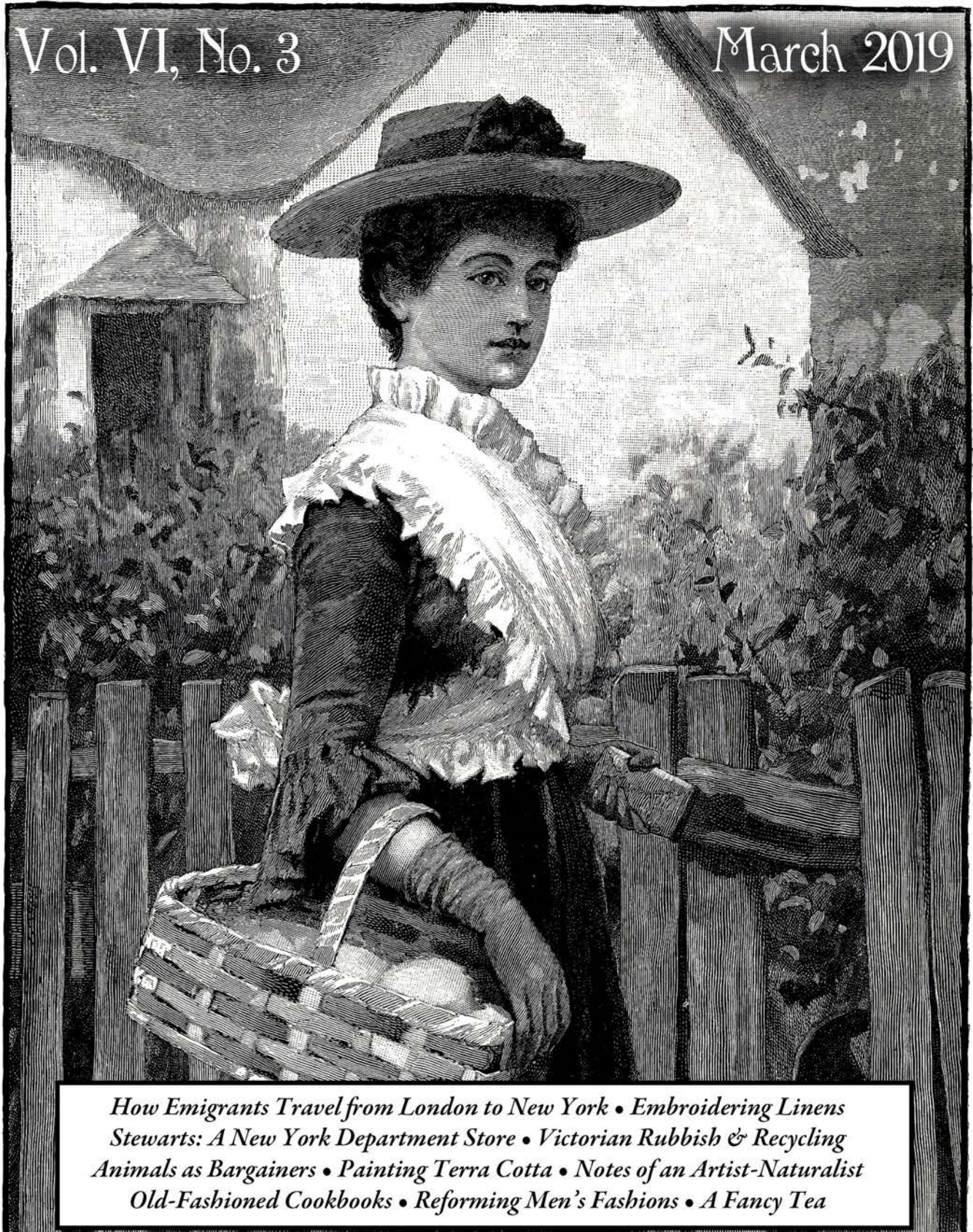


Victorian Times

Vol. VI, No. 3

March 2019



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Stewarts: A New York Department Store • Victorian Rubbish & Recycling
Animals as Bargainers • Painting Terra Cotta • Notes of an Artist-Naturalist
Old-Fashioned Cookbooks • Reforming Men's Fashions • A Fancy Tea*

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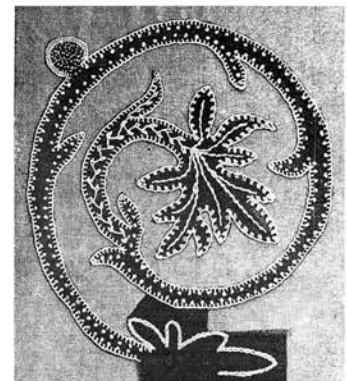
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The Girl's Own Paper* *Cassell's Family Magazine*

Out of the Dust-bin

Remember when recycling first began to catch on? It was *the* new thing. So hip, so trendy, so eco-friendly! Of course, you had to know *just* what could be recycled—this sort of plastic but not that sort, clear bottles but not colored glass, newspapers but no inserts, and so on. Today, in my garage we have a huge “wheelie bin” that we’re told we can throw anything and everything into—plastics, milk cartons, newspapers, cans, bottles, you name it. Eventually it all gets put onto a barge to China, China refuses to accept it (China is apparently threatening that it will soon refuse all post-consumer recycling waste), and, quite probably, it all gets dumped into the sea. But it’s *progress*, right?

So I confess to feeling just a little *annoyed* by the article in this issue on “Our Dust-bins.” Seems that recycling is neither new, nor modern, nor trendy. Victorians were doing it well over a century ago (this article dates from 1868!). Furthermore, they were doing it on a far larger, more productive, and (apparently) more economical scale than we have even dreamt of.

Victorians, it seems, didn’t recycle just a few things, select items like paper (inserts or no), certain types of plastics (granted, they didn’t *have* plastics yet, which is rather in their favor), or glass. They recycled it all. Bones. Rags. (That’s why the dustbin collectors were often known as “the rag and bone” men.) Ashes and coals. Old tea leaves. Food waste. Egyptian mummies...

Even more amazing is the uses to which recycled materials were being put. In the 1860’s, linen and other rags might end up being recycled into paper—although the article points out that this practice was already declining. Instead, rags were being routed into the “shoddy” industry—the manufacture of new fabric out of old. (You can find an interesting article on “shoddy” wool manufacturing at <https://www.agosto-foundation.org/devils-dust>.) Bones might be recycled into the manufacture of china. Coal dust and ash were recycled into building materials. Old tea leaves were often resold as new tea leaves, but that came under the category of “food adulteration,” which we’ve looked at in other issues (see, for example, the January 2016 issue). And a great deal of the waste materials of Britain went into fertilizer.

In fact, Britain’s Victorian “recycling” program extended far beyond the boundaries of Britain itself. Old rags for the shoddy industry were imported by the ton from other parts of Europe. According to this article, old battlefields throughout Europe were mined for human bones to fertilize British crops (a thought that rather sends chills down one’s spine). And did I mention mummies? Egypt shipped mummies (mostly, but not exclusively, animal) by the boatload to Britain to be converted, again, to fertilizer.

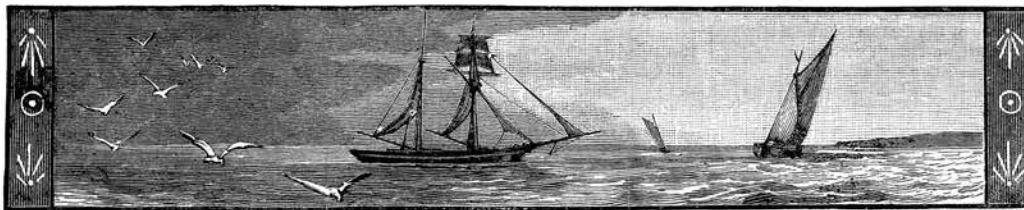
To make all this happen, Victorian Britain required one asset that we, perhaps, no longer have: a nearly endless supply of incredibly cheap labor. Today, it’s hard to imagine hundreds (if not thousands) of workers willing to spend their days sorting through other people’s garbage. In Victorian Europe, such labor was easy to find. In our January 2018, we ran a piece on the “chiffoniers” of Paris, who handled the same unpleasant tasks as the “hill women” of London. And because of this supply of cheap labor, recycling materials could actually be less expensive than harvesting new, raw materials for the same purposes.

I said “hard to imagine”—but I should have said “in this country” or, perhaps, in “western” countries. In Asia, Latin America and other parts of the world, the “chiffoniers” are still alive and well. Their work today is often known as “landfill mining,” and if you do a search on this term, you’ll find a growing interest even in “developed” countries in the “riches” that are to be found in our mounds of garbage. In the past, most of the articles and features I’ve seen on the poor who search landfills for marketable materials have focused on the horror of such working conditions. But today, articles are beginning to address the question of whether we ought not to be focusing, instead, on what *can* be “mined” from our rubbish—and whether landfill mining might not be one way to help preserve diminishing natural resources for the future.

Should we begin to move in that direction—should we start looking to yesterday’s dumps, tips and rubbish heaps as the source of tomorrow’s building supplies, textiles, paper, and perhaps even fertilizer—chances are that pundits will praise this as the newest, hippest, trendiest thing on the planet. Landfill recyclers will be praised as forward-thinkers, people with a vision for the future.

If so, it will be yet another forward-thinking vision for the future that has its roots very firmly in our Victorian past!

—Maira Allen, Editor
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LONDON TO NEW YORK BY STEERAGE.

By FRED. A. MCKENZIE.

A JOURNEY of nearly four thousand miles, with food and sleeping accommodation for eleven days, for considerably less than the cost of a third class ticket from London to Aberdeen is surely a record-breaker even in these days of cheap travel. A few years ago the ordinary steerage fare from Liverpool to New York was five guineas. By degrees it came down to about half that sum, and it was for a time generally agreed that even the severe competition between the various Atlantic steamship companies could not bring it much lower. Then certain German lines heavily subsidised by their own Government, entered into a rate-cutting campaign. This led to fresh reductions, and the bottom was not reached until one American line, anxious to finish the fight, offered to convey passengers from London to New York, *via* Liverpool and Philadelphia for £1 16s., with a kit provided free. Being anxious to learn how such a thing could be done, and what kind of accommodation was provided for the travellers, I paid my thirty-six shillings and became for the time an amateur emigrant.

The would-be steerage passenger to the United States has to go through many forms and ceremonies before he is allowed to set out on his journey. First an official document must be filled up, giving minute details of oneself and one's affairs. I was required to declare if I was in possession of any money, and, if so, how much; if I had ever been in prison, in an almshouse, or supported by charity; if I could read or write; if I was a polygamist, and many other equally flattering things. Happily my answers were deemed satisfactory, so my ocean ticket was issued; and I was given a free railway pass to Liverpool, where I was informed that I would have to submit to a medical examination before going on board ship.

There was a cheer at Euston as the

midnight emigrant train set out for the north. Every third class carriage was filled with men and women bound for the same destination as myself. Most of us were too excited to sleep, and we spent hour after hour telling each other all the wonderful stories we had ever heard of the Land of Promise. As the night passed on we grew more and more confidential. One passenger, a well-dressed elderly Russian, surprised me by drawing from his pocket two or three valuable clusters of diamonds, and at first I wondered what a man with property worth so much was doing amongst us. The mystery was quickly explained. He was a modern smuggler, anxious to avoid paying duty on his collection; and he thought he would be better able to get through the American Customs safely by going steerage.

At Liverpool came the medical examination. A card was given to each of us, with directions printed on it in seven languages, and this had to be stamped by a special doctor and then delivered up by the bearer on arrival at Philadelphia. A cheery young Irish-American surgeon came into the shed where we were waiting before embarkation, and was at once surrounded by hundreds of us, all clamouring to have our papers endorsed. "Stand back, boys," he cried, "stand back. You won't get to Philadelphia any the earlier for all your pushing." For a few minutes we pressed on him so closely that he could do nothing, but after a time the ship's officers arranged us so as to pass in front of his table in single file. As we passed we laid our cards in front of him, and he endorsed them as quickly as possible with a rubber stamp. He did not even lift his eyes to look at us, and the examination of the whole party was finished in a very few minutes.

As soon as this farce was over and we were permitted to go aboard, we all

hurried to secure our berths. Our vessel was one of the older and smaller liners, of only a little over three thousand tons register; and we learnt that she would take at least ten days to make the trip. She carried no saloon passengers, but

light and no windows of any kind except the port holes opening into the sleeping berths. A few very feeble electric lights were lit at meal times and in the evenings; at other times we had to be satisfied with such daylight as came over the tops of the



THE THIRD DAY OUT; GETTING BETTER.

Photo by J. Byron, New York.

only second-class and steerage. The former were given the middle of the ship, while the steerage were divided into two lots, married couples and single women going to the fore part and single men to the stern.

“English to the right Germans to the left,” was the cry as we descended to the common cabin below. For the moment I was half-blinded by the change from sunlight to semi-darkness, but gradually the outlines of the room became visible. It was long and narrow, running one-third the length of the vessel, and divided in the centre by a flight of steps leading up to the deck. Narrow deal tables ran lengthwise along it, and on either side of them were unbacked benches to serve as seats. The sleeping apartments were all around and were fenced off by stone-coloured wooden partitions. There was no sky-

partitions, through the deck doorway and through a half-uncovered hatchway.

I looked with considerable interest at the sleeping rooms provided for us. The cabin in which I was located was at the extreme end of the ship, and was about fourteen feet long, twelve feet broad, and nine or ten feet high. Two rows of berths ranged on either side, and each row held five men, so that twenty of us were accommodated in this little apartment. The berths consisted of a wooden framework, about a foot high to which was fastened a bottom of sacking. A straw mattress, a straw pillow and a small brown blanket made the furniture of each bunk complete. There were no sheets or pillow covers; and the blanket was, to use the metaphorical language of a man in my cabin, “just about large enough to cover half a feller’s eye.”

The whole ship was in the utmost confusion, and to one fresh from shore the appearance of everything seemed to be indescribably dreary and depressing. For a moment I felt tempted to then and there abandon my investigation, and take the next train back to London. A few hours later, when we got somewhat settled down, things did not seem quite so bad; but unquestionably the sleeping accommodation was the worst thing we had to put up with. The cabins were insufficiently ventilated, and on warm nights the odours arising from so many packed as tightly together as we were, were enough to upset the strongest stomach. Many of the blankets were not so clean as they might have been, and those of us with sensitive skins were tortured all the way by the attentions of some very lively

upper bunk gave clean away, and its occupant fell with a thud on the man beneath him. The latter suddenly aroused from his sleep by the shock, made sure that his last hour had come. "My God!" he cried, struggling fiercely. "I'm dying. The ship is sinking and I'll be drowned. Help! Help!"

His horror was all the greater because of the darkness of the room. No artificial light whatever is provided in the sleeping cabins, and we had to leave our doors open so that a few rays might come from the electric lamps in the common chamber.

We left Liverpool on Wednesday afternoon, and during Thursday most of us took very little interest in anything except our own personal sufferings. There was a slight roll on as we got out of the Irish



OUTSIDE THE CABINS.

Photo by J. Byron, New York.

insects. The bunks were not over strongly built, and there was no railing or anything of the kind for one to hang on to during a storm. The flimsy construction of the berths led to incidents that were sometimes amusing. One night an

Sea into the Atlantic, and it was then that I learnt the very real advantage of being in the steerage. The cabin passengers have attentive stewards to look after them when they are ill, and they can stay down in their well-ventilated berths in

peace. Emigrants must look after themselves. I knew that if I stayed down below for any length of time, I would be knocked up altogether, for the atmosphere there was such as to prevent any one from recovering; so I strained every nerve to remain on deck. For hours I lay on the hatchway not daring to move, and hardly caring what happened. But the result of this was that by Friday morning I was practically well again: though had I been a cabin passenger, able to humour my own fads and fancies, I would no doubt have been ill for half the voyage. On

margarine. But these were exceptions. For breakfast, at seven o'clock, we were given coffee, small rolls of fresh bread, margarine and either Irish stew or porridge. The stew was warm and savoury, and the porridge clean and well cooked, though no seasoning or sweetening was given with it; while the bread was quite equal in quality to that provided by the average baker on shore. Dinner, at noon, usually consisted of three courses, soup, meat and potatoes, and a sweet.

This was the best meal of the day. Whether it was that my appetite had be-



A MORNING ON DECK.

Photo by J. Byron, New York.

Thursday most of us ate nothing: on Friday morning some kindly soul brought me a ship's biscuit, and I discovered to my surprise, that it was very nice. After that, it was not long before I began to take a healthy interest in the ringing of the dinner bell.

The food provided was practically unlimited in quantity, and on the whole excellent in quality. The drinks dignified by the name of tea and coffee were, it is true, anything but palatable, and for butter was substituted a poor quality of

come sharpened by the sea-breezes, I cannot say; but I will admit that I have rarely tasted better flavoured soup than that served in the steerage. The meat was—on most days—boiled, corned, or preserved beef; and on Fridays salt-fish was substituted for it. The potatoes were steamed with their jackets on. Of the last course I cannot speak much from personal experience. It was usually either plum-pudding or rice, and those who took it enjoyed it immensely, but a mouthful I had one day was sufficient to

check my craving for it. The last meal, at five o'clock, consisted of tea, bread and margarine, and, on most nights, jam or porridge.

It must not be imagined that our food was issued out to us after the ordinary

"Gangway" and carrying in front of them immense tins full of food. These were placed in a convenient corner, until samples had been given to a smart young waiter to take into the doctor. Then the six or eight attendants started serving out



WORKING ONE'S WAY OUT.

Photo by J. Byron, New York.

manner of civilised society. At the beginning of the voyage each of us was given a tin plate, a tin mug, a large spoon, and a rusty knife and fork. These we were required to keep clean and to use as our crockery. About half-an-hour before the dinner hour we would begin to assemble in the cabin, bringing our dishes with us. The tables could not hold all, and those who were not able to obtain seats would either have to go in their bunks, or else stand about in any convenient corner. Some passed the time by beating tattoos on their plates, others started up songs, and for a time the din and confusion would be deafening. At last the steward who looked after us rang a bell, and a number of roughly-clad assistants came marching in from the cook's galley, shouting

as quickly as possible. It was mere chance which course one got first; usually they came altogether, though sometimes the pudding arrived a few minutes before the soup. The soup men had long tin ladles, with which they measured out about half-a-pint into each bowl. The meat had previously been cut into slabs, and each of us had one put on to his tin plate, while the guardian of the potato bucket would pick out four or five potatoes with his hand, and drop them alongside of the meat. Potatoes, meat and pudding had all to go on the same plate, at the same time, so the raisins would sometimes become mixed with the mustard, and the sweetened rice with the boiled beef.

After each meal we had all to wash our own dishes, so as to make them fit for the

next. Whatever of the food served to us had not been eaten we threw overboard, and then we rinsed the tins in a big iron dish of hot water placed on the deck. By the time a few hundred tins had been scoured in this, the water would be fairly full of grease; so many of us managed to obtain a little clean water from the ship's boy in order to supplement the first wash.

On shipboard it is not long before strangers get acquainted, and in a few days most of us knew all about each other. We were probably as cosmopolitan a throng as had ever been brought together in so small a space. Quite a score of languages and dialects were spoken in our little company. In the morning we could see the Jewish rabbi, attired in pontifical robes and with his porthole open towards

the direction of the land from whence they had come.

There were many Germans and Jews amongst us. One finely built young fellow had been turned out of Russia in the Exodus of 1888. He was usually calm and good-natured, but one only needed to talk of modern Russia to stir the hidden volcano in him. "The Czar is a beast" he exclaimed to me. "He is a man without feeling, without kindness, bah! he is not a man at all! Every night I pray that the same fate may happen to him as fell on his father. Every night I pray for it. And it will! One effort may fail, another may fail, but at last we shall succeed. Mark my words! Alexander will never die in his bed."

This Jew was a clean and cultured specimen of his race, and could speak



RECREATIONS ON BOARD.

Photo by J. Byron, New York.

Jerusalem, going through his devotions. In the evening two or three Eastern Christians would get together by the steering house, and sing softly among themselves Turkish hymns, while their eyes were cast back, dimly and wistfully in

English perfectly, but a number of the German and Polish Jews amongst us, were about as dirty and untidy as it is possible for human beings to be. They would stay in their bunks all day eating bloaters, of which they had brought a large stock on

board. The poor Englishmen who chanced to be placed in the same berths as they had a very bad time of it, and many were their complaints.

Several of the English-speaking passengers were either going on or returning

sons in our ranks. One of these had run through £250 in six months, and was now setting out to starve in Philadelphia with less than three dollars in his pocket.

One particularly interesting character was a young Austrian tailor's cutter, travel-



Photo by J. Byron, New York.

A FAMILY GROUP.

from pleasure trips. One lad, a Pennsylvanian mechanic, had saved up his beer and tobacco money for a year, in order to have an English holiday. He had worked his way over to London in a cattle boat, had spent a fortnight in seeing the sights, and was now returning with his bag full of little presents for those at home. Another young American had found life in London somewhat more expensive than he anticipated, and woke up one morning to realise that his purse was empty. He pawned his jewellery, raised enough to take him to New York, and so made one of our company. Then there were a few prodigal

ling from country to country to perfect his knowledge of foreign languages. He had been in Paris for five years, and acquired French thoroughly, and although he had only been in England four months, he could already speak our language very fairly. He was now bound for New York to study the American methods of business, and soon he intends to settle down. He told me that when he knows German, French, and English perfectly, he will be able to get a post as master cutter from £10 to £25 a week wages; this latter sum being paid by several first class firms to their head men. He was an

unceasing chatterer, for, as he said, "the only way to learn is to talk and to ask."

There is no better place for studying dialect than the steerage of an Atlantic liner. Some of the Orientals amused themselves by trying to teach us westerners the exact pronunciation of certain Turkish letters. We nearly cracked our throats in our efforts to imitate them, but without success. An American tried to learn a Turkish phrase, and after he had repeated it over to one Armenian for a score of times, he marched up to another and addressed his carefully rehearsed remark to him.

The Armenian looked up in surprise. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "I did not hear you."

The youth proudly repeated his phrase.

"What language are you talking?" the puzzled Oriental asked.

"Why Turkish, of course," the American replied. "Don't you know your own tongue?"

This was too great a strain even on eastern politeness, and the Armenian burst into a loud laugh. "You must excuse me, sir," he said, when he recovered breath, "but I really cannot help it. Whoever told you that was Turkish told you a lie. Turkish? Ho, ho, ho!"

After that we thought it would be better to go through a course of Sanskrit or Arabic before attempting modern eastern tongues.

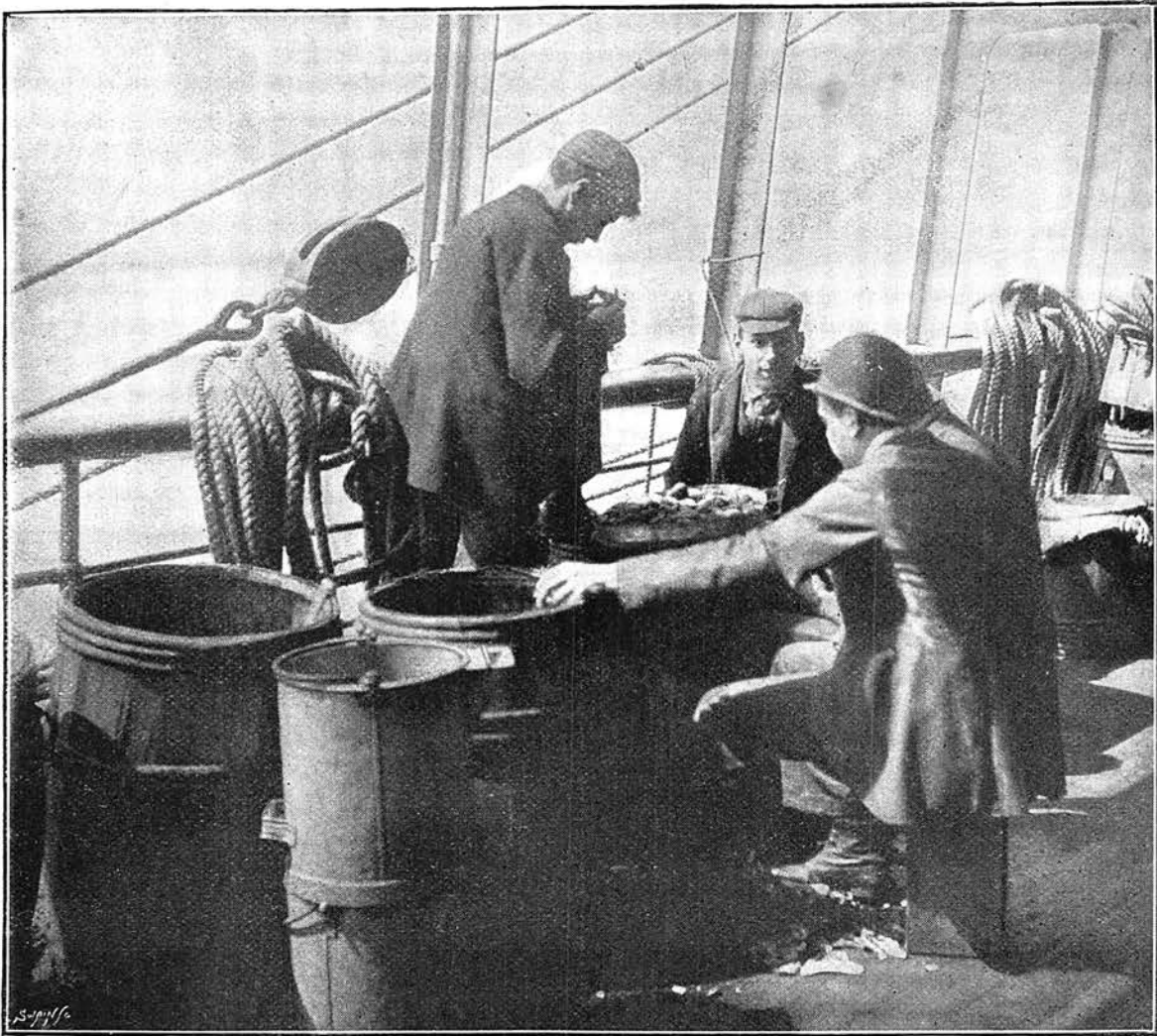
On most Atlantic liners, the male and female steerage passengers are able to be together during the whole of the day, and need only remain in their own quarters at night. In our ship this was not so. Men could go over to the fore part of the ship between eight and half-past eight in the morning, and remain there for three hours; or they could go immediately after dinner, and remain there till tea-time. But there could be no running to and fro between the two quarters, and those who once went over had to remain the full three hours. The reason of this was that the only road between the stem and stern was over the deck devoted to cabin passengers, and it was desired that we should cross this reserved ground as little as possible.

One unfortunate result of this rule was that we had not nearly so many amusements organised amongst us as is usually the case. Our chief recreations were gambling and singing. Almost all day and far into the night, little groups would

sit absorbed in the fascinations of "banker." The game started with half-penny and penny points, but soon many of the stakes were silver. Two or three of our company were cleared out of every penny they possessed. Their savings did not, it is true, amount to much, but such as they were, they were all that they had to start themselves with in a new country. The more sober spirits amongst us were surprised that the captain did not, at the beginning of the voyage, place his veto on playing for money. It would have saved infinite trouble and innumerable quarrels had he done so.

Every evening we got up a concert amongst ourselves. There were one or two trained singers in our party; and one of these, a good-natured banjo player and negro comedian, was the life of the whole company. The performance would commence a little before sunset, on the open deck; and every one who had the slightest vocal power was pressed into service. A raw, ragged Irish lad, fresh from Kilkenny, would sing of the woes of "Erin's green flag"; a little lad from Dublin, about ten years old, was ever ready to repeat the latest music-hall songs; some of the crew helped with plantation melodies, and our programme was generally of a most varied character. Sometimes audience and performers would stop to rush to the side to see a whale blowing in the distance, or a school of porpoises gambolling just by. And as the brief Atlantic twilight died away and night came on, one after another would walk slowly away from the noise and the music to look at the sparkling phosphorescent glow on the surface of the water, or to watch the movements of the tossing waves churning into masses of white foam under the slightest breeze.

When Sunday came most of us expected that the captain would summon us to service, but evidently it is thought that cabin passengers alone require religious consolation on the Atlantic, for no summons came. In the evening we resolved to hold a meeting of our own. Our singers formed themselves into a choir, and an Englishman led the proceedings, assisted by an American and an Armenian. I shall not soon forget the sight of the faces in the crowd around the hatchway that Sabbath night. We were surrounded by a thick fog, and on all sides nothing could be seen but heavy masses of white cloud. A heavy wind had come up during the afternoon, and every now



YOUNG EMIGRANTS.

Photo by J. Byron, New York.

and then a sudden lurch would throw us all together. The shrill shriek of the steam whistle pierced the air at regular intervals, drowning our voices with its overpowering cry. But we sang on, choosing hymn after hymn that most of us had known since childhood. More than one heart beat quicker at the sound of the familiar strains, and the ministry of song roused some who had thought themselves indifferent to the call of the most strenuous evangelist.

We had not been many days on board before a suspicion arose that there was a thief among us. Little things began to unaccountably vanish. One man lost his towel, a second found his slippers disappear, a third had a tin of fruit he had left open half eaten, and so on. We all united in suspecting one lad, a handsome-looking curly-haired, blue-eyed mechanic, about eighteen years old, from a Midland town. Story after story was told of the

youth's impudence and meanness. He had been found loafing around other men's bunks; he was suspected of cheating at cards; and every one felt convinced that he was the guilty party. At last we were able to prove it. He tried to borrow some keys to open another man's bag, some papers belonging to the man who slept next to him were found in his trunk, and other things were hidden under his mattress.

It was felt that, for the honour of the steerage, these offences could not be passed over. None of us wished to complain to the captain, so we resolved to arrest him ourselves and try him before a court of our own.

A jury was selected from the English-speaking passengers, and a judge, council for the prosecution and defence and two constables were formally appointed. The trial took place on the upper hatchway after dinner. The judge was enthroned

on a sack of potatoes; the prisoner, pale but smilingly defiant, was held firmly in his place by the constables; and a crowd of emigrants, sailors and firemen stood watching the court. The proceedings were rather irregular. The counsel for the defence opened the case by admitting the thefts, but pleading that the things taken were of no value, and that as the prisoner was young he ought to be let off. Counsel for the prosecution followed with a plea for a salutary and exemplary sentence; and then evidence was taken

here to the stern of the ship, and back again, and then be ducked three times."

The whole crowd, jurymen, council, and spectators, at once rushed on the lad and carried him along. He struggled and struck out fiercely, but there were too many on to him to permit of his escape. He kicked one bucket of water over, and, as he was being lifted off his feet, succeeded in pushing over another. His head was then shoved under a tap, the water was turned on, and he was held there for a minute or two. When allowed to get



WATCHING FOR LAND.

Photo by J. Byron, New York.

of the affair. After this the jury retired, and after a very short consultation returned with a verdict of guilty, which their foreman delivered with a solemnity befitting the occasion. Whatever appearance of joking there may have been up to this time at once ceased. The judge, an elderly man, proceeded to give the lad a long and severe lecture, telling him how he had made himself universally disliked and warning him that if he did not change his methods, he would ruin his own career. "My sentence upon you," he concluded, "is this, that you be led from

away he rushed towards the cabins, and turned on us as soon as he could recover his breath. "Thank you, gentlemen," he cried, spluttering and mopping his face with his handkerchief. "Thank you. It is the most refreshing wash I have had since I came on board."

Some of the hotter spirits were for giving him a second dose of it, but he was suffered to go below without further molestation. He did afterwards have the grace to show a little shame, but it was a commodity of which he possessed only a very limited stock.

On our second Saturday, the eleventh day from Liverpool, Cape May was sighted, and during the afternoon we steamed up the Delaware. We were hoping to land that evening, but when only twenty minutes from the landing-stage our vessel ran on shore owing to the efforts of the pilot to escape collision with an oyster boat. Two tugs could not pull us off, so we were obliged to remain in the channel the whole evening. When the tide rose we got away, and on Sunday morning we landed. Before we were allowed in the open a medical officer care-

fully scrutinised each one of us and government agents inspected our records. We were obliged to produce what money we had, and to satisfy the officials that we had the making of good citizens in us. Those who cannot pass this ordeal are sent back at the expense of the company who brought them out.

The remainder of the journey was made by rail and ferry-boat. Not many hours later we crossed the Hudson, and as we stepped ashore on Cortland Street, New York, our thirty-six shilling trip was done.

TERRA-COTTA PAINTING.

By Mrs. RANDOLPH-LICHFIELD.

As a material for domestic uses and decorative purposes terra-cotta (a term literally signifying *clay baked*) is of the greatest antiquity.

In many Etruscan tombs vases 2,000 years old have been found, still bright in colour, stainless, and uninjured. These were painted red, buff, yellow, or black, many of them being gilded, their ornamentation consisting generally of representations of domestic scenes, mythological subjects, or flowers and foliage, especially those of the honeysuckle and ivy.

In Egypt and many parts of Sicily and Greece terra-cotta vessels of the early Greek type are frequently found. It was about 150 years B.C. that the art of making these became extinct.

For architectural purposes, however, terra-

cotta was much employed in the seventeenth century, and there were manufactories for it in several parts of Italy.

Many of the English brick mansions of the Tudor period were elaborately adorned with ornaments of this material, and Italian artists, including the celebrated Bramante, were employed in their production.

The manufacture of terra-cotta was revived in England about 1770, by Wedgwood, to whose untiring efforts and patient investigation, aided by the sound scientific principles on which all his experiments were conducted, we owe the rapid and immense improvement made in all varieties of English china and earthenware since that time.

Wedgwood, among other artistic inven-

tions, introduced a terra-cotta which he made to resemble many of the most beautiful stones of the silicious and crystalline species, such as porphyry, granite, Egyptian pebble, &c., and Flaxman, the celebrated sculptor, was employed in their decoration.

In Denmark the manufacture of modern terra-cotta is carried to its highest perfection, and our increased intercourse with that country has, doubtless, been one of the greatest causes of its extended use for decorative purposes.

The discovery in the south of Devon of a vein of fine red clay, of which terra-cotta ware is made, has greatly facilitated the production and improved the quality of that made in England.



The terra-cotta of the present day, the decoration of which forms a branch of art as interesting in its pursuit as it is effective in its results, may be obtained in three colours, black (*mélas*), red, and creamy (*leukós*).

The black may be used for either oil or water-colour painting, but is useless for china colours, as it will not bear firing.

The red and creamy will also receive either oil or water colours, and as they

admit of firing, may be painted with china colours also. The enamelled terra-cotta is prepared for firing, and over glaze china colours are used for its decoration.

The surface of terra-cotta is both easy and pleasant to paint on, and the fact that it may be decorated to the greatest perfection, and with durability, without the tediousness and dangers incidental to firing, makes it a very favourite subject for amateur art. Of all the varieties of terra-cotta, oil colours on black Danish ware is by far the most effective and by far the easiest of accomplishment.

The colours being opaque, every tint tells effectively on the black background, and the finest strokes are as distinctly shown as the broadest.

PAINTING IN OIL COLOURS.

The materials required are: red sable and bristle brushes of various sizes, tubes of oil colours, and *megilp*, or, if preferred, Roberson's medium, to dilute the colours.

The design must be sketched in white, either paint or chalk, taking great care to have it correct and clearly defined. The

painting is treated exactly as if on canvas, the processes of first colouring, shading, &c., being thoroughly similar.

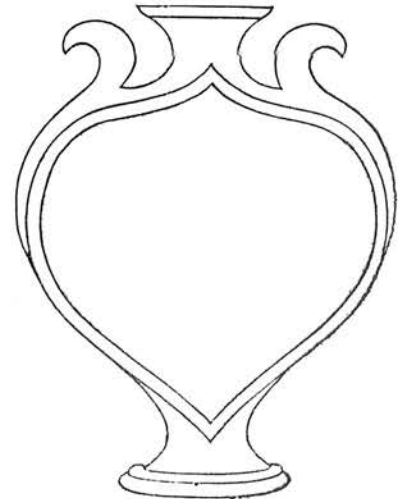
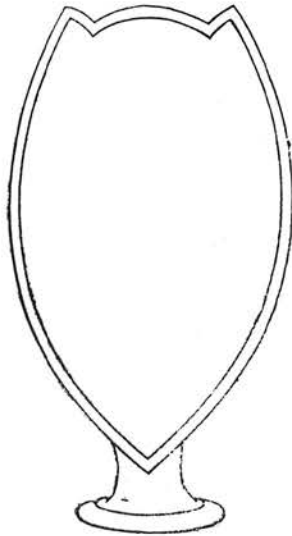
Any inaccuracies or spots of paint may be rubbed off with a piece of cotton wool, so long as they remain moist; but when dry, turpentine will be required to remove them, and must be applied with the greatest care.

Oil painting on red or cream terra-cotta is accomplished in a similar manner and with the same materials.

On the red and cream coloured grounds the subject may be sketched with lead pencil; the marks may be rubbed out, but in this as in all other drawing, it is far better to expend a little time and care in drawing the design in the first instance than to make alterations afterwards.

The oil colours require mixing with a body colour like flake white, Roberson's medium being used for the purpose; they are then painted on rather thickly, but evenly, and allowed to thoroughly dry. All after-painting and finishing is done without the admixture of flake white, the medium still being employed.

with the medium. This process is not necessary with the dark colours, but if you will



try the experiment of laying a *bright* colour on the terra-cotta thus prepared, and a stroke or two of the same *without* the underlayer of Chinese white, you will conclude the few moments' extra work amply repaid by the enhanced brilliancy of the tints. This coat of Chinese white must be laid on evenly and thickly with a flat red sable brush, which must not be too full, great care being taken not to go beyond the limits of the design.

When the white has become perfectly dry, the colours may be painted, moist water colours mixed with the medium being used for the purpose, the details of their shading and finishing being precisely those of ordinary water-colours.

Before the introduction of Chinese white, the whites used for similar purposes were made of lead or zinc, the consequence being their turning black in a few years, or even a shorter time, whether used alone or with other pigments.

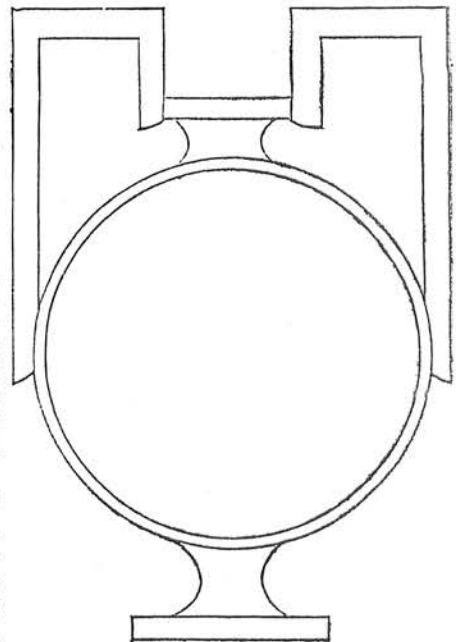
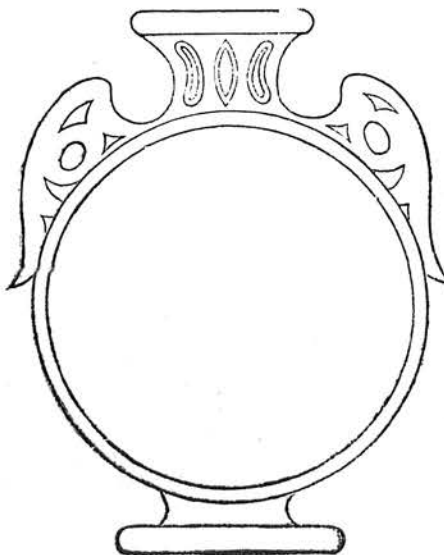
After the painting is perfectly dry, it should have a smooth coat of the medium,

When quite dry the pencilled outlines may be effaced with india-rubber. A slight coat of copal varnish, applied after the painting is thoroughly dry, will bring out the brilliancy of the colours, and enable the terra-cotta to be washed with impunity.

PAINTING WITH WATER-COLOURS.

The application of water-colours to terra-cotta is more tedious and complicated than that of oil, the colours being transparent, necessitate an underground to conceal that formed by the ware. For this purpose it is requisite to coat the design—whether black, red, or cream—with size. This may be obtained of any artists' colourman, or a preparation of lavender balsam, diluted with turpentine, used as a substitute.

After the ground is sized, or prepared with the medium, which must be done smoothly and carefully, and sufficient time has been allowed for it to dry properly, the design must be sketched with Chinese white, and all the portions that are to receive *bright* colours must have a preliminary coat of the Chinese white made into a thin paste



and when this in its turn has become dry, another of varnish may be applied.

The best copal or white spirit varnish is the best for the purpose. I prefer the former; it should be put on very smoothly with a small flat brush, which should be used as dry as possible.

The whole surface may be varnished, but the effect is far preferable if the painting only is thus treated, the bright design showing to the greatest advantage on the dull ground.

If this method is chosen, great care must be taken in applying the varnish, that it should not spread in the least beyond the painting; if this is successfully achieved the design will appear enamelled and slightly raised on the dull surface of the terra-cotta.

PAINTING WITH CHINA COLOURS.

For this purpose the blackened terra-cotta is useless, as it will not bear firing; the red or cream must therefore be selected, and the ground sized or covered with the medium. When this is quite dry the *under glaze* china colours may be applied exactly as they would on biscuit china, taking especial care to have the design perfectly complete before commencing the colouring.

Enamel or *over glaze* colours may be used in precisely the same manner on unenamelled terra-cotta, and the whole article glazed together; but the effect is not so good, as it merely has the appearance of ordinary glazed ware, and loses its distinctive character.

The colours must be used with as dry a brush as possible, and laid on quite smoothly with fine brushes. Where white is employed it must be the white enamel, which must be put on rather thickly.

The painting will require what is technically called a "great fire kiln" for the firing, the ordinary "muffle" heat, which generally suffices for china painting, being inadequate in this case. This, however, is a detail that will be understood by any experienced firm to whom you may entrust your terra-cotta.

ETCHING ON TERRA-COTTA.

This may be done either before or after the terra-cotta is fired; in the former case the ware must be procured in its soft state, and the etching be executed with the unbaked clay, burins of various sizes being used for the work. Correct drawing is absolutely necessary for this work, and some careful practice is needed before the hand learns exactly the decision of touch required; each stroke must be sharp and clear, and deep enough to "take" the clay, great care being required while effecting this to avoid ending the stroke with a little dent or too deep an impression. Should this however, take place, it may be partially rectified by being carefully smoothed over with an etcher's brush.

Mistakes may be treated in the same manner, but it is far better to take extra care to avoid their commission than to be forced to correct them afterward.

Black or brown china colours are employed for any shading that is required, and the whole work must be completed before "firing." As the clay dries in firing, and therefore shrinks slightly, allowance must be made for its doing so in the execution of the design. During the work the terra-cotta must be kept damp, and whenever left it must be kept covered with a damp cloth, or it is certain to crumble.

Etching on the *fired* terra-cotta is much pleasanter work, and with a little care will produce very attractive results.

The materials required are etching pens, a bottle of syderotype, instead of ink, and a crayon stick.

The pen must be carefully and firmly held,

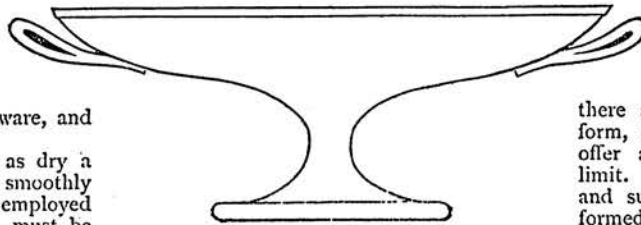
so as to draw decidedly and correctly, taking the precaution to take but little syderotype at a time for fear of making a blot, which would infallibly spoil the etching.

The design is executed in precisely the same manner as adopted for a pen and ink drawing.

If on completion the design should not appear sufficiently dark, the effect may be considerably increased by a little of the crayon stick being gently rubbed over it with cotton wool; this, however, must not be attempted under twenty or thirty minutes after the etching is finished.

Another method of etching on fired terra-cotta is very easy of accomplishment and very effective. Crowquills are the implements required, and are used with lampblack mixed with a little, very little gum. This should be gum Arabic if the etching is to be shiny, and gum tragacanth if preferred dull. Considerable effect may be obtained by putting in any extra depth or mass of colour with a fine brush.

Etching with Indian ink and very fine pens is also very simple work, and a few "high lights" put in with Chinese white greatly enhance the effect. Terra-cotta thus decorated requires either being varnished with



copal or smoothly and quickly covered with gum water; whichever is used will slightly darken the whole surface.

There is an absolute *embarras de richesses* as to designs for etching, the numerous books with beautiful illustration in outline and the sketches and pictures in many of the high class magazines affording ample scope for subjects.

Adrien Bruncau, one of the most celebrated French ceramic painters, designed a most attractive artistic dinner service, the principal subjects being ducks and ducklings, under a variety of more or less pleasant circumstances.

For painting in oil, water, or China colours any subject may be produced on terra-cotta, flowers being particularly attractive, and easier of achievement than landscapes or figures to most amateur artists. I distinctly remember the first specimens of oil painting on terra-cotta that I saw. The painting was so exquisite that I had a difficulty in believing, at a little distance, that the flowers represented were not real, or the most perfect of artificial specimens. In both cases the blackened varnish ware had been employed; one was a "Gloire de Dijon" rose, buds and foliage lightly thrown on a round plaque, about nine inches in diameter; the other, an oval vase, sixteen inches in height, with gracefully curved handles. This had a garland of honeysuckle, apparently thrown carelessly round it, *over* one handle and *beneath* the other.

GILDING ON TERRA-COTTA.

This process is by no means beyond the powers of amateurs, and may be made to add considerably to the effect of many articles in this ware.

The rim of the vase or plaque, the handles, or whatever portion is selected for decoration, must be well rubbed with pumice stone; when made perfectly smooth by this means it must be coated with gilder's size, and when this begins to get "tacky," leaf-gold is applied

with a fine brush, the gold being cut on a cushion specially prepared, a palette knife being used for the purpose. The brush should be passed lightly over the hair, which causes the gold-leaf to adhere to it; the leaf must be laid on very carefully, great care being taken that it does not curl or crease in the application.

A far easier method of gilding than this, and very nearly as effective, is the painting with liquid gold, really prepared for the purpose. This must be mixed with a little refined oil, and laid on smoothly and carefully with a brush. Whichever method may be selected, badger-hair brushes are the best for the purpose.

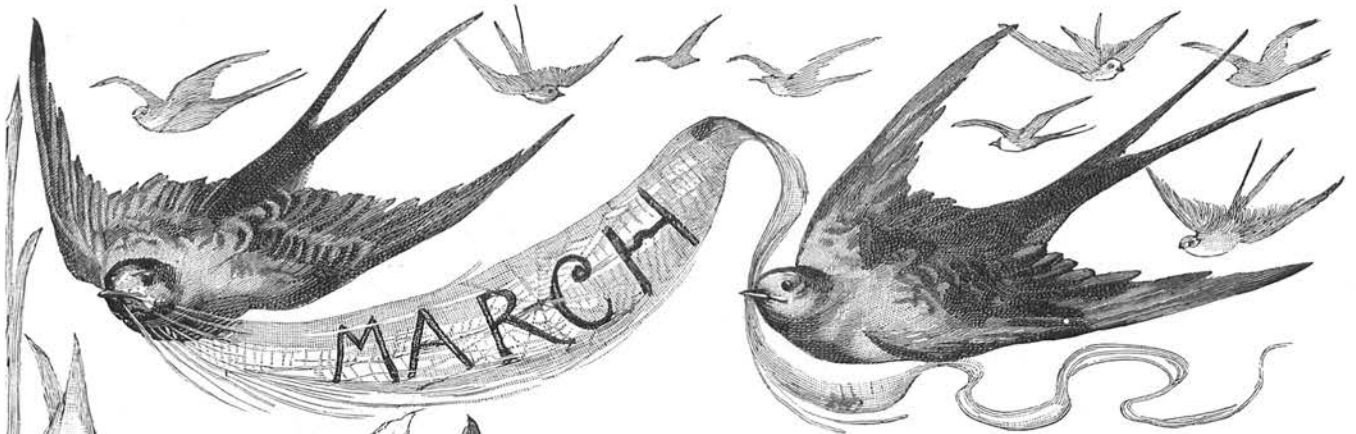
If you should wish the gold burnished, which adds considerably to its effect, a burnisher made of agate will be required. When the gold becomes dirty or tarnished, as it may from being exposed to the gas, or a variety of other causes, it can be cleaned with whitelead or acetic acid, *i.e.*, white wine vinegar.

The three beautiful vases shown in the illustration are the copyright property of Messrs. Howell, James and Co., by whom they have been exhibited.

The outline illustrations will give some idea of the variety of forms in which terra-cotta ware is made. Besides numerous styles of tazzas, vases, &c., used for decorative purposes, there are plaques of every style, size, and form, and to the designs for which these offer a foundation there is practically no limit. The plaques may be let into cabinets and sunk in the centre of small tables, or formed into *jardinières* by being framed in wood. Set into shield-shaped pieces of wood, covered with velvet, they make remarkably attractive wall ornaments.

I saw a few days ago a very elegant arrangement of terra-cotta plaques over a mantelpiece. The mantelpiece proper was covered with dark green velvet, and above this was a shelf to correspond, attached to a shaped piece of wood, forming a back, and fastened to the wall; let into this frame were fine circular plaques of terra-cotta, the centre one large, the others decreasing in size. The paintings were in oil on the blackened ware, and the designs flowers. The whole effect was very uncommon and so thoroughly artistic that, had my readers seen it themselves instead of merely reading my weak description of its attractions, I am sure they would at the very first opportunity have sought to produce a similar effect by putting into practice the few directions for terra-cotta painting I have offered for their assistance.





NOTES BY AN ARTIST NATURALIST.

"Daffodils that come before
the swallows dare
To take the winds of March
with beauty."

TENNYSON'S epithet of
"The Roaring noon of Daf-
fodil and Crocus," as applied
to March, is both literal and

poetical, for these two flowers are as characteristic
of the month as any found blowing. The wild daffodil, or
Lent-lily, is found in woods in certain localities, and
Wordsworth speaks of it as—

"Beside the lake, beneath trees;
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze."

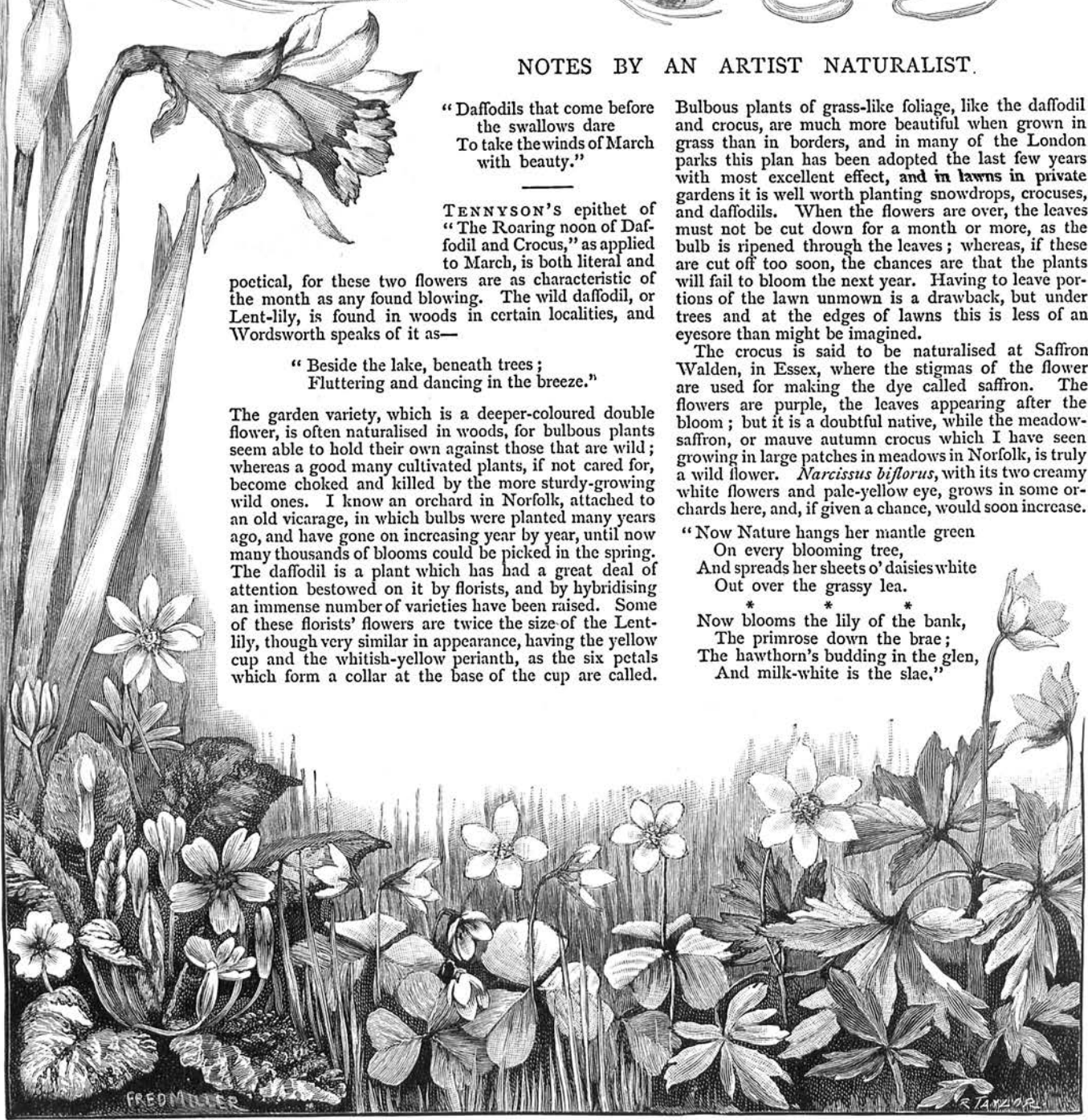
The garden variety, which is a deeper-coloured double
flower, is often naturalised in woods, for bulbous plants
seem able to hold their own against those that are wild;
whereas a good many cultivated plants, if not cared for,
become choked and killed by the more sturdy-growing
wild ones. I know an orchard in Norfolk, attached to
an old vicarage, in which bulbs were planted many years
ago, and have gone on increasing year by year, until now
many thousands of blooms could be picked in the spring.
The daffodil is a plant which has had a great deal of
attention bestowed on it by florists, and by hybridising
an immense number of varieties have been raised. Some
of these florists' flowers are twice the size of the Lent-
lily, though very similar in appearance, having the yellow
cup and the whitish-yellow perianth, as the six petals
which form a collar at the base of the cup are called.

Bulbous plants of grass-like foliage, like the daffodil
and crocus, are much more beautiful when grown in
grass than in borders, and in many of the London
parks this plan has been adopted the last few years
with most excellent effect, and in lawns in private
gardens it is well worth planting snowdrops, crocuses,
and daffodils. When the flowers are over, the leaves
must not be cut down for a month or more, as the
bulb is ripened through the leaves; whereas, if these
are cut off too soon, the chances are that the plants
will fail to bloom the next year. Having to leave por-
tions of the lawn unmown is a drawback, but under
trees and at the edges of lawns this is less of an
eyesore than might be imagined.

The crocus is said to be naturalised at Saffron
Walden, in Essex, where the stigmas of the flower
are used for making the dye called saffron. The
flowers are purple, the leaves appearing after the
bloom; but it is a doubtful native, while the meadow-
saffron, or mauve autumn crocus which I have seen
growing in large patches in meadows in Norfolk, is truly
a wild flower. *Narcissus biflorus*, with its two creamy
white flowers and pale-yellow eye, grows in some or-
chards here, and, if given a chance, would soon increase.

"Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out over the grassy lea.

* * *
Now blooms the lily of the bank,
The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae."



are familiar lines of Burns, and they could only have been written by one very intimate with Nature. There is no generalisation here, but the particular which comes of observation, though only a poet could get the very spirit of early spring—the soul of the matter—as Burns has done. To go out, note-book in hand, to Nature in the spirit of an auctioneer, as though all you had to do were to divide her into lots, seems to me the fault of much naturalistic writing of the present day. I agree with Biglow, when he asks—

“But I don't love your cat'logue style—do you?
Ez ef to sell off Nature by vendoo.”

It is the happy mean between the particular, as seen by the eye of a close and constant observer of Nature, and the generalisation of a great poet like Tennyson, who notes each particular instance and gives it a wide-reaching application, that natural description is seen at its best. Below I give Thompson's description of spring as he opens his poem of the “Seasons,” and some lines of Lowell's, to show how the eighteenth century poet described Nature in the hackneyed similes and images, the common property of all writers in his day; while Lowell, true to the spirit of our own time, is actual, whatever else he may be:—

“And see where surly
Winter passes off
Far to the north,
and calls his ruffian
blasts.
His blasts obey, and
quit the howling
hill,
The shatter'd forest
and the ravag'd
vale.”

This is Thompson, and might have been written by one who had never lived out of Fleet-Street.

“Fust come the black-
birds, chatt'rin' on
tall trees,
An' settlin' things in
windy Congresses,
* * *
'Fore long the trees
begin to show be-
lief,
The maple crimson to a coral reef;
Then saffern swarms swing off from all
the willers,
So plump they look like yellow catter-
pillars.
Then gray hoss-ches'nuts lectle hands unfold
Softer'n a baby's be at three days old:
That's robin-reddbreast's almanick; he
knows
That arter this ther's only blossom-snows:
So, choosin' out a handy crotch an'
spouse,
He goes to plast'rin' his adobē house.”

This is Lowell, in the *Biglow Papers*, written in the Yankee dialect; true poetry for all that, and could only have been penned by one as observant as a naturalist as imaginative as a poet.

I have given a drawing of willow in flower. These blooms are known as “Catkins,” and consist of pollen-bearing flowers; the female, or seed-bearing, flowers being of a greenish colour, and of the form as shown in sketch.

middle of the village, has its twigs thickly encircled with these winged seeds, which make a conspicuous feature and quite carpet the ground when they blow down. A good many people never think of such trees as the elm flowering, and yet in March the colour of the flowers make the topmost branches of the trees look quite crimson, especially when the sun shines on them.

The birds that stay with us through the year are all busy building this month, and the gardens are filled with the songs of blackbirds, thrushes, robins, chaffinches, and wrens. Two thrushes built in a yew-tree just in front of the house, and I could watch them hard at work as I dressed in the morning. My walnut-tree, which is thickly covered with moss, is visited a good deal just now by birds to obtain material for their nests. Where there is a rookery, the birds may be seen busily engaged in repairing old nests or laying the foundations of new ones; for during high gales in the winter some of the old nests are sure to fall out of the fork in which they are placed. It is always a marvel to me that their nests stand the wind as they do, for the twigs composing them are very loosely put together. When the young ones are hatched, a good many get blown out during rough weather, and last year some rookeries were considerably thinned in this way, owing to the high winds we had in April. Tennyson, in the “May Queen,” alludes to this bird:—

“The building rook
caws from the
windy, tall elm-tree,
And the tufted plover
pipes along the
fallow lea.”

It is well known that birds will frequent the same trees for years; while, on the other hand, they will avoid building in certain trees which, to our eyes, appear every whit as suitable as those they select. Indeed, when some birds begin building in certain trees, the other members of the colony at once set

to work to pull their nests to pieces and compel these innovators to abandon their intention of using fresh trees to build in.

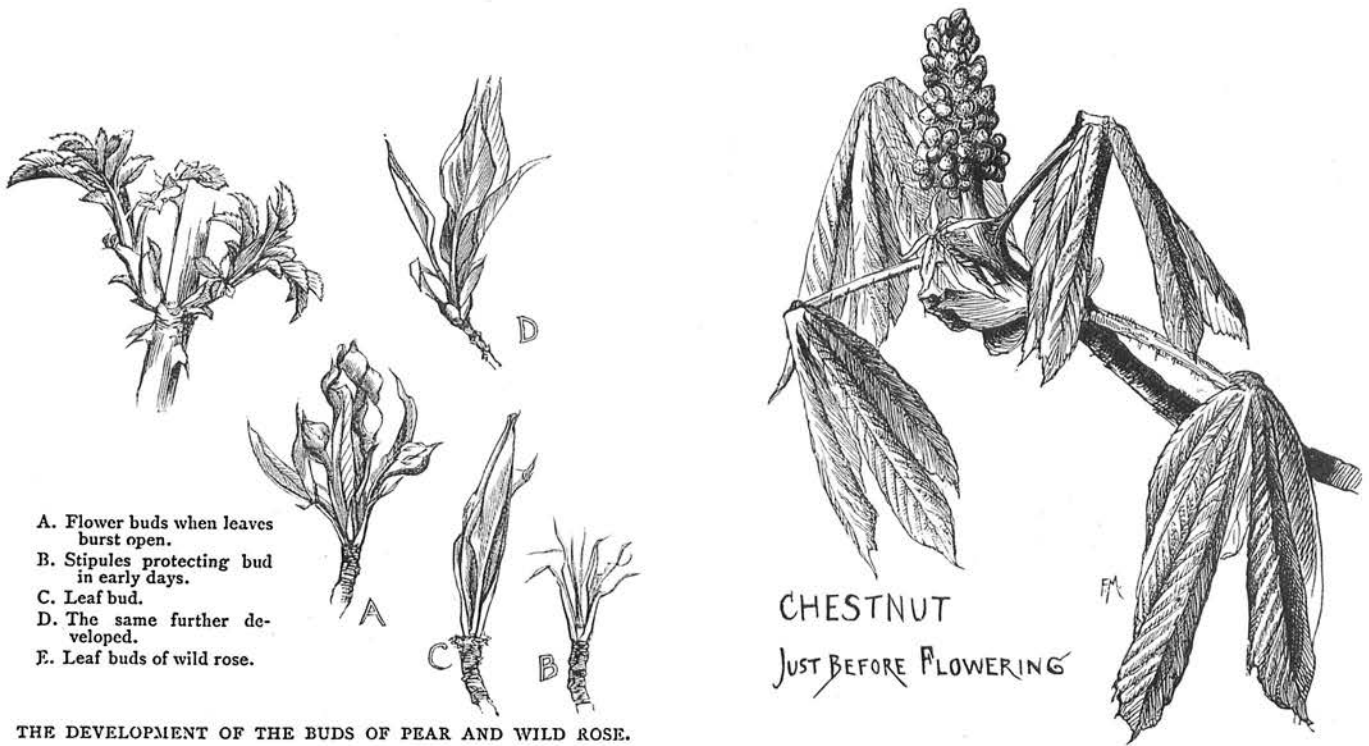
It is often forgotten that a large number of birds which are very familiar to us only visit us for the spring and summer. The swallow tribe come in the following order:—Sand-martin, swallow, and martin, while the largest of the tribe—the swift—does not come much before the end of April or even May. The wryneck, or cuckoo's mate, as it is called in country places, arrives towards the end of March (White gives the date March 5th as



PRIMULA, DOG-TOOTH VIOLET, AND PERIWINKLE.

The Catkin is a common form of inflorescence, and is found in the hazel, poplar, arbele, and other trees. The reddish flowers, called by children “pussy-cat's tails,” fall from the poplar, and I well remember picking them up, as a child, by the Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, and wondering what they were.

The elm flowers before it leafs, and appears to consist of dense clusters of reddish stamens growing out of a cup of bracts, which soon fall away. The flowers are succeeded by flat, thin, leaf-like or winged seeds. The wych-elm, of which we have a fine specimen in the



THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE BUDS OF PEAR AND WILD ROSE.

the earliest time of seeing it), and its marked note, somewhat like the sawing of wood, distinguishes it from all other birds. The willow-wren, which I have drawn perched on the willow, is another early visitor. It is a small bird of a dull greenish hue. I have had it build in some old fagots in my garden, its nest being spherical, with a hole in the side to admit the bird. Many of the warblers, like the blackcap, sedge, and reed warblers, are also migratory; the first of these, known as the mock-nightingale and but little inferior to it, may be seen towards the end of the month. The grey plover or lapwing, with its mournful whistling cry, is a conspicuous bird in the fields in spring. It lays its eggs on the bare ground, in rough grass, or ploughed fields; and if a dog happen to go near its nest it will fly about the dog, almost touching it with its wings, to call the dog off from its nest to itself, in order that it may lure the intruder to a safe distance. All birds are in their

gayest plumage in the spring, and the brilliancy of such a bird as the yellowhammer or chaffinch is very striking to those who have not seen these birds outside a cage or museum. One recalls those well-known lines in "Locksley Hall":—

"In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast,
In the spring the wanton * lapwing gets himself another crest."

March is very dependent upon the weather, a cold, frosty month, such as we get some years keeping vegetation very much in check. Wild flowers are not numerous. The "wild marsh marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray;" the cuckoo-flowers, or lady-smocks, are to be seen here and there, though

* This alludes to the bird's strange wayward flight, as it will apparently go away and then return a few moments afterwards.

April is really the month for them; the wind-flower, or anemone, and primrose and violet, may be found in the woods, but, like the cuckoo-flower, April sees them in perfection. In the gardens, the snowdrops are nearly over, while the crocuses and daffodils are in full splendour. In a note I made on March 14th, 1890, I found the following in bloom in the Oxford Botanic Garden:—

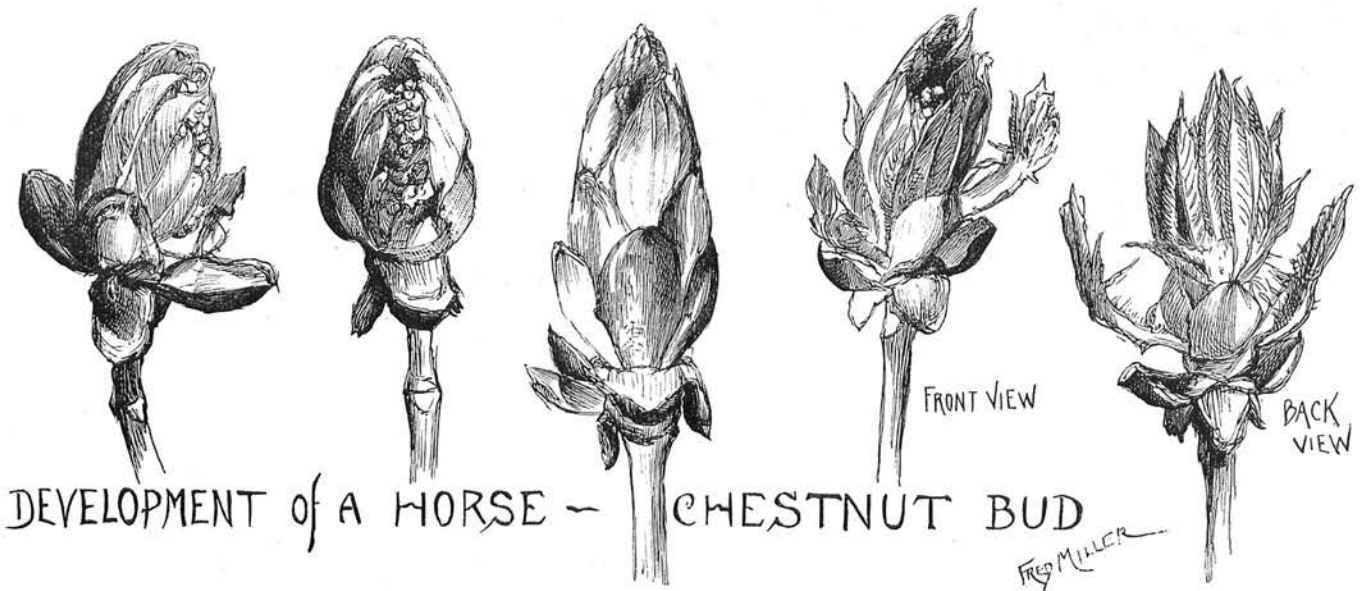
Iris reticulata, a dwarf-growing variety, with purple flowers; the earliest to bloom.

Crocuses. There are several varieties of each of the three colours—yellow, purple, and white. Squill, the white and blue; always an early bloomer. A wild variety is found near Bath.

The Snowdrop. There is, besides the ordinary single and double kinds, one with large leaves and larger flowers.

Hellebore, or Christmas rose.
Erica Carmina and the blue anemone Hepatica, besides polyanthus and wallflowers.

Among the primulas, the one I have drawn



(known as Pulchellum) is a beautiful variety, having mauvish-white flowers. The flower at the back—the dog-tooth violet, as it is called—is an early bloomer. Its flowers are pinkish, and its leaves strikingly marked with purple brown. The flower in front is the small periwinkle, found growing wild in hedgerows; there is a larger variety which flowers later in the year. I have introduced the peacock and sulphur butterflies, these being the two that are seen earliest in the year. I have noticed the sulphur as early as February on a warm day, and very cheering it is to see it flitting about like primroses on the wing. These butterflies are hibernated specimens, remnants of late autumn broods, which lie dormant during the winter in some hole or crevice, out of reach of the frosts and which are tempted out by the first sunny day. Most of these early butterflies are more or less damaged, their wings often torn and the feathers rubbed off; some, indeed, being quite dilapidated.

The spring of 1893 was so exceptional that it is worth making a note about it. With the exception of a few hours' rain we had one day towards the end of April, our spell of continuous sunny weather has lasted since the beginning of March; a spell of dry warmth the like of which has not been seen for over forty years. As I write this June the 16th, the weather is intensely hot—nearly 90° in the shade—and all the meadows are burnt up. Farmers have not had enough grass to cut, and have turned their cattle into the fields instead of mowing them. What little hay there is, is mostly stacked; the wheat is in flower and apples are quite large. Cherries and pears were blooming the beginning of April, while apple-trees were over before April was out. Hawthorn was out in April, and all over by the middle of May, while chestnuts were in bloom in April, which makes the season quite four weeks earlier than usual. The drought has continued now for so long, and the sun has been shining continuously for so many weeks, that the ground is as parched as it is in August, and on the Chiltern Hills water is being bought at 2d. per pailful. There is a great scarcity of food for cattle, and no prospect of any, as the clover is quite burnt up. My gooseberry-trees are completely stripped of every leaf by caterpillars, and the fruit has had to be picked to prevent them falling off. A few thunder-showers have occurred around us, but none have visited this particular locality, and rain, to judge by the glass, seems as far off as ever. The limes are in flower, and the leaves so thickly covered with honey-dew that it drops on to the plants below, and I have seen it in the sunlight falling through the air.

Towards the end of the month the wild cherry, or gean, and the pear should be looked for, as in mild seasons both these are to be found in bloom about this time. The wild cherry is plentiful in Burnham Beeches, and on Whittenham Clumps there is a very fine specimen of the bird-cherry growing in the ancient earthworks of the camp; the fruit is small, bright scarlet, and quite bitter. The wild pear is not so common as the cherry; there is a fine specimen in the Oxford Botanic Gardens, which is covered with brown top-shaped fruit later in the summer. These pears seem to dry the mouth, and are to the cultivated pear what the crab is to the apple. I give a drawing of the buds of the pear, showing how leaves are wrapped around the flower-buds. The leaf-bud, as it expands, presents a very symmetrical form, as do those of the wild rose. The leaves of all shrubs are protected by bracts of brownish leaves, which fall away as the leaves expand; and in the pear we have stipules in addition—elongated greenish filaments, which seem to protect the joints in the harness, so to say. The flowers again are

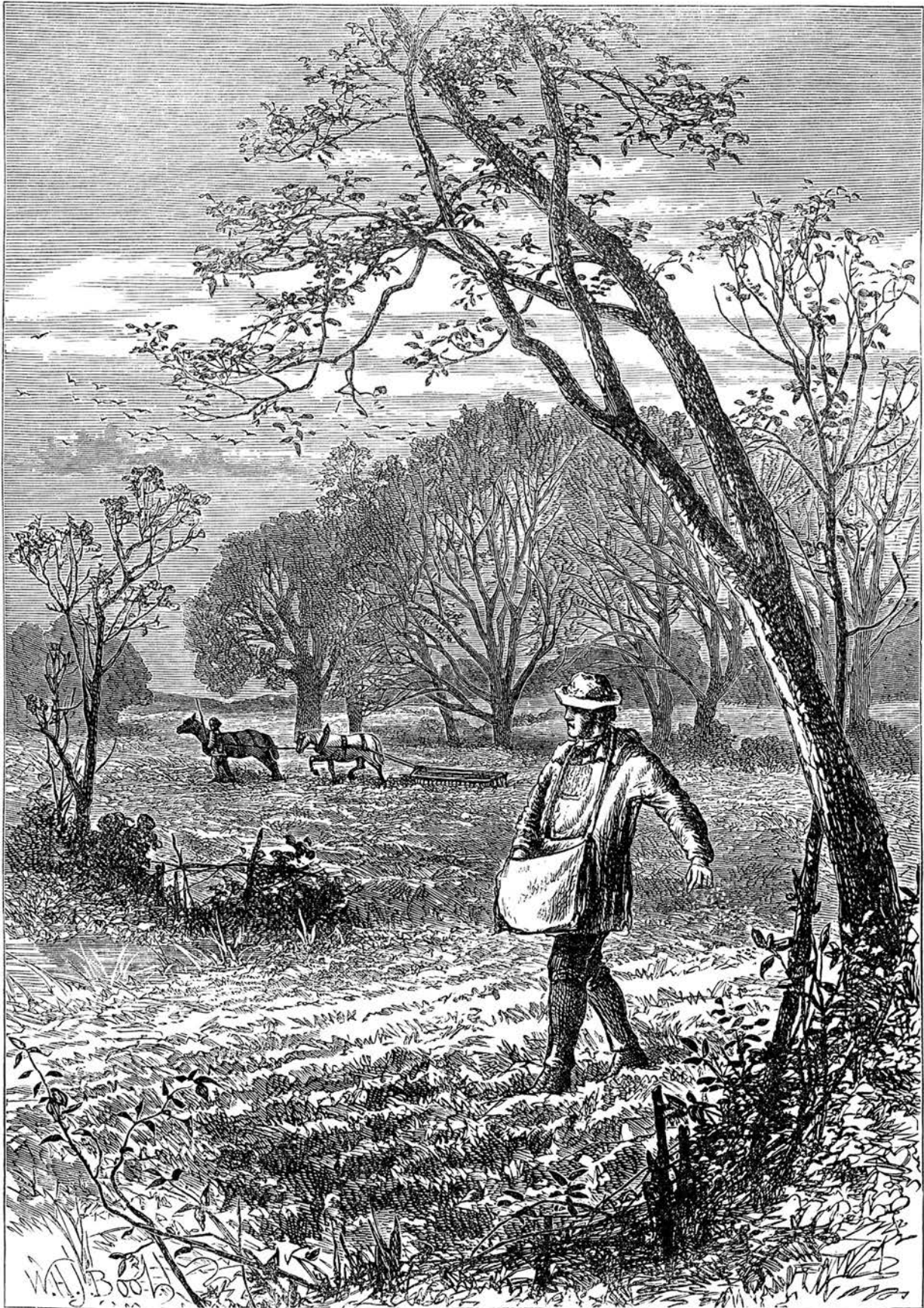
protected by the leaves which are wrapped around them. Nature is most careful to pack her treasures so as to keep them out of harm as far as possible, though late frosts play sad havoc with such trees as the horse-chestnut. A frost one night in May killed every shoot on the walnut just as they were expanding; while last year we had 10° of frost on the 17th of June, which killed the potatoes in many places. I have given a series of sketches of the buds of this tree, showing the gradual opening of the bracts and unfolding of the leaves; the flowers themselves are not seen till May. The leaves, it will be noticed, are at first protected by bracts, which are covered with a gummy substance, evidently a non-conductor of cold. Many buds have this varnish, but in none is it seen so plentifully as in the chestnut, which is one of the first trees to break bud. The young leaves, which form a sort of pouch to the flowers, are very downy at first, though this peculiarity is quite absent in the full-grown leaves.

Another of the lowly flowers of March is the smaller celandine, which Wordsworth celebrated in song. I had occasion to look into *Culpepper's Herbal*, and it may interest my readers to see his notes on this plant. Culpepper was a herbalist and astrologer, and after each plant described by him he gives its "government and virtues":—"This is an herb of the sun, and under the celestial Lion, and is one of the best cures for the eyes; for all that know anything in astrology know that the eyes are subject to the luminaries. Let it be gathered when the sun is Leo, and the

moon Aries, applying to this time; let Leo arise, and then may you make it into an oil or ointment, which you please, to anoint your sore eyes with. I can prove it doth—both my own experience and the experience of those to whom I have taught it—that most desperate sore ones have been cured by this only medicine. Also I have read (and it seems somewhat probable) that the herb being gathered as I shewed before, and the elements drawn apart from it by the art of the alchemist, and after they are drawn apart rectified, the earthy quality still in rectifying them added to the Terra Demnata (as alchemists call it), or Terra Sacratissima (as some philosophers call it), the elements so rectified are sufficient for the cure of all diseases, the humours offending being known and the contrary elements given. It is an experiment worth the trying and can do no harm."

The coltsfoot, which flowers before the leaves appear, somewhat resembling a dandelion, and this latter flower—both old-fashioned country remedies—are in bloom in the fields in March. Patent medicines have driven out most of the old herbal remedies, which were at one time made in every village by some old dame, whose lore on such matters had come down from a remote past. Many of these herbal medicines were useful, but there was a good deal of the superstitious, more suited to the times of old Culpepper than these enlightened days, about these cures for all diseases; though it cannot be said we have made much progress in such matters, seeing the implicit belief we place in someone's pills or the other one's balsam.





Chatterbox, 1893

RECIPES FOR THE MONTH.

EGG COOKERY.

EGGS are now cheaper and more plentiful, so we ought to make free use of them.

Fricassee Eggs make an excellent dish. Dissolve two ounces of butter in a stew-pan, then stir in a small tablespoonful of flour; boil six eggs for five minutes, remove their shells and cut them in halves; add them to the butter and with them a good spoonful of minced parsley, a pinch of aromatic herbs, some seasoning, and a grate of nutmeg. Shake well over the fire until the sauce is cooked, place the eggs in a dish, pour the sauce over and garnish with slices of lemon and tufts of parsley.

Eggs with Brown Gravy are another variation of the above, using the eggs in the same way, only making a good rich brown gravy, leaving the eggs uncut, and garnishing the dish with sippets of dry toast.

Baked Eggs.—Take a shallow fire-proof china dish, butter it thickly. Break into it, without damaging the yolks, as many eggs as it will conveniently hold without their overlapping each other. Drop a small pat of butter on the top of each and sprinkle salt and pepper over all. Set them in the oven for a few minutes; as soon as the butter frizzles and the whites are well "set," the eggs are done. Serve at once. Done this way eggs are much more digestible than when fried. Bring to table in the dish in which they were cooked.

Pancakes and Fritters.—Pancake Day will soon be with us. This institution is so faithfully observed that every cook finds it essential to be acquainted with the method of making King Alfred's favourite dish. There is nothing more wholesome than a well-made and light pancake, and few things are more simple in composition.

Pancakes.—According to the number of those who will partake, allow one large egg and a tablespoonful of flour with a quarter of a pint of milk per person. Separate the whites and yolks of the eggs and whisk them until very light. To the yolks add the number of spoonfuls of flour, a pinch of salt, and the milk by degrees, beating the batter until perfectly smooth; then lightly but thoroughly stir in the whites. Make the batter at least an hour before it is needed for frying, it will be all the lighter for so doing. A thin batter makes the lightest pancakes, therefore add more milk or a little water, if necessary. An iron frying-pan is the best to use, and lard is better than butter or dripping. Refined beef suet is excellent for frying purposes of all kinds. Let the fat be very hot—boiling, in fact, then pour in a small teacupful of batter, tilting the pan that it may run equally all over; as soon as the pancake is lightly browned on one side, turn it sharply over on to the other, using a thin broad-bladed knife for the purpose. Slip each pancake on

to a sheet of paper that is well sprinkled with castor sugar; roll them up and arrange neatly on a paper d'oyley. Keep very hot. Send oranges and lemons cut in halves to table with them, also more sugar.

Almost synonymous with pancakes are—

Fritters.—As the same batter makes them, only to the batter is added a little sugar, a few raisins or currants, or the grated rind of a fresh lemon, etc., to give flavour and character. A small pan should be used for frying these, and they should be folded over in half instead of rolling them.

Apple Fritters are differently treated, or, we should say, made. The apples are cored and pared, then sliced through; the slices are dipped into a batter that is made from the white of an egg beaten to a froth, two spoonfuls of salad oil, two of flour, and a little water. The batter must be rather thick. Drop the rings of apple into boiling lard, fry them very quickly to a crisp golden colour, sprinkle with sugar, and pile on a dish.

Oranges sliced make very nice fritters, and apricots and peaches cut in quarters also.

Any remaining batter after pancakes are made may receive the addition of a little fine oat flour and a spoonful of barm, then it makes exceedingly nice flapjacks or oatcakes for tea.

ANIMALS AS BARGAIN-MAKERS.

BY A. H. JAPP, LL.D., F.R.S.E.



HAT many dogs have a clear notion of a bargain is undoubted—and the same thing may be safely said of some horses; and I myself know a case of a cat which, having been taught to "beg" by means of little rewards, in the way of toast or tit-bits, most carefully apporitions the amount of begging she will do in view of the offered tit-bit, whether big or little. She will go begging so far for a small bit, and at a certain point will decline further effort, unless there is an addition to the prize; and if, after having done her share,

the morsel is not at once given to her, she will sulk and retire, and will not beg again for some time, however tempting the bit that may be offered her. It is as though she said—

"No; whether you grasp the principle or not, I make a bargain with you in my own mind; and if you put upon me, and do not treat me fairly according to my own standard, you will not get what you expect of me."

I know an old horse named Charlie down in North-East Essex, on a farm called the Fen, which has been a faithful servant for over five-and-twenty years, and is put only to very light jobs in these days—for he remains a kind of treasured memorial of old times and

of those who are dead and gone. He very willingly works at such jobs as he can do; but on many days he does nothing—wanders about at his own sweet will, and if you call him while feeding in the meadow or on the lush grass that grows close round the pond, not far from the front door of the farm-house, he will come towards you as though it may be you had some treat for him, and he will look at you, turning his head on one side with the most knowing effect—for he has lost the sight of one eye—and then, finding you have nothing



"YOU PUT UPON ME!"



“‘I CALLS THAT IMPUDENT IMPOSITION, I DOES.’”

for him, he will turn away with the most expressive “Humph!” just as though he said—

“Well, you’re not of much account, when you call a good old horse as if you had something for him, and have got nothing. I calls that impudent imposition, I does.”

I have said that Charlie, whom I know well, very willingly does such work as he can do, but if you wish to put Charlie on to work, you must do it within working hours; for Charlie knows the time of day.

“I’m willing to work, master, within hours, but my express bargain is no work after six o’clock in the evening;” and those who have tried to harness Charlie after that hour have found it a hard job, and have generally failed. It is rather a fine joke with the young folks about the farm to get a stranger to try to

accomplish this feat, and have a good laugh generally over the bare attempt; for Charlie’s plan at such an unlawful thing, according to his own notion, is to run them against the wall, and make it very hot or close for them.

His bargain is that if you want any work from him you must take it in working hours, and the testimony of all who have aught to do with him is that he knows the time of day as well as you do.

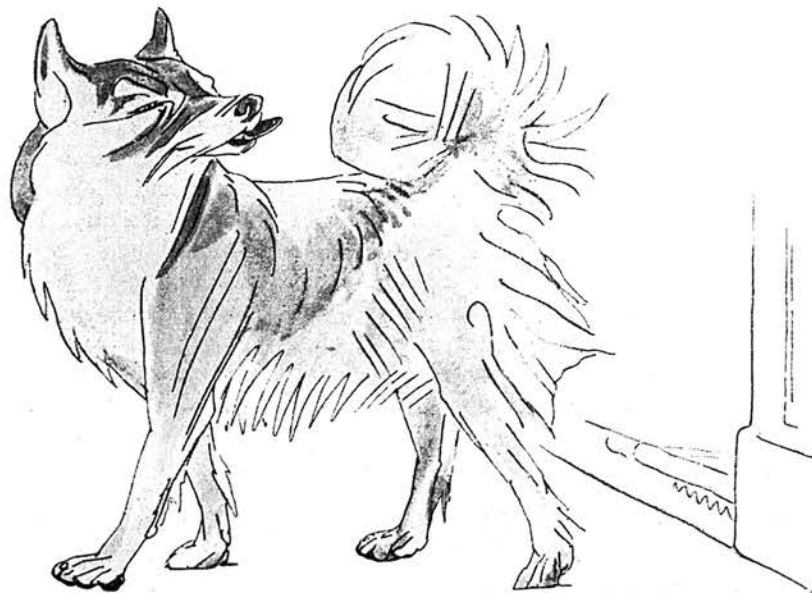
This is a bit of experience proved by Mr. Hamerton:—

“I have a little mare who used to require six men to catch her in the pasture, but I carried corn to her for a long time without trying to take her, leaving the corn on the ground. Next I induced her to eat the corn whilst I held it, still leaving her free. Finally, I persuaded her to follow me, and now she will come trotting half a mile at my whistle, leaping ditches, fording brooks in the darkness and rain or in impenetrable fog. She follows me like a dog to the stable, and I administer the corn there. But it is a bargain; she knowingly sells her liberty for the corn.

“The experiment of reducing the reward having been tried to test her behaviour, she ceased to obey the whistle, and resumed her former habits; but the full and due quantity having been restored, she yielded her liberty again without resistance, and since then she is not to be cheated.”

But it is among dogs that we may expect to find the most remarkable examples of bargain-making. In some cases their turn in this way is so decisive that it results in something very like the finest humour, as some of the following anecdotes will show.

The late Mr. Tresham used to relate that while he resided at Rome there was a dog who was in the habit of frequenting a certain coffee-house, and on any person throwing him a piece of money, he would run with it to a shop for bread, which bread he would bring to the coffee-room, and eat it before the person



J.A.S.

“HE CHANGED HIS BAKER”

who gave the coin, as if in order to show he had put the money to a proper purpose.

A gentleman at Mr. Tresham's related the following:—

"A dog used to be sent by his master every morning to a baker's shop with a penny in his mouth to purchase a roll for breakfast. He had continued to do this for some time, when at length, the baker having changed his journeyman, the dog was unheeded. Vexed at thus waiting for his breakfast, he barked aloud, and, picking up the penny, ran to the master of the shop, who blamed the man for attempting to hurt the dog when he resisted having the penny taken from him.

"The fellow took it in bad part, and resolved, next time this comical customer appeared, to be funny with the dog.

"Accordingly, next morning he made a roll hotter than the rest, and when the dog arrived he proffered it to him. The animal, as usual, seized the bread, but finding it too hot to hold, he dropped it. He tried it again—again it burned him. At length, as if guessing at the trick, he jumped on the counter, caught up his penny, and changed his baker."

Mrs. Alfred Watney wrote as follows some years ago in "Science Gossip."

"My dog is very fond of a long walk, and when I first came to live here used to accompany me to the post-office, but the distance being trifling, he soon refused to go with me whenever he saw any letters or papers in my hand, and it is quite sufficient now to say, 'I am going to the post' to prevent his showing any desire to accompany me when I leave the house.

"He goes every morning into the lower end of the village with an elderly gentleman to fetch the daily papers, and having discovered that a young lady, a friend of mine, takes her morning's walk about eleven, he now returns from the village, leaving Mr. B. at the stationer's in time to meet Miss R., thus securing for himself two walks. He never tries to accompany any of the family who are going to church; it is quite sufficient to say 'Sunday' or 'Church' (he was once turned out of church); but if I am at home, and happen to go for a walk during the hours of service, his delight is excessive.

"He barks invariably as we pass the church—I cannot break him of the habit—as if to say to the others who are in church—

"'I am going out, though you would not let me come with you.'"

This dog was quite up to the trick of bargaining for a walk that was really satisfactory to him, and was disinclined to accept a trifle in return for his company.

I myself know a case of a dog—a fox-terrier—

which has thoroughly learned the value of money. When he gets a penny he is off with it to buy a bun at the baker's shop; and should no one be there, he rattles the penny down on the counter. He sits quietly in the shop and eats his bun; but once he got cross because the baker's lad gave him a small bun for his penny instead of a large one. When the time comes for the boys to play pitch and toss in the streets, if they are using coppers in the game he watches his opportunity, and makes off with a penny or halfpenny, so that his young mistress has more than once been followed by boys, who half-whimperingly said—

"Please, miss, your dog's took my penny."

In such cases she used to make good the loss, but now she begins to fear that the boys sometimes tempt him with halfpennies, and declare that he has taken pennies; and she now declines to meet such suspicious claims, that she may teach them to be at once more careful, and more truthful, and more honest, and not to prey on and attempt to make profit out of the dog's vices and clever tricks.

Anecdotes on anecdotes might be piled up to show that dogs are capable of learning the value of money as a medium of exchange. Many of these anecdotes might either go under the head of "Animals as Bargain-makers" or "Animals as Beggars"—both qualities being more or less exhibited in them. Here is one very striking illustration of this class:—

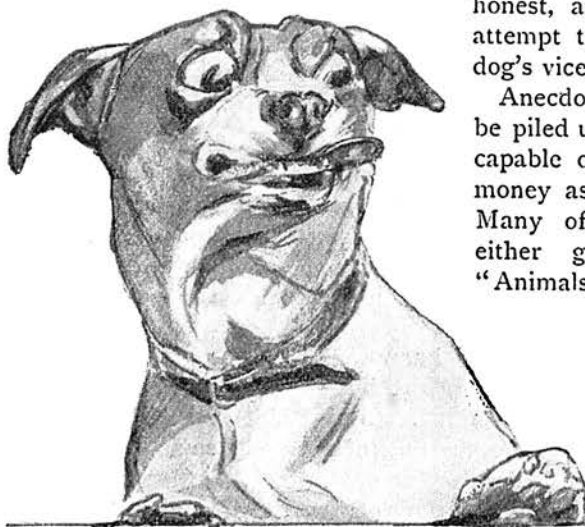
In the autumn of 1859, I was travelling with a brother and one of the

boys through Scotland to pay a visit to Sir George Sinclair at Thurso—one of the most courteous, intellectual, and delightful old gentlemen of the old school.

We stopped to dine at the comfortable little inn at Tain, waiting for the coach. Having an hour to spare after dinner, and the evening being fine, we walked out of the town a little distance, and were followed by a curly-haired black retriever. Not contented with merely following, he every now and then pushed up against me in a very unaccountable manner. I patted him and petted him; as he continued to act in this strange way, keeping alongside and pushing, I could not help exclaiming—

"Poor fellow, what do you want?" and looked into his eyes and tried to discover.

It was in vain. We walked on, and he continued to push. After a while he seemed to go lame. I examined his legs and feet, and finding nothing amiss, we walked on. He soon appeared all right again. When we turned back he did the same thing to my



"HE GOT CROSS."



brother, and my little nephew was greatly amused. We could not fathom it, and came to the conclusion that the poor dog had lost his master, and wanted us to help him to find him. On re-entering the little town, we encountered a man who resided in it, and told him what had happened. He laughed, and said—

“Oh, that’s the dog’s way, sir. He only wanted you to give him a penny.”

“Give him a penny? Why, what will he do with it?”

“He runs with it always to the baker’s, and gets a penny loaf for it.”

“What will he do if we give him twopence?”

“He manages to take two loaves in his mouth.”

Though rather incredulous as to this result, my brother and I each gave him a penny. Off he went with both pennies in his mouth, and we after him. When we arrived at the baker’s he had got one penny loaf in his mouth, and was contriving to get hold of another with his teeth. Having succeeded, off he went with both, we laughing heartily and running after him; but he was soon out of sight. The owner, we were told, had been offered, but had refused, a large sum for him.

Elephants and donkeys, too, have learned the value of money, and have given ample proof that they could grasp the idea of spending—bargain-makers in every sense.

A MORNING AT STEWART’S.

BY ALICE B. HAVEN.

ON the afternoon of a dull November day, in the late dull autumn, we were purchasing some trifle at one of the thronged counters at Stewart’s, when we accidentally heard that it was the last week “down town.”

Being of the constant conservative temperament that ever deprecates change, whether it is of an article of furniture, a boot maker, or a place of residence, we strolled with a lingering regret, almost amounting to sadness, through those noble saloons for “the last time, calling up the changes that had passed our individual life, since our first bewildered glimpse as a school-girl fresh from the country, of their gay and animated scenes—let us be candid, sixteen years ago!—and the social transition that called for the meditated removal. Then, “Stewart’s,” opposite the Park, was in the centre of the retail trade; above Canal was up town for general shopping purposes. Now, no one goes below, and the great “quarter”—in which this thronged emporium of spring and fall shoppers stands—is given up, as is “the city,” in London to the roar of heavy traffic, and the whirl of vast commercial transactions. They have driven the butterflies from the haunts of trade; the gay equipages and flashing harness give place to the solid dray, or the rattling express; boxes encumber the sidewalk, so lately echoing to the patter of pretty feet, and the light toilets of our “lilies of the field” cease to brighten the anxious, care-worn crowd that throng the public ways. Shall we live to see “below Fourteenth” voted out of reach, and a new Stewart’s arise fronting Central Park?

On the morning of Nov. 10th, a sunshiny day at last, after a week of storm and English fog, we drove past the deserted palace, which must

have waked wonderingly that morning to its echoing desolation. Groups of surprised and disconcerted looking females patrolled the steps, tried the various entrances, and at last discovered, from the huge placards, that this was a feminine Stewart’s no longer. Henceforth it was given over to unpicturesque buyers of the wholesale.

We designed then, and have recently put into execution, an intention of visiting the new establishment for the benefit of our distant readers who have not an opportunity of seeing with their own eyes. They may congratulate themselves on being saved some physical fatigue, if our pen can photograph its scenes so as to give them some idea of “up town Stewart’s.”

The building itself, like its predecessor, is of white marble, and looms up purely at the angle of Broadway, occupied by Grace Church, between Ninth and Tenth Streets. It does not yet occupy the whole block, that is left for the hereafter. We will enter on Ninth Street, for this corner is built round, and then have a gradual interior view. We find ourselves instantly in the midst of business. This entrance or lobby is occupied by the package department, where many busy hands are checking, tossing and bearing off for delivery the hundreds of neatly enveloped parcels, stamped, signed, countersigned, and registered to prevent mistakes, to their various places of destination; a most important and beautifully regulated department, and one where great strictness and accuracy are of necessity required, when the whole enormous trade is “retail.”

A wide staircase, with a neat mahogany balustrade, apparently ascends to the top of the

building from this entrance; but we are going below, and descending one flight, come upon a room where great brown rolls of oilcloth, twenty, thirty, and forty feet long, are piled like rows of pipes or leaders near an aqueduct terminus; past these, and we enter the wide carpet room, below the level of the busy street, yet as finely lighted on a sunny day as though intended for the sale of silks or satins. How is this managed?

You noticed a pavement of glass running all around the building as you stepped from the sidewalk; knobs of little glass, but so securely set in its close iron framing, and so thickly moulded, that you trod on it as securely as if it had been stone. That is the transparent roof of the recess or gallery that surrounds the room, and from it comes this soft clear daylight; no windows you perceive, unless these great slabs of the same substance underfoot, in the shape of huge windows, occurring at regular intervals beneath the glass roofing, can be called so. They are, indeed, and light a floor still lower, thirty feet under ground, where carpets are stored until required in this the salesroom devoted to them exclusively. Carpets of every degree are spread out upon the wide floor, or ranged in regular order against the wall; from the cotton and woollen plaids, still found upon the floors of the farmer's cheerful sitting-room, to the gorgeous velvet medallions, thick sewn with tropical blossoming, or reproduced from the bewildering lenses of the kaleidoscope, in all their phantasy of form and richness of coloring. Here, by an ingenious contrivance, like the leaves of a huge volume slowly turning, we can choose conveniently from the cumbersome rolls of oilcloth just past; there, as we make the circuit of the room, and mark its depth and breadth, and the graceful Corinthian columns of iron, pure in color as marble, that bear up the fearful weight above them, are piled the luxurious hassocks, on which the rich man kneels to pray in Grace Church yonder; the soft Persian mats that muffle the footfalls of his chamber, or the velvet rugs on which bask "dogs and game," or an antlered deer *couchant*, in the brilliant coloring of life, before his glowing grates.

We are passing on to the staircase on the Tenth Street side, and conveniently near it is a neatly decorated ladies' dressing room of good dimensions, a most admirable thought! of which we make special mention.

Emerging from this staircase, we come at once upon the busy scene. This is the main saloon, entered directly from the street, and

lighted on all sides by walls of plate-glass windows, the light tempered by plain blue shades. No array of laces, and shawls, and silks are displayed temptingly before them, as in other establishments.

"Le bon vin
Needs no sign."

Not even a tendril of enticement is outwardly put forth here.

At first the hum, the stir, the flashing, changing crowd, prevents anything like a survey in detail; but presently we come to see that there are four departments, or parallel ranges of low shelves, that separate but do not divide the wide space which occupies all the floor, save that one division towards Ninth Street, against which the principal staircase is placed. These divisions are cut in two by a central aisle, running from Tenth towards Ninth Street, and are entered by doors from Broadway fronting them. As we come from the carpet room, we are in the first division, with a long scarlet-covered oval counter directly before us, the glove department. We know it to our cost. We have worn no other gloves but *Alexandre's* since those schoolgirl days, and Stewart monopolizes his manufacture. Let us acknowledge our one feminine extravagance—a costly self-indulgence with gloves at \$1 50 (they were seventy-five cents when we made our first investment in a pair for examination day), and those of the plainest. "Stitched backs" are \$1 60; thanks to the rates of foreign exchange! We are not surprised at being told that the business of this counter alone is \$300,000 yearly. The other half of the first division is occupied by muslin and cambric embroidered *lingerie* of all descriptions, and laces, from the neat Valenciennes collar at \$2 50, to the Brussels points (shawls) at \$100, or \$1000, as required.

In the second division we find, on the right as you enter from Broadway, merinoes and all wool goods; opposite are reps, poplins, and fancy fabrics in woollen and cotton, woollen and silk, etc. Beyond the dividing aisle, cheaper mixed fabrics; and opposite them again, one side of the hollow square, which incloses the cashier's desk, divided, yet not concealed from the crowd by a particularly light and graceful screen of iron filagree, painted white. Here is another kindly convenience for ladies—a desk where an order, a note, an address, or a despatch may be written at ease, and intruding upon the time and attention of none. There is a corresponding one on the opposite side of the inclosure.

And here "cash boys most do congregate,"

with pencils and currency ; tricks and jokes—such as serve to keep these ubiquitous juveniles in good spirits. Here each purchase is remeasured, and each check certified to prevent mistakes, or fancied ones. This is the main artery of the great “cash” system, for which Stewart’s is distinguished. In these days six months’ accounts are out of date ; a thing of the past, and the Reade Street dynasty. Bordering this desk, or series of desks, on the inner side, in the third division, we have the silk department, under the immediate care of an untiring and gentlemanly guide through these unaccustomed labyrinths. And here we are dazzled by a display of delicate and gorgeous fabrics, which never meet the eye of a passing, transient customer, reserved for the occupants of cushioned equipages, which would save them from contact with the dust, and whose owners count their incomes by tens of thousands. Some of these could only be seen in their full perfection by the aid of artificial light, under which they are intended to be worn. They were shown to us in a separate apartment, from which the daylight is entirely excluded, lighted brilliantly by jets of gas, and arranged for an effective display of drapery. But we must not trench on the borders of the “fashion chit-chat,” wherein all these beauties will be found in detail, but pass around the several counters of this department, to which the upper end of two divisions is assigned, not failing to notice “the remnant counter”—dear to a woman’s heart, be she rich or poor, for the love of bargains is inherent with the sex.

A similar arrangement is noticeable in the department of woollens ; and thus the stock is kept “clear,” and customers are made happy.

Opposite the first portion of the silk department is the stock of cotton goods—muslins, cambrics, etc. ; and adjoining it, just at the present season, the popular stock of the house-keeping department ; that is, table linen, etc., of moderate prices, in large demand. Passing through to the one remaining division, also entered from Broadway, we find cloths or materials for the wear of men and boys opposite to a general gentlemen’s furnishing department, and at the other end, a long range of gentlemen’s hosiery on one side, and ladies’ on the other.

To return to the staircase rising from the last division ; it is broad, with shallow steps and a plain but handsome balustrade. On the landing, half way up, we pause for a *coup d’œil* of the busy sparkling scene below. Now we have a full view of the saloon itself ; the light

and tasteful frescoes on wall and ceiling ; the gilded chandeliers with grand glass globes ; the graceful Corinthian columns, all of iron, that support the floor above ; the innumerable plate-glass windows, with the pale blue tint pervading the light that painters seek to soften an atmosphere, or tone down color ; the gayly dressed, restless, ever-changing throng, like a waving tulip-bed, or the glittering of a kaleidoscope, with an ascending hum that marks a hive of human activity and industry.

The second floor resembles the first in its essential features, save that there are fewer departments and more space. We enter the cloak room, from the staircase where are displayed cloaks of every grade and description, from the street wrap to the delicate cloth or cashmere opera cloaks, of snowy white, crimson lined, and gayly tasselled, that hang in the convenient wardrobes with sliding doors, that line the wall.

Next to this are shawls of lower grades, the neat stella and the comfortable plaid ; beyond, in the inner shrine, and exposed to the best light, those marvels of Eastern industry, and Western expenditure, camels’ hair shawls and scarfs. Here are displayed to our delighted eyes the graceful combinations of the French looms, and the prouder glories of the “real India,” the cost commencing in price at \$100 and reaching a climax in this heavy drapery of quaint design valued at \$2000. Here we longed to share our morning’s experience with other friends, who have an instinctive love for shawls as well as bargains ; here we craved, with the last trace of feminine malice, to prove to Mrs. White that her boasted India was only French, and to show Mrs. Black, who had strained her allowance and curtailed her children’s winter wardrobes for her one hundred and fifty dollar shawl, how coarse and inferior it was, after all, by the side of five and seven hundred dollar cashmeres. How much better it would have been, considering her own position and her husband’s means, to have satisfied herself with one of those soft graceful French cashmeres at \$50, either that bride-like white centre with its deep gray and black border, or this rich combination of gold and green, and brown and scarlet, in such wondrous toning and perfect harmony, leaving to Mrs. Smith and Jones, whose husbands are mining gold in Wall Street or California, the triumph duly belonging to an immoderate unstinted income.

Their fairy like frostings of lace draperies indicate an approach to the upholstery, but first we have furs, ermine, sable, mink and

Siberian gray, then we come upon the heavier stuffs for curtains, the reps, drougets, the satin laine, the pure satin, the rich brocade, and the wonderful "cloth of gold," produced from its hidden niche, of real bullion garlanded with silken blossoms such as we find in "kings' houses," or the Fifth Avenue and Walnut Street palaces of the ladies just alluded to. Only \$50 a yard! and how many yards to a lounge, a sofa, or *fauteuil*! There is a sense of freshness and simplicity in the neat furniture chintzes, and twilled stripes for covers, in the immediate neighborhood, and we pass to the housekeeping department beyond, with its dainty wealth of table damask and luxurious blankets, or the plainer grades of every article. Flannels opposite. And now we beg as an especial favor, since we have reviewed this large display of selections for the daily wants of domestic life, that we may be admitted to the great work rooms we have heard exist above us, yet so silent and secluded in their operations that not one in ten of the "oldest customers" guesses their existence.

Our amiable conductor kindly procures for us the desired permission, and leads to the story above, which is occupied as a store-room for the reserved stock, to the next, where we enter a vestibule, or long narrow apartment, where are tables, a stove surrounded by irons required in pressing, and a flock of girls and women busily engaged in that employment. Here, also, are piles of finished garments, cloaks, saques, etc. ready for the early trade; beyond they are stamping the braiding patterns with which they are to be ornamented. Passing through, we enter the finest work-room we have ever yet seen; and in our vocation and desire to see the employment of workingwomen, we have visited some of the largest in New York. This is neither "under ground" nor in "an attic," but a saloon, spacious and neat enough for a court ball, occupying the entire space covered by the various departments below, and lighted by windows the same size, with no check to perfect ventilation. Here are ranged work-tables, seating from two hundred and fifty to five hundred girls, as the work demands. Our visit was paid in the "dull season," yet the two hundred and fifty grouped over their work under the superintendence of a careful matron, was no insignificant sight.

Another staircase still—the fifth we have ascended—and a busier, more picturesque scene still, presents itself. In the long room or vestibule are piled bales of black rope, the curled hair, which is to be used in the manufacture of

mattresses, like those finished piles; here are women and girls busy in unravelling it; there are great waves and heaps of the picked hair darkening the room—a sight more picturesque than alluring; so we hasten to the light, cheerful saloon beyond, full of work-tables, full of busy groups, of great wicker crates moved on wheels, and piled with orders for house or steamship furnishing—from blankets to kitchen towels. Here the hum of sewing machines where they are hemmed; they are marked yonder; they are reconsigned to a wicker crate again, ready for delivery and use. One may safely say hundreds of dozens of sheets, pillow-cases, towels and napkins, dozens of blankets, counterpanes, etc., pass through these busy hands in a day. There are the costly curtains of the house this order is being executed for; here the carpets, from the Brussels ticketed "Mr. Smith, Fifth Avenue, front basement," to the plain ingrain, "Smith, fifth story, rear hall bedroom;" it is the cook's, probably—and a very good carpet she is to have!

We are certainly lifted "above the world" for once in our mortal life; face to face and on a level with the delicate carving of Grace Church upper spire. Mark the belfries and spires around; the quaint chimney tops; the flat, pointed, square-peaked, gable-roofed houses below; the thread-like openings among them, which are streets and avenues; the jostling crowd of houses stretching out for miles beyond the limit of the eye; the hum of eager life from the far off noisy street; then look back to the busy throng of workers around you; think of the reservoirs of material below; the great warehouse that pours its tide of fabrics and manufactures into this broad outlet; here are the procurers, the producers; there all around you lie the homes of the consumers of this vast centre of industry; even out to the glittering thread of silver that marks the ocean, bearing the floating transient houses "Stewart's" has furnished!

We moralize; it is a sign of advancing age, and one is not ready to confess that there is a point, or a moral in a morning spent amid the trifles that go to make up the sum of household necessities and embellishments; but we thought, as we came back leisurely through the scenes we have attempted to describe, how harmonious was their arrangement, and how those err who break the harmony of social life by vain and ambitious longings for elegancies beyond their stations, and crowd into "a department" where they find only heart-burnings and mali-

cious sarcasms for their straining after dress and equipage.

Let us be content, my sisters, with our neat muslins and our simple merinoes, and admire Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones in their *moirés* and cashmeres. Let us repress the bitter slander of "extravagance" and "worldliness" when we speak of them. It is not extravagance for them, but proper expenditure of ample means; and if it could but be realized, you have had far more pleasure and enjoyment in the serviceable black silk, so neat, so becoming, that hangs now in your wardrobe, than they have realized from the costly brocade, or the dainty lace, that they purchased the morning you so envied them. "Each in their own sphere, and happiness to each."



LEECHES AS CLERKS OF THE WEATHER.—"Is it going to be a fine day?" is a question which, at this season of out-door enjoyment, is frequently upon our lips. If we have made arrangements for a picnic, or for a no less enjoyable ramble in search of wild flowers or insects, it is, to say the least of it, unsatisfactory, when our first morning peep out of the window is met by a dull sky or a heavy bank of clouds. If it rained we should feel disappointed, but the uncertainty is even more trying. Now, in such cases, we doubtless feel how useful would be the information obtainable from the Clerk of the Weather office, did that functionary exist; but, as that source of weather-knowledge is denied us, we must look around and see if Nature, the truest Lady Bountiful extant, has not in some measure supplied the deficiency. As usual, we find provided for us the very things we require; and these little leeches, sluggish though they seem now, are Clerks of the Weather in good sooth. The apparatus necessary for observing their predictions is very simple; it consists of a glass jar, with stones and a shell or two at the bottom, and a few sprays of Anacharis; the water must not reach the top of the vessel by at least two inches. A tight-fitting wirework cover must be placed over the top, as the leeches soon escape, especially in stormy weather. The water should be changed once in ten days during the summer; and once in three weeks during the winter. As a rule, during fine and wet weather, the leeches remain at the bottom of the vessel. When a change is slowly approaching, they move upwards, twenty-four hours, or at times thirty-six hours, in advance of it. When a storm is rapidly approaching, the leeches become very restless, and rise quickly; while before a thunder-storm they pass entirely out of the water. When the change occurs, they become still, at the bottom of the vessel; but if, under such circumstances, they rise again or keep above the water, length or violence of storm is indicated. If the leeches rise during a continuance of east wind, wind rather than rain is to be expected. When a storm comes direct from a distance, we shall observe the rapid rising and restlessness alluded to above; but much shorter notice—from four to six hours—will be given. When heavy rain or high wind is to be expected, the leeches are also restless and keep out of the water, but their movements are much less rapid. It is advisable to keep the vessel in a temperature as even as possible. When the temperature falls below 48 degrees, the leeches cease to indicate any change; they become quite torpid, or, in other words, hibernate *pro tem*. In a small jar, at a temperature above 75 degrees, the excessive heat may cause them to rise; otherwise they would be quiet.

The Trials of a Broom.

SWEEP, sweep, old broom,
Whisking about from room to room,
Why are you looking so glum to-day?
What is the matter with you, I pray?
Why not singing in broomlike glee
Your song of sweeping melody?
Sweep, sweep, heigho,
Hereabout, thereabout, round I go.

If I could to you a broom's feelings express,
I know you would weep at my tale of distress,
For I can assure you my troubles are real;
You cannot imagine how anxious I feel,
For I just heard to-day that my mistress had said,
"Let that old broom be thrown out in the shed."

So now I'll proceed my story to tell,
As I know you're my friend and would wish me well.
For two years and more that same mistress I've served,
And from duty's strict line have never once swerved;
Yet now, when I'm weary, and feel growing old,
I'm told I'm no use, and put out in the cold.

"A new broom sweeps clean" is often expressed,
But the deep hidden corners the old one knows best,
From parlor to kitchen, in closet and hall,
Upstairs and downstairs, e'en up on the wall
I've been sent to chase spiders and break down their web,
And now I'm condemned to die in a shed.

But I'll comfort myself that even out there
I can be of some use, and free from all care,
I shall often do service, instead of a toy,
Perhaps act as a horse for a frolicsome boy;
When for that I'm too old they will cut off my head,
And I'll serve as a wash-stick even after I'm dead.

So I'll cheerfully work, as becomes a good broom,
Repining no more because of my doom,
But (between you and me) I tell you 'tis true,
That men, like old brooms, have their feelings hurt too;
And when life's working wheels run slower each day,
Are informed they're too old, please move out of the way.

Sweep, sweep, heigho,
Hereabout, thereabout, out I go.

LEE BRANT.

OUR DUST-BINS.

DURING the hot months of this year's summer, the subject of dust-bins in their sanitary relations was discussed in the newspapers. A writer in the "Builder"

offered some useful suggestions on a matter affecting the health not only of households but of the public generally. These receptacles of all kinds of decaying matter are too often complete fever-nests, offensive to neighbourhoods and dangerous to the inmates of houses. To prevent the deposit of vegetable and animal refuse with cinder-ash, it is suggested that the top of the dust-bin should be covered with a padlocked grating, which would at the same time secure the sifting of ashes—a process which servants are in general too lazy to undertake. It would be also well if local officers of health could be empowered occasionally to visit the basement of houses, in order to ascertain the condition of the dust-bins, drain-pipes, and other matters, too often neglected. An article in the "Quarterly Review" discusses the subject with a wider scope, and contains curious facts about the commercial uses of dust-bins, referring especially to those of London.

The refuse of one household seems an insignificant matter in detail, and not worthy of much attention; but, when it is multiplied by the 500,000 houses in the metropolis, it forms an item of no mean importance, and is of no inconsiderable value. Formerly, the dust-yards, or lay-stalls, as they were called, were conspicuous by their hills of refuse, which towered high over the surrounding houses; upon these highlands swine depastured, and we are told that there was no fattening ground like these dust heaps, full as they were of all kinds of perishing animal and vegetable refuse. But the health of the metropolis was of more importance than the fattening of hogs; and for years past the dust contractors have been obliged to separate and disperse their rubbish as soon as the dust carts arrive. A more interesting example of the use of refuse could not well be afforded than we find in the yards of these dust contractors, nor a more pregnant example of the value in the aggregate of that which householders consider a mere nuisance, to be got rid of as quickly as possible. That which we throw away in the dust-bin day by day, because we fancy it is an eyesore and past repair, is, in fact, but arrived at that stage in its existence at which it is destined to reascend in the scale of value, and once more minister to the wants of men. There is not one particle in the heap the scavenger removes from our houses that is not again, and that speedily, put into circulation and profitably employed. No sooner is the dust conveyed to the yard of the contractor, than it is attacked by what are called the "hill women," who, sieve in hand, do mechanically what the savant does chemically in his laboratory, separate the mass, by a rude analysis, into its elements. The most valuable of these items are the waste pieces of coal, and what is termed the "breeze," or coal-dust and half-burnt ashes. The amount of waste that goes on in London households in this item of coal can hardly be conceived, unless the spectator sees the quantity that is daily rescued in these yards. It may be measured by the fact, that after selling the larger pieces to the poor, the refuse "breeze" is sufficient to bake the bricks that are rebuilding London. Most of the dust contractors are builders as well, and the breeze is used by them for the purpose of embedding the newly-made bricks into compact square stacks, which are seen everywhere in the suburbs of London. The breeze having been fired, the mass burns with a slow combustion, aided by the circulation of air, which is kept up by the method of stacking; and in the course of two or three weeks the London clay is converted into good building material. Thus our houses may be said to arise again from the refuse they have cast out, and not

only are the bricks baked by their aid, but they are built in part with mortar made from the road scrapings, which is pounded granite, and combines very well with the lime and ashes of which the mortar is composed. Nay, even the compo, with which some of the smaller houses are faced, is very largely adulterated with this particular refuse.

The other constituents of the dust heap are separated by the sifters with the utmost rapidity. Round every hillock, as it is emptied, they congregate with their sieves; and in a very short space of time bones, rags, paper, old iron, glass, and broken crockery are eliminated from the mass and piled in separate heaps. The bones are put to a score of different uses. Several tons are picked weekly out of the metropolitan dust; but, of course, this does not represent the whole of the animal refuse of this kind, but only that taken from cooked meat. After we have discussed the joint at the table, there is still much value remaining in the residual bones. They go immediately to the boiling-houses, where every portion of fat and gelatine they can yield is extracted; the former goes to the soap-maker, the latter is utilised to make the patent gelatine packets now in use for a score of different purposes. The bones that possess any size and substance are used by the turners, and are converted into the hundreds of nic-nacks for which they are suitable; possibly, good reader, the same bone you may have picked at dinner re-enters your mouth after many changes in the shape of a tooth-pick or toothbrush! whilst the smaller pieces are calcined, and form the very toothpowder you use with it. But the grand destination of the smaller fragments is the earth. Ground very fine, and treated with sulphuric acid, they make the celebrated superphosphate manure, one of the best known fertilisers. Thus the old bone goes to form and nourish new bones. The wealth of England has attracted towards herself the old bones of half of the Continent, not only animal but human, for many an ancient battle-field has been searched for their valuable remains,—thereby enabling us to grow such splendid crops by supplementing the resources of our fields. Thus the threat of the Giant to Jack—

"Let him be live,
Or let him be dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread"—

is no fairy tale after all, but a common verity. Another very important product extracted from bones is phosphorus, a constituent of the brain and nervous system, one of the substances which give us light in the match, and without which we and our households would fare but poorly. The fat that is saved in the process of boiling goes, as we have said, to make the commoner kind of soap, or is useful to the arts in a hundred ways. What diverse forms of new life await the old bone as the rag-picker recovers it from the ash-heap! Its substance, in the form of handles of knives, chessmen, paper-knives, etc., mingles with the everyday concerns of life—its hard work and its enjoyments and intellectual amusements; whilst in its fluid and manurial products yet more astonishing changes attend it the moment it falls into the hands of the manufacturer. Its fatty particles give us cleanliness and purification in the form of the "bar of yellow;" and its phosphorus helps to give us ready illumination. The difficulty we feel in dealing with this seeming rubbish, that we kick out of the way with our foot, is to follow it out into the many diverse forms it assumes upon its resurrection.

But there are other articles in the dust-bin which await us—for instance, there are scraps of paper. These are

all carefully sorted, the white from the coloured and the printed. The soiled pieces, which cannot be profitably re-manufactured as paper, are used to make papier-maché ornaments, or dolls' heads, etc.; the clean paper is returned to the mill, and even the printed paper has the ink discharged from it, and goes again into circulation. Old rags, of course, are valuable to the paper-maker, although the discovery of other materials will possibly render this form of waste not quite so important a matter in his eyes as it was some time ago. But what can be the destination of greasy dish-clouts? Woollen material, if clean, does not descend to the earth in the scale of civilisation; but there is too much grease in the dish-clout to go again to the mill, so it is destined to nourish the noble hop in the Kentish grounds. As the old saying has it, "When things are at their worst they mend." Woollen rags, if they happen to be dyed scarlet, are treated for the recovery of their cochineal, which is very valuable for dyeing purposes, etc.; and other valuable coloured rags are separated to be ground up and make flockpaper. But these are fancy uses: the great market for all old woollen fabrics which are too tattered to be worn, is the town of Batley and its neighbourhood, in Yorkshire, the great Shoddy metropolis. To use the words of a contemporary:—

"Not the least important of the manufacturing towns is Batley, the chief seat of the great latter-day staple of England, Shoddy. This is the famous rag-capital, the tatter-metropolis, whither every beggar in Europe sends his cast-off gentility of moth-eaten coats, frowzy jackets, worn-out linen, offensive cotton, and old worsted stockings—this is their last destination. Reduced to filaments and greasy pulp by mighty-toothed cylinders, the much-veged fabrics re-enter life in the most brilliant forms—from solid pilot cloths to silky mohairs and glossiest tweed. Thus the tail-coat rejected by the Irish peasant, the gabardine too fine for the Polish beggar, are turned again to shiny uses; reappearing, it may be, in the lustrous paletot of the sporting dandy, the delicate riding-habit of the Belgravian belle, or the sad, sleek garment of the Confessor. Such, oh reader, is shoddy!"

We all remember how "Devil's dust" was denounced some years ago in Parliament. If it were not for this shoddy which created it, the clothes of Englishmen, both rich and poor, would be augmented in price at least five-and-twenty per cent. As it is, a cheaper woollen garment can be purchased now than thirty years ago, notwithstanding that the expenses of living have considerably augmented since that time. Formerly these old woollen rags went to the land; but, since they have been brought back to their old uses, an enormous quantity of cloth-making material has been added to the general stock. As long ago as 1858, it was estimated that 38,880,000 lbs. of this rag-wool are annually worked up into cloth, and this quantity was quite irrespective of the importations from abroad, which were very large indeed. In the nine years that have elapsed since that time the quantity must have greatly increased, yielding a quantity of wool equal to many million fleeces annually! Cotton and woollen rags are both valuable commodities when separate, but of late years it has been the custom to weave the cotton and the woollen together. The warp being of the latter material and the weft of the former, thus mixed together they were both spoilt, as they could neither be converted into paper nor cloth. Many endeavours have accordingly been made to separate them. One of these for a time succeeded. The woollen fabric was saved, and the cotton destroyed; but it has, we believe, been found that the felting qualities of the

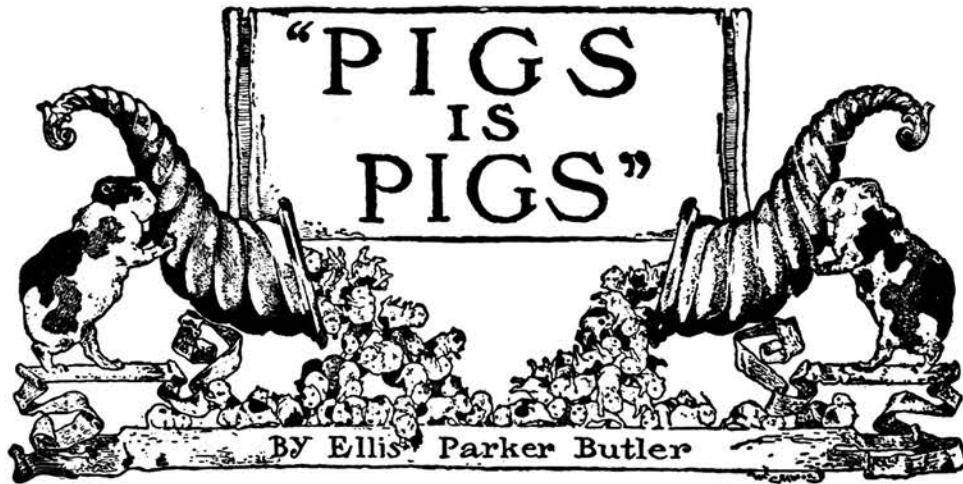
wool thus rescued were injured by the process adopted. Within these last few years the original process has been reversed. These "Union fabrics" are now placed in a closed receiver, and subjected to steam at a very high temperature. The result is that the cotton comes out pure and fit for the paper-maker; the wool is reduced to a dark brown powder, known as the "ultimate of ammonia," and is employed to enrich manures which are poor in nitrogen. So much for old rags.

But we are far from having exhausted the contents of the dust-bin yet. There is the old iron, battered saucepans, housemaids' old pails, rusty hoops, horse-shoes, and nails from the road. All soldered articles have the solder extracted from them (as it is more valuable than the iron), and the cheaper metal is then remelted. The horse-shoe nails are not mixed with the common cast-iron, as they are much sought after by gun-makers for the purpose of making Stubb twist barrels. This is a roundabout way to get tough iron it is true, and it remains as an instance of an improved product brought about by accident: it is like the Chinese method of discovering roast pig. Perhaps, following out this idea, some quicker and less laborious method of making cohesive gun-barrels will be discovered than the banging of horses' feet upon the granite pavement.

Scraps of iron, it is found, may be made very useful in securing the copper that runs away in the streams washing veins of copper pyrites. In the Mona Company's mines in North Wales, old pieces of battered iron are placed in tanks into which these streams are collected; the copper quickly incrusts the iron, and in process of time entirely dissolves it, so that a mass of copper takes the place of the iron. The residuum, in the shape of a coloured deposit, is at times taken out, dried, and smelted. Before the adoption of this plan, a great deal of copper escaped as a refuse into the sea. Indeed, this simple laboratory device has become, during the last few years, an expedient on the manufacturing scale: the poorest copper ores, which at one time did not even pay for working, now have the metal extracted from them at a profit, by a process of which this is the penultimate stage.

Glass, so much of which in its manufactured form is destroyed in our households, is carefully collected, and of course goes again to the melting-pot. The most fragile and destructible of materials when manufactured, it is, perhaps, one of the most indestructible of all known substances; and very possibly there is plenty of it which has been melted over and over again for centuries, now doing good service in the world. Glass bottles, especially physic bottles, go to the dust-yards with great regularity, and with the same regularity they find their way back to the druggists' shops, going the same dull round year after year, and no doubt are present at the death of many to whom they have ministered. Old boots and shoes, when not too far gone, find their way to Monmouth Street, Seven Dials, where they are patched up with heelball, and made to look decent, even if they should not prove very serviceable. In any case, good sound pieces of leather are turned to account. India-rubber goloshes, and all articles made of caoutchouc, whether vulcanized or not, are remelted and mixed with the new gum, the refuse being obtainable at from 17*l.* to 18*l.* per ton, and the raw material at not less than 200*l.* a ton.

The dust-heap is now pretty well exhausted; there is the soft core and the hard core, the decaying vegetable matter, and the broken crockery. The former goes to feed the pigs, and the latter makes excellent foundations for roads.



MIKE FLANNERY, the Westcote agent of the Interurban Express Company, leaned over the counter of the express office and shook his fist. Mr. Morehouse, angry and red, stood on the other side of the counter, trembling with rage. The argument had been long and heated, and at last Mr. Morehouse had talked himself speechless. The cause of the trouble stood on the counter between the two men. It was a soap box across the top of which were nailed a number of strips, forming a rough but serviceable cage. In it two spotted guinea-pigs were greedily eating lettuce leaves.

"Do as you loike, then!" shouted Flannery; "pay for thim an' take thim, or don't pay for thim and leave thim be. Rules is rules, Misther Morehouse, an' Mike Flannery's not goin' to be called down fer breakin' of thim."

"But, you everlastingly stupid idiot!" shouted Mr. Morehouse, madly shaking a flimsy printed book beneath the agent's nose, "can't you read it here—in your own plain printed rates? 'Pets, domestic, Franklin to Westcote, if properly boxed, twenty-five cents each.'" He threw the book on the counter in disgust. "What more do you want? Aren't they pets? Aren't they domestic? Aren't they properly boxed? What?"

He turned and walked back and forth rapidly, frowning ferociously. Suddenly he

turned to Flannery and, forcing his voice to an artificial calmness, spoke slowly but with intense sarcasm.

"Pets," he said. "P-e-t-s! Twenty-five cents each. There are two of them. One! Two! Two times twenty-five are fifty! Can you understand that? I offer you fifty cents."

Flannery reached for the book. He ran his hand through the pages and stopped at page sixty-four.

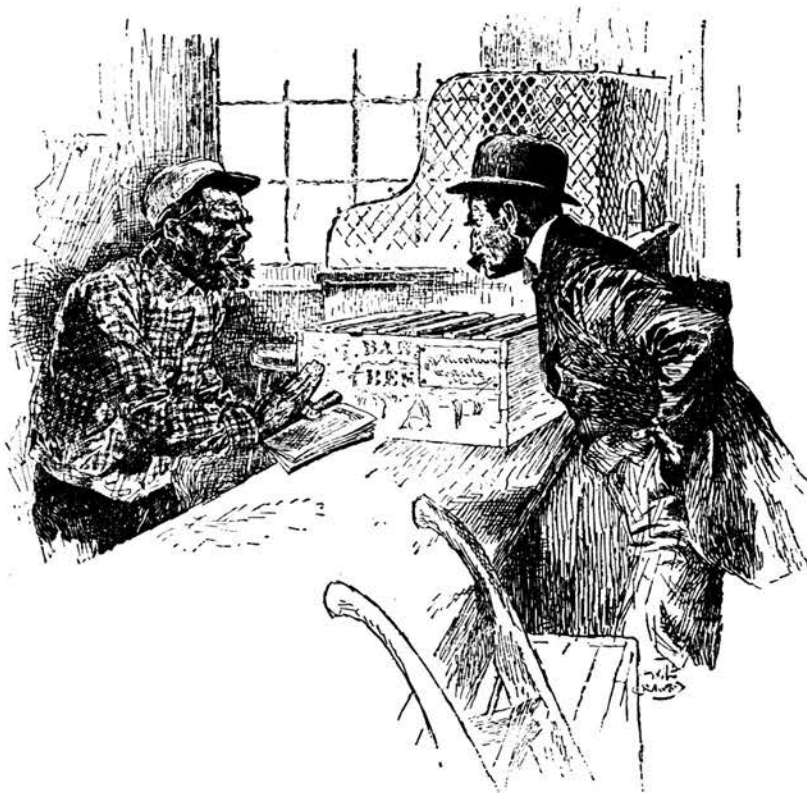
"An' I don't take fifty cints," he whispered, in mockery. "Here's the rule for ut. 'Whin the agint be in anny doubt regardin' which of two rates applies to a shipmint, he shall charge the larger. The consign-ey may file a claim for the overcharge.' In this case, Misther Morehouse, I be in doubt. Pets thim animals may be, an' domestic they be, but pigs, I'm blame sure they do be, an' me rules says plain as the nose on yer face, 'Pigs, Franklin to Westcote, thirty cints each.' An' Misther Morehouse, by me arithmetical knowledge two times thurty comes to sixty cints."

Mr. Morehouse shook his head savagely.

"Nonsense!" he shouted, "confounded nonsense, I tell you! Why, you poor, ignorant foreigner, that rule means common pigs, domestic pigs, not guinea-pigs!"

Flannery was stubborn.

"Pigs is pigs," he declared firmly. "Guinea-pigs or dago pigs or Irish pigs is all the same to the Interurban Express Company an' to Mike Flannery. Th'



"TH' NATIONALITY OF THE PIG CREATES NO DIFFERENTIALITY IN THE RATE, MISTHER MOREHOUSE!"

nationality of the pig creates no differentiality in the rate, Mистер Morehouse! "I would be the same was they Dutch pigs or Rooshun pigs. Mike Flannery," he added, "is here to tind to the expriss business an' not to hould conversation wid dago pigs in sivinteen languages fer to discover be they Chinese or Tipperary by birth an' nativity."

Mr. Morehouse hesitated. He bit his lip and then flung out his arms wildly.

"Very well!" he shouted, "you shall hear of this! Your president shall hear of this! It is an outrage! I have offered you fifty cents. You refuse it! Keep the pigs until you are ready to take the fifty cents, but, by George, sir, if one hair of those pigs' heads is harmed I will have the law on you!"

He turned and stalked out, slamming the door. Flannery carefully lifted the soap box from the counter and placed it in a corner. He was not worried. He felt the peace that comes to a faithful servant who has done his duty and done it well.

Mr. Morehouse went home raging. His boy, who had been awaiting the guinea-pigs, knew better than to ask him for them. He was a normal boy, and therefore always had a guilty conscience when his father was angry. So the boy slipped quietly around the house. There is nothing so soothing to

a guilty conscience as to be out of the path of the avenger.

Mr. Morehouse stormed into the house.

"Where's the ink?" he shouted at his wife as soon as his foot was across the door-sill.

Mrs. Morehouse jumped guiltily. She never used ink. She had not seen the ink, nor moved the ink, nor thought of the ink, but her husband's tone convicted her of the guilt of having borne and reared a boy, and she knew that whenever her husband wanted anything in a loud voice the boy had been at it.

"I'll find Sammy," she said, meekly.

When the ink was found Mr. Morehouse wrote rapidly, and he read the completed letter and smiled a triumphant smile.

"That will settle that crazy Irishman!" he exclaimed. "When they get that letter he will hunt another job all right!"

A week later Mr. Morehouse received a long official envelope, with the card of the Interurban Express Company in the upper left corner. He tore it open eagerly and drew out a sheet of paper. At the top it bore the number A6754. The letter was short. "Subject—Rate on guinea-pigs," it said. "Dear Sir,—We are in receipt of your letter regarding rate on guinea-pigs between Franklin and Westcote, addressed to the president of this company. All claims for overcharge should be addressed to the Claims Department."

Mr. Morehouse wrote to the Claims Department. He wrote six pages of choice sarcasm, vituperation, and argument, and sent them to the Claims Department.

A few weeks later he received a reply from the Claims Department. Attached to it was his last letter.

"Dear Sir," said the reply, "Your letter of the 16th inst., addressed to this department, subject rate on guinea-pigs from Franklin to Westcote, rec'd. We have taken up the matter with our agent at Westcote, and his reply is attached herewith. He informs us that you refused to receive the consignment or to pay the charges. You

have therefore no claim against this company, and your letter regarding the proper rate on the consignment should be addressed to our Tariff Department."

Mr. Morehouse wrote to the Tariff Department. He stated his case clearly, and gave his arguments in full, quoting a page or two from the encyclopædia to prove that guinea-pigs were not common pigs.

With the care that characterizes corporations when they are systematically conducted, Mr. Morehouse's letter was numbered, O. K'd, and started through the regular channels. Duplicate copies of the bill of lading, manifest, Flannery's receipt for the package, and several other pertinent papers were pinned to the letter, and they were passed to the head of the Tariff Department.

The head of the Tariff Department put his feet on his desk and yawned. He looked through the papers carelessly.

"Miss Kane," he said to his stenographer, "take this letter. 'Agent, Westcote, N. J. Please advise why consignment referred to in attached papers was refused domestic pet rates.'"

Miss Kane made a series of curves and angles on her note-book and waited with pencil poised. The head of the department looked at the papers again.

"Huh! guinea-pigs!" he said. "Probably starved to death by this time! Add this to that letter: 'Give condition of consignment at present.'"

He tossed the papers on to the stenographer's desk, took his feet from his own desk, and went out to lunch.

When Mike Flannery received the letter he scratched his head.

"Give prisint condition," he repeated,

thoughtfully. "Now what do thim clerks be wantin' to know, I wonder! 'Prisint condition,' is ut? Thim pigs, praise St. Patrick, do be in good health, so far as I know, but I niver was no veterinary surgeon to dago pigs. Mebby thim clerks wants me to call in the pig docther an' have their pulses took. Wan thing I do know, howiver, which is they've glorious appytites for pigs of their soize. Ate? They'd ate the brass padlocks off of a barn door! If the paddy pig, by the same token, ate as hearty as these dago pigs do, there'd be a famine in Ireland."

To assure himself that his report would be up to date, Flannery went to the rear of the office and looked into the cage. The pigs had been transferred to a larger box—a dry goods box.

"Wan—two—t'ree—four—foive—six—sivin—eight!" he counted. "Sivin spotted an' wan all black. All well an' hearty an' all eatin' loike ragin' hippy-potty-musses." He went back to his desk and wrote.

"Mr. Morgan, Head of Tariff Department," he wrote. "Why do I say dago pigs is pigs because they is pigs and will be til you say they ain't which is what the rule book says stop your jollyng me you know it as well as I do. As to health they are all well and hoping you are the same. P.S. There are eight now the family increased all good eaters. P.S. I paid out so far two dollars for cabbage which they like shall I put in bill for same what?"

"BY GEORGE!" HE SAID.
"FLANNERY IS RIGHT. PIGS IS PIGS."

Morgan, head of the Tariff Department, when he received this letter, laughed. He read it again, and became serious.

"By George!" he said. "Flannery is right. 'Pigs is pigs.' I'll have to get authority on this thing. Meanwhile, Miss Kane, take this



letter: 'Agent, Westcote, N.J. Regarding shipment guinea-pigs, File No. A6754. Rule 83, General Instruction to Agents, clearly states that agents shall collect from consignee all costs of provender, etc., etc., required for live stock while in transit or storage. You will proceed to collect same from consignee.'

Flannery received this letter next morning, and when he read it he grinned.

"Proceed to collect," he said, softly.

"How thim clerks do loike to be talkin'! *Me* proceed to collect two dollars and twinty-foive cints off Misther Morehouse! I wonder do thim clerks *know* Misther Morehouse? I'll git it! Oh, yes! 'Misther Morehouse, two an' a quarter, plaze.' 'Cert'nly, me dear frind Flannery. Delighted! *Not!*'"

Flannery drove the express waggon to Mr. Morehouse's door. Mr. Morehouse answered the bell.

"Ah, ha!" he cried as soon as he saw it was Flannery. "So you've come to your senses at last, have you? I thought you would! Bring the box in."

"I hev no box," said Flannery, coldly. "I hev a bill agin Misther John C. Morehouse for two dollars and twinty-foive cints for kebbages aten by his dago pigs. Wud you wish to pay ut?"

"Pay—— Cabbages——!" gasped Mr. Morehouse. "Do you mean to say that two little guinea-pigs——"

"Eight!" said Flannery. "Papa an' mamma an' the six childer. Eight!"

For answer Mr. Morehouse slammed the door in Flannery's face. Flannery looked at the door reproachfully.

"I take ut the con-*sign*-y don't want to pay for thim kebbages," he said. "If I know signs of refusal, the con-*sign*-y refuses to pay for wan dang kebbage leaf an' be hanged to me!"

Mr. Morgan, the head of the Tariff Department, consulted the president of the Interurban Express Company regarding guinea-pigs, as to whether they were pigs or

not pigs. The president was inclined to treat the matter lightly.

"What is the rate on pigs and on pets?" he asked.

"Pigs thirty cents, pets twenty-five," said Morgan.

"Then, of course, guinea-pigs are pigs," said the president.

"Yes," agreed Morgan. "I look at it that way, too. A thing that can come under two rates is naturally due to be classed as the higher. But are guinea-pigs pigs? Aren't they rabbits?"

"Come to think of it," said the president, "I believe they are more like rabbits. Sort of halfway station between pig and rabbit. I think the question is this—are guinea-pigs of the domestic pig family? I'll ask Professor Gordon. He is an authority on such things. Leave the papers with me."

The president put the papers on his desk and wrote a letter to Professor Gordon. Unfortunately the professor was in South America collecting zoological specimens, and the letter was forwarded to him by his wife. As the professor

was in the highest Andes, where no white man had ever penetrated, the letter was many months in reaching him. The president forgot the guinea-pigs, Morgan forgot them, Mr. Morehouse forgot them, but Flannery did not. One-half of his time he gave to the duties of his agency; the other half was devoted to the guinea-pigs. Long before Professor Gordon received the president's letter Morgan received one from Flannery.

"About them dago pigs," it said, "what shall I do, they are great in family life, no race suicide for them, there are thirty-two now shall I sell them do you take this express office for a menagerie, answer quick."

Morgan reached for a telegraph blank and wrote:—

"Agent, Westcote. Don't sell pigs."

He then wrote Flannery a letter calling his attention to the fact that the pigs were not the property of the company, but were



““PROCEED TO COLLECT,’ HE SAID, SOFTLY.”

merely being held during a settlement of a dispute regarding rates. He advised Flannery to take the best possible care of them.

Flannery, letter in hand, looked at the pigs and sighed. The dry-goods box cage had become too small. He boarded up twenty feet of the rear of the express office to make a large and airy home for them, and went about his business. He worked with feverish intensity when out on his rounds, for the pigs required attention, and took most of his time. Some months later, in desperation, he seized a sheet of paper and wrote "160" across it and mailed it to Morgan. Morgan returned it asking for explanation. Flannery replied:—

"There be now one hundred sixty of them dago pigs, for heaven's sake let me sell off some, do you want me to go crazy, what?"

"Sell no pigs" Morgan wired.

Not long after this the president of the express company received a letter from Professor Gordon. It was a long and scholarly letter, but the point was that the guinea-pig was the *Cavia aparaea* while the common pig was the genus *Sus* of the family *Suidæ*. He remarked that they were prolific and multiplied rapidly.

"They are not pigs," said the president, decidedly, to Morgan. "The twenty-five cent rate applies."

Morgan made the proper notation on the papers that had accumulated in File A6754, and turned them over to the Audit Department. The Audit Department took some time to look the matter up, and after the usual delay wrote Flannery that as he had on hand one hundred and sixty guinea-pigs, the property of consignee, he should deliver them and collect charges at the rate of twenty-five cents each.

Flannery spent a day herding his charges through a narrow opening in their cage so that he might count them.

"Audit Dept.," he wrote, when he had finished the count, "you are way off there may be was one hundred and sixty dago pigs once, but wake up don't be a back number. I've got even eight hundred, now shall I collect for eight hundred or what? How about sixty-four dollars I paid out for cabbages?"

It required a great many letters back and forth before the Audit Department was able to understand why the error had been made of billing one hundred and sixty instead of eight hundred, and still more time for it to get the meaning of the "cabbages."

Flannery was crowded into a few feet at

the extreme front of the office. The pigs had all the rest of the room, and two boys were employed constantly attending to them. The day after Flannery had counted the guinea-pigs there were eight more added to his drove, and by the time the Audit Department gave him authority to collect for eight hundred Flannery had given up all attempts to attend to the receipt of the delivery of goods. He was hastily building galleries around the express office, tier above tier. He had four thousand and sixty-four guinea-pigs to care for! More were arriving daily.

Immediately following its authorization the Audit Department sent another letter, but Flannery was too busy to open it. They wrote another and then they telegraphed:—

"Error in guinea-pig bill. Collect for two guinea-pigs, fifty cents. Deliver all to consignee."

Flannery read the telegram and cheered up. He wrote out a bill as rapidly as his pencil could travel over paper and ran all the way to the Morehouse home. At the gate he stopped suddenly. The house stared at him with vacant eyes. The windows were bare of curtains and he could see into the empty rooms. A sign on the porch said, "To Let." Mr. Morehouse had moved! Flannery ran all the way back to the express office. Sixty-nine guinea-pigs had been born during his absence. He ran out again and made feverish inquiries in the village. Mr. Morehouse had not only moved, but he had left Westcote. Flannery returned to the express office and found that two hundred and six guinea-pigs had entered the world since he left it. He wrote a telegram to the Audit Department.

"Can't collect fifty cents for two dago pigs consignee has left town address unknown what shall I do? Flannery."

The telegram was handed to one of the clerks in the Audit Department, and as he read it he laughed.

"Flannery must be crazy. He ought to know that the thing to do is to return the consignment here," said the clerk. He telegraphed Flannery to send the pigs to the main office of the company at Franklin.

When Flannery received the telegram he set to work. The six boys he had engaged to help him also set to work. They worked with the haste of desperate men, making cages out of soap boxes, cracker boxes, and all kinds of boxes, and as fast as the cages were completed they filled them with guinea-pigs and expressed them to Franklin. Day

after day the cages of guinea-pigs flowed in a steady stream from Westcote to Franklin, and still Flannery and his six helpers ripped and nailed and packed, relentlessly and feverishly. At the end of the week they had shipped two hundred and eighty cases of guinea-pigs, and there were in the express office seven hundred and four more pigs than when they began packing them.

"Stop sending pigs. Warehouse full," came a telegram to Flannery. He stopped packing only long enough to wire back, "Can't stop," and kept on sending them. On the next train up from Franklin came one of the company's inspectors. He had instructions to stop the stream of guinea-pigs at all hazards. As his train drew up at Westcote Station he saw a cattle-car standing on the express company's siding. When he reached the express office he saw the express waggon backed up to the door. Six boys were carrying bushel baskets full of guinea-pigs from the office and dumping them into the waggon. Inside the room Flannery, with his coat and vest off, was shovelling guinea-pigs into bushel baskets with a coal-scoop. He was winding up the guinea-pig episode.

He looked up at the inspector with a snort of anger.

"Wan waggonload more an' I'll be quit of thim, an' niver will ye catch Flannery wid no more foreign pigs on his hands. No, sur!

They near was the death o' me. Nixt toime I'll know that pigs of what iver nationality is domestic pets—an' go at the lowest rate."

He began shovelling again rapidly, speaking quickly between breaths.

"Rules may be rules, but you can't fool Mike Flannery twice wid the same thrick—whin ut comes to live stock, dang the rules. So long as Flannery runs this express office pigs is pets—an' cows is pets—an' horses is pets—an' lions an' tigers an' Rocky Mountain goats is

pets—an' the rate on thim is twinty-foive cints."

He paused long enough to let one of the boys put an empty basket in the place of the one he had just filled. There were only a few guinea-pigs left. As he noted their limited number his natural habit of looking on the bright side returned.

"Well, annyhow," he said, cheerfully, "'tis not so bad as ut might be. What if thim dago pigs had been elephants!"



"HE WAS WINDING UP THE GUINEA-PIG EPISODE."

Great-Grandmother's Cookery Books.

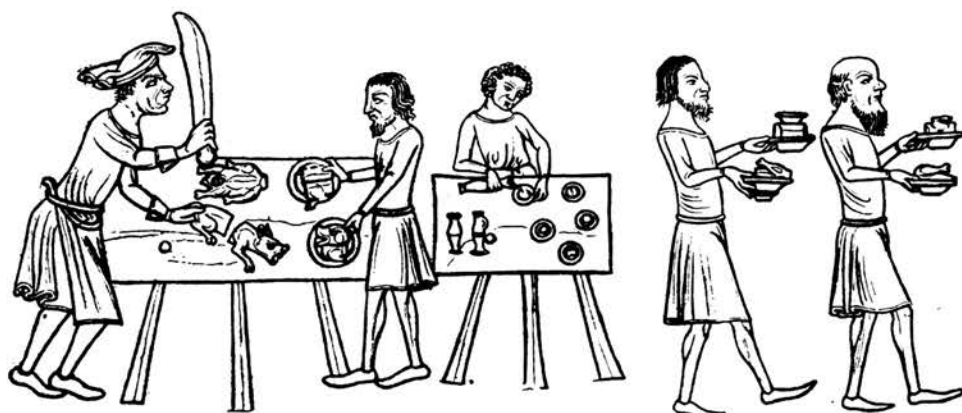
BY A. DRYSDALE-DAVIES.



MODERN cookery spells decadence. To the English housewife—to say nothing of her husband—struggling thrice daily with the banalities and ineptitudes of our half-trained twentieth-century kitchen mechanics, the culinary variety and excellence of our ancestors come as a revelation. Think of sucking-pig, salmon pie, and dormouse

although all such manuals until the fifteenth century are quite unintelligible to the modern reader. Indeed, the earliest books that may be called English only date from the latter half of the seventeenth century. Most of the scientific cookery was French, as a matter of course, and, as will be seen, the French titles became much perverted and hard to recognise, as let for lait, fryit for froide, sauke for sauce, and so on.

The cookery book of great interest which we will choose for our first illustration dates from about 1430, and is to be seen amongst the Harleian MSS. It is divided into three parts, the first, headed "Kalendare de Potages Dyuers," containing one hundred and fifty-



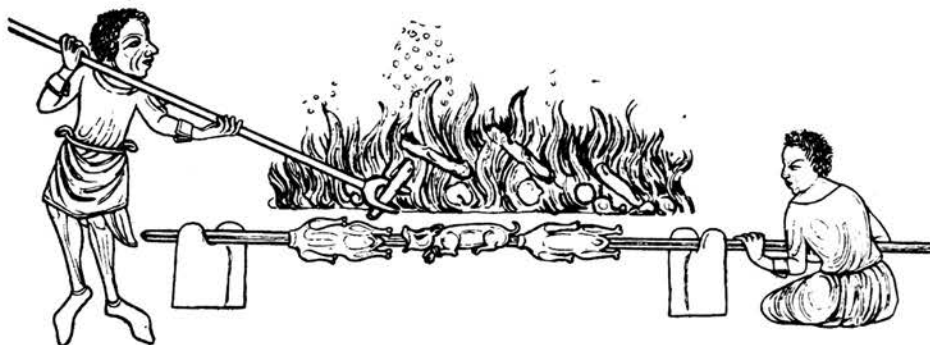
"PIGGE IN SAUGE"—FROM THE HARLEIAN MSS.—ABOUT 1430.

sausages for breakfast! How stale and unprofitable is the eternal dish of eggs and bacon compared with the glories of "pyke amlet" and hedgehog cream! No; we do not breakfast nowadays, any more than we dine or sup. The marvels of mediæval or even of eighteenth-century cookery are not for us. We do not deserve them, and, it may be added, Nature, with her wonderful system of compensations and balances, would not permit us to digest them.

To go back to the earliest of all the old cookery books which were wont to guide our English forbears in the preparation of their soups, meats, and pastries is to consult the "Forme of Cury" compiled by the chief master cooks of Richard II. and containing one hundred and ninety-six recipes. The first English cookery book was that of Neckham, in the twelfth century,

three recipes; the second part, "Kalendare de Leche Metys," has sixty-four recipes; and the third part, "Dyuerse Bake Metis," forty-one recipes. It may truly be said that the bulk of the recipes would astonish a modern cook.

Our forefathers liked their dishes strongly seasoned, and so pepper, cinnamon, ginger, cloves, garlic, galingale, vinegar, verjuice, and bitters appear constantly and in the most unlikely places. Naturally, pig was held in high esteem in the fifteenth century. In the accompanying illustrations we behold a rough and ready method of carving and



"HOWE TO ROST YE FOWLE AND YE SUCKLING-PIGGE"—FROM THE HARLEIAN MSS.

servng a roast specimen of the porcine tribe. Here is a recipe :—

“**PIGGE IN SAUGE.**—Take a pigge, drawe him, smyte off his hede, kutte him in iiij quarters, boyle him till he be enough, take him up and let cool. Smite him in pieces. Take a haundful of sauge, grinde it in a mortar with hard yolkes of egges ; draw it up with good vinegar, then season it with powder of peper, ginger, and salt. Then couch the pigge in dishes and cast the syrup thereupon and serve it forth.”

Here is a dainty dish :—

“**GARBAGE.**—Take faire garbage, chickens' hedes, feet, livers, and gysers, and wash hem clene. Cast hem into a faire potte and caste fresh broth of beef, powder of peper, canell, cloves, maces, parsley, and sauge minced small. Then take bread, steep it in the same brothe, let boyle enowe, caste thereto powder ginger, verjuice, salt, and a little saffron, and serve it forth.”

Meats little eaten at the present day are commonly mentioned in this book, such as whale, porpoise, seal, swan, crane, heron, peacock, and gulls. There is a touch of bloodthirstiness in most of the directions relating to the treatment of living articles of food, which would not commend them to a vegetarian.

“**CRANE ROSTE.**—Take a crane and cutt him in the roof of the mouth and let him blede to deth, and then scalde him and smyte his wings off and fold up his legges at the knee,” etc.

“**EGRET ROSTE.**—Breake an egret's neck or cut the roof of his mouth,” etc. Even fish do not escape without being hacked and smitten and slitted and flayed somewhat out of all reason and humanity.

One more recipe :—

“**PODDYNG OF CAPON NECKE.**—Take perceley, gizzard, lever, and harte and perboyle in fayre water. Take maces and cloves and saffron and poudere peper and salt and fill him up and sew him and lay him along on the capon backe and pricke him and roste and serve him.”

In the “Fowle Coke,” of which the title-page is here reproduced, of a somewhat later day we have a hundred and one recipes for

the boiling, roasting, stewing, and general preparation of all kinds of feathered bipeds. This dish you will seek in vain at the Carlton or Claridge's :—

“**COKYNTRYCE.**—Take a capoun, slay him and skald him, and smyte him to the waist. Also take a pigge and scald him, and draw him. Take a needle and thread and sew the before part of the capon to the hinder part of the pigge, and then stuffe him as thou stuffest a pigge ; putte him on a spette and roste him. Serve him forth with eggs and ginger and saffron.”

But it must not be supposed there is any lack of entremets and sweet things in these fifteenth-century manuals. Here is a recipe for fritters :—

“**FRETOURE.**—Take flowre, milke, and egges and grind peper and saffron and make thereof a bature. Pare apples and ster hem and frye hem uppe. Then take a little soft porke or vele choppit and spred on toppe and serve hem forthe for soperys in somere” (supper in summer).

A truly light and delicious hot weather sweet ! Here are directions for a custard :—

“**CUSTARDE.**—Take vele and smyte him in litell pieces and wash and putt hit into a faire potte with fayre water and let boyle. Then take parsley, sauge, hyssop, and cast hem into flesh when it boyleth ; then take peper,

canell, cloves, maces, saffron, salt, and a good deal of wine and let boyle. When it is cold streyne yolkes and whites of egges and put into the brothe, so many that the broth be stiff enowe. And make fayre coffins, and couch iii or iiij pieces of flesh in the coffins. Then take dates, prunes, and kutte hem ; caste thereto ginger and verjuice and salt, poure into coffins, and bake till they be enowe.”

Here is a tasty fruit tart :—

“Take figges and set hem in wyne and grind hem small, with powder peper, canell, cloves, maces, powder ginger, raisins fried in oyle, currants, saffron, and salte, and cast thereto. Then make faire lowe coffins and cast this stuffe therein. And plante pynes above. And cutte dates and fresh salmon



THE TITLE-PAGE OF A COOKERY BOOK OF ABOUT 1500.

in faire pieces, or else fresh eels, [ar-boyled in wine and couch thereon. And couche the coffins faire with the same paste, and sprinkle with saffron and almonde milke, and set hem in the oven and let bake.”

In the sixteenth century there was a classical revival, and there came various editions and adaptations of the work of the renowned Apicius Coelius, “De Arte Coquinaria,” of which we herewith give the frontispiece. One of these bears the date 1541, and amongst the dishes herein enumerated we may find hot-pots of cowheel, pickled broom buds, and Tetrapharmacon, of which latter delicacy we

are told that it was made of pheasant, peacock, a wild sow’s hock and udder, with a bread pudding over it.

The work is divided into ten books, beginning with soups, pickles, and sauces, and proceeding through the whole art of cookery, with hundreds of recipes, the very reading of which makes one’s mouth water. For instance, who could resist “virgin sow drest with broth made of pepper, wine, honey, oyl, and stew’d damsons”? Or dormouse sausages? Of dormice we are told that in ancient times people made it their business to fatten them. “Aristotle rightly observes that sleep fattened them, and Martial from thence infers that sleep was their only nourishment. Though very costly they became a common dish at great entertainments. Petronius delivers us a recipe for dressing them with poppies and honey.” It



A SIXTEENTH CENTURY LATIN COOKERY BOOK.

Apicius, be minced over sprats. The ancients were very fantastical in making one thing pass for another, so at Petronius’s supper the cook sent up a fat goose, fish, and wild-fowl of all sorts to appearance, but still were all made out of the several parts of a single porker. “To boil fish exactly, it is necessary that they

should be cast alive into the water.” “Sucking pig should be boyl’d in paper.” “Young foxes are in season in autumn” are amongst the instructions contained in this curious work.

Then, again, we are given minute instructions for the carving of beasts whose flesh was esteemed by the ancients.

“In partes of Asia and Africa,” we are

told, “the oliphant is eaten, not as the Romans and Egyptians were wont to do, sparingly and only as pertain’d to his feete, trunk, and tayle, all of which were great delicacies, but his entire carcase is carved

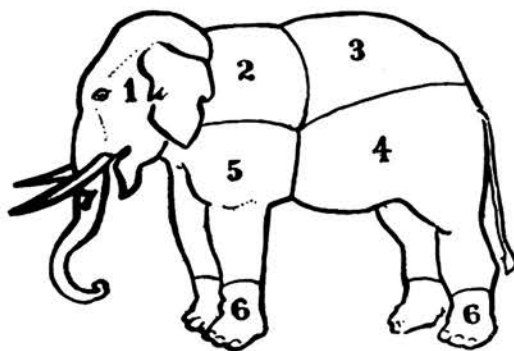
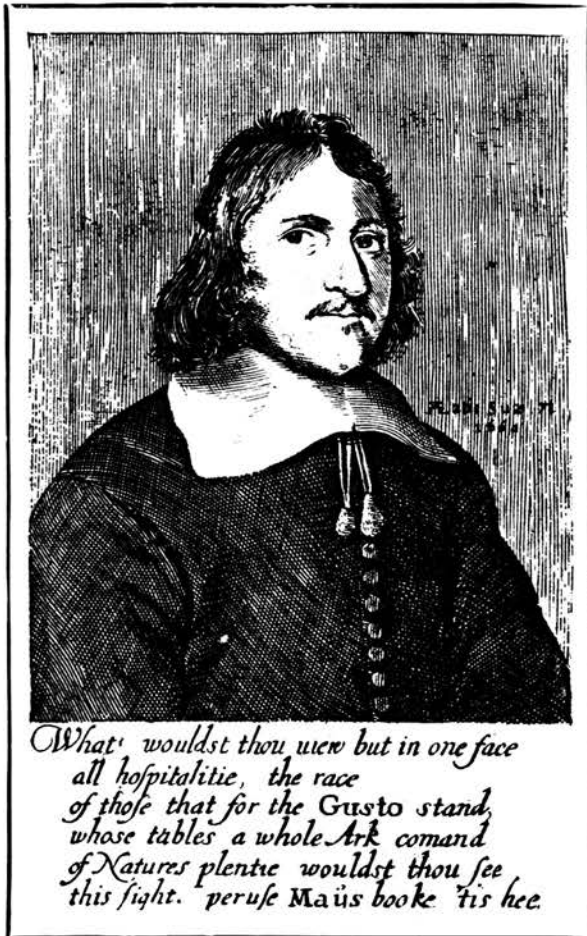


DIAGRAM FROM THE ABOVE, SHOWING THE CORRECT METHOD OF CARVING AN ELEPHANT.



FRONTISPIECE AND TITLE-PAGE OF A COOKERY BOOK OF 1685.

THE
Accomplisht Cook,
 OR THE
ART & MYSTERY
 OF
COOKERY.

Whercin the whole ART is revealed in a more easie and perfect Method, than hath been publiht in any language.

Expert and ready Ways for the Dressing of all Sorts of FLESH, FOWL, and FISH, with variety of SAUCES proper for each of them; and how to raise all manner of Pastes; the best Directions for all sorts of *Kickshaws*, also the Terms of CARVING and SEWING.

An exact account of all *Dishes* for all *Seasons* of the Year, with other *A-la-mode Curiosities*

The Fifth Edition, with large Additions throughout the whole work: besides two hundred Figures of several Forms for all manner of bak'd Meats, (either Fleh, or Fish) as, Pyes Tarts, Custards; Cheelecakes, and Florentines, placed in Tables, and directed to the Pages they appertain to.

Approved by the fifty five Years Experience and Industry of ROBERT MAY, in his Attendance on several Persons of great Honour.

London, Printed for Obadiah Blagrave at the Bear and Star in St. Pauls Church-Yard, 1685.

and consumed." For the benefit of those who might happen to possess an elephant and be tempted to eat him a chart of carving instructions accompanies the text.

The great era of good living and good cookery dates from the Restoration, when a whole race of English master cooks arose and published their manuals. Amongst the earliest was Joseph Cooper, and after him came Robert May, whose "The Accomplisht Cook" first saw the light in 1671 and was constantly reprinted during the century. It contains a large number of original recipes, as well as numerous illustrations drawn by the author, some of which are herewith reproduced. Here is a simple recipe for a rice pudding:—

"Steep your rice in milk overnight and next morning drain it and boil it with cream; season it with sugar, being cold, and eggs, beef-suet, salt, nutmegs, cloves, dates, etc."

The simplicity of this recipe is not obvious to us of to-day. But nothing better evinces how much the arts of the table have been neglected than the disuse of the terms of carving which old May sets forth in his book. Here are the "Exact Terms of Carving": Break that deer, leach that brawn, rear that goose, lift that swan, sauce that capon, spoil that hen, frust that chicken, unbrace that mallard, unlace that coney, dismember that hern, display that crane, disfigure that peacocke, unjoint that bittern, untach that curlew, allay that pheasant,

wing that partridge, thigh that pidgeon, border that pasty, thigh all manner of small birds. Then follows a similar set of directions: Splaying bream, chining salmon, and culponing trout.

Here is a way "To make Minced Pyes of Salmoun":—

"Mince a rand of fresh salmoun, very small, with a good fresh-



AN ILLUSTRATED RECIPE FROM THE ABOVE BOOK.

water eel, being flayed and boned; then mince some violet leaves, sorrel, strawberry leaves, parsley, sage, savoury, marjoram, and time; mingle all together with the meat, currans, cinnamon, nutmeg, pepper, salt, sugar, carraways, rose-water, white wine, and some minced orangado, put some butter in the bottom of the pyes, fill them, and, being baked, ice them and scrape on sugar. Make them according to these forms."

In Giles Roses's book, "Officers of the Mouth," are some amusing passages and woodcuts. Not least entertaining are the titles to the sub-sections, as, for instance: "The Dissection of a Hen in the High Dutch Fashion," "How to Dissect a Thrush," "How to Fold a Napkin like a Cocke and Hen," "How to Fold a Napkin like a Dogge with a Choller about His Neck."

"THE DISSECTION OF A GOOSE AFTER THE ITALIAN FASHION.—You may cut your goose after the Italians into a great many pieces, as well as that of the High Dutch, and follow the same order of serving it; but if you will, you may begin at the stomach and follow with the thigh, and the rest at your discretion."

Here is a pleasing little essay whose title suggests a Cockney's dissertation on Shakespeare's masterpiece:—

"THE AMLET. —Theamlet is only egges broken and beaten together and fried in a frying-pan with a piece of sweet butter."

Here, too, is a nice summer dish:—

A Book of Directions how to make preserves, and Conservees, and other Compounds. &c.

*Written the 13th day of
May Anno. Domi.
1704*

*Christian Lewis her
Book.*

TITLE-PAGE OF A QUAIN OLD MANUSCRIPT COOKERY BOOK.

We have before us a neat little chap-book compiled by a careful young eighteenth-century housewife, Mistress Christian Lewis, which is full of quaint recipes inscribed by her own hand. How neatly it is done, let the accompanying excerpts show. We very much doubt if so much trouble would be taken nowadays.

It is much to be feared that the modern wine and spirit bibber would not think very

highly of some of the drinks of a century and a half ago. They seem to err overmuch on the side of economy. Thus, in "Mrs. Harrison's Cookery Book" (1760) we have the following recipe for orange wine:—

"To five- and- twenty gallons of water take fifty-six pounds of sugar, fine and powder'd,

"Take the best almonds and boil them with crums and verjuice. Then set a hen in the midst, or a piece of veal. Garnish with plumbs and serve."

Or this:—

"Take an eel and flea him. Open his bellie and cut him to pieces; put him into a dish with some butter, verjuice, broth, and hartichokes, and make all this boil over a chaffing-dish of coals. Season with spice."

Henry Howard was the champion pyc-master of the first George's reign, and his manual, "England's Newest Way in all Sorts of Cookery," enjoyed great popularity. We have recipes for cabbage pudding, and giblet tart, and hedgehog cream, amongst other delicacies.

To make a tart of Bacon.

take a pound of fat bacon, and scrape it into fair water, and let it lye one - quarter of an hour, then take three ounce of maccorones and beat them small, and - take some currants Rose water, cinnamon cloves and mace, nutmegs and amber greese, - beat these well together and mix it with the aforesaid things, and make it up into puffe paste, and bake it in a dish as you do florendine, and thus - you have finished it. &c.

A RECIPE FROM THE ABOVE BOOK.

and twelve whites of eggs beaten ; stir the water, sugar, and eggs well together in your boiler cold, and when it is ready to boil skim it and let it boil an hour ; when cold stir into it a pint of ale - baum and cover it ; let it stand four days, and stir it three or four times a day, then take two small oranges and pare them nicely, with as little rind as possible."

Two small oranges to five-and-twenty gallons of water seem to promise a brew that would be spurned even by a teetotaler. But here is another :—

"TO MAKE COWSLIP WINE.—First take three gallons of spring water and put in six pounds of sixpenny sugar and make it just boil up, and so skim it clean and let it stand till it is almost cold, and take a handful of the fairest blossoms of cowslips and the juice of two lemons, and three or four spoonfuls of yeast and stir all together."

When we encounter in Mrs. Hannah Wolley's "Cook's Guide" (1664) this ominous phrase : "Take twenty good wardens and slice them," we are oppressed with visions of cannibalism—of orthodox Church officials being led passively to slaughter. But we are later relieved to discover that the wardens are only a species of fruit of the pear tribe. Why is it we do not nowadays stew soles like this ?

"TO STEW SOALES.—Take a pair of large soales, flay them, wash them, and dry them in a cloth ; flower them and fry them with beef-suet, then lay them in a dish and take some anchovies well washed in white wine ; open your soales and put the anchovies into the middle of your soales ; then put in some white wine or claret, with a good piece of butter, set it upon coales, and when they have stewed



How to make a *BOAR PUDDING.*

take out the bones, season it with pepper, salt, cloves, and mace and nutmegs. Chop sweet herbs fine with the yolks of two or three eggs and some plump'd currants. Then lay the one half of the pigg into your pye and the herbs and currants and salt over it and some butter. Then lay the other half of the pigg on top of that, and the rest of the herbs and currants on the top with some butter and so bake it ; you may eat it hot or cold."

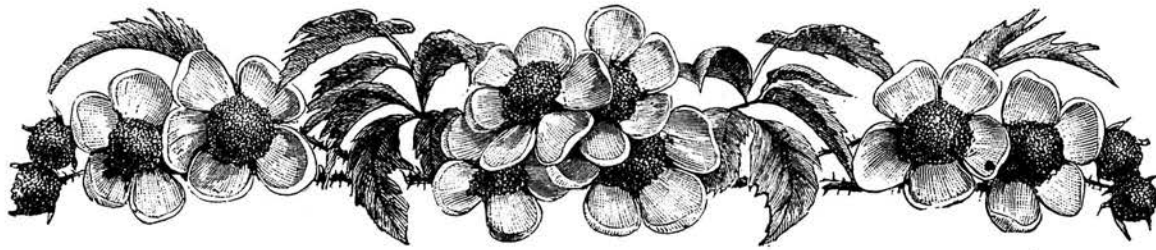
We venture to think there are few housewives who, if suddenly called upon, would know how to "fearce a carp." Yet it is simple enough, as we here perceive :—

"TO FEARCE A CARP.—Take a carp, flea off his skin, take out his bones, and hash his flesh very small ; then make an amlet of three or four eggs and hash this with the carp ; season with spice and pine seeds and a little thyme ; put it into the skin of your carp. Then sew up with a needle and thread, and boil him with butter, verjuice, and broth. Or you may put a few pistaches in his bellie."

Coming down to a later day, we have only room to mention the exhaustive culinary treatises of Alexander Soyer and Brillat-Savarin, the latter of which is embellished with woodcuts exhibiting dinners and diners after the most approved French fashion at that epoch ; but some of which would hardly commend themselves.



AN ILLUSTRATION FROM BRILLAT-SAVARIN'S WORK—
THE MOST CELEBRATED COOKERY BOOK IN
THE WORLD.



CREAM AND APRICOT TEA.

A MEAL of these colours is much easier to prepare in the fruit season than in spring or winter, for although we are not going to tie ourselves down to apricots and cream only, still they must enter largely into the factors of the meal; nevertheless, we will give suggestions that will make a cream and apricot tea possible at all seasons of the year, and a "cake tea" lends itself most accommodatingly to this arrangement of colour at all seasons.

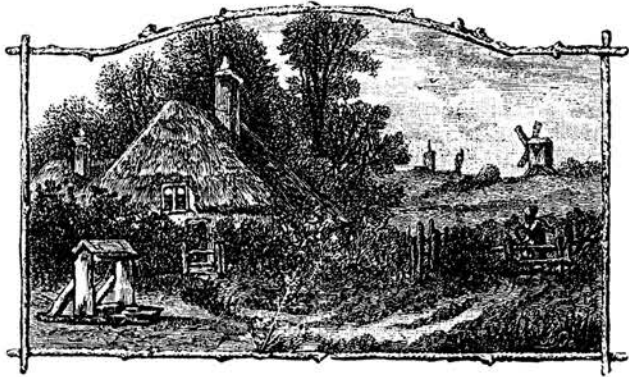
You can arrange this meal either for a sit-down table tea or a stand-up buffet tea; in either case remember that the decorations, like those for breakfast, must not be too elaborate, but they must be very daintily prepared. We will begin with the table-cloth, which should be of fine cream linen, embroidered with apricot silk; a handsome arabesque border above the hem will be a very suitable pattern, and it should be repeated in a square or oblong for the centre. Or you may have a border of drawn thread-work, sewn with apricot silk. Fringe the linen all round, and make a double-knotted heading. In this case it will be better to have a loose centre, drawn and fringed to match. The pattern should be fairly open, and would look well lined with apricot silk or satin ribbon. Of course, whichever style you choose, your little serviettes must be worked to match. Tea serviettes differ from others, as they are only used for laying across the lap to prevent crumbs and drops of tea falling on the dress. They should be about eight inches wide and eighteen inches long, hemmed neatly at each side, and embroidered and fringed at the ends only. If you ornament them with drawn work, you need not line it with ribbon, but there should be just a suspicion of apricot silk embroidery between the rows of drawing, and you may embroider your crest or monogram at one corner. Fold them plainly, and lay one on each plate.

For table decoration you must be guided by the season; a light-looking plant in a silver or cream-china jar would be suitable for the centre. A well-trained thunbergia, with its fragile cream or apricot blossoms, or a well-grown begonia, either double or single, of the required shades of colour would look well, and you may have glasses of cream and apricot flowers lightly arranged with ferns round the centre and at the corners, but do not introduce flowers of any other colour. Your tea-service should be apricot and cream china, but if you have not that mixture, plain cream may be used; but if you are the fortunate possessor of an old Spode apricot-and-gold service, your scheme of colour will be perfect. Your tea equipage should be of silver, for a brass or copper kettle would upset the whole tone of your table; of the two, copper would not be quite so bad as brass. We will place our fruit on the table next, for tea without fruit would be like dinner without vegetables; and although I am going to allow you a few dishes of fruit, I must advise you to save enough for a fruit-salad, to be served in a cream-china bowl. In separate dishes you may have, of course, apricots, white raspberries, bananas with the rind taken off, oranges, peeled, and the white taken off, divided into quarters and covered with sifted sugar, apricot-fleshed melon, cut in quarters, and any other fruit attainable of the right shade of colour. The salad may be a mixture of any of the above fruits, cut in pieces and slightly mashed; pineapple also may be added, and ripe pears, sweetened with sifted white sugar; add a little grated nutmeg, and, if possible, a small handful of freshly-picked cowslip flowers. We miss a great deal of pleasure by not making more culinary use of flowers;

many of them are most wholesome and fragrant, and give a delicious flavour. A rich thick cream must be added to form salad. And now for the eatables. Bread and butter, daintily rolled, will be quite suitable; small glasses or shells of marmalade and apricot jam placed about the table will also give the right tone of colour, and you may have marmalade sandwiches; hot scones will be a better colour than any other hot tea-cake. You may also have shortbread, which is a nice cream colour; make them round, about the size of the top of a tumbler, pinch them round the edge and ornament them thus: Boil two or three large carrots till quite tender; then put a little of the water into a stewpan, with the juice of one lemon, four ounces of sifted white sugar, and a teaspoonful of powdered ginger. Boil to a thick syrup. Slice the carrots into rounds; then cut them to one size with an ornamental round tin-cutter. Boil them in the syrup for a quarter of an hour or more; take them out, and while hot roll them in a nice apricot-coloured coarse sparkling sugar, and place one on the middle of each cake. Don't scorn this carrot preserve because it is only a vegetable; carrots are far too much slighted by the English. They are wholesome, easy to obtain, and can be cooked in a great variety of ways, besides being served only with boiled mutton.

As all tea confectionery can be made to assume the shades of apricot and cream with very little trouble, we need not particularise every item of the menu, but give a few general directions; the first of which is: Do not bake anything too much. Keep all your buns and cakes a light colour, and for icing use a little coffee to take off the dead whiteness; and to make it apricot, put some of the yolk of the egg with the white, and a few drops of essence of cochineal to make it the required shade. We will give you a recipe for apricot cake, which is very good: Six ounces of butter worked to a cream, the grated rind of half a lemon, six ounces of white sifted sugar. Work this mixture ten minutes more, to look creamy; then add the yolks of four eggs and ten ounces of Vienna flour. Stir the mixture free from lumps, and then add the whites of the eggs, stiffly beaten, half an ounce of baking-powder, and six ounces of glacé apricots cut in pieces. Drop the fruit into the mixture as lightly as possible; put into a lined cake-tin, and bake one hour and three-quarters. When cold, ice the top with cream-coloured icing and ornament with glacé apricots, cut into leaves and small squares; a little candied lemon-peel may be used also if approved of, both for mixing in the cake and ornamenting it. Eclairs filled with cream will be very suitable for this tea, if lightly baked, and as an excellent recipe was given in this magazine, we need not repeat it. You may also have an orange cake, which is both pretty and good, and of a lovely apricot tint when properly made.

If you like to have some savoury sandwiches, make them thus: Boil two eggs hard. Shell them, and pound them to a paste in a marble mortar, with two ounces of butter, a little salt, a pinch of cayenne pepper, and a tablespoonful of anchovy sauce, which will make the mixture a good shade of apricot. Cut some bread-and-butter very thin, spread it with the mixture; lay another piece of bread-and-butter on the top, spread another layer of the mixture on the top of that, and so on, till you have three layers of the mixture. Then cut the crust off all round, and cut into strips about an inch wide. It is a little change from the ordinary sandwich.



A Word with Countrywomen.

LIFE is a succession of choices. As some one has well said, "One cannot often have this *and* that, but this *or* that." We cannot, if we would, gather all the roses. There are too many of them. The question is, which to choose?

To choose and to hold fast to the very best that is within our individual reach — is not this the true philosophy of life? It is not a narrow or a selfish philosophy, surely, for we cannot share with our fellows what we ourselves do not possess. And do not we countrywomen sometimes fail to grasp the best because we are too eagerly striving to seize that which is of less value?

Is it not a mistake to let go of the quiet strength, the repose, the dignity of country life, in a feverish and ill-considered attempt to follow afar off the manners and customs of the town? In the first place, we cannot do it in any satisfactory way, even if we try. The conditions, the environment, as a certain clerical gentleman would say, are so different as to make it well-nigh impossible to ingraft upon the stock of country life the scions of city habits, city hours, city customs.

In the second place, if we could, *cui bono?*

Jenkins seems to have broken out, lately, in a new spasm of industry and enthusiasm. The daily papers — even such as, a very few years ago, would have considered it quite beneath their dignity to devote column after column to "society news," so called — now carry to the remotest hamlets among the hills or on the prairies minute details of Mrs. Midas's ball and Mrs. Grundy's reception, and of what the favored guests ate and drank and did and wore. Nobody finds fault with this. If there are those who care to read these details, thus getting brief and tantalizing glimpses of what they consider "high life," it is the privilege, and perhaps the duty, of the newspapers to supply the demand. But shall we vex our souls and wear out our bodies in vain attempts to copy, in a feeble and microscopic way, the doings of the above-mentioned ladies? Why not have our own ideas, our own standards, as to what is fit and becoming — not, perhaps, for Mrs. Midas, but for us?

Because Mrs. Midas, who dines at seven, finds it pleasant and convenient to receive her friends anywhere from nine to twelve, or later, why should we country-folk, who as a rule dine at one and have our cup of tea at six, think it necessary to yawn until nine or ten o'clock before we put on our best clothes and go to Mrs. Brown's party? Why make a burden of what might be a pleasure? Most people in the country find it necessary, or at least convenient, to breakfast as early as half-past seven. This certainly implies being in bed and asleep before the small hours.

Remember, I am not quarreling with Mrs. Midas. No doubt she orders her life after the manner that experience has proved most easy and comfortable — for her. But I fail to see why we, who are so differently situated, should consider it "the thing" to adopt her hours. Why should we go to parties at nine o'clock, when every mother's daughter of us knows it would be easier and more convenient to go at half-past seven?

Mrs. Midas has her retinue of a dozen servants — more or less. Yet, if she is to give a dinner of any pretension, she does not depend solely upon her household forces, but calls in aid from outside.

How is it in the country? The great majority of the women who read *THE CENTURY* keep one servant — at the most, two. The country housekeepers who are under bondage to more than two are the very rare exceptions. Why should we not entertain our friends with a simplicity commensurate with the service at our command? Simplicity is not meanness, it is not shabbiness, it is not inhospitality. It means just this: that, time and strength being limited quantities both for mistress and maid, many a woman who would delight to receive her friends cannot afford to spend two or three days in the kitchen concocting an array of delicacies for which, after all is done, very few people care a straw. Every hostess knows that man is an eating animal, and that some light refreshment greatly adds to the ease and pleasure of an evening entertainment. But why is an elaborate supper necessary on every occasion? If a dozen of your friends pass the evening with you, for a little music, or conversation, or whist, or what not, the chances are that not one of them would have thought of tasting anything if they had staid at home.

Since the appearance of a certain "Open Letter" in *THE CENTURY* for May, 1883, touching upon some phases of country life, many women have appealed to the writer for advice as to forming literary clubs and societies of one sort and another. Ladies, let me say this, right here: Set your faces as a flint against any proposition for having "refreshments."

"Oh, but," says some one, "it would be so pleasant to have coffee and sandwiches, or chocolate and sponge-cake, or something! We might confine ourselves to one or two things."

Yes, you might, if you would. But the trouble is, you will not. First one member will break over the rule and add a salad to the coffee and sandwiches; next week her neighbor will add scalloped oysters to the salad; and so it will grow as it goes, until the main object of your society is overshadowed by the eating business, and your Reading-circle, your Musicales, your Fortnightly, becomes a burden. Finally, the members begin to say, "Oh, Mrs. President, I am so sorry, but my cook has given warning, and I can't possibly have the club this week." And, ten to one, the club dies in three months. All which trouble will be avoided if you make up your minds to meet together and study, or read, or sing, or play, without being confronted with the grim necessity of providing something to eat.

Not long ago a journal of wide circulation printed words to this effect (I quote from memory): "Whatever a housekeeper does, or leaves undone, let her remember this: No lady who makes any pretensions to living elegantly, or even handsomely, will allow a

napkin to appear upon her table twice without being laundered. Napkin-rings are banished to the nursery, where they should always have remained."

Now, no one can deny that a napkin fresh and crisp from the laundry is a daintier object than one that has lost its first freshness, even if clasped by the prettiest of rings. If one has plenty of servants and plenty of napkins, this is without doubt exceedingly pleasant advice to follow. But what if we were to do a little sum in multiplication? The average family is said to consist of five members.

$$5 \times 3 \times 7 = 105.$$

In round numbers, nine dozen napkins a week for a family of five.

Mesdames, who write for the papers, and tell us what must and what must not be done, you may not believe it, but there are women who aspire to living handsomely and daintily, if not elegantly, who have pretty, well-kept houses, and daintily appointed tables, yet who never had nine dozen napkins at once in all their lives, and never expect to have. What shall they do about it? Perhaps as an alternative they would better dispense with napkins altogether, as those stately and dignified dames, our venerated foremothers, did! Elegance and even neatness are terms hard to define. Latitude and longitude have a great deal to do with them. The Japanese lady lifts her almond eyes and laughs with mocking disdain at the Western barbarians who actually wash napkins and handkerchiefs that they may use them a second time. She uses her pretty trifle once and burns it.

This is a very trifling matter? Yes; and if it stood alone, it would not be worth mentioning. But a pound of feathers is just as heavy as a pound of lead. Let those who can afford to indulge their dainty tastes do so, and be thankful. But when it becomes a matter of choice between three fresh napkins a day—or anything else that may stand as their equivalent—and the new book, or the longed-for picture, the leisure to breathe the fresh air and enjoy the June roses, or to take the children out in the wide pastures and watch the changeful lights and shadows on the mountain sides,—then what shall be said about it? It is over-anxiety about matters like these that comes between the soul of many a woman and that higher, calmer, sweeter life for which she really yearns.

It is really true of the great middle class that are scattered all over our land, from Maine to Florida, from Massachusetts to Oregon, that they cannot have this and that. They are shut out from many, indeed from most, of the advantages of great cities. They do not have picture galleries, museums, and public libraries, nor the stimulus of busy, magnetic crowds.

But they may have—they may absorb into their own beings—the strength of the hills and of the sea, the calm of the plains, the peace of the sky, the patience of the earth, that lies waiting through all the wintry hours, assured that seed-time and harvest shall not fail. They may secure time to read and to think. They may pluck the roses of content.

Shall they lose all these in a vain attempt to grasp, not the best things of a far different life, but some of its merest externals, thus adding to all their cares and labors and getting nothing that is worth having in return?

Julia C. R. Dorr.

Beautiful Spring.

"A TENDER veil of green adorns the willows;
The grass is springing up in sunny places;
The ice no longer holds in chains the billows;
The violets soon will show their modest faces.
Oh Spring, fair Spring, we hasten forth to greet thee,
Our frost-bound hearts throb with fresh joy to meet thee."

Thus wrote the Poet, and he read it over —
Being quite young — with modest approbation,
Gazing across a field of (last year's) clover,
And exercising his imagination.
And being caught by several April showers,
He only murmured something of "May flowers."

But the next morning, with a north wind blowing,
And leaden skies above, he changed his ditty.
"No!" growled he, "I will *not* look how it's snowing!
Pull down the blind, if you've a spark of pity.
Stir up the fire, and make it kindle faster;
And *will* you mix me that red-pepper plaster?"

"If anything could start my circulation,
'Twould be that Pilgrim Father's business, surely.
To think they undertook to found a nation,
And counted on its future so securely,
After they'd seen — no, it was *not* sublime — it
Was idiotic, settling in this climate!"

Margaret Vandegrift.

On Higher Education for Women.

DEAR MR. EDITOR: I know that you'll think it perfectly horrid of me and too forward and dreadful for anything to write to you in this bold way without knowing you at all, but I *do* hope that you'll excuse me, as there is something I feel it my duty to write to you about. (It seems too funny to write "Mr." instead of "Miss" or "Mrs.," as I most always do, for upon my word and honor, I never, never wrote to a gentleman before except once when I —) But anyway, I feel ever so safe, as you can't possibly know what my monogram stands for, and my signature is *ex officio*, or whatever you call it when you don't give your real name. But as I was saying, I want to speak to you about this just too dreadful fuss they are all making about what they call higher education for women and co-education. Horrid, tiresome old things, I'd just like to shake them.

Why, I declare! It's simply too ridiculous for anything, the way they go on; just as if any sensible girl, with any sort of romantic feelings, wanted to know anything about Greek and philosophy and things, and then grow up for all the world like those absurdly dreadful old frights that wear spectacles, and have straight hair brushed back, and sleeves that never fit at the shoulders, and carry their change in a bag, and ask for the "franchise" (whatever that is), and make all kinds of ridiculous plans, and don't know any more about flirting or dancing the German than the man in the moon. It quite makes the cold shivers run down my back to think of them. (Don't you consider this description just too awfully cutting and sarcastic for anything?)

I know well enough that they tell all of us girls that what women need is more *real* knowledge; but,

I'm sure, *I* simply can't see the good of it. It's awfully true as the poet says, "What is knowledge but grieving?" (Don't you consider Owen Meredith just too splendid and grand for this world? I quite dote on that sweet and dreamy Lucille.)

I'm sure you can get all the knowledge and accomplishments you want at lots and lots of establishments like Madame de Sagesse's. (Why, they even teach calisthenics there!) That's where I graduated last spring, and they gave me a diploma which was just every bit as large as the one Cousin Jack took at college ever and ever so many years ago, and exactly like it, only it was in English and didn't have a lot of letters after my name like his — A. B. or Ph. B. or whatever they are, just as if you were a drawing pencil and had to be stamped to show if you were very, *very* soft or only middling. But it was thick and crackly and real, *real* parchment; and it was tied with the most lovely shade of *clair de lune* blue that you ever saw in all your born days, "*gros grain*," too, and must have cost, oh! ever and ever so much a yard. French I think, because it exactly matched the bows on my white muslin. (Worth!) It was just too becoming to live, as Cousin Jack said. (I've ripped off one of the bows and send it to you around this manuscript, it looks so neat. You can keep it.)

But I am afraid you may think me frivolous and wandering from my subject; but really I feel so awfully nervous at the idea that this will be printed, and that then I will be a real live authoress just like George Eliot, or May Agnes Fleming, or Rosa Bonheur, and lots and lots more, that I really and truly can't write quite my best. (Though, upon my word, I should hope that now, when I have finished my education and received a prize for English composition, my writing is not so awfully bad that I have to apologize for it, because if I thought so, I would just throw it in the fire and burn it, and sink right through the floor, and it would be the death of me, and I would, as Byron says, "wither like a flower and like a flower die." Isn't that sentiment quite too soulful and heavenly? I know it's awfully wicked for a girl to read Byron; but I do just whenever I get a chance, and I think he's perfectly grand and divine, but I haven't read much lately, because the key of the book-case fell down the register last year, and so I can't open it.) Oh, dear me, what a frightfully long parenthesis! Almost a page. But please don't think that I can't keep my mind fixed on one subject, for I can, as you will easily see when I tell you that I was marked "double 10" for Logic, one whole term, while at Madame de Sagesse's.

But I must not let my thoughts wander any more or you may get the idea that I am not serious-minded. It's just too ridiculously preposterous the idea that a girl with any sort of pretension to good looks should just go and ruin her chances by seeming to know anything about all those dreadful mathematics like Soshiology (Dear me! I hope that's spelt correctly, though somehow or other it don't look quite right to

me). It only makes all the men afraid of her. So where's the good of it? What's the use of bothering your brains if the men won't like you any better for it?

Then they give another reason for the need of "higher" education, *vis*: That many women are poor and want to earn their own living and want a diploma from a college to certify as to their fitness. As for the diploma, I have shown that you can get it at a school if you think it's going to do you any good. As for being poor, I don't see the need of that either. Why don't they go and live with some relations? Or marry some *rich* man? Or if they are ridiculously stuck up and want to be "independant," why there are lots of ways of making money. They can do spatter-work or worsted work, or paint plaques. It's awfully easy. I never took any drawing lessons at school (because the drawing teacher wasn't a bit young and poetic-looking, as an artist ought to be) and have taken only six painting lessons in my whole life, and yet I paint beautifully (this may seem conceited but it isn't). This winter I made a plaque and only painted seven weeks on it, and sent it to a fair and it sold the very first night for ten dollars. I'm sure that shows it was good. In fact I didn't like to part with it, so I made Cousin Jack promise to buy it for me and he did. He's just devoted to me.

I forgot to tell you that I'm the secretaryess of the North-American — literary — society (no real writers, you know, but only amateurs who could be if they wanted to), and so I have a great deal of experience in reading the very best essays, and I have often noticed that most of those that cry about the "right" of women are those "left" by men. (Isn't that an awfully well turned sentence?)

Anyway, I feel sure that you can get lots of culture now in New York, if you really want it and can get invited to the right places. What with the "Causeries de Lundi" and the "Goethe Lectures" and "Tasso Readings," and "Raphael Conversazione" and "Nineteenth Century Club" and "Biology Class" and so on *ad infantum*. (You see I can quote Latin too, if I want to, but I don't think it's good taste to air your learning — it seems too dogmatic.)

But I shall have to stop now as I am afraid you will (Ought you say *will* here or *shall*?) get angry with me, if I keep you any longer from your printing; and besides, I have a most important engagement with my dressmaker, and anyway if I cross this sheet a third time I am afraid you may, here and there, have some difficulty in reading it *current calamo*.

Believe (I'm never quite sure whether it is *ie* or *ei*, but I haven't time to look for the dictionary) me —

Yours for health,

PINKIE ROSEBUD.

P. S. — You may have this even if you don't think you can afford to pay all it's worth; but I should like to receive something, so as to be able to say that I have been paid for my writing, because you know that always shows it's good.

P. R.



PLOUGHING.

BEAUTIFIED HOUSE-LINEN.



OUR shops are full to overflowing with all kinds of useful and fresh-looking articles made of linen, either white or coloured. Nearly all these things are hem-stitched, and the designs upon many are sufficiently good for use in ordinary households, the members of which, while liking to surround themselves with pretty things, have neither taste nor leisure to enable them to prepare designs for embroidery themselves. The ready-traced articles consist principally of such as are useful in a house; and most housewives find it scarcely possible to have too many of such trifles. Among them may be mentioned sets for toilet-tables, pillow-shams—some having a night-dress envelope attached—d'oyleys and tray-cloths of all sizes, tea-cloths, sideboard-cloths, night-dress cases, splash-backs, tea-cosies, and many other things. There is no necessity to give a full list; suffice it to add that they are for the most part extremely cheap—a large toilet-cover, for instance, costing one-and-sixpence and some odd farthings. Unless silk be used, it is not likely that any very great expense will be incurred for the embroidery alone, and many workers consider that flax is the most appropriate thread for use upon linen. The best flax threads cost little over eightpence a dozen skeins, but they need care in washing. Silks are about double the price of either flax or cotton, but

there is a brightness about them that is more specially suitable for very small articles, such as d'oyleys, tray-cloths, and the like.

Some few workers prefer wool to any other thread for embroidery upon linen, but it is rarely that the ready-traced goods are of a sufficiently good make of linen to render wool suitable for them. When crewels are used, the idea generally is to copy some of the old English crewel embroideries; but these were worked upon hand-made linen such as nowadays scarcely exists, except under the auspices of Mr. Ruskin in the Lake District. A portion of a sideboard-cloth embroidered on this sort of fabric is given in Fig. 1. The design, which is handsome, though somewhat formal, is executed with Appleton's crewels, the conventional flowers being worked with several shades of apricot, the stems and leaves with green, and the centre of the flowers with dull yellow deepening to brown. The stitches used are crewel stitch, long and short, or feather stitch, and French knots. Owing to the roughness of the surface, it can readily be understood that wool is not in the least suitable for use upon anything smaller than a tea-cloth.

The coloured linens are enjoying a great deal of favour just now, and certainly they are a boon to dwellers in towns, with whom the white work so soon becomes soiled by fogs and smuts. Many of the white linen goods to be had in the shops are made up with corners and hems of the coloured material; but if the article needed is to be made entirely of the coloured fabric, it is very

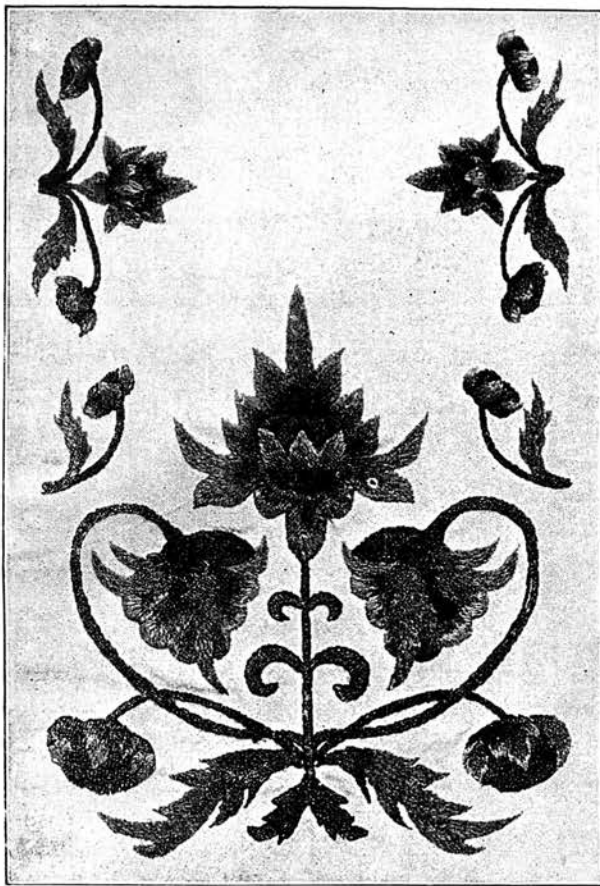


FIG. 1.—LINEN SIDEBOARD-CLOTH, WORKED WITH CREWELS.

economical to buy this by the yard, and to make it up after embroidering it. The night-dress sachet in Fig. 2 is arranged in this way: it is made of pale blue linen, upon which has been worked, with white crochet cotton, a particularly effective powdering in cross-stitch. The crochet cotton, being closely twisted and somewhat glossy, is not so apt to catch the dust as are the rougher flax threads and some embroidery cottons. The task of embroidering upon such a foundation as this will be a particularly interesting task to many workers who perhaps still retain their old fancy for Berlin wool-work. Over the whole of the linen is tacked a piece of the ordinary Penelope canvas, care being taken that the threads of this lie exactly even with those of the linen—a matter

which may generally be best decided by holding the two materials up to the light, or by placing the two selvages precisely together. The work is then proceeded with in the usual way, the stitches being kept quite regular, but pulled up rather more tightly than would be the case when no canvas is used. Also, it must be remembered that on no account must the needle be taken through the threads of the canvas. The reason for this will be seen when the embroidery is finished, for then the canvas has to be drawn away thread by thread from under the cross-stitch, leaving nothing between this and the linen. The making-up of such a night-dress case is no difficult task if a ready-made one is studied. In the original of the illustration the flap covered the pocket entirely, and was bound with blue and white binding, having a tiny blue and white pompon at intervals. Lace may be used, if preferred, and will naturally make the sachet more dressy in appearance.

Appliqué should not be overlooked now that coloured linens have been brought to such perfection, and indeed, charming heraldic designs have lately been brought out, made of pale blue linen laid upon white, and intended to be outlined and partially filled in with embroidery stitches. The worker of average intelligence should, however, find no difficulty in managing a simple form of *appliqué* for herself. If she irons off a bold transfer pattern upon the coloured linen, all she has to do is to lay this upon a white

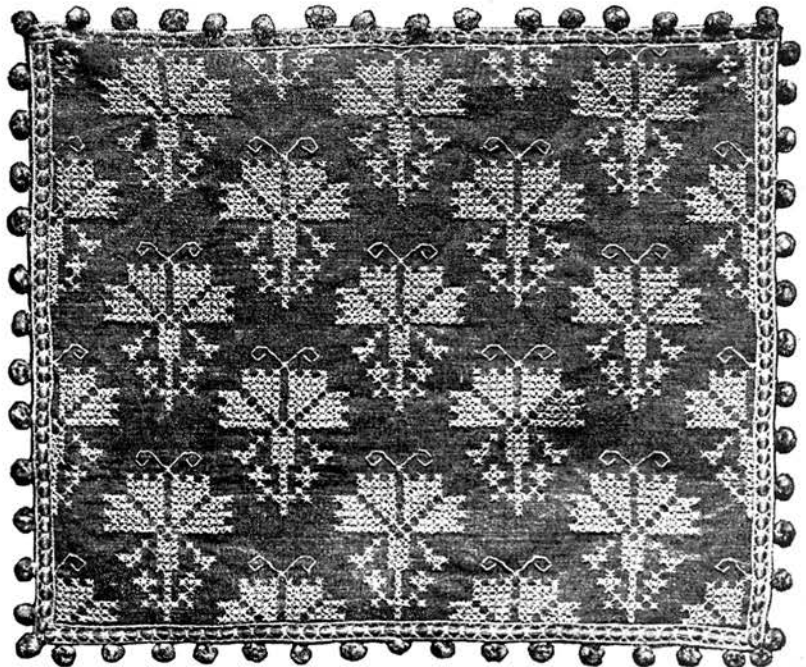


FIG. 2.—NIGHT-DRESS SACHET OF BLUE LINEN, WORKED IN CROSS-STITCH.

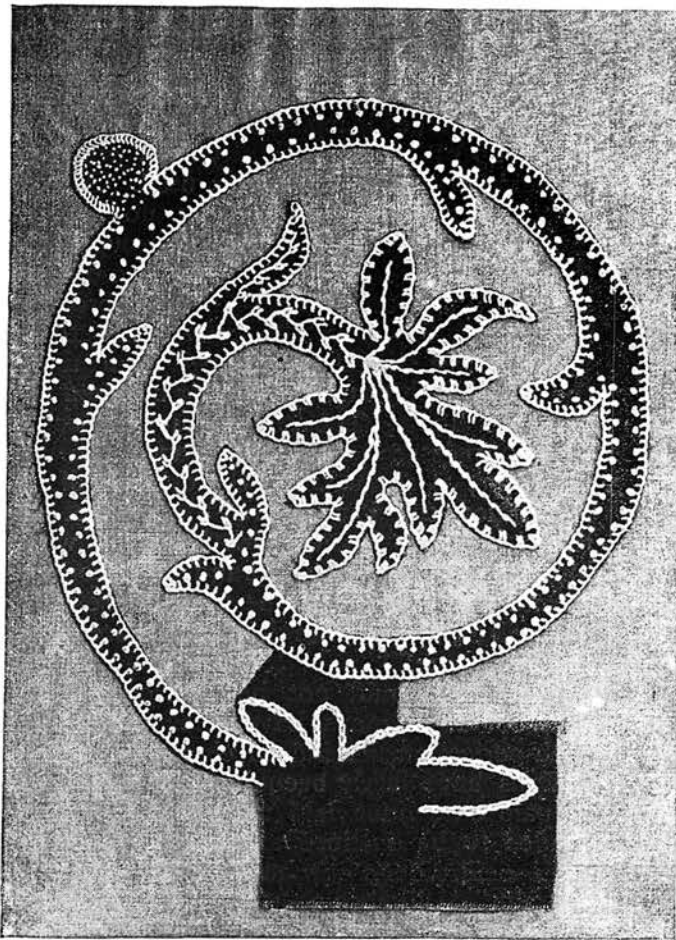


FIG. 3.—APPLIQUÉ OF TURKEY TWILL ON UNBLEACHED LINEN.

material, and to tack it well into place. The outlines on the tinted fabric should then be worked closely with button-hole stitch, the straight edge of which should set towards the outside of the design without exception. The stitches should all be taken through both materials. A few open fillings, dots, and lace stitches are a great improvement, and tend to greatly enrich the work; though, at the same time, these must not be made so closely together as to entirely cover the coloured material. When sufficient embroidery has been executed, the coloured linen should be cut away beyond the outlines of the design; and now will be seen the utility of the button-hole stitch in preventing the cut margins from ravelling. The general effect of this simple kind of *appliqué* may be judged from the portion of a border given in Fig. 3, where there is a scroll of bright red Turkey twill *appliqué* to a background of *écru*-coloured linen. The embroidery here is executed in white. There are many more elaborate forms of this class of work, but few that are more effective. Some workers are patient enough to use several shades of linen upon

the same foundation, dividing and sub-dividing the designs into several colours, according to the odds and ends of linen at their disposal. When this is done, the pattern is cut out in all its intricacies before it is tacked down to the background chosen for it, and some considerable amount of accuracy in doing this and in piecing the small fragments together is essential.

A tray-cloth is a moderate-sized piece of work, of which only the laziest could find time to grow weary, and the decoration of such an article can never be considered superfluous all the while an invalid can relish food the more the better it is served, and the more perfect the appointments of the meal. A tray-cloth in most families has constantly to be in the wash-tub, and it is therefore essential that it should be of a kind that will bear even the laundress's bleaching-powders with impunity. Now, by experience, I have learnt that there is only one colour that will do this, and that is scarlet. I have seen scarlet and white d'oyleys washed and re-washed till they have almost dropped to pieces, and at the end, though I can scarcely say it is like new, the Turkey red cotton has changed to a pinkish shade that is fully as pretty and even more artistic a tint than its original brightness.

As a rule, the paucity of stitches used in embroidery upon linen is to be deplored. In Germany the utmost variety is displayed, and it would often seem as though the object of the worker were to make a decorative sampler, showing the many changes that can be rung upon simple stitches. In Fig. 4 are given a few fillings that might with advantage be employed upon the traced linen goods now prepared for amateur workers. In this little sampler the stitches are entirely such as are used for filling broad spaces between the outlines of conventional leaves and scrolls. Workers will easily recognise varieties of cross stitch: one, for instance, similar to leviathan stitch, but made up of eight short stitches instead of four long ones, all of which pass through a hole in the middle of the star. Below this is a powdering of half cross stitches, which can be used for such spaces as require little attention attracted to them and any minor portions of the pattern. Above the leviathan stitch is the arrowhead stitch, a combination of two short diagonal stitches and one longer upright one between them.

All three are passed through the same hole at the bottom. A bold and effective stitch is that above the arrowhead, which describes a series of triangles so arranged that there is a space between each equal to that occupied by one of the triangles. The stitch above this is well suited for working with two colours, for it consists of a long line of thread laid upon the surface of the material, and caught down at regular intervals with shorter stitches of the second colour. There should be no necessity for me to describe the whole of the stitches, for they are for the most part extremely simple. One or two, however, cannot be so readily dismissed. There is a close lattice work rather to the left of the arrowhead stitch, which may at first sight be somewhat puzzling. It consists of sets of three stitches placed side by side, with only one thread of the material between them. Three threads are missed between each set of stitches. They are crossed by similar stitches worked in the opposite direction, so as to lie over them at right angles, and finally, a cross stitch is worked over each square where the two sets of lines meet. This, again, is effective when carried out in two colours. Next but one to this stitch, and still going towards the left, will be seen another lattice that is very effective, but very much more troublesome to work. Carry a square network of

threads over the material, as in the stitch previously described, but instead of using three threads, lay one only for each line. This done, begin at the left-hand corner of the lattice; pass the thread over the first upright thread, under the first horizontal thread, across the open square, over the bottom thread of this square, under the next upright thread, then across the next square, and over and under the threads in the same way till the opposite corner is reached; turn and work back as before, but take the thread over the lines it passed under before, and *vice versa*. This is the most elaborate of all the stitches given here.

For outlining, where only a slender line is desired, crewel, back, and chain-stitch, also the Mount Mellick coral stitch, are invaluable. Speaking of Mount Mellick stitches reminds me that many of those stitches that are deemed characteristic of that embroidery only came originally from Germany, where they were largely used on the ordinary white linen.

Another useful outlining is button-hole stitch, which may be arranged in several different ways. If a plain edge is needed, the straight side of the stitch must rest against the line of the design; if a serrated edge is required, what more easy than to turn the button-hole in the reverse direction? Then, too, the spikes of the stitch

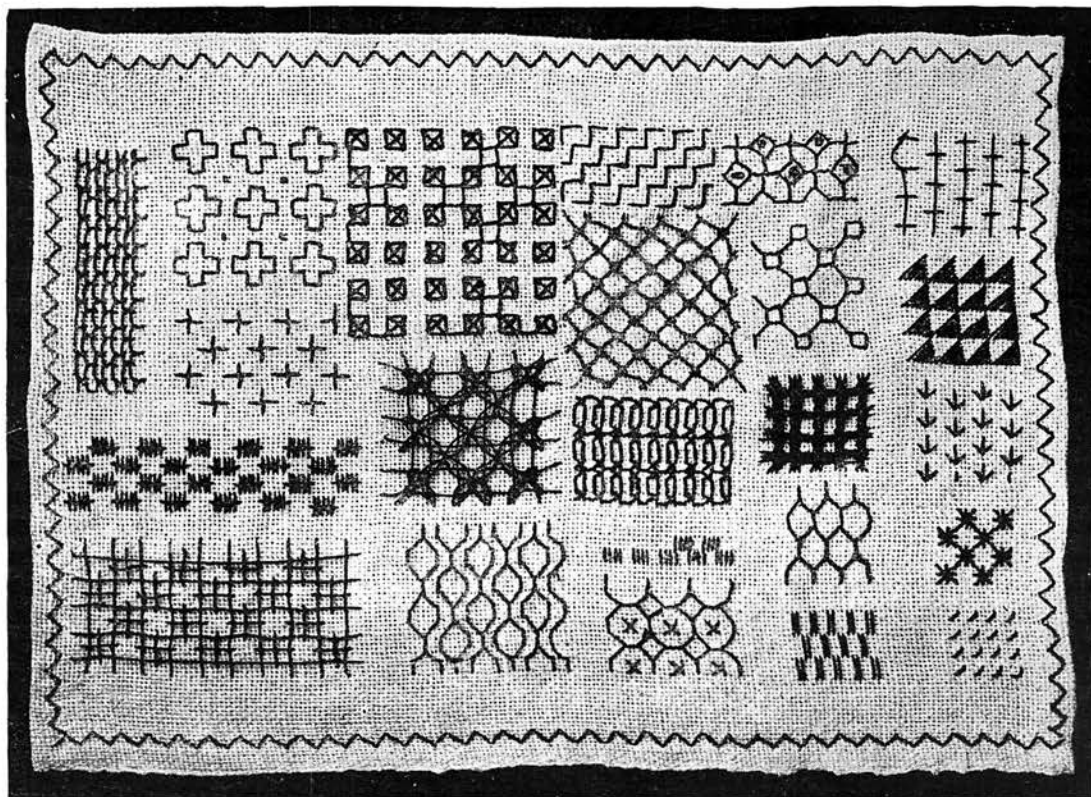


FIG. 4.—USEFUL FILLINGS FOR LINEN EMBROIDERY.

may be placed close together or at regular distances apart; or they may be made of varying lengths, so as to describe vandykes, irregular toothings, scallops, and several other forms. When very bold work is in progress the outlines are not infrequently followed with a fine braid sewn on or button-holed down with thread of a second colour.

Even prettier than this is the effect given by

wise interferes with its comfort or utility. There is nothing about it to prevent it from being washed as often as an ordinary plain sheet. Perhaps we shall patronise embroidered sheets and pillow-cases more in time, for the day has long gone by when we are content to keep the smaller articles of our household napery in their pristine simplicity and attendant ugliness. We no longer use

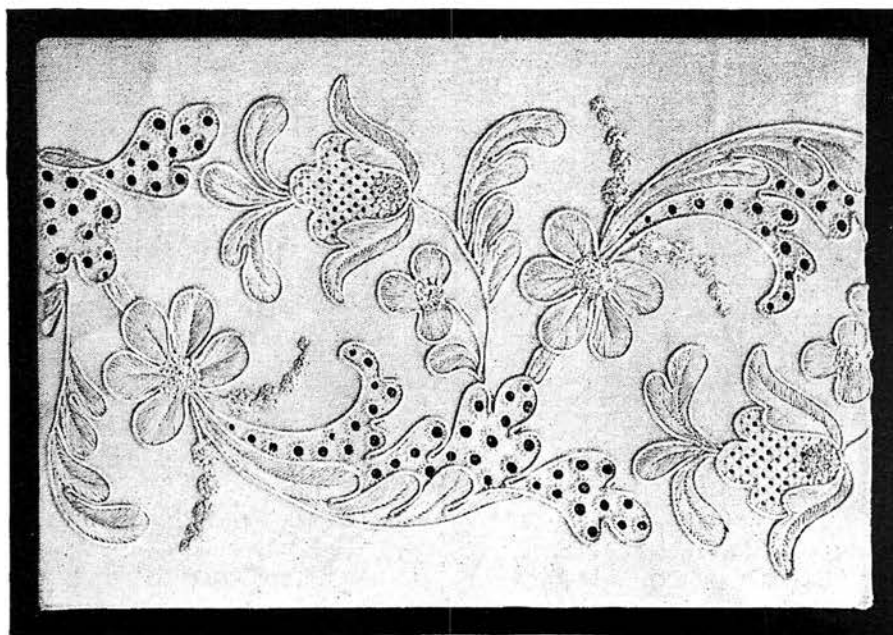


FIG. 5.—BORDER WORKED ON WHITE LINEN.

fine cord, which is a feature of the beautiful border in Fig. 5. Another characteristic of this pattern is the use of open fillings between the closer stitches. In this particular design flat satin stitch has a large part to play, but the appearance of this is greatly lightened by the eyelet-holes which are sprinkled over the broader portions of the design. Great crispness is given, too, by the clusters of closely-set French knots. The whole of the design is outlined with the cord above-mentioned, which serves to throw it up admirably. This scrap of work is, like so much good linen embroidery, of German origin, and would form an admirable decoration for a sideboard-cloth, tea-cloth, or even the upper sheet on the spare-room bed. We English people are quite exceptional in our fancy for extremely plain bed-linen; and this is to be regretted, as handsome embroidery of this kind gives a very decorative effect to the bed when the sheet is turned over to the outside, and in no

our towels, table-cloths, and the like, in the severe plainness of ordinary white linen, but we are decorating them with embroidery and drawn thread-work of more or less artistic design. We do not find that our male relatives, who are apt to sneer at feminine handiwork, eat their dinner with any smaller appetite because the carving-cloth is decorated with a running pattern of embroidery and has a handsome monogram in the corner; nor do they relish their cup of afternoon tea the less for having it served on a daintily-embroidered cloth matching those on which the cake and light refreshments are arranged. It is true that a love for good embroidery may be carried to a ridiculous extent. May it be long ere we consent to lay our handiwork on the ground, to be trodden upon by irreverent feet, or ere we drape our walls with it, as was recently suggested, by way of frieze and dado, greatly to the convenience, no doubt, of the spiders and their webs.

ELLEN T. MASTERS.

THE VOICE OF THE

CANADIAN CANOE

SCENE
OXFORD.

TIME -
SUMMER
AFTER-
NOON.

PADDLE ME OVT OF THE GLARE
INTO THE FLICKERING SHADE:
TIME! WE'VE ENOUGH & TO SPARE!
CHAPEL! OH, DON'T BE AFRAID!
THINK YOY, WERE BACKWATERS MADE-
JYST FOR A CVRSORY VIEW?
MOOR ME! I WILL BE OBEYED,
I. YOYR CANADIAN CANOE!

HERE LET ME LOITER AWHILE
VNDER THE SLOW SIGHING TREES;
YOY MAY GO PERCH ON THE STILE,
OR, IF YOYR HYMOVR IT PLEASE
LAZILY LOLL AT YOYR EASE-
BLINKING ALOFT AT THE BLUE;
DREAM, WHILE THE AMOROVS BREEZE-
ROCKS YOYR CANADIAN CANOE!

THEN WHEN THE WESTERING SVN
SIGNALS A TARDY RECALL,
BLAME ME FOR WHAT I HAVE DONE-
LOSING YOY CHAPEL & HALL!
SHOYLD THE DEAN FOYL OF YOY FALL-
SAYING YOYR CHAPELS ARE FEW;
WOYD YOY COME SAFE THROUGH IT ALL?
WHISPER-"CANADIAN CANOE."

THE REASON
HEREOF.

YES, FOR LAST FRIDAY THE DEAN
COVRTING SWEET-NOTHING-TO-DO,
STOLE TO THE BOAT-HOVSE VNSEEN
AND- STOLE YOYR CANADIAN CANOE!

JAMES O SYMON.

ALBONLEY

DOMESTIC WARFARE.



DON'T like roaches; do you?

They took possession of our kitchen, because the Croton was handy, and they are thirsty little wretches, and I never could go in there of an evening without elevating my skirts, and treading about as gingerly as if there were eggs under-foot. Their patent-leather backs would crack as they scampered before my intruding feet, and yet I don't believe they were half as annoyed by my presence as I was by theirs.

The pale, attenuated cousins by a fourth remove, were as nothing compared to the great black beetles of grandfathers, who met you on the stairs, and tumbled on to the oilcloth in the midnight stillness, with a noise that shook you like a voltaic battery. How to get rid of them, was a question more momentous to the Doolittle household than that of "equal rights" or the "Alabama claims."

We baited them with ailanthus leaves and cucumber skins; had Mr. Knowles, himself, blow his non-explosive powder into their very citadels, and tried other and various experiments, but the result, though promising at first, did not answer our sanguinary expectations. The few carcasses we swept up, were but a handful to the tribes that swarmed in pantries, fireplaces, and convenient corners. A few of the more ambitious ones actually haunted our bed-rooms, and "how they got there, we wondered!"

Loose poisons we were afraid of, but finally the case became so alarming as to demand a desperate remedy, and having a small quantity of Paris green in the house, we put that in the bellows and blew it carefully into all the places where roaches most did congregate. The bellows, I suppose you are aware, has a tin box at the nozzle, with a slender pipe through which the powder is blown in the direction required.

Once doing encouraged us to continue this mode of assault, and now it is only necessary to repeat the dose twice a year, in the Spring and Fall, to escape a return of the annoyance. As the powder, which can be purchased at any paint-store, is inexpensive, and

but a small quantity is required, it is the cheapest, as well as the most reliable agent for the destruction of these pestiferous insects.

It did seem as if we were to be beset with all the ills that house-keepers are heir to!

"The rats and the mice, they made such a strife," that we really began to be apprehensive that our foundations would be destroyed. We stopped all visible apertures with broken glass, and pieces of tin; but, bless you! they would break out in another place like an unsubdued epidemic.

We fed them with slices of bread nicely buttered with "Isaacson's phosphorus," warranted to kill at twenty paces, and we did have two or three obituary notices. But at least a hundred and twenty-five rats and mice, of assorted sizes, attended the funerals, and had a good-sized wake in the Doolittle mansion.

We set traps that occasionally caught an innocent-looking little victim, but the bait we used did not very materially abate the nuisance.

A trap that walked about on four legs, with a tail at one end, and a good sharp set of teeth at the other, was not to be considered as any ways practicable, or even possible, in the emergency.

Hadn't we been brought up to abhor the race? and could we at this late day accept the service of so ancient a foe?

No. We must fight it out on some other line.

But the strife outlasted our patience; and we secured the passage of the "habeas corpus" act, by appointing Sir Thomas Grimalkin as Prime Minister.

"Felis sedit by a hole,"

was the best sort of a scarecrow for any marauding rodent, and when he succeeded in capturing the head guerrilla, and would bring him to the kitchen window, firmly held by the neck in pussy's jaws, we invariably gave our hero the praise he demanded as compensation.

Every rat that was laid low was a triumph to us, and to the valiant Sir Thomas, and henceforth our dreams were undisturbed by any gnawings, except those induced by an uneasy conscience, or a disorderly stomach.

Now isn't it queer that the presence of a cat should so intimidate its lawful prey!

While the animated rat-trap was busy at his vocations below stairs,

a little singing mouse took possession of my chimney-corner, and I hadn't the heart to rout it from its position.

"Music hath charms to soothe a savage," and all my antagonism subsided beneath the influence of my little serenader.

But with that intuitive knowledge, which we call instinct in the animal, but which seems marvelously like intelligent wisdom, Sir Thomas "began to smell a mice," and with malice toward all, and charity to none, he quietly took possession of my chimney recess and hoisted the black flag immediately.

Wo to any mouse that piped ever so feebly! It was comical to see him dart at "airy nothings," with pointed ears, gleaming eyes, and bristling mane, and claws that stirred with unutterable longings. He made piteous appeals to me to tear away the woodwork, so that he could get behind the scenes, but I resisted the temptation to do so, and the consequence was a bloodless victory; for the mouse that once between the walls discoursed so *moussically* has wandered elsewhere, and quiet reigns.

DOLLY DOOLITTLE.

"DEAR EDITOR."

I ESSAYED to write

Some ideas which I thought were bright,
And wished to have them make a show,
That you might of my talent know.
But when I'd filled my pen with ink,
And brought my mind aright to think,
I heard a rattling on the floor,
Such as I'd never heard before.
I started—throwing down the pen,
And looking round about me then,
Beheld a sight and heard a din,
Which made me think of "Babel's sin."
A large tin can—one foot in length—
Was tied on to a dog of strength,
Who thought the monster Death had come

To call our "fierce yelper" home.
The way he raced about the house,
Had frightened off the oldest mouse,
And when, at length, we got him free,
No sentiment was left in me.
"My husband's off, and I *must* write,"
I cried; "he may be home to-night,
And does not like to see my time
So precious, used in writing rhyme."
So down I sat and called my muse,
Although I feared she would refuse,
And added two lines to the other,
Which made just three when put together.

What piercing shriek rent the still air!
'Twas quite unearthly, I declare,
While thinking "murder, robbers, fire!"
To learn the cause, was my desire.
So off I ran with trembling haste,
Nor did my time in thinking waste,
And found, in bloody conflict then,
My wounded child, and setting hen.
With soothing balm I bound the bite,
And kissing, left him quick to write:

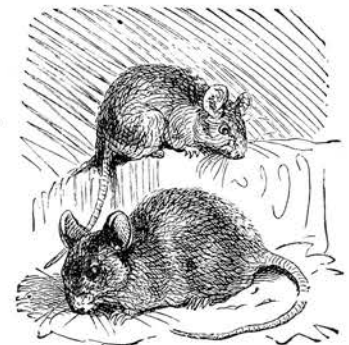
But as my mind was somewhat "flurried,"

My movements all were rather hurried,
When taking up my watch to see,
It fell and broke and stopped at three.
"All know calamities," I thought,
And once again my poem sought,
To which my muse in pity lent
The aid for which she had been sent,
And told me off the words so fast,
I thought all interruption past,
When chancing to look up, I saw
My baby playing with a straw,
Which accident forced in his eye,
And made him piteously to cry.
One hour's rocking on my breast
Brought to my darling quiet rest;
With soothing poultice on it kept,
His sister fanned him while he slept.
"Now come, dear muse, we'll try again
To trace some beauties with the pen."
But fate said, "Yet you cannot go,
Another child is crying so;
Go to him now and stop the noise,
They may be fighting over toys."
I called, "Do children stop that row,
And tell me what's the matter now?"
While going out into the yard,
Where yet the child was crying hard,
Until he saw me, when he said,
"Mamma, your tild is most done dead;
Mo tried to tut you up some wood,
But papa hatchet, it ain't dool,
It tut my foot an made it beede,
De moosest bood I ever seed."
"O Lord have mercy on me! Do!
My darling's foot is cut in two;
Run for the doctor! get some lint!"
I said, "and hand the peppermint—

No; sticking-plaster 's what I meant.
Is some one for the doctor sent?
Ah! there he goes now riding by;
Do come in quick, sir! ere he die!"

Now here it is, in nut-shell small,
He split his toe through nail and all;
But doctor says it soon will heal
If quiet kept, and so I feel.
But he and I together think
That I must nurse him, give him drink,
And never let him fret or cry,
Lest he should from it nearly die.
This is *one* sample of *one day*,
Not near so bad as some, I say;
For husband was not here to fret,
And help the household to upset.
We ate cold dinner, did not cook,
And I had time to read your book.
I love to read, and would delight
In writing hours every night.
But oh, the thongs with which I'm tied
Leave little time for aught beside
The duties of each passing day,
Which I fulfill as best I may.

Will you accept what is enclosed?
And print it, if you're so disposed,
Believing that I'll ever be
Well-wisher, and a friend to thee.
R. O. E.





UNTIL the last few months a movement has been proposed, in earnestness, for the reform of the ordinary apparel of Englishmen, with a view to bring it into better conformity with taste. The readers of this Magazine are aware, most likely, of a similar movement in regard to the dress of women—a movement which, in my opinion, deserves respect, and cautious discriminating support. The attempt to improve men's dress, not yet so well known, I am inclined to think also deserves attention, though it is hardly of so much importance in the family economy. It will be a long time, probably, before much is done by either sex in the way of improvement; meanwhile, a few words directed to show what is the principle upon which reform in dress should rest, and a few of the points in which the principle might be applied, will not be out of season.

No one need laugh at this matter. There is as much reason why we should dress with good taste as there is for the exercise of good taste in our furnishing, our wall-papers, and our domestic textiles. Mr. William Morris, the poet, and leader of the reform in furnishing, speaking in public the other day, declared that the minor arts of furnishing and house-fitting were in one sense of even greater importance to the nation generally than the fine arts, in that they had so intimate a bearing upon our every-day life. The question of reform in dress is one which "runs on all fours" with that of taste in furnishing and fitting our dwellings, and the one ought no more to be treated with a jaunty contempt than ought the other.

So far as the question of reform in the dress of men may be said to have been taken up at all, it has been taken up chiefly by an architect, and mooted at an architectural association. Mr. Gotch, an architect at Kettering, read a paper on the subject last season at the Architectural Association in London. He has since published his views in a pamphlet, consisting in the main of a reprint of his paper. Little as there may seem to be in common between building a house and what is sometimes, in playful phrase, called building a coat, there is, in reality, a discernible and good reason why it should occur to an architect to propound a dress reform. A thinking architect, of all other men—except, perhaps, a painter—would be the most likely to find his taste offended by the every-day dress of Englishmen, because he has been imbued with the one great canon of taste which stands undisputed, and was first distinctly formulated in modern times by Owen Jones, namely, that "Construction may be ornamented, but ornament should not be constructed." In another guise, this principle might be expressed in the maxim that "Utility is at the base of all true beauty." The more one observes in the domain of taste, the more one finds that a construction of which the main and first motive is to please the eye results

uniformly in weakness, and not seldom in the contemptible. No good architect builds a house or a public building for exterior effect as a primary intention. If he does so, he is pretty sure not to attain more than a transitory and superficial success. The rule of the thinking men in the profession is first to make the plan—by which is meant, in architectural phrase, the ground-plan—and afterwards to design the "elevations," or exterior. Study first the use which the thing is to serve, adapt your construction to that use with the best economy of material, then ornament your construction.

I have dwelt upon this principle because to master it, and become persuaded of it, and apply it, is the one thing needful to the formation of a correct taste in the branches of art which are concerned with construction: that is to say, in architecture, in cabinet-making, and in all kinds of furnishing: it is also a guide in any advances we may make in dress. There is firm ground here—and only here, so far as I could ever ascertain—for establishing a standard of criticism in matters of taste relating to the branches of art which I have named. In judging of a piece of architecture, the first—and I should almost say the last—question to ask is: Does this building well and without waste serve its purpose? If it does, it cannot, to the informed eye, be in bad taste; the unlearned observer may not like it, but his opinion is of no value. It is the same with a chair or table; no such article, if it is well adapted to its use in shape and strength, can be in bad taste. On the other hand, no such article of which a substantial portion serves only for ornament can be in good taste; the ornament must be added after the main lines of the article have been determined upon considerations of utility. There is always room, under this method, for plenty of ornament; and the ornament which follows construction upon a motive of utility is sure not to be irrelevant.

The application of this principle of constructing for utility, and adding ornament with relevancy to construction, is the problem before us in any reform of dress, male or female. The first thing to be studied is utility, including in this the question whether the dress adopted fulfils the useful end of making the wearer appear to good advantage. Mere display of material, however beautiful in itself, is very secondary, if admissible as a motive at all.

Mr. Gotch and others have lately been testing some of the features of men's dress by the principle of utility, sometimes too narrowly construed. One of the first things they have condemned is the cylinder hat. It would surely be hard to prove any basis of utility for that; it seems equally out of the question to claim for it that it is in itself ornamental. The best thing to be said for it is that many men's faces look well under the black cylinder, however absurd it may be in itself. There are several good substitutes.

The black felt "deer-stalker" fulfils the requirement of utility, and is in itself of graceful lines; a man's face looks as well under it as under a cylinder hat. The "Tam O'Shanter," again, is a *nie plus ultra* of convenience, has no objectionable lines in its contour, and suits most faces. The clerical round soft black felt is as conducive to "respectability" of appearance as any possible head-covering; otherwise it would hardly have become clerical.

Next after the cylinder hat comes, in the condemned list, the article we call trousers. These, it is said, sin against utility in that they ignore the knee, whereas men bend their limbs at this point hundreds of times a day. There can be no question, with any one who has tried them, of the superior convenience of the knickerbocker, which does not ignore the knee, but terminates at it. So, seeing further that the trousers is a garment with no claims to grace, the dress reformers propose to relinquish trousers for the knee-breeches of our grandfathers.

Our present coats have not been assailed with any great effect. The dress coat is usually laughed at; but I question if it could be fairly ruled inconvenient, or on the whole ungraceful, when cut without curtness. Probably it could be improved by rounding off its sharper angles, and making it fuller. Against the usual coat of morning wear in the present day little has been alleged as yet, nor do I think there is much to be said to its detriment. It is not inconvenient, and it has little of foolish ornament, unless we reckon in that category the slit at the wrist and the two never-used buttons and button-holes. The two buttons put on the waist behind have been condemned as useless, and explained as survivals of the time when all gentlemen wore a sword, and required these buttons to keep the sword-belt in place; but it is a question whether the buttons might not fairly pass muster as ornamental detail, and in all probability they have been retained, in spite of the disuse of the sword-belt, because they satisfy a desire of the eye for some breaking-point at the waist. They may pass, then, as ornaments having relation to the lines of construction.

Neckties are another article which dress reformers

would like to see regulated. To construct a paste-board and silk article in sham folds of an unnatural smoothness, and fix it under the chin as if it were really doing honest duty as a tie, is manifestly bad taste; these constructions should be eschewed by him who aspires to dress well. A kerchief which can be and is tied, or passed through a ring, or folded flat, passed round the neck, crossed in front, and fixed with a gold or jewelled pin, is the eligible substitute. Some men manage this quite faultlessly already.

Sticking-up collars must be condemned. In so far as they stick up they are inconvenient, and necessitate some fastening at the back of the neck to keep the tie in place, whereas the turned-down collar keeps the tie in place, and does not present a stiff edge to the cheek or throat.

Men who care to dress with any regard to principle—in other words, with taste—will easily think out other details, or see modifications in the views expressed above, which I should be sorry to put as dogmas, though they may serve to set us thinking and discussing.

Some of the reformers call for more colour in men's apparel. This is a thing to be desired, but also to be adopted with caution. To run into colours because a black coat does not look well in a picture—an objection frequently made to black—would be rash. The reason given against black is insufficient if black looks well in actual life, as on the whole it may be said to do. Still, it is probable that with careful artistic guidance, such as will not come all at once, men might use more colour than they do. In this we want a guide, such as Morris has been to us in carpets and wall-papers. But it is not often that a poet will turn his thoughts seriously to such matters.

Texture is another matter which will have to be carefully considered. There are subtle difficulties connected with this, as all ladies know, and subtle successes to be won. Between velvet and silk of the same shade there may be sufficient difference in effect to make or mar a costume. But here I am on the threshold of the milliner and dressmaker: I must excuse myself from going in.

JOHN CROWDY.



HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

SOME responsible member of each household should make it her duty to go round the house every night after the servants have gone to bed, to see that gas is properly turned off, fires out, doors locked, etc. Quite lately, on opening a kitchen cupboard late at night, a hot iron was found on a wooden shelf, with the head of an unlighted match almost touching it. A serious fire might have occurred in consequence before morning.

A LITTLE powdered sulphur worn in the foot of each stocking for a few days and then replaced by fresh, is in many cases a cure for rheumatism, and it has the merit of being an inexpensive remedy, as a pennyworth would last some weeks.

If a plum stone be swallowed whole, abstain from drinking any liquid for twelve hours or more, and eat as much as possible of

suet or similar pudding, this will form a coating for the sharp points of the stone and prevent injury to internal organs.

If a fish bone stick in the throat, swallow a raw egg which will help to dislodge it. Vinegar will also sometimes dissolve it and send it down. In any case, do not worry at it so as to lacerate the throat, but get medical aid if beyond your own powers.

MARCH.



Pasque Flower, Daffodil,
Wood Anemone, Arum,
Winter Cress, Primrose,
Puckthorn, Adoxa,
Wallflower, Violet,
Dead Nettle, Bittercress,
Two-Flowered Narcissus.

WILD FLOWERS.

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