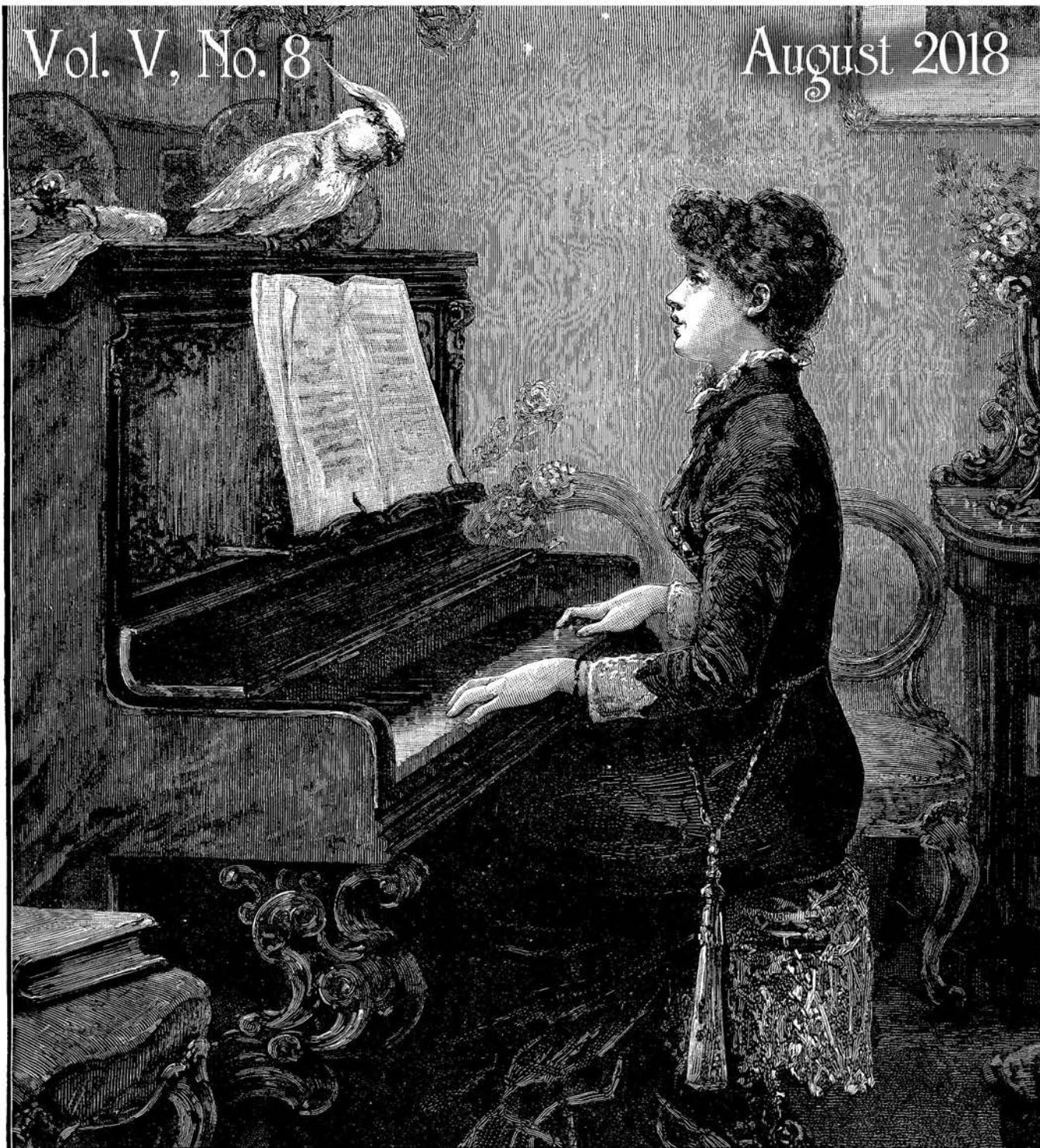


# Victorian Times

Vol. V, No. 8

August 2018



*Interview with a Former Slave • Paying a Peculiar Election Bet  
Aunt Mehitable's Winter in Washington • Curiosities of Angling • Puddings  
Risky London Rentals • Victorian Pawn-Shops • All About Fans  
Some Animal Thieves • Fretwork Furniture • A Highland Joke • Manners*



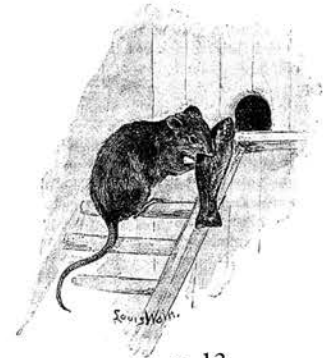
# Victorian Times

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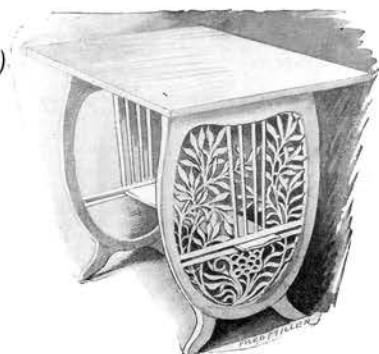
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\**The Girl's Own Paper* \*\**Cassell's Family Magazine*

# Meet Aunt Eve

Originally, I meant to start this editorial with an apology. I had some doubts about running our lead article, “Aunt Eve Interviewed,” as I have an aversion to Victorian articles filled with “dialect.” Nearly every article, poem or story relating to African-Americans (or indeed just about any minority group) in the Victorian era depicts that minority as speaking in dialect, and generally uses that dialect to make fun of the group in question.

But as I reviewed the article again, I realized that no apology here is needed. It’s not simply because, in this case, the dialect of the interviewee, a “superannuated” former slave who may have been over 100 years old, was never used to mock the subject. It’s because, in the world of Victorian literature, this article is amazing. Thus far, in browsing several hundred Victorian periodicals, I have never seen anything quite like it.

It’s an article that takes a person of color *seriously*. It treats the subject, “Aunt Eve,” not like an amusingly quaint or childlike person, or like a charmingly ignorant (and therefore amusing) person, or as an inferior or even a grotesque person. It treats her like... a *person*. And that, sad to say, is sufficiently rare in the Victorian world, and in Victorian literature, as to be something of a phenomenon.

In Victorian days, a writer simply didn’t “interview” minorities. One might write *about* a minority—either an individual of note or as a group, such as George Cable’s articles about the Creoles in New Orleans. One might certainly talk to members of that group to flesh out one’s research. But one didn’t write an “interview.” Even the lovely article on the Zuni coming up in our next issue is more of an anthropological piece—fascinating, but still an observation written from a first-person *white* perspective—than an “interview.”

This is an article that’s about 150 years ahead of its time. Yes, it is filled with dialect, and rightfully so, for it would be more disrespectful to have attempted to change “Aunt Eve’s” natural form of speech than to print it “as is.” And yes, it contains a few instances of the “n” word—because in Victorian days, people of color used this word freely to refer to one another. But it would be well over a century before such articles might become commonplace.

It would be easy to stop here and note that this, perhaps “says a lot” about Victorian culture. And, to a certain degree, it does. If one has a genuine interest in the history of any period in time, one quickly learns that one must take the bitter with the sweet. There’s quite a lot that is “sweet” about the Victorian era, and quite a lot that is pretty darn bitter. Racism and bigotry are not just elements of the Victorian world, but elements that were accepted as normal, natural, and even laudable. The majority of articles that deal with “foreigners,” whether viewed in the context of their own countries and cultures, or as minorities within Western society, tend to be pretty awful. From “John Chinaman” to “Baboo,” racial slurs are printed without a second thought.

Toxic as these attitudes were, my feeling is that one can’t condemn something as a “Victorian attitude” unless it is somehow distinctly *Victorian*—and not common to other periods of time or history. Hence, I have difficulty with the many folks who want to condemn and dismiss Victorians as being “repressive of women” when, in fact, repression of women began long before the Victorian era—and when the Victorian era was, in fact, a time of massive changes and advances in women’s rights. And while Victorian racial slurs may set my teeth on edge, again, such attitudes can hardly be dismissed as “Victorian.”

Racism is far from a Victorian problem. In this country, Jim Crow laws persisted officially until the Civil Rights Act... signed in 1964. The Voting Rights Act was signed in 1965. The Fair Housing Act, designed to ban racial discrimination in housing, was signed in 1968. And I’m betting that a good many of my readers—like me—may remember those years. These acts did not end racism in this country, but they did mark some of the first official, nationwide, legal decisions that stated that racism was a bad thing and *needed* to end.

We all have a tendency to think of a particular time in the past as being a bit more of “the good old days.” And there is no question that if we were to look at almost *any* period, we could find something about it that we like better than some of the things that are happening today. (Dinosaur that I am, I think fondly of nearly any period predating cell phones!) But if we look closer, we’ll generally find something *not* so good about those days. For example, I feel a bit of nostalgia for my childhood—a time when I was utterly unaware that a privilege I took for granted, that of being able to visit a public library, was still being denied to persons of color in many states!

Taking the bitter with the sweet, I suppose the reality is that what we often consider “Victorian” attitudes are simply “human” attitudes—and the good news is that we keep on working to improve them!

—Moirra Allen, Editor  
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AUNT EVE INTERVIEWED.



AUNT EVE.

AUNT EVE was a superannuated negress, whose daily perambulations brought her to the kitchens of many families in Baltimore whose sires she had known in their childhood, and whom she had long outlived. The recipient of unconsidered trifles, she acknowledged these favors by the performance of small services, which rendered her welcome to the domestics of the households, among whom she was a historical oracle. As a link between the past and the present, let her speak for herself as she sits sipping her morning coffee by the fireside:

"Your sarvant, Sir. How's you and your wife, and all de children, maaster? I hopes you're all well. Bless de Lord! I'm broke, sonny—poor as a snake; pick up a bone here to-day and dere to-morrow.

"Near as I can come, I'm a hundred and four year old. I was born and bred 'fore Washington's war here in Baltimore, near Henshaw's church, in Sharp Street. My ole maaster's been dead fifty year, but I can 'member very well, for all dat. Ole maaster's father was English captain; ole mistuss's father was sea-captain too. My own father was a Guinea man. Lordeer was my father's name, but maaster changed it to

Nero when he bought him.

"Ye see, Guinea's a big place. Niggers dere allers a-fightin'. Dey ketch one another, and sells 'em to de ships for guns and powder, beads, check and calico, and red flannel—de French great for red flannel—and dat's de reason so many's come in dis country. Dey used to come in ship-loads, like de Irish do now, till ole Tyson\*—he was a Quaker, mind ye, and did a heap for de colored people—till he said dere should never no more come here. Dat was after de Revolutionary war. When he died all de niggers went to de burial. Ole mistuss said he was de niggers' god.

"In Guinea—spects it's like Californy is now—dey digs gold all day, and when dey finds a big lump—so

de Guinea niggers told me—dey go home and kill a chicken or a goat, and puts de blood on de lump of gold. Dat's deir way of giving God thanks. Den dey makes rings and bracelets of it. Maaster bought ten head—some from Mandingo, some from Soso; Father Jack and Sampson come from Missmygwongea—dat's another place. Paragratter, Vando, and Goombo was Gonah women.

"My own father was Guinea man. I'm good breed, caise I'm de royal blood; tell you for why—grandfather was de king's son; he come from de Wombo country; dat's what dey called it. It was a Gonah man taught me dis Guinea talk:

'Wullah, wullah, wuttoongah,  
Se bungah looyah,  
Coozen mooten lembe,  
Hooden mat'na singa.'

I don't know what it means, but ef I'd kep in de sperit of it den I might 'e learnt. Worst of it is, I never could learn to read. Ye see, I was young, and so foolish! Dere was a lady wrote to ole maaster to know if

\* Nathan Tyson, an eminent philanthropist and early abolitionist.





F.M.

“TOTED WOOD AND WATER.”

she might teach me to read, but he sent word to know if she wanted to teach his niggers to run away. I might 'e learnt un-beknowens to him, but I was so young and foolish like.

“I don't 'member much of de Revolutionary war, but I knowed when it was. I was small den, but I had a good head. I toted wood and water, and warmed de chile's vittels.”

The town of Baltimore was laid off by the county surveyor January 12, 1730. In 1752 there were twenty-five houses, four of which were of brick, nearly all having “hipped” roofs. The present population is 300,000.

“Baltimore was very open place den; streets was nothin' but mud and mire; ladies always wore clogs. Most all de houses was frame, Dutch roofs, hipped roofs; some was brick, but no touch to what it is now! Market Street was all mud an' mire. De quality lived in Gay Street. Dere was old Congress

Hall, where dey had balls and dancin'. I b'lieve it's standin' yet, if dey hain't torn it down. I could show ye where it was, in Liberty Street, though I ain't got but one eye now.”

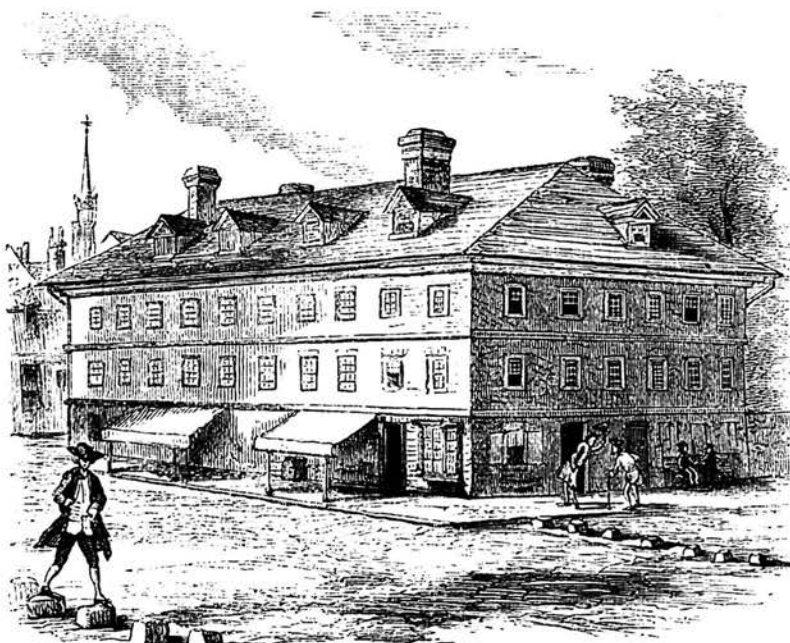
Congress assembled in Baltimore on the 26th December, 1776, and occupied Mr. Jacob Fite's house, being then the farthest west, and one of the largest in the town, and was a long time called “Congress Hall.” None of the streets of “Baltimore Town,” except here and there on the side ways, were paved until 1782.

“Dey don't have no fairs now, as dey used to. All dere by Congress Hall every Thursday in October, when de races was, dey was sellin' cakes and liquor, and eatin' and drinkin'; dey couldn't get dem all cleared off 'fore Sunday mornin'. De race-course was in de ole fields near dere, so thick of houses now I can't tell ye 'xactly where it is.

“Ye didn't see wagons and carts, as ye do now. Every Friday night all de country people come in with deir butter and radishes and greens, and so forth—cayed dem all a-horseback—twenty, thirty pounds o' butter in de boxes, slung across de horse's back. Dey used to cay dem dis way till it got so bad with robbin' de women and takin' all dey had. Ridgely's women was robbed; and dey took horses and butter and every thing as dey was comin' down to market. Dey never ketched de robbers! Arter dat dey had wagons and carts.

“It was great times in town when de court set. Maaster was great man 'bout de court; he was County Justiss; he always wore a scarlet vest, sometimes scarlet cassimere coat too, and had a tall cane.

“And den when de ships come in from



“IT WAS GREAT TIMES IN TOWN WHEN DE COURT SET.”



England, dere was great rejoicin' and feastin' over it. Dey brought de elegantest English goods. Town's monsus full o' goods now, maaster! Ef de British was to come dey'd ruin many a one, but dey wouldn't ruin me, for I ain't got any! De ships brought a great many English sarvants to be sold here: six-year, seven-year sarvants. But when dey worked deir time out dey had to go free, and ye was obleeged to give 'em a gun, a good suit of clothes, and a mattock."

Besides negroes, there was another species of servant in the colony of Maryland, of whom frequent mention is made, and who in time became a large portion of the population. White emigrants, who were unable to bear the expenses of a voyage to the New World, or to maintain themselves upon their arrival, bound themselves to serve for a limited number of years any one who would advance them the necessary funds. In time this grew to a considerable trade. The indentures were made to the captain of the ship, or some other person, and upon their arrival in the colony their unexpired time was sold to the highest bidder, to whom their indentures were then transferred. In the early ages of the colony they were called *indentured apprentices*; afterward the general term of *redemptioners* was applied to them. These, upon the expiration of their term of service, became useful citizens, and enjoyed the same franchises as their more fortunate masters.

"Ye know, the laws must 'a been good for somethin' then! Never had sich laws sence old Sam Chase and lawyer M'Mechin and Martin. Dey daasent strike a gentleman's sarvant den but dey had to go to de court and answer for it! If ye was right, dey'd see ye righted! Since dey took de beggars up, and druv de gentlemen off de streets, de laws ain't been worth a chaw tobacker! Now dese shoe-makers and bridle-makers has de upper hand—it's jest played de old boy and Tom Walker.

"Den dere was allers somethin' lively in town. De Indians dey was a straight, proper people—a very neat, genteel people; dey come in every fall from de back places with buckskin, moccasins, baskets, and so forth, and tomahawks and scalpin'-knives too. Dey used to be all over dis settlement once. Many a time I've been hoein' corn, and I find arrow-heads and stone pots; dey fit with one and dey cooked in t'other. Now dey're all gone: I hope de Lord 'll take care of me!

"Dere was a fine den on tea. Once mistuss seen a man comin', and she took de caddy off de table and hid it under her gown tail. Den dere was a man used to come along every now and den and take a list of all de silver and every thing of de nigger kind; ye paid so much for it—if ye let him see it."

If the tea-party at Boston has been thought worthy of renown, the tea-burning at Annapolis, open and undisguised, should not be forgotten.

In August, 1774, the brigantine *Mary and Jane*, Captain George Chapman, master, arrived in St. Mary's River with several packages of tea on board consigned to merchants in Georgetown and Bladensburg. The Committee of Safety of Charles County immediately summoned the master and consignees before them. The explanations and submission of these gentlemen were declared satisfactory; and as the duty had not been paid, they were discharged on the pledge that the teas should not be landed, but should be sent back in the brig to London.

On the 14th October the brig *Peggy Stewart* arrived in Annapolis, having in its cargo a few packages of tea. The duty was paid by Mr. Antony Stewart, the owner of the vessel. This submission to the oppressive enactment of Parliament called forth the deepest feeling. A public meeting was held; the owner of the vessel and the consignees in the most humble manner apologized for their offense, and consented to the burning of the tea. But the people were determined to exact a more signal vindication of their rights. The easy compliance of Mr. Stewart with the act had aroused their anger, and threats were poured out against his vessel and himself. Mr. Stewart, to soothe the violence of the people, and to make amends for his fault, offered to destroy the vessel with his own hand. The proposition was accepted; and while the people gathered in crowds upon the shore to witness its consummation, Mr. Stewart, accompanied by the consignees, went on board the brig, ran her aground on Windmill Point, and set fire to her in presence of the multitude. So obnoxious had tea become that wherever it was discovered its owners were forced to destroy it. Two months later the people of Frederick, having met at Hagerstown, compelled one John Parks to walk bare-headed, holding lighted torches in his hands, and set fire to a chest of tea which he had delivered up, and "which was consumed amidst the acclamations of a numerous body of people."

"When de tea and sugar and salt was throwed overboard, maaster said dere would be war. So we moved to Green Spring Valley, to ole Maaster Robert's place. Mistuss wanted to go funder, to Fredericktown, but maaster wouldn't. Warn't dat a stylish place though? I worked twenty-three year on dat plantation arter maaster died. Things was cayed up de country—some things never got back. When we got dere dey had no other house but dat one room in de old tiny house, 'hind de parlor now, kivered with oak shingles, and so forth. So maaster got a house from Dr. Walker, and





"GENTLEMEN DRESSED ELEGANT TOO."

put ole Mother Grace and Phebe and us to stay dere till de new house was built. I picked wool, and de ole woman spun. Me and another gal fotched all de water dat made de mortar for dat house. I've been through a good deal of hardship, but never got no beatin' about work; only when I was mischeevous and saasy, and dat was for want of puttin' to other practices. I had to be at somethin'!

"Once Uncle Tom told me ef I got some black rags and things, and fixed 'em on like wings, I could fly like a turkey-buzzard. I tried it, and I had a sweet fall, mind I tell ye! 'Nother time I clum up on de roof to 'tend to dryin' some water-million seed, and maaster like to have 'tended to me, only I talked him out of it. He said he wasn't goin' to let me teach de chil'n to break deir necks, and told me to come down and let him whip me.

"'Lor, maaster!' sez I, 'I gwine up here to comb my head, and den I'll clean de knives and keep myself neat and tidy, and not let de meat get burnt;' and I talked to him most as long as I been talking to ye here—but I didn't come down! De carpenters was workin' dere, and dey began to laugh, and den he laughed, and went into de house, and when I was sure he was gone I come down, and kep' out of his way. Den I used to get de scissors, and go into de garret and cut holes in de gowns; and once—den, ye

mind, de saddles was all fringed—I cut all de fringes off de saddles. I was young, wild, and wicked! I didn't know no better! Mistuss told mother to whip me for dat. She did whip me, 'deed she did, heap harder dan mistuss! Mistuss never let any body tetch me but her and mother. Miss Betsy, she was housekeeper—a very tough woman, a rale yaller-jacket, I'll tell ye—she never let her tetch me!

"Great times den among de quality! Dressin' ain't quite so touchy now as it was den: silk, satin, brocade, lutestring, polanese—yes! long polanese and short polanese and cassatees. O Lor', chile, dey did dress beautiful! De elegantest, beautifulst things come from England. Mistuss, when she took de dresses out de chist, dey stood up stiff as a table, or a piece of plank stuff. Great ostrien feathers, some red and some blue, and all colors; de ladies wore dem in deir rolls. Rolls—cushions dey was, with deir hair combed over dem—slick and powdered; den de ostrien feathers atop o' dat, and rows of beads acrost 'em, goin' through de rooms like little air castles! Ladies, and gentlemien too, powdered. De ladies wore long saques and hoops—sich full dresses, flounced and tapered off; side hoops and round hoops, and high-heeled shoes, and sich little heels! Dey come from de ole countries—from England. Mistuss had great trunkful fotched home. Good calicoes for common, and *chinchies*, and silk and fur cloaks for winter.

"Gentlemen dressed elegant too. Beautiful silver-set buckles, glass and stone in 'em; golden on de coats and waistcoats, flowered like ladies' dresses; and three-cocked hats, bound round with gold-lace; and long boots or gaiters when dey was a-horseback. Dey wore wigs, long wigs with queues, and short wigs without 'em. Tom C— wore a long wig. Deir coats was mostly blue, black, and drab, and nankeen for summer. Tell ye, chile, dey was fine! I was so took up with dem many a time I couldn't eat my vittels. Mother licked me often for not comin' to my dinner!

"People lived high—first chop! Grand dinner-parties dey raly had; danced till day in dat ole room dere. What! yah! yah! Hear de silks come rattlin' through de rooms dere like a passell of ole dry leaves. Dance till day! All dem people's dead and gone now!

"Dere was Captain L—, as pretty a dancer as need to be of mankind! He's taken many a drink of water out of de bucket on my head when he was haulin' in his wheat to mill. He used to drive de team hisself. He's dead now, ye know. And ole Stephen Shamydine! Sure God makes every body, but I do think he was de homeliest white man I ever saw. With his hairy bear-skin cap and rigimentals and





THE DANCE.

sword. It's God's truth! And when his house was done, dey sent him a present of a big brass knocker fur de front-door, de elegantest knocker ever ye see; dat's for why dey named dat place Pomona, arter de imidge on de knocker, so dey tells me. Tom C—, as good a man as ever stepped de land, he lived with Dr. H—, little man, but like a piece of fire; elegant doctor, but as cross a man as ever drawed de bref of life; as impident a piece of goods as ever I see for a little man! And Major Howard! He went to de war arter, and got wounded. Ladies was very sorry for it, for he was de very apple of deir eye. I heard dem talk of it. He was at our house many a time. And Crack-brained Davy T—, a coarse-lookin' fellow, a hot-blood, fox-huntin', racin', sportin' character. It was so his mother nicknamed all dem chil'en—Crack-brained Davy, Gentleman Mordecai, Blackguard John, Extravagant Joshua, Miser Tom; and de girls was Whip-poor-will Betty and Butterfly Rachel. Mordecai was a pale, thin, blue-lookin' man, and Tom was as beautiful a dancier as could be, he was. You seen his pictur', with de murroon velvet and gilt buttons, and de sea compass in his hand? And Sam W—, he could beat any body dere a-makin' a bow, though he did dress in homespun. Den dere was Cornelius H—, the *surveeor*. He was a Methodist, but he was a very good man to his people; he didn't dance neither jigs, nor reels, nor

court-lil-yows, nor minuets, nor fisher's hornpipes, nor nothin'! He was raly good to his people, and used to pay for any harm dey did, rather than whip dem. But L—'s was a whippin' house, G—'s was a whippin' house, K—'s was a whippin' house—whippin' and cuttin' every Monday mornin' all over de neighborhood. Some had got deir maaster's horse and gone 'way out to Elk Ridge to a nigger dance; some for one thing, some for another, but generally whip anyhow! Den dere was ole K—, a fox-huntin', racin' character. Didn't you never read his history on de tombstone at de church? I don't know from A to Izzard, but dey tells me dat somebody's wrote it so as it reads he was a darned rascal.

"Dat fox-huntin' made gay old times. Be up at two o'clock in de mornin': sich runniu', racin', ridin'! Maaster kep' deir company, but he didn't keep hounds. We niggers had our time too. Every Saturday night we had leave to go dance at de quarter, or at de barn in warm weather, and at Christmas and Whitsuntide and Easter we had a great frolic, we had. Sich dancin'! My Lord! plenty to eat and drink—meat, cabbage, turnips! Same thing at de huskin' matches—till dey got to fightin' and stobbin'.

"Nathan Cromwell's Pepin and Philpot's Jack and Worthington's Mingo was de greatest fiddlers of de county. Dey used



ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH.

to go 'way down to 'Noppolis" (Annapolis). "Our Starling was a great fiddler. Mistuss let him go any where he choosed—never took no money from him—till one time he went to Baltimore to learn play *Hail Columby*, and he didn't come back for twenty years—den he staid. Blind Johnny and Club-foot Davy was white men and great fiddlers for de quality; colored people ketched a great deal from 'em. De great tunes den was *Bob and Joan*, *Dusty Miller*, *Juck ma Green*, and so on. Den dere was card-playin' and black-gamblin', and horse-racin' twice a year in Gist's fields.

'If ye will bet thousands, my gentlemen all,  
I will bet millions on de famous skew-ball.  
Spare us a venture on de courses of all,  
I'm sure of winning on de famous skew-ball.'

Dat was a song dey used to sing. I can't sing now; I's got no teeth.

'I was drunk last night,  
I was a little hoddy—  
Oh, plantation gals,  
Can't ye look at a body!  
Hi dompty, dompty,  
Hi dompty, dompty!

My! don't talk! Didn't we jump in dem days!

'Where did ye come from?  
I come from Virginny.  
Who's in de long-boat?  
Simon and Caesar.'

Dem was de songs—sing and dance 'em too. Den dere was a great song of dem days my young missus used to sing:

'Dere's na luck about de house,  
Dere's na luck at all;  
Dis is de time to mind yer work,  
While—'

Let's see—

'Dere's little pleasure in our house  
While our goodman's awa.'

I can't 'xactly 'member it. Enoch Story used to sing it. He was de music-maaster, a little man, a furriner. He come up from town and used to teach mistuss's daughter to play de spinnet. No more spinnets now! Dey was made like a piano, with ivory teeth. I tell ye, I 'member it!"

The spinnet, or spinet, was a musical instrument of the harpsichord kind, but differing in shape and power; formerly much in use, though now entirely superseded by the piano-forte. The

tone was comparatively weak, but pleasing, and as the instrument was small in dimensions and cheap in price, it answered the purpose of those who did not find it convenient to purchase a harpsichord.

"For women of quality dere was Miss Betsy X—; she had a tongue equal to any lawyer; a clinking tongue! and Miss Hannah W—, a sickly woman; she died o' consumption; and Nelly R—, Nick O—'s wife; and Hannah J—; she was a big, stout lady, with a brown skin; and Betsy R—; she was a good fortune; and Polly W—, Passon W—'s daughter. Ole John Tilly, who come from Jamaica or some furrin parts, courted her; she had head-piece enough, but her Maaster above called for her, and she went home.

"Maaster's daughter, Miss Becky, was as pretty a woman as ever de sun shined on; counted de beautifulest woman in dem days for fair skin, pretty teeth. A gentcel-made woman, of beautiful behavior—nuff to charn de heart of a stone! When she was married missus let me creep into de room, de back parlor dere. De gentlemen thought she was an angel from heaven, in a white satin dress, and white ostrian feathers in her rolls—feathers so tall she had to leave her shoes off till she come down stairs—and buckles with stones in her shoes! So busy, lookin' and cryin' together, nobody seed me; women a-cryin', and gentlemen tickled at it. It was de dreadfulest rainy night ever ye see. Passon Chase was fatched from town—a very handsome man; had some fringy thing on when he married dem; 'twas about seven or eight o'clock, by candle-light, in de old back parlor dere. De groom was in light clothes, and de grooms-men and all saluted de bride down de stairs.



Den dey went to dancin'; supped before de dance, and den handin' round between de dancin'. And at de supper dere was every thing ye could desire—roast pig, chicken, turkey, ham, cherry-tarts, apple-tarts—screamin' time dey had, mind I tell ye! Oho! ha, ha! 'deed dey did dance dat night! dreadfulest rainy night ever I see! Stormy weddin', I tell ye. Afterward it took three weeks to get round de visitin', dinin', and dancin'.

"Captain L— was dere; Captain L—'s mother—no, she wasn't dere; she'd gone home to glory: a little bit of a Scotchwoman, de least woman I ever see; she wanted to be carried home to Ireland to be buried—a pretty piece of business! She was buried somewhere in town here 'mong de Presbyterians.

"Den dere was Betsy B— was dere, and her brother; both had red heads. She had some misfortin; dey fit a jewill about it, and she went away to England. And Dr. H— and Mistuss H—; she was as de Lord made her, but she was a very homely woman; Wylet H—, a jolly big woman, brown skin, monsus big; and Becky Plowman, she was raly a mere pictur', a very jolly-made lady, nice round-made lady, not so very tall. Most all dese people are buried in Garrison Forest church-yard.

"Every one of dem Y—s buried deir husbands. So much of dis eatin', drinkin', and feastin'! And when all's gone dese people turns round and says ye're so extravagant and wasteful. Dey be de very first people to talk! Ye may stand to it while ye live, but de chil'en come to want. Can't measure de snake till he's dead. Niggers and every thing else must go. Seen many a plantation lost so. Be neighborly, kind, and all dat; go to church; mind what I say, but mind what I do!

"A Sunday dey all went to Garrison Forest church, St. Thomas's, de great church of de county. Dey came from all around—



THE FRENCH CAMP.

Soldier's Delight, Chestnut Ridge, Randallstown. Most people come a-horseback. Ladies were good riders den; dey wore gypsy hats tied under de chin. De road was full of people, mostly a-horseback, some in coaches and chaises. Tom C—'s father, de passion, he come from England—de biggest, fattest man ever I hear tell of. Took two or three men to lift him into de pulpit, till at de last he broke de axle-tree of de carriage, and he couldn't go no more. Why, dey took de fat out of him by de pound, Dr. H— did (monsus skillful man, Dr. H—!), and dey presarved it in liquor, and I b'lieve dey got it kep' to dis day!

"When de war come—dat day, understand I tell ye—dere was a cannon (I's axed about dat cannon many a time) up at Captain L—'s store. I s'pec's it was advertised, but when dat cannon was fired, next day ye'd see de malishy, dey called dem, a-marchin' down from Pennsylvania and about and de Lord knows whar, all kivered with dust, and dressed in brown linen huntin'-shirts, pleated and fringed, mostly farmers. Dere was enough to go. Dey cayed canteens and knapsacks, and dey had

great hairy high caps—yes, dey had; s'pec's dey was bear-skin—and dey wore leggins. De officers was dressed in regimentals, blue and red, with hairy caps, and a valise and canteen buckled behind deir saddles. Some wore linsey-woolsey gray bear-skin cloth. Dey used to sing,

'My cold feet! my cold hands!  
My belly aches, but my pluck stands!'

"Never seed so many men, 'cept when de French army was here—as beautiful a sight as ever I see, so bloody-minded! De place was black with people when dey had deir review here. Dey come into town on a Sunday, and ye had to open yer house to take de head men in; de outskuffins went into tents in de fields. When de townspeople heerd dey was comin' dey thought it was de British, and sich runnin' and ridin' all day and night to get de wagons and horses to cay de goods out of de town! Dey liked Baltimore wonderful, de French did, and dey made a song dat dey would make New France of dis place. But deir was some of dem was very vulgar. Dey was de devil dat brought in dis catin' of ter-rapins and frogs and snakes here. De Lord sent enough here, without eatin' sich devilment as dat! Dey riz de market with deir cookin' and eatin'. It was dem fotched in, too, dis callin' trowsers *pantaloons*, and stocks dey called *cravats*.

"In de time of de war dere was constant ridin' with papers, back and for'ard, night and day. See a gentleman ride up to de door, give de papers to maaster, and ride off; never get off de horse, never 'light!

'Now I'm a-comin' with all de week's news,  
Some lies, and some true.'

Dat's what old John White used to sing when he come and used to chase us all over de place. When I hears him I runs under de platform, he after me, here, dere, every where. He was a mousus big man. Oh, my Lord! And mistuss—she was mousus big woman—used to most bust laughin'! Sich runnin' and hollerin' to try and skere us chil'en! Christmas he brought de Bell suickle. Once he asked me for a drink of water, and while he was drinkin' I pitched de bucketful all over him. Didn't I put den!

"Mistuss and Miss Betsy and old Sally B—(she was a widow woman) and 'Good Liddy'—she was a good crittur dat mistuss raised—dey helped to make huntin'-shirts for de army, and we sarvants was all kept busy a-sewin' and knittin' and spinnin'. Sence, bringin' in dem factories broke de spinnin'-wheels. We made one hundred shirts for Lafayette's army. Every thing went for de war. Dey used to go into yer fields and press de fattest cattle, and yer wagon, when dey wrote on it it was for de army,

and yer load of hay too! Dey cayed all along. De soldiers looked like de ruffins ye see on de streets. Dey used to take a man from his plow in de field, wife and chil'en a-cryin', de soldiers a-cussin' de women, and marchin' off de husband before 'em. Stephen Shamydine and Maaster David Poe used to press. Captain L— and Major Howard went, and even Tom C— had to go. Nuff had to go; heap of cryin' about it! Maaster gave a man a lot of money to go his *substitute*, dey called it: man never come back, and never was heard of no more!

"Well, dere was dis everlastin' flyin' of papers until dey 'claim peace; and we was glad enough when it come. And soon arter dat old maaster died wid de gout. He was dat cross nobody could come near him 'cept me and another boy. Maaster was 'dustrious man, and used to stand up to de huskin' pile like any one of us.

"I lived twenty-three year on dat plantation arter maaster died. When ole mistuss died she left me to go clear for myself—Aunt Liddy, cook Liddy, Henry, me, and Carlos; left all my chil'en free 'cept two—I had fifteen chil'en, but don't ye see I look gamesome yet? De last was born time of Ross's war. We were up at Green Spring den; hear de guns roarin' at Fort M'Henry, mistuss and young mistuss a-frettin' and cryin'. Soon arter mistuss took sick and died.

"I staid a year and two or three months arter I was free, cause I knowed nothin' of hirin'. But now I'd got de string off my neck, I thought it was time for me to leave to do somethin' for myself, so I comes down to Baltimore once, all unbeknowns to my mistuss; and cause I didn't go to tell her she was mad, and said she didn't care if I staid or no. Dat 'fronted me, and I says to myself, I'll change my name to 'Peter' and put out; so I called myself 'Peter Put-out.' Eve was my name.

"When mistuss heard I was raly goin', she comes out of de house, and says she, 'Eve, yer maaster says he'll build ye a house if ye'll stay.' But it was too late. I'd asked him before, and he wouldn't, so now I was bound to go. I was so choked up and so full, I couldn't say nothin'; it was like life and death was partin'. Home is de best place, be it ever so homely. I was faithful to 'em. I was allers ready, never was afraid to work. I'd go out any hour of de night, when I heerd de rain and de storm, and take de lantern and go 'way down to de milk-house all by myself, and take de milk out and put de pans under de big oak-tree, and fotch rocks to put on 'em; water a-risin', and de great black water-snakes a-lyin' dere glisterin' in de dark; sometimes I had to take a horse to go to 'em, de water riz so high often.



"Mistuss cried after I went away: hasty and passionable, but clever woman. Never been dere but once or twice sence.

"Lamps was lit when I got to town, and next day I hired myself to a man named Jimmy French, 'way up de country. I went one Saturday and staid till Thursday. He said he never seed any body do as much work as I did; but dere was no black people dere, and it was monsus lonesome—no body to speak to—and I didn't like it. So when I heerd dere was to be a launch in Baltimore I told him I was goin' down to see it, and I raly did mean to go back; but as I was gwine along a man let me ride in his cart, and arter I'd rid a while I see so many blue rocks and high grass, says I, 'Here is rocks and here is grass; must be great many snakes about here.' Says he, 'We throws 'em out twenty foot long with our scythes in de spring.' 'My God!' says I, 'I never come out here no more!' and I've never been dere no more from dat day to dis. When I got to town I forgot all about de launch, a-thinkin' of de snakes and de

wildernesses. But I called myself Peter, and I soon got work. Washin' and cookin', cleanin' and scourin', dat was my trade. Nice woman took me and gave me four dollars a month, every Christmas five dollars. I worked hard, and I put all de money I saved in de bank, till I got my chil'en all free—Ben and his wife and child, and my daughter Fanny. I gave seventy dollars for Ben and Fanny, and one hundred and fifty dollars for wife and child. My husband Bill, if he'd 'a had pluck, might 'a bought Ben for twenty dollars before he left de (Garrison) Forest, but he was married to de whisky-bottle. Sonny, you got very pretty foot, mighty pretty features. I'm a poor old crittur, but I must talk lively to keep my sperits up. If I jest had some-thin' to buy my tobacky.

"Yes, Sir, I did see Washington once walkin' with his black sarvant. He was a good-lookin' man in black clothes. Can't hold up to him in dis day. He protected de land and made it all stanch. Dat's his imidge on his ornamant dere."



WASHINGTON AND HIS SERVANT.

## A HIGHLAND JOKE.

BY C. F. GORDON CUMMING.



HOUGH belief in fairies and fairy lore is fast dying out in the Highlands before the influence of the schoolmasters, it continued to exercise a most practical influence upon our Scotch Highlanders even in the last generation, and nowhere was such superstition more deeply rooted than among the wild glens and on the remote shores of Ross and Cromarty.

In one of Hugh Miller's least-known sketches of some of his contemporaries, he relates a very amusing scene enacted in the fishing town of Cromarty, by a party of young men who had contrived at various times to extract considerable amusement from the superstitious terrors of the fisher-folk, never missing a chance of counting them as they wended their way to the boats, or of asking their destination—both deemed omens of evil luck.

But the form of fairy malice which was most dreaded was that of kidnapping human children, and substituting for them fairy babies, which were called changelings, and invariably proved cross-grained, ill-tempered and voracious. A poor baby who was attacked with any sort of wasting illness, or became unusually fretful and troublesome, was very apt to be looked upon as a changeling, and to receive anything but tenderness from the family who were forced to endure its wailing.

From this popular belief, the young men in question resolved to extract some amusement, by effecting a general exchange of babies throughout the village, and then watching the result. Of course, in a fisher-town, all the women and elder children take their full share of work, in collecting shell-fish and baiting the lines, carrying them and the nets on board the boats, and finally, when the men are starting for their night's fishing, all the women go to the beach to help in launching the boats, and see their husbands, sweethearts, and brothers start on what they well know may prove a service of danger. Even the little toddling bairns generally follow their elders to the shore; and many a house is left without one human inmate, save the latest baby, safely ensconced in his wooden cradle.

These babies were the special game which attracted the mirthful and mischievous young men. Having taken care to ascertain exactly which cottages were most certain to furnish unprotected babies, they watched their opportunity when, in the twilight, the fisher-folk trooped down to the shore, without a thought of impending misadventure for their youngest treasures. Then the marauders, dispersing throughout the village, stole gently into each cottage—cautiously,

so as not needlessly to alarm the babies, or attract attention from any bedridden old man or woman who might chance to be lying in some dark corner. Lifting each poor little baby from its warm nest, one of these jokers quickly deposited it in some other cradle, thence removing the rightful occupant to carry it elsewhere. Ere the boats had started, all the babies in Cromarty had been so effectually shuffled that not one remained in its own home.

Then the young men, delighted with their complete success, concealed themselves among the ruins of a deserted hut, and there watched to see what would happen next. Of course, the nursing mothers were the first to hurry back to their offspring, followed more leisurely by those whose bigger babies were securely tied into their cradles, as the only secure means of disposing of them. They were greeted by an unwonted chorus of weeping from the younger babies, and lusty roaring from the frightened elder ones, and, somehow, the wailing voices sounded unfamiliar to the maternal ears, as, hurrying to calm their cries, each mother approached her baby's cradle, and therein, to her indescribable horror, beheld an unknown child! Under other circumstances she might very likely have recognised a neighbour's bairn, but there was no time for such thought—it sufficed that it was not her baby, so there could be no manner of doubt that it was a changeling, a horrid fairy brat, left in exchange for her beloved and precious darling.

Naturally, says Hugh Miller, "the scene that ensued baffles description. The women shrieked and screamed, and wrung their hands, and rushing out to the lanes like so many mad creatures, were only the more unHINGED to find the calamity so universal." By this time all the women of the place had assembled to add their questions and counsels to the general chorus. Some urged that they should place all the changelings in creels, and suspend them from the iron hook and chain which hang above the fires, as that was well known to be a sure method of bringing back the fairy mother, who, on hearing the pitiful cries of their half-roasted babies, would certainly come to their deliverance, and restore the stolen human children.

The calmer women counselled that the minister should be summoned, to exorcise the powers of evil; and so one advised one thing, and the next urged something different; while the poor mothers heeded no one, but tore their hair, and tossed their arms aloft, in an infectious frenzy of despair, shrieking and hallooing, while the howls of the terrified elder children, and the wailing of babies, all added to the dire confusion and uproar.

At last one woman, wiser than her neighbours, came to ask the meaning of such an astounding Babel of feminine voices, and on learning the state of matters, and recollecting various tricks that had from time to time been played by some of the big lads, a happy thought struck her, that these had probably had some



hand in the matter; so having succeeded in making her voice heard, she suggested this view of the case, and recommended that all the babies should be assembled in one place, so that each mother might see whether her own was to be found.

So admirable a solution of the difficulty was at once carried into effect. Each woman rushed back to her cradle, and snatching up the poor baby (now well-nigh exhausted with prolonged crying) she brought it to this improvised baby-show. Needless to say, few

minutes elapsed ere each happy mother recognised her own darling, and joyfully clasped it to her bosom, soothing its alarm, and hushing its pitiful cries.

In the general confusion the perpetrators of the joke, having thoroughly enjoyed its success, escaped from their hiding-place, and made good their retreat. The subject was made a matter for much good-natured banter, and thenceforward the good folk of Cromarty seem to have in a great measure got over their dread of fairy interference in their domestic affairs.

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## SOME ANIMAL THIEVES.

BY ALEXANDER H. JAPP, LL.D.



HIVE-BEES PAYING A VISIT TO HUMBLE-BEES.



**T**HIEVERY in nature is widely extended. Whole classes of animals prey on other classes for food; whole families are parasitic, and gradually weaken and destroy those on which they feed. Life is so widely diffused, so omnipresent, that

the further science carries its searching light, the more it reveals the fact of mutual destruction. The Laureate sings of "Nature red in tooth and claw," and this is but a figure for a grand truth that seems hardly to admit of exception. In this long roll of thievery, man himself forms no exception; for, apart from moral and

casuistic reasonings, it is found that neither in the savage state nor in the civilised can he subsist without doing despite to life, which from necessity he destroys, but which by no art can he create.

But it is not with the general and necessary laws of existence that we are now to concern ourselves, but rather with some special and exceptional instances where the ingenuity, the adaptation of means to ends, is so exceptional and striking as to ensure immediate interest, and to excite surprise and wonder. And first as to insects.

Huber relates an anecdote of some hive-bees paying a visit to a nest of humble-bees, placed in a box not far from their hive, in order to steal or beg the honey, which places in a strong light the good temper of the latter. This happened in a time of scarcity. The hive-bees, after pillaging, had taken almost entire possession of the nest. Some humble-bees, which remained in spite of this disaster, went out to collect provisions, and bringing home the surplus after they had supplied their own immediate necessities, the hive-bees followed them, and did not quit them until they had obtained the fruit of their labours. They

licked them, presented to them their proboscis, surrounded them, and thus at last persuaded them to part with the contents of their honey-bags. The humble-bees did them no harm, and never once showed their stings, so that it seems to have been persuasion rather than force that produced this singular instance of self-



BIRD THIEVING FROM ANOTHER'S NEST.

denial. This remarkable manœuvre was practised for more than three weeks, when the wasps being attracted by the same cause, the humble-bees entirely forsook the nest.

Kuhn, the great German naturalist, informs us that in the year 1799 some monks who kept bees, observing that they made an unusual noise, lifted up the hive, when an animal flew out, which, to their great surprise, no doubt, for they at first took it for a bat, proved to be the Death's-head Hawk Moth (*Acherontia atropos*), and he remembers that several, some years before, had been found dead in the bee-houses. Huber also, in 1804, discovered that it made its way into his hives and those of his vicinity and had robbed them of their honey. In Africa, we are told, it has the same propensity, which the Hottentots observing, in order to monopolise the honey of the wild bees, have persuaded the colonists that it inflicts a mortal wound. This moth has the faculty of emitting a remarkable sound, which Huber supposes may produce an effect on the bees of a hive, somewhat similar to that produced by the voice of their queen. As soon as uttered, this strikes them motionless, and then the moth is enabled to commit with impunity such devastation in the midst of myriads of armed bands.

The larvæ of two species of moth (*Galleria*) exhibit equal hardihood with equal impunity. They indeed pass the whole of their initiatory state in the midst of the combs. Yet in spite of the stings of the bees of a whole republic, they continue their depredations unmolested, sheltering themselves in tubes made of grains of wax, and lined with silken tapestry, spun and woven by themselves. This the bees (however disposed they may be to revenge the mischief which they do them by devouring what to all other animals would be indigestible, their wax)

are unable to penetrate. These larvæ are sometimes so numerous in a hive, and commit such extensive ravages, as to force the poor bees to desert it, and seek another habitation.

Birds, notwithstanding their attractiveness in plumage and sweetness in song, are many of them great thieves. When nest-building, they will steal the feathers out of the nests of other birds, and are often much inclined to drive off other birds from a feeding-ground even when there is abundance. This is especially true of one of our greatest favourites, the robin red-breast, who will peck and run after and drive away birds much bigger than himself. Very different as the robin and the sparrow are in other things, they resemble each other in this. On an early spring morning, when a little touch of frost still made the surface of the earth hard, I have seen a blackbird on a lawn at last after great efforts extract a worm, and this was the signal for a crowd of sparrows, who, by dint of numbers, managed to drive away the blackbird and carry off the worm, to feed their own young ones, no doubt.

But the stealing of nest-building material, or of worms, is not nearly so surprising as the stealing of nests themselves. In a sense, of course, the cuckoo steals the use of the nest of another bird, when she deposits in it her own egg, and steals or procures under false pretences the services of a foster-mother for an intruder; but that is not what we now mean. It is a common thing for the sparrows, when there is a prospect of a mild autumn, to save themselves time and trouble in the building of a nest for a late brood, and to drive other birds from the nest they have built and still inhabit. Sometimes even the swallow is a sufferer in this way. A very striking scene of war and theft was brought under our own observation two years ago. We were sitting in an arbour in a country garden, when our eye was caught by a gathering of birds flying about the branches of a lofty sycamore-tree, which almost swept over the top of the chimney of a disused back kitchen. In that chimney we knew that swallows had built. The noise of fluttering about the branch



BUCKLAND'S RAT.





SPARROWS STEALING FROM BLACKBIRD.

told of unwonted excitement, and caused us to watch closely. At length, as it were, on a given signal, the sparrows made an assault on the swallows in their nests; two of the luckless birds were thrown right down the chimney, where, on speedily going in, I found them caught, took them in my hand, to hear that peculiar kind of thick hissing sound which they make when frightened. After observing them a little, I let them off, when they disappeared out of view and did not return. The nests were utilised by the sparrows, who successfully reared a third brood in the chimney where the swallows had been.

Readers of Frank Buckland's most delightful books will remember that nothing pleased him more than to observe the different and delightful ways in which his pets would thief. He would sometimes even tempt them to steal just to see how clever they could be in doing it. He tells one delicious story about his favourite Jemmy, the suricate, and another about a pet rat which he had, and which not unfrequently terrified his visitors at breakfast. He had made a house for the pet rat just by the side of the mantel-piece, and this was approached by a kind of ladder, up which the rat had to climb when he had ventured down to the floor. Some kinds of fish the rat particularly liked, and was sure to come out if the savour was strong. One day, Mr. Buckland turned his back to give the rat a chance of seizing the coveted morsel, which he was not long in doing, and in running up his ladder with it; but he had fixed it by the middle of the back, and the door of the entrance was too narrow to admit of its being drawn in thus. But Mr. Rat was equal to the emergency. In a moment he bethought himself, laid the fish on the small platform before the door, and then entering his house, he put out his mouth, took the fish by the nose, and thus pulled it in and made a meal of it. Never after this did he attempt to drag in such a morsel carried longways, though Mr. Buckland often tried him. They are wonderfully cunning.

One of the most remarkable instances of carrying on a career of theft came under our own observation. A friend in north-east Essex had a very nice Aberdeenshire terrier, a female, and a very affectionate relationship sprang up between this dog and a tom-cat. The cat followed the dog with the utmost fondness, purring and running against it, and would come and call at the door for the dog to come out. Attention was first drawn to the pair by this circumstance. One evening we were visiting our friend, and heard the cat about the door calling, and someone said to our friend that the cat was noisy. "He wants little Dell," said he—that being the dog's name; we looked incredulous. "Well, you shall see," said he, and, opening the door, he let the terrier out. At once the cat bounded to-



TOM'S WILD KITTENS.

wards her, fawned round her, and then, followed by the dog, ran about the lawn. But a change came. Some kittens were brought to the house, and the terrier

got much attached to them, and they to her. The tom-cat became neglected, and soon appeared to feel it. By and by, to the surprise of everyone, the tom somehow managed to get, and to establish in the hedge of the garden, two wild kittens, fiery, spitting little things, and carried on no end of depredations on their account. Chickens went; the fur and remains of little rabbits, for which he perseveringly hunted, were often found round the nest, and pieces of meat disappeared from kitchen and larder. Our friend could not find it in his heart to shoot the tom; and this went on for some time, when suddenly the cat disappeared—had been shot in a wood near-by, by a gamekeeper, when

hunting to provide for these wild little things, which were allowed to live in the hedge as they kept down the mice in the garden; but first one was shot, and then another, in following their foster-parent's taste for hunting and killing rabbits and game in the wood.

This was a case of animal thieving for a loftier purpose than generally obtains, mere demand for food or other necessity. That animals always act under imperious instinct, it would appear is hardly true, unless we allow to the term instinct a meaning not commonly associated with it. Animals certainly do develop strange traits in association with man.

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## RECIPES FOR AUGUST.

*Cyclist's Sandwiches.*—Fresh Hovis bread, or a wholemeal loaf that is a day old is the best for these. Cut in slices and butter rather sparingly, trimming off all the crust. Spread the slices with potted meat (preferably home-made) then sprinkle them with the powdered yolk of hard-boiled eggs, adding a pinch of salt and pepper. Cut into neat squares and pack in cardboard boxes if you do not possess sandwich cases. Slices of hard-boiled egg, well-seasoned, make good and sustaining sandwiches; but the slight sulphury smell of the egg makes them objected to by some people.

*Sandwiches* made from cold meat should have the meat cut very small and mixed with a few spoonfuls of strong gravy that has jellied. A little pickled walnut or gherkin will add a piquancy to these. Very nice for this purpose will be found collared veal which can be bought ready dressed. Chopped watercress mixed with a little butter and spread on the bread, then a few thin flakes of cold salmon placed between, makes another variety.

A very delicious preparation called *Tomato Chutnee* is now to be bought at most green-grocer's, and this is delightful when spread between bread and butter.

*Vegetable Marrow Soup.*—Pare, cut open, and remove all the seeds from a ripe marrow. Cut it into squares and place in a stewpan with about two ounces of clarified beef-dripping or butter. Let it cook for upwards of an hour, then rub faithfully through a colander and return to the stewpan. Chop up very finely either a small white onion or a few fresh chives, also a handful of picked chervil; throw these into the *purée*, also a teaspoonful of salt and half one of pepper. Mix a teaspoonful of cornflour with a tablespoonful of milk, then add about a pint more milk and stir all over the fire until it boils again.

Or instead of milk, for a more delicate soup, add veal stock, and when it has boiled, draw away from the fire, and stir in—very gradually—the beaten yolks of two eggs.

*Loyster Soup.*—Scrape all the meat from a freshly-boiled lobster, and pound it in a mortar, reserving the coral.

Dissolve two ounces of butter in a stewpan, slice finely a white onion and let it frizzle, but not brown. When tender add to it a pint of white stock and the pounded flesh of the lobster, and the bones as well. Let all simmer together for an hour, then rub through a sieve. Thicken with cornflour wet with milk, season to taste, and add at the last half a pint of hot cream and the lobster coral.

*Scotch Broth.*—Two pounds of trimmed neck of mutton, a bunch of spring carrots, one of turnips, and half a dozen spring onions, a thick leek or two, a bunch of savoury herbs. Place three pints of water in a pan and let it nearly boil before putting in the meat, then add the vegetables at the same time, bringing all to boiling-point again, then let it simmer gently for two hours. Take out the meat and a few vegetables; cut the remainder rather smaller, and return them to the pan with a teacupful of pearl barley, previously washed and soaked. Let the broth simmer for a little longer to cook the barley, when season it and add a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Use a little of the broth to make about a quarter of a pint of caper or parsley sauce to serve with the mutton.

*An Economical Dish for a Family Dinner.*—Purchase a good ox-tail and have it ready jointed; trim away superfluous fat and take an earthen stewjar that will hold rather more than a quart. Peel half a dozen small onions, and place them at the bottom with as many round carrots and a few sprigs of young celery. Lay the pieces of ox-tail on these, then cover the meat with the same quantity of vegetables again. Sprinkle with a teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of pepper. Cover with water, enough to indeed to pretty well fill the jar, then set it in the corner of the oven where it may cook gently, but not too slowly, for three or four hours. When done, remove the pieces of tail on to a hot dish, and make a ring of the onions round the edge; cover this to keep hot, while to half a pint of the liquor you add a tablespoonful of flour, previously wetted with cold water, a tablespoonful of tomato ketchup, half a teaspoonful of extract of beef and a few drops of browning. Boil this and pour over the meat in the dish. Serve with boiled potatoes.

Remove the carrots and split them into two or four pieces, according to their size; place them in the soup tureen. Skim all fat from the liquor, add a little more seasoning if required, or a little colouring, make thoroughly hot, then pour it also into the tureen, adding fried *croutons* of bread. If the tail is not sufficient by itself, a pound or two of shin of beef can be put with it, as the long slow cooking will make this as tender as steak.

*Beef à la Mode.*—A piece of the flank rolled into shape will do quite as well for this as the regulation round. Rub the piece with salt, pepper and a pinch of spice. Place it in a braising-pan or glazed earthenware pan, surround it with small carrots, turnips, onions, a few sprigs of celery and fresh herbs, add also a little shred bacon. Pour over about a

breakfastcupful of water and cover tightly, letting it cook in the oven for about four hours. If intended for eating cold do not remove from the pan until required, when garnish with the jelly that will be found at the bottom. For eating whilst hot remove all superfluous fat, but serve the vegetables around the meat. A large piece of meat cooked in this way, then allowed to remain until cold before cutting, will be found an excellent standby for a country house party.

*A Dainty Dish for a Supper-Party.*—Pluck and draw one or two fairly large fowls, they need not be chickens for this purpose. Place them in a pan of hot but not quite boiling water, bring them rather quickly to boiling-point, then draw the pan aside and let them simmer for an hour and a half. Place with the fowls a couple of white onions, a carrot or two and a few sweet herbs. In a separate pan boil a piece of unsmoked gammon or ham. When the fowls are cooked lift them out and gently remove the skin, but do not joint them until they are cold; the ham also should be allowed to get cold in the water in which it is boiled.

Cut the fowls into small joints and slice the breasts, arrange them neatly on a dish and cover them with about half a pint of white sauce (cold), made with milk and flavoured with lemon rind. Make a ring of very thin slices of ham (curled) around the pile of fowl, garnish with sliced fresh lemon, and place tufts of crisp parsley around the outer edge.

The liquor in which the fowls were boiled will make a delicious foundation for white or vegetable soups.

*Some Fruit Compôtes: Greengages.*—Make a syrup by boiling half a pound of lump sugar with a little water, let it boil for five minutes before putting in the greengages. Let these cook in the syrup until they are perfectly tender, but take care they do not break. Set them aside in the syrup until cold, when dish, sprinkling powdered sugar lightly over and serving with them unsweetened curd or clotted cream.

*Victoria Plums* also should be put into a boiling syrup, but they take less cooking than greengages and require more watching. Let them also grow cool in the syrup, when, if the latter is not sufficiently covered, add a few drops of cochineal to it.

*Damsons* do not require putting into a syrup, but the sugar may be placed with the fruit and then stewed until thoroughly cooked.



## Curiosities of Angling.

BY FRAMLEY STEELCROFT.



NOTHING is so universal as a hobby. The *haut ton* of New Guinea collect human heads, and would doubtless marvel greatly on learning that we tamely confine our energies to autographs, foreign stamps, and things of that sort. Now, angling may be defined as the collecting of fish in a pleasurable and scientific manner; and unquestionably the gentle art exercises strange fascination over all classes—statesmen, poets, artists, authors. The Princess of Wales herself is a pronounced expert in wielding the rod and landing trout or even salmon.

Chantrey declared that the taking of two salmon in one morning gave him more satisfaction than the completion of his best statue. Nelson continued to fish with the left hand after he had lost the right; and Gordon Cumming preferred gaffing a Tweed salmon to an elephant or rhinoceros hunt in the heart of Equatorial Africa. Again, Sir Walter Scott (ever an enthusiastic angler), when he tried to form an idea of Paradise, always imagined a trout stream running through it.

One more instance. The theologian and philosopher, Paley, was one day asked by the Bishop of Durham when one of his most important works was likely to be finished. "My lord," replied Paley, earnestly, "I shall work steadily at it when the fly-fishing season is over."

Pondering these things, I came to think—like the lady at the palmist's—that "there must be something in it." Accordingly, I approached one of the foremost English angling clubs—The Pis-

catorial Society—and periodically cross-examined its members after the manner of a special correspondent in an Armenian village. The president of the society, Mr. T. R. Sachs, whose portrait is given on this page in the robes of immortal Izaak, is the *doyen* of the angling fraternity—a mine of anecdote and wonderful adventure, mainly Piscatorial; he is now eighty-two. Mr. Sachs is now the only living angler who is allowed to fish in the Serpentine; and his permit, dated from Cambridge House, 8th of June, 1846, and signed "Adolphus, Ranger," is before me as I write.

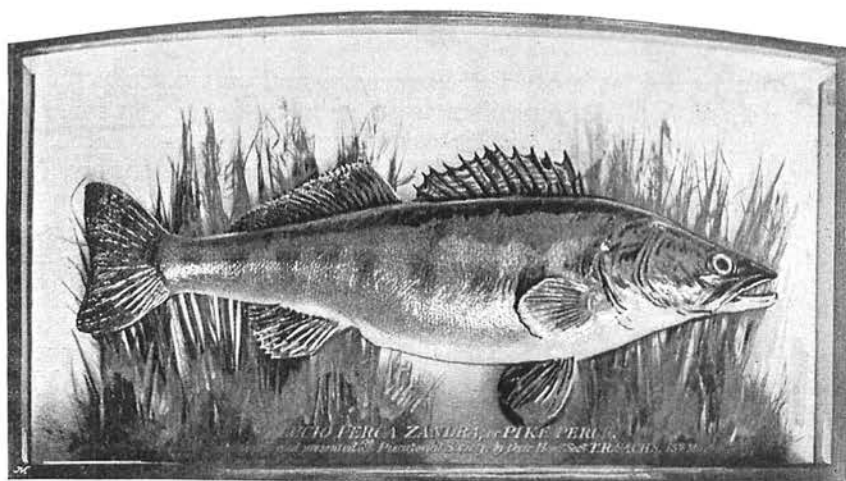
The Piscatorial Society was established on October 16th, 1836, having first met at a house in South Audley Street. There were then only about a dozen members; and the regulations respecting "fish to be preserved at the expense of the society" contain some funny reading—especially those dealing with half-ounce prickles-backs and two-ounce minnows. Fancy sending these to Rowland Ward! Very different, indeed, are the specimens that now adorn the walls of the society's museum at the

Holborn Restaurant; and several of these figure in the following pages, accompanied by the details of their capture.

The very first Rhine salmon caught with rod and line fell to the venerable president of the Piscatorial Society, who has followed the gentle art in many lands. It was near Schaffhausen; and this particular fish weighed 16½ lb. So extraordinary was the feat considered by the English, American, French, and Swiss visitors, that the hotel-keeper effusively



MR. T. R. SACHS, PRESIDENT OF THE PISCATORIAL SOCIETY.



MR. SACHS' PIKE-PERCH, CAUGHT IN THE ELBE.

knocked three francs in the pound off Mr. Sachs' bill, chiefly in consideration of the great advertisement gained.

Another of the president's fish is the weird-looking pike-perch shown in the next illustration. In 1865 Mr. Sachs went to Heidelberg to bring home his eldest son, who was studying at the famous University. From Heidelberg the two went on to Leipsic, and from there to Dresden. Here the old man resolved to fish in the Elbe, so, armed with a general rod and a fly-rod, the two made their way about three miles up the stream. Presently they came upon some men fishing in primitive style, their apparatus consisting of a pole, a string, a float, and a worm. Like the apostles on a memorable occasion, they had laboured long and caught nothing—or next to nothing.

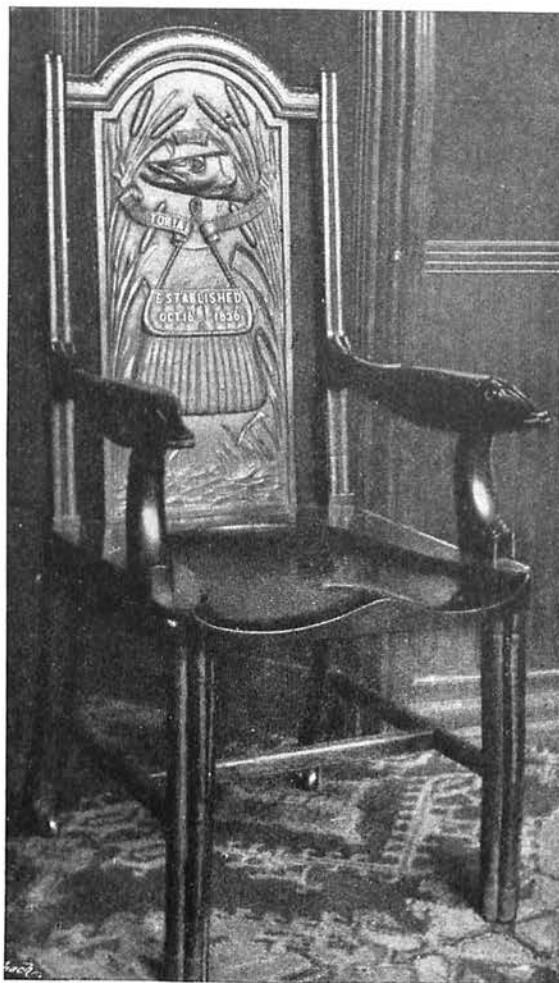
"I promptly set to work with my 'pater-noster,'" remarked Mr. Sachs: "that's a line with three hooks; my bait was dace or bleak. I caught a lot of trout, and gave them away to my fellow-fishers, who displayed great astonishment at the sight of such big fish. This astonishment grew greater as the items of my 'take' increased in size; and when I pulled out this 9lb. pike-perch, you would have thought it was a sperm whale, so great was the fuss those fellows made.

"In his haste to examine my prize, one man actually fell into the Elbe with a terrific splash, and certainly would have been drowned had not my son 'fished' him with the fly-rod until assistance could be procured. Worse still, these men, to whom I had presented most of my catch, actually gave information to the police that I was fishing without a license; and shortly after they left me, a couple of detectives haled me before

a magistrate, my son following with the rods and the pike-perch. I was, however, discharged with a caution."

Here is the presidential chair of the Piscatorial Society—a weighty piece of oak furniture, of decidedly "fishy" design, dating back for half a century. The framework of the back represents bundles of rods; so do the front legs. The president's arms rest

on a brace of truculent-looking jack; and the back panel is quite a Piscatorial picture in carved oak. Next is shown the quaint loving-cup of the society, and the chairman's hammers—all three fashioned from the heads of real fish. The silver cup itself reposes in the capacious mouth of a



THE PRESIDENT'S CHAIR; PISCATORIAL SOCIETY.



20lb. jack. Startling fishing stories are not, as a general rule, conspicuously veracious — especially when narrated by gentlemen who take part in that mysterious function known as a “peg-down match.” This contest is usually held by non-aristocratic clubs. Each member has a station “pegged out,” or allocated to him, and there he is supposed to fish all day for dear life and, perhaps, a Colonial joint. A pistol-shot is the signal to commence, and a bell is rung when the “match” is over. The catches are then weighed at the inn, and prizes awarded—nothing fantastic, mind you, but something useful in the way of blankets, potatoes, or coals.

During many such matches liquor is consumed in large or small quantities—generally large. The writer of this article himself attended one of these interesting events at Ware. The anglers, on taking their stations, merely placed their rods in position, and then cast about them for means to beguile the tedium of waiting for a bite. They jumped ditches, being then greatly exhilarated; they boxed, ran races, stalked bulls in the adjacent meadows, and finally fought gamely among themselves. They did everything, in fact—except fish; and on climbing into the brake for the homeward journey, everybody declared it had been a most successful day.

I was speaking of “tall” angling stories; but every one of the 22,000 fishermen in London will bear me out when I say that anglers do occasionally have some surprising adventures which are absolutely authentic, as well as very remarkable.

Mr. Sachs was out fishing one day with Rolfe, the artist, when a huge pike took both their baits simultaneously. It was Sachs who struck,



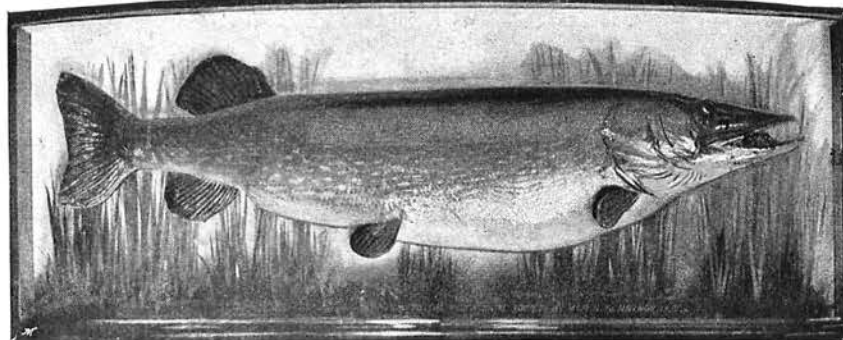
THE LOVING-CUP AND CHAIRMAN'S HAMMERS;  
PISCATORIAL SOCIETY.

however, consequently the fish was his. It is shown in the accompanying reproduction, and is known to members of the Piscatorial Society (in whose museum it is placed) by the name of the “Union Jack Pike.” The largest pike the president remembers was one of 82lb., caught in Lake Constance. It was for some time kept in a moat round a castle, and thousands came to see it. This monster, nearly 6ft. long, was ultimately served

up at a banquet given to the Austrian Emperor; and although Mr. Sachs tried hard to secure the head for the society's museum, he did not succeed in obtaining any relic of that giant pike.

This veteran angler was one day fishing for codlings from the end of Deal Pier, and had secured quite a number, when he missed a thirty-guinea diamond ring from the third finger of his left hand. This ring being an heirloom, Mr. Sachs resolved to send to London for a diver, so that the bottom of the sea thereabouts might be searched. Next day, however, the missing ring was found inside one of the codlings, into whose mouth it had dropped during the process of unhooking. Many similar instances—more or less true—are recorded; but this is absolutely authentic.

Mr. Sachs was one day fishing at Laleham with Mr. William Maxwell, the well-known law publisher, and former president of the Thames Angling Preservation Society. The latter, being then an unsophisticated fisher-



THE “UNION JACK” PIKE.

man, did actually hook a big pike and lost it. His line got entangled in some bushes and the rod broke. Next day Mr. Sachs caught the very same fish—a twelve-pounder—in the very same spot. How did he recognise it? Well, there was Mr. Maxwell's tackle hanging from the pike's mouth! This reminds me that all manner of queer things have been found in captured pikes—tooth-brushes (a Piscatorial dandy, surely!), bits of glass, and metal fragments of watch-chains, and lots of impotent hooks. And I may say that herein lies one of the great temptations of the Piscatorial story-teller. Yet there are perfectly well-authenticated instances of pikeish voracity. A member of the society once took an 18lb. pike in Gloucestershire, by trolling; and inside this fish was found one of its own species, undigested, weighing 4lb. More extraordinary still, a 1lb. fish was further discovered in the stomach of the 4lb. pike; so that the angler took three fish with the one bait.

On another occasion a large pike was caught in the Ouse; it weighed 28lb., and was sold for a guinea to a certain gentleman, whose cook found in it a watch with black ribbon and keys attached. The maker's name was on the dial, and when inquiries were made, it transpired that the watch had belonged to a valet, out of employment, who had drowned himself in despair.

The next photograph reproduced shows the Ham Mill Pool on the Piscatorial Society's own water at Newbury, about fifteen

practically the only trout water within easy reach of London.

A fine basket of five trout, weighing altogether 20lb., was caught by the society's hon. secretary, Mr. W. T. Galloway, in two days in June, 1894. These five were the pick of some twenty fish taken while spinning and live-baiting the Ham Mill Pool. The others were returned to the water in accordance with those weight regulations that are so faithfully observed by all good anglers. "The capture of these trout," writes Mr. Galloway, "seemed to have cleared the way, as it were, for Mr. E. M. Mayes, who caught his eleven-pound fish the following week, in precisely the same spot."

The trout referred to is next shown; strictly speaking, it weighs 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. On the evening of June 24th, 1894, Mr. Mayes was fishing the mill pool near the Weir with a greenheart fly-rod, baited with a live gudgeon. His companions were also trying to tempt the big trout that had so often baffled them in the same spot, when they heard a great shout from Mayes. Leaving their own rods they went to his assistance, and then saw he had a big fish on. Immediately on striking, the trout went off down stream, making for a sunken willow about 40yds. away. Presently the miller and his men arrived on the scene, and shut down the two sluices of the weir. Beyond question this favoured the angler; and, after a few frantic rushes, Mr. Trout began to feel the heavy strain, and came quietly towards the excited fisherman.

The moment the trout saw the landing net, however, he plunged madly for dear life, and another quarter of an hour's grand sport was obtained before the net could be slipped under him.

Mr. Mayes had only just joined the society, but it is often thus, as every angler knows. The merest tyro, taken out for a day's fishing, will often catch finer

fish than the greatest expert that ever wielded the rod.

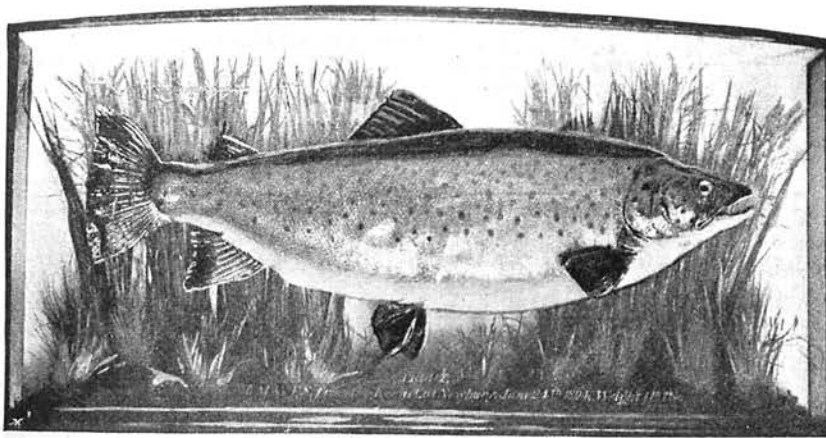
Almost every water known to a body of



THE HAM MILL POOL; PISCATORIAL SOCIETY'S WATER AT NEWBURY.

miles from Reading. The society pays about £250 a year for two and a half miles of the Kennet; but it also rents water at Radlett—





MR. MAVES' TROUT; WEIGHT 11¾ LB.

anglers contains a more or less mythical "big fish." This legend at one time attached to Elstree reservoir, and wonderful stories were told by Piscatorials concerning a gigantic pike that haunted that water. One angler after another related his adventures in search of that pike; and one day a particularly expert member, fishing with several others, roared out that he had the great fish "on." Without doubt he had cause for excitement, because the water was agitated and his rod bent to a perilous degree. The others were quite as excited as he, and they hastened to him with advice dictated by years of experience. "Keep him, Jones" (I will call this angler Jones); "play him—don't be in a hurry." Jones brought into play every device he knew. He must have travelled miles round that water, gesticulating strangely and working dreadfully hard. And for what? *An open carriage umbrella!* Yes, there it was, decorated here and there with the broken hooks and lines of bygone disappointed anglers. It was left for a dignified sportsman, of twenty years' experience, to fish up that hideous thing after a furious, scientific battle that lasted three-quarters of an hour.

Somewhat similarly, two Piscatorials were fishing

for barbel at Richmond one day, when one of them suddenly declared he had the biggest barbel on record at the end of his line. It was a tin kettle! This brings me to comical catches—an interesting part of angling. Consider for a moment the accompanying illustration, which depicts an incident that actually happened. It is reproduced from an

album of water-colour drawings belonging to the Piscatorial Society; and every pictorial anecdote is more than "founded on fact," with the exception of two or three caricatures. The society commissioned an artist to perpetuate in this way some of the most curious adventures of its members.

The swan incident is very curious. Three members of the society were one day bottom-fishing for jack, using live dace as bait; and when one of these anglers wound in his line the swan seized the bait, hook and all, greatly to its own detriment. But swans are often a nuisance to fishermen, as also are ducks; and here is a unique—and perfectly true—angling incident concerning one of the last-named birds. A couple of Piscatorial men were once assiduously fly-fishing, heedless of



"A QUEER FISH."

the unwelcome attention of half-a-dozen ducks. One of these, more daring than her fellows, *would* insist on investigating things; and at last the line accidentally passed across the bird, who suddenly turned round, twisted the gut about her own neck, and fixed the hook of the dropper-fly in her own breast. Thus entangled and hooked, she soon broke off the gut above the dropper, and sailed down the stream with the end of the fly trailing behind her in a manner that would have done credit to a veteran angler.

Naturally enough, the duck had not gone far before a trout of about a pound and a half took the fly effectually. Then commenced a most extraordinary struggle. Whenever the trout exerted itself, the duck's terror was most manifest; she fluttered her wings wildly, and dragged her "take" under some bushes, the human anglers following closely.

Presently, by chance, the gut that united unwilling angler and angled got across a branch that drooped into the water; whereupon the duck, taking advantage of the purchase given her in this way, dragged her fish from its hole and compelled it to show its head above water. At this point the specta-

tors put an end to the novel contest by releasing the exhausted bird.

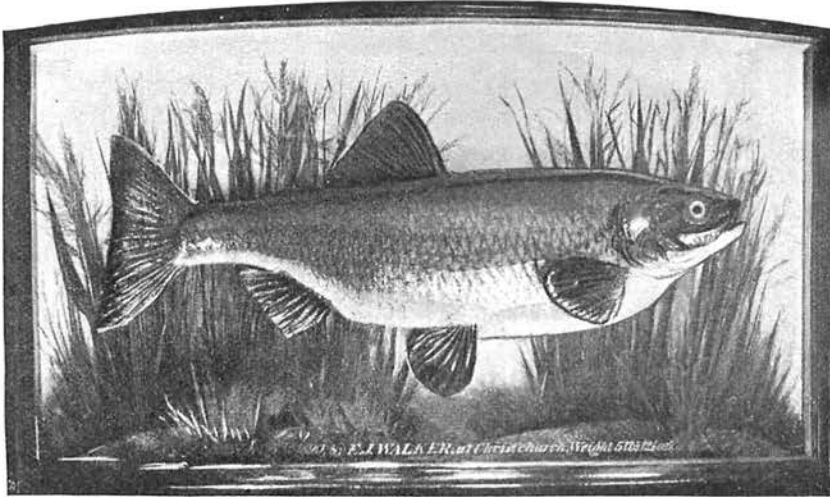
Sea-gulls and water-rats have also taken the bait; but here is a still more peculiar case of a queer catch in another element. One of my informants had occasion once to wade across a stream, carrying his rod on his shoulder. A brisk breeze presently carried out the spare line, fly-hooks and all; and immediately after, a *swallow*, evidently mistaking the hook for a real fly, snapped at it like lightning, and was made fast. More than this, many an amiable Piscatorial has become for the nonce a "fisher of men"; in other words, his hook has caught in the clothes of a drowned person. Such dismal "takes" are, of course, handed over to the police.

I reproduce here another of the cartoons in the Piscatorial Society's album; needless to say, it does *not* illustrate an actual incident. But it serves to emphasize the well-known solicitude displayed for his piscine charges by Mr. W. H. Brougham, the popular secretary of the Thames Angling Preservation Society. This corporate body, as is well known, is vested with power to search the well of any angler's punt in search of undersized fish; and if necessary it prosecutes those fisher-



FACSIMILE OF CARTOON FROM PISCATORIAL SOCIETY'S ALBUM.





MR. E. J. WALKER'S CHUB; WEIGHT 5LB. 12½OZ.

men who offend against the regulations. The T.A.P.S. employs a number of detectives who are known as river bailiffs; and it is owing to the exertions of similar societies that such enormities as shooting pike and salmon-spearing on horseback have been steadily discouraged.

The pastime of angling inculcates many virtues — especially patience. The fine chub shown in this photograph weighs 5lb. 12½oz.; and it was caught by Mr. E. J. Walker, an ardent Piscatorial member, after seven hours' steady fishing without a single bite. On being hooked, it went some twenty yards across the river, but immediately returned and plunged into a bed of weeds in three feet of water.

"I put my two feet there, also," writes Mr. Walker, facetiously (they are jolly dogs, these anglers), "and slipped the net under my beauty in a moment."

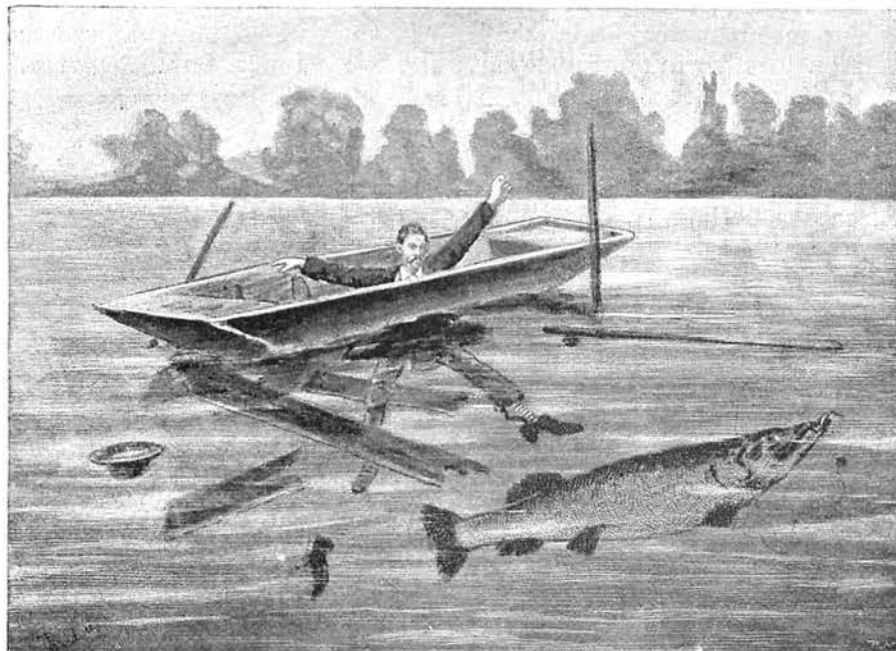
The fisherman's luck is exceedingly capricious; and it sometimes happens that the rod will catch fish on its own account. Another Piscatorial, Dr. Head, was one day fishing the Ham Mill Pool, and chanced to leave his rod on

the weir for a few minutes, the line dangling in the water. When he came back the whole apparatus had vanished. About an hour after this, another member, Dr. Startin, also left his rod in the same place — quite unwittingly, though. This disappeared, too. Of course, then the forlorn anglers organized an expedition to search for those rods. They put off in a punt down stream, armed only with a hay-rake. Presently one of their

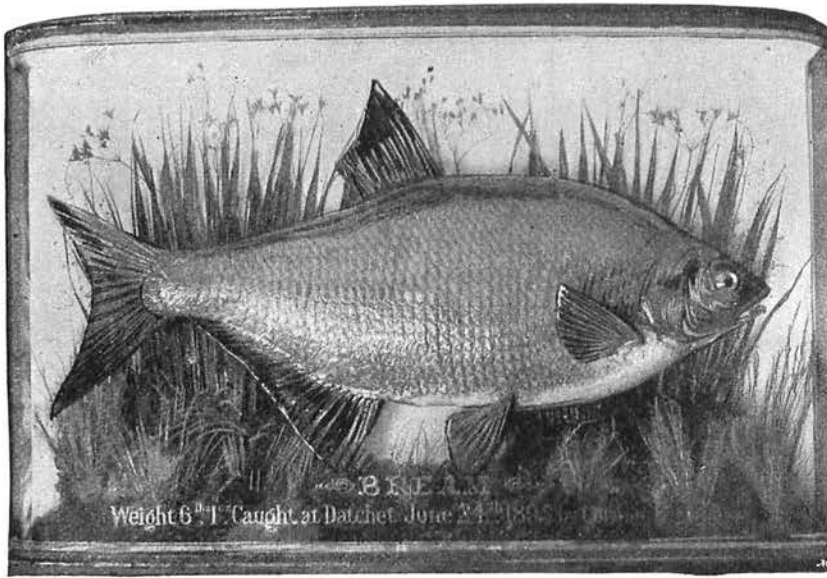
number descried a wooden reel gyrating spasmodically in the water ahead. They pursued that reel, landed it with the hay-rake, and then recovered Dr. Startin's rod. The line was run right out, and on the end was a 7lb. trout, who was towing the whole concern. Dr. Head's rod was never recovered.

No one can appreciate an angler's enthusiasm but an angler. Men will wade for hours in a cold stream, hoping to catch a fish of decent size. One enthusiast was actually dragged off a precarious perch (a narrow plank bridge) by a big pike; and, notwithstanding his tumble into the river, he maintained his hold on his rod while he was actually towed a little way by the fish.

This leads up to another picture in the



ACTUAL RESULT OF A STRUGGLE WITH A BIG PIKE.



MR. CORMAC O'DOWD'S BREAM.

Piscatorial Society's album. The situation will be appreciated by non-anglers, also. This actually happened to a member while pike-fishing. So violently did the fish struggle, and so keen was the angler on its capture, that the bottom came out of the punt!

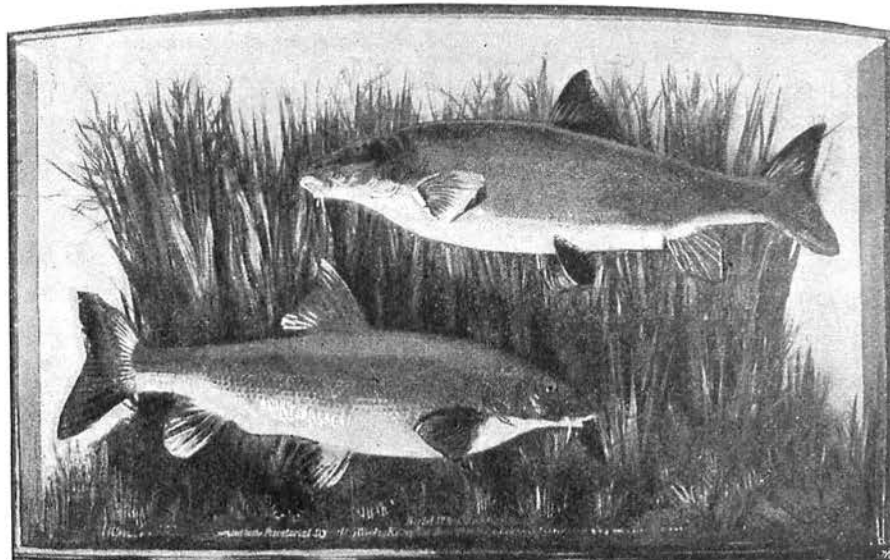
Next is seen a fine bream, one of three caught at Datchet, one morning before breakfast, by Mr. Cormac O'Dowd, the genial secretary of the Press Club. In the afternoon it weighed 6lb. 10oz., but at ten o'clock that night it only scaled 6lb. 10z. Bream, it is well known, lose a great deal of weight after being caught; which reminds me of a curious story recorded in the minutes of the Piscatorial Society.

Two members were fishing the barbel competition together in the same punt; and one of them, in order to distinguish his own fish from his companion's, cut off each a portion of the tail fin. When the competitors' fish were weighed in that night, it was proved that if this marking process had not taken place, the angler would have won the first prize, his neighbour in the punt having beaten him by less than half an ounce. On another occa-

sion, a couple of members were fishing the dace competition together; and they had such a grand day's sport that each felt confident of winning a prize. In the evening the big basket of fish was placed on the flat space at the head of the punt, when a passing steam launch caused such a wash that the precious basket was swept overboard into the river.

The last Piscatorial trophy shown is a splendid brace of barbel, caught by Mr.

Woolley Kelsey in the society's own water at Newbury, in August, 1894. Here is Mr. Kelsey's own account of the capture: "I had often been told of the giant barbel that were sometimes seen disporting themselves in the Kennet; so, one glorious morning, I opened an attack upon them, or their humbler brethren; I was accompanied by a fellow-member. The water was slightly coloured and in fair quantity. I tackled the Mill Pool; and the miller amused me with incredible stories of the 20lb. barbel he had seen in that very spot. For two days I fruitlessly fished every inch of the pool, although I tried every known delicacy, from a paste of ancient Gorgonzola down to fresh, well-scoured lob-worms. On the third day I was on the spot at five o'clock in the



A SPLENDID BRACE OF BARBEL.



morning—and a raw morning it was for August. I put on a very fine and long Hercules gut cast, and threaded a tempting lob on a No. 1 Alcock round-bend hook. Soon the 'knock' came, and I answered; my reel whizzed as a big fish sailed off to the deep pool. It was useless to try to stop him; I could only hope that he would keep clear of the submerged piles. I dared not put any strain on my light tackle.

"At last the fish made for the river bank, thus enabling my friend to judge his size. The result was that my companion dashed off, with a shout, to the inn for a large landing net, and, on his return, we landed a splendid barbel of 10lb. 8oz., measuring 29in. After breakfast I had several smaller barbel of from 2lb. to 4½lb., returning to the water all under 3½lb.

"At last another big 'knock' was given, and away went yet another big fish into deep water. I had hard work to keep him clear of the piles and the bottom. Again I sent for

the big net, but there was really no hurry, for the fish was game, if I may say so. Up and down the pool he careered, and then he tried the old plan of boring. When he was just on the bottom, I risked a smash, and put the strain on. My rod was a 10ft. light cane specially built for me, with a tapered thin plaited silk line; and the fine gut was simply perfection.

"My second big barbel was grassed after half an hour's hard fight. He weighed 12¾lb. and measured 33in. Altogether I took 40lb. weight of barbel that day in the pool."

The last illustration depicts the interesting process of weighing-in which takes place at the Piscatorial Society's head-quarters every Monday night. The hon. secretary, Mr. W. T. Galloway, notes the weights, the librarian weighs, and the curator of the museum stands by, on the look-out for record fish that may be preserved and hung on the walls.



WEIGHING IN THE FISH.

## About Fans.

BY MAJOR L. RANEL.

If we may believe the great Chinese essayist, Pin Ching Lung, the idea of the fan was hit in the beginning of the Kiang dynasty, some 5,700 years ago, at a feast of lanterns, where the beautiful Kan-si, daughter of the Loo Kong district, found herself so hot that, contrary to etiquette, she was obliged to take off her mask, with which partly to hide her blushes, partly to cool her heated face, she commenced upon herself the process now known as "fanning." The action was seen and admired by Kan-si's young and fair companions, and at once, says the eloquent and truthful Pin Ching Lung, "ten thousand hands agitated ten thousand masks." Other writers, among them the learned and quaint Froissard, have discovered the origin of the fan in the necessity felt in all hot climates for keeping off flies, whether from the sacred offerings in temples or from the hands and faces of officiating priests or from the persons of noble distinction. In China and India the original model of the fan was the wing of a bird, and an admirable fan can be made from two bird's wings joined by a strip of ivory or wood.

The fans of the high priests of Isis were in the form of a half circle, made of feathers of different lengths. Such, too, were the fans carried in triumphal processions, and which, among the ancient Egyptians and Persians, served as military standards in time of war.

The Sibyls are said to have been in the habit of fanning themselves while delivering their oracles, the fan being evidently not regarded in those days as in any way connected with frivolity. The fans carried by the Roman ladies during the Augustan age were not like the most ancient Chinese fans, made in one piece, whether of paper, gauze, or silk, but were composed of little tablets of perfumed wood, specimens of which can be seen at the museums of Florence and Naples.

The ladies of high rank and fashion were followed by fan-bearers, or *flabelliferæ*, whenever they went out promenading or visiting, and guests of either sex were fanned by slaves at dinner.

The earliest reference to fans by a classical author occurs in Euripides' tragedy of "Helen," where one of the characters, a eunuch, relates how, according to the ancient Phrygian



HAWTHORN (THE MAY).

custom, he has fanned the hair, face, and bosom of the beautiful heroine.

The fans of the middle ages were worn in good society, suspended by gold or silver chains fastened to the girdle, and were usually made of peacocks', ostrichs' and parrots' feathers, and sometimes, also, of pheasants' feathers. They were sold in large numbers in the markets of the Levant, whence they were sent to Venice, and from there to other parts of Italy.

The fan was introduced in France by Catharine de Médici, where it was quickly adopted by the belles of the period and also by effeminate fops. Thus, Henri's notorious minions habitually carried fans.

Under the "*Grand Monarque*," and also under his successor, Louis XV., the art of painting fans was brought to great perfection.

Among the celebrated artists who have not disdained to employ their talents in the artistic decoration of the fan, Watteau and Boucher must first be named.

In our own time, Diaz the great colorist, Eugene Lami so well known by his marine pictures, Hamon the painter of scenes from ancient Roman life, and Gaverni, celebrated as a caricaturist, but who has exercised his talents in almost every department of art, have all painted fans. The most famous sculptor and decorator of fans in the present day is Froment Meurice, a jeweler and goldsmith, but who is in fact a great artist: he displayed at the last Paris Exposition the most beautiful collection of fans ever got up, and which

received the most flattering praises of artists, connoisseurs and critics.

Parisian fans are esteemed all over the world for their artistic beauty and workmanship. The leading manufacturers and dealers are Messieurs Susse Frères, Place de la Bourse, M. Henri of the *Magazin de la Pensée*, Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, and M. Chardin, in the Rue du Bac in the Quartier Saint Germain. A visit to any of the above places will repay the lover of art, for he will see there some of the most beautiful specimens of that elegant appendage of feminine attire.

The French Fanmakers' Company was established by edict in 1683, when to be received into the corporation or guild, it was declared necessary to have served four years' apprenticeship, and to have produced a "masterpiece."

The masterpiece, however, was not required of the sons of fanmakers nor of apprentices who had married fanmakers' daughters. A great number of processes are employed in

fanmaking, and each girl or man have separate parts to make, such as cutting the frame, shaping, polishing, trimming, engraving, inlaying painting, gilding, and riveting. The web has to be printed, gummed, colored and retouched. Yet, after passing through so many hands, fans are sold in Paris at one *sou* (one cent) apiece. This is the lowest figure, and the highest I have seen was one lovely one at M. Henri's, which was offered for two thousand francs (400 dollars). Some fans have cost a great deal more than that, for instance one made by the Messieurs Susse, for the lovely Ex-Empress Eugénie, and on which Boucher lavished all his talents, cost 12,000 francs (\$2,400), or that made for the Princess of Wales by Chardin, cost 8,000 francs.

Fans are generally divided into two classes, those consisting of one web of paper or silk, and those which are made up of several pieces of ivory, wood, or other materials. The former are held to be the best for fanning, and the latter for shuffling, or for the little *manœuvre* known as "flirting" the fan.

It was during the reign of Elizabeth, about the year 1570, that fans were introduced in England, and they soon became "fashionable," if we may judge from the innumerable portraits of the belles of good Queen Bess' court at Hampton Court. They are said to have been imported from Italy, but it is more probable that they reached England from Paris, where they were the "furore," during the reign of Catharine de Médici.



## AUNT MEHITABLE'S WINTER IN WASHINGTON.

BY MRS. HARRIET HAZELTON.

### EIGHTH PAPER.

I BELIEVE, girls, that I told you 'tother night about all the balls. Yes, the great Charity Ball was the very last o' the season. An' I'm glad enough to talk o' somethin' else to-night. Balls is good enough in their way, but old folks like me soon git tired of 'em, and lose interest in 'em.

Well, by this time, the terrible cold weather seemed to wear itself out, like, an' so we all concluded to see some more o' the sights around the city. The first thing Jacob Hyder wanted to do was to go to Mount Vernon; an' as I felt the same way myself, we took a day when it wasn't so very cold, an' got on the steamer "Arrow," an' went down. The first thing I seen after gittin' on the boat, was that poor, unfinished Monument ag'in. I tell you, girls, it looked towards me from every place I went to in an' around Washin'ton. This mornin' it looked at me reproachin' like, as if it said, "Is this to be all? Am I to stand here forever, unfinished an' desolate? A hundred times better if I'd never been commenced, for then I'd not be a standin' target for the scorn of strangers."

I told Nat an' Miss Rankin how it seemed to talk to me, an' he said it spoke to him also, sayin': "Egypt has her Pompey's Pillar, her Cleopatra's Needle, and her great Pyramids; Rome her Trajan's Pillar, her St. Antoine's Column, and her St. Peter's Church; France her Arch of Triumph, her Napoleon's Column, an' many other mementos to her great men; England is dotted all over with monuments to her illustrious dead, while America can only give to the founder of her liberties a brass statue on horseback, an' a naked figure to shiver on winter nights in the grounds o' the Capitol. Is this well, O, America, my Mother?" he said, aloud. [I told Miss Rankin to write Nat's speech down for me, as I couldn't 'a remembered it.]

When he got so fur, a dozen o' the folks on the boat had gathered around, to hear a speech, but Nat stopped quietly, as if nothin' was the matter an' commenced talkin' about somethin' else. By this time the boat was off, an' we began to look about us. The Long Bridge that we crossed over when we come from Virginny showed fine from here. They say it's a mile long, an' it looks fully that from the place where the boat starts. Just at the furthest end, on a woody hill that rises high above the river, is Arlington, one o' the grandest lookin' places I ever seen. Here it was that General Lee lived when the war broke out, an' he left his home an' all that was dear to go with the old State of Virginny. The Government took his place, an' now it's one great graveyard, with thousands an' thousands o' soldiers' graves upon it.

We went over to see it a day or two afterwards, an' it made me feel dreadful to see the gloom an' desolation around this beautiful home. There's a great monument by the garden with the bones o' more 'n a thousand soldiers under it. They was gathered up by pieces on the battle fields and brought here—an' then throwed all together in one great pit. For nobody could tell anything about the poor bones—they was scattered helter-skelter, in all directions. Oh, what a terrible thing war is! It divides families ag'in each other. It makes our States bitter towards each other. It brings poverty, an' desolation, an' death into thousands o' happy homes; and I pray that I never, never may see sich a dreadful time ag'in.

Miss Lee, poor old lady! is crippled or paralyzed, Miss Rankin says, but for all that she's a perfect lady still. She was in Alexandria last winter, an' hundreds o' ladies, both Northern and Southern, called on her—goin' down from Washin'ton every day by dozens. She was very nicely dressed, an' received 'em in her easy chair, or on her lounge. She is still very fine lookin' an' very bright and interestin' in her talk. She was here a-tryin' to git Congress to let her have the General's old books an' pictures, an' other things that was left in Arlington. Did they give 'em to her? Certainly they let her have these old relics, to comfort her lonely life at the last.

The first place we passed on the river was the Arsenal, with its long stone river-wall, an' its rich green banks above, all planted with willer trees; an' with its great piles o' cannonballs, an' hundreds o' cannon, all ranged in rows: with its nice brick houses where the officers live, an' its pretty wharf and boat-house built out into the water. It was in this ground that the old Penitentiary stood, where Miss Surratt an' Payne, an' the others that helped in the murder o' Lincoln was tried, an' hung, an' buried—Booth among 'em.

Durin' the war they made millions o' cartridges an' all kinds o' things o' that sort at the Arsenal; an' there was a good many young women workin' there. Well, one day there come an explosion that shook half the city, an' it was one o' the Arsenal workshops that blowed up, an', girls, there was eighteen young girls killed in the twinklin' of your eye! She says that that funeral was the saddest one she ever seen, except Mr. Lincoln's. Eighteen hearses moved slowly along the avenue, an' thousands of people followed to the Congressional Cemetery. A beautiful monument was raised over 'em by Congress, an' we went to see it the week before we left home. It's a fine, tall monument, with a weepin' angel on the top.

Next we come to the Insane Asylum—"St. Elizabeth's" they call it. It looks like a grand old castle from the river, risin' up from the top of a hill covered with trees. We went over

there the next day, an' so I'll tell you about it now. Nat got a carriage an' took us all over. We went over Capitol Hill an' down to the Navy Yard, then crossed over Anacostia River on a bridge a quarter of a mile long, went through the little town of Anacostia, or Uniontown, as they call it now, an' goin' up the hill we had the grandest view of Washin'ton, Soldiers' Home, Georgetown, Long Bridge, Arlington, an' other places. Then we reached the gate, an' drove in, an' up to the great doorway. The house looks very different here from the way it does from the river. It looks lower an' very long, but still looks like a castle. We seen Doctor Nichols, a very pleasant gentleman, seemingly, an' he sent a woman to show us around the buildin'. There's nice parlors on every floor, an' great wide halls, each one bein' finished up with different kinds o' fine wood, an' each ward named from the wood it's finished in, as the "Maple Ward," the "Walnut Ward," the "Cedar Ward," an' so on. Of course we seen the insane people, leastways them that's not very bad—for they never let folks see them that's ravin' mad. Miss Rankin asked about Miss Mary Harris, that shot her lover, Mr. Burroughs, of the Treasury Department, several years ago. But the woman said she wouldn't see anybody but her own special friends. She said that she seemed very little like an insane woman, an' was no trouble at all. A great many people think she's *not* crazy, but as she was cleared o' the charge o' murder on that ground, it's right that she should be kept there. Miss Rankin says that since she was cleared it's got to be a common thing for folks, especially women, to commit murder, an' then pretend to be crazy. I asked her if she'd ever seen Miss Harris. She said yes, she had attended the trial one day, an' heard Mr. Voorhees, of Indiana, make a fine speech in her favor. She was a small, nice ladylike lookin' girl, with dark eyes an' hair. She dressed with great taste, an' behaved very well durin' the whole trial, an' it lasted a long time. I reckon, from what she told me, that the man really deserved punishment, but it was dreadful for her to take his life. He had been makin' her believe, from the time she was a child, that she was to be his wife. He had made her love him by every means that men know how to use; an' then, just when she was grown up, an' expectin' him to keep his promise, he went off without sayin' a word, an' married another woman. So the girl went wild over her disappointment, an' come down to Washin'ton, went to the Treasury, sent for Mr. Burroughs, and when he come out, raised her little revolver, an' shot him. Maybe she didn't mean to kill him; but she did, an' it's all the same. It was a pity for his young wife, that wasn't to blame at all. But they cleared the woman of murder, an' sent her to the Insane Asylum, an' there she is yit.

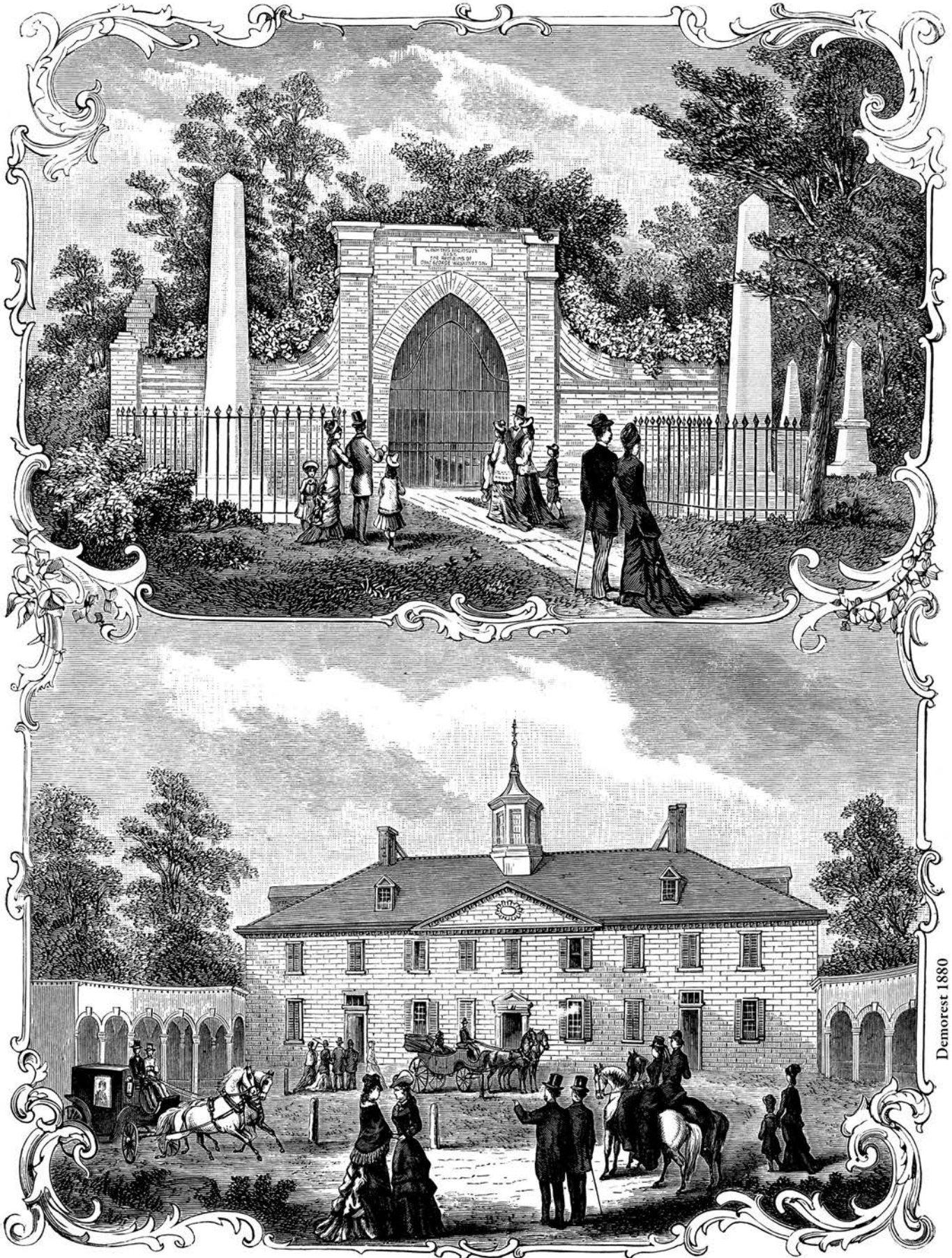
The next place our boat passed was Giesboro P'int, the place where the British landed in 1812, an' then marched up to Bladensburg, on the east bank of the Anacostia River. Everybody's heard o' the big battle an' scare at Bladensburg. That don't seem such a dreadful long time ago, neither; yet, then, the river was deep enough to let the ships go clear up to the old town, an' the old tobacco warehouses, some o' them, stand there yet. But now the stream is shaller, an' all full o' sea-weed, with only a little channel to lead to the Navy Yard; but the tide still rises as fur up as Bladensburg.

Next we come to Foote's Fort, a great fort across from Alexandria, a little this side. It's all made of earthwork, an' they say is a sight stronger'n any o' the stone forts. Just between this an' Alexandria, Miss Rankin told me, the Rooshan ships laid that passed the winter here a year or so before Mr. Lincoln died. She was on board o' the flag ship, an' said it was a very fine vessel. The officers showed her party all through it.

Our boat stopped a minute at the dead-lookin' old town of Alexandria, to take on a passenger or two. I think I never did see any place look so old an' sleepy like as this town. An' only to think that they once talked o' makin' it the Capital City! They told me about Christ Church there, the 'Piscopal Church that General Washin'ton an' his family always attended. It's as old an' sleepy-lookin' as the rest o' the town, an' you have to go right through the graveyard to git to it. They say that strangers always go an' set down in Washin'ton's pew for a minute before they leave the church. We talked o' goin' there before comin' home, but we had so many other places to go to that we didn't have time. Miss Rankin said, though, that she'd git me a slip o' the ivy that grows on the wall next to Washin'ton's winder, an' I mean to plant it by my settin'-room winder. 'Siah says that I never planted anything yit that didn't grow.

Well, we come next to Fort Washin'ton, one o' the first forts ever built in our country, an' laid out by General Washin'ton himself. It's built o' stone an' brick, an' all along the parapets is great guns a-p'intin' over the water, like the fingers o' grim death. But they told me that an iron-clad monitor could knock it all to pieces. Miss Rankin said she passed a couple o' weeks in the fort with her husband during the war (he was killed at last, poor fellow! in the battles o' the Wilderness), while he was very low with the typhus fever. They hadn't any hospital then, an' he had to lay in one o' the casemates (they're rooms made under ground, an' very damp), an' the centipedes or "thousand legs" jist covered the walls at nights. She said she'd always been so afeard o' these things before that, she'd run an' scream when she seen one. But at that time she was in so much trouble, thinkin' her





Demorest 1880

THE TOMB.

MOUNT VERNON.

THE WEST FRONT.

husband would surely die, that she got to think very little about the critters; an' somehow, findin' that she could sleep with 'em creepin' over the bed, an' that they never hurt her at all, she'd never minded 'em much sence. But, always, when she passes that fort, the old days an' the old trouble comes back agin, she says, an' the years that have passed sence then seems to drop away, an' the husband o' her youth seems to return ag'in an' stand by her side.

Nat wasn't with us when she talked o' this to me, an' I noticed that as soon as he came up, she changed the subject. I reckon that women's always a little jubious about talkin' to men o' such things. I know that as long as 'Siah an' me's lived together, I never speak o' such things to him. It's only to my Annie, or to some o' you girls, that I even tell all my woman's thoughts.

Poor Miss Rankin! So she's had her sheer o' trouble as well as the rest of us. An' it must a-took a pretty hard trouble to drive away her dread o' the centipedes, when she was so afeard of 'em. Now I never minded *them* much, but I'm as feared as death of a mouse or a snake. If a mouse runs towards me, I just holler an' scream till they kill it or drive it out o' the room. An' though I was raised in the country, you could skeer me to death with a snake, I reckon.

Well, at last we came to Mount Vernon. We seen the house through the trees some time before we got there. It's got a red roof an' great pillars in front, somethin' like Arlington. There's a little old wharf where the boat landed, an' then a pretty steep little hill to climb, an' then, before we thought o' such a thing, we was a-standin' before the tomb. I had an idee that we'd go to the house first, an' I was kind o' startled when I found that we really was before the grave o' Washin'ton. It's a vault built o' brick in the hill-side, but with an open door, fastened with an iron gate, that lets in the blessed light an' air o' heaven. I like that way o' buryin' people. I'd like to be buried so myself. In the vault you can see, as plain as if they was outside, two marble coffins. The one to the right has "Washin'ton" in large, plain letters, cut on the end towards the door; the other has "Martha, Wife of Washin'ton." Outside there's some small monuments, with the names o' some o' his brothers or relations on 'em. There was only two or three strangers around, an' I was glad of it. I'd rather a-been all alone for a while, but, of course, I didn't say so.

We walked along the path towards the house, an' on the way passed the little old tomb where they first laid him—nearer to the house. The house is large but shabby lookin' when you git near it; the porch is paved with quare lookin' stones brought from England, an' though it's only a frame house, it's got

great brick pillars in front. We went into several rooms, but the great dinin'-room an' the room where he died was the only ones I cared much about. The bed-room is very plain an' old-fashioned, with no fancy finishin' about it; but it's large an' airy enough. The bedstead ain't the one he died on, but is made just like it, so's to let strangers see the style o' them old times, an' how simple the great man lived. The high-posted bedstead that 'Siah's father give us when we went to house-keepin' was ever so much nicer'n this one. Still, I don't think Washin'ton lived so very simple-like in some ways. In the grand old dinin'-room there was great tables full o' silver, an' liveried servants a-plenty, an' a good deal o' ceremony, I reckon, for they was raised to it—the General and Miss Washin'ton both. The mantel-piece in this room is all carved out o' marble, an' was a fine thing in its day. Indeed it's very fine now. There's some kind of a country scene on it, for I mind very well about a cow, as nateral as could be. Miss Rankin said it was done by a sculptor from Italy. Half the end o' the room at the east is took up with a grand old-style winder. There's the harps'chord that Washin'ton give to Eleanor Custis, in one corner o' the room; it looks like a quare, old-fashioned pianer. An' there's the General's surveyin' instruments, an' his saddle and camp-chist; an' in the hall is the key o' the old Bastile prison in France, that Lafayette give to Washin'ton. In the back yard's a magnoly tree that the General planted, an' there's a good many other things, I reckon. I can't remember now. When we come out o' the house, we went to the spring on the hill-side below, an' it seemed to bring me nearer to the livin' man than all the other things had done. I believe a spring always sets me to thinkin', any way, more than anything else does, an' to stand there an' drink from the same spring that he used so many years, seemed to show me how very little the lives o' the greatest ones are. The little stream flows on, forever an' ever; but the great man that owned it all for a lifetime is moulderin' into dust. A little boy finds a spring an' plays in it, an' thinks it's made for his special benefit. He grows old an' dies. His son an' his grandson have the same feelin's about the little spring. But they all sink out o' sight, an' the spring goes singin' an' ripplin on, just the same; an' so it'll go on long after *we* are gone. I stood here a long time, while the others went roamin' over the grounds, watchin' the little vein o' water a-pourin' out, an' thinkin' how many great men would live an' die, an' of the nations that would rise an' fall, while the little stream would still flow on, as cool an' refreshin' as ever; an' a-wonderin' if *he* hadn't often thought o' such things, an' heard the water say the same things it was a-sayin' now to me. I was so charmed away from all outside thoughts an'

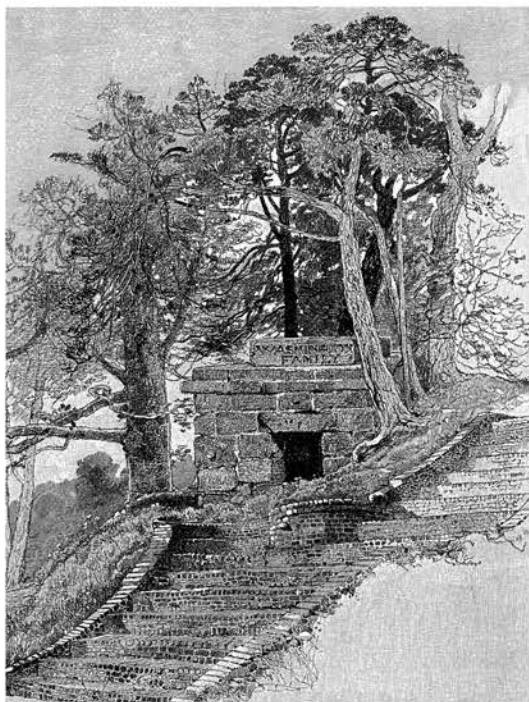




things, that I forgot my company, an' how the time was passin', till I heard Jacob a-callin' "Aunt Hittie!" an' remembered that we had to go back at a certain time.

After we got to the boat, an' got fairly started home, Miss Rankin told me all about the shameful way that the Regent of the Association had done. How Miss Briggs, a lady correspondent, had dug up an' exposed the dreadful management of things; that the people had been charged double for seein' the house an' grounds, an' the lady had kept the money; an' how there had been an investigation, an' she was charged with dreadful things, an' so she had to resign her place, an' some one else had been app'inted instead. I told her that I thought the lady that brought such things to light deserved great credit for it, for I thought it was dreadful to make money off o' Washin'ton's grave. There was a grand picture presented to the association a few days after we was down. It's "Washin'ton before Yorktown," by the great painter, Peale, an' was give by the painter's daughter, Miss Underwood, of New Jersey. It's always to be kept at Mount Vernon, an' I was sorry we didn't see it. A good many went down the day the pictur was sent, among 'em Miss Nellie Grant.

Jacob cut a stick on the hillside for a cane. I got this pebble by the door of the tomb, an' this twig from a bush by the spring. These magnoly leaves come from under the tree that he planted. An' so ends our trip to Mount Vernon. What's that? Didn't they have his little hatchet, or a piece of the dead cherry tree? No; I didn't hear one word about the hatchet, but Nat says that they keep it in the museum at Alexandria, with an endless supply of dead cherry tree, to sell to the green ones.



Washington Family Tomb - Century Magazine, 1888

A WITTY POEM.—Has it ever been noticed how many wits have been clergymen? Sidney Smith, Dean Swift, Robert Hall, and others are familiar illustrations. Perhaps one of the wittiest men of the present day is the Rev. Charles Tisdall, of Dublin, Ireland. He is but little known on this side of the Atlantic, except as an exemplary divine, for his modesty has, as yet, kept him from publishing. But in social and literary circles abroad he is well known. We have, before us, a copy of some verses, sent, by him, to a friend, which are capital in their way: and they have never before appeared in print.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A COUNTRY WASHER-WOMAN.

(NOT IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD AND (NOT) BY GRAY.

Farewell, old friend, to mem'ry ever dear,  
Thy toil and labor in this world are o'er,  
Let every friend to merit shed a tear,  
The faithful Mulligan is now no more!

In humble cot she pass'd a useful life,  
Unmindful of the world and all its ills,  
A tender mother, a devoted wife,  
Perfection—in her doing up of frills.

Oft have I seen her, on a Summer's day,  
Prone o'er her task, unmindful of the heat,  
With sleeves tuck'd up, she'd stand and scrub away,  
And then on hedges spread her work so neat.

Each closing week, at eve, she took the road,  
With caps, chemises, handkerchiefs and frills,  
Stockings and vests, in wicker-baskets stow'd,  
Pinned to the bundles were—her little bills.

Full many a rotary at Fashion's shrine  
Owed half his beauty to her starch and iron,  
From *gents* who sport their shirts of cambric fine  
To little boys with collars *a la Byron*.

One day I chanced to pass her cottage by,  
And wondered where its occupant could be,  
I saw a heap of clothes neglected lie,  
Nor at the tub, nor at the hedge was she.

Returning home I saw upon the ground  
An empty basket, with a letter tied,  
I broke the seal, and to my anguish found  
That morning Biddy Mulligan had died!

Adieu ye spotless vests of white Marseilles,  
So white ye give me pleasure to put on,  
Ye snowy-bosomed shirts a long farewell—  
Alas! poor Biddy's "occupation's gone."

Not all the symmetry of Hoesbach's suits,  
Nor hats by Morgan exquisitely glossed,  
Nor Asken's ties, nor Parker's jetty boots,  
Console me for the treasure I have lost.

Oh! Mulligan, thy shirts perfection were,  
Now I ne'er put one on but feeling pain,  
And closing up my waistcoat in despair  
Feel I can never show their like again.

Death's ruthless hand hath laid thee out at last,  
Thy mangling's done, his is a mangling trade,  
Thou'rt bleaching in the chilly Northern blast,  
Pale as the shirts o'er which thy fingers stray'd.

Nymphs of the tomb! attend the fun'ral throng,  
Plant (mangold) mangle wurtzel near where she is laid,  
And scatter snow-drops as ye pass along,  
Fit emblems of the whiteness of her trade.

THE EPITAPH.

Let no bombastic verse be carv'd in stone,  
No high-flown eulogy, no flatt'ring trope.  
Be then the plain inscription—this alone—  
"She never yet was badly off for soap"



## SUMMER PUDDINGS.



**A**s cold sweets are always welcome during the hot summer days, I shall give recipes for some in due hopes that some may be new to my readers. New puddings are usually welcome, as one tires sooner of them than anything else, and so one longs for more variety.

**Apple Soufflé.**—Butter the *outside* of a pudding dish, and cover it with "short crust," made of six ounces of fine flour, three ounces of butter, two teaspoonfuls of sifted sugar, the yolk of one egg, beaten light; rub the butter, sugar, and flour together, and add egg and enough water to mix to a paste; roll out into a sheet the size of the dish, cut the edges neatly, and bake to a pale brown in a steady oven. In the meantime pare and core a pound and a half of apples, add a quarter of a pound of sugar, the grated rind and strained juice of half a lemon; stew till soft, then stir in half a dozen ratafia biscuits and one penny sponge cake crumbled down, the yolks of two eggs well whisked, and a very little water; stir well over the fire a few minutes to cook the eggs, then pour into your paste dish (which has been gently slipped off the mould), and make the apples smooth on the top; whip the whites of three eggs stiff with a tablespoonful of castor sugar, spread evenly over the apples, dust some sugar over the icing, ornament round the edge with ratafia biscuits, and put the soufflé into a nearly cold oven just to *slightly* brown the icing.

**Chocolate Pudding.**—Soak a third of an ounce of gelatine in a little milk. Dissolve four ounces of vanilla chocolate in a pint and a half of milk, and boil in a clean pan for ten minutes, stirring all the time; flavour with a very little vanilla essence, and sugar to taste; put into a jug to cool. Put the soaked gelatine in a pan and dissolve it; let it also cool, then add it to the chocolate and mix well. Pour, when almost cold, into a mould previously wet with water. When set, turn out and serve with whipped cream round it. This pudding should be made the day before it is required. If liked, a cup of strong coffee can be used in place of chocolate, and is very refreshing.

**Chocolate Solid.**—Make a custard (as directed below in "Pineapple Sponge"), and to it add three ounces of chocolate boiled in a quarter of a pint of milk. When cool, add a very little essence of vanilla, and pour all into a wet mould to set.

**Devonshire Funtet.**—Put one quart of luke-warm sweet milk (the richer the better) into a punch bowl, or a crystal one, add sugar to taste, and a few drops of brandy or any flavouring, and a dessertspoonful of rennet. Leave it in a cool place to "set" or "curd," when it will be ready. Send to table in the bowl, with little lumps of whipped cream on the top, and serve with cream.

**Haycocks.**—Beat three eggs very light; beat their weight in sugar and butter to a cream; add same weight in flour gradually, and lastly, beat in the eggs and a little of any flavouring; half fill buttered dariole tins with the mixture, and bake in a quick oven. When cold, scoop out a little hollow on the top of each and fill with whipped cream and a few pistachio nuts chopped and sprinkled on the top, or else fill with any preserve and sprinkle almonds or cocoanut on the top. They can also be served simply glazed over with any preserve, such as apricot, and a thin custard poured round them in the dish.

**Italian Cream.**—To one pint of good rich milk add enough fine sugar to sweeten it, the *thin* rind of a lemon, an inch of cinnamon stick, and three quarters of an ounce of isinglass; put all into an enamelled pan and stir till it boils and the isinglass is dissolved. Beat in a large basin the yolks of six eggs till very light, strain over them the boiling milk, etc., stirring well all the time and till the mixture is nearly cold, then add a dessertspoonful of lemon juice; pour into a wet mould, and when quite set turn out.

**Kental Puddings.**—Rub the rind of a lemon on to six or eight lumps of loaf sugar, pound and add them to one pint of milk in a pan and let it boil; mix to a smooth batter two large tablespoonfuls of ground rice with a little milk, add the boiling milk on to the rice, stir well, adding more sugar if required, and also half an ounce of butter. Stir over the fire till the mixture thickens, and let it boil a little. Have ready some little cups or tins well buttered, fill with the rice, and set in a cool place till quite cold. Turn them out on a dish and garnish the top of each with a little piece of bright-coloured jelly. Pour round them a good thick cold custard sauce.

**Coffee Mousse.**—Make a teacupful of strong coffee, using a quarter of a pound to the cup of water. When strained add to it an ounce of sugar and the yolks of two well-beaten eggs. Put into a tin gallipot, place it in a pan of boiling water, and let the water boil round it till the coffee thickens, and which must be constantly stirred. Let it get perfectly cold. Whip one pint of thick cream stiff, add the coffee by degrees so that it is smooth and thick, and serve in old china cups or coloured glasses. It is only fair to say that as a rule coffee sweets and creams are only liked by a few, as it is an acquired taste, and therefore they are not always appreciated as they should be.

**Moonshine.**—Dissolve three quarters of an ounce of isinglass in a pint of boiling water, add half a pound of loaf sugar, the thin rind of two lemons, boil for ten minutes; then strain it; while hot add the juice of the two lemons, strained, and when the mixture is nearly cold whisk it till it looks like snow. Put into a wet mould, and turn it out next day.

**Gâteau.**—Take a fresh Madeira cake, cut off the top to make it even, then cut the cake into slices half an inch thick; on the lower slice spread some marmalade, place a slice on the cake, on top spread it with raspberry jam, then cake, then some apricot jam, and so on till all is together; glaze outside with marmalade, and serve with cream or custard.

**Orange Fool.**—Juice of four oranges, three well-beaten eggs, one pint of cream, a little cinnamon, nutmeg, and sugar to taste. Set it on the fire to thicken till it is like melted butter, but do not allow it to boil; then pour it into a glass dish and serve when cold.

**Pineapple Sponge.**—To three yolks and one white of egg, beaten, put a pint and a half of milk which has been boiled with an ounce and a half of gelatine and three ounces of sugar; return all to the fire in a jug set in a pan of water, to thicken; add to it a small tin of grated pineapple, and pour into a wet mould to set. Turn out the next day.

**Queen Pudding.**—Take half a pint of bread or stale cake crumbs, one pint of milk, yolks of two eggs, two ounces of sugar, an ounce of butter, and a little essence of lemon. Mix all in a pudding dish and bake for an hour. Put a thin layer of jam on the top; beat up the whites of the two eggs to a stiff froth with a little lemon juice and two ounces of fine sugar; lay it over the jam, and return to the oven for a few minutes to brown lightly. Serve cold.

**Quaking Custard.**—Three cups of milk, the yolks of four eggs (reserve the whites for meringue), half a packet of gelatine, six tablespoonfuls of sugar; vanilla or lemon essence to taste. Soak the gelatine in a cup of the cold milk for two hours, then heat the rest of the milk to boiling, add the gelatine, and over the fire stir till quite dissolved. Take off, let it stand five minutes before adding the yolks and sugar. Heat slowly until it thickens—say seven or eight minutes—stirring constantly. When nearly cold add the flavouring; pour into a wet mould, and leave till set. Turn out. Have the whites beaten up to a stiff froth with three tablespoonfuls of fine sugar and the juice of a lemon. Heap round the custard in the glass dish.

**Raspberry Gâteau.**—Take a round sponge cake a pound in weight, cut into slices, and over each slice, commencing with the lower one, pour a syrup of the fruit while hot, made of half a pound each of currants and raspberries boiled with six ounces of sugar. Pour the fruit over along with their juice. Whip half a pint of cream till thick, sweeten, cover the cake with it roughly dropped from a spoon; colour a little of it pink with juice, and put a dot of it between each spoonful.

**Russian Pudding.**—One quart of claret, three quarters of a pound of loaf sugar, the juice of one lemon, one ounce of isinglass, a breakfastcupful of damson jam, and a small glass of brandy. Soak the isinglass with the claret, brandy, and sugar, then put in the jam and stir all over the fire. Let it boil for a few minutes, then strain it into a wet casserole mould. Fill the centre with whipped cream when the pudding is set and turned out.

**Rhubarb Cheesecake.**—Stew a bunch of rhubarb till soft, beat well with a fork, drain all the liquor away, add the juice and grated rind of two lemons, sweeten to taste, add a little nutmeg and three well-beaten eggs. Pour all into a paste-lined dish and bake three quarters of an hour in a moderate oven; turn out and serve cold with cream.

**Snowballs.**—Boil a teacupful of rice with a pint and a half of milk, flavour with chopped almonds, and add sugar to taste. When the rice is tender beat it well till smooth; pour into wet cups, and when the rice is cold turn out on a glass dish and garnish with jelly.

**Cornflour Meringue.**—Five eggs, one quart of milk, four quarters of a cup of sugar, four teaspoonfuls of cornflour, half a cup of jelly or jam. Heat the milk to boiling, and stir in the cornflour previously wet in a little milk; boil for a few minutes, stirring well; remove from the fire, and while hot add the beaten yolks, sugar, and vanilla essence, lemon, or almond. Pour into a buttered dish and bake fifteen minutes. Beat the whites of eggs stiffly with the jelly or jam, add a little flavouring, draw the pudding to door of oven, quickly spread on the meringue, and bake covered for five minutes; remove the cover and brown slightly. When cold, serve with fine sugar over the top.

**Fig Compote.**—Take one dozen large figs, cut up in halves or quarters, put them into a saucepan with a sixpenny packet of gelatine, two ounces of fine sugar, and enough water to quite cover them; let them simmer *slowly* for two hours; then pour into a wet mould. When quite set, turn out, and serve with spoonfuls of whipped cream round. Prunes can also be done this way, using half a pound of prunes (stoned) to the packet of gelatine.

**Lemon Mould.**—Steep the thinly-pared rind of eight lemons in one pint of water for twelve hours; strain, and dissolve in the water three quarters of a pound of castor sugar, add the juice of the lemons and whites of seven eggs beaten very stiff, and the yolk of one. Boil

this over a slow fire, stirring well till as thick as double cream. Pour into the glass dish and use cold.

*Lemon Pudding.*—Half a pound of butter, one pound of sugar, six eggs (whites and yolks separately), the juice of one lemon, the grated rind of two, one nutmeg. Cream butter and sugar, beat in the yolks, lemon, and spice; stir in the stiffly-beaten whites last. Bake in a paste-lined dish, and eat when cold.

*Lemon Pudding.*—One cup of sugar, four eggs, two tablespoonfuls of cornflour, two lemons, the juice of both and grated rind of one, one pint of milk, and a tablespoonful of butter. Heat the milk to boiling, and stir in the "wet-up" cornflour; boil five minutes, keep stirring; while hot, mix in the butter and set away to cool. Beat the yolks light, add the sugar, and mix well before putting in the lemon juice and rind. Beat to a stiff cream, add gradually to the cold cornflour, and when quite cold stir smooth; put into a buttered dish and bake. Eat cold.

*Semolina Cream.*—Soak an ounce of semolina in a gill of cold milk for an hour, then boil it until soft in three gills of milk. Stir this into the contents of a large tin of Nelson's blanc-

mange dissolved in a pint of milk; flavour to taste; put into a wet mould and stand till set.

*Italian Cream.*—Take three quarters of an ounce of Nelson's gelatine and soak it in half a pint of cold water; boil the thin rind of a lemon in a pint of cream, add the juice of the lemon and three spoonfuls of raspberry syrup to the gelatine; pour hot cream on the above ingredients, stirring gently. Sweeten to taste; add a few drops of cochineal, whisk till thick, and pour into a wet mould.

There are also many varieties of cornflour shapes, for which directions are given on the packets, so that I need not take up space to repeat.

*Apricot Compote.*—Take a stale Madeira cake, cut off the top, and from the centre cut a large piece, leaving a wall of cake all round of two inches thick. Stew a tin of preserved apricots with a teacupful of sugar for a little while. Fill up the centre of the cake, put on the top slice again, and pour over enough of the hot syrup to soak the cake. When cold, pour either a thick custard over it or else spoonfuls of thick cream whipped up stiff with a little sugar and essence of vanilla.

A very good summer pudding you will find the following to be, though it is served hot. The lemon flavouring makes it very refreshing.

*Lemon Pudding.*—Wet with a very little cold water two good tablespoonfuls of cornflour, then pour over it, stirring well, as much boiling water to make it to the consistency of thick starch; add five or six spoonfuls of sugar, the juice and grated rind of two lemons, and the yolks of two eggs, beaten well. Bake in oven ten minutes, spread the two egg whites beaten up with a little sugar, and very slightly brown in the oven.

A very good mould can be made in much the same way, making the starch very thick, adding sugar, lemon, and one egg yolk and white, returning all to the pan and allowing it to cook for a little while, then pouring it into a wet mould. Let it get cold, then turn out. I have no doubt that amongst the foregoing recipes each one will find something new, and I can confidently assure you that they are all very good. Many of them are suitable for use at garden parties and all such outdoor entertainments.

"CONSTANCE."

## AUGUST.



Illustrated London Almanack, 1851

The unpeopled dwelling mourns its tenants strayed,  
 E'en the domestic laughing dairy-maid  
 Hies to the field, the general toil to share;  
 Meanwhile the farmer quits his elbow chair,  
 His cool brick floor, his pitcher, and his ease,  
 And braves the sultry beams, and gladly sees  
 His gates thrown open, and his team abroad.—ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.





TO LET-FURNISHED  
by  
Elizabeth S. Banks

LONDON might, in one respect, be called a city of transients. Probably in no other city in the world could there be found so large a proportion of the inhabitants who, for the greater part of the year, are "not at home." In the summer the well-to-do classes go away to escape what they call the "heat" of July and August—a time of the year when Americans, at least, consider that London is to be seen at its very best; in the autumn they wish to avoid the rainy weather, and in the winter they feel that nothing but distance can lend enchantment to the fogs. Only in the spring-time, during "the season," do many of these people look upon London as a suitable dwelling place. The owners of the most magnificent residences occupy them only for a few months during the year. Then the furniture is draped with dust-sheets, the blinds are drawn, the crevices of the doors and windows stopped with newspapers, and the great gloomy mansions stare down blankly at the occasional passer-by.

But not all of those who desire to leave London can afford to leave unoccupied houses as well, for the keeping up of two establishments would be too great a drain on their financial resources; so from the drawing-room window is suspended the sign: "To Let—Furnished." Then someone else moves in—perhaps an American, who has come over to study London in all its different phases, and, in the end, learns to love London in spite of, or perhaps because of, the rain and mud and fog.

And then there are so many other reasons for exhibiting the placard—"To Let—Furnished." There are the people who make a business of the furnishing of houses simply for the purpose of sub-letting them, having no other income than that which thus accrues. They may live in another house themselves,

just around the corner, or they may have taken up their abode in a town or country boarding house. Then, too, might be mentioned the young married people, who, starting out with a youthful enthusiasm to have a "home of their own," take a long lease of a roomy house in an expensive neighbourhood, furnish it up in a befitting style, and, afterwards, on examining their purses, find themselves in the position of the man who began to build and was not able to finish. So they sorrowfully move out, and into lodgings, and are succeeded by unsympathetic strangers, who feel no sentiment concerning the every-day use of the most highly prized wedding gifts.

And here I am reminded of the story of a youthful married pair in a certain small American town, whose neighbours were always able to keep themselves informed of the state of domestic felicity that reigned within their dwelling by the occasional appearance and disappearance of various placards on the front of the house. Both the house and the land were their own property. About six months after their marriage, the sign "For Rent—Furnished," was noticed to be hanging in a conspicuous place near the highly polished brass bell. They had had a misunderstanding, which sent the bride to her mother and the husband to his club. The misunderstanding, however, was settled, as were several others, until, later on, the simple legend: "For Rent" appeared, and the neighbours knew by the storing of the furniture that something more than an ordinary quarrel had taken place. Yet this also was satisfactorily arranged, when the furniture was returned in the storage vans and distributed about the house as formerly. But at the end of a year, an auction sale was announced. Then the inside shutters were tightly locked against the windows, the double doors were bolted, and a shingle nailed up which announced to passers-by that the house was "For Sale." I believe this was followed by divorce proceedings on the ground of "incompatibility of temper," and the house went into the hands of another and more permanent owner.

There are many advantages and disadvantages for both the landlord and the tenant

connected with the letting of furnished houses. The subject of "wear and tear" is one of the chief causes for dispute between the two parties, for it is rather difficult to decide to a nicety at just what point "wear and tear" ends, and gross carelessness and wilful damage begin. In New York, where all the household linen is included in the furniture and so left for the use of the new tenant, there are frequent expostulations on the part of the owner when, at the end of the term, it is discovered that numerous sheets, towels, and table-cloths are missing, which the tenant explains are "worn out," and thus come under this very elastic provision.

In London, where the linen is not usually left for the use of the tenant, this particular cause for contention is avoided, but there is still the trouble of a disagreement concerning the matter of breakage; and who shall decide whether or not the complete demolition of the best china tea or dinner set or the huge cracks and chips in costly drawing-room bric-à-brac shall be simply explained as the result of "wear and tear"? I think that in matters of this kind the tenant usually has the advantage, for in spite of the very complete inventory that is usually taken by the owner, there are frequently many things that are not particularly specified, and not everyone would care to appeal to the courts to settle a claim concerning broken dishes. And there are the carpets, all brilliantly clean when left by their owner and all stained and discoloured with coffee and ashes or neglected dust when the tenant moves away. If approached on this subject there is but one answer, which is put in the form of a question as to whether a carpet may be expected to look as clean at the end of a year's usage as on the day it was first laid on the floor.

Some tenants are good enough to make an attempt at replacing certain articles of furniture which they have injured or destroyed. I have heard of one case in London where such replacing was done, much to the loss of the owner. A large vase of the costliest Dresden ware was broken or said to have been broken. The tenant informed the landlord that he had bought another exactly like it, which, to all first appearances, was the case. Yet afterwards, when the tenant had gone away, it was discovered that any number of "replacements" of that particular kind might be bought for twenty shillings each! It also came to light that various other things about the place had been "replaced" in this same way. Wool mattresses reposed on the beds where hair mattresses had been left the year before. The covering was precisely of the same pattern and colour, and no one knew the difference until it

was made manifest in the small amount of comfort to be obtained from a night's sleep. Many of the pillows, appearing to have none of their wonted downy softness, were ripped open, when matted "flock" was disclosed to the horrified gaze of the housewife. In such a case, of course, the temporary tenants had left no address behind them. They were probably in another city, even another country, and were no doubt enabled to start housekeeping in a most comfortable, if not luxurious manner, with the "damaged" furniture which they had so thoughtfully "replaced" with new goods.

Another landlord who had let his house to a "most respectable" tenant, returned from his foreign travels to find that he was very much in debt to tradesmen of every description. They were not the tradesmen whom he had hitherto patronised, but they had always been most anxious to obtain his custom; so when they finally got a few orders from this long-coveted address, they took it for granted that Mr. — was still residing there. Mr. —'s successor did not disabuse their minds, but he gradually made his orders larger and more frequent. He moved away before the bills were sent in, and Mr. — returned to receive



"HE HAD BOUGHT ANOTHER EXACTLY LIKE IT."





“ A MIXTURE OF EMPHATIC AMERICAN ACCENT AND TEARS.”

them, and after much deliberation and investigation, all in vain, he finally paid them.

But the law of compensation shows itself in the matter of furnished houses as in nearly everything else. If landlords suffer through the carelessness or dishonesty of their tenants, so are there many cases where tenants must suffer in the same way. More than one family who have an ambition to “keep house” without the inconvenience of possessing and moving about their own goods and chattels, have had reason to regret and deplore the day when they were tempted by that glittering placard: “To Let—Furnished.”

I have in mind the case of an American lady, who, before I had yet come to London, told me of a most unfortunate experience she had as the tenant of a furnished house. She wanted to spend a season in London, so persuaded her husband to move from their hotel into a perfect bijou residence in a good locality which they found was to be let furnished. After an afternoon’s examination of the premises, they agreed to move in the next week. They duly installed themselves, paid four months’ rent in advance, and the

family who up to that time had been in possession went away to a far country. On the very first night of their arrival it was discovered that there was some difficulty with the gas. Turn and twist as they would at the fixtures, no illumination could be obtained when they applied the lighted match. They ate dinner and spent the evening by lamp-light, and the next day when a personal visit was paid at the gas company’s office, the state of things was explained by the information that the gas had been turned off on account of a two quarters’ bill being unpaid. It was decided that on the whole it would be better to pay the bill than to move out. The American tenant thought he could hold the furniture if the owner refused to reimburse him for this expenditure, but when, a few days later the proprietor of an establishment that furnished houses on the hire system, made his appearance to collect either money or furniture, not apparently particular as to which he did, there was a mixture of emphatic American accent and tears on the part of the occupants of that house. It is needless to say that no trace of the “landlord” could be

found, and the Americans returned immediately to their own country, sadder and wiser, and very much the poorer.

It is, of course, not usual for houses to be sub-let when they are furnished on the hire system, or when the furniture is encumbered with a bill of sale. Indeed, I believe that this is generally forbidden by the agreement in such cases; yet there is always a chance for dishonesty in matters of this kind which those who would live in furnished houses would do well to investigate thoroughly.

Then there are the beautifully-furnished houses in such excellent neighbourhoods that are "so very cheap." Sometimes the present incumbent is willing to let them for the mere rental, without charging anything for the use of the furniture. There is always some unpleasant reason for these low terms. It is often to be traced to the drainage facilities, which, being bad, make the house unhealthy, or it is possible that the house may have the reputation of being "haunted." This latter reason, however, would only deter superstitious persons from taking advantage of the low price, and the "haunted" house is far preferable to the one that is badly drained. The cheapness of such houses may also be due to the fact that some great trouble, either death or disgrace, has fallen upon the occupants, who, wishing to be rid of the unhappy associations, are willing to let the house and furnishings without a profit to themselves. Very often tragedy and despair are hidden behind the sign "To Let—Furnished."

It is no small or convenient matter to start out with a list of furnished houses in search of a suitable habitation among them. Only occasionally is the lady of the house herself to be seen on the first inspection of the property. She usually delegates her servant to show off the advantages, and skip the disadvantages, of the establishment. I remember going through one such house with a friend, who, noting that all the chairs and sofas were covered with dust-sheets, desired the servant to remove them that she might see what was underneath.

"Oh, no, ma'am!" exclaimed the servant in an awestruck tone, "they're never taken off, only to be washed—and then others are put on."

"But they would be off all the time if I rented the house. I wouldn't like the drawing-room to look like a graveyard—all in white," said the lady.

But the girl was not to be persuaded. She insisted that anyone who took the house must keep the furniture always covered. Whether

this was because it was so very beautiful or quite the contrary, we did not discover.

Every servant who shows one through a furnished house confidently expects sixpence, sometimes a shilling, for the trouble she is taking, notwithstanding the fact that she is left in charge for that very purpose, so that a house-hunting expedition of this sort is often a rather expensive affair. In some cases the servants "go with the house," the owner insisting that if you rent the house you must hire the servants as well. This is especially the case when the house is to be let only for a short time and the mistress desires to retain her favourite servants. Under such circumstances the temporary occupant is much to be pitied, for the servants so left behind become little less than spies and private detectives, reporting to their retainers the minutest detail concerning the housekeeping and private affairs of the new family. Indeed, they are sometimes left for that very purpose, and though the fact that they "know the house



"OH, NO, MA'AM!" EXCLAIMED THE SERVANT IN AN AWE-STUCK TONE."



and the work " may be a recommendation in favour of taking them as part of the fixtures, it is usually a good policy to refuse combinations of this kind.

When lodging and boarding houses are to be let furnished, not only do the servants often "go with the house," but the lodgers and boarders as well. This system is much in vogue among landladies, though it often brings about disastrous results to all the parties concerned.

There are large numbers of people in London who spend their whole lives in moving about from one furnished house to another. Theirs is not the case of those persons who wish to live in London only for a short period during the year, and so find it inconvenient to fit up a house for their habitation. They move into furnished houses when they are married, and henceforth their lives become a general knocking about "from pillar to post." They have no permanent abiding place, and some of them appear to desire none.

Their position is, in a way, a delightfully irresponsible one, but there are many disadvantages attached to it. They are continually changing their address on their cards and letter-heads, and each successive Post-Office Directory locates them differently. One of the great drawbacks to this way of living is that they are looked upon with a certain degree of suspicion by shopkeepers and tradespeople, and are usually requested to pay cash for what they buy. Besides the knowledge that they have no household goods to attach in case of debt, the tradesmen also have the feeling that it would be very easy for them to pack their boxes and move away, leaving the furnished house and their debts behind them.

When I was engaged as an apprentice in a laundry, I soon discovered that the rule of the proprietor was to allow no quarter to customers who rented their houses furnished. When, in such houses, there happened to be no "change" for the payment of the weekly washing account, the carman was directed to return the hamper to the laundry.

This is also the custom in the dressmaking business, and only scant credit is given to ladies who rent furnished houses. It is sometimes a cause for wonder in the minds of customers as to just how tradesmen happen to know whether or not the house furnishings belong to them or to somebody else. They forget that a few questions diplomatically put to the servants will usually satisfy the tradesmen's curiosity on this point.

This is only one of the several disadvantages connected with spending one's life in houses fitted up by other people. To those fortunate persons who from youth to old age have lived under but one roof, among the same associations, there is something almost pathetic in the position of these homeless wanderers, who have never lived in one house or one neighbourhood long enough to take a genuine interest in it.

In New York and other American cities, the number of residences that are to be let furnished is small compared with those in London. This is perhaps due to the London custom of requiring a tenant to lease a house for a long term of years, while in America the one year system is the rule, so that there it is quite as convenient and almost as inexpensive to hire a house for a year and furnish it on the hire system, if necessary, as it would be to take a furnished house in London.



## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

### QUINCE JELLY.

This makes one of the nicest dessert sweets I know, as not being too sweet and having a peculiar flavour of its own. If properly made, it should be perfectly clear and very brilliant, and a most lovely tawny, pinkish, orange colour. I can only compare it to a lovely jacinth. This is how it is made—

Pare, core, and quarter four pounds of quinces, throw them immediately into one quart of spring water in a clean earthenware jar. Cover the jar closely down, then place it in a moderate oven, and allow the fruit to cook gently until it is quite tender; then turn the whole into a linen jelly bag and allow the juice to drip without pressure. The bag should be drawn close up over the fruit whilst the juice is dripping. Allow fourteen ounces of sugar to each pint of juice. Make a syrup of the sugar and one quart of water, and boil it for ten minutes. Remove all the scum as it rises. Allow the syrup to come off the boil, and then add the quince juice to it; now boil both together quickly

for a quarter of an hour. Just before removing it from the fire add some lemon juice in the proportion of one teaspoonful of lemon juice to each pint of fruit juice. Have ready some small glass jars or moulds, dry and warm. Fill them with the jelly, and the next day cover them down in the usual way.

COCOA-NUT ICE.—This sweetmeat, when carefully made, makes an extremely pretty and tempting dish, and is a great addition at a party, especially "children's." Take half a pound of coarse cocoa-nut, put into basin, pouring over it two wineglassfuls of milk. Let it soak one night. Put one and a half pounds of loaf sugar into a pan with one and a half wineglassfuls of milk or water. Let it simmer, stirring all the time, till it thickens, and then add cocoa-nut and boil eight to ten minutes. Line a box with buttered paper, and pour in half the mixture; the other half colour with cochineal—a pale pink—then pour on top of white. Before taking to table cut into strips and arrange in silver or glass dish.

## Paying an Election Bet.

(Some facts regarding the election wager made between Benjamin Lillard and R. Fitcher Woodward in the autumn of 1896, in New York City. Illustrations mainly from Mr. Woodward's own Photographs.)



MR. R. FITCHER WOODWARD, AS HE LOOKED AFTER TRAVELLING 1,000 MILES, SHOWING DILAPIDATED SILK HAT, SWEATER, AND REGULATION SPECTACLES.  
From a Photograph.



IN the event of Bryan being elected President, Mr. Lillard must pay me \$5,000 cash. If McKinley were elected I must pay Mr. Lillard \$5,000 cash, or ride a donkey from New York to San Francisco within one year from election day, Nov. 3rd, 1896, starting from New York within one month from said date without a dollar in pocket, and honestly earning my way to my destination. I must not beg, or receive gratuities in money. I could accept presents or hospitality.

The opportunity to save my \$5,000 in case of Bryan's defeat by accomplishing the proposed extraordinary feat was given as a form of odds, as in all cases of betting at the time odds were offered in favour

of McKinley, and money, or cash odds, Lillard declined to give. I must wear a frock-coat, top-hat, and large spectacles, and my donkey must wear spectacles too. At the end of my thousandth mile I was photographed in my curious rig, and the opening illustration shows my dilapidated silk hat, and my storm-coat worn over my frock-coat, also my sweater and regulation spectacles. I was not required to take one particular donkey across the continent, but I must purchase the first one before leaving the city, and pay for it from my earnings after my official start. I was required to traverse certain popular thoroughfares in New York City on the donkey in my route, and besides my clothes and 99 cents (which was not a dollar) I was allowed one firearm.

At 2 p.m., Friday, November 27th, 1896, Mr. Lillard assisted me into the saddle of a borrowed donkey in front of the Bartholdi Hotel, Broadway and Twenty-third Street, and I forthwith retired to the hotel parlour to sell photographs of myself seated on my borrowed steed. Several hundred acquaintances had gathered there to give me a "send-off," and while I sold the pictures I had secured on credit, the photographer waited in the parlour to receive his pay.



DONKEY AND SLEDGE STUCK IN A SNOWDRIFT AFTER A BLIZZARD.





CHOPPING WOOD IN OHIO TO PAY FOR A MEAL.

Mr. Lillard saw that the contract was carried out to the letter, and I had reason to believe I was watched by his agents along my route of travels. I was unable to sell sufficient pictures to obtain the price of the donkey, \$25, without engendering much delay and consequent arrest by the police for causing a blockade in the street, so, hearing a newsboy call the afternoon paper, "All about the Silver-man's ride," I rushed to the door, bought his papers, scribbled my name on them in blue lead, and sold them for various sums to the crowd without. In a few moments I sent for the donkey, and amid cheers from the multitude I rode down Broadway.

It was the most embarrassing moment of my life. Society lady friends, club friends, and college friends were there to see the "fun," as they termed it. My long-eared steed seemed to be thoroughly disgusted with his lot, and particularly his rider, and continually placed us in perilous positions in front of cable cars. At Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson, I traded him for a younger and nimbler animal, Macaroni II.; and this little donkey I brought through to the Golden Gate, over 4,000 miles by trail actually travelled, within the prescribed time. I reached San Francisco and registered at the hotel twenty-two

hours ahead of time, having consumed 340 days on the journey, thus saving my \$5,000.

I visited *en route* the cities of Canton, O., the home of McKinley, who was under doctor's orders not to receive visitors, and Lincoln, Neb., the home of Bryan, where I was entertained by his wife at home. I met Mr. Bryan in Chicago, *en route*. The visiting of McKinley and Bryan were conditions of my wager.

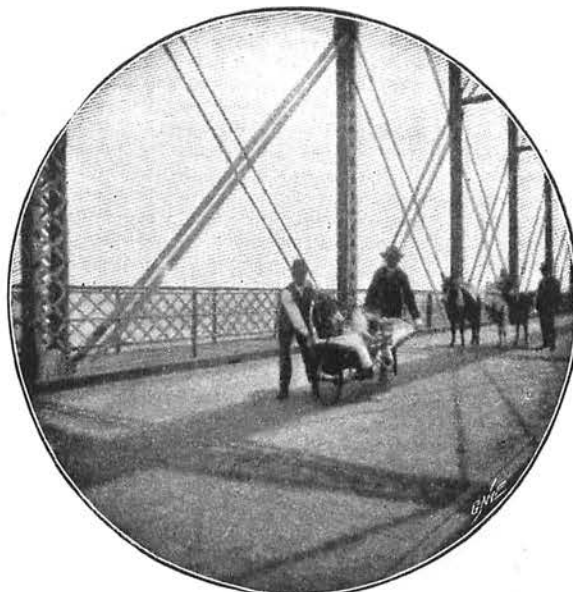
On the early part of my journey I was very sensitive to criticism and ridicule, but I finally travelled and lived and thrived on "nerve." The blizzards I encountered during the winter in New York were

a severe menace to my health and progress, and one of the photographs shows the hardships in transit over the snow which my donkey and sledge were forced to overcome. My donkey is shown stuck fast in a drift. The hard times were even more menacing to my success. I could scarcely support myself and donkey at times. It being a Republican, or "gold coinage" State, I was discouraged on every hand by high prices and disappointing returns from sales, lectures, bills at the theatres, etc. I often traded a photo. for a



From a] IN ILLINOIS—MAKING HEADWAY FOR THE MISSISSIPPI. [Photo.

milk punch as a substitute for a meal, and paid my last ten cents for a loaf of bread for my donkey. Here and there I chopped wood to pay for a meal, and was often photographed while at my arduous task. I sometimes lost my way, and all winter long had to walk and trail or drive my donkey to keep warm. I froze my ears twice, once my nose, and one night Macaroni refused to proceed farther, compelling me



THE DONKEY, MACARONI, REFUSED TO CROSS THE MISSOURI RIVER BRIDGE TO OMAHA, AND HAD TO BE CARRIED IN A WHEELBARROW.

and there were nine more States in my direct route to traverse in less than nine months. But the farther westward I went, the easier I made money, and the more favourable the weather. Besides, my steed and myself were both becoming initiated to the trials of the journey.

The plains of Nebraska were lovely in May, and the Rocky Mountains afforded me a delightful change of scenery. From Chi-

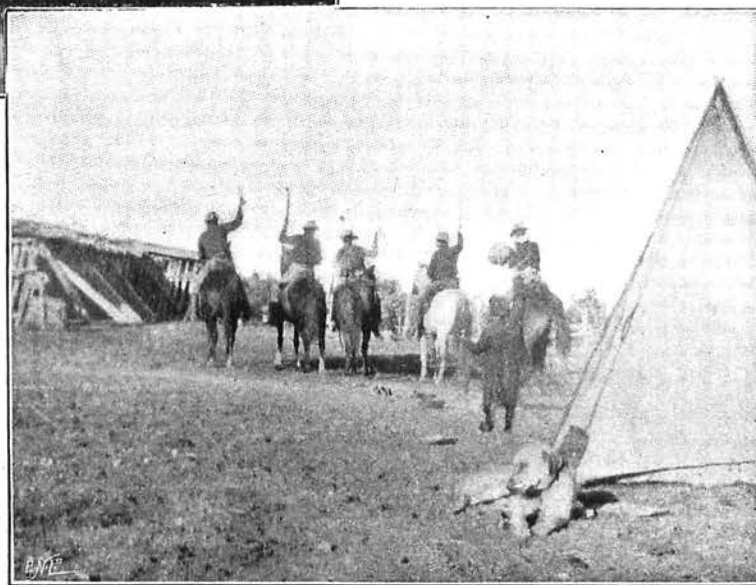
cago I had two donkeys, and from Central Iowa three, one of which was ridden by my valet, whom I had engaged at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. The distance began to increase between towns and habitations the farther west I travelled, and necessitated my camping out. One of my photographs shows the outfit, and several show the faithful mules which accompanied me. When nearing Omaha, Macaroni refused to cross the Missouri River bridge, and had to be bundled into a wheelbarrow, and wheeled across by force.



THE MAYOR OF AN INDIANA TOWN, AFTER RIDING MR. WOODWARD'S DONKEY BEFORE A CROWD OF SILVER DEMOCRATS, BIDS MR. WOODWARD GOOD-BYE.

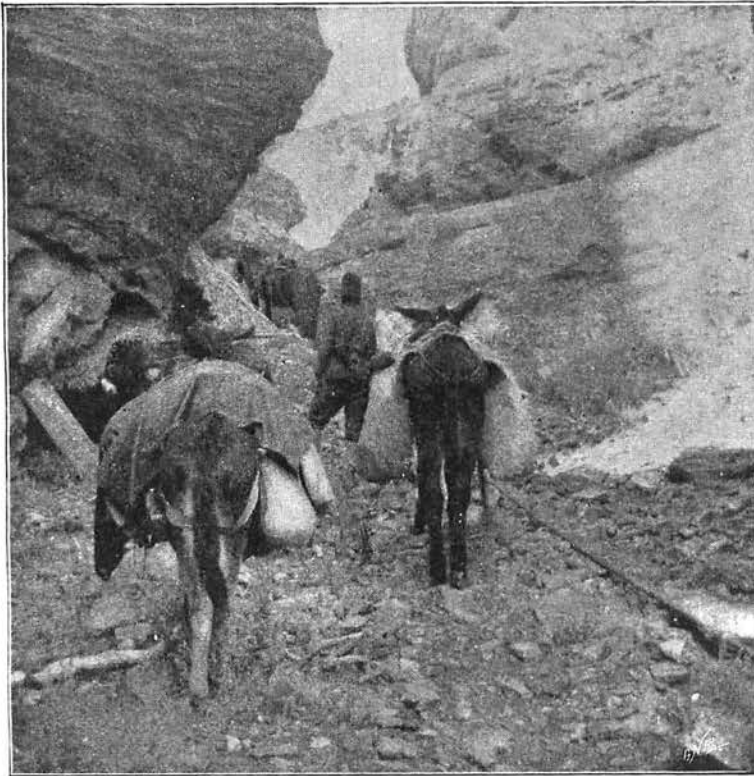
to sleep in a haymow, several degrees below zero.

It was only the determination of my resolve to accomplish what I set out to do, and the knowledge of my disgrace before my friends should I give up the task, which held me patiently and persistently to my trying wayer. It took me over eleven weeks, nearly three months, to pass through New York State,



CAMPING ON THE PLAINS.





TRAILING THROUGH THE CHIHUAHUA PASS TO EUREKA, NEVADA.

In Omaha I purchased a tent and camp outfit, and soon after a fowling-piece, with which I provided game, grouse, quail, doves, rabbits, etc. As I moved westward, the more cordial, generous, and hospitable I noticed the people. I could discard my top-hat at the Mississippi River, and I did so, substituting a sombrero. From the commencement of my overland journey I was entertained at private residences, at clubs, by mayors and high officials generally; and many times mayors rode my donkey up and down the street when I had concluded my out-of-door lecture to the amusement and applause of the multitude.

One photograph shows an Indiana mayor bidding me good-bye—an interesting and affecting farewell, which had been preceded by an exhibition of donkey-riding by the mayor himself, before a crowd of Silver Democrats.

I visited the governors and mayors

everywhere, received their best wishes and their autographs. I escaped sickness throughout my journey, save a severe cold I suffered in the Hudson Valley, and narrowly averted injury or death on several occasions, from a mad bull, from footpads who shot at me, from a fall through a bridge, and again down a precipice in the Rockies, from two desperadoes on the Nevada desert, and from a storm while crossing the Sierras; I was also lost in the desert on two occasions.

On the plains my experiences were amusing and exciting. The photograph of my camp on the plains shows a band of cowboys in the background, giving an exhibition of riding before starting out on a "round-up." In the foreground is my dog Don, presented to me in New York State, resting his sore feet.

Through the Chihuahua Pass to Eureka, Nevada, I was kindly trailed by a ranchman—another evidence of the helpfulness that met me at nearly every stage of my journey.

My method of defence against the two desperadoes is shown below. It took place at "Thirty Mile Spring," on the eastern border of Nevada, and Macaroni played in this little drama a quiet but effective part. I must not omit to mention that when crossing the dreaded red desert of Utah, which is



MR. WOODWARD'S METHOD OF DEFENCE AGAINST TWO DESPERADOES IN NEVADA.  
From a Photo. by Taber, San Francisco.

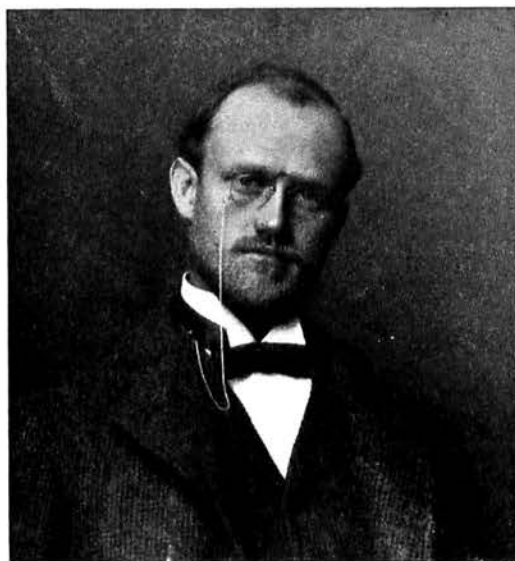


THE LAST DROP IN THE CANTEEN. CROSSING THE DREADED RED DESERT.

part of the great Salt Lake Desert, my store of water gave out. Desperadoes were but a trifle in comparison with such a catastrophe, for the journey across was seventy-five miles, taking three days. It may be imagined with what bitterness I drained the last drop from my canteen.

The goal of my long journey hove in sight when I arrived in Oakland, and it was in a dirty and dilapidated condition that I embarked on the ferry-boat for San Francisco. The wager was won, and there was no longer need for my outlandish costume. The barber soon took me in hand, and quickly sheared me into a gentleman again, and the tailor clothed me in civilized garb. I was then photographed, as shown below, and with little delay began a well-earned rest.

I had eleven donkeys from start to finish, five at one time, when crossing the great Salt Desert, but arrived in San Francisco with only two. I wore out ten pairs of boots, had over 100 shoes put on my donkeys, sometimes costing me \$1 for each shoe. I lived comfortably, even luxuriously, from Chicago westward,



MR. R. PITCHER WOODWARD, IMMEDIATELY AFTER HIS ARRIVAL IN SAN FRANCISCO. From a Photo. by Taber, San Francisco.

enjoyed good health, and many pleasant experiences, derived a more thorough knowledge of my country than I could have done by crossing by train a hundred times, made many valued friends, and arrived at my journey's end with money in pocket, 20lb. more flesh than I ever before had registered, and with the satisfaction of letting others know that when I say I shall do a certain thing I shall do it if it is possible to be accomplished. I may



MR. WOODWARD CROSSING FROM OAKLAND TO SAN FRANCISCO AT THE END OF HIS JOURNEY.

add that it is not a little satisfaction to know that, in case reverses should come, one can rely on his own resources to pull him through the dilemma, even if suddenly stranded with less than a dollar in pocket. But I say, for the benefit of those who grow enthusiastic over elections, do not be led to wager anything more than a hat on the result at the polls.



# AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN BALLS.

By W. J. WINTLE.

*Illustrated by* HENRY AUSTIN.



HERE are few experiences more embarrassing than a first visit to the pawnshop. How embarrassing I never knew till I tried it for the information of readers of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE. Selecting an establishment of prosperous appearance in the Whitechapel

district, I first hovered before the window and tried to ascertain if my financial "uncle" had many clients in the shop. But the loan department was too carefully screened from view for investigations of this kind. Then I looked cautiously up and down the street to see if any acquaintance was in sight, and noticed that a policeman near by was watching my movements with apparent interest. So I took a short walk, and then once more approached the side door. Screwing up my courage, I made a dash for it, and almost fell into the arms of an old acquaintance, the local curate, who at that moment emerged from the next house.

"Hello, old fellow!" he exclaimed. "Come to have a look at the parish, eh? Good corner to begin at, this. The local bank, you know; does more business than any other place in the neighbourhood, except the gin-shops. Don't believe I've got more than a dozen people in the parish who don't keep their valuables here. When old Moneybags had a bit of a fire one Saturday morning last spring, and had to shut up shop for the day, half my people couldn't come to church next morning. You can guess why. But come and have a look round. What, can't? Pressing business, eh? Well, come another day, then. So long!"

He was gone, and so was my nerve. It needed several walks through the side streets before I could muster courage to slip furtively through the narrow portal. At last the threshold was crossed, and as I disappeared into the gloomy interior, a shoe-black outside shouted cheerily to his mate, "I sy, Bill, 'ere's another bloomin' torf aputtin' 'is Sunday shirt up the spout!"

Inside the building a narrow passage ran along the back of the shop, one side consisting of a series of narrow doors, somewhat resembling the arrangement inside a prison van. But, of course, this simile will convey no meaning to the gentle reader. Pushing open one of the doors, I was repulsed by a

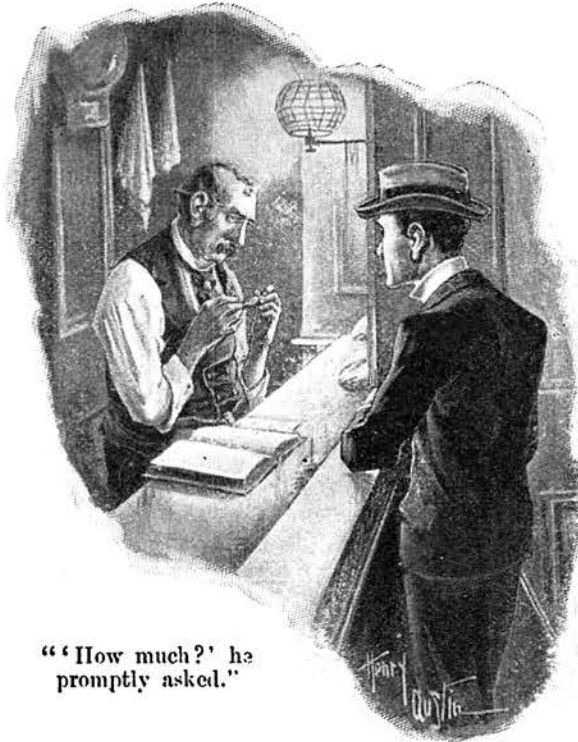


"Hello, old fellow!"

surly growl from the occupier of the compartment—a rough-looking customer, who was pawning some tools. The next door opened at that moment, and a remarkably unkempt lady emerged with wrathful

countenance. "Lord love yer, my dear," she remarked, as I passed in, "'e's a 'ard-'earted wretch, is old Moneybags; that's wot 'e is!"

I now found myself in a little compartment with a section of the counter in front of me. Wooden partitions were supposed to ensure privacy, but as most of the pawn-



"'How much?' he promptly asked."

broker's clients leaned well forward on the counter and transacted their business in vigorous tones, the privacy was potential rather than actual.

Mr. Moneybags was quickly in attendance, and I handed him a silver watch which had some time previously cost three guineas. "How much?" he promptly asked. This was rather a staggerer, for I had not anticipated such a question.

"I would rather that you made me an offer," I said hesitatingly.

The man of money looked at me suspiciously. "How much do you want?" he repeated.

I made a dash at it and said, "Thirty shillings."

Mr. Moneybags whistled. "Lend you twelve," he said.

"Only twelve shillings for a silver lever that cost three guineas!" I gasped.

"Daresay it's worth more to you," he answered, "but it's only worth twelve to me."

"Very well," I replied resignedly. The pawnbroker then proceeded to fill up a ticket

in duplicate, muttering mechanically as he did so, "Your own property, I suppose? Name? Address? Penny for the ticket, please. Twelve shillings." And I emerged from the interview minus the watch and plus eleven shillings and elevenpence and a small piece of pasteboard, inscribed as follows:—

No. 4607.

Pawned with MOSES MONEYBAGS,  
99, Hardup Street, E.  
March 22nd, 1898.

Silver L. Watch, No. 36542.

£0 12s. 0d.

MR. STONE BROKE,  
67, Insolvent Street,  
Fulham, S.W.

A week later I redeemed the watch, returning the twelve shillings and paying threepence interest, which was at the rate of about 108 per cent. per annum. This time I had secured an introduction to Mr. Moneybags, and soon found myself seated in an easy-chair in his private office.

"So you thought you would find out for yourself, did you?" he laughed. "I knew you were not quite the genuine article when you called last week."

"Did you think I had stolen the watch?" I asked.

"Oh, not at all, my dear sir. Long experience enables us to tell at a glance what sort of customer we have got. A thief would have put on an air of gaiety and unconcern; a regular customer would have haggled over the loan; while a man who was really hard up would have pleaded for more. Besides, if you had really wanted money, you would have pawned your ring and scarf-pin before parting with your watch. However, I hope you enjoyed the experience?"

"Not much," I replied with emphasis; "and I especially objected to paying interest at the rate of 108 per cent."

"That was not my fault," he answered. "The rate of interest is fixed by the Act. It is a halfpenny per month for every two shillings or less on sums under two pounds; and for every half-crown or less on sums between two and ten pounds. On larger amounts the loan is a matter of private contract. In other words, the rate of interest is 25 per cent. per annum on very small loans and 20 per cent. on larger ones. Of course, in a case like yours, where a month's interest is paid upon a loan for a week, the rate becomes proportionately higher. In some cases it becomes very heavy indeed. For instance, the interest upon a loan of sixpence



would amount to another sixpence in the course of a year. If the article were pawned afresh every week—a common practice with the poor—the weekly halfpenny for interest would bring up the annual interest to 400 per cent. A case was made public two or three years ago that was more startling still. A woman alternately pawned her son's boots every evening and a counterpane every morning. You see the boots were needed in the day and the counterpane at night. She thus performed two pawning operations daily, each time receiving sixpence and paying a halfpenny as interest. In this way she paid sixpence a week on a loan of sixpence; in other words, she paid interest at the rate of 100 per cent. per week, *or 5,200 per cent. per annum!* This was strictly in accordance with the Act, but of course it was a very exceptional case."

"Then there can be no doubt that pawnbroking is a paying business, Mr. Moneybags?"

"Well, yes; it is not bad. But you must remember that there is another side to the case. It is a fact that some London pawnbrokers do not clear a net profit of 5 per cent., taking one year with another. The most paying customers are the weekly ones, of whom we have more than a thousand. You may take it that they pay 100 per cent. interest on the money I lend them. But I sometimes lose money even upon these. Suppose that a weekly customer brings in his Sunday suit of clothes. Knowing that they will be redeemed on Saturday, I willingly lend him as much or a trifle more than they are worth. This is repeated week after week, and I continue to lend the same sum, although the clothes are steadily deteriorating, because I expect them to be redeemed. But presently my customer ceases to come, and when I examine the garments I find that they are practically worn out. Then I must keep them for a twelvemonth—the money lent upon them lying idle all the while—and at last I am glad to sell the rags for a few pence to a dealer. This kind of thing often happens, and I can assure you that it means a very serious loss indeed. Clothes are always a bad security. Through change of fashion, moth, and creases, they often lose value at the rate of 10 per cent. *per month* while lying on the pawnbroker's shelves. This is especially true of women's garments.

"Then we are continually swindled. No man can be an expert in everything, and 'Uncle' is regarded as a legitimate subject

for the professional cheat. I experience more of this kind of thing at my Bayswater branch, where, of course, we do a very different style of business. Did you ever hear of 'mystery,' eh? No? Well, I've heard of it and paid for it too, worse luck. It is an alloy, containing a certain percentage of gold, which will stand the ordinary acid test, and has deceived nearly every pawnbroker in London. It is not on the market, but is exclusively used to defraud pawnbrokers and jewellers.

"Last Saturday a woman came here and offered a mouse-trap charm in pledge. I privately scraped one corner to see if it were plated, and then applied the acid, which it stood satisfactorily. The woman asked for five shillings, but ultimately accepted three. Ten minutes after she had gone I opened the *Pawnbrokers' Gazette* and read the following:—

"WARNING.

"A woman is going about London offering 'mystery' mouse-trap charms in pledge. She asks five shillings, but will take three.

"On applying a special test I found that my mouse-trap was one of the 'mystery' variety, and that I had given three shillings for an article worth but a few pence."

Mr. Moneybags then produced the charm in question from a drawer in the safe. On comparing it with eighteen-carat gold no difference could be detected by any of the usual tests. It had been got up in imitation of an old article. The edges were worn, and the interstices were filled with dirt. The deception was indeed perfect.

"We are often cheated over jewellery," continued the pawnbroker. "You will probably be surprised to hear that certain men make a profession of swindling us. A large class of goods is got up expressly for pawning. Low-class plate—with a coating of silver so thin that it will disappear after three or four washings—is manufactured in exact imitation of old plate of the best quality; violins, made in Germany and worth five shillings, are carefully scratched, scraped, resined, and coated with dirty varnish in exact imitation of old and valuable instruments; genuine new jewellery is manufactured and carefully soiled in perfect imitation of old goods, and so fetches a higher price. Sham gems are seldom offered—detection is too easy—but low-class gems are mounted to resemble better goods, the backs of the stones being silvered to give them 'fire,' and we are often deceived by them. Goods of this class are usually offered in the

evening or on foggy days. I have even had nine-carat gold brought to me with the fifteen-carat stamp on it.

"At the present time I am being made the prey of a gang of swindlers who buy up old worthless gold watches at the sale-rooms and renovate them. They are carefully cleaned, the cases hardened and touched up, and the old works covered with a sham three-quarter plate. Then they are offered in pledge, and we are often 'done'—usually on Mondays or Saturdays when we are very busy and have no time for lengthy examination. A week ago I lent thirty-five shillings on a gold watch, which I afterwards recognised as one that I had sold for twenty-five a few months before.

"Then, again, we sometimes take articles which are afterwards found to have been stolen, and these have to be given up to their lawful owners without any compensation. Of course, we study the *Pawnbrokers' List*, issued by the police, but we can't remember everything, and very often the goods are pawned before the *List* arrives. Occasionally articles are brought which

have been purchased on the hire system, or which are included in a bill of sale, and again the pawnbroker is the loser. Sometimes we are caught by very curious devices. A woman bought a pair of shoes which proved too tight, so she slit them down the fronts. This proving ineffectual, she procured two ornamental buckles and fastened them over the slits. Then she brought them to me when I was extremely busy, and I was promptly 'had.' Another time a man who frequently accepts the hospitality of the Casual Ward managed to secrete several workhouse shirts. But these are not pawnable, because they bear two large stamps in front of the shoulders. What did he do? Why, he actually cut one shirt up and made

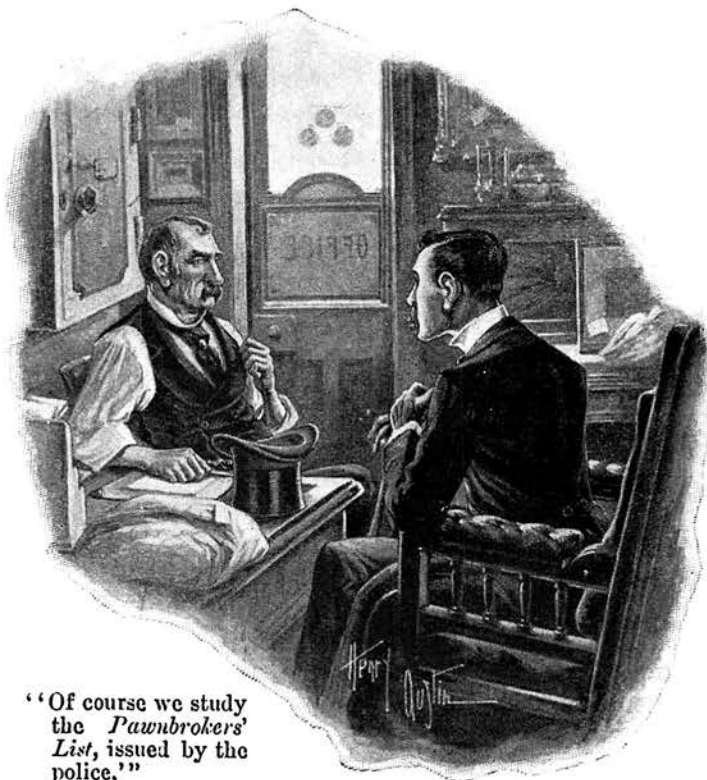
extra shoulder pieces to cover the marks on the others, and sewed them on so well that the stripes exactly corresponded! When he had pawned three or four my suspicions were aroused, and I discovered the trick. Another dodge is sometimes practised by weekly customers. After bringing a good article regularly for a time, they will substitute a similar article of no value, and as we have become accustomed to the pledge, we probably do not examine it, and so are once more swindled. When I was a young assistant I once had the changes rung upon me very neatly. A man brought in a gold chain which I examined, and offered him two pounds. He declined it and went away.

An hour or two later he returned, saying that he could get no better offer and so would accept mine. I glanced casually at the chain and gave him the money, but when I came to examine the pledge, I found that a brass chain of similar pattern had been substituted for the original gold one! These are only a few of the losses we incur, and you may be sure that they form a very serious set-off against our annual profits."

In confirmation of his statement about the loss upon unredeemed garments, Mr. Moneybags took up the current issue of the *Pawnbrokers' Gazette* and showed me several advertisements of months' stocks of "soft goods" offered at from 10 to 15 per cent. less than the amount lent upon them. In these cases the pawnbroker had not only lost his interest, but was willing to forfeit a portion of the capital in order to get rid of the goods.

"Who, then, are your best customers?" I inquired.

"Oh, the weekly ones, without a doubt," he answered. "As you have already seen, the rate of interest upon such pledges is very high indeed, and although we practically always lose upon unredeemed small goods,



"Of course we study the *Pawnbrokers' List*, issued by the police."



yet, as long as the renewing continues, the profit is large. Of course, at my Bayswater place I often make a good profit on unredeemed pledges, as they are usually articles of value."

"But how do you account for the weekly pawning system, Mr. Moneybags?"

"General unthriftiness is the secret. Drink, no doubt, has something to do with it, but not so much as many people suppose. The majority of weekly borrowers do not belong to the poorest classes, but rather to those where the husband earns a regular weekly wage. You see, they spend freely, and presently get behind with their rent. Then something is pawned in order to pay the landlord. When Saturday comes, they redeem the goods and spend the rest of the man's wages, so that on Monday they have to appear before me again. So it goes on week after week in many a case where a little self-denial and carefulness would soon set them free. I notice that we do most business when work is plentiful, because then people are more extravagant and readily pawn articles because they feel sure that they will be able to redeem them promptly. There is plenty of pawning done before and after Bank Holidays. Indeed, I often say that we pawnbrokers trust not in providence, but in improvidence."

"You must see a great deal of the pathos of life?" I suggested.

"Not so much as you would suppose. Occasionally some poor creature comes timidly in for the first time, to part with some cherished possession, but this is quite exceptional. The bulk of our customers exhibit no bashfulness, I can assure you. Quite the contrary, indeed. They will haggle for the last farthing, and then abuse me for a grasping old spider!"

"Now, if I may venture to touch upon the question, upon what principle do you decide the amount of the loan?"

"There is no rule whatever, but our usual method is to estimate the amount that the article will probably fetch in the sale-room, and then offer a little less. We cannot consider the original cost of the article in any way. For example, the watch that you pawned cost three guineas, but in the present state of the market I doubt if it would fetch more than fifteen shillings at auction, so I could only lend you twelve upon it. As a matter of fact, I ought not to have lent quite so much. The cost is no criterion at all. For instance, a lady's ball dress that cost thirty pounds is not worth more than three

pounds to me, but a jewel of the same cost might be worth twenty pounds for pawning purposes. Of course, it must be remembered that pawnbroking is a business and not a work of charity, and therefore must be conducted on commonsense principles."

A few days later I called at the Bayswater branch, and I was soon deep in conversation with Mr. Isaacs, the manager. The whole arrangements were very different from those of the Whitechapel establishment. No second-hand garments, concertinas, old furniture, or cheap watches were to be seen here. Respectability reigned supreme. A wire blind covered the glass in the shop door, the window looked like that of a high-class jeweller, the golden balls were unobtrusive, and the door to the pledge department was simply marked "PRIVATE ENTRANCE." When I called the manager was engaged, and a coronet on the panel of a waiting brougham indicated the quality of the client. The street was of irreproachable character, and one felt that he could visit the establishment without the least loss of self-respect.

"I see that you get some aristocratic clients, Mr. Isaacs," I remarked by way of opening the conversation.

"Certainly," he replied; "most of our clients belong to the upper circles. You would be astounded if I were to show you some of the names that are at the present moment on our books. Our strong-room contains jewels not merely of vast intrinsic value, but of European celebrity. Many a great reputation would be shaken if my lips were not tightly sealed. Most of the transactions to which I am alluding are conducted with great secrecy, a trusted agent being employed for the purpose; but in some cases there is no disguise at all about it. You recognised Lady ——'s brougham at the door as you came in. Well, she is by no means the only lady of title who leaves her carriage at my door, though many others prefer to come in cabs. They usually come to the shop in preference to the pledge-office. It is very easy to transact business with them. Take the Honourable Mrs. —— for example. She is the incarnation of business. 'I want £100, Mr. Isaacs,' is her usual remark, and she always hands me jewellery worth two or three times as much. These large loans do not come within the ordinary provisions of the Pawnbrokers Act, but are the subject of special contracts, and are highly remunerative. The article is, as a rule, promptly redeemed; and, if left on

our hands, its value is always greatly in excess of the amount lent on it."

"But how do you account for ladies of substantial position thus borrowing money?"

"I suppose it is mere extravagance. They seem to receive their income periodically, and they run short before the next instalment is due. Many of these ladies, if they wish to make a costly purchase, would rather borrow money from me than wait until their own comes in. Some cases are, of course, far more deplorable, and indicate that things are going wrong. I could mention several great names that will be talked about in a very unpleasant way before long. I am sure of it from certain transactions which they have had with me."

"Have you had any experience of thieves attempting to pawn stolen goods?" I asked.

"Yes, we have such cases occasionally, but not very often. The professional thief will rarely visit a pawnbroker; the risk is too great. Descriptions of all stolen property are inserted in the *Pawnbrokers' List*, which is issued daily from Scotland Yard, so that it is very risky to attempt to pawn such articles. Of course, when a shabby person offers an article of value, or when anyone resembling a domestic servant offers plate, our suspicions are at once aroused. Under pretence of examining the article, I take it into the office, and look through the list of stolen property; and if the circumstances seem really suspicious, I send the boy out by the back door for a policeman, while I engage the suspected person in conversation and discuss the amount that I shall lend him. When the constable arrives, the person has either to prove his ownership of the goods or go to the police-station. Only the other day a butler brought some silver spoons bearing his master's crest. Of course, I at once gave him in charge. I get on fairly well with the police—it pays best to keep in their good graces—but I must say that they too often treat us as receivers of stolen goods. The fact is, we are only too anxious to avoid such pledges. It is no joke to lend a hundred pounds on a diamond necklace, and then have to give it up to the police without compensation."

"Do you see much of the pathetic side of the business here?"

"Oh, dear, no—quite the reverse, I assure you! Novelists write of the agony of a poor woman at pawning her wedding-ring, but I have not often seen it. We have literally hundreds of wedding-rings in pledge at this moment. Indeed, I have known women buy their wedding-rings from me

second-hand, on condition that I would lend a certain sum upon them whenever required. Of course, there are plenty of sad cases about, but we are obliged to close our ears to all that sort of thing. If we allowed our sympathies to get the better of our judgment, we should soon be insolvent."

"I suppose you get some queer articles offered in pledge sometimes?"

"My dear sir, I doubt if you could mention any article that has not been offered to me during my thirty years' experience. I have taken nearly everything, from a flat-iron to a diamond coronet. What do you think of putting a mermaid up the spout? That happened to me once, and the creature proved to be half monkey and half codfish. One day a woman tried to raise a shilling on her marriage lines! Another time a woman brought a filthy, black clay pipe which originally cost a penny! It seemed that her husband greatly valued the article, and so she had concluded that a trifle might be raised upon it. A live cat, a pickled leg of pork, a horse's tooth, a newspaper supposed to have been torn by Mr. Gladstone, and many other extraordinary articles have occasionally been offered to me. But as a general rule, the pawnbroking business is a rather monotonous one."

"One question more, and it shall be the last. Might I venture to ask if the wonderful bargains exhibited in pawnbrokers' windows are really as wonderful as they appear?"

Mr. Isaacs laughed. "Well, I suppose I ought not to answer that question, but if you really want my advice, I should say—keep clear of them as a rule. Unredeemed pledges are usually marked up to their full value, and if you see an 'astounding bargain' in the shape of a watch at five shillings, you may very safely assume that it is worth four. At the same time remarkably cheap things may often be picked up, but you need to understand the article you are buying."

With this I left the Bayswater branch, and the following Monday found me installed behind the pledge-counter at the White-chapel establishment as a bogus assistant for the purposes of the present article. Arrayed in shirt sleeves and a black apron, I made my first and last appearance as an "uncle" to mankind at large. Before me stretched the long counter, polished by the friction of pledges passing in and out, and on the farther side were the compartments devoted to the use of the impecunious.



Behind me was another counter, with shelves above and cupboards below for the temporary bestowal of goods; the jeweller's scales and the acid bottle were close at hand; and a sliding panel gave access to the well-known "spout." This was simply a kind of shoot communicating with the warehouse above. On one side hung a small bag at the end of

"hard." Then the attendant at the counter calculated the amount of interest due, received the money, returned the pledge, and placed the ticket on a file for subsequent entry in the books.

Close to the "spout" stood a safe of goodly proportions, and provided with a series of shallow drawers. In these were



"Now lend an extra tanner to a pore old widder."

a cord, and on the other a second cord communicating with a bell. When a customer called to redeem a pledge, the ticket was placed in the bag, and the bell called the attention of the warehouseman above. He at once drew up the bag, took out the ticket, found the corresponding article, and either lowered or threw it down the "spout," according to whether it was a "soft" or a

stored many thousands of watches, rings, and other articles of value, so arranged as to nature, value and date that any article could be readily found.

Upstairs a similar arrangement prevailed in the extensive store-rooms. Racks reaching from floor to ceiling, and barely leaving room to pass, contained the accumulated deposits of the past twelve months. In one com-

partment were men's clothes, in another men's under-garments, and in a third were boots. Similar spaces were reserved for women's apparel, and hard by were stacks of umbrellas, presumably laid up against a rainy day. Musical instruments had a corner to themselves, the commonest articles being concertinas, melodions, banjos and flutes. Sheets and blankets were there in great profusion, as were all kinds of domestic napery. Some dozens of travelling bags were awaiting the next holiday season, when, if funds permit, they will once more see the light. By an arrangement of coloured tickets, varying according to the amount lent, and a system of divisions for the months of the year, it was the work of a moment to find any required package.

Adjoining the shop was the weekly room. In this all pledges are deposited for a week before finding their places in the warehouse, and as Mr. Moneybags rejoices in an enormous number of weekly customers, the advantages of the arrangement are obvious.

It was a long day that I spent behind the pledge-counter. The novelty soon wore off as the hours passed by, and the never-ending stream of customers, bringing men's Sunday clothes, soon grew monotonous enough. The majority of them were weekly customers, who knew exactly how much would be lent, while on the other hand the assistants knew exactly what the bundles contained, so that the proceedings were largely mechanical.

My presence was the subject of occasional comment, usually the reverse of flattering.

"Crikce, Bill!" exclaimed one client; "'ere's a torf down on 'is luck, and taken a job in a pop-shop!"

"Garn, yer fool!" retorted a lady in the

next compartment; "carn't yer see that the torf's bin an' put 'isself up the spout, an' 'is waitin' for 'is pals to come an' get 'im out? Look at the bloomin' ticket on 'im!"—pointing to a protruding corner of my handkerchief.

There was plenty of this sort of thing, and I rather fancied that Mr. Moneybags secretly enjoyed it. Of course, I did very little at the counter, being mainly occupied in entering up some tickets and keeping my eyes open. Once or twice a customer, noting my evident greenness, would try to benefit herself—for they were nearly all women—by appealing to my finer instincts.

"Gawd bless yer, sir, for a real, nice, kind-hearted gent as I can see yer are!" exclaimed one elderly lady in a wheedling tone. "Now lend an extra tanner to a pore old widder, with nine kids at 'ome an' a gal in the 'orsepital with a wooden leg, an' a son wot's a brute to 'is old mother; now do, there's a dear, won't yer now?"

But when she found that I was proof against these blandishments, her tone changed considerably, and she indulged in various forceful remarks detrimental to my eyes, limbs and immortal soul.

As I helped to put up the shutters at ten o'clock at night, I felt that one day in a pawnshop was better than a thousand, and that the gods never intended me to be an "uncle" in the universal sense. Still, I have convinced myself that the pawnbroker is not the grasping rogue that many people think him to be, and that, although he no doubt lives mainly upon the improvidence and folly of the people, yet he could hardly be dispensed with under the existing conditions of society.







A correspondent sends us the following:  
THE "OLD OAKEN BUCKET" THAT  
HANGS ON THE WALL.

By J. ALBERT KIMBALL.

How dear to my purse is this scene of the  
childhood

Of jolly Sam Woodworth—an elegant  
view

Of the place where the bard when an  
urchin quite wild would

Take "drinks" not so strong as he af-  
terwards knew,

My wife admires Chromos, and teased me  
to buy it;

"The price," she exclaimed, "is 'most  
nothing at all,

And how charming 'twill be every evening  
to eye it

In a nobby gilt frame hanging up on the  
wall."

Thereupon "Old Oaken Bucket,"  
My dear darling duck—it

Would really be splendid to hang on the  
wall!

Now my wife, you must know, is a sweet  
little treasure,

And it was not in vain she so fondly  
appealed:

The picture was bought, and a man came  
to measure

For the handsomest frame his resources  
could yield.

But when it was hung, with the gas on it  
glowing,

It made our old prints and engravings  
look small;

So off to the auction rooms soon they  
were going,

Kicked out by the "Bucket" that hung  
on the wall.

And the "Old Oaken Bucket,"  
Where my wife proudly stuck it,

Was gem of the house, and still hangs  
on the wall.

Since then, though I scarcely suppose you'd  
conceive it,

The sofas and chairs have made similar  
trips;

The piano went too, though I begged  
them to leave it,

And the mirrors and vases, as if they  
were chips.

New fixtures embellish our neat habita-  
tion,

But the bills are as plenty as leaves in  
the fall,

And require enough stamps at the least  
calculation,

To fill that Old Bucket that hangs on the  
wall.

The "Old Oaken Bucket,"  
The golden-bound "Bucket,"

The paint-covered "Bucket" that hangs  
on the wall.

Editor's Note: *Demorest* offered a print of Jerome Thompson's painting, "The Old Oaken Bucket," as a premium to its readers and subscribers. To see the painting, just search on "Old Oaken Bucket" and "Jerome Thompson."

## TALKS WITH WOMEN.

LETTERS TO MY DAUGHTER.

BY JENNY JUNE.

MANNERS.



"I" manners make the man," how much more do they make the woman; and especially the girl, who has not yet stamped her individuality upon the community, or neighborhood in which she lives, by her gifts, or achievements; who has not the title to respect which common consent gives to those who have worthily borne the responsibilities of a good wife, and mother, and who is judged solely by the impression which her manners create upon those around her.

It is true that this judgment is not always correct: how many distinguished literary women have been counted "dull," and how many brilliant women of society set down as "shy" and "awkward" in their girlhood. But this is not likely to be the case with the girls of the present period—particularly in our country—the faults of American girls are not dullness, or shyness, or awkwardness; they are rather to be attributed to an over-weening self-confidence, to assurance which becomes conceit, when it is not the result of experience, and the consciousness of power.

Shakespeare says 'tis better to assume a virtue if you have it not: and I have often thought if girls only knew how much the charm of youth was brightened by modesty, and deference to the wishes and opinions of those older and more capable of judging than themselves, they would cultivate the semblance of it at least, whatever their own internal conviction of superiority.

There are persons who decry, and affect to despise "manner" as affectation, and hypocrisy, who cultivate rudeness, and pride themselves upon it, after the fashion of Diogenes, who, wallowing in the dirt of his tub, looked up, and saw Alexander: "Thus," he remarked insolently, "do I trample upon all pride." "But with greater pride, O! Diogenes," answered the great and more truly sensible king.

Moreover, the cultivation of polite manners has this advantage over their neglect; it leads to a habit of consideration for others,

while the indulgence in rudeness tends to a selfish disregard of the feelings and wishes of others, and soon renders isolation a necessity, social life being impossible without a reciprocity of kindness and courtesy.

It is as well, therefore, to remember at the outset, that good manners have a real value, that they mark the steps in advance by which we ascend in the social and intellectual scale, beyond savagism and isolation, that they are not necessarily false or empty, but simply the formulated and accepted expression of social feeling, in a kind heart, and that our cultivation of them is as honorable as the endeavor to perfect in ourselves any other power or faculty of our nature—always provided we do not over-estimate them, and place them above the higher qualities and principles, such as genius and truth.

In various ways the American girl possesses immense advantages over her compeers in other countries. She travels, and visits, and figures in society with a freedom unknown to them. She goes abroad, orders her dresses of renowned Parisian *modistes*, throws married women into the shade, and young English and French girls into ecstasies of envy and jealousy.

Life for a few years is a realization of fairy dreams—her friends aid in every way to increase her list of accomplishments and attractions. Parents spend one-fifth of their income upon her dress—bachelor uncles provide her with masters—married aunts invite her to spend "seasons" in town, and grandpapas bestow upon her elegant sets of jewelry. The price she is to pay for all this is to get married. She knows it. "Papa" cannot afford to keep her always—he has other daughters coming along—it would be a blow to the family pride to have her do anything to earn her own living, and the calamity must therefore be avoided by a speedy matrimonial settlement.

This forcing process, delightful in its circumstances as it frequently appears to be, is vicious and unnatural, and for its effects upon mind and manners girls should not be held responsible. The "Girl of the Period" is the product of the period, and her follies and foibles are at least as much her misfortune as her fault.

When she tells her mother to "shut up," and her father that he is an "old fogey," she is only echo-

ing the everyday expressions of different classes of people, towards other classes of people, and she really believes that she represents a more advanced and enlightened page of the world's history than her predecessors.

This may be true, but it is not the way to show it. Reverence for age, for accumulated experiences, for a largely spent life, which must have been to some extent sacrificial, is one of the best evidences of a noble nature, and this spirit of pretension and self-assertion, which is often but the reflex of the assertive, individualistic spirit of the age, does injustice to the real and true characteristics of young American womanhood.

The representatives of the quiet, gentle spirit of courtesy and good breeding are now only occasionally seen, and belong almost wholly to the past. We find them waiting with serene face and silvered hair to take their departure from a world which is beginning to bewilder and confuse them. It may be all very fine, but they cannot reconcile the loss of reverence and respect, the manifestation of indifference and selfishness, with true growth or their long established ideas of right and wrong.

When we see them we call them gentlemen and ladies of the "old" school, and though they seem to have no place in the hurry and bustle of our modern life, yet we think of them forever afterwards with a yearning regret as of something good that has passed out of our lives, and that we shall look upon no more.

Time was when repose was so much the attribute of the true lady that the absence of it was considered the best evidence of a want of birth and breeding. Even now we are involuntarily struck with the nobility of expression which it imparts to the person who is so happy as to possess it.

Of course, repose in this sense does not mean apathy, or indifference, or the stolidity which is the result of ignorance. It means that absolute possession of one's self which grows out of trained powers and faculties, tempered by habits of refinement, and of that consideration for others, which is partly the result of natural kindness, partly of intercourse with cultivated society.

It requires some effort, as all young men and young women know who are but little accustomed to social life, to keep their feet and hands quiet, when they are obliged to appear in company at

## A PLEA FOR DAUGHTERS.

It is the generally received opinion that a daughter should serve her family without a thought of pecuniary recompense. If the family be in moderate or embarrassed circumstances, she is, by turns, teacher, nurse, housekeeper, laundress, cook, and drudge in general; and, in the event of marriage, she is expected to furnish a place of sojourn for her relatives, and to push their fortunes with her husband's means and influence. The majority of women accept this social bondage with the constancy and devotion of martyrs, and when a woman has a sensitive conscience and an affectionate disposition, self-immolation is the almost inevitable consequence.

In the abstract, this self-immolation is beautiful; but in the "concrete," to the patient victim, it is pitiful to an extreme. If she remain single, it generally results in a laborious, thankless, and dependent life; and if she marry, in the sacrifice of the comfort and perhaps the happiness of her husband and children. It is said that an approving conscience and the affection of her friends should be her reward. Affection, or even an acknowledgment of her services, is not always won; and the approving conscience is not to be expected where self-duty is ignored. She provideth for her "own kindred," but not for her "own household," and her religious status is often "worse than an infidel's."

A few girls have an unconscious prescience of their fate, and evade or rebel against the family Juggernaut; but it generally crushes them at last.

Many parents would remedy this injustice if a feasible rule could be adjusted to the case. It has been suggested that because a daughter is ineligible to remunerative employment, she should inherit a double portion of her father's estate. It might be added, because the sick and dependent of the family are generally left to her care. In the January number of DEMOCRAT is a suggestion which may apply: the writer says, "Let us offer our daughters the inducements to cook, sweep, dust, and make home happy, that our husbands do our sons in the shop, store, and counting-house."

This may meet the evil. Let the daughter feel that daily toil will bring the consideration for the present and the provision for the future that it does to the son, and many dreary homes would now be comfortable and happy.

The lofty soul that is beyond the necessity of work or thought in "this weird world" may scorn such low considerations, and the devoted daughter may recoil from the suggestion of interested service; but the just, the chivalrous, and the loving of the family would rejoice in shielding the sister from "outrageous fortune."



long intervals, or for the first time. They never knew before how much of an art it was to "sit still." They feel an irresistible desire to twitch, to move, to bite their nails, to pick at something with their fingers. They do not know what to do with their arms, or their hands; they are overpowered with self-consciousness, and imagine that every look and act is a subject of remark or criticism.

This is a mistake so absurd as to be laughable, if it were not so painful to its victims. The very best thing they can do, until they can command themselves so as to act with grace and propriety, is nothing; and when they have succeeded in learning how to "keep still," as the primaries say, and interesting themselves in what is going on about them so as to forget their own personality, they have accomplished a great deal.

After all, good manners are so closely allied to a kind heart, that the cultivation of one is almost impossible without the possession of the other. Persons of loving and helpful natures quickly forget themselves in their sympathies with others, and thus obtain the best element of good manners, the unconscious beauty and repose that comes from forgetfulness of self.

There is one point too important to be overlooked in discussing a question of this kind, and that is manners upon the street.

The universal criticism passed upon American girls is, that they are too "loud" in public, not necessarily in speech, but in action, behavior, in their style of dress, and in the dangerous freedom with which they make chance acquaintances. Every one who has seen knots of young girls together in the street, in the cars, or upon public occasions, has been sometimes shocked, or chagrined, by their flighty chatter, by their willingness to attract attention to themselves, by their airs, their assumptions, and their pretension, which becomes impertinence when it is directed to their superiors in age and experience. One excuses such an exhibition, on second thought, by referring it to vanity, silliness, and want of training, which they will outgrow, or improve upon, in due time. But would it not be better for girls themselves to reflect upon what the evidences really are of genuine refinement and good breeding, and determine no longer to give occasion for the charges which are made against them?

As for the still lower rudeness in which some girls indulge of using special efforts to attract the attention of young men in the street, or elsewhere, and encouraging familiarities which must soon lead to a loss of self-respect, this is not the place in which I should wish to introduce such a subject. It is, I hope, as distinctly opposed to the intuitions of the well-regulated girl, as to the feelings, based upon experience, of the more matured woman.

The exuberance of youth may betray good girls into little indiscretions, but not into vulgarity, which is only one remove from vice.

But whatever the verdict abroad, the test of good manners must be applied at home.

The motive is strong to appear well before strangers, to be amiable and polite to those whom you see only for a short time; but genuine good manners, those which are prompted by the heart as well as the head, find their severest tests, as well as the best field for their exercise, at home.

The gentle-mannered, helpful girl exerts an influence in the family like that of an early, beautiful morning—sweetening, refreshing, soothing, yet strengthening. Her presence, her attentions, the charm of her youth, and the promise of her future womanhood, comfort, and console her parents for what they have lost of hope, and gained of care, as nothing else could.

She revives in the worn and weary mother something of the grace and attraction of her youth. She wins her father to gallantry and lover-like devotion. She helps younger brothers and sisters over their roughest places. She is the good angel of the guests of the house, who find their wants anticipated by her ministering hands, and she fills, in fine, a most useful and beneficent place in social and domestic life.

Every period of life brings opportunities which, if they are improved, form an important part of our education and preparation for the future. Girlhood is a golden time, life is fresh within us; we have not been harassed by anxieties, or dis-illusioned by the falsities of friends; the world looks inviting to us, we inhale the fragrance of the flowers, we admire the beauty of the fruit, we have not yet learned how brief the charm of the one, or tasted the bitterness of the other.

Girlhood, therefore, is the time to cultivate agreeable manners, to make a habit of what is a duty and well employed exercises an advantageous influence upon the whole life. Some of the most distinguished women in history have owed their success mainly to the charm of an infinite sweetness of temper, and never-failing politeness of manner. Madame Recamier was one of these, while others have lost what was due to real merit by carelessness and want of tact.

The genius of women is eminently social, they have to do with persons more than with things; the fine tact and delicacy which men can dispense with, is necessary to women, to enable them to steer clear of social and personal prejudices, and harmonize conflicting social elements, a power absolutely essential to social success.

All women cannot be doctors, or lawyers, or successful literateurs, or prosperous financiers, but all can cultivate grace and goodness of manner, which will render them charming as women.

The strength of womanhood is not in the power which it can wield, but in the influence which it exerts. The qualities demanded for public use, must always be exceptional; but the thoughtfulness, the kindness, the gentleness, the modesty, the consideration for others, which are the essential elements of good manners, are available to all; and carried into our daily life and intercourse with one another, would sweeten the common lot, take much of bitterness from our sorrows, and render every joy more complete, by giving us the sympathies of those around us.

Scandalous gossip, and the malicious innuendo of the evil-tongued, are silent before the simple dignity of a gracious kindness, which is still, when it has nothing that is good to say.

To quote an English author, "We cannot all be great, but we can all be gentle men and women, and the greatest cannot be more."

"To carry ourselves with a gentle bearing, to be humble-minded, meek in spirit, and in tongue, but quick in thought, and ready in action; to be truthful, sincere, just, and generous; to be pitiful to the poor and erring, respectful to all; to guide the young, to defer to the old; to enjoy and be thankful for our own lot, envying none, this is indeed to be gentle-mannered, after the best model the world has ever seen."



## PRETTY YET INEXPENSIVE FURNITURE.

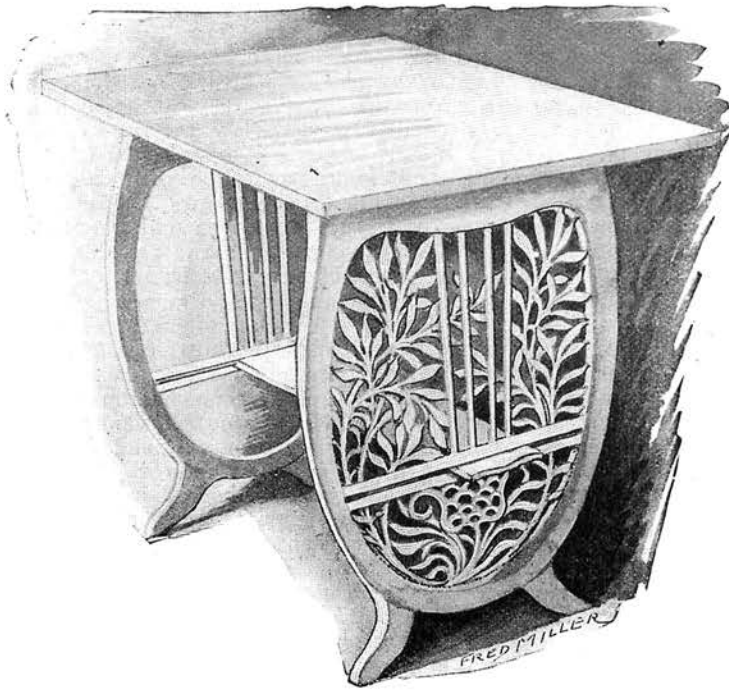


TABLE WITH FRETWORK FILLING TO ENDS.

THE three sketches accompanying these notes were all suggested by articles I saw in 1900 at the Paris exhibition. Great use was made of fretwork, and though many people, at the mention of pierced wood, think of those rapid photo frames and other puerile nicknacks that people who do fretwork seem pleased to cut out, fretwork can in itself be most effective, and when rightly used in the decoration of furniture can give it an elegant and original appearance.

Take the table. The two ends can be cut out of one piece if the table top is not more than thirty inches wide, as the American bass-wood can be obtained two feet wide. Of course it is easy to get wood any width by having it jointed, and it would probably be better to use wood made of pieces about a foot or so wide jointed with glue than choose a very wide plank. A carpenter or joiner would get these done for you, as a glued joint must be accurately made to be strong. The wood, too, must be nicely planed and glass-papered to give it a good surface.

The fretwork design should be got out on paper, full size, and then transferred to the wood, and as both ends should be identical, the same design will only have to be transferred twice.

The fret-saws must be fitted in a frame, but the saw itself must be capable of being taken out of the frame, as the end has to be passed through the holes bored in each space which has to be cut out. The top itself should certainly be made of jointed wood, and to prevent it warping or twisting, the ends should be glued to the top and also screwed through from underneath and further strengthened with blocks glued into the angles. The shelf running along underneath, and made to pass through the supports, will materially strengthen the work, as it will take off the strain and prevent the ends getting out of the perpendicular if it be glued in position.

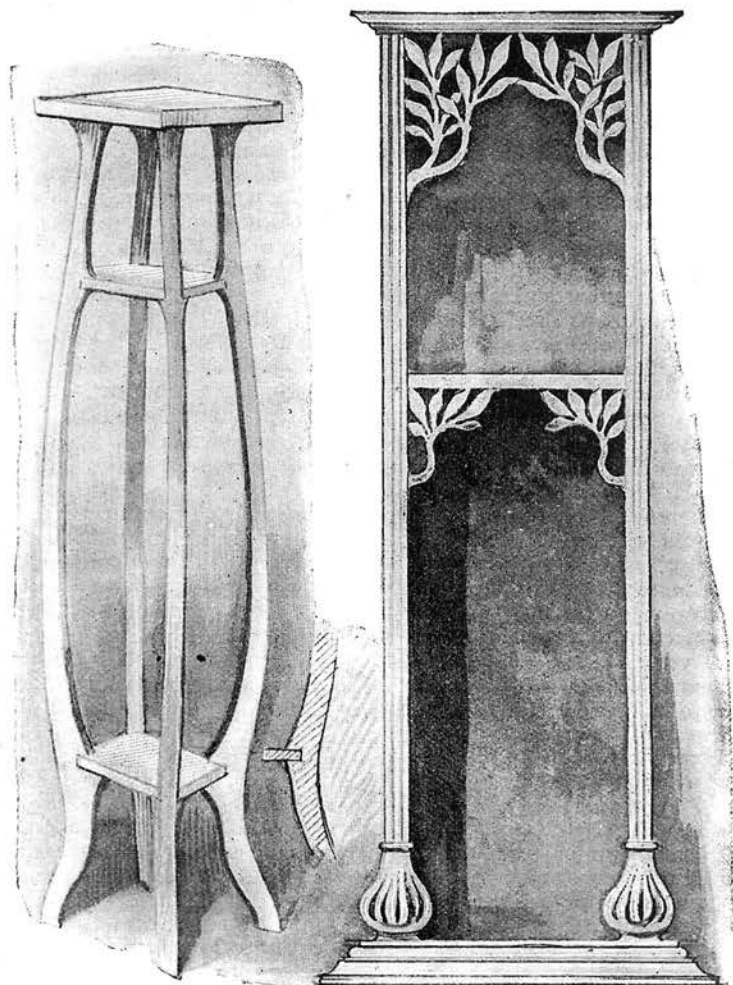
White furniture is elegant in appearance, and

unless good wood be used, such as oak or walnut, when it can be polished, is better painted. New wood should have three coats of colour and can be finished with a coat of enamel. The colour must be put on thinly and evenly, for it makes a poor surface if an attempt be made to get an effect by putting the colour on thickly and so dispensing with one or more coats. Each coat should be allowed to dry hard, and it is advisable to rub it over with some fine glass-paper to take down any roughnesses before putting on the next coat. A wide flat hog-hair brush should be used unless you can borrow or hire a good house painter's brush. Unless you use a good brush, your paint will look smeary and rough.

The vase or lamp-stand is composed of shaped uprights supporting shelves. Here, again, the four uprights should be exactly alike, so in drawing one full size, all four can be marked out from the one design.

The pedestal is simple in construction, and the fret-cut brackets supporting the shelves just relieve the plainness and give a certain character to the article. The bulbous-like terminals of the two uprights should be turned. One is enough, as, if cut in half, one can be glued on each side.

In the table design, I have left one end simple, showing how it might be treated if the fretwork is thought to be too difficult.



TWO PEDESTALS. (Suggested by *L'Art Nouveau*.)

**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 himselfe 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.



**AUGUST**

After that then cometh AUGUST: then we gather in our corn, and also the fruits of the earth, and then doth man his diligence to gather for to finde himselfe withall, in the time that he may neither get nor win, and then after that vii yeares is he XLVIII yeare old.



All the leaves ST SWITHUN can cry, July 15.  
ST BARTLEMY'S mantle wipes them dry. August 24.  
ST BARTHOLOMEW, brings the cold dew. . . . .  
In APRIL the cuckoo shows his bill; . . . . .  
In MAY he is singing all day; . . . . .  
In JUNE he changes his tune; . . . . . In JULY . . . . .  
In AUGUST fly he must. . . he prepares to fly.