the butter and flour; add pepper and salt and a pinch of ground mace, boil well and lastly stir in two tablespoonfuls of cream.

EMBROIDERIES NEW AND EASY.

ALTHOUGH at first sight the embroideries seen in Figs. 1 and 3 may appear like the ordinary cross-stitch, with which everyone is familiar, they are not so as a matter of practical working, nor in the embroidery when seen close at hand. True, the patterns for ordinary cross-stitch answer the purpose perfectly well and can be adapted to this work, but the Norwegian designs, ready coloured, are the best to get, when changes have been rung upon these two examples, which are excellent.

This work can be done either upon linen canvas or else upon the woollen Norwegian canvas; which, like the former, can be had in many shades of beautiful colours. Of course, your choice of material must be regulated by the object of the article.

Fig. 1 shows a table-runner in which space is left for candelabra or central stand of flowers. This should naturally not be done upon the woollen but upon the linen canvas, and the material used for the embroidery should be washing filosselles, twisted embroidery or floss silks. The colours should be chosen with care and used judiciously.

As a guide to our readers we will instance a few specimens that work well.

On cream-coloured canvas you can use any colour or colours, old gold being most charming in conjunction with good shades of heliotrope.

On terra-cotta canvas only light blues answer, on blue canvas terra-cottas, yellows, dull reds and pale pink. On green canvas pale heliotropes, dull yellows and some art blues.



FIG. 1.

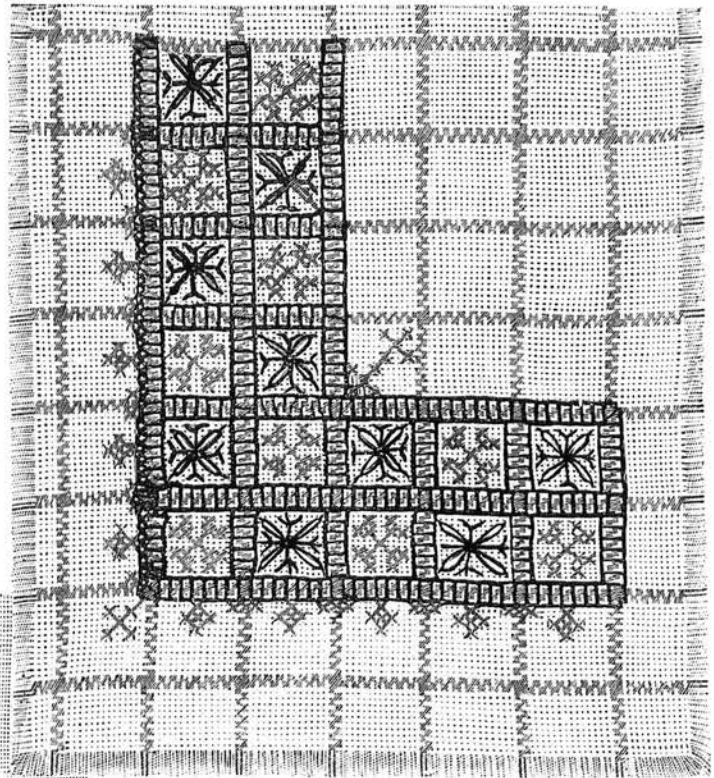


FIG. 2.

In Fig. 7 you will see how the stitches are done. Wherever there is a space covered by a stitch that looks like cross-stitch make four bars one after the other just as you see in Fig. 7, going over about four of the lines of the canvas. That is easy enough, but care must be taken to count the stitches in the pattern very carefully and make no mistakes.

A linen canvas table-runner should be bordered with a deep hem-stitched hem, or else with lace to match either the linen or some colours used in the embroidery.

If the woollen Norwegian canvas is used, you should work on it with the somewhat twisted Norwegian wools, here and there adding a little silk. Filosselle does well for this addition or twisted embroidery. Of course, if you like to work it altogether in silk it is open to you to do so, but it naturally comes more expensive; for articles such as *portières*, etc., which have rough wear, it is not so durable.

Fig. 2 shows a pretty insertion, which can be worked upon any check material such as glass-cloth. Each square has two rows of an open button-hole stitch, seen very clearly in Fig. 4. When one row is done do the second intermediately. The stitch is so simple that it needs no explanation. Those to whom it is new can teach themselves by a careful examination of our illustration.

Other stitches are used in the squares.

Fig. 5 shows the loops which radiate from the centre.

Bring your needle up from the back to the front of the material, then, holding your cotton under the thumb of your left hand, bring your needle out diagonally about two-thirds the depth; draw through and then push your needle through to the other side and bring it out again in the middle.

The next stitch which comes between the loops is seen in Fig. 6. This is done on much the same principle, but that when the needle is put in again to form the loop, it is placed a little distance from where it came out and then brought out lower down but in the centre of the space. The outer squares are done in coarse cross-stitch taken over several threads of the stuff.

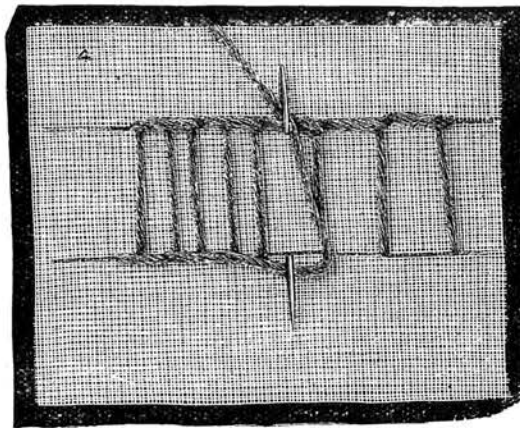
If the material is slight, you should use thin silks or cottons and not heavy ones, as the work, if you do, will not look well.



FIG. 3.

This kind of work is very useful for tea and tray-cloths, washable cushion-covers, sachets, brush and comb bags, etc.

Fig. 3 shows a strip worked on linen canvas with stripes of thick-coloured linen *appliqués* on at each side. The divisions of the *appliqué* are hidden by a thick button-hole stitch or else a line of rope-stitch, which completely hides the line made by the sewing over. The stitch used for the embroidery on the canvas is not cross-stitch nor the bars lately described for Fig. 1. The stitch is seen in Fig. 8, and is one known as Oriental stitch. This stitch, so common in all Eastern embroideries, is worked like herring-bone stitch with this difference, that—as will be seen by an examination of the illustration—by the needle being



brought out behind and not in front of the last-formed stitch.

The number of stitches which must form each little block should be regulated by the size of the canvas and coarseness of the silk or cotton.

This little table-cover is bordered all round with a fringe simply looped through the edge. This is done in cottons, the same as those used in the embroidery. Basket stitch is a very useful stitch for bordering work of this kind, and as it is very little known, I will quote here directions how to do it.

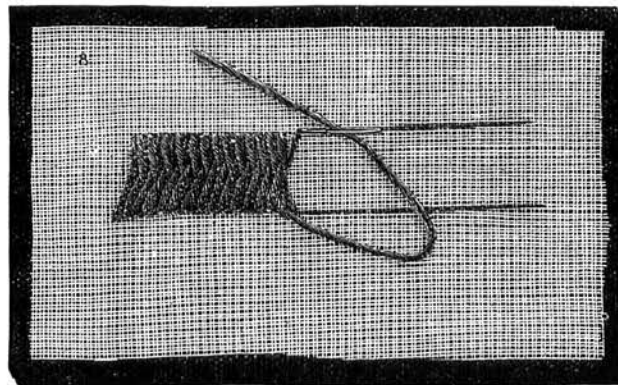
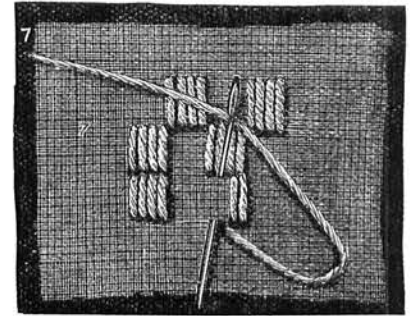
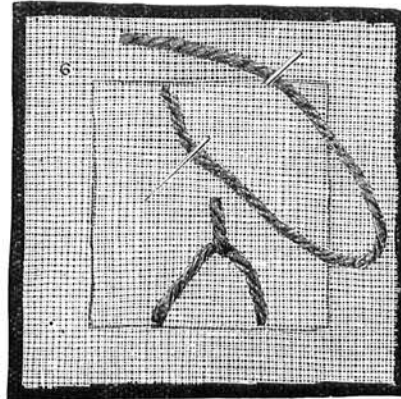
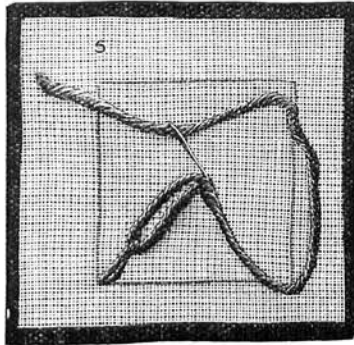
“Basket stitch can be worked on all kinds of stuffs, on counted threads or on a wide or narrow tracing, with fine or coarse thread, and more or less closely, according to the taste of the worker. You insert the needle from left to

right and pass it under from three to six threads of the foundation, according to the stuff and the material you are using, then downwards from left to right, and over from six to eight threads, into the stuff again from

right to left; then you push it under the stuff in an upward direction and bring it out on the left in the middle of the space left between the last stitch and the top of the second."

All this work looks much better when damped and ironed on completion.

The same embroidery as seen in Fig. 3 looks extremely well as a bordering for curtains and for *couvrepieds*, bed-spreads, etc.



HOME MANAGEMENT MONTH BY MONTH.

JANUARY.



BEGIN your year with a clear account-book, pay all your bills of every description, and docket and file the paid accounts. By these accounts I mean general repairs in the house, such as small carpentering or plumbing jobs, etc.

Tradesmen's bills for the house should be paid every Monday morning, when the order is given for the following week; in this way the mistress is able to speak of anything that has not given her satisfaction, while at the same time she selects a fresh supply of goods.

This is of incalculable advantage.

It is a most pernicious habit allowing servants to order just what they choose, and to take what the tradesman thinks fit to send.

The books should be checked each week, and at the end of each month the different items should be entered in a book thus—

HOUSEHOLD EXPENSES—*January, 1900.*

	£	s.	d.	Remarks.
Butcher	5	9	0	Number of extra people in the house.
Baker	2	6	4	
Fishmonger	2	10	9	Number of entertainments given during the month.
Grocer	3	2	6	
Greengrocer	1	15	4	
Milk and butter	1	17	8	

Total for the month £17 1 7

It is very easy then to see (if the expenditure has been excessive) where the extravagance has been, and in addition it saves a great deal of time in estimating at the end of the year what your expenditure has been.

This should be done the first week in each month, preferably the first Monday in each month, but if Monday is too busy a day, then choose another day, but make a habit of keeping to a particular day and not putting it off; in other words, be business-like and methodical.

Now let us turn our attention to the store-room, and look over our stores.

There are some household things which it is much more economical to buy in quantities—soap in particular.

Soap very quickly wastes if it is used new, but if cut up into cakes with a piece of string or wire, and then packed away on a shelf in a dry place with a space between each piece, the air will harden the outside of the soap, and it will last much longer.

Never keep anything in paper bags; the paper is made of shoddy or rags, and the bags are stuck together with the coarsest size or paste, and it is well to remember that even flour, dry as it may appear to be, contains a certain amount of water.

In time the bag becomes damp, and the noxious component parts of the paper and size are readily absorbed by the contents of the bag.

Keep all poisons, such as oxalic acid (used for cleansing), salts of lemon (used for removing ironmould), locked up in a little cupboard by themselves (you can get a cheap little cupboard for a few shillings and hang it against the store-room wall), and be most careful that all poisons are labelled "Poison" in large letters, and these should not be given out except in small quantities and for immediate use.

A good plan, especially if your store-room is small, is to arrange against the wall of the store-room under the lowest shelf a long piece of coarse canvas about two feet wide and divided into partitions of, say, two or three feet; this makes flat receptacles against the wall like flat bags, and they are most useful for storing away brown paper, newspapers, cardboard wrappers for bottles, and the hundred and one little necessities of home-life, which every good house-keeper should keep; each in its own place, so that there may be no waste of time looking for what may be required.

String off parcels should never be thrown away; it may be rolled up and kept in an old baking-powder box.

A careful housewife generally has her own tool-box in the store-room, and in it she keeps a small hammer, an old pair of scissors, a tin-opener, a pair of pliers, a corkscrew, a screw-driver, some tin-tacks, and picture or blind cord.

A carpenter, or even the master of the house, might smile at this curious collection, but they are all necessary for emergencies in home wear and tear, and any woman should be able to use them, so it is well for them to have a place where they may easily be found.

January is in housekeeping a month of preparation, like our garden "preparing the ground for future crops."

All our preserving and pickling of fresh fruit and vegetables is over (when the proper time comes round again I will give you good recipes and full particulars how to make them), and all the recipes which I shall give you I have tried myself, and I have proved to be good.

Every good housewife will agree that there is always something to do in a house if it is to be well managed, and that there are many things which may be made in the dead time of the year.

There can be no two opinions on the subject that it is better to make your own things at home than to use things which have cost more to buy and of the ingredients of which you are ignorant.

I refer to cleaning necessities, such as furniture polish, brass polish, etc.

These we may set about making in January, so that they are ready when the spring cleaning begins.

I have always found this a good furniture polish, quite safe to use on any kind of furniture, and easy to make.

FURNITURE POLISH.

One pint of linseed oil, one pint of malt vinegar, half a pint of methylated spirit.

This is how you make it. Put all these ingredients into a bottle, shake them well together and cork the bottle tightly, label the bottle "Furniture Polish."

Shake the mixture thoroughly each time before using it.

The best method is to keep the polish in a bottle, and then shake what you require of it on to a clean piece of flannel, sufficient to damp it, then rub the furniture well the way of the grain of the wood, and finally polish with an old silk handkerchief.

The leg of an old woollen stocking makes an excellent

thing to polish either leather or wood with, and when useless for wear it is well to keep them for this purpose.

For cleaning brass nothing, in my opinion, is as good as the following

BRASS POLISH.

Four ounces of soft soap, one pound of rotten stone, half an ounce of oil of amber, one and a half pints of cold water.

Method.—Put the soft soap and the cold water into a small saucepan, boil the contents until the soap is quite dissolved; powder the rotten stone finely and put it into an earthenware basin, now add to the powdered stone the dissolved soap and water, stirring it as you mix the ingredients, and lastly add the oil of amber.

Beat the mixture to a paste till it is quite smooth; more water may be added if the mixture is too dry; the water should be boiling.

When finished the mixture should be the consistency of butter.

To store this for use, place it while warm into jam-pots or small jars, cover it down and keep it in a dry place.

I have found the following an excellent mixture for cleaning marble; it also restores the whiteness of marble that has become discoloured.

TO CLEAN AND WHITEN MARBLE.

Half a pound of curd soap, a quarter of a pound of whiting, a quarter of a pound of soda, one pint of cold water.

Method.—Shred the curd soap and put it into a small earthenware-lined saucepan or fireproof jar.

Add the whiting (powdered), the soda and the cold water; allow it all to simmer gently. As the water evaporates, keep adding cold water. When all the ingredients are quite dissolved the mixture should be the consistency of thick cream, allow it to get cold and then put it into wide-mouthed bottles or jars for use.

To clean the marble, first wash it well with curd soap, then rinse it thoroughly with pure water, then lay the mixture on thickly with a brush, allow it to dry on, and if the marble is much discoloured, if possible allow the mixture to remain on for a day or two. Then brush it off with a clean brush, free from grease, using pure soft water, and lastly dry the marble thoroughly.

TO MAKE THE BEST OF OLD CURTAINS.

In the autumn we put away our summer curtains, having washed them and what we technically call "rough dried" them (when the time comes I will tell you all about how to do this).

Now as we have not much to do we will take them out, look them over and mend them, so that they may be quite ready to send to be "got up" when the sunshine gleams through the windows; the air is full of the hum and murmur of life, and spring is once more with us.

In the first place a few hints on economy may be of use.

Never throw away old curtains, however much they may appear to be torn.

If they are past using as curtains, good pieces may be cut out of them sufficient to make short blinds, and even then keep the pieces; they are often most useful for mending curtains which have been torn, and if a piece is carefully matched as to pattern and then neatly *appliquéd* over the hole, it will take a very observant person to notice the defect.

Muslin curtains, unless a piece has been quite torn out and a hole made, are best darned.

To do this nicely and prevent the material stretching or puckering, sew the torn piece over a piece of stiff paper or thin cardboard right side down, and then darn carefully, keeping your darning thread even with the warp or weft of the material.

Be careful always that your darning material and needle are in accordance with the texture of the material you are mending.

Coarse cotton or a thick needle will often make a tear in a fine garment worse.

Now see that the darn covers half an inch beyond the

hole in each direction, because we must try to strengthen the muslin close to the tear, and have small loops of cotton at each end of the darn in order to avoid the threads being drawn too tight.

See that the tapes at the top of the curtains are in good repair.

Hooks should not be left on curtains which are washed because they ironmould the curtains; the patent safety-pin hooks are the best to use.

And lastly, put the curtains carefully away till they are required.

But supposing lace or muslin curtains are too far gone either to be mended or cut up for short blinds, they can then be utilised in the garden.

This year I saw a cherry-tree with its branches swathed in old muslin and lace curtains.

The curtain was run together at the sides, thus making a long bag open at both ends, then the bough of the tree was slipped through the long bag, and after the bough was through the bag, tied at either end.

I asked the reason for decorating the tree in this manner and was told that there were two reasons.

First, that the cherries were protected from the birds,

and, secondly, that the cherries so covered did not ripen nearly so quickly as those which were exposed to the heat of the sun, and therefore my friends had a continuance of fruit longer than their neighbours.

And this thanks to their old curtains.

Next month I hope to give you some further hints about the store-room, and I shall also deal with the larder, and how to manage it.

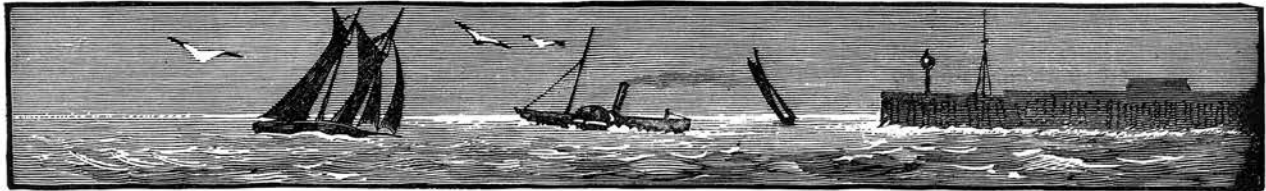
I shall also give you a few cookery recipes that I have proved to be good, and which you cannot obtain from cookery-books, simple recipes which will be useful for using up odds and ends, and making savoury little dishes, out of leavings.

But before I end my letter to you this month I must not forget to remind you to look after your apples, pears and onions which I hope you have stored away.

Look them over every two or three days and pick out any which feel soft, or in the case of onions those which are showing signs, and use these first.

There are many ways of using up apples and onions; I will try to give you some nice recipes for both in my next letter.

MARY SKENE.



Galicized English.

SINCE it is evident that no Volapük or other arbitrary and scientific language can ever find large acceptance, and since English, being the most unscientific and whimsy of tongues, has thereby the best chance of adoption, every sign of its inroads on other people's preserves is interesting. The enthusiasm that the French are showing for our language is perhaps encouraging, certainly amusing.

In the matter of foreign names the French have never known the torments and factions of the English peoples. We have seen fierce wrangling over the tweedles-dum and -dee of Cadmus and Kadmos, of Sissero and Kickero. Even the «Dunciad» pinks the disputants of the problem:

To sound or sink in *cano*, O or A;
Or give up Cicero to C or K.

As early as Ben Jonson's days you can read his Boswell, Drummond of Hawthornden, quoting this as one of Saint Ben's «jeasts and apothegms»: «A translatur of the Emperour's lyves translated Antoninus Pius, Antony Pye.» Gifford glosses it as no more absurd than «Mark Antony,» and Browning quotes it in jus-

tifying himself for sticking so close to the Greek as *Klutaimnestra* and *Apollon* in his translation of the «Agamemnon.»

The French, however, make no bones of unanimously Frenching all proper names. Achilleus becomes Achille; and Aristophane, Aristote, Petrocle, Œdipe, Sénèque, Tite-Live, Angleterre, Allemagne, Siloh, Tolède, Vésuve, get so far from their originals that their owners would be wise indeed to know them.

The more ignorant of us, it is true, drink at cafes, and wonder at General Bullangger; but the literates of France still make no attempt to pronounce our words as we speak them. They rest content with nasalizing *les rues* Vash-in-ton, Fran-klin, Meel-ton, Nev-ton, Lor'-Bee-ron. Their best works misspell even the names they try to keep intact.

The curious contentedness of the French with gross errors in foreign nomenclature is notable. Thus Jules Claretie, in his latest book, «Brichanteau, Comédien,» speaks of Shakspeare as «le cygne de Stafford-sur-Avon.» It is not strange that they should slip up in discussing our politics, and gravely announce in their journals that, since President Cleaveland had declined to serve again, he had nominated M. Mac-Kinley to fill his place. But that the simple process of translating titles for cata-

logue purposes should give room for many picturesque blunders, is passing strange.

The catalogues of the two salons achieve some *chefs-d'œuvre* of perversion. They show the insidious evils of putting trust in lexicons when the idioms and other idiocies of a language are little known.

A late catalogue of the Champ de Mars Salon contains such translations as «Joung Girl in Wight,» «In the Park of Oysters,» «At Sun» («Au Soleil»), «Old People Christmas,» and «M. Fritz Thaulow and is Childrens.» «Intérieur Bourgeois» becomes «Aristocratic Interior»; «L'Ingénue» is mysteriously translated «Prowdy»; «Printemps Nu» is equally strange as «Spring Nude Fijmes»; «À la Cantine» is easily made «To the Canteen.» The picture of a doughty gunner, «Le Vainqueur du Tir,» is Englished «The Conquer of Gunshot»; «Baptême» is turned into «Chirstining»; «Gamin» into «Blaguard»; and «La Pensée qui s'Éveille» into «The Taught Awehening.» There are other curious blunders, but none, perhaps, greater than a passion scene on the Mount of Olives, «Le Jardin des Oliviers,» which is translated «The Garden of Eden,» and this descriptive title, «Avril (peinture à fresque reconstituée selon la tradition des primitifs),» which is Johnsonesed into «April (fresh paintings reconstituted as the primitive tradition).»

The increase in the use of English terms in France is indicated in the «Almanach» for 1897 issued by the house of Hachette, which gives four of its crowded pages to the meaning and pronunciation of foreign words which, it says, are in constant use in the journals, but are not found in the dictionaries. It does not include English words that have been incorporated into the very fiber of the language, like *wagon, le coaching, sport, la boxe,* and the like; but it is quite up to date with our catch-phrases and with technicalities of sport.

Of a total of 342 terms and phrases, 36 are Spanish, 20 German, 17 Italian, 3 Russian (these will surely have to be increased), 3 Turkish, 3 Latin, and one each for seven other languages—Arabian, Hindu, and the like. The rest are English, and, if my reckoning is nice, they approximate 253.

The words borrowed fall into a few classes:

There are the fabrics and garments. *Sartor* is here *resartus* indeed, with beaver, cover-coat, overcoat, and redcoat, knickerbockers, legging, suit, smoking, and other words.

Then there are various vehicles: break, buggy, dog-cart, cab, drag, four-in-hand, mail-coach, sulky, rocking-chair, yacht, schooner, and other sea things.

Social intercourse between the nations has smuggled in some terms. One of the most venerable of these is «club,» a word much used, and one that I was surprised to find in an Italian annotation on a group of young spendthrifts mentioned in Dante's «Inferno.»

Boarding-house, garden-party, fashionable, gentleman, high-life (pronounced *ha-i-la-i-fe* here, but usually made to rhyme with fig-leaf), lunch, miss, mistress, pedigree, shake-hand, snob, toast, spleen (translated by *ennui*), struggle for life, and swell, are proudly used by the French cosmopolite. «Snob» has been greedily adopted, and Jules Lemaitre has written an attack on «literary snobs,» in which he uses the word in a considerably altered sense. There was a French journal called «Le Snob,» possibly still extant.

Though «dude» and «fop» do not seem to have obtained a foothold, «dandy» has the authority even of Balzac.

A laugh always greets the French actor who uses on the stage the word «shocking» or the expression «five-o'clock tea.» I have even heard the verb *fivecloquer*.

«Home» is a blessed word the definite idea of which the French language seems incapable of expressing in one term, though the thing itself they certainly have in a beautiful degree. In a French libretto of Sudermann's «Heimath,» where the thought of home is recurrent, the struggles of the French translator to find suitable expressions are pitiful. He is driven to such chill substitutes as *la vie domestique, la maison, la maison paternelle, le toit paternel, votre foyer, votre propre foyer.* «Home, sweet home,» becomes *le foyer, le doux foyer, un heureux intérieur, un doux intérieur,* and *son chez elle, son doux chez elle!*

Our new journalism, which the French cannot wonder at enough, and are imitating more and more, has given them the words «reporter» and «interview.»

Foreign politics and diplomacy, matters of vital moment to the European, have thrust upon them many German, Spanish, and English terms, like alderman, *ayuntamiento,* blue-book, choke-bore, *furia Francese,* foreign office, income tax, *Landwehr,* portfolio, self-government, speaker, Tory, trade-union, Knight of Labor, home-rule, and speech (*spit-che*).

The French have caught a great enthusiasm for certain English diversions, particularly for racing, or, as it is here called, *ressinng.* Other sports are foot-ball, cricket, golf, hurdle-race, lawn-tennis, «rallye-paper» (*course suivant la trace de papiers semés*), rowing, steeplechase, and whist.

But racing, as it is the most popular sport, furnishes the most terms, among which are betting, blood horse, bookmaker, broken-down, canter, cob, crack, dead heat (*déd itt*), defaulter, false start, featherweight (*fezeur-ouél*), flying start, go ahead, handicap, light-weight, match, pace-maker, scratch, stayer, stud-book, stepper, walk-over, winning-post, three-years-old (*zri-ierz'old*), two years old, and tipster.

Hunting and the kennel give terms like markman, retriever, king's-Charles, and colly-dog.

International exchange in foods and drinks accounts for many new words, such as brandy, cocktail [*mot-à-mot: queue de cog, Boisson Améric. (bitter, champagne, citron)*], malt, pale ale, pickles, plum-cake (*ploumm-kè-que*), pudding, punch, sherry-cobbler, soda-water, stout, and whisky.

All those good Americans that have not had to die to go to Paris, know how necessary to the Paris cafés and restaurants are the three foreign graces, sandwich (generally pronounced *sanveech*), *rosbif*, and *biftek*. This last word is spelled in all conceivable fashions between *biftek* and *beafsteack*.

A silly-seeming class of borrowings is that including the words for the declaration of passion and undying affection: darling (*darlingne*), forever, *forquette-minotte,* and *ri-memm-beur.* The word «flirt» is here defined as «the person with whom one is in coquetterie; example: my flirt.»

The English have contributed «all right» (*oll ra-ī-te*), «God save the Queen» (*Godd-sê-ve-ze-Cou-inn*), «Rule, Britannia,» «right-man-at-the-right-place» (*raī-te-man-*

ate-ze-rai-te-plé-ce), «that is the question» (*zatt iz ze quou-ech-tienn*), «time is money,» and «to be, or not to be.» «Barnum» has passed into the Valhalla of French, as well as English, etymology.

This would be a dull life if those who lived in glass houses were never privileged to throw stones. Our own attempts upon the French language are hardly less amusing. We have been recently made familiar with them through du Maurier's Laird, with his «Je prong» and his «May too seese ay nee eese nee lah,» and his «Oon pair de gong blong.» But for many years before him the old Webster had been solemnly announcing that *embonpoint* was to be pronounced *ông-bông-pwông*, that *ennui* was sounded *ông-nwe*, and that the French language cherished such monsters as *nôn'-sha-lôns'*, *sũ'-long'*, and *sông'-soo'-see'*.

No Frenchman, however, can look cheerfully upon any intrusion on his sacred code of pronunciation. With us it is different. We can sit patiently at ease awaiting the coming of all peoples to our dictionary. The hospitable smile with which we greet their advances will not be without a *soop-song* of merriment.

Rupert Hughes.

“CHANCE:” THE FIREMAN'S DOG.

THE fascination of fires extends to the brute creation. Who has not heard of the dog “Chance,” who first formed his acquaintance with the London Fire Brigade by following a fireman from a conflagration in Shoreditch to the central station at Watling-street? Here, after he had been petted for some little time by the men, his master came for him, and took him home; but he escaped on the first opportunity, and returned to the station. After he had been carried back for the third time, his master—like a mother whose son *will* go to sea—allowed him to have his own way, and for years he invariably accompanied the engine, now upon the machine, now under the horses' legs, and always, when going uphill, running in advance, and announcing the welcome advent of the extinguisher by his bark. At the fire he used to amuse himself with pulling burning logs of wood out of the flames with his mouth.

Although he had his legs broken half-a-dozen times, he remained faithful to his pursuit; till at last, having received a severer hurt than usual, he was being nursed by the fireman beside the hearth, when a “call” came, and at the well-known sound of the engine turning out, the poor brute made a last effort to climb upon it, and fell back dead in the attempt.

He was stuffed and preserved at the station, and was doomed, even in death, to prove the fireman's friend; for one of the engineers having committed suicide, the brigade determined to raffle him for the benefit of the widow, and such was his renown that he realised £123 10s. 9d.

Sary “Fixes up” Things.

OH, yes, we 've be'n fixin' up some sence we sold that piece o' groun'
 Fer a place to put a golf-lynx to them crazy dudes from town.
 (Anyway, they laughed like crazy when I had it specified, Ef they put a golf-lynx on it, thet they 'd haf to keep him tied.)
 But they paid the price all reg'lar, an' then Sary says to me,
 “Now we 're goin' to fix the parlor up, an' settin'-room,” says she.
 Fer she 'lowed she 'd been a-scrimpin' an' a-scrapin' all her life,
 An' she meant fer once to have things good as Cousin Ed'ard's wife.
 Well, we went down to the city, an' she bought the blamedest mess;
 An' them clerks there must 'a' took her fer a' Astor-oid, I guess;
 Fer they showed her fancy bureaus which they said was shiffoneers,
 An' some more they said was dressers, an' some curtains called porteeers.
 An' she looked at that there furnicher, an' felt them curtains' heft;
 Then she sailed in like a cyclone an' she bought 'em right an' left;
 An' she picked a Bress'ls carpet thet was flowered like Cousin Ed's,
 But she drawed the line com-pletely when we got to foldin'-beds.
 Course, she said, 't 'u'd make the parlor lots more roomier, she s'posed;
 But she 'lowed she 'd have a bedstid thet was shore to stay un-closed;
 An' she stopped right there an' told us sev'ral tales of folks she 'd read
 Bein' overtook in slumber by the “fatal foldin'-bed.”
 “Not ef it wuz set in di'mon's! Nary foldin'-bed fer me! I ain't goin' to start fer glory in a rabbit-trap!” says she.
 “When the time comes I 'll be ready an' a-waitin'; but ez yet,
 I sha'n't go to sleep a-thinkin' that I've got the triggers set.”
 Well, sir, shore as yo' 're a-livin', after all thet Sary said,
 'Fore we started home that evenin' she hed bought a foldin'-bed;
 An' she 's put it in the parlor, where it adds a heap o' style;
 An' we 're sleepin' in the settin'-room at present fer a while.
 Sary still maintains it 's han'some; “an' them city folks 'll see
 That we 're posted on the fashions when they visit us,” says she;
 But it plagues her some to tell her, ef it ain't no other use,
 We can set it fer the golf-lynx ef he ever sh'u'd get loose.

Albert Bigelow Paine.





Demorest 1879

THE LIFE OF A PRIVATE SOLDIER IN TIMES OF PEACE.*

BY ONE WHO HAS SERVED IN THE RANKS. (IN TWO CHAPTERS.)

CHAPTER THE FIRST THE YOUNG RECRUIT.



N giving a description of a soldier's life, the first thing to do is to show how a lad can most easily join the army, with least trouble to himself, and with the least danger of becoming mixed up with bad characters and making bad friends at the start of his military career. The present time is very opportune in this respect, as great and beneficial alterations have quite recently been made in the methods of enlisting. And here it must be stated that our remarks refer especially to infantry soldiers; although life in barracks is much the same for all branches of the Service as regards style of living and general arrangements. The details of work are of course very different, and the pay varies according to the work to be done; but as there are about five times as many recruits for the infantry as there are for any other branch of the Service, it is thought better to refer in general to the most numerous class.

According to the old system of recruiting, smart-looking soldiers were stationed in the principal towns to pick up or entice lads to join their regiments; this plan of recruiting is indeed still carried on, and is sufficiently well known by the general public to require no further explanation here. But, in addition to that, the following system has been started. In every town and village in the United Kingdom that is of sufficient importance to own a post-office, may be found all the necessary information as regards enlisting. Any lad who takes it into his mind that he would like to "go soldiering" has merely to ask at the nearest post-office, and he will be given first of all a paper setting forth the advantages the army has to offer, and the conditions of the Service in which he thinks of engaging himself. This he can take home with him, and, after due deliberation, he can if he thinks fit pay another visit to the post-office, and there receive a form of "Application to Enlist." This paper, which may be filled in either by the recruit or by the postmaster, must state the exact height and age of the recruit, and whether he wishes to serve in cavalry, artillery, or infantry, and then it will be sent to the officer in the district who has charge of the recruiting. In due course the

* We are no advocates of an unnatural craving for military glory for its own sake, but so long as a suitable provision for the defence of our country and its interests is accounted a necessity, we can only strive to improve the mental and moral standard of the army, by hoping for a better kind of recruits as a wholesome leaven for its ranks.—ED.

applicant will have to appear at the depôt of his county, and if he satisfies the authorities as regards his health, strength, and physical powers he will be immediately enlisted as a soldier. The whole of England is divided for military purposes into a number of districts, which comprise one or more counties, or part of a county, or perhaps some large town, and to each of these districts some regiment is assigned, which takes its name and draws its recruits from that special locality, so that every portion of the United Kingdom has some regiment with which it is closely allied. In the majority of cases it may be assumed that the recruit would join the regiment that belongs to his own county, and bears its name, for he will probably meet there chiefly men of his own district; but if he have a preference for another regiment, or for any reason (best known to himself) he should wish to live away from his own county, there will be nothing to prevent his stating on his application paper that he wants to serve in some other corps.

By this beneficial reform many advantages will accrue to the intending recruit. In the first place, there will be no possibility of a lad being enticed into the army on false pretences; he will have ample opportunity of studying at leisure the terms of the service, and of talking it over with his friends; and he will escape the evils of loitering about the public-houses with the recruiting-sergeant, and of being thrown into the society of other recruits (perhaps of low character) at the outset of his career; for he will go straight from his home to the depôt of the regiment.

There will be also another advantage in this system, both to the army itself and to the respectable recruit—that whereas in former days the recruiting-sergeants had to trust chiefly to picking up lads idling about in low parts of towns, or possibly were forced to use all sorts of arguments, and to make exaggerated statements, to get men at all: now a very large field is open, and no village, however quiet, but will have a chance of sending some spirited youth to join in the service of his country. There is another method of enlisting which may be briefly mentioned; for it is, perhaps, the most convenient for any one who can afford it. Supposing a young man to have decided definitely that he wishes to join some particular regiment, let him go straight to the head-quarters or the depôt of that regiment at his own expense, and then asking at the barrack-gate for the recruiting-officer, let him then and there apply to be enlisted. The main advantage of this plan is that it avoids the risk of being kept about for other recruits, or being in any way mixed up with them, until merged in the full tide of barrack life.

It will be apparent, therefore, that under the new regulations enlistment will be in the strictest sense of

the words "purely voluntary;" but even after the act of enlistment has taken place, and after the recruit has pledged himself to serve in the army for a definite number of years, there is still an opportunity allowed him for leaving the Service, in case he finds on a closer acquaintance with its duties that he has mistaken his vocation. For any time during the first three months after his enlistment a recruit can *claim* his discharge and return to his home, provided he or his friends will refund the money that has been spent on his outfit and on his food, &c.; the sum demanded on this score being fixed at present at £10. Even after the first three months there will be the possibility of purchasing a discharge, but it will then be looked on as an indulgence, and a larger sum of money will be demanded; for it is very desirable when once a man has been thoroughly trained, and become a reliable soldier, that he should stay on and finish his engagement. It is obvious that the commencement of the service in the ranks will be the least pleasant, and therefore it is to be hoped that all recruits will make up their minds within the time allowed whether they wish to serve or not.

All the conditions of enlistment and terms of service are stated very plainly in the paper which has been referred to before ("The Advantages of the Army") and which can be had at any post-office.

The principal requirements by the army authorities are that all recruits must be between nineteen and twenty-five years old, and must be at least 5 feet 4 inches in height, and measure 34 inches round the chest.

The ordinary length of service that a recruit must expect to go through is seven years with a regiment, and another year extra if his regiment happens to be out of England when the seven years are over. On the other hand, if the regiment is serving at home, a soldier *may* be allowed to leave before that time if the Service admit of it.

When the recruit has reached the place appointed by the recruiting-officer, he will have to satisfy a doctor as to his health and fitness for a soldier's life, and afterwards he will be formally attested, and have to take the oath of obedience to the Queen, and sign a declaration, from which time he becomes legally bound as a soldier.

When first a lad puts in his appearance in the barracks he is almost sure to feel very strange, and perhaps also rather shy. For the first time in his life probably he will really be a conspicuous object by *not* having on a red coat—and he will certainly long for the time when his uniform will be served out to him—but that will very likely not be done for three or four days, or a week; because before anything is given to him from the army stores, it must be marked with a number to show whom it belongs to. It will be a good plan, therefore, if the recruit takes a few little things with him from home, just to make him comfortable for the first week in barracks—namely, a brush and comb and a bit of soap, and a razor if necessary, an extra shirt, and pair of socks, and a handkerchief or two. It will be no good at all to take extra boots or cloth

clothes, because they could not be worn when once the uniform is served out; and, in fact, the clothes he goes in will most likely have to be sold, because a soldier being well supplied with all necessary clothing cannot carry about with him anything else. Also a small supply of needles and thread, and a knife and fork, may be found a convenience, although they could probably be borrowed from some other soldier.

It will be as well also to put the recruit on his guard against being too friendly with his companions just at first—*i.e.*, until he has had time to form some sort of opinion as to their character; because there are sure to be in every regiment some soldiers who will try to make a profit for themselves, by their kindness to the recruit, and will try either to sell him something which they will tell him he will want, or will ask him to lend them a few shillings, or most likely of all try and make him pay for some beer at the canteen. All these events may be to a great extent avoided if the recruit keeps pretty well to himself at starting—but he must at the same time keep his eyes open, and watch everything that goes on in the barrack-room, for the sooner he can get into the habits of the regiment, the more comfortable he will be; and there are lots of little things to be done in some particular way, which can only be learnt by noticing how others do them. Soldiers are very good in helping one another, and so a recruit need never mind asking an older companion to show him the right way to do such things as folding up the bed-clothes, keeping his uniform clean, or making his own part of the room look tidy. Some other things will take a long time to learn to do nicely and quickly, and these can be mastered much better by frequently noticing how older soldiers do them.

It will be as well to mention here what may be a great consolation to some young men thinking of enlisting, namely, that soldiers hardly ever interfere with one another or force their company on any one who shows that he wants to be by himself. Provided a man does his fair share of the general work of keeping the room clean and tidy, and does his duty in other ways without grumbling, he can keep as much to himself and be as quiet as he likes. It would be a bad thing for any soldier, wherever he came from, to give himself airs and think himself too grand to mix with his comrades, but it is quite easy to be friendly enough with them and yet to stay quietly in barracks reading or writing, or even to go out for a walk alone instead of joining in the more jovial parties that most soldiers enjoy.

And now perhaps the intending recruit would like to know what his new home will be like; for he must consider that the barrack-room *will* be his home, for a few years, and he may find it a very comfortable home too, if he will but try and suit himself to his new circumstances. All barrack-rooms are very much alike, and have accommodation for about fourteen to twenty soldiers. The rooms are high, with large windows and plenty of light, the walls white-washed, and wooden floors. In the middle of the room is a long table large enough for all the men to sit down to

at once. Over the table is generally a hanging shelf on which plates and basins are kept, pepper-pots, mustard-pots, salt, and the day's supply of bread.

The beds are arranged all round the room with their heads against the walls, and about four feet or so between them. By each bed there is a rack for a rifle to stand, and immediately over the head of the bed three large hooks on which are kept the knapsacks, great-coats, belts, and bayonets. Above this again runs an iron shelf, and every man uses that part of the shelf nearest to his bed, and keeps there his spare clothes, and boots, helmet, and any books he has with him. A piece of the wall is also at his disposal, so that if he likes he can hang up any small pictures or photographs.

In every room there is also a supply of brooms, mops, and brushes, for keeping it clean and tidy, some large tin cans, and dishes, and a large coal-box, which is always well supplied in winter, so that a good fire can be kept burning all day.

Every soldier has a good straw mattress and pillow, two sheets and two blankets, and a coloured rug or counterpane, with an extra blanket in very cold weather. All the bedding is changed and washed at regular intervals, but the soldier has not to pay for it.

After dark there is a good supply of gas, which is turned off at 10.15. p.m., when all the men are supposed to be in bed.

So much for the room in which a soldier has to live, and which he can call his own, for sleeping, eating, and keeping his things in. But there are many other buildings in the barracks which he will use besides. There is a big room for washing, with a liberal supply of basins and water; and close by some big baths, with hot and cold water laid on. Then there is the kitchen where all the meals are prepared; no cooking being allowed in the barrack-rooms, but the soldiers taking it in turns to serve in the kitchen for a month at a time. The canteen is also somewhere handy; it is a shop where all sorts of things are sold to soldiers very cheap, such as groceries, butter, cheese, and bacon, &c. Besides this general shop, there is almost always a tailor's and a shoemaker's shop, in which a soldier can learn the trade, or work in it and make some extra money if he is a good workman.

The school must not be forgotten. Here a soldier can study as much as he likes in the evenings, in addition to certain hours which are compulsory until he can pass a simple examination.

There is also in every barrack a recreation-room, where newspapers can be seen, books read or borrowed, and a good supply of games, such as draughts, bagatelle, &c. Thus it will be seen that every arrangement is made for the soldier's comfort, and wherever he goes he will find the same state of things, and it may be safely said that hardly in any place where young men live in ordinary employments can they have so many conveniences so easily within reach, and with so little to pay for the use of them, as they will find in barracks.

Soldiers are provided with three meals a day, and

the greater part of the food is supplied to them gratis. The hours of the meals are—breakfast about 7.45 a.m., dinner at 1 p.m., and tea at 4.30 p.m. Every day all soldiers are given $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of beef or mutton, and 1 lb. of good fresh bread. There is no charge of any sort made for this, and it is entirely extra to their daily pay. The bread is given out in 4 lb. loaves, so that the usual custom is for four men to share a loaf, unless any one prefers to have his portion separate. The meat is given out in joints as nearly as possible according to the number of men in one room; so if there were sixteen men in a room, they would probably get a joint of about 10 lbs. and the exact weight made up by smaller pieces.

Besides this bread and meat, which is called a "free ration," every soldier is obliged to spend about 2½d. or 3d. a day out of his pay for groceries—*i.e.*, for tea, coffee, sugar, milk, vegetables, and some extra bread.

Thus the actual food that is placed before a soldier every day of his life is the following:—At breakfast, a pound of bread, and a large basin of coffee with sugar and milk. At dinner, the meat served out that morning, either stewed, baked, or boiled, or perhaps a thick soup, with plenty of potatoes. At tea, a basin of tea with milk and sugar, and the extra bread bought with the groceries.

If a soldier likes to spend a penny or two besides, he can go to the canteen and buy some butter, cheese, or bacon, to help down the dry bread at breakfast and tea. If he wants a little supper before going to bed, he can go either to the canteen, or to the recreation-room for coffee, and it is quite likely that there may be some bread or perhaps a bit of meat left from dinner. If any one happens to be away from barracks at meal-time his portion is carefully put by for him; or if his duty keeps him away all day, he would be able to take it with him, or his dinner would be sent out to him. Another proof of the interest taken in the soldier's welfare may be quoted, *viz.*, that if a very early drill was ordered, or if any men had to leave barracks much before breakfast-time, they would be given a basin of hot coffee in addition to their regular allowance, without having to pay for it.

Within a few days of enlisting the recruit will probably be gladdened by the sight of his outfit; and although it will very likely give him a good bit of trouble just at first to get the buttons bright, and the straps and belts nice and clean, yet it will be a certain amount of comfort to feel that he is dressed like all those around him, and it is to be hoped he will feel proud of the uniform that marks him as a patriotic servant of his Queen and country; and he may be assured that if he never disgraces his uniform, it will never disgrace him. The outfit, or "kit," given to the recruit when he enlists comprises the following articles:—

A cloth tunic, and a serge tunic; one or two pairs of trousers; a helmet, and glengarry cap; two pairs of boots; two or three coarse flannel shirts; two or three pairs of worsted socks; a pair of thick gloves; a pair of braces; knife, fork, and spoon; razor and shaving-brush, a comb, clothes-brush, boot-brushes and black-

ing, and some little things for cleaning up brass buttons, belts, and accoutrements.

All the smaller articles of kit have to be kept in order, or renewed if worn out, at the soldier's expense, but the more expensive clothes are given to him fresh at regular intervals. Thus he has a new tunic, and one or two pairs of trousers, and two pairs of boots, every year, and it will be only carelessness or great misfortune if the soldier does not make them last the proper time.

In addition to the "kit" mentioned above, of course all soldiers are supplied with the needful implements of war: rifle and bayonet, pouches for ammunition, a knapsack, &c., and those very useful articles of

clothing in an English climate, which have not been mentioned before—a pair of gaiters, and a big great-coat.

The only other thing to notice here is that if a soldier has to replace any of his outfit, he must get it from the stores of the regiment, and the value of it is deducted from his pay—not necessarily all at once, but a little at a time, so that he may feel the expense as slightly as possible. But as this stoppage of pay for new clothes is one of the most fruitful causes of evil, continually leading men even to desert from the army, the recruit cannot be too strongly urged to take the greatest possible care, so as to avoid what really is a considerable hardship.

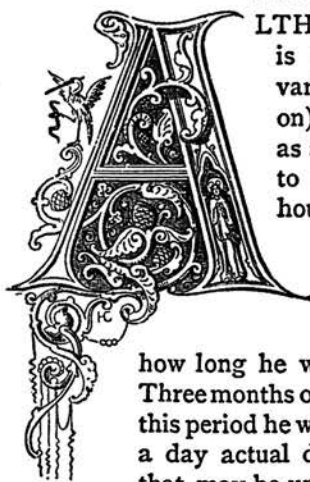


Battle of Hastings. (Bayeux Tapestry.)

THE LIFE OF A PRIVATE SOLDIER IN TIMES OF PEACE.*

BY ONE WHO HAS SERVED IN THE RANKS. IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER II.

WORK AND PAY.



ALTHOUGH the work of soldiers is subject to a great deal of variation (as will be shown later on), yet, when first a lad joins as a recruit, nothing is allowed to interfere with his regular hours of learning drill, and the sooner he can get over this part of his duty the better for him. It will depend upon his natural quickness

how long he will be kept at "recruit drill." Three months ought to be enough, and during this period he will most likely have four hours a day actual drill with the other recruits that may be up at the same time. Besides learning drill, and how to use a rifle, a recruit is also instructed at these times how to keep his things clean

and smart, how to pack and carry his knapsack, and how to fold and carry his great-coat. All these things will take some time to learn to do quickly, and the recruit must have patience, and not mind asking his comrades to give him a helping hand occasionally.

The recruit will also have to attend school until he can pass a simple examination in reading, writing, and arithmetic; and he will also have to go to a gymnasium, where he will be practised at jumping, climbing, and other active exercises. This course may be pleasant or the reverse, according to the natural ability or taste of each individual.

Throughout the time that a recruit is learning his drill, he is interfered with as little as possible, and is kept on steadily day after day with the same work, and with a fair amount of attention he ought to get over it (as said before) in about three months, and be ready to take his place in the ranks with the older soldiers.

From this time onward (*i.e.*, after he has finished his recruit drill, and also been properly instructed in using the rifle) the soldier will have a great number of different employments. Some of them come as part of the daily duty, being taken in regular rotation by all private soldiers; others are only to be obtained by intelligent and deserving men, and, being posts of

* We are no advocates of an unnatural craving for military glory for its own sake, but so long as a suitable provision for the defence of our country and its interests is accounted a necessity, we can only strive to improve the mental and moral standard of the army, by hoping for a better kind of recruits as a wholesome leaven for its ranks.—ED.

special responsibility, carry with them extra pay and privileges.

The first case to take shall be that of an ordinary soldier, leading the life that the majority have to lead. As regards hours of mere drill, he will have a decidedly easier time of it than he had as a recruit. There will be a short parade before breakfast, perhaps for half an hour; the chief parade of the day goes on from 10 to 11, and there may be another at 2 p.m., which will certainly be over by 3 at latest. Supposing after that the soldier likes to clean up his things for the next day, he can have done his work by 4 p.m., and he is then at liberty to go out and amuse himself where and how he pleases until 9 or 9.30 p.m.; or, if he prefers it, he can leave barracks directly after the afternoon parade is over, which may be at 2.30 or 3 p.m. This may assuredly be termed a very easy day's work—and a private soldier can make sure of enjoying many of them—but they will be broken into with very great regularity by what is called "guard work." This is, in fact, the most important work a soldier has to do, and in many respects the most trying and the most tedious. The duty lasts for twenty-four hours at a time, generally beginning at 10 in the morning, lasting on all day and through the night, until 10 a.m. next day. The turn comes round to every soldier about once a week, more or less, according to the number of men in the regiment available for the duty. The chief work that the men have to do, when on this "guard duty," is to look after public buildings, and places where guns or gunpowder are kept; and for this purpose they have to walk up and down, or round the buildings they are in charge of, as may be seen any day in any town where soldiers are living. One man keeps on at this for two hours, then another takes his place and stays for two hours also, and then a third man does the same—after that the first goes on again; so that every man has alternately two hours' walking about and four hours' sitting still, all through a day and a night. After the man has done his turn of two hours' walking about, or, as it is called, "being on sentry," he goes back to a room called the "guard-room" to wait until his next turn, and while there he can read, write, lie down and take a nap, or get his meals; but he is not allowed to take off any of his clothes, not even his boots, so that he may be ready at a moment's notice in case he should be wanted for anything. It can be easily understood, then, that a soldier who has been "on guard" for twenty-four hours is very glad to get back to barracks, and to feel that it can't be his turn again for a week or more.

Some mention may now be made of the other class of employments which fall to the lot of only steady and intelligent soldiers, but there are a great many such posts open to them for competition, provided they are well up to their regular work of drill, &c.

In every regiment there will be nearly thirty servants required for the officers, or grooms for the officers' horses; also waiters in the officers' mess, in the sergeants' mess, and in the canteen. In the school there will be wanted one or two assistant teachers;

and two or three men to do clerks' work in different offices. Then employment may be found in the regimental workshops for several hands—viz., tailors, shoemakers, painters, carpenters, &c. In all these capacities a soldier can either learn the trade, or practise what he knows already.

In every garrison town there are also many soldiers filling posts which are well worth trying for. Such, for instance, as clerks at the military offices, telegraph clerks, messengers, attendants at libraries, and even gardeners. In addition to these employments it frequently happens that the military authorities require men for carrying on some large work, such as road-making, or erecting buildings, and when thus employed soldiers are always given pay, according to the nature of the work, varying from 4d. to 1s. a day, extra to their usual pay. In all the instances mentioned above, soldiers are able to add considerably to their ordinary pay; the officers' servants, for instance, about 10s. a month, and all at rates varying from 3d. to 1s. a day.

The regimental band gives also an excellent opening to any lad with a musical turn of mind. As a rule, those who wish to take up music as a profession in the army would have to enlist when between fourteen and sixteen years of age; but it is quite possible for a lad to enlist as an ordinary recruit at the ordinary age, and after he has learnt his drill to take a place in the band.

The great advantage of the army as a school for a musical lad is that he is, even *while learning* his instrument, given pay, board and lodging, and clothing—in other words, he lives in barracks just like other soldiers. Now supposing him to have got on fairly well, and to have mastered the instrument he plays in the band, he ought at once to get to work at some other one, say a violin, or a more uncommon instrument; he will then have a double chance of getting engagements "to play out"—*i.e.*, to help at concerts and other entertainments. For in some garrison towns a good military band, or at any rate some members of it, would be able to get as many engagements as they could avail themselves of, and would be well paid for their services, of course entirely extra to their military pay.

Besides this, the future of the bandsman is pretty well provided for. In one case he might like to stick to his regiment, earning his extra pay, and by re-engaging for twenty-one years' service, claim a pension on which to retire; or if he possessed sufficient education, both general and musical, he might work up to become a bandmaster, who ranks very little below an officer.

The regimental school has been referred to once or twice, and it will be as well to mention the advantages the army has to offer in this respect.

Supposing a lad at the time of his enlistment to be entirely without education, he must attend the school regularly until he can pass an examination in the four simple rules of arithmetic, and can read easy English, and write enough to sign his name. Happily, nowadays, there are few boys unable to do this, and therefore they would at once take the certificate, and

escape compulsory attendance at school. But if the recruit has any intention of "bettering himself" and of obtaining any of the good positions the army has to offer, he ought without delay to work up for and pass the examinations of the higher standards. The examination for a first-class comprises the whole of arithmetic, together with some higher branch of mathematics, or a foreign language, history and geography, &c., together with the power of being able to read and write fluently difficult passages of English. A private soldier may sometimes be found who from the mere love of self-improvement studies one subject after another, and thus makes a practical use of these opportunities. For it must be remembered that a soldier can use the school to his heart's content, without paying a penny for the privilege; and facility is given by means of evening classes to enable the men to avail themselves of it. And, happily, it is a fact that soldiers as a class are becoming much better educated; the change of late years being very marked. Official documents show this plainly, for whereas, twenty years ago, only about 7 men in every 100 could boast of a fairly good education, in 1880 as many as 58 in every 100 were returned as possessing "superior education." It seems to be a very prevalent opinion that barrack-rooms are always full of noisy soldiers, and many persons would no doubt laugh at the idea of a man being able to sit there of an evening to read quietly, or to study school work. The true state of the case may very well be given here, as it is likely to be a real comfort to any steady young man who thinks of enlisting. In the first place, then (as mentioned before), private soldiers continually finish their day's work by 3 or 4 p.m., and the natural consequence of this is that the great majority of them leave barracks early in the afternoon, or at any rate after tea, and do not come back again until about 9 p.m. And for those who do not care to go into the town, or have no money in their pockets to spend there, the recreation-room provided in the barracks is always a great attraction. It continually happens, then, that for two or three hours in the evening the barrack-room is nearly deserted, and if any men are there, they are either privates preparing for some duty next day, or dozing on their beds after a night on guard, or perhaps a sergeant struggling with his papers and books. In any case the room is quite quiet, and it is a grand opportunity for the soldier bent on self-improvement to set to at his studies; and, unless he is in constant need of the schoolmaster's help, he can probably make the best use of his time by staying in his own room. But whether working for an examination or not, the fact of being able to get a few hours of peace in the barrack-room has been an unexpected crumb of comfort to many a well-intentioned soldier; and therefore it has been thought advisable to draw attention to it.

The details of pay of all the different ranks and branches of the army are so clearly shown in the official paper headed "Advantages of the Army," already alluded to, that it will be altogether unnecessary to go over that ground again here. But it may be useful to take one or two cases, and by giving as

nearly as possible the necessary expenditure, and taking into account the extras he receives, to see what sort of position a soldier has, and what are his opportunities for saving money.

The lowest rate of pay is 1s. a day, and, although that sounds absurdly small, let us see what the soldier has to do with it. In the first place, he has a good lodging found him, with plenty of bedding, lights, and firing, therefore there is no expense on that score. As regards food, he gets every day a pound of bread, and either one pound or three-quarters of a pound of beef or mutton, so the heaviest part of his "board" is found for him also; but there is some slight expense for extras, to be mentioned presently. The main part of his clothing is also supplied gratis, viz., the cloth clothes, boots, &c., and the soldier need incur no expense on that head; but the smaller details of clothing—*i.e.*, shirts and stockings, &c.—have to be maintained and paid for by him after the first issue has been worn out; it being borne in mind that the first issue of clothing is made complete and without charge, except a small sum for having the various articles marked.

The chief necessities of life being thus provided, there only remain some small items of compulsory expenditure. The groceries used for breakfast and tea, and the vegetables for dinner, are paid for by the soldier at the rate of 3d. a day, and the washing of clothes at $\frac{1}{2}$ d. a day, making a total of 2s. 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per week. Beer is to be got cheap and good at the canteen, and if a man drinks his quart a day that will come to 2s. 4d. a week. Deducting these two amounts from the pay of 7s. a week, there remains about 2s. 6d. a week for what may be termed "pocket-money," out of which, of course, a soldier can easily provide himself with tobacco, extras in the form of butter or cheese at his meals, and still leave a few coppers in hand.

This case has been taken as the very worst possible, but probably bears a good comparison with what many men have to put up with in ordinary life, as the soldier is clothed, fed, and housed better than his civilian brother. And, moreover, the soldier has what is called "Deferred Pay" accumulating all the time at the rate of £3 a year, which will be given to him whenever he leaves the army.

By a simple calculation it would appear that the allowances of bread and meat, lodging and firing, clothing and boots, which all soldiers receive gratis, could not be obtained for less than 8s. 6d. a week; therefore this amount ought to be imagined as added in every case to the soldier's actual cash payments.

But it will be as well now to take the case of a soldier (still a private soldier) who is either a good tradesman—carpenter or mason—or a man with a fair amount of education. And it may be mentioned that even if when a lad enlists he is not up to this mark, by a little application, and taking advantage of opportunities, he may very soon become a good scholar, or learn a trade.

All the main features of his living, as regards board and lodging and supply of clothing, will be the same

as has been described before, and there will be no further stoppage of pay; so whatever more money can be earned will be so much to the good, either for making his life more comfortable by getting extra food, or better underclothing, or for investing in the savings-bank.

Supposing a soldier to be employed on ordinary labourer's work, and to be an inexperienced workman, he would be given extra pay at the rate of 2s. 6d. a week, making a total of about 5s. a week pocket-money after all necessaries had been provided. Supposing him to be employed five days in a week as an artificer, but not as a skilled workman, extra pay at the rate of 1s. a day would be issued, making a total of about 7s. 6d. a week.

In the case of soldiers employed temporarily in the school as assistant teachers, extra pay would be given them at the rate of 2s. or 3s. a week; and if employed as telegraph clerks, at various rates from 2s. to 7s. a week extra, according to the nature and amount of work done.

Now in all these instances the soldier has at his own disposal sums varying from 6s. 6d. to 11s. 6d. a week, out of which he has merely to pay for his beer and tobacco (which many will think he is better without), little extras at breakfast and tea, and his amusements. Allowing 4s. a week for that, it will be evident that a man inclined to save money can do so at rates of 10s. to 30s. a month, and teetotalers at an increased rate. But whether the figures mentioned above are questioned or not, it is a mere statement of fact to say that it is a common thing in the army to have men putting by regularly 10s. and 15s. a month. And soldiers may be more induced to save, now that

they feel there is a steady accumulation of pay always going on for them. This "Deferred Pay" at the rate of £3 a year cannot be forfeited except for grossly bad conduct, and therefore after seven years in the army it will have amounted to £21; and it has been shown that soldiers have many opportunities of saving money; therefore taking a very low standard, say 10s. a month for ten months in the year, and reckoning only on five years' savings, this will amount to £25, which added to the Deferred Pay would give a sum of nearly £50.

Of course, by taking the case of a man earning the higher rates of pay, it could be shown that he might leave the army at twenty-five years of age with £70 or £80, this saving having been made without any undue pinching or hard living.

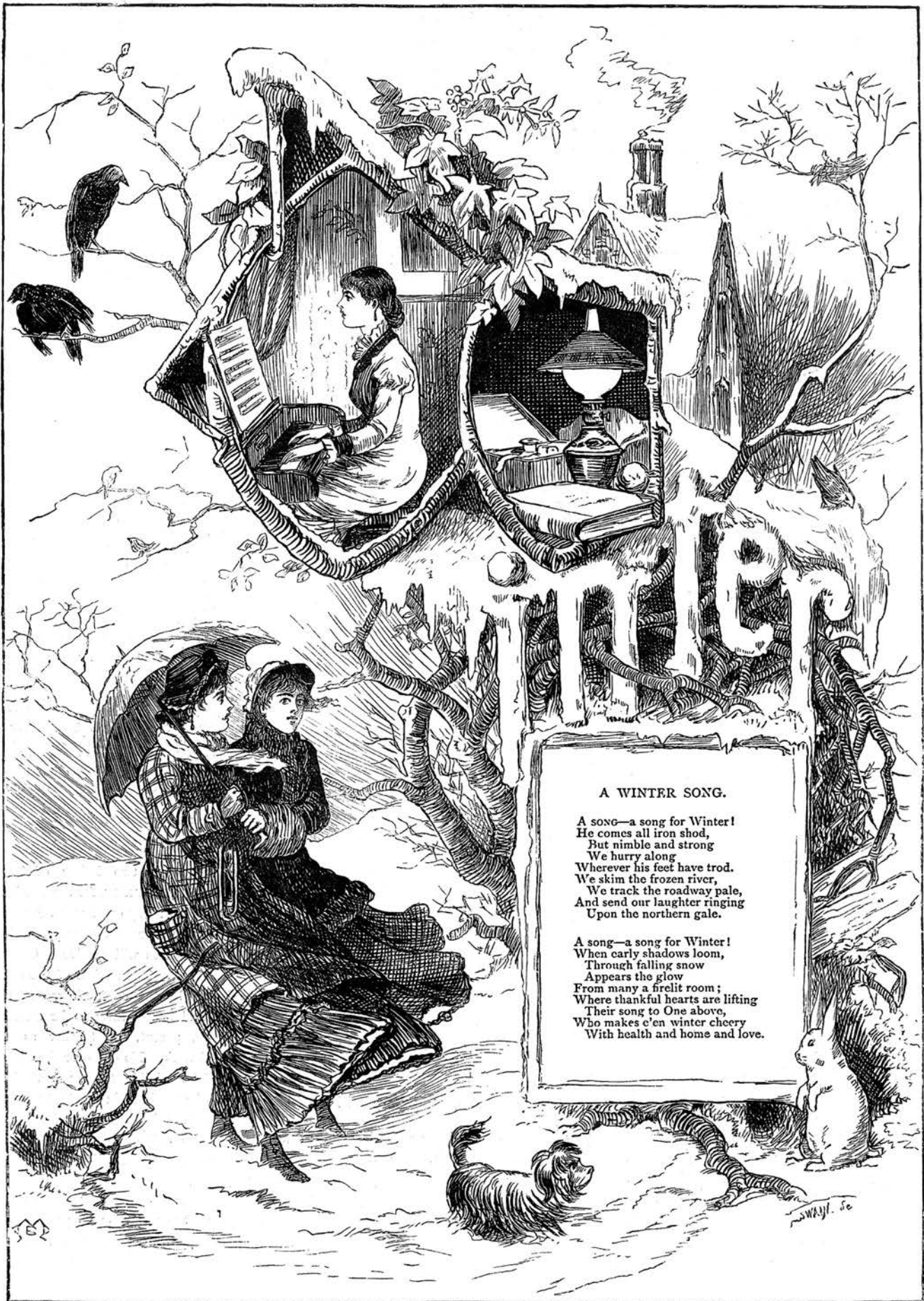
Besides the amounts of extra pay mentioned thus far, it must be added that continued good conduct is rewarded with an increase of pay of 1d. a day after two years', and 2d. a day after six years' service, which naturally helps the soldier to remain steady and enables him to add to his account in the savings-bank.

If space had permitted we would have referred to some other essential points in the young soldier's career; offering him some advice as to how best to keep out of mischief and to avoid bad company during his leisure hours; and we would have tried to put in its true light the subject of military offences and their punishments, about which there is a good deal of misunderstanding. These matters must, however, stand over for the present, but in a future number we shall hope to show the excellent prospects open to those young men who wish to make the army their permanent profession.



THE BRITISH ARMY.—LANCERS.

Illustrated London Almanack, 1870



A WINTER SONG.

A song—a song for Winter!
He comes all iron shod,
But nimble and strong
We hurry along
Wherever his feet have trod.
We skim the frozen river,
We track the roadway pale,
And send our laughter ringing
Upon the northern gale.

A song—a song for Winter!
When early shadows loom,
Through falling snow
Appears the glow
From many a firelit room;
Where thankful hearts are lifting
Their song to One above,
Who makes e'en winter cheery
With health and home and love.

DETECTIVE DAY AT HOLLOWAY.

BY ALFRED AYLMER.

Illustrated by JAMES GREIG.



THE "Castle," as the handsome building at the end of the Camden Road is familiarly called, is nowadays the principal prison for accused but unconvicted persons in London, in fact the great house of detention which has replaced the old and long since demolished gaol of Clerkenwell. It is the annex and antichamber of the Old Bailey Sessions House, lodging as a rule some four hundred prisoners remanded thither for inquiry and safe custody. The first is by no means the least important condition, for the identification of individuals and the verification of their antecedents forms a very large part of our criminal procedure. A culprit's fate when found guilty depends greatly on what is known of him; judges and benches are supposed to consider previous convictions when apportioning sentence, inflicting longer terms on those proved to be addicted to crime. It is to be feared that in this respect they often follow their own sweet will; a disbelief in the efficacy of punishment, or a tender-hearted reluctance to use their full powers has fostered excessive, possibly dangerous, leniency of late—but that is another story. Whatever may come of it the police and the prison authorities are always eager to definitely recognise, to establish the undoubted personality of every one who comes within the grip of the law. It frequently happens that a man or woman who has got into trouble, who has been arrested for some small offence, is very much "wanted" for another, infinitely more heinous; or again, that the law-breaker proves to be someone "at large on licence"—a ticket-of-leave man, making improper use of the freedom conceded to him on the express condition that he will keep out of harm. So great importance attaches to identification. Many methods are employed to compass this, and I shall presently refer to them all; but that which is by far the most interesting and perhaps the most efficacious up to the present time is the detectives' inspection, made three times weekly, at Holloway.

There is a great cluster of plain-clothes policemen around the great gates on the mornings in question—thirty of them: twenty-two Metropolitan and six of the City police, with one superior officer, an inspector from New Scotland Yard. To assist at this gathering would be of great practical service to the "detective" novelist, or the actor who has to play the stage detective, or any theatrical manager anxious to be right in his local colour. These are the veritable Simon Pures, not the Buckets or Hawkshaws or Sergeant Cutlers; mostly burly, well-built, straight-limbed fellows, with the square shoulders, erect bearing of men who have been drilled, and that peculiar firm footfall and rather slow-moving regulation gait of the constable on his beat. For one and all have been "uniformed," have learnt the rudiments of their profession in the common round of everyday police business in the streets. Their faces have also a sort of family likeness; all, with the usual variety of feature noticeable among any thirty different men, have observant eyes, set lips and a general look of thoughtful reticence and reserve. In outward appearance however, especially in costume, they offer strong contrasts. Each has pretty well followed his own taste in dress: one is in dittoes of a not too modest plaid or check pattern, another displays a long-skirted ulster, a third is in a rather frayed frock-coat and wears a "bowler" hat. The fashion in hats and boots varies greatly; the "stove-pipe" is not entirely absent; some carry umbrellas, some thick sticks of a suggestively useful and friendly size. They are, in short, as mixed and medley a lot to look at as you would see in any crowd at a street corner, and this result is no doubt encouraged by the authorities, who wish their detectives to differ in no marked or distinctive way from the rest of the world. As watching, "shadowing," examination and inquiry form so large a part of their duties, there is wisdom in this rule. But I question whether our London detectives are not very generally recognisable, at least by those they pursue, and this very ceremony I am about to describe must greatly help this. It cuts

both ways; if the police can identify their game, the game must become more or less familiar with their hunters when thus brought continually face to face.

The senior officer, Inspector Barkis, is however cast in a different mould. There is nothing conventional about him; no one indeed would take him for a detective, certainly not one of the ordinary commonplace sort. Mr. Barkis is admirably turned out, spick and span from head to foot, from his first-rate tall hat to his brightly-varnished boots; he wears a well-made, stylish frock-coat, his smart tie sports a fine scarf-

of information, and he can tell you some queer stories of the "crooked gentry" we have come here to see.

The parade of prisoners is now ready in the great exercising yard of the prison—a level stretch of bright greensward under the dark surrounding boundary walls; grass thrives well in gaol, and so do sunflowers, which, standing straight and tall to a height of six or seven feet, are a notable feature in the Holloway prison garden. It is a march past rather than a parade, for the whole body of prisoners slowly circle round and round the outer or widest circle of the stone-



THE PARADE OF PRISONERS.

pin—the memento doubtless of some good bit of detective work, for this is an officer of cosmopolitan experience with many striking successes in his varied record. His duties have often taken him beyond the Atlantic, and he is perhaps as well known and as much respected in New York as in London, while his frequent visits to the great Republic have told upon him not unpleasantly by adding that suggestion of independence, that air of "quite as good a man as you are," which is so noticeable, and often in a much more marked degree, in all American officials. But Mr. Barkis, like his namesake, is very willing, very affable and obliging, he is full

paved paths that are marked out from the grass—carefully regarded by the little group of reviewing or inspecting officers collected in one corner of the yard.

Mr. Barkis knows many of them, whatever their present appearance, and it must be understood that the criminal is a protean being who constantly changes his skin, often through astuteness, more often through the force of adverse circumstances, such as a long run of persistent ill-luck when nothing has prospered in his nefarious trade. All here may be inwardly similar in pursuits and evil tendencies, but in outward appearance they differ greatly. A few, very few, are in the

prison uniform, the bright rather garish blue suit which is allotted to the unconvicted, and which is sufficiently distinctive in case of escape, but avoids the degrading features of the familiar drab spotted over with the



"HIS APPEARANCE IS THAT OF A SEEDY SWELL
IN VERY LOW WATER."

Government broad-arrow. For many reasons a "trial" prisoner is permitted, nay, encouraged, to wear his own clothes; only when these are hopelessly ragged or disgustingly dirty is the prison blue indued. Uniform always robs men of their individuality, bring-

ing them down to a dead level of monotonous resemblance, and this tends to defeat the object of this parade. Now we can pick out easily many various types: the coster—probably a false one, but quite like those of the music halls, who has come to grief and has been arrested in the garb which cloaks his real business—that of burglary; the artisan, still in his green baize apron, also a disguise assumed to cover the same unavowable trade; a dozen or more unmistakable roughs loping round in that dropping dot-and-go-one gait peculiar to the street loafer hanging round for any chance (dishonest) job that offers. Some of them are in corduroys and velveteens, some in rags, some in degenerate suits of dittoes; one or two are seafaring men, one an unmistakable foreigner, dark skinned with earrings, and gleaming eyeballs turned back like a fierce beast in a cage; one or two are quite fashionably dressed in frock-coats and tall hats, looking so eminently respectable and well-to-do that one wonders to see them here, and asks why they are "in."

"That young chap with the tall hat on the back of his head?" the inspector repeats my query, looking hard at this rather uncommon type, who lounges nonchalantly along with his hands in his pockets his trousers turned up over his drab gaiters and the perfectly unconcerned look of one who knows the case against him is strong and has made up his mind for the worst. "That? Oh yes; he is charged with a gigantic forgery. A bank clerk—son of a military officer, nephew of an Irish baronet,—not an old lag."

"And these two?" They happen to walk within two or three of each other in the long Indian file, but I have paired them because they are so much alike in appearance. Both are showily dressed in rather sporting "down-the-road" fashion, long-skirted drab coats almost to their heels, bowler hats, drab gaiters, smart spotted ties; both have an indescribable swaggering air which brings them very near the level of gentlemen sportsmen, but just falls short and leaves them unmistakable "bounders" and cads.

"Call themselves brothers. Honourable Frank and Honourable Reggy Plantagenet. Bogus, of course," says Mr. Barkis contemptuously. "Picked 'em up in the West-End, where they've been carrying on a great game defrauding tradesmen and house agents. Got into a first-class residence, stocked it fully with high-class furniture, set up a grand establishment, and never paid a soul. Of

course they're old hands. Haven't made 'em out yet ——"

"Beg your pardon, sir," interposes a detective. "I know that second chap. He passed through my hands four or five years ago. Got penal servitude in the name of Jacob Benskin. Long firm case."

"What sentence?"

"Seven years."

"Then he's on ticket now, and wanted for failing to report himself, no doubt. Anyone else know him?"

With this line to lead them several detec-

appearance is that of a seedy swell in very low water, but he holds himself erect, with no sense of shame, as a man unfortunate but blameless. His clothes, all black, are rusty and greasy, frayed at the edges, the braid hanging in strips, the bottoms of his trousers are worn and cut ragged, his once smart button boots are broken and bulgy, yet they refuse to meet over his stockingless feet.

"Pretends to be a Russian," the inspector tells me. "A man of high family, count or prince or something, exiled for political reasons, and his family have cast him off to starve. That's his story. Took to swindling and blackmailing, that's why he's here now. He's not known in our records at the Yard, although the photographic albums have been searched through and through this week past. We've never had him, or not for a long time, or he is greatly changed in appearance. I have an idea I can 'place' him, but

I'm not positive till I hear from the other side. I fancy I've seen him in the States."

I may as well complete this case here. This Russian was really an American, as Inspector Barkis presently proved, born somewhere down in the Southern States, a gentleman actually, of first-rate education, a fluent linguist, polished manners and most insinuating address, who had travelled all over Europe, moving sometimes in the very best society and turning every opportunity to good account. In this way he became possessed of various family and other secrets on which he based blackmailing demands and often raised considerable sums. But by degrees he had worked out his gold mines, and his latest attempt had failed and landed him in gaol. It was upon a credulous old lady, to whom he revealed himself as a great

personage, unfortunate and in exile, but aspiring to regain his own, and whom he robbed shamelessly. After his first recognition his antecedents were easily made out, and it was found that he was a very old hand, had done two periods of penal servitude and was no stranger to foreign prisons. He had a dozen or more aliases under which he had operated in the capitals and great cities abroad, he had been called the Count Von Arnhoff, Chevalier Zamertini, Marques de Santa Maria, Seymour, Bouverie, Black-



"THE WOMEN, DRAWN UP IN LINE, CAN BE INSPECTED AT A GLANCE."

tives bring corroborative evidence, and after that the other "Honourable" Plantagenet is easily identified. They are not brothers, only brother convicts, who "did time" together at the "boat," or in penal servitude, were "turned up" together, discharged or rather released into the London area, and who will now undoubtedly find themselves in the dock side by side.

Not far off walks another rather puzzling person; he is tall, middle-aged, with neglected gray hair and ragged moustachios, and his

wood, Fitzurse, any name that was high-sounding suited his purpose at the time. It was reported of him, when his identity was fully proved, that he was the most accomplished liar and told his stories with such a specious resemblance to truth that even the most wary and suspicious people were deceived.

From the male we pass on to the female side, where a much smaller party awaits us, and the women, drawn up in line, can be inspected almost at a glance. There is as much variety in attire, but more tawdry finery; dress is made up of more incongruous and flashy elements, crude colours that "fight" with each other, nothing matches, a coarse shawl is thrown over a satin skirt, a showy mantle of cotton velvet and catskin covers a ragged stuff dress, hats and bonnets range between broad-brimmed, laden with vegetation, and the torn remnant of a "toque" that hardly covers a few hairs. All, almost without exception, have a depraved and brutalised expression; drink and vice have left their brand upon these sad sisters. They are commonplace offenders, most of them, easily identified and generally known to the police, whose offences are drunkenness, brawling, petty larceny or unavoidable partnership with one or other of the bigger criminals we have seen in the male exercising yard.

One, neatly dressed and in sharp contrast to the rest, is seated. "A lady of title," Barkis whispers. "That forged will case. It will go hard with her." And surely she knows it, for never was despair and hopelessness more plainly written in face and attitude as she sits there abstracted, with lack-lustre eyes, taking absolutely no notice of us.

"Hulloa!" says the inspector suddenly. "You've come back have you? Same old game?" He is addressing a small bird-faced creature, who bristles up at the familiarity, and replies in a mincing voice, as though she had been carefully trained to say "potatoes, poultry, prunes and prisms."

"Yes, and I do not understand it at all. I shall appeal at once to the Home Secretary and demand my immediate release."

"That's —," says Mr. Barkis. "Dare say you've often heard of her; her name is constantly in the papers. Always being taken and shut up for the same offence—obtaining food and lodging by fraud. She goes to the best hotels sometimes, says her baggage and maid will follow, and so on. The second or third day they run her in."

Just now the "lady" has been treated

more summarily, for she is still in light opera cloak and white satin slippers, which bear the stains of a night spent in the police cell.

From the detective point of view there is nothing very remarkable about the females for identification. But my attention is drawn to a woman who has rather a quaint history. She is always committed for the same offence, that of travelling on the line without a ticket, and she has done it again and again with one sole idea, it is said, to get to one particular prison, where she will find an officer or wardress against whom she has a secret grudge, and who has so far escaped her by transfer to some unknown whereabouts. No one knows exactly the origin of the feud, or what will happen when they meet, but the thirst for vengeance still drives her on, and still she tries a new road, and is still arrested, to move on anywhere when again released.

This detective inspection at Holloway, however, is not, as I have already said, the only method of identifying old hands. We have heard a good deal of late of the new system of measurements adopted from the French, and of the system of recording every individual who passes through the mill by his "finger-prints"—an unalterable and inalienable sign-manual; but these processes, excellent in themselves, and already the rule with us, are only in their infancy, and cannot be largely useful for some time to come.

The idea which underlies and is the true foundation of these methods is so novel that it may still be only vaguely understood, and I had better restate it briefly. It depends mainly upon two now incontrovertible facts in the human organism: first, that certain parts of the body, such as the length and breadth of the head, the length of the index finger, of the foot, of the leg below the knee, and so forth, are absolutely constant and unchanging during life; the second, that an impression of the fleshy part of the finger tips leaves peculiar marks that vary generally with every individual. Upon these an ingenious process has been based by which every offender is now catalogued and indexed, so that if he at any time comes again within the grip of the law his identity can be fixed by taking his measurements and finger-prints anew and comparing them with the data already recorded.

In Paris the measurements alone are taken, but on such an excellent plan, and the information is so systematically and effectively arranged, that the result, the positive identification of the individual by

the production of a set of old measurements exactly corresponding with the new, can be obtained in less than five minutes from the drawers and cabinets in which they are stored.

I have spent many an hour in this French identification office, which is in the top story of the Paris Prefecture of Police and under the personal supervision of the inventor of the system of "anthropometry," as it is called, M. Bertillon. In one large room are collected a dozen or more *détenus*—prisoners under temporary arrest charged with various offences, the gathering in of the previous night, some only suspected, some taken red-handed, but of whose antecedents as



MEASURING THE EAR.

yet very little is positively known. The operators or "measurers" are detective officers or warders under instruction, who move about in long white blouses like ordinary working-men. The whole place has rather the aspect of a scientific gathering, a lecture-room or laboratory, even the prisoners, the subjects of experiment, play their part as though deeply interested in results that affect them most closely. One by one they take their places upon the dais—a wooden platform on which is the imprint of a foot and behind it a standard of height—while the operator hovers over them with enormous brass calipers or com-

passes with which the measurements are taken to millimetres or thousand parts of a yard. When all is done and entered on a card this new card is passed to a superior official, who makes the search and promptly produces the corresponding old card. I was greatly struck by the look of astonishment and surprise of all those subjected to such strange proceedings. Still more amusing is the collapse, the absolute surrender, of any "dark horse" who has given a false name and who is now confronted with full particulars of his identity, supported by his own photograph as taken when last in the hands of justice.

The work never slackens. As one lot is disposed of fresh candidates for identification continually arrive from the *dépôt* or prison of the Prefecture below, and now and again a *garde de Paris*—one of the soldier policemen who assist the authorities—brings under escort some suspicious person, sent straight from the court-house where he has been arraigned, and about whom the judge or magistrate is anxious to know more. I remember when one in particular, a gaudily-dressed, aristocratic-looking man, the perpetrator really of an atrocious murder, was ushered into the crowded room, his attitude was one of fierce protest, his eyes blazed, he would answer no questions, but threatened continually, as a Moldavian or Wallachian prince, I forget which, to appeal at once to his ambassador. There was some little trouble in getting him to submit to the calipers, and but for the imposing force of officials present he would have resisted the measurement. Never was a man so dumbfounded as he was by the production of the card which told his previous history, that of a returned convict, *cheval de retour, en rupture de ban*, banished from Paris, but still residing there in a first-class hotel, which he had made the base of operations ending in murder and robbery.

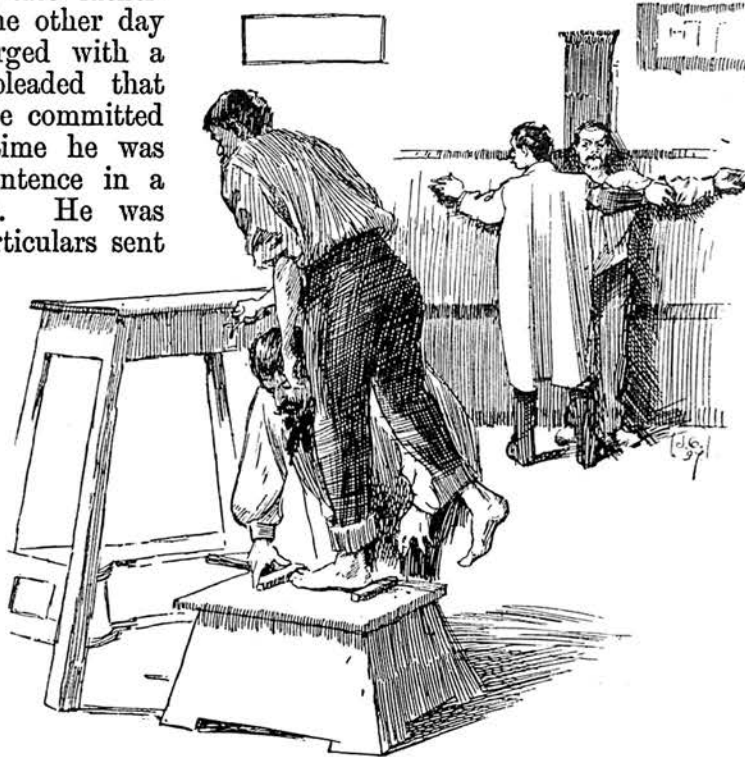
In due course these new processes will no doubt be found equally useful with us. But a first essential is to collect facts, the detailed information which will index all the criminal class, and this can only be obtained gradually as individuals now in custody are discharged from prison. By this means the police, by whom very properly the whole system will be worked, have already some two thousand sets of measurements and finger-prints to which reference is constantly made. It will probably take some four or five years to make a really valuable collection. Meanwhile the adoption of the Bertillon method

has produced one good result: the measurements with us are more or less identical—only fewer—with those in France, and by this international arrangement, when fully developed, a great blow will be struck at cosmopolitan crime. Nothing is more true in these latter days than the statement that great crimes are of no country. They are prepared in one capital—most frequently London—and perpetrated in another. When an arrest is made abroad the antecedents of the culprit are perhaps known in this country, or *vice versa*. It is obvious that the adoption of one European standard of measurement will greatly facilitate identification. Only the other day a foreigner charged with a serious offence pleaded that he could not have committed it for at that time he was serving out a sentence in a prison in Paris. He was measured, the particulars sent over, and by return of post came his full history and proof positive that his defence was untenable.

For the present however our police continue to use their old methods in addition to the new. One of the most important has been described. In addition to these are the "photograph searches," still practised daily at New Scotland Yard, where admirable portraits are preserved in innumerable albums of nearly all offenders convicted in the metropolis. A clever officer who has charge of a case can look through many hundreds of these photographs in a forenoon, and will generally "spot" his man. Another useful help is the custom of taking and registering distinctive marks, the personal traits and blemishes, especially the elaborate tattoo marks with which the criminal class so foolishly brand themselves, thereby writing their names, so to speak, upon their own bodies—a rash custom, which almost inevitably "gives them away." All these indications

are recorded and classified in the great black book of crime, the Register of Habitual Criminals now kept at Scotland Yard, a most voluminous work, always posted up to date, but which has grown to such dimensions that indexing for ready reference is nearly impossible. Not the least difficulty with this registering is the confusion that arises from so many individuals exhibiting nearly identically the same marks. There is generally a poverty of invention about the artist who tattoos, and his decorations, except in a few remarkable cases, do not go beyond initials, anchors, hearts, crossed flags, and so forth.

Again, it is extraordinary what a number of criminals show the same distinguishing features; for instance, in one year alone twenty-eight people had a ring tattooed on the second finger, and there are hundreds who have lost one eye, or are scarred in a certain way by wounds or burns. This of course multiplies enormously the labour of search and often militates against the certainty of identification. Nor



THE SYSTEM OF "ANTHROPOMETRY."

must it be forgotten that to notice and accurately record a number of distinctive marks demands much time and patient trouble, while to measure and impress the finger tips on a card will cause less and yet provide far more definite information—positive facts more practically recorded and more readily hunted up.

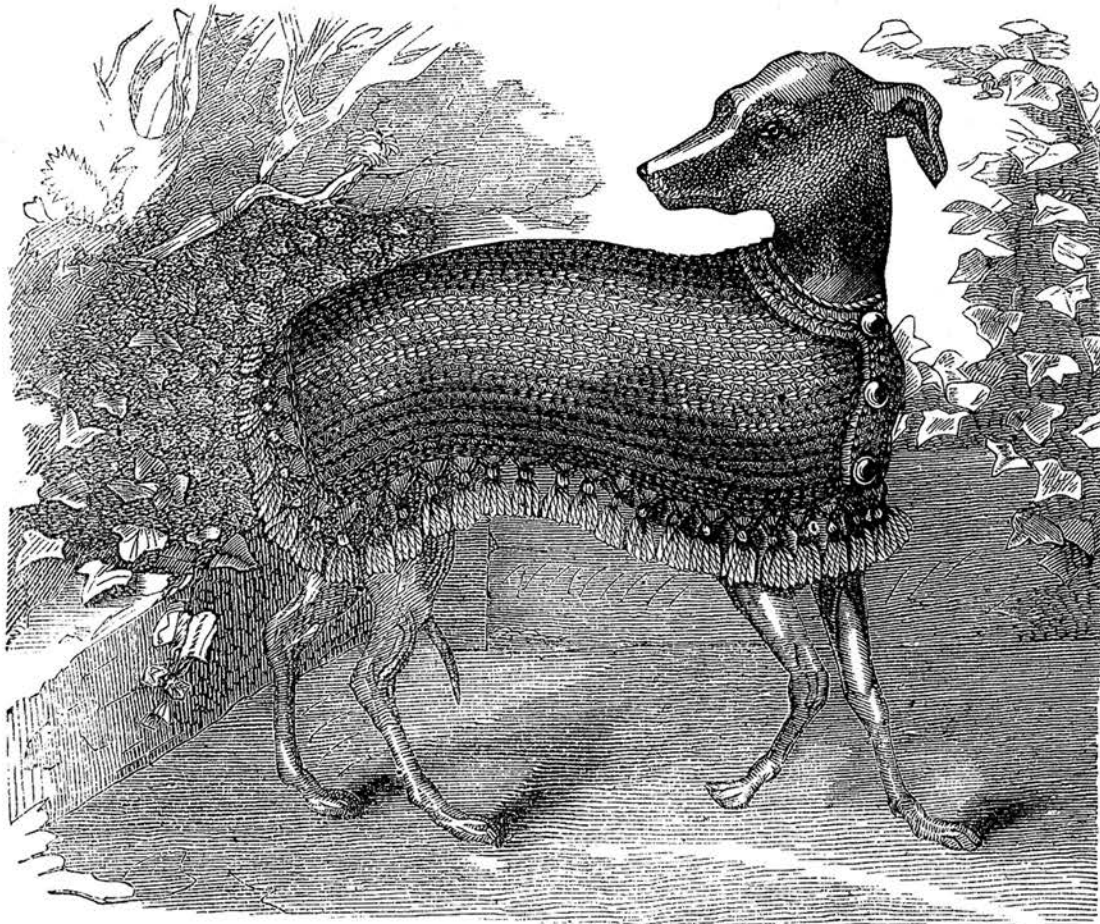
There is in truth no truce in the combat constantly in progress with crime, and not the least valuable of the services rendered by our police protectors is that by which a watchful eye is kept upon all offenders, so that everyone may be known for what he is, and none with a previous criminal history may hope to escape recognition and identification.

WORK DEPARTMENT.

CROCHET JACKET FOR A GREY-HOUND.

Work this jacket with 4-ply light blue fleecy wool in a sort of crochet *à tricoter*, and trim it around with a black and red fringe. Having cut out the pattern in paper, begin the work at the left side of the front with a chain of thirteen stitches, and work backwards and for-

four or five chain at the required points. Around the remainder of the jacket work a row of scallops with black wool, alternately one double on every other stitch, five chain, and into these scallops tie a tuft of four threads of red wool to form the fringe. Lastly, furnish the front of the jacket with three round bells which serve as buttons, and sew on the wrong



wards as follows: *1st row.* Alternately take up a stitch, thread forward. *2d.* Loop off the thread brought forward and the following stitch together. Repeat these 2 rows throughout the work, observing in every front row to take up both threads of the previous row. From the 5th to 9th row increase a few stitches at the beginning of the row, and at the end of 10th row add a chain of 32 stitches for the neck and the right side. On the last 13 stitches of the chain work 10 rows to correspond with those on the left side. Then work 52 double rows, increasing and decreasing according to the paper pattern, after the 3d and before the last 3 stitches of the front row. Work a row of double all around with black wool, and then a row of double with red wool, and another row with red wool around the neck and down the fronts, making three buttonholes by working

side two narrow leather straps four inches long on one side, and on the opposite side two short straps with a buckle attached to each.

A SERIOUS TIME.


Put away the beefsteak, Mollie;
Chop the cutlet into hash;
Turn the solids into salads;
Crush potatoes into mash.
Bake the rice in little patties;
Have the mush with dressing mixed,
For the hour is fraught with danger—
Papa's teeth are being fixed.
Mix the festive pancake batter;
Chop the lobster into bits;
Fry the soft and plastic doughnut
That the grinder never grinds;
Cut the bread in yielding slices,
Lay an oyster in betwixt;
Banish all the pleasant solids—
Papa's teeth are being fixed.

— Worcester Gazette.

Practical Etiquette.

I.

ON MAKING INTRODUCTIONS.

T is impossible to discuss the knotty question of introductions—when they should and when they should not be made—without speaking also of the change in American manners, which has given rise to a difference of opinion, on this as on several other points, between the disciples of the old school and those of the new.

Since the rise and alarmingly rapid spread of Anglomania in our country, there has been a strong effort made by that class which has an intense admiration for the British lord and all that belongs to him, to introduce English manners here, and especially those English customs which favor exclusiveness. Thus, while Parliament is seriously discussing whether or no the House of Lords shall be abolished, as a venerable but expensive and cumbrous ruin, in the United States the nobility cult has assumed formidable proportions, and the ways of the English milord are greatly admired and extensively copied by a certain set of people who belong to the new school.

Those of the old school, meantime, adhere, with little variation, to their original belief. They argue that the manners of well-bred Americans who were born during the early part of the present century, were and are very superior to those of the average society man—be he English or American—of to-day; and that, therefore, having in this country a school of manners of our own, we do not need to slavishly imitate the customs of another nation whose conditions differ so essentially from ours. It is manifestly contrary to reason and common sense, say they, that the social laws of a monarchical and aristocratic country should be adapted to a republic, where all men are born free and equal. Finally, they add the clinching argument, that the English admire pluck and independence much more than the toadying imitation—at best a poor one—with which many of our countrymen seek to propitiate them. At the same time, it should be added, in justice to all parties, that the vast increase of travel between England and America has developed a certain social reciprocity—a mutual exchange of ideas and customs—which affects all classes of society, to a certain degree.

The English custom of making comparatively few introductions has been adopted to some extent by the majority of cultivated people in the United States; but it is carried to an extreme only by a small class who aim at great exclusiveness, although in many cases the individuals who are so afraid of making the acquaintance of their fellows, have no valid claim to the social superiority which they would fain assume. We must deal with people as we find them, however; and a hostess who has tact will take into consideration the wishes and feelings of all her guests, making formal introductions only where the laws of politeness and hospitality demand them, especially where she has to deal with persons who are afflicted with a mania for exclusiveness.

According to the new-school doctrine, introductions are seldom made between visitors who are calling upon a mutual friend or acquaintance. It is expected, however, that the visitors will relieve the awkwardness which this arrangement might entail upon the hostess, by talking together, just as they would have done if they had been made acquainted with each other. Indeed, the only justification of this "return to barbarism" lies in the theory that the meeting under a friend's roof constitutes a sufficient introduction for the time being, and that guests who come together in this way should interchange the ordinary society

small-talk, the quasi-acquaintanceship thus formed ending with the occasion which gave it birth.

Many ladies of excellent social position, and belonging to what are called "old families," adhere still to the more cordial custom of introducing their visitors to one another; arguing that a casual introduction of this sort hurts no one, and that many persons feel ill at ease or even become painfully embarrassed when thus thrown into the society of strangers to whom they have not been introduced.

The same difference of opinion exists as to the propriety of making introductions at afternoon teas, dinner-parties, and receptions.

At a large reception, the hostess cannot personally make numerous presentations and at the same time receive all her guests. It is well, therefore, that she should have one or two friends to assist her in receiving and entertaining her guests, and in introducing them to one another where circumstances demand this course.

We will suppose that Mrs. A. gives an afternoon reception, at which are present ten persons of very exclusive views, forty persons of more catholic taste and inclination, and five ladies who are entirely unacquainted with the rest of the company. To make every one, especially the five "know-nobodies," have a pleasant time, might seem a puzzle like that of the celebrated "fox, goose and bag of corn;" nevertheless, the former, as well as the latter, can be solved.

Our hostess will of course avoid, if possible, presenting the ten exclusives to each other, or to any one else. Above all, she will avoid making them acquainted with the "know-nobodies," unless these latter have some special tastes or accomplishments which would recommend them to the notice of the former. Thus, one of them may have a talent for playing upon the French horn, in which case the exclusive Mrs. X., who is extravagantly fond of music, would perhaps be willing to make the acquaintance of the little musician, especially if their social positions were far enough apart to enable Mrs. X. to feel that there was little danger of her new acquaintance climbing to the lofty social station so proudly held by the X. family. Of course, in a case of this sort, the hostess would ask the permission of Mrs. X. before making the introduction, since it is against the laws of etiquette to introduce to each other two ladies who live in the same town, without first asking the permission of both.

With the "know-nobodies," the hostess would probably not be so ceremonious, however, since she would take it for granted that they must desire to form new acquaintances, and must, therefore, be willing to submit themselves to her guardianship. With the forty unprejudiced guests, she would manifestly have little trouble, although, even here, she would be wary of introducing to one another persons who belonged to the same "set," because if they did not already know each other, it would probably be because they did not wish to do so.

She would be careful, also, to introduce the younger person to the elder. The rule is, that an inferior should always be presented to a superior. A gentleman is always presented to a lady, no matter what his or her age or standing may be. There exist, of course, wide differences of opinion as to whether woman is or is not the intellectual equal of man, but her social preëminence is never questioned among civilized nations.

As we have no recognized rank in this country, the usual rule is that the younger person be presented to the elder, and a single lady should be presented to a married one. The fashion of double presentation is now antiquated: people no longer say, "Mrs. A., Mrs. B.; Mrs. B., Mrs. A." The formal method of introduction, "Mrs. Smith, allow me to pre-

sent Mrs. Jones," is, of course, still used, but many persons dispense with it whenever it is possible to do so.

A lady who wished to make two of her friends acquainted with each other, might say, "Mr. A., you know Mr. G., do you not?" or, "Mr. A., I want you to know Mr. G.;" but she would not take one up to the other, if she could avoid doing so.

Gentlemen always shake hands when they are introduced to each other; ladies shake hands or not, according to the circumstances of the case. It is always the lady's privilege to give or to withhold her hand; but most ladies would take a gentleman's hand, where he had extended it through inadvertence, rather than cause him the mortification of perceiving that he had made a mistake. Where two people were introduced who had already a certain interest in each other, they would be very apt to shake hands; thus, a young lady would shake hands if a friend of her brother's were presented to her. Young ladies, however, do not shake hands with gentlemen so often as married ladies do. At a ball, the lady would make a courtesy and the gentleman a bow, when the latter was presented to the former.

A gentleman should never be formally introduced to a lady unless her permission has been asked beforehand. At a ball, however, a wise hostess will first of all ask the gentleman whether he would not like to be presented to the lady in question, since the young men of our day are not always as gallant as they might be, and knowing that a ball-room introduction implies an invitation to dance or to promenade, on their part, they sometimes refuse to be introduced to a strange young lady. A gentleman who knows a young lady quite well, may ask leave to present a friend to her; but he should not do so within hearing of the latter, since a refusal would be mortifying to him. A lady should never refuse such a request unless she have some very strong reason. A husband may always introduce his wife, or a wife her husband, and a mother may introduce her children, without asking permission.

The custom of introducing a new-comer to a roomful of people is rapidly going out of fashion—as it deserves to do. While the intention of the host in such a case is entirely kindly, the result is embarrassing to the victim, who is thus made a target for the eyes of all beholders. A hostess of tact will present one or two people in a quiet way to the new-comer, and take occasion to present others later in the evening.

Informal introductions do not always entail a subsequent acquaintance between the parties. Thus, where two people have merely been introduced to each other in order to avoid awkwardness, and have only exchanged bows, it would not be necessary for them to recognize each other afterward. As has been said above, however, introductions of this sort are not made now as often as formerly.

If a gentleman should meet two ladies in the street, one of whom he did not know, and if he should ask permission to accompany them, it would not be necessary for the lady whom he already knew, to introduce him to her friend. She would probably do so, however, if she had reason to suppose that the introduction would be agreeable to both parties, or if she saw that the situation was becoming an awkward one.

In a word, if one were called upon to give a *résumé* of the present theory of introducing people, it would be something like this. "Do not introduce thoughtlessly or indiscriminately, but introduce people whenever it is necessary to avoid awkwardness or embarrassment, or whenever, in the opinion of the hostess, the laws of hospitality, and the enjoyment of the guests, require that presentations should be made."

FLORENCE HOWE HALL.

AUNT MEHITABLE'S WINTER IN WASHINGTON.

BY MRS. HARRIET HAZELTON.

WELL, girls, I promised to tell you all about my winter in Washington, or the Federal City, I call it, and I don't see how anybody can call it anything else, seem' as General Washin'ton himself called it so.

You know your Uncle 'Siah had got rich on our great valley farm, and had give the boys good schoolin'; and Nat, he'd got along so as to be 'lected to Congress. And after coaxin' me for two or three year, and sayin' as I'd worked so hard when I was young (and that was all true), and ought to have some rest, and see a little o' the world now, at last I agreed to go. So we got Miss Jinkens out from Petersburg, and 'Siah he bought me a black silk dress, and a alpacey, and a brown moreen, and a fine shawl, and a black velvet bonnit, all fussed up with bows and a feather, and a great lot of other things to go with 'em. Miss Jinkens, she made 'em up real smart, and along about the first days o' December we drove to the station, and got in the cars, and started.

You know, girls, I'd never travelled so before, and I felt a little quare at first like; but when I seen everybody else laughin' and talkin' away, I come to the conclusion fiat it was all right. The furthest I'd ever been from home before was over the Shana'doahs to your Uncle Lishe's. That took us two days in the old carriage, and I thought it was a dreadful long ways. And here we went twenty mile or more every hour, and instead o' bumpin' around, fust this way and then that, over the rocks we went just as reg'lar, "thumpity thump," "thumpity thump," and hardly any bumpin' about it. After I got tired watchin' the people, I got to sayin' over things to myself, and listenin' to the way the clackin' o' the cars said it after me, "Goin' from home," "Goin' from home;" "Never get back," "Never get back;" "Run off the track," "Run off the track," and so on, till I got so frightened in my mind that I had to talk to 'Siah to cheer myself up a little. Of course, I couldn't let him know how silly I was—me, that had raised a family.

In a very few hours we come to the great wide river that looked like the sea, and then the cars went on to something, and the first thing I knowed we was in the middle of the river; and, lookin' off to the right, I seen a great white castle in the air, for all the world like a huge soap-bubble, and husband said it was the Capitol. But I thought of the "Castle Beautiful" in the Pilgrim's Progress, and of the "mansions in the skies," and the "great white throne" in the Revelations. You don't know how quare I felt. It was a'most like

dyin', and wakin' up in heaven, I thought, but, of course, didn't say so, for men, you know, laugh at sich conceits.

Well, we stopped somewhere in the city, and got out o' the cars, and there was hundreds o' the finest carriages, with the drivers all yellin' out at us to take *his* carriage to this place, that place, and t'other place. Your Uncle 'Siah had been there before, and knowed all about it. If I'd been alone, it would a-set me crazy, and I'd a-said "Yes" to the whole lot, and then I guess they'd a-tore me to pieces, so's each have his share. We took one, and I tell you it was nice and soft and springy—a heap nicer'n Judge Allen's, over at Petersburg. 'Siah says "Willard's," and away we went, with our big new trunk in front of the carriage.

When we got to our room at Willard's, things was all so fine I was afraid to use 'em. But 'Siah, he says, "We pay a big price, so make yourself at home." The carpet was flowered velvet, the tables were covered with white marble, and the wash-basin had a place over it to draw the water—hot in one side, and cold in the other. If we only had sich conveniences for washin' clothes here at home, girls, how little trouble it would be! The wall was papered with gold, and the bed was very fine lookin', but not half as comfortable as our feather beds at home. 'Siah said I must put on my silk dress to go to dinner.

"Dinner this time o' day?" says I.

And he said, "Yes, they never have dinner here till after five o'clock."

"Well, I declare! I guess I'll starve, then."

"Oh, no! they'll give us luncheon at twelve," he said.

"Luncheon! that means a snak, I s'pose," says I.

"Yes, but, Hitty, you must be a little quiet about our country ways o' talkin'," says 'Siah. "Jest speak out, sensible like, when strangers speak to you; but if they don't, it's best to say little. If I don't understand a thing, I jest watch, quiet like, till I do."

I agreed to take his advice, and we went down to dinner. I was a little afraid o' spillin' my silk dress by eatin' in it, but they had big napkins, and I got along very well, only I didn't like to have my plate changed so often, as I was dreadful hungry. The table was waited on by men, and they was dressed finer than any of our country boys dress to go to a weddin'. But I got along very well after the first meal. A body can git used to anything.

Next mornin' 'Siah asked me where I'd go first, and I said to Congress, of course. I forgot to say that our Nat was at Willard's, too; but he was too busy with his committee work to go with us much; but he asked a lady-friend of his'n to go with us sight-seein'. She was a very pretty and nice-behaved young

widder, Miss Rankin. We went in the street cars, and we found that Congress was held in the great white Capitol I seen from the river. And I found that it was all of solid marble, and a thousand times finer than I thought it was when I seen it at a distance.

On the great middle porch was two large "groops of statuary," they call 'em. This means men and women cut out of stone, as nateral as life, only a great deal bigger. One of these is Daniel Boone, the great Injun hunter of Kentucky, catchin' and holdin' an Injun that was jest goin' to tomahawk a little baby. The mother is crouchin' down, the very pictur' of misery and fear. The other is Columbus, him that discovered America; but what they mean by makin' him with a ball in his hand, ready to throw at somebody or something, I don't know. I asked Miss Rankin, and she said that some folks thought he was goin' to play ball with the big statue of Washin'ton in the park near by. But I said I didn't believe any sich a thing. Ginerol Washin'ton wouldn't a-played ball after he got that old, even if Columbus had a-wanted him to. And right here I'll tell you that when I went to see that statue next day, it hadn't a bit o' clothes on it, only a blanket spread over his knees as he was settin' in his chair. Miss Rankin asked me how I liked it. I told her I didn't like it at all. And she said, no more did she; but Mr. Curtis, of *Harper's Magazine*, said it was a'most the only one we had worth lookin' at. Well, I told her I didn't know much about sich things; but I knowed what I liked. And then she told me that my son said his mother was a woman of the finest sense, though she hadn't had the advantages of eddication; and she would really like to hear my opinion of the statue.

"Well, Miss Rankin," says I, "you shall hear it. I like the face and head very well; but if folks want to make men in stone, for us to remember 'em by, I think they ought to make 'em look as much like they was in life as possible. Do you think Ginerol Washin'ton ever stripped himself, and folded a bed-quilt over his lap, and set down for people to look at him?"

She laughed, and said, "No, she guessed not." And I spoke of the hall where they keep the statues of Lincoln, and Hamilton, and other great men, and told her I thought they looked somethin' like; they was dressed as they was when they lived among us.

And I do think it very fine to have these all standin' there—these men that had so much influence when they lived. I should think that the Congressmen that pass through that hall would never dare to do anything low or dishonorable. I'm sure I couldn't, with them pale faces lookin' at me, like the faces of the dead.

Well, girls, I could talk all the evenin' about them statues. Hamilton, with his fine face and

his old style clothes, every wrinkle in the right place, and the very stretchy look of his silk stockin's carved in the marble, natural as life. You see I know all about that style of dress; for gran'father never would dress any other way. They are all good, but that one is surely the best.

But I must tell you about the Rotunder. This is the first room we pass through. It is a grand place, yet don't look comfortable. In fact, it's a kind of hall; but never in all your lives did you dream of sich a hall. It's round, like a haystack, and the ceilin's shaped a little like the top of a haystack; but, dear me, you could put all the hay in the Shana'doah in it, and then it wouldn't be half full. Away up, higher'n any pine on the mountain is the ceilin', all painted with naked angels and babies, and clouds, and harps. I don't know what it's all for, but I'd hate to have them naked figgers in a house o' mine. They say there's stairs leadin' up to 'em, and when you're near, they look like giants, but I guess I never could climb that high now. If I'd been young like you I'd a tried it though. All the side walls, or rather the whole round wall, is covered with picturs—each one bigger'n the side of our room, and the people in 'em as large as life. "The Baptism of Pocahontas," is a beautiful picture. The sweet face of that Injun girl will always stay in my memory. And you know, girls, that anybody in Virginny that can possibly claim to be a kin to her is proud to do it. I got Miss Rankin to write me down the names o' the painters and picturs. This one was done by Mister Chapman, and he must 'a understood his business. "The Pilgrims in the Speedwell," by Mister Weir, is just as good. Rose Standish's face is like our Annie's was when she was a girl, and everybody knows she was as pretty as a pictur; and the striped satin of her dress shines and glimmers just as if the elegant goods was held up before you. Then there's the "Landin' of Columbus," that we see on some of the greenbacks, by Vanderlyn; the "Discovery of the Mississippi," by Powell, both of them very fine—finer than anything you ever saw. But the four old picturs they made first, about "Washin'ton givin' up his Commission," and the "Declaration of Independence," and the "Surrender of Burgoyne" and "Cornwallis," I don't like much. I guess they was good in their day, but the painter has made the faces all too much alike. One man's face is just like another's. I told Miss Rankin what I thought of 'em, and she said I wasn't the first one that thought so. Some Injuns one day was lookin' at 'em when somebody asked an old chief how he liked 'em. The old red-skin shook his head and answered: "Too much Washin'ton!"

We went from the Rotunder to the "Old Hall," they call it, where they keep the statues. This is where Congress used to meet. It is

half-round at one side, "simmi-circler," they call it, and there's great columns rangin' around the sides. They're made of the quarest stone or marble. It looks as if tons of pebbles, of all sizes and colors, had been poured into some melted stuff, and then growed hard, so's to be polished. There's several places in the marble that looks like faces.

Here is the statue of Lincoln, by Vinnie Ream. When it was first made all the papers in the country poured out their abuse on her; just because some jealous man or men started it—somebody that thought they ought to have got the job. They say she's done better things since; and now that she's got to goin' up hill, folks have got to saying mighty nice things about her; and some of the best folks in the city visit her and ask her to their homes. Poor little girl! It a'most made me cry when Miss Rankin told me what wicked things they said about her. And this, too, when Miss Rankin said she never went any place or saw any company without havin' her mother or sister with her. And she says that even when she went to Europe, she took her mother along; and that she helps her own people with her money. So I guess she's a good deal better'n a great many that talked about her.

They say that *now* when Vinnie Ream goes to a reception or evening party, everybody is askin' for an introduction; and the little girl's just as pleasant to all as if she'd always been well treated. Miss Rankin said there was a self-conceited young puppy a year or so ago that read a lecture on art—part of which he stole, if not all—and he was so mean and cowardly as to fling his foul mud at the little woman's name, just because she wasn't there, and he knowed it. If she'd a been a big man, strong enough to horsewhip him, he wouldn't a-dared to do it, of course. They say the other statue makers hang around Congress and ask for jobs, and then, when a woman does it, and *gits* the job, they cast their dirty slanders after her. I say if a woman can do a thing as well as a man, she ought to be allowed to do it, and be treated with respect. Miss Rankin told me of a Miss Bonn Hérr, a French woman, that makes mints o' money just paintin' horses and cattle. She makes 'em look a'most like they was alive. And all the great people go to see her and pay huge prices for her picturs. I don't believe in women votin' or dirtyin' themselves up mixin' in politics and 'lections, but if God gives 'em the power to make statues or paint picturs, I say let 'em do it, just as much as men. I don't believe a woman was ever intended to make machines or run factories, but I've always noticed that if anything is wanted to *look* pretty and tasteful like, they always call on a woman to do it. And so I believe they can paint *better* 'n men if they only find it out once. But I've talked the whole evenin' and ain't begun yit. When you want to hear more just let me know.

*Rosa Bonheur - Ed.



HOW TO SPEND SUNDAY.

BY THE REV. PREBENDARY EYTON.



WHATEVER differences may exist as to the precise reasons for the observance of Sunday, or as to the particular methods which those reasons suggest, there is happily no question about the fact that Sunday is an institution which exercises a most blessed influence on the community. Here at any rate we are all agreed. No proposal would be more universally condemned and even execrated than a proposal to abolish Sunday as an institution, to let every day be alike, with no interruption of business and no pause in the restless struggle of competition. The Secularist who limits his point of view to the life that now is would be as earnest in his opposition to such a proposal as the Christian who views this life as the preparation for a greater life beyond.

There is, then, a general consensus of opinion that Sunday, viewed simply as a day of rest from ordinary occupation, is a great blessing. Instituted, as it was primarily no doubt, for the good of man's soul, it has proved the greatest boon to his whole nature. Even those who do not realize that they have a soul would be among the first to exclaim, "We cannot do without it." That observance which the religious instinct wrested from the world by long and painful struggles—that rest from the dull grind of competition which nothing less strong than the religious motive would ever have succeeded in securing, is now universally recognized to be a great boon to mankind at large. But when we pass on to consider the question how Sunday is to be observed, we pass from the calm waters of universal assent, or, at any rate, of acquiescence, into a seething ocean of dispute and controversy.

It is to attempt to vindicate the real greatness and honour of Sunday, to vindicate it against mischievous attempts to identify it with the Jewish Sabbath on the one hand and against turning it into a day of nothing but amusement on the other, that we need a strong and enlightened public opinion.

It is of great importance in the formation of such an opinion not only to be quite clear that Sunday is not the Jewish Sabbath, but also to know why it is not. For a man will never get the full blessing out of his enlightened Sunday observance till he has got rid of a false conscience on the subject of the fourth commandment. The Christian is as free from the law of the Jewish Sabbath as he is from the law that prescribed Circumcision. A very little thought will enable us to see that Christian instinct from St. Paul's day has refused to identify Sunday with the Sabbath. For what was the rule of Sabbath observance? A Jew might not do any work, he might not sweep his room, or light his fire, or cook his food. He might not even go outside the camp to gather manna. A man was found collecting sticks for firewood on the Sabbath day and the whole congregation stoned him with stones till he died. Has anything like this ever been advocated as the law of Sunday? Did any one ever keep Sunday in this way? And yet those who maintain that Sunday is only a continuation of the Sabbath, ought, if they are consistent, to keep Sunday in this way. To what obvious absurdities it would lead a moment's reflection will tell us.

And we are strengthened in this conviction by observing Christ's attitude towards the Jewish Sabbath. That attitude is the more remarkable because He was generally

so careful to observe all Jewish practices. But He seems to make an exception in His protest against the rigidity of the Sabbath, "He healed those who were sick on the Sabbath day," when there was apparently no reason why He should not have put it off till the next day. He did not bid those who were healed to rest where they were till to-morrow, as the law would have bidden them, but He said, "Rise, take up thy bed and walk." His obvious intention was to show that He was superior to the Jewish Sabbath, that it was made for man, and that its temporary and limited purpose was now fulfilled. And as regards Sunday it is needless to say that He said no word that could imply that there should be any continuation of the Jewish Sabbath under another name and on another day.

The Christian Sunday, then, is not a continuation of the Jewish Sabbath, it rests upon no Divine commandment. God gave His people laws in the olden time that they might be trained to give laws to themselves. He gave commandments which imposed prohibitions that His people might learn to restrain themselves. He claimed a portion of their time. He said, "That portion must be wholly Mine; it must be observed in a special fashion," such as was laid down. This was a necessary step in the training of mankind. One can easily see how without it a commercial nation like the Jews would have sunk into a state of money-making godlessness. They were pulled up sharply by finding every seventh day fenced round with observances which were meant to remind them of their relationship to God.

But the spiritual reality which underlay this observance of the Sabbath is the sanctification of the whole life by the consecration of stated portions of it to the direct worship of God. The Christian Church seized hold of this underlying reality from the first and connected it with that Resurrection Day which was to be a new spiritual departure for mankind. But she never dreamt of transferring to this the old rules and prohibitions which had served their time and done their work. That the first day of the week was a day on which the early Christians met for worship is abundantly clear from the Acts of the Apostles; but there is no hint there of any other kind of observance, nor was any such possible. The shops did their business, and the law courts were open on the first day as well as on any other day, and it was not till the time of Constantine that the religious forces were able to gain Sunday from the exigencies of worldly business. Even then there is no trace anywhere of any attempt to demand for Sunday observance the sanction of the fourth commandment.

Sunday was considered to be God's free gift to His people in this toiling world, a day of resurrection, a day of worship, a day of elevation above earthly things. Such is still the true idea of Sunday. The man who keeps it in the spirit of that idea will want no rules for its observance—he has entered into the spirit of the day. He has got hold of a great living principle, and so long as he is true to the one and the other he may very well be trusted as to their applications.

There is a saying of the great Saint Augustine which seems just to meet the case. "Ama et fac quod vis.—Love and then do what you like." Just so a man who has grasped the true idea of Sunday, who is alive to the great privilege of Sunday, may "stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made him free." He will not want any rules for Sunday observance, he will remember that inasmuch as he is a follower of Christ, he has not rules to keep but a character to imitate. He will maintain his freedom and the only question that he will ask is how Christ would have him observe Sunday, and in the answer to that question, honestly faced, he will find the ideal of his life.

In the light of a great principle like this we may venture on a few details. The general interests of society obviously and clearly demand not only a weekly day of rest for physical reasons (though that is by no means an unimportant consideration), but a day of elevation for moral and spiritual reasons. Every busy man knows the tendency to become absorbed in his week-day occupations; every student knows the danger of being buried in his books; many feel the difficulty of the down-grade tendencies of their ordinary associations. They know that they might sink into being almost mere machines. But if Sunday is to be maintained as a day of elevation it will only be by according to worship its primary place. Worship is the first business of Sunday as work is the first business of week-days. Recreation holds the same place in both, and that is a subordinate one. It is necessary to insist on this however much we may sympathize with the quite reasonable desire for less restricted recreations on Sunday

than are now possible. If the true idea of Sunday as in the first place a day of worship is not preserved, and if schemes for recreation practically monopolize the whole day it is not too much to say that we shall soon lose Sunday altogether. Nothing but the religious motive would have gained it from the grasp of ceaseless competition and nothing but the religious motive will keep it.

It may safely be prophesied that Sunday would never be preserved as an institution merely for physical rest and amusement, especially as the amusement of less than half the social body would necessarily provide the greater portion with necessary work in supplying it. We need a strong protest at the present time from all who value Sunday as a great boon against the increase not of harmless amusements which occasion no work but of recreations which practically deprive railway servants and household servants of any Sunday at all. Granting that a morning given to worship may quite fitly be followed by an afternoon of some healthy out-door amusement in the case of real workers, yet nothing can excuse the selfishness of large parties on Sundays, or of a demand for special trains for excursions on the river. And for the most part it is not the weary brainworker or hard working mechanic who demands these additional opportunities. The 10 a.m. train which runs on Sunday from Paddington to Maidenhead is filled (I am told) by the class of people who spend their week-days in perpetual recreation, who go from race to race, from one party to another, from hanging over Hyde Park railings to idle gossiping in houses. That train is a type of the real peril which is ahead, viz. that Sunday should be retained only as a holiday for those who can afford to take one. That the health, the happiness, the home life of so deserving a body as the railway servants, should be sacrificed to the self indulgence of upper class idlers is a thing which makes one burn with indignation. For charity's sake, for the sake of society as a whole, above all for the sake of those who have such scanty leisure we are bound to abstain from any recreation however lawful and tempting which makes Sunday a hard day for other people. On the other hand much might be done to make Sunday a brighter day for the young. The perpetual "Thou shalt not" which forms too large a part of the dim and hazy instruction on the subject too often given in schools and families is not only wearisome and oppressive, but tends to promote inevitable reactions. The distinction between Sunday games and week-day ones, or Sunday tunes and week-day ones is a relic of that hateful system which cut life into two, and left the thought of God's service out of work and play alike. I should be glad to see a cricket-match on every village green on Sunday afternoons, and the games of every Institute as freely used as on week-days. There can be no better relaxations than our ordinary English games, and it is a thousand pities to proscribe them as unfit for Sundays.

Then again in relation to another much controverted matter, the opening of museums and picture galleries on Sunday afternoons, might we not hope to get rid of the real difficulty of keeping the ordinary attendants at work by enlisting volunteers from the leisured classes to act as guardians, and so to enable thousands of the more intelligent Londoners to visit the National Gallery and the Natural History Museum on Sunday afternoons? Nothing could be more elevating than such opportunities, and to thousands who have little choice on a wet Sunday save the limited one of the public-house or the street-corner, the boon would be an inestimable one. We ought as a matter of charity to guard jealously the opportunities for Sunday rest of the great working classes; and we ought to protest against any selfish employment of Sunday labour. But we are most Christlike when we are most human in our sympathies, and we shall insure a far more intelligent and health-giving use of Sunday by promoting all reasonable recreations in the after part of the day than by looking askance at them or by invoking against them an abrogated commandment of the Jewish law.

Nothing is absolutely wrong in itself on Sunday that is not wrong on week-days, for Sunday does not alter or modify the great laws of right and wrong. But every man who has a real purpose in life, will see things which for himself are wrong on Sunday because they hinder that purpose instead of setting it forward. And every man who has learnt to feel for others will feel that it is noble work for him to sacrifice even some of his liberty in order to stem the tide of that Sunday selfishness which is the only real Sunday desecration. And if this attitude be maintained and extended we shall preserve all that is essential in our English Sunday.



THE GREAT STORM OF LAST AUTUMN RENT ONE HUGE BRANCH IN TWAIN, AND
TORE OFF A DOZEN LESSER ARMS FROM YOUR BLEEDING TRUNK.



By GRANT ALLEN.

MORE than once in these papers I have mentioned, as I passed, the wind-swept and weather-beaten Scotch fir on which the night-jar perches, and which forms such a conspicuous object in the wide moorland view from our drawing-room windows. I love that Scotch fir, for its very irregularity and rude wildness of growth; a Carlyle among trees, it seems to me to breathe forth the essential spirit of these bold free uplands. Not that anyone would call it beautiful who has framed his ideas of beauty on the neatness and trimness of park-like English scenery; it has nothing in common with the well-grown and low-feathering Douglas pines which the nursery gardener plants out as "specimen trees" on the smooth velvety sward of some lawn in the lowlands. No, no; my Scotch fir is gnarled and broken-boughed, a great gaunt soldier, scarred from many an encounter with fierce wintry winds, and holding its own even now, every January that passes, by dint of hard struggling against enormous odds with obstinate endurance. Life, for it, is a battle. And I love it for its scars, its toughness, its audacity. It has chosen for its post the highest summit of the ridge, where north-east and south-west alternately assault it; and it meets their assaults with undiminished courage, begotten of long familiarity with fire and flood, with lightning and tempest.

Has it never occurred to you how such a tree must grow? what attacks it must endure, what assaults of the evil one it must continually fight against? Its whole long life is one endless tale of manful struggle and dear-bought victory. What survives of it now in its prime—for it is still a young tree, as trees go on our upland—is at best but a maimed and

mutilated relic. From its babyhood upward it has suffered, like man, an eternal martyrdom. It began life as a winged seed, blown about by the boisterous wind which shook it rudely adrift from the sheltering cone of its mountain-cradled mother. Many a sister seed floated lightly with the breeze to warm nooks in the valley, where the tree that sprang from it now grows tall and straight and equally developed on every side into a noble Scotch fir of symmetrical dimensions. But adventures are to the adventurous; you and I, my tree, know it. You were caught in its fierce hands by some mighty sou'wester that whirled you violently over the hilltop till you reached the very summit of the long straight spur; and there, where it dropped you, you fell and rooted in a wind-swept home on a wind-swept upland. Your growth was slow. For many and many a season your green sprouting top was browsed down by wandering cattle or gnawing rabbits; you had some thirty rings of annual growth, I take it, in your stunted rootstock, just below the level of the soil, before you could push yourself up three inches towards the free and open air of heaven. Year after year, as you strove to rise, those ever-present assailants cropped you close and stunted you; yet still you persevered, and nathless so endured, till, in one lucky season, you made just enough growth, under the sun's warm rays, to overtop and outwit their continual aggression. Then, for a while, you grew apace; you put forth lush green buds, and you looked like a sturdy young tree indeed, with branches sprouting from each side, when, with infinite pains, you had reached to the height of a man's shoulder.

But your course was still chequered. Life is hard on the hilltops. You had to stand stress and strain of wind and weather. Like every other tree on our open moor,

I notice you are savagely blown from the south-west ; for the south-west wind here is by far our most violent and dangerous enemy, blowing great guns at times up the narrow funnel-shaped valleys, and so much more to be dreaded than the bitter north-east, which is elsewhere so inhospitable. "Blown from the south-west," we say as a matter of course in our bald human language ; and so indeed it seems. I suppose most casual spectators who look upon you now really believe it is the direct blowing of the wind that so distorts and twists you. You and I know better. We know that each spring, as the sap rises in your veins, you put forth afresh lush green sprouts symmetrically from the buds at your growing-points ; and that if these sprouts were permitted to develop equally and evenly in every direction, you would have grown from the first as normally and formally as a spruce-fir or a puzzle-monkey. But not for us are such joys. We must grow as the tempests and the hail-storms permit us. Soon after you have begun each year to put forth your tender green shoots comes a frost—a nipping frost—whirled along on the wide wings of some angry sou'wester. We, your human neighbours, lie abed in our snug cottage, and tremble at the groaning and shivering of our beams, and silently wonder in the dark amid the noise how much of our red-tiled roof will remain over us by morning. (Five pounds' worth of tiles went off, I recollect, in last Thursday week's tempest.) But you on your open hilltop feel the fierce cold wind blow through and through you ; till all the buds on your south-western face are chilled and killed ; while even the others, more sheltered on the leeward side, have got nipped and checked, so that they develop irregularly. It is this lawless checking of growth in your budding and sprouting stage that really "blows you on one side," as we roughly state it. Only on your sheltered half do you ever properly realise the ground-plan of your nature. Your growth is the resultant of the incident energies. And that, after all, is the case with most of us. Especially with the stormy petrels of our human menagerie.

Yet even to you, too, have come the consolations of love. "Not we alone," says the poet, "have yearnings hymeneal." Late developed on your cold spur, checked and gnarled as you grew, there came to you yet a day when your branches burgeoned forth into tender pink cones, with dainty soft ovules, all athirst for pollen ; while on your budding shoots grew thick rings of rich stamens, that flung their golden powder adrift on the air with a lavish profusion right strange in so slenderly endowed an economy. But it is always so in nature. These gnarled hard lives, as people think them, are gilded brightest by the glow and fire of love ; these poorest of earth's children are made richest at last in the holiest and best of her manifold blessings. It was nothing to you, I know, my tree, that the fire which swept over the heath some five years since charred all your lower branches and killed half your live bark ; you had courage to resist and heart to prevail ; and though those poor burnt boughs are dead and gone for all time, you still put forth smiling bundles of green needles above quite as bravely as ever. It was nothing to you that the great storm of last autumn rent one huge branch in twain, and tore off a dozen lesser arms from your bleeding trunk in a wild outburst of fury. The night-jar now sits and croons to you every evening in the after-glow from those self-same stumps ; and struggling sheaths of young buds push through on the blown boughs that just escaped with their lives the fury of the tempest. No wonder the Eastern fancy sees curled dragons in the storms that so rend and assail us ; but we like them, you and I, for the sake of the breadth, the height, the air, the space, the freedom. What matters it to us though fire rage and wind blow, so long as they leave us our love in peace, and permit us to spread our sheltering shade over our strong young saplings ? The hilltops are free, the hilltops are open, from their peaks we can catch betimes some crimson glimpses of the sunrise and the morning.

So now, my Scotch fir, gnarled and broken on the ridge, you know how I love you, and why I sympathise with you.

THE writer of the following communication is partly right. An attempt has been made to introduce the style of short hair, but, being doubtful of its success, we had not yet mentioned it. Infirmities in great persons have often led to peculiar fashions. May not this be a case of the kind, some leader of fashion being obliged to have her hair cut short? We all remember how the fox wished to introduce the benefit of the no-tail system.

FLOWING OR SHORT HAIR FOR LADIES.

HARVEYSBURG, WARREN Co., OHIO, Sept. 1859.

QUERY.—Have the times and the fashions got ahead of Mr. Godey? It would be laughingly funny, indeed, if they had. Shall a Western girl essay to post our worthy editor upon the fashions? Alarming! Well, I saw a short paragraph, not long since, copied from the *New York Express* by the *Cincinnati Commercial*, stating that short hair for ladies was becoming the fashion, that the new style was gaining public favor quite rapidly, and that the indication was that it would become general. I hear it reported recently, but know not how true it may be, that the short style is becoming quite generally adopted in Columbus, Springfield, Cincinnati, and other places in our own State. I had expected to see a fashion-plate in the October number of our magazine, representing the new style. How is it, Mr. Editor? Have the fashions got ahead of you, you who was never beaten before? Or, perhaps, like Paul, you believe "Long hair is a glory to a woman," and hence, being no admirer of the short style, have neglected to inform us. I have not seen an example of the new style yet, but understand the hair is cropped quite short behind, the front locks being left long to curl. I think cutting too short before or behind would mar its beauty, and give the wearer a masculine appearance.

I have ever been an admirer of flowing or short hair for ladies, and have been hoping, for several years, that some of the fashion-starting ladies would start this fashion. I know it is contended by many that long hair best becomes a woman. This is, doubtless, true, if worn naturally, as was originally intended, falling gracefully over the neck and shoulders; but, worn in this way, its length becomes an inconvenience that few of us seem willing to endure. But certainly, long hair shows to no advantage as now worn, bound stiff and motionless on the back of the head, in an uncouth knot. Is it a knowledge of the simple fact that a woman possesses long hair that gives the votaries of this fashion so much pleasure, when they never see its length, its uncoiled beauty, as it is forever imprisoned with comb and hair-pins, in an unsightly wad, on the posterior portion of the head? Its freedom is the talisman of its power. Too long it has been imprisoned, and its shining beauty kept forever from the gaze and fascination of human eyes. Let it come forth now, like a long bound prisoner unchained, to entrance and captivate all hearts and eyes with its poetic loveliness. Sisters, too long have our beautiful tresses been enslaved to suit the caprices of an unnatural and perverted fashion; now let them burst their prison walls, and kiss our temples freely, as they are wont to do, and float at will upon the breath of every passing, sylph-winged zephyr. The poet says, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever;" then, if a lady's hair is "a thing of beauty," as indeed it is, filling the beholder with softest admiration and sweetest ecstasy, why, then, force it back from the brow and temples, neck and shoulders, where it heightens every charm, and lends an air of supreme witchery and love-

liness to the countenance and forehead—away behind, as though it were an ugly thing and designed never to be seen? I protest against that fashion that requires a gentleman or lady to get behind me to see my beautiful hair—certainly an awkward predicament for both parties, besides not getting half a view then of my imprisoned tresses. I trust the reign of the imprisonment of female hair with combs and hair-pins, the barbarous enslavement of that divine ornament of woman's, is drawing to a final close.

The hair is a beautiful, angelic, living thing; why, then, should it be confined in a motionless, stiff, dead mass, or coil, upon one portion of the head, and its living, breathing, bewitching, soul-inspiring beauty hid from our gaze forever? The most perfect female divinities of the sculptor, the painter, the novelist, the poet, and the lover, all have *flowing hair*. I might quote *ad infinitum* from these sources as evidence of this assertion, but haven't space. And who shall say their taste is not a correct one? Is not the starting of the flowing fashion an evidence that the female heart and mind are acquiring more and more of the painter's and poet's true sense of the beautiful? Physiologically considered, I think this fashion would be of great service, if extensively followed, if only for a time. I know many of my lady friends whose hair is very thin and uneven, that frequent cutting and wearing short for awhile would make it more healthy, even, thick, and luxuriant. There are many ladies who would gladly adopt the short style for a while at least, for the benefit of their hair, if nothing else, if it were only fashionable.

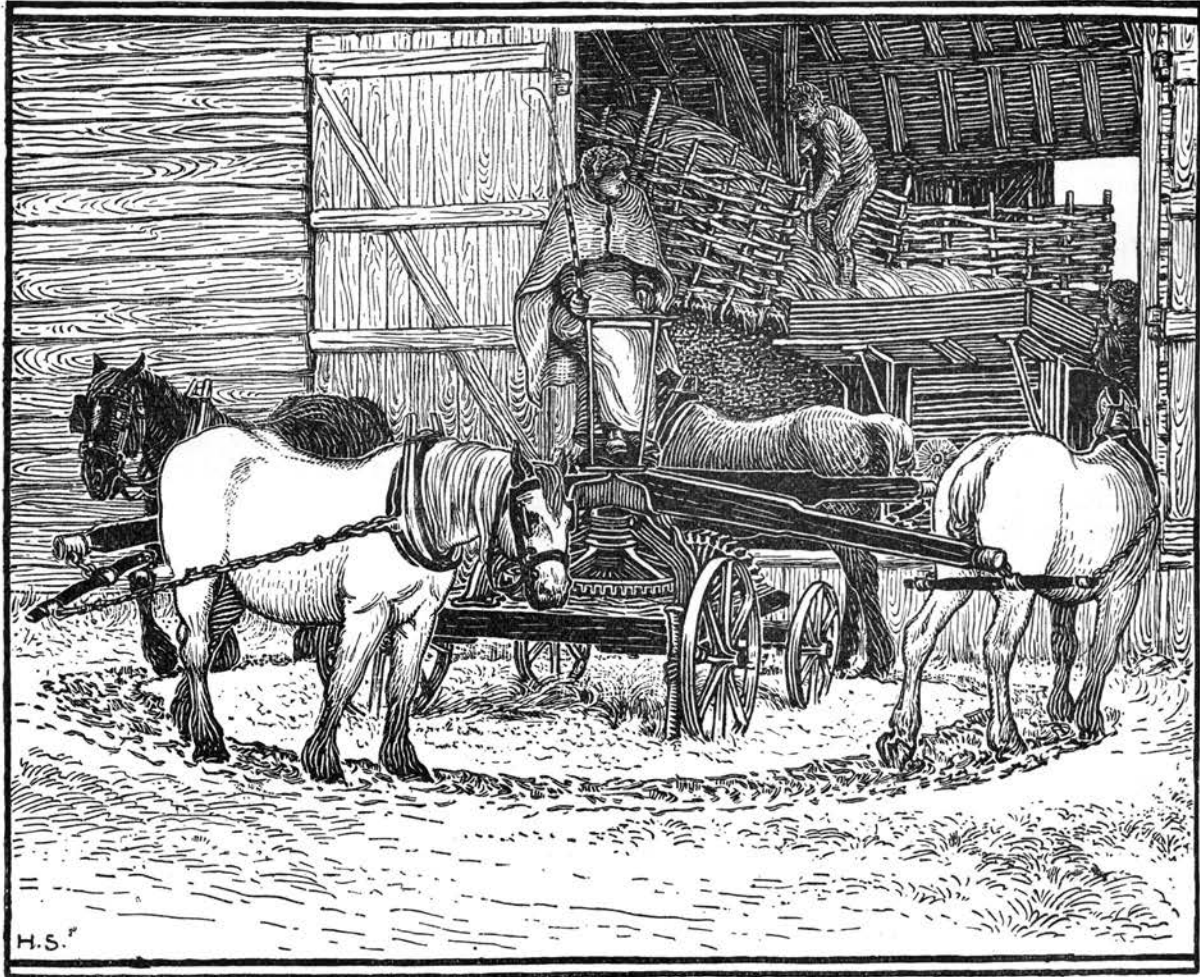
Now, Mr. Godey, I should be glad to hear something from you upon this subject in your next number. I know that you nor I don't make the fashions; you simply report the fashions as they come; still, we all have the right of suggesting new and more beautiful ones, whether they are ever followed or not. Is flowing or short hair for ladies becoming the fashion or not? is the question. Is it being adopted in your city, New York, and elsewhere sufficiently to give it the name and character of a fashion? If it is becoming the style, as I would willingly hope, will you not give us a plate in the next number representing it? and I will try and be prepared, with scissors in hand, to cut, crop, carve, trim, dress, poetize, perhaps spoil—I won't promise—a moderately handsome head of hair; but if I should spoil it, good nature will smile propitiously upon my fault by letting it grow again, and, perhaps, more beautiful and luxuriant. But, should I get it trimmed beautifully in the short or flowing style, I wonder if our kind, obliging, and humorous editor wouldn't allow my picture a place in the gallery of our magazine, among the unrivalled fashion-plates, and certainly the new style would "spread" then. But, Mr. Godey, "what is your private opinion publicly expressed" about the beauty of short or flowing hair for ladies? MAGGIE.



The labours of THE XII MONTHS
 set out in NEW PICTURES & OLD PROVERBS
 WISE SHEPHERDS say that the age of man
 is LXXII years and that we liken but to one
 hole yeare for evermore we take six yeares to
 every month as JANUARY or FEBRUARY and
 so forth, for as the yeare changeth by the



twelve months, into twelve sundry manners so
 doth a man change himself twelve times in
 his life by twelve ages, and every age lasteth
 six yeare if so be that he live to LXXII. For three
 times six maketh eighteen & six times six
 maketh xxxvi And then is man at the
 best and also at the highest and twelve times
 six maketh LXXII & that is the age of a man.



H.S.



JANUARY

Take the first six yeare of JANUARY, the
 which is no verue nor strength, in that
 season nothing on the earth groweth. So
 man after he is born, till he be six yeare
 of age, is without wil, strength, or cunning,
 and may doe nothing that profiteth.



JANIVEER freeze the pot upon the fire
 If the grass do grow in JANIVEER
 It grows the worse for't all the year
 The worse for the rider the better for the bider