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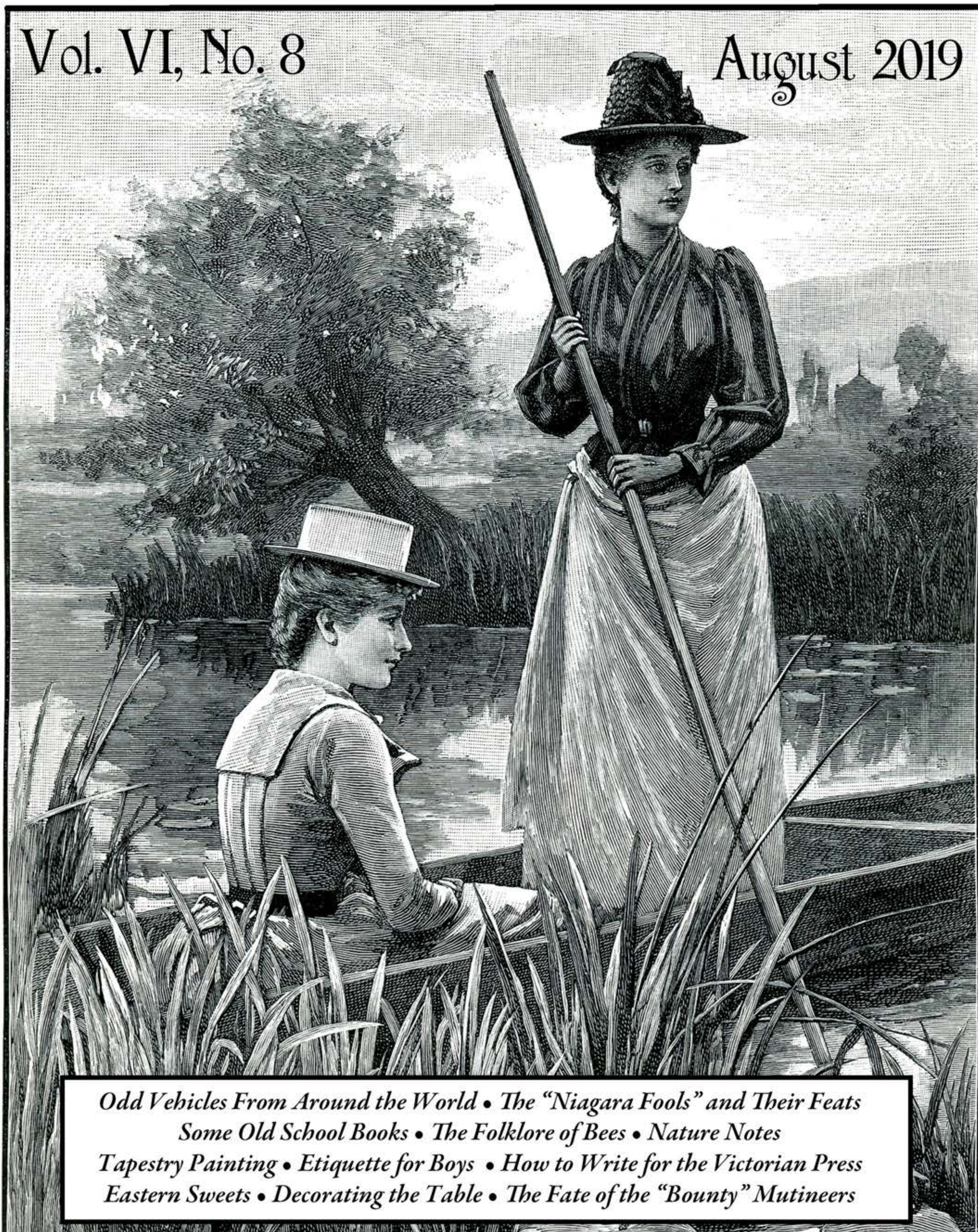

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Some Old School Books • The Folklore of Bees • Nature Notes
Tapestry Painting • Etiquette for Boys • How to Write for the Victorian Press
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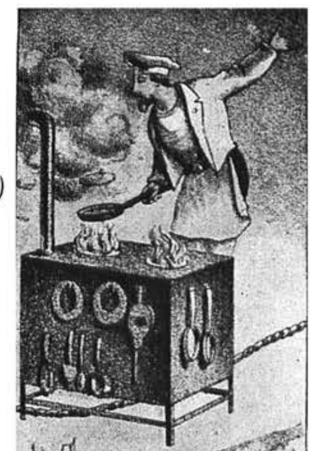

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* *The Girl's Own Paper* ***Cassell's Family Magazine*

Forgotten Victorian Arts

Lots of books will tell you about the "lost arts and crafts" of an earlier day. Around the world, scattered craftsmen struggle to keep alive such once-vital talents as thatching, blacksmithing, building dry-stone fences, leather-work, weaving, spinning and more. Living history museums attract tourists to gawk at the "old ways" of doing things—and occasionally inspire someone to learn how to do it themselves.

The lost arts I'm about to talk about, however, aren't likely to be showcased in a living history museum, or promoted by an ardent craftsman. They may, indeed, seem remarkably commonplace—and yet they are skills that are increasingly being forgotten by the "average" person of the 21st century, to, perhaps, our detriment.

Take, for example, the art of "art" itself. A well bred Victorian woman was, quite often, a competent artist. Not a *great* artist—but a person who could make a passable sketch of a landscape, or a cow, or a cathedral. Many Victorian ladies could work with watercolors or oils. Again, few expected to become the next Rosa Bonheur—but they could produce a work of art that could be displayed in the parlor. Today, we've relegated "art" to the sphere of "artists." The average person isn't expected to learn how to sketch or paint or master the ability to capture an image on paper. Only "artists" do that. Fortunately, there are plenty of artists to maintain these abilities—but whatever happened to the notion that the rest of us could employ this skill as well?

Similarly, the Victorian gentlewoman was expected to be able to play at least one musical instrument—most commonly the pianoforte. Again, she wasn't expected to play like a concert pianist. This was simply a skill that one could exercise at home, for the pleasure of oneself and one's family, or, if one were particularly "good," to entertain guests. Of course, one reason for being able to play an instrument was because it was the only way to *have* music in one's house; if you couldn't make your own music, you had to go without. Today, we are bombarded with music; we can scarcely get away from it. Our young folks (and quite a few of our not-so-young folks) spend most of their day plugged into a music source—they *enjoy* music but have no idea how to *create* it. As with art, music has become the exclusive sphere of "musicians"—and one is unlikely to even attempt to learn how to play an instrument unless one has greater ambitions than simply livening up a quiet hour at home.

Here's another skill we have lost: the art of writing letters. I've talked about this in a previous editorial (June 2018). But it's not just that we no longer put pen to paper to write a chatty note to a distant friend or family member. Along with the loss of the art of letter-writing, we've lost a great deal of the art of *courtesy*. Even business letters of a few decades ago were marked by a courteous degree of formality. When e-mail became the primary mode of communication, formality and courtesy went out the window. As an editor, I began to see submissions deteriorate from "Dear Editor, I hope you will consider the enclosed article..." to "Here's an article for your magazine..." followed by a second e-mail ten minutes later asking why I hadn't responded yet. Letters encouraged us to think about what we were saying before we said it and fired it off through the ether.

A "lost art" I think we all rather miss is the "art of conversation." Victorian magazines would often run articles on *how* to engage in polite conversation—at a party or dinner, whilst traveling, even when on a train or "bus." Part of that art, of course, was how to manage a conversation with total strangers and make them feel at ease while not making oneself look like an idiot. Today, I'm sure, many would regard this sort of advice as "unnatural," preferring instead to simply "be oneself" and "go with the flow." But—hands up, readers— how many of us really feel that conversation (especially at a party with total strangers) comes "naturally"? Frankly, there are times when I feel I could use a manual! (I also often feel the desire for a large club when I see a young couple on a "date" in a restaurant, and each is absorbed in his or her own cell phone...)

I could go on and on, but... the end of the page approacheth. But here's the thought I'd like to leave you with. All of these "arts"—those I've mentioned and dozens more that I don't have space for—are arts that can only be undertaken at "human speed." They are arts that require us to operate at the speed at which our hands, eyes, and perhaps mind and mouth can achieve, and no more. We cannot perform them at machine speed, or electronic speed. Today, our lives are increasingly governed by those things that can and must be done at a faster-than-human pace—and we're letting some vital skills slip away from us in the process. I'm not sure where this loss of "human-speed" arts is taking us—but I suspect I'm not alone in wondering whether it's going to be a good place!

—Moira Allen, Editor
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Queer Conveyances.

MANY people who have been round the world have made a practice of writing up a diary every evening, and in these private journals, almost without exception, there will always be found remarks and comments on the various peculiar conveyances—passenger and otherwise—characteristic of each country visited. Now, many of these conveyances do not differ greatly from our own hansom cab; and, in regard to the drivers, there seems to be a family resemblance between them all over the globe. The Paris *cocher* will drive you from the Nord Station to the Madeleine, and when at length you put to him the important query, "*Combien?*" he will probably reply with equal brevity, and the air of a martyr, "*Quatre francs, cinquante*"—at least twice the proper fare.

Every traveller knows that the drivers of public vehicles in all quarters of the globe are noted, more or less, for the following characteristics: (1) Extortion on all possible occasions, and (2), an amazingly quick perception of the stranger and the "greenhorn."

Now, it occurred to the present writer that a collection of photographs of many of the most picturesque conveyances of the world would prove interesting alike to the traveller and the "stay-at-home." For this purpose he put himself in communication with Her Majesty's Consuls in various parts of the world; and as there does not exist a more courteous or more energetic body of men, he was quickly enabled to get together the unique set of photographs reproduced in this article.

The very first illustration shows us what may virtually be termed the national conveyance of Japan, *i.e.*, the jinricksha. It will be seen that, as in many other countries, the motive power is a man—just an ordinary man. In this particular instance, however, the "locomotive" has an extraordinary uniform, if uniform it may be termed. On his head he wears an immense straw hat, somewhat like an inverted basin, and on his shoulders is seen a curious kind of cape, made of rough plaited straw.

The human "moke" is a thing that imagination boggles at—particularly the imagination of the untravelled. The coolies, however, who draw the jinrickshas in Yokohama, Kobé, Kioto, and other large Japanese cities, need no pity. They are as well up to their work and as used to it as any "thick-set cob" ever advertised in the *Daily Chronicle.* The specimen seen in the foregoing photograph could comfortably do his twenty miles on end with the couple in his 'ricksha. This vehicle, as one can see for oneself, is virtually a large edition of a child's go-cart. The passengers usually carry gay sunshades; but there is, besides, a movable hood somewhat like the hood of a dog-cart.

From a] THE JAPANESE JINRICKSHA. *[Photograph.*

The next peculiar conveyance to be

From a] PUBLIC CHAIR OF HONG KONG. *[Photograph.*

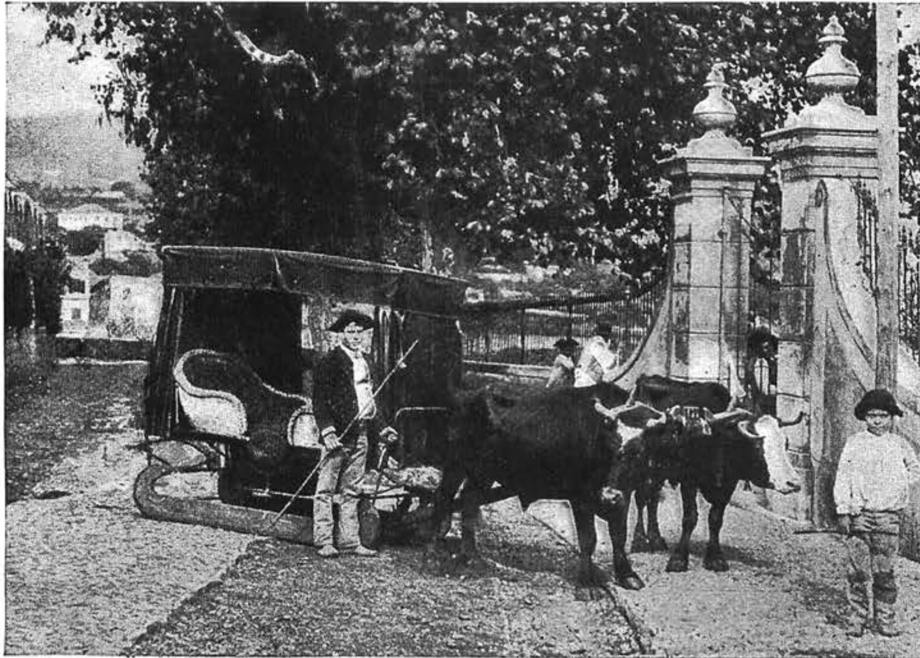
represented is the public chair as used in Hong Kong. This is simply a kind of box made of pieces of bamboo, and slung from two long slender poles. Inside is a bamboo and cane chair, and a light awning is supported over all. This is a particularly luxurious mode of travel, because the coolies get at the extreme end of the poles, thereby reducing the jolting to an extent almost unknown in any other form of transport.

We next come to the "push-push," which is the ordinary street conveyance in Pondicherry. There are some things provided with a name which in itself is eloquently descriptive; and the push-push is one of these. The vehicle is a kind of hybrid between a park-phaeton and an invalid-carriage. The passenger himself is entirely responsible for the steering. The two coolies expend all their energies on the propulsion of the vehicle. This is a strikingly picturesque mode of conveyance, and there is nothing quite like it anywhere else. This photograph was taken by Messrs. Bourne and Sheppard, a firm of photographers whose fame extends throughout British India.

The Pondicherry push-push has this advantage: that the stranger may steer himself wherever he pleases, instead of being passively driven by an extortionate hireling; and if his two coolies are well versed in the topography of the district, they may deliver descriptive and explanatory lectures over the passenger's shoulder.

We now pass to Madeira, which is represented by two kinds of conveyances—the

From a Photo. by] THE PONDICHERRY "PUSH-PUSH." *[Bourne & Sheppard.*



From a] BULLOCK CARRO—MADEIRA. [*Photograph.*

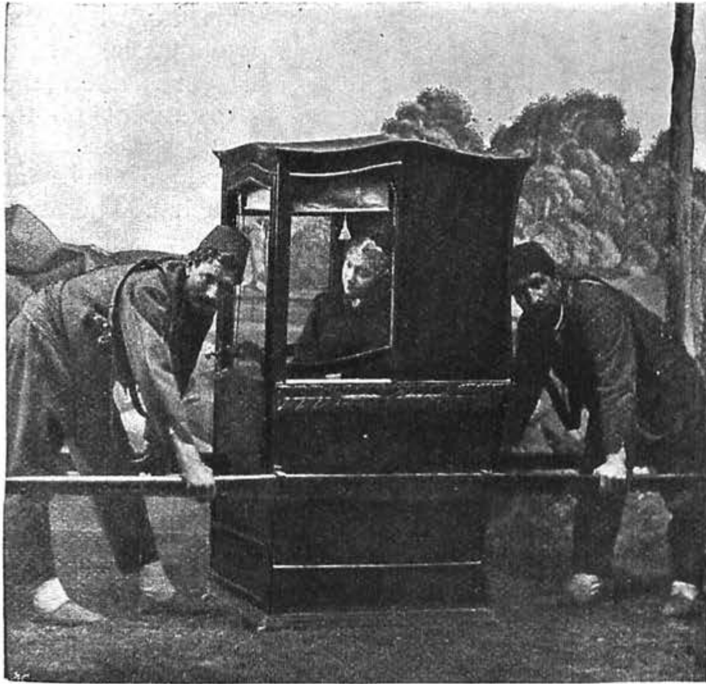
bullock *carro* and the running *carro*. The first of these is depicted in the accompanying reproduction. Wheeled vehicles, it should be said here, are practically unknown in the island. The bullock *carro*, which is the mode of conveyance ordinarily used on the more level roads, consists of a kind of basket-carriage body, mounted on light runners, and fitted with Cee-springs. There is an overhead canopy, besides curtains at the back and front. As a general rule, no great speed may ever be looked for where bullocks are the beasts of burden. There are, however, a hundred reasons why they are to be preferred before horses, mules, or asses in a semi-tropical and extremely hilly island like Madeira. Both of the photographs we reproduce were taken in Funchal, the beautiful capital. On the right-hand side in the first photograph is seen the entrance to one of the principal hotels.

The second photo. depicts for us the running *carro*, whose appearance at once suggests the sledge or the toboggan. The building with the two cupolas which is seen over the trees in this photograph is the Mount Road Church, at Funchal. The tourist may walk up the hill if he wishes, or go up in a bullock *carro*, similar to the one seen in the preceding photograph. The conveyance used in the descent, however, is the one here shown.

Madeira being a Portuguese island, the coinage is decidedly peculiar; and it would surely stagger even the most hardened London cabman to learn that the fare for a ride down the hill in a running *carro* is about 2,500 reis, a coin of infinitesimal value.

Most of the roads in Funchal are composed of cobble stones, which the iron-shod runners of the various conveyances have worn quite flat and smooth. For this reason the running *carros* come down the hills at a perfectly appalling rate, but they are steered by the

From a] RUNNING CARRO—MADEIRA. [*Photograph.*



From a Photo. by] TURKISH SEDAN-CHAIR. [*P. Sébah.*

men inside with such dexterity—even round the sharpest corners—that the passengers need have no fear.

A Turkish sedan-chair, such as is used in Constantinople, is depicted in the next illustration. This is a much weightier affair than the public chair of Hong Kong; but, then, the porters of Constantinople are far more capable of dealing with heavy weights than the Chinese coolies. The present writer once saw two Turkish porters negotiating an immense cottage piano on the Galata Bridge over the Bosphorus; and their performance was evidently considered such an ordinary matter that nobody took any notice of it. In the case of this sedan-chair, it will be noticed that the bearers grasp the poles as close to the chair itself as they possibly can. Probably they consider that this lightens the load. Anyone who stands near the arsenal at Tophané will see one after another of these sedan-chairs arrive with French or English passengers, only to be turned away by suspicious officials. The bearers, of course, would never dream of telling the passenger that it is all but impossible to get into the arsenal. It must not be supposed, by the way, that these Turkish sedan-bearers are without any ingenious aid to assist them in longish journeys. Notice the straps depending from the men's shoulders. These straps are made fast to the poles when a "fare" is inside, and in this way the strain upon the porters' arms is very considerably lightened.

The next photograph we reproduce takes us to the Land of a Thousand Lakes—Finland. This photograph was specially taken in Helsingfors for our article. The pony, harness, and driver suggest Russia—as is but natural, seeing that Finland is one of the Muscovite Grand Duchies. The vehicle itself, however, is very like a Paris *fiacre.* There is one feature peculiar to the Finnish drosky, and that is a curious stay which stretches from the axle of the front wheel halfway up the shaft. "Cab" fares in Helsingfors are astonishingly low, but then living and everything else is very cheap all over Finland. This country, by the way, is being exploited by certain tourist agencies, and, no doubt, the time is not far distant when a trip to Abo and Helsingfors will be at least as common as a visit to Bergen or Stavanger.

From a Photo. by] DROSKY, AS USED IN FINLAND. [*Daniel Nyblin, Helsingfors.*

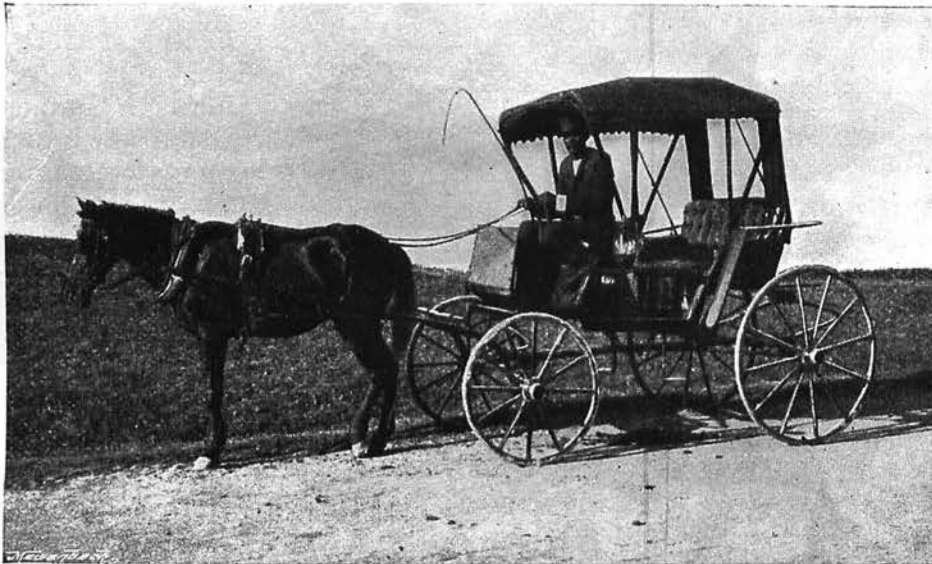
From a] A RUSSIAN SLEIGH. [*Photograph.*

Next is seen a typical Russian sleigh, than which there is no more delightful conveyance in the world. This is the unanimous opinion of all who have ever glided swiftly along the ice-covered Nevski Prospekt, St. Petersburg. In summer time getting from place to place in the Russian capital is not a pleasant experience. The roads in many parts of the city are inconceivably bad, consisting mainly, apparently, of holes, hillocks, and ruts. Besides, the ordinary drosky-driver may be awarded the palm for wild and reckless driving, even over the heads of his London and Paris brethren. When winter comes, however, Nature forms beautiful roads of her own—one vast expanse of hard, smooth, frozen snow, over which the sleighs glide at very high speed, the sense of exhilaration being further heightened by the keen, pure air and the jangle of innumerable bells upon the horses' harness.

There has been in the past, and is yet likely to be for some time, much talk about Cuba; therefore the photograph of a Havana *volante*, which we are enabled to reproduce here, will probably be considered of especial interest. We are greatly indebted for the photo. to Mr. Cecil Gosling, Her Britannic Majesty's Consul in the Cuban capital. The *volante* is a kind of dog-cart, mounted upon a pair of wheels placed very widely apart; this arrangement doubtless prevents the capsizing of the conveyance when sharp corners are being negotiated at high speed. One, two, or three horses are used, abreast or tandem, according to the nature of the country to be covered. The wealthy planter, or Spanish grandee, who lolls at his ease in the *volante* need not trouble himself about the driving, even though he holds the reins. This is always seen to by the picturesque coolie who rides the leader.

Another quarter of the world which lately came in for much attention is British Guiana,

From a] THE "VOLANTE" OF HAVANA. [*Photograph.*



From a] CARRIAGE USED IN BRITISH GUIANA. *[Photograph.*

and we here reproduce a photograph of the national conveyance of that place. There is something about the light build of this vehicle which suggests the American trotting sulky; and, altogether, the turn-out is far more luxurious than one would expect to find in remote Georgetown. Somewhat similar conveyances are found in Limon, Caracas, and other cities throughout the Central American Republics. In all cases the sun awning and blinds form a very important part in the construction of the vehicle; but for the greater part of the year there is no earthly need for splash-boards.

It has frequently been noticed that the bigger and more powerful an animal between the shafts may be, the less likely is that animal to have a large number of passengers behind him. We have all noticed magnificent cart-horses, such as would delight the soul of Sir Walter Gilbey, drawing an empty cart containing but one man, and he their driver. We have likewise noticed diminutive costers' "mokes" coming across Waterloo Bridge with a load of humanity and vegetables that would give a plough-horse the staggers.

These reflections are suggested by the photograph of a Sicilian cart which lies before us as we write, and which is here reproduced. This is a springless vehicle, drawn by an elegant donkey. Three men (who ought to know better) and seven more or less picturesque children, of various ages, are behind this same donkey—a crowd which, at first glance, causes one to overlook the curious and elaborate decorations on the panels of the cart. Not the cart only, but also the wheels come in for their share of decoration; even the fellies and axle are carved, so as to harmonize with the body of the cart. It is difficult to imagine anything more picturesque than a long line of these beautifully decorated carts, filled with oranges or lemons, filing slowly through the streets of Palermo or Messina.

Next is reproduced a local omnibus which plies between the suburbs of Lisbon. All things considered, this is a pretty good second, in the way of disproportionate load, to the Sicilian cart just described.

The Portuguese, and many other peoples, do not use the horse-collar in their harness, considering (and very rightly) that this dis-

From a] A SICILIAN CART. *[Photograph.*

From a] OMNIBUS USED IN SUBURBS OF LISBON. [*Photograph.*

figures the animal, especially about the shoulders. It will be seen that in the case of the local omnibus depicted in our photograph the breast-strap only is used. Stranger still, no bit is used, the rein being fastened to the strap which encircles the horse's nose. This omnibus is a good stout vehicle, not unlike our two-wheeled brewers' carts, but provided with folding steps, and some good substantial springs. The shafts, it will be noticed, are curiously short, the horse being, in fact, half-way out of them. Of course, with such a load as this, the unfortunate animal can only go at the veriest crawl.

The natives of India are exceedingly conservative in the matter of customs, and it is on this account that we find so many primitive and picturesque conveyances throughout that empire. The native Indian cart, depicted in the illustration here given, is just such a one as might be looked for in a museum of anthropology. It is apparently of the crudest home manufacture, even to the harness; and it exists to-day precisely as it existed in the days of the Mogul Emperors. This primitive cart is constructed of rough wood, bamboo, and hide; and there is, of course, the inevitable canopy, in addition to a screen at the back which prevents the fierce rays of a torrid sun from injuring the passengers' spines. The driver and his companion are as picturesque a couple as it would be possible to find in India; and altogether the turn-out suggests an effort of an artist's imagination rather than a matter-of-fact photograph taken from life. So quaint, indeed, are many of these native vehicles, that wealthy travellers, retired Civil servants, and others have been known to actually bring them over to England from India and place them in their country houses among the ordinary curios and *bric-à-brac.*

Almost every province in India has its own particular kind of conveyance, ranging

From a Photo. by] NATIVE INDIAN CART. [*Bourne & Sheppard.*

From a Photo. by] DOUBLE BULLOCK "RAIKLA" OF MADRAS. [*Bourne & Sheppard.*

from the somewhat ordinary but luxurious equipage of the Lieutenant-Governor (to say nothing about the Viceroy) right down to the tiny vehicle drawn by pairs of zebus, or sacred dwarf oxen.

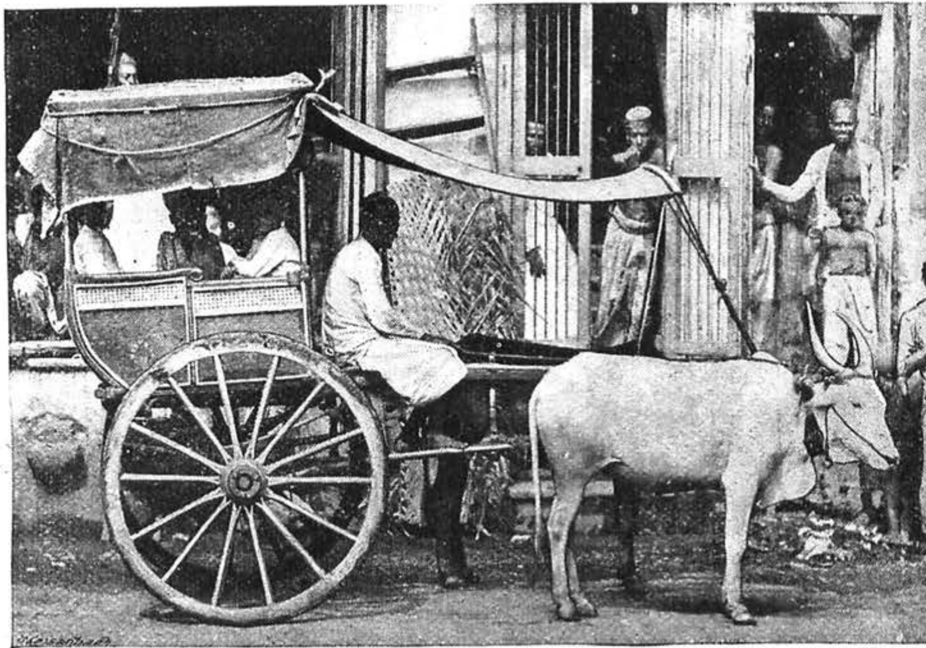
The peculiar vehicle which next appears is known as the double bullock raikla of Madras. The vehicle resembles nothing so much as one of those trotting-traps which were seen very frequently at Alexandra Park some years ago. That the bullocks come in for a good deal of flagellation is evident from the general demeanour of the driver; and it will be seen that the off-side animal has part of the rein passing through his nose. This same raikla is a good deal faster than the average bullock-cart one sees on the Continent of Europe; in fact, the driver of the raikla is very frequently used as a kind of express messenger, on which occasion he and his bullocks are something of a menace to life and limb. At such times the man is seen balancing himself on the pole, *more* Blondin, and flogging both animals, with magnificent impartiality, into a wild gallop. Altogether the turn-out is as different as possible from the vehicle that figures in the next illustration. This may be termed an Indian carriage and pair.

Now, this carriage at once suggests the travelling menagerie. Who has not seen those huge cages of birds and beasts, lumbering along the country roads in England? In this case, however, the "menagerie" consists mainly of the driver's womenkind and children. The bullocks, yoked together, and driven by the nose, rather resemble those immense sleepy brutes one sees in the streets of Lucerne. As a rule, they are capable of little more

From a Photo. by] AN INDIAN CARRIAGE AND PAIR. [*Bourne & Sheppard.*

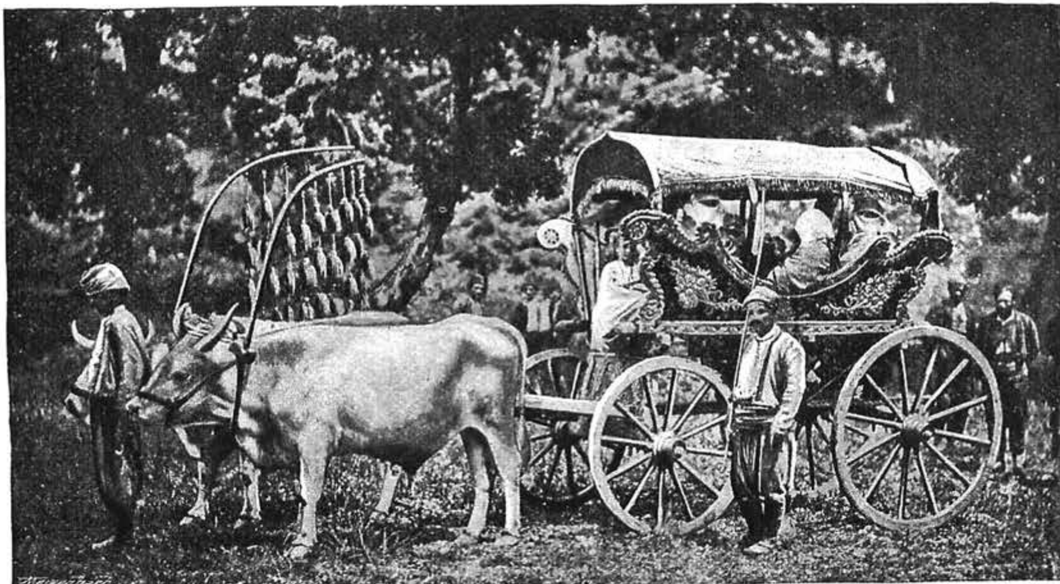
than a steady walk. All round the caravan shown in the illustration are sun-blinds, which are let down in the heat of the day, but may be drawn up when required.

Yet another raikla or native Indian cart is shown in the photograph next reproduced. A very different breed of oxen is now seen; and a notable feature of this cart is the



From a Photo. by] ANOTHER INDIAN BULLOCK CART. [*Bourne & Sheppard.*

shelter provided for the driver against the sun. It will also be seen that this is a passenger-cart, a fact demonstrated by the presence of springs. The oxen in this instance can trot at a respectable pace, but are seldom called upon to do so, for the excellent reason that the roads are not exactly



From a] MOURNING CARRIAGE USED IN COUNTRY PARTS OF TURKEY. [*Photograph.*

like Regent Street or the Champs Elysées, nor is the internal economy of the cart such as would find favour in Long Acre. In other words, the passengers would be jolted intolerably were the oxen called upon to break into a gallop.

A truly gorgeous equipage next bursts upon our sight. This is a Turkish bullock-cart of a highly ornate description, and it is conveying a number of veiled women to the cemetery in one of the country districts. The high body of the carriage is mounted upon four rough wheels, after the manner of our own springless timber waggons. Furthermore, it will be noticed that the vehicle is not driven, but merely led by a young Turk. The absence of reins will immediately be detected by the observant. Practically, this very picturesque carriage may be termed a Turkish mourning carriage; notice the black panels with their foliated decorations, and the extraordinary number of tassels suspended over the backs of the bullocks. The doleful Turk walking beside the carriage might well pass for one of the mutes.

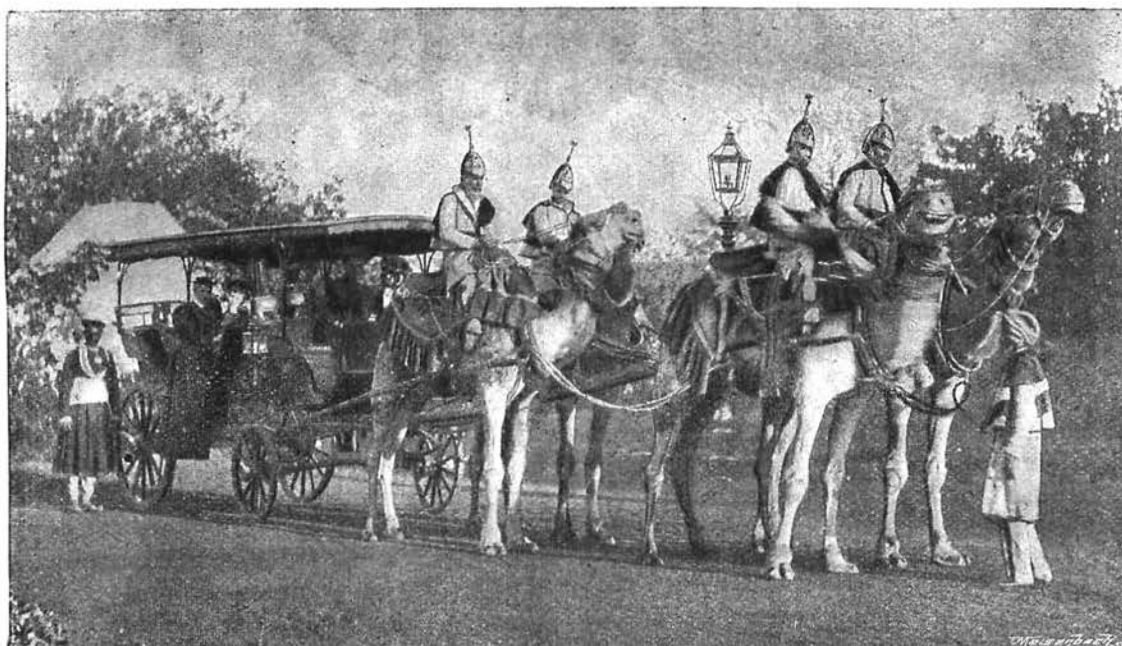
A decidedly peculiar and striking equipage is the Indian camel-carriage shown in our next reproduction. The carriage itself is a quaint kind of brougham, which, one imagines, is exceedingly dark inside. The utility of the footman behind is not particularly obvious; but one is utterly at a loss to know why there should be a coachman mounted on the box, when

From a Photo. by] A CAMEL-BROUGHAM. [*Bourne & Sheppard.*

which forms a worthy conclusion to this article? Cut off the four camels and their lifeguardsmen-like postilions, and you have a vehicle resembling the ordinary covered *char-à-bancs* that ply between Camberwell and Epping Forest. The venerable gentleman who stands at the camels' heads, and the attendant at the side of the carriage —(who suggests one of the Queen's Highland attendants)—these lend a distinctive air to the equipage, and add materially to the imposing effect produced by the four immense camels and their outriders. Many Indian officials will doubtless remember this carriage, which was probably sent to meet them at the nearest railway station on the occasion of their visit to the Begum. Certainly one of the most extraordinary sights conceivable is this *char-à-bancs*, as it sweeps along the dusty roads at ten miles an hour, each driver or postilion having his hands exceedingly full with the management of his own particular camel.

each camel has a driver of its own, who looks as if he would stand no nonsense from the most "cussed" beast in creation. This conveyance, of course, makes excellent speed, and maintains it for very long distances. The harness is certainly a little bit involved and complex; and altogether one marvels that the British "Raj." should not be able to procure a more likely vehicle than this to take him round the country.

But if the camel-brougham is an imposing vehicle, what shall be said of the State carriage of the Begum of Bhopal,



From a Photo. by] STATE CARRIAGE OF THE BEGUM OF BHOPAL. [*Lala Deen Dyal, Indore.*

SOME OLD SCHOOL BOOKS.

THERE is not much to interest the general reader in a parcel of old school books. If we pick up an old school book by chance, whether it be upon a bookstall or upon our library table, we are apt to toss it impatiently aside, as we do the newspaper of last month. And yet school books have an interest and a value of their own, since they are in some way an index to our educational progress, and they are among the first influences which are brought to bear upon the minds of our children.

The most ancient, and to antiquarians the most interesting of school books, is the Horn-Book. Some scholars believe it to be of classic origin; but whether this be true or not, it is certainly very ancient. It has many points of resemblance to the present-day Reading Sheet; enough to show that the one has descended in a direct line from the other, though of course in the matter of size the difference is great. Notwithstanding the thousands of horn-books that must have been in existence in the days of our great-grandfathers, there are very few existing now. Perhaps the most perfect one in a public collection is that in the British Museum, dated 1750, and a description of that is a description of horn-books generally.

It consists of a small square tablet of oak, with a handle, its shape being something like that of a common hand-mirror. Upon the tablet is a printed sheet, containing the alphabet, the vowels, words of one syllable, an invocation to the Trinity, and the Lord's Prayer. Round the edges of the sheet are nailed narrow strips of brass, which serve to hold it in its place, and at one time held the plate of horn that covered it. The plate in this, as in most other specimens, is, however, missing. The handle was usually pierced, in order that it might be suspended from the child's girdle, but the handle of this is imperforate. There is also a quarto horn-book in the Museum with the plate of horn remaining, but this is regarded as a forged specimen.

English literature is full of references to the horn-book. Shakspere, Ben Jonson, Shenstone, and Cowper, all speak of it, while Tickell has a long poem in praise of it, which he wrote during a fit of the gout. By far the most accurate description of the horn-book is that given by Cowper in his "Tirocinium, or a Review of Schools," a poem published in 1784:—

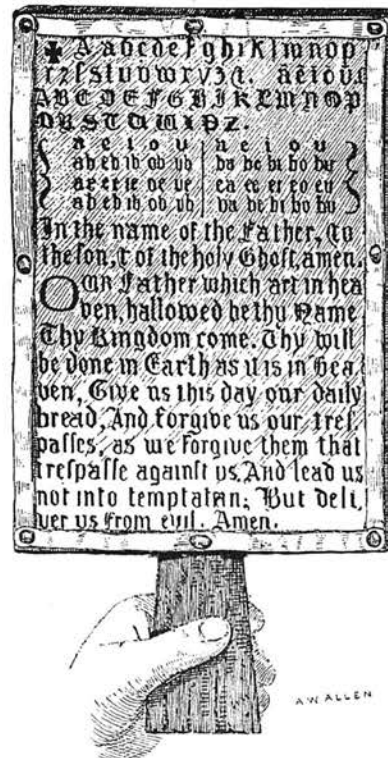
> "Neatly secur'd from being soil'd or torn,
> Beneath a pane of thin translucent horn,
> A book (to please us at a tender age
> 'Tis call'd a book, though but a single page)
> Presents the prayer the Saviour deign'd to teach,
> Which children use, and parsons—when they preach

The horn-book was often called Christ Cross Row, which eventually became corrupted to Criss Cross Row, from the fact that the alphabet was always prefixed with a cross. In a document to be found in Earl de la Warr's collection of manuscripts, dated 1623, which contains a commission for the rating and valuing of goods, horn-books are quoted at threepence a dozen, and grammars at five shillings a dozen. The difference in the value of money then and now must be remembered in this connection.

Next in order comes the grammar book, and one of the earliest of these is "Grammar Questions, by John Stockwood, sometime schoolmaster at Tonbridge, and minister of the Word of God," published in 1590.

The glimpse we get of school life in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is the reverse of pleasant. Roger Ascham, in his book of the "Schoolmaster," and Thomas Ingeland, in his "Disobedient Childe," give us evidence of the cruelty common in boys' schools. Nicholas Udal, author of our first English comedy, who was master of Eton, was described as the "best schoolmaster and the greatest beater of our time."

Milton's "Tractate on Education," published in 1644, is well known, but another book throwing light



HORN-BOOK IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

on school life is not. On November 10, 1669, there was published "The Children's Petition, or a modest remonstrance of that intolerable grievance our youth be under in the accustomed severities of the School-discipline of this Nation." In it the gravest charges are brought against schoolmasters, and an appeal is made to Parliament, "wherein are so many gentlemen of excellent parts and ingenuous reflections, and who some of them are not so old as to forget what was unhandsome, and yet we never hear of something tendered for the regulation of schools." The Parliament of 1669, however, was busy considering whether it would be safe and wise to give toleration to Catholics, and "The Children's Petition" fell upon deaf ears.

"THE LONDON SPELLING BOOK" (1710).

Another book, "Education with respect to Grammar Schools," published in 1701, makes it manifest that there were few good school books, much useless knowledge, and that the acquirement of such knowledge as there was, was made as dreary and uninviting as possible. Says the writer, "And further that that learning which is acquired at grammar schools is of little or no use to such as are set to ordinary trades, and consequently that time might be better spent in attaining some useful knowledge, nay, much more profitably in learning to write a good hand, arithmetick, and many other things of this nature."

The belief that good boys, who did their tasks regularly, and performed all the duties of life in a proper manner, would inevitably rise to wealth and distinction, was a very popular one in the eighteenth century. It has its comic side, but the service which this idea rendered to society was, that it taught men to value steady perseverance and honest work. It was made popular by Hogarth, in his "Industrious and Idle Apprentice," but it did not originate with him. The story of the two apprentices is found in a play called "Eastward Ho," from which he borrowed it, and the scenes of which are chiefly laid in East London. Its reputed authors were Ben Jonson, George Chapman, and John Marston.

This belief took a firm hold on the popular imagination, and it is very apparent in an admirable school play, written by Thomas Spateman, and published in 1742. Spateman says in his preface that it is to be read and acted only in schools, and therefore it may be fairly classed among school books. Father Time is a prominent character in it, and lectures the boys in a kindly fashion on the misfortunes that will befall them if they do not take him by the forelock. A certain number of school-boys, who neglect their lessons, treat the old gentleman with much disrespect, and threaten to cast stones at him. These all die in workhouses or gaols. Four others, who act in a perfectly correct and proper manner, and who never by any chance forget their tasks, become a bishop, a judge, a prime minister, and a courtier, respectively.

The story is well told, is full of vigorous dialogue, and contains many fine scenes, though it may be doubted if it was ever well acted, seeing that it was acted by school-boys. Father Time proses occasionally, but there is sound wisdom in his counsels, and the influence of the play could not have been other than good.

It is impossible to avoid noticing how frequently mothers object to their children being sent to school. When the brutality of school punishment is considered, there is something to be said for the maternal attitude. Foolish fondness may have had its influence, no doubt, but a woman's natural desire to protect

FRONTISPIECE TO "THE CHILD'S BEST INSTRUCTOR" (1757).

her child from cruelty must have been a powerful influence too.

Spelling books begin to get into general use at the beginning of the eighteenth century. One of the best of the early manuals is the "London Spelling Book," by John Urmston, a schoolmaster at Kensington, published in 1710. It contains a curious frontispiece, and a wonderful illustrated alphabet, in which G stands for gallows, a picture of the same, with two malefactors suspended thereon, being published for the edification of the youthful mind. M stands for murder, and is illustrated by a drawing of two individuals in deadly combat, one plunging a knife into the body of the other. Urmston was a terrible pedant, like the majority of dominies in the reign of Queen Anne, but he realised the needs of his time, and did his best to meet them.

Henry Dixon, a schoolmaster at Bath, Thomas Dyche, Thomas Dilworth, Jean Palairet, and John Kirkby, the arithmetician, all published books for schools with more or less success. Those of the first three remained in use for nearly a century, but Palairet's, although popular for a time, do not seem to have remained in use very long. In 1755 appeared the "Critical Spelling Book." The author, with a charming modesty, informs us that his book "is incomparably better than any that have yet been offered to the nation," and criticises with severity all others that are in use. He refers incidentally to the fear parents have of severe schoolmasters, and advertises himself as one of the most amiable of men. The pretty frontispiece to the "Child's Best Instructor," an edition of which appeared in 1757, illustrates the progress that had been made in the art of engraving as applied to children's books, when it is compared with the grotesque drawing which faces the title-page of Urmston's work. It is a neat and orderly schoolroom, filled with chubby little boys, all absorbed in their studies. A kindly-faced old man presides over them, and through the open doorway are seen the quaint buildings of a country town, while in the distance rises the spire of the church.

As time went on the field became full of workers, and school books multiplied with marvellous rapidity. Mrs. Barbauld, Francis Fox, and Hannah More, were busy each in their own sphere, while in 1741 was born at Ipswich, Sarah Kirby, who afterwards became Mrs. Trimmer; and in 1758, William Fordyce Mavor. Sydney Smith describes Mrs. Trimmer as "a lady who has gained considerable reputation at the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard; who flames in the van of Mr. Newberry's shop; and is upon the whole dearer to mothers and aunts than any other author who pours the milk of science into the mouths of babes and sucklings." He also sneers at her as a writer of "sixpenny books," though he is careful to tell us he has never seen one of them. But the witty Edinburgh Reviewer's criticisms will not alter the fact that, during her forty years of literary life, Mrs. Trimmer did a useful work for her day and generation. Her books are of no value now, but they supplied a pressing need then. Her "Charity School Spelling Book" is amusing enough from the present-day point of view, but it is full of genuine piety and sound common sense.

William Fordyce Mavor is known chiefly by his "Spelling Book," but he was one of the busiest of men in the production of popular literature. He was a Scotchman by birth, but entered the English Church, and became a clergyman. Nothing seemed to come amiss to his ready and indefatigable pen. Guide books, books of travel, works on history, agriculture, physical science, education, poems, essays, sermons, magazine editing, all were taken up with equal facility by him. The first edition of his "English Spelling Book" appeared in 1801, the last in 1885–6. Some very fine frontispieces adorn the early editions, though the ordinary engravings in the text are uncouth enough. He died in 1837.

Not less popular or useful was the "New London Spelling Book" of Charles Vyse, a teacher, of Vauxhall. The first edition was published about 1777, by Messrs. G. and J. Robinson, of Paternoster Row. At the sale of Messrs. Robinson's effects, some years later, the copyright was sold for £2,500, with an annuity of £50 a year for the author. The preface to the first edition is in striking contrast to the boastful prefaces of forty years previous. "I shall not," says the author, "follow the ungenerous, though common maxim, of endeavouring to raise the merit of my own performance by depreciating the labours of those who have written on the same subject. They have all used their best endeavours to promote the education of youth, and have, therefore, deserved well of the public."

No account of school books would be complete without reference to the swarm of little primers that were issued by Newberry, Crowder, Wilkinson, and others. Spelling primers, with Cinderella or Red Riding Hood attached, were very common, and so also were "Royal Primers," "authorised by His Majesty." The gallows did not go out of school books till near the middle of the present century, since in primers published in 1840 children were informed that—

"R stands for robber, who died by the rope,"

and were taught the proverb, "Name not a rope to him whose father was hanged." The natural history, too, was of a remarkable character, a primer published in 1818 giving the following information about the whale:—

"The whale is monarch of the main,
As is the lion of the plain;
He keeps the lesser fish in awe,
And tyrant-like, his will is law."

The "Reader" will eventually supersede the old-fashioned spelling book in school education, but the spelling manuals will still have their value in home teaching. And this is as it should be, for with all their shortcomings they have done good work, since they have helped to form the minds and characters of the men and women that we know.

FREDERICK ROGERS.

"SOME EASTERN SWEETS."

By the Author of "We Wives."

IN order to redeem the promise made in a recent number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER (January, 1896), I have been culling from my ancient shagreen cookery-book some recipes for Indian sweets. They are all old tried friends, and may be depended on. Any which take only foreign produce as a *pièce de résistance* (as, for example, pineapple snow) I have purposely omitted. Any which are very expensive to make I have also excluded.

It is a favourite maxim of mine, that if one can afford costly dishes, one can afford a professed cook to prepare them. The following recipes are plain, economical, and simple. They can be prepared by anyone of ordinary skill in the culinary department. As such they ought just to suit the many budding housewives who rejoice in this magazine.

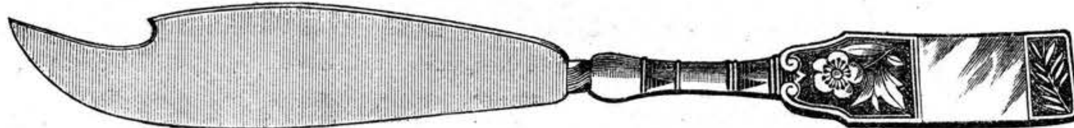
Cocoanut Pudding.—As this hard, brown, string-covered nut can be as easily procured in the United Kingdom as in the tropics, we will begin with this recipe. For sixpence you can buy a large one. Break in good-sized pieces, and take off a thin brown skin covering the white lining. Grate and mix the flakes with three ounces of loaf-sugar and half an ounce of lemon dust. (The latter is only the yellow rind of a lemon finely grated and sifted.) Moisten with two well-beaten eggs and amalgamate the whole with some milk. Having lined a deep tin with puff paste (half a pound of butter or lard to three-quarters of a pound of flour makes sufficiently rich pastry for this), fill it with the cocoanut mixture. When baked a light brown, slip on to a dish and serve.

This might almost be called "cocoanut cheese-cake," as the tart should present an appearance like the lemon-cheese at a confectioner's.

Leechée Cream.—Take one pint of fresh milk and bring to the boil. When bubbling sweeten with loaf-sugar and season with vanilla essence according to taste. Then add two well-beaten eggs. Now mix one tablespoonful of cornflour to a cream with a very little cold water. When quite smooth pour into the milk mixture, and stir thoroughly and carefully till it comes to the boil. Boil for one minute only. Have ready a glass dish with two tablespoonfuls of strawberry-jam layered at the bottom. When cooled a little, otherwise woe betide your cut crystal! pour the cream over it, and decorate the top with tiny ratafias or a pile of freshly-scraped cocoanut. (Desiccated does just as well, I may remark *en passant*. A half-pound tin can be bought for fivepence at any store.) Serve cold.

Pears in Jelly.—We are all, perhaps, somewhat tired of the monotonous stewed fruits. How seldom one sees pears served in any way but swimming in a cochineal sea after being inhumanly butchered in twain! The same fruit coyly veiled in jelly! Ah, what a welcome sight!

Six stewing pears, two ounces of sugar, two ounces of butter, a pint of water, half an ounce of gelatine. That is what we need. First we soak our sheet of gelatine (much cheaper this than the packets of prepared stuff), and stew our pears until they are soft. Of course we have peeled them first! and sweetened the stew-water. When quite tender we turn them into the basin containing the gelatine in solution, and stir a little. Then very carefully, so as not to break the fruit, we lift each pear and place them side by side round a well-buttered mould, filling the centre with the liquid syrup. Don't look at the mixture if you are afraid of the result until it is "set." Then you will find a crimson jelly ready to be turned out. At regular intervals therein repose the luscious pears! Serve cold with a little whipped cream, and earn the gratitude of your friends!



Cocoanut Cake.—In order to have this cake in perfection one must have gathered the nut from beneath its feathery fronds oneself. But everyone does not live in India, and for us "at home" the same thing can be bought in a desiccated form. Not as good as the fresh, sweet, creamy, fragrant thing, but sufficiently good for all practical purposes.

We must begin by working four ounces of butter to a cream, and adding to it a quarter of a pound of sifted sugar, the yolks of two eggs, half a grated cocoanut, or three tablespoonfuls of the same in its desiccated form, and, lastly, half a pound of dried flour in which one teaspoonful of baking-powder has been incorporated. Keep to the order in which the ingredients are named. Mix all well together, and beat in enough milk to moisten sufficiently. Bake a light brown in a well-buttered tin.

Whilst this is cooking whisk the two egg-whites you have left over until stiff. This is best done with the blade of a knife on a soup-plate. Get someone else then to add slowly half a pound of icing-sugar, whilst you keep on whisking. This should be like a thick, smooth cream when spread on the cool cake. Wet the knife in water, and you will easily make quite a professional appearance *re* icing. When smooth sprinkle some cocoanut thickly on the wet surface, and put in the oven to set. Take care it does not colour, otherwise the snowy appearance of your cake will be destroyed.

Indian Fritters.—These are a pretty addition to a luncheon-table, when any visitor elects to arrive unexpectedly. They should be as light as dough-nuts, of a light-brown colour, and crisp as a cracker. Some bright-looking preserve should be selected as an accompaniment. Put three tablespoonfuls of flour into a bowl and pour on enough boiling water to make a stiff paste. Stir carefully as you do so, and beat out any lumps with the back of a wooden spoon. Have ready the yolks of four eggs and the whites of two broken into a basin, but not whisked. When they are in the paste-mixture, you must beat and stir well together. Fry in boiling lard or butter (I need not repeat directions as to when fat is at a proper heat), dropping in a tablespoonful of batter at a time only. Each should look like a puffy ball.

Serve on a dish with a spoonful of peach or guava jelly between each fritter.

Plantain Fritters.—As this fruit can be bought in any city for a penny apiece, we need not go to the East to enjoy this delicacy. Strip the yellow, sausagey-looking thing from its thick outer skin, beginning to pare from tip to root. Divide exactly in two. Brush them slightly with yolk of an egg, dust with flour, and fry in boiling butter.

This must be eaten hot, and served piled up in a pyramid with sugar sifted over. My readers will find this as pleasant a way of preparing this luscious fruit as the complicated one recommended by Mrs. Beeton. Its simplicity will recommend it, I am sure, to many amateur cooks.

Lemon Honey.—Perhaps there is no word in our English language more calculated to excite a pleasing thirst than that of "lemon." In order to understand the longing aright one must have basked in an oriental city for a certain time. No wonder that Eastern philosophers have attributed wonderful powers to this much-esteemed fruit. Virgil spoke of it as an antidote to poison. Pliny, whilst rejecting it as unfit for human food on account of its acidity, lays stress on its being a useful medicine. Athenæus, a Latin writer, has left on record that two Arabians stung by adders felt no ill-effects therefrom, because they partook freely of this species of citron. Anyhow, in India we like to keep a store of the following lemon honey, not because we are in the habit of being bitten by snakes, but because guests come uninvited into our bungalows and need feasting. This honey will keep for months if sealed up in stone jars, which is a great recommendation. After mixing together in an enamelled saucepan one pound of crushed loaf sugar, the yolks of four or six eggs, the whites of three, and three ounces of butter, we strain to it the juice of four lemons, and grate into it the rind of two.

Over a very slow fire we put the mixture, and stir quietly until it thickens and clears like honey. At once we take it off, put into bottles or gallipots, and seal down quickly. The above quantity only costs, on an average, one shilling, and numberless patty-pan cases can be filled from it.

With *Cream Toffee* this list of Eastern sweets must close. I do not want to trench on the domain of any cookery-book published.

Instead of using equal quantities of butter and sugar as in ordinary toffee, make this delicious sweetmeat with equal quantities of thick fresh cream and sugar. Necessity, perhaps, caused this change. As everyone knows, butter for the breakfast-table of an Anglo-Indian is painfully produced by shaking a glass bottle! Cream was so much simpler to get at, and some enterprising cook made toffee therewith. Result? Well, you just try it, and you will not need to be told how vastly inferior is the ordinary butter-scotch!

After making, pour the soft mass on to a well-buttered soup-plate, and leave to cool. Cut into dice, and put away in a tin or glass. It will keep well for many months, unless our boys get at it!

Foolhardy Feats.

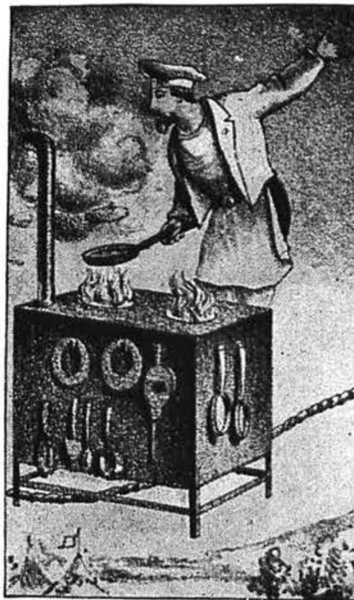
THE NIAGARA FOOLS.

By George Dollar.

[*Photos. from Underwood & Underwood, Stereoscopic View Sellers.*]

THE ball started rolling in 1829, when Sam Patch erected a ladder on the footpath under Goat Island, and announced that he would jump into the Niagara River. The hotel-keepers patted him on the back, and left no stone unturned to draw the biggest crowd of the season. Patch rested the bottom of the ladder on the edge of the river, with the top inclining over it and staying it with ropes to the trees on the bank. At the top was a small platform, and from this Patch dived 97ft. He jumped again, and proved that the first feat was not a fluke. Then, having established a "record," he left Niagara, went to another place, jumped again—and got killed.

It is easy to brand such men fools. Any man, I take it, who puts his life in jeopardy, unless for heroic reasons, is a fool. Blondin was one, although he died in his bed at Ealing, and left behind him a reputation as the greatest tight-rope walker of his time. It was in 1859 that he first proposed to stretch a wire across Niagara River, and there was a unanimous howl of derision at the idea. At that time, people had no hesitation in ranking Blondin amongst the idiots, but they could not resist the temptation to see him throw his life away, and the crowd that gathered was the largest ever seen at the Falls.



BLONDIN COOKING AN OMELET OVER NIAGARA.

What Blondin did is now stale history. He got out on the rope with a 40lb. pole, crossed the river, and then came back again. He lowered a cord to the old *Maid of the Mist*, and drew up a bottle, from which he took a drink. Then, after some feats of balancing, he came ashore amid the huzzas of the crowd, and the whole country rang with the news of the exploit. A couple of months later he carried his manager, Harry Calcourt, across on his back. It is said, and it has also been denied, that on this occasion Blondin had a quarrel with Calcourt. The latter had previously been trained to balance himself in order that he might be let down on the rope in the middle of the river, while Blondin took a breath. The wind was strong, the manager's coat-tails began to flutter, and the rope swayed in a sickly manner. Then, according to the story, Blondin threatened to leave his manager on the rope, at the mercy of the waters underneath, unless he kept himself under control. Needless to say, the threat was successful, and the trip across was safely made.

A few days later the fearless Blondin again crossed the river, chained hand and foot. On his return, he carried a cooking stove, and made an omelet, which he lowered to the deck of the *Maid of the Mist* for consumption. At another time he crossed with a bushel-basket on each foot, and at another carried a lady on his back. In 1860 he performed before the Prince of Wales, the rope being stretched 230ft. above the rapids, between two of the steepest cliffs on the river. He turned somersaults before His Royal Highness and went through his whole repertory. He even managed to cross on a pair of stilts. But more wonderful than this special feat is the fact that for nearly seventy years he walked the tight-rope without accident. He had several narrow "squeaks," to be sure, but his record was clean.

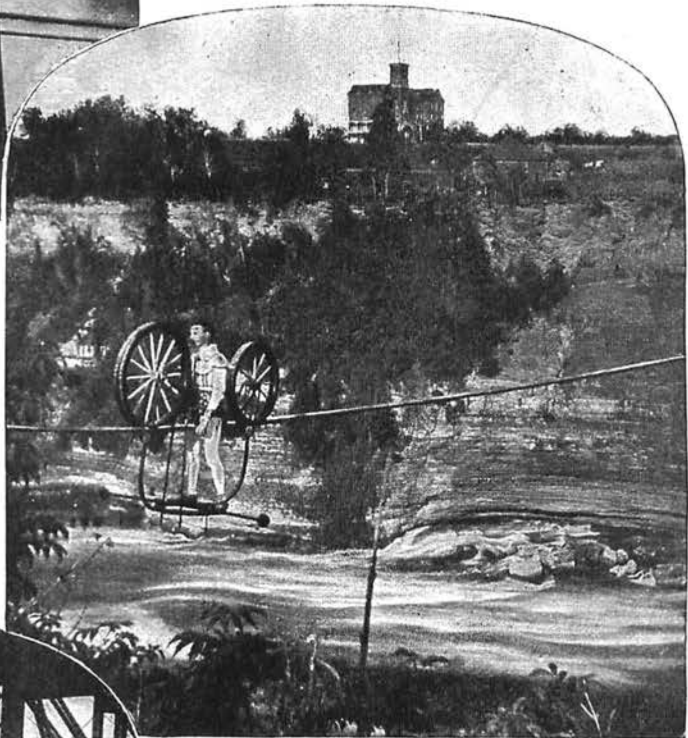
After Blondin, the Deluge. The last thirty years has witnessed an unending procession of fools to Niagara, some of them to rival Blondin's feats, others to jump, and still others, with various *bizarre* ideas, to risk their lives in the attempt for mushroom glory. A man named Bellini jumped three times into the river in 1873, and in 1886 he climbed to the iron railing on the Upper Suspension Bridge, knocked the ice from

MCDONELL CROSSING NIAGARA GORGE IN BASKETS.

There has hardly been a year in which some tight-rope exhibition has not taken place at Niagara Falls. Some years ago a young fellow named Stephen Peere stretched a cable across and made several passages. In 1878 he gave variety to his career by jumping from one of the bridges, and in 1887 he finished it by leaping to his death. He left behind a reputation and a wire cable. The latter has been used by other gymnasts to save the expense of putting up a new rope. A man named De Leon went out to the middle of it shortly after, and getting frightened, came back to the bosom of his family. McDonell made several very creditable attempts, and proved himself an excellent walker. He went across with baskets on his feet, and frightened the gaping crowd by hanging with his legs from the wire, head downwards. Another freak named Jenkins, with an eye for effect, made the trip on a bicycle. The machine, however, was turned upside down, and had an ingeniously contrived balancing apparatus, in lieu of a pole, attached by a metal framework to the wheels. So the feat was not remarkable, after all.

On the same wire, Samuel J. Dixon,

under his feet to secure a footing, and at the signal of a pistol shot jumped into the air. He struck the water in four seconds, broke a rib, lost his senses, and came to the surface some 60ft. from where he entered. This was the same man who jumped from Hungerford Bridge in 1888 and was drowned.



JENKINS CROSSING ON A BICYCLE.

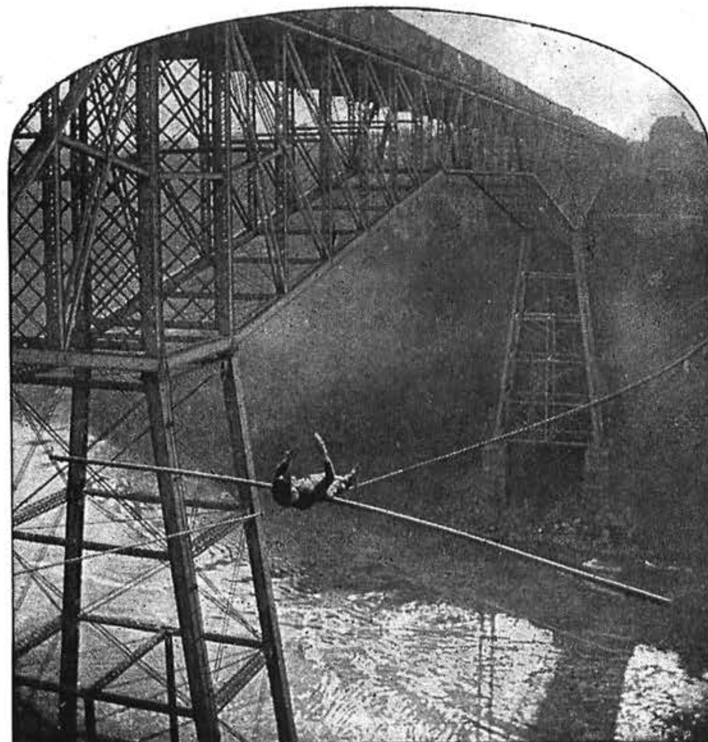
MCDONELL HANGING FROM THE TIGHT-ROPE.

DIXON CROSSING THE RAPIDS ON A ¾IN. CABLE.

a Toronto photographer, on September 6th, 1890, crossed the gorge, and gave an excellent equilibrist exhibition. One of his crack feats is shown in our illustration, which represents him as lying with his back on the wire. This was a ¾in. cable, and measured 923ft. in length. Dixon has made several other passages, always with great *éclat*.

It is marvellous how few accidents there are on the tight-rope at Niagara. The performers, with one accord and delightful *sang froid*, turn you away with a wave of the hand when you suggest fear.

"Tut, tut! my boy, it's nothing," they say, and look down upon you with contempt. Then, in a fraternal moment, they add, "You can't help getting across. You get out to the middle of the rope, and there you are! If you turn back you lose your money, and if you go on, you get it." That's all.



DIXON LYING ON HIS BACK.

One of the most remarkable feats was the trip of the *Maid of the Mist* through the rapids in 1861. This boat was built to make excursions at the foot of the Falls, but the business did not pay, and it was decided to sell her at Lewiston, some miles down the river. Now, be it known that the Niagara River, below the Falls, runs for some distance between two cliffs of solid rock. This part is called the Whirlpool Rapids, and at the end of the rapids, where the swift and surging current impinges suddenly against the left bank, is the noted whirlpool. It was through this that the *Maid* had to go. She was commanded by Joel Robinson, and she got through; but Robinson never tried the trip again. It is reported that he aged twenty years in appearance in passing through the mighty eddy, and he died a few years later, the first man to get through the whirlpool with a boat and his life.

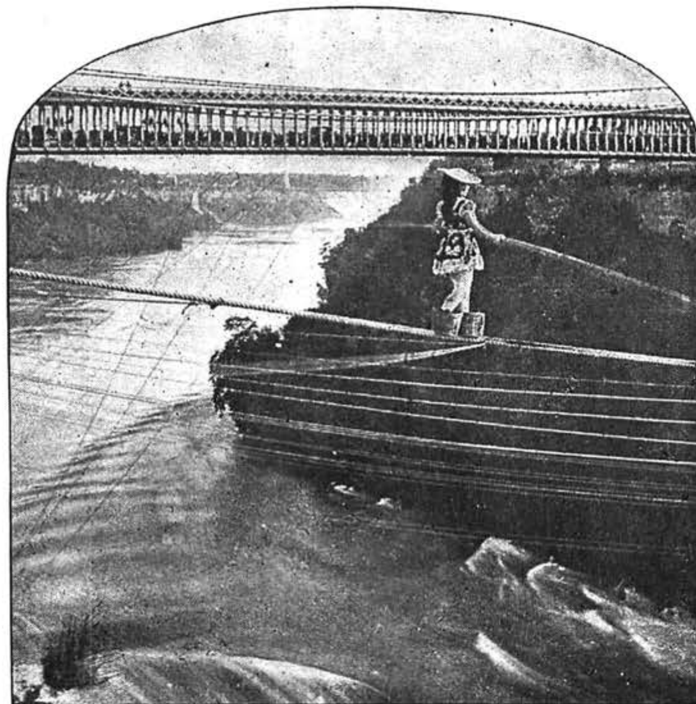
The biggest of all the Niagara idiots are those who throw dummy men into the water above the Falls, just for the fun of the thing. Of course, the sight of a human figure going to his death is enough to stir a lump of steel to activity—and the number of soft-hearted people who have stood near the rapids throwing out ropes and hopes to a lump of stuffing can be counted by the dozens. It is bad enough to gaze at a live man risking his life for a handful of silver, but it is worse to make a jest of death.

The latest tight-rope exhibitions have been those of Charles S. Calverley, who is styled "The World's Champion." Calverley must have forgotten Blondin, for many of his feats are

those which made the Frenchman famous nearly forty years ago. The wheelbarrow business, shown in our illustration, is certainly middle-aged, although it still remains as difficult to perform as it was in Blondin's day. But people never tire of it, and our illustration supports the statement that these same people will even do gymnastics themselves on the framework of a bridge in order to see other fools risk their lives.

CALVERLEY AND HIS WHEELBARROW.

A glance now at Signorina Maria Spelterini, and we have done with the tight-rope. Here she is with baskets on her feet—a dainty figure gradually forging her way to the middle of the rope. The performance brought out a tremendous crowd some years ago, probably because she was the first woman daring enough to try conclusions with Blondin and his many imitators. She got across safely with her baskets and her name, and for ever established the fact that a woman is as level-headed as a man.



SPELTERINI OVER THE RAPIDS.

On September 7th, 1889, Steve Brodie, who had achieved great notoriety by jumping from Brooklyn Bridge, created a greater sensation by going over the Falls. He wore an india-rubber suit, surrounded by thick steel bands. The suit was very thickly padded, yet Brodie was brought ashore bruised and insensible. His victories won, he now rests in New York City, the proprietor of a Bowery bar-room, and the pride of the neighbourhood.

The whirlpool boom was at its height when Captain Webb was killed, but the power of the waters in that deadly hole was first tested as far back as 1811. In that year, a dare-devil British soldier, who was logging near the whirlpool, got afloat on a log and was carried about in the pool for hours. He was finally saved, a wiser and a better man. Then came a long period of quiet, until the *Maid of the Mist* performed her record trip. In 1877 a man named Charles A. Percy got through in a life-boat. Not an ordinary life-boat, to be sure, for it had been especially constructed, and contained two air chambers, in one of which Percy hid himself. Elated by his success, Percy now made a wager with Robert W. Flack, of Syracuse, "for a race through the Whirlpool Rapids in their respective lifeboats for five hundred dollars a side." Flack's boat had no air cushions, and was

GRAHAM AND HIS BARREL.

partly constructed of cork. The race was set for August 1st, 1888, but on July 4th, Flack made a trial trip in the presence of an immense concourse of spectators. At first he went along gaily, but in three minutes his boat was upset and carried into the whirlpool bottom upwards. An hour later it was secured, and Flack's body, a mass of bruised flesh, was found strapped to the seat of the boat.

No lifeboat has since been tried, but several other attempts have been made to get through the whirlpool. Some of these have been successful. A burly Boston policeman, named Kendall, went through in a life-preserver, and several men have done it in barrels. At one time there was a perfect fever in the United States for shooting the rapids and whirlpool in a barrel, though what special honour is due to a man who shuts himself up in a specially-made barrel and goes through seething water, no one seems to know. At all events, Graham did it, and he got a "reputation" from it. His first trip was on July 11th, 1886. On August 19th of the same year he went again with two coopers of Buffalo, named Potts and Hazlitt. Then Mr. Potts and Miss Sadie Allen got into a barrel and performed the trip. The barrels are enormous affairs made of oak, and the voyage lasts about twenty minutes.

The bravest man of all, and yet a fool, was Captain Matthew Webb. He wore no life - preserver, and scorned a barrel, depending on his own strength and no accoutrements to put him through. The disastrous attempt took place on July 24th, 1883. He quickly disappeared from the view of the crowd, came up again, and then went down, sucked and tossed by the raging water. How far he went alive is not known, and several places are now pointed out by the guides where he was last seen. The body was recovered in four days.

The fools are gathered in below the whirlpool. It is an even chance that your body will not be found, but the ferrymen who ply between Queenston and Lewiston may be relied upon to pick you up if you are around. They are always on the look-out for "finds," particularly when it is known that some "crank" has jumped from one of the bridges or swum the whirlpool—and disappeared. Sometimes it is months before the body is found.

THE LAST MOMENT OF CAPTAIN WEBB.

How I Made Soap.

We were sitting on the front stoop, Maggie and I, making lace, and keeping a watch on the children who were playing croquet. Pretty soon Irma called out, "Mamma, the soap man's coming." She knew I wanted some soft-soap, and also that a pan of grease down cellar was to be got rid of as soon as possible. I laid down the delicate needlework, and attended to the old man who about three times a year drives his old horse over our hill picking up ashes and grease, and leaving our buckets filled with soft-soap.

After he had gone I took up my work again. Maggie sat with her hands folded in her lap dreamily looking at the children; then came the question, "Oh, Belle, do you remember when you made soft-soap?"

"Do I remember it? Well, I think I do. Why, it was when May was a baby, and look at her now, eleven years old, and as tall as you are!"

Memory went back over those eleven years to the pleasant sunny home on Linden Street, the dining-room with its windows looking toward the sunset, a rag carpet on the floor, and a little round table in the center, covered with a turkey red tablecloth, checker-board pattern, the first red tablecloth I ever had—didn't I think it pretty. You see we were poor then, and I made that carpet while we were boarding, and when it was finished we went to housekeeping in that pretty new house, and baby came. I did my own work because I wanted to economize, and I did so dread to have a girl about my pantry and kitchen. Well, baby was about two months old, and sister Addie came up to make me a nice long visit, so I sent for our old friend Maggie, who lived up in the hills, to come down and have a good time with us. Well, Maggie came, and those two girls washed the dishes, swept, dusted, rocked and tossed and tended that baby, and kept their pretty white dresses dainty and fresh, their hair crimped and curled, and kept me baking and cooking, and I enjoyed that part thoroughly. They hunted up all manner of receipts in newspapers, almanacs, cook-books, and I verily believe made them up out of their own heads, and coaxed me to try them. I was a young and inexperienced housekeeper then, and it was downright fun to experiment, and I almost always had good luck; to be sure I did not know enough to strain the yeast the first bread I made, and that husband of mine laughed at the little bunch of hops in the middle of the loaf, yet it was good bread, and I never made that blunder again.

Addie and Maggie had been with me a week or more, when I informed them one morning that I was "going to make soft-soap that day."

"Can we help you?" came from one of them.

"I am not going to have you girls in the kitchen; but there is a box of raisins in the pantry that I am afraid are getting wormy; you may look those over and take care of baby, she will sleep till noon I think, as she was so restless all night, and don't eat up all the raisins, as I want to make a plum-pudding to-morrow, and try that new receipt for French loaf-cake." I gave the girls the box from the pantry and a plate of cookies, and shut myself in the kitchen.

For a long time I had noticed an advertisement in the paper relating to a wonderful "concentrated extract of lye," by the use of which every housekeeper could make her own soap—soft, hard, or fancy toilet—if they would only save their waste grease; so I had carefully laid away the ham rinds, chicken fat, had skimmed off the thin cake of grease that would stand on the top of the water in which I had boiled corned beef, I had scraped the frying-pans very thoroughly, and all this I had cleansed till it was good to look upon, and for weeks I had been wondering what in the world I was to do with it, for I had many pounds, and this wonderful lye was to help me solve the problem.

When I asked my husband to "bring me home a box of 'concentrated extract of lye' from Bly's grocery," he asked no questions, but sensibly brought it home. It was a little round box about as large as those little paper-collar boxes used to be, but very heavy, that was snugly hid away under the sink.

I left Addie and Maggie picking over those raisins in the dining-room, baby May asleep on the bed, and shutting myself into the kitchen commenced. Now I never saw any one make soap, but my success in all those cooking receipts gave me an idea that it was but a small undertaking. I read the directions on the outside of the box and opened it; a whitish rock met my eyes. I tried to get it out of the box, and it would not come out. I took the hammer and screw-driver and tried to pound and pry it out; after half an hour's hard labor I succeeded in breaking it up. I put my fat on the stove to melt in my large-sized dinner pot; when it arrived at the proper heat this lye (it was just like chunks of granite) was to be thrown in. I did that, the tub stood by the stove to receive that first-class soft-soap. By and by it commenced to rise up in the kettle. Well, it kept on rising until it reached the top of the pot, and I seized a holder and put the kettle of soap into the tub, but it did not stop, it rolled out into the tub and kept on rolling, and the smoke became bluer and denser, and poured out of the three kitchen windows till the neighbors must have thought a locomotive was there. Well, I took the poker and lifted the handle of that dinner pot, and with my hand wrapped up in the dish-cloth, and protected by a woolen holder, I dropped the smoking, boiling volcanic crater out of the window. Maggie's voice broke the silence, "Belle, what are you doing—this room is full of smoke, and baby wants you."

"Let baby alone, and don't, for pity's sake, open the door. My soap is all made, and I'll be in there presently."

"The neighbors are all looking at the kitchen windows, and I am almost choked for a drink of water," from Addie came next. While I was waiting for the smoke to clear away I cleaned off the top of the stove, wiped up the floor, and, in fact, the room, for the dreadful stuff had spattered everywhere, and such a mess! My nicely-painted yellow floor looked as if the leprosy had attacked it; my wash-tub was striped, instead of shining blue, and the graining about sink and window where it had dropped was ruined. The bottom of a green-painted tin pail was transformed by a very little of that stuff into a capital strainer—I'm sure I never want to see such a looking kitchen again! I went into the dining-room, and, as I opened the door, Addie and Maggie rushed out to see the soap.

"What is the matter with the wash-tub?"

"Have you been trying it on the floor?"

"Where is that soap?"

"Do the directions say, throw it out the window to cool it?"

"Won't your landlord just bless you for this kitchen?"

"Better advertise soap that will bleach green grass white in less than half an hour."

"Good to utilize old tin-ware, just make strainers of all you have."

"What a delightful tint this ceiling has acquired."

"Look at the toe of your slipper."

"Shall we mend that apron, or use the cloth around the holes to patch your dress?"

"Won't Mr. B. think you are so economical, making your own soap? and such soap!"

"I must take some home to mother."

"'Concentrated extract of lye,' how do you spell that last word? I never saw such a transformation as has taken place in this kitchen through its wonderful action."

"Better sell your waste grease to the soap man after this, if you must have soft-soap. But where in the world were you going to use it, Belle; surely not on this painted floor, or was it to be perfumed to wash this baby with?"

I rather dreaded to have Mr. B. come home and laugh at me, but I think he was glad to find I had neither burned up the house nor the baby; at any rate he never laughed at me; but those girls did enjoy asking me very frequently, "When are you going to make soft-soap again?"

Eleven years have gone by since then. May has grown to be a tall girl; to Addie and Maggie life has been both joy and sorrow, and we each have a little boy in heaven besides the little ones who claim our love and care on earth, and this afternoon we sit here, Maggie and I, watching her Earl try to catch my Florence, and wishing Addie was here to laugh with us over the remembrance of that soft-soap!

Florence T. W. Burnham.

Angle Decoration.

(A quaint room.)

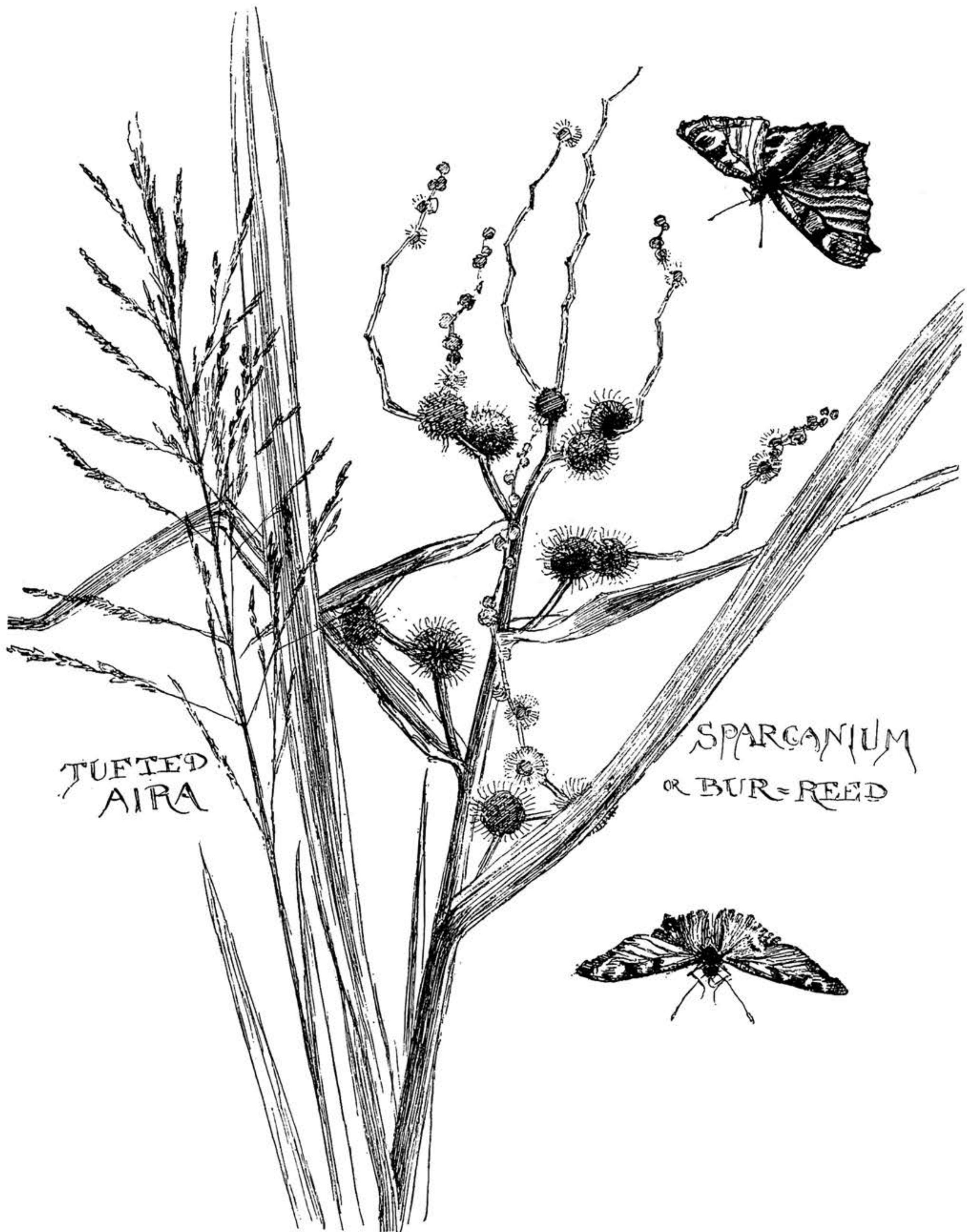
For the library a new "treatment" has been adopted, the elaborate adornment of the corner angles with pedestals upon which are placed figures half the size of life, or with shelves of gilded *terra-cotta* and *faience* on which are set animals in metal or clay, which must correspond in all the four corners of the room as to the climate which is theirs. Elephants with palanquins, tigers pierced with a lance, and exhibiting the engaging grimaces consequent upon an experience so pleasing; huge and beautifully marked serpents—some coiled up to within a few inches of the ceiling, and with eyes of crystal, and widely expanded jaws—and small monkeys are associated upon these corner-shelves, strange as such ornaments may appear. Other shelves of carved wood are curved to adapt them to the angle of the wall, and are sometimes twenty, one above another, as the rage for the accumulation of *objets d'art* increases, and they must be distributed in a manner that will not interfere with the symmetry of an apartment as to its remaining decoration. A curious Pompeian model of a hand and arm has found favor, being used as a sconce would be, except that instead of candle or torch it suddenly appears in the intersected spaces near the shelves as if just placed there, and holds forth a tray. On each of the four trays, thus appearing on the four wall spaces, between the four rows of shelves in the angles of the library, must be placed the choicest and best of all the *curios*, those that would be comparatively lost upon the shelves. Rich lava cameos, strange Etruscan ornaments, the rarest of the souvenirs of travel of the kind to be thus used have here their place, and severe is the test of taste in the choice of what so to display. Needless to say that an unfigured wall-hanging must be used in such a room, and that other than bar-hung "window-drapes"—as these are now called—would be unsuitable. The frieze should be rich, and for the library the lotus-flower is a favorite, while the kala, or cala, is almost equally liked. The carpet should be rich, and with a small design of an unobtrusive color.

AUGUST

NOTES BY AN ARTIST NATURALIST.

In all the southern counties of England harvest is well in hand in August. Here, in this Thames village, the winter oats were cut the last week in July, and by the middle of August the wheat was nearly all stacked. A good deal of barley is still uncut, but if the weather keeps fine by the time September comes in, the bulk of the corn will be down. The children's holidays in most villages coincide with the harvest, so that the older ones may help in the fields, making bands and helping to tie; for the self-binders (machines that not only cut the corn but tie it up in sheaves) are not used by all farmers, and the ordinary cutters only place the corn in heaps ready for tying. As soon as the wheat fields are cleared, the children go gleaning, or "leasing," as they term it, and I constantly meet them returning with their handfuls, the amount each child gleans being reckoned by handfuls: that is, they glean until both hands are full, and then tie each one up and start again. One family here, where there are some five or six children, gleaned nearly two sacks of corn—enough to last them for some time in the winter. Bread made from "leased" corn, if well made, and baked in the old-fashioned brick ovens heated with faggots, is the sweetest bread I have ever tasted, and I generally try to buy a few loaves those weeks that the villagers bake.

Poppies are mostly over by August, only lingering here and there by the roadside, but the beautiful golden corn marigold is to be found in plenty in some fields. It is one of our most striking wild flowers, and keeps fresh a long time in water, which is more than can be said of many wild flowers. The blue cornflower I only saw growing in one field some three miles away. The corn cockle, a purplish flower somewhat resembling a campion, but with a more marked calyx, was not at all frequent in the fields about this village. The blue succory, or wild chicory, so striking in stony, arid places by the wayside, was not nearly as plentiful as I saw it in Cambridgeshire, where, with the plant resembling pinkish broom (*Rest-harrow Ononis*), it quite decorated the sidewalk. The flowers grow close to the stems, which look incapable of producing such delicately-tinted blooms, for it is a tone of blue quite distinct from the blue of the forget-me-not or borage. This latter flower I have found growing in a few waste places, though it is said to have been originally introduced into this country from the Mediterranean. I gathered a bouquet the last week in August that presented a most striking appearance. It consisted of succory, borage, blue meadow-crane's-bill, forget-me-not, oxeye daisies, and meadow-sweet. Blue is the least common colour met with in wild flowers, and yet here were four blue flowers together, and in some localities a fifth might have been added—the cornflower. In one field that was cut in June for hay-making and completely cleared of its flowers, a second crop has sprung up, quite fresh as though it were early summer, and it was in this field that I gathered the crane's-bill, meadow-sweet,

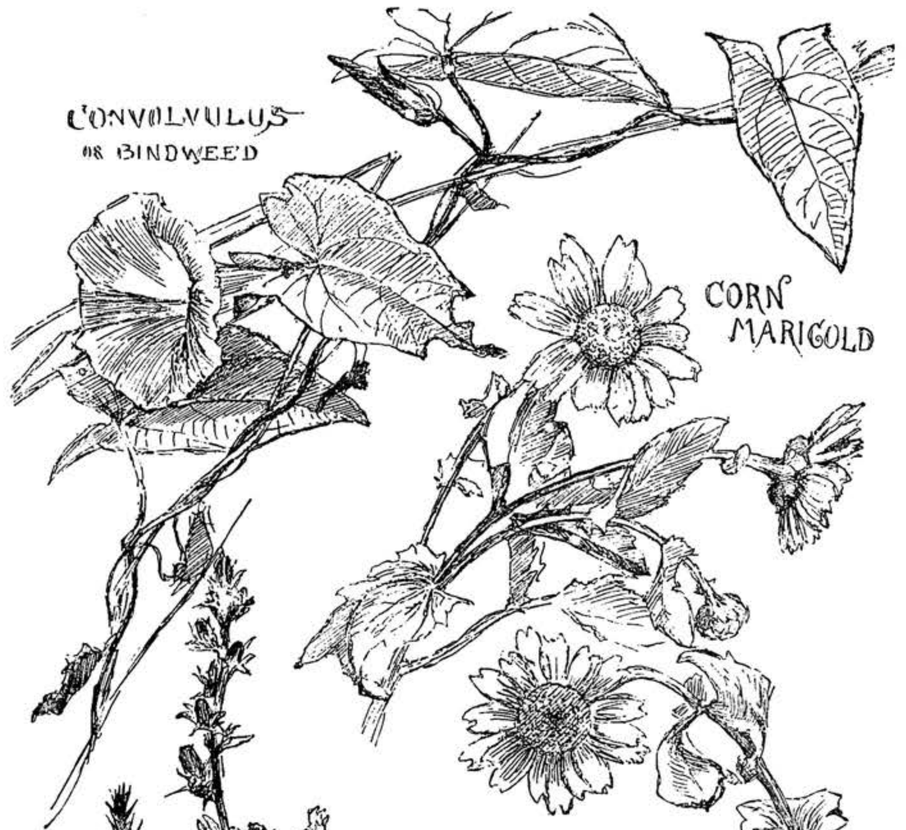


and oxeye. By the margins of streams and here by the river, the water foliage is looking its best in August. The long purples or loosestrife, and the beautiful four-petal pink flowers of the willow herb—called in some localities "codlins and cream"—are the features of the river banks in August. The willow herb is particularly striking, if you look at large masses of it, as the foliage is a warm, yellowish-green, and the pink flowers seem then to float over the foliage in tints resembling those seen in a soap bubble. The sedges too make themselves felt in the landscape in August, as most of them are in flower now, and when viewed in masses, the purplish-brown of the flowers contrasts well with the deep bluish-green of the stems.

August is the best month to dry the large reed mace or bullrush, as well as sedges and grasses for putting in large vases, ornamented drain pipes, and other receptacles for winter decoration; and a charming decoration these dried plants afford if some little care be taken in collecting and arranging the specimens. Cut the bullrushes low down (in the water itself where possible), so that you have leaves as well as flowers and their stalks, and be careful not to break off the upper part, or the flower, which is thinner and yellower than the lower portion, nor break the leaves. I spread

those I cut upon the lawn for a few days to dry out some of the moisture before putting them in vases. The teazel makes a striking addition. These should be cut low down and put in the sun for a few days. The tall, purplish-stemmed figwort, too, I have dried to add to the winter bouquet, and also the tall grass that grows by water; and later on I shall get some of the flowering reeds, and add to the collection. The meadow-sweet when it is just beginning to run to seed, and some fine tall spikes of dock as it is turning from green to those many tones of red and pink that make it so striking an object by the river, I am also drying with a view to adding to the collection; and I can assure my readers that the sitting-room in which these "herbs" are placed is made both characteristic and picturesque by this natural decoration.

The edges of fields and old ditches are the best places to search for plants suitable for drying. Just now the large hemlock is in flower, and if we can divest our minds of the prejudice some people have to "weeds," we should have to acknowledge that the hemlock is a striking plant. For decorative purposes, such as a screen panel, a striking effect could be produced by painting a piece of hemlock, natural size, against a background of dark foliage. Dock when in flower, meadow-sweet now that it is seeding itself, and figwort could be introduced, and with a bird or two or butterflies, to give life to the whole, a striking and at the same time beautiful panel



might be painted by anyone with some little knowledge of art. An important point to remember in this decorative work is to paint everything the natural size. Everyone finds it much easier to work to the full scale than either larger or smaller than the object to be painted.

The word "weed" is too often used as a term of opprobrium—the measure of *our* disgust. "Weed" is a corruption of the Saxon word *wort*—a herb, a word used with great effect in the Old Testament. I would keep the term "weed" for some few noxious pests that prove such a sore hindrance to us gardeners, especially when we get a little slack, and neglect to use the hoe regularly. The beauty of hedgerow plants is manifest to anyone who goes to collect specimens to dry for vases, and especially to anyone who essays to make drawings of them.

The yellow snapdragon or toad-flax is to be met with very generally during August. It is a slightly venomous-looking plant, and its appearance has perhaps gained it its rather gruesome name. A plant much more beautiful, and one constantly seen growing out of river banks, is the fleabane. Its golden flowers with their rays of narrow petals, and its glaucous green foliage, ought to have procured it a sweeter name than the one it bears, which is evidently a survival of some old superstition, as are the names of so many familiar plants.

The flowering rush, with its beautiful pink,

cup-shaped flowers, can be found by the rivers, but I have never seen it in great profusion. So many plants are local, and though plentiful in localities, are not to be met with in many places. Difference of soil produces a marked change in the flora. Leave the moist fields in the Thames valley and go on to the sandy hills in Surrey, and you meet with the heather and bilberry. Hereabouts neither is to be found. On the other hand, some flowers are to be found all over the country, and apparently any soil does for them; but as a rule the most beautiful wild flowers are those which are particular as to their surroundings.

The bindweed, or large white convolvulus, is always associated with harvest-time, for it is seen trailing over hedges with its pure white blossoms when the corn is turning yellow. There is a smaller and much less beautiful bindweed with pinkish flowers that is fond of climbing up corn-stalks.

The most distinctive flowers in the gardens in August are the phloxes and mallows, including the tall, elegant hollyhocks, one of the handsomest of our hardy perennials. It was once general in all cottage gardens, but seems to have died out in many places. Some readers may have seen a picture in the Grosvenor Gallery a few years ago by the late gifted painter, Cecil Lawson, wherein hollyhocks and bee-hives were the most striking objects, and really made the picture. I fancy a good many people who saw that picture determined henceforward to have hollyhocks in their gardens. I remember as a child the hollyhocks that used to grow in the garden attached to my grandmother's house, and how fond I was of gathering the seed pods and getting out the flat seeds so closely packed in the circular calyx. This year I have raised

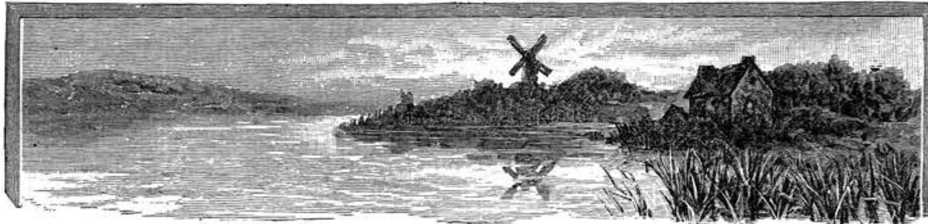
some plants from seed, and hope next year to see some of them in bloom. The perennial phloxes are despised by many people, and yet some of them are beautiful plants, especially the white ones. Some of the pink ones are crude in colour, I allow, but there is no necessity to have those that are objectionable. The annual phlox (*P. Drummondi*) is a very showy plant, blooming in an infinite variety of colours. To be effective it should be grown in beds, so that a perfect kaleidoscopic effect is produced.

The double German aster is always a favourite in village as well as in the big gardens, and it is certainly a showy plant in borders and flower-beds. The ten-week stocks are still blowing, especially where the first blooms have been cut, as this causes the plants to throw fresh flowers. In many gardens I notice sweet peas are over, but I have plenty in flower, simply because I have kept all seed pods cut off. If those who grow flowers were careful to keep them from seeding, they would be able to cut flowers weeks and even months longer than they now do. I have pansies well in bloom still, and yet in all the gardens around me they have long been over. My white galega and scarlet geum are still throwing up blooms.

Sunflowers greet the entrance of August, and are, I always think, some of the most striking flowers a garden can produce. Against walls or shrubberies they are particularly effective, but I find that they must be in full light. Some I planted slightly under the shade of trees have thrown small miserable blooms. The perennial sunflowers and harpaliums are well worth growing. In a garden near me, where there is plenty of space, a varied and rich effect is obtained by rows of annual chrysanthemum, cornflowers, clarkia, and scabious, and I noticed a pale-coloured sunflower which is well worth growing, as it is effective when contrasted with the ordinary yellow ones.

Those who grow balsams should have them in full flower in August; and indeed there is no month in which gardens should look gayer than in the one to which we have devoted these few scattered notes.

FRED MILLER.



TAPESTRY PAINTING.

There are many girls who, desiring some sort of artistic employment for their leisure moments, have as yet found no existing form of art work exactly congenial to their tastes, or suitable to their capacities. And there are, doubtless, many others who, already engaged in pottery painting, embroidery, and the like, desire to have yet another medium for the exercise of their talent, and one that shall be of practical service, either pecuniarily or for the beautifying of their own homes.

Tapestry painting, or painting on a specially woven canvas with liquid indelible dyes, seems to offer so many advantages, the method being readily learnt, the technical difficulties being few, and the uses for painted tapestry manifold, that we cannot do better than lay before the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER in a clear and concise manner the mysteries, difficulties, and pleasures of this so-called new art.

We say so-called, for in reality it has claims to be ranked as an ancient handicraft on its native soil of France, there being specimens of this painted tapestry as old as three centuries. But on English ground it is new, and offering the advantages it does, is destined, we think, to become both a fashionable and useful work among women.

But without wasting any time in preliminaries, we hasten to the practical teaching of tapestry painting. And, first, to give a list of the articles required in pursuing this art, strictly confining ourselves to those absolutely necessary.

There are some thirty colours put up in 6d. and 1s. bottles, and known under the following names:—

Prussian Blue	*Hooker's Green*
Indigo	Spring Green
French Ultramarine	Raw Sienna
Cobalt	*Light Chrome*
Turquoise Blue	*Deep Chrome*
Vegetable Green	*Cadmium*
Emerald Green	Yellow Ochre
Italian Yellow	Sepia
Crimson Lake	Vandyke Brown
Pink Madder	*Burnt Sienna*
Rose Pink	Burnt Umber
Scarlet	or
Vermilion	*Cassell Earth*
Purple	*Red Brown*
Violet	Black
Carmine	Payne's Grey

Those in italics are the most useful, and you will find these twelve selected colours all that are required for general work. It must be borne in mind that these colours are all of them *dyes*, and are not really the colours they are named after, but only their approximate tints, for these dyes do not exactly correspond in colour to their namesakes in oil and water colour painting. The best use the colours can be put to at first is to make a test palette by putting a small patch of each colour upon a piece of canvas, and likewise mixtures of certain of the colours as a sure guide for future use. But for the benefit of beginners we will append here a note on each of the twelve colours enumerated.

COLOURS.

(1) *Prussian Blue.*—A very powerful colour, requiring much diluting if required for sky painting, but when employed as a background may be used in about the proportion of one part colour to one or two of water. Good greens can be made with it and burnt sienna, cadmium, and any of the yellows, and when toned with brown it produces good greys; with pink it produces purple.

(2) *Indigo.*—A darker blue than the foregoing, but not so intense, therefore does not require diluting so much. Good for backgrounds and dull greens.

(3) *Hooker's Green.*—A useful colour mixed with yellow, but when pure should be sparingly used, as it is apt to look crude. Can be cooled with Prussian blue.

(4) *Emerald Green.*—A very bright, telling colour, useful in small patches where brilliancy is required, but too vivid in large masses. Produces good peacock blues with Prussian blue, and strong greens with cadmium, burnt sienna, and the yellows.

(5) *Light Chrome.*—A delicate yellow, but of no power. Is useful for light backgrounds and flowers, and makes good greens with any of the foregoing colours.

(6) *Deep Chrome.*—A stronger and more generally useful colour than the last, with much the same use. Requires more diluting than light chrome.

(7) *Cadmium.*—A powerful orange yellow, requiring much diluting. Useful for shading the lighter yellows, and producing rich warm greens; but care must be exercised in its use, as it has the effect of killing the colours with it if too much be employed. For this reason a small quantity goes a long way.

(8) *Burnt Sienna.*—A reddish brown, powerful and penetrating, and therefore very useful for drawing in the work. Must be diluted.

(9) *Cassell Earth, or Burnt Umber.*—Similar to the ordinary burnt umber in tone, and useful for dark browns and also for outlining.

(10) *Rose Pink.*—A powerful colour, warm in tone, producing purple with blue, orange with yellow, and rich reds with the browns. Can be used pure for bright flowers, and flesh tints can be made when mixed with light chrome. Must be diluted.

(11) *Vermilion.*—A more orangy red than the last, with much the same use.

(12) *Red Brown.*—A strong Indian red colour, useful for drapery in figure painting, and for outlining and backgrounds.

Sepia might be added to the foregoing, as it is a thinner brown than Cassell earth, and produces good greys with Prussian blue.

This list of colours should be carefully worked out on the test palette, keeping of course a key to each mixture, and would afford ample work for the first lesson. It must be observed that all the dyes require diluting with plain water, and where no direction has been given as to this in the foregoing list, it must be understood that these colours do not require thinning so much as those where direction has been given.

These colours being liquid, it follows that there is no white dye, the plain canvas doing duty for this colour. White would of necessity

be a body colour, and remain on the surface instead of penetrating right through the canvas, as is the case with the rest of the dyes, and is therefore inadmissible. Where white is required the canvas must be left unpainted.

Canvas.

This can be purchased by the yard or piece, together with all materials for tapestry painting, at the Ceramic Art Galleries, Regent-street. It is woven with the thread running from left to right, as in the Gobelins tapestry, and is of a creamy white. There are several textures, fine, coarse, and medium; the former for small work where finish is required, and the two latter for screens and hangings. The medium surface is the one most suitable for beginners, though the coarser texture has perhaps more effect in large pieces, but presents more difficulties in working.

Stretching the Canvas.

For painting tapestry the canvas must be stretched *tightly*, to allow of the dye penetrating the fibre. This can either be done by tacking the canvas upon a drawing-board or, better still, upon a stretching-frame, the same as oil painting canvasses are stretched upon. This allows the work to be got at from the back, which is sometimes an advantage, as will be seen later on.

Brushes.

Hog hair brushes are the best, as, being stiff, the colour can be rubbed well in, a most necessary matter in tapestry painting. A selection of about a dozen will be found sufficient, providing there are a few big ones among them, as very small brushes are not generally required. Two or three fine sables are wanted for outlining and fine touches. Brushes should be kept for certain colours, as a brush dipped in the blue will, even when washed, retain enough dye to spoil a yellow or other light colour it might chance to come in contact with. A dozen common saucers, in which to mix the various dyes, must be at hand, together with plain water for diluting. Some sticks of vine charcoal are also necessary for sketching on the design to be painted, as there is greater freedom in the use of charcoal than in pencil, and it is easily brushed off when not wanted.

Black carbonised paper is also useful when the design is transferred upon the canvas, but a substitute can be made by rubbing a thin piece of paper with common stove blacklead. This is, however, apt to soil the canvas, and must be guarded against.

This completes the list of all the materials required for tapestry painting, and we will assume that your time has been taken up with trying each of the colours, pure and in mixture, and taking note of the various effects that can be produced. The number of tints that could be made with these twelve colours is unlimited, and would satisfy the most exacting demands; and the only sure way for after-success is to get a slight knowledge of the effects that can be produced. Do not be in too great a hurry to get on with the painting before you have felt your way a little.

Having stretched our canvas, and chosen, say, the orange tree, fig. 1, as the design we wish to copy, our first business is to transfer it to the canvas. To those used to drawing, and who have a tolerably correct eye, this can be done with charcoal, following as carefully as possible the various lines in the design; but as there are many who cannot, or dare not, trust themselves to enlarge the design to the required size without some sort of guidance, we will give a method of enlarging any drawing to any size without much trouble. Suppose fig. 1 is to be enlarged eight times, mark off at the tops and sides of the design any width you may have selected—say ¼ inches—and rule lines across the design at right angles to each other. Care must be taken that these lines are all the same distance apart, and the result will be that the design is marked over with ¼ inch squares. Now open a piece of drawing paper of the requisite size, mark off spaces at tops and sides, two inches apart, and join them as we did in the small design. We shall thus have the same number of squares on the drawing paper as on the design, only eight times larger. All that remains to be done is to fill in the large squares with its corresponding portion of the design, and this is little more than a mechanical task, and when all are filled in you have the required design eight times larger than the original. This is commonly known as "squaring," and is a quick and sure method of enlarging or diminishing (if the reverse method be adopted) any drawing. To transfer this on to the canvas either well rub the back of the drawing with a little black lead or use the carbonised paper and a hard bone or agate point, marking over the lines of the drawing with sufficient force to leave an impression on the canvas.

Fig. 1.—Orange Tree.

Another method is to make the design on tracing paper, and then prick over the lines with a needle on the *wrong side* of the design. When pricked, turn it over on to the canvas, and rub over the design some powdered charcoal in a bag, which will penetrate through the holes, leaving an impression behind it. This is called "pouncing."

The next thing to do is to go over the transferred lines with a little burnt sienna, using a sable brush. This dye, being indelible, serves as a guide while the painting is in progress, and also helps to define the drawing when the work is finished.

The background is the next part of the work that demands our attention. Should you have decided to have a dark background, and the orange tree to tell light upon it, blue is the best colour to use for this purpose. It is more artistic, and the effect is much less mechanical, if the blues are varied instead of getting one uniform tint all over. For this purpose have some pure Prussian blue, not too diluted, some emerald green and Prussian blue, indigo, Prussian blue or indigo and sepia—put these on the background indiscriminately, and if they be about the same strength they will have the effect when dry of a dark ground of various tones of blue. As the background approaches the base let it become browner and greener, so that it loses itself behind the oxeye daisies.

The canvas will be found to resist the dye at first, but to obviate this, first paint over the background piece by piece, with plain water. This will rapidly sink in, and while this is still damp apply the dye, which will be absorbed immediately. Another way to make the colour take more readily is to wet the back of the canvas, if it be upon a stretcher, taking care to get in between the stretcher and the canvas. The canvas will now take the dye if it be not too wet, but if too much water has been used the dye is apt to spread on to the leaves and rest of the work, and is likely to prove very annoying. Care must always be taken not to go over any part of the canvas, save the background, with the grounding colour, as *none* of these dyes can be removed when once they are on. A tint may be lightened by wetting it with plain water and rubbing with a dry cloth, but this is rarely satisfactory and is better avoided. Hence no colour must be applied to the canvas that is not wanted to be seen when the work is finished. Be careful to rub the dyes well into the canvas, so that every thread is coloured, or when the work is dry small portions of the plain canvas will be seen, which will spoil the effect.

Having allowed the background to dry, we

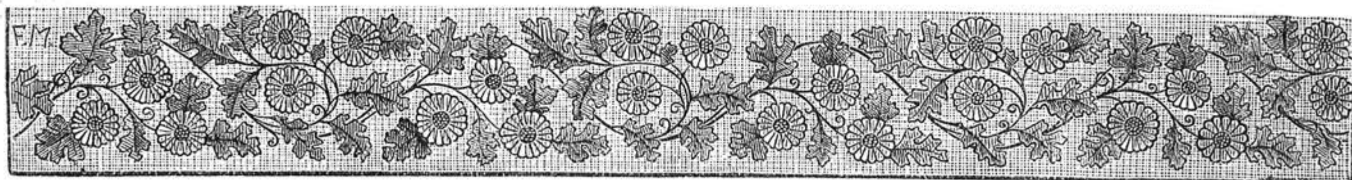


Fig. 2.—Chrysanthemum Border.

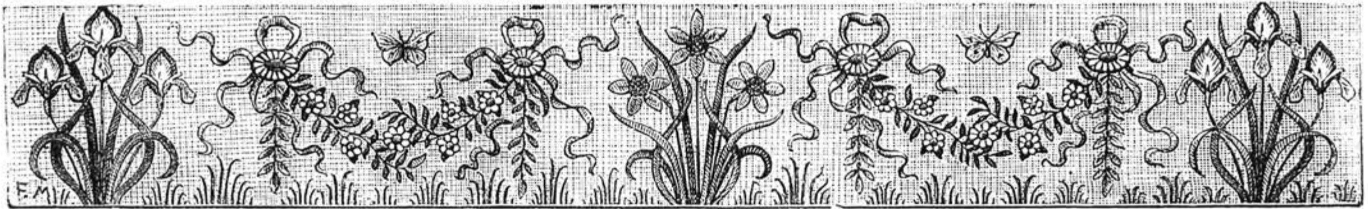


FIG. 3.—ORNAMENTAL FRIEZE.

proceed to colour the leaves and oranges. For this purpose mix up about four tints of green—a light yellow for small leaves, a little deeper for middle leaves, a darker one for larger leaves, and a greyer one for back leaves. The point to be observed in colouring the leaves is to obtain relief—that is, where one leaf comes in front of another, either make the back leaf darker than the front or *vice versa*. In shading each separate leaf keep the light and shade very simple, generally speaking it being enough to make one half of the leaf darker than the other, which can be done by getting the colour stronger on the darker side, or by using a darker colour. It is as well, while the leaves are damp, to do as much of the shading as possible, as the colours blend more readily and the effect is more harmonious. The oranges can be coloured with light and shaded with deep chrome, and the smaller ones washed over with a little of the light green. The stems should be brownish in tone to give relief to the leaves, and the flowers left white with a little yellow in the centre.

It is hardly necessary to wet the leaves, etc., over with plain water before colouring, as the greens and yellows can be made sufficiently thin and well rubbed in with brushes to ensure every part of canvas being dyed. The daisies, of course, are left white with deep chrome for centres, and light yellow leaves. The petals of the daisies should have been outlined with the burnt sienna to define the drawing, otherwise they will appear discs of white.

In colouring the leaves it will not matter if the green goes on to the background; in fact it sometimes adds to the effect to purposely rub a little of the greens on to the background when the greens do not contain too much yellow.

This will complete the first painting, and every part of the canvas would be coloured if these directions were followed. When dry we proceed with the *second painting*. First deepen any parts of the background that may require it, and, generally speaking, the whole of the work requires strengthening, as the colours dry two or three shades lighter than they appeared when wet; and until the pupil has had some little practice this lightening as the colours dry will not be taken sufficiently into account. Then strengthen those leaves that are too light, and relieve any leaves that are confused, or that run one into another; and so on with any portion of the design, including the flowers, which can be shaded with a little grey (made of Prussian blue and sepia) very much diluted. Should any portion of the work look too bright, a "glaze" of another colour may be washed over the objectionable part. This system of "glazing" (a technical expression used in painting, signifying a light colour washed over a darker one) is very advantageous, and is sometimes even better than mixing two colours together. The crudest green can be toned by "glazing" with a brown or a yellow, and beautiful reds can be made by "glazing" yellow with rose-pink or vermilion.

FIG. 4.—DESIGN FOR SCREEN PANEL.

It only remains in the subsequent paintings to put in strong bits of the shadows and crisp touches to give force and vigour to the work. If the pupil wishes to outline the design, as is usually the case in decorative work, this should be done with Cassell earth, but the effect is soft and harmonious without if the light and shade be sufficiently pronounced. If these hints are sufficiently understood the result ought to be encouraging, but it must not be supposed that the pupil is going to acquire facility in a new art in just one attempt. Facility in working can only be gained by painstaking perseverance, and even by some failures.

FIG. 2. CHRYSANTHEMUM BORDER.

Fig. 2, founded upon the chrysanthemum, suitable for the border round a room, the top part of a window, or a mantel-board, would be good practice, and, being merely a repeating pattern, offers no great difficulty to the pupil.

FIG. 3. ORNAMENTAL FRIEZE.

Fig. 3 is designed as the frieze for a room to run just above the dado, and is highly ornamental in character. The backgrounds in this and the preceding design would look better light, such as a delicate soft green or yellow.

Fig. 4 is a design for a screen panel, composed of several sprigs of flowers, growing in a sort of grass field. As will be seen, it is conventional in character. The flowers employed in this design are familiar to most readers, comprising as they do the Christmas rose, marsh marigold, primula, crocus, daffodil, narcissus, &c. A very interesting screen might be painted in this style, employing different flowers in each panel, and selecting them according to the seasons, as we have endeavoured to do in the design given.

The amount of success to be achieved in tapestry painting is not limited by any inherent difficulty in the art itself, as is the case in pottery painting, where so much depends upon the firing, but is wholly dependent upon the painter's ability and aptitude. The charm of painted tapestry is the beautiful semi-accidental effects of colour which can be produced, and anyone with an eye for harmonious colouring might meet with large success in this art. So essentially is it a colour art that I would recommend the pupil to even sacrifice design and drawing for the sake of this one thing, *colour*. This does not imply that good designing and drawing cannot go hand in hand with good colouring, but without the latter the two former are wholly thrown away. Avoid crude colours and harsh contrasts, and, above all things, get *tone* into your work; and to this end do not use the colours as they come from the bottles, but by judicious blending secure that harmony in your work which is the truest test of an artist.

Avoid "niggling" work, but paint in a broad and free manner, so that when viewed from a fair distance the effect is bold and vigorous, instead of being confused and weak. While working do not keep the canvas too near the eye, as you lose breadth by so doing; but by continually standing back and viewing the work a few feet from you the eye takes in the whole effect at once, and each part of the design is seen in its proper relation, and defects at once become noticeable.

As to the amount of finish that should be put into the painting, this depends wholly upon the taste of the painter. Of course, the smaller the work and the nearer it comes to the eye the more finished it ought to be; but for larger work, such as the decoration of rooms, as in figs. 5 and 6, and where a large surface is to be covered, the bolder should be the style of painting, for high finish would be quite thrown away when seen from a distance.

Fig. 5.—Design for a Frieze, with Portrait of Holbein.

Fig. 5 is designed as the frieze for a room, to run just underneath the cornice. This idea, if practically carried out, might be made an interesting gallery of painters' portraits, the one in the illustration being copied from a portrait of Hans Holbein, painted by himself.

Fig. 6 would be a fitting pendant to the former, being suitable for the dado-coloured part of the wall. If the artist possessed a very inventive faculty, each panel might contain a different flower or fruit.

Quick and, withal, good work is the best, as the energy does not weary before the work is finished. This does not imply that tapestry painting should be hurried, for the oftener a colour is gone over the more harmonious is the result, as the dye being thin, penetrates more readily into the fibre than when a strong tint is put on at once, hardly sinking in at all, but remaining on the surface of the canvas. The style of work best adapted for tapestry painting is decorative and conventional rather than natural and pictorial, for, in truth, pictures cannot be painted on tapestry, neither the colours nor the canvas lending itself to this mode of treatment; and to attempt to do on tapestry what is better done on other surfaces and with other materials is to weaken your resources, and to degrade the art you employ. The uses of painted tapestry are too numerous to mention, but as hangings for rooms, *portières*, screens, window curtains, and even for the dados and friezes of rooms (figs. 5 and 6), it might be employed with great effect. There is always something warm and comfortable about hangings in a room, and if such hangings can be made beautiful to the eye at a small outlay of money and a profitable expenditure of time no girl whose tastes and talents are in the direction of art should neglect the study and practice of tapestry painting.

Fred. Miller.

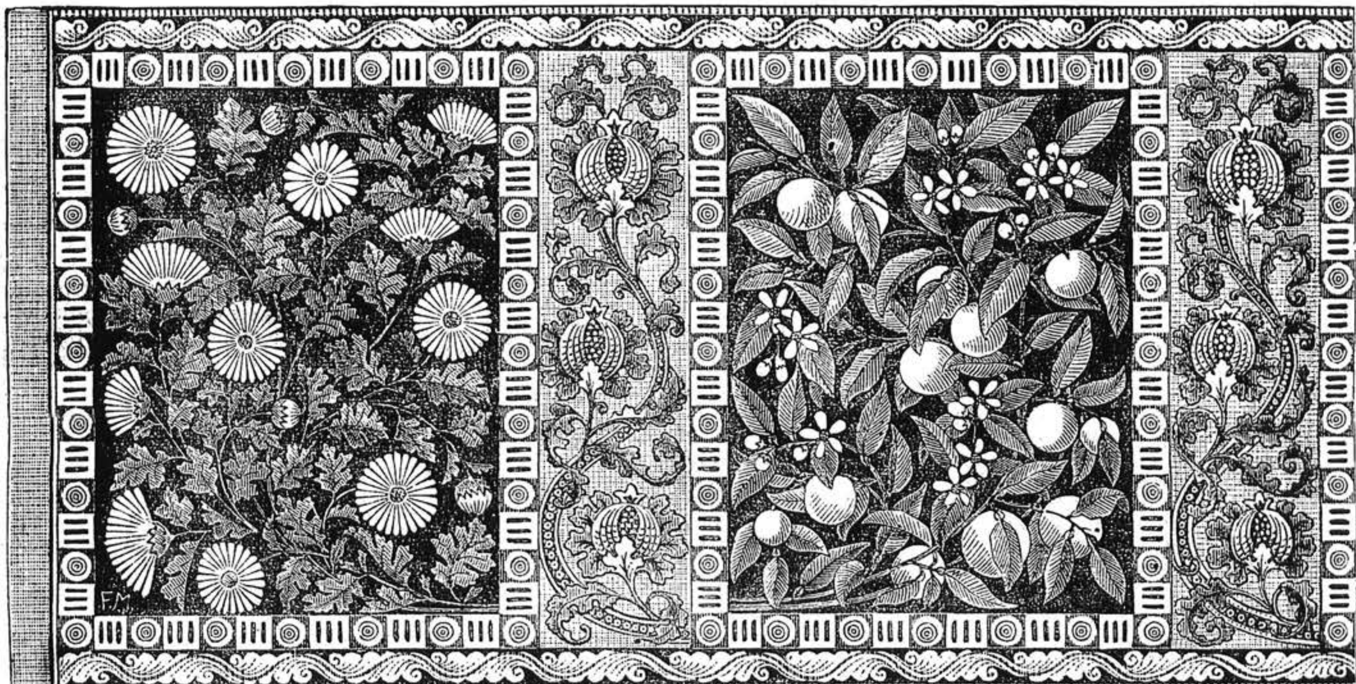


Fig. 6.—Design for Dado.

TRUE ECONOMIES IN HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.

BEING THE ESSAY FOR WHICH THE PRIZE OF TEN POUNDS HAS BEEN AWARDED BY THE PROPRIETORS OF "CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE."

Note.—The Editor, in printing the successful Essay, does not necessarily endorse all the views of the writer, or hold himself in any way responsible for them.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

AS few words in our language are more frequently misapplied, and misconstrued, than the word "economy," may I venture at the outset of this paper to point out its true meaning? "Economy is the management, regulation, and government of a family or household; a frugal and judicious use of money, that management which spends money to advantage and incurs no waste, frugality in the necessary expenditure of money; a judicious application of time, labour, and the instruments of labour." We see then that to be truly economical is not to be parsimonious, for that implies saving at any cost or inconvenience; yet these two words are generally used as though their meaning were synonymous. "With economy few need be poor, and without it few can be rich;" and it is my intention to deal briefly with the subject in its relation to all domestic matters, regarding nothing as too trivial for notice. While I write, food, fuel, dress, and a host of followers in their train, seem to rise before my mental vision, and cry out for attention, needing reformation in a thousand ways; and by treating each matter separately, we may at least arrive at a true idea of real economy.

Such suggestions as I shall offer will be of practically little value to the very rich or the very poor; the former class are out of my pale; they are to be blamed if anything averse to order and regularity rules their homes, yet where lavish expenditure and superabundant supply are the rule, I fear there will always be more or less of waste. The much-needed reformation in the habits of the latter class will never be thoroughly effected until women cease to become bread-winners after marriage. I know in some cases, owing maybe to the illness or death of the husband, it becomes necessary for the wife to put her shoulder to the wheel; I am referring to the system generally, and none can wonder if, after a hard day's work in a factory, she reaches home tired out in body and brain, and cooks her scraps of food without regard to nutrition or economy. When the rising generation shall in their turn become parents, I trust they will more fully realise that when weighed in the balance against neglect of home duties, wasting of her own strength, and the ruin of her offspring, body and soul, there can be no economy in the fact that the wife may if she chooses add a few shillings to the weekly store. Education is the only power that can bring a better state of things about in the lives of our poorer brethren.

I feel, therefore, that I am addressing myself chiefly to those whose lot it is to keep up what is called a position on an income of one hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds a year; though there are many others to whom some of my remarks will apply. These constitute a class who often find it hard to "make both ends meet," for such families must live in a respectable locality, be given to hospitality, dress fairly, keep a servant; and, in short, were the means at their disposal doubled, Mrs. Grundy would expect no more of them.

Residents in the country of course gain advantages in the shape of reduced rents, enlarged garden ground, and the like; but I am now referring to dwellers in towns. And here let me say a word to those who may be contemplating setting up a home of their own: don't, for the sake of appearances, take a larger house than you require, at a rent you can't afford; many people take one double the size needed, forgetting that it means extra labour, as well as a high rent; and as "three removes are as bad as a fire," don't be always knocking your goods about from place to place, unless the reason for removal is a good one.

With reference to the all-important food question, abler pens than mine are writing daily on the use and abuse of God's great gifts to man, yet the old lamentable waste goes on, owing not so much, I honestly believe, to sheer inclination to throw away, as to the lack of a practical knowledge of the uses that may be made of the remnants and scraps so often condemned as worthless, by converting them into tasty dishes at a minimum of cost and trouble.

"Want of variety leads to satiety," and the food that is relished and eaten of heartily in January will be turned from with distaste and loathing during the sultry days of July; so if the bill of fare be varied as well as the manner of cooking, you will avoid waste and all will be satisfied; and remember, we must eat to live, and as bone, nerve, and flesh all need constant replenishing, our diet must be a mixed one, flesh-formers, heat-producers, bone and nerve-formers, all finding their respective places on our tables.

Bread, "the staff of life," is a serious item in the weekly expenditure, and all frugal housekeepers will make it at home; for besides being a step on the road to economy, there is a tempting sweetness about genuine home-made bread that all other kinds seem to me to lack. I prefer loaves "baked on the hearth" to either "tin" or "cottage;" tin bread having a tendency to get dry very quickly, and cottage cutting up to disadvantage on account of there being so much crust. To those who have hitherto eaten white bread only, I recommend a trial of "whole meal." You can't

afford to dispense with its sustaining properties; it is simply invaluable to growing children, and only prejudice precludes its consumption in many a household.

With regard to meat, valuable though it undoubtedly is, it would be well for many people if they ate far less; and those who partake of it lavishly two or three times daily are not only wasteful, but may thank themselves if they suffer from coarseness of flesh, chronic dyspepsia, and many other ailments so often the result of over-indulgence in animal food. Let your motto be, of meat, little and good. There is no saving effected by obtaining for a penny less per pound the hard, stringy, flavourless stuff, that requires the patience of a Job to carve, and the stomach of an ostrich to digest; and as experienced buyers of cattle can tell with "half an eye" the quality of the beast, if you go to a good butcher you will get the best meat. Well-hung meat being so much more tender and superior in flavour to that freshly killed, I advise you to have hanging in your cellar one joint at least of size proportionate to your family; it is so rare to get just the weight and kind required when meat is sent for in a hurry; and a leg or loin of mutton, ribs or sirloin of beef, if at hand, will supply you with reliable chops and steaks at a moment's notice, costing far less than if fetched in single pounds from your butcher. By boning your meat previously to cooking it, you will carve it more easily, and the bones if chopped small will form the basis of good nourishing soup; and by saving all your pot-liquor and remnants of vegetables, and bringing a little skill and ingenuity to bear on the manipulation of the ingredients, you may vary your soups *ad libitum*. Remember, "It's the seasoning wot does it."

Lentil soup is simply invaluable, being so cheap, nutritious, and palatable; it is especially suitable for cold weather, and will keep good for a week. The Egyptian lentils are the best; they cost 2½d. per lb. I recommend the following recipe as an excellent one:—

Four quarts of stock made from bones to one pound of lentils, after having thoroughly washed and soaked them for twelve hours; add half an ounce of salt, a tea-spoonful of dried mixed herbs, a pinch of celery seed, and a few cloves and peppercorns; simmer for three hours, strain through a coarse sieve, add mixed vegetables to taste (these must be boiled separately, and cut small), and two table-spoonfuls of Yorkshire Relish.

Previous to roasting meat—if lean, it is especially necessary—cover it well in every part with melted dripping, as enveloped in fat it will cook at a greater heat, retain more of its juices, and is proof against dryness.

I came across the following lines a short time ago:—

"Turkey boiled is turkey spoiled;
Turkey roast is turkey lost;
But for turkey braised the cooks be praised."

Without endorsing the opinion of the writer as conveyed in the first two lines, I will say, I believe in braising as the acme of economy; and anything lean cooked in this way is sure to be liked. Your meat will be tender, and your gravy may be made excellent; and when once the liquid has reached boiling-point, less heat will cook the joint than would be required to roast one the same size.

Fat meat is distasteful to many people; and it often happens that a joint to be large enough for a family will have a greater proportion of fat than can be eaten. Don't waste it by having it left on the plates day after day; but before cooking trim off all superfluous fat, cut it up, add a quarter-pint of water to each pound, simmer it for half an hour, or until all the fat is dry and shrivelled, let it cool for a minute or two, and then strain it off. The fat thus clarified will be beautifully white, and answer admirably for frying purposes, plain cakes, pastry, &c. In clarifying cooked fat left from cold joints, &c., use less water, and simmer as long again; then pour off into a basin of water, for the fat to cake on the top, and the impurities to settle at the bottom. In straining dripping from roast joints, in the same manner, avoid losing the real essence of the meat by letting that too run into the basin.

With reference to the respective meals of the day, I pray you equip with the best of all weapons, a good, substantial breakfast, those of your family who have to turn out and battle with the elements. There is good reason for this meal being a hearty one: the digestive powers are stronger after their rest, and many things will agree with the stomach at this hour that would cause positive pain later on in the day. As a rule, one dish at least should be a hot one; and whatever your drink may be, that which suits you should be the best of its kind. Much of the "prepared" cocoa is dear at any price; so is inferior tea, for no matter how much you use, it will always taste "too strong of the water." The best "Mocha" berries should be used for your coffee; and if you want the benefit of the full aroma, grind them freshly every morning. Don't forget to scald your pot and the milk, and please don't believe in the injurious properties of chicory; on the contrary, a little added to coffee is wholesome, and an aid to digestion, besides being economical.

The little folks need a different diet. Oatmeal or hominy porridge, lentilla, bread-and-milk, Indian corn-meal, and many cereal productions may be given to growing children with advantage, and will furnish them with a sustaining meal. The great bugbear to good breakfasts is the too prevalent habit of late rising. One hour in the morning is worth two in the evening; and all the bustle and hurry in the world won't overtake that lost hour. Early rising is a habit that needs to be but once acquired to insure constant practice, for few ever willingly fall into the old bad ways again.

Your income will, to an extent, influence you in the preparation of dinner; but in passing let me say, it is anything but economical to make cold dinners (except in very hot weather, when cold meat should be served with a nicely-dressed salad) a regular or frequent thing, hot meat being so much more satisfying; and if the mid-day meal be an insufficient one, you

must make up later on for its shortcomings, so nothing is saved by the practice after all.

I must add a few words in favour of tinned meats; and before turning up your noses and shrugging your shoulders, listen for a moment to my arguments: that these valuable commodities are as different from those of only a few years back as chalk is from cheese, and that, as their consumption increases yearly, the exporters find it to their advantage to improve the quality of the meat, and the manner of cooking. Some of the plain "roasts" and "boiled" are still stringy, but the "corned" and "compressed" are excellent, so are the ox-tongues, and decidedly cheap. There is a great difference in the quality of the various brands. I have tried and found good "Paysandu," "Progressio," and "Napier" tongues, and all tins of meat bearing the name of "Black and Co.," "Cunningham," "McCall and Co," "The Western," or "Melbourne Meat Preserving Company," may be relied on, though no doubt many others are as good. Never be without tinned goods in the house; they are nice for a change, useful in a hurry for unexpected visitors, &c., and even from the plain roast and boiled tasty dishes in many forms may be made, while they are very useful either as a "make-up" or addition to a meal at any time.

The tinned fruits recommend themselves. What a luxury are the tomatoes when those delicacies are not in season, and how useful, either in quarters or rings, are the apples when fresh fruit is scarce and dear! The pines, apricots, peaches, pears, and plums are all delicious and cheap in the highest degree. Tinned milk, coffee-and-milk, and cocoa-and-milk are all useful in cases of emergency; and most will agree that the lobster and salmon are delicacies for which we ought to be thankful.

> "Be not the first to cast the old aside,
> Be not the last to leave the new untried,"

is advice well worth following. 'Tis a pity so many people will persist in condemning things and practices of which they know nothing.

The nicely-dressed dishes of vegetables, served as a separate course, so common in Continental hotels, are certainly to be met with in England on the tables of vegetarians; but how rarely in middle-class families generally do vegetables in anything like an attractive form present themselves! And if by chance a few of the plainly-boiled are left at dinner, how often are they thrown away as if good for nothing! Surely this must be want of thought, when one considers the tempting curries, tasty ragoûts, and dainty salads that may be made from cold vegetables of any kind; all are delicious fried; haricot beans especially, "boiled soft and fried brown, with a little sage or parsley, are 'a dish fit for a king.'" I have made no especial mention of the potato, for the most casual observer, and the least ingenious cook, must be aware of some of the many ways of re-dressing cold potatoes, either as "sweets" or "savouries;" and I am sure a little more attention given to your vegetable dishes would be not only highly appreciated, but effect a considerable saving in your butcher's bills.

Fish is so rich in phosphorus, it ought to be classed among the necessaries of life, and cold fish "scalloped," "flaked," "pulled," "curried," or made into "croquettes," forms acceptable breakfast dishes.

Let me point out the necessity of a system of what I may call "personal marketing." It often happens that there is a glut of fish, fruit, or vegetables in the market, and you are thus enabled to buy many things for which you would not have thought to ask had you not seen them. It is so rarely safe to give discretionary power to ordinary servants of the present day, that it needs some one with a personal interest and a practised eye to see and know what will answer the purpose.

"Best of its kind, cheapest in the end," is true of groceries generally, and especially so of raisins and currants. Don't begrudge the highest price if you want "fruity" fruit; it is sheer waste of money to buy stale, gritty fruit for any purpose whatever. The value of canisters for your condiments cannot be overrated, so many being comparatively worthless after exposure to the air. Soap and candles should be bought in large quantities; the former should be cut up and hung in twine-bags, and the candles suspended from the ceiling. This will save you much in the consumption of each, and the candles will give a better light. Cold-water soap should be in every house; I have tried it and can verify all that has been said in its favour. Tea may be bought at a considerable reduction if a quarter-chest be taken at a time, and as the profit on tea is "the pig that pays the rent" of most retail traders, this hint is worthy your attention.

A gas-cooking stove is an incalculable boon if you get one of "the latest improved," which will cook to perfection, and economise the consumption of gas to a greater extent than those of a few years ago; properly managed they are very economical, and there is the clean, cool kitchen during the summer, *versus* the heat, smoke, and dust inseparable from the ordinary range or open grate. Speaking of the merits of gas over coal for culinary purposes, reminds me of the desirability of laying in a stock of coal at the end of the summer for winter use. During an ordinary frost it is always raised in price; and in the event of a winter like the past one, your sixpenny cobbles may cost you tenpence. Coal-dust wetted to a paste, and allowed to "cake" on the back of the fire, will throw out a glowing heat, but the poker must be conspicuous by its absence after this is added. A fire-brick for each open grate is another economiser. You may now get all shapes and sizes; and I don't hesitate to say that an outlay of a few shillings in this way will reduce your coal-bills by at least a fourth.

(*To be concluded.*)

PRACTICAL POINTS OF LAW.

BY A LAWYER.

SERVANTS.

EVERY servant is entitled to receive a month's wages in lieu of a month's notice.

A servant who is insolent, insubordinate or incapable may be dismissed at a moment's notice.

The wages of such a servant must only be paid up to the time of her dismissal.

A mistress is not bound to give a servant a character. If a mistress gives a servant a bad character, the latter will not succeed in an action against her mistress unless she can show malice on the part of her mistress.

It is now a criminal offence to give a false character or to assist another person in conterfeiting a certificate of character.

Or to add to or to alter or erase any word, date, matter, etc., in any certificate of character.

Or to personate any master or mistress whether by writing or otherwise.

It is the duty of a servant to be diligent.

An upper servant has no right to chastise a lower one.

If a servant suddenly leaves her situation without giving notice, she cannot receive any wages which would otherwise be due since the date of the last monthly payment.

Thus, if paid monthly on the first of each month, and she leaves suddenly on the twelfth she is not entitled to any wages for the interval between the first and the twelfth.

But her mistress would be entitled to recover a month's wages from her servant for leaving without notice.

A mistress is not entitled to keep back out of wages the value of any things lost or broken by her servants.

Unless there is a distinct agreement between them to that effect.

A servant is not entitled to extra remuneration beyond her ordinary wages for any extra work or duty.

Unless such extra work or duty is clearly outside that which she agreed to perform.

A servant temporarily absent from her work on account of illness is entitled to her wages during her enforced absence.

In the case of a dispute about wages, the servant should bring an action for their recovery in the County Court if the amount is not more than fifty pounds.

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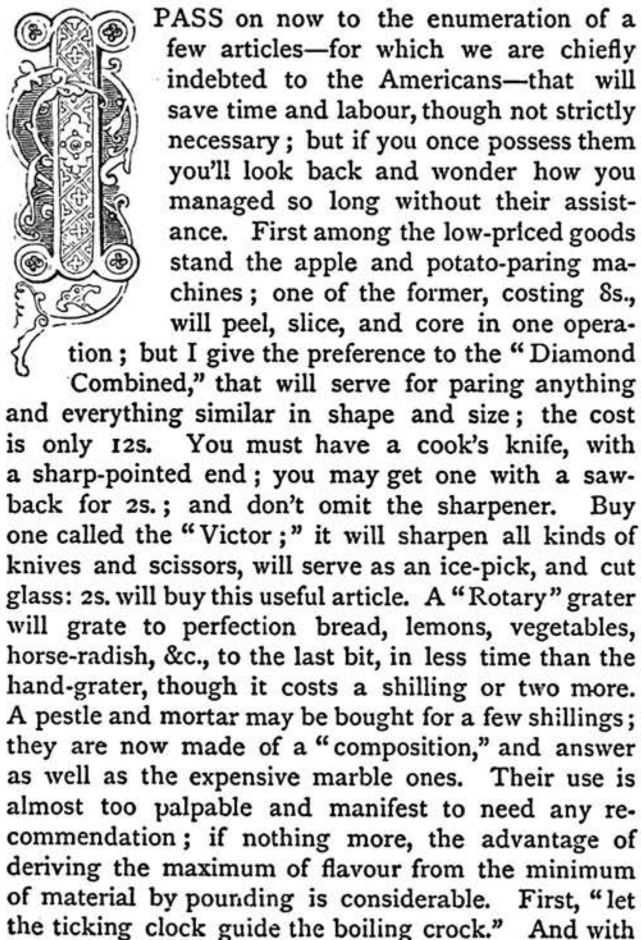
NOTE.—The Editor, in printing the successful Essay, does not necessarily, endorse all the views of the writer, or hold himself in any way responsible for them.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.



I PASS on now to the enumeration of a few articles—for which we are chiefly indebted to the Americans—that will save time and labour, though not strictly necessary; but if you once possess them you'll look back and wonder how you managed so long without their assistance. First among the low-priced goods stand the apple and potato-paring machines; one of the former, costing 8s., will peel, slice, and core in one operation; but I give the preference to the "Diamond Combined," that will serve for paring anything and everything similar in shape and size; the cost is only 12s. You must have a cook's knife, with a sharp-pointed end; you may get one with a saw-back for 2s.; and don't omit the sharpener. Buy one called the "Victor;" it will sharpen all kinds of knives and scissors, will serve as an ice-pick, and cut glass: 2s. will buy this useful article. A "Rotary" grater will grate to perfection bread, lemons, vegetables, horse-radish, &c., to the last bit, in less time than the hand-grater, though it costs a shilling or two more. A pestle and mortar may be bought for a few shillings; they are now made of a "composition," and answer as well as the expensive marble ones. Their use is almost too palpable and manifest to need any recommendation; if nothing more, the advantage of deriving the maximum of flavour from the minimum of material by pounding is considerable. First, "let the ticking clock guide the boiling crock." And with regard to kitchen requisites generally, scales and weights must not be forgotten; they will save their cost soon in preventing many a dish being spoiled by superfluous quantities of ingredients being thrown in hap-hazard, besides checking the weight of all goods purchased. I regard a cinder-sifter as an absolute necessity, though its use is far from universal. I recommend the "Rocker" as cheap, excellent, and cleanly in use; it may be bought for 8s. and upwards. The advantage of cinders at hand to make a fire burn quickly and clearly, to say nothing of the saving, is apparent to all. A meat-chopper and a "digester" are indispensable; the latter will enable you to get all possible nutriment and flavour from bones and vegetables for your soup.

I presume your family washing is done at home; besides being cheaper, you run no risk of clothes being ruined by the injurious washing-powders so often used by laundresses, for many of them contain chemicals that rot the fabrics very quickly. But I assure you that if your labour is to be lightened, time and fuel saved, and washing effectually and expeditiously performed, machinery must step in to assist you. You will never regret the cost of a really good machine. One of the best, however, is a washer and wringer combined, that will also serve as a bath for your children, and, with a top, as a kitchen table. Ironing is, to put it mildly, anything but a pleasant occupation; but by means of a gas-heating stove, or, better still, a gas-iron, you need not get uncomfortably warm, or soil your fingers.

The author of the truism, "The apparel oft proclaims

the man," might with equal truth have added, "the woman too." The dress of a person is, as a rule, a fair indication of the mind: a slovenly and untidy appearance suggesting disorder in the home, and show and finery proving that comfort, usefulness, and suitability are totally ignored.

By means of the sewing-machine, and help of a daily dress-maker, the majority of ladies' and children's costumes may easily be made at home; and if two or three dresses for the latter are cut from the same piece, you may effect a considerable saving; for most people are aware, though they do not always think, how one garment cuts into, or out of, another.

By buyixg a "piece" of calico for under-clothing, you will not only get it cheaper, but be enabled to cut just the length required. This is an advantage, as in a family there seems to be always something to be made or mended. Dress-lining should be purchased in the same way.

Linen pillow and bolster cases should always be used, as they keep clean so much longer than calico; but I prefer good twilled or herring-bone sheeting to linen for winter use.

There is nothing like "linoleum" for hard wear in the general sitting-room, or nursery, or where there is much traffic and dust. For bricked floors "Manilla matting" is capital; so warm to the feet, while the wear is almost everlasting, and the patterns very rich. This is the best possible floor-covering for a damp room. In buying carpets, steer clear of "felt" ones; as a rule, they are not worth the trouble of sweeping. There is nothing like Brussels for showing a smiling face to the last bit; and the five-frame, that is, the best qualities, are now as low in price as the tapestry or imitation Brussels of a few years ago. Kidderminster—all wool, mind—on account of their reversible patterns, are very economical, but are especially suitable for bed-rooms.

Good boots, gloves, stockings, and socks, are all worth the extra money asked for them—so much is long wear dependent upon good shape. Even such trifling articles as tapes, cottons, &c., should be best of their kind.

Shun shops where it is the rule to make "alarming sacrifices," and sell goods "under cost price." You may sometimes meet with bargains at clearance sales, I know, if you buy what you really want; but great caution is necessary.

Acquaintance with the symptoms, as well as modes of treatment, of the "ills that flesh is heir to," should be acquired by all who take upon themselves the duties of wifehood and maternity; for a timely poultice or plaister, or simple dose of medicine, may be the means of saving—under God's blessing—a valuable life; and when sickness does come, the value of suitable diet, or "kitchen physic," as the doctors call it, during the convalescence of your patient, cannot be over-estimated.

Speaking of the sick induces me to mention that although there are many valuable patent medicines and proprietary articles, both for external and internal use, yet an equal number are often simple commodities showily labelled, and sold under high-sounding names, at fabulous prices, to a gullible public; many have gained a just reputation, but whenever a cheap substitute may be found—as it often can be—in your own house for an expensive article you may be tempted to buy, remember that price is not in all cases a test of quality.

I hope all your purchases are made on the "cash system;" so many things are sent for on credit that might and could be dispensed with; it's an old saying and a true one that "people with limited means should never get into debt, and those whose means are unlimited are best out of it."

In reading a magazine or newspaper, many a recipe, hint, or suggestion is met with, carelessly read, and soon forgotten, and it is well worth the trouble to keep a "reference book" in which to jot them down; index it properly, or it will be of no use to you; and you'll be astonished to find how much you may learn, and save, in this way alone.

It is better to keep clean than to make clean; and without order, there is no comfort; without comfort, no health; without health, no perfect happiness. Yes, from garret to casement there must be order and regularity in every department of domestic labour, and sound practical knowledge and powers of contrivance brought to bear on the work of each day. And, oh! mothers, I know there are times when you long for the wheels of the household machinery to be silent if only for a moment, you get so weary of "the trivial round, the common task," and the labour seems so much in vain. Ah, well! you know after all that it will not do to slacken your hold upon the domestic reins, or all will soon go wrong; and if you have the satisfaction of conviction that you are doing all in your power to instil into your children habits of tidiness, order, and punctuality, and the necessity of having "a place for everything, and everything in its place;" if you are daily impressing upon them the fact that all waste, whether of food, time, money, or talents, is sin, you are casting bread upon the waters that must bear good fruit in the days to come, and providing them with weapons that shall stand them in good stead in the life-battle that is before them. Habits formed in childhood are seldom, if ever, totally eradicated. Home must be the real training-school; see that it is the charmed magic circle it ought to be; let books and music find a place—and that a prominent one—in your house, for by their influence they do much towards knitting together all members of a family in bonds of love, kindness, and harmony.

To you, daughters, let me now say a few words. Do you think that the fact of seeing your mother cook, iron, mend, make, alter, plan, and contrive, day after day, will serve to make you perfect when similar burdens shall fall on your own shoulders? Would you be content to look at a sheet of music and go away convinced that you could play upon the piano? No! you know that constant daily practice is necessary for proficiency, and it is no less so of household duties. Remember, you cannot learn too much, and if you would one day reach perfection's height you must

first be content to climb; "all things must yield to industry and time."

I know that no hard-and-fast rules can be laid down, for individual circumstances must guide individual expenditure, but it is clearly the duty of the head of the family to provide—if ever so little—for a rainy day. So, husbands, one and all, don't say, "I can't do it." Let me quote Mr. Smiles again; he says, "There is no greater cant than can't. . . . When economy is looked upon as a thing that must be practised it will never be felt as a burden, and those who have not before observed it will be astonished to find what a few shillings or pence, laid aside weekly, will do towards securing moral elevation, mental culture, and personal independence. There is dignity in every attempt to economise, it indicates self-denial and imparts strength to character, it fosters temperance, it is based on forethought. Above all, it secures comfort, drives away care, and dispels many anxieties that might otherwise press upon us."

If you have never read Mr. Smiles's "Thrift," purchase a copy at once; it is a book that ought to be read by every person who can think.

Give your wife a fixed sum for housekeeping expenses, as well as for her own clothing, and that of your family; a certain sum should also be laid aside for the replenishing of the household goods and chattels generally; for where money is given out in driblets and no account kept of the sums, it is so easy to fall into the error of living beyond one's means. Insure your household furniture against loss by fire, the rate of insurance being only about two shillings per cent. And, as life is uncertain, pray don't run the risk of your wife being left a widow, maybe with a young family, and not even the smallest sum in hand to meet current expenses; don't shirk your responsibilities, but by every means in your power provide for those near and dear to you something that shall, at least, "keep the wolf from the door," should you be called away.

Have I seemed to attach undue importance to the value of little things? If so, it is because I know, and feel, that the words which fell of old from the lips of the Master are true to-day as then. Obey His voice, and "gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost."

LIZZIE HERITAGE.

BEES AND THEIR FOLK-LORE.

FROM the very earliest times the bee has been the subject of special interest, being supposed to possess a certain amount of understanding or instinct unshared by the rest of the animal world. Indeed, it appears that our forefathers placed this favoured little being in the scale of creation immediately after man, attributing to it a portion of the "divine mind." Hence a degree of deference has generally been paid to it, which would scarcely be offered to beings endowed with only ordinary instinct. The ancients also believed that there existed a mysterious connection between bees and human souls; and there are various legends on record in which the soul is represented as issuing from the body in the form of a bee. As might be expected, therefore, numerous superstitions have clustered round this highly useful insect, and in many a country place it is regarded almost with feelings of veneration. This can only be accounted for on the supposition that through its extraordinary instinct it is able to take cognisance of things which otherwise it could not do. In the present paper, then, it is proposed to give a brief outline of the extensive folk-lore associated with the bee, showing in how many ways it has given rise to superstitious fancies and curious customs.

In allusion to their swarming we find various odd ideas, some of which may be traced back to a remote period. Thus a popular proverb reminds us of the relative value of a swarm in different months:—

"A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay;
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon;
A swarm of bees in July
Is not worth a butterfly."

And old Tusser, in his "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," says:—

"Take heed to thy bees that are ready to swarm;
The loss thereof is a crown's worth of harm."

In Sussex, it is considered as a sign of a death in a family if bees in the act of swarming make choice of a dead hedge-stake for their settling-place. A similar superstition prevails in Norfolk, should they swarm on rotten wood, or a dead tree—a notion thus alluded to by Gay:—

'Swarmed on a rotten stick, the bees I spied,
Which erst I saw when Goody Dobson died."

In many places it is considered especially lucky when a strange swarm settles in one's garden, such a circumstance being thought to foretell either wealth or prosperity of some kind. In Suffolk, however, it is regarded just as unlucky, and the following occurrence is a curious illustration of the alarm which this piece of superstition occasionally produces:—

"Going to my father's house," says the writer, "I found the household in a state of excitement, as a stray swarm of bees had settled on the pump. A hive had been procured, and the coachman and I hived them securely. After this had been done, I was saying that they might think themselves fortunate in getting a

hive of bees so cheap; but I found that this was not agreed to by all, for one man employed about the premises looked very grave and shook his head. On my asking him what was the matter, he told me in a solemn tone that people *did* say that if a swarm of bees came to a house, and were not claimed by their owner, there would be a death in the family within the year. As it turned out, there was a death in my house, though not in my father's, about seven months afterwards, and I have no doubt but that this was taken as a fulfilment of the portent."

In the "Report of the Devonshire Association" (1876, viii. 51) the following anecdote is related as having happened in the neighbourhood of North Bovey:—

"'All of 'em dead, sir—all the thirteen. What a pity it is!'

"'What's a pity, Mrs. ——? Who's dead?'

"'The bees, to be sure, sir. Mrs. Blank, when she buried her husband, forgot to give the bees a bit of mourning, and now, sir, all the bees be dead, though the hives be pretty nigh full of honey. What a pity 'tis folks will be so forgetful!'

"Mrs. —— continued to explain that whenever the owner or part-owner of a hive died, it was requisite to place little bits of black stuff on the hive; otherwise the bees would follow the example of their owner.

"Mrs. ——'s husband, who listened while this scrap of folk-lore was being communicated by his wife, now added—

"'My wife, sir, be always talking a lot of nonsense, sir; but this about the bees is true, for I've see'd it myself.'"

This custom of putting the hives in mourning is very common, and is strictly adhered to, from an apprehension of its omission being attended with fatal consequences. At Cherry-Burton, on a death in the family, a scarf of black crape is applied to each hive on the occasion of the funeral, and pounded funeral biscuit soaked in wine is placed at the entrance to the hive.

"A neighbour of mine," says a writer, "bought a hive of bees at an auction of the goods of a farmer who had recently died. The bees seemed very sickly, and not likely to thrive, when my neighbour's servant bethought him that they had never been put in mourning for their late master. On this he got a piece of crape and tied it to a stick, which he fastened to the hive. After this the bees recovered, and when I saw them they were in a very flourishing state—a result which was unhesitatingly attributed to their having been put in mourning."

A curious superstitious custom formerly prevailed in Devonshire of turning round the bee-hives that belonged to the deceased—if he had any—at the moment the corpse was carried out of the house. Some years ago, at the funeral of a rich old farmer, a painful circumstance occurred. Just as the corpse was placed in the hearse, and the visitors (a large number) were arranged in order for the procession of the funeral, a person called out, "Turn the bees!" A servant who had no knowledge of such a custom, instead of turning the hives round, lifted them up, and then laid them down on their sides. The bees, thus suddenly invaded, instantly attacked and fastened on the visitors. It was in vain they tried to escape, for the bees precipitately followed, and left their stings as marks of their indignation. A general confusion took place, and it was some time before the friends of the deceased could be rallied together to proceed to the interment.

Another writer says an old blacksmith in Cheshire lamented to him the ill-success that had attended his bee-keeping ever since the death of his wife, which he attributed to his having neglected to turn the hives round when that event happened!

In Germany the same superstitious fancies prevail, for not only is the sad message given to every bee-hive in the garden and every beast in the stall, but every sack of corn must be touched and everything in the house shaken, that they may know the master is gone.

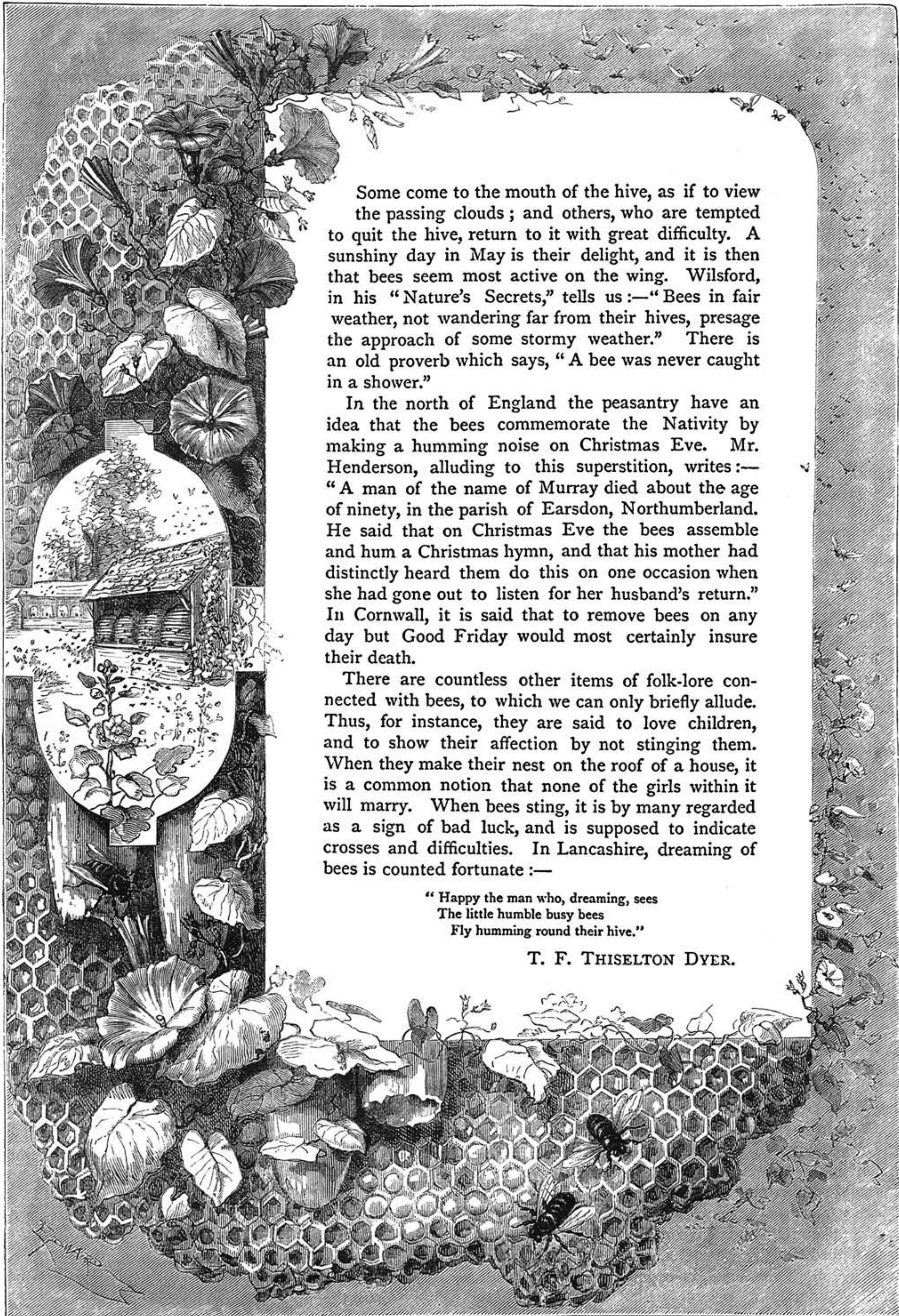
Again, in some localities bees are invited to funerals, and a formal invitation is even sent to them. At Bradfield, a primitive little village on the edge of the moors, in the parish of Ecclesfield, this custom has been kept up from time immemorial. Among other superstitions relating to a sympathy between bees and their owners, there is a popular belief in Cumberland that when the former die their owner will soon do likewise. There is also a vulgar notion that when bees remove or go away from their hives, the owner of them will soon die. In Northamptonshire the entrance of the wild or humble bee into a house is deemed a certain sign of death; and a Welsh belief informs us that a short time previous to the death of the owner of bees, the bees themselves will die without any apparent cause.

Death, however, is not the only event in human life communicated to bees—that more joyous one, marriage, being also announced to them. Thus, in many country places it is said that not only do bees expect to be informed of every wedding, but to have their hives decorated with a wedding-festoon. In Lincolnshire it is even customary to present a piece of wedding-cake to the bees, for fear of their becoming irate and stinging every one within their reach. The same practice exists on the Continent; and in Lower Brittany, whenever a marriage takes place, the bee-hives are adorned with a piece of red cloth. It is believed that if the bees are not allowed to participate in the feelings of the family on such an occasion, they will take offence and desert the place.

There is, too, a great deal of weather-lore associated with bees. Thus, when many enter a hive and none leave it, rain is at hand. Hence the rhyme:—

"If bees stay at home,
Rain will soon come;
If they fly away,
Fine will be the day."

Nothing, it has been remarked, can be more melancholy than the appearance of bees in wet weather.



Some come to the mouth of the hive, as if to view the passing clouds; and others, who are tempted to quit the hive, return to it with great difficulty. A sunshiny day in May is their delight, and it is then that bees seem most active on the wing. Wilsford, in his "Nature's Secrets," tells us:—"Bees in fair weather, not wandering far from their hives, presage the approach of some stormy weather." There is an old proverb which says, "A bee was never caught in a shower."

In the north of England the peasantry have an idea that the bees commemorate the Nativity by making a humming noise on Christmas Eve. Mr. Henderson, alluding to this superstition, writes:—"A man of the name of Murray died about the age of ninety, in the parish of Earsdon, Northumberland. He said that on Christmas Eve the bees assemble and hum a Christmas hymn, and that his mother had distinctly heard them do this on one occasion when she had gone out to listen for her husband's return." In Cornwall, it is said that to remove bees on any day but Good Friday would most certainly insure their death.

There are countless other items of folk-lore connected with bees, to which we can only briefly allude. Thus, for instance, they are said to love children, and to show their affection by not stinging them. When they make their nest on the roof of a house, it is a common notion that none of the girls within it will marry. When bees sting, it is by many regarded as a sign of bad luck, and is supposed to indicate crosses and difficulties. In Lancashire, dreaming of bees is counted fortunate:—

> "Happy the man who, dreaming, sees
> The little humble busy bees
> Fly humming round their hive."

T. F. Thiselton Dyer.

WRITING FOR THE PRESS.

WE are continually in receipt of a large number of letters intended by the writers for publication, which are of so little real interest to readers in general, that we refrain from the waste of the valuable space that they would make in our correspondence columns. These letters are pleasant and friendly, full of kind words to all connected with the Magazine, and for this we are truly grateful and appreciative, but at the same time they contain no special items of interest or help to us, for hours of either work or recreation.

In this connection we cannot resist the impulse of giving to you the letter of an English writer upon this question of "writing for the press."

Do n't say that not being a writer for the press myself I cannot give you any advice on the subject. Do n't you know that bachelors' wives and old maids' children are always the best managed wives and children in the world, and that "lookers-on see the best of the game"—see the mistakes and false moves which lead to the failure of the beaten player? From the standpoint of the looker-on — the reader — I offer to you one or two simple hints on writing for the press.

"I do like," said Frances Ridley Havergal, "writing which is both *natural* and *sharp*." But what kind is some of the writing given by the press to its readers? "Natural?" A girl in a story book says of her rival; "She 's as false as her teeth!" Some writers are like that girl's rival. How refreshing it is to meet with writing which, like the quality of mercy, "is not strained," and seems to drop like the gentle dew from the writer's mind, *via* the inky pen. Much of what we read is so plainly unnatural that it would be a relief to meet some such instance of human frailty as a mistake in spelling or grammar, or reversing words or letters, such as calling a butterfly a "flutterby."

Artemus Ward said, "Sweetness is tiresome, variety is pleasing." I have a correspondent whose letters are a refreshment to me; there is such a breezy, unfettered originality about his orthography. He always spells cow with a large K. Now, that is just as good as to spell it with a small one — it is better; it gives the imagination a broader field, wider scope; it suggests to the mind a grand, impressive, new kind of cow.

But to go back to Miss Havergal's musical description of what writing for the press ought to be — "natural and sharp." I have said my little say on the "natural" side. What about "sharp?" Much of what comes to us from the press is not sharp, unless sharp and blunt have exchanged meanings since I went to school. The pen may be mightier than the sword, but neither is of much use unless it is sharp. Whether sharpness can be acquired is a question I will not attempt to answer. Perhaps it cannot. Perhaps it is a birth-gift bestowed by some fairy godmother on a few favored individuals. Some one has said that sharpness does not depend on diet, as the donkey eats thistles, but still remains the dullest of animals. Mark Twain tells how he once got a letter saying that fish as food is said to add to the brain-power of the eater, and asking how much fish per day should be eaten in order to become a successful author. Mark answered that he thought, judging from the letter, that a small whale per day would do to begin with.

Oh, let me advise you and beseech you not to write for the press unless you possess that most valuable and most beautiful of personal gifts — common sense. The press is the means of spreading a great amount of nonsense. Do n't you know the old rhyme?

> "A pen, though of truest use,
> Is often cause of mighty bothers;
> Plucked from the pinions of one goose,
> It spreads the opinions of others."

When you set about writing *choose a subject you know something of*. Ignorance may be bliss, but it is one of those forms of bliss better kept to one's self. An editor who receives a manuscript on a subject of which the writer knows little or nothing, may well send it back without, instead of with, "thanks." Try to express your ideas in such a way that the reader *can understand your meaning*.

Avoid long words, but do not make your life a burden to yourself by trying to express all thoughts of your heart in monosyllables. Call a spade a spade, certainly, if you have to mention a spade; but when you write of nobler things than spades, you must draw on

the glorious wealth of words in our well-dowered language. A limited dictionary will give words enough for limited thoughts. "Not what we make, but what we save, makes us rich. Not what we read, but what we remember, makes us wise." What I have written is enough for you to remember for the present, is it not?"

H. S.

Now we fear that in coinciding with this writer's opinion, we shall be considered more *sharp* than it is *natural* to us to be, and so we must needs add a P. S. to explain that we by no means intend this as a *personal* reflection upon any of our kind correspondents, but only as an amusing hint to all who handle the pen, ourselves amongst the number. We can assure you that no offence is intended to anybody by our indorsement of the pungent sayings of "H. S."

PRACTICAL POINTS OF LAW.

By A LAWYER.

Infants.

A LEGAL infant is a person of either sex under twenty-one years of age.

An infant is only liable for the payment of necessaries.

Necessaries are goods suitable to the condition in life of the infant, and to his or her actual requirements at the time of the sale and delivery.

An infant is liable for "necessaries" supplied to his wife and children.

The term "necessaries" has now a purely technical meaning, and embraces other things than food, clothes and medicine.

For instance, a servant's livery, regimentals, carriages and horses, decent burial, and proper education, have been held to be necessaries.

Presents to a bride, who eventually becomes the infant's wife, are necessaries.

An infant is not liable for money lent to supply himself with necessaries.

Because he might have borrowed it for that purpose and spent it on something else.

An infant is not bound by his covenant.

But if an infant makes an agreement, which is for his benefit at the time, it will bind him.

Although an infant who has entered into a contract cannot be compelled to complete it, yet he cannot maintain an action to recover back a deposit. Nor can he in general recover money back when he comes of age which he has paid for goods which were not necessaries.

An infant ought to sue by his next friend, and not to wait until he is of age.

An infant is not liable to an action for breach of promise of marriage.

An infant under the age of seven cannot incur the guilt of felony.

The statement of an account by an infant is not binding on him.

But may be ratified by him after he comes of age.

An infant who is apprenticed to a tradesman may be bound, on the death of his master, to serve his widow, if she carries on the same business in the same locality.

An infant who contracts a debt during his minority, and confirms it on reaching his majority, is bound by it.

An infant may be a witness in a court of law if he understands the nature of an oath.

An infant cannot be made bankrupt by a creditor under a voidable contract.

An infant who has been dealt with as a trader is not consequently liable in respect of a trade debt.

When an infant carries on a trade, an action is not maintainable against him for work done for him in the course of that trade.

But an action may be maintained against an infant to recover the amount of such goods supplied to him to trade with, as were consumed as necessaries in his own family.

An infant may be made a Ward of the Court by filing a bill.

The payment into Court, under the Trustee Relief Act, of money belonging to an infant, renders the infant a Ward of Court.

An infant plaintiff is a Ward of Court without any order to that effect; and if she marries without the sanction of the Court, her fund in Court will not be paid out to her husband without a settlement.

It is a contempt to marry a Ward of the Court without leave, though the father of the infant be living.

Wards of Court are not to be removed out of the jurisdiction.

The clandestine removal of a Ward of Court from the custody of the person with whom the ward has been residing in a criminal contempt.

Marrying an infant Ward of Court is a contempt, though the parties had no notice that the infant was a ward.

A father who makes his children Wards of Court, and then applies to the Court to assist him in directing their religious education, does not necessarily thereby abdicate his parental authority.

An infant is to be brought up in the religion of its father.

A contract entered into before marriage that the children shall be brought up in a particular religion, is not binding on the father.

A mother, being the guardian, has no right to bring up her child in a religion different from that in which her husband died.

KITCHEN

The Table and its Decoration.

One of my "dear five hundred friends" said behind my back that she thought I must be awfully fond of eating; that I was such a severe critic about the way people ate and ordered their tables. Now, it seems to be no virtue to be unjust to one's self, and perhaps my defense may convey a hint to others. I have been a reader of Demorest's for certainly seventeen years, and have failed to find love of comfort considered heresy.

Imprimis, as they say in wills, take one's breakfast: The lady on my visiting list above alluded to has pretty much this style of breakfast the year around:

Hams, cost about	22 Cents.
Eggs " "	12
Coffee, including milk and sugar	12
Marmalade (Crosse & Blackwell's)	35
Bread, plain or toasted	6 — 87

I quote my own breakfast yesterday, as a fair example of my "extravagance" in eating:

Coffee, including cream and sugar	13 Cents.
Yarmouth herrings, broiled	7
Bread, heated	6
Marmalade or jam	5
Flowers	7 — 38

There are the same number of persons in my family as in hers. Myself, two children and two servants (housemaid and general servant). The latter, except when I have guests at dinner, and dainties like crystallized fruit and *fromage de Brie* or Rocquefort are in the *menu*, fare as we do. My lady acquaintance does not give her servants good coffee nor *good* anything, but "second quality, you know." She thinks to do otherwise is extravagant. She gossips with her servants, but does not give them an easy bed. My neighbors' affairs by the way of the kitchen have no interest for me, but my servants have an easy bed, and their room, in point of comfort and beauty, exceeds the hotel bed-room, for which one pays a price of $2 a day.

Her house is as handsomely furnished as the "swell" upholsterer could fancy; but I think the movables in my drawing-room would fetch more at an auction—if the buyers had brains—than hers, and there are other differences in my breakfast-table than my linen, which I am quite sure is finer than hers. I think it is because I do not disdain to put some of the common sense Providence has given me, in my kitchen. Take the first item, coffee. I use the best—Java with one-fourth Mocha, and one pound lasts us a week. (The children do not drink coffee; the servants drink the same as I do.) My milkman brings me two quarts of milk a day. This I set in pans, and I find this method economical, as I have real rich, ropy cream for coffee, not "skimmed" milk for the children, as I do not remove all the cream; also for puddings, and occasionally sour milk, which, with the addition of a spoonful of cream and caraway seeds, I make into a Dutch curd cheese, allowing the sour milk to curdle, then drained through a linen cloth and seasoned and formed into cheese. More than this, I am never at a loss for cream in the house for suddenly demanded tea or coffee for a guest or for extra sources or improvised dishes. It is real economy sometimes to get a full gallon or half-gallon of milk a day, instead of one quart or, as some do, one pint daily; it is so good for children and so many things can be made from it. In winter it keeps well and furnishes cream for coffee, for whipping, for drinking, for fresh butter (in the tiny churns) and cottage cheese. Try it for one month and see, with *proper management*, how much can be saved and what elegant dishes can be made out of this economical "extravagance."

My lady critic gets *two* pounds of coffee weekly at an inferior price (need I say inferior quality?) and when I tasted hers my mind reverted to the little rhyme,

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!"

This sounds like the egotism of the Pharisee perhaps, but I have my reasons, and as my critic does not read Demorest no harm can come of it; besides, we know nobody ever takes the hard hits of a sermon to himself.

Again, I only use loaf sugar, never brown, *because it is more economical*, and I always boil my milk for coffee, and in serving put in first the sugar, then boiled milk, then coffee, then a little cream, plain or whipped (if one of us can spare the time) last. I have tried all ways of making coffee, and the following (brought to me by a German servant) is my rule now and henceforth: Scald the pot with hot water, put in the coffee—a table spoon to each cup, to be strong—and pour upon it furiously boiling water. Let it boil in the pot while you can count sixty and then, at once, remove it to a part of the stove where it cannot stew or simmer, but may keep hot. In five minutes it will be ready to drink. The making of the coffee should be the last thing, and as one should drink at the end of the meal (a difficult habit to many) one gets the best *bouquet* by having the coffee made just as one sits at the table.

Broiled herrings does not *sound* very grand, but try them my way. Get the best Yarmouth bloaters (forty cents a dozen in New York, twenty-five cents in our city); take two for a family of four, soak them over night in cold water, in the morning wipe them dry with a fish (cooking) napkin and spread over them olive oil; then broil them, turning frequently, and remove to a hot plate and keep in the oven to soften till time for serving—about three minutes. I can make my jam and marmalade of the best fruit and broken loaf sugar, which is the best for jellying, and only requires three-quarters of a pound instead of one pound, so that it does not cost me more than ten cents a pot, better, I think, than Crosse & Blackwell's at thirty-five and forty cents. Moreover, my orange marmalade, which costs me less than ten cents a pot, is not adulterated with turnips, as it is notorious that the Edinburgh and Glasgow marmalades are. We do not use the whole of a jam-pot at breakfast, but if we did, that would only increase the sum I have mentioned by five cents.

I spend twenty-four cents a week on cut flowers. As I get them regularly, the florist is rather obliging and lets me have quite a lot of the smaller flowers for which there is no "rage." Of course this does not include Jacqueminots nor Gloire de Dijon, nor any of the famed *Noisettes*, but I have *Scarlet Geraniums*, *Candy Tufti*, a little *Bajardin*, *Lantana*, *Heliotrope*, and *Mignonette*. My pots at home furnish me with plenty of *Trades Cantin* (vulgarly called "Wandering Jew") and geranium leaves; by carefully changing the water and adding salt they keep a week; and from these I can fill two vases for the sideboard, a small blue bowl for the dining-table, one in the drawing room, just a flower and spray of leaves and the same on the writing table in the library. I would prefer my flowers to an extra dish, and I would give up butter on my bread rather than them.

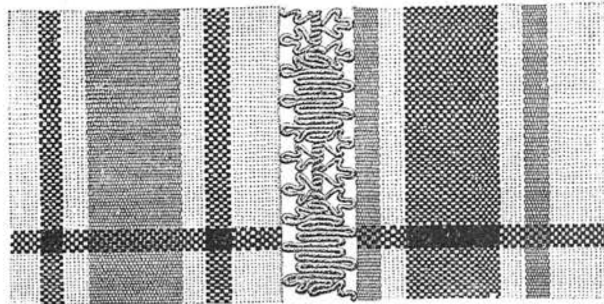
The bread, which I never cut except thin for afternoon tea, I heat in the oven and break. It is more elegant and lighter nicely broken, and the practice sooner teaches the housemaid what only the well-trained servants know—never to cut bread in thin slices for dinner. Everybody in the house gets plenty to eat, and I know they would not change our coffee and hot-bread or milk toast for the table at the *Windsor Hotel*, and as I spend less *money* than my critical acquaintances I fail to see how I can be accused of gluttony. Is there any virtue in soggy potatoes and half infused coffee? I can respect the poverty that cannot have butter to its bread, or the poor biblio-maniac who denies himself butter and sugar and tea, that he may buy books and rare prints—but I refuse to see any whole souledness in waste, or respect the ignorance that refuses to make the best of everything, that throws out coffee half infused and does not know that stale bread is property, and can be made into nice dishes for home, or with meat extract a *pate* for some one of the sick poor.

An economy which I learned from a dear old English housekeeper last winter is table decoration. It is a crochetted border of white cotton to fit about dishes containing *macaroni au gratin* scalloped oysters and game pies. It looks like frosting and is well worth the labor, though the crocheting must be done closely and full. A game pie dish and two jelly pots so encircled are a great addition to the supper table. They last indefinitely—these borders; no blueing must be put in the water they are

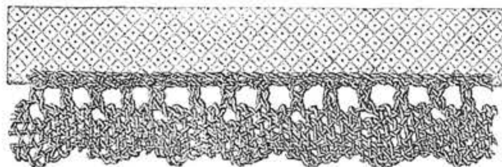
washed in, and if you like you may sprinkle them over with flour, which adds to their paste-white, blossomy appearance.

Frankly, I think people generally eat too much, but I see nothing wrong in making food pretty. And flowers and good table linen are so indispensable to accomplish this. "But good table linen costs so much, and bad linen looks so horrid." Quite true; for a real nice table cover two yards long costs fully four dollars. But I have enlarged my stock in this way, and hope the hint may be worth something. My large covers I keep for dinner when we have guests, and every day I use small ones made of white birds-eye linen, which cost me about 55 cents each; they are a yard and a quarter long and have a narrow lace on the sides and a wide lace on each end: they are in reality table sconces, and just fit my mahogany dining-table, which is nearly one hundred and seventy-five years old, like one the modern "Eastlakes," are copied from. It *is* small, but I do not like to change it, and extend it when necessary with a side table made to add to it. A dozen of these birds-eye linen covers keeps us well in clean linen for a month, with the satisfaction of it being fine. I should never spend valuable time in unintelligent embroidery upon it, so I put my money in the quality of linen, my time in a modest blue or red cross stitch border (mediæval German), and for "decorations," I have my own initials in a quaint device which is as different as can be imagined from the embroidery stamping shop's designs. Etching one's linen, to me, is a waste of time. I think I took first a dislike to the incorrect use of the word, as *linen cannot be etched upon*, and an etching is a representation *made by a reproducing process*. Thus an oil painting cannot be a "reproduction," but a steel engraving or a lithograph may be a "reproduction," as steel, stone, copper and glass and the like, are the only materials upon which etching can be done. The word was got up by the class of English girls who pronounced *Elizabethan*, Eliz-a-be-thi-an, and copy, copies of copies of Kate Greenaway *ad nauseam*.

I have added to my table-linen stock in this wise. A friend brought me from the Japanese Trading Company of New York,



JAPANESE TEA TABLE COVER.



BIRD'S EYE LINEN FOR BREAKFAST TABLE COVER.

a roll of a striped blue and white fabric, analogous to Scotch gingham, the blue being dyed in the thread and not printed, for which she paid two dollars and forty cents; I took three strips of this, it being about sixteen inches wide, and joined them together with the stout linen fancy braid (not nignardin) used in crochet and point lace trimming as insertions; then added a border of lace all around, and of this made three very pretty table cloths, to set off my "old blue" china, for tea or luncheon. It washes perfectly, and one cannot have too much house linen.

Russia linen, cut in squares and fringed out, with a herringbone border above the fringe, makes pretty napkins for lunch or tea, but they are too trivial for dinner, where a tiny napkin is as bad form as the vulgar big German napkin. They tried to introduce the big continental napkin in England a few years ago, but, I am happy to say, the English house-wives of good taste put their faces against it; the size and its variations being the best style.

Did you ever try this way of economizing your beauty on a dinner table? Put a mass of geranium leaves or Trades cantin leaves in a bowl, then a dozen or so sprays of mignonette, and blend two or three *racimes* of scarlet geranium blossoms. It is a charming combination, and at such a trifling cost. When you can get daisies they look beautiful in a *blue* china bowl. Now if one can afford yellow roses in a blue bowl, it is "poetry and painting," but *que voulez vous?* We have not all bank-notes *galore*.

KATHERINE DECOURCY ARMSTRONG.

Scalloped Veal.—Chop cold cooked veal fine, put a layer in a baking dish, alternating with a layer of powdered crackers, salt, pepper and butter, until you fill the dish; beat up two eggs, add a pint of milk, pour it over the veal and crackers. Cover with a plate and bake half an hour, then remove the plate and let the top brown. Serve.

Sausage.—For thirty pounds of meat well cut, add twelve ounces of fine salt, six ounces of pulverized sage, four ounces of black pepper, two tablespoonfuls of mustard and summer savory to taste. The mustard prevents the savory from rising in the stomach, so that it can be used with safety.

Another Recipe for Sausage.—Take all the spare meat and tenderloins from your pork, and grind it in a sausage grinder or chop it. Season it highly with salt, pepper and powdered sage. Boil one or two pounds of red pepper and pour the tea over it; work it all up. Cook a small piece to try it, and if not seasoned enough add what it wants. Pack away in stone jars, or stiff skins that have been properly soaked and cleaned, or make small narrow muslin sacks, and hang up in the air in a cool place.

To Fry Sausage with Apples.—Take one pound of sausage and a dozen apples. Slice eight of the apples an eighth of an inch thick. Cut the other four in quarters. Fry them with the sausage a fine light brown. Lay the sausage in the middle of the dish and the apples round the outside. Garnish with the quartered apples. Serve with mashed potatoes.

Sausages with Cabbage.—Cut the cabbage very thin, put it into the stewpan with a small piece of ham, an ounce of butter at the bottom, half a pint of broth and a little vinegar. Let it stew three hours. When it is tender add a little more broth, salt, pepper and a tablespoonful of pounded sugar. Boil until the liquor is sufficiently wasted. Then put it into the dish and lay fried sausages on the top.

Gumbo.—Fry one chicken brown, and two slices of bacon. Pour on them two quarts of boiling water; add one onion, and some sweet herbs tied in a rag. Simmer this gently three hours and a half. Strain off the liquor, take off the fat, then put the ham and chicken, cut in small pieces, into the liquor, add one-half teacup of okra cut up, also half a teacup of rice. Boil half an hour, and just before serving add a dozen oysters, with their juice.

Wild Ducks.—After they are cleaned and ready for cooking, wrap them in a clean cloth, and bury twelve hours in the earth to remove the strong flavor of these birds. They are usually cooked without stuffing. Three-quarters of an hour will be sufficient to cook them. When you dish them, draw a sharp knife three times through the breast, and pour over a gravy of a little hot butter, the juice of a lemon, and a sprinkling of cayenne pepper. This is poured over as they go on the table.

Beefsteak and Oyster Pie.—Take beefsteaks that have been well hung, beat them gently with a circular steak-beater or rolling pin, season with pepper, salt and a little shallot, mincing very fine. Fill your dish with alternate layers of steak and oysters. Stew the liquor and beards of the latter with a bit of lemon-peel, mace, and a sprig of parsley. When the pie is baked, boil with the above three spoonfuls of cream, and one ounce of butter rubbed in flour. Strain it and put in the dish.

Chicken Patties.—Chop very fine the dry poorest bits left from baked chicken; season carefully with pepper, salt, and a little chopped celery. Make a light puff-paste, roll a quarter of an inch thick, cut with a neatly shaped paste-cutter; lay a narrow strip of the paste all round; then put some of the mince on the paste; cut another piece the same size and lay over. Boil fifteen minutes. This makes a very desirable dish.

A DIALOGUE IN LOW LIFE.

SHE.

“ H, here you come with empty hand,
Though gone for half the night,
While hungry babies round me stand
Without a single bite.

“ ‘OH, HERE YOU COME WITH EMPTY HAND,
THOUGH GONE FOR HALF THE NIGHT.’ ”

Were there no bins of grain around?
No cupboard doors ajar?
No cheese or crackers to be found?
A worthless mouse you are!”

HE.

“The servants ate the piece of cheese
The mistress left at tea;
The crackers went for baby-food—
There's not a crumb for me.

The bread is locked within a box
That's harder than a stone;
I broke a tooth before I let
The tiresome thing alone.

The cupboard's buttoned at the top
And bolted down below,
There's nothing open but the trap,
Wherever I may go.

The dish is empty of the beans,
There's nothing there to steal;
The cat is sleeping on the bag
That holds the barley meal.

And still afraid to make a raid
Because the cat's around?

If I could leave these babies
Without a mother's care,

"'I RATHER THINK SHE'S SHAMMING, TOO,
I WATCHED HER NIGH AN HOUR'"

I rather think she's shamming, too,
I watched her nigh an hour,
And thought a false composure lay
Upon her visage sour."

SHE.

"Are you a mouse, and know the house,
From garret floor to ground,

I'd get a sackful, never fear,
And eat my supper there!"

HE.

"I am a mouse, a brave one too;
Another chance I'll take:
If I'm not back in half an hour
You'll know the cat's awake.

PALMER COX.

ETIQUETTE FOR "OUR BROTHERS."

It is a source of much satisfaction to the Editor of The Girl's Own Paper, and no less so to the members of his staff, to find that the magazine has proved acceptable to the brothers of our girls. We feel proud of their approbation, and in return desire to offer a few words for their especial benefit. The two sexes of mankind are so mutually dependent, for the pleasures and comforts of life, the one on the other, for an interchange of services, of sympathy, and counsel, that neither would prosper nor lead a happier existence without such a congenial association. Each sex respectively makes up for the deficiencies of the other; the weak and timid are strengthened, and the hard and rough softened through the influence of a divinely-ordained intercourse.

Having experienced what it is to have enjoyed the daily and intimate companionship of a beloved brother in my own childhood, the reciprocity of a thousand little confidences in youth, and of the greater cares, hopes, and interests of mature age, I can speak in the strongest terms of the advantage derived in after life from preserving a close intercourse between brothers and sisters in their childhood and youth. The intimacy and the natural affection which bind a brother and sister together form a description of friendship unlike that which exists between persons of the same sex. On the one hand, there is a sort of chivalrous feeling, and a pleasure experienced in the early realisation of that natural right of protection, which adds an element of much tenderness to the affection of a brother. On the other hand, there is a feeling of support as early appreciated, and a peculiar admixture of romance in his sister's love, and thus the bond is of a peculiar and very sweet character, and is often found to compensate to a very great degree for the absence of that still closer union obtained in married life.

Were there more of such friendships as these, replete with the pleasant reminiscences of a happy springtime together, all the more bright, tender, and treasured when regarded wistfully from the cloudier days of later life—I say, were there more such friendships as these, there would be fewer disputes and difficulties experienced over the disposition of property, and wrongs would be righted without appeals to legal adjudicature; there would be less need of charitable societies to take the place of family affection and benevolence, and we should have more equitable laws to settle all questions of justice between the sexes. There would be fewer "unsexed," self-asserting, and masculine women, who speak — and not without some grave reason—of "the opposite sex" as if in natural antagonism to their own, and fewer unchivalrous, unmanly men, who take a coward's advantage over "the weaker vessel" in private life; or, by virtue of their right to make the laws, would devise them for their own advantage, rather than for her protection and well-being to whom it is his duty to "give honour."

I have already treated the subject of good breeding, as carried out in the rules of etiquette, in a very circumstantial way, and it is scarcely possible to enter into such a question for the guidance of one sex, without directly, or by inference, pointing out the duties of the other. Most of the rules hold equally good for both, as, for example, those to be observed at table, those in letter-writing, and conversing. However, a few hints may be given in a more direct way to "the girls' brothers."

First, as "the boy is the father of the man," the former cannot learn too early all the obligations that devolve upon him as he develops into manhood. He should bear ever in mind that the higher his position amongst all created living things on earth, as "the lord of the creation," the more is expected of him to keep up such a dignity, and to show himself worthy of his power. "*Noblesse oblige*," and the more dignified and exalted the position, the greater the sense of honour should be, the uprightness in every action, the refinement of the manners, the kindly and generous condescension towards those in a less advantageous and fortunate position. We do not expect in a noble the coarseness of an untrained, uneducated clown; we do not expect in the lion the cowardice and treachery of the hyena or the wolf.

Thus, when we hear of one of these young "lords of the creation" bullying a weaker boy, showing off his power to torment him, or combining with a number of others to make an attack on one who has to stand alone, and resist them till overpowered single-handed, we feel a contempt for such ignoble sport. We regard such boys as baser than the very dogs—for no big dog will contest his strength with a little one; he has more magnanimity in his poor, untutored nature than that. Sir Walter Scott makes his heroes decline to cross their swords with "foemen unworthy of their steel"; and so in the days of duels (which, thank God! are over in this country) it was not etiquette for any man thus to meet another who was of lower degree. This grand rule should be carried out in reference to a boy's conduct and whole bearing towards his sisters. The greater your strength, influence, or dignity, the greater your magnanimity, benevolence, and the courteousness and gallantry of your demeanour towards the "gentler sex."

Thus, a boy should always, voluntarily, take the outside of a pathway, especially in the streets, where there may be danger from droves of cattle, or vehicles in the road, or of being pushed off into the gutter by any rude people occupying more than their fair share of the pavement. Any gentlemanly boy would, of course, prefer to be driven himself off the footpath, to seeing his sister, or any woman there, were she young or old, rich or poor. Just as a Cavalier would have "fought for the Crown if it hung on a hedge stake," seeing in it the office, and supporting a principle—so a man who had the proper feelings of his sex would see a woman, the "help meet" of his sex, in a garb however poor and worn—a woman in a form however faded, plain, or old. To her he must, by mere natural instinct, "give the wall;" to her, if he have one atom of noble manliness in his composition, he must concede the place of safety in all perils; and from her he should receive, rather than inflict, a wrong. And so, my dear boys, in your intercourse with your sisters, remember that, as the stronger, and the most independent in your position, it would be simply beneath your dignity—were that the only consideration—to resent a girl's act of "tom-boy" rudeness, or to carry on a sort of coarse "horse-play" with her, tearing, pushing, or pulling her about, and giving what is understood by "tit for tat."

Even amongst yourselves there is the fair contest between boys well matched—the brave struggle in which no mean, underhand advantage is taken, and when, therefore, skill, endurance, strength, and courage may win well-earned and real laurels; and there is also the base triumph of the strong and cowardly over the weak, to which no credit is due.

A boy at school, in a soiled, torn suit, with hair cropped like a convict's, and hands apparently oblivious of the use of soap, may prove himself a gentleman through and through, and likewise—that to which all in every rank of life may lay an equal claim—brave, generous, and open-handed. In your plays one with another there is no fun in mere rudeness: in practical jokes; in injuring each other's clothes; in pushing and shoving each other about, for lack of anything more entertaining to do; just like a drove of donkeys or calves. It looks so awkward and ungainly. And yet, amongst small boys, it is the most that they appear wise enough to do when invited to spend a day with some young companions at a neighbour's house.

It is not easy to look at school, or even to act, as you would at home; but when the holidays come round, you can make up for lost time, and take more pains with both your manners and your appearance. It is then that you can pursue a different course of studies—those in good manners and gentlemanly deportment.

Some of the "girls' brothers" may politely exclaim either "rubbish!" or "bosh!" To myself I say, never mind; for they are out of ears' reach to me; and I can prove my point to any who have patience to read, and intelligence enough to take in a new idea. A gentlemanly address, well-put-on clothes, a head held up, and honest eyes that can look you in the face, yet without audacity or impertinence, will combine to win a young man's way into many a desirable appointment, from which a slouching-looking fellow, with dirty nails, and a coat looking as if hung on a nail, would be hopelessly excluded. Some boy may say that he does not care to be a "drawing-room man," and "fine manners" would be out of place in him. Believe me, you make the greatest mistake. It is not alone in a drawing-room that good breeding and a "presentable" appearance "pay." They are to be regarded as a part of your "stock in trade"—a means towards your advancement in life, for the obtaining of whatever appointment you may desire. A good address is invaluable to any young man; and he will prove a successful candidate when a young fellow—perhaps as worthy and respectable in position and character, who looked a mere "lout," or such as I have heard described as an "unlicked cub"—would stand no chance of selection.

I repeat again that, as "the boy is the father of the man," it is in early youth that the training must begin, for the habits then formed cling to him till the end of his life. So, first of all, break yourself of any tricks; keep your hands away from your face and hair; do not make a tattoo with your feet, nor fiddle with anything, unless it were a puzzle; and keep your nails clean. At dinner time, or at least, in the evening (if a substantial tea should replace that meal), make some change in your dress. It is a rudeness to the ladies of the household, who make, or ought to make, some change in theirs, to come into the drawing or dining-room in the same coat in which you have been pursuing your avocations of the day—dusty with walking out of doors, and unsuitable for evening wear. Even if the coat be an old one, and scarcely fit to be seen in daylight, still, if black and kept well brushed, and only worn in the evening, it will last you long, and will be suitable for the occasion. A fancy tweed, check, or light-coloured "morning coat" should never be worn at night in the society of ladies, even at home; and when young men do wear such they are only credited with ignorance of the usages of society, or of wilful disrespect. Even school boys should follow this rule, and keep a jacket, if not a full suit, especially for evening wear. The thick shoes or boots worn by day should always be changed for slight house shoes that make no heavy pounding about; but never for bedroom slippers, which should only be worn when wearing a dressing-gown.

When the gong is sounded, or dinner bell rung at home, the boy (or man) nearest the door should at once rise to open it for his mother or sisters, and then follow them, shut-

ting the dining-room door, in case the servant in attendance should omit so to do. It is the place of the youngest boy to ring the bell, and to be on the watch to do so at the right times, during meals. Supposing this boy to be yourself, dear "brother of our girls," remember that in your masculine character, as a protector of your sisters, and some day, perhaps, of your mother, too—it is your business to see (or help your brothers to see) that they have all that they want at table, and not to be taken up with appeasing your own appetite, so as to forget your privilege of caring for them. But in this attention never stretch across anyone, much less a woman, to take or hand on a plate or to help any dish; but if unable to avoid so doing, ask to be excused for it. I have already given very circumstantial rules to direct your conduct at table, which rules must apply, in most respects, to both sexes alike, and they need not recapitulation here. But I may say that, when the ladies rise to leave the room, if you should be the only boy or man in the room, or the nearest to the door, open it wide for them, and stand holding the handle until they have all passed out, and the lady of the house has gone some few steps from the threshold. No man nor boy should remain sitting when the ladies rise; nor resume their seats till the door be closed behind them.

We will suppose that you are only a young lad out for the day at a friend's house. When you enter the drawing-room, walk up at once to the lady of the house and shake hands with her before noticing anyone else. Do not think to show extra cordiality by grinding her rings into her fingers; this is a very ungentlemanly habit. Take her hand, if she offer it, gently; and let your cordiality, and your recognition of her hospitality in inviting you, be shown in the pleasant smile with which you return her greeting—not in showing that you have a hand like a pair of nutcrackers. Young men are very apt to shake hands in this most objectionable way, and with everyone alike; but in the highest ranks of society it is a rule never even to press the hand of one of higher rank than yourself, and on no one—even below you in social standing—are you licensed to inflict a torture like the thumb-screw. When your hostess has said all she has to say, and you have answered her questions, you may ask leave to accompany your young friends to the garden or elsewhere. But do not go without that permission, and if asked by a young friend to leave, at least look towards her for her assent, as it would seem like taking possession of the house and making yourself too much at home to walk off, taking "French leave." However noisy your young entertainers may be, moderate your own voice when in another person's house; and, lastly, remember that you have an obligation to fulfil. You are not to take all the pleasure, and all the good things provided, and give nothing in return. In our dealings with our fellow men and women there is a grand system of "give and take" to be maintained. It is not to be all "take," but "give" also. Thus, when you are accepting hospitality, you have a duty laid upon you of making yourself as agreeable as possible. Do not sit "mumchance," never opening your mouth, except to put something into it; but watch the eyes of your entertainers, to be ready to answer when they address you, avoiding replies in monosyllables, but adding a few words, and when there is a pause in the conversation, describe something that you have seen, tell where you have been, or whom you have met, or expect to see. Turn yourself always towards the person who addresses you, or to whom you make a reply, and look as pleasant as you can. Do not wear a surly, "glum" expression; and if you have a face of the bull-dog, or black-muzzled pug description, you must only make the greater effort to assume as agreeable an expression as you can. Be assured such an effort will not be lost on those who speak to you, but will meet with the appreciation it deserves.

We will suppose my readers to be old enough to accept a formal invitation to a dinner or evening party. Let me draw your attention to the ill-mannered and *gauche* practice into which shy or ignorant young men are apt to fall on such occasions. Not content with sitting alone with their fellow men for a time after dinner, they herd together like a flock of geese or turkeys in the drawing-room, leaving all the women to themselves. Now, as the latter cannot get up and introduce themselves into your circle, it is incumbent on you to disperse yourselves about the room and talk to them, being ready to assist your hostess in any arrangement of her's for the general entertainment, or to lead to the pianoforte, or fetch the music for any guests who may consent to perform upon it, or to sing. Do not stand idly on the hearth-rug, making believe to button your gloves fifty times over, when they are buttoned already; or to force your fingers through the tops of their stalls, when they can really go in no further. If you only could see how feeble and silly it looks, you would learn to manage your hands better, and to appear more self-possessed.

After accepting any hospitality—such as a dinner, or an evening entertainment—never omit to call within the next two days to inquire after the hostess. The idea thus expressed is, that you think she may have been fatigued by her exertions for your benefit, and you, in your turn, are neither unappreciative of them nor unmindful of her health and comfort, but are ready and at her disposal whenever called upon for your services. As I have always endeavoured to point out to my readers, there is always some good reason at the foundation of almost every little rule of good breeding. Very few, indeed, are merely arbitrary and unreasonable.

Should visitors call at your own home, and you chance to be in the reception-room, do not take to a hasty flight as if a mad dog were making straight for your heels. Put any litter straight which you may have made, and so be useful to your mother. If a second set of visitors should call, and the room begin to fill, provide them with chairs; but do not get up and offer your own to anyone, unless there be no other to give. Then, when they rise to leave, and the bell is rung, open the door, and offer your arm to any middle-aged lady and escort her downstairs; and if a carriage be waiting for her, lead her out to the door of the latter and see her in. If the ladies be young you only need to escort them, without offering your arm. In this case hold the door of the reception-room open until they have passed out, and follow them down to the hall door. Should the footman or maid be late in coming, you must open it for them yourself.

Should any ladies come to spend the day, however intimate, friendly, and even playful, you may be with them, take care never to forget yourself, and to become "free and easy," and "off-hand," nor short and abrupt in your manners. Never lie upon the sofa, nor put your legs upon two chairs, before any lady. I have seen such an exhibition, and in that instance the act was that of one who ought to have known better. But it stamped him as a vulgar fellow, unfit to set foot in a drawing-room. It is too "free-and-easy" a style, and not consistent with that certain amount of courteous reserve which should exist between men and women. I do not lay down this rule as being a "hard-and-fast" one when brothers and sisters only are concerned; a greater degree of licence is accorded in the privacy of the home-circle. But were any other lady present, it would be unseemly to force her into a position of familiarity, to which only your own mother or sisters should be admitted.

Again, to take off your coat, and sit in your shirt-sleeves, because you feel the heat, is an ungentlemanly habit, even at home. Procure a thin linen coat, or blouse, or Norfolk coat with a belt, if the weather be oppressive.

When meeting a lady on the stairs, even if one of your own family, wait on the nearest landing, or retire back to it, so as to let her pass—never push by her; and if you enter a house, or be leaving it, as female visitors are either entering or leaving, being strangers to you, raise your hat, and hold it thus, standing still in the hall until they have passed you; but never look in their faces while raising your hat, as it would have the appearance of forcing your acquaintance on them, whereas, in so doing, you only show a gentleman's recognition of the sex—not the individuals.

Should you meet a friend—man or boy—who is walking with a strange lady, raise your hat as you pass, in the same way, without looking at her, and then give your nod of recognition, more or less familiar in style, to him. And if when walking with a companion, you meet a lady to whom he bows and raises his hat, raise yours also; but on this occasion likewise without looking in her face. Such salutations are only acts of distant politeness, which only an ignorant person, or one wilfully coarse, would omit to show. *They are not the* bows of recognition and acquaintanceship, and are not to be repeated when next you meet the lady, unless it were under the same circumstances. I have little additional to say that is more suitable for our boys than our girls. Whatever your social position, endeavour to act, speak, dress, and behave consistently with it. If in that of a gentleman, or at least of a well-educated man, do not behave like a "country bumpkin." But if an agriculturist or labouring man should read this article, do not imagine for a moment, my friend, that I mean to speak of your condition in life with the smallest degree of disrespect. There are Nature's gentlemen—those who would act as such in all matters of honesty, benevolence, and honour, without possessing any acquaintance whatsoever with that code of laws by which the higher circles of society are ruled. A countryman is never "vulgar," for he is, so to speak, a "child of Nature"; and, however rough in manner, and untutored in thought and language, he is simple and unpretending; and he never apes manners that he does not understand. "Vulgarity" consists in a spurious exhibition of etiquette; it is the sham passed off for the genuine. Thus, no peasant can be vulgar. Half-educated and pretentious persons, who try to assume an appearance of being what they are not, are the true examples of the type so denominated. Put on no "airs and graces." Try to be simple and natural, as courteous and as quiet in voice and movements as possible, and avoid the use of slang. Then, if not a polished, "highly-bred" man, you could not, at least, be stigmatised as "vulgar," any more than the noble or the peasant.

Perhaps there are some amongst you who take exception at my counsel, when I urge you to devote yourselves so much to the service of the other sex. Perhaps you say, "if really the 'lords of creation,' we do not care for so much 'dancing attendance' on our sisters and lady acquaintances." My dear boys, believe me, so far from degrading, you elevate your manhood by every act you perform for others, and for the weakest above all the rest. In further confirmation of this statement, I cannot wind up my brief address to you better than by drawing attention to the sentiment which forms the chivalrous and time-honoured motto of the first and highest gentleman in the land—"*Ich dien!*"

S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

THE oven door of a kitchen range should be left open at night to air the oven, unless a cat is left in the kitchen. Cats sometimes get into the oven for warmth if it is left open, and that is not advisable.

CARE should be taken when giving fruit to children to remove any pips or core, which might prove dangerous if swallowed.

THE hall door of a house should now and then be set wide open to air the passages thoroughly, someone being at hand to see that no one enters unbidden.

A TABLESPOONFUL of washing-powder in the hot water in which china and silver are washed is of great value; but the water should be very hot.

IN arranging a new house, it is rather a good plan to have distinctive names for the bedrooms, and it is a pretty idea to name them after jewels or flowers, and have the rooms decorated with colours and designs to match, so that there might be the Emerald, Ruby, Turquoise, and Amber rooms, or the Forget-me-not, Rose, and Primrose rooms. The hand-candlesticks, match-box cases, and hot-water cans should be painted to suit each room.

NEVER use any but the best soap for the face. If this is not obtainable or within reach of your purse, use only a little oatmeal in the water. Common soaps produce blotches and skin irritation, especially those that are highly coloured and scented.

BOTH woollen and cotten stockings should be mended with silk rather than cotton or wool. It is more comfortable, resists wear and tear longer, and does not easily discolour.

THERE is scarcely anything more injurious to health and spirits than a damp house. Leave it as soon as possible.

FUR worn round the throat has a certain danger, not only that of making the throat delicate, but also that the fine hairs find their way into the stomach and lungs, and become injurious.

IF a kettle or saucepan has to be put away and not used for some time, see that it is quite dry inside, for if put away wet, rust will accumulate and make a hole in the metal.

MY CONJURING TRICKS.

something peculiarly fascinating about conjuring, especially to youthful minds. To see a man dressed in ordinary evening costume, with apparently no possibility of his being able to conceal anything on his person without detection, produce, one after the other, the most impossible and extraordinary articles with the greatest ease and *nonchalance*, always aroused in me the deepest interest and curiosity. I determined to find out "how it was done." With this view I set to work to find a high-class and respectable performer who would give me lessons at a reasonable rate. I at last discovered one who for a fee of five guineas undertook to teach me sufficient tricks to entertain an audience for an hour. Either my professor was such a clever teacher, or I was such an apt pupil, that I actually attained to this, the pinnacle of my ambition. I won't say that no *contretemps* ever occurred, but as I always confined my performance to an audience of children, any little mishaps were, as a rule, easily explained away. Sometimes, however, things *would* go wrong, and it certainly was rather distressing when you asked the crowd of little upturned faces in front of you whether any of them had an egg about them, as you rather wanted one to make an omelette with in the clergyman's hat, if one of them, with eyes more observant than the others, asked "Why for didn't you use the one you had in your hand then?"

Let us draw a veil over such painful scenes and proceed with our history.

On one occasion I was asked whether I would perform a few tricks in a drawing-room after dinner before an audience of "grown-ups." Whether it was because it was "after dinner," or not, I do not know, but at any rate in a weak moment I consented. To that moment's hesitation I date all my subsequent misfortunes. Had I had strength of mind to resist, the occasion would never have arisen, and this story would never have been written. I performed one or two simple tricks, and I think may fairly say with neatness and dexterity. The ladies were astonished! They could not understand how their frizzled heads contained numerous coins, how the air was full of them, and how easily eggs could be laid without the necessity of hens being present. Apparently this simple system of egg-production would do away with the nuisance of fowl-keeping in London: no more annoying of your next-door neighbour, no more rousing up of yourself unduly early, by chanticleer proclaiming proudly the dawn of day. A new era was to be inaugurated—a happier state of things was to be introduced—when new-laid eggs were quietly and unobtrusively to lay themselves on every well-ordered breakfast table. Possibly, too, the system might be further extended, till at length the object of ambition of some of our more advanced politicians and fiscal reformers might be attained. Just a wave of the hand on entering the breakfast chamber, and, lo! a free breakfast table! But you must know how to do it. When you have once mastered the secret, it is quite easy. Filled with these inspiring thoughts, an eminent politician who was present advanced towards me and thus addressed me—

"I had no idea you were such an excellent conjurer. I think now that I can do you a good turn."

I smile loftily.

"HE CONDUCTED US TO TWO LARGE FARM CARTS."

Eminent politician continues: "I happen to live in the same village as a butcher."

"Really!" I say. "How very extraordinary!"

Eminent politician, undismayed: "You know that the Maharajah Dhulah Singh lived near here? If you don't you ought to. Well, when all his things were sold up, he had a most extraordinary collection of conjuring appliances, which were bought for a mere song by my butcher. He doesn't know what to do with them, and I think they might be useful to you."

I express my obligation to the E. P., and promise to go and have a look at them.

This I accordingly did the next morning. The butcher was out, but his good lady obligingly showed me the tricks. There were two large boxes full of the most extraordinary looking articles of every kind and sort. In addition, I was told, there were many more stowed away up above. Before I left I arranged that the things were to be sent into Bury market for my inspection at an early date. Accordingly, on the day mentioned, I attended at the market, accompanied by the member for the borough, and waited on the conjuring butcher. After a brief discussion on meat and an exhibition of sucking-pigs, he conducted us to two large farm carts standing in the market place. They were covered with tarpaulins, and those tarpaulins covered the much-coveted tricks. After a little haggling, I became the proud and happy owner of two waggon-loads of tricks for three golden sovereigns.

My next difficulty was to get them up to London. The butcher, however, proved capable of overcoming all obstacles. Regardless of cost (as I had to pay for them), he purchased crates and packing cases, and packed everything up in meat cloths. I then went up to London, feeling that either I had done a very good thing or a very bad one—I couldn't quite make out which. I pictured myself being requisitioned everywhere in London. No party would be complete without me. What a sensation I should make! What marvels and mysteries I should accomplish! And then a sort of shudder came across me as I thought with dismay of the train of growlers that would be required to carry two waggon-loads of conjuring tricks to the scene of the performance. Would it be cheaper to take a season ticket for a delivery van? And then I thought of my wife's face when I told her that two waggon-loads of mirth-provoking mysteries were coming to stay with her? Were they likely to provoke her mirth? I felt a little uncertain. And then there was the housekeeper! She would think I had gone mad. And the footman, when he opened the front door to two waggon-loads of conjuring wonders and had—Heaven knows what—to pay for their carriage! By the time we had got to Cambridge I felt decidedly uncomfortable, and before I arrived home I felt I had made an abject fool of myself. However, I put the best face on the matter, and gently broke to my wife that I had bought a few—just a few—small conjuring tricks. Oh, no! there was no need for any anxiety, not at all; and there were no animals among them—nothing objectionable at all.

A day or two passed, and I heard nothing of my tricks, and I really began to think that it was all a horrible dream. But I was soon to be rudely awakened from this idea. I was sauntering down to luncheon one morning, and in turning the corner into my street became suddenly conscious that something unusual had happened. As I approached, it seemed to be my house that was the centre of attraction. Was it—could it be a fire? No, not enough excitement for that. The policeman and messenger were talking and laughing together as I passed, looking hugely amused at something, and as if I were partly connected with that something. There were of course several stray street boys loafing about, and an enormous covered cart on the other side of the street, with a tired looking horse with his head in his nosebag. As I took out my latchkey I noticed an unusual litter on the doorsteps, and as I opened the door a most unusual and extraordinary odour assailed my nostrils. It was a happy blending of rats and mice and mouldy straw and damp meat cloths. They had come—they had arrived, with seventeen and something to pay. They filled up the passage, they blocked up the hall, they were half-way up the staircase on both sides, they had invaded my study and overflowed into the dining-room. Never shall I forget that scene! They were certainly high and not clean. At the top of the steps stood my wife, waiting to receive me, shall I say smiling a welcome? She

was evidently wanting me, evidently glad to see me.

I fear that luncheon was not a pleasant meal. I felt somehow moody and depressed. But after luncheon I was a man of action. I summoned the footman, and ordered him immediately to open all the windows, and then to colleet all the meat cloths as quickly as possible, put them in a bundle, and return them to their owner, whose nose must have been sadly missing them. Then, with our coats off, and soap and water and dusters, we set to work to clean the tricks and stow them away. The house was literally inundated with them. After some hours' labour we got them fairly clean and stowed away in different places.

The next thing was evidently to get an expert's opinion of them. I could make neither head nor tail of them myself, and till I could do so it was evident they were useless to me. Accordingly I sent off to my late instructor, requesting him to inspect and report on them. For various reasons it was some days before he could come, so meanwhile, if anyone came to luncheon or called, we always conducted them upstairs to the home of mystery. At length the great man arrived. With inward trepidation I followed him upstairs and awaited his verdict. He rapidly cast his eye over them and grunted. He was evidently pleased with them. I had really got hold of a good thing this time.

"Well, Professor?" I said, cheerfully.

His summing-up was brief and to the point: "They're no use to you, sir; they're only fit for a travelling platform conjurer."

I grew pale and faltered, but only for a moment. Then I drew myself up and said firmly, "Professor, you will oblige me by making arrangements for the instant removal of these accursed tricks."

Forthwith the professor, who was a very worthy man, stepped downstairs with me and agreed to take them off my hands at once. In addition he was to pay £4 for them, give me as many lessons as I wanted, and make me a special conjuring table. Well, I thought, I haven't made such a very bad bargain after all.

I thought our interview was over, but the professor seemed in no hurry to go. At last he cleared his throat, and thus delivered himself—"About the money, sir?"

"Oh, there's no hurry about that," I said. "Whenever convenient to you."

"Thank you, sir," he said heartily, and seemed relieved.

The next morning an enormous waggon arrived with two strong men. The policeman and messenger got together again, the urchins congregated on the doorstep, deriding the strong men as they carried unearthly looking objects out of the front door. I seized a convenient opportunity and slunk out. When I returned, they had all gone, thank Heaven! The street had resumed its normal aspect. They had gone, and all would be well again. Ah, little did I know what was in store for me!

The days flew on; weeks passed and months passed; the old year had gone and the new one came, and no news of my tricks. At length I thought that really some considerable time had elapsed, and my professor might fairly be asked to perform *his* share of the bargain.

And now comes the melancholy part of my tale. I wrote to the good man, and said I did not want to press him, but supposed he recollected the terms of the compact. Days passed by, and no answer arrived. At last came a letter to say that my poor professor had fallen a victim to the influenza. I was sincerely sorry, for he wasn't a bad fellow at all, and I have pleasure in paying this tribute to his memory. But then followed words which sent a cold shudder right through me. The letter went on:—

"My poor brother has died very badly off. His widow is totally unable to carry out any arrangement with regard to the tricks. Therefore she begs you to *send for them at once*, as meanwhile she is paying rent for the warehouse in which they are. She further asks me to say she would be much obliged for £1 10s. for expenses in connection with them."

This was awful! The prospect of having those horrible things in my possession was more than I could face. I wrote off instantly to say, "Get rid of them, but I cannot possibly take them back." The professor's brother declined to try and get rid of them, and said, "I must take them back." I positively declined to take them back, and said the brother or widow must get rid of them. I wrote to all the conjuring firms in London that I knew, requesting them to inspect them and make an offer. One firm wrote back saying, "We sent our Mr. Smith to see your 'tricks.' They are very dirty and nearly all broken, and consequently of

"THEY HAD COME—THEY HAD ARRIVED"

"A DUSTMAN CAME AND ASKED FOR A DONATION."

no use to us." In desperation I wrote one final letter, and got the following response :—

"398, BROWN STREET.

"DEAR SIR,—I have instructed for many years members of the Royal Family and nobility. I have zealously practised my profession for about fifty years. On receiving your note yesterday I went to see your tricks. There were a few very dirty broken remnants piled up anyhow in hampers and boxes, inches deep in dirt and dust. The tables were evidently good once. It was sad to see such a sight. The tricks are no use to me, but I will make you an offer of £1 10s. for them. Wire if you accept.

"Yours faithfully,
"W. SMILER."

I immediately answered this by saying I was confident the things were worth a great deal more, and could not think of letting them go at so much below their value. This was the answer :—

"398, BROWN STREET.

"SIR,—I will give you £2 10s. for your tricks, and not a penny more. In addition a choice of £1 worth of my beautiful new tricks. Anticipating your acceptance of my offer, I have been to Wardour Street to fetch them away. I met with fearful abuse from the widow. She abused you, too, out in the street. 'How came you ever to go to such a man? I cannot find words to express what I feel about him.' I had to go up a ladder into a roof after the tricks. I wish I'd never touched them. They are a nice dirty lot; my wife says she never saw a dirtier. I have been to a lot of expense over them. This is what they've cost me so far :—

	s.	d.
To four-wheel cab to Wardour Street and back twice ...	3	0
To poor little boy for bringing pail of water to clean dirty tricks with	0	3
To poor man for bringing tricks down steep staircase ...		
To two men with waggon and horse for removing tricks	3	6
To man's valuable time for cleaning dirty tricks	2	0
	8	9

I enclose two beautiful new catalogues of newest tricks, post free.

"Yours, etc.,
"W. SMILER."

I smiled considerably on reading this letter, and willingly consented to Mr. Smiler taking the tricks. That night I slept the sleep of the just. I was rid of my bugbear.

My tricks have returned to me no more. I now sleep peacefully at night. The combined odour of damp meat cloths and odorous rats and mice has gone. The street has resumed its wonted quiet, and I have ceased to be an object of wonderment and ridicule to the policeman and the messenger. In fact, I am now so much looked up to that a dustman came and asked for a donation for a beanfeast this morning!

GEORGE MANNERS.

PRACTICAL POINTS OF LAW.

BY A LAWYER.

WILLS.

EVERYBODY should make a will.

Every will should be written in ink and signed by two witnesses.

Neither of the two witnesses should benefit by the will. If either of the two witnesses is left a legacy under the will, that legacy will lapse and the witness will not reap the benefit of it although the other provisions in the will will hold good.

Every will is revoked by marriage.

Married people should make their wills as soon as possible after their marriage.

People who inherit property which they did not expect to inherit, should add a codicil to their will dealing with the property thus unexpectedly inherited.

Otherwise such property may go to the next-of-kin.

A will can be altered, revoked, or destroyed at any time.

Every codicil that is added to a will must be signed and witnessed.

When a will has a great number of codicils, it is advisable to destroy it and make a fresh will; otherwise much litigation may ensue.

A will which is signed but not witnessed has no legal value.

People should make their wills when they are well and in robust health, not because they think they are going to die.

People should make their wills even when they have very little money to leave.

Youth is no excuse for not making a will, especially in the case of young engaged or married couples.

Simple forms of wills can be procured from any legal stationer.

No particular form is necessary for a will.

No stamp is required for a will.

The directions must be plain.

Simple language is preferable to an attempt to use legal phraseology.

When the terms of a will are at all complicated, a solicitor should be employed to draw it up.

Otherwise the intentions of the testator will be obscure, and will probably not be carried out.

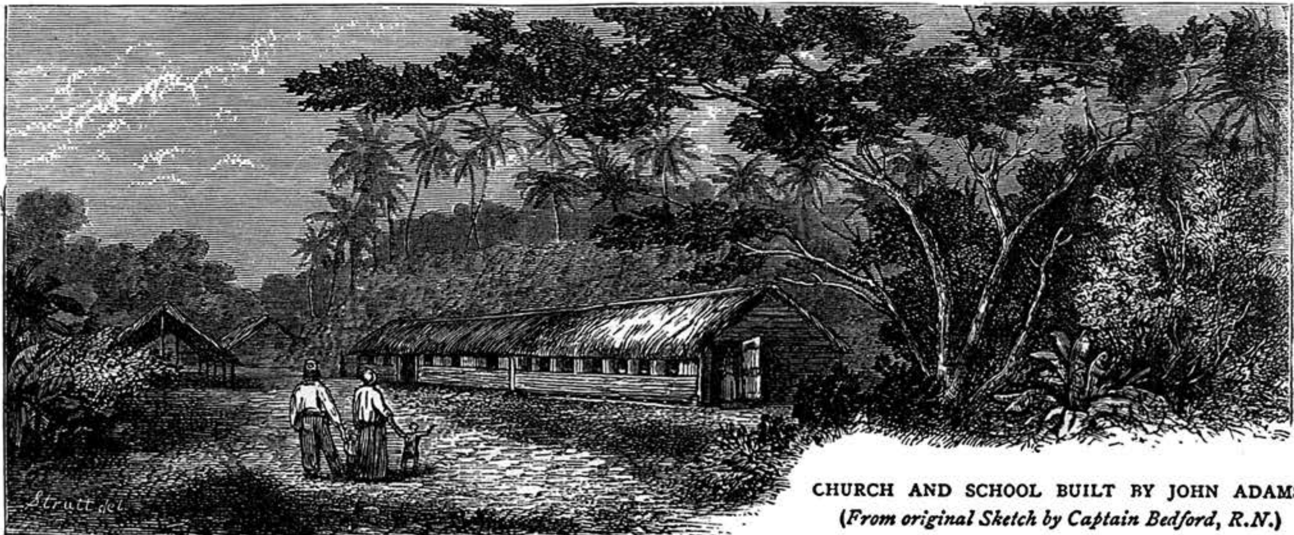
A copy of any will that has been proved will be found at Somerset House.

THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS, AND THE MUTINY OF THE *BOUNTY.*

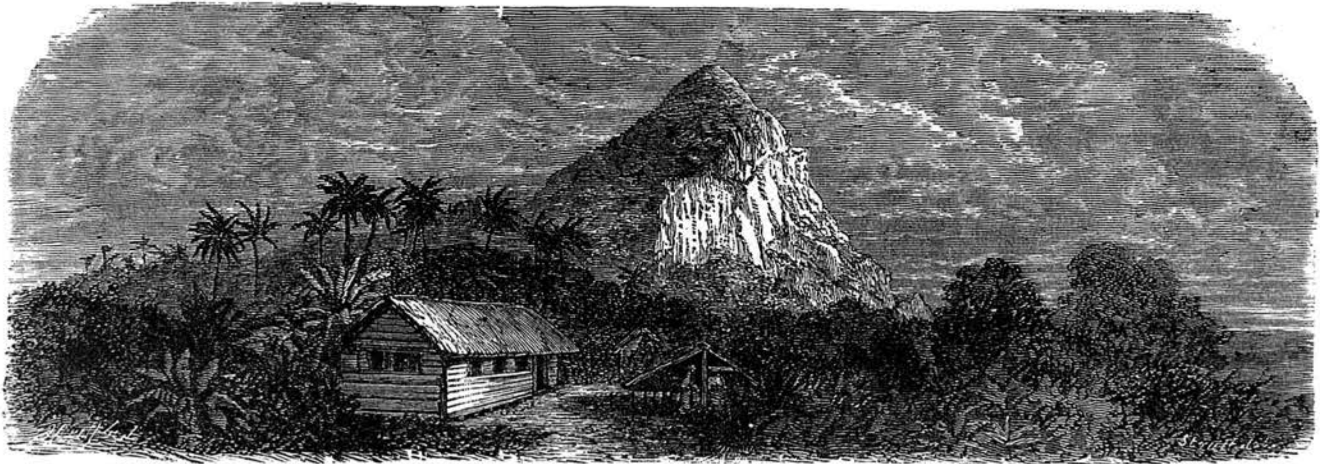
BY DR. ROBERT BROWN, F.L.S., F.R.G.S.

JOHN ADAMS' GRAVE.

THE word "colony" usually is suggestive of broad, lone lands, into which men weary of the over-crowded acres of the Old World have hived off. In the far South, and away over the Atlantic, there are dependencies of Britain so extensive that these islands might be dropped into one of their provinces, while in India there is a single valley so thickly populated that it contains more than a fifth of the inhabitants of the whole world. In England and Wales there are 421 persons to the square mile; in Canada there are 620 acres for each man, woman, or child in the Dominion; while in the Australian colonies there is—to use the language of the statistician—but a "fraction of a soul" settled on each square mile of the great Antipodean continent. These are the Greater Britains—the distant wings of that mighty body corporate, of which a few little isles in the Atlantic are the heart that moves all. But there are Lesser Britains also. There is, for instance, the tiny isle of St. Kitts, on which are settled 414 people to the square mile; Antigua, which has to support 367 in the same space; Malta, which is overcrowded with 1,238; Gibraltar, which finds room on its rocky face for 8,775; Aden, 4,501; and Hong Kong, that Sineto-British isle, with a swarming hive of working bees numbering 3,935 on each square mile. These are all colonies, in the strict acceptation of the term, though British immigration to the smaller ones scarcely exists, just as in time it will cease to the larger ones. All of them are mentioned in official lists, and come under the cognisance of the Secretary of State charged with the control of our dependencies. Each of them has its governor and staff of officials, its blue book, and its budget; and most of them possess what is not always so pleasant a feature in the eyes of the Pro-Consul and his masters in Downing Street—its Parliament of two Houses, its "Ministry," and its "Opposition;" its "ins," striving to retain their places, and its "outs," ever plotting votes of no confidence, which are to seat them on the Treasury bench. But there are other colonies also—colonies peopled by men of the English breed, self-supporting and home-ruled, which give no trouble to the Colonial Office, and whose names never appear in the reports of the bureaucrats. In some respects these tiny islet colonies are of more interest than the larger ones, for they show how distant patches of ocean-surrounded land have been peopled in earlier times, and prove by their prosperity the inherent capacity of the Anglo-Saxon race for self-government. One of the best known and not the least romantic of these spots is Pitcairn Island; for the community settled in this lovely dot in the Pacific have a history all their own, which, though often told, yet seems never to lose its freshness for the world's ear. We hear so seldom of the Pitcairners, that when a stray ship touches at their home, the news of their doings come to the jaded dwellers in cities like a tale of Utopia—gentler than Ponce de Leon's romance of the fountains of perpetual youth, and more authentic than those pictured Islands



CHURCH AND SCHOOL BUILT BY JOHN ADAMS.
(From original Sketch by Captain Bedford, R.N.)

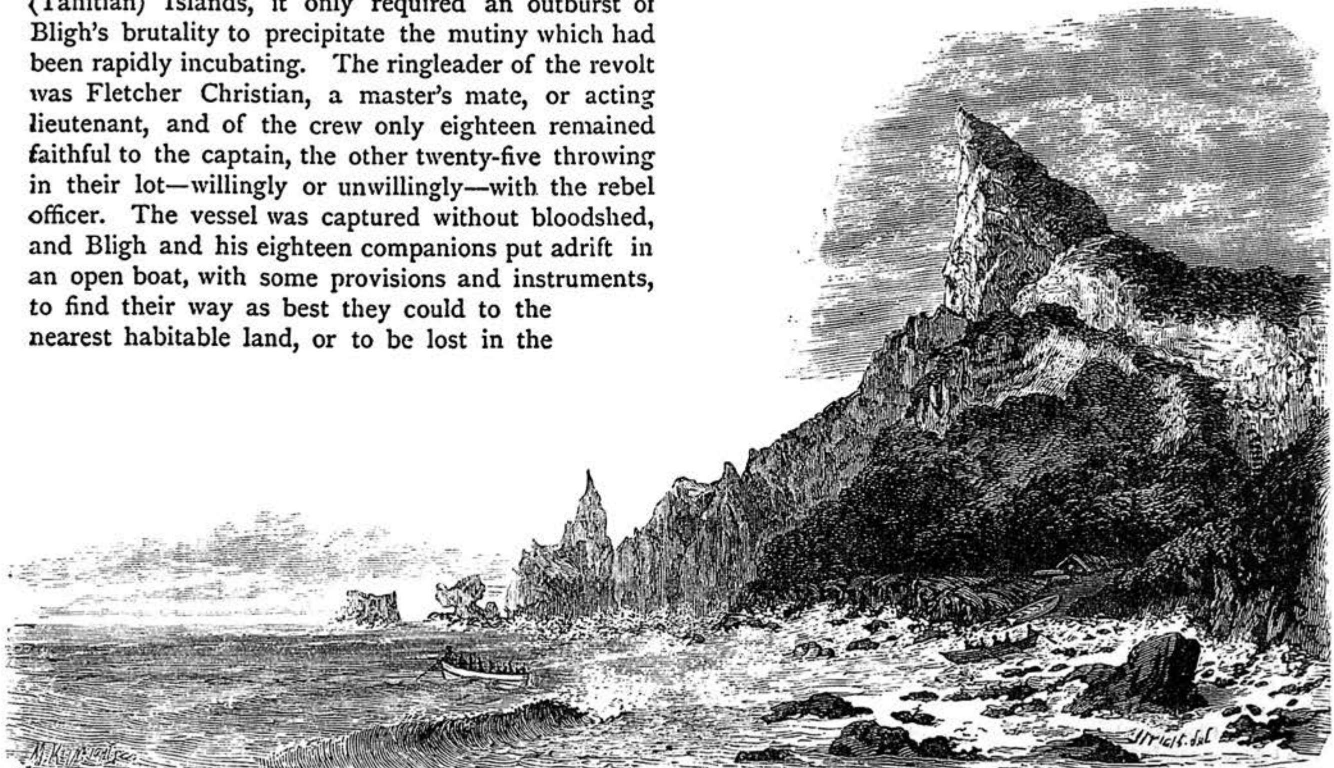


ONE OF THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS' HOUSES. (*From original Sketch by Captain Bedford, R.N.*)

of the Blest, which the mediæval seamen were fabled to have sighted in the "region of the sunset."

When, ninety-two years ago, the *Bounty* was despatched to the then recently discovered South Sea Islands to search for and collect the bread-fruit and other plants, to be naturalised in the West Indies, there were not wanting those who prophesied that before long there would be mischief on board. Her commander, Lieutenant Bligh, was a good seaman, but a sullen martinet, of a type now extinct in the Royal Navy, but in those days of the triangle and "three dozen all round for breakfast" only too common, while the crew were in many instances the off-scourings of the English seaports. Under ordinary circumstances they might have been kept under control, but demoralised by a long stay among the Otaheitan (Tahitian) Islands, it only required an outburst of Bligh's brutality to precipitate the mutiny which had been rapidly incubating. The ringleader of the revolt was Fletcher Christian, a master's mate, or acting lieutenant, and of the crew only eighteen remained faithful to the captain, the other twenty-five throwing in their lot—willingly or unwillingly—with the rebel officer. The vessel was captured without bloodshed, and Bligh and his eighteen companions put adrift in an open boat, with some provisions and instruments, to find their way as best they could to the nearest habitable land, or to be lost in the wide ocean as it was believed they would. This happened near Tofua, one of the Friendly Islands, and the last thing seen of the *Bounty* was its heading towards the paradise which the crew had grumbled at leaving, while over the still waters were heard shouts of "Hurrah for Otaheite!"

Then came out the courage of this captain of hitherto uncontrolled temper. Though eighteen of the officers and crew had remained by, or rather had been put into the boat with him, many were but ill-disposed towards him, and before they compassed the 3,600 nautical miles between the spot where they had been cast adrift and the island of Timor, rebellion was often scarcely disguised. Yet during that forty-one days' navigation, undertaken under



LANDING-PLACE, BOUNTY BAY, PITCAIRN ISLAND. (*From original Sketch by Captain Bedford, R.N.*)

the direst hardships, no one perished—a fact highly creditable to the foresight and care exercised by Bligh.

When the news reached England it caused great excitement, and the Admiralty immediately fitted out a vessel with a view to capture the mutineers. This ship, the *Pandora,* in due time reached Otaheite, and found a number of the crew of the *Bounty* living on shore, in that sweet haven which had been dreamt of when they were plotting treason against their king and country. The fates seemed, however, to have been against the rebel crew, for the *Pandora* was wrecked off the coast of Australia, and thus only ten of the mutineers reached England to stand their trial. The end of this court-martial was that three of the offenders were pardoned, four were tried and acquitted, having been proved to be unwilling participants in the revolt, and the remaining three were executed. But there were still nine of the mutineers to be accounted for, and their fate long remained a mystery. The majority of the crew who had taken possession of the *Bounty* were ignorant seamen, who scarcely gave a thought to the morrow. It was enough for them that they were free of Captain Bligh and his cat, and of the stuffy galley of his hated ship. In Matavai Bay they married native wives, slept, ate plentifully, and drank what they could, little recking that the king's warrant was speeding over the high seas, a Nemesis which was to bring swift punishment to them for their crime. But Fletcher Christian never abandoned himself to any such day-dreams. He was aware that Otaheite was no safe retreat for the mutineers, and it is very doubtful whether it was ever his intention to remain there except temporarily. He used to talk of a rocky islet which he knew about, where there was no harbour, and which was so far out of the track of ships that there they might live happily and end their days in peace. And so he and eight of his companions with several Otaheitan men and women set sail, and for many a long year were lost sight of and even forgotten. No efforts were made to search for them; justice had been satisfied, and the tale of the Mutiny of the *Bounty* was fast passing into one of the traditions of the sea. As for Bligh, he was again put in command of a vessel, and successfully carried out his original commission. He afterwards distinguished himself in the Mutiny at the Nore; fought in the Battles of Copenhagen and Camperdown, rose to the rank of vice-admiral, and became Governor of New South Wales. But his fate was in the end much as it was in the beginning. The colonists and he did not agree, and finding that either they or he would have to leave, they cut the Gordian knot by removing him by force from the country.*

* Previously to this date he had commanded a ship of the line in the French revolutionary war. But having for the second time goaded by his harsh conduct his crew into mutiny, they rose and ran the vessel into a French harbour. Bligh died in 1817, and is buried in Lambeth Churchyard, London. Apparently, however, the fact of his having transplanted the bread-fruit-tree in the West Indies mainly struck the epitaph-writer, for no mention is made of the chief episode in the admiral's career.

Twenty years had passed away. Europe in the meantime had been shaken by long wars, and with the nation straining every sinew to preserve its freedom, Christian and his companions had long ceased to exercise the public mind. Then, in 1808, came the sudden news that they had been discovered, or rather the remnant of them and their descendants, on Pitcairn Island, in the Pacific. It was not, however, until 1814 that a British war-ship called at the island, and learned the history of those who sailed for Otaheite in the *Bounty.* Originally the colonists consisted of nine British seamen, six Otaheitan men, and twelve women of the same race; and among the earliest precautions Christian took to prevent any attempt at escape, was to burn the vessel which had been the scene of their first crime. In ten years all the original colonists had died, for the most part, a violent death. The Otaheitan men, provoked by the ill-treatment of the seamen, murdered several of them, and in revenge the dead men's widows slew their husbands' assassins. Of the survivors, one died of asthma, a second committed suicide, mad with some intoxicating liquor which he had contrived to distil from the roots of native plants, and a third was put to death in self-defence.

There accordingly only remained a single member of the old mutinous crew, the rest of the male colonists being young people, the children of Otaheitans and Englishmen. This survivor was Alexander Smith, who had, however, changed his name to John Adams; and under this designation he is universally known. Adams, at first, was scared at the appearance of a war-ship, and the sight of the once-familiar uniform and colours. But the captain exercised a humane discretion in allowing him to remain with his little colony, instead of taking him to England to meet the punishment he had so well merited as one of the worst of the mutineers. The old man still retained many of the British tar's characteristics: he pulled his forelock, after the conventional fashion; and though for years quarterdeck and forecastle had mingled alike in wild orgies, he still spoke of the officer who had headed the mutineers with mechanical respect as "Mr. Christian." But in other respects John Adams was very different from the Alexander Smith of twenty years ago. He was reported—or reported himself—to be a changed character, and was trying to make amends for his former life by training up the young generation in the ways of virtue and honour. All of them spoke the English language, and most of them had some education and a fair knowledge of the truths of Christianity. They were proud to belong to the English nation, for which they entertained, strange to say, an almost fetish-like regard—the mutineers having risen in arms, not against their native land, but against a tyrannous captain. This, at least, is the usual account. But of late doubts have not unnaturally been entertained of the strict truth of Adams' story. In the first place, there was no one to contradict him, for, with the exception of a few native women, the only eyewitnesses of the scenes he described must have been mere children at the time the events transpired. Next, it was, as might have been expected, Adams' interest

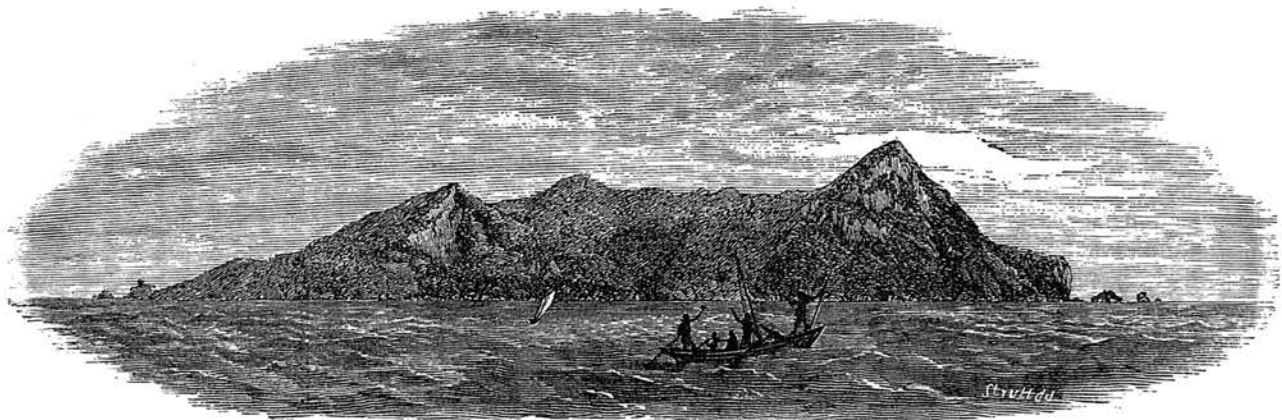
to represent his past and present conduct in the most favourable light to his naval visitors; and though it is by no means impossible that this sudden change had come over his life, Adams, it must not be forgotten, was a desperate character when on board the *Bounty*, and it is well known that the tale he told of his share in the actual mutiny is utterly false. Nor is it probable that the mystery of Christian's death will ever be cleared up. The mutiny broke out owing to the captain's tyranny, but Christian behaved to his companions in crime even more despotically than Bligh ever did; and when he reached Pitcairn with eight of the most hardened of the mutineers, he grew sullen and remorseful, as if overwhelmed by the enormity of his crime in seizing the ship he ought to have fought for, and in setting adrift—to perish, as he believed—eighteen of his companions in arms. He established himself in a cave on the little island, and as he always kept a store of provisions in that retreat, seems to have apprehended that some day he might have to defend himself against an enemy, either from within or from without the community. The usual account given is that he was murdered by the Otaheitans, but to other visitors Adams declared that he threw himself over the cliffs and was drowned. To one set of visitors he would describe "Mr. Christian" as cheerful; to another, as gloomy and half mad. Indeed, there are some grounds for doubting whether Christian did not by some means escape from the island, and that Adams was anxious, for reasons not difficult to divine, to conceal the fact.

Curiously enough, a few years after the mutiny there was a very general opinion prevalent in the Lake District of Cumberland and Westmoreland that Christian was in England, and had been noticed making frequent private visits to an aunt who lived in that part of the country, of which indeed he himself was a native, and where he was well known. This was in 1808 or 1809, and so persistent did the gossip become in the vicinity of Keswick, where the traditions of his visits are still fresh, that it is said that the Government began to pay some heed to it. Then Christian was seen no more. About the same period he is believed to have been detected in Plymouth by a man who, of all in the world, was little likely to be deceived as to his person. This was Captain Heywood, who as a midshipman left on board the *Bounty*, was tried as a mutineer and condemned to death, but who was afterwards pardoned, and lived to justify the clemency shown him by the good service he did for his country. Captain Heywood was walking along Fore Street, in Plymouth, when he noticed in front of him an individual whose figure seemed strangely familiar. At that time no news had been heard of Christian and his companions, but immediately the idea struck him that this was his old companion and superior officer. The thought, however, appeared so ridiculous that he was on the point of dismissing it as idle when the man, attracted by the noise of footsteps behind him, turned round. To the astonishment of Heywood, the face was as like that of Christian as the back; and his first impression became a firm belief when the stranger instantly started into a run. Heywood followed, but Christian's "doppel-ganger" escaped down some by-streets, and he saw him no more. Plymouth, naturally, was one of the last places where so notorious a personage would have been likely to appear; but the idiosyncrasy of criminals to visit their old haunts is one of the most familiar of psychological traits. Captain Heywood remained to the end of his life convinced that the lonely man of Plymouth was the outlaw of the *Bounty*; but the fear of being the means of another victim expiating his share in an episode which all would have willingly forgotten, checked him from making further search or acquainting any but intimate friends with the strange adventure he had met with.

After Captain Beechey's visit in 1825, the Pitcairn Islanders were frequently heard of, and attracted to them several Englishmen—among others, a chaplain, who still remains with a section of the little colony on Norfolk Island. This migration was necessitated by the limited size of the islanders' original retreat. At first they went to Otaheite; but, shocked at the immorality of their relatives there, speedily returned. Then, in 1855, they were removed to Norfolk Island; but a number of families, longing for their old home, returned to Pitcairn, leaving on the former island over 200 people. These have since greatly increased, and have been so far recognised by the Colonial Office as to have their magistrates formally commissioned; but otherwise they do not greatly concern the magnates of Whitehall, though among the most virtuous of Her Majesty's subjects. Adams died in 1829, and his name is now revered as the patriarch of the little colony. It was he and Young, one of the midshipmen, who, awed by the terrible end the other mutineers had come to, resolved to begin a new life in the community, in which they were the only adults. They commenced to teach the children, and to instruct them in religion, and generally to lay the foundation of that piety for which the Pitcairners are still distinguished. But Adams' step-daughter, who was living last year, declared to the end that Adams was a bad man, and that it was Young who did all the good work for which his shipmate has got the credit. Be that as it may, on no coast can a seaman be wrecked with greater certainty of receiving the kindest treatment than on this; and even allowing for the *couleur de rose* tint of such descriptions, the Pitcairn Islanders are certainly a remarkable people. Their latest visitor —Captain Robinson, R.N.—describes the colony as prospering. The population number ninety-three, and are engaged in cultivating various tropical crops, particularly arrowroot, yams, sweet potatoes, maize, fruits, and vegetables; and, though they are often in want of civilised necessaries, and are sadly troubled by mice, and the scarcity of water, seem prosperous and greatly attached to their island, which they are well aware will at no distant period be too small for their numbers. They are fond of singing and dancing —tastes inherited from their maternal ancestors; but their code of laws shows that any serious crimes, or

even gross infringements of morality, were never contemplated by the legislators who from time to time have amended these simple regulations, originally drawn up for them by a captain in the Royal Navy. The oldest man on the island is Thursday October Christian, grandson of Fletcher Christian. He combines the offices of schoolmaster and pastor of the little settlement; but the magistrate is James M'Koy, also grandson of one of the mutineers. He is assisted in his duties by two councillors, while the heads of families are convened for consultation in cases of emergency, any very grave cases being left for the decision of the captain of the first war-ship that arrives. But though the magistrate and his assistants are at once the interpreters and the finishers of the law, their duty has been hitherto, if not a sinecure, at all events not more onerous than it is honorary. The islanders' only scourge is consumption, evidently inherited from their Otaheitan mothers; but with the exception of trifling ailments they are, though of course all nearly related, a healthy, handsome race of people. When the Queen heard of their wants, with great consideration she despatched an organ as a present to them. Captain Robinson informs us that, though the sea was stormy, the "Governor" and a picked crew came out the moment the vessel appeared, and bore the precious burden ashore, and up the steep path leading to their village at the top of the island. That night the whole colony assembled in the school-church, and over the waters the seamen could hear the tones of the instrument, while with thankful hearts our far-distant fellow-countrymen sang the familiar "God save the Queen." Family prayers are said in every house morning and evening, as they were in Captain Beechey's time, and no one thinks of taking food before asking a blessing on it. Their piety is sincere, though flavoured with quaint phrases, savouring sometimes of what might be thought "cant." It must, however, be recollected that their religious phraseology was learned from men of little education, and naturally fond of couching their lessons in a rather ornate verbiage. Every one works, and as boots are precious they go barefooted except on Sunday. The community was at first an anarchy; then a kind of patriarchal dictatorship, with John Adams as absolute ruler; and now it is the simplest form of republic, every one over seventeen years of age, females included, having a vote in the election of the "President," who is, moreover, though eligible for re-election, only tolerated from year to year. Their greatest pride is, however, to be thought British subjects, and among their sorrows Admiral de Horsey mentions the dread which somehow or other had been instilled into their minds that the Queen looked with disfavour on their return from Norfolk Island; and Captain Robinson notes that they considered the present of the organ a proof that once more their Sovereign had pardoned their supposed offence. They are not likely to want for necessaries, and even, it is feared, for luxuries. Already two committees in England have collected funds enough to supply them with a boat and numerous other articles they were in want of, and which are lying at Coquimbo, waiting the first opportunity of being despatched to their destination.

On Lord Howe Island there is also a little Crusoe colony of English people, but it is very likely that before long they will all leave for Sydney, thence to scatter as it may seem good to them. On the lonely Kermedecs there were also until recently a few families. On Ascension, an isolated heap of cinders in the Atlantic Ocean, there is a naval sanatorium and settlement, administered under naval regulations as "the tender to the *Flora;*" and on Tristan da Cunha, between the West Coast of Africa and South America, there is also another Crusoe settlement of Britons, engaged in breeding cattle and killing seals, but altogether isolated from the world, unless when at rare intervals visited by passing ships. But the Tristaners, who number about eighty-five people, mostly of semi-negro descent, seem happy and contented, and little inclined to change their life, or to receive more attention than they hitherto have obtained from the Colonial Office authorities. On the Bonins there was until recently a similar pseudo-colony, and indeed on many other isles of the Pacific there are little settlements of British subjects, who live and even flourish without any aid from the land they and their fathers were born in. But none of them equal in picturesqueness the Pitcairners, whose oft-told story is ever fresh.



PITCAIRN ISLAND. (*From original Sketch by Captain Bedford, R.N.*)

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