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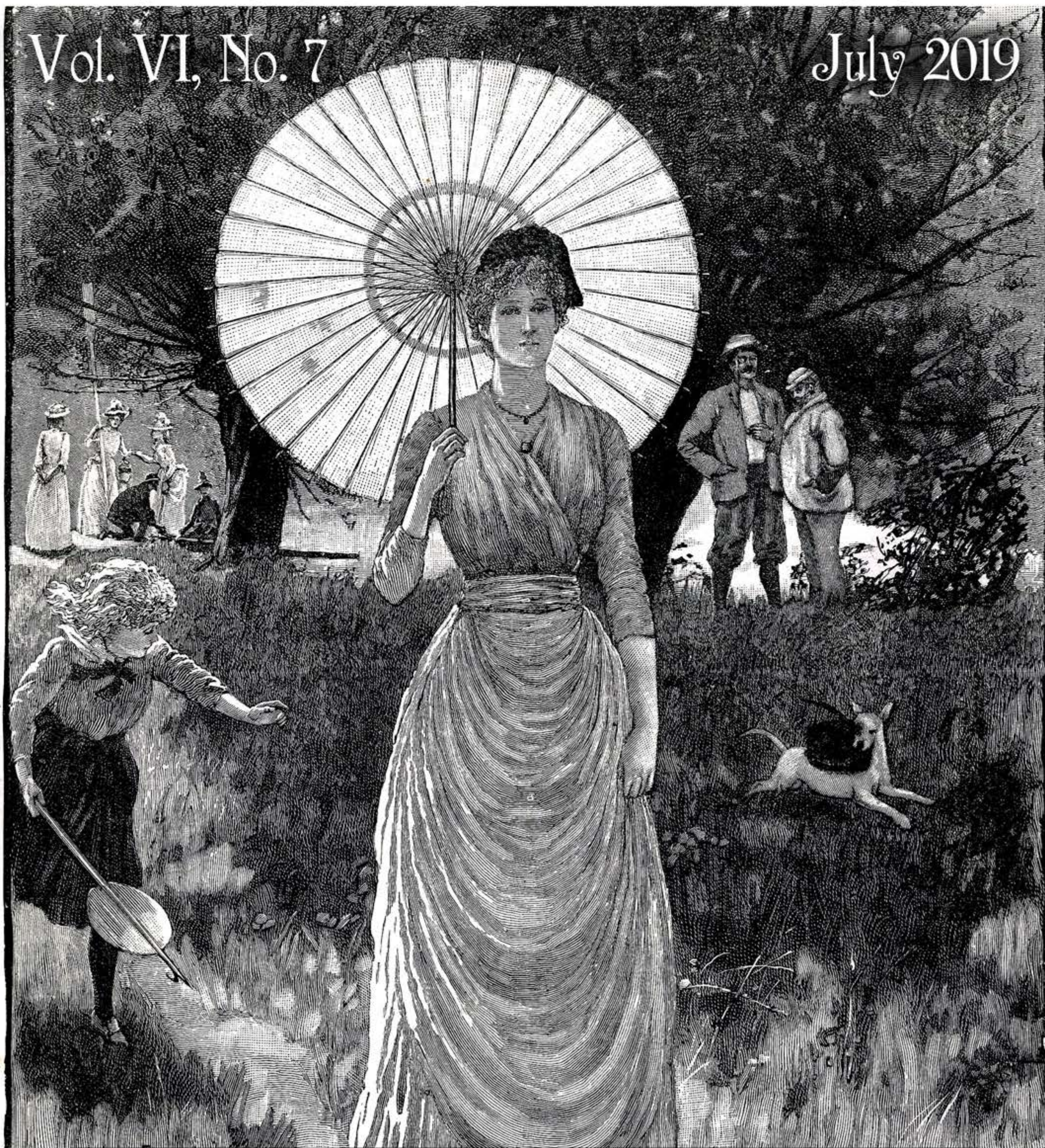

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The Etiquette of Travel • Marvelous Figure-Heads • Home-Made Ices
A Roman Bill of Fare • Some Disadvantages of "Civilization"
A Plea for the Birds • Tips on Metal Embossing • The Amazing Sewing Machine

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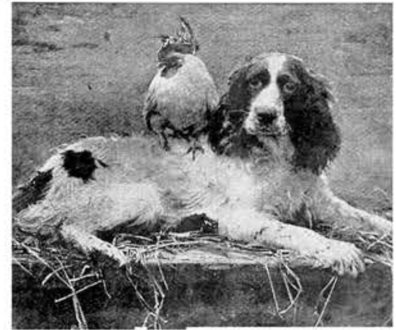
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** The Girl's Own Paper **Cassell's Family Magazine*

This Editorial Brought to You By...

When writing these editorials, I often search for some aspect of Victorian society for which I have reason to be thankful today. And today it occurred to me that I could thank the Victorians for the very fact that I'm writing an "editorial" in the first place! The very concept of an "editorial"—a place where someone feels authorized to speak his or her mind, in print, to be read by anyone and everyone, is surely Victorian. It combines two key Victorian innovations: the idea that anyone can express an opinion, and the "mass media" in which to express it.

As I mentioned in my January 2019 editorial, the Victorian era brought about two remarkable changes that have profoundly influenced our own world. The first was compulsory education, meaning that for the first time in history, nearly everyone, regardless of class or socioeconomic status, could learn to read. In the past, reading and writing had been reserved for nobles, clerics and scribes—and quite often the nobles couldn't be bothered. Now, the same morning newspaper might be read by a nobleman and his gardener (though probably not at the same table), which each reader no doubt forming his own distinct opinions of the issues of the day. The second innovation, of course, was the printing technologies that enabled that noble *and* his gardener to receive a morning paper in the first place—or subscribe to a magazine, or buy an inexpensive novel.

I wonder if the Victorians who came up with the idea of compulsory education realized that teaching "anyone and everyone" to *read* would also mean that, by extension, they could *write*. Victorian magazines and newspapers are filled with articles written, not by the upper classes, but by "Everywriter." Not only were the noble and the gardener likely to be reading the same paper, it was not out of the question for the noble to find, in that paper, an article written *by* his gardener.

To get an idea of what this must have been like for the average Victorian, think about the explosion of the Internet in our own society. The Internet provided a venue for thousands upon thousands of "ordinary" people who suddenly discovered that they, too, could be "heard." All they had to do was launch a web site (in the "old" days of the Web), or a blog—or, more recently, to simply hop on to a favorite social media platform. Then, as now, everyone had an opinion and wanted to share it!

A great deal of Victorian writing is, indeed, a matter of opinion. Fashion articles express opinions on what one should or shouldn't wear. Etiquette articles don't simply say "do this, don't do that;" they offer a commentary on the ever-changing "rules" of society. Political articles are... well, political articles. And, of course, we have whole sections on VictorianVoices.net dedicated to opinions about the shocking changes occurring in the lives and habits of Victorian women, from getting jobs and higher degrees to riding bicycles!

What makes Victorians so endearingly similar to ourselves is their willingness to express their opinions, positive and negative, about their own world. While it's quite fashionable today to poke fingers at the Victorians and point out how *bad* they were for this reason or that, it's important to realize that the Victorians *poked fingers at themselves*. They knew their world wasn't perfect. They knew their society had flaws. And Victorian society was perhaps the first in history that made it not only possible, but acceptable and approved, to speak out about those imperfections and flaws—and to try to do something about them.

A good example in this issue is Charlotte O'Conor Eccles' article, "The Disadvantages of Civilisation." I'll leave you to discover what she considers to be wrong with Western society. How she best makes my point, however, is not by what she says, but who she is: an Irish journalist working in London. As far as Victorian society is concerned, she has two strikes against her: She is Irish and she's a woman. And yet, she has a voice.

She is one of thousands. The Victorian world brought about something truly remarkable, something that has resonated with Western society ever since. It brought about a world in which the ordinary person could speak out, and by doing so, cause extraordinary things to happen.

Today, we still live in such a world. But we didn't create it. We inherited it, and if we handle it correctly, it's a world that we will be able to pass on to our children and our grandchildren. It's still a world where ordinary people can accomplish extraordinary things. So let's not be too hard on the Victorians for all the things that they did wrong. Let's remember that they started the notion that *anyone* can be a part of putting things right!

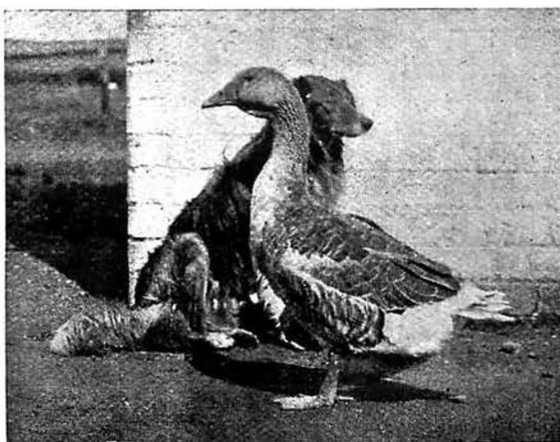
—Moira Allen, Editor
editors@victorianvoices.net

Animal Friendship.

By Albert H. Broadwell.

MANY of the instances of animal sagacity with which we have been familiar from our youth have had but slender foundation of fact, upon which is erected a terribly airy superstructure of fiction. In Mr. Shepherd's "Animal Actualities," and in the present article, however, the anecdotes about our lower friends are authentic—vouched for, in fact, by their various owners — while the photographs from life are indisputable evidence of their truth.

The dog, as is to be expected, from his occupying a position which places him under constant observation, forms the subject of more stories than any other animal; yet it is not known how far his intelligence extends. Some enthusiasts aver that instances are on record where a member of the canine race has committed suicide through grief; but this certainly requires verification. Let us listen to Mr. G. C. Grove, however, who tells the story of "The Inseparables." He says:—



"THE INSEPARABLES."

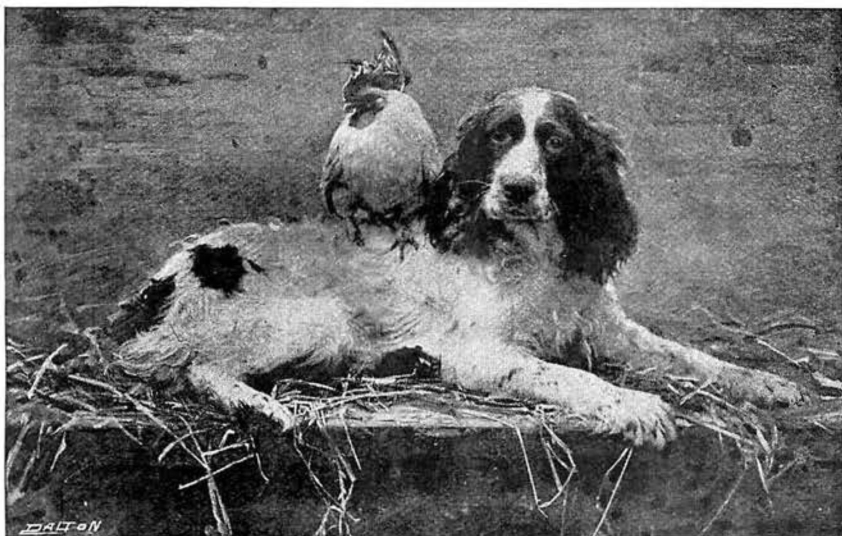
"I cannot refrain from telling the following story, which is vouched for by my most intimate friend. On paying a visit to his uncle, who is a farmer in Scotland, he noticed a handsome young collie and a goose with a broken wing, constantly about together; indeed, they were well-nigh inseparable. On inquiry he elicited the fact that, when a puppy, the dog had flown at a gosling and had broken its wing; ever since, it was noticed that the dog was not only cognizant of the mischief he had done, but became so repentant, that from that time forward he had taken that one bird under his special protection, though his feeling towards geese in general remained unchanged; and now, wherever the dog goes, there follows the goose, and *vice versâ*. It is a pretty instance of contrition, and may be recommended as a useful example."

One would have thought from stories that have come from Australia that dogs and kangaroos were inveterate enemies. In our illustration we seem, however, to have a direct refutation of such an erroneous belief. We have here five dogs and a kangaroo, the Australian placidly munching some carrot-heads. There has been no posing about this picture: the subjects settled themselves together in the most natural fashion.

The dog has not only proved himself to

From a Photo. by] KANGAROO AND DOGS. [*A. J. Johnson*

be man's best friend, but he seems to show a great deal of affection for other animals with which he may happen to come in contact, either as occasional friends or more often as constant companions. We have here, for instance, a number of photos. showing the marvellous way in which animals fraternize as though they belonged to one family. Professor Lorenzo, of 5, Crowndale Road, N.W., has a most extraordinary collection of animals of all kinds. It includes dogs, cats, tame rabbits and wild rabbits, kangaroos, bantams, pigeons, cockatoos and parrots, and other pets. Among these we find a friendship which is of many years' standing. A spaniel and bantam are not often seen together, yet we have them here in thorough good-fellowship. The dog is a lovable creature, and the bantam knows it.



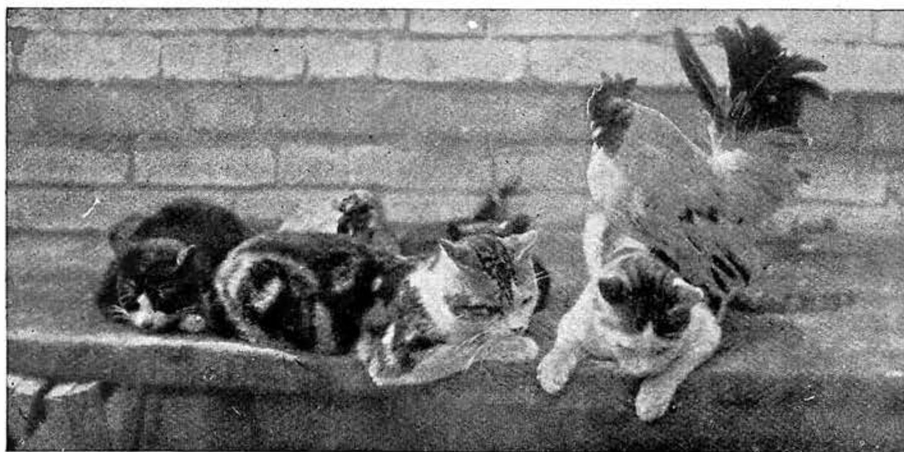
From a Photo. by] SPANIEL AND BANTAM. [*A. J. Johnson.*

That very bantam, by the way, is the most cheeky fellow in creation. He does not believe in roosting in orthodox fashion; but chooses, in preference, some soft, velvety surface whereupon he can settle at ease and remain as long as he pleases. As shown in the next picture, a cat is another friend of his. Puss is almost crushed by the weight of this most unblushing intruder, yet she does not move, lest she should interfere with his comfort.

Cats and rabbits next come under notice. It may be interesting to quote a pretty story told by Miss Hamond, of Cheltenham. She says: "The following incident occurred under my own eyes during my residence in Spain. The province of Jaen, in sunny Andalusia, is rich in minerals, and the quaint old country town of Linares may be called the centre of the lead-mining district, where a goodly number of Englishmen have settled down with their wives and families and household gods, to make the best of life under conditions very different from those to which they were born.

"The children — as children do all the world over — used to keep a good many pets of different kinds, and in one household which I often visited—that of Mr. Romer, manager to one of the mining companies—their name was legion. One afternoon when I came in to tea there was a great commotion in the yard; obviously something important had happened. I knew at once that it must be a new kind of pet which somebody had given them.

"'One of the miners has brought us some infant rabbits,' said Conchita, the second girl, hardly able to speak from ill-suppressed excitement. 'They are such babies, they can't feed themselves; do advise us. They will die if they are not fed soon.' A piece of rag dipped in milk seemed the only way out of the difficulty; the infants took to it



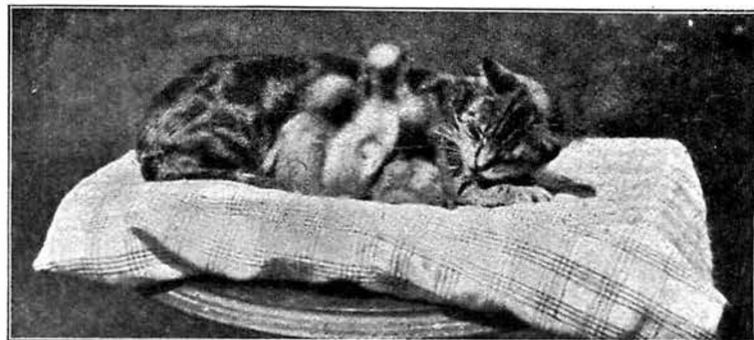
From a Photo. by] BANTAM AND CATS. [*A. J. Johnson.*

From a Photo. by] CAT AND RABBITS. [*A. J. Johnson.*

at once. Indeed, they soon began to nibble at the milk in the saucer. This problem was evidently solved, but the weather was very cold, and they had doubtless been accustomed to a warm fur cloak about them. So Conchita said, 'Might she take them to bed with her?'

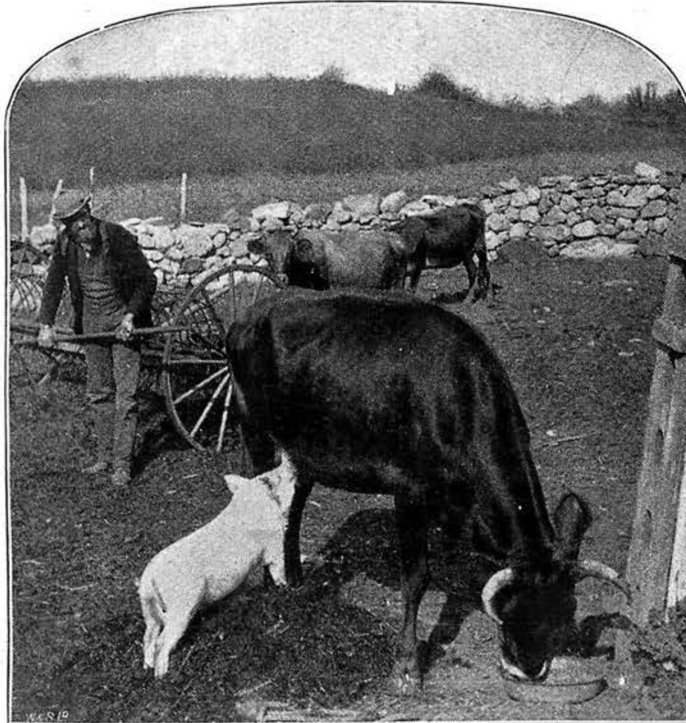
"'Take them in to Molly, and see if he will adopt them,' I suggested, not intending to be taken at my word; but Conchita thought it an excellent idea, and acted upon it at once. We all followed her. (I must explain here that Molly was an immense tom-cat, fat and amiable; he lived in the schoolroom in a wadded basket, which just fitted him comfortably.) 'He will eat them up at once, of course,' remarked one of the bystanders, 'and perhaps it is just as well that he should.' But he didn't. That excellent cat allowed the mites to be stuffed into his lap; they at once nestled down and Molly went off to sleep again. Some of us looked in later in the evening to see what had happened. That excellent cat was sitting up washing the rabbits! It was the funniest thing in the world: he evidently remembered his own nursery days, and was doing his duty according to his lights by his strange charges. When he came to the long ears he paused, evidently mildly surprised at the innovation, but those rabbits had a thorough licking before they finally retired to rest. This sort of thing went on for a fortnight, the rabbits feeding out of Molly's saucer of bread and milk with him regularly, though it soon had to be changed for a soup-plate, and a bigger bed had to be provided. At the end of the fortnight the rabbits began to take so much exercise that it was difficult to keep them in one room, and there were so many ferocious cats in the neighbourhood that Conchita decided that the rabbits must be provided with a hutch of their own, and so the pretty little comedy came to an end. It never seemed to have occurred to the amiable Molly that they were good to eat. We used to bring friends — scoffers and unbelievers, who went out converted—to that schoolroom, and if Molly, the conscientious foster-father, were sleepy and indisposed to show off, we used to put a little butter on the infants' backs. This never failed to wake him up and induce him to perform their toilet with much energy."

One of our Australian friends, who prefers his name not to be published, but whose statements we have very good reasons to believe to be absolutely true, sends us the extraordinary photo. given below. "Away out in New Zealand," our kindly correspondent was able to take this curious picture. He tells the following story in connection with it: "Everyone knows how deficient in sense of maternal responsibility are mother ducks, and some ducklings of mine, appearing neglected, were put into a small box, with flannel, to add to their comfort. As one of our cats happened to be present, and inspected them with some interest, my wife said to her, 'Here are some kittens for you, Minna.' Without more ado Minna jumped into the box, and there and then adopted them as her very own. When they fell out of the box, she very tenderly picked them up in her mouth and replaced them. When they pecked at


CAT AND DUCKLINGS.

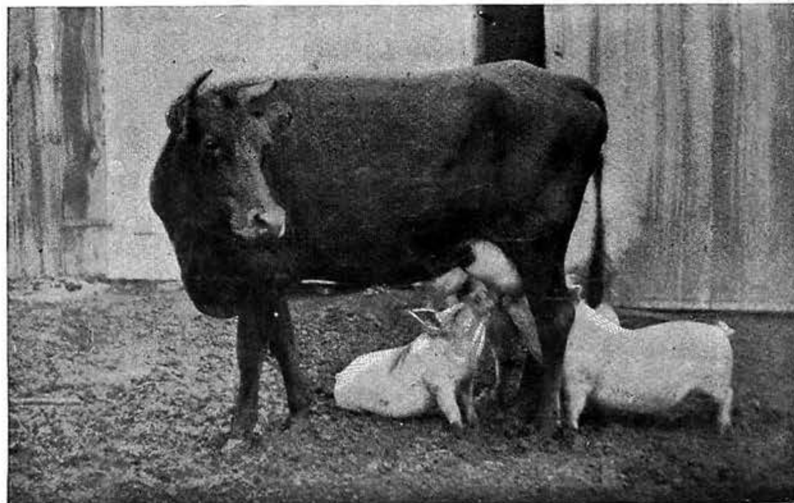
her after the manner of their kind, she very gently reproached them with her paw, and seemed to try and tell them in her own language that she had never seen well-behaved kittens behave in that way before. Altogether they became a very happy family." Our correspondent says nothing of their ultimate fate, but we would imagine that when the ducklings first took to the water, the foster-mother's grief must have been extremely touching. "On another occasion, however," adds the owner of the ducklings, "I was standing, one evening, watching my Aylesburys waddling home to supper and bed after 'a happy day at the seaside,' when I noticed a little black-and-white duckling evidently not theirs, which to my surprise was with them. It stopped and looked at me as the others passed, and seemed to ask, 'What are you going to do with me?' I picked it up and called the old cat. Putting the duckling in a box, I said, 'There is another kitten for you, Minna.' Without a moment's hesitation she once more undertook her strange maternal duty, and took charge of the mite for some days, till she thought the little one old enough to face a hard and cruel world by itself. The duckling, which was called Kitty after its foster-mother, used to follow her about the garden and up and down the veranda stairs. At last, however, some boys—for there are cruel and thoughtless boys even in New Zealand—killed it with a stone."

Of foster-mothers we have indeed some extraordinary instances. They show the truthful confidence with which little suckling animals will approach, and regard as their mother, beasts of quite a different species. We have here two instances of suckling pigs. In the one case we have an amusing picture, showing how the little porker was caught in the act, not only by the camera, but by the jolly farmer in the background. Stealing milk from a cow, whose yield in consequence fell noticeably short, was an injudicious thing to do, but it would not have mattered much had piggie not been caught. The second photo., which exemplifies a peculiar coincidence, was sent in by Mr. J. A. Hern, of Wayne, Nebraska, U.S.A. It is a striking confirmation of the preceding incident, with the difference that, instead of one thief only, we have three, and already well satisfied they look.

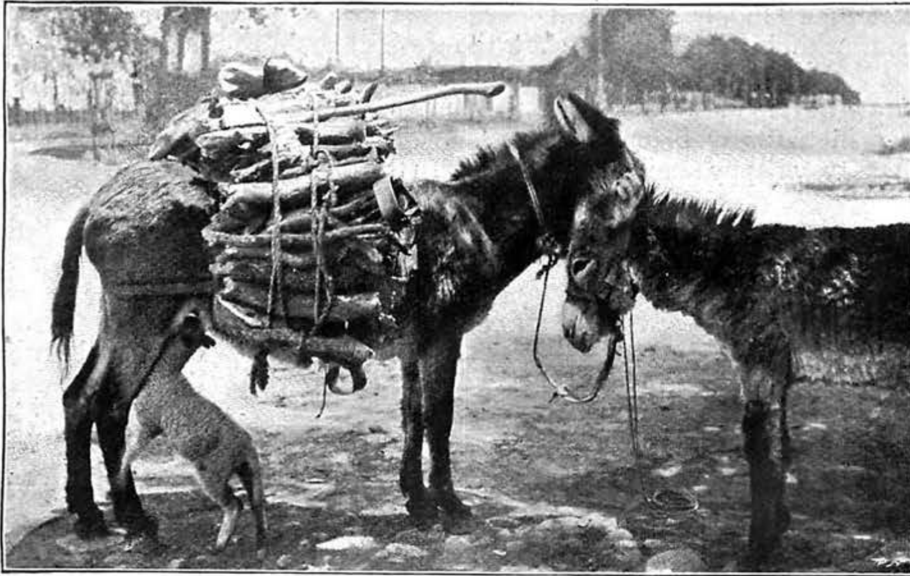


CAUGHT IN THE ACT.
From a Copyright Stereo Photo. by Underwood & Underwood.

Another peculiar pair hail from the States. They live in Walsenburg, Colorado, the photo. being sent in by Mr. Thomas Bunker, of that town. The mother ass in this case is



WHY JERSEY LILY GAVE NO MILK.



AN INFRINGEMENT OF FILIAL RIGHTS.
From a Photo. by Thomas Bunker, Walsenburg, Colorado.

salvation; it took the greatest care of the little creature, and woe betide the unfortunate stranger who ventured too near her precious charge. These pets belong to Miss J. Dresser, of Bexley Heath, Kent, and we are indebted to her kindness for this interesting photograph.

Mr. Edward T. Williams, of Tedworth Square, Chelsea, owns a dove and a dog.

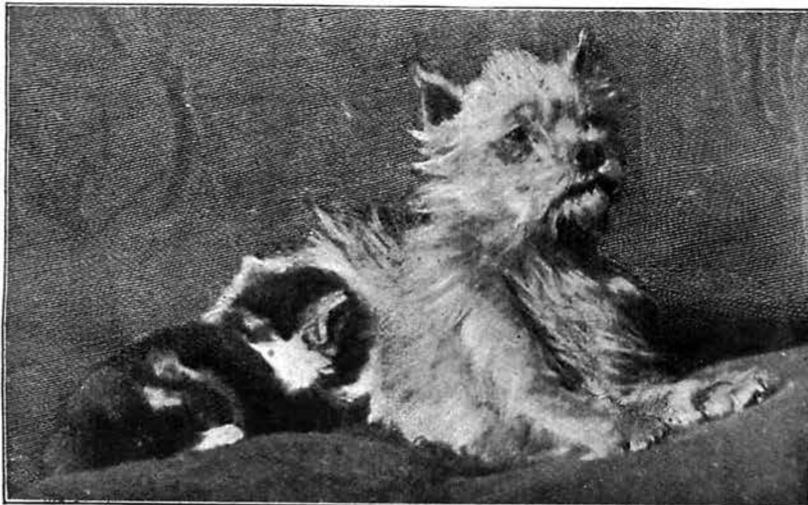
a most interesting animal. Her ordinary occupation is that of wood-carrier, as may be gathered from the load on her patient back; but besides having to suckle her own offspring, standing so gloomy, sad-eyed, and reproachful on the right, she also has to nurse the exuberant little lamb seen in the very act of robbing the little donkey foal of its natural right. The three animals belong to an old Mexican, and the lamb was reared entirely on the milk of the mother ass.

The pretty terrier shown in the next illustration was once the happy mother of an even happier family. Unfortunately, the puppies all died soon after birth, leaving the mother broken-hearted. For a long while the dog was inconsolable. It refused its food, moped, and grew thin. One day, however, a tiny, motherless kitten was given to it. The gift turned out to be the dog's

There is nothing very fresh in this item of news; but wait a moment: that dog will carry the dove on his head for more than a quarter of a mile! They are the staunchest of friends, and as soon as the door of the cage is opened, out hurries the dove. It searches for the dog, if the latter should not already happen to be waiting for his rider in the immediate neighbourhood, and the dog seems to consider it as an absolute duty to carry his friend about in this comical fashion.

DOG AND DOVE.

Amongst other quaint and extraordinary friendships between animals of diverse species, one of the most interesting is that so frequently struck up between cats and horses. Pussie loves to make a fragrant, hay-scented stable her daily lounge and to nestle against the warm coat of the horse, who often takes his night's repose lying in his stall with the favoured Grimalkin snugly sleeping between his iron-shod hoofs. It was in Brook Mews, N., that the animal in question was "snapped"



From a Photo. by] A DESPAIRING MOTHER'S SALVATION. *[A. R. Dresser.*

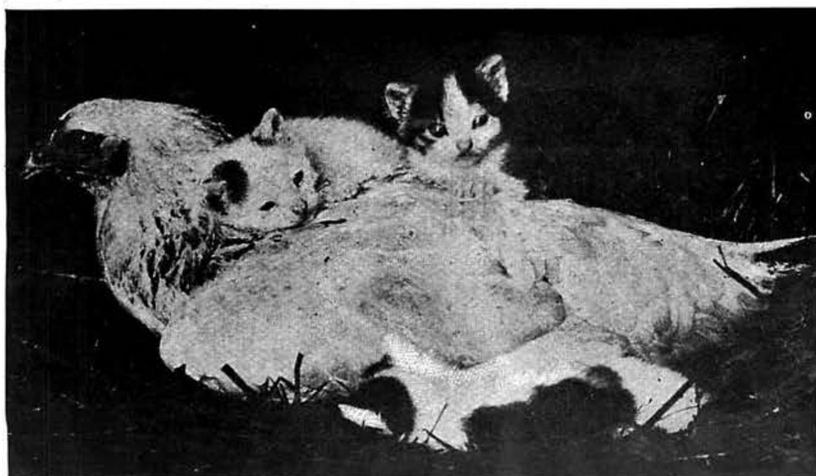
amidst the eager and excited observations of the many bystanders, who quickly thronged to see the fun.

The ladies who have risen to such an elevated position in life are mother and daughter. The sedate matron is fully alive to the importance of the occasion, and has adopted an easy, graceful pose; while the youngster, frisky and somewhat shy, was with difficulty persuaded to settle comfortably down. Mother cat is an animal of very self-contained and amiable disposition. She has contracted a fast friendship with two white rabbits belonging to the coachman's little boy. They live in a hutch in the stables, and are often allowed a little liberty for a frolic with puss, who chases them in and out of an empty stall.

From a Photo. by] HORSE AND CAT. [*J. Marks.*

From Covington, U.S.A., comes another remarkable instance. Mr. E. E. Cone, of that town, has a hen that displays a remarkably perverted maternal instinct. One of the neighbours has a cat with four small kittens. The cat would be faithful to her offspring were she not prevented by the following circumstance. This particular hen had been sitting for some time when she suddenly conceived the idea that the care of the kittens was more to her liking. She, therefore, promptly drove the mother cat away and took possession of the kits. No hen-mother ever watched over her brood with greater care than has this one over her mewing, squirming litter of kittens. The kittens offer no objection, and, with the exception of the old cat, who looks on at a safe distance, all is serene in this anomalous family. In our photograph the hen is shown endeavouring to cover the four kittens with her wings, but it does not seem a very easy task.

Extraordinary as this instance may seem, we have in a way a parallel to it. We see a cat taking under her charge some newly-born chicks in much the same way as the mother-hen did with the kittens. Mr. C. K. Eaton, of Melbourne House, Montpelier, Bristol, very kindly sends us the photograph.



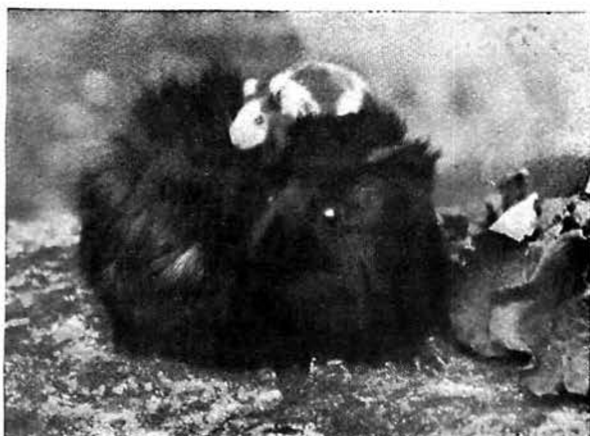
From a Photo. by] HEN AND KITTENS. [*W. J. Cone, Covington, Ill.*

It appears that, through some inexplicable reason of her own, the mother of the chicks deserted them almost immediately after being hatched, and consequently, there being no other means of rearing them, they were for some time kept in the kitchen, where, after a few days, they became fast friends with puss, who proved a

splendid substitute for the mother hen. She seldom left them, and when they were able to get about she, for a long time, followed them about the garden. The sight, needless to add, was an extremely pathetic one.

Miss Powell, of the Grove, Bishopton, Ripon, very kindly sends us the annexed amusing little photo. of a guinea-pig with a tame rat on its back. Now, who would ever have thought of such a peculiar freak of friendship? The pig is one of a pair, which Miss Powell has trained in harness. Brutus drags fair Venus about the room in a miniature coach. They are now being taught to sit in loving companionship at a tea-table The rat is a tame one, and is an adept at various clever feats, in the imitation of which the guinea-pigs are nowhere.

CAT AND CHICKS.
From a Photo. by W. Perkins, Wickwar.



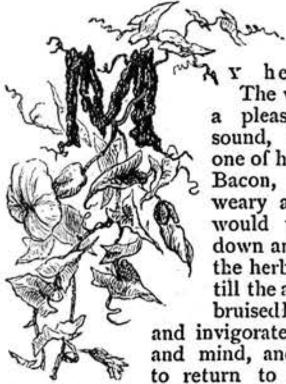
GUINEA-PIG AND RAT.

And now for the strangest instance in our collection. This astonishing photograph of a collie suckling a brood of young foxes was taken by Mr. Brown at a farm near Lanark. The little rascals were found in a den not a hundred miles from the farm. The farmer, with due solicitude, secured the little family, and took it to his own fire-side. But what could a respectable farmer do with a brood of young foxes? Now, it happened that only a day or two before this remarkable find, a fine collie owned by the farmer had become the happy mother of a family of her own. The little collies were speedily disposed of, and the young brood of foxes given to the mother and left to her kind solicitude. Wonderful to relate, the dog took very kindly to them, and actually suckled them for five or six weeks.

From a Photo. by] COLLIE AND FOXES. [*A. Brown & Co., Lanark.*

MY HERB GARDEN.

By the LADY GEORGINA VERNON.



My herb garden! The very name has a pleasant old-world sound, and reminds one of how Sir Francis Bacon, when brain-weary and exhausted, would walk up and down amongst and on the herbs in his garden till the aroma from the bruised leaves refreshed and invigorated him in body and mind, and enabled him to return to his study; it brings thoughts of the days when noble dames did not disdain to attend to their herbs, and when the gathering of them in the proper season and the distilling of various sweet waters, the making of potions and possets, and of ointments and salves compounded from the produce of their gardens, formed a large part and interest in their daily lives—besides which they knew and took care of the flavouring plants for the highly-seasoned dishes favoured by our ancestors.

Many of the plants which were formerly grown for kitchen use are now neglected and hardly known, or at least not used in any way in cookery, for instance: senevry, orris root, violet leaves, sweet briar, saloop (from which a tea was made), rue and scordium, and many others which were commonly used, but now our herbary is greatly lessened, and in some ways with advantage. Still, herbs play such an important part in domestic uses—both in cookery and medicinally—that we may well devote a little time to the consideration of the most useful, and the best way to grow them.

My ideal herb garden should lie between the flower and the kitchen gardens; a sunny strip of good loamy ground near a wall, with a part of the bed extending into the shade, as some herbs, notably mint, do not like too dry or sunny a spot. Each herb should have a special division of the garden portioned off for its culture; on one side should grow those herbs which we will consider to-day, and which are known as pot-herbs, and the herbs for medicinal uses should have another border to themselves.

Now first in order as one of the most important herbs and which is used in almost every savoury dish comes parsley.

"The common parsley" has plain, uncurled leaves, and though it has the advantage of being hardier than some of the finer sorts, it is not so tender or so delicate in flavour; but the best to grow is one of the numerous varieties of curled parsley, which are all good and very pretty for one of its great uses—namely, garnishing.

Parsley is such a useful herb that we will enter fully into the best method of its cultivation. There should be a constant succession of crops, the first sowing taking place in February, then again in May and July; by this we ensure always having tender young plants all the year. The July sowing should be on a sunny south bed; and when cold weather comes, the young plants must be covered with hand glasses. Parsley needs frequent watering in dry weather. When the leaves get old, the plants may be cut over, and fresh leaves will spring up.

I may mention here that there is a variety of parsley known as fool's parsley, which is extremely like the plain-leaved variety, but very poisonous. Parsley is much used in soup, omelets, etc., and, indeed, it enters so largely into half the dishes which come to table that it could ill be spared.

Mint comes next in order of merit. It is easily grown, but prefers rather a moist soil, and can be propagated by cuttings or by dividing the roots. At the approach of winter the old plants should be cut down and the roots covered with soil. Mint is used green in cookery, either for mint sauce, to boil with peas, or in other ways; but it is one of those useful herbs which preserves its fragrance all through the winter when dried, and should be picked just before flowering, and hung up in a dry, cool place for winter use.

Thyme (of which there are two sorts, the common and the lemon thyme) is very useful. It loves a dry, sunny place; as the old song says:

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows!"

And banks are its favourite position. It should be raised from seed sown in April, although it may be increased by cuttings, by bending the branches and pegging them down into the soil, when they will take root and form new plants. This sweetly aromatic plant is used in savoury omelets, and most of the preparations of pork, such as pies, sausages, etc.

Sage is a herb which is now little used, except in the well-known old-fashioned sage-and-onion stuffing for a goose, and perhaps the reason of this custom is not generally known. Sage is supposed to be an excellent tonic for the stomach and to assist digestion, and therefore is used with any extra rich or indigestible food, such as duck or goose. Sage is best grown from cuttings taken in May or June, at first placed in a frame, and then planted out; if the plants are kept well trimmed they will grow strong and bushy. The tender shoots can be picked and dried for winter use.

Sorrel is a charming little plant which is pretty enough to be grown for its own sake, with its brilliant green leaves, pink stems, and white flowers. It is better known in French than in English cookery, and veal cutlets *à l'oseille* and also the excellent *soupe paysanne* owe their existence to this pleasantly-acidulated leaf. It is best grown from seed, and the leaves should be picked singly for use, taking always the larger ones.

Tarragon requires a warm dry soil. It is delicate, and it is best to cut it down at the beginning of winter and cover with a little fine garden soil; but the plants do not last in our climate more than two or three years. Tarragon is used in flavouring aspic jellies, and also a few leaves thrown into clear soup adds a delicate flavour. Tarragon vinegar is also a favourite addition to many game sauces.

Sweet marjoram is grown as an annual in England. It is only sparingly used, either to assist in the making of a "bouquet of herbs" for flavouring soups or hams, or for adding in small quantities to sauces. Like most of the before-mentioned herbs it can be picked and dried for winter use.

I suppose I must class the golden marigold amongst the kitchen herbs, although it is really more useful in the apothecary's shop than in the kitchen. The strong, highly-flavoured flowers are sometimes used in cottage cookery to give a relish to broths, but in these days of more refined cookery and technical education, I think marigolds are relegated to the background like "tansy," which formerly played such an important part in the flavouring of cakes and puddings.

Salads hardly come into my garden of herbs, but I should just like to strongly recommend more use of endive than we generally see in England, and also to remind those of us who have delighted in French salads, that the savour of them comes from the judicious mixture of delicate slices of young leeks. Let me here also add a word of advice. Salad leaves should never be washed or cut, but brought in clean and fresh from the garden, and broken up into the salad bowl with merely a simple dressing of oil and vinegar.

There are various herb vinegars which are most easily made, especially tarragon vinegar, which requires that a good handful of the leaves should be put into a quart of brown vinegar and infused for a month, and when strained is fit for use, and a most savoury addition to many gravies and sauces, especially for and with any rather strongly-flavoured birds, such as wild duck, wood pigeon, etc.

Elder vinegar, with its rare scented smell and taste, is made in the same way from the flowers of the common elder, being very careful to take only the flower and none of the green stalk. But the daintiest vinegar that I know is made from primroses (let us not breathe aloud this desecration of the idol of the Tories), but pick in the morning ere the sun has extracted the honeyed sweetness from the starry blossoms along some hedge bank, the primrose flowers, and use them for vinegar. But I will give this receipt fully, as I think many would be glad to try it in the coming spring, and will find it a very dream of perfumed sweetness to be added to salad dressings or white sauces.

Primrose Vinegar.

To fifteen quarts of vinegar add six pounds of common lump sugar, boil and skim it. When cold add half a peck of primroses, with the stalks on, and three tablespoonfuls of yeast; let it stand four days, then put it all together into a barrel. Put it in a warm place for six months with the bung out.

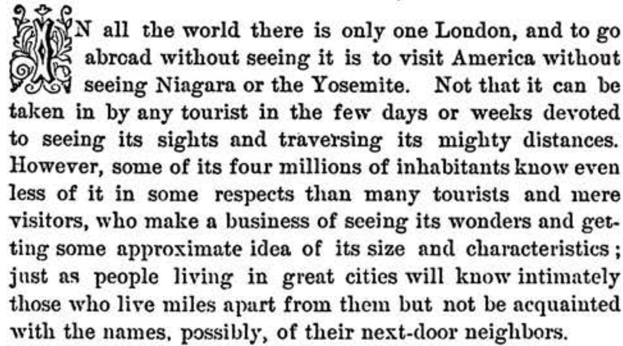
It takes, as you will see, a much longer time than the other vinegars, but is well worth the time.

Our wild hedgerows produce an abundance of herbs which can be used in cookery. Treacle-mustard is the name of a well-known plant, and we all know the pretty ground ivy with its purple blue flowers and strong smell; this rejoices in the character of "Sauce alone."

But I have wandered far from our herb garden, and must return there to name one which is only little used, but must not be overlooked. Fennel is one which I only know of as used for fish sauce in England, although, probably, many of us have eaten *finochio* with chicken and *ragoûts* in Italy and not recognised in the thick blanched stems that it was related to the fennel we know. I think it might with ease and advantage be cultivated here, although I have never seen it in English gardens. If sown in March in a light soil in a sheltered situation it will be fit for use in July or August, and should be gently boiled and eaten with white sauce, or even raw, as in Italy. It is a very agreeable change from celery.

I have, in the foregoing article, merely mentioned some of the most useful of kitchen herbs; but I should like, at another time, to tell of the useful properties of the medicinal herbs of which I spoke.

London in July.



IN all the world there is only one London, and to go abroad without seeing it is to visit America without seeing Niagara or the Yosemite. Not that it can be taken in by any tourist in the few days or weeks devoted to seeing its sights and traversing its mighty distances. However, some of its four millions of inhabitants know even less of it in some respects than many tourists and mere visitors, who make a business of seeing its wonders and getting some approximate idea of its size and characteristics; just as people living in great cities will know intimately those who live miles apart from them but not be acquainted with the names, possibly, of their next-door neighbors.

The first impression produced upon the mind of the stranger is one of vastness and quantity, and the individual feels lost in the mere contemplation of an immensity which passes his power of computation. London is not a city, but a nest of cities within cities, like the groups of Chinese boxes or afternoon tea-tables. Wherever you go, or whatever you do, there is a crowd doing the same thing, or bent in the same direction.

The "season" in London differs from ours in New York, in occupying the spring and early summer, rather than the winter months, and its closing weeks are in July, when *fêtes* and exhibitions, garden parties and receptions, tennis tournaments, and college ball and cricket matches are all in full tide, and draw their hundreds and thousands in every direction. The usual sight-seer in London divides up his week or ten days into visits to the Tower, the Crystal Palace, Hampton Court Palace, Kew, the British Museum, St. Paul's, Westminister, and the like. These the majority of our party had seen on previous visits, so did not care to expend unnecessary time upon. We were also fortunate in being domiciled with American friends long resident in London, who know what is most desirable, and have the *entrée* to much that is socially and artistically worthy of study, besides being highly enjoyable. Strength and activity, the power to get through with much in a short or given time, is necessary to obtain even a glimpse of the inner life of a city, which is truly one of magnificent distances, to those who sleep and breakfast north of Regent's Park, do their shopping in Regent Street, lunch in South Kensington, attend an out-door *fête* at Putney, drop in on returning at a reception in May-Fair, dine where they breakfast, and ride five miles to the theater in the evening. This, or something like it, varying the programme with "Inventions Exhibition" instead of shopping, and gallery or cricket-match, Winsdor or Chelsea, instead of *fête* and reception, and a lunch at the old "Cheshire Cheese" instead of the charming home of a Kensington artist, would fairly outline the business and pleasures of our London days.

In New York, we hear from this distance only of crimes and casualties, of croakings and discontent, of misery and its attendants, gloom and despondency. These, of course, exist in a densely populated community, but they only hold their relative proportion; they hide in corners in London as everywhere, and what we see is energy, enterprise, thrift, activity, industry, achievement—all on the broadest scale known in the universe, because nowhere else exists so great a mass of human beings who must do something or starve. Naturally, too, among four millions, there is a great leisure class —a very large number who live on small or large incomes, uninfluenced by the fluctuations in stocks or prices, and as large a number whose calling, in church or state, gives them the command of much of their time. There is, therefore, always an audience for everything that is attractive enough to draw an audience—at all times and seasons. In order to present a photographic picture of the little of London that we saw, let me sketch in barest outline a few of the things that stand out like white-caps on the sea of our London experience.

"You must go to 'Lord's,'" said our friend immediately upon our arrival. "You have lost the fine concert I had in store for this afternoon by being an hour behindtime, but 'Lords' is a thing to do, and if you are not tired—and New Yorkers never are tired when there is anything going on—why we will utilize the time and see a little of the Oxford and Cambridge cricket-match." Of course we were delighted. "Lord's" grounds are club-grounds in the north-western part of London, which are rather exclusively held (much more so than formerly) for club purposes. All around the inclosure where the match takes place stands are erected, which form circular tiers of seats, with protective covers for members and their friends. In the intervals drags are drawn up laden with fashionably attired men and women, and materials for lunch. It was a fine day, and about thirty drags were out on the afternoon of our visit, and the outside public had, therefore, little opportunity of witnessing the game. The scene was, however, a very brilliant and animated one. Besides the club-stands and their occupants, the drags and those who were mounted upon them, there were probably ten thousand promenaders, who spent their time in walking the circuit of the grounds, in seeing what they could, in being seen, and watching, whenever it was practicable, the progress of the game. The light colors, and the variety of color in the dress, the pretty cottons and coarse straw bonnets, with the usual trimming of thin muslin and feathers, or lace and flowers, of the young girls; the white and light blue and dark blue of the cricketing costumes—colors often repeated by the ladies of different parties—or arranged suggestively by the young women; and the universal use of flowers, combined to form a picture of out-door life and movement not rivaled elsewhere in the world. Germany has the out-door life but not the wealth of color, and its women fail in the brightness of hair and the rich red and white of complexion that render an out-of-door assemblage of Englishwomen so attractive in the mass, whatever they may be individually. Two of the dresses worn on this occasion were exceptionally delicate and charming. One was of fine cream India muslin, trimmed with black Chantilly lace, in a pattern of ferns and small star-like flowers. The large hat and hose were of the finest black lace and silk open-work, and gloves and slippers (strapped) were also black. The second dress, worn by a very young girl seated upon the same drag, was of the finest cream wool, and was all white, laid in the minutest tucks and folds. The only approach to drapery was a deep band laid in fine folds forming a short, straight, close tablier, at the back of which the skirt fell straight, and above which a cream satin belt encircled the waist.

On the evening of that same day our carriage stood in line over an hour to obtain an entrance to the Annual *Fête* at the Botanic Gardens, which is usually distinguished by the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and for which tickets must be secured months in advance, even by members of the institute. The scene in the gardens is one highly characteristic and never to befor gotten. The miles of beautifully cultivated grounds, enriched by conservatories of palms, orchids, roses, and other special plants and flowers, are encirled by four rows of electric lights. Through the center is a covered way lined with vines and fragrant blooming shrubs and dwarf trees, with two rows of electric lights on each side, and extending from one entrance to another on the opposite side of the gardens. This forms a grand promenade; but if the evening is fine, as it was, fortunately, this year, the velvet turf swarms everywhere with groups and couples in full evening dress—for the *Fête* is very exclusive; the tickets to outsiders are one guinea, and it has long been considered one of the things that must be done by those who would get even a glimpse of "social" London. Indeed, nowhere is

PLATE 1.

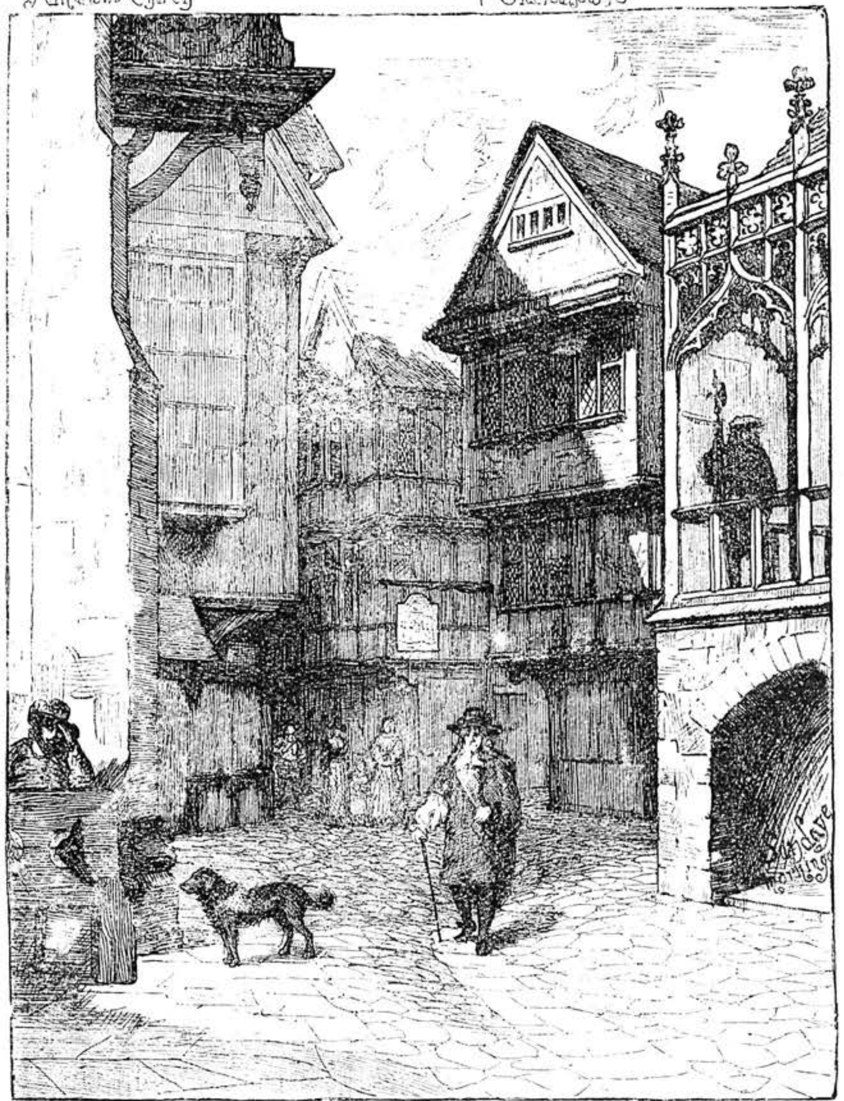


PLATE 2.

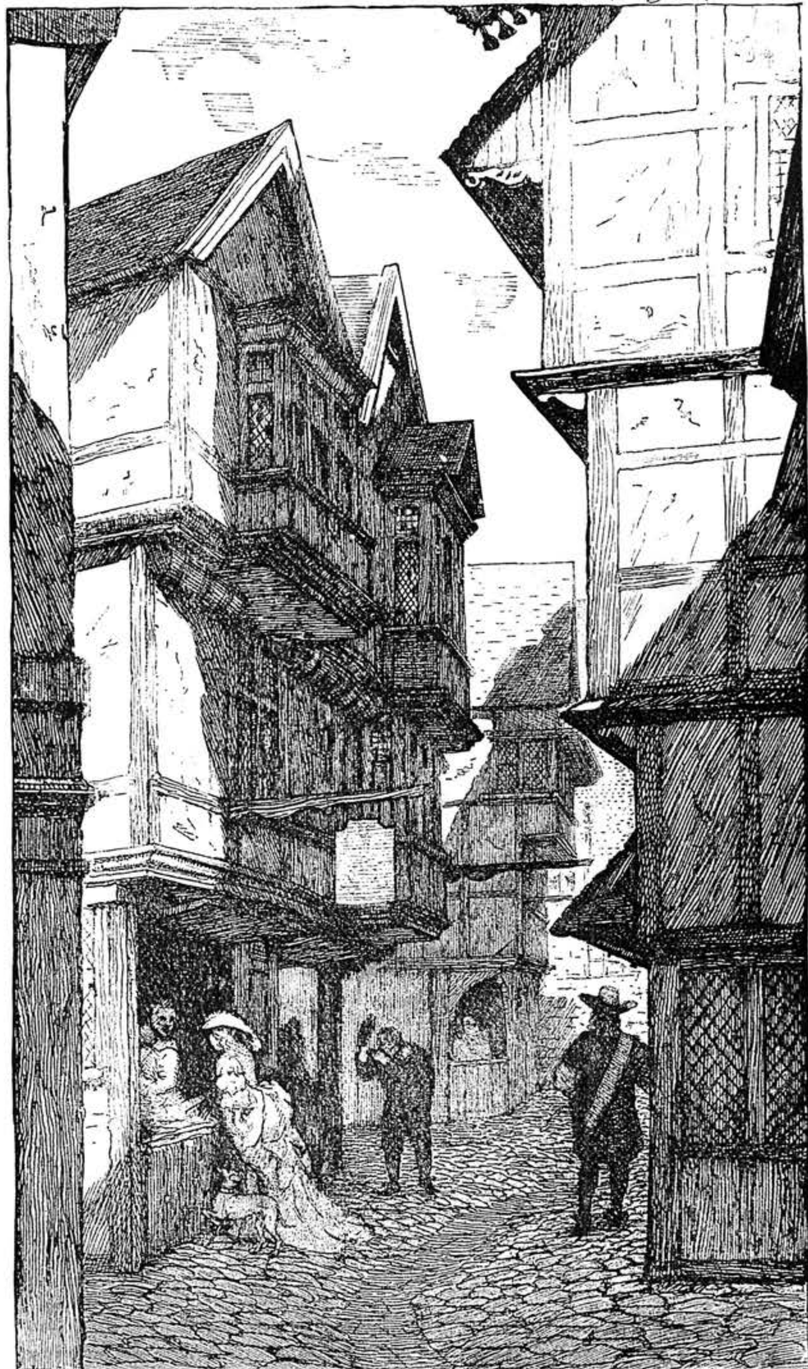
OLD LONDON.

the difference between dress and habits in London and New York more marked.

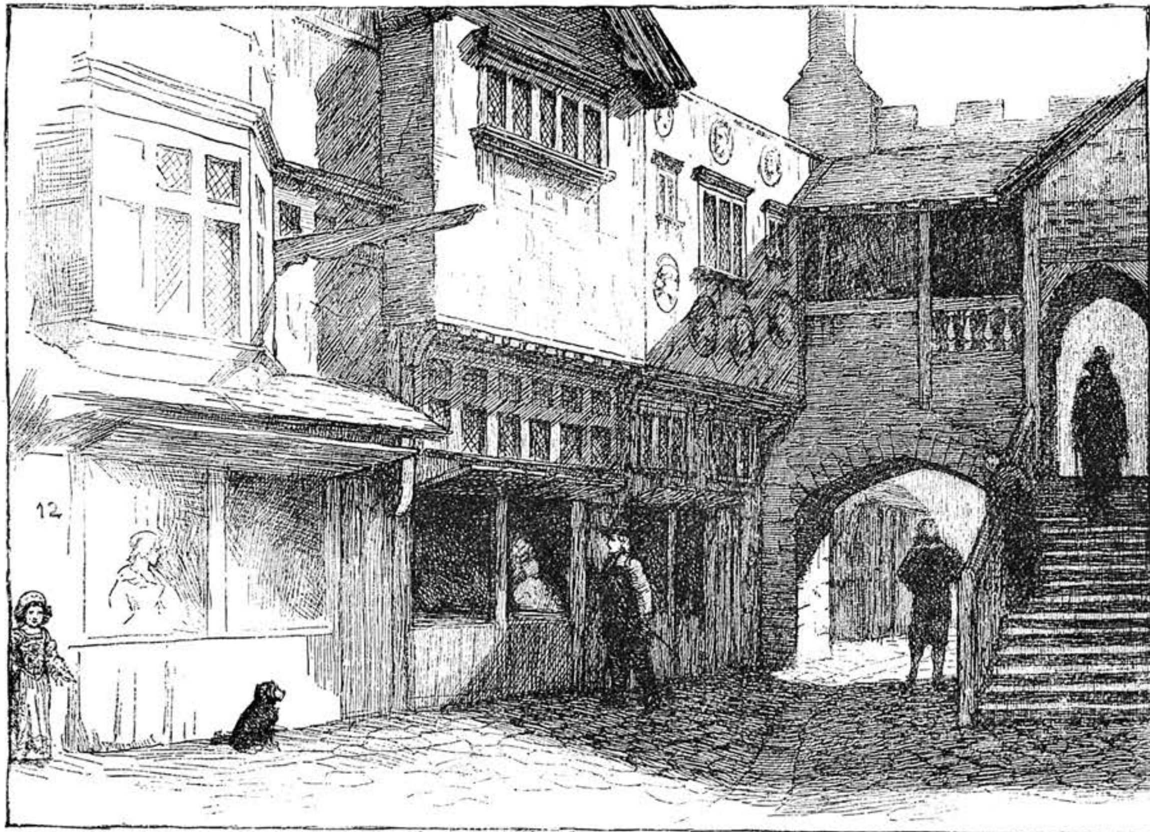
"Full" dress in London always means some form of bare or open neck and short or transparent sleeves; and the chilliness of the air after the sun has gone down compels the use of warm, rich cloaks and wraps. At the Botanic *Fête* white, pale pink, and dull gold satins, tulles, and silk-embroidered muslin dresses were half covered by long cloaks of ruby or old-gold plush, or by lace cloaks lined with satin. There were capes of grebe, or natural beaver fur, worn by the young girls, with tulles and surahs, and fur-lined cloaks with dresses of lace and satin. Generally it was long cloaks or capes, and they were not worn in such a way as to conceal the front of the dress, the jewels, or the neck and arms completely. They hung by ribbons or cords and tassels from the shoulders, and were of such materials as to give warmth without great weight. Bonnets, of course, were not to be seen any more than in a ball-room. Jewels were as fine and in as great profusion, but they are more varied than with us—they are not so uniformly diamonds; but rubies, emeralds, amethysts, pearls, and diamonds, or artistic stones, cut and set in diamonds, or wrought metal-work.

It was a very different scene that was presented on the evening of the "Conversazione," or Reception, given by the Art Society of the South Kensington Museum in connection with the London Inventions Exhibition. This was a purely invitation affair, and though twenty thousand of these were issued, and it was "professional" rather than "fashionable," in the London society sense, it was attended by more noted people than the *fête*, at least more of those we read about out of "society" papers. On this occasion there was no restriction in regard to dress; people wore what they pleased, and costuming was, therefore, less rich, darker in color, and more like that which is worn for street or day visiting. There were, of course, exceptions to this rule—some light, some white, some lovely embroidered and rich lace costumes; but bonnets and dark dresses were the rule, the lighter, the exception. The site of the Inventions Exhibition is the same as that of the "Fisheries" last year, but takes in more space, and the grounds, illuminated to the tops of the tallest trees with electric lights, were so extensive that eleven of the finest orchestras in the world, including Strauss; the Hungarian, the Royal Chinese band, and the band of the Coldstream Guards, were all playing in them at the same time without interfering, or even being in hearing distance one of the other. In the Conservatories were half a dozen different concerts and musical recitals in progress, and at seven different points refreshments were served, consisting of strawberries, ices, sandwiches, cake, lemonade, and coffee, to the whole vast assemblage without charge and in any quantity desired. This was a reception upon a scale which could only be seen upon a national occasion outside of London. The London Inventions Exhibition is remarkable in many ways. It is one of a series which may lay the foundation of a permanent exhibition of inventions and industries—a working exhibition, which will show the means and power employed in operation and the methods by which the result is accomplished.

The most interesting feature of the Inventions this year, and of the Fisheries last year, is the "olde" London street, built to perfectly reproduce a London street in mediæval times—the shops, the workmen, in the dress of the period, at work at their several trades. In a daylight visit to the "Inventions" we staid longest at "ye shop in ye olde



Elbow Lane - from ye West

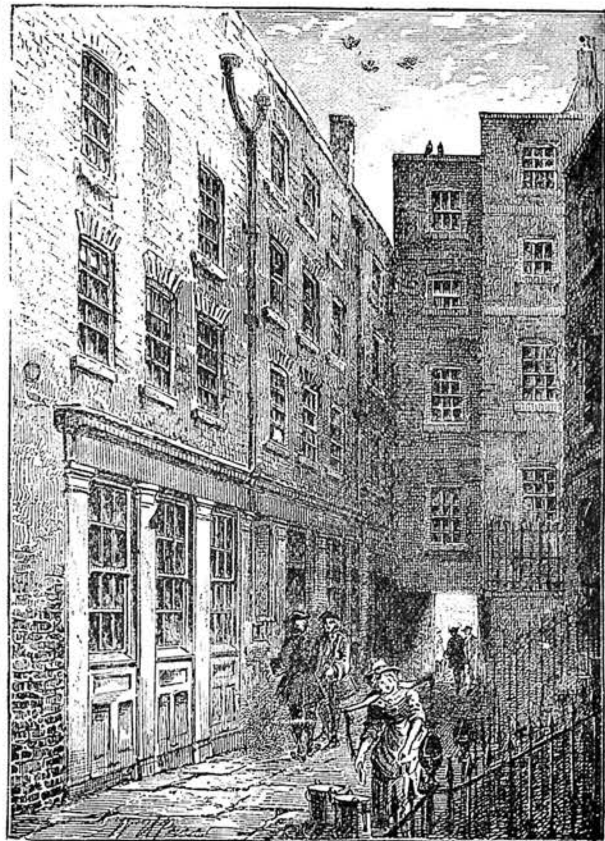


Oliver Cromwell his House Ye Oxford Arms & Gateway

London streete," where the etchings of London as it was are made by ancient workmen in leather breeches and jerkin, with round Rembrandtish caps, linen collars, turned down at their throats, and broad leather belts. In this same shop, assisting her father, was a lovely Cromwellian maiden, in gray gown, white cap and kerchief, who was the pride of the streete and quite the attraction of this part of the "Inventions." She was charming in her manners, and as modest as she was pretty. We waited while the set of four etchings of old London were made, and carried them off in triumph. They represent historic ground—Oliver Cromwell's house, All-Hallow's Church, Ye Olde Conduit, Pye Corner, Cornhill, the famous "Hall of Brotherhood," an old gateway, and reproduce the details of the old streets and heavily timbered houses and door-ways, the hanging signs, the leaded windows, the interior galleries, and the decorated fronts of the dwellings.

The exhibition is especially rich in machinery, in electrical apparatus, in novel methods of heating, lighting, and use of motive power. It shows also many complete and exquisitely furnished rooms in different and characteristic styles, and a Japanese village, peopled, the natives at work in Japanese costume, and the houses furnished in Japanese style. This is so successful that a Hindoo village is contemplated, and perhaps may, by this time, have been accomplished.

By the kindness of an American gentleman, resident in London, we made the acquaintance of a genuine old London landmark—the most historical structure of its kind in London, and which still maintains its ancient character and peculiarities. This is "Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese," in Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, where Johnson dined and supped, with Oliver Goldsmith at his left hand, and Boswell, probably, on his right. Bolingbroke, Pope, Congreve, Southey, De Quincy, Coleridge, and Chatterton, were all frequenters of the "Cheshire Cheese," and there is abundant external and internal evidence to show that the "divine" Shakespeare himself was a not unusual visitant. The house, which was *rebuilt* in 1667, the heavily timbered doors and window-frames, the wide, deep-set, small-paned windows, the wooden settles, the wide, open, bricked fire-places, the grates, the "hobs," are all the same as when Johnson took his seat at "the table on the right," in the "left-hand room," where our party also



WINE OFFICE COURT, FLEET STREET.

sat and discussed the hugest, tenderest, sweetest of mutton-chops, followed by the traditional "Welsh rabbit" (rarebit), in the same little individual square tins in which it has always been served, and attended by the "crusty" loaf, and fresh English water-cress, and the tankard filled, but not with Johnson's ale, to wash it down. How we reveled in Johnson, and drank to his memory in coffee and water, and what he would have doubtless considered very weak liquid indeed. Then we made a pilgrimage, by courtesy of "mine host" and the cook, to the kitchen. We saw the chops on their native gridiron, presided over by a plump, rosy Englishwoman, and waited upon by her maids. We saw the dish, the famous bowl of vast proportions, in which the celebrated beef-steak pudding is made and boiled on the anniversary of Dr. Johnson's birth year after year, and solemnly and yet eagerly partaken of by an assemblage of admirers, either of the pudding, or Dr. Johnson. Beef-steak pudding is also made every week, on Saturday, from October till May, when it is considered too warm for so "hearty" a dish; and on Saturday of every week at least sixty men of various degrees gather for a share in this famous dish. Dickens gives a pretty good receipt for it, from the lips of pretty Ruth Pinch, when she and "Tom" are beginning housekeeping, but I am not sure that she adds the "Cheshire Cheese" touches, the oysters, the mushrooms, the catsup, and the carefully compounded *suet* crust, which last is, however, in England, considered indispensable to the lightness and success of boiled pastry.

Dr. Johnson's house, known by its tablet over the door, is through the old arch, and in the next court to that of the "Cheshire Cheese," so that he did not have far to go when he left it for his home, and, indeed, it is said that the reason why he first began to frequent the "Cheese" was his removal to "Gough" Square, or Court, and his dread of crossing Fleet Street, which he must do to reach his former hostelry, the "Mitre." Goldsmith is buried in the Temple Church-yard, directly across Fleet Street from the "Cheese;" the sarcophagus, to the left of Temple Church, bears the following brief inscription:

HERE LIES
OLIVER GOLDSMITH,
Born 10th November, 1728,
Died 4th April, 1774.

Goldsmith lived and died at 2 Brick Court, Temple, in the same building where Blackstone wrote his *Commentaries*.

Among the worthies who have made the neighborhood famous, in addition to "rare Ben" Johnson, was old Robert Herrick, who began by being a curate in a Devonshire parish, but was too choleric for that meek and humble position. On one occasion it is related of him, in records of the "Cheese," that finding the majority of his hearers asleep, he threw his sermon at their heads in a passion and left the pulpit. It is not surprising after this to hear that he made his way to London and joined the group of literary worthies who were in the habit of assembling in Wine Office Court. It is said to have been at one of these gatherings that he wrote his charming song, "Gather ye roses while ye may." Surely all England has kept his sweet verses in mind, and cultivated roses to his memory. Is there another country where flowers are so universal? Many others there are where they are gathered in larger occasional masses, but none where they are so widely and universally distributed. In city or country every window has its flower-pot, every woman and child a "posy."

Our stay in London being so brief, it was principally devoted to social opportunities, to the galleries, and shopping. Great Britain is the only free trade country in the world, and the prices of first-class gloves, hosiery, made-up laces, and fabrics of all descriptions is irresistible. Everywhere else there is more or less of a tariff, and in Austria there is a depreciated currency which adds its burdens to the governmental tax; but in England only the cost of distribution is added to that of production except where expert hand labor is employed, and this constantly increases in value, as in competition with machinery it becomes more rare and exceptional. The Liberty shops, famous for their reproductions of artistic stuffs, soft silks, wools, crêpes, and the like, and for their revivals of medieval designs in costume, are among the most curious and interesting to strangers and visitors. Beginning some ten years ago in one little floor on Regent Street, they have gradually taken in building after building, and are recognized not as the representatives of a fleeting whim or caprice, but as the exponents of a period when art in costume had not given way to the practical necessities of the majority of human beings, and when diversity in fashion was confined to the few who could afford to indulge in individual fancies.

DR. JOHNSON'S HOUSE, GOUGH SQUARE.

The finest business house in London, however, not the largest but the most original and costly, though not the most showy, is that of a young and very well-known American, Mr. Henry Welcome. Mr. Welcome is a cultivated American gentleman of the very best class, whose acquirements and high character are a surprise in so young a man. He is of Maine birth, and his hospitality and exceeding kindness to Americans in London have made him the unofficial representative of the national care and protection. His "office," which requires a whole building on the corner of "Snow Hill," a small square with an historic outlook in the busiest part of London, not in the least suggestive of its name (particularly on a hot day in July), is different from everything else of the kind in the world. The interior has been entirely refitted and furnished with American walnut carved in the Greek, Roman, and Moorish, key, coin, scroll, wheel, and lotus patterns, which appear in the frescoing, the

metal-work, and even in the covering for floors and passage-ways, all of which were made for the place in which they are put. In the upper stories are reception rooms and private offices, fitted, furnished and decorated each in a special and peculiarly beautiful manner, every chair—all antique patterns—and article of furniture having been made according to designs furnished by the owner, as were the decorations for walls and ceilings. To describe the whole in detail would take too much space; the point is the severely simple and purely American style of the entire system of design adopted, blending some of the features of several ancient schools, but so judiciously as not even to strike the eye of an ordinary or superficial observer who would scrape his feet against the etched figure of Fulton's steamboat without noting aught except that some unusually fine work had been expended upon the marble. The only prominent object is one recently placed, a beautiful bronze copy of Bartholdi's Statue of "Liberty," which occupies a conspicuous pedestal and furnishes a key to the whole, to those who can use it.

The American colony in London hailed the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Phelps with great joy on account of the new social life it infused into the colony. Mr. Lowell was not only debarred by the illness of his wife, but disabled by his age and the literary demands upon his time, from the fulfillment of social and representative duties, so that while he succeeded admirably from a newspaper point of view, he was of no account at all to the American resident or tourist who wants a social center, or aid and information—above all things, wants to see the "Minister," just as at home he wants to "see" the President. Mr. Lowell as a social center or Bureau of General Information was a decided failure, and ought to furnish a warning to the Government at home not to send abroad literary men as Ministers; as their idea is to make "points" for themselves, not be useful to others. Mr. and Mrs. Phelps had already made an excellent impression. Very quiet and unassuming in manners, Mrs. Phelps is mistress of all the graceful art of the cultivated hostess, and receives and distributes her hospitalities in the most impartial manner. Both understand how to represent the best American elements at home, for they combine them in their own persons, and spare no pains to prevent the American abroad in London from feeling that he is a stranger in a strange land. On the Fourth of July, though they had hardly finished their moving into the house in Lowndes Square, previously occupied by Mr. Lowell, and had not at all completed their own arrangements for living, they still announced an "At Home," and received most hospitably all Americans who presented themselves on that day.

The same day was made memorable to our party by several other noteworthy events, each one of which, in its own way, represents a distinct and characteristic phase or feature of London life. The first was an afternoon reception, for which we had received an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Pfeiffer, who will be remembered by many Americans who were fortunate enough to meet them when on a trip to America last year. Mr. and Mrs. Pfeiffer are well known in the literary and social world, and their beautiful and characteristic home at Putney is the resort of many famous people. Mrs. Pfeiffer invented, or at least arranged, for her own use, an adaptation of the Greek dress which some years ago was illustrated and described in the London *Queen*, and a model of which can be obtained at Liberty's in London. Mrs. Pfeiffer has always adhered to this dress, which, in its essentials a straight under-dress and long draped tunic, is so nearly like that ordinarily worn that it does not attract unpleasant attention, and is only conspicuous from the rich hand embroidery upon the exquisite material, and the artistic scarabei, or rococo jewels which she invariably wears. The house is of stone, with round, medieval towers, and we were conducted on arrival through the vestibule and drawing-rooms to windows opening upon a terrace, and down a flight of stone steps to a broad walk skirting a lovely lawn, and walled, almost as high as one could see, with thick ivy. This walk led to a natural arbor or out-door parlor formed of great aspens, three of which naturally ranged themselves about a semicircular space, bending their branches towards the interior so as to enclose it without shutting out the air or the sunlight. Across the grounds at the edge of the lawn was a rose-walk covered in with every variety of pink, white, and yellow climbing roses, and from the middle another was cut nearly the length of the grounds forming a cross. Winding walks and densely shaded paths, grottos sacred to some marble divinity, and springs hidden in leafy recesses diversified the lovely grounds, about which visitors dispersed or chatted with the host and hostess, while tall and "neat-handed" maidens dispensed tea and coffee, cake, and thin bread and butter from the daintiest of china. It was a picture not be forgotten, from the finish as well as the poetic beauty of the objects and their setting.

Returning home we stopped at Lady Wilde's, it being her "day" and one of the young ladies of the party having a great desire to see if "Oscar brought up his mother or his mother brought up Oscar." After seeing Lady Wilde, she made up her mind that "his mother brought up Oscar." Lady Wilde lives in a small house in May-Fair, too small a house for the fame and popularity she enjoys, and which crowds it to such an extent that it is difficult to make entrance or exit. She is very large in person and somewhat pronounced in the style of her dress, but extremely cordial, and has written some excellent things, both in poetry and prose, enough to justify the reputation for literary cleverness she enjoys. To Americans she has always been most kind, and many owe her a debt they were glad to acknowledge in the person of her younger son Oscar. This somewhat celebrated young gentleman seems to have been greatly improved by matrimony. He has quite lost the peculiarities of dress and manner which to many were so objectionable, has grown stout, and would now certainly be called handsome. He is the proud and happy father of a little son, and has wisely forgotten everything in America but the pleasure he enjoyed. His elder brother, "Willie," is even taller than himself, and with their mother make a remarkable-looking trio, all singularly like, yet unlike each other.

We finished our day by going to the Lyceum and seeing Mr. Irving's "Vicar of Wakefield." This is certainly one of his most remarkable portraitures. It will rank with his "Mathias" and "Louis the Eleventh," yet is totally distinct and different from either. It is a simple, saintly old man, white haired, yet upright, without any tremor, without any trace of Mr. Irving's physical peculiarities. The picture is perfect from beginning to end; there is not a flaw in it. Miss Terry was less happy than usual as Olivia; the dress in the first two acts was not becoming to her, and neither she nor Mr. Terriss were in their best moods. In the later acts she was herself again.

One might go on forever recounting the delights of London, the wanderings about old St. Paul's, the luncheon at the atelier of a well-known artist in Cadogan Gardens, the visit with his charming wife and the pretty daughter of an Antwerp artist to the Duke of Westminister's Gallery, the morning at the National Gallery, the afternoon at the British Museum, the day at Windsor and Stoke-Pogis, the "At Homes," and the inevitable leave-taking on the eve of still greater events, a dinner with Robert Browning among them. All these things are written in memory, but they cannot be written elsewhere for they would occupy too much time, and already I fear I have trespassed upon valuable space.

Jenny June.

GOOD BREEDING:

SHOWN WHEN TRAVELLING.

As one well versed in the Science of Harmony would know how to apply its rules in the composition of every description of piece, without reference to any Musical Primer, in like manner all thoroughly well-bred people have a correct and intuitive sense of propriety; of what is courteous and due to others, and no less due to themselves.

Doubtless, many amongst my girl readers give promise of development into all that is gracious and lovely, and may have an instinctive perception of much that I may be able to tell them, without having had their attention drawn to a single rule of so-called "etiquette." By such, a few hints may be gladly welcomed, for the opportunities for observation of the "ways of the world" can only be limited within the walls of the nursery and the school-room.

In the upper classes of society well-bred people, whatever their disposition, and however individually disagreeable, are all bound by certain rules of that circle to which they belong. They must keep their tempers when "in society," whatever they may do at home; they must conceal their "likes and dislikes," and restrain all strong exhibition of emotion that might disturb the calm and shock the sensibilities of others. I do not mean to say that the honest and sincere in that condition of life must all—like too many—

"Smile, and smile, and be a villain!"

as Shakespeare so graphically renders the idea; but, still to employ the strong language of that same keen student of mankind, they are not like unsophisticated children to

"Wear their heart upon their sleeve,
For daws to peck at."

This second article of the present series, on the subject of good manners, deals with it in its connection with travelling. Some fifty years ago travelling was a rare luxury, in the last century rarer still; and those young people of the present day whose parents can afford to perfect their education, by means so healthful and agreeable, should make the utmost of such advantages. It should not be viewed in the light of a mere amusement, but of a course of training, and they should be on the *qui vive* to acquire knowledge in a variety of ways; and in the second place, when they leave the restraints imposed upon them by the observant eyes and criticisms of acquaintances at home, as well-bred young women they must refrain from allowing themselves any more licence, either in dress or in conduct, merely because amongst strangers.

Habits of society may change, and do change in certain respects, as the years roll on; and girls of the upper classes may walk about, even in this great city of ours as well as in the parks, by two's and three's, unaccompanied by an ever-following footman, to which escort the writer was condemned herself by the rules of society in days gone by. But, while certain customs may change or be modified, good-breeding in the main must ever remain the same, just because (as I have told you before) it has its foundation in kindliness of heart and delicacy of feeling.

In reference to the customs that prevailed in the last century, I have heard my grandmother describe the journeys taken by her in her early life. So short a distance as that between Bath and London occupied nearly a week, and the preparations it demanded were of an extensive character. In those bygone days only the comparatively wealthy could afford to make excursions. The stages were short, the roads bad; to be out after dusk was not desirable, and sleeping at various hostelries on the way added much to the expenses entailed. The country was infested more or less with highwaymen, and no one could venture to travel unarmed, nor without preparing a large canvas bag, filled with coppers at the bottom, and crowns and half-crowns at the top, to make as valuable an appearance as possible, and satisfy the dangerous assailants.

As to the matter of dress, a cloth pelisse was made expressly for the journey, and this was worn during the whole time occupied *en route*, and no change of external attire was provided. This being the custom of the time, was no breach of good manners—no mark of disrespect to those that were met at table.

Mais, nous avons changé tout cela; for in these more modern days long distances are quickly traversed and luggage easily transported, so there is no longer a reasonable excuse for a lazy disregard of the usages of civilised life; a lack of politeness to their fellow-guests at table, and of a becoming self-respect is exhibited by those who omit to make some little alteration or addition to their dress, if unable to make a complete change in their daily *costume de voyage*.

Only some thirty or forty years ago, as many will remember, the majority of the good folks who travelled appeared to have selected their *costume de voyage* from an *omnium gatherum* of some shady "slop-shop;" and though by no means remarkable on other occasions for shabby attire, they entered a posting carriage, stage-coach, or steam-packet like so many cheap "rag dolls." As to the other sex, they certainly did not enhance the manly dignity of their appearance by wearing little limp check caps with flaps over the ears, tied under the chin, and glazed shades for the eyes, lined with green. Instead of an ulster, their bodies and necks were swathed with shawls and comforters until they appeared like huge unwholesome-looking sausages. On board a steam-packet such apparitions were only too common, and sometimes the ghastly hue of their faces added not a little to the grotesqueness of the *tout ensemble*.

The unsightly costumes of women also, like the dingy old "waterproofs" and greasy black silks and alpacas of the present day (with which so many, who ought to know better, insult their fellow-travellers), did not constitute an authorised costume for the occasion, like the pretty old "pelisses" of the preceding century. I do not find fault with a nice new "dust-cloak," nor a respectable-looking "ulster"—far from it; nor do I think that a very handsome dress should be exposed to the extra wear and tear of a dusty journey; but I do regard it as a mark of ill-breeding to sit in company with other women and gentlemen in a style of costume in which you would neither visit nor take a walk with them, nor present yourself at church.

Equally unseemly would be any degree of "over-dressing" when out of doors, too *voyante* in colour, and too remarkable in general style. A far brighter costume may be worn indoors than out; when driving in a private carriage, than when either walking or travelling by any public conveyance. A new, well-made (or nearly new) gown of a darkish colour, if not black, with no festoons of braid hanging about the ankles, nor buttons missing here and there, will show the best taste in a railway carriage; and your fellow-travellers who may chance to afford a more costly dress will not look at all more lady-like (if I may use a popular epithet) by comparison with you. You owe something to society, and as much to yourself. To be shabby, because you are travelling, is a rudeness to the former, and a lowering of your own position; and to appear in a flashy, gaudy style of costume represents the very height of vulgarity.

Let me now suppose you to be suitably dressed for your expedition, and about to leave the platform at the station. Your principal trunk is registered, and a few small articles go with you in the carriage. When entering, as well as leaving the latter, do not force your way past anyone without asking to be excused, or saying "I beg your pardon;" and when any person of your own sex has to do so, be ready to assist them. Relieve them of any bag or parcel until they be safely landed, inside or out, leaving one hand free, at least, to ensure them against a fall. Were you at home, you would not hand things backwards and forwards, across anyone else, without an expression of apology, and certainly you would not stretch your whole body across them to lean on the window-sill, and block the entire opening. If you wished to see what had become of your trunk, or had a last word to say, or parting look to give a friend on the platform, you should say, "Would you kindly allow me to look out for a few moments?" and on sitting down again, "I thank you for allowing me to look out,"—making a slight bow at the same time.

When all are arranged in their places, collect your thoughts, and bear in mind that present company have some claim on your consideration. If supplied with an illustrated paper, lend it to the lady next you when an opportunity presents itself, and were you a person of middle age, and a gentleman had shown you any act of courtesy, you might make a return by offering it to him also.

But here I must earnestly warn our younger girls of entering into conversation with men. Of course, they may thank them for any kindly attention in handing their parcels in or out, or in reference to the opening or shutting of the window, but their words must be few and their manner reserved, so as to check any further conversation. There is a certain license conceded in such matters to persons of middle life which could not possibly be extended to younger women, and still less to girls in their "teens."

Always remember the presence of strangers around you, and that you cannot act as if you were "Monarch of all you survey." Possibly you may feel incommoded by heat; but quite as possibly someone else may feel otherwise; or have a cold, and might be exposed to a draught by your opening a window, and thus, while if next it and seated so as to face the engine, you have the right (conceded to you by general consent) to control the opening or shutting of the window; but common politeness, apart from good feeling, should make you observe and consult their wishes. Heat is distressing, but a draught is a far more serious matter; for it may cost the sufferer an illness, and even life itself. Content your-

self in this case with opening only the top of the window, or the whole on arrival at each station, so as to change the air. As a rule, those persons who make most fuss about heat are the red-faced, portly females of uncertain age, who on opening their hand-bags disclose a flask of something more warming than *vin ordinaire*, which may partly account for their extra heat.

Supposing that you propose making your luncheon in the carriage, and that it consisted of cold chicken and ham, do not set aside the habits of civilised life, because you have to lay a napkin on your lap instead of a large cloth on a table. It is quite disgusting to any spectator to see how some travellers gnaw and tear their food, and grease their fingers, looking like so many ghouls! Divide the fowl before leaving, and prepare the meat in sandwiches. If unprovided with a folding knife and fork, hold the end of a joint with a piece of white paper, and use the pocket-knife in such a way as to keep the hands clean, laying small pieces of fowl upon neat little scraps of bread—as you eat cheese. Leave no greasy paper nor eggshells about the carriage nor crumbs on the seat. Why should you behave like a savage because you are on a journey?

It may be that you have to travel at night, and cannot afford the luxury of a sleeping-carriage, and moreover that your *compagnons de voyage* are not of your own sex only. In some former article I told you that etiquette absolutely forbids gentlemen and women to lie down in each other's society, with the sole exception of the exigencies of steamboat travelling or of a railroad journey by night. Of course, in cases of sickness, "Necessity has no law" in any place or at any time. Supposing that a gentleman occupies a seat in your carriage, you must observe a certain amount of formality and reserve in both word and action. You could not sit upright all night, but you and your friend should take your rest in turns. Lie with your face outwards and cover yourself with a rug, tucking it in well under your feet; then let your friend sit close against them and wake while you sleep; her turn can follow, and you can do the same for her in return. But by day nothing could be more unseemly, in persons of either sex, than to put up their feet along the seat in presence of each other, and on the part of a man it is a mark of great disrespect. It is quite as impertinent to perform any office of the toilet, such as cutting or cleaning the nails in presence of each other—a disgusting practice of which we are sometimes spectators.

You have now arrived at some foreign hotel and propose to dine at the table d'hôte. As your trunk has gone on, it is to be hoped that you have brought a bodice suitable for dinner *demi-toilette*, in a hand-bag or the pocket of a rug-wrapper, and also some frills, lace, or other little accessories to your dress; it will prove a refreshment to yourself to make some change and a mark of respect to others. Never imagine that "anything will do" because in a foreign country.

Speak gently when in a public room, and remember that your own language is generally understood. I could never forget the distress and confusion experienced by my brother and myself, many years ago, when, after joking and making ridiculous comments of a personal character on two elderly maiden ladies, our *vis-à-vis* at table, we discovered that they were our own countrywomen, though speaking beautiful French! Imagine the punishment we each underwent when we met them at dinner next day! and it taught us a lesson for life. Many people often bring discredit on themselves, and raise a prejudice against their fellow-countrymen, by invidious comparisons drawn between home and foreign habits, comforts, etc. Remember that while you pay for all you have, in food, lodging, attendance, and otherwise, you are, in a certain sense, only a guest, for you reside there on sufferance and under the protection of their laws, for which you have paid no taxes nor any dues to entitle you to the privileges of citizenship.

My few notes on the subject of "Good Breeding shown when Travelling" have now come to an end. I can tell my young friends in plain language what should or should not be done by a refined and courteous lady; but the whole style of their dress and deportment, and even the tone of the voice, must be regulated by an intuitive and innate sense of the gracious and beautiful, or acquired from frequent association with others more experienced and cultivated than themselves in all matters pertaining to good taste at all times and in all seasons.

S. F. A. Caulfeild.

USEFUL HINTS.

A Vapour Bath in Your Bedroom.—Place a pail, three parts filled with boiling water, under a chair with a cane seat, have ready two hot bricks which have been heated in the fire; place them gently in the pail of water, and sit down upon the chair, covering yourself entirely with a large blanket, letting the latter fall round the chair so as to keep the steam in, which makes a vapour bath. Have a warm blanket ready at the end of half an hour to wrap round you, and get into bed with it on.

Stewed Artichokes.—Peel your artichokes, and have ready sufficient boiling water (slightly salted) to cover them; boil until done, then strain, and have ready a pint of boiled milk, into which some flour and a little piece of butter have been previously stirred; boil ten minutes, and dish. Cold boiled potatoes can be served in the same way.

Potato Soup.—Boil one pound of potatoes, and when done beat them up very fine with a fork, gradually adding one quart of boiling milk, in which has previously been stewed a small onion, chopped fine, and a piece of mace; season to taste, and boil for a quarter of an hour, taking care to keep it stirred.

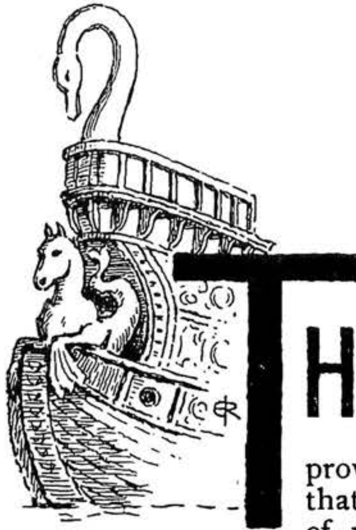
Scotch Cake.—Two pounds of flour, one of butter, and one pound of finely-sifted sugar. Dry the flour in the oven, and then mix in one dessertspoonful of baking powder, then the sugar, and rub in the butter until you have a smooth dough. Press the dough with your hand until it is about a quarter of an inch thick, then place it in your tins on buttered paper, pinch round the edges with your finger and thumb, and ornament the top with comfits or lemon-peel cut in small pieces. Bake in a moderate oven fifteen or twenty minutes.

Potatoes.—If you wish to have potatoes mealy, do not let them stop boiling for an instant; and when they are done, pour the water off, and let them steam for ten or twelve minutes over the fire. In the spring of the year it is better to boil potatoes in two waters, pouring off the first as soon as it comes to the boil, and then covering the potatoes a second time with cold water, adding a little salt.

Toffy.—Melt three ounces of butter in a small saucepan over a clear fire; stir into it one pound of brown sugar; keep stirring until it is done, which can be ascertained by dropping a little into a cup of cold water, when, if it hardens and breaks between the teeth without sticking, it is done, and may be poured out into a buttered dish. It may be flavoured with almond, lemon, or ginger, and will take twenty minutes to boil.

Maxims for Health.—Rise early. Eat simple food. Take plenty of exercise. Do not dress children in tight clothes; it is necessary for their limbs and muscles to have full play, if you wish for health and beauty. Wear shoes that are large enough, or you will be troubled with corns, and your feet become misshapen. Wash very often, and rub the skin thoroughly with a hard brush or rough linen towel. Wash the eyes in cold water every morning, and do not read or sew at twilight or by too dazzling a light.

Figure-heads.



THE FIGURE-HEAD which decorates the prow of a ship is, as that personification of universal knowledge invented by Macaulay, "every schoolboy," knows, an institution of the greatest antiquity, and dates back to the time when men first began to "go down to the sea" and "do business in great waters."

The aforesaid schoolboy, who in the present day is an archæologist of no mean capacity, is familiar with the aspect of the Greek and Roman war-galleys as represented in marble and bronze remains of ancient times, and he can discourse learnedly about the prora, the rostrum, the gubernaculum, the cheniscus, and other details of the vessels of classic days. But it is with the more modern period that I propose to deal in the following notes.

All visitors to the Naval Exhibition have been struck with admiration at the wonderful display of ships' models which have been collected together at Chelsea. From the magnificent half-model of the *Victoria* in the Armstrong Gallery, more than 30 ft. long, down to the little *Seahorse*, on board of which Nelson served as midshipman in 1771-2, they all give evidence of the gradual development of our navy, and as far as the wooden ships are concerned, to the artistic skill lavished on the decorations of bow, stern and quarters. But with the substitution of iron for wood the figure-head gradually lost its importance, and in Her Majesty's ships may now be pronounced almost extinct, the prevailing fashion being to ornament the two sides of the bow in a flat treatment, and to have no projection beyond the cutwater, as in the sketch of the ironclad *Neptune*.

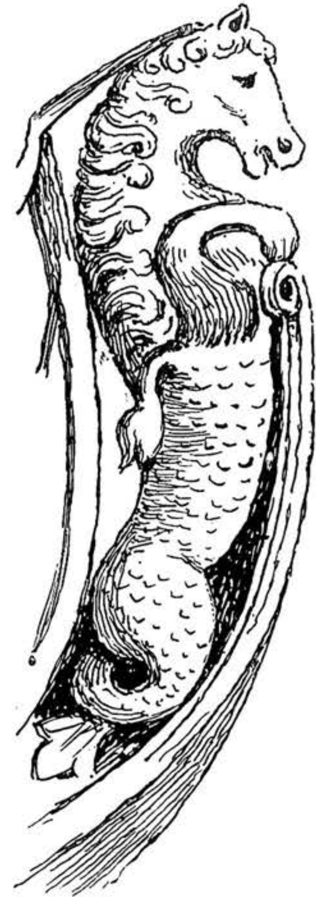


FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "SEAHORSE," IN WHICH NELSON SERVED AS MIDSHIPMAN.

Mr. Clark Russell says, with reference to the decay of figure-heads, "Whatever the new fashions may be termed, the old ones are yielding to them, and the figurehead proper survives **chiefly**

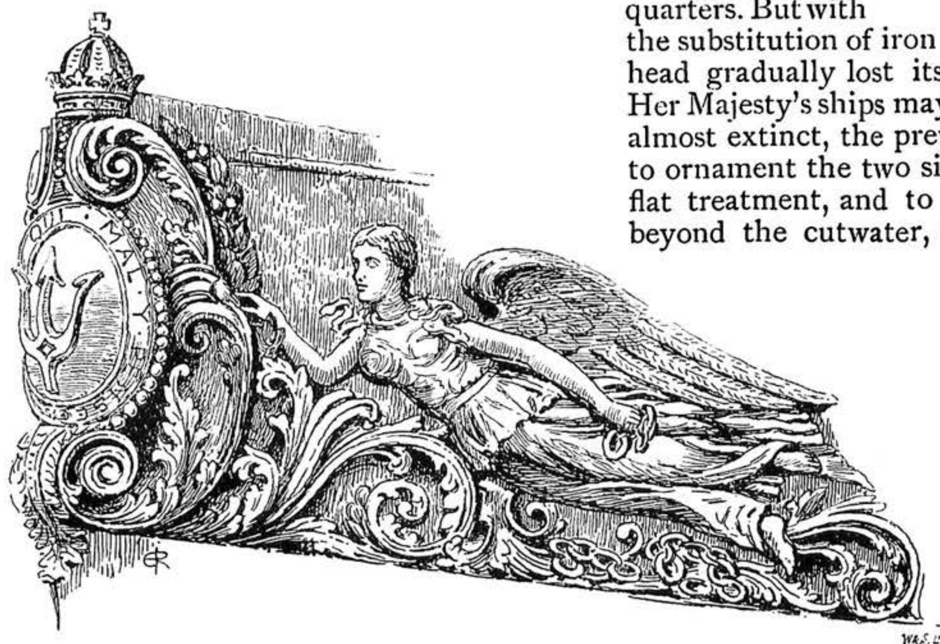


FIGURE-HEAD OF MODERN IRONCLAD. (FROM H.M.S. "NEPTUNE.")

FIGURE-HEAD OF H.M.S. "EDINBURGH."

—I will not say only—in ships of a type not likely to be replaced when they go to the bottom, or are sold for ice or coal hulks."

The affection entertained by the old salt for the figure-head of his ship, and which the modern scroll-work, like the *Neptune's*, can scarcely inspire, is well illustrated in the following letter, which my friend Mr. Stacy Marks,

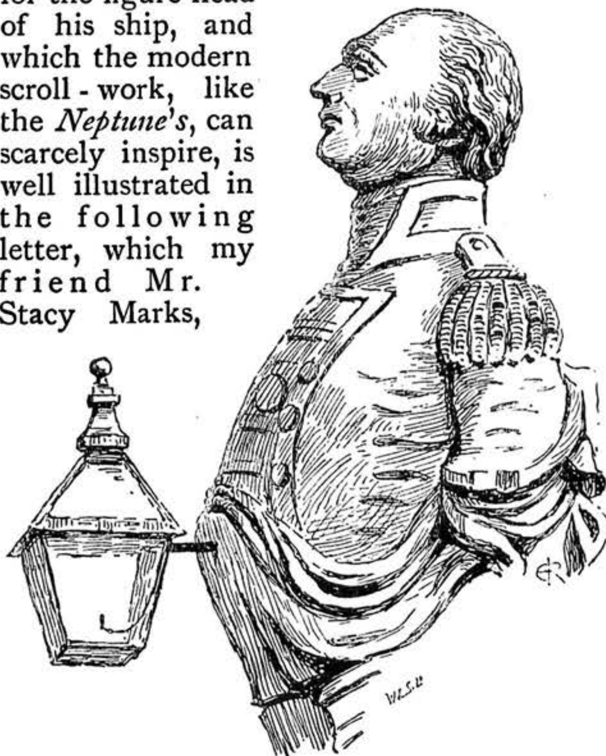


FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "COLLINGWOOD."

R.A., has kindly allowed me to make public. Mr. Marks was at Lewes in 1879, the year in which he painted his picture of "Old Friends"—now in the National Gallery of Sydney, the subject being two old Greenwich pensioners in their quaint costume (now, alas ! like the figure-heads, a thing of the past)—standing in a ship-breaker's yard, gazing at the effigy which had formerly adorned the stem of their old ship. While at Lewes, Mr. Marks met an old man-of-war's man, and, in the course of conversation, happened to describe his picture, and mentioned that one of the heads introduced was a Highlander. The old man thought the

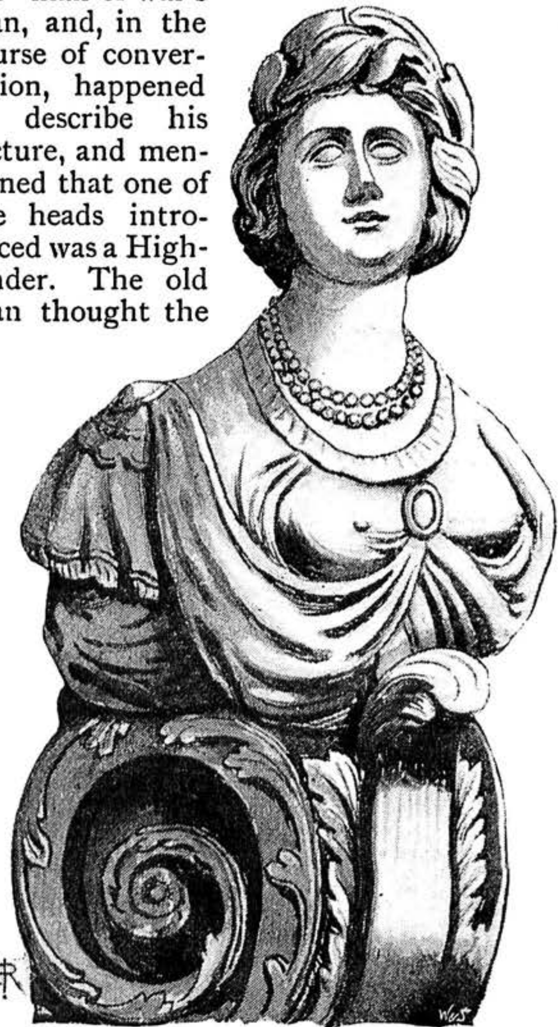


FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "SHANNON."

Highlander was from his own ship, the *Edinburgh*, and Mr. Marks, on his return home, sent him a copy of a photograph of the painting. The letter was in acknowledgment of the gift :—

Lewes Castle, Oct. 11/79.

SIR,—I am much obliged for sending me the figure-head of my old ship, the *Edinburgh*. Sir i am confident its her head the more i look at it the more i reconise it. She was built in 1812 and i believe she fell into the hands of the ship breaker to break

her up in the Liberal Goverment's reign. (Childers to wit)

I am Sir
Your humble servant
JAMES MORGAN.

Sir i will have it framed and keep in rememberance of you and the old ship.— J. M.

The sketch represents the figure-head as it now stands in Messrs. Castle's yard in the Vauxhall Bridge-road, and it has for neighbours the *Leander* and the *Collingwood;* the latter, it will be noticed, continues his career of usefulness by carrying a gas lamp in an extremely painful position. These vessels were broken up about the year 1866.

FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "VICTORY" AT THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

One of the most interesting figure-heads in the Naval Exhibition is that of the *Shannon*, whose encounter with the *Chesapeake* off Boston on June 1, 1813, will always be a glorious page in the history of England's Navy. Captain Broke, her commander, who had had his eye on the *Chesapeake* for some time, addressed to Captain Lawrence, of the latter vessel, a letter of challenge, which (to use the words of James's Naval History) "for candour, manly spirit, and gentlemanly style, stands unparalleled." This is one of the passages in the letter:—"As the *Chesapeake* appears now ready for sea, I request you will do me the favour to meet the *Shannon* with her, ship to ship, to try the fortune of our respective flags." How the fight ended, and how the Bostonians were disappointed in their expectations of seeing the Britisher whipped, is a thrice-told tale, and need not be repeated here. A prophetic bard of the period sang:—

"And as the war they did provoke,
We'll pay them with our cannon;
The first to do it will be Broke
In the gallant ship the *Shannon*."

FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "BLACK PRINCE."

glorious career, and it is believed that it was the third, a shield with a crown over and supported by a sailor on the starboard and a marine on the port side, which she carried at the Battle of Trafalgar. At the present day the old ship still has the shield and crown, but the supporters are two gigantic cherubs, and these Turner, with characteristic contempt for accuracy, has represented in his picture of the battle which belongs to Greenwich Hospital, but is now to be seen at the Naval Exhibition.

FIGURE-HEAD OF H.M.S. "AJAX."

FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "BRITANNIA."

Mr. Robert C. Leslie, in his interesting book "Old Sea Wings, Ways, and Words in the Days of Oak and Hemp," tells us that, "owing to neglect, and still more, perhaps, to the material—mostly English elm — used by ship carvers, very old figure-heads are not common;" and from my own investigation of the subject, I should say they are practically extinct. There is also great difficulty in locating those that have survived, and this arises partly from the fashion of continuing the names of ships after the original owners of the names have passed away, and also from some of the old ships having several figure-heads, which were changed according to the fancy of the captain or first lieutenant. Nelson's *Victory* had, in fact, four figure-heads at different periods of her

FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "CANOPUS."

There is a good collection of figure-heads in Devonport Dockyard, of which the sketches here given are typical examples. The *Black Prince* belonged to the ship of that name, which is now in commission; the *Ajax* recalls the fate of her commander, Captain Boyd, R.N., who was drowned at Kingstown on the 9th February, 1861, while gallantly striving to save life when fourteen vessels were lost in the harbour in a

FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "GRIMALDI."

terrible gale from the N.E. Other heads here given are from the *Canopus*, a ship taken from the French, and considered in her day the fastest sailer in the squadron; and the *Britannia*, now the training-ship for Naval cadets.

The sketches of the *Grimaldi* and *Eliza Jane* are examples of the figureheads met with in small coasting vessels.

The *Eliza Jane* is, I believe, still afloat.

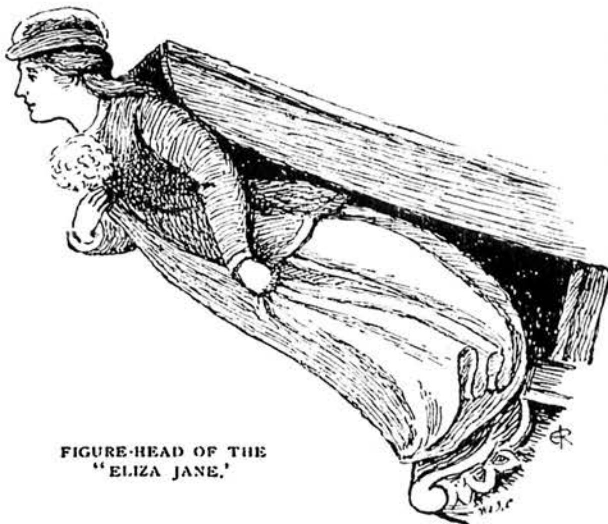


FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "ELIZA JANE."

She is a schooner of about 150 tons, and, judging from the costume, was built in the year 1855. It was amusing to watch, as I did in a West country harbour, the artist of the ship painting *Eliza Jane* with the brightest colours which his palette could furnish. The bouquet of flowers took him about a day to work up, and the amount of vermilion exhausted on the lips was prodigious.

In the same West country harbour I came across the old *Grimaldi*, a collier brig, a "Geordie," in fact—see Mr. Clark Russell for a description of this kind of craft. The local seamen told me the *Grimaldi* was ninety years old, and as sound as a bell, and

FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "CALEDONIA."

as Grimaldi was born in 1779, the age of the brig was, perhaps, not exaggerated. The figure was very comical, and there were distinct traces of a goose hanging out of the clown's starboard pocket. I heard with sorrow that the poor old *Grimaldi* was lost with all hands a few months after I had sketched her.

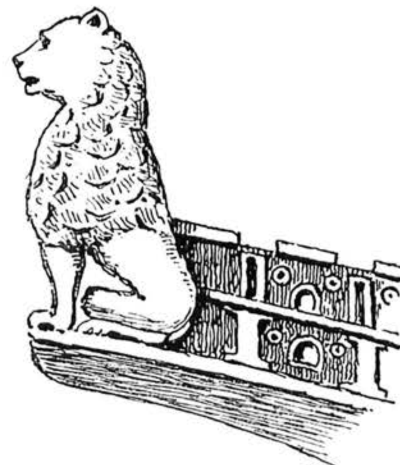


FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "GREAT HARRY."

The *Caledonia* is a picturesque figure. The figure-head of the *Great Harry*, Henry the Eighth's enormous vessel, represented the accompanying quaint image of the British Lion.

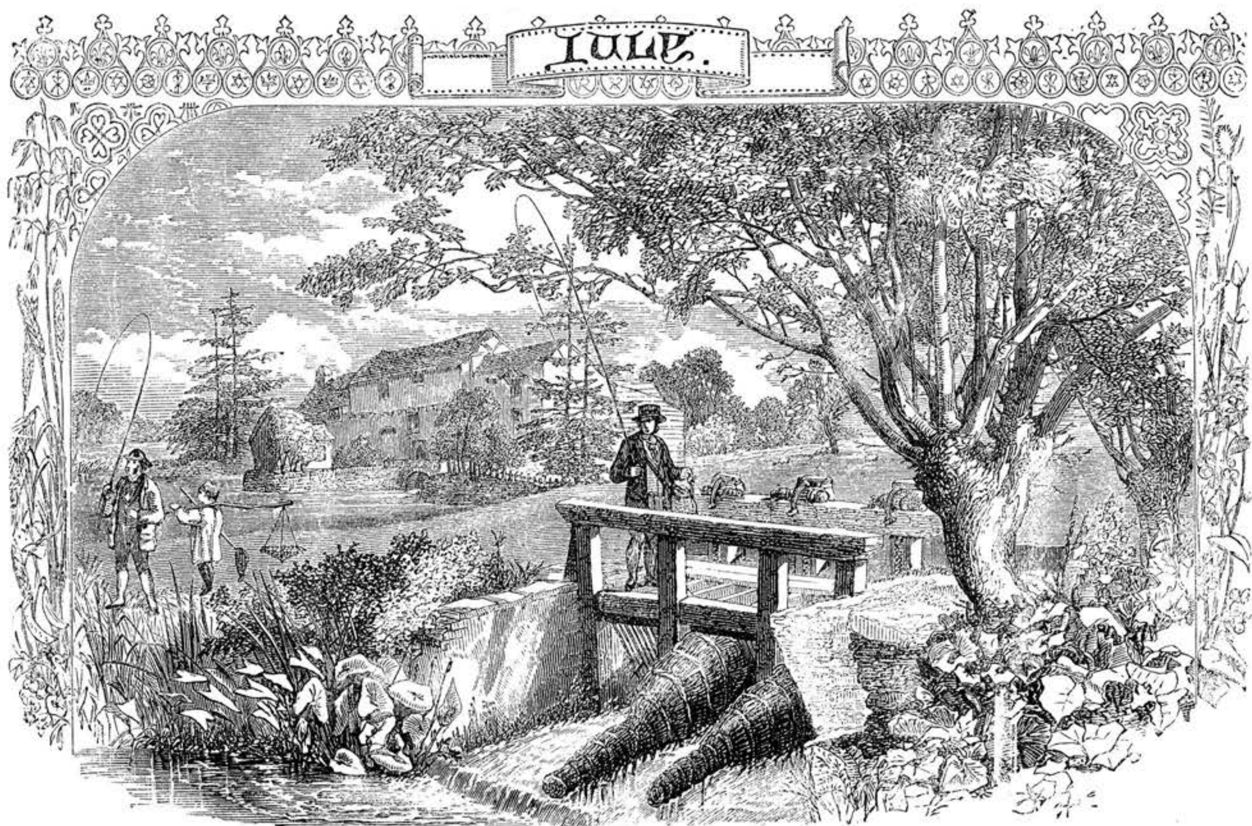
Lord Dufferin, in his charming book, "Letters from High Latitudes," pays great honour to the figure-head of his yacht *Foam*. "I remained on board to superintend the fixing of our sacred figure-head—executed in bronze by Marochetti, and brought along with me by rail still warm from the furnace." His Lordship apostrophises the effigy in some graceful verses, from which I quote the following stanzas :—

"Our progress was your triumph duly hailed
By Ocean's inmates ; herald dolphins played
Before our stem, tall ships that sunward sailed
With stately curtseys due obeisance paid.

What marvel, then, if when our wearied hull
In some lone haven found a brief repose,
Rude hands, by love made delicate, would cull
A grateful garland for your goddess brows?"

We cannot give a more fitting conclusion to these slight notes than the figure-head of the old *Nile*, a remarkably realistic portrait bust of Lord Nelson, after he had lost his eye.

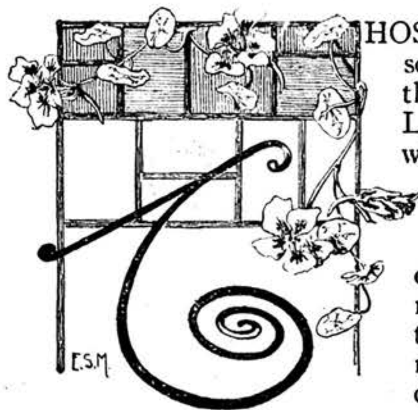
FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "NILE."



FISHING.

Illustrated London Almanack, 1860

AN OLD ROMAN'S BILL OF FARE.



THOSE who in their school-days used the Public School Latin Primer, will probably remember an example of something or other—we cannot at this distance of time remember precisely what it was—which ran, "De gustibus non est disputandum." It was Horace who was originally responsible for this remark, and though we do not know what it was that prompted him to make it, it appears to us highly probable, when we come to consider the dishes which they used to indulge in in those days, that he referred to the somewhat peculiar tastes of the Roman nobility in matters of eating and drinking.

Tastes in those days differed very materially from ours, and though our modern French neighbours imitate the ancients to some extent in the mixing of their *plats*, their dishes are simplicity itself when compared with the marvels of complicated ingenuity which used to grace the tables of patricians in the palmy days of the Roman Empire.

The descendants of Augustus certainly liked things rich; and the more varied the component parts of their dishes were, the more they enjoyed them. Roast beef or roast turkeys were ultra-plebeian dishes, and a well-bred noble would have turned up his aristocratic Cæsarean nose at any course had it been much less complicated than a *salacacaby*.

The above-named dish was invented by one Apicius Coelius, a patrician who flourished in the time of Tiberius. This gentleman was the Beeton of the Latins; he wrote a book, which happily is still extant, called "De Re Coquinaria," wherein he treated the art of cooking from a scientific point of view, and expatiated upon the proper methods of

preparing all the fashionable nastinesses of the period.

As a sample of the recipes contained in this work, that for concocting a *salacacaby* might be mentioned here; and it will be seen that we have not exaggerated when we accuse the ancients of mixing. "Bruise in a mortar parsley seed, dried mint, dried pennyroyal, ginger, coriander, stoned raisins, mustard seed, and a few boned anchovies. Add salt, oil, wine, honey (the Roman equivalent for sugar), pepper, and vinegar, and stir up well. Then mix in a cacabulum, with three crusts of Pycintine bread, the flesh of two pullets, four goats' kidneys, and one goat's tongue, after which throw in vestine cheese, filberts, pine kernels, minced onions, cucumbers and garlic. Set aside in a warm place for three days, then pour a soup over it, garnish with snow, and serve up."

Apicius was a great glutton, too, for, if we are to take Seneca as an authority, he spent in the space of two years, the equivalent of nearly eight hundred thousand pounds of our money upon his food alone. Then he suddenly took it into his head to look over the state of his affairs, and, finding that he had only the equivalent of about a hundred thousand pounds sterling left, he came to the conclusion that such a pittance was not enough to live upon, and so ended his days by poison.

Another dish which seems to have owed its origin to him was a Tetrapharmacon. So far as we can gather, it consisted of four necessary ingredients—they were, a high peacock, a freshly-killed pheasant, the hock and udder of a wild sow, and a bread pudding which was baked over the whole. But this was not all by any means; these merely constituted the base of the dish, so to speak, for they used to throw in all manner of little trifles, such as nightingales, colipha (our collops), fragments of fat pork, etc., all of which tended to give the dish a somewhat rich and varied flavour, which in all probability would not recommend it to the modern-day stomach.

Ragoûts made from peacocks' brains, nightingales', swallows', or parrots' tongues (if the parrots were able to speak the value of the dish was quadrupled), were by no means uncommon *entrées* at the tables of the Emperors, whilst buzzards, ostriches, and phenicoptrices (presumed to be the ptarmigan from Norway) frequently adorned those of the wealthy citizens. Anything, in fact, that was uncommon, hard to obtain, or very expensive, was sure to find a place of honour upon the festive boards of the Court. Indeed, Suetonius says of Nero that, upon one occasion, he had a pheasant served up, over the surface of which was spread a quantity of diamond dust!

If a French cook of the present decade were asked his opinion upon the proper method of preparing venison for consumption, he would probably say that, unless the meat had been hung for at least ten days, it would not be fit to eat. Apicius Coelius, however, differs from this opinion. His method was to have the venison stewed with mustard, honey, wine, oil, pepper, salt, damsons, and oranges as soon after it was killed as could be—whilst the meat was still warm if possible. It had to stew for four hours at least, and whilst it was undergoing this ordeal, the cook had directions to take parsley-seed, juniper bark, juniper berries, garlic, rue, mint, honey, sweet chestnuts, pennyroyal, and one or two other herbs for which our dictionary does not give the English, chop them up very fine, thin the mixture down with hot olive oil, and serve it up as a sauce to the venison when it had stewed the appointed four hours.

As we are upon the subject of sauces, it might not be out of place to mention two kinds: one Garum, their famous green-black sauce which the Romans used to eat with fish, and the other a compound which they were in the habit of using as a flavouring to their fruit. Manufacturers of sauces might do well to study these two recipes, for it is said that history repeats itself, and so, perhaps, they might come into fashion again.

Garum was made as follows:—Fish of the proper kind—generally mackerel—were first selected, their entrails taken out and steeped in vinegar for several days. When these were properly pickled, they were taken out of the vinegar and dried. Then they were pulverised with frumenty, pepper, and a variety of other herbs, such as dandelion root, mint, thyme, etc., after which the resulting blackish powder was ground to a thick syrup with honey, put into jars for some weeks to ferment, and, when needed for the table, mixed with Falernian wine to a proper consistency.

Perhaps this classical concoction may not appeal very forcibly to the *gourmets* who frequent the fashionable restaurants. The Roman fruit sauce, however, will probably prove even less acceptable, and make them exclaim, like Peregrine Pickle, when he and his friends were trying a Roman course, "What beasts these Romans must have been!" We quite agree with him and them, for the following is an almost literal translation of the text of the recipe:—Take pepper, powdered rue, powdered dandelion root, hard-boiled eggs, and mix them well in a mortar. When thoroughly integrated, stir up with hot sour milk and pour over the fruit!

Of course, amongst the patricians under the

Empire, a particular dish was frequently fashionable for the time being, just as a particular style of bonnet would be fashionable for a time amongst the ladies of the present day. At one time it was the Tetrapharmacon, at another the Salacacaby. Hares had their day in Nero's reign, and he made any slave who brought him one a free man. Then came the dormouse craze, and, as a natural consequence, dormice went up to a large premium. They had dormouse soup, dormouse ragoût, dormouse sausage and fritters —in fact, dormouse done in every conceivable way. A gentleman of Galba's time, who rejoiced in the simple name of Lucius Bambonselvergius, so our friend Apicius informs us, wrote a long and learned treatise upon dormice, their habits, and the best way of fattening them for the table. Unfortunately for the cooks of the modern school, however, this valuable book is lost, but it is some consolation to know that Petronius has touched upon the subject. He tells us that dormice get fat by sleeping, and he also gives us several recipes for preparing these little creatures for consumption. Three or four pages of his book are devoted to dormouse sausages, and he then tells us that these should be eaten with a sauce made of poppy seeds or honey. Personally, we should think that morphine and chloroform sauce would be equally good, whilst the effect would be about the same. Petronius, however, did not know of these drugs, or he might possibly have introduced them in the *Materia Coquinaria* of the time.

Julius Cæsar had a great *penchant* for that whitebait of the Romans, the lamprey. We find it recorded of him by Suetonius that, upon the occasion of his first triumph, he bought six thousand pounds of them; but our historian does not say whether he ate them all himself or not, nor even whether he paid for them.

Of the kitchen utensils which were used in those times we know very little; but one fact which has come down to us through the works of Apicius seems worthy of notice. It is that tinned saucepans were used in his time by the moderately rich citizens, and silver ones by the very wealthy nobles.

Cleanliness in matters of cooking seems to have been a kind of *sine quâ non* to Apicius, and he says that on no account should such a thing as a steel or iron knife be used in a kitchen, for it gives a taste to whatsoever it touches. As a substitute, therefore, in patrician kitchens, a silver knife was always used for cutting up meat, and one made of amber for preparing the vegetables.

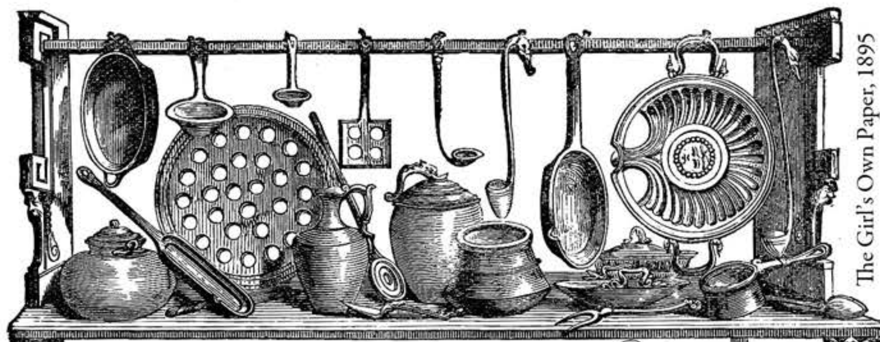
Though time and climatic influence have changed the tastes of man, especially of the Englishman, almost past recognition, we have still a few dishes amongst us which owe their origin purely to the Romans. Brawn, for instance, is made now in exactly the same way as was set forth in "De Re Coquinaria" eighteen hundred and odd years ago. Asparagus with egg sauce graced the tables of Pliny, Petronius, and Mæcenas, though the asparagus was much larger than ours. Pliny the Younger says in one of his epistles that of the large ones three, or even less, went to the pound, which is equivalent to saying that each stick weighed four ounces avoirdupois.

Apple dumplings seem to have been first introduced during the reign of Augustus by one Galladus, of whom nothing further is known; but Apicius devotes five pages to their preparation, and so they must have been fashionable in his time.

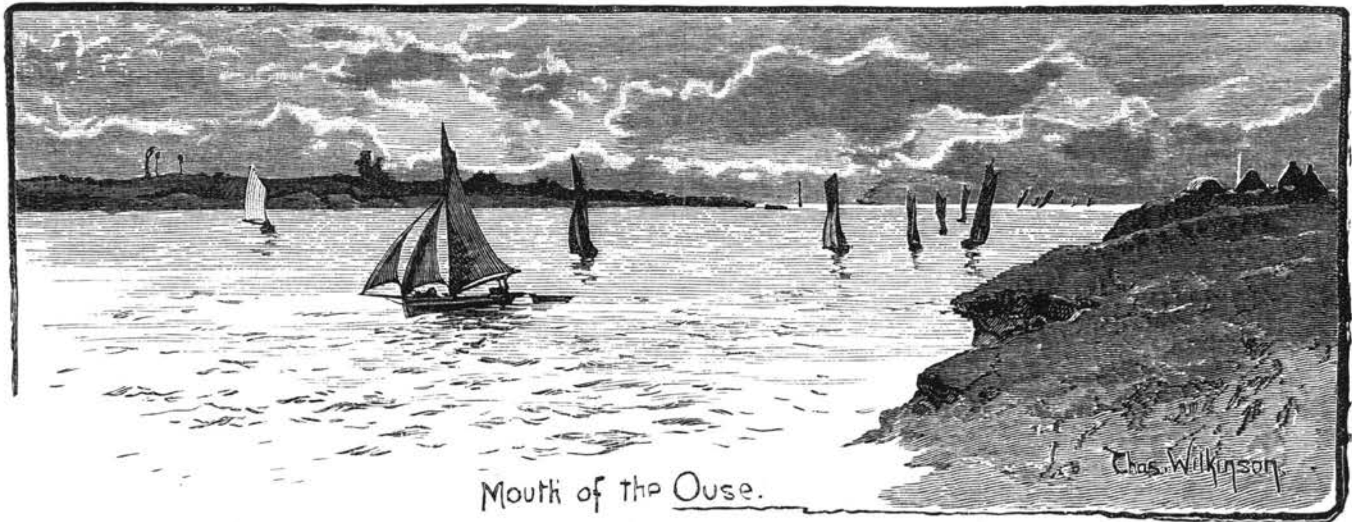
Apicius also invented sausages stuffed into skins, and one of the particular kinds of sausage which he tells us how to make may still be met with in England under the name of black pudding.

Twenty years ago cow-heel and calves'-foot jelly were quite common dishes in this country, as eighteen centuries ago they were common dishes in Rome. They were prepared in exactly the same way, and in all probability tasted the same. They fell into disuse, and became unknown in Rome, in the same way as half a century or so hence they will probably have become unknown to Englishmen, and will only exist in the memories of the "oldest inhabitants" as an unstable dream of the past.

HANS J. S. CASSAL.



The Girl's Own Paper, 1895



PRACTICAL POINTS OF LAW.

BY A LAWYER.

INTRODUCTORY.

EVERYBODY is supposed to know the law.

Ignorance of the law is no excuse for breaking it.

Railway companies and others are empowered by the law to make bye-laws.

Some of these bye-laws are binding on the public; others are not.

People bind themselves by the contracts they enter into.

Even when not fully appreciating the consequences of their own acts.

Certain persons are protected from the consequences of their own acts.

Such persons are infants, lunatics, and in special cases married women.

A legal infant is a person who is under twenty-one years of age.

A legal lunatic is a person declared to be of unsound mind by the Lunacy Commissioners.

People must abide by their bargains.

Thus, when one man said to another, "If you give me a guinea now I will give you a thousand guineas on your wedding-day," the Court held that the man who received the guinea was bound by his bargain.

"The buyer must look after himself" is one maxim.

"A man is not obliged to cry stinking fish" is another.

Therefore, when you desire to purchase a certain article, see that you get it; if you are put off with an inferior imitation you have nobody but yourself to blame.

If you pay for an article at the time when the order is made for it, you are not bound to accept an article inferior to the one ordered; on the contrary, you should decline to take it, and insist on your order being properly carried out or your money returned.

Always ask for a receipt. Especially when goods are sent to your address, or your address is known to the seller.

If you cannot produce your receipt, you may be forced to pay two or three times over for the same article.

If the receipt is for two pounds or upwards, it must have a penny stamp on it.

"A man may be pardoned for mistaking facts, but not for mistaking the law."

This and the following papers will teach you several facts worth knowing, and in them you may learn a little about the law.

TRAVELLING.

IF you lose your ticket in an omnibus, you cannot be compelled to pay your fare over again, if the conductor admits that you have already paid your fare.

If you lose your ticket in a tramcar, you are bound to purchase another one if the inspector demands your ticket, even though the conductor declares that you paid him for one.

A cabman is entitled to charge twopence extra for every package carried outside, but nothing for a bicycle unless he has arranged to carry it on certain terms.

If you do not travel in the cab on which your luggage is carried, the amount of the fare becomes a matter of bargain, which you should settle beforehand.

The driver of a cab licensed for two passengers is not entitled to charge extra for a third person who has ridden in his cab; but not to pay something extra for the third person would be the height of meanness.

In the country the fare for one to four or five persons is usually the same, whether luggage is carried or not.

If you step on or off an omnibus whilst it is in motion, you cannot successfully claim damages against the company if an accident occurs, unless the fact of the omnibus being in motion was solely due to the fault of the conductor or driver.

If you enter a train whilst in motion, you render yourself liable to a fine under the company's bye-laws.

If you lose your luggage on the railway after it has been properly labelled and delivered into the custody of one of the company's servants, a guard or a porter, the company will have to make good the loss.

If you leave your luggage at a railway station for half an hour or so, telling a porter to keep an eye on it, and your luggage is lost or stolen, the company will not be liable for the loss. You should have left it in the cloak-room.

If you travel on the railway beyond your destination, you must pay the excess fare, unless you have been misled by the company's time-tables or misdirected by one of their servants.

If you travel without a ticket, you need only pay the fare from the station where you joined the train to your destination.

NOTES BY AN ARTIST NATURALIST.

THIS is the month to see the most striking and certainly some of the most beautiful of our wild flowers in perfection. By the side of any stream the loosestrife, willow herb, blue meadow, cranes-bill and meadowsweet are conspicuous objects. Indeed, the meadowsweet might be called the flower of July, as it grows in profusion in all the ditches, attracting notice by its scent as well as form, and is quite a note in the landscape. It succeeds the wild roses of June, and is a most decorative plant, and one I have frequently introduced into my work. The meadowsweet belongs to the rose tribe, little as it may appear to the casual observer like a rose, but in natural botany plants are classed according to the arrangement of their stamens and seed-vessels, and this brings together as cousins many apparently dissimilar flowers. It also separates others, as in the case of the limnanth, which has leaves exactly like the white water-lily, and bears delicate yellow flowers of five petals. It can be found growing side by side with the "Nymph of the rivers," and one would say it must be closely related: yet this is not so, as it belongs to the gentians. The white water-lily flowers during June and July, and on the Thames is frequently met with in the back-waters and wherever the stream is not too rapid. It is first-cousin to the giant lily of the Amazon, the Victoria Regina, which by the way can be seen growing in Kew Gardens—though hardly in perfection, I imagine.

I am inclined to think, though this may be because I have for some time lived in a village on the Thames, that the flowers which grow in the vicinity of water are the most beautiful of any that we possess. Of this I am sure that the edge of a stream is a very happy situation for flowers and plants, either when reflected in the water or seen against it, as one does when walking along the bank. Old Isaac Walton says—

> "Let me live harmlessly, and near the brink
> Of Thames or Avon have my dwelling-place,
> Where I can sit and watch my float down sink
> At eager bite of perch, or bleak or dace."

but though I have carried out his wish practically I haven't the old angler's enthusiasm for watching a float, and very rarely trouble to throw a line into the Thames with a "fool at one end and a worm at the other," as Johnson might have said in one of his frank outbursts. Fishing is a capital excuse for sitting out in warm weather to slowly drink in the beauty of the day and prospect, for I am not keen enough an angler to enjoy the sample of weather reserved for him. Much comes to one that one does not go for, just as it does when one is sketching out of doors. Fish come to the surface, and you may see a trout or a barbel jump right out of the water, and the bleak and small roach and dace leap out as a jack or perch shoots into a shoal to make a meal. It may be your fortune, too, to see a kingfisher fly off with a fish in its mouth or a heron alight and wade in on the shallows, and with his head bent and beak pointing downwards keep motionless until its head darts forward, and having secured his prey flies off with stately flight to eat it at his ease. Rats come out of their holes and swim across the river, while dragon-flies dart about and swallows skim the surface after insects. These sights are not often seen if you go out in a business-like way to see them, but while sitting quietly at your work, be it sketching or fishing, many a little drama is enacted before you which the restless individual never sees.

In the marshy country by the Norfolk broads I have found the grass of Parnassus with its delicate white flowers, each on a tall slender stalk. It belongs to the sundews, our representative of the insect-eating plants, which are also found growing in boggy places. The spearwort is another flower I have gathered in Norfolk. This belongs to the buttercups, but though the flower resembles our familiar yellow friends of the fields, the leaves are long and

tapering somewhat like an iris. The frog-bit, with its three-petalled white flowers, somewhat like the flowers of the arrow-head and the water-soldier, which rises to the surface to flower, and then sinks, with its flowers set in the centre of its leaves, edged like a saw, I have seen in Norfolk, though neither of them grow in the upper reaches of the Thames. On the other hand we have two flowers, the fritillary and snowflake; plants very locally distributed, and both found in abundance about here. In tidal rivers and in salt marshes, the aster, with its numerous blue star-like flowers, and the horned poppy may be found, the latter a striking plant with its glaucous green leaves.

The teasel, sometimes growing five to six feet high, and dock, are conspicuous plants in July when both are in flower. The latter is a strikingly decorative plant with its long broad leaves of many colours, green, purple, yellow and red, and its purple brown seeds, and I have frequently used it in screens. Along the river some very large clumps of it are to be seen. The fig-wort with its tall, square, purplish stem, three to four feet high, round seed vessels, and inconspicuous reddish purple flowers, and the toad-flax, looking like a yellow snap-dragon, are also common plants in July. One must not forget to mention too, the water plantain, not unlike asparagus in growth, and the beautiful flowering rush with its umbels of pink flowers. It is a conspicuous plant growing three to four feet high among the rushes and flags. The common reed with its long spear-like leaves and feathery-purplish flowers, covers large tracts of marshy land in Norfolk, and is now the only place where the bearded tit is to be found. It is a beautiful bird having conspicuous tufts of black feathers growing by the side of each eye, which has the appearance of a beard. Among these reed fronds the bittern is occasionally found, and in the winter wild ducks, snipe and many of the rarer birds are to be seen. This reed (*Arundo phragmites*) is to be found in some of the backwaters of the Thames, but like the bulrush, it prefers a muddy slow stream, or stagnant water. The wild iris or yellow flag is plentiful all along the river, but has by July ceased flowering, and has developed its triangular seed-pods, which later in the year split open and disclose the reddish round seeds. The plant which has similar flag-like leaves, only that they are crimped at the edges, is the sweet flag. The leaves, if crushed in the hand, are highly aromatic, not unlike walnut leaves, and were probably the reeds used by the Saxons to strew on their floors, and in Norfolk it is said to be strewn on the floors of churches on festival days. The flower of this scented flag is quite inconspicuous, being merely a greenish spathe growing low down so that it is rarely seen, and many people therefore think that it does not flower.

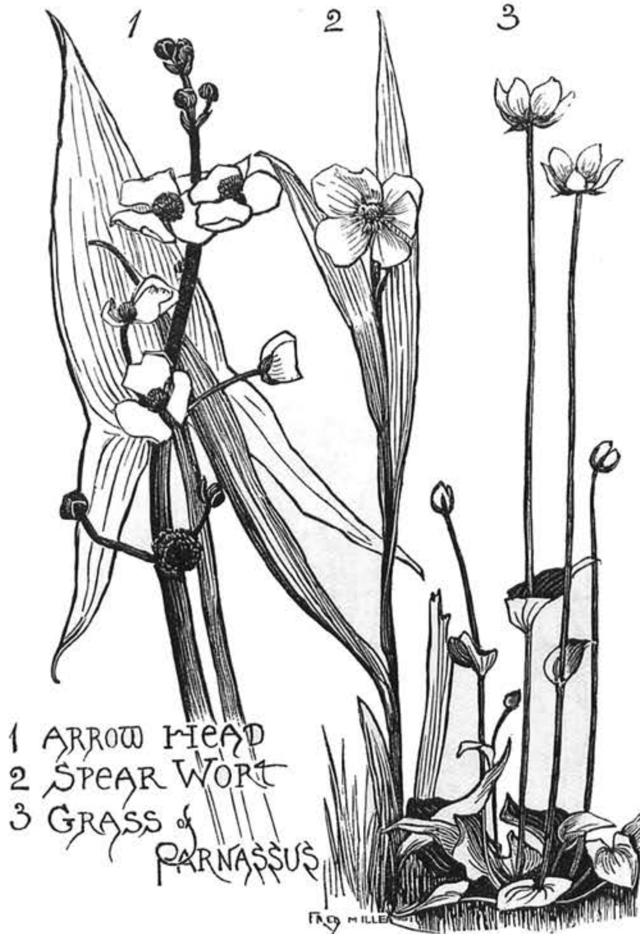
The lime trees are in bloom this month, and in the evening the scent given off from a row of trees in the village is powerfully fragrant. What is known as honey-dew drops off the limes like globules of gum. This was particularly noticeable in the hot summer of 1893.

By the third week in July the harvest has begun in all the southern counties, and in Sussex, where the land is forward, wheat is frequently carried before July is out. Rye is the first to be cut, but there is not nearly as much of this corn grown in this country as on the continent, and rye bread is a thing unknown here. Winter oats come next, then wheat. Barley and beans follow, and it is no uncommon thing for these latter to be out when the snow comes. The old plan of letting out the harvest to the men for a stipulated sum is seldom

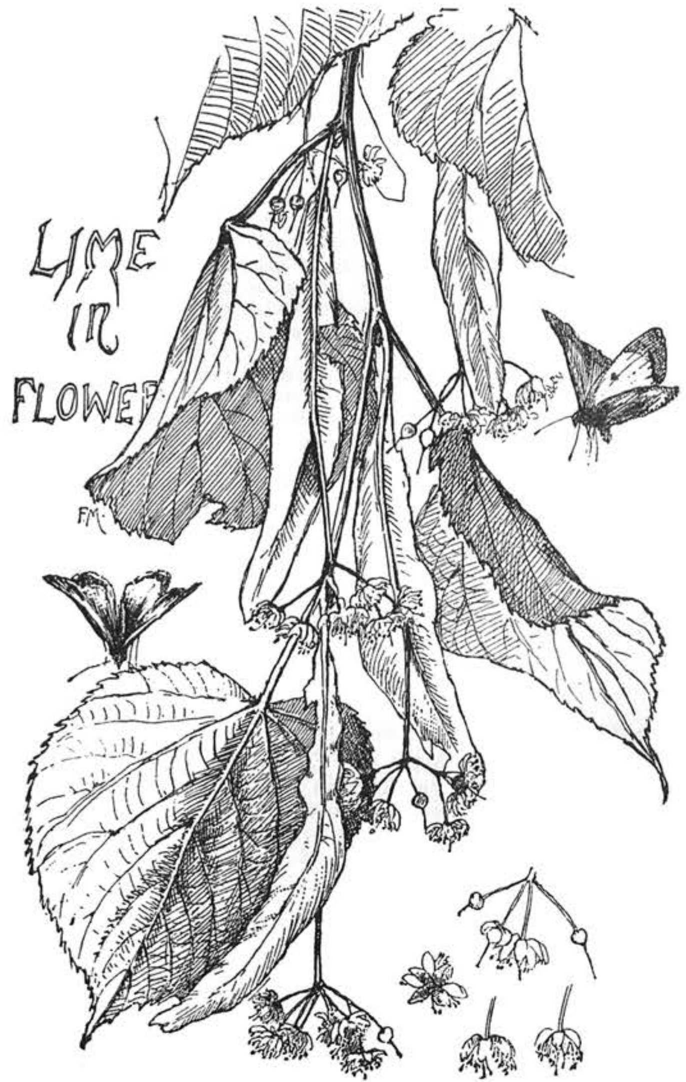
THE EDGE OF AN OAT FIELD.

followed now, as so much of the corn is cut and tied by the self-binders. When corn was "fagged" with a sickle, the whole of a village were in the fields, the women and children making bands and tying, the men reaping, and shocking and carting. The villagers worked from early till late, for the sooner harvest was finished the better was it for all concerned. Harvest men used to go about the country (many coming over from Ireland), and beginning in the south work their way northward where the harvest was later, but around me few casual hands are taken on, for machines do the work so rapidly that the ordinary farm hands are sufficient to get through the harvest. Harvest at one time was looked forward to as the great event of the year and as a time of plenty, and when the last load was taken home, boots and clothes were bought for the year, rent was paid, and occasionally a few days holiday taken to see friends and relatives who had left their native villages to find work amid new scenes. I remember as a child staying in a Cambridgeshire village during harvest-time, and the recollection of the light-hearted activity and good-humoured toil of the whole place is an abiding one. Everyone looked forward to the time, and though the work was hard, yet all appeared contented and each did his share with a will. "Man should rejoice in his labour for that is his portion." The few who did not work in the fields were at home cooking for those at harvest, or taking the meals into the fields, and even the older women and young children took their turn at gleaning. For once in their lives each year the villagers had more than supplied their immediate wants: they were as rich as the richest then.

July is not the most paintable month in the year, especially in midday, when everything is seen under the glare of a hot sun. The effect of this white heat is not picturesque when adequately rendered, for trees look black and everything appears cut up and scattered. There is a want of unity and effect, for everything has an equal value, being seen too much in detail. In the evening, on the other hand, objects mass themselves and nature simplifies herself, only the salient features standing out. This is the time to paint, and those who have been disheartened by failure to do anything in the glare of the sun should pluck up and try an evening effect. Places become absolutely beautiful in the evening which are quite commonplace in strong light. There is a village near me, Ewelme, where there is a well-preserved Tudor church and some quaint red-brick almshouses crowning a hill. I saw it for the first time one evening when the buildings were seen *en silhouette* against the sky, and I was enthusiastic about the place;



DOCK AND LOOSESTRIFE.



than is a prisoner when he comes out of jail. One notices the change after one has been enjoying the luscious abundance of the meadows, with their oxeye daisies, sorrel, cranesbills and meadowsweet, but by this time the corn is becoming the feature in the landscape, and the joys that nature gives are quite equal to those she takes away. On the other hand this year (1893), owing to the long spell of dry weather and hot sun, most of the hay is stacked by the middle of June. This season has been so exceptional that it is worth while making a note about it. Since the beginning of March we have only had one afternoon's rain, and now we are in the third week in June, and during this time we have had almost continuous sunshine. Apples are now quite large, currants are ripe and will be over in a week or so, wild roses are getting over, and lilies, campanulas and carnations are in full bloom in the gardens, while meadowsweet and loosestrife are in flower by the river. Wheat is in ear, and so is barley and oats, and in short everything is quite four weeks earlier than usual. The fields are as burnt up as they are in a hot summer in August, and the drought is making itself severely felt in this part of the country, which is naturally hot. On the hills people are giving five shillings a barrel for water, or twopence per pailful, a state of things difficult for us to imagine who have water in abundance. Ordinary garden flowers like pansies, campanulas, sweet peas and dahlias can only be kept

and yet friends who have gone at my suggestion and have only seen it in the glare of a midday sun (especially after a hot dusty walk of two miles from the nearest point on the river) come back with a most injured air, to say how disappointed they were with the place —that they could see nothing in it, a reflection upon one's judgment. If they had seen Ewelme as I first did my friends would have been spared their disappointment, and my reputation as a guide to the picturesque might have received a warranty. I have seen some most beautiful effects while walking to bathe in the evening when the crimson and orange of the sunset is whisked into the faint blue, and the meadows appear a warm, soft, russet-green, and the dew rises heavily obscuring all objects low down, while the cattle nearer the eye stand out sculpturesque against the white mist. One feels that one can do something with such a subject, "when the long day wanes and the slow moon climbs," and you may depend upon it that one is not likely to be successful when one does not feel drawn to the subject.

Most of the hay is in by the second week in July, though in some wet seasons hay-making trends upon the heels of harvest. When the hay is all cut and carted the fields have a shorn, bare appearance that is not more picturesque

alive by daily watering, while ten week stocks, asters and zinnias are stunted in growth, and will do very little good this season, as they do not make root growth. Last year I sowed a quantity of annuals such as larkspur, escholtzia, linum and poppies in a part of the garden and many of these seeded themselves, and this year among the potatoes I have many annuals in bloom. Poppies and escholtzias appear to stand the drought better than anything, doubtless owing to the long tap root they send into the ground, which enables them to get moisture which the shallower rooted plants do not obtain. I have rather despised annuals hitherto, but I can see that at least they are a second string to one's bow in gardening, for many herbaceous plants like hollyhocks cannot stand the drought. I shall certainly scatter some mixed seed in my borders this autumn, for I find that autumn sown annuals are stronger and more forward than spring sown ones. I just walked up to a garden I have away from the house to see what plants had stood the heat and drought, and was astonished to see how freely the Shirley poppies were blooming. Some which sowed themselves against a wall on the gravel have done as well as any, showing how capable they are of thriving in an arid situation. The escholtzias, or Californian poppies, growing among the potatoes are blooming profusely. Bartonia aurea, with its handsome golden flowers and thistle-like foliage, and sweet sultan, are also in bloom, as well as some self-sown larkspur and cornflowers. The sunflowers too look promising.

Among the conspicuous flowers in a garden in bloom during July are gaillardias, delphiniums, campanulas, Iceland poppies, mimulus cardinalis, potentillas, salvias, bergamot, veronicas, erigeron, evening primrose, sunflowers, Indian pinks, everlasting flowers, linaria and lilies.

A pair of fly-catchers built their nest two years in some ivy just above one of the windows, hatched four young ones, and in three weeks and a few days they were ready for flight. We often watched the old birds as we sat indoors flying constantly to and fro with insects to feed their eternally hungry children. The old birds would alight on the top of the open casement before perching on their nest. To show that birds do not always hide their nest these fly-catchers placed theirs in the most conspicuous place, where there were no leaves to hide it, as it merely rested on the thick stems of the ivy. Another pair have built almost in the same spot this year. A faggot heap is a favourite place for birds to build in, and in my yew tree and hollies I generally have two or three thrushes build, though this year a pair half finished a nest and then forsook it. Towards the end of July swallows and martins begin to congregate, and the swift flies southwards, being rarely seen after July.

HOME-MADE ICES.

I WILL commence by stating that this paper is intended for the sole use of amateurs; by which I mean those who not only have never made an "ice" in their lives, but who, perhaps, have never entertained the idea that they could make one; and to such I will endeavour to prove that it is a simple matter to manipulate a score; indeed, so far as suggesting variety is concerned, my difficulty will be to know where to stop. It would be useless to speak here of the professional system of making ices, because the "freezer" and "spatula" are not in the possession of ordinary people, neither could time be given to the process, which is tedious, whereas in following out the "blocking" system the ices are, in a great measure, independent of attention.

The necessary utensils—which ought to be found in every house—are a bucket, or small tub, or pan, of earthenware or zinc, and a tin mould, having a close-fitting lid. Any size or shape will do, so that it is water-tight, and the lid really fits; if at all loose, a piece of stout calico should be laid over the top of the mould before the lid is put on. I know of nothing that will answer the purpose better than a "Devonshire cream" tin, which is a plain round canister, but having loops of tin on the lid and canister too, it can be securely tied down; besides, as the cream is sent in them to all parts of the country, they are of better make than the ordinary tins, containing mustard, coffee, &c., which, as a rule, will not hold water. A cake tin, or jelly mould, will answer your purpose, but the rim must be plain—a fluted one will not do—to fit which any tinman would make a lid for a few pence.

For a mould that holds a quart or thereabouts, you will need from fifteen to twenty pounds of ice, according to the weather and the nature of your preparation. In winter time it may probably be collected from your own tubs and pails; but if you buy it at a fishmonger's, ask for "table ice," and you'll get the right thing. Don't have that in which fish has been packed. Presuming, therefore, that you have to purchase it, it will cost but about a penny a pound, and as a quart mould would be sufficient for a dozen people, the extra expense (taking into consideration that the dish is a real treat) is not much. More than half the weight of ice would, however, be required to freeze a pint; so it is cheaper in proportion to make the larger quantity, as for two quarts not more than twenty-four to twenty-six pounds would be needed. I am giving the maximum amount when the weather is really hot, and the recipes are, in most cases, for one quart, and can easily be reduced or increased at pleasure by the reader.

Now for the process, which, besides being simpler than that of "freezing" proper, referred to at the commencement, is cheaper as well, though I do not claim that ices "blocked"—though they are equally delicious and refreshing—are so smooth; this is owing to their not having been worked with the "spatula" at intervals during the "freezing."

First cover the bottom of the tub or pan with ice, broken up into pieces the size of an egg, and mixed with common salt. Next set the mould in, and entirely surround it with more broken ice, until the top is reached; then spread another layer of ice and salt—of which a pound or more will be wanted altogether—all over the top of the mould. You see now the necessity for a tight-fitting lid. Set it in a cold place until required. In cool weather it will probably be firm in two hours, but in hot it may require four, or six, so some of the ice must be reserved and added, with salt, the water being drained off from the first supply as it melts; for unless the mould be kept well covered, the mixture will not be uniformly frozen.

I will give instructions for making both cream and water ices, though I think you will probably be more successful with the former, which should be, as their name implies, made from cream; though perhaps few will go to that expense (except those who are fortunate enough to have the run of a dairy); and very good ices may be made with equal parts of milk and cream, or even less of the latter, in some cases, where eggs are used.

Fruit Creams, such as *Raspberry*, *Strawberry*, *Cherry*, *Blackberry*, *Plum*, *Peach*, *Apricot*, *Currant*, &c., are sure to find favour, and all that is necessary in most cases, providing the fruit be ripe, is to rub it through a coarse hair-sieve into the milk and cream, sweeten to taste, and it is ready for blocking. If a sieve is not at hand, the fruit must be squeezed in a cloth and the juice extracted that way. The juice of currants is best drawn off as for jelly, and all fruits not ripe enough to "sieve" easily should first be simmered with the sugar for a few minutes. Three quarters or a pound of fruit, according to quality, and six or eight ounces of sugar, to taste, will be required. A small quantity of lemon-juice will improve most kinds, and those made from stone fruit are further improved by the addition of a few drops of almond essence, or the kernels blanched and pounded, or finely chopped.

Jam can be used instead of fresh fruit in winter time, and added, as before, but in a rather larger proportion. The lemon-juice must not be omitted. Tinned or bottled fruit, by leaving out some of the syrup, may take the place of jam. If the latter happens to be dry or too stiff—sometimes the case with bought preserves—the jar should be set into a saucepan of water, which must be kept boiling until the jam is soft enough to mix with a little of the milk warmed; this will facilitate the "rubbing through" part of the business very much. Any ices for which red fruit is used should be coloured with a few drops of cochineal; otherwise they will have a "muddy" look

Pine-apple Cream is worthy a trial, and the tinned fruit answers even better than fresh, as it is rich and syrupy. If whole or sliced pine is used, it should be simmered in its own syrup with more sugar until tender enough to rub through the sieve, but "grated pine" can be just mixed with the milk and cream; it requires no cooking.

For *Cocoa-nut Cream*—very nice—use about half a large nut, or one small one, and avoid making it too sweet, or it is sickly. Add a grate of nutmeg if the flavour is liked.

The following kinds need a custard foundation, because, unlike the fruit creams, they have no "body," so they need the addition of eggs. Three or four, yolks only, should be used to a pint and a quarter of milk, and half a pint of cream; but if the latter is unobtainable, five or six will be wanted. Make the custard in the usual way by thickening the milk and eggs over the fire in a jug set into a saucepan of boiling water, and when cool add the cream, well beaten, and the flavouring, which may be maraschino, curaçoa, or any other liqueur.

Vanilla Cream is a general favourite. Use the pod if you can get it, and simmer it in the milk; if not, essence will answer.

One table-spoonful of lemon-juice with two of ginger syrup and a couple of ounces of preserved ginger makes *Ginger Cream;* and two ounces or more of sweet almonds, with a few bitter ones, blanched and pounded, is nicer than essence for *Almond Cream.*

For *Orange* or *Lemon Cream* the rinds should be grated, or thinly peeled, and simmered with sugar in the milk, and the juice and cream added when quite cold. The rinds and juice of three or four will probably be wanted, but as fruit varies so much at different seasons of the year it is impossible to say accurately; and the custard must not be poor, or the juice will make it thin. Orange cream is far nicer if a lemon is used as well.

Chocolate Cream is made by mixing with the custard four or six ounces of good cake chocolate, boiled separately in a little milk; vanilla essence—just a dash—will improve this, and it is also necessary for *Coffee Cream*, made in the proportion of half a pint of *very strong clear coffee* to a pint and a half of custard.

I will now pass on to water ices, though I have by no means exhausted my list, yet sufficient variety has doubtless been suggested for the majority of people.

Now here there is greater restriction as to kinds; for only what I may term sharp flavours—such as *Currant*, *Raspberry*, *Lemon*, and *Orange*—are really nice, though others are often served. First, a syrup must be made by boiling together, in the proportion of a pound to a pint, loaf-sugar and water for fifteen minutes or so until thick; then the fruit can be added in the same manner as for cream, or if not quite ripe it can be simmered in the syrup and "sieved" as before. In recommending tinned or bottled fruit for cream ices, I said leave out some of the syrup or juice, but in the case of water ices it can *all* be added. The rinds of oranges or lemons must be boiled in the syrup, but the juice will retain a fresher flavour if added off the fire. The reason for making the syrup instead of adding sugar and water is plain; for it is obvious that solidity must be given in some way, so as to make the mixture a good consistence. The exact proportion of fruit and syrup cannot well be given, so I deemed it better to give the correct mode of making the syrup, the basis of all water ices. So if, for instance, a pint be made, the fruit can be mixed in sufficient quantity to suit the palate.

Currants, black, white, or red, will make a delicious ice. Equal parts of the juice and syrup will be about right.

Lime-juice, too—the genuine unsweetened—about half a tumbler to the quart, will make a refreshing ice for those who like its peculiar flavour. It is generally much cheaper than the "syrups" or "cordials;" so is pure lemon-juice, which answers equally well.

I may mention that *Jellies*, *Blancmanges*, *Creams*, &c., made in the ordinary way with gelatine or isinglass, are often "blocked," which not only renders them more grateful to the palate, but hastens the setting when time is an object. They, it is hardly neces-

sary to say, need not remain in the ice for more than an hour or two, so only a small quantity would be wanted. If put in—for extra convenience—while warm, the mould must be set in without the lid, care being taken to make it firm, and not to allow the ice and salt to come quite to the edge of the mould.

Many kinds of puddings "iced" in this way would furnish a treat at a nominal cost, but they are best put into the ice when cold, and the lid secured, just as for the ices.

Summer Pudding, mentioned in "Picnic Dainties," would be as welcome as any, or one made of alternate layers of sponge-cake, ratafias, and macaroons, each layer covered with boiled custard.

Pine-apple Pudding is a delicious preparation. Arrange the fruit—first cooked in the syrup—and thin slices of cake, or bread, in the mould, filling up with custard and syrup alternately.

The following I can recommend as good and economical. Simmer four ounces of Carolina rice in a pint of milk until cooked, and beat in three or four eggs with sufficient sugar just before removing it from the fire; and when cool, stir in a quarter-pint of cream, or it *may* be dispensed with. Fill up a mould with this mixture and layers of jam, raspberry, currant, or strawberry; or marmalade gives variety. If plum or apricot jam is used, mix an ounce or two of pounded almonds with the rice. If tinned fruit is used instead of jam, the fruit *only* can be put into the mould, and the syrup, also set in the ice, served with the pudding. If preferred, the rice may be blocked separately, with a fruit compôte, or whipped cream, as an accompaniment; and ground rice or, better still, rice-flour may be used.

A very delicious *Pudding Sauce* is made by mixing a quarter-pint of cream with a table-spoonful of red currant jam, a few drops of vanilla essence, and a tea-spoonful of brandy, or with apricot jam and a glass of sherry.

Cocoa-nut Custard Pudding is a Yankee favourite. Boil a grated nut in a pint and a half of milk, add two eggs and a little cream, and pour it over two ounces of grated bread. A grate of nutmeg or pinch of cinnamon is sometimes added.

The foundation for any others into which eggs enter that fancy may dictate to the reader, must be thickened over the fire to cook the eggs.

To turn out all the kinds of ices, jellies, and blanc-manges, dip the mould quickly for a second into hot water, and as quickly dry it with a cloth, and slip the contents into the dish.

In conclusion, I will just say that in making ices on a large scale it is well to provide two kinds, which, being often eaten together, should blend well in flavour. Vanilla Cream with Raspberry, Currant, or Cherry, either cream or water, and Strawberry Cream with Lemon or Orange water are safe combinations. Vanilla and Chocolate Cream, or Coffee Cream, eat well together; so do Apricot and Almond Cream.

But be the kind whatever it may, I think that those who make a trial when "our boys" happen to be at home for the holidays, will not run short of helpers, either in the concoction or the consumption of their ices.

LIZZIE HERITAGE.

PRACTICAL POINTS OF LAW.

BY A LAWYER.

FIRE INSURANCE.

EVERY householder should insure his premises against fire.

And at the same time he should also insure his rent.

Because he will have to continue paying his rent even though the house is utterly destroyed by fire, as long as his term lasts.

If the premises are not insured by the tenant, he should find out from the landlord in what office the latter has insured them.

For this reason, he cannot compel the landlord to expend the insurance money in rebuilding the premises;

But he can give notice to the directors of the insurance company that he requires them not to pay over the money to the landlord, but to expend it on rebuilding the house.

In taking out a policy it is important that the property should be correctly described.

Any material alteration of the property will render the policy void.

Therefore, if any alteration in the building is contemplated, notice should be given to the company.

Who will thereupon send one of their agents to see if the alteration is likely to increase the risk.

The insured must have an interest in the property at the time of effecting the insurance and when the fire happens.

A purchaser of the property, therefore, will not acquire any right to the benefit of the vendor or seller's policy except by a special arrangement with him or with the insurers.

A policy of fire insurance is not assignable without the company's consent.

The insured can only recover for such loss as he has actually sustained.

Therefore, if two parties are interested in the same goods and insure the goods in different offices, each party cannot recover the full value from his insurer.

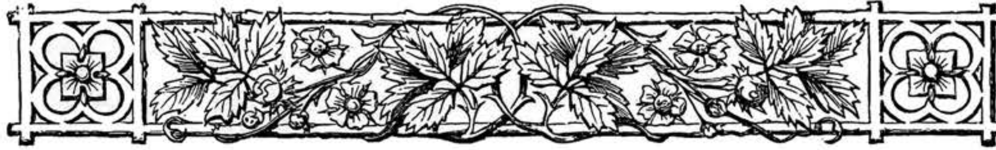
When furniture and other effects are removed from the premises in which they were insured, the policy will cease to cover them.

Fire insurance policies generally run from year to year from the date specified in the policy and fifteen days' grace is allowed for the payment of the premiums.

People should read their policies carefully; as a general rule notice and proof of the damage must be given in writing to the company within fifteen days of the occurrence of the fire.

An ordinary fire insurance policy covers all loss incurred by damage resulting from the fire, such as may have been caused by smoke; and from all necessary efforts in putting out the fire, as, for instance, thowing goods out of the window and damaging the furniture by throwing water over it.

In the Metropolis the insurance company is responsible for any damage done by the Fire Brigade in the performance of their duties.



HOW TO MAKE A JAPANESE CABINET.

WITH a few simple materials, a little constructive ability, and strict attention to the directions which follow, a cabinet may be made which will compare more than favourably with the so-called Japanese articles which cost so much money to buy, and are often very common to look at.

The foundation consists of three starch-boxes, to be bought at any oil-shop for 3d. apiece. Remove the lids with a hammer and a large screw-driver, set the boxes on their sides one above the other, then fix securely with French nails. It is best to drive these in at the corners, both back and front, taking care that the heads and points are well embedded in the wood, to obviate all possibility of scratches. Hammer tin-tacks here and there in the shelves formed by the junction of the boxes, and you will find yourself in possession of a very substantial framework, consisting of two sides and a back, an open front, and two shelves. This is all the ugly drudgery, and is very quickly got over.

We next proceed to the decoration, which may of course be effected to suit individual taste, but the model is adorned in a somewhat Oriental style. The top is covered with Japanese paper. This is very costly to buy by the piece, but samples may be bought very cheaply at Liberty's, and will serve quite well if expense be an object. The top may be covered in one piece, if your bundle allow, or if you do not happen to have one large enough, take one piece for the middle, lay one edge flush with the back and bring the other over the front edge and turn it in underneath, using either glue or tin-tacks to affix it. A band of another paper, which harmonises with the first, should then be fastened down on either side and secured underneath as before, then you have a neat edge to the top of your cabinet, and will not require either the fringe or the scalloped leather, which find so much favour in the eyes of amateur cabinet-makers. Care must be taken in the selection of papers for the top, that the gold colour in each should harmonise, or the effect will be disastrous. These golds vary so much that it really requires care in order that bronze gold and pale-yellow gold colour should not be placed side by side. At the junction of the centre with the strip on each side, hammer in a close row of oxidised fancy nails at 1d. the dozen. The model has a top whose centre has a ground of an indescribable blue, on which grow wonderful tropical plants in gold. The bands have a pattern of raised peacocks' feathers chasing each other in gold, on a flat gold ground.

To adorn the two sides, place a panel of the Japanese paper (any pattern and colour will do) two feet four inches high and eight inches wide in the middle. The edges may be quite rough, and fastened to the wood by means of tin-tacks, which will be subsequently hidden. Now comes a great secret. Take some strips of corrugated brown strawboard wide enough to reach from just within the rough edge of your Japanese paper to the edge of the cabinet, and fix this with a few tin-tacks, taking care not to break the ridges. You will require a strip down each side of the panel, with the corrugations lengthwise, another of the same width with the ridges across for the top, and a wide one of the same for the bottom. Brush this corrugated strawboard lightly and quickly with black enamel, and sprinkle with a few blotches of gold dust, as described in my article "Star-Drift Work," in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for February 22nd, 1896. This must be done quickly, because the strawboard is very absorbent and the enamel soon dries. If very little gold is used for this, the effect is really good. Two panels may be made instead of one, if preferred, and a cross-bar of the corrugated strawboard affixed. This should be rather wider than the sides and top-piece, and the panels should be of slightly uneven size. Of course they should both be the same width, but the upper one should be nearly square, and the lower one longer. Neither should be smaller lengthwise than across, or an unpleasantly stumpy air would be communicated. The model has one long panel on one side, and two as described on the other, by which simple means monotony is avoided.

You now have a handsome panel framed with, to all appearance, black reeds fastened together, and the fact of the enamel drying a dull black heightens the effect. About half-a-dozen of the oxidised fancy nails, hammered through the reed-work where it looks shaky or bulges on to the firm wooden side, serve as metal bosses, and look professional.

(The short panels should be made to correspond somewhat with the position of the shelves in the front, as a good architect takes care that the decoration of the outside of a building shall bear some relation to the storeys of the interior.)

The visible exterior is now completed, because the back will assuredly be against the wall of the room, and its treatment will be described later.

For the inside buy three sheets of brown paper, at 1d. per sheet. Cut a piece to fit on the shelf from the back over the front edge, and fasten underneath, as described in the decoration of the top. Cut another piece to fit over the sides and back, overlapping the edges slightly and fix this. Now brush the brown paper over with gold size and sprinkle gold dust on thickly, doing a portion at a time, because the size dries quickly, and the dust will not stick unless the surface be wet. In doing the sides and back, spread liberally with size, and tilt the cabinet so that you drop the gold on more easily, and then stand the cabinet straight again, when the dust will weigh down the size into patterns truly Oriental, and look like Japanese lacquer. The size makes the paper a rich brown colour, which shows up the gold beautifully. The rest of the inside must be treated in the same way, as also the hitherto crude outside back.

Put a stick of bamboo along the back of the top to hide the joins, the same along the sides of the top, across the bottom, the two shelves, and up the two sides of the front. You may also have a piece of bamboo along the top front if you like, as in illustration, but if you followed the directions carefully it will not be necessary, except you desire uniformity. The bamboo must have very tender handling. Saw it carefully to the required size, pierce it where you want to nail it with a fine bradawl, and hammer gently through the holes thus made, taking care not to let the small head of your nail pierce the bamboo, or it will split, and your work and material be wasted.

If any reader should try this for herself she will be well rewarded for her pains, possessing a prettier and more effective piece of furniture for 5s. than she could buy ready-made for a sovereign.

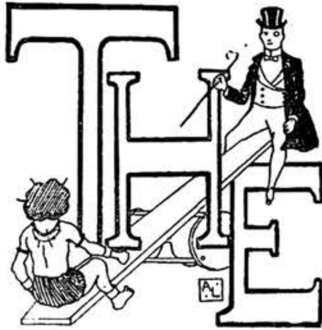
The approximate cost of the whole is:—Boxes 9d., fancy nails 6d., tin-tacks and French nails 2d., gold size 4d., gold dust 4½d., brown paper 3d., bamboo 6d., black enamel 6d., Japanese paper 1s. 6d. Corrugated strawboard you would probably have by you, having wrapped some bottle for the post, but it would cost only a few pence to buy, so the cost of the cabinet would be roughly 5s. This is not a fancy price, because the cost of each item is put down as the result of experience. You will also have some material over, using but little of the Japanese paper, and not more than half of the gold dust, both of which will serve many other useful and ornamental purposes.

PAMELA BULLOCK.

THE DISADVANTAGES OF CIVILISATION.

By Charlotte O'Conor Eccles.

Illustrated by Will Owen.



THE complacency with which the Press and the Public of this country, and not only of this country but of Europe generally, plume themselves on superior civilisation leads one to wonder what this civilisation is, and what are its advantages.

Since those who possess it, or think they possess it, are so proud of it, since all the great Western nations are engaged at so vast an expenditure of time, treasure and lives in spreading it, surely it must be a flawless something that justifies pride, an immense advantage to those who propagate and to those who embrace it. And yet—and yet one hears that savages brought into contact with it are not improved thereby, that they lose more than they gain, and have reason to cry *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*.

On the surface, to be sure, it makes a fair show, yet to me it seems that while all its advantages, or nearly all, have their drawbacks, it has many drawbacks that offer no counterbalancing advantages.

We are indebted to it for cheap literature, with the admixture of good and bad therefrom resulting; for German bands and the Underground railway, both blessings not unmitigated. Thanks to the facilities it offers, we may learn by telegraph of the death of our best friend in India, or the loss of our entire fortune, as if the slowest of ill news did not already travel too fast. To it we owe the religion of Getting-on-at-any-price, and its temple the Stock Exchange, which, if they add to the nation's wealth, frequently add to its dishonour. It enables simple people to invest the savings of a life-time—with the chance, however, of doing so in a society like the Liberator—and assists a public benefactor like Mr. Jabez Balfour in finding a retreat in Argentina.

Far be it from me to underrate these blessings, in so far as they are blessings; but having put so much to the credit side of the account we come to examine the debit, which to my mind looms larger.

The question obtrudes itself, is mankind better or happier because of civilisation, apart from ethics? Is it not the tendency of civilisation to increase luxury, to increase mere physical comforts rather than to elevate and spiritualise our nature? Its advantages are mostly in things material, its disadvantages in things moral, and we seem content that it should be so.

In which of the essentials is civilised man, unguided by principle, superior to his uncivilised brother? He is not less ferocious, less cruel. He is only more careful of his neck. Deeds are done every day in the name of civilisation that make one pause and wonder in what this much-vaunted civilisation consists, and what, except its affectations, distinguishes it from savagery. The old corrupt nature is there under all the veneer, untamed, barbarous, unregenerate. Civilisation has but added to its other vices the crowning one of hypocrisy, and hedged us round with forms and conventions that make life complicated, monotonous, and wearisome.

Civilisation, my brothers, is largely a fraud. To it we owe not only ennui, but the depressing forms of amusement we have invented to kill time. In civilisation we have "At homes," with songs and recitations; the suave and enlivening organ-grinder, who replies, "Me no speakee Inglis," when told to go away, and such gems of combined music and verse as "Sister Mary Jane's top note." To civilisation we owe the public-house—which is, I believe, considered an advantage by some people—

popular seaside resorts, problem plays and the professional philanthropist.

It has created for us an artificial environment and artificial wants. Things are good, bad or indifferent, not because they are so in themselves, but because in every place a certain set of people, whom nobody knows, have made a certain set of rules, which few know, that arbitrarily include this and exclude that.

Not to be conversant with the forms of the little *milieu* wherein one lives is unpardonable; but move just a few hundred miles from home and you find another set, just as arbitrary, and just as meaningless. In London you must not be seen in town in August under pain of forfeiting your self-respect. In Germany if you sit on a sofa without being asked, you proclaim yourself to be a bumptious person, ignorant of polite society.

Rules in themselves have their uses, so long as they are founded on common-sense. What I complain of is, that civilisation teaches us to set a higher value on the observance of a certain shibboleth than on personal worth. Our judgment of others is warped thereby, and things have come to such a pass that St. Peter himself, if he appeared amongst us, would be treated with contempt if he drank his tea, as the simple fisherman probably would, from a saucer. Myself a product of civilisation, I humbly admit in many instances sharing the feeling, while I condemn and acknowledge its unworthiness.

We have in the progress of our civilisation lost our originality, become mere imitators one of the other, and laid shackles on our limbs which we are now unable to loosen, or loosen only with an effort that drains our vital force, leaving us spent and exhausted.

A notable disadvantage of civilisation, besides the artificial needs it engenders and the artificial standards of right and wrong that it sets up, is the deceit that always follows in its train.

I do not claim that uncivilised man is, or ever was, truthful. Truth is a heroic virtue. David tells us "all men are liars," and the word is pretty comprehensive; but at anyrate we have to thank civilisation for the conventional lie.

The only plea that can possibly be urged for a lie is that it deceives. What are we to think of the lie that deceives no one, neither the utterer nor the hearer? In a ruder age the children of Gibeon came before Joshua and told him a tissue of falsehoods, but they had the satisfaction, such as it was, of hoodwinking him. Now when we write a line regretting that we are unable to accept someone's kind invitation, few of us have the courage to add "because of a subsequent engagement." Oh no, it is a "previous engagement," or "pressing business," or "indisposition."

The writer does not believe what he says, and neither do the host and hostess; but all of them apparently are satisfied, and the requirements of civilisation are fulfilled.

Again, in a primitive state, life was simplified after a delightful fashion. One's enemies were perfectly easy to recognise from one's friends. Happy age, when the people of one's own tribe, of one's own village, of one's own family, were all friends!

If any prowling stranger were discovered at suspicious hours looking over the fence, it was not only easy and natural, but laudable, to slay him on the spot with a battle-axe, chopper, flint arrowhead, or any other handy implement. There could be no doubt about it, he was an enemy, and if you did not kill him, he would most likely kill you.

Mais nous avons changé tout cela. Our foes are of our own household, and one of the disadvantages of civilisation is, that you may for years cherish your enemy as your best friend, and never find out the truth until it is too late, until, like a thunderbolt, it is hurled at you. In civilisation we have the Judas kiss, the smile that conceals a heart full of bitterness, the welcome of feigned cordiality, we have hints, insinuations, we "damn with faint praise, and hesitate dislike."

Amongst those whom we, in our fancied superiority, style barbarians, men attain to distinction and chieftaincy through

physical strength, remarkable dexterity, or a persuasive tongue.

For such primitive qualities we have substituted wealth and influence as means to advancement. If a man of commanding genius, lacking these advantages, makes his way to the front, his case is so exceptional that it is quoted as a marvel. Moreover, the effort necessary to "arrive" takes from him most of his freshness and energy, and occupies years of his life that might have been better employed than in endeavouring to surmount purely artificial barriers and get a fair field for his natural gifts.

If civilisation were worth the fuss that is made about it, it would afford equal opportunity to equal talent; but this it notably fails to do. Some attain, with the most mediocre abilities, to posts from which fitter men are for ever debarred by the accident of poverty or obscurity.

It seems to me that the untutored savage who picks out the man who best can hurl a spear or advise his nation, has nothing to learn from our methods. It is a finer thing to be strong than to be rich, to be wise than to be well connected, and only civilised nations fail to recognise it.

Civilisation, by increasing our wants, increases our respect for that by which alone they can be supplied, and so we have to thank it for our worship of anything so extrinsic as money. Not content to sacrifice time, health, and reputation in its pursuit, we have made the want of it a crime for which life-long punishment is inflicted.

To those born unto poverty, civilisation practically says, "Because you are wretchedly poor, and come of poor people, you shall all your life be dirty and ignorant, and employed on labour that no one would undertake unless spurred to it by lack of food. There are great and grand and noble possibilities in the world and in man, but unless knowledge of high truths comes to you through religion, it never will through our present-day civilisation."

On the other hand we have so nicely regulated matters that a millionaire may do with impunity what in a beggar would be intolerable. Whisper that a man—any sort of man—is a Crœsus, and every eye is turned on him, every door flies open before him. That he be vulgar, ill-mannered and ill-conditioned, matters nothing, if he only be rich enough. Lack of education and breeding is overlooked or smiled at as "originality." For this, of course, he must really be very rich. Some people one cannot bring oneself to know if they possess less than a million of money; others are so intolerable that it takes at least two millions to launch them; but civilised society has its price.

If one benefited in any way by these rich people the position would be easy to understand, but for the most part the people who set such store by riches derive little advantage from the riches of others. They are not needy hangers-on, or at least not always. They are entertained to be sure, but then they do not lack entertainments elsewhere, and their dinner at home is as abundant and often as choice as that which their millionaire friend offers. Riches in themselves apparently are attractive to the civilised, and they like the rich even when these are of no use to them.

To civilisation we are indebted for the snob. In a simple society, where strength and valour alone make a man powerful and respected, the snob has no scope for development. There, to know grand people is no advantage, unless these people are at the same time willing and able to protect the sycophant, which they seldom are. In civilisation our snobs take infinite trouble to cultivate the acquaintance of people who are of no earthly use to them, and who frequently despise them while accepting their hospitality.

They are willing to flatter, cajole, entertain, to bear with snubs and slights, to push and to crawl—for what? That they may be able to talk of their grand acquaintances to a number of persons who do not care a button one way or another as to whom they know or don't know, and who at most express unflattering surprise as to how on earth the So-and-sos came to be acquainted with the Somebody-elses.

The savage sycophant is at least a practical man, with definite ends in view, and his abasement is rewarded by tangible results.

Are our poor-laws a credit to our civilisation? In our workhouses the honest, respectable man or woman who has fought for years to keep the wolf from the door, and has in the end been worsted by ill-health or accident, is meted out the very same measure of comfort and liberty as is accorded to the off-scourings of our streets, brought low by vice. Husband and wife are separated from each other and from their children. These same children, brought up in a decent if humble home, are driven to consort with others young in years but old in wickedness. Our attitude towards mere money and our treatment of the poor are contemptible.

We have little reason to be proud of a civilisation that considers the word "pauper" a term of reproach.

Our system of dress is another disadvantage of civilisation that men and women alike feel. Someone—no one knows who—declares that a certain style is "the fashion." Immediately public opinion compels one to adopt it, and so weakened is our mental fibre that we none of us have the moral courage to resist. Only "cranks," who love opposition for its own sake, swim against the stream. Most of us would sooner be uncomfortable than singular. I do not profess to be any better than my neighbours. Though there are seasons when common-sense tells me the appropriate costume would be a single linen garment girded round the waist, and certain others when I long to array myself in sheep-skins, nothing would induce me to carry my convictions into effect. I fear the small boy too much, and the opinion of the small boy is the opinion of civilisation in his particular country.

Let no clever person pounce upon me with the remark that uncivilised peoples too have their fashions, their etiquette, and adhere to them slavishly. To be sure they have, but why, I pray you, crow over them and call them savages if we have not improved on their ideas? I grant that we have a different set of conventions, but most of them are every whit as absurd.

An offensive product of civilisation is the superior person. We all nowadays know and suffer from the superior person, and so, as brothers and sisters in misfortune, need dwell no more on his or her unpleasant characteristics.

And this leads me to still another disadvantage of civilisation. It has made us self-conscious. Self-consciousness is the bane of our age. We are profoundly aware of ourselves and of our own existence. We are introspective, analytical. We are apparently so proud of having any feelings at all that we tend and cherish them over much. This artificiality shows in our literature, and above all in our poetry. A young person who writes is elated at having an emotion, not because that emotion is creditable in itself—it is frequently the very reverse—but because an emotion gives the opportunity of writing and publishing something which deeper-feeling, more decent and more reticent people would prefer keeping to themselves. Stoic endurance, dignified silence, we leave to the Red Indian.

This eagerness to be moved, and to tell the world we are moved, shows the rarity of real, spontaneous feeling—feeling that comes unasked, unsought, and forces its way out, despite efforts to repress it, with a vigour the greater for that very attempt at repression. It is so easy to tell true emotion from false, heroics from heroism, if oneself be genuine. Truth in the soul is the touchstone of truth in literature.

Civilisation has brought us evils unknown out of it, profound, far-reaching; worry, brain-fag, *névrosité*, all products of an artificial life, and the last especially a curse whose magnitude cannot be exaggerated.

Why do we not cast aside some of the trammels wherewith we have bound ourselves? Why do we not have an organised effort to make life simpler, purer, with fewer wants and homelier joys. Contrast for a moment existence in Samoa, with existence in the East-End, ay, or even in the West-End of London. There are forests, mountains, bright lagoons, blue sky, and flower-decked people in their soft flowing robes. Amongst them there is no need for a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Compare the life of this simple people with

that of our poor, starving in sight of extravagant and tasteless luxury. Picture an East-End street on a wet Saturday night, its slippery, shiny pavements, its hoarse, shouting costers, the flare of naphtha lamps, the weary, eager-eyed, hollow-cheeked, dirty purchasers. We pretend that civilisation has given us baths, if so, it has not taught nine-tenths of our citizens to use them. If London stands for civilisation, give me Samoa.

Should all that I have hitherto said have failed to carry conviction with it, I have another terrible indictment to make against civilisation. It is to it we owe the bore, one of the greatest afflictions that mortals are called on to endure.

The bore, male or female—and to the credit of my sex, be it said, the latter is less numerous than the former—whether of the egotistical, the pompous, or the ubiquitous type, whether silent and heavy, or talkative and frothy, whether interested in politics, religion or social questions, given merely to the irritating habit of announcing facts known to everyone, or to conveying an endless stream of dull narrative, is essentially a disadvantage of civilisation. The bore could not exist in a savage society. No rude, untutored tribe, with the elemental passions of our race strong within them, would endure the bore for a moment. They would rise as one man and exterminate him, for they have not been ground between the upper and the nether millstone of convention.

Uncivilised man has even devised a way for arresting, at least in one direction, the development of bores, who are an artificial product, evolved only in a suitable atmosphere. Working by the light of reason alone, a simple tribe of negroes, with few wants and fewer ambitions, has hit upon a plan our English Parliament might adopt with advantage to members, press reporters, and the progress of business. They decree that when a native council is being held, he who has anything worth saying may utter it during the space of time he can stand on one leg. When, through fatigue, the toe of the other foot touches the ground, the flood of oratory is abruptly arrested.

In this country we are compelled by civilisation to let people wander on as long as they feel inclined, and are permitted to relieve our pent-up feelings only by ironical cries of "hear, hear" and other ineffective protests. I have suffered too much myself from verbose speech-makers, writers, and lecturers to wish to inflict similar hardships on others. I feel as if I had already been standing too long on one foot, and can only hope my readers do not share the impression. At any rate their patience will be taxed no further, and having thanked them for their kind attention so far, I shall endeavour, by at once concluding this article, not to rank myself as a disadvantage of civilisation.

BY ELIZABETH L. BANKS, AUTHOR OF "CAMPAIGNS OF CURIOSITY," ETC.

MANY English people seem to be under the impression that the Americans know little of the comforts of home life, and those of our cousins who have visited us go away with the idea that, as a nation, we are most uncomfortably situated indoors. Why this should be so, it is difficult for Americans to understand, for they themselves are firmly convinced that they have solved the problem of how to make home happy.

"You don't have homes in America; you have flats and boarding-houses," said a well-known author to me recently, after a return from a fortnight's visit to the United States. Now, flat-life is not more common in America than in England, while the number of boarding-houses, taking the difference in population into consideration, is less there than here.

The typical New York house is not so large nor so high as the usual run of London houses. Although the hotels and business-buildings are well worthy of the name "sky-scrapers," which has been very aptly given to them on this side of the water, the private residences do not aspire to so lofty an eminence. The usual height is three or four storeys, the floor above the basement being called the first, instead of the ground floor, as in London. The high stone steps take the first floor far above the pavement, leaving the basement on a level with the ground, an advantage which the servants who live in the dark and dismal London basements would greatly appreciate. The basement usually contains the kitchen, pantry and store-cupboards, and the dining-room. The scullery, that catch-all of the London residences, is not known. In the larger houses, a part of the cellar, which corresponds to the English basement, is fitted up as a laundry, with every modern convenience. In this room the floor is boarded smoothly over, and one side of the wall is entirely taken up with stationary tubs, each of which has hot and cold-water faucets and waste-pipe, so that no carrying or emptying of water is necessary in the process of washing. In another part of the room are to be found the patent ironing-boards, which, when not in use, may be folded up and put away. A large range with attachments for boiling clothes and heating flat-irons is also a part of the laundry outfit. Every house has what is known as a "back-yard," in which the clothes are dried. In the smaller establishments the laundries are sometimes dispensed with, and the kitchen is fitted up with stationary tubs. The furnace, by which the house is heated throughout, is built either in the cellar or the basement.

In houses where the front room of the basement is used only as a breakfast-room, the dining-room is on the first floor, and is connected with the kitchen by a lift—or, as Americans call it, a "dumb waiter." The servant attending the table has none of the carrying or running up and downstairs, which makes the duties of a London parlourmaid or man-servant so arduous.

The New York drawing-room which is usually on the first floor, has more comfort and less elegance than the drawing-room of a London residence. More money is expended in the furnishing of an English drawing-room than it would take to fit up a whole house for one of our well-to-do New York families. Except among the very wealthy Londoners, who have no need to economise in any direction, the idea seems to be to ornament the drawing-room somewhat at the expense of the rest of the house. Gilded mirrors, costly paintings, expensive *bric-à-brac*, and inlaid furniture of every description, are quite the rule in the drawing-rooms of the English middle-classes; while in America only our millionaires indulge in these things. Tables, cabinets, and chairs, inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl, are beyond the means of an ordinary New York business man. But he has a weakness for easy-chairs, and soft, springy couches; so the drawing-room furniture is picked out with a view more to comfort than elegance. Couches are much in evidence in an American home. No room is considered well furnished without them.

The second and third floors of a New York house are utilised for sleeping-rooms, which are in many respects the most comfortable and beautiful part of the house. The English idea of a bedroom is a place to sleep in and leave the next morning as soon as possible; and probably for that reason little or no pains are taken to beautify it. In America, the furnishing of the bedroom is a matter of the first importance. Handsome draperies, pictures, plants, folding-beds, mantel glasses and cheval glasses, and the easiest of chairs, turn it into a boudoir, where the lady of the house spends much of her time, unless she has a private sitting-room adjoining. American women have the reputation of living in their bedrooms, which is to a certain extent true, because they have a predilection for loose gowns and rocking-chairs when they are indoors; and to be always dressed and sitting in the drawing-room ready to receive visitors, like their English cousins, would be to them a sort of unbearable martyrdom. That this way of living is not good for their backs or their nerves, even they themselves are quite willing to admit; and it is said that certain physicians in New York, Boston, and Chicago are meditating an attempt to abolish the rocking-chair from American homes.

The typical London bedroom has none of these temptations to its occupants. Indeed, it is positively ugly, and has so many inconveniences and discomforts as to make it a pity that a happy medium could not be struck between the English and American style. I have noticed that although gas-pipes are laid in most of the rooms, quite frequently no fittings are attached, and one is obliged to use candles. The dressing-table, which is usually placed directly in the window, may, perhaps, succeed in bringing the rays of light to a correct focus about the mirror, but certainly the back of the dressing-table cannot be considered an ornament to the front windows of the house. Yet the dressing-table is in itself a pretty piece of furniture if it could only be placed in a position where it would not disfigure the front of the house.

It would be impossible to make a comparison of English and American homes without taking up the subject of domestic service. In England, the opinion is quite general that this problem is a much more serious one in America than in England.

"Oh, the poor American women, with their help that is no help!" sighed Mr. Kipling when first he went to the United States, and that sigh has been echoed and re-echoed all over Great Britain. A few weeks ago I was present at a gathering where the subject of domestic service in the two countries was being discussed. A lady, who had just returned from America, gave it as her opinion that English housewives had little of which to complain in this regard, when their troubles were compared with those of the American women, large numbers of whom were losing their wits every year and rapidly filling up the insane asylums, all on account of the servant problem.

"Why," said she, "when I was in one of the Western States, I ordered a fish cooked, and the waiter brought it to me with the scales on!"

Then a melancholy, pitiful "Oh!" resounded through the room, and my countrywomen became at once melancholy subjects for compassion and commiseration. Now, the lady who had the fish served whole and scaly, neglected to mention the fact that it had been cooked by a newly-arrived emigrant from Erin's Isle before her American mistress had got an opportunity to train her. It is true that the American housekeeper who gets her servants direct from Castle Garden, must exercise even more than Job-like patience before she can transform them into anything like civilised help. But let an English mistress take a girl from the East-end slums and put her to cooking or waiting at table. She will also find much difficulty in training her in the way she should go.

Castle Garden, in New York, is a sort of

domestic-service bureau, where the American housewife who has much time and patience, but little money, at her disposal may pick out from the "raw material" such a subject, or subjects, as she thinks most likely to benefit by her training. She takes the emigrant, who during the first few months of her residence in New York is known as a "greenhorn," and teaches her not only how to work but very often to talk and understand English, or, more properly speaking, "American." While she is thus being instructed, the girl receives only her board and "pocket wages," which amount to a few dollars per month, and are so many dollars more than she earns. At the end of a few months or a year, according to her natural cleverness, she learns to do housework after the American methods, when her wages are increased. Such help is employed in families who, if they resided in England, would keep a "general;" but well-to-do American families do not bother with "greenhorns," preferring rather to take girls who have already been "broken in."

In an ordinary-sized house, such as I have described, the work is usually done by two servants—the cook and the chambermaid. In London, the same sort of house would require four or six servants to keep it in order; but I would attribute this fact not so much to the inefficiency of the London servants as to the lack of conveniences for doing the work. Many London residences seem to have been built with an idea of making the housework as difficult of performance as possible; while the American house is supplied with every modern improvement and labour-saving appliance. Not only is all the housework done by the cook and chambermaid, but they have also to do the washing and ironing of the family as well as for themselves. The term "wash-money" is unknown, as is also its companion, "beer-money." The matter of the washing and ironing of clothes is not a difficult one. It is the cook's duty to attend to the washing every Monday morning, on which day she rises as early as four or five o'clock. The chambermaid prepares the breakfast and clears it away. If the cook is a good worker, the clothes will be hanging on the line at ten o'clock; by eleven, the kitchen or laundry will be scrubbed, and at one o'clock the clothes are sprinkled and folded ready for ironing Monday afternoon and Tuesday morning.

The work of the house is about evenly divided between the two servants. As all the halls and rooms are heated (to the boiling-point, my English readers will say) by means of registers, the chambermaid has no hearth-cleaning and lighting of fires, which is a part of the hardest work required of the London housemaid. Then as the bedrooms are supplied with hot and cold running water, there is no carrying of heavy water-cans up and downstairs; and there are no candlesticks to scrape off and fill. It will readily be seen that to be one of two servants in a New York house is really not so difficult a position as to be one of five or six in a London house.

"Who cleans the knives, and who brushes the boots?" I wonder what London woman has not been confronted with this question when engaging new servants. In a London household where but two or three servants are kept, these two things are a frequent cause for contention below stairs. The cook declares it is not "her place," while the housemaid or parlourmaid insists with equal firmness that she did not engage to do that kind of work. The New York cook scours the steel knives as she washes them. It will perhaps take her a fraction of a minute to clean six, while in London knife-scouring is made a really solemn occasion. Very often when the dishes are washed, the knives are laid aside in the scullery, there to wait until someone "gets time"—and inclination—to attend to them.

"Where are the knives?" I asked one day of the parlourmaid, as I sat down to luncheon to find nothing but fish-knives with which to cut the chops.

"The cook is out and they are not cleaned," she answered in a placidly indifferent manner.

I had not then been long in London, and did not appreciate the fine lines of distinction that were drawn in the kitchen, so I requested her to clean them and bring them at once.

"It's not my place, miss," was the reply I received.

While I vainly endeavoured to cut my chop with a fish-knife, I decided that many of those "poor, worn-out American women," who are said to have died of nervous prostration because of the "help that is no help," must have kept house in London with two servants.

The afternoon dress of the American servants is not nearly so pretty or becoming as that worn in England. The bibbed apron of the London housemaid, with embroidered epaulets, the Eton collar and the cuffs tied with ribbons, to say nothing of the jaunty cap with streamers, is a costume that I particularly admire, and one that I was only too willing to don when I essayed to play the *rôle* of a housemaid. In New York, the servants wear caps, usually of the French pattern, but their cuffs and collars are such as are worn on the inside, not the outside of the dress; while the white

apron, without a bib, is nearly as large and long as the black skirt, which it almost covers. They take a particular pride in the tying of the apron-strings, and the larger the bow the smarter the servant. It is possible that this reference to the "badges" worn by the American servant girl may be something of a revelation to certain English servants who have been contemplating a trip to America, where they have taken it for granted—as one of them not long ago said to me—that "servants are treated like ladies." The truth is that there is no more equality or even friendliness between the American mistress and her maid than exists in England. Apart from the fact that the American houses are more conveniently built for domestic work, the conditions of service are about the same.

As regards food, the American servants are usually supplied with the same as that eaten by the family. For breakfast they have something more substantial than bread-and-butter and tea, yet they eat but three meals a day, whereas in London five or six meals are given. They know nothing of "levenses," as the eleven-o'clock luncheon of bread and cheese and beer is called, and they do not indulge in five-o'clock tea.

In using the term "American servants," I have, of course, not used it in its strictest sense, for, with the exception of the Western farmer's daughter who sometimes elects to "go out" as a "hired girl" to her neighbour in order to earn pocket money, there are no American servants, and our servants must of necessity come from among the negroes and the foreigners. The best class of white servants are the Swedes and Norwegians, who are quick to learn both the language and the customs of the country. The most troublesome servants are the Irish girls. They are not so numerous as formerly, the large numbers of Swedes, Norwegians, and Germans making it difficult for them to secure situations. The most faithful and competent service that Americans receive is from the negro women, who are natural workers and natural cooks.

Taking it all in all, the servant problem in America is not so difficult of solution as many imagine, and my own sympathies are more with the English than the American mistress. It is quite possible that within a few years we shall be able to do without servants altogether, for I understand that Mr. Edison is giving his attention to the invention of something in the shape of an "automatic houseworker," which by the simple turning of a crank may be so adjusted as to perform all branches of domestic labour.

PRACTICAL POINTS OF LAW.

By A Lawyer.

Life Assurance.

It is advisable for nearly everyone to insure their lives.

Every married man should insure his life.

And if the policy is effected by way of settlement for the benefit of his wife or children, it will not be liable for his debts.

Every person is presumed by law to have an insurable interest in his or her own life.

A daughter has such an interest in the parent who supports her.

And a wife has an insurable interest in the life of her husband.

A married woman may effect a policy upon her own life.

Or on the life of her husband for her separate use.

She may also insure her life for the benefit of her husband, or children, or of any of them.

It is the duty of a person who is seeking to insure her life to disclose all material facts.

Wilful misrepresentation of a material fact will render the policy void on the ground of fraud.

But an innocent misstatement of a material fact, which, although untrue, was not known to be untrue by the assured, would probably not render the policy void.

A material fact is one which, if disclosed to the company issuing the policy, would induce them either to decline to effect the insurance, or not to effect it except upon payment of an increased premium.

The state of the proposer's health would, undoubtedly, be a material fact.

Care should be taken, therefore, in answering correctly questions as to former illnesses from which the proposer has suffered.

The fact of the life having been refused by another office would also be a material fact; and likewise the fact that the life would only be accepted by them at an increased premium, or treated as a second-class life.

Proof of age should be furnished at the time of effecting the insurance.

This is usually done by producing a certificate of birth.

When the age is admitted by the insurance company, the policy should be endorsed to that effect.

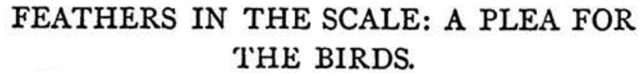
Thirty days of grace are usually allowed for the payment of premiums, but the usual three days of grace must not be tacked on to the thirty.

An "indisputable" policy is one which can only be disputed on the ground of fraud.

A "world-wide" policy generally excepts especially unhealthy parts of the globe.

For proof of death the certificate of the doctor who attended the deceased will be sufficient.

The burden of the proof of death and title to the assurance rests on the persons entitled to receive payment.

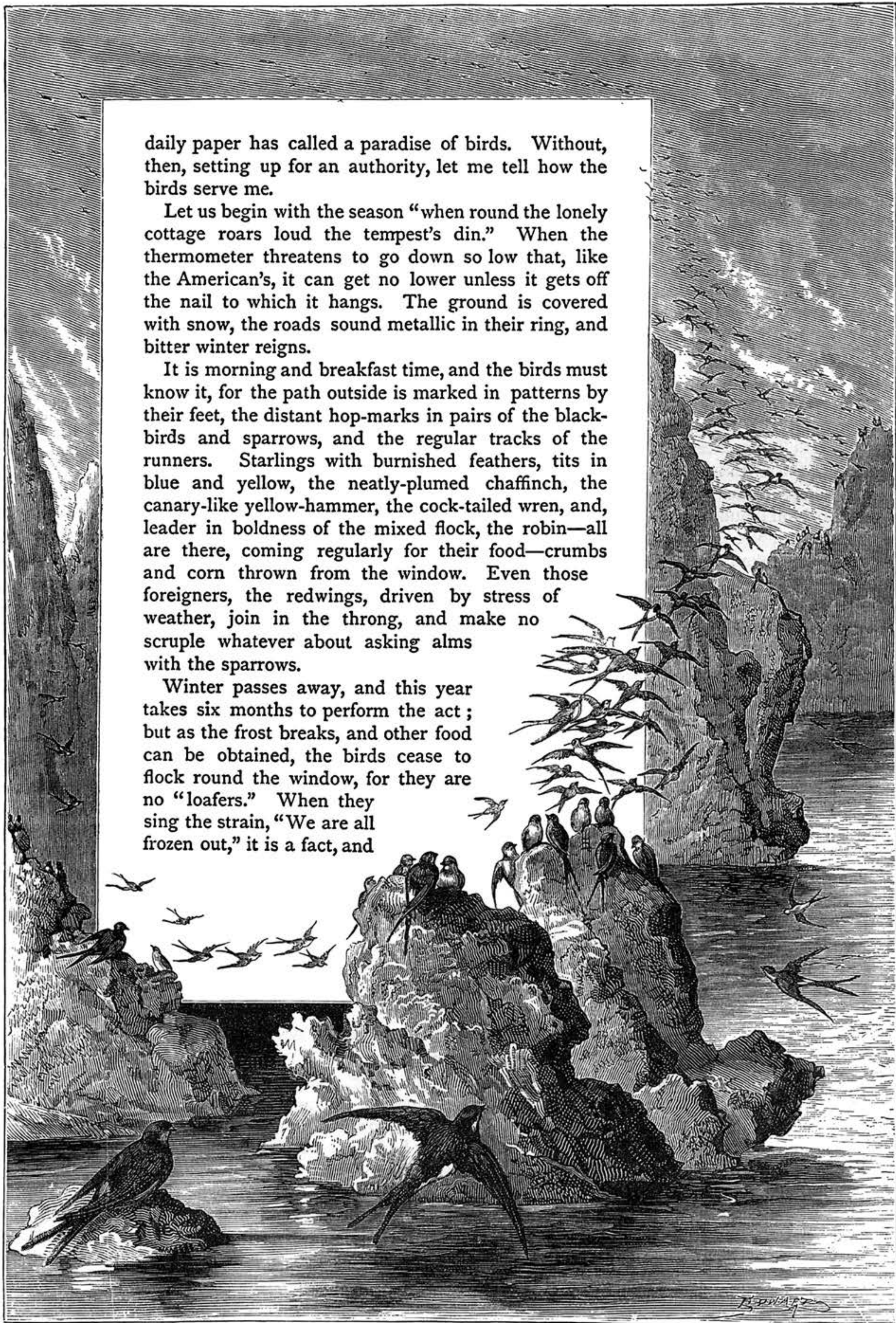


FEATHERS IN THE SCALE: A PLEA FOR THE BIRDS.

A FEATHER will fall, under the bell-glass of an air-pump with the air exhausted, as quickly through space as a piece of metal—as experimenters in pneumatics tell us; so that without an atmosphere it would be almost impossible to make comparisons of weight, especially with such light downy things as feathers. However, we have an atmosphere surrounding the feathers we are about to weigh in the scale—an atmosphere of doubt and suspicion. We have, too, the scales—the scales of fair play, or justice—and we will weigh the feathers and their wearers all together, and see whether they deserve the praise or the blame which have been heaped upon them by opposing factions, and try if we cannot arrive at the truth.

On one side we have heard that the birds are terribly destructive; that our garden crops are destroyed by them; that if they were not kept down there would be no produce; while, on the other hand, France is pointed to as a land where small birds have been kept down, with the consequence that insect life has increased to such an extent that the mischief done by the birds was a mere nothing in comparison, and in consequence the French are getting the birds back as fast as they can.

Now it so happens that I have the pleasure or misery of living in a house surrounded by a very large garden, and that garden in turn is surrounded by woodlands. In short, far away from the busy hum of life, here are all the necessaries for making what a writer in a



daily paper has called a paradise of birds. Without, then, setting up for an authority, let me tell how the birds serve me.

Let us begin with the season "when round the lonely cottage roars loud the tempest's din." When the thermometer threatens to go down so low that, like the American's, it can get no lower unless it gets off the nail to which it hangs. The ground is covered with snow, the roads sound metallic in their ring, and bitter winter reigns.

It is morning and breakfast time, and the birds must know it, for the path outside is marked in patterns by their feet, the distant hop-marks in pairs of the blackbirds and sparrows, and the regular tracks of the runners. Starlings with burnished feathers, tits in blue and yellow, the neatly-plumed chaffinch, the canary-like yellow-hammer, the cock-tailed wren, and, leader in boldness of the mixed flock, the robin—all are there, coming regularly for their food—crumbs and corn thrown from the window. Even those foreigners, the redwings, driven by stress of weather, join in the throng, and make no scruple whatever about asking alms with the sparrows.

Winter passes away, and this year takes six months to perform the act; but as the frost breaks, and other food can be obtained, the birds cease to flock round the window, for they are no "loafers." When they sing the strain, "We are all frozen out," it is a fact, and

you may know that they will not impose upon you. "How honest!" you will say. Wait a moment. I am going to prove to you that a bird has no moral rectitude whatever, for he will rob you with all his might.

Though winter clings to us more or less right up to July, the various trees in one's garden insist upon coming out in due time. First the gooseberries; and no sooner do the tender buds begin to appear than down come the chaffinches, greenfinches, and bullfinches in swarms, and eat out bud after bud, aided and abetted by the great and lesser tits. After insects, buds decayed, naturalists say. Stuff! The birds pick the plumpest, juiciest, and healthiest buds, and littering the ground with the scales, eat only the tender centre.

As time goes on the apple and pear buds swell, and begin to bloom pink and pearly white. Here is another feast. They will settle at early morn on an apple-tree, and deliberately strip it of every rosy bud, leaving the leaves completely untouched. The bullfinches get all the blame, but the chaffinches and greenfinches do the greater part of the mischief.

Soon after, the earth is prepared for crops of radishes and beds wherein can be raised the tender plants of cabbage, broccoli, cauliflower, and Brussels sprouts. Sow the seeds if you like, but unless some peculiar precautions are taken, not a seed will be allowed to germinate. Place nets over them and leave one solitary hole, and every seed will go. Spread threads across; suspend bunches of feathers; hang up a cardboard cat; stuff a Guy Fawkes, if you like, to scare away the birds; in short, do anything that pleases you, and every hard-billed bird from the sparrow upwards will come all the same. As a last resource I have sown the seeds in the greenhouse, to come back and find that the moment my back is turned they come in at window and door and enjoy themselves all the same.

What should be spring comes, and the primrose peeps. It does but little more, for as fast as the blossoms bloom the sparrows scissor them off to strew the ground. Rabbits and rats bore the blame for some time, till the little mischievous rascals were caught in the fact. Later on they practised their snipping powers on various tender plants that were set out to grow, and all apparently from sheer love of mischief.

At last, with seeds above ground, and buds developed into blossom and leaf, one's troubles seemed to cease, for the birds had paired and begun to nest. There arose the soft coo of the dove in the wood where the nightingale came and sang by day; speckled thrushes were sitting on blue eggs in the laurel; the blackbirds laid their mottled-green eggs in the bay; the hedge-sparrows' tiny green eggs were warm in the holly; and sparrows were carrying long strands of straw about in the most insane way, to make a terrible litter among the tender green of the trees. Half hidden in the yew were the robins, with their home of moss and hair; whilst the starlings wheezed about the chimneys, and darted in and out from the holes beneath the tiles. Matrimony was usurping all their time, and the garden had a rest. So we thought, but the game of voracity began directly after. Currants, as they formed, were taken one by one from the bunch; such gooseberries as struggled into existence were cut off and left to rot. The peas had two attacks—the first as they came all tender above ground, the second when the pods were full. Some of the sparrows chiselled open so many and swallowed the juicy peas to such an extent, that their feathers seemed to stand on end, while at early morning the blue bar-winged jays came out of the wood and breakfasted upon them with impunity.

The moment the strawberries began to grow rich and red, the blackbirds, which had been innocence itself, began; and as soon as they had helped to destroy the crop they began upon the black currants, literally stripping the boughs of the luscious berries, and invariably picking the ripest and the best.

I must say to the credit of the sparrows and starlings that they did not join in the nefarious raids upon the strawberries and black currants, though this is due to the fact that they were working with all their might at the cherries, whose pulp they deftly peeled from off the stones, which they left hanging dismally among the leaves.

As to the plums, I cannot say who it was picked them, but fully believe that it was a joint attack; but the damsons and bullaces were carried off wholesale by the jays. Here it might be supposed that the troubles ended. By no means: there were the apples and pears, the ripest of which were dug out into holes and caves, while the mellowest pears were pecked at until they fell, and then finished to the skin upon the ground. I have said nothing about the seed-beds destroyed to make dust-baths for the sparrows; of the investigating habits of the starlings, who poked out bulbs, pulled up young plants, and removed the manure out of the holes that were prepared to grow fine beet, for enough has surely been brought forward in this perfectly truthful bill of indictment, drawn up to prove how great a nuisance the birds of "a bird paradise" are to a garden.

Fortunately there is a reverse side to every question. Were it not for this, one would feel disposed to take a gun and shoot down every bird in the district, and so strip a beautiful part of the country of one of its greatest beauties. So now, having played counsel for the prosecution, let us take up the brief for the defence.

On behalf of the birds, then, I plead guilty, my lord the umpire, to all that has been said by the prosecution. For the blackbird it is owned that he gluts himself with gooseberry, strawberry, and currant—you see he owns to another fruit beyond that mentioned—for he knows naught about *meum* and *tuum*, though he seems to take toll as his wage. For what has he done in company with the thrush? All the year round he has ferreted out snail and slug from their damp holes and corners, and as the caterpillars appeared upon the fruit-tree leaves, hunted them out by hundreds of thousands. Snail, slug, and caterpillar would have denuded the garden, so the sweet piping blackbird and melodious thrush are welcome to their feast—though,

without the good they do, they earn it by making music through the spring.

The finches, what have they to say? That they work early and late, destroying the seeds of thousands of prolific plants that would make our gardens a mass of weeds, while at other times they are seeking tiny beetles, green flies, with the various blight insects unnumbered, and scorn not to feed wholesale upon the caterpillars that turn gooseberry-trees into skeletons.

And the sparrows? They work with the finches, but wage war on their own account upon the rose-aphis, and other insects, even going so far as to play boy, and snare the butterfly that lays the eggs upon the cabbage, that produce the green caterpillars, that devour the leaves, creep into the innermost recesses, refuse to be washed out, and come to table, and make lovers of this succulent plant quite cross.

We can forgive the finches and sparrows, then, and with them the starlings and their cherry-stealing propensities, for their keenly-pointed bills dig out the larvæ of the tippulæ that swarm in the garden—those fat, dirty-looking, insidious grubs that burrow under ground, and eat the tender roots of flower and vegetable, making them perish and die. Millions of those grubs do they destroy, and without them lawn and pasture would be brown and bare.

As to the jays and magpies and rooks, the two former are thieves and brigands; they are murderers, too, and the only good to be set to their credit is that, as destroyers of young birds and poachers of eggs, they keep down the too great increase of small birds. The rook is an awkward bird to deal with, for a flock can dig up beans, peas, and corn wholesale; but at the same time they destroy vast numbers of injurious insects and their larvæ, so that the scales hang equal when they are held up.

I have dealt with the chief offenders, and now we come to the insectivorous birds, the annual visitors—chiff-chaffs, nightingales, blackcaps, whitethroats, and the rest of their race, without counting the swallow family—swifts, swallows, and martins. Taken in the aggregate, the myriads of insects these birds destroy is something so appalling, as a calculation, that it is like reckoning the awful distances with which astronomers have to deal. But what are those insects to us? may be said; a few more or a few less gnats, and buzzing creatures of that kind, do not interfere much with our comfort.

Indeed! You forget, good gardener, florist, or farmer, whatever you be, that these insects represent the blights that would devastate your crops, and that silently and without ostentation the birds are ridding you of pest after pest. One way and another, when the least favourable view of the work of birds is calculated, the scale goes down in their favour, for the mischief they do is after all so little that it ought not to be taken into consideration. "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn," is a Divine command. Why then grudge our little feathered friends their reward of fruit, seed, and buds?

They take seeds? Well, sow more, as better men have done before, and be grateful that these wondrous works of your Creator's hand affect your home, making it beautiful with their presence, divine with their songs; and glory in the fact that they find your garden a sanctuary, and hardly flee at the tread of your foot. The tameness of the birds may have been shocking to that hero of the poet who was "lord of the fowl and the brute," but nothing in a country home is more interesting than to watch the gradual confidence that grows amongst birds, when they find that they can mate and nest in peace. I speak with no exaggeration, but I write from a place that literally swarms with feathered fowl—one of the quiet nooks of Old England, where save at certain seasons the gun is never heard; where the hawk hangs poised in the soft blue sky; where the night-jar utters its rattling note, the peewit tumbles headlong over the marsh; where the heron gathers in goodly company, and, amidst the ruins of a fine old castle, the jackdaw rears his powdered-headed brood. The lover of bird life and ways could find enough for observation here, where, as night falls, out come the owls to hawk over the fields in silent ghostly flight, saluting you with a hideous shriek if startled on their way, whilst their young sit waiting and uttering a curious hiss, looking in the gloom like goblins of the night.

"But look at the mischief you own the birds can do," says the man who carps. I do look at it, and say in return, look at the immense good. Let me follow Uncle Toby again, and say there is room enough in the world for birds and all. Their beauty of form and song should be strong enough plea that they might live, without one's having to put the feathers in the scale to prove that they do not kick the beam.

GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

A Very Old Art.

EMBOSSING IN METAL.

"*There is nothing too arduous for mortals to attempt.*"—HORACE, *Ode III.*

"*Work is the condition of man.*"—CARLYLE.

HAMMERING in metal has come down to us from antiquity. Of its birth and early gradual development we have no history; in many aspects its working reminds us of the potter's-wheel, itself prehistoric, which to-day is the same as before man made records and wrote books.

The most ancient history records Tubal-cain as an artificer in metal; Genesis tells us simply in the fourth chapter, that he was an artificer in every article in brass and iron; legend following with the story that his sister Naamah was the first woman to spin. Nor is this all, for though we would assent at once that the word artificer implies a skilled workman, we further learn from Exodus of work by Bezaleel, the first goldsmith, and his fellow-worker Aholiab—and of not only the skill of their manipulating in metal but the beauty of its design—again especially the detail of the ornament. Modern research has confirmed this: owing to the labors of a Botta and a Layard, the great museums of the world have examples of the excavations at Nineveh, the bas-reliefs of which show the metal-work of the period of Ninus to have been "beautiful," as we use the word to-day. "The bracelets, armlets, on the sculptured figures, were adorned in a style worthy of the exquisite chasing of the Middle Ages;" and if you turn to the book from which I quote, Layard's *Nineveh*, and compare the early Assyrian ornament at Nimroud, and later at Kouyugik with the later Greek honeysuckle ornament, observing carefully the conventionalizing in both and (in combination) the honeysuckle and tulip in the Assyrian, it will be seen that the later Greek treatment has not so much the advantage in grace, while, if one allows himself the freedom in taste (which that gentle conservative Sir Joshua Reynolds yields in that much disputed quality) many will be found to award the grace to the earlier Assyrian for its lily-like uprightness and suggestions of fresh naturalness.

In Exodus the writer seems to revel in sheer enjoyment of describing the purity of the "beaten gold"—beaten into lilies and almonds; of knobs (boxes) and flowers.

"Of beaten work shall the candlestick be made; its shaft and its branches, its bowls, its knobs, and its flowers shall be out of one piece with it.

"And six branches shall come out of its sides; three branches of the candlestick out of the one side, and three branches of the candlestick out of the other side.

"Three bowls, almond-shaped, shall be on one branch with a knob and a flower, and three bowls, almond-shaped, on the other branch with a knob and a flower; so on the six branches that come out of the candlestick." *

And although the writer distinctly gives us to understand that these details were of divine inspiration, many, however orthodox, will incline to the *naïvete* of a later writer who says, "It is probable that the metallurgy of the Hebrews was not very unlike that of the Egyptians." †

As there has been so much doubt about the semi-branched candlestick (arch of Titus) being partly of Roman restoration, I will not describe it, but a really beautiful metal work, one of the bronze lions excavated by Mr. Layard of the time of Sennacherib is interesting from this fact alone as well as showing the love of ornament of these people who adorned such merely useful things as weights and measures, for this lion is one of a series of sixteen copper-weights.

* Exodus, Chap. xxv. (Mr. Leeser's trans. of Hebrew Scriptures.)

† Pollen.

In Solomon's reign the magnificence of the hammered gold and silver and copper is simply awe-inspiring. Owing to the abundance of gold, the state or royal furniture was made of it. His throne of ivory was partly covered with gold; two large golden lions supported it and twelve smaller golden lions were placed two and two on the steps that led to it; and in the house that Solomon built "on all the walls of the house round about he carved figures of cherubim and palm trees and opening flowers in the debir and in the temple." "And also upon the two doors of oleaster wood he carved figures of cherubim and palm trees, and opening flowers, and overlaid them with gold and spread the gold by beating upon the cherubim and upon the palm trees." *

Of Hiram of Tyre we only know of him outside of his skill, that *his* father was a worker in brass, but that he was filled with wisdom and understanding and knowledge to make every work in brass," and that his ornaments were nets of checker-work, and wreaths of chain-work; network of pomegranates; also that the capitals of the pillars were finished with lily-work. The rim of the laver that held "two thousand baths" was "wrought like the brim of a cup with lily-buds," and the bases had borders and the borders were of pendant wreaths of plated (metal) work.

Indeed, the full and enthusiastic description of Hiram's skill has only a parallel in later times in that Michael Angelo in metal work—Benvenuto Cellini—whose boyish admiration of his own ornament causes the reader to smile as well as wonder.

The copper work, the homely vessels of domestic use in Solomon's reign, were richly polished as well as beaten. In the time of Joseph and Moses (reign of Thotmes the Third) the Egyptians were skilled in the making of statues and vases of beaten gold.

A beautiful example of *repoussé*, an Egyptian poignard with a gold blade, still extant, in the collection of the Khédive of Egypt, is of the date of 1,500 years B.C.

Some archæologist expresses his doubt that the gold used in antiquity was an alloy known (later) to the Greeks as *arichalcum* of copper and other metals, but the sacred writer ever insists upon the statement, and even reiterates it, that the gold was pure, and with him partly agree Dr. Birch and Mr. Layard, the former adding the fact that the toreutic work of Asia largely influenced the Greek work at a later period, rivaling and at length gradually superseding it.

In the time of Phidias gold was beautifully engraved on its modeled and hammered surface. The Homeric heroes had gold shields; nor can these be put down to poetic imagination, for it should be remembered that the poet wrote at the period of Ionian immigration, and the splendor was "painted from the life." The gold belts, etc., discovered by Dr. Schliemann are believed to be of this early date.

The British Museum was offered in 1876, 1,500 specimens —gold objects of Egyptian, Babylonian, and Asiatic-Greek workmanship, dating 1000 years B.C.

After the long struggle with the Persians, the Greeks became great by commerce. Then followed the great age of Greek art. Their sculpture, the perfection of which we know, was kindred to their metal-work—their great sculptors worked in metals. Phidias made statues of gold and ivory of colossal size (chryselphantine), and these gold parts were *not* cast (as has been asserted) but hammered. Darius erected to his favorite wife a statue of hammered gold, so also did Crœsus; for this devoting wealth to religious shrines was not confined to the Greeks, "but attracted royal devotees to Greek sanctuaries." When Phidias was accused of

* 1 Kings, chap. vi., 29-32. Same trans.

embezzlement of the gold of the statue of Minerva, he insisted on its being weighed. It was estimated at about forty-four talents—£118,000 English gold.

Only few specimens of ancient Greek art in goldsmithry remain. These few are now in St. Petersburg and a few other collections; some have been dug up in Italy and Cyprus. Ancient Greek gold vases are very rare. The first place in working in gold among the Greeks belongs to Mentor, who is said to have been an immediate successor of Phidias.

Phidias, Mys, Mentor, and Polycletus cut the *relievos* on the most celebrated vessels, and the work of these *toreutae* were eagerly sought for in classic Rome.

The description of the Egyptian *salon* of a Roman house of wealth and taste reads:

"There was a cup by the hand of Phidias, ornamented with fishes, that seemed only to want water to enable them to swim. On another was a lizard, by Mentor, and so exact a copy of nature that the hand almost started back on touching it."*

"There was a bowl, the color of opal,† surrounded at the distance of the fourth part of an inch by an azure net-work, carved out of the same piece as the vessel and only connected with it by a few fine slips that had been left. Beneath the edge of the cup was written the following inscription; the letters were green and projected in a similar manner, supported only by some delicate props: '*Bibe, vivas multis annis!*' ('Drink! Mayest thou live many years!') Antipater (of unknown date), says Pliny, engraved a sleeping satyr on a bowl so perfectly that it seemed laid on in relief."

Pytheas was a generation later than Pompey; his famous work was a bowl in *repoussé* of a composition of figures representing Ulysses and Diomed stealing the Palladium. His works were so delicate that they could not be cast from, nor in Pliny's time were there artists capable of copying them.

Of ancient Greece "in those seats of Royalty (the cities of Macedonian rulers) were made an unusual number of chased and embossed silver vessels.‡

The Romans were not, it appears, a race of artists, but they figured as art patrons. Rich men, patricians, or mere money-makers, went to sales and paid prices simply enormous for old gold and silver works made by famous artists—prices far beyond any given by modern buyers of the celebrated art and bric-a-brac dealers of our day. Lucius Crassus, the orator, gave nearly five thousand dollars (over £900) for two cups chased by Mentor. The celebrated bowl, by Pytheas, fetched about one thousand six hundred dollars *per ounce!*

The welding of iron (by the Greeks) is attributed to Glaucus, 600 B.C.§

In the first century of the Christian era, there still remained in the Greek cities, artists, second-rate as compared with the great names of the past, but of great skill. In reproducing traditional designs they were unsurpassed. "They‖ were inheritors of all kinds of methods of fusing, damascenting and in-laying and tempering the metals used in founding, sculpture and decoration, whether of statues, vases or decorative furniture, the after-growth of a creative age."

Wars, conquest, pillage, fire, and theft have left few of the beauties in precious metals extant. The most of them have been melted down for the value of their material; a few have been dug up at Rome, and one hundred silver vases at Pompeii. A rare vase of *electrum* is at St. Petersburg; a beautiful cup found at Antium is in the Corsini collection; "a vase with the representation of the apotheosis of Homer is in the Bourbon collection in Naples. The South Kensington Museum has a beautiful vase found at Vicorella. The British Museum has a few in silver and gold; of the latter one, a *paterœ* is embossed on the innerside with four bulls. The silver cup belonging to Sir William Drake, made in Augustan times, is an example of the best period of the later Greek art. All the details of ornamentation are admirably designed, and a number of accessories, such as offerings on an altar or table in front of a small sylvan deity, are of extraordinary delicacy. These offerings are cups and vases of nine different shapes and sizes, most of them two-handled, so that with the vase itself no less than ten of these shapes are recorded by it."

When I asked an artificer in London, himself one of the first chasers of the day and of a family who have been workers in metal in London for over two hundred years, what there was to prevent women from being art-workers in metal, he replied, with emphasis:

"NOTHING."

Meaning, of course, that a woman's equal success depended only upon her application and skill and taste, and that if she wrought as industriously as a man she would, in time, be as skilled as he; and he went on to say that the delicate handling of a woman, might give her the chance of superiority. He cited the example of a young lady now employed by the first English goldsmiths on their best work—race cups, trophies and the like—who, a pupil of a splendid chaser, her father, had now distanced him in his own craft.

But at the outset let me warn the reader who would learn embossing, either as an accomplishment to rejoice in merely as a possession, or as a means of support, that she must shun advertised "new processes" and patent methods for learning in a little while. It is quite true that with a few good lessons she may obtain a correct insight—the a. b. c. of procedure—by which she may begin at once to work from a simple design, but she had best steer clear of amateur and half-taught teachers and go at once to a workman in brass, copper, etc., and buy her tools of him. Art-workers in metal make their own tools *because they must be well made.* The tools sold in the shops are worthless—an imposition; they are not made of tempered steel, and a very important tool, an elastic hammer, has (this hammer "that goes with the set") a handle that baffles the "spring" necessary to perfect ease and skill in hammering.

Get the metal embosser to make you a few tools "out of hours;" and if you can get him to give you a few lessons "out of hours," do so. Be earnest about learning if you wish to work at all. (Be as persistent as the little girl who, though naturally naughty, *wanted* to be good, and after asking God to make her "a good little girl," added, "and if at first you don't succeed, try, try again.")

Three or four lessons from a good workman will be of great benefit to you and enable you to decide if you would go on as a thorough worker. If you think it *infra dig.* let me remind you that that sensible and practicable healthy-minded man, the late Prince Consort, gave every one of his children a trade, by which, if the royal family were turned out of England to-morrow, every one of them might earn their living comfortably.

"Learn from a common mechanic?" say you. Well, I don't call any one who does good work "common," but, for the sake of talk, let us say he is a "common mechanic;" but if you find him employed by the Tiffanys, or Gorham, or in any other good American workshop, do you secure his services for a few interviews at the outset. His time is worth so much an hour, his "labor" is his "capital," pay him for it, don't "sponge" information out of him, for you are not nearly as interesting to him as you are to yourself,

* GALLUS.

† Probably of *electrum*, esteemed by the ancient Greek workers and found in the washing of the Italian rivers, whiter and more luminous than gold, and said to betray the the presence of poison.

‡ MULLER'S *Archæology*. § GROTE'S *Greece*. ‖ Pollen.

and some of these days all the good Anglo-Saxons on both sides of the water will believe, as a few good people do now, what it says in the old catechisms, that "defrauding a laborer of his wages is one of the sins crying to heaven for vengeance."

You will be glad to watch his skilled labor and *practice*, and congratulate yourself that you did not go to a few fine lady and gentlemen *dilletanti* for their theories.

You can at least buy your tools of him for this lesson, and your piece of thick brass, not thin, good modelers do not use thin brass—to begin upon.

This simple ornament is a bit of embossing of the thirteenth century (German), and chosen for its applicability to what I have first to say. (See first illustration.)

For this you will require three "blunt tracers"—one long, one shorter, and one smaller, "half round;" also three plenishers, also a "ground-mat," a "grain-mat," which is a texture tool, a "riffle," and a scraper.

The face (or blade or point) of the first long tracer has an appearance like A. The same of the shorter like B. The half-round tracer like C. The point of the plenishers used in this design are first, No. 1, D; No. 2, E; No. 3, F.

Do not imagine these numbers are arbitrary, nor that they are so numbered on any "list," nor by the workman. I use them simply for our own convenience here and for you to recognize the "points" when you buy them of the workman, which, remember, you *must* do if you wish proper tools.

You will use ten tools (and a hammer) for this first lesson.

The "ground-mat" has a point indented so as to produce complete or broken circles in a background, these surfaces depending upon your method of shifting the tool.

A "ground-mat" is like G, the circle outside the indentation faintly corrugated.

The "grain-mat," which is for "tooling" the surface of ornament, a solid broad curve, the petal or leaf of a flower, etc., has a point like H—a broadish oval *very* faintly stippled.

A "riffle," a tool that has to be most carefully made by the workman, is brought to a tapering point each end; the points are like I, and finely engraved (this best describes the texture at the points) to the depth of an inch, with fine grooves that are like the finest cross-hatching in engraving.

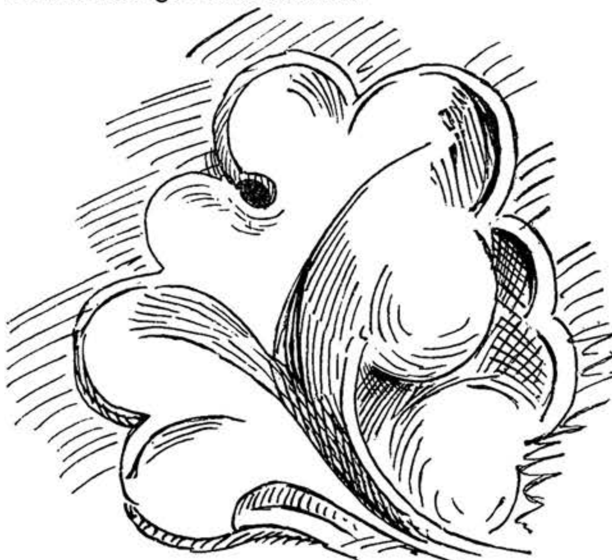
The "scraper" is a long tool, turned in a point one end and the "scraper" end is a three-cornered blade or triangular knife.

These last two tools are for finishing stalks and certain other surfaces.

You will also require from the workman a proper hammer and a pitch cushion. Buy your pitch prepared at the workshop. Do not attempt to make it; but perhaps the composition is pitch, plaster, rosin, and tallow. This composition you melt and cool as the exigencies of your work require. For instance, you melt the pitch on the top of your cushion by passing a red-hot poker over it; this you do in order to fix your metal on which you are working securely in its place (on this cushion). You supply yourself with extra pitch, say when you need it, to build up a mass on the cushion under the concave hammered parts to fill them from an iron ladle; this is a shallow cup with a long handle, in which your pitch can be melted when you need it.

For the ornament here given, the pitch on the surface will be high enough.

Sketch the design in pencil on your bit of brass, and with the first tracer go over the outlines.



Have the light fall on your left hand. Hold the long half-tracer perpendicularly on the line of the design, between your thumb and forefinger of your left hand, the forefinger almost as high as the head of the tool, the thumb an inch or thereabouts below it; your second finger rests on the nail of the third finger, *as on a cushion*, the little finger thrown aside from your work. Do not drop the little finger toward you on the third; if you do, constant hammering will deform it. Do not get into the habit, and you will not need to break yourself of it.

In the right hand grasp the hammer by dropping the thumb and fingers about the handle. *Do not pass the right forefinger down the length of the handle.* (You perceive that I am warning you against the beginner's bad habits.)

Tap lightly but uniformly on the traced line, *moving* toward you; the tracing-tool is urged gently along by the thumb and forefinger, the second and third following it intelligently, but not *dragging*.

Your brass being of proper thickness, you will not, even if hitting too hard, pierce the metal, and the effect should be a line deep enough to show the pattern cleanly outlined when the brass is lifted from the pitch cushion or block. Accommodate your tools to the metal, and the metal to yourself, by using the half-round tracer when you turn a curve, the longer tracer in fainter curved lines, and the still longer tracer in the longer curves, or lines that are nearly straight, and shift your metal (or rather your pitch-cushion) in any way that may enable you to do your work with more ease, remembering always to move the tool toward you in hammering the metal.

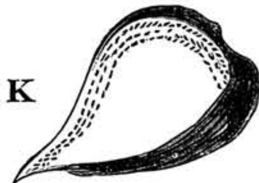
When the outline is traced, melt the pitch from about the metal by means of your hot poker, turn the metal to the other side, fix it again on your pitch-cushion, and begin to model (hammer). This do with the plenishers. Hammer the metal, moving toward you, pressing the metal to a cup-like shape, following the line of construction after you have cup-shaped (or saucer-shaped) the petal-like form. If you have ever modeled a rose petal in wax or clay, this will be familiar to you; in fact any *real* knowledge you have gained in modeling flowers in wax will be profitable here, for the effect desired is often the same, though the means and material differ. Approaching smaller spaces in the metal (within the outline of your design) you use the different-sized smaller plenishers. When this design is hammered up melt the metal from your pitch-cushion, then refix again the convex side uppermost. Go over your outlines again sharply, that they may be well defined with your tracing-tools.

For the background, *i. e.* the metal outside your design, use your "groundwork," moving in curves and producing whole curves on the surface by pressing the point completely firmly down on broken curves by allowing a little of this (circular) point to be slightly raised, tipped up, so to speak.

For tooling the surface use the grain-mat (a soft texture tool) *following the line of construction of the ornament* moving toward you.

For example rose petal K.

You will see that the track of the "grain-mat" tool follows the curve of the petal. Begin again at the top of the petal on the other side and finish the tracing similarly, the inner stippling of course being nearly straight.



Soften the stalk of the design by scraping (lay the blade flat on it) with the "riffle," and if additional smoothing is required scrape with the scraper, using one edge of its three-edged blade.

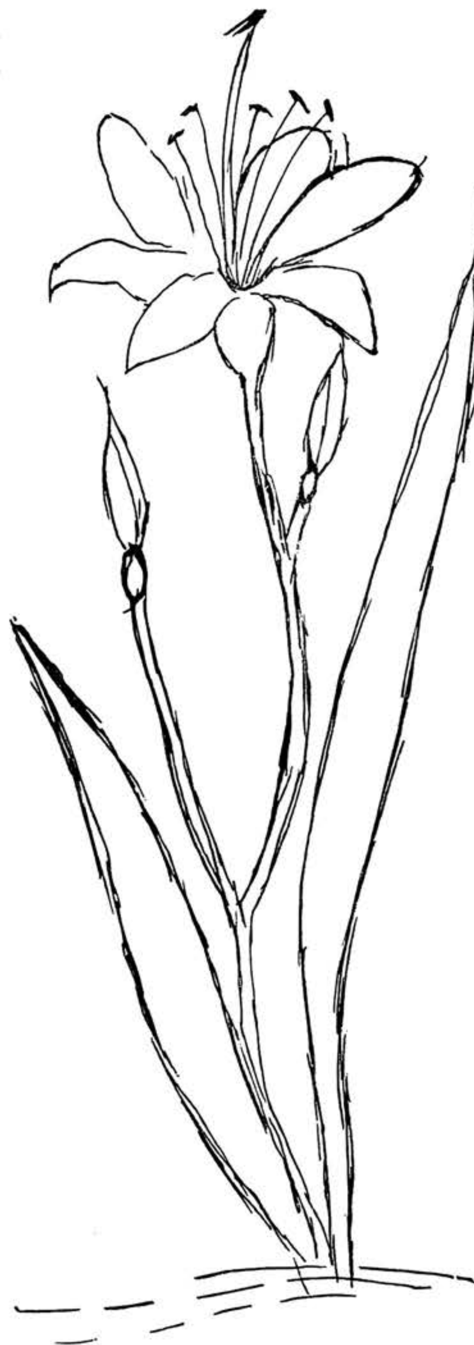
You will need to go over your "tooling" on the petal and background with each of these tools (the ground-mat and the "grain-mat") but when you have practice you will have got beyond this, for this is at best but patchy and your work will approach *success* when you know and can use your tools as freely as *if you were drawing with them* and getting effects in light and shade as if it were "as easy" as it is to the pencil in the hands of a draughtsman.

Clean off your work with turpentine and fine sawdust; work in the former and dry in the latter and with a *coarse* plate brush.

To polish send to the jeweler's or brass founder's where it must be done in your case (as with the professional embosser) by other hands guiding a machine for the purpose.

Do not grudge the time to practice tracing. I give here a group of *fleur-de-lys* blades as a piece of tracing work; it is excellent for acquiring skill in moving the tool, and in a later lesson on chasing you can use the same design and metal to chase on, for I am taking it for granted that the reader wishes to work thoroughly and not as some fine ladies I know of do, *copy* another's design—merely trace the outlines, hammer up the surface, leaving the fine tooling and delicate chasing for the silversmith to do and calmly exhibiting the work to their admiring friends as their own!

I beg of you to do all the *repoussé* yourself. Consider these first illustrations, if you like, as drudgery like the multiplication table or your musical exercises in velocity; they are to teach your hand cunning in tracing a simple "hammering up," which will be all clear gain when you attempt your first complete object, which I shall give you in the next lesson. In fact, later you may finish the yellow lily here given and it will make a pretty ornamental bas-relief, which you can frame in sapphire-blue velvet or use as the finger plate to a door (with a brass knob).



It may be of use to you to know that the three pieces of brass for this lesson should cost about 20 cents. Go to the foundry for brass; it is about 35 cents a pound, perhaps a trifle more.

You can repeat these practice lessons on other bits of brass and this practice will serve you in good stead, especially the exercises in *fleur-de-lys,* as it is the movement both in tracing and chasing, of which "more anon."

It is not necessary you should be a genius. Be of good courage and to your industry I can promise success.

Katherine Armstrong.

Editors' Table.

THE QUEEN OF INVENTIONS—THE SEWING MACHINE.

I wisdom dwell with prudence, and find out knowledge of witty inventions.—PROVERBS viii. 12.

IT is the wise decree of God that men shall work, "subdue the world," restore it, so far as human strength and skill can, to its original beauty and fruitfulness. The physical strength and inventive faculties of man, preponderating, as they do, over those of woman,* mark him as the agent by whom the hard labor of the world is to be done, and the inventions that aid that labor discovered. Also, the lighter tasks of woman, so far as these can be aided by machinery, are under this department of man's inventive genius.

We do not here enter into any discussion on the comparative equality of the sexes; their capacities are not to be measured in this way. As well might we compare light and gravitation—the one power never seen, the other always obtruded, and both alike indispensable to life.

Let us say, then, that man is the agent to "find out knowledge of witty inventions," and no one he has ever found out seems likely to add more to human comfort than this apparently little device for lightening the tasks of woman.

The world has been moved, the hard-hearted world, by the laments over that portion of gentle womanhood whose sad destiny it was to earn a scanty livelihood by sewing. Every feeling of pity has responded to the appeals made and descriptions drawn of the "pale woman plying her sickly trade." Those noble spirits who do not content themselves with barren sympathy rose up, and sought, by energetic striving, to alleviate this condition of the sufferers, who starved or sinned if they did not resort to the needle, and died by inches if they did take it up. But Vanity Fair must have her furbelows. Fashion would not remit the tasks of the needle; avarice, the severe partner of vanity, urged the victims to the last moment of existence. In vain, Christian men and women of note and high place strove to remedy this state of martyrdom. Poets sang, novelists wrote, preachers exhorted, legislators framed laws to guard the needlewomen; all that was effected was a feeble palliation of the evil. Now, however, it is gone from the face of the earth. What philanthropy failed to accomplish, what religion, poetry, eloquence, and reason had sought in vain, has been produced by—THE SEWING MACHINE.

By this invention the needlewoman is enabled to perform her labors in comfort; tasks that used to require the midnight watches by the pale light of a single lamp, and drag through, perhaps, twenty hours, she can now complete in two or three hours. She is thus able to rest at night, and have time through the day for family occupations and enjoyments. Is not this a great gain for the world?

This is not all. The *Sewing Machine* will, after a time, effectually banish ragged and unclad humanity from every class. The extreme facility with which garments are made by its help will enable thousands, ay, hundreds of thousands, to have new clothes, who belong to those classes hitherto dressed in the worn-out, unfitting garments bestowed by charity. The very poor women among servants and workpeople seldom have any ingenuity with the needle; they can often buy cheap and strong new fabrics, but they cannot make them up, and, heretofore, the making of the garment often cost more than the cloth. Now, the Sewing Machine, at a very small cost, sews up the seams; or, a ready-made garment can be purchased nearly as cheap as the cloth of which it is made. In all Benevolent Institutions these Machines are now in operation, and do, or may do, a hundred times more towards clothing the indigent and feeble than the united fingers of all the charitable and willing ladies collected through the civilized world could possibly perform.

We have spoken first of the advantage of this invention to the poor as the most ostensible and just to be considered. It is useless in our country to allude to that old world fallacy, the long ago exploded notion that machines interfere with individual labor. When the Stocking Machines were first introduced in England, they met clamorous opposition from that class of political economists who contended it was right that nine-tenths of the whole population of the civilized world should go stockingless, so that a few thousands of old women and boys might earn a shilling a day by hand knitting! Now, who believes that theory? A similar class of exclusives were offended at Arkwright's wonderful invention, the Spinning Jenny. It was nothing to them that working men and women could go clean and comfortable, that health and neatness, and their concomitants, virtues and blessings, might enter the poor laboring man's house, with cotton goods at a price for everybody's wear. No! They thought the health, virtue, and comfort of the world at large should be sacrificed to the temporary inconvenience of change of employment for the few who earned a paltry stipend by the spinning wheel or the hand loom. This delusion has passed away. The poor working people can, if *temperate* and industrious, now clothe themselves and families neatly, even fashionably.

In the wealthier homes of our land, where we rise beyond the actual *need* of woman's work to support the family, the Sewing Machine is a treasure. Instead of busy fingers and vacant minds, young ladies throughout all the country can have the opportunity of improving their minds and gaining what are styled the "accomplishments" of education, while aiding their mothers in all the sewing for the family. How many an excellent mother, anxious to save everything for the education and advancement of a numerous family, has sat and stitched at the never-ending, ever-beginning sewing of her household, till life was nothing but a dull round of everlasting toil, and too often have eyesight and health, as well as hope and spirits, sunk under the burden! Now, a few dollars invested in a Sewing Machine—a club of ladies might join in a neighborhood—and the long seams, the never ending hems, the hard stitching are all done as by fairy fingers. No wasting application, stooping over the needle, without time for outdoor exercise, wearying for want of change, will be

* See "Woman's Biographical Dictionary," published by the Harpers, New York.

felt by those women who have in their possession a good Sewing Machine. The *best* is, usually, in the long run, the *cheapest*. There is a great variety; all have their advantages and admirers. We can only speak safely of those we know best. That of Wheeler & Wilson combines more merits than any other, with excellent workmanship in its arrangement, a firm stitch that does not ravel, a hemmer that saves time and trouble; in short, it seems as nearly perfect as the human genius can make such an instrument, that must be somewhat complicated.

We shall have more to say on this matter, as we intend to make our readers thoroughly understand the merits and advantages of the SEWING MACHINE.

THE SEWING MACHINE.*

WE promised, in our last editorial, to give further particulars concerning this truly philanthropical invention. We now propose to give "facts and figures" that will establish the excellence of the machine. The following summary may be relied upon:—

The Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company has prepared tables showing, by actual experiment of four different workers, the time required to stitch each part of a garment by hand and with their Sewing Machines. The superiority of the work done by the Machine, and the healthfulness of the employment, are advantages quite as great as the saving of time. Subjoined is a summary of several of the tables:—

	BY MACHINE.		BY HAND.	
	Hours.	Min.	Hours.	Min.
Gentlemen's shirts	1	16	14	26
Frock coats	2	33	16	35
Satin vests	1	14	7	19
Linen vests	0	48	5	14
Cloth pants	0	51	5	10
Summer pants	0	33	2	50
Silk dress	1	13	10	22
Merino dress	1	4	8	27
Calico dress	0	57	6	37
Chemise	1	1	10	31
Moreen skirt	0	35	7	28
Muslin skirt	0	30	6	1
Drawers	0	28	4	1
Night-dress	1	7	10	2
Silk apron	0	15	4	16
Plain apron	0	9	1	26

Seams of considerable length are ordinarily sewed at the rate of a yard a minute.

The Lock-Stitch made by this Machine is the only stitch that cannot be ravelled, and that presents the same appearance upon each side of the seam. It is made with two threads, one upon each side of the fabric, and interlocked in the centre of it.

The Sewing Machines of Messrs. Wheeler & Wilson have been introduced into several female colleges and schools for young ladies. The method adopted for teaching its use has been as follows: "A few of the most apt and intelligent pupils have received particular attention, and they, in turn, have instructed others. This plan has operated with tolerable success. As to the ultimate success of the plan and the wisdom of its policy, I have not the slightest doubt." So says Prof. W. H. Wood, principal of one of the New York schools. We shall suggest a method of instituting "Sewing Machine" clubs of ladies in country villages, in our next number.

* Wheeler & Wilson, 505 Broadway, New York. Agent, Henry Coy, 628 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

POISONOUS PAPER-HANGINGS.—Perhaps many of our readers are not aware that arsenical mixtures are used in the coloring matter of the paper of some kinds that are often used because beautiful in appearance. This paper is deleterious in sitting-rooms, but for chambers is dangerous to life. There is a kind of beautiful room-paper, of an *apple-green* color, which is often selected for its cool appearance; and some one, tempted by its look, had his library hung with it. Strange to say, a violent cold seemed to seize upon every one, even in the middle of summer, who stopped long in the room, especially if they came much in contact with the walls. The paperhanger was questioned, and he replied that "he never worked at hanging such paper without getting *a bad sore throat and a running of the eyes*." Further inquiry resulted in discovering that this beautiful, cool, cheerful green color was composed of *arsenical preparation, an irritant poison of the worst class!* It has been proved by experiments that the air of rooms covered with this kind of green paper is surcharged with a poisonous dust, the inhalation of which will injure the system through the pulmonary membrane, or affect the throat, the eyes, or the nose by local action. So beware of *green* in the colors of your paper-hangings.

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