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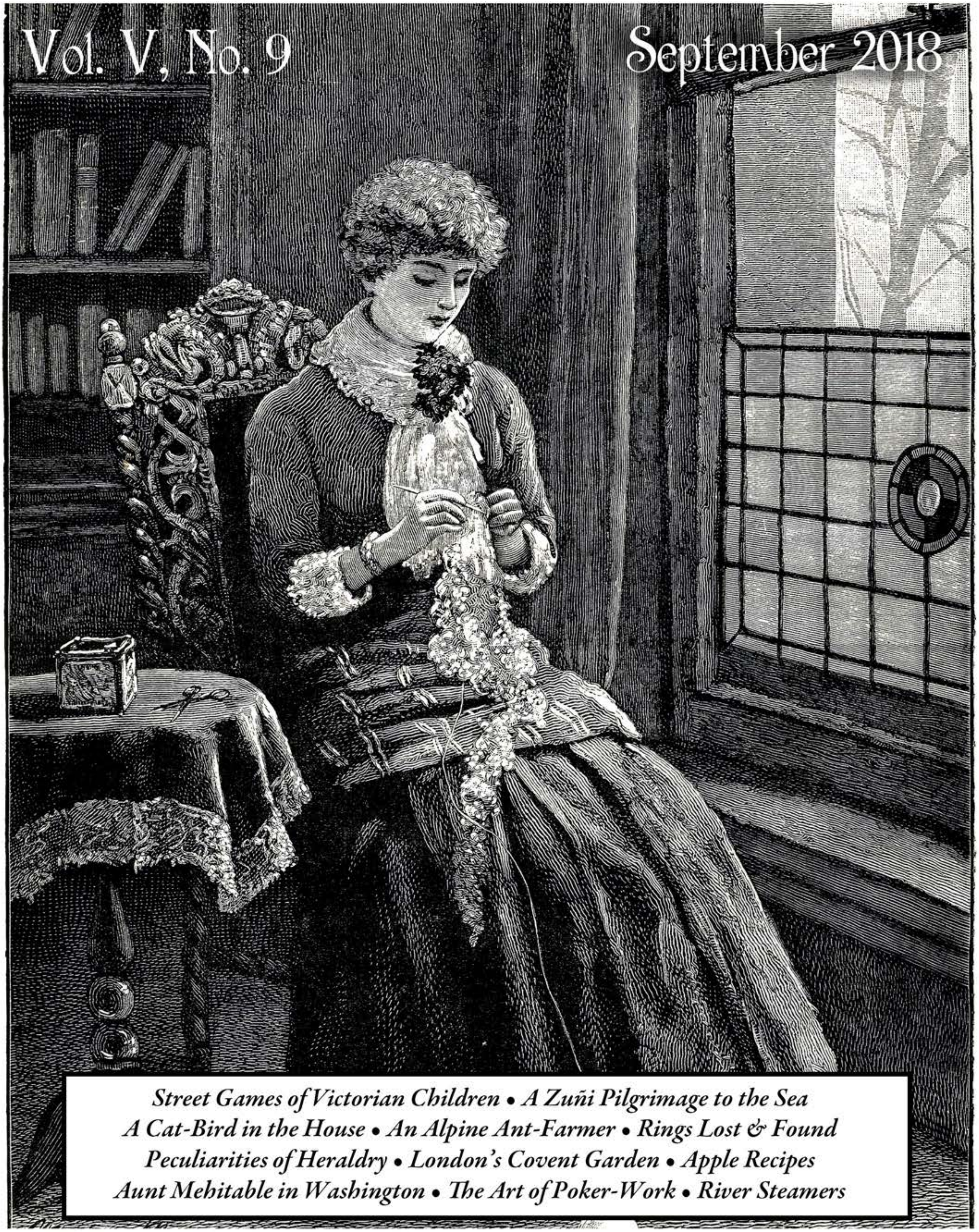

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A Cat-Bird in the House • An Alpine Ant-Farmer • Rings Lost & Found
Peculiarities of Heraldry • London's Covent Garden • Apple Recipes
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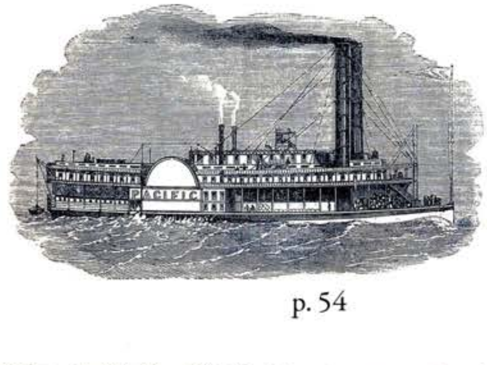

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** The Girl's Own Paper **Cassell's Family Magazine*

Looking for Leisure

When I first read the article on "Leisure" that appears on page 33, I had to look twice and verify that I was actually reading an article from 1899, and not perhaps 1999 or 2018. When we look back with fond nostalgia on the "olden days," it's often with the assumption that life was ever so much simpler, slower, and just generally more *leisurely* than it is today. Today, we're caught up in the hustle and bustle of life; our time-saving inventions just seem to mean we spend more time working on more things. Today, we snatch "leisure" on the run, and come home from vacations more exhausted than when we left. Ah, for the good old days...

But it seems that hustle and bustle are not an invention of modern times. While this article is addressed primarily to the Victorian housewife, it could apply to any of us today, whether we spend our day managing the home or managing a multi-national corporation. Leisure is a luxury, something that we keep promising ourselves that we can "achieve" if we just work a little harder, a little longer.

According to this anonymous Victorian author (or, more likely, authoress), depriving ourselves of leisure can lead to a number of consequences. Here are some—and I wonder if they would strike a chord today?

1) We become irritable. Now, I'm sure I am never irritable, or peevish, or ill-tempered... and I'm sure you aren't either. But I'm also sure that we probably all know quite a few people who fit that description, people who are always running from meeting to meeting, task to task, with never a moment to spare for a smile or a social event that doesn't involve electronics. These are the folks who forever proclaim, "Let's do lunch"—but never do.

2) We lose the ability to cope well with emergencies. When life itself is an ongoing crisis, it becomes far more difficult to cope when real crises arise. According to this author, keeping "a reserve of nerve and good temper" will stand one in good stead "when the time of emergency comes"—and the key to doing so is leisure!

3) We are drawn into a "whirlpool of restlessness," driven by the "love of excitement and the restlessness of the age." I feel the need to remind the reader, again, that this "age" was the Victorian age... but does it not sound all too much like our own? The need to be doing, experiencing the latest thing, downloading the latest technology... Somehow it's a bit alarming to realize that this is not, in fact, a product solely of our cell-phone generation, but a behavior pattern that has been a part of American life for more than 100 years.

4) We risk "producing a very irritable, worn, peevish-tempered generation." Well, again, I'm sure that doesn't apply to you or to me, but... do we not feel ourselves, at times, surrounded by that very thing? (Of course, nothing makes me feel more peevish than the bumper stickers that are a special feature of our town, urging one to "practice civility in H---- County." I always wonder if they mean it's quite all right to be peevish and irritable everywhere else?)

5) We lose the desire to "do good." I'm not quite sure what the author means by this, but it occurs to me that if I don't take time for myself, I'm even less likely to take time for you...

The author concludes with an interesting quote regarding the value of leisure time: "For such a time I am my own master—I am at leisure." And there, I think, we have it in a nutshell. For most of our day, we are not our own masters. We are subject to the myriad tasks, requirements, and responsibilities that, quite often, lead us to believe that we simply can't "find the time" for genuine leisure. Choosing leisure is a matter of choosing to take back control.

Even in 1899, this author recognized that leisure time wasn't something that one "found," or hoped for, or perhaps gained by dint of hard labor. It can only be *made*. It can only be achieved by conscious choice—which means, quite simply, the choice of giving up something else that is non-leisurely for the sake of something that qualifies as genuine "leisure." "It is not having a bit of knitting on hand to take up while talking... it is not snatching a few minutes to write to an old friend." As this author points out, "Each person must decide for himself how best to obtain it."

The author declares that perhaps, after all, it is not better to wear out than to rust out. I think perhaps as we grow older, we begin to realize that "going to rust" starts to have a certain appeal. We have run the rat race in the hope that if we ran it long enough, we would eventually be able to stop running—yet today, we simply find ourselves running faster.

So let's take a stand against the creation of yet another irritable, peevish, worn-out generation. Let's follow this sage Victorian advice—and become the masters of our souls by making time for leisure!

—Moira Allen, Editor
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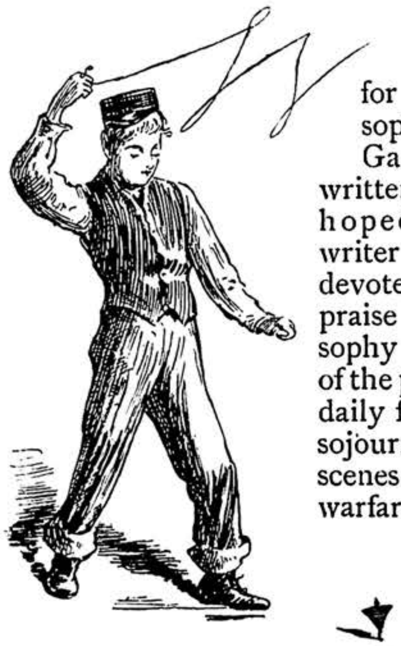
The Street Games of Children.

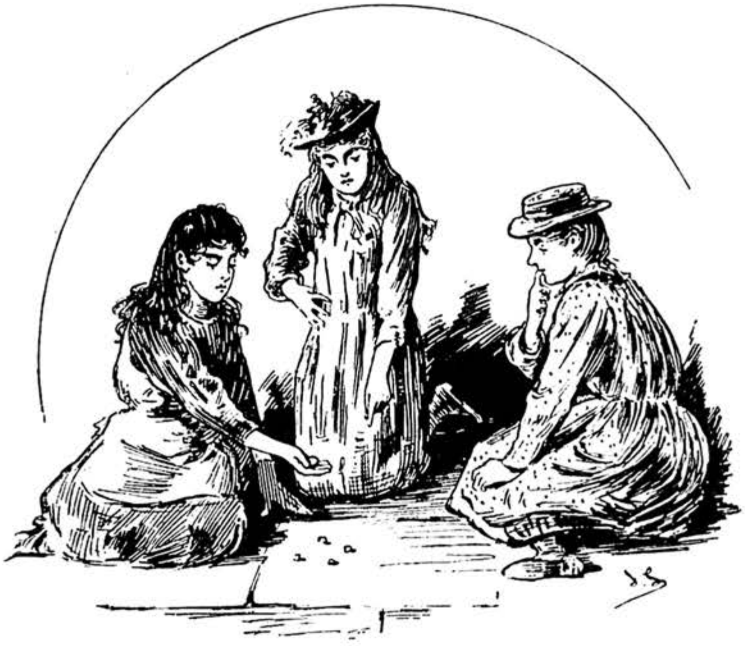
By Frances H. Low.



WHEN the day arrives for the "Philosophy of Street Games" to be written, it is to be hoped that the writer will, at least, devote a chapter in praise of the philosophy and heroism of the persons whose daily fate it was to sojourn near the scenes of such deadly warfare as *Tipcat*, or even the milder operations of *Skipping* and *Peg-top* whipping. Fortunately for those of us who have to pass through small back streets, *Tipcat* is being rigorously regulated by the police: it ought, however, to be entirely abolished, except in parks, where, perhaps, it might be allowed to be played, as it is immensely popular amongst boys, and is in itself a highly interesting game. I have not attempted to describe all the games that are played in the streets. I have purposely omitted such well-known ones as *Leap-frog*, *Tom Tiddler's Ground*, *Hop Chivvy*, and the various running games which are played on the lines of *Touch wood;* and out of the countless games of marbles and buttons I have chosen two or three of the most popular and least complicated. To get a lucid explanation of the playing is by no means an easy business, partly because, no matter how retired a spot one chooses for the demonstration, a huge crowd of errand boys, bonnetless women, and loafing men is sure to collect round within a few minutes; and partly also because it is an extremely difficult matter to get the little performers to play slowly, and make the successive steps intelligible to an uninitiated person. If you ask, "But what *is* Pegsy?" they look at you for a moment with an incredulous grin, which implies that in their opinion you are an imbecile, and answer, nodding their heads with an air of conviction, "Why, o' course, P stands for Pegsy!" and from this position they are not to be dislodged.

Exactly how the traditions concerning games are preserved I have not, in spite of a good deal of inquiry on the point, been able to learn; but that they are handed down from father to son is certain, since an elderly man—a Londoner—who happened to be a bystander in one of my crowds, told me that he, as a boy, some forty years ago, played almost precisely the same games as the boys of to-day. What is perhaps more curious is the early age at which street children are initiated into the freemasonry—if one may call it so—of the games. One of the funniest incidents I met with was in connection with the game of *Buck and Gobs*, which I shall describe in a minute, and wherein a preternaturally acute little imp of five or six years old figures. He could not possibly, owing to the age of his next brother, have been more than six at most, and I was disinclined to avail myself of his services, upon which, however, he insisted. He was a wizened, fragile little being, and his hands were so tiny and his wrists so weak, that he had the utmost difficulty in making effective play with the stones, or gobs, as they are called. After he had dropped the stones some eight or nine times, I said to some of the bigger boys who were standing round, "Perhaps you had better show me," and remarked mildly to the small performer, who was still heroically struggling with the stones: "I don't think you are a particularly good player." He looked at me steadily for a moment, spat on his small hands, and said in the most languid manner imaginable, "I'm a deb'lish good player, I am!" After this he put a dirty twig into his mouth and regarded the operation of his seniors with great contempt, every now and again hurling scornful words at them, and regarding me with a threatening eye.

One of the most popular—if not the *most* popular—of all the pavement games, both with girls and boys, is "***Buck and Gobs.***" Four stones, technically called gobs, and a large, round marble comprise



"BUCK AND GOBS."

the property required for this game, the successful playing of which necessitates a large amount of dexterity and practice.

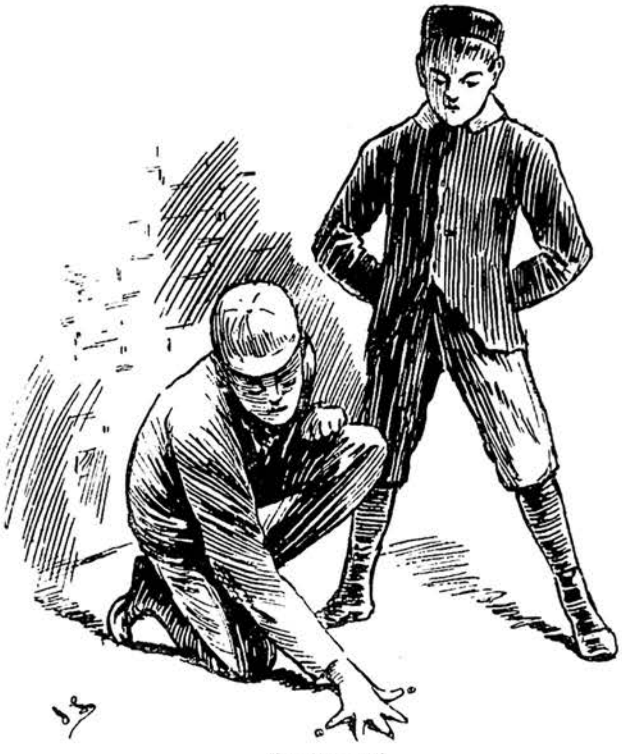
The player arranges four stones in a square on the pavement (see illustration); he then kneels down, throws up the marble, which he holds in his right hand, immediately picks up one of the gobs and catches the buck in the same hand, after it has bounded. After this process has been gone through with each of the gobs without dropping them, they are placed in twos, the player picking up the two gobs together; and after this the grouping is three together and one; and, finally, all four gobs close together, which are treated in the same manner as the single ones. If a player has got to this stage successfully, that is to say without letting a single gob drop throughout, he goes in for the final round, called "Pegsy." The gobs are again placed singly, and the player has to pick up one and drop it before seizing the second gob, meanwhile maintaining the play with the buck. No little skill is required to conduct the last operation successfully; but constant practice has made the children peculiarly expert, and it is quite usual for them to reach the final round without a single miss. Promptness of eye and hand to seize the buck swiftly, and prevent its rolling away, and to grasp the stones without dropping them is the chief requisite for success in this game, which I have found invariably played best by the girls, who are, however, a long way behind the other sex in anything involving exact aiming, such as, for instance, in any of the numerous games of *Buttons*.

This game is almost entirely confined to the boys, possibly because the little girls are not able to supply the necessary playing instruments in the shape of trouser buttons and a big piece of lead, which is melted and flattened in the fire, and called a nicker. Brass trouser buttons are articles of immense value in the eyes of street boys; they are difficult to obtain, and in the majority of cases are cut off by the boys from their own garments. My little informant, who disappeared behind a corner and returned with half a dozen in his hand, said, in answer to my somewhat anxious question as to whether his mother would not be angry:

"Oh, *she* won't know. I often rips 'em off, but I sews 'em on again. 'Tain't only them girls can sew!"

The marked and invariable contempt exhibited by the boys to the softer sex seems quite unjustifiable, as in a large number of games the girls are formidable rivals, if not actually better players.

Buttons consists of seven or eight buttons being thrown as near as possible a specific line on the pavement. The one who gets

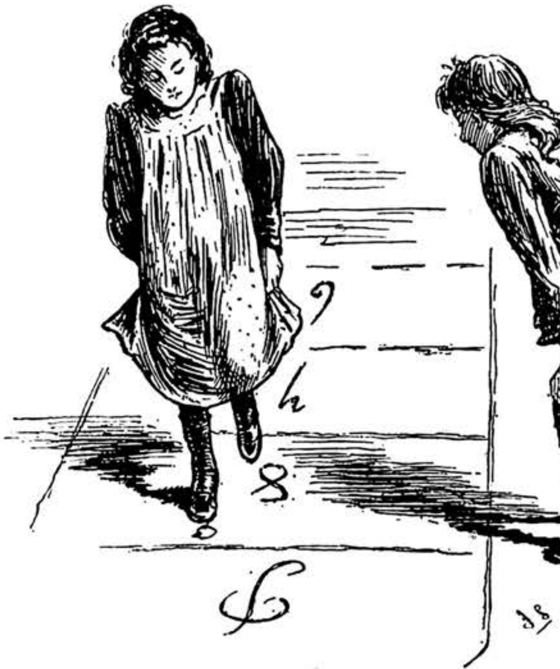


"BUTTONS."

nearest goes in first. He stands on the curb, takes his nicker, and aims it at a button agreed upon by the rest. If he hits it, he gets the button and has another turn; if he misses, the next boy goes in, and the one who has got the most buttons is the winner. This game is called *Nicking*. Another consists in putting all the buttons close together on a line and hitting one out of the line without touching the others. This is called *Hard Buttons*, and its successful play necessitates a very neat and steady aim. Almost all the other games of buttons, of which there are at least some seven or eight variations, are played on similar lines; and the fact that the winner may keep all the buttons he takes no doubt accounts in a measure for their great popularity.

Both the games described above are in "season" during the summer months, as are also *Hopscotch* and *London*, whilst a few games, like marbles, may be played pretty nearly all the year round. I have not been able to obtain any precise information as to why certain games are played at certain seasons: for instance, why marbles should be countenanced all the year round and buttons only during summer; but on the whole the theory seems to be that "hot" games, involving a certain amount of physical exertion, such as tops, tip-cat, and running games, should be played in winter and less active ones in summer; but even this theory is incomplete, as *Release*, which involves a large amount of running, is played as much in hot weather as in cold.

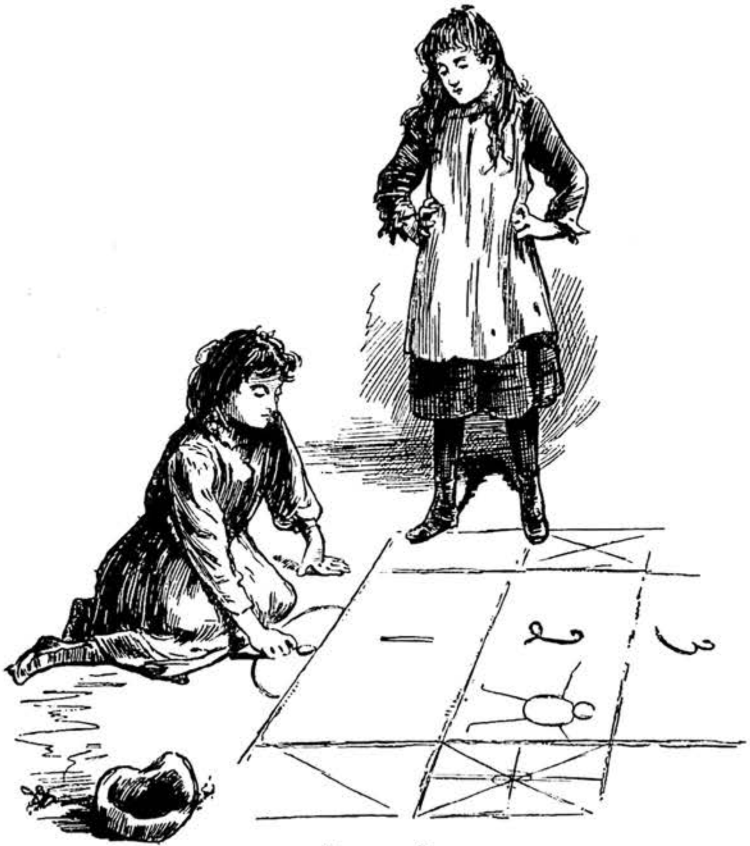
Hopscotch is almost as popular with both girls and boys as *Buck and Gobs*, and is decidedly most embarrassing to the pedestrian who happens to walk unwarily across the chalk lines and bring the "hopper" to a full stop. A glance at the illustration will show how the lines are drawn, the spaces being respectively named one sie, two sie, three sie, four sie, and puddings. The exact playing varies slightly in different districts, but the usual *modus operandi* is for the player to deposit the bit of broken china —generally off a cup or saucer—which she holds in her hand, on "one sie." She then hops up to P. and back again, picking up the bit of china as she comes down again. She repeats exactly the same process until she has placed the china on "four sie," and brought it down with her. Then the real play begins with what is called "Hard Labour." The chip of china is placed on "one sie," and the player, hopping on the right foot, has to chip the china into each space. If it goes on the line, or if she chips it more than once in each space, she is out, and someone else goes in. If, however, she surmounts these difficulties and hops back to one sie, chipping the china before her, she goes in for the final heat. The bit of china is placed on her toe, and her object is to walk up to "four sie" and back without letting the china drop off, at the same time making only one step in each space. This game has the additional advantage of keeping the attention of all the other children who are not "in" employed and interested, as an artful player who is not carefully watched can easily "chip" the china "twice," or take two steps, or commit any of the other small breaches of the rules, for which the bystanders are, of course, on the alert. A bit of broken china figures in nearly all the games, and it is certainly rather a commentary on the people who are so anxious to bestow expensive toys of all kinds on poor children, that their favourite games are played with a bit of chalk, a few buttons, a scrap of broken china, and some stones out of the roadway.



"HOPSCOTCH."

London, so far as I can gather, is a completely modern game, and is more in vogue in the north and west of London than in the east. The accompanying illustration shows the figure that is drawn in chalk on the pavement, the two side loops being for the player's marks. Should there be three or four players, the figure is made longer with an additional number of lines, and there are extra side loops; the game is, however, usually played by two persons. The bit of china is put on the bottom line and "nicked," or "spooned," along with the finger. If it rolls on, say, 2, the player draws a mark in the side loop nearest 2 from opposite corners. The other player has then a turn, each player going in alternately. The second time the player's china goes on the same number a line across the opposite corners is drawn; the third time this occurs a line is drawn across the middle of the square horizontally, and the fourth time perpendicularly. Here the real pleasure of the player begins.

Her object is now to get the china again into 2, the number by which she has obtained her marks. If she does this she exclaims aloud triumphantly, "Now I've got a soldier's head!" She then draws a little round close up to her square, but on the other side of the line. She then has another turn, and, if the china again goes into 2, she cries, "Now I've got the soldier's belly!" and adds a large circle on to the one she calls the head. If it goes into four or five, and she has not previously nicked the china into these numbers, she simply makes a stroke, as before; the sixth time that the china goes into 2 the player gets the soldier's legs, and she has now got her soldier. The one who obtains most soldiers is the winner. If the china goes over any of the boundaries, or on the lines, the player is out, and has lost the game. The chief attraction of this game appears to be in the naming aloud of one portion of the soldier's anatomy; the little girls seem to have some sort of idea that the language is not quite polite, and I observed they looked at me half doubtfully, as if in expectation of finding a shocked expression on my face, which might result in jeopardising the promised pennies. Nothing of the sort, however, being visible, they proceeded with great gusto to describe another soldier, much to my amusement.

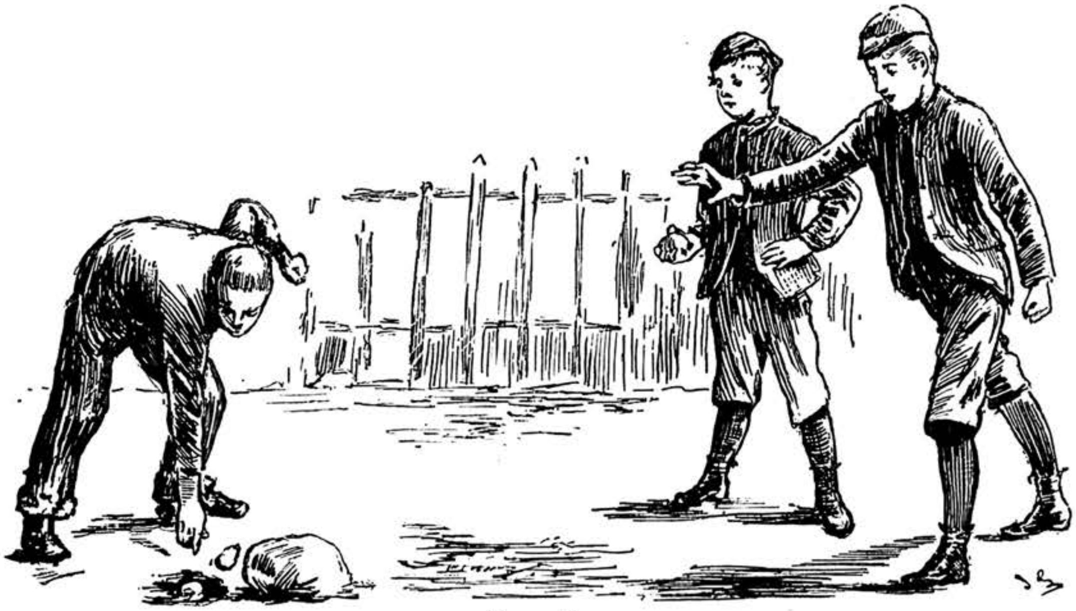

"LONDON."

In *Duck*, which is the name given to the stone which acts as a target, a hole is scooped in the road, in front of which a stone is placed. The game consists in knocking the duck into a hole from a little distance; but, if the player is unsuccessful, he may have another turn, provided he can pick up his own stone and reach the pavement without being touched by his opponent. During this operation the boy or girl says:—

"Gully, gully, all
round the hole,
One duck on."

This game, which is principally played in the road, is, however, fraught with some danger to the limbs of the players, who are too intent upon grasping their stones and eluding their pursuers to regard passing vehicles with much attention.

Of ring games, which appear to be played exclusively by girls, there is a large assortment. Many of them have appropriate singing accompaniments, and when gracefully and quietly carried out by the performers, are very pretty and picturesque. The preliminary arrangements of these round games form a fine field of observation for the student of child character. One child, scarcely ever the best-looking, or strongest, or eldest, instinctively assumes the leadership, to which the rest of the children voluntarily bow. In my square there is a certain Mabel ——, as she is usually called by her friends, who is nothing less than a born general. Amongst her squad there are girls who must be at least five or six years older than herself, and yet her generalship, so far as I can see, is never challenged. She selects her own favourite companions for the most coveted posts, orders the entire company about, administers slight corporal punishment to stupid or careless recruits, settles in the most arbitrary manner any disputes that arise—generally to her own advantage—in short, by the exercise of goodness knows what magical qualities, has some dozen children under her command every evening.


"DUCK."

Of round games, I think *Poor Jenny is a-weeping* is by a long way the favourite. Any number of children can join in the game, which is played by a ring being formed, with one child in the centre, who personifies Jenny. The circle moves round singing :—

"Poor Jenny is a-weeping, a-weeping, a-weeping,
A-weeping, a-weeping, all on a summer day!
On the carpet she shall kneel,
(*Here Jenny kneels down*)
While the grass grows in the field.
Stand up, stand up on your feet,
(*Here Jenny stands up*)
And choose the one you love so sweet;
Choose once, choose twice, choose her three times over.
(*Here Jenny chooses another child and takes her into ring*)
Now you're married, we wish you joy,
First a girl, and then a boy,
Seven years after a son and daughter,
Play and cuddle and kiss together;
Kiss her once, kiss her twice,
Kiss her three times over!"
(*The two in middle kiss boisterously, whilst the ring races round singing very quickly.*)

It will be seen from the above specimen that one must not expect too much in the way of sense or grammar or refinement in these street songs; but there is a heartiness in the singing and a zest and enjoyment in the dancing round which go far to compensate for any trifling drawback of this kind.

A rather curious round game and a very favourite one is *Bobby Bingo*. There is the usual circle, which moves round with one child in the centre, and the words run in this way :—

"There was a farmer had a boy
And his name was Bobby Bingo,
Bingo (each letter is spelt out),
Bingo,
Bingo,
And Bingo was his name, O!"

Then the girl in the centre points to each child in the circle with her finger, saying to herself as she goes round, BINGO, over and over again. If she says any letter but "O" aloud she is out. This is by no means so simple a matter as appears at first sight, as can be proved by anyone who spells out the ridiculous word several times quickly, taking care to say only the last letter aloud.

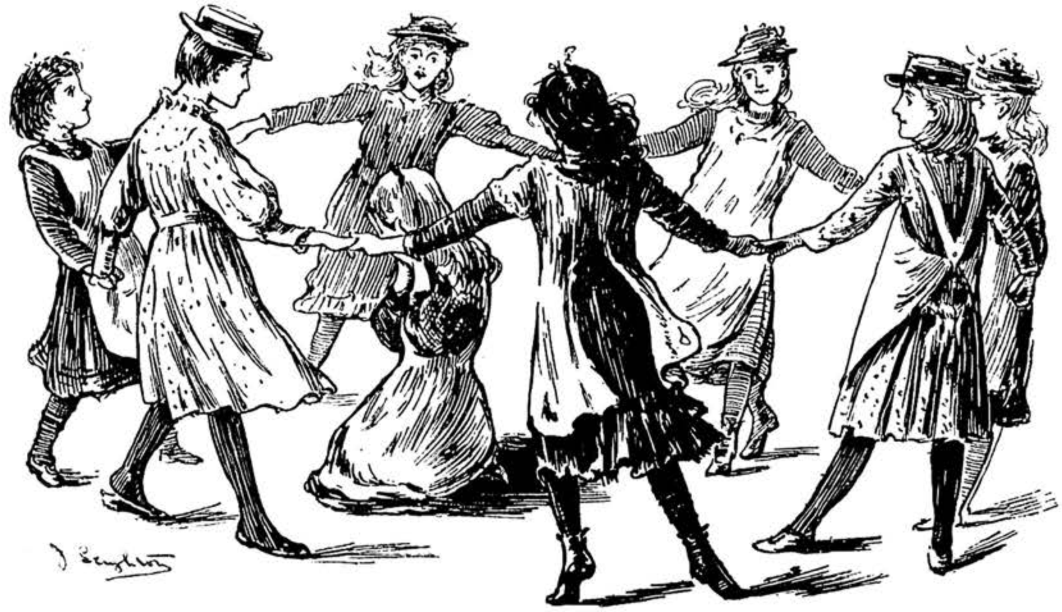
There stands a Lady on the Mountain is practically the same game with different words, and the same applies to *Master, Master, where's your Gold?*

In *The King of the Barbaree* the girls march to and fro in long lines singing a number of verses, each of which ends in the "King of the Barbaree," and is accompanied by clapping of hands.

The *pièce de résistance* of quite a number of round games consists in flopping to the ground, a proceeding which seems to be a source of hilarious and side-splitting mirth to children. In *Ring a ring o' roses* the girls make a ring, and move round singing:

"Ring a ring o' roses,
Pocketsful o' posies,
A maiden's fairy crown,
We all fall down."

The last line finds all the little maidens seated on the pavement with gleeful and delighted faces. Precisely the same wildly exciting *finale* occurs in *Our boots are made of Spanish*, another popular game amongst small girls, who also divert themselves with skipping, which is too familiar to need any description, and a variety of games with soft balls.

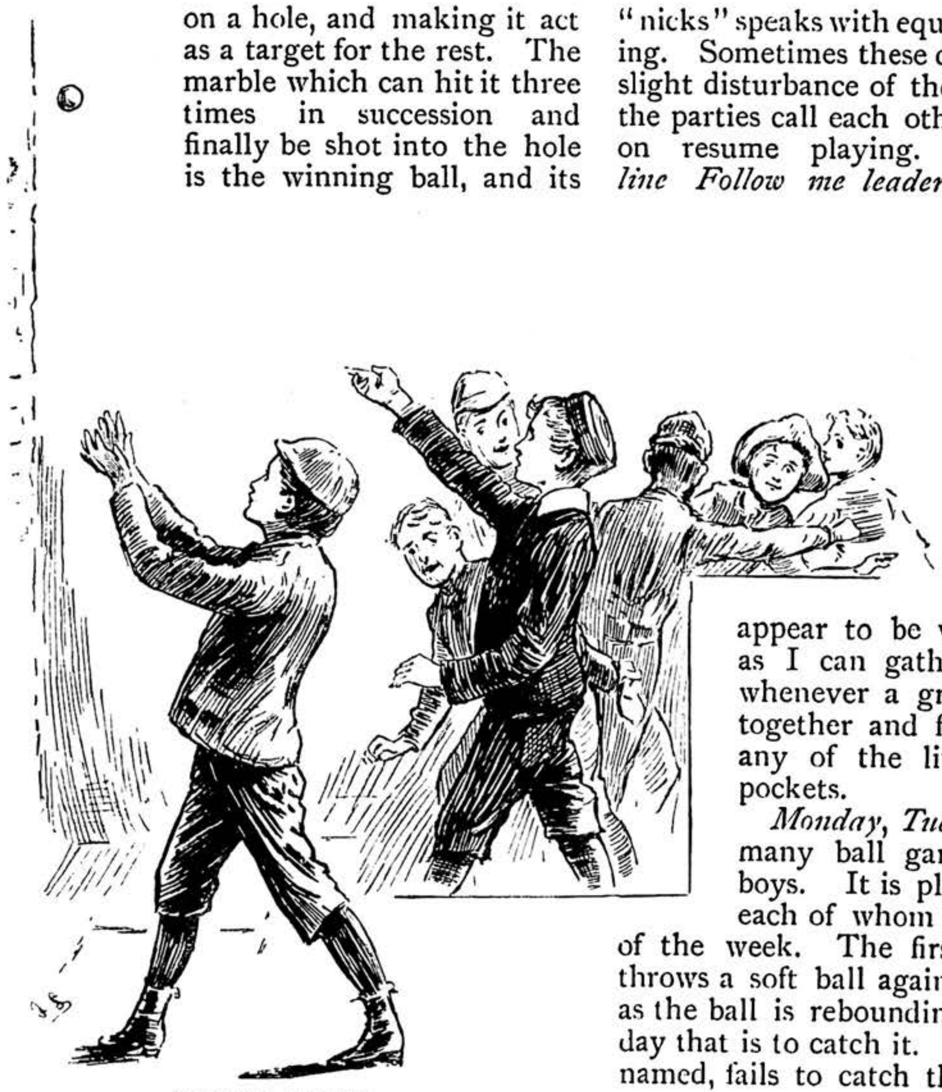


"POOR JENNY IS A-WEEPING."

This I think pretty well exhausts girls' games and mixed games in general.

Tipcat is almost exclusively played by boys, and although it will not be in season again till next spring, it may not be *inapropos* here to warn persons of its dangerous results, in the shape of impaired eyesight and even blindness, from the eye being struck by the cat. Amongst boys the game goes by the name of *Cat and Stick*, and consists, as is perhaps superfluous to state, of a stick and a small piece of wood sharpened at each end. A variety of games can be played with these weapons, but they are all on much the same principle—that of hitting the cat when in the air, and a description of *Waggles* practically covers most of the games played under tipcat. Four boys stand at the corners of a large paving stone, two of whom are provided with sticks, whilst the other two are feeders and throw the cat. The batter acts very much in the same way as in cricket, except that he must hit the cat whilst in the air. He hits it as far away as possible, and whilst the feeder has gone to find it gets runs which count to his side. If either of the cats fall to the ground both batters go out and the feeders get their turn. The popular game of *Whacks* is played on much the same lines, and, as it has to be played near railings, usually results in the smashing of a window, which is possibly one of the reasons of its attractiveness.

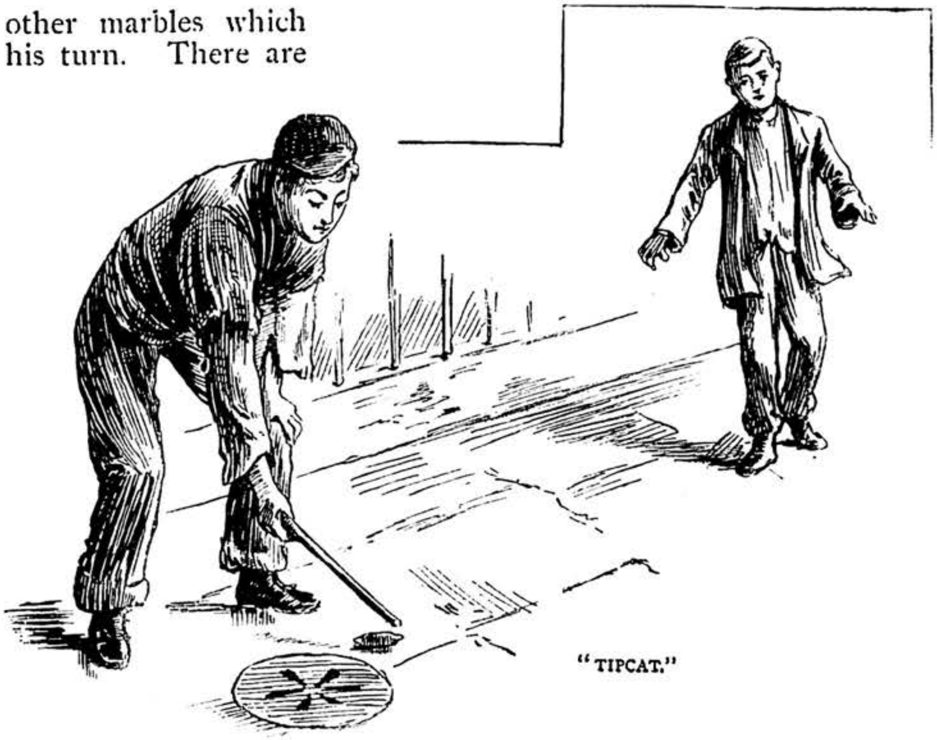
It is not difficult to understand the fascination of marbles to a healthy boy, who need never be at a loss for amusement so long as he carries half a dozen of the little round balls in his pocket. The various games of marbles appear more provocative of disputes than any other street game, the reason being due probably to the greater desirableness of the prize. For, as in buttons, the winner keeps the marbles he hits or captures, and one can sympathise with the anguished feelings of Tommy when he sees his cherished coloured glass marble passing into the triumphant possession of Billy. It is at that tragic moment that Tommy is wont to bring the accusation of cheating on the tapis. *Holy Bung*, the somewhat unsavoury title given to one game, consists in placing one marble



"MONDAY, TUESDAY.

on a hole, and making it act as a target for the rest. The marble which can hit it three times in succession and finally be shot into the hole is the winning ball, and its owner gets all the other marbles which have missed before his turn. There are no specific laws as to the kind of throwing that must be employed: shooting, bowling, and nicking are all countenanced, the method adopted by each boy being the one in which he is most expert. I have observed that if he patronises *bowling* he generally takes care to inform you that this form of art is a great deal more difficult than *nicking*, for instance; whilst the young gentleman who "nicks" speaks with equal contempt of bowling. Sometimes these differences lead to a slight disturbance of the peace, more often the parties call each other names, and later on resume playing. *Chipping off the line Follow me leader*, and *King of the ring*, in which six marbles in two parallel lines are placed in a chalk ring, are tolerably familiar, and consist mainly in hitting specified marbles. Marbles are properly in fashion during August, but regulations on this point appear to be very lax, and so far as I can gather they are "on" whenever a group of boys come together and find they have got any of the little balls in their pockets.

Monday, Tuesday, is one of the many ball games patronised by boys. It is played by seven boys, each of whom appropriates a day of the week. The first boy goes in and throws a soft ball against the wall, saying as the ball is rebounding the name of the day that is to catch it. If Tuesday, who is named, fails to catch the ball, he picks it

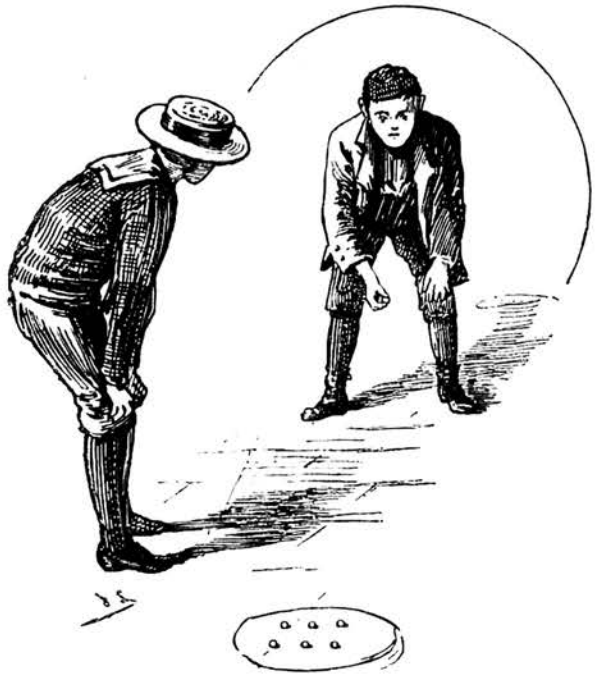


"TIPCAT."

up and immediately tries to hit one of the boys, who rapidly disperse at a " miss." If he succeeds he goes in and throws the ball, whilst the boy who gets hit three times is " out," and the winner is the boy who has either not been hit at all or hit the fewest number of times.

Lack of space forbids my doing anything more than naming the other running games, the principal of which, *Release*, is played in playgrounds as well as in streets ; *Monkey* and *Boozalum*, which are variations of the old-fashioned *Hide and Seek*, and *Chalk Corners*, which is a form of paper chase, the trail of which is chalked on the corners of paving stones.

The subject of " Street Games " is deeply interesting, and deserves more exhaustive treatment than I have been able to give to it in a short magazine article. Not the least pleasant feature connected with them is to be found in the happy temperaments of the young players who can get enough pleasure and enjoyment out of the mere act of playing to be able to dispense with any stimulus in the way of prizes.



"KING OF THE RING.

MISCELLANEOUS.

To Make Light Materials Fireproof.—Fabrics are rendered non-inflammable by being placed in a weak solution of alum. This materially reduces the usual rapidity of combustion in light apparel, and is invariably resorted to by actresses, thus obviating the great danger of ignition by contact with the foot-lights of the stage.

Mode of Employing Soda in Washing.—Into a gallon of water put a handful of soda and three-quarters of a pound of soap; boil them together until the soap is dissolved, and then pour out the liquor for use. This mode of preparing this detergent for washing will be found far preferable to the usual mode of putting the soda into the water, or of adding, as is usual, a lump to the water in the boiler, in consequence of which so many iron-moulds are produced in many kinds of clothes. In the washing of blankets, this mode of proceeding will be found admirable, and render them beautifully white.

How they Make Coffee in France.—In the first place, it is scorched in a hollow cylinder, which is kept constantly revolving over a slow fire, and not a grain of it allowed to burn; secondly, it is ground very fine; and thirdly, when it is to be used, a portion of this is placed in a finely perforated pan or cup, which exactly fits into the top of the boiler, coffee-pot, or any vessel you wish to use. Boiling hot water is then poured on, and it percolates gradually through, carrying with it all the essential principles of the coffee. As soon as percolation is completed, the pan is removed containing all the grounds, and then boiling hot milk is added to the infusion, and your coffee is made. It is brought on the table in bowls, with a knife and spoon, and a little willow basket of bread. The servant then places by your plate a tea dish, on which are two or three lumps of white sugar, always of a certain size, and you sweeten to your liking. In no instance is your coffee boiled, and this is one reason the *cafe au lait* and *cafe noir* are so much admired by all who take them.

Game Puddings.—Game of any description can be made into puddings, and when partly boned, well spiced with minced truffle or mushroom, mace, and a clove of garlic, and boiled within a light paste, they are very rich, and the paste particularly fine, as it absorbs so much of the gravy; but the boiling deprives the game of much of its high flavor, and a woodcock or a snipe should never be so dressed, as they lose all the savor of the trail.

Or: Make a batter with flour, milk, eggs, pepper, and salt; pour a little into the bottom of a pudding-dish; then put seasoned poultry or game of any kind into it, and a little shred onion; pour the remainder of the batter over, and bake in a slow oven.

A single chicken, partridge, or pigeon may be thus made into a dumpling; Stuff it with chopped oysters, lay it on its back in the paste, and put a bit of butter rolled in flour on the breast; close the patch in the form of a dumpling, put it into hot water, and let it boil for two hours.

To Polish Plate.—

For polishing plate 'tis essential to get
Some *whitening*, and water to make it quite wet;
Place this on the metal, and when it is dry,
To dislodge the said powder, the hard brush apply.
After this, take a leather—one perfectly clean—
And rub till there is not a spot to be seen.
Having tried many methods, I firmly maintain,
The above is the best of the whole—being plain.

AUNT MEHITABLE'S WINTER IN WASHINGTON.

BY MRS. HARRIET HAZELTON.

NINTH PAPER.

Soon after the adjournment of Congress, 'Siah, he went down home to tend to breakin' up the corn ground, an' plantin' the garden, an' doin other things that he 's foolish enough to think Pete nor nobody else can see to. Jacob was goin' to stay long enough to look around, an' Nat said I must stay, too, as Pete an' Annie could git along an' do very well without me. The weather had been so bad, he said, that I hadn't got a chance to see anything out o' the city yet. An' so it was that when we went to Mount Vernon 'Siah wasn't with us.

Now we was a-goin' to "Great Falls," or the Great Falls o' the Potomac, about sixteen mile away. They hired a nice hack, an' had a good basket o' dinner fixed up, an' about eight o'clock one mornin' we started. It was a fine day, though a little cool; but we had plenty o' shawls, an' got along nicely. We drove up on the Maryland side o' the river, till we come to the Chain Bridge, when we crossed over, an' I was in Old Virginny once more. It made me feel good to know I was in my own State, an' when I said so, Nat laughed, an' said "that was good proof that I 'd been homesick." I denied it, for he 'd been a'teasin' me right smart about bein' homesick; an', to tell the truth, that was one reason I staid so long—just to show him that I wasn't. As if I *could* git very homesick when Nat was with me!

But this part of Virginny don't look like ourn, I tell you. It 's bleak, an' bare, an' desolate, an' don't look as if it would raise enough to keep the folks from starvin'. There 's no trees—only scrubby oak bushes; an' there 's stony hills, an' barren fields, an' old tumble-down houses, with little barefooted, bare-headed, ragged, tow-headed children, by the dozen. Now it looks quare, but the country children 's most all tow-heads, you know, while in town there 's so many that have dark hair. I never could account for that; an' when I asked Nat about it, he said he thought the country children's hair must be sunburnt. But if the hair was really dark, it wouldn't sunburn white, would it?

We could see the river most o' the way as we went up, an' it 's a mighty pretty little stream, an' don't look a bit like the same river that spreads out wide an' deep like a big bay below Washin'ton.

Miss Rankin got to tellin', on the road, of a trip she took to the Falls last spring. A party of eight got two carriages, an' they went up on the Maryland side. The drivers said they 'd been there before, but they certainly hadn't, for they took 'em out o' the road an' got lost.

It rained, an' the road got miry, an' there was a young couple along that had a baby, an' the baby cried, an' they had a great time generally. They went through a thick woods over a blind wagon track, where the dogwood blossoms, an' red-buds, an' azaleas (what we call the wild honeysuckles) growed thick all around; an' them that was in a good humor enough gathered great armfuls of flowers, an' laughed, an' sung, an' had a jolly time. But they got to the Falls at last, an' had a very short time to stay, reachin' home long after night. Nat told her it was much finer on the Virginny side o' the river. He said *he* went up once on the canal, with an excursion party of more than a hundred people. He took a lady, an' they had a much worse time than Miss Rankin did. They was to git to the Falls by twelve o'clock, an' it was four in the afternoon when they reached the place where the boats stopped, a mile or more from the Falls. The party was bound to git home that night, an' very few ventured to walk to the Falls, bein' afraid the boats would leave 'em. Them that did go almost run, an' the women got so tired that they dropped by the way, an' set on the rocks an' waited for the men to come back. Them that got to the Falls took one quick glance at the roarin' waters, an' hurried back to the boats. Well, they was just as slow gettin' back to the city as they was a-goin' up, an' when they got to Georgetown it was two o'clock in the mornin'. The cars had all stopped runnin', an' there wasn't a carriage to be had, even by them that had money with 'em—an' very few had any o' that; so they couldn't stop at a hotel. An' there they was, a hundred people, some havin' to walk a mile, some two, an' some three, to their homes. One couple had two babies with 'em, an' lived away over "on the Navy Yard," as they say over there, an' how ever they got home he couldn't imagine, as it was near five miles.

I said I thought it was very quare that they didn't have a good plain route, an' that a great many didn't visit the Falls every summer.

He said it did seem a little strange, but the truth was, there was thousands o' Washin'ton folks, born an' raised there, that knowed nothin' at all about the Falls; didn't know there was such a place. He knows a family out on L Street, that was raised up there, not a mile from the Capitol, an' the grown-up sons an' daughters had never been within its walls. An' when one of 'em, after he was grown, took a trip to Baltimore, he talked of it as grandly as if he'd been to Europe.

As for the fashionable people, they know nothing nor care nothing for these beautiful places. They can find their way to Saratoga, or Long Branch, or Cape May, but never heard o' the beauty o' Rock Creek, or the Upper Potomac, or Great Falls.

We reached the tumble-down lookin' house kept by "Old Dicky" about twelve o'clock. We heard the roarin' o' the waters long before we got to the house, an' we was all too anxious to see the Falls to stop for dinner. So Nat ordered some coffee sent out to the rocks, an' we walked over. It's a very little way, an' a beautiful path. We reached the Falls in a few minutes, an' oh, such a wild, grand, roarin', tossin' river as that is! The hurryin' waters dash in an' out, with the huge rocks a-stickin' up as big as a dozen houses, sharp an' hard, an' tearin' the stream into thousands o' splashin' an' foamin' waves. Well, well! it takes my breath away just to remember it. How anybody *can* live in a city a lifetime, so near as grand a sight as this, an' not go an' see it, *I* don't know. But, goodness me! it's the way in other places as well as in Washin'ton. Aunt Deliah Carrin'ton lives only five mile from Weir's Cave in Virginny. She's lived there forty year, an' never seen that Cave, an' they say it's the grandest sight a'most in the world.

We spread our tablecloth on a fine old rock under a clump o' maple trees, an' Nat an' Jacob gathered wood an' kindled a fire by another rock, to "make it cheerful an' home-like," Jacob said. Then the waiter come out with coffee, an' milk, an' cups an' saucers. We had a-plenty of sugar with us, with all kinds of nice eatables, an' never in all my life did I enjoy a meal as much as I did that one. I didn't want to laugh or talk. I just wanted to listen all the time—listen to the mighty roarin' o' the waters, goin' on, on, on, at mornin', at noon, at twilight, an' all the livelong night, just as loud, an' strong, an' terrible as ever, like a great animal in anger.

After dinner we separated. Nat and Miss Rankin went down by a deep gulch to the very edge of the bilin' waters, to catch fish. Jacob an' me climbed around on the rocks for awhile, an' when I'd got a good, comfortable seat right above the biggest fall, I said, "Jacob, you can run around now, an' leave me here. I think I'd like to listen awhile all by myself." And Jacob said, "Aunt Hitty, I never want to hear of another man sayin' there's no God. I can almost see an' hear Him here, as plain as Adam did in Paradise. Jerusha! ain't it grand, though?" So he went away, an' I set there alone, lookin' at the everlastin' waters, an' thinkin' my old-fashioned thoughts, till I forgot all the world besides. Even 'Siah an' Pete an' Annie was forgot. Never to my dyin' day can I forget that hour. It seemed that I was all alone in the world with God—that no little care or trouble could ever reach me in such a place, an' that the power of the Almighty was around me, an' filled me. The words of David come to my mind:—

'The waters saw thee, O God, the waters saw thee. They were afraid: the depths also were troubled.

> "The clouds poured out waters: the skies sent out a sound: thine arrows also went abroad.
>
> "The voice of the thunder was in the heaven. The lightnings lighted the world: the earth trembled and shook.
>
> "Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great water, and thy footsteps are not known."

I had told Father Harmon more than once how much I liked these verses, an' to-day they all come back to me, an' seemed to suit the place an' the time *so* well!

About three o'clock we went to the house, an' after takin' another cup o' coffee, had the carriage got ready and started home.

Old Mr. Dickey's a quare old man, an' don't know no more than our hillers. He's lived there a great many year, an' a year or two ago married an old maid from Faquier County. She's a great deal younger 'n he is though, an' she was tired a'ready o' keepin' the little old tavern, an' takin' care o' his first wife's children. She talked to us in a very dissatisfied way. She was as awkward as her husband, an' didn't know any more, but she seemed to think that Great Falls an' Faquier County was the only two places in the world, an' that one was Paradise an' the other—not Paradise! Well, in Miss Rankin's last letter, she says Miss Dickey's run off, or "eloped" with a young man from Faquier County, young enough to be her son.

But I'll never git through with our trip at this rate. As we drove home in the evenin' they told me how the Aqueduct that takes the water from near the Falls to supply the whole city, runs down on the Maryland side along the Great Falls road, an' crosses a bridge that Nat says is said by many to be the finest stone arch in the world. This bridge is called "Cabin John's Bridge," an' is built over a creek that runs into the Potomac. He says that the name of Floyd, the old Secretary of the Treasury before the war, used to be cut in the stone, but was taken off after the war broke out.

Nat says there's no finer water-power for machinery in the world than can be had at Great Falls, and there's already been a company or two of men to examine the falls with an idee of buildin' factories there. For my part, I think this is all that Washin'ton needs. An' I told Nat I did hope that they'd hurry an' build factories enough to keep the idle people in some kind o' work.

The next day we was too tired to take any long trips, but after luncheon we went out Connecticut Avenue to see the improvements. They was fixin' up the Circular Park there beautifully, an' all the streets was bein' paved, an' gas lamps fixed all the way out the Avenue. In front o' the Park they was buildin' Senator Stewart's new house. They had the basement walls all up, an' it was wonderful to see the shapes an' numbers o' the rooms. In the centre is a circular wall to go clear up—Nat says for the hall an' windin' stairs. Then there's rooms of all other shapes an' sizes nearly, bein' about a dozen in the basement; so you may know what it'll be when they take it up three more stories. It's to cost a hundred thousand dollars, and I reckon the receptions they'll have in that house next winter will beat anything o' the kind ever seen in Washin'ton. Gineral Williams' new house is near this, an' Mr. Shepherd, Mr. Celuss, an' Mr. Kilbourn's all a-buildin' fine houses in this neighborhood.

From there we went to the Old Holmead Cemetery. It only takes up a couple o' squares o' ground, an' was a good way out o' the city when it was used. It's full o' graves now, most of 'em near a hundred years old. The myrtle an' honeysuckle covers the ground thick all over. The relations of the dead ones are all moved away or dead—so there's not much care taken o' the place. We went up there especially to see the grave o' Lorenzo Dow, the quare old travellin' preacher that everybody's heard of. I mind o' hearin' mother often tell o' seein' him when he preached at their old camp-ground. He didn't often preach in a house, as there was so many always come to hear him that they couldn't git into a meetin'-house. I mind hearin' her tell o' the man that had his axe stole. He told the preacher about it before meetin', an' he said *he'd* find out who took it. So after he'd preached awhile an' got the people all kind o' worked up, he stopped an' picked up a stone he had ready. "Now," says he, "the man in this congregation that stole brother Brown's axe had better look out, or I shall hit him." So, pretendin' to git ready to throw, one man was seen to dodge so plainly that all could see who had stole the axe. Several other stories come back to me that I'd heard mother tell of this strange old man, that travelled on, like John the Baptist, a-warnin' the people to repent. His grave is covered with a large slab of gray old stone, an' brushin' off the dead leaves and moss, we read:—

"The Repository of Lorenzo Dow,
who was born
In Coventry, Connecticut,
Oct. 18, 1777,
Died Feb. 2, 1834,
Aged 56 years.

A Christian is the highest style of man. He is a slave to no sect, takes no private roads, but looks through nature up to nature's God."

It was now along in May, an' everybody said that May in Washin'ton was more beautiful than it was anywhere else. An' it *was* fine, certainly. There never was anything finer than the views from the hills around the city. The trip to Soldier's Home, Old Rock Creek Church, an' several other places was to be made yet, an' Nat insisted I must see 'em before I left. An' so I'll tell you about some o' these next time.

KITCHEN

Apples as Food.

There is no fruit grown in the temperate zone that is so valuable to the mass of mankind as apples, none other which is so great a benefaction to so large a proportion of the community in which they are known and appreciated. Apples are the oldest fruit known, and must have originally come from the East, for they are credited with having been used to tempt mother Eve, and with having imparted to her the knowledge of good and evil.

Be that as it may, she exhibited a woman's wisdom in choosing the best and most permanently useful of all the fruits, instead of the one that owned the brighest color (the orange), and in this respect at least has set an example to her descendants. It is a great pity that the true value is not set upon the apple by every one who plants an apple tree—that the soundest, and juciest, and most excellent qualities are not always selected, and that the reputation of the fruit, as well as its value as a food and remedial agent, should suffer through ignorance, carelessness, and indifference. Apple-growers might be forgiven if they only sent two kinds of apples to market, the Spitzenberg, and Rhode Island "Greening," the genuine Greening, not the "state" Greening which is sold to ignorant dealers as the genuine article. The Spitzenberg (always meaning the true "Spitz") is the finest table apple grown, not excepting the finest of the "Strawberry" varieties, which is pretty to look at, but does not approach the first in flavor. The Greening (R. I.), the most admirable cooking apple, easily digested, and possessed of a delicious acid—not too keen but assimilative—is a fine medium for other food-elements not so easily disposed of.

The Baldwin, a coarse-grained variety, deficient in flavor, and not at all so valuable for its digestive qualities, is sometimes sold for Spitzenberg, and the poor buy it because it is marketable, keeps well, and sells at a low figure, but with care, and the improved methods of transportation there is no reason why we should not have the best apples, and plenty of them at a moderate price.

Apples for Breakfast.—Early in the morning is a fine time to eat apples, especially apples cooked. A good rule is, in fact, to eat apples raw (Greenings) before breakfast (and when you cannot get oranges) and apples cooked, that is baked, stewed, compote, or as marmalade with breakfast.

Apples Baked.—Core but do not peel a dozen large smooth apples, fill the cavities with sugar and grated lemon peel, also a little of the lemon juice, and a clove. Put them in a buttered pan. Bake in a quick oven; if they are Greenings, fifteen minutes will be sufficient. Eat them warm, with or without milk, or more sugar.

Stewed Apples.—Peel, core, and quarter your apples, and throw them into a stew-pot in which already a syrup has been made of a cup of sugar, a half a cup of water, the grated rind and juice of a lemon, and a stick of cinnamon. Cover close, and shake a little to loosen when they come to a boil. When tender or soft, turn out into a bowl, and then into a covered china dish or jar.

A Compote of Apples.—This is more of a "company" dish than the others, and requires some care to make it look and taste as well as it can made to look and taste. It was Miss Phœbe Cary's favorite method of cooking apples, and those who were in the habit of enjoying "Sunday evening tea" at their cozy house in East 20th street, will remember how often the handsome glass dish of apple compote made its appearance; and how delightfully it was prepared.

Peel and core tart, medium sized apples, and place in half a pint of clear, cool water. Make a clear syrup of this water, a cup of granulated sugar, the juice and grated rind of a large lemon, and some stick cinnamon, which last should be removed from the syrup. Put the apples in this syrup in a porcelain kettle, and cover close. Let them simmer, not boil, until they are transparent, but not broken. Remove them with a skimmer to the dish in which they are to be served, boil up the syrup with the lid off, and pour over them.

Apple Custard.—A soft custard made of the yolks of five eggs to a quart of rich milk, and piled up on a dish of compote, renders it a fine dessert dish. The whites should be whipped, and placed on top, with a small island of currant or raspberry jam in the center.

Fried Apples.—It goes "against the grain" to furnish a receipt for *frying* anything; but there are people who still adhere to so obsolete a practice, and will even barbarously fry apples. So if it must be done, let it be done in the best manner. The skillet (not the frying-pan) should be delicately clean, and a little of the sweetest of sweet butter put in it, and heated to the boiling point. Cut tart, juicy apples into round slices (without peeling) a third of an inch thick, fry them quick in the heated butter, browning on both sides, and send to table with boiled pork chops, or an underdone porterhouse steak.

Apple Fool.—Peel, core and thinly slice some apples of a kind that will cook to a soft pulp; put them in a stone jar with sufficient white sugar to sweeten, and two tablespoons of water. Place the jar in a saucepan of hot water, and boil until the apples are very soft. Then turn the apples out of the jar into a bowl, and beat them to a smooth pulp. Let it stand to get quite cold, and then mix sufficient cream with it to soften and tint it. Put in custard glasses, or in a glass dish, and grate a little nutmeg over it. The natural flavor of the apples is most delicate in this dish. and, therefore, any flavoring but the smallest *soupçon* of nutmeg spoils it.

Apple Sauce with Dried Apples.—Soak the apples (one pound) over night in just water enough to cover them, and in the morning add to this half a pint of nice sweet cider, half pound of sugar, and a grating of nutmeg. Let them cook till tender, in fact, till pulpy, adding if you choose a few raisins. If you cannot get cider use lemon, the grated rind and juice, and half the bulk of cider in water. This sauce makes nice pies, but they should be made thick, the crust only thin as well as light and flaky.

Apples for Dinner.—When cook is busy and desserts are scanty, apples will any time be sufficient dessert for sensible people, particularly if a dainty biscuit and modicum of cheese be added to "flavor" the after-dinner coffee. A dish of fine apples never comes amiss, and is a dessert fit for a king, but for a change it may be worth while to indulge the appetite and revive old associations with a favorite pie or pudding.

Eve Pudding.—Put into a mixing bowl half a pound of fine bread crumbs mixed with three ounces of suet chopped and sifted, four tart apples peeled, cored, and chopped, a cup of cleaned currants, the rind and juice of a lemon, a little salt, three eggs, and a little sugar put into a pint of cider, with which it is to be well mixed. Boil in a cloth or mold two hours, and serve with hot liquid sauce flavored with nutmeg.

Apple Pudding.—Stew a half dozen large apples into a nice, smooth sauce, and add while warm a half tablespoon of fresh butter, and sugar enough to make thoroughly sweet. Heat a little butter in the frying-pan, and then pour in a cup of bread-crumbs, which must then be stirred over the fire until they are pale brown. Then sprinkle these on the bottom and sides of a buttered mold; put three well-beaten eggs and half a teaspoon of lemon juice into the apple sauce, then pour it into the mold, strew some of the bread-crumbs over the top, and bake fifteen minutes. Turn out on a hot dish, and serve with wine sauce.

Apple and Quince Tart.—Lay a disc of puff paste on a round tin, and place a strip of paste all round it as for an ordinary jam tart. Spread on the inside a layer of quince marmalade a quarter of an inch thick. Peel and core some apples, cut them in slices a quarter of an inch thick, trim all the slices to the same shape, dispose these slices over the marmalade, overlapping each other, and in some kind of pattern; strew plenty of sugar over, and bake in a quick oven till the apples are a good color.

Apple Snow.—Core a dozen apples; boil them in syrup. Boil half a pound of rice in water and milk till quite soft. When done add cream and sugar to taste. Put the apples in a dish, and fill up with rice. Put on a whip of the whites of eggs and sugar, and place in the oven for a moment, but do not let it brown.

Bird's-Nest Pudding.—Peel and core tart apples; fill the cavities with currant or red raspberry jelly. Place them in a buttered dish, and pour over them a batter made of six tablespoonfuls of prepared flour, four eggs, yolks and whites beaten separate, and a large cup of rich milk. The batter should be well beaten, and almost as thick as cup cake. Pour over and bake until brown; eat with a hot, sweet sauce flavored with lemon or nutmeg.

Apple Charlotte.—Lay slices of bread and butter in a buttered dish, and cover with a thick layer of thinly sliced tart apples (Greenings best), plenty of sugar, a very light sprinkling of salt, and a grating of lemon and nutmeg. Alternate the layers until the dish is full. The last layer should be buttered bread, and this should be covered until just at last, when it should be permitted to brown. When taken out of the oven it should be left to cool, and then a knife slipped round the edge, and the Charlotte turned out upon a flat dish, and sugar sifted over the top.

Apple Marmalade.—Pare and core two pounds of sourish apples; put in an enameled saucepan with one pint of sweet cider and one pound of crushed sugar. Cook with gentle heat for three hours, or until the fruit is quite soft; then squeeze it first through a colander, and then through a sieve. Flavor to taste, and then put away in jars.

Gypsy Pie.—Cut shreds of any kind of cold meat, and put them in the bottom of a buttered pudding dish. Cover with finely chopped onion and a light seasoning of salt and pepper. Above this put a very thick layer of quartered apples, sugar, and lemon; then a thin layer of meat and onion. Fill up with apple, sugar, and lemon; cover with a puff paste, and bake till brown in a slow oven. Thinly sliced ham or veal is very nice for this pie, but beef may be used or lamb. It is sometimes called "medley" pie. Very little onion should be used.

English Apple Pudding.—Into a pint of flour put a cup of chopped suet, a saltspoon of salt, and a teaspoonful of Royal baking powder. Mix smooth with water, and roll out into a square sheet which fill with quartered apples. Sprinkle with a dash of lemon juice and a teaspoonful of sugar; wet the edge, and close the four corners together tightly. Pin close in a clean small towel dipped in cold water, and put into a pot of boiling water (with an old plate in the bottom), which keep boiling for one hour and a half. Eat hot with sauce. This suet pastry may be divided and made into dumplings. For baked dumplings use butter and lard instead of suet, or butter alone.

Apple Meringue.—Stew some fine tart apples soft (after they have been peeled and cored), and beat them up with the yolks of three or four eggs, a little salt, some nutmeg, sugar, and lemon (grated). Add a tablespoonful of cream. Fill tart dishes, and bake a light brown. Beat the whites of the eggs to a froth, with powdered sugar, and the juice of the grated lemon, and put on the top, returning them to the oven to lightly brown.

Apples, to Keep.—Pick carefully, and place between dried leaves in a dry barrel. Keep in a cool place. Another method is to roll them separately in thin paper, and lay them on shelves where the air can reach them.

Crab-Apple Sweetmeats.—To one pound of fruit allow one pound of sugar, and one quart of hot water to seven pounds of fruit. Put the sugar and water in a kettle, and let the sugar dissolve. Wipe the fruit clean, and prick it with a coarse needle; the stems leave on. Let the syrup boil, then add the fruit; boil until so tender that it can be pierced with a straw. Take out the fruit carefully so as not to break it, and fill your jars half full. Boil the syrup slowly for five minutes, then pour it hot into your jars. Cover it when cold.

Apple Jelly.—Almost any apple will make jelly, though a hard, sour, juicy apple makes the best, both for keeping and flavor. Peel and core your apples; boil them in a pint of water to every four pounds of apples till the apples are perfectly soft, stirring them occasionally to prevent burning. Strain, without squeezing, through a jelly-bag, measure the juice, and put a pound of loaf sugar to every pint of juice. Put juice and sugar in the preserving-kettle, and boil steadily for half an hour, skimming occasionally. Cool a little, and, if it will not jelly, boil a little longer. Pour into glasses before it cools, and when perfectly cold, cover each glass with a paper wet with alcohol; tie closely and keep in a dry, cool place. The apple remaining in the bag can be stewed with one pound of sugar to two of apples. If flavoring is preferred, lemon-peel, green ginger, or cinnamon can be used.

Apple Pickle.—Core six good-sized cooking apples and six russet apples, slice them as for a tart, but do not peel them. The cooking apples will form the soft part of the chutnee, and the slices of russet apples should look like sliced mangoes. Put them into a pint of red vinegar, add a pound of moist sugar and four ounces of sultana raisins, boil together until the apples are soft. Have two ounces of onions ready, chopped finely, four ounces of salt, two ounces each of mustard and ground ginger, mixed smoothly, with a little vinegar; stir these ingredients into the apple, sugar, and vinegar while hot; add half an ounce of cayenne pepper, or for some tastes a quarter of an ounce is sufficient; stir the chutnee well, and then bottle when cold.

Yorkshire Pudding.—Make a batter with five tablespoonfuls of flour, one egg, and about a pint of milk. Put some of the fat out of the dripping-pan into the Yorkshire pudding tin, and when it is boiling hot pour in the batter. Bake it in the oven for half an hour, and set it for a few minutes in front of the fire under the meat. Most recipes order more egg, which is the cause of the pudding so often being tough. The tin should be large enough to allow the pudding to be from a quarter to half an inch thick.

Economical Rice Pudding.—Two large tablespoonfuls of rice to one quart of milk, one small cup of white sugar, one cup of cut-up raisins. Let it stand in a warm place three hours, and bake one hour. The addition of one or two eggs spoils the pudding, rendering it firm and dry. Four eggs and half the rice, previously boiled, will make a delicious custard, with a few grains of rice at the bottom.

Welsh Rarebit is delicious when made after this fashion. Half a pound of cheese, three eggs, one small cup of bread crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, mustard and salt to taste. After beating the eggs in an earthen dish add the other ingredients, then spread on the top of slices of bread, toasted or not as you choose, and set in the oven to melt.

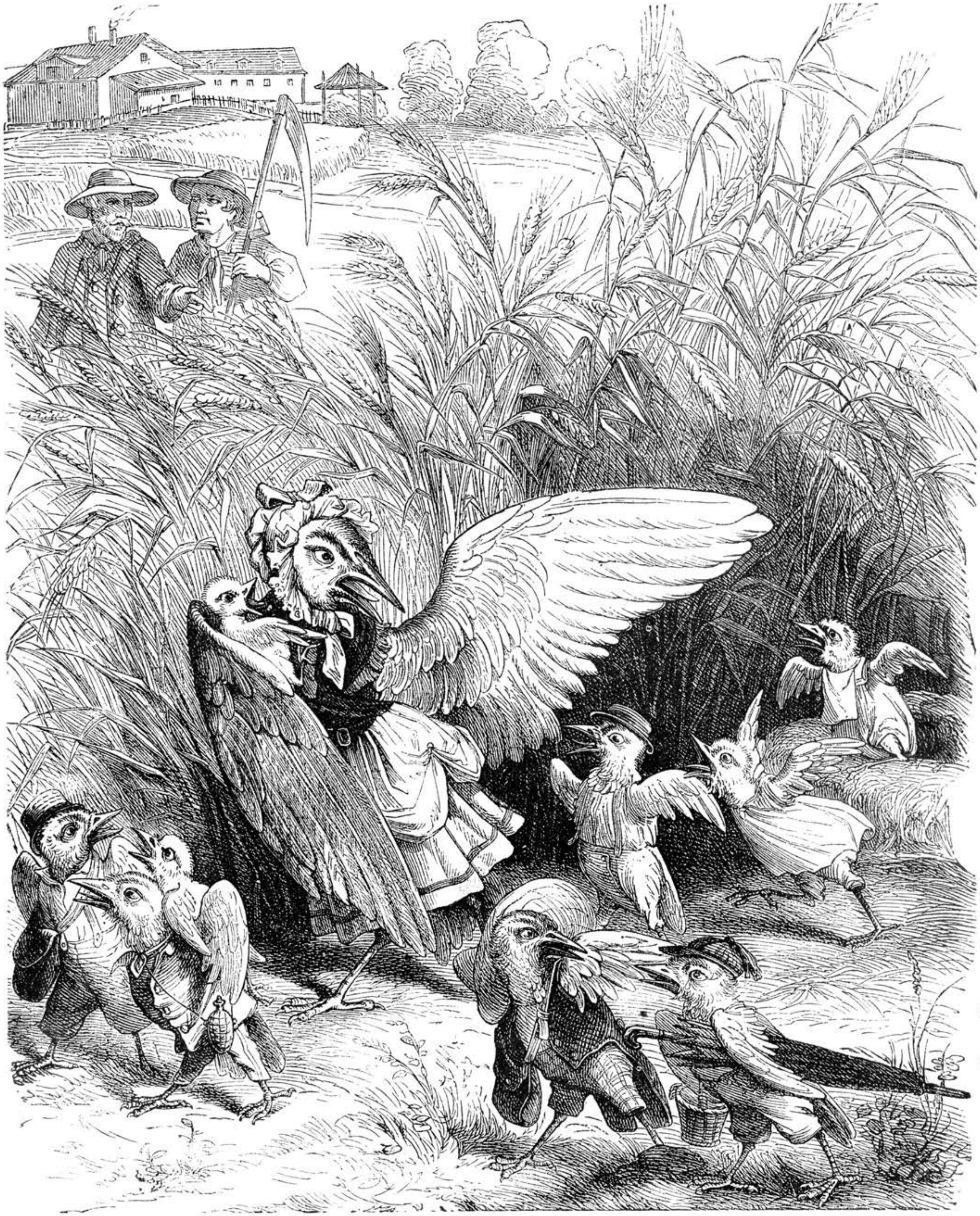
A Quick Cake is made of one cup of sour milk, one cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, one egg, one cup of raisins (stoned and chopped), one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little hot water, one teaspoonful of spices, and two cups and a half of flour. This should be eaten while fresh, but if it is not, after two or thee days, beat the white of an egg to a froth and add sugar enough to make a frosting for the top of the cake.

Lemon Sponge.—Put one ounce of gelatine into one pint of cold water, let it stand five minutes, then dissolve it over the fire, add the rind of two lemons thinly pared, three-quarters of a pound of lump sugar, and the juice of three lemons; boil all together two minutes, strain it, and let it remain till nearly cold, then add the white of two eggs well beaten and whisk it well ten minutes; put it lightly into a glass dish.

Very Nice currant fritters are made of one cup and a half of very fine bread crumbs, one tablespoonful and a half of flour, one cup and a half of sweet milk, one quarter of a pound of well-washed English currants (drain the currants thoroughly), two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a small lump of butter. Flavor with cinnamon or nutmeg to suit your taste; drop in spoonfuls in hot lard and fry until done. Eat with wine and sugar.

Potato Salad.—Two good-sized boiled potatoes, one teaspoonful of pulverized sugar, one tablespoonful of oil, half a teaspoonful each of salt, pepper, and made mustard, a spoonful of Worcestershire sauce, one raw egg well beaten, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Mash the potatoes and rub through the sieve, then add the other ingredients, beating them thoroughly together; then pour the dressing over the potatoes which have been boiled, cooled, and cut in small pieces. This dressing is excellent with fish or cold meat.

Potato Cakes.—Take ten ounces of floury potatoes, boiled and smoothly pounded; when just warm add gradually a little salt, six ounces of flour, and three ounces of butter; no liquid is required. When the ingredients are thoroughly mixed, roll the dough into thin cakes the size of a captain's biscuit; bake in a moderate oven, or on a griddle; when done, split open, butter well, and serve very hot.



From a Victorian Scrap Album

STUDY OF A CAT-BIRD.

For more than eight months a cat-bird has lived in my house, passing his days in freedom in the room where I sit at work, and his nights in a cage not six feet from my head.

Having spent a summer in watching his ways in his home, and acquiring a proper respect for his intelligence, I now wished to test him under new conditions, to see how he would adapt himself to our home, and I found the study one of the most absorbing interest.

He had been caged a few weeks only, but he was not at all wild, and he soon grew so accustomed to my silent presence that, unless I spoke, or looked at him, he paid no attention to me. By means of a small mirror and an opera-glass I was able to watch him closely in any part of the room, when he thought himself unobserved.

To the loving student of bird ways his feathered friends differ in character, as do his human ones. My cat-bird is a decided character, with more intelligence than any other bird I have observed. The first trait I noticed, and perhaps the strongest, was curiosity. It was extremely interesting to see him make acquaintance with my room, the first he had ever been free to investigate.

Usually with birds long caged, it is at first hard to induce them to come out. I have been obliged actually to starve them to it, placing food and water outside, and repeating it for many days, before they would come out freely, and not be frightened. Not so with the cat-bird. The moment he found that a certain perch I had just put into his cage led into the room through the open door, he ran out upon it, and stood at the end, surveying his new territory.

Up and down, and on every side, he looked, excited, as the quick jerks of his expressive tail said plainly, but not in the least alarmed. Then he took wing, flew around and around several times, and at last, as all birds do, came full speed against the window, and fell to the floor. There he stood, panting. I spoke to him, but did not startle him by a movement; and in a few minutes he recovered his breath, and flew again, several times, around the room.

As soon as he became accustomed to using his wings and learned, as he did at about the second attempt, that there was a solid reason why he could not fly to the trees he could see so plainly outside the window, he proceeded to study the peculiarities of the new world he found himself in. He ran and hopped all over the floor, into every corner; tried in vain to dig into it, and to pick up the small stripes on it. (The floor was covered with matting.) That being thoroughly explored, — the lines of junction of the breadths and the heads of the tacks, the dark mysteries of far under the bed and the queer retreat behind the desk, — he turned his attention to the ceiling. Around and around he flew slowly, hovering just under it, and touching it every moment with his bill, till that was fully understood to be far other than the blue sky, and not penetrable. Once having made up his mind about anything, it was never noticed again.

The windows next came under observation, and these proved to be a long problem. He would walk back and forth on the top of the lower sash, touching the glass constantly with his bill, or stand and gaze at the pigeons and sparrows, and other objects outside; taking the liveliest interest in their doings, and now and then gently tapping, as if he *could* not understand why it was impossible to join them. If it had not been winter, his evident longing would have opened windows for him; a pining captive being too painful to afford any pleasure.

But he soon became entirely contented, and, having satisfied himself of the nature of glass, seldom looked out, unless something of unusual interest attracted his attention: a noisy dispute in the sparrow family, trouble among the children of the next yard, or a snowstorm, which latter astonished and disturbed him greatly, at first.

The furniture then underwent examination. Every chair round, every shelf, every table and book, every part of the bed, except the white spread, of which he always stood in awe, was closely studied, and its practicability for perching purposes decided upon. My desk is an ever fresh source of interest since its contents and arrangements vary. The top of a row of books across the back is his regular promenade, and is carpeted for his use, with a long strip of paper. There he comes the first thing in the morning, and peers over the desk to see if I have anything for him, or if any new object has arrived. Here he gets his bit of apple or raisin; here meal worms are sometimes to be had; and here he can stand on one foot and watch the movements of my pen, which he does with great interest. Occasionally he finds an open drawer, into which he delights to go, and continue his explorations among postage-stamps and bits of rubber, pencils and other small things, which he throws out on the floor, with always the possibility of discovering what is still an enigma to him, a rubber band, to carry off for his own use, as I will explain further on.

The walls and the furniture understood, he proceeded with his studies to the objects on the table. A mechanical toy interested him greatly. It moved easily, and the wind of his wings, alighting near it the first time, joggled it a little. He turned instantly, amazed to see signs of life where he did not expect them. For a moment he stood crouched, ready for flight if the thing should make hostile demonstrations. Seeing it remain still, he touched it gently with his bill. The toy moved, and he sprung back. In a moment it was still, and he tried again; and he did not leave it till he had fully exhausted its possibilities in the way of motion.

At another time he saw his bath-tub, a tin dish, standing upon a pitcher. He alighted on the edge. It was so poised that it shook and rattled. The bird flew in a panic to the top of a cornice, his usual place of refuge, and closely watched the pan while it jarred back and forth several times. Apparently seeing that it was a harmless motion, he again flew down to the same spot; and the rattle and shake did not drive him away till he had seen if there was still a drop of water left for him in the bottom of the dish.

One day, in his travels about the floor, he found a marble. It was too large to take up in his mouth, so he tried to stab it, as he does a grape. The first peck he gave sent it rolling off, and he hastily retreated to the cornice. When it stopped he returned and tried it again. This time it sprang toward him. He gave one great leap, and then, ashamed of his fright, stood and waited for it to be still. Again and again he tried to pierce the marble, till he was satisfied that it was not practicable, when he abandoned it forever.

There is one mystery in the room not yet penetrated, though it is a subject of the deepest longing: it is my waste-basket; the contents are so varied and so attractive. He will stand on the edge, hop all around it, and view it from every side; but it is so deep and narrow that he evidently does not dare to venture further. Every day he goes to the edge, and gazes sadly and earnestly, but is never satisfied.

This interest in my doings is always intense, and at every fresh movement he will come down to the corner nearest me, if in his cage, or alight on the back of my desk, if out, and peer at me with closest attention. One thing that seems to amaze and confound him is my appearance in a different dress. "What sort of a monster is this," his manner will say, "which can change its feathers so rapidly and so often?"

If I want him to go into his cage, or to any part of the room, I need only go there myself and put some little thing there, or even appear to do so; and as soon as I leave he will rush over to see what I have done.

Next to his curiosity is his love of teasing. The subject furnishing opportunity for a display of this quality is a cardinal grosbeak, which cannot be coaxed to leave his cage. The latter is the older resident, and he did not receive the cat-bird very cordially. In fact, he grew cross from the day the latter arrived, and snarled and scolded every time he came near. The cat-bird soon found out that his enemy never left the cage, and since then has considered the cardinal a fit subject for annoyance. He will alight on the cardinal's cage, driving him nearly frantic; he will stand on a shelf near the cage, look in, and try to get at the food dish,— all of which is in the highest degree offensive, and calls forth violent scolds and screams of rage. Finally, he will steal a grape or bit of fruit stuck between the wires, when the cardinal will fairly blaze with wrath. At one time the cat-bird indulged in promenades across the top of the cage, until the exasperated resident resorted to severe measures, and by nipping his toes succeeded in convincing his tormentor that the top of his house was not a public highway.

Worse than all his other misdeeds, however, was a deliberate insult he paid to the cardinal's singing. This ardent musician was one day sitting down on his perch, as he is fond of doing, and singing away for dear life, when the cat-bird alighted on the window sash, close by the cage. The singer kept his eye on him, but proceeded with the music till the end of the strain, when, as usual, he paused. At that instant the cat-bird gave his tail one upward jerk, as if to say, "Humph!" I noticed the insulting air, but I was surprised to see that the cardinal appreciated it, also. He began again at once, in much louder tone, rising to his feet, — which he rarely does, — lifting his crest, swaying back and forth in a perfect rage, glaring at his enemy, and pouring out his usual song in such a flood of shrieks and calls that even the calm cat-bird was disturbed, and discreetly retired to the opposite window. Then the cardinal seated himself again, and stopped his song, but gave vent to his indignation in a most energetic series of sharp "tsips" for a long time.

Quite different is the cat-bird's treatment of two English goldfinches. On them he plays jokes, and his mischievous delight and his chuckling at their success are plain to see. One of them — Chip, by name — knows that when he is in his cage, with the door shut, he is safe, and nothing the cat-bird can do disturbs him in the least; but the other — Chipee — is just as flustered and panic-stricken in her cage as out, and the greatest pleasure of his life is to keep her wrought up to the fluttering point. He has a perfect perception of the difference between the two birds. When both are out he will chase them around the room, from cornice to cornice; drive them away from the bath, which they all have on a table, purely for fun, as his manner shows. But once caged, he pays no further attention to Chip, while always inventing new ways to worry Chipee. He alights on the perch between the cages, crouches down, with eyes fixed upon her and tail jerking, as if about to annihilate her. She flies in wild panic against the wires, to his great gratification. Then he ruffs himself up to look terrible, spreads his legs wide apart, blusters, and jerks his body and wings and tail, making feints to rush at her, till she is so frightened that I take pity on her and drive him away.

One day, when she was more nervous and he more impish than usual, I covered her cage with a towel. He came back as soon as I had left it, and proceeded to inquire into this new screen. After looking at it sharply on all sides, he went around behind the cage, pulled at the end of the towel, and peeped in. She fluttered, and he was pleased. I arranged it more securely, and the next performance was to take hold with his bill, and shake it violently. This also remedied, his last resource was to come down on the end of the perch with a bounce, making much more noise than usual; he generally alights like a feather. After each bounce he would stand and listen, and the flutter he always heard delighted him hugely. As long as they lived in the same room, she never got over her fear, and he never tired of playing pranks around her.

If to learn by experience is a sign of reason in an animal, the cat-bird plainly demonstrated his possession of that quality. He learned very fast by experience. Once or twice alighting on the cane seat of a chair, and catching his claws, taught him that that was not a place for him, and he did it no more. When his claws grew so long as to curve around an ordinary perch, or a book, after being caught once or twice, he managed to accommodate himself to this new condition, and start in a different way. Instead of *diving* off a perch, as he naturally does, he gave a little jump up. The change was very marked, and he caught his claws no more.

He learned to ask to be uncovered in the morning, in about three days. He would begin his uneasiness quite early, flying back and forth violently in the cage, and at last he would call. I wanted to see if he would learn, so the moment he called I would get up and take off the cover which protected him from cold at night. For two or three mornings he did the same, became uneasy, flew a while, and then called, when I at once responded. From the third day he called the instant he wanted to be uncovered, showing no more restlessness, and calling again and again if I did not move at once, at last giving his most harsh cry, and impatiently scolding with rage.

To beg for worms was an easy lesson. Having two or three times received them from a pair of tweezers on my desk, he came regularly; perched on the books; looked at me, then at the cup which had held the worms; then, if I did not get them, opened and closed his bill, and jerked his tail impatiently.

His great delight and mystery is a rubber band, of which I keep two sizes: one hardly larger than a thread, and the other an eighth of an inch wide and two inches long doubled. These he is wild to get; and since he treats them as he does worms, I conclude that their softness and elasticity are deceptive, and a mystery, like the glass, which he cannot solve. At any rate, after beating them on the floor as he does a worm, he always swallows them. He will persist in swallowing even the large ones, and sit puffed out on his perch in evident suffering for hours, before he discovers that he cannot digest it, and at last disgorges it. To find a rubber band is the desire of his heart, and to keep him from it is the desire of mine. At first, when he pounced upon one, he would stand on my desk and swallow it; but after I tried to get it away, he learned cunning. The instant his eye would spy one, generally under some paper in my drawer, he would first glance at me, then snatch the treasure, and instantly fly to the cornice, where I cannot reach him. I always know by the manner of his departure that he has found what he knows, perfectly well, is a forbidden object.

Another thing interesting to observe in the cat-bird is his way of hiding himself, when in plain sight all the time. He simply remains entirely motionless, and one may look directly at him, and not see him, so well does his plain dark dress harmonize with his usual surroundings. Often I come into the room and look about for him, in all his favorite places, — on the cornice, the desk, and before the glass; no bird to be seen. As I move about to look more closely, he will suddenly fly up almost from under my hand. Still as he can keep, his movements are rapid; he is deliberation itself in making up his mind to go anywhere, but once decided he goes like a flash.

When a new bird was introduced into the room, an English song thrush, twice as big as himself, the cat-bird was at first uncertain how to treat him; but in one day he learned that he could frighten him. The small, dark, impish-looking fellow, rushing madly at the big, honest, simple thrush, put him into an uncontrollable panic. As soon as this fact was established the cat-bird became a tyrant. He will not allow him to enjoy anything on the floor, drives him away from the bath, mocks his singing with harsh notes, and assumes very saucy airs towards him.

The worst effect of the thrush's coming, however, was to show me a new trait of the cat-bird's character, — jealousy. The first day or two he sulked, would not go out of his cage, would not touch meat, and though he has gradually returned to his liberty and his meat, he still refuses, now after two months, to alight on my hands for his tid-bits, as he did before.

Nothing is more interesting than to note the variety the cat-bird will give to the cry which at a distance resembles the "mew" of a cat. He has many other notes and calls, besides his exquisite songs, but there is hardly a shade of emotion that he cannot express by the inflection he will give to that one cry. Whether he proclaims a melancholy word by softly breathing it from closed bill, or jerks it out with a snap at the end, as though he bit it off, when he is deprived of some cherished treasure, — as, for instance, a rubber band, — from one extreme to the other, with all the shades between, each expresses a meaning, and each is intelligible to a loving and observing student of his ways.

Olive Thorne Miller.

OUR VIRGINIA CREEPER IN OCTOBER.

Cassell's Family Magazine, 1889

VARIETIES.

Bachelors and Spinsters.—At all ages spinsters are considerably more numerous than bachelors. To make our comparison, however, complete, we must take into account the unmarried women between 15 and 20. These numbered 191,250, so the total number of unmarried women in the metropolis was 545,653, against 462,550 men. If, by a sudden impulse, every bachelor were to take to himself a wife, there would be a balance left over of 83,103 unmarried women. But women are in excess of men almost everywhere in Europe, in spite of the curious fact that the male births in a community invariably outnumber the female. In London there are 1,123 women for every 1,000 men. This is higher than the average for the whole country, which is only 1,055 women to 1,000 of the other sex. The extra number is no doubt largely due to the influx of young women who flock to London hoping to find employment in its innumerable industries. With the metropolitan bachelors may be united the widowers. Circumstances having driven them back again to a solitary existence; the ways of many widowers are for all the world like those of the ordinary bachelor. The number of widowers in London shown by the census of 1881 was 56,833. It is worth observing that there is an excessive number of widowers—and widows as well—living in towns as compared with those resident in the country, arising possibly from their finding the social life there more congenial than the quiet existence of rural districts. The total number of bachelors above 20, we have said, was 291,828 in 1881. They were far outnumbered by the married men of the same age, who were set down as 640,884.—*Leisure Hour.*

Old-fashioned Flowers.—The popular taste does not seek much for novelties in flowers. Indeed, the public is in this matter decidedly conservative and averse to change. This is especially observable in the case of the great mass of Londoners who have come from the country. There is something almost pathetic in the wistful way in which country-born Londoners will hang around the Covent Garden stalls at which in the spring of the year there are displayed the old-fashioned favourites—the pansies and big red daisies, the primulas and polyanthuses, the foxgloves and columbines, the peonies, the daffodils, the wallflowers and hollyhocks, the sweet-williams, the stocks and Canterbury bells, geraniums and fuchsias, tulips and hyacinths. These are the things that grew in the old gardens in the early days when life was less of a struggle, and away yonder in the country, where it seems to them now, all was so placid and so pleasant. There are sentimental associations gathered about these old flowers, and it is very difficult to establish anything fresh in favour with a certain class of flower-buyers.—*Leisure Hour.*

Worth Thinking Of.—Four things come not back—the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, and the neglected opportunity.

What is a Bore?—A bore is a person who spends so much time talking about herself that you can't talk about yourself.

AN ABORIGINAL PILGRIMAGE.

The Zuñi Indians, of New Mexico and Arizona, are now a mere handful of people, but in their keeping is a wonderful history, which perpetuates an ancient cultus related to that of the Toltecs, the Aztecs, and the Incas. Mr. Frank H. Cushing, of the Smithsonian Institution, who by living among them has made a great gain for ethnological learning, will contribute to this magazine an account of his unique experiences. Our present purpose is to give an account of the remarkable pilgrimage of a number of the chief men of Zuñi to "the Ocean of Sunrise." For many years, it had been the dream of some of these men to visit the East, which was to them a land of fable. Tales of its marvels, incredible because inconceivable, from time to time had drifted to them. "The Apaches are bad, but they have been to Washington; the Navajos have been to Washington; all Indians have been to Washington but the still-sitting ones," said the Zuñis. The motives that prompted the expedition were various. On Mr. Cushing's part there was, first of all, the advancement of his work by strengthening the ties between the people and himself; and second, the good of the people by arousing them to a desire for education and advancement through what was to be seen in the East. With the Indian pilgrims the reasons were more complex. At their first council upon the subject, Nai-iu-tchi, the senior priest of the Order of the Bow, into which Mr. Cushing had been initiated the previous autumn, declared that whoever else was to be chosen he certainly must go; and he advanced what was agreed to be the most important of the reasons for undertaking the trip—namely, to bring back to Zuñi sacred water from "the Ocean of Sunrise" or "the Waters of the World of Day."

The primary reason for taking the "water that brings rain, and the water of the sacred medicine altar," as the Zuñis term it, from the Atlantic Ocean was the position of the latter with reference to the sun. Nai-iu-tchi promised Mr. Cushing entrance into the Order of the Kâ-kâ as a reward for the great service of conducting them to the ocean. Otherwise entrance could not have been obtained without marriage into the tribe. The Zuñis say that their gods brought them to a dry and sterile country for a home, but that their forefathers taught them the prayers and songs whereby that land might be blessed with rain. They therefore addressed their prayers to the spirits dwelling in the ocean, the home of all water, as the source from which their blessing came. They believe their prayers brought the clouds from the ocean, guided by the spirits of their ancestors, and the clouds gave the rain. These prayers could not be efficacious, however, without the help of a drop of ocean water to start them aright.

The Zuñis have had a knowledge of the oceans from time immemorial, and, besides the Atlantic and the "Ocean of Hot Water" (the Gulf of Mexico), they speak of the "Ocean of Sunset" and the "Ocean of the Place of Everlasting Snow," and they include all four under the name of "The waters embracing the world." When asked how it was that they knew all about the ocean, one of them said to the writer: "Farther back than a long time ago, our fathers told their children about the ocean of sunrise. We ourselves did not know it. We had not seen it. We knew it in the prayers they had taught us, and by the things they had handed down to us, and which came from its waters."

At the council, when Nai-iu-tchi was told that he had been chosen to go, he repeated the ancient Zuñi tradition of the people that had gone to the eastward in the days when all mankind was one, and said that now "Our Lost Others," as they were called, might be coming back to meet them in the shape of the Americans. The councils now were filled with talk about the Americans, and all the traditions, reports, and rumors ever heard about them were repeated over and over again. Among these was one of the first accounts that had ever been brought to Zuñi concerning us, and it ran thus: "A strange and unknown people are the Americans, and in a far-off and unknown land live they. Thus said Our Old Ones. It is said that they are white, with short hair, and that they touch not their food with their fingers, but eat with fingers and knives of iron, and talk much while eating." At last it was decided who were to form the party. Ki-ä-si or Ki-ä-si-wa, the junior priest of the Order of the Bow, was to accompany his colleague; but only after protracted discussion, for it was firmly believed that, should these two priests by any accident not be back in time for the important ceremonies of the summer solstice, some great catastrophe would befall the entire nation. The other Zuñis chosen for the party were Pa-lo-wah-ti-wa, the governor, or political head-chief of Zuñi, and Mr. Cushing's brother by adoption; Lai-iu-ai-tsai-lu, or Pedro Pino, as he is commonly known, the father of Pa-lo-wah-ti-wa, and formerly governor of Zuñi for thirty years, now a wrinkled old man of between eighty and ninety years; Lai-iu-ah-tsai-lun-k'ia, the priest of the temple and Mr. Cushing's father by adoption; and, finally, Na-na-he, a Moqui who had been adopted into the nation by marriage, a youthful-looking man of thirty-five years, and a member of the Order of the Lesser Fire.

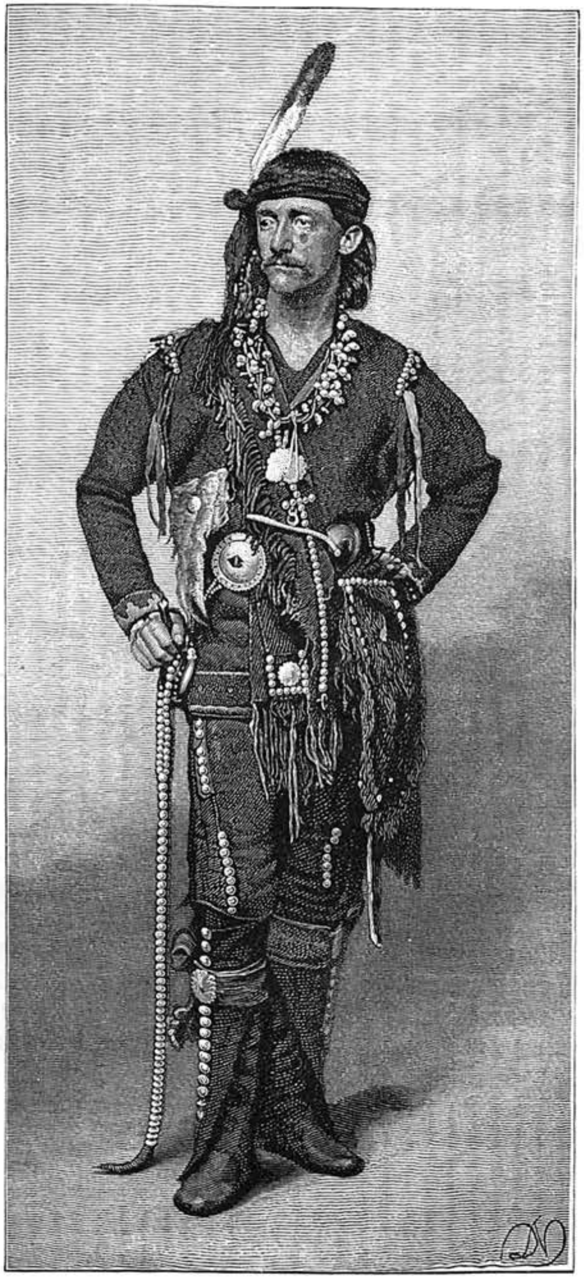
At last the day for departure came, February 22, 1882. Before the Governor's house out-door services were held for the entire population, and the pilgrims were prayed over by the assembled priesthood within. With each there were the parting formalities of an embrace, heart to heart, hand in hand, and breath to breath. Just before the start, Nai-iu-tchi ascended to the house-top and blessed the multitude in a loud voice. The first night they encamped at the piñon-covered foot-hills beyond the summer *pueblo* of Las Nutrias. They arrived at Fort Wingate the next afternoon. In the evening Mr. Cushing exchanged the picturesque Zuñi costume, which had been his garb for nearly three years, for the dress of civilization. The question of his wearing "American clothes" on the trip had been a serious one with the Zuñis, and it was a subject of many deliberations. Assent was given only on the representation that it would displease his brothers the Americans should he not do it, their feeling for conventionality in dress being as strong as that of the Zuñis. This motive was one that appealed to them forcibly and was readily understood.

When they arrived at the railway station the next morning, they stood close beside the track as the locomotive came up, and though three of them, Pedro Piño, Ki-ä-si, and Na-na-he, had never seen a locomotive, they never flinched. As they settled into their seats in the passenger-coach they breathed a long sigh of gratitude, followed by their exclamation of thanksgiving, "*E-lah kwa!*" When the train started they raised the window-sash and prayed aloud, each scattering a pinch of their prayer-meal, composed of corn-meal with an admixture of finely ground precious sea-shells, which they always carried with them in little bags.

During the afternoon they passed the *pueblo* of Laguna, at the sight of which they marveled greatly, saying: "Can it be that the sun has stood still in the heavens? For here in these few hours we have come to a place to reach which it used to take us three days upon our fleetest ponies!" And when at sundown they passed the *pueblo* of Isleta on the Rio Grande, their wonder was greater still. For the next three days they kept pretty closely on board the train, taking their meals in the baggage-car. They had brought with them great quantities of Zuñi food, for fear that they might not like the American diet. It proved afterward that they liked many articles of our *cuisine*, but the variety was too much for them. They thought that the Americans ate too many things and "dared their insides." One of them said one day:

"My inside is not only filled with food, but also with much fighting."

On the second day of the journey, the chief engineer of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad, who was on the train, wanted Mr. Cushing to take one of the Indians on the locomotive. Nai-iu-tchi, who was always



FRANK H. CUSHING.

ready for anything, was selected. He stood unmoved while the whistle was blown at its shrillest, and regarding reverently the action of the locomotive, he exclaimed:

"The Americans are gods, only they have to eat material food!"

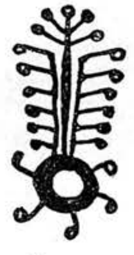
They were deeply interested in the farms that lined the railroad and wondered at their great number, and were struck by the increasing number and size of the rivers as they proceeded eastward, greeting every new body of water with prayers. One day on the train they talked incessantly about their leader, both to him and among themselves. the burden of their talk was what a great man Té-na-tsa-li was; everything had turned out as he had said it would be, and they begged his pardon that they had not fully believed him in Zuñi, not deeming it possible that such wonders as he had described could exist. It showed that the Americans were truthful people, they said, and not liars like the Navajos.

At Quincy there was a long wait for the connecting train of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad, and the conductor who had come with them from Kansas City invited the party to come up into the square with him. This was the first American city into which they had been, and they looked excitedly from one thing to another, each seeing something different and all talking at once, like pleased children.

At the hotel in Chicago they essayed their first meal in American fashion, making laughable attempts with their knives and forks, which the most of them used for the first time. But they were determined to do as the Americans did while in their land, and to honor their customs. At the water-tower in Chicago they were awe-struck in the presence of the mighty engine, and became vexed with Mr. Cushing because he prevented them from touching it, as they wished to, in every part, even where the action was most swift and powerful, with the thought thus to absorb its influence. "What if it should hurt us? It would nevertheless be all right, and just about as it should be!" said they, with their strange fatalism. They prayed before the engine, but not to it, as might have been supposed by some; their prayers were addressed to the god through whom the construction of such a mighty work was made possible.

Chicago-Quin, as they termed it, they called a city of *pueblos*. They said their hotel was a *pueblo* in itself, and they wondered if each of the large blocks of buildings was the dwelling-place of a separate clan of Chicagoans.

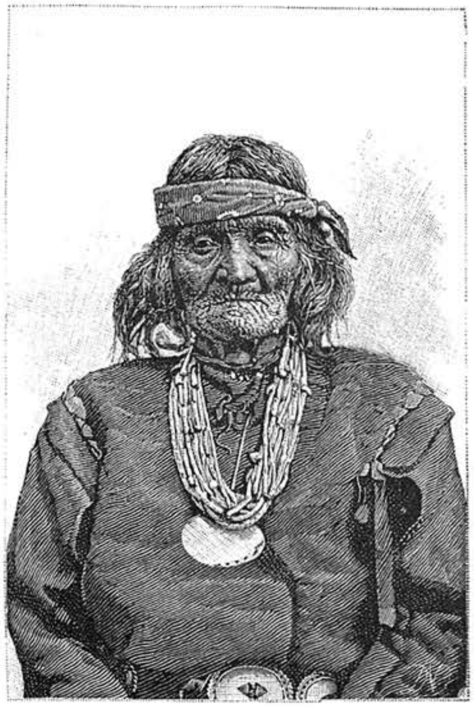
Driving through one of the parks they saw two sea-lions, or walruses, which were kept there. Recognizing that they were ocean animals they almost broke their drivers' arms in their impetuous haste to stop the carriages. They ran up to the animals, exclaiming: "At last, after long waiting, we greet ye, O our fathers!" considering them as "animal gods of the ocean," and began praying most fervently, first forcing a portion of prayer-meal into Té-na-tsa-li's hand. When they came in sight of the lake they could hardly be made to believe that it was not the ocean, and, until convinced that it was fresh water, they wanted to make their sacrifices and perform their ceremonies.



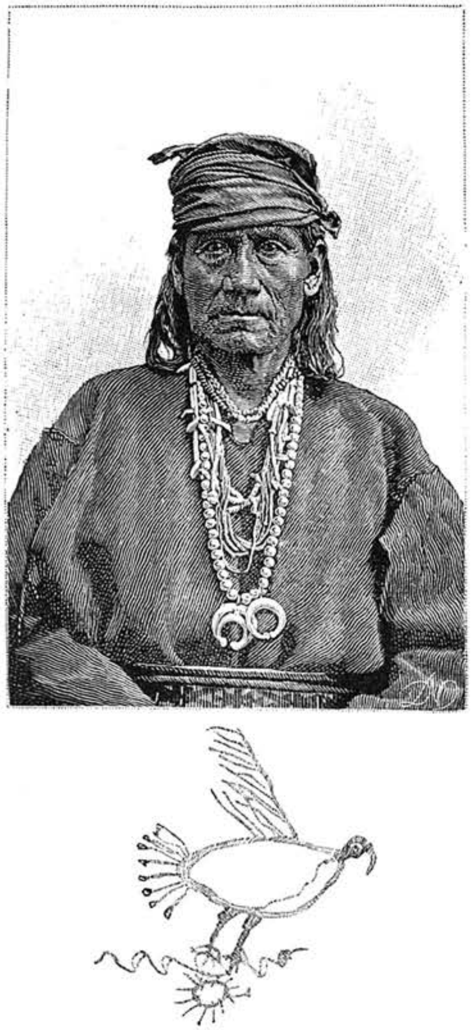
ZUÑI AUTOGRAPH OF F. H. CUSHING. TÉ-NA-TSA-LI OR MEDICINE FLOWER, WAR CHIEF, ORDER OF THE BOW.

It was night when they arrived in Washington, and when told that they were there at last they repeatedly stretched their hands out into the evening air, drawing them to their lips and inhaling, thus absorbing the sacred influence of the place. Arrived at the hotel Mr. Cushing broached to his companions the subject of cutting his hair, which was eighteen inches long, and which was making him unpleasantly conspicuous. His *caciques* desired it, he said, and it would gratify his brothers the Americans, and show them that the Zuñis were considerate of their wishes. The Zuñis could not see how it was that the Americans objected to long hair, which was the crowning glory of a man. They were slow in consenting, and could only be made to at last by the promise from Mr. Cushing that he would have it made up, so that he could wear it beneath his head-band when back at Zuñi, " for," said they, " no one could become a member of the Kâ-kâ without long hair."

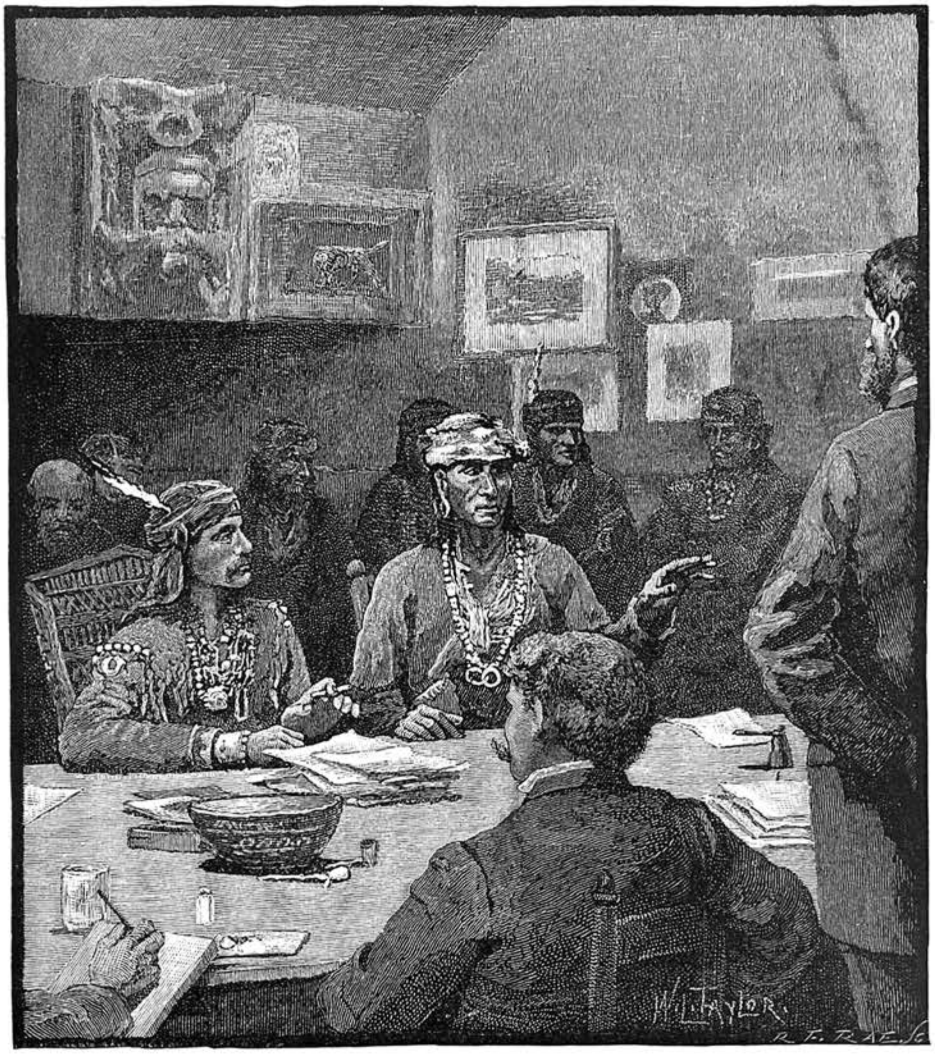
The Zuñis were highly gratified at their reception by President Arthur. Old Pedro Pino was moved to tears at thus " grasping the hand of Washington," which was the crowning event of his life, but his emotion was not so great as at the tomb of Washington, where he wept uncontrollably. The name of Washington was to him connected with the old army officers for whom he had such an affection years before. The old man took a severe chill on the steam-boat going down the Potomac. In his gallantry he refused to leave some ladies who were on deck, and the raw March air was too much for him. But he insisted that at the tomb of Washington, " while he was engaged in prayer, his heart wept until his thoughts decayed," and that was why he was made sick. He was too feeble to undertake the trip to Boston, and he was therefore left at the home of one of the stanchest friends of the Zuñis, Mr. James Stevenson, Mr. Cushing's colleague at the Bureau of Ethnology, and one of the bravest Rocky Mountain explorers of the Geological Survey. It was with Mr. Stevenson's expedition in 1879 that Mr. Cushing went to Zuñi. With Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson old Pedro quickly adapted himself to civilized ways, and even insisted on using a finger-bowl at the table. The old man's iron will was wonderful. One day, after the return of the others from Boston, his son, the Governor, took a notion while strolling out to climb the Washington Monument. He said that he went " up and up and up until his thighs said no," and his semi-humorous account of what he saw from the summit—" no longer the powerful Americans, but little men like ants creeping around on the



PEDRO PINO. LAI-IU-AH-TSAI-LA. FORMERLY GOVERNOR OF ZUÑI FOR THIRTY YEARS.



PORTRAIT AND AUTOGRAPH OF NAI-IU-TCHI, SENIOR PRIEST, ORDER OF THE BOW, CLAN OF THE EAGLES. SUN AND RATTLESNAKE, EMBLEMS OF HIS ORDERS.


W. L. TAYLOR.
R. F. RAE. Sc.

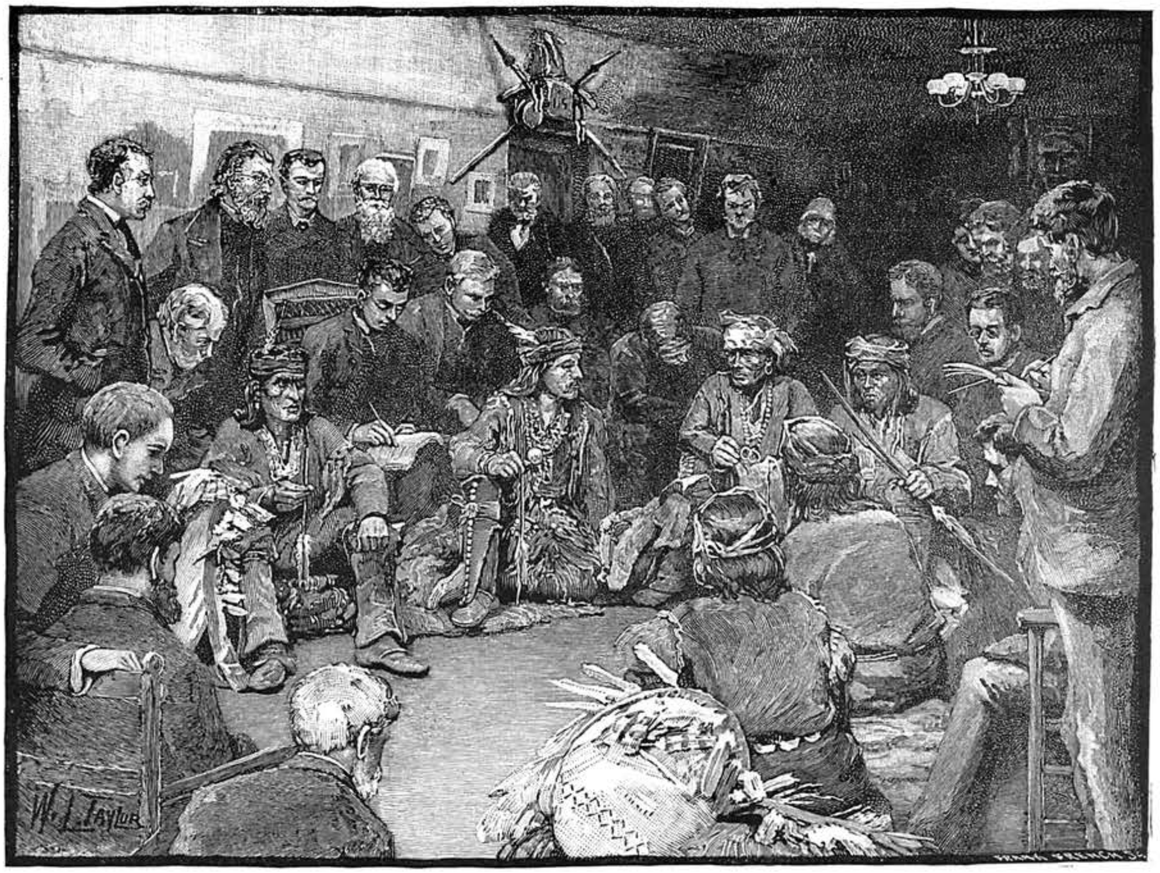
THE ZUÑI'S "STORY." TOLD BY NAI-IU-TCHI AND TRANSLATED BY MR. CUSHING AT THE PAINT-AND-CLAY CLUB.

ground below, and horses no larger than mice, and instead of the great Potomac, a little stream hardly larger than the Zuñi River,"—all this so excited the curiosity of the old fellow that the next day he went quietly out and made the climb himself. It exhausted him so that he could scarcely move, but he was all right again in twenty-four hours.

The ocean ceremony was to be performed at Boston on account of the desire of the Zuñis to get the water as far to the eastward as possible, and because of the interest felt in Mr. Cushing's work by his scientific friends there and in Cambridge. The journey through New England was by daylight, and there were so many streams to pass that before the Indians could put away their bags of prayer-meal they would be required again. Praying was therefore almost incessant.

Their first social experience was at the Paint-and-Clay Club, which thus reciprocated the hospitality shown two of its members at Zuñi the previous summer. It was a most picturesque evening, and the scene was one to delight both civilized and barbarous eyes. The ruddy walls glowed a cheery welcome, and two great high-reliefs upon them—the heads of an Indian and a Norseman, typical of the original possessors and discoverers of our soil—looked approvingly down. The Indians peered curiously about, exploring all nooks and corners, and when they saw the terra-cotta model of one of Barye's tigers, they formed a reverent group and prayed. The striking faces and brilliant native costumes of the Indians, almost wholly of articles made by themselves—beautifully woven serape shirts, deer-skin knee-breeches, and leggings adorned with rows of close-set silver buttons, moccasins and massive silver belts, necklaces of shell, coral, and turquoise—captivated the artists' eyes, and sketch-books and pencils were in use all the evening. The Governor, with his strong profile, was particularly in favor as a subject.

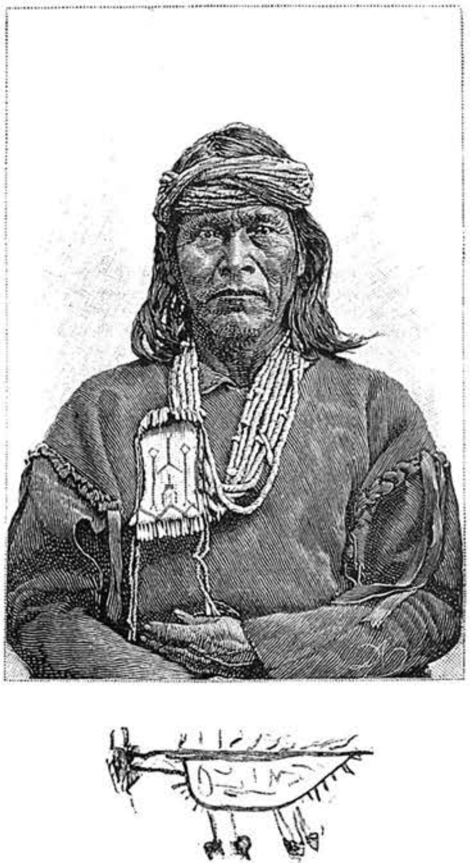
During their stay a thronged reception was held in the historic "Old South" Meeting-house, and Mr. Cushing told about Zuñi



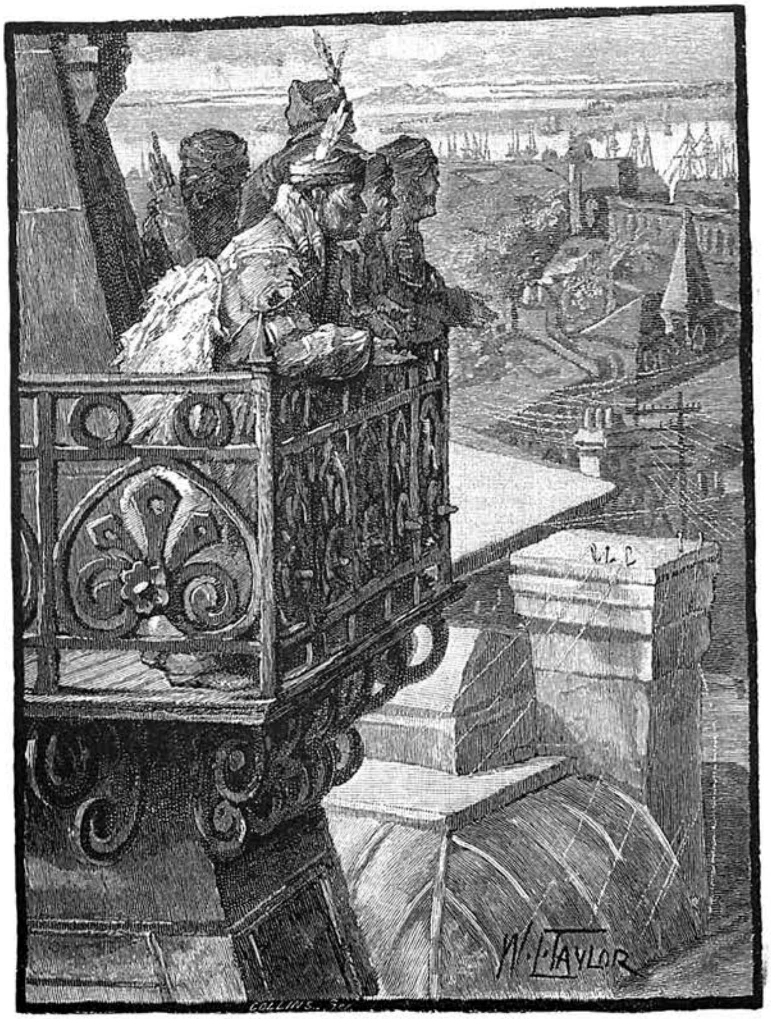
THE "SONG." ZUÑIS AT PAINT-AND-CLAY CLUB.

customs, history, and mythology, while the Indians sang and danced. In one of the folk-lore stories he related there was a passage showing what seems to be an inherent knowledge of one of the great facts of the geological history of their country. It was a story of a young man who followed the spirit of his dead bride. He pursued her over the plains and mountains until he came to a cañon between two mesas, or table-lands. Now, *since the spirit of the earth was there*, the spirit crossed over, but the young man, being mortal, could not pass. Science tells us that the top of the mesas was the ancient level of the country, which has been reduced by the action of the elements, and this the Zuñis also appear to know. All stories seemed to show the intrinsic gentleness of the Zuñi faith, marked though it was by certain cruel and barbarous practices. A cardinal principle appeared to be that even evil things will ultimately become good, their very badness being an instrument to the attainment of that end.

One evening was spent at Wellesley College, with which the Indians were greatly pleased. "E-lu!" (enchantingly beautiful) was their constant exclamation. "What love must the Americans bear their children to send them so far away from home that they may become finished people!" they remarked, and they



PORTRAIT AND AUTOGRAPH OF KI-A-SI, JUNIOR PRIEST, ORDER OF THE BOW, CLAN OF THE BADGERS.



THE FIRST SIGHT OF THE ATLANTIC, AT BOSTON.

dwelt on the beauty of the place and its surroundings, of the hundreds of pretty things there, of their "little land of summer" (the conservatory), and when the time for the train came they could hardly be dragged away.

They were taken to see the negro minstrels one night by invitation of Mayor Green, who took a deep interest in Mr. Cushing's work. At first they were enthusiastic over the clog-dancing and various other feats, and expressed themselves in peculiar shrill cries of approbation. But suddenly they became silent, for they conceived the idea that they were witnessing the mysterious rites of one of the secret orders of America, and they therefore repeatedly stretched out their arms to draw in the spirit of the "holy men" upon the stage.

A memorable day was spent at Harvard University. A visit to the Peabody Museum of Archæology resulted in the discovery by Mr. Cushing of a close relation between the religion of the Incas of Peru and that of the Zuñis. That afternoon there was an athletic tournament by the Harvard students in the gymnasium, at which the Indians were fairly beside themselves with delight at the performances. They maintained that the students must be members of a grand "order of the Elks," an athletic order of the Zuñis, since to achieve such skill they must surely be inspired by the gods.

After a short acquaintance the marked individuality of each Indian was noticeable. The Governor's grave face would occasionally light up with an expressive smile, betraying a decided feeling for humor. Nại-iu-tchi had a genial, contemplative look, a kindly placidity of countenance, and he was full of poetry, telling folk-lore stories charmingly. Ki-ä-si was of a stern, ascetic nature. Old Lai-iu-ah-tsai-lun-k'ia was characterized by extreme amiability and reflectiveness, and the striking resemblance of his profile to that of Dante was frequently spoken of. Na-na-he was a great favorite with the ladies.

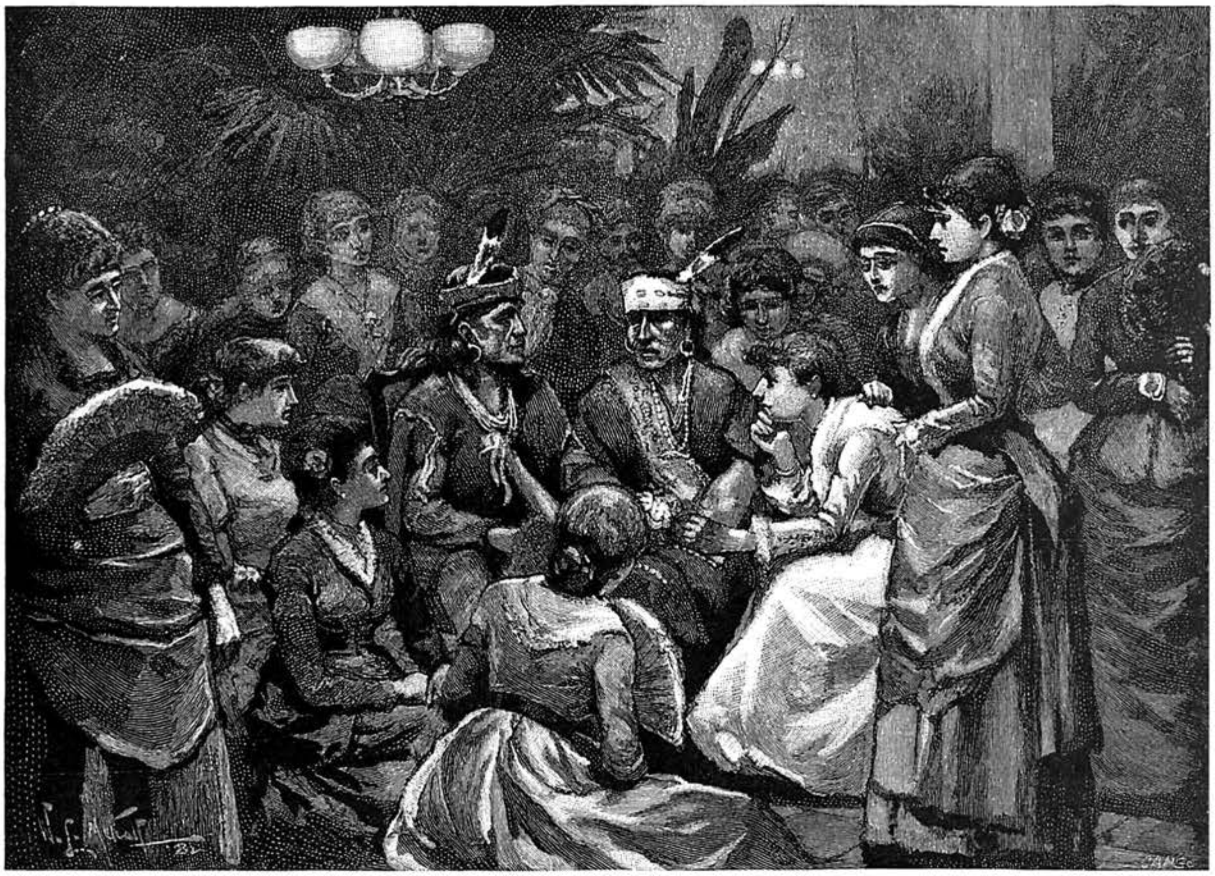
They had a way of giving names to people with whom they were often in contact. A reporter who was constantly with them they called O-ma-tsa-pa, the Little Sunflower, which with them is an emblem of smiling cheerfulness. Three of Mr. Cushing's friends, of whom they saw a good deal, were adopted formally, two by Nai-iu-tchi, and one by Lai-iu-ah-tsai-lun-k'ia. The names given them were K'ia-u-lo-ki (the Great Swallow), O-nok-thli-k'ia (the Great Dance Plume), and Thlí-a-kwa (the Blue Medicine Stone, or Turquoise), all names of great honor, being those of sacred objects. The following was the prayer said by Nai-iu-tchi on the adoption of the last:

> "My child! this day I take you in my arms and clasp you strongly, and if it be well, then our father the sun will, in his road over the world, rise, reach his zenith, hold himself firmly, and smile upon you and me that our roads of life may be finished. Hence I grasp you by the hand with the hands and hearts of the gods. I add to thy wind of life, that our roads of life may be finished together. My child, may the light of the gods meet you! My child, *Thlí-a-kwa*."

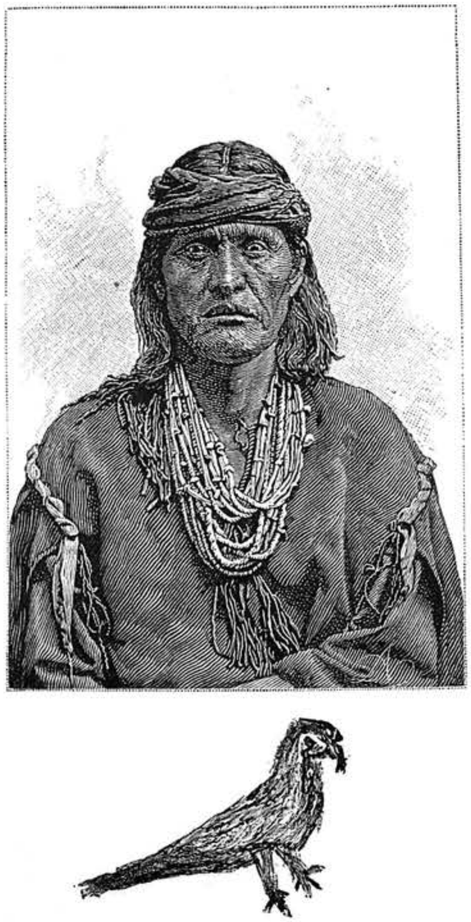
They visited Salem on the invitation of Professor E. S. Morse, and inspected his collection of Japanese articles. For Japanese art they had conceived a great veneration, saying that in one respect another people excelled the Americans—the art of making things beautiful to the eye. They here found many astonishing similarities to objects of their own mythology; among them the Great Swallow of the Sky, and their sacred turtles. The latter led them to mention a particularly revered mythological animal with them—the turtle with hair on his back; and great was their wonder when a Japanese representation of one was straightway produced.

They had been told of the persecution of the witches at Salem, and as witchcraft is a capital crime in Zuñi, they heartily commended the work, and said that it was on account of the energetic steps taken in those times that the Americans were prosperous to-day, and rid of the curse of witchery. At the public reception held for them in Salem, when told they were in the famous city of the witches, they fell into an animated discussion of the matter among themselves there on the platform. Ki-ä-si, when invited to address the audience, preached a little sermon on witchcraft, which would have pleased old Cotton Mather himself. He thanked the good people of Salem for the service they had done the world, and gave them some advice how to deal with witchcraft should it ever trouble them again. "Be the witches or wizards your dearest relatives or friends, consider not your own hearts," said he, "but remember your duty and spare them not; put them to death!"

They had been in Boston several days, and had not yet seen the ocean. One morning they were taken up into the tower of a lofty building. They stretched out their arms in adoration, and scattered their sacred meal. When the silence was broken, old Nai-iu-tchi



THE RECEPTION AT WELLESLEY COLLEGE.

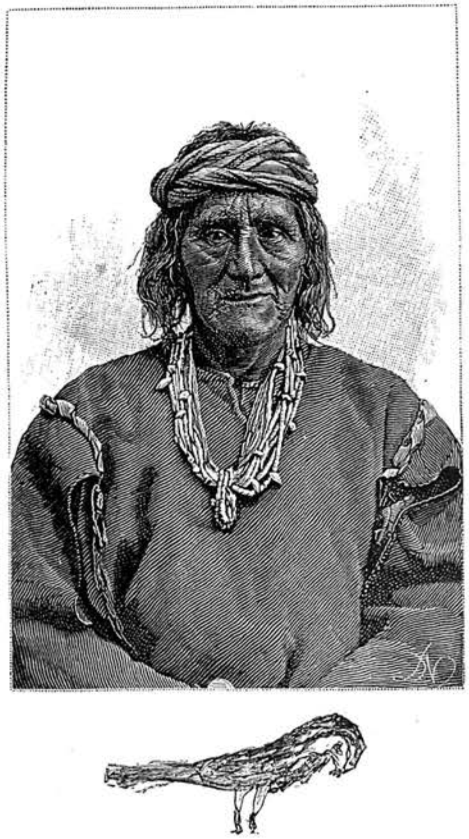


PORTRAIT AND AUTOGRAPH OF PA-LO-WAH-TI-WA, GOVERNOR OF ZUÑI, OR HEAD POLITICAL CHIEF. CLAN OF THE MACAWS.

exclaimed: "It is all as Our Old Ones said, and as I knew I should find it. The blue-black line out there is the ocean, and the marks of white are the foam it throws up when it is angry." They looked over the sea of buildings spreading out uninterruptedly, far beyond the city limits, and said: "See, on one side the ocean; on the other a world of houses—the great *pueblo* of Boston!"

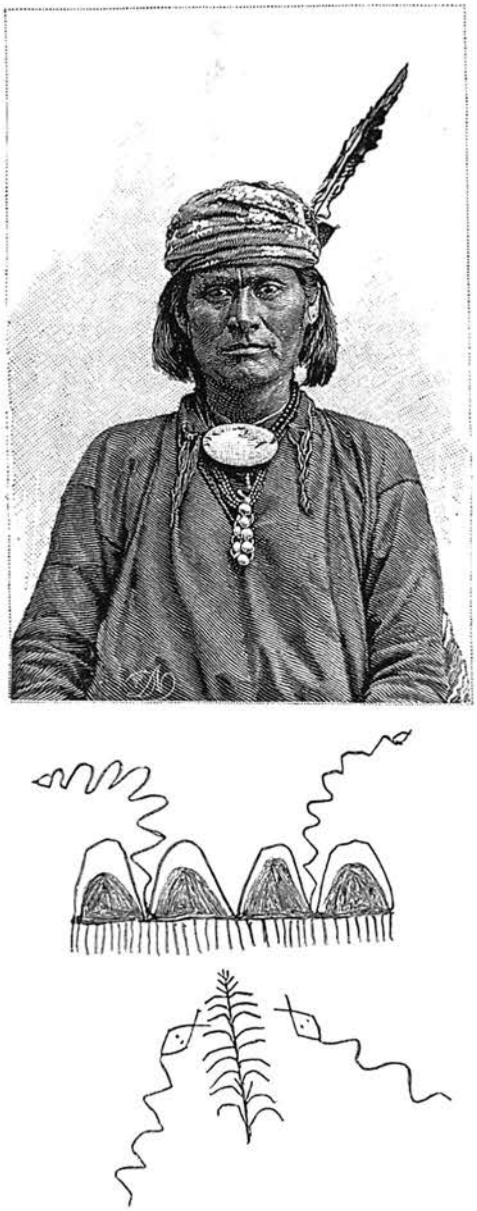
After a week of sight-seeing, the day set for the rites at the sea-side arrived. It had been a week of chilly March weather, with rain and gray skies, fog, sleet, and few hours of sunshine, so that the Zuñis gave Boston the name of "the City of Perpetual Mists." It was, however, a fortunate city in their eyes to be blessed with so much moisture. In the afternoon, a special steamer took on board a company invited by the mayor and started for Deer Island. The Indians were given seats in the large pilot-house. As the boat sped out into the harbor the Indians fell at once to praying, and did not look up until the boat had nearly reached Deer Island.

Here a tent had been provided, and in this the Indians and Mr. Cushing costumed themselves for the ceremonial in accordance with their sacred ranks in the various orders of the tribe. Nai-iu-tchi, the senior priest of the Bow and traditional priest of the Temple, was distinguished by a small bunch of feathers tied to his hair, over the crown of the head, composed like those of the plume-sticks sacrificed at the summer solstice, with added plumes to the gods of the ocean, or priest-god makers of the "roads of life." He—with the other three members of the Order of the Bow, Ki-ä-si, Pa-lo-wah-ti-wa, and Mr. Cushing—was distinguished by bands and spots of a kind of plumbago filled with shining particles upon the face—the war-paint of the Zuñis, and probably representing the twinkling stars, which are the gods of war. Lai-iu-ah-tsai-lun-k'ia wore a plume like Nai-iu-tchi's, with an added white plume as medicine priest of the Order of the Little Fire. His only paint was a faint streak of yellow, the color of the Kâ-kâ. Ki-ä-si wore upon his war-bonnet his plume of membership in the Order of the Bow, and an eagle-feather as a member of the Order of Coyotes or Hunters. All the members of the Bow wore across their shoulders their buckskin badges of rank, and the two priests of the order carried war-clubs, bows, quivers, and emblematic shields. Pa-lo-wah-ti-wa wore a red eagle plume, the mark of his rank as chief warrior of the Little Fire Order. Na-na-he wore also a red plume and white eagle



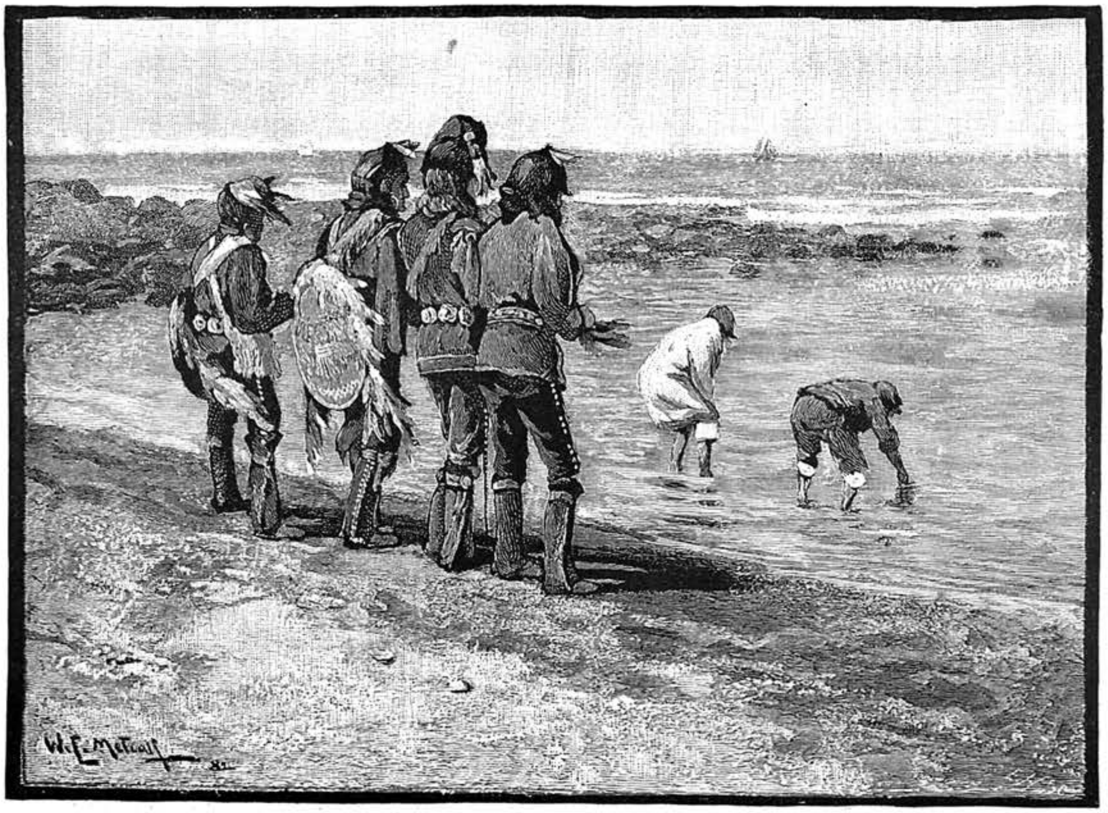
PORTRAIT AND AUTOGRAPH OF LAI-IU-AH-TSAI-LUN-K'IA, PRIEST OF THE TEMPLE, OR MEDICINE CACIQUE. CLAN OF THE PARROTS.

plume, indicating his rank in the Little Fire and Rattlesnake Orders, and for the same reason was painted with red about the eyes, with yellow of the Kâ-kâ beneath. After the arrangement of their paraphernalia they were faced to the east, and Nai-iu-tchi blew over them the sacred medicine-powder of the flowers (yellow pollen), designed not only to insure good feeling from the gods, but also to make the hearts of all strangers present happy toward themselves.



PORTRAIT AND AUTOGRAPH OF NA-NA-HE, OR CORNFLOWER. MOQUI, MEMBER OF LITTLE FIRE ORDER IN ZUÑI, RATTLESNAKE ORDER IN MOQUI.

Each member took in his left hand the plume-sticks of his order, while the plumes of special sacrifice to the deities of the ocean, as well as the sacred-cane cigarettes prepared and consecrated in Zuñi by the Priest of the Sun, were placed in a sacred basket brought for the purpose. Nai-iu-tchi, who headed the party, carried the ancient net-covered and fringed gourd which had held the water for centuries and was the vessel to be first filled; Lai-iu-ah-tsai-lun-k'ia followed with the basket and two vases of spar; Ki-ä-si and Mr. Cushing came next, each with one of the sacred "whizzers" without which no solemn ceremonial would be complete in the presence of the gods. Last came Pa-lo-wah-ti-wa and Na-na-he. Proceeding at once to the beach, Nai-iu-tchi silently directed the rest to a stony point off to the left, which he deemed preferable to the sandy shore for two reasons: because it entered farther east into the ocean, and because stony points and wild places are considered more frequented by the animal gods, and more acceptable places for the sacrifice of plumes. Sacred meal was there scattered about to form the consecrated bed of the ceremonials, and all squatted in regular order, facing the east and the open sea. Each member grasped in both hands his plumes and began moving them up and down as though to keep time with the song which followed, which was low, plaintive, and filled with expressions of praise and entreaty to the gods of the ocean. At four intervals during the singing of each stanza sacred meal was scattered out over the waves. This song-prayer, or chant, was, like most music of the Zuñis, in perfect unison. With every incoming wave the tide rose higher and higher, soon covering their feet, and at last the rocks upon which they were sitting. Being ignorant of the tidal laws, they recognized in the tide the coming of the beloved gods of the ocean to greet them in token of pleasure at their work. As Mr. Cushing shrank back, they said: "Little brother, be prepared and firm; why should you fear our beloved mother?—for that it should be thus we came over the road unto the land of sunrise. What though the waves swallow us up? They would embrace us, not in anger, but in gratitude for our trust, and who would hesitate to have his light of life cut off by the beloved?" At the close of their song, and urged by Mr. Cushing, the Indians reluctantly moved back to the sandy beach. Here a double row was formed not far from the water, the sacred cigarettes were lit by the two high priests, and after puffs to the six points of the universe—North, West, South, East, and the upper and lower regions—they were handed around. After the saying of a prayer by each, according to rank in the religious orders, the plumed prayer-sticks were invested with the influence of prayer by breathing smoke from the cigarette deeply into the lungs, and then blowing it out among the feathers. These were then taken up, and cast upon the waters.



BURYING THE SACRED PLUME-STICKS IN THE OCEAN.

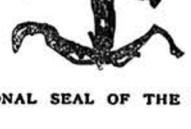
The vessels were then grasped by Nai-iu-tchi and Lai-iu-ah-tsai-lun-k'ia, who, with bared legs and feet, waded into the sea and poured upon its surface the "meal of all foods," brought for the purpose from Zuñi. Then, first sprinkling water to the six regions and upon the assembled multitude, they dipped the sacred vessels full, and, while they were standing knee-deep engaged in prayer, Ki-a-si and Mr. Cushing advanced, dipping the points of their whizzers into the water, and followed them in prayer. The two priests started up out of the water, and the latter began, the one to the left and the other to the right, to whirl their whizzers, and followed the four others toward the tent. Inside, they formed in a row and sang a song celebrating the acquisition of the waters—a strange chant, which, from its regularity and form, Mr. Cushing considered traditional, yet which he had never before heard of. At the close of each stanza was the refrain:

"Over the road to the middle of the world [Zuñi]
thou willst go!"

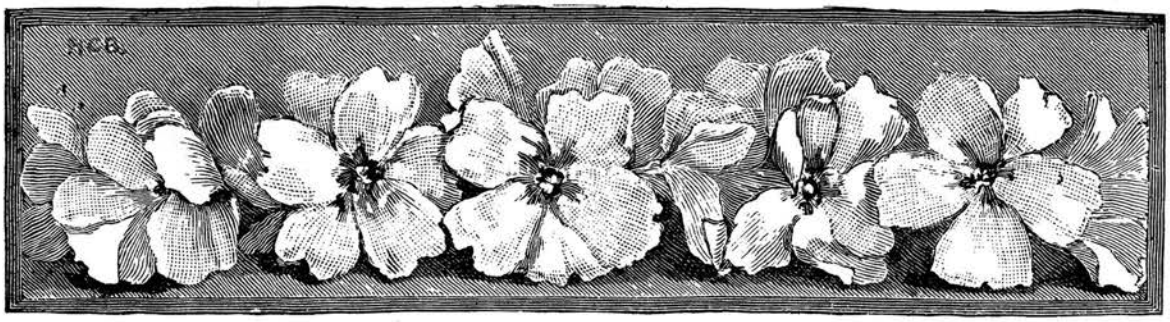
On each repetition of this their hands were stretched far out toward the west, and sacred meal was scattered still farther in that direction. A prayer in which consideration was asked for the children of the Zuñis, of the Americans, and of all men, of the beasts and birds of the world, and of even the creeping and most vile beings of earth, and the most insignificant, concluded the ceremonial. The Indians then seized the seven demijohns given them by the city, which, with their patent wooden covering, looked like models of grain-elevators, and took them down to the beach, where they filled them without farther ceremony.

Before their return to the city a rite unexpected to Mr. Cushing followed, being the first step toward his initiation into the Kâ-kâ. It consisted of baptism with water taken from the sea, and embraces, with prayers. It was the ceremonial of adoption before the gods and in the presence of the spirits, preliminary to introduction into any of the orders of the Zuñis.

Sylvester Baxter.



NATIONAL SEAL OF THE ZUÑIS.



LEISURE.

THE following thoughts have been thrown together only from a desire to call attention to one of the helps towards making life more easy, and more really useful, than it often proves to be for those who recognize no necessity to accept any leisure. No saying (good in itself) seems to us more misused than that of "its being better to wear out than rust out;" in these days nobody with any good stuff in him is likely to "rust out," but a great many "wear out," and in the process of "wearing," cloud many a home with irritable tempers, and cause goodness itself to be considered "a bore," because it is put in so unattractive a form. We do wish some one would start a "leisure society," and have the courage to recommend its use, instead of so many "early rising," and "late going to bed" societies. We really run a great risk of becoming ourselves, and certainly of producing a very irritable, worn, peevish-tempered generation, if not of losing that glory of the American matron, the handsome, genial woman of forty and more.

Let us not be misunderstood that we grudge time or energy to home duties, but only that among them should be counted leisure. After a time of leisure, with what spirit and good humor can we return to the inevitable drudgeries of housekeeping and collision with the rubs of life, and how much better will our duties be performed!

Leisure is not having a bit of knitting at hand to take up while talking is going on, or waiting for others to go out, in order to feel one is doing something; it is not snatching ten minutes to write to an old friend, nor is it stealing half an hour to read a book. It has a far more restful meaning than that, as may be seen by turning to the word in a dictionary of derivations.

Very few of those who are likely to read this have such robust health and spirits as to be able to reach middle life without regretting misused strength, and if they look back, they find that it would have husbanded much useful power, spirits, and temper, had they not lived the whole of the working hours at a stretch.

When the time of emergency comes, a reserve of nerve and good temper will be found to repay them well for the effort it was to obtain a fair share of leisure. The very manner and look of a person who is not always "on the drive" has an inexplicable charm to those they meet in the daily routine of life, and we are sure that the feeling of ease, confidence, and repose which we experience in the society of some of our friends, can be traced much more to the calmness which a fair share of leisure brings, than to any very remarkable good fits in their character. Of those we seek to benefit, it is often thought that, because their position in the family is not that of the "bread-winner," their lives are little more than a holiday seasoned by some wholesome work. We contend for them that they should have their fair share of leisure.

A great deal of this constant hurry and overwork is the result of the love of excitement and the restlessness of the age; but we must not be drawn into this whirlpool of restlessness, nor must we join in a laugh against those who rightly claim some real leisure. Each person must decide for himself how best to obtain it; some may spend it in religious meditation or reading; some, if possible, out-of-doors; some in the lighter part of their favorite pursuit — literature, music, drawing, needlework; some in utter idleness; but to none should be denied the blessing of feeling, "For such a time I am my own master — I am at leisure."—*Selected.*

HOME MANAGEMENT MONTH BY MONTH.

SEPTEMBER.

THE proper drying of herbs for winter use is a part of household management which, I think, does not receive as much attention as it deserves, and yet what a difference there is between the flavour of properly-dried herbs and that of those which we buy in bottles ready dried! And so in my letter this month I propose to give a few hints on the subject.

Let us imagine ourselves in an old-fashioned garden, with its herb-bed properly looked after and cultivated, as they were before these degenerate times when everything is manufactured for us, and half the time we little ken what they are composed of. Well, here is our herb-bed, and here we find mint, sage, thyme and tarragon. These will be enough for us to deal with to-day, so we had better set about it.

We will suppose this to be a bright, warm, sunny day, for we must be careful to pick our herbs dry, and they are better if they are picked with the sun on them. Now pick good large handfuls of all the herbs we want—mint, sage, thyme and tarragon. Take them indoors and pick the leaves off the stalks, keeping only those which are good, and discarding any which are worm-eaten or withered. Place the mint, thyme and sage leaves on separate clean dishes in a sunny window to dry, and lay a piece of coarse muslin over the top to keep off the dust. Turn the leaves over from time to time, and in about three days they will be sufficiently dry to put into muslin bags. Tie the bags up securely and hang the bags up in a dry, warm place till the leaves are quite crisp. Then crush the leaves and rub them through a wire sieve to make them quite fine. They may then be put into air-tight tin boxes for use.

The different herbs should be dried, prepared and put away separately; if mixed herbs are required it is easy to take a little of each, but they lose their own particular flavour if they are dried and mixed together.

Many people do not trouble to cover the herbs while they are being dried. They simply tie them up in bundles and hang them up in the kitchen, forgetful or ignorant of the accumulation of dust, etc., which must settle upon them, and I often wonder when I see this whether, if they had any idea of the loss of flavour in the herb and the gain in dust this incurred, they would care to use these so-called "flavourers."

But we still have our tarragon leaves, which we must make use of, so here is a recipe for

TARRAGON VINEGAR.

This should be made just when the plant is blooming. Strip off the leaves, and to every pound of leaves allow one gallon of strong wine vinegar. Place the leaves in a stoneware crock or jug—having first rubbed them in a rough cloth to ensure their being clean. Pour the vinegar on to the leaves, cover the vessel over and allow all to ferment for a fortnight. At the end of the fortnight run the vinegar in which the leaves have been infused, through a piece of flannel, and to every four gallons of liquid allow half an ounce of isinglass dissolved in a quarter of a pint of cider. Put the whole into large bottles for one month to fine, and then put into small bottles for use. Cork up the bottles tightly and seal the corks.

And now that we are making our tarragon vinegar I will give you a recipe for pickled red cabbage, as I have found that a little of the tarragon vinegar (if any is over from bottling) may with advantage be added to our recipe for

PICKLED CABBAGE.

First let us choose the cabbage. I prefer a deep purple one, well grown; see that it has a firm hard heart and that the leaves are packed close together, folding over one another. If you have to go into the market or shop to buy the cabbage, choose one freshly cut. This you can tell by the leaves being crisp and not withered or flabby.

Then prepare your cabbage for pickling as follows. We shall require in addition to the cabbage one quart of best wine vinegar, one ounce of whole black pepper, half an ounce of root ginger (crushed), six cloves, one large handful of salt, one beetroot.

Remove the outer leaves from the cabbage, then cut the firm heart into thin slices, cutting across the cabbage. This is what is called "shredding," and you must be careful to cut the shreds very thinly. Now place the shredded cabbage on a large dish, and sprinkle over it the salt given in the recipe. Cover the dish over with another dish, and leave the whole for twenty-four hours. At the end of that time strain away all the water drawn out of the cabbage, and allow the cabbage to drain thoroughly for half an hour. Then turn the shredded cabbage on to an old clean cloth, and shake it in the cloth until it is as dry as possible. Boil or bake the beetroot until it is quite tender, being careful in preparing it that you do not break the skin or roots. When the beetroot is quite cold, remove the skin and cut the beetroot into thin slices across the root. Now crush the pepper, the ginger and the cloves, and tie them up in a small piece of muslin. Put the vinegar into an earthenware-lined saucepan, add the flavourings in the muslin bag, and allow the whole to boil for fifteen minutes and then put it aside to get cold. Put the shredded cabbage into wide-mouthed glass bottles, adding to each bottle two or three slices of beetroot, arranging a layer of cabbage, then beetroot, until the bottle is nearly full. When the vinegar is quite cold, remove the flavourings from it. Pour the vinegar over the cabbage in the bottles, allowing the vinegar to quite cover the cabbage. Then cork up the bottles tightly, tie them down with a piece of bladder, and put them away in a cool dry place.

I think some of my readers may be glad of two good recipes for preserving damsons, so I will give them before I close my letter, and I am sure they will be found satisfactory.

DAMSON JELLY.

Pick the fruit carefully over and remove the stalks. Put the fruit into an earthenware jar and stand the jar in a pan of water over the fire, allowing the water to come three parts up the jar. Cover the jar down closely and allow the fruit to cook in this manner till all the juice is extracted and the fruit is quite tender. Then strain the juice through a piece of clean flannel. If the jelly is required very clear, the fruit must not be pressed. Measure the juice thus obtained, and to every pint of juice allow twelve ounces of crushed preserving sugar. Boil the juice by itself for twenty minutes, keeping it well stirred. Add the crushed sugar and keep the jelly well skimmed. Allow the jelly to boil quickly till it will set in about two minutes on a cold plate. Have small jars ready dry and warm. Fill them with the jelly, and put them away to get cold. The next day lay oiled papers over the top. Tie them down securely, and put them away in a dry place.

DAMSON CHEESE.

This is a nice way of preserving damsons for a dessert sweet through the winter. Proceed exactly as in the foregoing recipe for cooking the damsons. When the fruit is quite tender press the fruit through a wire sieve into a basin. Add to each pound of this pulp half a pound of loaf sugar broken into small pieces. Now crack a few of the stones and add the kernels to the pulp. (This much improves the flavour of the cheese.) Place all together in a preserving pan and boil quickly to a stiff paste. You may tell when it is sufficiently done when it will adhere to the spoon, but it is well to try a little on a cold plate, and if it sets in three or four minutes it is sufficiently cooked. Place the cheese in small moulds or potted meat pots, lay papers over in a few days, and tie down.

N.B.—It is better not to tie damson cheese down as soon as other preserves, in order that any moisture may have time to evaporate.

MARY SKENE.

RINGS LOST AND FOUND.

By DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

NOTHING is more curious and interesting in the changes and chances of the world than the stories of things "lost and found." One constantly hears of such on the best authority, being told by people in whom one has the most perfect confidence, and who have no reason to deceive us. Nearly everyone has tales of this kind to tell you when once they understand your interest in the subject, and generally they are about some article of jewelry, and nearly always of finger-rings. I have a large number of notes taken down from people's own lips, some of which would be too strange to be believed if you did not know the character of the narrator. Tales of what we call coincidences, of dreams, of apparitions, all connected with the recovery of certain articles, appear in the collection, but in the following papers I shall try to avoid taxing your powers of belief too severely, for though I may believe what has been related to me, you, not having had my experiences and knowledge of my sources of information, would probably refuse to credit them.

One of the most remarkable tales of rings lost and found is that told of the discovery, in June, 1820, of the signet-ring of Mary, Queen of Scots, in the ruins of the Castle of Fotheringay. The finder was a workman named Robert Wyatt, formerly a private in the Prince of Wales's 3rd Foot. In latter years he gained his living as a guide to the ruins of the castle, and often related to visitors how he assisted in the digging-up of the drawbridge and the filling-up of the moat; and that a Scottish gentleman had measured out the banqueting-hall, where the Queen was executed, and found it correct, and finally, how the ring was found by himself. It is supposed to have been swept away with the blood-stained sawdust, and to have fallen from her finger during the last agonies of her violent death. Wyatt died in September, 1862, at the good age of 83. It has an inscription, *i.e.*, "Henri L. Darnley, 1565," the monogram of H and M bound up in a true lovers' knot, and within the hoop the lion of Scotland on a crowned shield.

This ring was exhibited at the Stuart Exhibition in 1889 (No. 337 in the catalogue), but the description is not quite accurate. It was in the collection of Mr. Waterlow, of Walton Hall, Yorkshire, and a full account is given in the *Archæological Journal*, vol. xv., p. 253, and also in *Archæologia*, vol. xxxiii., p. 355. No doubt seems to be entertained that it was Mary's nuptial ring, as well as the betrothal one, the date "1565" being that of their engagement, and they were married the following year.

Mary's rings, indeed, seem to have been addicted to being lost, for I saw at the Peterborough Exhibition, in 1887, a ring lent by Lord Wantage, found in the garden of Sywell Hall, which is believed to have been given by her to one of her attendants there. It has the motto "*Tre loyalement ma souvreyn*" engraved inside, and is of fine gold. A thumb signet-ring was found at Borthwick Castle, with her cipher on it, "M.R.," and is believed to have been lost during her stay at the castle, to which she fled with Bothwell, 1567. This was at the same exhibition.

Though called a signet-ring, it is well to say here that a signet-ring used by her is now in the British Museum, which was formerly the property of Queen Charlotte, and subsequently belonged to the Duke of York. The betrothal ring, however, is not a signet, though it might have been used for sealing.

Another interesting case of a ring lost and found is that of Dean Bargrave's signet, who was Dean of Canterbury in the days of Cromwell. This ring was probably either lost or hidden in the deanery garden when the dean was seized by Cromwell's Roundheads, and dragged to the Fleet Prison. It was found a few years ago, and was recognised by its appearance in the portrait of the dean, who has it on his finger. The portrait now hangs in the dean's study at Canterbury.

In nearly all the cases I am about to relate, I have the names and addresses of the narrators, and all of them are apparently true, and quite to be relied upon. The first one was told me by the daughter of an old lady, who was the daughter of a clergyman in Essex, and nearly related to one of the Archbishops of Canterbury. She was walking in the garden of the rectory one day, not long before her marriage, when in some way a ring she was wearing slipped from her finger, and no searching availed to recover it. Apparently it was lost for ever. The path was an ordinary gravelled garden walk, and there seemed no place where even so small an object could have found a sheltering to conceal it. The next year, after her marriage, she was paying a visit to her father at the rectory, and was walking down the same path in the garden, when she saw the lost ring lying on the ground in front of her. From the same authority I heard two other stories, the first of a ring lost in a hay-field while the hay-making was going on. After an interval had elapsed of a year and a half, one morning the coachman came in with the lost ring in his hand. He said he had been cutting out hay from the stack, and had felt something hard against the edge of his cleaver, and on putting in his hand, he had immediately discovered the ring. The second story was not of a ring, however, but of a very valuable scarf-pin, lost by a great fox-hunter while riding through a gap in a hedge. The next year the same ground was gone over, and the same gap revisited, which reminded the owner of his lost pin. He dismounted from his horse, and after a short search, found his pin, which was sticking upright in the ground near the hedge.

Many of these modern stories of lost and found sound like repetitions of old ones—"chestnuts," in fact. But they are not; and in this matter, as well as in others of a different kind, history appears to repeat itself. The Canadian story which follows is one of these, but it is quite a new one. It was told me by a friend, and confirmed by her husband, and by the original letter containing the account of the dream, which came from far-off Assiniboinia.

The tale begins with a family who dwelt on a farm by the lake of J—— in Ontario; but finding that the rocky land on its shores was not conducive to successful farming, they moved up to the Great North-West and took up fresh land in Assiniboinia. The family consisted of the father and mother, their son and his wife, and several children, and my tale relates to the son's wife only, who had lost, some years before her departure, in the garden of the old home, her wedding-ring. To a woman it will not be at all wonderful to hear that this loss was a subject of great concern, and also somewhat superstitious fear; for by many people such a loss is thought to be an omen of ill-luck. Some of the family still remained on the lake of J——, a married daughter, the sister-in-law of the loser of the ring. One morning, about two years after the departure of her family, she had a letter from her brother's wife, to beg her to go across the lake to the old homestead, for she had had a very vivid dream about the lost ring; and in this dream she had seen it, lying at the root of a white flower, a phlox, she thought, which grew on the right side of the front door, close to the wall of the house and the door-step.

A few days after the receipt of this letter, Mrs. B—— and her husband rowed across the lake and visited the old farm. It had never been let, and a buyer in those regions is hard to find; so the garden paths were overgrown, and the house neglected and forlorn; but growing by the front door-step there was a white phlox in full bloom, and taking the spade they had brought with them, they dug it up, and at its roots they found the lost wedding-ring.

I also gleaned another story in Canada of the same kind. A worthy alderman of a small town in Ontario was digging potatoes in his garden one summer morning, in the year 1894. His wife had several times summoned him to breakfast, but on her last summons he declared he could not come until he had dug up one more hill. When he finally came in to breakfast he brought with him a ring which she had lost in the garden seven years before, and which he had unearthed in that last potato hill.

A story which I thought very remarkable was told me the other day, and happened, I believe, at Hastings. A maidservant in the family of a resident found a brooch in the street, and as it was both pretty and rather valuable, an advertisement was put into a local paper by the finder, who wished to discover the owner, but without success. Two years elapsed, and the girl and her mistress both agreed that there was no hope of an owner turning up, and so she wore it. The very first day she put it on she went out, and walking down one of the main roads into Hastings, she met a lady who, looking at her closely, said, coming up to her, "I think you are wearing my brooch." The wonderful part of this story is that the lady was only a visitor, and had not been in Hastings since the day she had lost her brooch, two years before.

A writer in the *Globe*, a short time ago, gave a very remarkable account of a coincidence which is said to have been quite authenticated. A lady finding that the setting of a valuable ring had become insecure, entrusted it to a lad in her service to take it to the jewellers to be repaired. She lived on her estate at a short distance from the neighbouring town, and on his way the messenger had to cross a wooden bridge over a stream in the park. This, of course, presented the usual attraction. The boy lingered, and bethinking him of his charge, took the ring from the case for a closer inspection. But ill-luck followed him, for the ring suddenly slipped from his hold, and falling on a muddy bank, disappeared from view. The lad searched in vain; and being apprehensive that he might be charged with its theft, absconded from his situation and went to sea. Being a quick and handy boy, he grew into an energetic and enterprising man; settled in a colony, and in the course of time realised a large fortune. Returning to England, he found the estate on which he had formerly served was in the market, whereupon he bought it and took up his residence in the Manor House.

Walking through his grounds one day with a friend, they came to the scene of the lost ring, and he related the story which had indirectly led to his present position. "And that is the very spot where it dropped," said he, thrusting his stick into the bank. The lost ring was found upon the stick when it was withdrawn. It had actually impaled the lost jewel, which was its own startling verification of the story. The strange part of this tale is that the loser should have been the finder, for there is nothing marvellous in the misadventure until we come to the finding of the ring.

One of the interesting things shown at the Stuart Exhibition was the keys of Lochleaven Castle. I am sure my readers will all remember the romantic story of Queen Mary's escape from thence in 1568, with the help of young Douglas, who locked the gates to prevent pursuit, and then threw the keys into the lake, where they lay until discovered in 1805.

Many people have looked at the dredging and cleansing of the Tiber, which has been going on for the last few years, with much interest, in the hope that, during the course of these labours, many precious objects would be discovered, and amongst others, the spoils of the Temple at Jerusalem, which were brought by Titus to grace his triumph, and which may be seen depicted on the inside of the arch erected to commemorate his victories. Amongst these were the seven-branched candlesticks and the table of the shewbread. These, with other treasures, are said to have been thrown into the Tiber.

PYROGRAPHY; OR, POKER-WORK.

BY B. C. SAWARD.

UNDER the many names given to the old-fashioned poker or burnt wood engraving the art still flourishes, and, as time goes on, instead of declining in the public estimation it, by the improvements introduced, not only retains its hold on the working world but becomes, by new departures, more artistic and more useful.

The old original work done with red-hot irons flourished in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, England, Germany, and Italy during the centuries when heavy oaken chests, bureaus, and tables were in use, and some of this, in combination with fine wood carving, is still in existence. This decoration disappeared in Europe when furniture assumed less solid shapes, but in the rude half-civilised nations of South, West, and Central Africa it is still practised. With them drinking-bowls hatchets, spoons, pillows, idols, state wands, and other wooden articles are profusely decorated with incised lines deeply burnt in and sometimes embellished with colouring matter; but in them, as in European specimens, no attempt has been made to give the effects of shade or tone by working from light to dark, a hard decided line of various widths upon a clean surface or upon a black background being all that is aimed at.

Pyrography, we are glad to be able to write, owes its impetus to an English firm, who during the last few years have vastly improved upon the German revival of the art. The specimens sent from that country for imitation were only suitable for fine landscape etching, or for large panels round a frieze. The machine cost 25s., and the wood procurable was not of the kind used for the originals. By producing an apparatus that could be bought at a reasonable rate, inventing many different-shaped tools for working with, employing artists to design patterns that could be adapted to small articles, and making a variety of wooden articles with close-grained and seasoned wood, Messrs. Abbott has supplied a want felt by all who are interested in the art. Not content with developing the work upon wood, the same firm has applied it to leather, to plain glass, and to ground glass.

Although most of our readers know that the work is no longer done with hot irons or hot poker, few of them appreciate the delicacy of the machine that supplies their place. Surgeons will understand its working, as a somewhat similar instrument is used for cautery. The apparatus is a bottle half-filled with benzoline, through whose cork two tubes are passed. These tubes are fastened into india-rubber tubing, one ending in the holder of the platinum point that burns the wood, and the other in a small air-pump made of two hollow balls of rubber, connected together with a piece of tubing. The machine acts as follows:—The platinum point is hollow; it is heated in a spirit-lamp and held in the right hand. The lowest ball of the air-pump is held in the left hand, and pressed in and expanded by the finger and thumb of that hand. The air thus forced into the second ball runs along the tubing into the bottle, passes as a vapour over the benzoline, and takes up some of that spirit. It then runs through the tubing that is in connection with the platinum point and keeps that point in a perpetual glow; in fact, the point can be kept red-hot for hours without any relighting, as long as the left-hand thumb and finger gently press in and allow to expand the lowest ball. A beginner naturally thinks that this action of the left hand is a nuisance, but after a little practice it becomes quite mechanical; and though anyone can help by relieving the artist of this work, it should never be delegated to another at critical moments, as good work often requires the blowing to be either very slow or with a sudden burst of heat, and this variety can only be done by the worker. No violent action is at any time needed; a slight even pressure for general work, with a little quickening or stopping when certain effects are to be brought out.

Platinum, being the hardest of all metals, does not waste to any great degree when subject to heat and brought in contact with wood, leather, or glass, but it will amalgamate with lead or zinc, and must not be tried on these metals. The handle of the point is made of wood or cork, and so arranged that the point will unscrew and allow of another shaped point replacing it. Thus to the same handle can be attached a fine point for landscape etching, a very broad point for glass work and for deeply incised lines and other coarse work, or a curved point for burning down plain backgrounds, or a "pattern point."

It is not necessary to buy all these points, as they are the expensive part of the apparatus, and most workers can and do make one point answer every requirement by simply holding it in different ways—flat, when working at backgrounds, as a drawing-pencil when shading or making fine lines, and quite perpendicular when deeply burning down any particular parts, such as the centres of flowers, the eyes of animals, and conventional designs. With the aid of the pattern points—which are shaped as rounds, triangles, diamonds, hearts, ovals, trefoils, and crescents—the backgrounds of subjects are made into diaper patterns and large conventional designs, as shown in Fig. 1, relieved from any flat appearance. For borderings they are also useful, and they allow the worker to exercise individual taste, as by combining them together, or by simply using one of them at different angles, a great variety of work is obtained. They are made in platinum and in copper, the latter being the cheaper, and good enough when not much work is required.

There is one thing that must be remembered before undertaking this art, and that is, that no good work can be expected when common or very hard wood is used as a foundation. It is this rage for cheap wooden tables and other common deal articles that has spoilt not only decorative painting upon wood, but delicate work with a platinum point. The common fresh deal that oozes out turpentine and gives forth a most pungent smoke when worked on will never allow of any fine lines, half-tones, or artistic handling; it will burn a strong black and nothing more. Again with elm or oak; these woods, however good in quality, are much too hard for anything but strong deep lines. The best woods are holly, sycamore, lime, Kaurie pine, birch, chestnut, aspen, poplar, tulip, pear, and yew. Some of these woods do not grow large enough for panelling, but they can always be carefully joined; and no one who has once tried their surfaces and seen what delicate effects of light and shade are obtainable from them will ever grudge the small extra expense their use involves. The solid strong glove and handkerchief boxes, the blotters, photo frames, tea chests, and numerous other articles now procurable at good shops are made of the right sort of wood, while table-tops, door panels, and other particular articles can always be ordered. The wood used must be free from knots and half an inch in thickness, as very thin wood will warp from the intense heat of the instrument. Knots in the wood will spoil any fine effects, not only by reason of the unsightliness of the knot, but because the circles of wood round it are much harder in grain than the rest of the surface. Good artists are so impressed with the desirability of using well-seasoned wood that they keep it by them for a long period, but ordinary people are content to buy articles that are well and closely made.

In the list of the woods above given as fit for pyrography, we would point out that beech, cedar, and yew are red woods, and make very good backgrounds for classical figures, animals, and other large designs.

They also take firing well, and allow of a great deal of variety in the shading and lines drawn on them of great fineness and depth. Holly, willow, lime, and sycamore are close-grained white woods, and almost anything can be done with them, such as the finest lines—shading that looks like stippling, softly-smoked surfaces, and great depth of colour. What is known as Kaurie pine is another excellent wood. All these woods during the progress of the work emit a certain amount of smoke, but fortunately this wood smoke is not injurious to the eyesight, and, though pungent, is not disagreeable. Common deal is the worst to endure, but from the hard woods the smoke is sweet-scented and but little of it. The worker can always avoid coming in contact with it by placing the wood on an easel and standing or sitting a little away; it is the worker who uses bad fresh wood and stoops over the flat surface that finds the smoke inconvenient. Many artists find the smoke useful in throwing a slight tint over parts of the wood they leave untouched, and they contrive to arrange their panels while working at them so as to make the smoke fall upon such parts.

Another way of obtaining a scorched but soft surface (on which afterwards to etch in bold lines) is to hold the platinum point in such a manner that the small escape hole in it near the tip is close to the wood; through this a rush of warm air will fall upon the surface and tone it. Many workers keep the platinum points that have become perforated through hard wear by them, and when they want smoked or scorched surfaces they screw them on and allow the smoke, etc., to pour through the worn holes on to the wood.

In landscape work, figure, portrait, and animal etching the artist should look upon the platinum point as if it were an etching needle, and make with it fine shadings, deep-incised lines, clear delineations of light and shade, and artistic effects. The whole world of drawing in black and white is opened to all with the aid of this little needle point, if it is only taken seriously and time spent in learning how to use it. Many people think that after they have bought a machine nothing more is expected of them; its use comes by nature, and time is thrown away in learning how to shade or draw with it. To these people we recommend the flower and easy conventional designs that require no knowledge of any art but that of keeping the point red hot; but all who desire to rank as artists must put their wills and minds into the work.

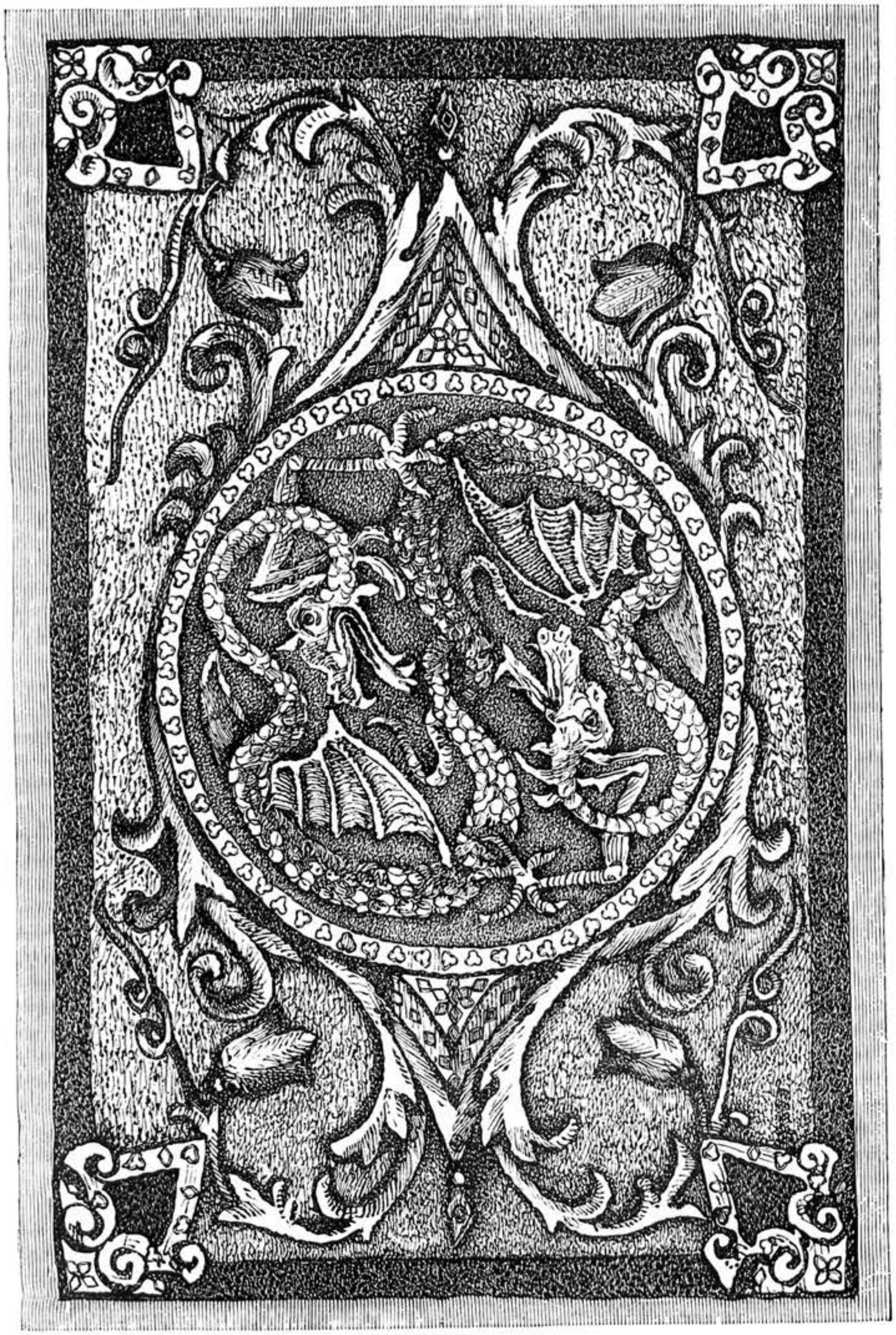


FIG. I.

With regard to the designs used there are many good outline patterns published by art papers that can be adapted to fill up spaces. The *Art Amateur* and *Home Art Work* and Messrs. Abbott publish full-sized tracings or large designs suitable for carving or brass of poker work, and for more finished designs, the etchings of old masters, the beautiful modern etchings of old buildings and foreign streets produced in shades of brown, and giving exactly the colouring and depth necessary, are perfect copies. In Fig. I a modern conventional design for the door of a corner cupboard is shown, worked up and shaded with the aid of a broad platinum point and three pattern points—the diamond, oval, and trefoil. This is a fair specimen of what can be done by an ordinary worker, and is managed as follows:—Trace the chief outlines of copy upon transparent paper, lay this on the wood with red carbonised paper underneath. With a finely-pointed pencil mark through the transparent paper on to the wood, being careful to keep to the pattern lines. A little stale bread can be used to rub out wrong markings, but it is better not to use it and not to trace through black or blue carbonised paper, as the lines they leave upon the wood are difficult to get out.

Having traced the lines, heat the machine and work in the broad lines with the platinum point, but not the dragons. Hold the point as a pencil and work, or rather stipple, in the background to the dragons, leaving their outlines white. This background requires very minute shading, deepened at parts by being gone over several times not by the blackness of those places being obtained at once. Touch in the wings with the broad point and the markings of the heads, and make the body scales by fastening on the oval "pattern point," heating it red hot and working with it. Unscrew it after it has cooled, and finish the bodies of the dragons with fine shading. Work with the broad point for the deep border round the design, burn this border very deep and black, also the centres to the shields. Mark in the background to the scrolls, etc., by holding the broad point as a pencil and shading with fine and light-crossed lines. Use the diamond pattern and the trefoil as finishes, placing the trefoils as an ornamental border round the dragons and making various designs with the diamonds. When using these pattern points, the spirit lamp that heats the platinum point should be kept alight, and the pattern point kept hot by being thrust into it. This help does not supersede the blowing with the air pump, but is additional, it being necessary to keep up a strong even heat. When the panel is quite finished, rub it over with a white opaque varnish obtained from the Artists' Guild. A very thin coating of this is used, and it is rubbed on with the finger; a thick coating spoils the surface. Having rubbed in the varnish, take some silver paper, make a ball of it, and rub it over the whole surface of the wood. Work pretty hard for a quarter of an hour, changing the paper as it becomes limp, and a soft shine will appear—not like any shine given to wood by French or beeswax polish, but the shine to be seen upon ivory. This protects the wood and keeps the sharp tones of the burning from becoming dulled; it also softens down the parts left unburnt, and gives them the tone of old ivory. This varnish cannot be used for pictures or figures worked out as etchings, but it is recommended for conventional designs, for table-tops, door panels, photo frames, etc.

When working figure and landscape pictures upon wood, use the fine point and not the broad platinum point, and work upon beech, Kaurie pine, or any wood that has a soft-coloured tone; leave plenty of white surface, and imitate the perpendicular lines and cross-hatching of an etching, taking care to give roundness of outline, as in drawing, by placing the greatest dark near the greatest light, and by following out all the rules of drawing and perspective.

In working upon leather, outline and a little shading is all that can be managed. The skins are sold by leather shops, and can be cut to cover blotting-books, *Bradshaw* guides, glove and handkerchief cases, or any other small articles. This branch of the art is not so artistic as the others, but can be made very effective. The fine-pointed platinum instrument is used.

Pyrography upon glass is quite a new invention, and at first sight the idea that an instrument so red-hot as the point must be, can work upon glass without cracking the background seems impossible, but it is not so; and in Fig. 2 is illustrated a coat of arms done upon a sheet of plain glass, and in this the very finest straight lines and curved lines of great delicacy are made. When working upon glass the pattern (on ordinary paper) is laid under the sheet of glass, and no tracing is required. A broad point is generally used, and greater heat and greater pressure than is necessary when working upon wood or leather. To obtain a greater heat use the best benzoline to be had, and place a piece of cotton wool shaped like a pyramid in the bottle. Let part of this wool appear above the benzoline in the bottle. A much larger surface for evaporation is thus obtained, and greater vapour given off. Work the platinum point not as a drawing pencil, but nearly upright, and press heavily down on the glass from the wrist. As the point works, a thin film of glass will peel away from the surface wherever it has been touched by the hot point. Sometimes this film will not peel off, but will remain on the lines in a loose state; a penknife is then used to pick off these detached pieces. Armorial bearings to insert into window panes, photo frames ornamented with engraved glass flowers, glass paper weights, tumblers, finger glasses, and wine glasses are all subjects suitable for this decoration. When working on them in cold weather, warm the glass before applying the instrument.

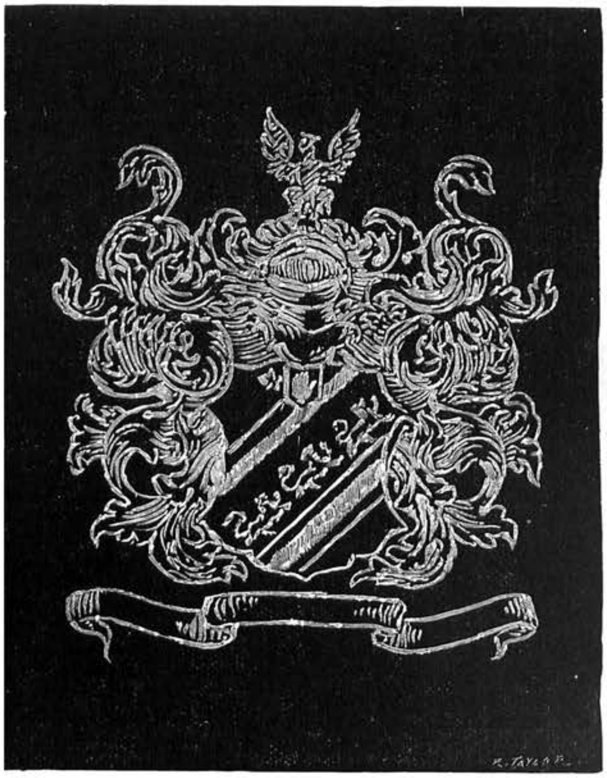


FIG. 2.

Fig. 3 is a design to be used for ground glass for hall windows, or in any window where light is to be let in and objects excluded. The pane of glass to be decorated must be laid flat, the design placed underneath it; the broadest point and firm pressure are required. The lines as burnt in and the film of glass removed come out as clear glass. The few lines of shading shown greatly improve the pattern, and are easily executed by a steady hand. No stippling or cross-shading is necessary, and the work is highly effective.

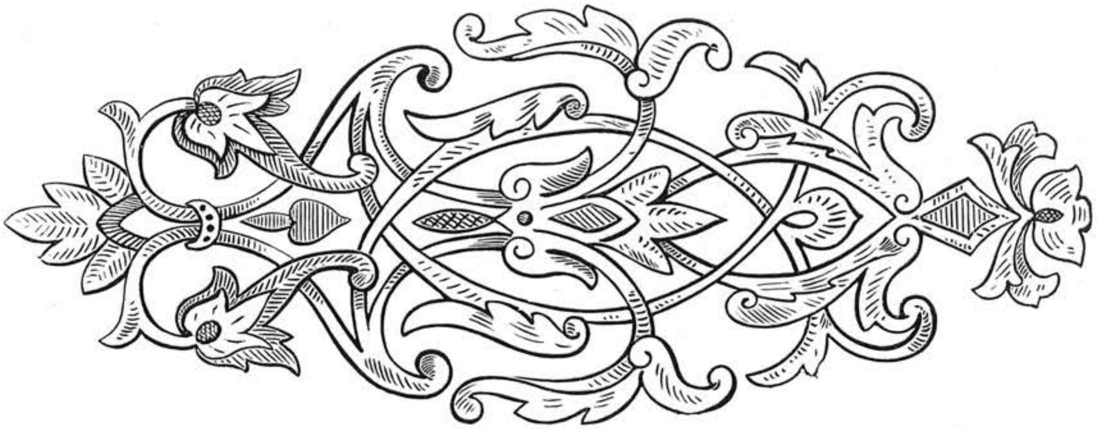


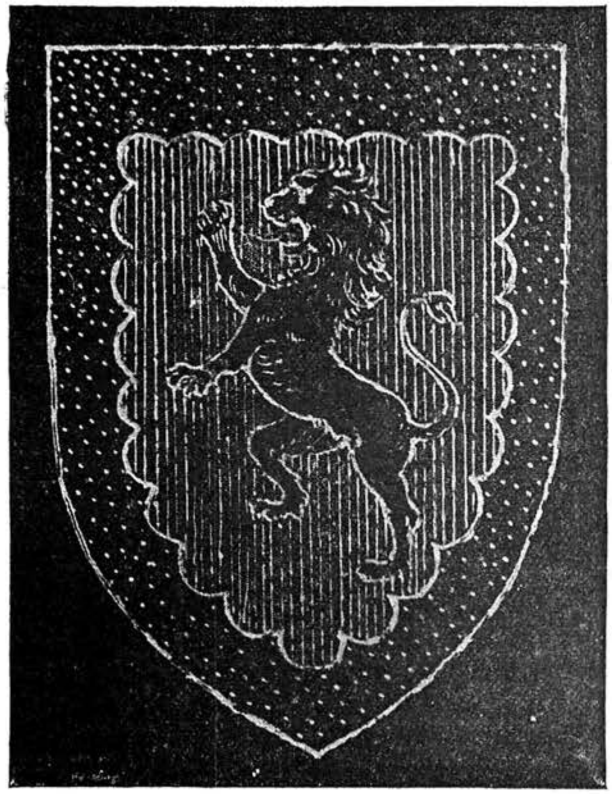
FIG. 3.

PYROGRAPHY UPON GLASS: A NEW ART.

PYROGRAPHY—better known, perhaps, by the humbler name of "poker work"—is by this time well established in popular favour; but a new departure in the art has been made of late which proves that an immense variety of fresh effects is yet to be gained, and that there are many novel uses to which the work has yet to be applied. Until the last few months wood was the only material that had met with any success as a foundation for poker work, and even with this the scent caused by the burning and the unavoidable fumes have proved an objection to many sensitive workers; while those venturesome enthusiasts who have tried the art upon leather and kid have found cause to repent them of their zeal.

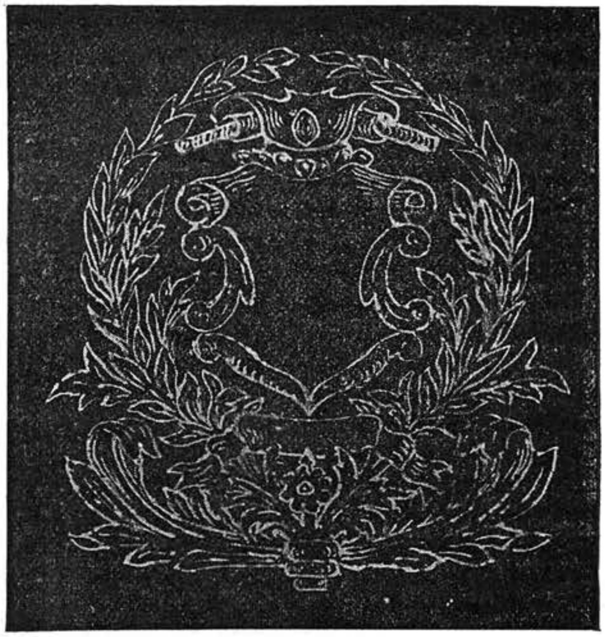
At last glass has been taken as a foundation for pyrography, and its very freedom from the disadvantages possessed by wood—to say nothing of leather—will do much to secure the popularity of the work. In the first place, there is no smoke and no smell, and in the second place, there is no trouble of tracing the design upon it; and this will be found no small recommendation in the eyes of an inexperienced worker. It is easily understood that a "point"—as the poker is called—that is intended to make an impression upon so hard a surface as that of glass, must be considerably hotter than one used to scorch a design upon wood. Hence a special point is sold for the purpose. This may be obtained from Messrs. Abbott Bros., of Southall, who are the originators of the work, or from any of their agents. A point that has been used upon wood will not make a clear outline upon glass, and it is therefore advisable to invest in one of these new pokers, and to keep it solely for glass work.

Most "poker" artists are acquainted with Messrs. Abbott's Vulcan machine, which comprises a bottle of benzine with tubes, bellows, and point all complete; but there appears to be much difficulty in getting the benzine of sufficiently pure quality to do its work well. So widespread is this difficulty that, on the occasion of a visit recently paid to the factory, I was told that machines had been returned from all parts of the kingdom as faulty, but, when tested, it was proved to be the benzine and not the machine that was of inferior quality. To remedy this a clever little contrivance is now sold, to be attached to the neck of the bottle of spirit, and which connects it with the tubes in the usual way. By means of a tiny tap fixed to this connection, an additional supply of air can be had when the strength of the benzine is too great, and the air can be shut off when the spirit is not sufficiently powerful to get the point to the degree of heat required. When needed for glass, the platinum point should be nearly at white heat, and should glow like an electric lamp in miniature.



HERALDIC DESIGN FROM ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF LORD SHREWSBURY.

The design chosen should be clearly drawn with a fine pen or pencil upon white paper, so that, when placed flat on a board, or on the table, it is seen clearly through the glass when this is laid upon it. It is very important that the side of the glass upon which the etching is to be executed should be quite dry, clean, and free from grease. It is a good plan to rub it thoroughly with a piece of rag dipped in turpentine



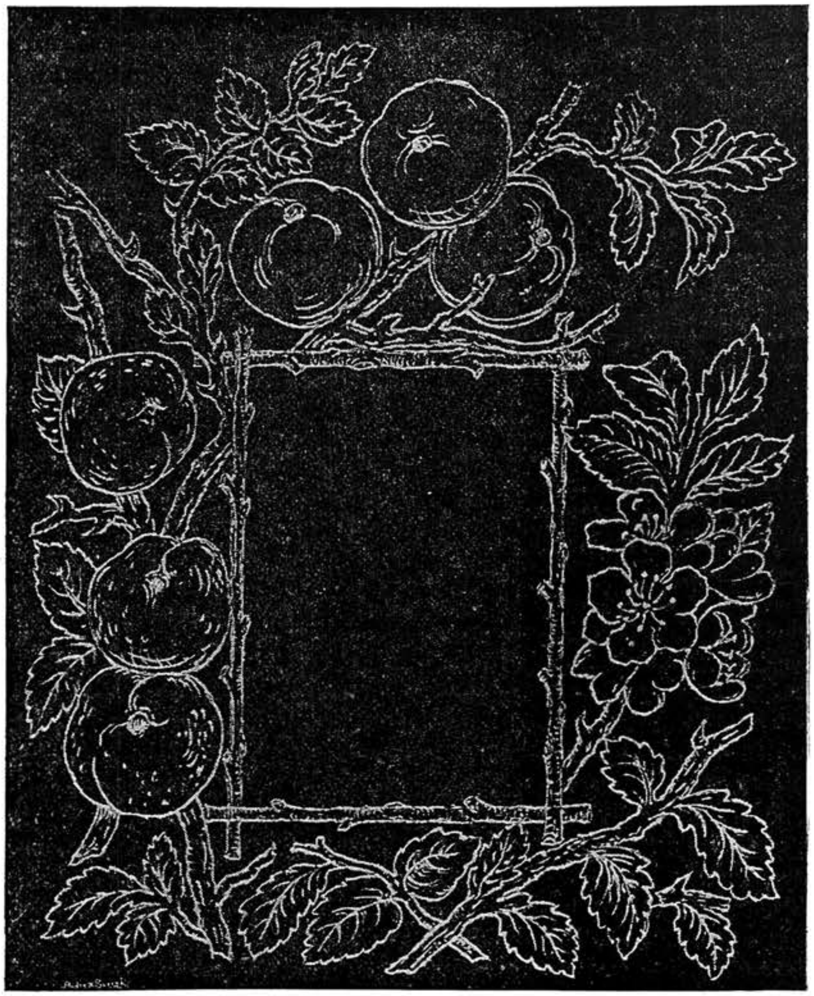
HERALDIC DESIGN FOR HOUSEHOLD GLASS.

before beginning operations, and it should, even after that, be polished with a leather. Also, it is advisable to keep a piece of stout paper or cardboard under the hand when at work upon the upper portion of the design. In choosing a sheet of glass, care should be taken not only that it is good in quality and free from flaws, but that it is at least an inch larger all round than the design to be reproduced upon it. If necessary, it can be cut to any special shape required after the drawing is finished. The reason for this is that the heat occasionally causes the glass to split at the edges.

Yet another advantage of glass as a material upon which to practise pyrography is that there is no trouble involved in shading or in varying the strokes beyond the ordinary outlining and stippling. A decided and regular pressure is needed to get a clear outline, the heat being kept uniform by the steady working of the bellows with the left hand. Tiny splinters of glass fall out in every direction over the surface as the point pursues its course, but they are soon blown away, and the artist need have no fear of her eyes unless she is working furiously and, I may add, carelessly. Although the work is especially easy of execution, there should be no excuse for slovenly performances, and a false stroke, once made, can never be remedied. The effect of the heat should be to trace the outlines in frosted glass, as it were, upon the clear material, and these outlines should stand out all the more sharply owing to the absence of any "grain" to turn them aside in the slightest degree. The frosted effect is not considered sufficiently clear for small and intricate designs; but, by taking the blade of a sharp knife, and by scraping the work with it rather vigorously, the particles of the surface of the glass which produce the frosted look fall out, and leave the device standing out in fine, even lines upon the material, the result being not unlike engraved glass.

For this reason the work is well suited for execution upon tumblers, wine-glasses, decanters, and, indeed, household glass of any kind. Heraldic designs—such as those on this and the preceding page—are particularly successful; the design illustrated forms part of the armorial bearings of Lord Shrewsbury, to whose order Messrs. Abbott recently constructed a screen decorated with this new pyrography. When etching upon wine-glasses, or anything of the kind, the advice above given against carrying the design too near the edges must not be forgotten.

A convenient article to practise upon is one of those inexpensive photograph holders which consist merely of a sheet of glass laid over a card, the two being held together with a brass clip, and supported at the back by a "rest" of the same metal.



DESIGN FOR PHOTOGRAPH FRAME.
(*By Mr. Haité.*)

The design shown on page 40 is by Mr. Haité, the well-known designer for "poker work," and as there is very little fine etching about it, the veriest tyro should find it well within her powers. This style of pyrography has been adapted to mirrors by working at the back and having the glass silvered; but I scarcely think that the progress we have lately made in artistic matters will allow us to decorate a surface which loses all its utility by being thus treated. A far greater success is likely to be achieved by utilising the frosted designs upon the lower panes of glass windows through which the outlook is an eyesore. Rather an elaborate device carried out in this simple manner will effectually cloud the glass without interfering much with the transmission of light.

The fashionable screens, of which each panel is divided into two portions, afford an excellent opportunity for the display of skill in this direction. The lower part of the panels is usually filled in with brocade or embroidery, but the upper division is generally much curved, and is provided, very often, with nothing more ornamental than a plain sheet of glass, which, owing to its inconspicuous appearance, is apt to become soon broken. This is not so likely to happen when the glass is covered with an appropriate design in "poker work." Amongst the hundreds of thousands of articles made of wood by Messrs. Abbott to meet the demands of the amateur artist, are many of these screens; and their elegant shape, when well decorated, renders them no mean addition to the furniture of any room. Many experiments have been made in painting, staining, and gilding the outlines produced on the glass, but at present no one trial has met with sufficient success to exclude all other decorations. The roughened outlines "take" enamel perfectly, and they may be gilded with equal facility. Should a mistake be made, or the effect be unsatisfactory, the paint can be removed by washing the glass over with turpentine, and the etched design will be left uninjured.

The following method of decorating the engraving is quoted from an article by Mrs. Maude, who is an authority on the subject:—"I first, with some of Winsor & Newton's Renaissance gold paint, one shilling the box, put a layer of gold entirely over part of the design, taking care to fill with it all the etched lines. A pad of soft rag, slightly damped with turpentine, removed most of the gold from the flat surfaces between the lines, and an ordinary paper stump, with a rag over it dipped in turpentine, cleared away the rest. It was now a fine gold tracery in the clear glass, and upon reversing the plate, it appeared to be in relief upon the surface, although really only showing through from the other side. Of course, any other lustra colour could be used instead of gold. A thick coat of ivory cloisonné enamel, laid on very carefully, so as not to drag the gold from the incised lines, gave a fresh effect of ivory and gold from the other side, and rendered the glass opaque."

Thus treated, the engraved glass could be mounted very effectively as panels for small doors, and it would also answer extremely well for finger-plates. For fireplace screens it is a good plan to make a movable back of stout cardboard covered with gilt or silver paper, plain or fancy, arranged so that it is held in position with small brass buttons (to be had from any dealer in fretwork requisites). By varying the colour at the back of the glass, the screen may present many different effects, according to the tone of the general decoration of the room.

To such workers as are possessed of a fair amount of ingenuity and originality, the fact that glass pyrography is as yet little known or developed will invest it with an additional charm, and their achievements will be all the more appreciated from the knowledge that at present, at any rate, they will not see replicas of their favourite productions in the drawing-rooms of their acquaintances, or at every bazaar they may chance to visit. ELLEN T. MASTERS.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Remains of omelettes can be cut up into thin strips and used for soups. A delicious addition.

Remains of stale bread can be mixed up with sour or fresh milk and made into a paste, adding a little sugar, allspice, and currants. Baked in a well-greased pan this makes a tasty dish, especially if served with a custard or a little jam.

Remains of cabbage can be chopped and served up as salad.

Remains of stale cake can be dipped in milk, covered with egg and breadcrumbs and fried.

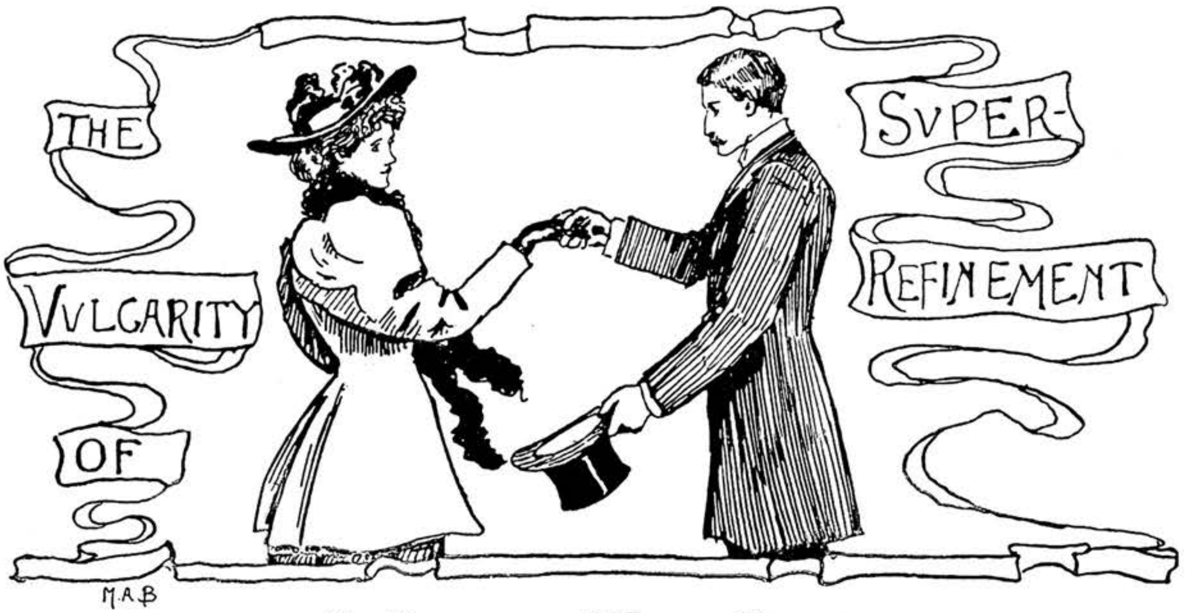
Remains of ham mixed with butter sauce make an appetising addition to fish covers.

Remains of potatoes can be mashed, mixed with a little milk and an egg, rolled into *croûtons*, covered with breadcrumbs, and fried in swimming butter.

ROOT VEGETABLES.

Onions may be tied together in strings and hung up in a dark dry place, or put into a string bag (an old piece of garden netting answers this purpose very well), and hung up. If onions are allowed to lie on a stone floor, they are liable to get soft and bad, and also they often begin to grow, and are unfit for use.

Carrots and parsnips may be stored in a dry cellar. The earth should be shaken from their roots, and they should be quite dry before they are stored away.



By Charlotte O'Conor Eccles

Illustrated by M. A. Boole.

SUPER-REFINEMENT is to good manners what prudery is to modesty. Both imply a lurking doubt of oneself, both result in exaggeration. Happy are they whose morals and manners alike are sound; to them refinement is an instinct, not a pose. To be genuine, refinement must be unstudied; conscious refinement is akin to vulgarity. The man—and more especially the woman—who pauses to assume a correct mental attitude is lost. Good manners should be an outward sign of inward grace—the result of a cultivated mind and heart.

The super-refined cultivate their manners not wisely but too well, and leave their hearts as they found them, mere organs for blood-pumping. Their aim is not to express but to conceal what they feel. Like Chinese artificers who reproduce a steam-engine with external fidelity, even to faults in the metal and shades in the paint, but omit the works, the over-refined are incapable of discriminating between accidents and essentials.

Vulgarity in its different forms argues a certain amount of civilisation. It is unknown among savages, wherein they are superior. Its subtlest and least eradicable manifestation is super-refinement. If the vulgar, like the poor, are always with us, let us, in heaven's name, have the man who slaps one on the back, wears his hat on the side of his head, and eats peas with his knife, the woman who murders the Queen's English and drinks tea from a saucer. About these there is at least no pretence. They set up for nothing, and show their deficiencies with a simplicity that disarms criticism. Such people may have in them elements of greatness. To esteem, even to love them, is possible, but love and esteem enter not into the sentiments wherewith we regard the super-refined.

Aggressive to the weak, submissive to the strong, satisfied with themselves, assured that anyone who differs from them is benighted, contemptuous of the ignorance of those who know as much as they, expounders of the commonplace, explainers of the obvious, they are intolerable. Learned on points of etiquette, they have studied manuals or caught up axioms, and know exactly what is forbidden; they are never so sure as to what is allowed. They understand that to be well-bred is to be superior, but not that it is possible to be too superior to be well-bred.

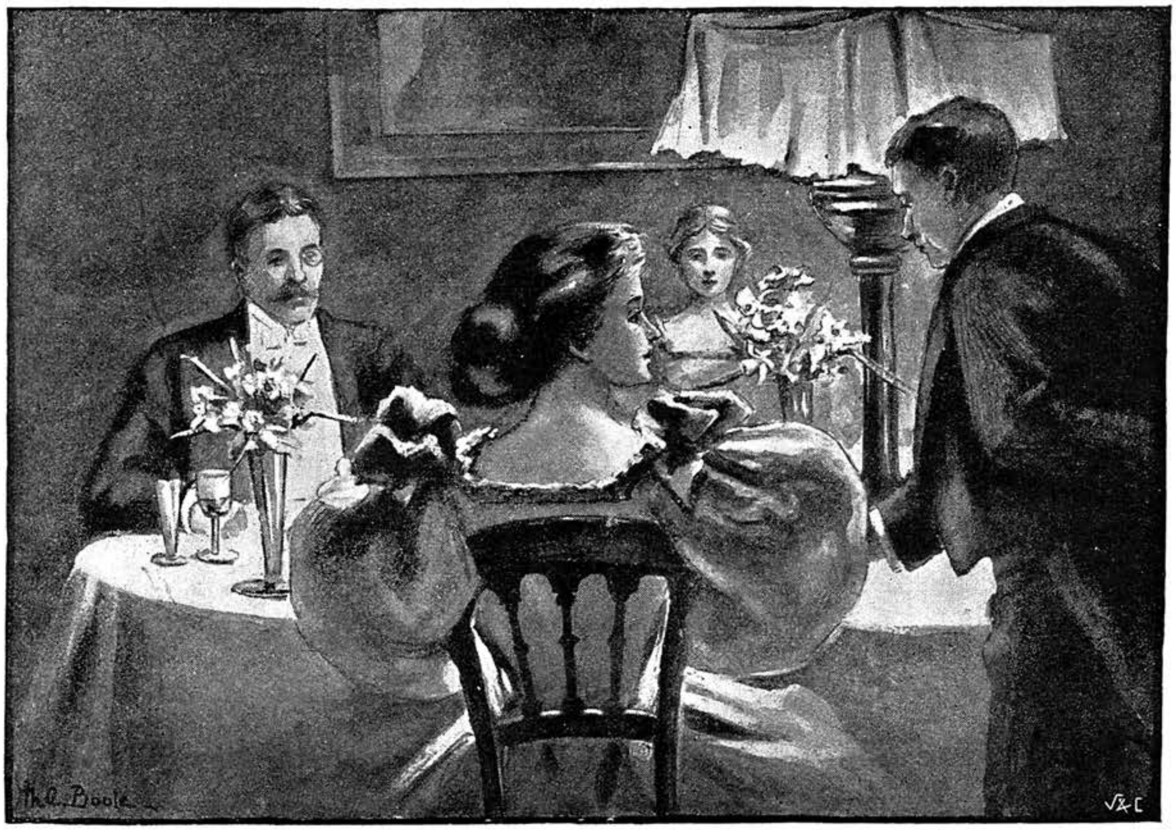
To them man was made for manners, not manners for man, and primed at second hand with ill-digested information, they would rather die than infringe arbitrary laws that to them are sacred and immutable. "The Habits and Customs of Good Society" is their Bible, "vulgarity" the deadly sin. So great is their horror of it that they grow vulgar in avoiding it.

Having mastered the rules they have no mind for exceptions. To them circumstances never alter cases; their knowledge is, as it were, docketed and pigeon-holed, and all that is not white is black.

The Book they venerate says, for example, that people are not supposed to know each other until they have been introduced, so the super-refined keep a stony, British stare in reserve to freeze simple, genial souls who make advances. The Book says that at dinner no one should partake twice of soup. The super-refined would starve rather than ask for a second helping, even if soup were the only decent item on a hotel menu. They sacrifice daily to a deity contemptuous or oblivious of their homage, whereas well-bred people suit themselves and trust their own instincts, knowing that it is better to do wrong with easy grace than to be tremulously correct.

The Book says it is wrong to boast, and this to the super-refined is a sore trial, since they have an irresistible impulse in that direction. Accordingly they make a compromise. They do not say straight out, "We are very grand people, accustomed to move in the highest circles, and think but meanly of you." They humiliate their hearers by less direct methods, and try to impress rather by insinuation than by overt bragging, wherein they are distinguished from the simple snob, whose blunter weapons they despise. They obliquely and indirectly assert their superiority to the person they are addressing, unless it be to their interest to suggest that he or she and they alone differ from the common herd.

They have raised to a fine art the faculty for making others feel small and uncomfortable, without saying anything that can be laid hold of. They have no depth of character or feeling, a lying tongue, a short memory, no geniality, no sense of humour, and an immense but ill-founded appreciation of themselves. They generally go in fear of those who know their relatives or early surroundings, as these rarely accord with their present pretensions.



" The Book says that at dinner no one should partake twice of soup."

Simple country people, the young, the foolish, and the ignorant fall an easy prey to the super-refined. Such persons have been known to boast of being acquainted with them. Until seen through, indeed, they are imposing. They abash modest merit unused to their methods, and too polite or too timid to pay them back in their own coin.

At first they appear well-bred, even scrupulously well-bred, but a closer view shows they are not gentle, they are only genteel. Just as paste, when placed at a certain angle and discreetly illuminated, is, if anything, more brilliant than diamonds, the super-refined, under favourable conditions, succeed, to the unpractised eye, in outshining the really refined. As the jeweller, however, can always tell the false from the real gem, the man or woman of the world speedily detects the super-refined. There is monotony in their methods, and to know one is to know all.

A certain set of people—a class peculiar to the British islands—are for ever questioning their own gentility and that of others, tearing up, as it were, their manners by the roots to see how they grow. "Is she quite a lady?" they ask. "Is he quite a gentleman?" "Is this what a lady should do?" "If I wear a green necktie will it be gentlemanly?" From their ranks are evolved the super-refined. Those to the manner born do not question; they take themselves and their friends for granted.

There is something, however, to be said for super-refinement. In a world mainly composed of fools it is not without its advantages. Its pretensions are so obvious that they impress the very dullest, and the good word of the dull is powerful. Should any of our readers, therefore, think it worth while to pass for persons of taste, culture, high birth and exquisite superiority amongst the large body of those who know no better, the following hints will enable them to enter with safety the ranks of the super-refined.

In the first place it is a good idea to tell people things they know, with an air of imparting information. The manner must imply, "You of course are unaware of this." Manner being intangible and undefinable is a useful weapon in abasing others, as in case of unpleasantness arising it may be denied. Simple remarks as to the Continent, high life, or the royal family may easily be framed so as to show conviction of the hearer's ignorance. The tamest possible sentence—for example, "We always have thin bread and butter at afternoon tea"—may, by a lofty air and a judicious accentuation of "we" and "thin," be made to express conviction that the person addressed prefers a loaf cut in hunks at that cheerful repast. This method has the advantage of admitting no reply; the fact is incontrovertible, while a mere "So do I" from the victim sounds like an effort to set him or herself right with a sceptical world.

An effective way of showing superiority is to assume ignorance of everyday affairs. An inquiry as to what this or that is used for—it should be some common article, for the super-refined must know or pretend to know all that is rare and extraordinary—will effectually embarrass a timid hostess, who sees at once that her style of living is not what her guest has been accustomed to. Listeners will be immensely impressed, and this is naturally what the super-refined desire.

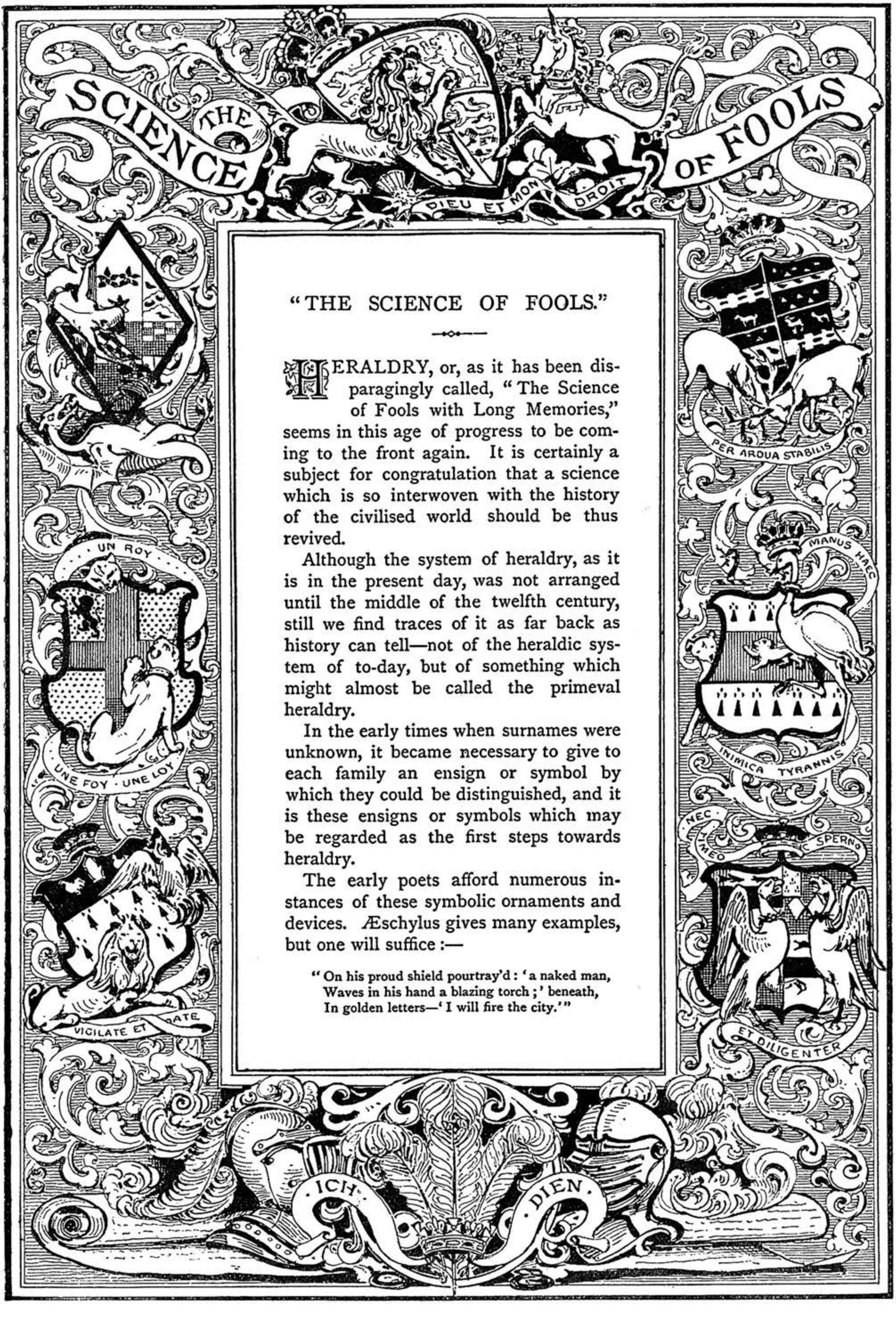
If one's relatives have been something in the City, it is advisable to affect a horror of business and an incapacity for mastering its details. The more effectually to throw people off the scent, admiration may be expressed for those who have some knowledge of such matters, and if they have made some obvious remark, they should be told "how clever" they are, and "how much they know about that sort of thing." Naturally this childlike ignorance must not interfere with keeping a sharp eye to one's own interests.

Formerly it was necessary that all the acquaintances of the super-refined should be "ladies" and "gentlemen," but, as this is no longer fashionable, they may now admit that they know mere men and women, if they make it plain that they do not mean it.

In literature they will find few recent writers to suit them. Their favourites will be Ouida and Bulwer Lytton. Dickens should be termed "vulgar" and Thackeray "so very satirical." It is an excellent rule for them, if any book or play be praised, to say they find it "poor," but they should not be entrapped into giving reasons for their opinion.

Everything outspoken and unconventional should be avoided by the super-refined. That persons of title can do no wrong may be taken as a safe rule. To introduce their names is the mere A B C of super-refinement; but it is well, if possible, to have some more intimate acquaintance with royalty and the aristocracy than may be gleaned from buying a doll from a duchess at a bazaar. This knowledge is usually acquired by living with or meeting them in a subordinate capacity, or having relatives thus fortunately placed. One will then be justified in saying that "The princess is a sweet girl," or that "the kindness shown by the dear countess" to the speaker "can never be forgotten." Finally, they should apologise for everything, especially for employing any familiar but inoffensive locution. If it be desired to use a common proverb, such as "A cat has nine lives," or "The pot called the kettle black," it should be prefaced by saying, "Pray do not think it coarse of me."

In conclusion, those who wish to be super-refined must never be natural, must never let themselves go, and though popularity need not be expected, most people will consider them very superior, and manifest a desire to stand well with them. As to the others—they may say they are vulgar.


THE SCIENCE OF FOOLS
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"THE SCIENCE OF FOOLS."

HERALDRY, or, as it has been disparagingly called, "The Science of Fools with Long Memories," seems in this age of progress to be coming to the front again. It is certainly a subject for congratulation that a science which is so interwoven with the history of the civilised world should be thus revived.

Although the system of heraldry, as it is in the present day, was not arranged until the middle of the twelfth century, still we find traces of it as far back as history can tell—not of the heraldic system of to-day, but of something which might almost be called the primeval heraldry.

In the early times when surnames were unknown, it became necessary to give to each family an ensign or symbol by which they could be distinguished, and it is these ensigns or symbols which may be regarded as the first steps towards heraldry.

The early poets afford numerous instances of these symbolic ornaments and devices. Æschylus gives many examples, but one will suffice :—

> "On his proud shield pourtray'd : 'a naked man,
> Waves in his hand a blazing torch ;' beneath,
> In golden letters—'I will fire the city.'"

Virgil says of Aventinus that—

> "Proud of his steeds, he smokes along the field;
> His father's hydra fills his ample shield."

It is supposed by some that the standards which the German princes had carried before them into battle during the centuries immediately preceding the Conquest first gave rise to heraldry, and that it was afterwards advanced by Henry L'Oiseleur (the Fowler), A.D. 920, who commanded all combatants (in tournaments) to be distinguished by a kind of mantle, or livery, made of narrow stripes of coloured cloth of contrasted colours, from which may have originated the pale, the bend, the bar, &c. The arrangement of the tinctures and charges into a system by the French may be regarded as the third and greatest stage in heraldry. Who it was that arranged and devised this simple and yet most perfect system is a matter of uncertainty. The honour is generally awarded to France, and that is all that is positively known; but as it was arranged in those early days, so it has continued through war and peace, and has finally come down to us in the same simplicity in which it was originated. It was not until the reign of Richard I. that this science assumed a more fixed character.

Speed and other writers have furnished long lists of arms from the Anglo-Saxon times down to the Norman Conquest. Other early writers go still further back—indeed, until the fall of Lucifer, providing him and the hosts of heaven with appropriate bearings; and it was undoubtedly through this, their mistaken zeal, that heraldry in after-days suffered much ridicule. These enthusiastic writers invented a complete roll of Biblical arms, mostly formed upon the symbols borne by our ancient fathers.

To Adam they gave two shields: the first borne in the Garden of Eden, and the other after his fall; the former Morgan describes as gules (red), with Eve's arms argent (silver), borne as an escutcheon of pretence (she being an heiress!), the latter paly-tranche (divided every way and tinctured every colour).

Sir John Ferne, a clever though too enthusiastic a writer, also seriously proposed "the coats of skins" worn by Adam and Eve after their expulsion from Eden to have been the origin of the furs used in heraldry.

The lists of antediluvian arms are too long to be inserted here, therefore only the most striking are mentioned. Morgan gives the arms of the twelve tribes in the following uncouth lines:—

> "Judah's bare gules, a lion couchant or;
> Zebulon's black ships like to a man of war;
> Issachar's asse between two burthens girt;
> As Dan's sly snake lies in a field of vert;
> Asher with azure a cup of gold sustains;
> And Naphtali's hind trips o'er the flowery plains;
> Ephraim's strong ox lyes with the couchant hart;
> Manasseh's tree its branches doth impart;
> Benjamin's wolfe in the field gules resides;
> Reuben's field argent and bleu bars wav'd glides;
> Simeon doth beare his sword; and in that manner
> Gad, having pitched his tent, sets up his banner."

Not content with this fabrication of Biblical arms, the eighteenth-century writers compiled a roll of arms for the ancient heroes; Master Gerard Leigh ascribes to the great Alexander, "a shield gules, a golden lyon sitting in a chayer, and holding a battaye-axe of silver."

The reigns of Edward III. and Richard II. have been called the "palmy days of heraldry," for under the favour of these monarchs the science made great advances. Then every hall and chancel was coloured with heraldic forms and symbols, and every one was proud to bear aloft the colours of his ancestors. In fact, so great became this enthusiasm for arms, that at the commencement of the fifteenth century many assumed the bearings of ancient families to which they had no right whatever, and this practice became so common that in 1419 a royal command was given to the sheriff of every county "to summon all bearing arms to prove their right to them."

The nobles during the reign of Richard II. first claimed the right to confer arms upon such of their followers as they thought worthy; until this time arms were strictly confined to persons of a military profession. Arms were sometimes embroidered upon the garments, whence doubtless originated the term "coat of arms." It is with regard to this custom, Nisbet tells us, that in Spain, in former years, it was the fashion for single women to divide their shield per pale, placing their paternal arms on the left side, leaving the right blank for those of the husband they hoped to get; these were called arms of expectation.

During the thirteenth century we find heraldry had become a science of high repute. Our ancestors used to bear any number of quarterings. There is a shield still in existence at Fawsley Hall, co. Northampton, which contains 334 quarterings.

Richard III. did much to promote heraldry by forming the Heralds into a corporate body, which has ever since been known as the Heralds' College. In 1483 Richard III. granted by Letters Patent the "right fair and stately house" called "Pulteney's Inn" to be their permanent official residence. This "fair and stately house" was situated in Cold Harbour, London, but the Heralds were driven thence by Henry IV., and took refuge at Bounceval, near Charing Cross.

Queen Mary, by a charter dated 1554, granted Derby House for the safe depositing of their rolls and records. This college was destroyed by the great fire in 1666; fortunately, the books and records were all saved. The college was re-built in 1683, chiefly at the cost of the Heralds themselves, as it now stands.

The management of the heraldic affairs of the kingdom was under two officers, who, to facilitate the work, divided the kingdom into two parts—namely, north and south of the Trent. These officers, in the reign of Edward III., were called Norroy King-of-Arms and Surroy King-of-Arms. Surroy King-of-Arms was, however, changed into Clarenceux King-of-Arms by Henry V., out of respect to his brother Clarence, whose herald the first King of that name had been.

En passant, an error of the day may be noticed, namely, the appellation of King-*at*-Arms instead of King-of-Arms. It would be difficult to account for this strange mistake, which has now become so common. Over Norroy and Clarenceux there was Garter King-of-Arms, as principal of the establishment. Next in order to Norroy and Clarenceux came the Heralds and the four Pursuivants of Arms, or Students. These could not be admitted to any higher office until after several years of probationary study and practice. These four degrees still exist.

The officers of the college are in the present day much the same as of old; there are, first, the Earl Marshal and Hereditary Marshal of England; secondly, the Kings-of-Arms—Garter, Norroy, and Clarenceux; thirdly, the six heralds—Somerset; Chester, Genealogist and Blanc-Courser, Herald of the Order of the Bath; Richmond, Registrar of College Arms; Windsor; Lancaster, Gentleman Usher of the Red Rod and Brunswick Herald, Herald of the Order of the Bath; and York, Secretary to the Earl Marshal; fourthly, the four Pursuivants—Blue-Mantle, Rouge Dragon, Rouge-Croix, and Portculus.

Garter exercised a concurrent jurisdiction with the other Kings-of-Arms in granting armorial ensigns, but he alone had the privilege or right to order all the funerals of the peers, archbishops, Bishops of Winchester, and of the Knights of the Garter. He could demand fees at all funerals, marriages, coronations, creations of lords, baptisms, &c., incident to any king or noble, always provided he was present. He could also claim largesses, or rewards, for proclaiming the styles and titles of the nobility. The fees for the privilege of bearing arms was—for a bishop, £10; a dean, £6 13s. 4d.; a gentleman, 100 marks per annum in land (£6 13s. 4d.); and for a gentleman of inferior rank, £6.

The Heralds had power to enter any house, church, mansion, &c., to inspect the arms, and if they found any fault, pull down or deface them; to reprove, control, or make infamous by proclamation at the assizes all persons unlawfully claiming to be esquire or gentleman; to prevent persons of insufficient rank using velvet palls at their funerals; and to forbid all engravers, masons, and painters representing ensigns, except such as were under their direction. Their charges were generally, if they went out of the county—for Garter King-of-Arms, 8s. a day; the other Kings, 7s.; each of the Heralds, 4s.; and for the Pursuivants, 2s., besides their ordinary expenses.

If a Herald saw a carriage in the street with any defect in its armorial ensigns, he could at once command it to stop whilst he defaced the error.

Nothing injured the college so much as the disgraceful tribune before which all delinquents were cited, namely, the Earl Marshal's Court of Chivalry, an institution as arbitrary and irregular as the Star Chamber itself. This court had the power to imprison or fine any one for "mere words spoken against the gentility of the plaintiff." Hyde (afterwards Lord Clarendon) says: "A citizen of good quality, a merchant, was by this court ruined in his estate and his body imprisoned for calling a swan a goose."

This arbitrary court was abolished at the Revolution, to be revived, however, at the restoration of Charles II., after which it continued, though rather feebly, to exercise its functions until 1732.

A few words on heraldic mottoes. Perhaps the earliest instance of a motto anywhere is on the seal of Sir John de Byron, appended to a deed dated 21st Edward I. The motto is "Crede Beronti," modernised into "Crede Biron," from which the Corporation of Rochdale have adopted their motto, "Crede Signo," Lord Byron having at one time been Lord of the Manor of Rochdale.

Heraldic mottoes are generally divided into three classes: enigmatical, sentimental, and emblematic.

The enigmatical are those whose origin is involved in mystery, as the Duke of Bedford's "Che sara, sara"—"What will be, will be"; Lord Ellesmere's "Sic donec"—"Thus until"; Lord Gray's "Anchor fast Anchor"; Cuningham's "Over Fork Over"; and that of the Dakynses of Derbyshire, "Strike, Dakyns," &c.

The sentimental may be sub-divided into religious, loyal and patriotic, and philanthropic.

Amongst the first are "Mors Christi, mors mortis mihi," "Spes mea in Deo," "Sub cruce," and "Sola virtus invicta."

Loyal and patriotic: "Vincit amor patriæ," "Non sibi sed patriæ," and "Patria cara, carior Libertas."

Under the third, or philanthropic head: "Homo sum," "Non sibi solum," and "While life lasteth."

The emblematic are classed into punning, truisms and cockneyisms.

The first are after the following style:—The crest of the Martins of Dorsetshire was an ape; their motto, "He who looks at Martin's Ape, Martin's Ape shall look at him." Jefferay of Sussex—"Je feray ce que je diray;" Cave of Northamptonshire—"Cave"; Fairfax—"Fare, fac"; Onslow—"Festina lente, on slow"; D'Oylie of Shottisham, Norfolk—"Do no yll, quothe D'Oylie"; and Fitton—"Fight on, quoth Fitton."

Truisms are not so common; one good example is the motto of the Slacks of Derby—"Lente sed lerte."

Cockneyisms much resemble the first of this class. Wray of Lincolnshire—"Et juste et vray"; Smith—"Smite"; Dr. Cox Macro—"Cocks may crow."

In conclusion, the study of heraldry is a subject which strongly recommends itself to ladies, as it seems particularly adapted to their tastes. It is a subject which requires patience and neatness to enable the student to emblazon creditably. It is in one point entirely different from any other study, namely, that it has an end—an end which may soon be reached.

If the student possesses but a slight knowledge of French or Latin, his greatest difficulty is surmounted, and he steps at once into the pleasant paths of heraldry.

The terms and descriptions need no impressing on his mind, and, after all, he finds them simple and easy, and he cannot help admiring the grand yet simple system in which our ancient fathers formed the heraldic code of laws.

C. F.

* * *

USEFUL HINTS.

AMERICAN SALAD.—To make this you can easily at any time sow a little celery seed in a box and cut it when it is about the size of mustard and cress. Chop it up finely and add some sliced cold boiled potatoes, two or three truffles or mushrooms sliced very finely, a few nasturtium leaves and the white of an egg chopped into tiny dice, tossing all in tartare sauce. A very pretty way of serving it is to place the salad in a small glass dish and stand this in an *entrée* dish and fill up the space round with broken ice and some autumn leaves. You might add to the salad about two leaves of the middle of the heart of a cabbage, raw, chopped very finely.

HERE are two simple and inexpensive, yet very pleasant, recipes :—

Potato Rissoles.—These are a welcome variant to curry, stew, and the other methods of using up odds and ends of meat. Mince the required quantity of meat finely, add a little sweet herb, chopped parsley, and one egg. Mix into a firm paste, divide into six portions, moulding each portion into the form of a kidney potato. Having boiled the needed number of potatoes, mash them, adding pepper, salt, and one egg, then beat the mass into a creamy pulp. Take the portions of meat, covering each with the mashed potato, then fry in boiling fat until they are light brown in colour.

Eve's Pudding.—For this delicious pudding take a quarter of a pound respectively of suet, raisins, currants and sugar, half a pound of bread crumbs, three apples chopped fine, a little grated lemon peel and two eggs. Mix the whole well together, put in a buttered basin, boil for three hours, and serve with wine or lemon sauce.

EGGS AND RICE.—Fry two ounces of butter a golden colour. Break six eggs carefully into a pan, sprinkling them with salt and pepper, and when the white begins to set, turn over each egg with a flat spoon, so that they may be cooked on both sides. Have ready four ounces of boiled rice, with one ounce of butter, and one ounce of grated cheese stirred into it. Take out the eggs from the pan, and put on a dish, with the rice round them.

EGGS ALLA VENEZIANA.—Soak two ounces of bread-crumbs in half a pint of milk, and when the bread-crumbs have absorbed the milk, add six eggs, salt and pepper to taste, and a pinch of nutmeg. Beat all well together and fry brown in boiling lard or butter.

EGGS AND TOMATOES.—Scald six or seven large ripe tomatoes, remove the skins and seeds, and cut them up in small pieces. Add a small bunch of herbs, and fry in boiling oil or butter for a few minutes. Remove the herbs, place the tomatoes round the pan, and pour in the centre six whisked eggs. When the eggs are set sprinkle them with pepper and salt. Serve hot, with eggs in the centre, and tomatoes round, and garnish with fried parsley.

EGG POWDER.

Four ounces ot dried bicarbonate of soda, one ounce and three quarters of dried cream of tartar, one ounce of dried tartaric acid, six ounces of dried ground rice, sufficient fluid of extract of saffron to colour. The extract of saffron should be well mixed with the ground rice, and well dried.

CUSTARD POWDER.

Four ounces of dried arrowroot, four ounces of dried corn-flour, twelve drops of oil of bitter almonds, six drops of oil of nutmeg. Mix well.

BAKING POWDER.

Four ounces and a half of dried cream of tartar, two ounces of dried bicarbonate of soda, one ounce and a half of dried ground rice. Mix well, and sift; keep in a dry place.

CREAM FOR CHAPPED HANDS, ETC.

Four grammes of oxide of bismuth, thirty grammes of oleic acid, twelve grammes of white wax, thirty-six grammes of white vaseline, three drops of otto of rose. Make a cream; apply three times a day.

CHILBLAIN TABLET.

Three ounces of white vaseline, one ounce and a half of white wax, half an ounce of white resin, half an ounce of camphor flowers, three drams of oil of cajuput. Melt the resin and wax, add the vaseline, then when somewhat cooled, stir in camphor and oil.

ANTICHAFE NURSERY POWDER.

Three ounces of powdered fullers-earth, three drams of powdered boric acid, six drams of powdered oxide of zinc, three ounces of powdered wheat starch, half an ounce of powdered orris root, three drams of essence of bergamotte. Mix the powders thoroughly, add the essence of bergamotte, and pass through a fine sieve.

HELIOTROPE HAIR OIL.

Eight ounces of oil of sweet almonds, sixteen grains of heliotropin, sufficient alkanet root to colour. Digest at a gentle heat; lastly strain.

FURNITURE POLISH.

Five ounces of linseed oil, one ounce of spirits of turpentine; one dram of alkanet root to colour. Digest for a day or two, then strain, and add to the following previously mixed. One ounce of butyr of antimony, two ounces of distilled vinegar, two ounces of distilled water, two ounces of methylated spirits, half an ounce of solution of ammonia. Bottle, and keep well corked.

FURNITURE PASTE.

Six ounces of best kerosine, one ounce of best yellow resin, one dram of best vermilion to colour, ten ounces of spirits of turpentine. Digest at a gentle heat for an hour or so, then strain, and stir constantly until cold.

SEPTEMBER.

Illustrated London Almanack, 1851

A STRANGE TRADE

VERILY, one half of the world does not know how the other half lives! Never was this brought home to me more fully than one day when, walking in the Salzburg Alps, I caught up an old peasant laden with a sack, and learned from him what was his profession.

Now, the man was evidently very tired and hot with his load; but what that load was I could not conjecture. I slackened my pace to his, and we began to talk; and I—more than half inclined to give the old fellow a help with his sack—asked what it contained.

"You would never guess," he replied.

"Potatoes?"

"No."

"A pig?"

"I wish it were."

Now I asked, before I offered to relieve him of that sack, for this reason. When I was a boy of fifteen, I was in the South of France on a roasting-hot day, and I, in like manner, caught up an old woman toiling under a sack, which hung on her back. Her grey hair was dripping with moisture, and in an access of pity I said to her, "Tiens; ma bonne mère, I will carry your sack." I threw it over my shoulder, when the sack began to wriggle, and toss, and grunt. "Wee! wee! wee!" There was a pig in it.

That is why, before offering to carry the old man's burden, I desired to know its nature.

"There is no living being in your sack?" I said to the old man.

"I did not say that. I said I was not carrying a pig."

"Not a cat?"

"No—not a cat."

I knew that when "I" went to St. Ives I met seven wives, each wife had a sack, each sack had a cat, each cat had seven kittens—that is historical; and that nursery riddle, as well as the saying about letting a cat out of a bag, justified me in asking if there were a pussy in that sack.

"Then—you have a living animal in the bag?"

"I did not say *a* living animal."

"How many have you, and what are they?"

"How many—uncountable. What they are—guess."

We came to a "Schenk," a tavern, and I invited the old man in to have a rest. He put down the sack on the road at a distance from the tavern, and went in with me.

"You have no fear of any one taking your sack?"

"Oh dear, no! no one else would know what to do with my load, except he were an *Ameiser*."

"A what?"

"I will tell you while we rest."

This is what I learned, as we sat in the little inn.

The sack was full of tens of thousands of ants, black and red, along with their eggs; and the old man gained his livelihood by collecting the pupæ of ants to sell in Salsburg, Munich, and other towns, as food for cage-birds.

The business requires two; each Ameiser has an assistant. In the woods are mounds of the spines of fir-trees, collected by the ants, and the Ameiser goes in search of the ant-hills with a spade, a sack, and an assistant.

When a mound is found, then the Ameiser digs into it and throws it about. At once the ants swarm out, and each ant precipitates itself on one of the white eggs, or pupæ, and carries it off, and attempts to bury itself with it underground in one of the passages already bored for the dwelling of the colony. In a very few minutes every egg would disappear, unless the Ameiser were on the alert. He has, however, his sack of thick or rather close ticking, ready at hand, open, and whilst one man holds the sack, the other collects the pupæ, and pitches them in, as fast as he can, ants and eggs together, for the little creatures, when they have hold of an egg, will not let it go. His hands are rubbed with oil, partly as protection against the stings of the ants, partly to facilitate quick work with the eggs. The sting of an ant, especially of a red one, is not pleasant. I have myself had my hands blistered with them.

From twenty to forty thousand pupæ are got out of each ant-hill.

As soon as one ant-heap is cleared, then the Ameiser goes to another, till his sack is full, when he tightly secures the mouth. It is said that ants always rebuild on the same sites, so that an ant-collector knows where to go, but is careful not to revisit the same hills and disturb them a second time in a year.

In the sack an internecine war goes on. The red ants are the most irritable and pugnacious. They do not understand the situation, and they proceed to attack the black ants, as the cause of their disturbance and imprisonment, so that when the sack is re-opened a large number of the black ants are found dead.

When the Ameiser has got a supply, then he seeks a solitary nook in a forest where he may let the ants run away. He may not do this on an alp, or near a cottage or pasture, because the escaped ants injure the grass, and overrun a human habitation. So he takes care to select a spot far from the haunts of men, and also dry, and otherwise suitable for the habitation of ants, for those allowed to escape he reckons will colonise where they are discharged, and in two years' time have formed a flourishing community.

Moreover, the release of the ants is always made in hot sunshine, so that the little creatures may take readily to the new locality, but also, of course, that there may be plenty of light thrown on them, lest they should skip off carrying pupæ with them. A sheet is spread on the ground, and the Ameiser has ready a vessel in which to measure the amount of eggs obtained. He has generally a good number of assistants, for those who suffer from weak chests believe that to inhale the fragrance that issues from the opened sack prevents decline. In collecting the eggs a good deal of sweet gum is also turned out from the swarms, the resinous droppings of the pines that the ants collect either for food, or to keep their habitations healthy and fragrant.

The sack is opened over the sheet, and what a scampering there is! Out the ants pour, red and black, with eggs and gum and fir-spines, and the poor little insects, seeing the green grass, rush over the white linen to reach it, and yet, conscientiously, do not like to desert the eggs. Sometimes, in the first transport of delight at their release, off they go, unburdened, then halt, hesitate, and turn back in quest of an egg. Each ant seizes a pupa, the nearest to her; a red ant staggers along hugging a great black ant pupa, and a great black ant scampers off slightly impeded with the smaller egg of her red sister and persecutor. The red ants are always the most expeditious, and would get away before the others, but that the Ameiser sits keeping watch on the frontiers of the sheet, and arrests those who are carrying off the white seed-like pupæ. He takes these, and fills his measures with them, till all the eggs are collected, clear of the ants, and then the little creatures, after running hither and thither in search of more pupæ, and finding none, desert the sheet, and find for themselves a home in the new district, where, as already said, they will in two years have formed a flourishing colony.

The eggs are sent to town, and sold in the market as food for singing-birds, and the grains of fragrant gums also are disposed of. Nightingales are specially supposed to delight in ant-eggs. In England we give them to pheasants.

There is another way of separating the ants from the pupæ, and that is to make a hole in the ground, well shaded, and to put twigs over it, and leading into it. Then the ants rush off with the eggs, and drop them or deposit them in the shade of this hole, and run back for more, and so by degrees fill the hole with eggs, when the Ameiser clears the pit out into his measuring-bowls, and leaves the poor little insects to consider about building again. As is well known, the ant-workers are devoted to the care of these helpless babies, and carry them about in the hills, according to the temperature, to the top to get warm when the sun shines, down into the deeper galleries when the nights are cold.

In Germany there are ant-baths, but these are supplied, not from the pupæ, but from the actual ants. The baths are hot, and the formic acid from the ants, strongly diluted, is supposed to have a good effect on the skin in certain cutaneous disorders.

Formic acid is what occurs in the sting-nettle, and is also found in decaying pine-wood through the oxidation of oil of turpentine. It was formerly made from ants, but can now be manufactured chemically with greater cheapness. On account of its readiness to reduce the oxides of superior metals, it is used in photography, in the place of pyrogallic acid.

Formic spirit is made by the distillation of ten parts of ants, fifteen parts of spirit, and fifteen of water. It is generally manufactured by pouring spirits on a number of wretched ants in a bottle, and is used for skin application, as an irritant.

S. BARING-GOULD.

ODDS AND ENDS.

THE cleverness of the postal authorities, not only in deciphering difficult hand-writing, but in delivering oddly-addressed letters to the people for whom they are intended, has frequently been the subject of remark. The post offices of France, England and Germany have recently solved what was practically a puzzle. A short time ago a letter arrived in Paris from a distant province addressed

"M. M. X.
"Requires no boiling, made in Germany,
"No. 1 Rice Starch."

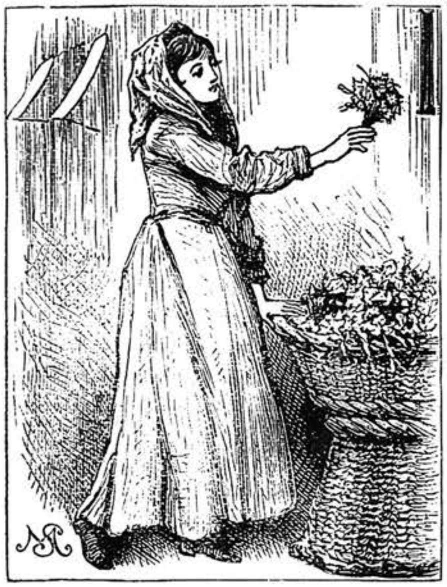
It had been written by a French labourer's wife, who had apparently seen an advertisement relating to starch in English. She thought, "Requires no boiling, made in Germany" was the address of the makers, "No. 1 Rice Starch" being the town in which it was made. The French post office sent this letter to London, whence it was despatched to Germany, where, after many wanderings, it eventually reached its destination—a small firm of starch-makers in a far-away provincial town.

"LIFE is too short to waste in critic peep or cynic bark,
Quarrel or reprimand; 'twill soon be dark;
Up—mind thine own aim, and God speed the mark."—*Emerson.*

THE senses of taste, sight and hearing are generally associated entirely with their own particular organs, the tongue, the eyes and the ears. But each of our senses is governed from a centre in the brain, and if that part of the brain in which the power of speech resides becomes in any way injured the individual so stricken at once becomes dumb. It is the same with the senses of hearing and seeing, people very frequently becoming deaf or blind whilst their ears and eyes remain *perfectly healthy.* In these cases the brain-centres of these two senses have either been destroyed or injured.

"BY desiring what is perfectly good we are part of the divine power against evil."

CONCERNING COVENT GARDEN.



If you are journeying along a narrow London street early in the morning, and you meet a woman carrying a basket of flowers on her head, there is nothing remarkable in the occurrence; but if you presently meet another, and then two or three more—if on further progress you find more women seated upon convenient door-steps, arranging little bunches of flowers with fern-leaves and bits of wire, wherewith to decorate the button-holes of the sterner sex—if you should then further observe that pieces of cabbage-leaves and other vegetable remnants lie about the streets, that the few shops open at that hour are either coffee-houses, public-houses, or fruit-salesmen's, that an odour hangs in the air like a combination of a bouquet of roses and main drainage—an odour of oranges, black currants, mint, pineapples, rotten eggs, and brandy-and-water—if you notice piles of peculiar, round, squat-looking baskets standing at every available corner, or moving about the streets on men's shoulders, like so many animated Chinese pagodas, and that the street is almost blocked with horses and carts and wagons, with men running about with heavy baskets on their shoulders, jostling one another as they pass, and that every cart, wagon, and basket contains something in the nature of garden produce—you probably will not be very far wrong in assuming that you are near Covent Garden.

Busy, thrifty, crowded, jostling, dirty Covent Garden! What a deal of business is transacted here before many people have opened their eyes in the morning! The place is full of market porters, who pass to and fro burdened with baskets of fruit and vegetables, which they discharge into the carts belonging to the respective purchasers. And the great difficulty attending the operations of these porters is how to tell which is their right cart, so they adopt the expedient of shouting as loudly as they can the name of the purchaser of the fruit they bear on their backs, till they receive an answer from some one in charge of that gentleman's cart. The salesmen and market-gardeners stand in their half shops, half counting-houses, or congregate in little groups about the road and pavement. Flower-girls and costermongers thread their way about, looking where to buy cheapest the materials for the day's business, and all around is a ceaseless jargon of voices keeping up a continuous chatter and shouting.

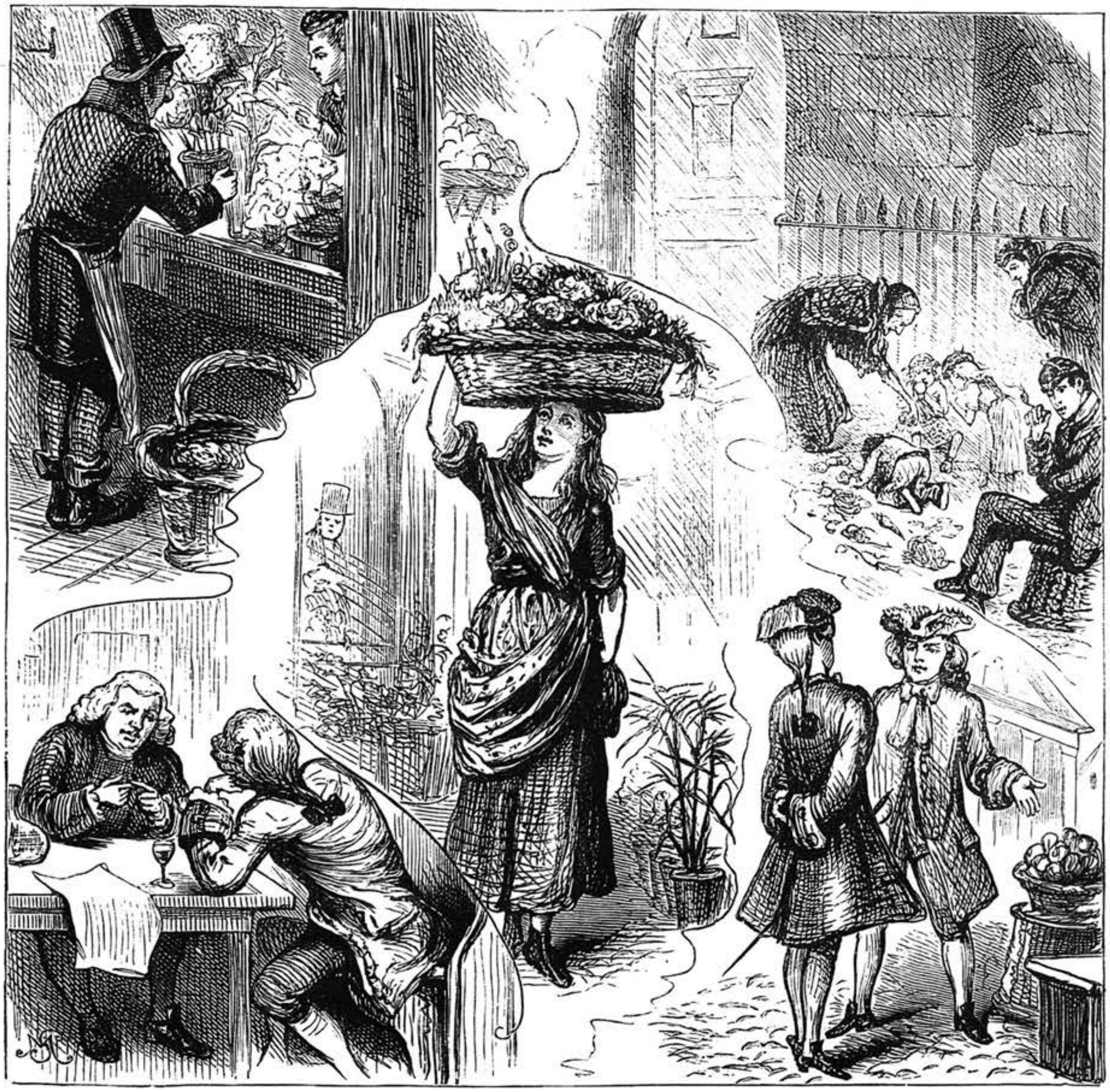
"Stand a one side, guv'nor, please!"—"Roberts! Roberts!"—"Four shillings a bushel, I'll sell"—"Higher up with that hansom!"—"Mr. Johnson, I"—"Roberts! Roberts!"—"Seen that boy o' mine, Joe?"—"They're dear, sir, dear at the price; nine shillings is what I've been paying this last"—"Roberts! Roberts"—"Now, dummy, you've put them turnips in the wrong cart!"—"The wrong cart? I never see"—"Hi—hi—hi! d'ye want to be run over, Billy Green?"—"Roberts!"—"Three for sixpence, sir"—"Goin' to 'ave a pint along o' me, then?"—"I say, Mr. What's-a-name"—"You left your hat behind you, James"—"Are you Roberts's cart? blessed if I ain't been a-lookin' for you all"—"Where's Dickson? Here, Dickson, what did you"—"Well, I won't take 'em. Look at them for carrots!"—"Steady on there with them Williams"—"Oh! my good man, do look where you're"—"Out o' the road, marm, please"—"Now I won't have these baskets here; I've told"—"Hand 'em over, Mr. Jellimore; you can always make your own terms with me, I think," and so on.

The first aspect which strikes one, on looking at the motley scene, is the enormous *quantity* of fruit and vegetables which are being bought and sold. Large wagons stand piled up high into the air with cabbages alone, while carrots, turnips, and parsnips claim an almost equal share in the market transactions. As for the fruit, the bushels and bushels of it that pass into the market make one wonder whence all this vegetation comes: a wonder which finds its explanation in the fact that for the supply of Covent Garden, and the other London markets, which are small in comparison with it, there are 12,000 acres of land under cultivation. In the preparation of this land and its products, about 35,000 persons find employment. So we can understand now how the centre of all this should present a busy aspect.

A stranger and more sentimental interest attaches itself to the picture when we think for a moment what changes time has made: 650 years ago Covent Garden was a garden in more than name, for it was the spacious garden of the Convent at Westminster, and from *Convent* Garden is its present title derived. Here might the Lady Abbess have paced at eve, enjoying the cool shade of the trees and the scent of the flowers. About 250 years later, the present owners of the property, the Bedford family, came into possession of it, and with it were handed over to them seven acres of ground (now forming Long Acre), which in those delightfully primitive times, when there were not quite so many Londoners existing, and those who did exist took life a little easier, were gravely valued at six pounds six shillings and eightpence per annum!

The earliest mention of the market itself is in 1698, when a few small traders might be found "in a small grotto of trees," disposing of vegetables and fruit. Turned away from there six years later they congregated in the centre of the square, set up a few rough sheds and stalls, and laid the foundation of the mighty throbbing market that now covers the spot.

There seems always a strange unsatisfactory inconsistency about Covent Garden, which I have often tried to account for and cannot, unless it is the combination of fruit and flowers with business, which seems to jar upon the sensitive and imaginative mind. Fruit and flowers belong to the sentimental world. They have been a constant and grateful theme of poets, and their different varieties have been invested by a pensive humanity with a language of their own. Fable-writers have taken them as legitimate means for conveying their morals, and have surrounded them with exquisite and graceful ideas. The gentle snowdrop and the modest violet, the gaudy tulip and the blushing rose, are famous in the world of poetry; and it is, perhaps, the contact of these types of the beautiful with the hum-drum and red-tapeism of business that clashes with our pre-conceived associations. If we go into a warehouse filled with bales of merchandise, the presence of the trim counting-house, the spectacled, grave managers, and the methodical exactitude of all the arrangements, strikes one as fitting and proper. If we go into a busy market of fish, flesh, and fowl, the dress of the dealers, the noise of carts, the cries of animals, and the babbling and haggling of customers make at least a suitable medley—a harmonious discord, so to express it. But when we enter a scene where abound flowers, lovely flowers, represented by the choicest specimens of their most exquisite kinds, where lilies, roses, hyacinths, violets, fleurs-de-lis, and others we may not presume to know the names of, rival one another's graces and fill the air with delicious perfumes, and where luscious fruits, brought from every clime, are ranged around in profusion as lavish as in those marvellous Eastern gardens we read of in the "Arabian Nights"—when we enter a scene like this, the soul would delight to see presiding over such a collection



COVENT GARDEN, PAST AND PRESENT.

fairy-like damsels in most spotless white muslin, dispensing the goods with their sylph-like hands; and if the coarse ceremony of taking money is absolutely indispensable, they should give change in nothing but the whitest and newest silver.

Instead, however, of this ideal, we find horrible matter-of-fact business men, with old and eccentric hats, and a general garden-like, earthy appearance about them, actuated by no other motive than that of disposing of their flowers and fruit to the best possible advantage. Market porters, with rather less sentiment in their heads than in their boots, carry on the former baskets of nodding and vibrating exotics; announcements of sales of fruit by auction hang from the walls; and off the top of a basket of Ribstone pippins, which are tempting enough to get a universe into trouble, a dirty-handed, thick-set fellow is refreshing himself with twopennyworth of fried fish and half a pint of porter. It is this continued presence of irreconcilable characteristics, I suppose, which gives a troubling side to a walk through Covent Garden.

I have spoken of the early morning appearance of Covent Garden, when the day's work has commenced and the pressure of business is high; but it also presents a unique aspect on a Saturday evening, when by the dim light the work of closing the shops and stalls, and clearing away the quantities of refuse, is going on. The ground is covered with cabbage-leaves (hardly astonishing when we consider that 40,000,000 of these vegetables pass through the market in the course of the year), and this garbage is interspersed with, occasionally, an unsatisfactory carrot, an equivocal turnip, or a dubious potato. They are very vigorously swept up though, which we can imagine to be a rigid necessity in such a place (since otherwise it would soon become impossible to move about), into capacious wagons, and the ground is left tolerably clean, though the very stones seem to smell of fruit. Saddest sight of all is the damaged specimens of humanity who hang around the spot, attracted by the chance of picking up some remnants of the day's merchandise. Fearfully squalid-looking little children, and withered old women, prowl and wander about the porticoes and colonnades, literally seeking what they may devour, And it is rich ground they walk on in one sense. Had they a fiftieth part of the yearly rent of Covent Garden they would be free from want, for it is worth to its ducal owner about £5,000 a year, and some of the shops pay £400 rent. The space covered by it is three acres, and it cost £50,000 to build. It will give an idea how cosmopolitan the market is, when it is said that there is more certainty of getting a pineapple every day in the year here than in Calcutta, where pines are indigenous. In fact, if you have sufficient money you can buy anything in the shape of vegetation at Covent Garden, and almost at any time. Green peas have been sold at Christmas for two pounds a quart, and grapes at twenty-five shillings a pound! And yet strangely enough the orange seems to hold itself aloof from this market, and, compared with other fruits, is seldom seen there. You would hardly think 250,000,000 oranges were every year received by this country; but it is so, although few find their way to Covent Garden.

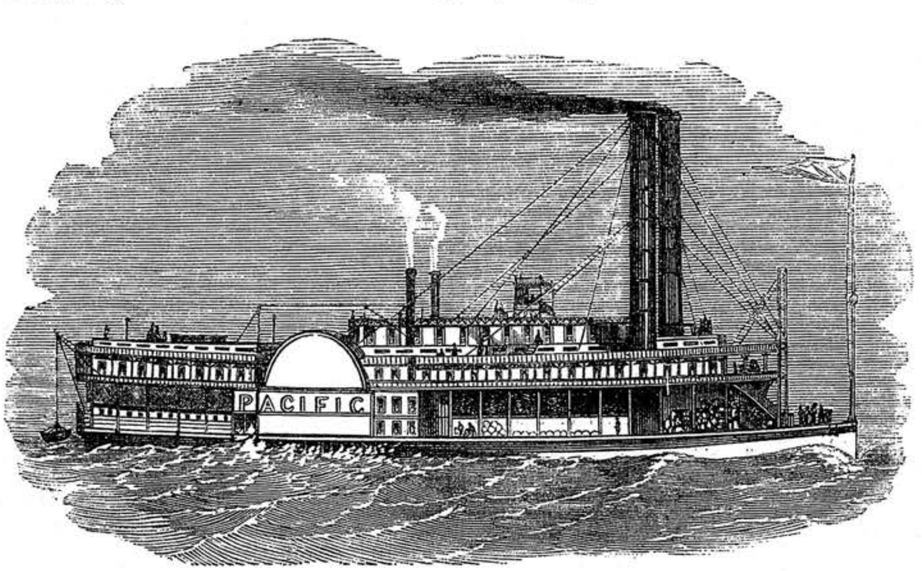
Before we leave this most interesting locality, one ought not to fail to note what a centre of art, literature, and wit the neighbourhood has been in its time. Could we summon up the shades of the departed *habitués* of the Covent Garden coffee-houses, so often spoken of in the *Spectator*, what a host of celebrities with their flowing wigs, swords, long-skirted coats—ay, and stars and garters too, some of them—would fill the grimy streets! At the north-east corner of the Piazza, where the Bedford coffee-house once stood, would congregate the immortal Garrick and his compeers Quin, Foote, and Murphy. Garrick lived at 27, Southampton Street. And in Russell Street was situate "Button's" coffee-house, well known and famous in those days as the resort of the high-toned literary circle of which Joseph Addison was king. On the first floor would he sit of an evening, surrounded by men whose names are all known more or less to posterity, such as Pope, Steele, Swift, Arbuthnot, Savage, and Budgell. There used to be set up here a lion's head as a sort of editor's box for the *Guardian*, and the identical head, after passing from hand to hand, now rests at the Duke of Bedford's estate at Woburn. More famous still, perhaps, was "Tom's" coffee-house, opposite "Button's," for here a little later in the eighteenth century might be heard the thundering "How, sir?" "Why, sir?" and "No, sir!" of the great "Sultan of literature" himself, Dr. Samuel Johnson. Besides this man of mighty mind, the establishment numbered among its 700 members such names as Garrick, Goldsmith, Sir J. Reynolds, George Coleman the elder, the Duke of Northumberland, Admiral Rodney, and Henry Brougham, the father of the great Lord Chancellor.

A mighty change has swept over the scene since then; but while it remains so rich in interesting associations as I have described, who will deny a place in the front rank of our metropolitan lions to Covent Garden?

A. H.

AMERICAN RIVER STEAMERS.

THE river steamers of the United States are of a kind altogether distinct from anything which we understand by that name in Europe. Broad and majestic as many of the American rivers are, the fiercest gale scarcely affects their smooth surface, and consequently the boats which ply upon them may be built very light and slender, in comparison with sea-going vessels. They are, in fact, put together entirely for speed, and have a very small hull, although they tower above the water like floating palaces, and, in the case of the western steamers, frequently carry large cargoes.



A MISSISSIPPI STEAMER.

The steamers which ply on the Mississippi and Ohio rivers and their tributaries, differ in some important points, as will presently be shown, from those of the Eastern or Atlantic States; although externally there is a general resemblance.

The engraving represents one of the finest of the Mississippi steamers. These vessels are built very sharp fore and aft. They draw very little water, 4½ feet being regarded as the maximum, even with vessels of 1,000 tons burden. An examination of the engraving will enable the reader to form a tolerably clear idea of the construction of these vessels. The lower deck is a huge platform or raft overlapping the hull many feet on each side. On this the saloons or cabins, offices, kitchens, bake-houses, barber's shop, drinking bar, bath-rooms, and all the appurtenances of a first-class hotel, together with the engines, fuel, and cargo, are placed. The steamers carry down the rivers large quantities of cotton and other produce, as well as passengers, to the port of New Orleans. On the deck next above, or what may be termed the second storey of these river palaces, is a saloon, or cabin, with rows of berths and state-rooms on either side. There is a separate saloon and berths for ladies, and in many steamboats there is a state-room especially appropriated to newly-married couples on their "wedding trip." The saloon, which is the general assembly-room and dining-room of the passengers, is not merely handsomely, but in many cases luxuriantly, decorated. The furniture is of the most costly and elaborate description, and the gilded walls are covered with mirrors. When, as is sometimes the case, the saloon extends the entire length of the vessel, the effect is very fine. The steam machinery rises a considerable height above the lower platform, and is inclosed in an oblong rectangular space. The highest deck, or rather storey, of this imposing edifice is occupied by state-rooms, and a space is also afforded for promenade. From this elevated position the steersman guides the vessel in her course, and communicates with the engineer, when necessary, by means of bells. These bells are of different tones, each one having a distinct meaning, answering to "Stop her," "Ease her," "Go a-head," &c. &c., which is immediately understood by the engineer, and the immense machinery is stopped or accelerated with surprising quickness in answer to the signal.

The arrangements for the accommodation of passengers in these boats are of the best description, and the fares very low. The passenger may travel 150 miles for about 2s. 2d., and have a separate bed-room for an equal sum. Indeed, so moderate are the charges, that it is not unusual for persons to take up a residence on board these boats for weeks during the hot season; their expenses, for first-class accommodation, provisions, and travelling at the rate of twenty miles an hour, costing about 10s. per day each person, or about the same as at an hotel on shore. The state or bedrooms are comfortably fitted up, and as large as are to be found at some hotels, and the fare is luxurious. It must be confessed that we have no similar example of cheap travelling in Europe. The advantages we have described are not, however, without some drawbacks; for, while the comfort of the passengers is assiduously studied, their safety would appear to be the last consideration with the proprietors of these vessels.

The *Pacific*, which we have selected as an example of this class of vessels, is a fine boat, having capacity for the burden of 1,200 tons, and accommodation for 120 cabin passengers, with state-rooms. Her extreme length is nearly 300 feet, with 40 feet breadth of beam, and 8 feet depth of hold. The cabin is both rich and neat in style; the build semi-Gothic and Corinthian, with lofty skylights; and her arrangements for the convenience of the passengers are of the most complete description. There is usually only one engine placed in the centre of the deck, driving a crank placed in the axle of the paddle-wheels. The enormous size of these wheels, and the speed with which they revolve, enable them to perform the office of fly-wheels, and to carry the engine through its dead points with little inequality of motion.

We have already observed that the steamers which ply on the rivers of the Eastern or Atlantic States are worked on an entirely different principle from those on the great rivers of the west—the Mississippi and its tributaries. The eastern steamers are capable of running twenty-two miles an hour, and make eighteen miles an hour on the average—a speed which is scarcely exceeded by the steamers of the west, although the former pursue their journeys in safety, while with the latter great sacrifice of human life annually takes place from the bursting of boilers. The steamboat explosions of the United States have become painfully notorious, even in our own country; but these explosions are comparatively rare in the navigation of the eastern rivers. A brief account of the mode of working will explain the reason of the difference to which we have alluded.

The steamers of the Eastern States derive much of their efficiency from the application of the expansive principle, but this has been, to some extent, limited by the inequality of the action of the piston when urged by expanding steam on the crank. If the steam be cut off at less than half-stroke, the force of the piston is diminished before the termination of the stroke to less than one-half its original amount. The inequality is increased by the relative position of the crank and the connecting rod, the leverage diminishing in nearly the same proportion as the power of the piston diminishes. For this reason it has not usually been found practicable to cut off the steam at less than half-stroke. The great speed of these steamers is owing rather to the pressure of steam used in them than to the size of the cylinders. Many of the boats have cylinders about seventy-six inches in diameter and fifteen feet stroke. The boilers are capable of carrying steam from forty to fifty pounds pressure above the atmosphere. The wheels—forty-five feet in diameter—make sixteen revolutions a minute to attain a speed of about twenty miles an hour; the difference—five miles—giving the relative movement of the edge of the paddles through the water.

The steamers of the Mississippi and the other western rivers are worked with high-pressure steam without condensation; and the force, which in the eastern vessels is due to the vacuum, is obtained on these boats by a very great pressure of steam.

It is not unusual, when "racing" a rival boat, to raise the pressure of steam to 200 lbs. per square inch, and the ordinary pressure is about 150 lbs. The boilers are large and rudely constructed, and, when returning flues are made, so little space is left, that any variation of the water they contain or of the trim of the vessel, causes the upper flues to be uncovered. In this case they speedily become red hot; the iron, unable to resist the pressure, then gives way with a tremendous explosion, and the fine vessel too frequently becomes a complete wreck. The waters of the Mississippi and its tributaries hold in suspension great quantities of earthy matter, which gradually accumulates in the boiler, and being a non-conductor, prevents the heat of the furnace being absorbed by the water, so that the boiler-plates gradually become red hot. This danger might be avoided by blowing the water out of the boiler from time to time, but precautions of this kind are seldom taken. Notwithstanding the frequent occurrence of deplorable accidents, the navigation of these rivers continues to be conducted with strange disregard to human life. At the same time, it is worthy of remark that so frequent and violent are the thunder-storms in the United States, that usually a larger number of persons are annually killed by lightning than by steamboat explosions.

Before and After.

Picnic morning
Bright and fair,
Golden sunshine,
Balmy air.
What a pleasure
Thus to go
Where the woodland
Breezes blow.
Happy hours,
Free from care,
Joy and beauty
Everywhere.
Through the leafy
Woods we'll stray.
Gracious, gladsome
Picnic day.

Picnic evening,
What a plight!
Rained from 10
O'clock till night.
Flossy garments,
Once so nice,
Filled with mud
And beggars' lice.
Dinner ruined,
Pies and cakes
Food for ants
And garter snakes.
Full of doleful
Dank dismay,
Dirty, drizzly
Picnic day.

RECIPES FOR SEPTEMBER.

Mushroom Soup.—While mushrooms are plentiful we may be glad of one or two suggestions for using them profitably. Pare both large and small mushrooms with also one small onion; put them into a stewpan with two ounces of butter. Let them stew gently until quite tender, then lift out all the smallest ones and continue to stew the larger ones a few minutes longer; rub these through a sieve, adding a little water to them by degrees. Pour the *purée* thus obtained back into the pan, add to it enough water to make about a pint and a half of soup. Mix a tablespoonful of flour with a little water, then stir it into the liquor; add a large teaspoonful of meat extract, the small mushrooms, a teaspoonful of salt, half one of pepper and a pinch of dried herbs. Boil altogether for a moment, then take off the fire and stir in threepennyworth of good cream.

◆

Mushroom Omelette.—Make a plain omelette with either two, four or six eggs, according to the size required. Beat the eggs on a plate with the blade of a knife, add to them salt, pepper, and a tablespoonful of milk. Pour this into an omelette-pan that has two ounces of butter already in it just at boiling point. Use the blade of a knife to slip round the edges and to lift up the middle; when the mixture appears to be setting leave it alone for a few moments, then set the pan in a hot oven or under the toasting grill for just a minute in order to raise the surface, after which slip it on to a hot dish, pour a few mushrooms previously stewed, thickened and seasoned, into the middle, fold the other half over, and serve at once.

◆

Fillets of Beef with Mushrooms.—Pare and cook some mushrooms in the oven with a little butter and seasoning; they will make their own gravy. Prepare some fillets of beef in the same manner as above, and when done add the gravy which comes from the mushrooms to that which is in the stewpan; serve the mushrooms in the centre, the fillets and gravy around them.

◆

Fillets of Beef with Cucumber.—Fillets taken from the undercut are best; they should be nearly an inch thick and two inches square; trim them neatly, as the trimmings can all be utilised afterwards for a stew or pie. Have some nice dripping at boiling-point, fry the fillets in this, first on one side then on the other, turning them every few seconds. Fry them for about five minutes, not longer, for they should be juicy, though brown outside. Lay them in a stewpan, then pour away all but a tablespoonful of the fat in which they were fried; to the rest add a spoonful of flour, one of Harvey's or Worcester sauce, a pinch of red pepper, a teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of dried sage, and sufficient stock to make about half a pint of gravy. Stir this over the fire until it boils and is thick, then pour it over the fillets, cover the stewpan and set it in a corner of the oven to simmer gently while the cucumber is cooked. Pare the latter and split down into four, cut the strips across again into pieces about two inches long, then boil in salted water until they are tender; they will take about twenty minutes. When done, drain them through a colander and pile in the middle of a hot dish, laying the fillets around the base, the gravy with them. This makes a very good *entrée.*

◆

Epigrammes of Veal with Peas.—A slice from the fillet of veal cut into pieces about two inches square, also two or three slices of streaky bacon cut very thin and three or four inches long. Dip each fillet into beaten egg, roll in raspings, and fry quickly in boiling fat, until crisp and nicely browned on both sides. Sprinkle them lightly with red pepper and celery salt, lay in a covered stewpan with a little clear tomato gravy, while the bacon is being cooked. Cut the slices across and either fry or grill them very quickly so that they roll up. Boil some fresh green peas until they are quite tender, drain them, shake them over the fire (in a saucepan) with a pat of butter, a spoonful of minced herbs and a little pepper and salt; then pour into the middle of a dish and place the fillets with their gravy round the edge, the curled bacon on the top of each fillet.

◆

A Savoury Mince of Beef.—To make a "hash" that shall be not only palatable but welcome, we should first make the gravy or sauce, then having the cold meat cut small and freed from skin or gristle, stir it into the gravy, letting it simmer gently for sufficient time to make it hot through, but it must never boil, or the meat becomes at once tough and flavourless. For a beef hash a gravy made as follows is most suitable:—Either a pound of fresh tomatoes, or half a tin of preserved ones should be stewed, with one or two onions cut small, a little clear stock and a pat of butter. When they have cooked sufficiently, rub through a sieve, and thicken the gravy with a spoonful of flour previously wetted with cold water, add a spoonful of sharp sauce or ketchup, one of seasoning, half a teaspoonful of curry paste (if liked), or one or two pickled walnuts cut small, then boil up once more and stir in the minced beef. Serve with strips of dried toast around.

◆

Haricot Mutton.—Take about two pounds of middle neck of mutton, two or three onions, a few young carrots (split in two if large), a turnip cut into six, a bunch of sweet herbs, and some mixed seasoning.

Divide the meat into small joints, fry each one lightly, then fry also the vegetables—this is to give a savour to the stew. Lay all in a stewpan, sprinkle the seasoning over, and add sufficient water to barely cover; stew gently for upwards of two hours. Lift out the meat and vegetables on to a dish and arrange them neatly; thicken the gravy by adding some flour that has been previously wetted, add also a few drops of brown colouring and a teaspoonful of ketchup, boil up again and pour over the rest.

◆

A Savoury Mince of Veal.—Chop a small onion very finely, frizzle it in butter, but do not brown it. Stir in flour enough to absorb the butter, then dilute with a little clear broth or white stock, add salt and a little pepper. Boil up once to ensure its being smooth and somewhat thick; stir in the minced cold veal, add a teaspoonful of chopped parsley or mixed herbs, a teaspoonful of minced ham (also cooked), and, just before dishing up, stir in a small teacupful of cream. Garnish with croutons of fried bread. A few "button" mushrooms skinned and stewed in a little water added to this mince are an improvement.

◆

A Shepherd's Pie.—Cut up small any cold meat, removing nearly all the fat, as well as all gristle and skin. Place in a pie-dish which should be about half-full of meat. Pour over all the gravy that can be found, adding a little stock and a flavouring of ketchup to make more. Season well. Boil and mash three or four potatoes, moisten them with milk and season with salt. Lay these lightly over the meat to form a crust, mark the surface with a fork, placing little pats of salt butter on the top. Set the dish in a rather quick oven; cook for upwards of an hour, or until the crust is nicely browned.

◆

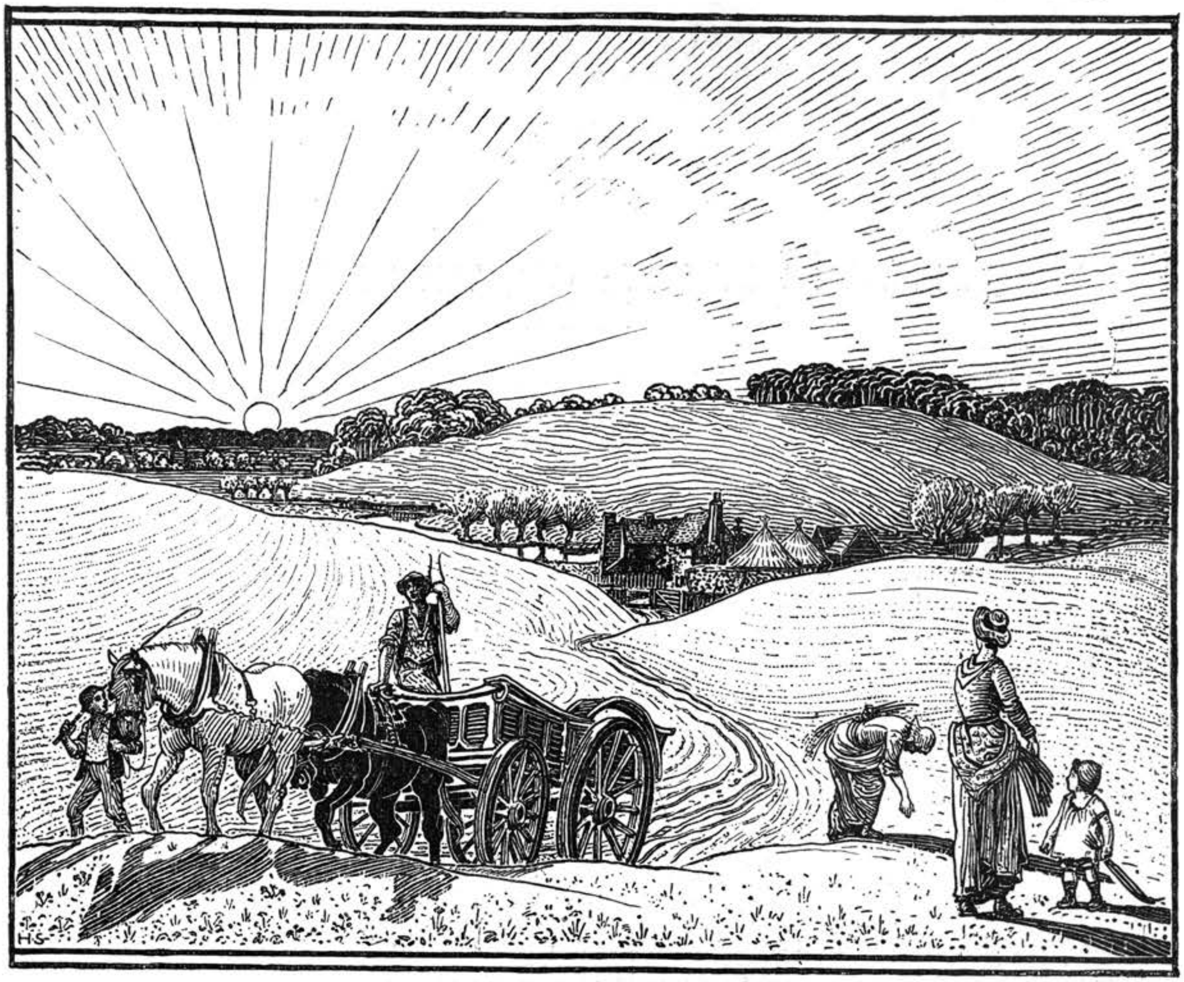
Apricots will be ripe on country garden walls this month; let us spare a few from our dessert or rescue a few from the preserving-pan for the filling of an *Apricot Cake.* There are few things more delicious than this for afternoon tea.

For the cake, beat together three ounces of fresh butter and the same quantity of castor sugar; add the beaten yolks of four eggs. Then sift in lightly four tablespoonfuls of fine dry flour, into which one spoonful of Brown and Polson's Paisley flour has been rubbed. Butter a cake-tin about six inches in diameter and three or four deep. Pour into it the cake mixture and set the tin in a rather quick oven. It should rise until it nearly fills the tin. Bake about three-quarters of an hour. When the cake has cooled, cut it into three layers, spread between each layer some stoned apricots which have been gently stewed in a syrup of sugar until thoroughly tender; pour some of the syrup over the outside of the cake; when it has been absorbed lift the cake carefully on to a clean glass-dish and sprinkle the outside with the chopped and blanched kernels. A ring of leaves and flowers make a pretty decoration for this cake.

The same cake might be filled with whipped and sweetened cream, then be cut into triangular pieces and eaten with a *compôte* of apricots or peaches.

The labours of **THE·XII·MONTHS**
set out in **NEW PICTURES & OLD PROVERBS**

WISE SHEPHERDS say that the age of man is **LXXII** years and that we liken but to one hole yeare for evermore we take six yeares to every month as **JANUARY** or **FEBRUARY** and so forth, for as the yeare changeth by the twelve months into twelve sundry manners so doth a man change himself twelve times in his life by twelve ages, and every age lasteth six yeare if so be that he live to **LXXII**. For three times six maketh eighteen & six times six maketh **XXXVI** And then is man at the best and also at the highest and twelve times six maketh **LXXII** & that is the age of a man.



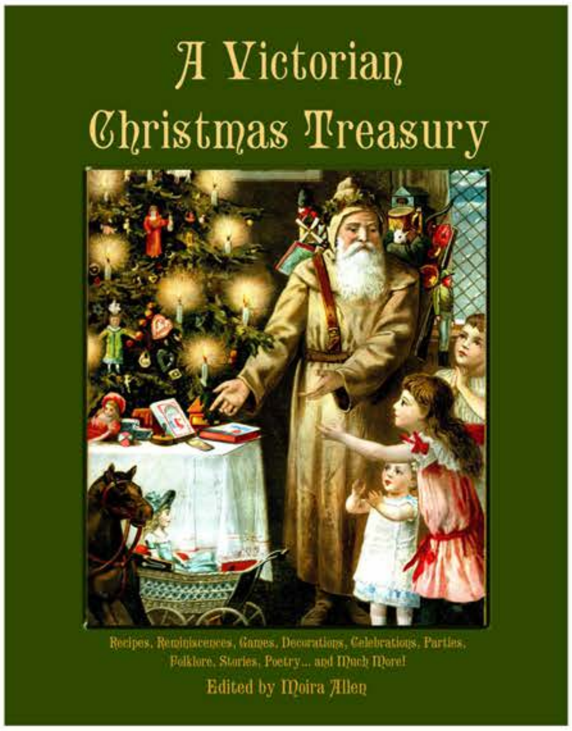
SEPTEMBER

Then commeth **SEPTEMBER**; that wines be made, and the fruits of trees be gathered. And then therewithall hee doth freshly begin to garnish his house, and make provision of needfull things for to live in winter, which draweth very neare, & then is a man in his most joyfull and courageous estate, prosperous in wisdom, purposing to gather, and keep as much as should be sufficient for him in his old age. When he may gather no more, and these six yeares maketh him **LIIII** yeares

—(of the cuckoo) If he stay until **SEPTEMBER**
'Tis as much as the oldest man can remember.

English Illustrated Magazine 1890

We Wish You a Victorian Christmas...


A Victorian
Christmas Treasury
Recipes, Reminiscences, Games, Decorations, Celebrations, Parties, Folklore, Stories, Poetry... and Much More!
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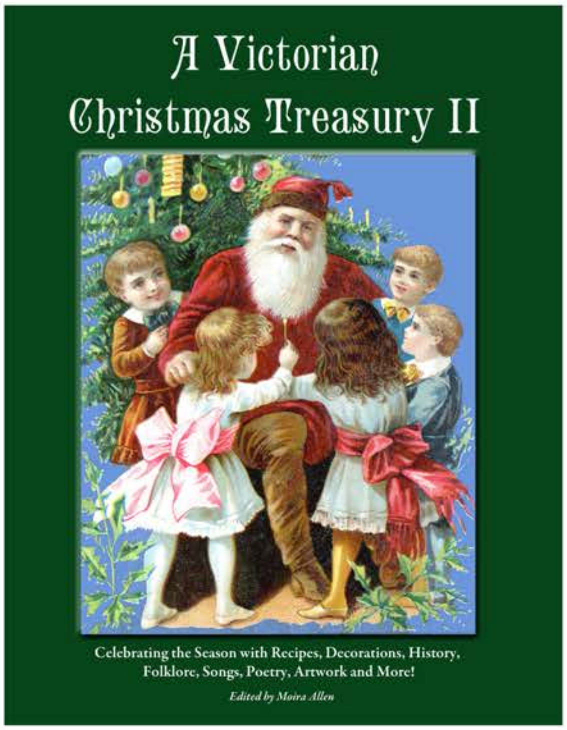
A Victorian
Christmas Treasury II
Celebrating the Season with Recipes, Decorations, History, Folklore, Songs, Poetry, Artwork and More!
Edited by Moira Allen

A festive tree... sparkling baubles... the holly and the ivy... glowing candles and firelight... cards and greetings from those we love... So many of the things we love best about Christmas, from Jolly Old St. Nick to Ebenezer Scrooge, come to us from Victorian days!

Now you can bring an authentic Victorian touch to your holiday celebrations with ***A Victorian Christmas Treasury*** and ***A Victorian Christmas Treasury II.*** Discover mouth-watering recipes, unique ways to decorate your home, "new" Christmas carols, and delightful parlor games. Host the perfect Victorian holiday tea! Enjoy tales of holiday celebrations from the blizzards of the American prairie to the blistering sun of the Australian colonies. Plus, discover Christmas as depicted by the wonderful artists of the Victorian world - visions guaranteed to put you in the holiday spirit!

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