

Victorian Times

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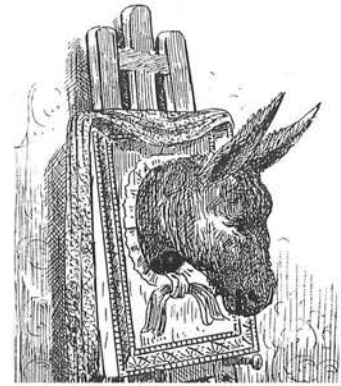


*Shopkeepers' Advertising Novelties • A Diving Adventure • Nature Notes
President Garfield's 1867 London Diary • A Look into a Weasel's Den
What Becomes of Lost Luggage • Furnishing a Guestroom • Student Bloopers
Laws for Parents & Children • Outfitting a Servant • Roddy the Rat*

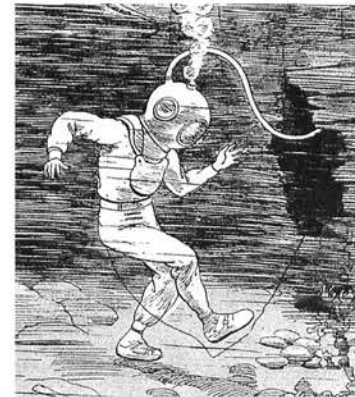
Victorian Times

Volume VI, No. 9
September 2019

- 2 Editor's Greeting: The Battle of the Sexes, by Moira Allen
- 3 Shopkeepers' Advertising Novelties, by James Scott
(*The Strand*, 1895)
- 11 How I Engage My Servants (*CFM*, 1877**)
- 13, 38, 40 Practical Points of Law: Wedlock, Dogs, Elementary Education (*GOP*, 1901*)
- 14 My Diving Dress, by One Who Has Done With It
(*The Strand*, 1894)
- 19 Pianoforte Fronts: and How to Decorate Them, by Fred Miller
(*GOP*, 1885)
- 20 Fruit Puddings, by Constance (*GOP*, 1899)
- 22 Garfield in London [in 1867] (*Century*, 1884)
- 33 Poem: "The Ballad of Cassandra Brown," by Coroebus Green
(*Century*, 1884)
- 34 Poem: "The Boastful Butterfly," by Oliver Herford
(*Century Magazine*, 1898)
- 35 Notes by an Artist-Naturalist, by Fred Miller (*GOP*, 1894)
- 39 The Prophet's Chamber [Guestroom], by Isabella Fyvie Mayo
(*GOP*, 1901)
- 41 Field-Notes, by John Burroughs (*Century*, 1894)
- 47 Amusing Juvenile Answers, by D. Lawson Johnstone
(*CFM*, 1889)
- 49 The Rights and Obligations of Parents and Children,
by C. Page Deane (*GOP*, 1891)
- 50 A Young Servant's Outfit, and What to Buy For It (*GOP*, 1896)
- 52 Useful Hints (*GOP*, 1894)
- 53 What Becomes of Lost Luggage, by C.E. Fryer (*CFM*, 1876)
- 54 Two Recipes for September (*GOP*, 1901)
- 55 Roddy the Rat, by Ulyss Rogers (*Windsor Magazine*, 1898)



p. 3



p. 14



p. 19



p. 35

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

The Battle of the Sexes

To look at much of what has been written about the Victorian era, one would get the impression that it was one huge gender war. On one side were the woman, who wanted what would seem today to be some very basic rights—the right to retain their own finances and property after marriage, the right to work, the right to a higher education, and, of course, the right to vote. That clearly suggests that on the opposite side must be the men, stubbornly refusing to grant those rights. The battle lines were clearly drawn... or were they?

As with a great many other aspects of the Victorian era, of course, it's not that simple. It's nice to be able to talk about a "battle of the sexes" as if we can suppose that women—all women—were on one side and men—again, *all* men—were on the other. In the Victorian era, nothing could be farther than the truth.

Take one of the burning issues of the day—women's suffrage, the right to vote. Today, it's hard to imagine not having a voice in political decisions, and so it may seem hard to imagine why, for so many decades, women were denied this voice. What may be harder to imagine is that the desire for "suffrage" was by no means universal amongst women. Many women not only had no interest in voting but felt strongly that it was not appropriate for women. The reasons are far too numerous to go into in a one-page editorial, but suffice it to say that the women's suffrage movement was not a universal campaign that all women agreed with or took part in.

Perhaps the most significant voice against women's suffrage came from the woman who was surely the most powerful, the most well known, and (to say the least) the most involved in politics in her day: Queen Victoria herself. Queen Victoria, ruler of the British Empire, a woman with a voice in the political affairs of a very large part of the world, was no champion of women's rights. In fact, she was deeply opposed to the changes being proposed in the "women's sphere." She is noted for saying "The Queen is most anxious to enlist everyone in checking this mad, wicked folly of 'Women's Rights.'" It is a subject which makes the Queen so furious that she cannot contain herself." (https://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/queen_victoria_127564) On the subject of voting, she felt that if women were to " 'unsex' themselves by claiming equality with men they would become the most hateful, heathen and disgusting of beings and would surely perish without male protection." Clearly, women who wanted to work, learn or vote would find no help from their queen!

On the flip side, it is equally untrue and unrealistic to suppose that all men *opposed* women's rights. Indeed, if that *were* true, considering how completely men controlled the political arena at the time, we'd probably *still* be unable to vote. In reality, many men were staunch champions of women's rights. In 1867, Radical MP John Stuart Mill declared "We talk of political revolutions, but we do not sufficiently attend to the fact that there has taken place around us a silent domestic revolution: women and men are, for the first time in history, really each other's companions... the two sexes must rise or sink together."

A letter on women's suffrage by Prime Minister William Gladstone reveals some of the issues that made women's voting rights such a difficult subject. In many respects, Gladstone was not opposed to women having the right to vote. One of his criticisms of a bill to allow women's suffrage was that it applied only to unmarried women; married women would *not* have the right even though, he felt, they were often more mature and better qualified to use it. However, the real "sticking point" of women's suffrage was not the question of whether women were qualified to have a voice in deciding who might obtain political office. The key issue was that voting rights carried with it the right to *be* in office. In Britain, if one could vote, one could become a member of Parliament (a fact that actually disqualified a great many landless men from voting as well). Many politicians who believed women might make perfectly decent voters did not believe that women would make good MPs—and, again, many women shared this same view.

Eventually, Victorian women would gain the right to earn higher degrees, work as they chose, keep the money they earned, and not be clapped into a lunatic asylum if their husbands didn't approve of their behavior. They would not, sadly, gain the right to vote—a right that came at last to British women in 1918 and American women in 1920. But even though Victorian women wouldn't see "universal suffrage," they—and a great many Victorian men—made it possible for the next generation. And as in so many things Victorian, there are no universal battle lines of good girls vs. bad boys, only a host of diverse individuals with diverse opinions regardless of gender! As they say, the more things change, the more things stay the same!

—Maira Allen, Editor
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Shopkeepers' Advertising Novelties.

BY JAMES SCOTT.

It is a noteworthy fact that shopkeepers, as a general rule, are not so enterprising as is desirable in the matter of attractive display in their windows. The bulk of our shops, it must be

confessed, exhibit a very meagre, untidy appearance to the eye, causing one to ask whether it would not serve as well if the windows were deprived of their exposure to the public. Some few of our tradesmen, comparatively speaking, do, however, possess a keen perception of the power of attraction inherent in novelties when exhibited to the general community. Of their systems of securing this desirable end, I have selected a few notable examples for illustration and explanation.

The strange clock (Fig. 1) has been very popular, though its adoption has not recently been so extensive as was evident a few years ago. Its merits have been discussed by many people who were quite ignorant of the method followed to work it. It records time accurately, and effectively carries out the significance conveyed in its title.

A circular sheet of clear plate-glass is suspended in the window, and is adorned with gilt numerals and divisions in the proper form of a dial. Two enormous hands travel over this peculiar clock, and are calculated to arouse inquisitive and curious people to ask how it is done. Many surmises, relative to the motive force used to drive the hands, were current at the period of its introduction to the public; and these surmises still continue to be broached by people not acquainted with the comparatively simple mechanism of the clock. It was commonly

supposed that electricity was the agent employed to manipulate the hands; but this assumption was wrong. Without being technical and entering into a detailed explanation, I will state that the wheels of an ordinary watch were the medium controlling it.

A well-known journal for workmen, to which I contribute, some months ago gave full details of its construction. The works of a watch are concealed within the central disc to be seen in the drawing, and are connected with the large and apparently heavy hands. The latter are, however, cleverly balanced by means of small compact weights, which are in continuous line with the respective hands, and are of a coincident weight with them.

A very effective display once made by a china and earthenware dealer (Fig. 2), and which served to create an inquisitive crowd,

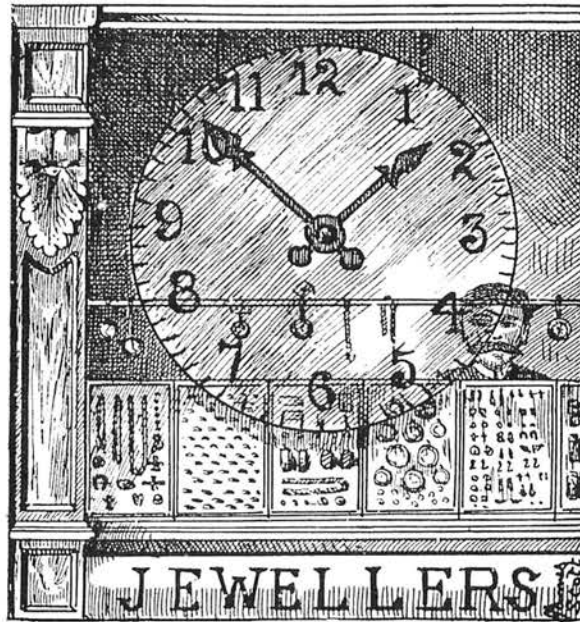


FIG. 1.—A MYSTERIOUS CLOCK.



FIG. 2.—A CHINA-SHOP ADVERTISEMENT.

who, doubtless, remembered his shop when they afterwards required plates, cups, and saucers, consisted of several plates placed one above another, edge to edge, in the pattern of a circle, and had, furthermore, a suspended plate of larger diameter within their radius. To cement them properly in this position would be almost a matter of impossibility, so opinions were hazarded in regard to the connection which upheld them. There they stood, bolt upright, as if challenging, yet defying, detection. I subsequently discovered the method utilized by the ingenious tradesman, who thoroughly deserved the success which was greatly fostered by this uncommon show. Many thought that it was a peculiar instance of unaided equilibrium; but in this they were mistaken—and, indeed, one glance is sufficient to show the impossibility of such an occurrence. The attractiveness of the exhibition was enhanced by the occasional appearance of an assistant, who made matters more puzzling by lifting, simultaneously, the top plate and the larger one suspended from it, without the remainder altering their positions in any way.

Here is the artful man's method: A very strong double wire passed up through the flooring of the shop-window, and travelled behind the plates, in contact with them. In order to prevent the plates from "wobbling" or slipping out of proper line, the wires were formed into loops, flat against the backs of the plates. There they were firmly held by means of staples driven into the plates. The top movable one had a short projection at each side, which fitted into small eyelet holes made in the top points of the wires upholding the remainder of the plates.

A novelty (Fig. 3) was once exhibited in the window belonging to a tradesman occupying a conspicuous shop at the east end of the Strand. A glass shade, with a wooden base, was enlivened by the splashing of a fountain playing into its interior from a source beneath the shelf supporting the article. Three or four coloured balls were inserted within the shade, and they occasioned much merriment among the spectators by their eccentric antics. The jet would carry them with a sudden jerk completely to the top of the shade, whence they would tumble back again for a short distance, only to be again hurled upwards. One night

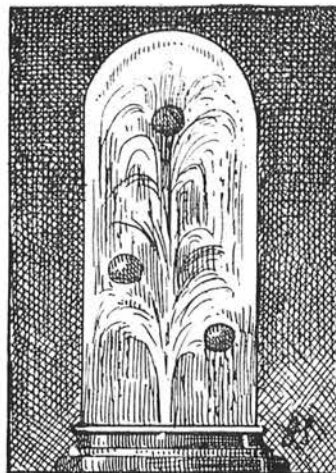


FIG. 3.—THE DANCING BALLS.

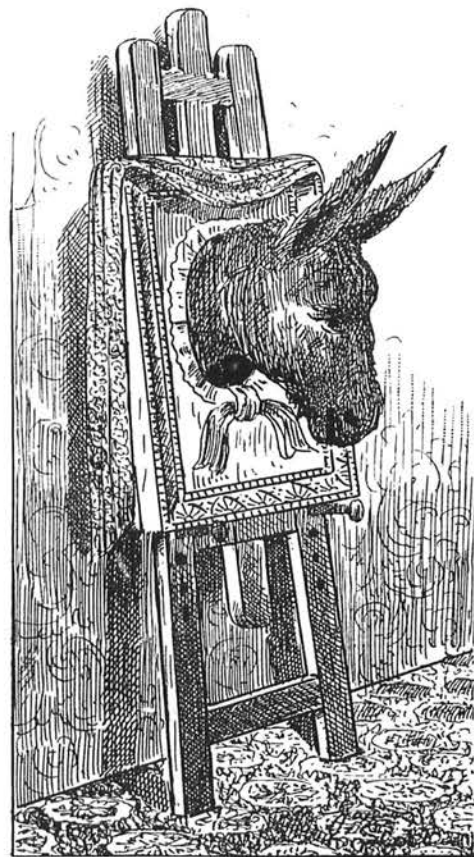


FIG. 4.—A LIVING PICTURE.

be dancing curiously on the crest of the jet; another racing wildly round and round the hole whence the water issued; a third hobbling about at furious speed, careering now and then against its fellows. Altogether, the bewildering confusion engendered within the shade was enough to "draw" a crowd, and leave the shop-keeper's name impressed upon the mind.

A picture (Fig. 4) caused endless fun among the persons residing in the vicinity of the picture-dealer, whose cute foresight enabled him to dispose, by thus attracting people, of a large quantity of framed Christmas-number productions of colour work. Feeling convinced, no doubt, that the proverbial obstinacy of a donkey to proceed in a forward direction was a matter of truth, he evidently harboured no anxiety concerning the possibility of the animal becoming impetuous, and dashing nimbly through his plate-glass window.

By a clever arrangement of drapery and goods for sale, the body of the patient, wondering donkey was concealed from the

grinning gaze of a jubilant crowd, who good-humouredly bantered the proprietor concerning "his excellent portrait" in the window. How the donkey was sufficiently coaxed to induce him to pass his head through the elastic "canvas" is a secret not yet revealed. Perhaps some of the carrots which were frequently provided for his enjoyment whilst undergoing the ordeal of publicity were an important factor towards success.

Whenever I passed, some few years ago, a certain shop-window in the West-end of London, I usually had an additional peep at a large card to which was attached a mummified cat grasping a mummified rat firmly in its jaws (Fig. 5). If I remember rightly,

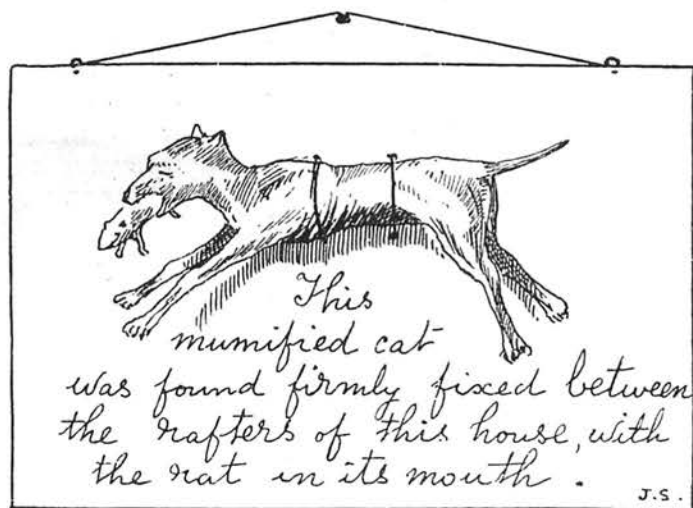


FIG. 5.—A MUMMY.

these animals were discovered, in a preserved, albeit shrunken and dusty, condition, imprisoned between some rafters in the house during repairs. Evidently the unfortunate cat got jammed in its peculiar position accidentally, and being averse to releasing its own prisoner, and thereby being better able to release itself, held it securely until suffocation to both ensued. It was a striking illustration of the powerfulness of determination exercised by even the smaller class of animals.

From inquiries I have made, I am convinced that these particular specimens are not the only ones extant; and I am afraid that many must be manufactured specially for the purpose of exhibition, though I do not insinuate such deceit in connection with the pair to which I have more specifically been referring.

Fig. 6 shows an article which must be ranked among the mystery-arousing section of inventions. A glass cask of whisky, ginger-beer, or tea was displayed in a conspicuous and

handy situation, and customers were invited to help themselves upon making the necessary payment for the commodity required. Although it was easily ascertainable that the contents of the cask were really genuine, and passed through the tap into the glass held beneath it, the elevation of the top of the liquid never varied. Tested either by sight or by measurement, sufficient proof there was that, no matter what quantity was withdrawn, there still remained the original quantity within the cask. Being constructed of glass, a person could see completely through it. It stood at a distance of a few inches from the wall, and was altogether a most interesting and attractive piece of work.

Notwithstanding the apparently insoluble system followed in order to gain this result, the idea was founded upon a well-known law of Nature, viz.: that all liquid will, if allowed, find a common level. If you have two receptacles connected by a pipe, and pour water into one of them, it will run into the other reservoir until the level of the liquid contained in both receptacles is identical. Abstraction from one would mean an equal reduction in both.

In the drawing, A represents the glass cask, which is connected by means of a pipe with a tank placed in another apartment, and hidden from view by a wall. Both tanks are half-full, say, of whisky, which also fills the pipe E. If the cask were an isolated article, and a certain quantity of fluid were extracted from it, the level of the contents would sink to a certain extent. Were the tank B called into requisition, under similar circumstances, the liquid would naturally fall but half the before-mentioned depth in each, as that contained in B would help to replace the stuff withdrawn from A. So, in order to deceive the purchaser as effectively as

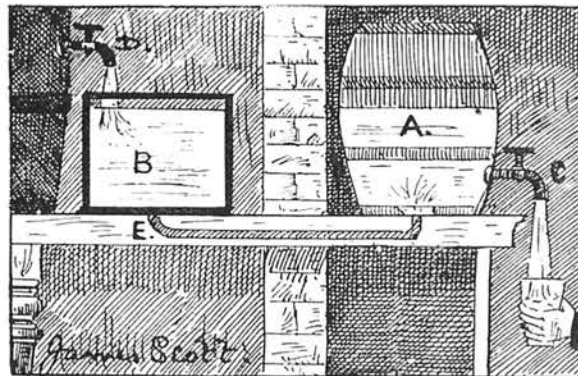


FIG. 6.—A WHISKY PUZZLE.

possible, a confederate kept close watch upon the customers, and as soon as he observed that the tap c was turned, he also turned on tap D. The rate of out-pour being exactly coincident in both cases, the consequence was that as soon as both taps were simultaneously turned off, the amount withdrawn by the purchaser had been replaced at an exact rate corresponding with the abstraction, and therefore no deviation in the height of the fluid contained in A had been manifested.

The mouth of the pipe entering the tank A was concealed by means of a false glass bottom, pierced with a sufficient number of minute holes to allow the proper quantity of liquor to pass from one receptacle to its companion.

A rather grim device was that shown by an enterprising tobacconist (Fig. 7). A skull—whether human or not I could not ascertain

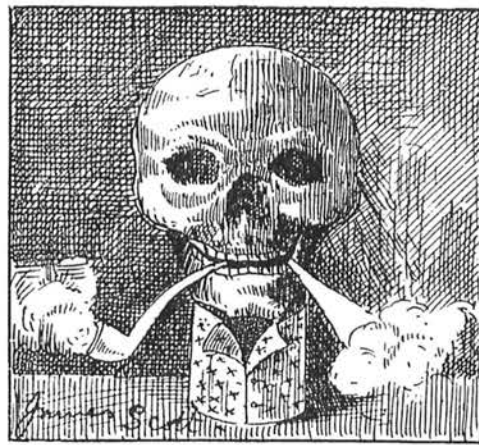


FIG. 7.—A GRIM DEVICE.

The mouthpiece of the latter was connected to an indiarubber tube, through which the artful fellow, concealed from view, smoked contentedly, anon puffing the fragrant fumes through another tube, the outlet of which was in contact with the teeth of the grinning exhibit.

Fig. 8 constituted a pretty and simple, yet attractive, medium for concentrating children around a confectioner's shop-win-

dow. It consisted of the blown-out and properly weighted and suspended skin of a snake, chemically prepared to resist any evil effect from a gas-jet below it. Its form was that of a coil, and the continuous result of the hot currents of air beneath it was to revolve it in a steady and almost fascinating manner. As the rays of light sparkled upon its brilliant surface, scintillating colours succeeded each other in a charming way, and gave prolonged delight to the group of mouth-watering juvenile spectators assembled to witness such a promising display.

Other tradesmen, in lieu of adopting so expensive a sight, have taken advantage of cut-out coloured sheets of cardboard. For the information of some enterprising shop-keeper who may wish to try the effect of the imitative method, I may say that, if a large sheet of cardboard be marked as shown by the small sketch accompanying my illustration of the suspended snake, and be then cut along that line, and the cut-out result be hung over a gas-jet or lamp by its tail, in a swivel, all that is needed to be done will have been accomplished.

Genuine and rare specimens of Nature are always capable of arousing public notice and

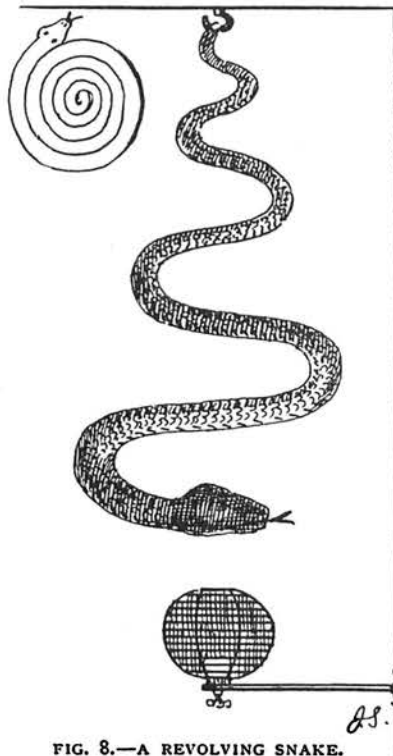
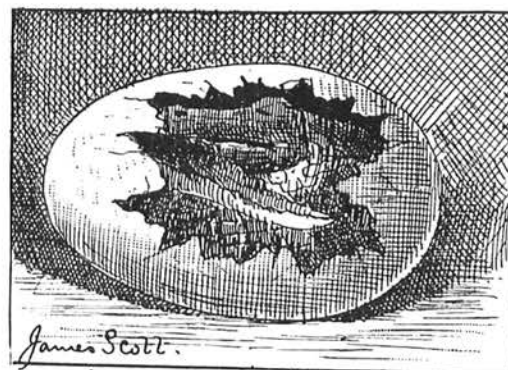


FIG. 8.—A REVOLVING SNAKE.

with absolute certainty—decked in a masher-collar, stood upon a shelf, and puffed at a lighted pipe with a hideously real appearance. The pipe was frequently replenished by a smiling, affable gentleman, who was the genuine cause of keeping the pipe alight.



A very young crocodile.

FIG. 9.

comment, which are, when associated with the names of the persons who reveal such information, serviceable means of advertisement. The unhatched crocodile, contained in its broken shell of but a few inches length, is an object which excited the curiosity of the passer-by in a certain street in London a short time back (Fig. 9). To see this class of unwieldy and hideous reptiles in the Zoological Gardens, and to learn that they often attain an enormous size and length; and then to reflect that these self-same products of mysterious and wonderful Nature were hatched from shells smaller in dimensions than those of an ostrich egg, is a fact almost incredible.

The two-headed goose (Fig. 10), shown by a taxidermist, is an example of Nature when she has a disposition to be frivolous and surprising. Swans with two necks must have been plentiful at one period of our history, if we may judge from the large number of taverns called

“The Swan with the Two Necks”; although it must be stated that some authorities aver that “necks” is a corruption of “nicks”—marks for certain purposes.

A well-known caterer for the requirements of the stomach, who has many branches of his business about the town, is wont to attach a pair of convex mirrors (Fig. 11) outside some of his establishments, in order to lure people into his crowded, and sometimes very uncomfortable, shops. Your reflection, as seen in one mirror, is supposed to represent your very lean aspect *before* you have partaken of his very cheap meat puddings. Of course, you should rightly have a very dejected mouth, to accord with your thinness; but, despite this expectation, you are bound to smile. The companion looking-glass is intended to convey your appearance *after* having indulged

in the prominently-flattered luxuries. Concerning in what manner such a transformation is to be so quickly developed, there is no evidence forthcoming which may be accepted as truthful. But if the mirrors *do* exaggerate the facts, they answer their main purpose, and as such may be regarded as serviceable companions to the other novelties described.

An ordinary pyramid of oranges in a fruiterer’s window cannot be regarded in any way as a novelty; but a pile—or, rather, an apparent pile—such as that depicted in my illustration (Fig. 12) must be looked upon as somewhat of a curiosity, and has the merit of newness. It is a matter for surprise, when one considers the vast number of uses to which mirrors may be extended, where illusory effects are desired. Stage wonders are often obtained simply by the judicious arrangement of a number of silvered plates of glass.

The small sectional diagram annexed to the larger illustration

under reference will be clear enough, I think, to convey sufficient enlightenment respecting this novelty. An ordinary pile of oranges is placed within a small box, and a mirror laid almost horizontally in direct contact with the apex of the pyramid. The front of the case is inclosed between the front edge of the mirror and its top; and the whole is then fixed in

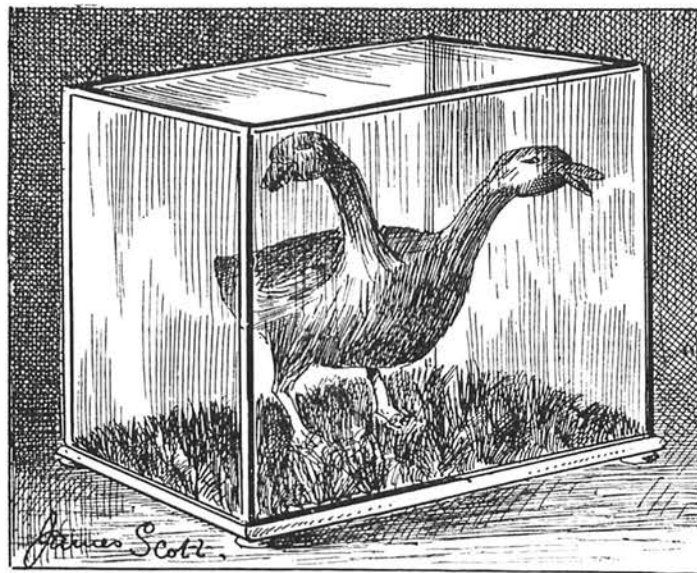


FIG. 10.—AN ATTRACTIVE FREAK.

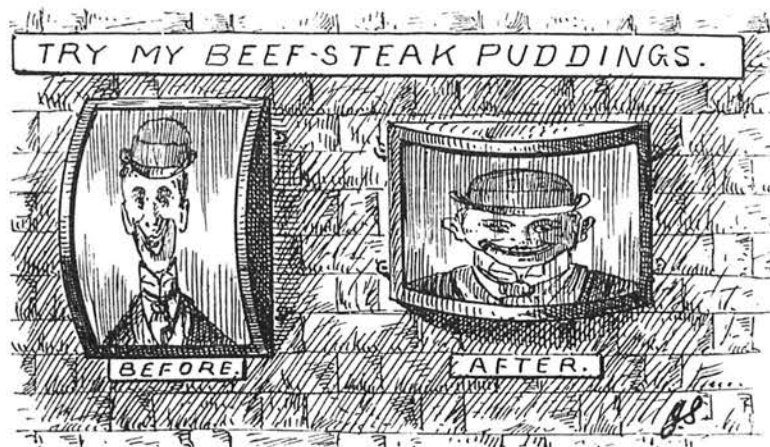


FIG. 11.—THE EFFECT OF MEAT PUDDING.

the window at an altitude almost corresponding with the height of a pedestrian's eyes. To a passer-by, the contents of the box appear as shown in the larger drawing, as the reflection of the lower half of it conceals the fact that its upper portion is really an inclosed and empty space. By judiciously papering the lower interior of the receptacle with a neat pattern, the whole appears as a long box containing a pile of fruit supporting an inverted and equal quantity.

Chicken-hatching by artificial means has become so universal a process as to excite but little comment; yet when one philosophically considers that by the aid of a specially-prepared contrivance, and the application of gathered knowledge, exercised by skilful manipulation, we are able so successfully to supplant Nature as understood by the instinctive hen, we must rank artificial incubation as one of the wonders of the age.

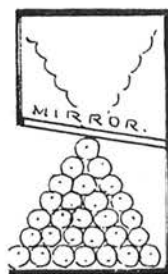
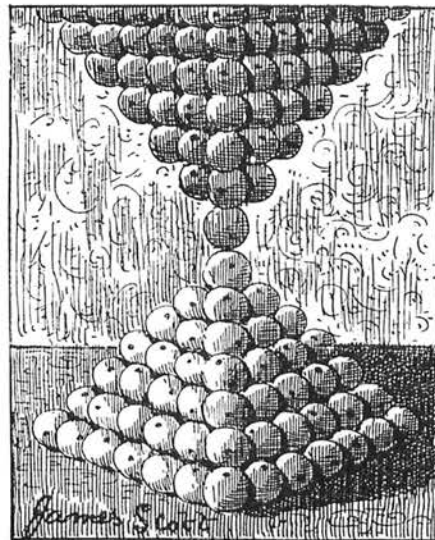


FIG. 12.—A DECEPTIVE PILE.

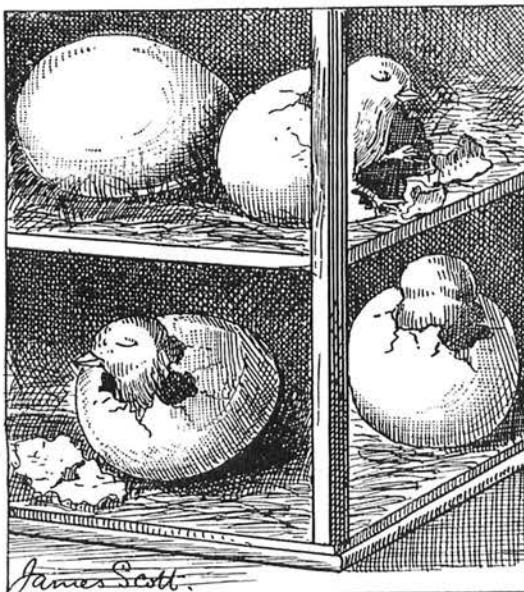


FIG. 13.—CHICKS HATCHING.

A certain West-end tradesman must be credited with possessing a keen perception of human curiosity, allied to a praiseworthy desire to satisfy that curiosity and advertise his wares simultaneously. He exposed in his window some incubators containing eggs

which belched forth their lively contents before the eyes of the public (Fig. 13). Although I have not personally witnessed the actual birth of these tiny creatures, I have seen them when they were but a few minutes old, if the term "old" is permissible. Of course, it must be admitted that the unborn chicks would not have developed sufficient shyness to debar them from issuing into this world whilst the human gaze was fixed upon them; so it was quite possible to see the actual

demolishment of the shells.

A living and apparently severed head (Fig. 14) rightly belongs to the domain of conjuring; but as at least one tradesman has availed himself of this bewildering optical illusion, I feel that it has a right to be noticed among other attractions. Certainly an enterprising shopkeeper could utilize his shop and cash to worse purposes, if he desired to supply himself with an effective advertisement. To an onlooker the spectacle appears as a severed head, possessing the full vigour of life, resting upon two brass bars fixed within a kind of cupboard. The head smiles and speaks, and proves conclusively to the wondering audience that it is devoid

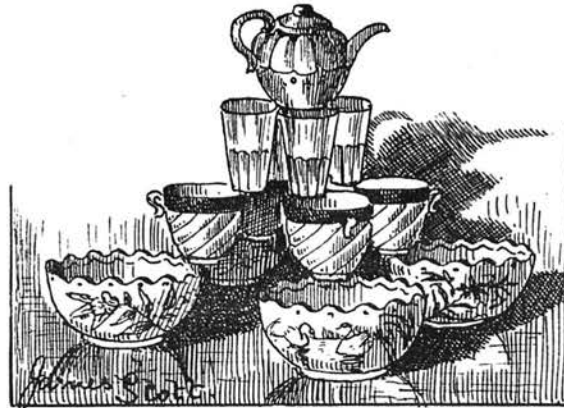


FIG. 14.—A SEVERED HEAD.

of no essential possessed by a head attached to a body. This perplexity is produced by the aid of a few mirrors and fittings placed as hereafter described. First, two boards are placed in an upright position, and are surmounted by a third one, with an intervening space of convenient dimensions. A glance at the smaller sketch will assist my brief explanation. Within the space are fitted, at right angles to each other, two upright mirrors, their front edges being bevelled from the back, each being sloped at the top to permit a third mirror, having a large central hole, to rest upon them. The top glass is a thin one, and upon its top face are laid the two longitudinal halves of one brass rod, the reflections of which provide two apparently solid rails for the head to rest upon. A young lady occupies a seat behind the mirrors, and pops her head through the opening. Her neck is surrounded by a very wide lace collar, which conceals the opening referred to. By using a floor covering having a neat geometrical pattern upon it, the mirrors may be so fixed in relation to each other as to reflect the pattern, and thus convey the idea that between the head and the floor nothing but space exists. Judicious drapery completes the illusion.

A china and glass pyramid can claim to be no more than an illusion, as nothing but skilful manipulation and a steady, firm foundation are requisite for its construction. To the passer-by an array of this kind induces com-

ments of suspicion concerning the probability of the articles being cemented and bound together; but as a matter of fact, equilibrium alone is responsible for the formation of the pyramid. Four basins, weighted with sugar or liquid of some kind, are placed at the corners of an imaginary square (Fig. 15).



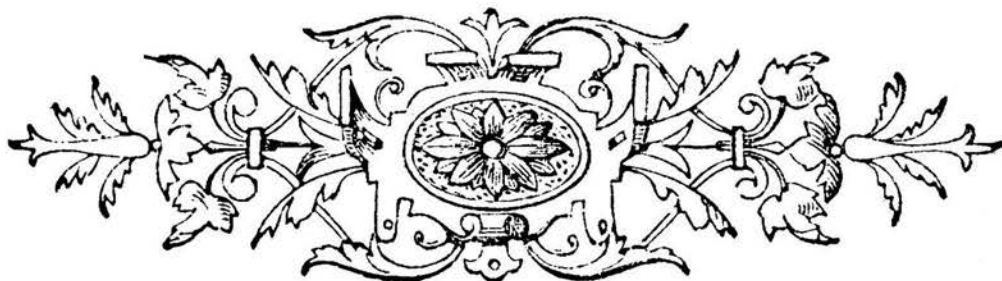
A china and glass pyramid.

FIG. 15.

Upon the rim of each basin a large cup is so balanced that its tendency is to fall into the basin. Each cup is then required to support a glass tumbler, whose tendency is to fall away from the cup. The arrangement is neatly formed in such a way that the four glasses contact with each other, and as each presses equally against its companion, nothing can possibly

fall, providing proper balancing of the cups has been secured. If the whole of the articles have been properly fixed and weighted, they will sustain a teapot or similar article. Of course, cups may be replaced by glasses, or glasses by cups, as the case may be; but in any case, more than one person must be employed upon the building of the pyramid, which should be relegated to the quieter streets, for the sufficient reason that the rattle of vehicles in a busy thoroughfare would soon destroy the fascinating equilibrium.

A universal consideration of the subject upon which I have been engaged would, perhaps, tend to bring about a more extensive application of attractive displays of novelties in some of our shop-lined streets, and cause a walk through them to be a more enjoyable occupation than can now be claimed in connection with it.



SOME
PUGS
&
EXPOSITIONS



INTERESTED
IN OUR MENU



UNDER TREATMENT.



OBJECTS TO
THE CAT.



IS OBJECTED TO
BY THE CAT.



THE CARRIAGE WAITS.



GOOD OLD DOGGIE!



BRAD DOG !!



OLD AND INFIRM

" PUG."

The Strand, 1892

HOW I ENGAGE MY SERVANTS.



AM sure many people on first reading the heading of this article will exclaim, "How you engage your servants! what a useless subject to write about! of course every one knows how to do that;" and I dare say they will feel greatly surprised when I tell them that, from much experience, I am inclined to believe that very few ladies know how to engage, in a business-like manner, the servants they employ. Before any steps are taken to inquire into character, a definite understanding should be come to, as to the exact terms of what the lawyers call "the contract" between the mistress and servant. On this careful and definite agreement, most of the future comfort of both depends. Nothing is more common than to hear a servant say, "I cannot do so-and-so, it is not my place;" or "I never undertook to do such a duty." Now, for all this a mistress has herself to blame, and every woman at the head of a household, whether large or small, should make herself thoroughly acquainted with the separate duties of each person in her house. Where the memory is treacherous, a list should be made out of the various points to be mentioned, viz.: wages—board-wages; allowances for beer, tea, sugar, &c.; dress, Sundays out, special duties, fare of servants, washing, visitors, holidays, Sunday dinners, hours of the house, special regulations.

Each lady can add to or take from this list, as she pleases, according to her own needs. The question of wages is, for most housewives, a difficult one. In the present day, wages, like everything, have advanced, and what are now asked for a "plain sober cook" are really exorbitant. I question very much if any more work be done for the high wages now paid than when they were more moderate, and the price now is far in excess of the real value of the article. The custom of giving servants board-wages has rapidly gained ground within the last few years. I myself consider it rather an incentive to dishonesty, as, unless a very strict watch be kept on the contents of the family larder, a great temptation is offered to a servant to pocket her board-wages, and help herself. It is advisable, however, to answer the question of the board-wages allowed while the family are away from home, when you engage a servant, as it saves discussion afterwards; and also to arrange the travelling expenses, if any must be allowed.

Many people at present object to give beer-money, or beer, and prefer to pay higher wages in lieu of it. I think it will be found a more satisfactory plan to dismiss the servants' beer-cask, as, unless you have very honest servants, it is liable to abuse. I believe the custom of allowing beer to servants in England has led to much drunkenness. Tea and sugar should always be allowed for, and a certain quantity, or sum of money for it, should be given out each week.

In very large houses the custom of perquisites can

hardly be abolished. In fact, it forms a not inconsiderable addition to the incomes of the servants; but a clear understanding should be come to, as to what are legitimate perquisites, and what are not. Where it is possible, however, I should make it a duty to abolish the custom, and give a higher wage on condition that nothing was sold out of the house. Where there are so many hard-working poor, to whom bones, vegetables, and grease would be acceptable, I think we are hardly justified in allowing them as perquisites. The washing is so completely a matter of special arrangement that I need not allude to it further.

The much-discussed question of followers and other visitors should be next settled. As regards the latter, a maid with a large family living near her, and many acquaintances, is a very unsatisfactory acquisition. I find the visitor question a most difficult one. Sunday evening is a favourite time for visiting, and if a young servant has a mother or sister near, it is a kindly action to give leave for them to come to tea occasionally. As regards followers, I invariably inquire, as kindly as possible, if my new maiden has a lover; and if there be really an engagement with a view to ultimate matrimony, I consider it my duty to recognise the fact, and allow such opportunity as may be possible for their seeing each other. This we ought all to do, as undoubtedly our domestic servants should have their chance to settle themselves in life. Many of my servants have married from my house into comfortable homes of their own, and I am anxious to lead them at all times into habits of saving and economy. A friend of mine, a man of very methodical habits, used to encourage his servants to put their earnings into the savings bank, by adding £1 to every £4 saved by them, and it is certainly a rare thing in the present day to find a woman who saves any portion of her wages without some such inducement. The passion for dress is so all-prevailing, from the highest to the lowest, that every penny goes in cheap finery, and no provision is laid by for sickness.

The usual rule for holidays, and for Sundays out, I find upon inquiry to be a monthly holiday, and Sunday evenings alternately with a fellow-servant. The monthly holiday can be arranged without much difficulty, by having a charwoman in for a few hours, and servants are usually anxious to help each other, in order that they may be helped again in their turn. The freedom of a whole afternoon out keeps a servant in good humour, I think; but in the case of a stranger I would inquire what friends she had to go to, as servants very often make undesirable friends, to whom they pay their visits, rather than stay at home and have it said they had no friends to go to. In this case there is a temptation to pilfer from the house, in order to take something to make themselves welcome, if not a risk of their becoming the victims of the worst class, of even designing criminals.

The last few things on my list are all household arrangements, of which a mistress should give rather minute details, in order that the person desiring to enter her service may have as perfect an idea as possible of the habits and peculiarities of the household. If she accept the conditions offered to her, she cannot complain if a strict compliance be enforced.

A lady I knew some years ago, who was an excellent manager and mistress, had a very good method of keeping her servants' wages-book; which, for the benefit of young housekeepers, I shall mention here. She entered after the name of each servant, the date of her coming, in what capacity, by whom recommended, the particulars of the character she had received with her, and the amount of wages she was to receive, and sometimes even the duties to be performed. Then followed the entries of wages paid, for as long as she remained. When she left, a short terse notice closed the page of her life in my friend's service. In this notice were carefully enumerated her good qualities, as well as her faults, why she left, and what she could do best. One notice I remember well. It was "Good for nothing except cleaning lamps; at that she was a perfect genius, and we never had such comfort before. Had a passion for pickles."

The ordinary way of proceeding, after an interview with the candidate for your service, is to inquire from her the whereabouts of her last place, and take the address for the purpose of inquiring into her character. From some mistresses it is extremely difficult to get a truthful character. They do not wish to injure the servant by saying what they know of her, and they are also afraid to do so, for servants have been known to threaten their mistress with prosecution if she gave them a bad character. I believe you are not obliged to give a character, but in the case of a servant with whom I am dissatisfied, I give the character I received with her, if a letter, into her own hands before leaving me, and tell her frankly I have not been suited, so that she had better depend on the character with which she came to me, and not on any I could give her. A friend of mine told me, the other day, that she always made it a rule to inform a girl, on entering her service, that her character depended upon the way she behaved; for "When you leave," my friend said, "I shall speak of you exactly as you are, both as to your faults and your good points." This, I think, is really the most honest way. A servant then knows what she has to expect. I cannot too severely blame those ladies who take servants without characters. This state of things has been brought about, I know, by the false and utterly unreliable characters which have been given with worthless people. But any one so foolish as to receive a stranger unrecommended into her house, has only herself to blame for whatever may happen. I had one experience in my life, some years ago, which was a lesson I have never forgotten, on the subject of characters to servants; and as it may teach some other mistress, as I was taught, I shall tell the story. I had not long

taken into my service a quiet-looking, rather timid young woman, as housemaid; her character from her last mistress was that she was "slow," but "very sweet-tempered, and anxious to please." She had been with me about a month, when one day a lady who had come to pay a morning visit saw her in the passage, as she was entering the house, and in the course of conversation asked me, with a very portentous face, "if I knew whom I had taken into my service?" I said, "Yes," and gave a short account of where I had heard of my new maid, and with whom she had lived. "Ah!" said the lady, "that is all very well, but she left my service two years ago for stealing!" I felt quite horror-struck, but made no answer. I am a very slow thinker naturally, and I wanted time to take in the idea. "A thief"—that quiet, timid creature, with stag-like eyes—no! not for a moment could I believe the story. I would inquire into it, of course, but I could not believe it.

When my visitor had departed, a low tap at the drawing-room door was soon followed by the entrance of poor Jane with tearful face.

"What is it, Jane?" I asked gently.

"Oh, if you please, ma'am, I saw Mrs. Robinson come in, and I know she told you I was a thief. But indeed, indeed it is not true," asseverated poor Jane, with a burst of sobs.

"I did not quite believe Mrs. Robinson's story, Jane," I said kindly. "You know Mrs. L— gave me a good character with you; and I should like to hear your story of your troubles with Mrs. Robinson, as I feel sure there is some mistake."

And so, with many tears, Jane told me she had lived with Mrs. Robinson almost a year, when one day a brooch was missed, and as it could not be found when sought for, Mrs. Robinson had accused her of taking it. In vain she had opened her boxes, and asserted her innocence of the charge; though Mrs. Robinson had found nothing in them, she still declared Jane had stolen the brooch and made away with it out of the house. She dismissed her at once, and Jane went home to her mother's, heart-broken. Fortunately, Mrs. L— had known her mother for many years, and had not required any character with her; and Jane had been with her until she went to America.

"Indeed I never saw it, I never took it, and mother would tell you I never gave it to her," wept poor Jane, and I could not help believing the girl. So I said comfortingly—

"Never mind now, Jane; that will do. I feel sure Mrs. Robinson was mistaken. Go back to your work, and don't cry, nor think of it any more."

"And may I stay with you, ma'am?" said Jane, looking up pitifully into my face.

"Yes, of course," I answered, "and I will trust you as if I had never heard the story."

It may be wondered at that I should have so dismissed so serious a charge; and I felt, when I came to consider the case, rather surprised at myself. But there was a feeling of something about the girl which

I could not put aside. Her distress was so real and so pitiful, her manner so meek and timid, that I could not believe her a thief; and I was right. I heard, some time afterwards, that Mrs. Robinson had found

the brooch in a disused dress, and had cleared Jane's character. Jane lived with me until she married: an affectionate, tender-hearted servant; slow in her ways, undoubtedly, but faithful and willing.



PRACTICAL POINTS OF LAW.

By A LAWYER.

WEDLOCK.



MARRIAGES must be celebrated between 8 A.M. and 3 P.M.

The consent of parents and guardians is not now essential for the validity of a marriage made by licence between minors. Infants under twenty-one years of age can legally enter into the marriage contract.

But no breach of promise action can be brought against an infant,

although an infant can bring such an action against an adult. Thus if a man twenty-one years of age becomes engaged to a girl who is under that age, if she breaks off the engagement, he cannot bring an action for breach of promise against her, because she is not legally, although morally, bound by her contract.

But if he breaks faith with her an action will lie against him.

A person who marries a Ward of Court without the leave of the Court, whether such Ward be a boy or a girl, may be committed to prison for contempt of Court.

In marriage by banns care should be taken that the banns are published correctly; wilful mispublication of the banns may render the marriage void.

Non-residence in the parish will not affect the validity of the marriage after the ceremony has been performed.

A residence in the parish since yesterday is sufficient to entitle a person to give notice as a parishioner.

Marriage with a deceased wife's sister is illegal, except in Jersey, and then only between persons domiciled there.

When marrying a foreigner the greatest care must be exercised to make the union a valid one according to the laws of the country of the alien.

Otherwise the marriage may be valid in England and void abroad.

Inquiries, therefore, should be made at the Consulate of the foreigner, or of the Ambassador of his country.

Wedding presents, which are usually presented to the bride, become the separate property of the wife; and if her husband becomes bankrupt they cannot be claimed by his creditors.

All property belonging to a woman at the time of her marriage, or acquired by, or devolving upon her afterwards, can be disposed of by her as she pleases.

All money earned by the exercise of any literary, artistic, or scientific skill, or as wages, or otherwise, by the wife, belongs to her alone.

A wife's wearing apparel and ornaments, suitable to her rank, are called paraphernalia.

A widow is entitled to paraphernalia over and above her dower.

Pin-money is the wife's allowance for dress, and must be used for dress.

No account for arrears of pin-money can be carried beyond a year.

Therefore ladies should see that their pin-money is paid at the proper time.

When a man effects a policy of insurance on his life, which is expressed to be for the benefit of his wife, the insurance moneys will not be subject to his debts.

And the converse is good when the wife effects the insurance on her life for the benefit of her husband or of her children.

The savings of a married woman's separate estate become part of her separate estate.

Thus, when the furniture had been settled on the wife, and she, from time to time, renewed it with her own money, her husband's creditors were not allowed to attach it.

A married woman, with separate property of her own, may be compelled to maintain her husband, children, and grandchildren.

A woman, carrying on a trade separately from her husband, may be made a bankrupt.

A married woman is liable for a debt contracted before her marriage; the husband is only liable to the extent of property to which he has become entitled through his wife.

An infant widow is liable to pay for her deceased husband's funeral expenses.

If her husband dies intestate, *i.e.*, without leaving a will, the wife takes one-third, or one-half of his personal estate, according to whether he leaves any children or not.

On the death of the husband, the mother becomes the guardian of the children, either alone or jointly with any guardian appointed by the father.

My Diving-Dress.

BY ONE WHO HAS DONE WITH IT.



LARGE part of my life has been spent in seeking and experiencing novel sensations. Precisely what quality of mind it is that urges me to try experiments with myself and other things I do not know positively; but I firmly believe it to be dauntless intrepidity. My fond mother, in early days, used to call it a noble thirst for information, and predicted for me a life of scientific eminence; other people have been so ill-natured as to call it abject imbecility, and to predict an early grave from a broken neck or a dynamite explosion, or something equally sensational and decided. Never mind what it is. In boyhood's days it led me once up the chimney, once on a river in a wash-tub, once down a gravel-pit with a broken head, and frequently across my father's knee, with a pain in another place. Since I have arrived at years of discretion (or greater indiscretion—just as you please), it has taken me up in a balloon, out to sea in a torpedo-boat, up the Matterhorn (with no guide but a very general map of Europe, having the height of the mountain marked on it in very plain figures), along Cheapside on a bicycle at mid-day, to a football match in the capacity of referee, and lastly, and most recently, down under water in a diving-dress. Many of these experiences were sharp enough while they lasted, and the diving was as disturbing as most; but, still, I believe nothing was quite so uncomfortable as the football refereeship.

But, just now, I am concerned only with the diving. I

have been now and again to Whitstable, where, I believe by some remarkable process of Nature, every third male person is born a diver. Anyway, Whitstable is the place where divers mostly grow, and where I caught the temptation to go a-diving myself. I should feel grateful to any obliging Anarchist who would blow up Whitstable to-morrow.

I mentioned my desire to one or two old divers who had permitted me to make their acquaintance in consideration of a suitable succession of drinks, but met with jeers and suspicion. I believe they were afraid of opposition in the business. But Whitstable never produced a diver that could put me off. I took the royal road. I bought a diving-dress for myself—how much I paid I shall not say here, for why should an unsympathetic world measure my lunacy by pounds, shillings, and pence?—especially as that would make rather a long measurement of it. Never mind what I paid. I got the dress, and I also got permission to go down and amuse myself on a

sunken coasting vessel lying off Shoeburyness.

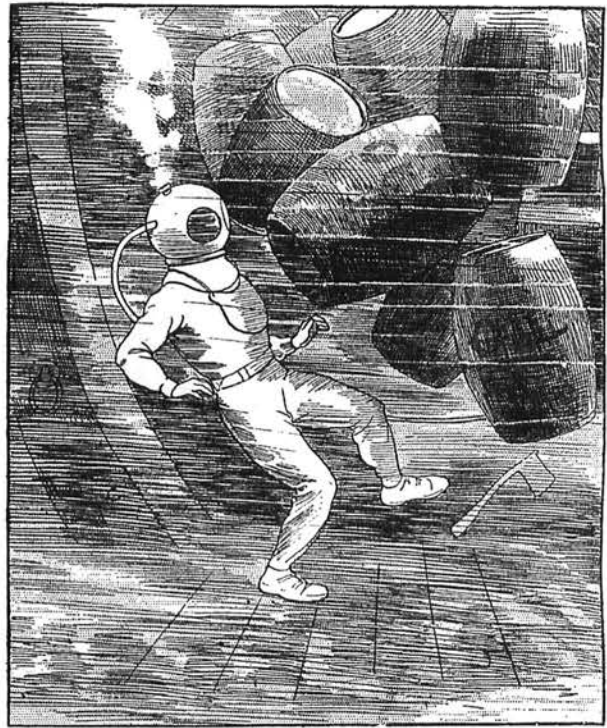
It was a very noble diving-suit, and the new india-rubber squeaked musically as I moved, and smelt very refreshing. There was a shield-shaped plate, rather like a label on a decanter, hanging on my chest, that would have looked more complete with "Whisky," or some similar inscription, on it. There was a noble metal collar—about thirty-two, the size would have been, on the usual scale. I had also a very fetching red night-cap,



"MY DIVING-DRESS."

while my helmet was a terror to all beholders. I don't mind confessing to a certain amount of discomfort while they were building me up in this dress—partly due to a vivid imagination. The helmet made me think of the people in the story who put hot-pots on the heads of strangers, and I seemed stifling at once. What if I were unpacked at last from this smelly integument—a corpse? But this was unmanly and undiverlike. There wasn't much comfort to be got out of the leaden shoes—try a pair for yourself and see—but when all was ready I made a shift to get overboard and down the ladder provided. It was not a great deal of the outer world that I could see through my windows, and I hung on to that ladder with something of a desperate clutch. When at last the water stretched away level around my windows, then, I confess, I hesitated for a moment. But I made the next step with a certain involuntary blink, and I was under water. All the heaviness—or most of it—had gone out of my feet, and all my movements partook of a curiously easy yet slowish character. It looked rather dark below me, and I tried to remember the specific gravity of the human body in figures by way of keeping jolly. At the top of my helmet the air-escape-valve bubbled genially, and I tried to think of myself as rather a fine figure of a monster among the fish, with a plume of bubbles waving over my head. You do think of trivial things on certain cheerful occasions. Remember Fagin in the dock, for instance.

It was not as long as it seemed before I was on the wreck, and down below in the nearest hold. Regular professionals had already been at work, and access to different parts of the ship had been made easy. Now, in this big hold was an immense number of barrels, stood on end and packed tightly together—barrels of oil, to judge from externals. I tried to move one, but plainly they were all jammed



"I WAS ENGULFED IN AN AWFUL CONVULSION."

tightly together, and not one would shift. I took the light axe with which I had furnished myself, using it alternately as wedge and lever, and at last felt the barrel move. I had certainly loosened it, and pulled up the axe with the intention of trying to lift the barrel, when I was suddenly engulfed in an awful convulsion as of many earthquakes in a free fight. The world was a mob of bouncing oil-barrels, which hit me everywhere as I floundered in intricate somersaults, and finally found myself staggering at the bottom of the hold, and staring at the roof, whereunto all the barrels were sticking like balloons, absolutely blocking up the hatchway above me.



"IN THE HOLD WERE AN IMMENSE NUMBER OF BARRELS,"

What was this? Some demoniac practical joke of fiends inhabiting this awful green sea about me? Were they grinning at me from corners of the hold? or had some vast revolution in the ways

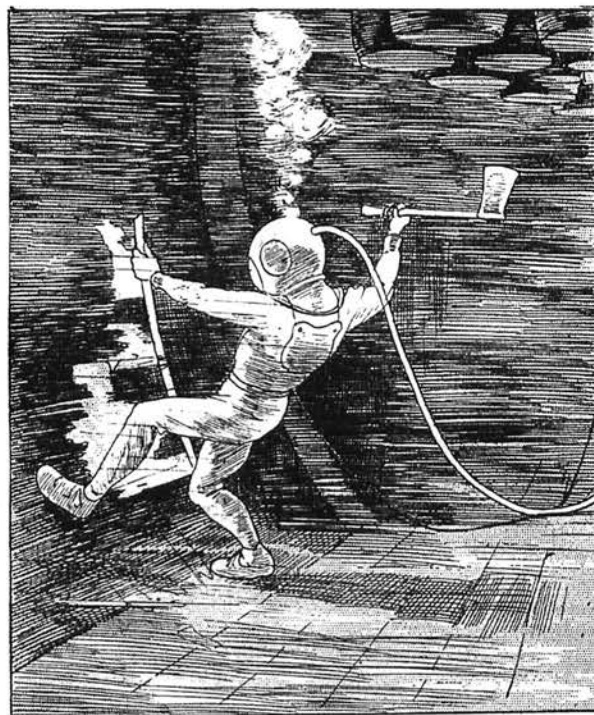
of Nature taken place in a second, and the law of gravity been reversed? It was not at all warm down there, but I perspired violently. Then a notion flashed upon me. Those barrels must have been *empty*. Jammed together, they stayed below, of course, but once the jam was loosened they would fly at once towards the surface. Then I thought more. I had been an ass. Of course, those barrels would do as they had done, even were they full of oil. Oil floats on water, as anybody should know. They might be either full or empty, it didn't matter a bit. I had forgotten that I was moving in a different element from the air I was used to, where barrels of oil did *not* incontinently fly up into space without warning. Obviously, I had made a fool of myself, but I had some comfort in the reflection that there was nobody about to see it. Then it came upon me suddenly that I would rather have someone there after all, for I was helpless! Those horrible barrels were having another jam in the hatchway now, and my retreat was cut off entirely. Here I was like a rat in a cage, boxed in on every side. My communication-cord and my air-pipe led up between the barrels, to outer safety; but what of that? I perspired again. What would happen to me now? Why did I ever make a submarine Guy Fawkes of myself, and thus go fooling about, where I had no business, at the end of a flexible gas-pipe? If I could have dated myself back an hour at that moment, I believe I should have changed my mind about going in for this amusement. At this, I began thinking about trivial things again—how, paraphrasing a certain definition of angling, diving might be described as matter of a pipe with a pump at one end and something rather worse than a fool at the other. I determined, if ever I got out alive, to fire off that epigram at the earliest possible moment—so here it is.

I made an effort, pulled myself to-

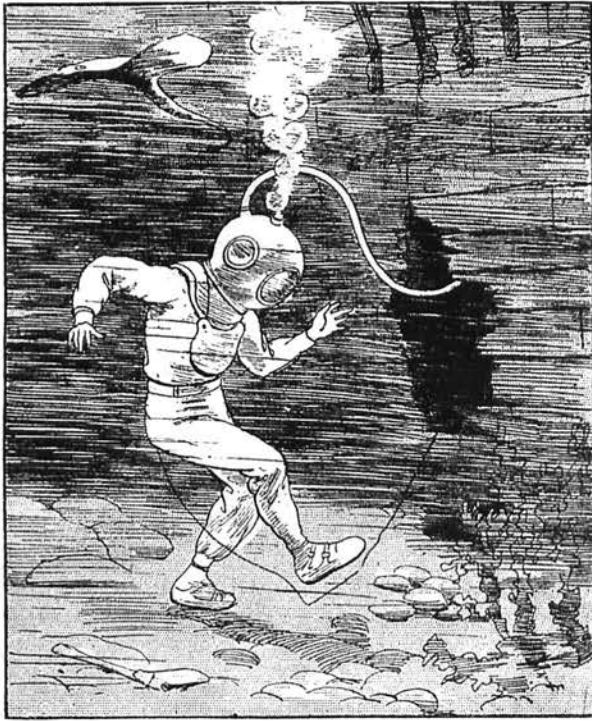
gether, and determined on heroic measures. My axe lay near, and, with a little groping, I found it. I would hew my way out of this difficulty through the side of the vessel. I turned on the inoffensive timbers at my side and hacked away viciously—with, I really fancy, a certain touch of that wild, stern, unholy joy that anyone feels who is smashing somebody else's property with no prospect of having to pay for it. Every boy with a catapult, who lives near an empty house, will understand the feeling I mean—especially if the empty house has a large conservatory.

The timbers were certainly stout. The work was a bit curious to the senses—the axe feeling to work with a deal more dash and go than the arm that directed it. At any rate, the exercise was pretty hard. Any millionaire in want of an excellent, healthy, and expensive exercise should try chopping his way through the sides of ships—it will do him a world of good, and will be as expensive as anybody could possibly desire. After a while I found I had well started a plank, and, once through, chopping away round the hole was not so difficult. Still, when I had a hole big enough to get through, I did not feel by any means as fresh as I had done when first that horrible copper pot was screwed down over my head.

I squeezed through the hole, and at the first step I had ever made on the real seabottom, I fell a savage and complicated cropper over my communication-cord. I got up, but, as I stepped clear of the cord, a frightful conviction seized my mind that I was a bigger fool than I had ever given myself credit for being. What in the world was the good of getting out through the side of the vessel when that communication-cord—my only means of signalling—and that air-pipe—my only means of submarine life—led up through the boat itself and among those execrated oil-barrels? Awful! Awful! I sat down helplessly on a broken rock and stared blankly through my windows. To weep



"I HACKED AWAY VICIOUSLY."



"AWFUL!"

would have been mere bravado, with so much salt water already about me. I tried to signal with the communication-cord, but it was caught somewhere in that congregation of oil-barrels. It seemed to be all up, except myself, who was all down, with no prospect of ever rising in the world again. Shadowy forms came and went in the water about me, and I speculated desperately in how long or how short a time these sea-creatures would be having a dinner-party, with *me* as the chief attraction. I wondered, casually, whether the india-rubber would agree with them, and hoped that it would not. Then I wondered what they would take for the indigestion, and I thought they would probably take each other—it's their way, I believe. I was wandering on in this way, and had just feebly recollected that there was four pounds eight and something in my pockets above, which was a pity, because I might have spent it first, and that I owed my landlady fifteen-and-six, which was a good job, because it would compensate for that claret she said the cat drank, when an inspiration seized me—a great inspiration. I should probably have called out "Eureka!" as did the venerable discoverer of that principle of specific gravity that had lately (literally) taken a rise out of me, if I had thought of it, but I didn't, which was fortunate, because it is rather a chestnut after all.

This was my notion—a desperate one, but

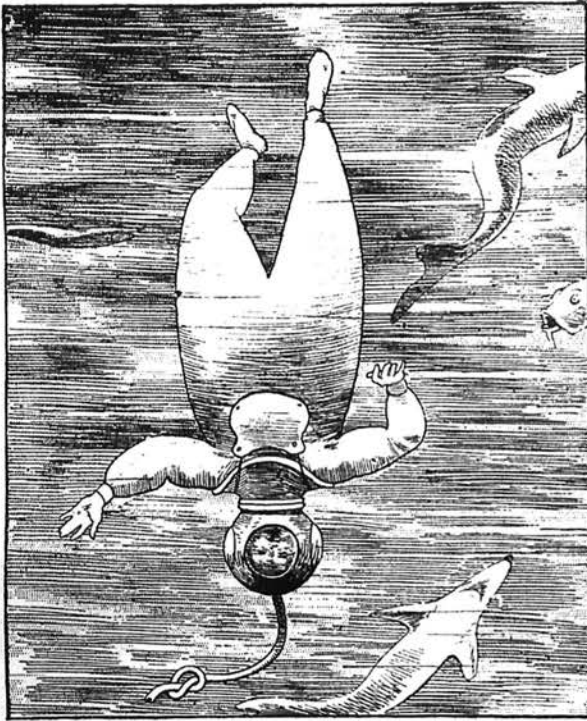
still one with hope in it. I would shut off the air-escape valve on my helmet, so that the air being pumped in would inflate my india-rubber dress like a bladder. Then I would cut my air-pipe and communication cord, stuffing the pipe and tying it as best I might, take off my leaden shoes and rise to the surface triumphantly, like an air-cushion, or, say, an oil barrel. Specific gravity having taken a rise—all the rise—out of me, I would proceed to take a rise out of specific gravity; a great, glorious, and effective rise to the upper world. No office-boy on promotion ever looked forward to his rise with more hope than I to mine. It was a desperate expedient certainly, but what else to do?

I took off one leaden shoe and loosened the other, ready to kick away. I shut the escape-valve. I cut the cord with my axe on the rock I had been sitting on, and then, when the air had blown out my dress to most corpulent proportions, I took the decisivestroke. I chopped through the air-pipe. I stuffed it as well as possible and tied it in some sort of a knot—it was *very* stiff—in a great hurry, and then—I kicked off the leaden shoe.



"I TOOK OFF ONE LEADEN SHOE."

Never, never, never—even if I live on Jupiter after this planet is blown to shivers—shall I forget the result of my forlorn-hope dodge. I kicked off the shoe, as I have said, and, in an instant, the whole universe of waters turned upside down and swirled away beyond my head. In sober fact, *I* had turned upside down—as I might have known



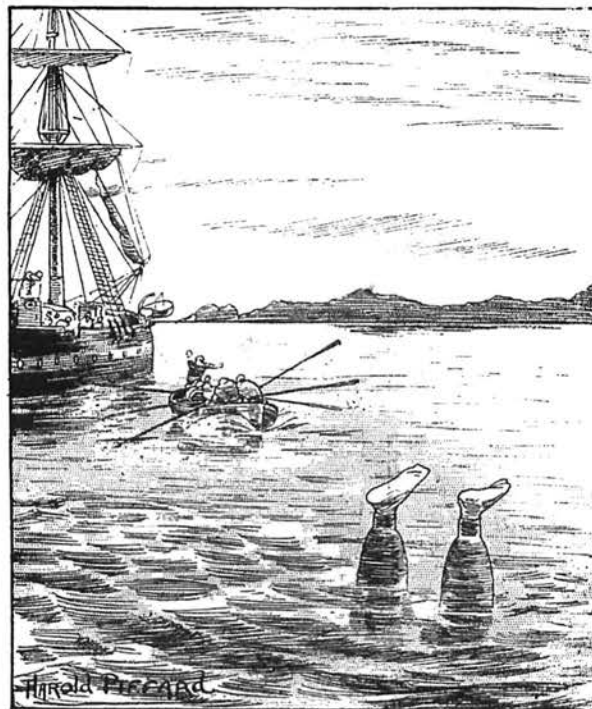
" I HAD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN."

I should do, if only I hadn't been a bigger fool than ever.

Of course, the moment my leaden shoes went, *down* came my copper head-pot, being my heaviest part, and up went my feet. I had a pretty quick rise, certainly, but I prefer not to recall my feelings during the rush. I can quite understand now why a rise in the world makes some people giddy. All that I had before

felt of amazement and horror, I now felt multiplied by fifty and squeezed into about two seconds, so that they felt like ten hours. Up through that awful water and those moving shadows I went, feeling that I was in reality held still, like a man in a nightmare. When at last I stopped, I felt that it was but a matter of moments, and the air would leak away through that cut tube, and I should go down again, still head under, for the last time, to die in that grisly combination of mackintosh and copper kettle; also I felt choking, stifling, when—something had me roughly by the ankle, and I was dragged, a wretched rag of misplaced ambition, into a boat. The appearance of my legs sticking out above water had, it seemed, caused intense amusement among the boat's crew—a circumstance which probably ought to have gratified me, although it didn't.

I have little more to add, except that I shudder, to this day, whenever I see an acrobat standing on his head, because it is so graphically remindful. But, if anybody is thinking of going in for diving by way of placid enjoyment, I shall be delighted to treat with him for the sale and purchase of a most desirable diving-dress in unsoiled condition, cut in the most fashionable style, with a fascinating copper helmet and commodious collar, and a neat label for the chest. The shoes will not be included in the bargain, having been inadvertently left in a damp place.





PIANOFORTE FRONTS: AND HOW TO DECORATE THEM.

By FRED MILLER.

THERE are few places in a room that better repay the time spent upon beautifying them than pianoforte fronts, viz., that part which in many pianos is occupied by fretwork and pleated silk. It is a capital situation for putting in a little nice decoration, for whatever is placed there is seen to great advantage. The first thing to be done towards decorating this part of a piano is to carefully measure the opening that receives the fretwork, and it may be necessary to remove this fretwork to take the size accurately, though this is not often the case. The pleated silk is often stretched over a light framework of wood, and where this is

the case the old silk can be removed and the painted silk tacked on to the existing framework. In some cases the silk is tacked on to the framework of the piano, and it is perhaps hardly necessary to have a framework made, as the silk to replace the old front can likewise be tacked on the framework when finished. There must be sufficient silk to allow of its being turned over and round. Some of the fine coloured satins, such as those used for embroidering, will be found to be a very suitable material for painting on if you decide to paint the design. The Adolphi medium mentioned in my hints on painting a

mantel border is the vehicle I recommend for using with the ordinary oil colours in tubes. This medium dries quickly, and as it makes the colour elastic, there is little danger of the painting cracking or peeling off. You use the medium as you would turpentine to dilute the colours, and there is no necessity to use any other medium with the colours. The plan of painting the lights on thickly, and the darks on thinly, so that the material shows through, as I advocated in the case of plush or velvet, may be resorted to in the case of silk or satin. The colours need not in any case be painted on very thickly, as very little body of colour is



required to cover, and the less thickness of colour there is upon the silk the better chance there is of the colour standing. Peacock blues and greens, olive green, and old gold are effective colours for painting on, though I give the preference to dark colours, as the painting is so much more effective on a dark than on a light ground. Old gold is more difficult to treat, as certain tones of green are not effective upon it, and being, as it is, a sort of middle tint between dark and light, unless some care be exercised much of the work painted upon it is apt to be lost.

When the design has been painted the bronze colours may be employed to complete the effect, and an outline of gold would enrich the design. The festoon at back of flowers might be put in wholly in gold, so also might the lines which divide the space up into panels.

In addition to the gold outline, the flowers and leaves might be finished with touches of the bronze colours.

This design might also be effectively worked in crewels or silk, and a little gold thread might be introduced. The leaves should be worked in crewels of good substance, with good bold stitches, and the flowers in silk.

The festoon at back might be just outlined in gold-coloured silk, or with gold thread, together with the dividing lines, though, of course, there is no reason why these ornamental features should not be omitted should it be thought that the work is sufficiently effective without them.

The plants chosen—the daffodil, iris, poppy, and chrysanthemum—are so familiar to all my readers that I feel sure they will have little difficulty in enlarging and carrying out the design should they feel so disposed. The plants are slightly conventionalised, so as to simplify them for working, and by panelling out the space, and introducing the festoons at back of flowers, a certain "oneness" and completeness is given to the design, which perhaps would be lacking were the flowers merely placed on the silk at regular intervals with nothing to bind them together and make them one.

There are plenty of decorative schemes besides the one given that would make effective pianoforte fronts. A head of some great musician, supported on either side by foliage or cupids; or cupids holding a medallion of a musician; or, again, cupids playing on

musical instruments, with flowers and butterflies; or again, a field of flowers with birds and butterflies suggest themselves to everyone, and only want to be carried out to be effective.

The backs of cottage pianos are also capital places to decorate, more especially as it is the custom in many homes to have the piano standing in the room with the back exposed to view. With your Editor's kind permission, I shall give in another number a design for the back of a pianoforte, and shall then have something more to say about it.

Be careful to make the colours harmonise with the ground, especially in the case of paintings upon silk or satin. The darker the colour of the ground the greater the need of care to avoid crudity, as a comparatively low-toned colour on the palette will look quite crude and harsh on the dark silk. Make the greens of yellows toned with burnt and raw sienna, and use indigo for dark greens rather than Antwerp blue. Antwerp blue always requires toning with burnt sienna or other warm colour when mixed with yellow. Cobalt and yellow ochre make good grey greens with white.



FRUIT PUDDINGS.

By the Author of "Summer Puddings," "Savouries," etc.



So many people get tired of the ordinary way of serving fruit simply stewed or as a tart, that I hope the following collection of recipes of different and dainty ways of utilising fruit may be used to vary somewhat the monotony of a wholesome article of diet.

Apple Pudding.—Six apples peeled and

cut up in pieces, one quince, half a teacupful of water, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, the rind of half a lemon, one teaspoonful of lemon juice and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Put all into an enamelled pan and stew to a soft pulp and rub through a sieve. If the apples have been cooked very soft and are free from lumps, then it is not necessary to put them through a sieve.

Into the pulp stir three eggs, well beaten, a quarter of a pound of stale bread or cake crumbs grated, a dash of nutmeg, and two tablespoonfuls of milk. Pour into a tin mould previously well buttered inside and dusted with crumbs and bake in a good oven for quite an hour, turn out and serve with fine sugar over the top.

Apple Soufflé.—Butter the outside of a pie-dish and cover with pastry made as follows—

Six ounces of flour, three ounces of butter, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, and the yolk of an egg. Rub butter, sugar, and flour together, then mix to a paste with the beaten yolk and a little water. Roll out in the usual way, cut to the size of your dish, cover, and put into a good oven to bake, and slip off, and then you

have a dish of paste. Meanwhile peel and core one and a half pounds of apples, and stew them with a quarter of a pound of sugar and juice and grated rind of half a lemon till quite soft; then stir in half-a-dozen ratafia biscuits and a penny sponge cake crumbled down, the yolks of two eggs and a drop of water. Cook on the fire again for a minute or two, then pour into the pastry-dish and spread over the top the whites of the three eggs beaten to a stiff froth with a tablespoonful of sifted sugar, dust sugar on the top and ornament with ratafia biscuits and preserved cherries to taste, then place in a nearly cold oven to slightly brown.

Apple Fritters.—Make a batter of a pint of milk, two well-beaten eggs, and flour enough to make a thick batter. Pare, core, and chop up into small pieces six apples, mix into the batter and fry in spoonfuls in boiling lard deep enough to cover the fritters. Fritters can also be made by slicing pared and cored apples, dipping them into thick pancake batter and frying them in butter.

Apple Dumplings.—Six apples pared and cored, six ounces of dripping, one pound of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, two ounces of sugar.

Put flour, powder, and salt in a basin, rub in the dripping lightly, then make into a stiff paste with water. Divide into six pieces, roll out and place an apple on each, fill up cores with sugar and work paste round each apple till covered, brush over with milk, place on a greased tin and bake from half an hour to three-quarters.

Apple Meringue.—Stew six apples pared and cored till soft, then stir in a small piece of butter. When cold add a cup of grated bread-crumbs, the yolks of two eggs, a tip of salt, sugar to taste, and a small cup of milk.

Butter a dinner plate, cover it with short crust or puff paste, make a fancy border, and bake till done. In the middle pour the apple batter, and heat up. Take the whites of the eggs, beat stiff with half a teacup of fine sugar

and a few drops of essence of lemon, pile on the top of apples to cover them, place in oven to set but not to brown. Sprinkle pink sugar over the top and serve hot or cold.

Apple Pudding (American).—One quart of milk, four eggs, three cupfuls of chopped apples, the juice of a lemon and half the grated rind, nutmeg to taste and a pinch of cinnamon, one quarter of a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda dissolved in a little vinegar, flour enough to make a stiff batter. Beat the yolks of the eggs very light, add the milk and seasoning, then the flour; stir hard for five minutes, then beat in the apples, then the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth, and lastly mix the soda well in. Bake in two square shallow tins, buttered, for one hour. Cover with a buttered paper when half done to prevent it hardening. Eaten hot with a sweet sauce.

Apple Meringue Pudding.—One pint of stewed apples, three eggs (yolks and whites beaten separately), a half cupful of fine sugar and one dessertspoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of nutmeg and cinnamon mixed, one teaspoonful of lemon juice. Add sugar, spices, butter and yolks to the apples while hot, pour into a buttered dish and bake for ten minutes. Cover while still in the oven with a meringue made of the stiffly-beaten whites, two tablespoonfuls of castor sugar and a little almond essence. Spread it smoothly and quickly, close the oven again and brown slightly. Eat cold with cream and sugar.

Apple Omelette.—Six apples, one tablespoonful of butter, nutmeg to taste, and a teaspoonful of rose-water.

Stew the apples as for sauce, beat them smooth while hot, adding the butter, sugar and nutmeg. When perfectly cold put in the yolks beaten well, then the rose-water, and lastly the whites whipped stiff; pour into a warmed and buttered pie-dish. Bake in a moderate oven till delicately browned.

Brown Betty.—One cupful of bread-crumbs, two cups of sour chopped apples, half a cupful of sugar, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, and two

tablespoonfuls of butter chopped into small bits.

Butter a deep pie-dish, put a layer of apples at the bottom, sprinkle with sugar, cinnamon and pieces of butter, then crumbs, then another layer of apples, sugar, and so on till the dish is full, having crumbs on the top. Cover closely and bake in a moderate oven for three-quarters of an hour, then uncover, sprinkle with a little sugar and brown quickly.

Apple Batter Pudding.—One pint of rich milk, two cups of flour, four eggs, a teaspoonful of salt, a quarter of a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water.

Peel and core eight apples, and arrange them closely together in a pie-dish. Beat the above batter till light and pour it over the apples and bake for one hour in a good oven. Unless the apples are very sweet, the cores should be filled up with sugar.

Apples and Tapioca.—One teacupful of tapioca, six juicy sweet apples, a quart of water and some salt.

Soak the tapioca in three cups of lukewarm water in a pan, put the pan back on the range and let it just keep warm for several hours till the tapioca becomes a clear jelly. Peel, core, and pack the apples together in a dish, fill the centres with sugar, cover and steam in the oven, then put the tip of salt into the tapioca, and pour it over the apples, return to the oven and leave till quite cooked—about an hour. Serve with cream. If there is any objection to the appearance of the pudding, then a beaten white of egg can be spread over it just before removing from the oven.

German Apple Tart.—One and three-quarter pounds of apples, quarter of a pound of dates.

Peel, core, and cut the apples into small pieces, stone and quarter the dates, and put them in a pan with a very little water and stew till soft. Then stir in two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one ounce of butter, one teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of ginger. Beat smooth, then turn out to cool.

Make a short crust of half a pound of flour, two ounces of castor sugar, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, a small teaspoonful of baking powder, and a quarter of a pound of butter. Rub all together and work into a dough with the yolk of one egg and half a teacup of milk. Divide the dough into three pieces, roll out for bottom and sides a little thicker than the piece for the top. Line tin, fill up with the apple mixture, smooth on top, then lay third piece of crust over it, pinching the edge to the side crust, then bake in a moderate oven for half an hour. Beat the white of the egg to a stiff froth, sift in two ounces of castor sugar, a drop or two of lemon juice, and then spread evenly on top of the tart when nearly cool, and leave to set.

Apple Mould.—One and a half pounds of apples, pare, core, and cut in quarters, put in a pan with half a pound of sugar and four ounces of butter. Stew till soft, but keep the pieces whole, lift them on to a sieve and let the syrup run into a dish. Butter a pudding-dish, line it with thin fingers of bread, lay in the pieces of apple, cover with slices of bread, brush over with egg, pour over some syrup, and bake in a moderate oven for three-quarters of an hour. Turn out and serve with sauce.

Apple Charlotte.—One and a half pounds of apples, peel, core, and cut up, and put on to stew with very little water and three ounces of sugar. When soft rub through a sieve, then put back into the pan, add four ounces more sugar and simmer till thick, taking care not to let the pulp burn.

Cut some stale bread into fingers, dip into melted butter, and arrange them round a well-buttered pudding mould, lapping one edge over the other and pressing firmly down, cover the bottom with rounds of bread in the same

way, shake in some bread-crumbs, fill up with the apples, place more rounds of bread on the top, put into the oven and bake for an hour. Turn on to a dish, let it stand a few minutes, then draw off the mould and dust sugar over. By allowing the mould to remain a little, there is less danger of it sticking.

Before leaving the recipes for apples, I would like to give an excellent way of stewing. Pare the apples, quarter them, take out the cores, and cut the quarters into thin slices, then put them into a pan, put sugar over them to taste, shake it down through the fruit, then put a piece of white paper over, tucking it well round the edges to keep in the steam, then put on the lid, and set the pan at the side of the fire and shake occasionally till it heats.

The steam generated by the moisture of the apples is quite enough to prevent burning, and if care is taken in shaking the pan well there is no fear of burning. Stew slowly till soft. By using no water, the flavour of the fruit is much finer and the apples become a clear jelly and are most delicious to taste.

Gooseberry Fool.—Take a quart of green gooseberries, put them, after topping and tailing them, into a pan with four ounces of loaf sugar and stew them as directed for the apples—without water. When soft, rub them through a sieve, and then stir into the purée half a pint of thick cream, stir all together, add more sugar if required, then when cold pour into a crystal dish. Garnish with whipped cream on the top.

Gooseberry Pudding.—One pint of nearly ripe gooseberries, six slices of stale bread toasted, one cupful of milk, half a cupful of sugar, and one tablespoonful of melted butter. Stew the gooseberries very slowly so as not to break them. Cut your bread to fit your pudding-dish, toast the pieces, then dip while hot into the milk, then spread with butter, and cover the bottom of the dish with some of the pieces; put next a layer of the cooked gooseberries, sprinkle with sugar, then put more toast, more fruit and sugar, and so on till the dish is full. Cover closely and steam in a moderate oven for half an hour. Turn out and pour a sauce over it or eat with cream.

Gooseberry Flummery.—Take six ounces of rice and wash it, then put it into a pan with two pints of milk, and let it cook slowly till it gets soft and thick, then add two ounces of sugar and stir well. Let it get cold, then butter or oil a mould and cover the inside with a layer of the rice about an inch thick, leaving the inside empty till the rice sets. Then fill up with gooseberries stewed thick and soft with sugar and no water, and let it stand till quite stiff and cold. Turn upside down carefully—just before serving a little time—and draw off the mould carefully so as not to break the rice. This can also be steamed after putting in the fruit and served hot with custard sauce.

Flummery of Currants.—Take two pints of red currants, squeeze them and take the juice, add a little raspberry juice, and add three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar and six ounces of rice flour to it; cook all over the fire and stir continually. Boil for five minutes, then pour into a mould which has been dipped in cold water. Let it stand till cold and set, then turn out.

Raspberry Mould.—Have a mould—a plain one—or a small bowl lined with strips of stale bread, packing them closely together. Then have some raspberries stewed with enough sugar to sweeten them, pour into the mould, cover the top over with fingers of bread, seeing that the mould is quite full, put a plate or saucer on the top with a weight on it and set away till cold. Then turn out. This is all the better for being made the day before it is required so as to give it time to soak up all

the juice into the bread; then it is a pretty pink shape. Any kind of fruit—juicy—can be used in this way, but raspberries or red currants are the nicest.

Lemon Pudding.—Take two tablespoonfuls of cornflour and wet it with a little cold water, then add boiling water to make a thick starch, add five spoonfuls of sugar, the juice and grated rind of two lemons and the yolks of two eggs well beaten. Pour into a dish and bake for ten minutes, then heap the stiffly-beaten whites on the top, dust with sugar and brown very lightly in the oven for a few minutes.

Compôte of Oranges.—Pare the rind of three large oranges, cut the fruit across into halves, removing the pips and white skin and pile the fruit in a glass dish. Boil the thin rind with half a pint of water and six ounces of loaf sugar, till the syrup is clear and thick, then strain it over the fruit. Garnish with little spoonfuls of whipped cream.

Pear Meringue.—Take a dozen and a half pears, peel them and put into a pan with sugar and a very little water and stew till tender, but avoid breaking them. Lift them carefully and arrange them neatly in a glass dish. Boil up the syrup with more sugar till thickish, add a drop or two of cochineal—pear syrup is always rather a dull colour without it—and pour over the fruit. Take the whites of three eggs and whip them very stiff, add six spoonfuls of castor sugar, spread roughly over the pears and brown slightly in the oven or with a salamander.

Rhubarb Cheesecake.—Stew a bunch of green rhubarb till soft, then beat it smooth with a fork, draining nearly all the syrup away. Add to the pulp the juice of two lemons, grated rind of one, a scrape of nutmeg—if liked—and sugar to taste, then add three well-beaten eggs. Have a pie-dish lined with pastry—or a deep plate will do—pour in the mixture and bake in a moderate oven for three-quarters of an hour. Serve cold.

Prune Pudding.—Half a pound of prunes. Stew till soft, then remove the stones and add sugar to taste, then the whites of four eggs beaten stiff, put into a dish and bake to a pale brown.

Orange Fool.—Juice of four sweet oranges, three eggs well beaten, one pint of cream, sugar to taste, and a very little cinnamon and nutmeg.

Put all into a pan and set it on the fire till the mixture is as thick as melted butter, keep stirring, but do not let it boil, then when a little cool pour into a glass dish. Serve cold.

Queen's Mould.—Skin and cut into small pieces enough young rhubarb to fill a quart measure, put into an enamelled pan with one and a quarter pounds of sugar, the grated rind and juice of half a lemon, and twelve almonds blanched and chopped; boil fast and skin and stir till all is a rich marmalade, then add half an ounce of gelatine dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of boiling water. Rub a mould with oil, pour in the rhubarb, and set aside to cool and set. Turn out and serve with cream.

Rhubarb Scone Pudding.—Make a plain paste of half a pound of flour, two ounces of butter, a dessertspoonful of castor sugar, a pinch of salt, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of baking soda. Rub all together, then add enough sweet milk to make a nice firm paste, roll out the size of a dinner plate, butter the plate, lay the paste on and ornament the edge, and bake in a moderate oven till done. Fill the middle with stewed rhubarb—any stewed fruit is good—cover with the whites of two eggs beaten stiff, dust the top thickly with castor sugar and return to the oven to let it get a pale brown.

CONSTANCE.

GARFIELD IN LONDON.

EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL OF A TRIP TO EUROPE IN 1867.

The following portions of the journal kept by Gen. Garfield during a trip to Europe with Mrs. Garfield in 1867, while he was yet a member of Congress, have been transcribed with absolute fidelity, saving the correction of such verbal and other errors as are inseparable from writing under such circumstances:

NEW YORK, July 13, 1867.

DURING the last few years of my life, I have learned to distrust any resolution I may make which involves keeping a diary for any considerable length of time. My life has been recently so full of action that I have but little time or taste for recording its events. But now that I am about starting for Europe with my wife, leaving our little ones behind, I am constrained, for two reasons, to attempt a record of the leading points that impress me while abroad: first, as my friend Dr. Lieber writes, if I do not take notes, I shall leave much of the trip a chaos behind me; second, a somewhat particular statement of occurrences and impressions will probably some day be pleasant and profitable for our children. These two points being kept in mind will account for the notices of little things which are likely to be found in these pages, and also for the speculations on national and individual life and character.

When I entered Williams College, in 1854, I probably knew less of Shakspeare than any student of my age and attainments in the country. Though this was a shame to me, yet I had the pleasure of bringing to those great poems a mind of some culture and imagination, and my first impressions were very strong and vivid. Something like this may occur in reference to this trip; and, however much ignorance I may exhibit, I shall here speak of what impresses me, whether it be that which has been adjudged remarkable or not.

PREPARATIONS.

1. Material. We have reduced our luggage to two large leather satchels, and we take no books except "Harper's Book of Travel," Fasquelle, a French dictionary, and a book of French conversation.

2. Funds. I take a letter of credit from Brown Brothers, a small bill of exchange on Brown, Shipley & Company, of London, and the balance in sovereigns and napoleons. The sight of coin is a reminder of the days before greenbacks and scrip had been born of rebellion. In running over my coin with a childish curiosity, I find the stamp of the elder Napoleon, of Louis XVI., Louis Philippe, and Napoleon III. I notice that the earlier stamps of Napoleon III. have no

laurel wreath on the brow, but the later ones have. Did he assume that because of the Austrian war or the Crimean?

3. The Start. At 12 o'clock and twenty-five minutes, New York time (12.08 by Washington time), our lines were cast off, and the steamer *City of London* left her wharf, Pier Number 45, North River. As I looked upon the crowd of people on the shore waving their good-byes, some with streaming eyes and the shadow of loneliness and sorrow coming over them, I felt that, though there was not one face among them I knew, and probably none who knew me, yet they were my countrymen, sharers with me of the honor and glory of the great Republic which I was leaving, and then sprang up in my heart a kind of feeling of bereavement at leaving them. Our steamer is one of the largest on the ocean. She is 395 feet long, draws 22½ feet of water, as now loaded; is registered for 1880 tons burden, and allowed to carry 780 passengers. She was built on the Clyde, and is commanded and manned by Englishmen. The master, Captain Brooks, is a fine type of the solid, capable Englishman. We have about 50 cabin passengers, and 270 in the steerage. The freight is mainly cheese, destined ultimately for the ports of the Mediterranean. We had hardly passed the "Hook" when we sailed due east. At eight in the evening we saw the last glimpse of land: it was the eastern point of Long Island. A splendid cloud-rack in the north gave us a picture, which, by looking at, became Niagara in the sky. A fine breeze gives a delightful coolness to the atmosphere, and now, at 9 P. M., we go below to sleep, after saying to our native land good-night.

SUNDAY, July 14, 1867.

AFTER a tolerably fair night's rest, awoke at half-past five. The sea was only a little rougher than last evening, and in consequence of not having the windows of our state-room closely fastened, the salt water had dashed in and pretty thoroughly saturated our carpet and lounge. At six, went on deck and found the try-sails set and the wind from the north-east helping us a little.

At half-past 10, Dr. H. read service in the cabin, and preached a short discourse. We

were so intent in watching the sailors, as they loosed and unfurled the top-sails to catch the breeze, which had veered a little to the north, that we did not know that there was any religious service till it was nearly ended. We went in long enough to hear the conclusion of the sermon and the last prayers. There was a muscular denunciation of sin, which struck me as not usual to modern thoughts. Why not better to let sin alone, and preach mercy and righteousness? After all, may it not be found in the final analysis that sin is negative, and duty, truth, and love are the only positive classes of realities? If we attend to these, we may let sin take care of itself.

When the Doctor's service ended, he came to me and talked of his visit to America. He said there was more liberality between denominations in the United States than in Europe; thought it was partly the result of the late war for the Union. I think there is *quoddam commune vinculum* among virtues and great reforms, as Cicero says, in his Oration for the poet Archias, there is among the liberal arts. Hence, political union is inducing religious union and the abolition of sects. Among all the evils of sectarianism, there is this one good thing to a philosophical mind: it enables us to see the solidarity of religious truth, as we do objects in the stereoscope. Wonder if "Ecce Homo" and "Ecce Deus"* might not be the two eyes of the same observer, and thus enable him to see the God-man on both sides at once?

There is a most pure and refreshing breeze on deck, and the day is as beautiful as we could wish. A steamer has just come in sight behind us, faster than we are, and we must be humiliated, I suppose, by having her pass us. They say it is the steamer *Manhattan* which is to conquer us. Well, it is some consolation that it is New York *versus* London.

Took a good dinner at 4 P. M., after which I was invited by the captain to his room to take a cup of coffee with him and his friend Mr. G., agent for English claims in the United States. Had a pleasant conversation on the late war, and the relations of the two countries. Walked the deck with C. for an hour and a half; saw the sun sink and the stars come out. The full moon is on our starboard, and paves a broad highway from us to the horizon with silver. On the larboard, we watch the faint moon-shadow of the ship on the waves, and wonder if shadows are not entities which shall never perish, but, in the infinite permutations of the water, may, a thousand years hence, reconstruct the image of this ship and crew somewhere on the ocean.

* These two remarkable books had recently appeared anonymously, and there was much curiosity and speculation regarding their authorship.

MONDAY, July 15, 1867.

AROSE at 6 A. M. Day more beautiful, if possible, than yesterday. Warmer than then, and it was suggested by some of the passengers that we had reached the influence of the Gulf Stream. Temperature of the air, 62°; of the sea, 66°; wind same as last evening—nearly ahead. Sailors in the fore-castle think it is because we have a clergyman aboard. Had some fun with Dr. H. in reference to it. Told him the opinion was evidently descended from the example of Jonah. Talked with him and the captain in reference to the superstitions of sailors. The captain says not one sailor in a thousand would throw a cat overboard. Should it be done, they would expect disaster. Dr. H. spoke of the habit in England of throwing a slipper after a friend as he was leaving. He told of an Irish gentleman who was going away, and, being anxious that his wife should throw her slipper, looked back and caught the heel of it in his eye, which gave him a severe wound. While he was gone, his ticket drew a large prize in the lottery, and all his neighbors said it was because of the vigorous throw of the slipper. The Doctor thought this custom is derived from the Bible, wherein a shoe is considered the symbol of a good wife. I do not remember the passage to which he referred; but I ventured to quote, *per contra*, "Over Edom will I cast out my shoe," which I had always regarded as a malediction. The Doctor escapes the force of this by declaring the passage improperly translated. The virtue of horse-shoes fastened up over doors and on the bows of ships was also discussed. It is common to England and the United States. This the Doctor was disposed to trace to a Bible origin. Iron, he said, was the symbol of the Roman Empire, or of power; hence it is considered a good omen to find iron, especially a horseshoe. I don't think that is the origin of it. I suggested it might be from the horseshoe magnet and its marvelous properties. This theory seemed to take with the company better than the Doctor's; but I suspect it would be necessary to find out, before making much noise about my theory, whether the horseshoe magnet is older or younger than the superstition.

A few minutes before 12 our engines stopped, in consequence of some derangements of the brass bearings, and now, at 1.40, we are still lying—

"As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

The sea is very calm, and a fishing smack from Nova Scotia is within a few miles of us, her sail flapping uselessly, though she seems to creep a little to the westward. I am not

so much annoyed as most of the passengers seem to be at the delay, for I came to rest, and this is almost the first time for six years I could say I had nothing to do, and I am trying to let my body and mind lie fallow awhile.

I take this opportunity to set it down that I have no plan of travel determined upon, it being my main purpose to rest, and do as I may please when the time comes. I have not even determined whether I will stop at Queenstown or go on to Liverpool.

After nearly four hours' delay we started again, and the day passed off most delightfully.

TUESDAY, July 16, 1867.

AROSE to a bright morning and a good breakfast. The sea is, if possible, more quiet than yesterday. It realizes the "*aquora vitrea*" of which Horace speaks.

Found a young man who is on his way to Germany to study. He is beginning German, and I have agreed to hear him recite while he is on board. In the afternoon, several hours were consumed on the main deck in games of skill, viz.: quoits, shuffle-board, marking with a piece of chalk with the feet suspended in a noose, and backing up on the hands as far as possible. Only the captain went beyond me. The clergy looked on and smiled a condescending smile; but I have no doubt they wanted to be at it themselves, and would have been but for the laws of ministerial propriety. The barometer is dropping a little.

WEDNESDAY, July 17, 1867.

AWOKE with a rough sea, and a strong wind with driving rain.

After dinner, took coffee and a cigar with the captain, and played cribbage in the evening. To-night I won a game of chess from him. He says if this day does not make me seasick, none will. Heard from him the story of his life. Very interesting. I could almost feel the old passion for the sea arise in my heart again. Were I not what I am, I should have been a sailor.

THURSDAY, July 18, 1867.

SEA calmer this morning. C. well. We went on deck about half-past seven, and soon saw Newfoundland low-lying to the north and east. This is the last glimpse we shall have of North America.

I am feeling better than for three weeks.

Strange I am not sick with this rocking motion.

FRIDAY, July 19, 1867.

A LOVELY day, with bright, warm sunshine. At 10, the captain read the church-service, and at its conclusion Doctor H—— delivered a very vigorous and impressive discourse

from Acts iv. 12. It is rarely that I listen to a broader or more liberal sermon. The leading thought was that salvation would be the result of attraction to Christ, and not the fear of hell; that religion did not make cowards, but heroes, of men. His illustrations, borrowed from the ship and our voyage, were very fine; e. g., the ship's lamps compared with reason or conscience as a guide; the ship stranded and broken up—not by storm, but by the usual motion of the waves—likened to the common effects of sin on the soul to destroy it.

I hear that the Doctor is called the Spurgeon of Ireland, and I can well believe it.

A young Episcopalian clergyman from Connecticut preached at 6 P. M. a very sensible and earnest discourse. We have had a delightful day.

WEDNESDAY, July 24, 1867.

THE belief that we are to reach Ireland before to-morrow morning has made a great change in the appearance of all on board. The ship is being washed and the upper works repainted, that she may reach home with a bright face. Passengers we are to leave at Queenstown are packing up their luggage and making ready. Many who have become pleasant acquaintances are now asking each other's names for the first time. This arises from the peculiarity of life on shipboard; all formality is abandoned, and, being involved in a common destiny for the time being, they feel that right to each other which isolation confers and assume to be acquainted. The name and antecedents are of little consequence, the chief test being what each brings on board of intellect and good-fellowship for the benefit of all. The people I have become acquainted with on this ship will remain in my memory as a little world apart from all the rest of mankind. I am quite sure I have no adequate or even correct knowledge of their characters, and am equally sure that, from what they have seen of me, they have no knowledge of mine.

The life on board ship is not altogether an artificial one, but it is another from the usual life we lead. Each human being has a number of possible characters in him which changed circumstances may develop. Certainly life on the sea brings out one quite unique. Mine is as much a surprise to me as it could be to any one else. I have purposely become absorbed in the parenthetic life, and have enjoyed it so much that a fellow-passenger remarked to C. that it must be that I would be sorry when we landed.

The record I have kept of the bearings and distances of our passage has been kept chiefly for the purpose of testing the practical accuracy of the science of navigation. The test was brought to trial to-day. At noon the

captain, after telling where we were, and computing the distance to Queenstown (one hundred and sixty-nine miles), and taking into account the speed of the ship and the condition of sea and sky, said we would see an Irish island, called the "Little Skelligs," about 6 o'clock in the evening of to-day. He said it would not be thirty minutes either way from that time. At 5 o'clock there came a bright, brief shower, which cleared up the atmosphere, and at ten minutes before 6 the little speck of an island was seen; and the joyful "Land ho!" and the bells brought everybody on deck. C. suggested that it was fitting we should first see Ireland in sunshine and tears. In half an hour we were within three miles of the main-land, our signals were answered from the shore, and it was known probably in an hour afterward to the two worlds that our ship had safely crossed the Atlantic.

The first impression that Ireland makes upon me is the peculiar light which surrounds distant objects. Instead of the deep indigo-blue of our American landscape, there is a delicate, hazy purple, which I am told is peculiar to the whole of north-western Europe. It must arise from the difference in climatic and atmospheric conditions; it will be a pleasant question to discuss with some artist or scientific man. We came near enough to land to see the verdure, and this also had a peculiar coloring; not the dark, rich green of the United States, but a light *terre verte* tint, which our lichens have. I asked Dr. H. if they were not lichened cliffs which we saw; but he said it was probably heather, or the usual verdure. I was told by the Doctor and his party that our verdure is a much darker, richer green than that of Europe.

THURSDAY, July 25, 1867.

At 3 o'clock, just as the dawn was making the east gray, a little side-wheel steamer came alongside as we lay still at the mouth of Cork Harbor, ten miles from Queenstown, and after a terrible tumbling of luggage, without regard either to trunks or contents, more than three-quarters of all our company went on board. The bell of the little tender rang, and with three cheers for the ship, answered by our debarking friends with three more, away they went. Our stately ship turned her head toward the dawn, and steamed along the Irish coast, while I went back to sleep and dream of the brave old world that has just greeted us with such a happy welcome. Arose at half-past 8, and found we were still steaming along the southern coast of Ireland. Passed the Tuskar Rock light-house about 10 A. M., and a little before noon lost sight of Ireland, and, cross-

ing the mouth of St. George's Channel, came in sight of Wales, and coasted up the channel all day. The rough promontories and jagged hills were quite in keeping with the character of that hardy race of Cambrians from whom I am glad to draw my origin. We passed the Menai Strait, which separates Anglesea from the main-land, but which was bridged by the genius and enterprise of Stephenson. Passed Amlwch, near where the *Royal Charter* steam-ship was wrecked a few years since. The water has here a peculiar pea-green color, quite different from our American seas. The channel appears to be a very fickle water, easily provoked by the wind. In a few moments the breeze converted its calm waters into a troubled sea. After passing around the island of Holyhead, from which we saw the Dublin mail steamer making her way to Ireland, we turned into the Irish Sea, and at 10.30 P. M. lay at the mouth of the Mersey, waiting for the tide to enable us to cross the bar and go on to Liverpool, nine miles above. We could not cross till 3, and so slept one night more on board ship.

FRIDAY, July 26, 1867.

BETWEEN 3 and 5 o'clock A. M., the ship made her way up the Mersey, and waited for higher tide to get into her dock. In looking out upon the muddy water of the river, I was reminded of the use made of Shakspeare by Harriet Beecher Stowe in her "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands":

"The quality of *Mersey* is not strained!"

When the pier-mark showed twenty-one feet, we were enabled to be worked into our dock. Our ship drew twenty-two and a half feet when we left New York, but we have consumed about seven hundred tons of coal, which has lifted us out of water about two feet. The Liverpool docks are a most remarkable exhibition of skill and energy. A long sea-wall, extending for miles on the Mersey, and parallel to the shore, is opened every few hundred feet by entrances and gates, where ships may enter, and manifold docks branch off in the interior from these entrances. The masonry is peculiar in having large masses of stone set in obliquely to bind the walls. There are fifteen miles of docks, and the city derives its wealth almost wholly from its commerce. The name of the city is said to be derived from "liver," the name of a fabulous bird, and a pool which originally occupied most of the space of the present city. At 7.30 A. M. we lay in dock, with thousands of masts on all sides of us, and before 8 stood on English soil. Just as we were landing, a drove of cabs came in sight;

a clumsy, heavy-wheeled vehicle, drawn by one horse. After the inspection of our luggage, we took a cab, and in fifteen minutes were set down at the "Angel," and took a quiet, quaintly furnished room on the third floor. I was struck with the fact that the bricks were from half an inch to an inch thicker than ours.

We drove through the market and the cemetery, visited Nelson's statue and Huskisson's. This place was the home of both Huskisson and Canning. The former was killed in 1830, on the occasion of opening the first important steam railway in the world—that between Liverpool and Manchester, I think. I am particularly interested in him in consequence of the prominent part he took in the great financial discussions of 1810.

MONDAY, July 29, 1867.

AT half-past 9 A. M. we took the N. W. R'y for London. We took a second-class coach, at £2 2s. for both. The road was very smooth, and after stopping at Crewe—there was but one stop (Rugby) in one hundred and eighty miles—we reached London in less than six hours, sometimes going at the rate of fifty miles per hour. Stayed at the Langham Hotel in Regent street. Found Henry J. Raymond and Benj. Moran, U. S. Secretary of Legation, and went with them to Parliament. The separation of specimens of natural history from works of art in the British Museum was the subject under discussion. The Liberals held that the Museum is so managed that the common people can get but little benefit from it, since it is not open at night or on Sundays. Layard spoke on the side of the Opposition. Heard Disraeli and two others from the Treasury bench. The speaking is much more conversational and business-like than in Congress; but there is a curious and painful hesitating in almost every speaker. At half-past 8, Mr. Moran called for me, and obtained my admission into the House of Lords, where I sat on the steps of the throne, and heard the debates for about two hours, so far as such speaking could be heard at all. Bulwer and the Prince of Wales had been in, but were out when I arrived. Heard Lord Russell, Lord Malmesbury, and several others, and saw a division on the Reform Bill. I am strongly impressed with the democratic influences which are very manifest in both Houses. There seems to be as much of the demagogical spirit here as in our Congress. Underneath the wigs of the Speaker and Chancellor there is still a constant reference to the demands of the people. The halls are very elaborately furnished, and have the brilliancy which the florid Gothic

always gives to a building; but they are not so well fitted to stand the assaults of time as is our more Grecian Capitol.

Went to Covent Garden Music Hall,—an old place of resort for theatrical people for a hundred years, filled with pictures of actors,—and heard fine singing of ballads, by men and boys only. Home at midnight.

TUESDAY, July 30, 1867.

VISITED St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, where we spent most of the day. In the evening went to the House of Lords with Senator Morrill of Vermont and Mr. Gibbs of Paris. Heard Lord Cairns's speech on his two-vote system for three-cornered constituencies.*

Also, short speech from Lord Cardigan, once the leader of the "noble six hundred" at Balaklava. Also had a drive late in the evening through the streets. Home a little before midnight. Can't undertake to give the details of the day's work.

THURSDAY, Aug. 1, 1867.

SPENT the afternoon in Westminster Hall and Abbey. The statuary and paintings in Westminster Hall are worthy of the nation, and shame me when I think of the art in our noble Capitol at Washington. Note the "Last Sleep of Argyle," both from its subject and its execution. In all the monuments I have observed a manifest determination to ignore Cromwell and his associates in the work they accomplished for England. One picture, "The Burial of Charles I.," is an evident attempt to canonize him and vilify the Puritans, and yet there is the picture of "The Embarkation of the Pilgrims" for New England from Delft Haven, which seems to indicate some love for them.

The sad evidences of decay which meet one everywhere in the Abbey make the pomp of kings a mockery. The Poets' Corner is far more to me than the Chapel of Henry VII. and all the costly shrines and tombs with which the head of the cross is filled. Went through the cloisters where old monks secluded themselves in Catholic times.

In the evening, visited both Houses of Parliament, but spent most of the evening in the House of Lords. Lord Derby's gout is sufficiently allayed to allow him to be in his seat, and I had the privilege of hearing speeches from him, Lord Russell, and Earl Grey—the

* "After clause 8, Lord Cairns moved to insert the following clause: 'At a contested Election for any County or Borough represented by Three Members, no Person shall vote for more than Two Candidates.'" (Parliamentary Reform—Representation of the People Bill—No. 227, Lords.)

latter two in the Opposition. On a division on raising the disfranchising clause from ten thousand to twelve thousand, the vote was: Ministry, 98; Opposition, 86,—a close pull for Derby. Derby is the best speaker I have heard. Saw Wm. E. Gladstone,—fine face.

FRIDAY, August 2, 1867.

SPENT the whole day in the lower story of the British Museum. The Elgin marbles disappoint me. They are more decayed and fragmentary than I had expected to see them; still, I observe that decay is, in some instances, in the inverse order of age. Westminster Abbey is more decayed than the Elgin marbles, and they much more than the statues and tablets from Nineveh. A question was raised in my mind, whether the age of statuary has not passed, and whether better and higher methods of conserving the past cannot be found. This suggestion applies only to outdoor statuary. With such as I saw in St. Stephen's Hall I am delighted. Their value cannot be overestimated. The autographs of kings and authors are very full and valuable; but, everywhere, I find an old writer takes a stronger hold on my heart than most of the old kings. There was John Milton's contract for the sale of the copyright of "Paradise Lost," and the autographs of nearly every literary man England has produced. The famous library which George III. bequeathed to the Museum makes me like the old hater of the United States. The Anglo-Roman antiquities were of the most interesting character, exhibiting Roman art and industry as established in Britain; immense pigs of lead, with Roman emperors' names stamped upon them. I should have mentioned that, in the morning, I called on our Minister, Charles Francis Adams, with whom I had a long and interesting conversation on American politics.

SATURDAY, August 3, 1867.

WE took the train on the South-Western Railway, at Waterloo Station, for Teddington, about sixteen miles from London. From there we walked about two miles to Hampton Court, passing, on the way through Bushy Park, a noble grove, with an avenue of horse-chestnut trees in the center more than a mile long. The trees are from two to three feet in diameter, and are in exact rows. The avenue is about one hundred feet wide, and the trees on either side three rods apart. Back of each row of horse-chestnuts are four rows of elms and oaks, making in all more than one thousand five hundred noble trees, on a sward of most soft and beautiful texture. The upper end of the avenue expands into a broad circle,

inclosing a fine pond, in the center of which is a statue of Diana and her attendants. Three hundred yards beyond the basin we enter the grounds of Hampton Court, through a gate on the posts of which are two huge lions in stone. This noble old palace and grounds were for a long time the seat of a Chapter of the Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem. In 1515, when Cardinal Wolsey was at the height of his power, he sent physicians to find the most healthful locality within twenty miles of London. They selected this spot, and Wolsey purchased it, erecting a palace more regal than any King of England had yet built. When Henry VIII. became jealous of its magnificence, Wolsey presented it to him. Here Henry lived, and here much of the splendor and shame of his social life was exhibited. Here Elizabeth lived many years. The good William and Mary engaged Wren to enlarge and beautify the palace and grounds, and resided here. Anne, also, and James, and the two Charleses, and succeeding sovereigns down to, and including, George II. Since then the sovereigns have made Windsor their country place, and Hampton Court has passed into a kind of hospital. The only royal rule imposed upon visitors is that they must not enter the precincts with any such plebeian vehicle as a hansom or cab; nothing less than a "fly" will do. The building covers about eight acres, and the grounds are almost as beautiful as I can conceive level ground to be made. I never weary of looking at English turf; we have nothing like it in the United States. When London can put over a square mile of land in a single park, and have a dozen of them, great and small, it is a shame that in a country where we have both room and noble trees we have not one outside of New York and Baltimore worthy of the name.* The grounds of Hampton Court are laid out a little too regularly, evidently on the artificial French model; but they are, nevertheless, very beautiful. We visited the state apartments of William and Mary, which seemed to have been constructed to symbolize and perpetuate the true and noble love of those two most worthy people. There are few sovereigns for whom I have so high a regard and admiration as these. Much of the state furniture remains in the building, and there are about one thousand two hundred pictures,—many poor, but some very good. A large number of quaint old pictures by Hans Holbein, which made me laugh at their grotesqueness, and yet I greatly admire their power and perfection. A portrait of bluff King Hal, seated under a canopy with one of his wives, and the Princess Elizabeth near him,

* Written in 1867.

was a most singular specimen of a Dutch interior. The embarkation of Henry VIII. from Dover, in 1520, and the meeting of Henry with Francis, were remarkable specimens of the Dutch notions of perspective three hundred years ago.

One room was wholly devoted to the paintings of our Philadelphian, Benj. West, who did much service for George III. The work was good, but I wondered how it affected the Republican loyalty of West. Several pictures by Titian and Rubens, and two heads by Rembrandt, the latter specially noticeable, attracted me. One room exhibited the beauties of the court of Charles II., among whom the apple-girl, Nell Gwynne, was prominent. Fine old vases of Delft ware, which William and Mary brought over from Holland, were in one room. We visited the Grand Hall, hung with tapestry, where the great assemblies were held, and where a sport was had, cruel as history or literature could devise. Shakspeare's "Henry VIII." (The Fall of Wolsey) was acted on the very stage over which were the portraits of Wolsey and Henry, wrought into the very structure of the building. Beyond the Hall was the withdrawing-room, tapestried also, where James I., better fitted to be a professor of Latin or theology than a king, presided over a convocation of, and discussion between, the doctors of the Established Church and the old Kirk, which produced great results for Great Britain.

We visited the old Black Hamburg vine in the vinery, which is 101 years old, and has now 1500 clusters. The England for which its first clusters ripened was not fit to drink of the wine of its last vintage. No country has made nobler progress against greater obstacles than this heroic England in the last hundred years. After going through "The Maze," we partook of a good dinner at the hotel near the gates, and taking the S. W. Railway, were in London in a few minutes, and in our rooms before 9 P. M.

SUNDAY, Aug. 4, 1867.

WENT at an early hour down Regent street, across Westminster Bridge, into that part of London, called Newington, to the Metropolitan Tabernacle of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. By good fortune we were invited by a pewholder to take seats in his pew in the second gallery, and finding our shipmate, Rev. Mr. Goodrich, of New Haven, on the steps, took him with us. I did not intend to listen to Spurgeon as to some *lusus naturæ*, but to try to discover what manner of man he was, and what was the secret of his power. In the first place, the house is a fine building, and we had a good opportunity to examine it while

the people were assembling. It will seat comfortably at least seven thousand people. The popular estimate is ten thousand, but seven thousand is nearer the fact. The building was two-thirds filled before the main doors were opened to the public. When they were opened, a great throng poured in and filled every seat, step, and aisle to the utmost. At half-past 11 Spurgeon came in, and at once offered a short, simple, earnest prayer, and read and helped the whole congregation to sing Dr. Watts's stirring hymn:

"There is a land of pure delight."

For the first time in my life I felt some sympathy with the doctrine that would reject instrumental music from church worship. There must have been five thousand voices joining in the hymn. The whole building was filled and overflowed with the strong volume of song. The music made itself felt as a living, throbbing presence that entered your nerves, brain, heart, and filled and swept you away in its resistless current.

After the singing, Spurgeon read a chapter of the lamentations of Job, and then a contrasted passage from Paul, both relating to life and death. He accompanied his reading with familiar and sensible, sometimes striking, expositional comments; and then followed another hymn, a longer prayer, a short hymn and then the sermon, from a text from the chapter he had read in Job: "All my appointed days will I wait till my change come." He evidently proceeded upon the assumption that the Bible, all the Bible, in its very words, phrases, and sentences, is the word of God; and that a microscopic examination of it will reveal ever-opening beauties and blessings. All the while he impresses you with that, and also with the living fullness and abundance of his faith in the presence of God, and the personal accountability of all to Him. An unusual fullness of belief in these respects seems to me to lie at the foundation of his power. Intellectually he is marked by his ability to hold with great tenacity, and pursue with great persistency any line of thought he chooses. He makes the most careful and painstaking study of the subject in hand. There can be no doubt that fully as much of his success depends upon his labor as upon his force of intellect. He has chosen the doctrines and the literature of the Bible as his field, and does not allow himself to be drawn aside. He rarely wanders into the fields of poesy, except to find the stirring hymns which may serve to illustrate his theme. He uses Bible texts and incidents with great readiness and appropriateness, and directs all his power, not toward his sermon,

but toward his hearers. His arrangement is clear, logical, and perfectly comprehensible, and at the end of each main division of the sermon he makes a personal application of the truth developed to his hearers, and asks God to bless it. His manner is exceedingly simple and unaffected. He does not appear to be aware that he is doing a great thing, and I could see no indication that his success has turned his head. He has the word-painting power quite at his command, but uses it sparingly. I could see those nervous motions of the hands and feet which all forcible speakers make when preparing to speak; and also in his speaking, the sympathy between his body and his thoughts, which controlled his gestures, and produced those little touches of theatrical power, so effective in a speaker. His pronunciation is exceedingly good. In the whole service I noticed but one mispronunciation. He said "transient." There appears to be almost no idiom in his language. An American audience would hardly know he was not an American.

Every good man ought to be thankful for the work Spurgeon is doing. I could not but contrast this worship with that I saw a few days ago at Westminster Abbey. In that proud old mausoleum of kings, venerable with years and royal pride, the great organ rolled out its deep tones, and sobbed and thundered its grand music, mingled with the intoning of the hired singers. Before the assembly of rich and titled worshipers sat a choir of twenty persons. The choir boys, in their white robes, had been fighting among the tombs and monuments of the nave just before the service began. However devout and effective their worship may be, it is very costly, and must be confined to a great extent to the higher classes. I felt that Spurgeon had opened an asylum where the great untitled, the poor and destitute of this great city, could come and find their sorrows met with sympathy; their lowliness and longings for a better life touched by a large heart and an undoubted faith. God bless Spurgeon! He is helping to work out the problem of religious and civil freedom for England in a way that he knows not of.

In the afternoon we walked in the Botanical Gardens, in Regent's Park, and spent nearly three hours in these delightful grounds. I never tire of the sweet and subduing beauties of this park. While sitting in the great greenhouses, under the tropical plants, we read an article from the "Westminster Review," for August, 1867, entitled "The Social Era of George III." The writer says the three greatest indications of a people's civilization are: 1. The state of the roads; 2. The state

of agriculture; 3. The mode of transportation; and proceeds to apply these texts to the state of England at the beginning (1760) of George the Third's reign and at its close (1820). I am surprised at the facts he developed. I had supposed that such great contrasts could only be shown between periods of centuries,—like that exhibited by Macaulay in the third chapter of the first volume of his History. But this article shows that the greater part of all the change that Macaulay shows in that chapter has taken place within the memory of men now living.

I make this note in order to keep in mind the article, that I may call it up hereafter.

I notice the old Vauxhall Gardens, so admirably described in Frances Burney's "Evelina," have disappeared. The S. W. Railway runs through them, and a thousand tenements fill the space where only people in full dress could be admitted fifty years ago.

London is still growing rapidly, and is destined to do all that cities in this age can accomplish. It is a phenomenon—a wonder which grows upon me every day.

MONDAY, August 5, 1867.

WENT again to the British Museum, and spent three hours in the upper story. Went through the zoological collection, which is very full. C. thought our American birds had a touch of the impudence and freedom in their bearing which characterizes the people! African, Australian, and South American vie with each other in gorgeousness of plumage. The Geological Department is exceedingly fine. I should know the place from Hugh Miller's description of it. The Pompeian remains were full of interest, and another room of Anglo-Roman antiquities confirms me in the opinion that we do not make sufficient account of the influence of the Romans upon our English civilization. From the Museum, we passed down Oxford street, among the second-hand book-stores, and took an omnibus to the Bank of England, near which, at Brown, Shipley & Co's, we find a letter from H—.

Visited the Tower of London, so full of sad, strange history. It was built by William the Conqueror, soon after the conquest, in 1066, as a defense for himself and his court against the turbulent Britons, and has been added to by many succeeding sovereigns until it is now a curious compound of all the fusions of architecture, and an embodiment of the ideas and purposes of seven or eight centuries. The White Tower in the center, built by William, has many of the old Norman features in its architecture; and, though much of its exterior has been renovated, yet

there is here and there a double-arched window of the Norman style, and, in the interior, a wonderfully well-preserved chapel of quaint Norman pillars. Its walls are thirteen feet thick, and its dungeons admitted no light nor air, except through the main entrance. The cell in which Raleigh slept, and the room where he wrote his "History of the World," were touching memorials of the heroism and intellect of a cruel age. The dungeons and inscriptions on the walls, carved by prisoners; the instruments of torture, the block and axe, and mark of the stroke; the quaint suits of armor, from the earliest days of the Norman kings till gunpowder stripped soldiers of all defense; the cavalry cuirasses, torn by shot and shell on the field of Waterloo, being the last attempt at armor on the field; the conquered banners of civilized and uncivilized nations; the weapons of all sizes and forms for the destruction of human life, from the battle-axe, pike, matchlock, stone-shot, to the one hundred thousand breech-loading Enfield rifles with which England has just armed herself; the crown jewels; the crowns worn by so many English sovereigns; the scepters, from the heavy rod of solid gold of one of the Edwards, and the splendid ivory and gold wand of the unfortunate Anne Boleyn, to the costly scepter which Victoria bore at her coronation; the baptismal font of solid gold, used at the baptism of her children; the massive golden maces, with which she opens Parliament; the inclosed spot of green in the yard, where the gallows stood, where so many criminal and innocent were put to death; the Traitor's Gate, through which all prisoners charged with high treason were brought from the Thames; the stairway, under which the fierce King John secreted the bones of his royal nephews, whom he here murdered; the room where an English duke was drowned in a butt of Malmsey,—all these have been associated in my mind with the Dinotherium, the Mastodon, the Megatherium, and the Ichthyosaurus which I saw this morning in the Museum. This Tower seemed a monster, tearing down men and families, and crunching them in its merciless jaws, as the Dinotherium crushed and devoured the fern-trees, dateless ages ago. Both are passed away. The fern-trees burn in the grates and glow in the chandeliers of thousands of happy homes, and the broken hearts and crushed hopes of a thousand martyrs, who sleep under the shadows of this terrible Tower, have given civil and religious liberty; and their memories and brave words live and glow in the hearts of many millions of Englishmen, and will bless coming generations. May the Tower stand there many centuries,

as a mark to show how high the red deluge rose, and how happy is this England of Victoria compared with that of her ancestors!

On our way home, we walked through Billingsgate, which has given a word to our language. I saw in the stalls a curious little animal, which seemed a cross between a lobster and a beetle. I asked the fishwoman who presided what they were.

"Four-pence a pint," said she.

"But," said I, "*what are they?*"

"Four-pence the pint, I tell ye."

"But," I persisted, "what is the name of the animals you have for sale?"

"Humph! *shrimps*," and, with a look of contemptuous indignation: "That's all *you* wanted!"

After dinner we went to Madame Tussaud's, in Baker street, and spent two or three hours among her wax figures and historical relics. Here were all the sovereigns of Europe, from William the Conqueror down, and many distinguished men of other nations and other ages. The verisimilitude of life in these figures produced a singular effect upon my mind, not altogether pleasing. I think it shocks us when we see Art so nearly a copy of Nature as almost to deceive us. When I see Napoleon in marble, without the accidents of boots, hat, or coat, I think of those permanent characteristics of head and face which belong to history; but when I see him so like life as to feel like begging his pardon for crowding him, I am balanced between a live and a dead man, and the effect is not pleasing. Yet I get a more vivid and, I presume, a more correct impression of how men looked than in any other way. The effigy of Washington gave me a better idea of how he looked when President than any statue or picture I have seen. Many of the dresses are the identical ones worn on State occasions. The effigies of many of the kings of England will long remain in my memory, such as William the Norman, Richard Cœur de Lion, the murderer John, from whom Magna Charta was forced, old Hal and his six wives, red-haired Elizabeth, handsome, thoughtful William of Orange. I also mention the fine head, face, and eye of Walter Scott.

TUESDAY, Aug. 6, 1867.

OUR first rainy day in London. Though we have had remarkably cool weather, a thin overcoat being almost every day comfortable, we have had but little London fog, and no shower until to-day. But all day, London has been like Mantilini's supposed condition: "a demmed, damp, moist, unpleasant body." The fog was visible, palpable, tangible; a wet, cold sheet, which, like that in Mrs. Barbauld's "Washing Day," "flaps in the face abrupt."

Called on Mr. Adams and his wife. Mrs. Adams is a woman of fine sense and vigor, * * * and showed a keen appreciation of the diplomatic struggle through which we have passed with England. Had a pleasant talk of an hour with Mr. Adams at his office; also with Morgan, Secretary of Legation. Mr. Adams spoke of the character of his father and grandfather. He thinks the chief difference was in culture, his father having much more training. He is preparing his father's works for publication. I spoke of his grandmother's letters, which he edited many years ago, and he said there were many more that should have been published.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 7, 1867.

CAME this morning by way of St. James's Park, and entered again the old Abbey and, with my inkstand resting on the tablet of Chaucer's tomb, I make this note. We have just read Irving's chapter on Westminster Abbey, and find it wonderfully suggestive to look upon the objects that met his eye when he wrote. I notice that he praises an inscription which declares that "all the sons" of the deceased "were brave, and all his daughters virtuous," and the same thing is mentioned contemptuously by Hawthorne in his late book, "Our Old Home." I found myself leaning rather toward Hawthorne in this matter. I am struck with the different estimate which a man's contemporaries place upon him from that in which later generations hold him. Of course, I know how mendacious epitaphs are; yet they may be supposed to be about equally false, and may enable us to judge of the relative estimation in which the different dead were held. Here by my side lies Abraham Cowley, under a fine marble monument surmounted by a lofty, flower-wreathed urn. A few steps away is the bust of Milton, surmounting a decorated tablet on which William Benson, Esquire, attempts to make the world know who he was, by telling us that in the year 1737 *he* caused this bust to be made and placed here; he, who had the "distinguished honor of being one of the two Auditors of the Imprests of George II."* He does not see fit to tell us that Milton was Latin Secretary of State to the stout old Commonwealth, which did so much in its rough way for English liberty. That reign is quite ignored. It is only in Madame Tussaud's wax-work that I have seen "Old Noll" recognized.

* "Auditors of the Prest, or Imprests, are officers in the Exchequer who formerly had the charge of auditing the great accounts of the king's customs, naval and military expences, and of all monies impressed to any man for the king's service; but they are now superseded by the commissioners for auditing the public accounts." Rees's Cyclopaedia: London, 1819.

Another thing that strikes me with force,—that many of the bewigged and highly bepraised busts are mere intruders, who ought to, if they could, feel ashamed to be thrust into such august company. For instance: why should Gulielmus Outram fill so large a space with his long, Latin eulogium, which no one cares to read, that Macaulay's bust must be pushed almost out of sight between him and the full length of Addison? By the way, this prim Addison would be ashamed, if he knew his nearest neighbors—Macaulay and Thackeray—to stand so plumply before them, who are so much his superiors in everything except style. It is appropriate that Garrick should be buried where he is, at the feet of Shakspeare; but his ridiculous, life-size statue, on the wall nearly opposite, is in a theatrical attitude, which I am sure he would not approve; and the epitaph is fustian, which he would not have spoken. I am glad to see that Lamb thought of it as it impresses me. His statue reminds me of Sam Weller, as Cruikshank shows him to us in the frontispiece of "The Pickwick Papers."

It is raining now (1.15 P. M.), and "the dim, religious light" is too feeble to read by; much too feeble to write by. I very much want B— here, that I might watch his face and see the conflict between the historical and literary pleasure he would feel and his chronic disgust at all humbug and pretension.

In the main nave of the Abbey is the tomb of Newton, with his statue reclining on a block sarcophagus, with sculptured designs, showing his astronomical and mathematical discoveries, and also his work in the Mint on the recoinage.

THURSDAY, August 8, 1867.

VISITED Kensington Museum and Hyde Park. Met Mr. and Mrs. H—, of Cleveland, who were jaded and weary of sixteen months of sight-seeing. The museum is of much more consequence than I supposed. It contains a large collection of manufactures, ancient and modern; of articles of furniture and house-building, as well as casts of the most celebrated pieces of sculpture. Also, the cartoons of Raphael, or part of them; many paintings by Edwin and Charles Landseer, West, Reynolds, Turner, and the original of Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair." We spent nearly three hours here, and came away regretfully. At 4, we went to Westminster Hall. I sent Mr. Chase's letter to John Bright, who came out and got me in back of the Peers' seat, under the Speaker's gallery, where I had a fine view, and where I staid—except when divisions were being taken—till near midnight.

When I went in at half-past 4, petitions

were being presented in open house; each member reading his petition, and carrying it to the Speaker's table. There are no pages, and, besides the doorkeepers, there appear to be no officers in the House, except the Speaker, who wears a full-bottomed wig, and three clerks, who sit directly before him, in half, or short wigs.

When a member read a petition of four thousand citizens of Birmingham in favor of Lord Cairns's amendment for a third vote in tripartite constituencies, Bright followed with a monster petition on the other side. Then followed a volley of questions fired at the Administration from all sides, and their responses. Disraeli sat passionless and motionless, except a trotting of the foot, indicative of a high pitch of intellectual activity and expectancy. His face reveals nothing. The most pointed allusions, either of logic, fact, or wit, fail to move a muscle or change a line of the expression.

At 5, the Reform Bill is announced, and all sounds subside in the crowded hall—so full that several members sit in the gallery.* Disraeli, in a very calm, somewhat halting way, goes over the chief points of the Lords' amendments, puts them very adroitly, and in a very conciliatory tone speaks about twenty minutes. Meanwhile, Bright has been sitting on the second row, and next the gangway, taking a note now and then, manifesting a little nervousness in the hands and fingers, and occasionally passing his hand over his ample forehead. Mill is settled down in his seat, with his chin resting in the palm of his hand, and giving close attention, as he does to everything that passes. By the way, his face greatly disappoints me in one respect: there is nothing of the Jovine breadth and fullness of brow I expected; but there is great depth from brow to cerebellum, and strong, well-defined features. There is a nervous twitching of the muscles of his head and face, which probably results from hard work. Gladstone rises and opens the debate on the Opposition side, in an adroit speech of eight minutes, evidently reserving himself for a fuller assault later in the evening. He is the most un-English speaker I have yet heard, and the best. Disraeli shows great tact in determining how far to persist and when to yield. In that essential point of leadership, Palmerston has probably never been excelled. Disraeli is no mean disciple of his. Gladstone, with more

* Bill 79, Commons. The Bill is very voluminous, and is a comprehensive demand of the people of England for a broader and fairer participation in the legislation and administration of the affairs of their country, and for the correction of evident abuses of the Franchise.

ability than either, is said to be especially lacking in that respect.

After several more amendments have been given up with apparent reluctance, but for the sake of harmony, the amendment of Lord Cairns is reached, on which the ministry intend to make a stubborn fight. Bright opens the attack in a speech of half an hour or more. Though cordially disliked by the Tories, he compels attention at once. With a form like that of Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, he has a large, round, full, fine, massive head, and straight, almost delicate nose. He has a full, rotund voice, and, like Gladstone, is un-English in his style—that is, he speaks right on, with but little of that distressful hobbling which marks the mass of Parliamentary speakers. With all my sympathy with Bright and the Liberals, I am inclined to favor the amendment. I remember Mill's discussion of it in his "Representative Government," and his approving reference to the work of Hare on the same subject. Bright put the case very strongly on his side, and pointed out the anomalies it would produce; but I thought they would result from the limited application of the principle, rather than from the principle itself. I also thought it a little inconsistent in him, who has been so bold an advocate for change, to object to this as an innovation. But he put his case very strongly, and made us sympathize with his earnestness. Many speeches were leveled at him; but, like all politicians, he seems to have become a pachyderm, and paid no attention to it. Howmuchsoever they may affect to despise him, they cannot blink the fact, which even "The Times" admitted this morning in a mean attack on him, that "John Bright was the most skillful speaker in England, and, in some kinds of oratory, the first orator."

I notice that many of the leaders were high honor men at the universities. Gladstone took a "double-first"; Roundell Palmer took a "first" in classics, and many other classic honors and prizes. Mill is not a University man, but his "Logic" has been a text-book at Oxford for twenty years. Tom Hughes, who made Rugby and himself immortal, was not a first-class scholar. Forster is a good speaker and a Radical, but I do not know what his scholarship was.

At 10, Gladstone rose and spoke for nearly an hour, going into the whole question with great clearness and incisive force. He spoke with much more feeling than any other except Bright. Gladstone was followed by Lowe, who is considered the strongest man of his school in the House. He sits on the Opposition side; but on this question of suffrage is Conservative. He is nearly blind, and spoke

without notes and with his eyes apparently shut. He combines sharpness with a remarkable toughness of intellectual fiber, which makes him a powerful assailant. It was exceedingly fine, the way he sought out and javelined the exposed joints of his antagonist's harness. Gladstone winced manifestly. About half-past 11 a division was had, which resulted: 206 against, and 258 in favor. This is a strong example of the influence of the Ministry. When the same principle was discussed in the Commons a few weeks ago, Disraeli made a strong speech against it, and it was negated by 140 majority. It has been very curious to see what different and opposite motives have moved men to favor this new feature in representative government. Mill votes for this only as an installment of what he has long advocated as a *doctrinaire*: that minorities should be repre-

ented, and he hopes to see it prevail in all elections. He thinks it will vitalize voters, and virtually extend the suffrage. He votes for it as a higher step toward democracy. Gladstone opposes it for this very reason, and several others because it will give them a Tory member. "The Times" favors it for this reason, and because it thinks it will control the democratic tendencies of the bill.

The measure seems to me to be vulnerable: first, because of the practical difficulties in carrying it into operation; secondly, because of its partial application.

The voting-paper clause was taken up, and the House of Commons refused to concur with the Lords.

I left the Commons a little before midnight, having witnessed the practical consummation of the greatest advance toward political liberty made in England in a century.

From London, before leaving Great Britain, General and Mrs. Garfield went to Warwick, Stratford, York, Edinburgh, Melrose and Abbotsford, Glasgow and Ayrshire, and Leith, whence they took steamer to Rotterdam. The remainder of the trip was devoted to Holland, the Rhine, Switzerland, Italy, France, and London again. The return voyage was made from Queenstown, October 24, in the *Helvetia*.

The Ballad of Cassandra Brown.

THOUGH I met her in the summer, when one's heart
lies round at ease,
As it were in tennis costume, and a man's not hard to
please;
Yet I think at any season to have met her was to
love,
While her tones, unspoiled, unstudied, had the soft-
ness of the dove.

At request she read us poems in a nook among the
pines,
And her artless voice lent music to the least melo-
dious lines;
Though she lowered her shadowing lashes, in an ear-
nest reader's wise,
Yet we caught blue gracious glimpses of the heavens
that were her eyes.

As in paradise I listened. Ah, I did not under-
stand
That a little cloud, no larger than the average human
hand,
Might, as stated oft in fiction, spread into a sable
pall,
When she said that she should study Elocution in
the fall!

I admit her earliest efforts were not in the Ercles
vein;
She began with, "Lit-tle Maaybel, with her faayce
against the paayne,
And the beacon-light a-rrremble," — which, although
it made me wince,
Is a thing of cheerful nature to the things she's ren-
dered since.

Having learned the Soulful Quiver, she acquired the
Melting Mo-o-an,
And the way she gave "Young Grayhead" would
have liquefied a stone.

Then the Sanguinary Tragic did her energies em-
ploy,
And she tore my taste to tatters when she slew
"The Polish Boy."

It's not pleasant for a fellow when the jewel of his
soul
Wades through slaughter on the carpet, while her
orbs in frenzy roll:
What was I that I should murmur? Yet it gave me
grievous pain
That she rose in social gatherings and Searched
among the Slain.

I was forced to look upon her, in my desperation
dumb,
Knowing well that when her awful opportunity was
come
She would give us battle, murder, sudden death at
very least,
As a skeleton of warning, and a blight upon the
feast.

Once, ah! once I fell a-dreaming; some one played
a polonaise
I associated strongly with those happier August
days;
And I mused, "I'll speak this evening," recent pangs
forgotten quite.
Sudden shrilled a scream of anguish: "Curfew
SHALL not ring to-night!"

Ah, that sound was as a curfew, quenching rosy
warm romance:
Were it safe to wed a woman one so oft would wish
in France?
Oh, as she "cull-imbed" that ladder, swift my mount-
ing hope came down.
I am still a single cynic; she is still Cassandra
Brown!

Coroebus Green.



He called in angry tone,
And bade a jinn to hie
And summon to his throne
That boastful butterfly.

The butterfly flew down
Upon reluctant wing.
Cried Solomon, with a frown,
"How dared you say this thing?"

"How dared you, fly, invent
Such blasphemy as this is?"
"Oh, king, I only meant
To terrify the missis."

The insect was so scared
The king could scarce restrain
A smile. "Begone! you 're spared;
But don't do it again!"

So spake King Solomon.
The *butterflew* away.
His wife to meet him ran:
"Oh, dear, what *did* he say?"

The butterfly had here
A chance to shine, and knew it.
Said he: "The king, my dear,
Implored me *not to do it!*"

Oliver Herford.

The Boastful Butterfly.

(FROM THE ORIENTAL.)

UPON the temple dome
Of Solomon the wise
There paused, returning home,
A pair of butterflies.

He did the quite blasé
(Did it rather badly),
Wherefore,—need I say?—
She adored him madly.

Enthusiasm she
Did not attempt to curb:
"Goodness gracious me!
Is n't this superb!"

He vouchsafed a smile
To indulge her whimsy,
Surveyed the lofty pile,
And drawled, "Not bad—but flimsy!"

"Appearances, though fine,
Lead to false deduction;
This temple, I opine,
Is shaky in construction.

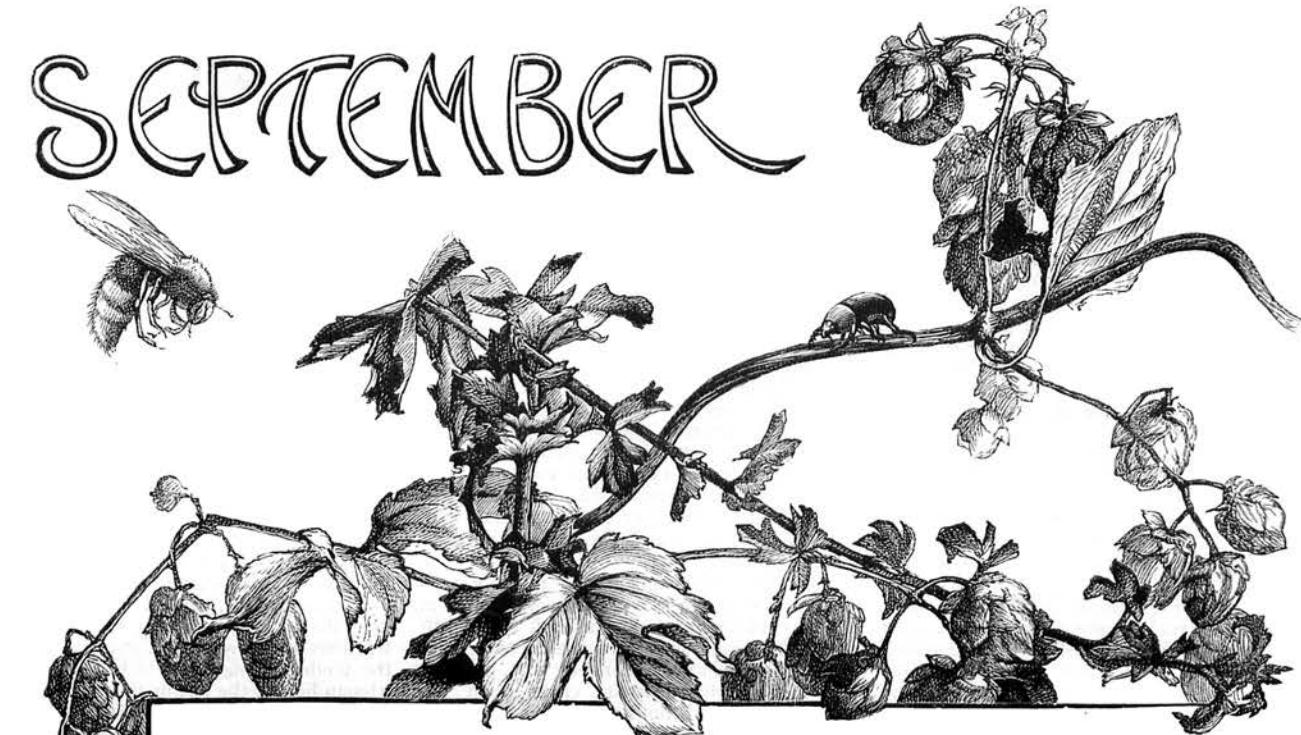
"Think of it, my dear.
All this glittering show
Would crumble—disappear—
Should I but stamp my toe!

"If I should stamp—like this—"
His wife cried, "Heavens! *don't!*"
He answered, with a kiss,
"Very well; I won't."

Now, every blessed word
Said by these butterflies,
It chanced, was overheard
By Solomon the wise.



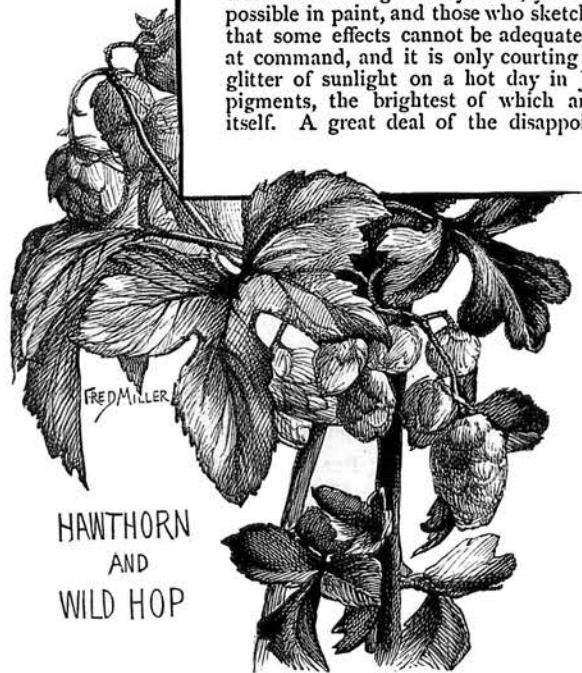
SEPTEMBER



THE mornings in September are often misty, and the sun does not show itself much before eleven o'clock—not until it has sufficient strength to dispel the vaporous clouds and fog which wreath the river at this time of the year. But these misty autumnal mornings, warm without being hot, are delightful. A pull up the backwater then, when the distant elms tell only as a pale grey tint, vague and phantasmic, and only the herbage close to the boat is pencilled out with sunlight, and has distinctness and actuality, is among the treasured memories when winter is upon us. To the artist, September is a much more paintable month than July, for in mid-summer the glare of the sun makes the full green of the trees somewhat black, and the intense light cannot be rendered in paint. The softer light and more subdued colouring of fields and trees as the foliage slowly fades, yield effects which are much more possible in paint, and those who sketch from nature might remember that some effects cannot be adequately rendered with the materials at command, and it is only courting failure to attempt such. The glitter of sunlight on a hot day in July cannot be realised with pigments, the brightest of which are dull compared to sunlight itself. A great deal of the disappointment the young landscape

painter experiences is due to an unwise selection of material and an unpropitious moment when there is either no effect—*i.e.* no concentration of effect which can be grasped mentally before an attempt is made to commit the same to paper or canvas, or one that, as I have just said, is impossible. From September onwards are the best months in which to sketch, for as the trees change colour, they declare their individuality, an oak colouring quite differently to an elm, and a willow different again from either of them. Sketching from nature, disappointing and tantalising as it is, seeing that one's fingers come so far short of what one realises in the mind's eye,

is among the most delightful pursuits one can engage in. The sitting out of doors in anything like decent weather with such exacting and fascinating work to chain one to the spot has compensating advantages, in spite of manifest drawbacks. Like the angler, who said, "he hadn't had a bite but he had had the day," so, though the sketch you bring back may only have helped the artist's colourman, yet you have sharpened your perception, gathered experience, and had an excuse for sitting out of doors. I spent the whole of one September working at some figwort, thistles and dock which grew by the backwater in a Thames village, and though the actual result, so far as work went, was inadequate to the time I spent upon the canvas, it was very enjoyable in every other respect, for like so many autumns, the unsettled weather of August cleared up, and September and October were beautiful. Walking home in the twilight with the white mist rising off the river and lying in long bands over the fields, and that mysteriousness over everything as the light fades out of the sky, making you feel that the whole world is peopled by yourself, rounded off the days spent in trying to catch some of those fleeting beauties which inspire one to begin and disappoint one in the doing, I remarked then how very distinctly mushrooms can be seen in the evening. The white glistening surface can be detected fifty or sixty yards away. In one of the meadows I had to cross there were several "fairy rings," as they are called. The grass in these rings is much richer in colour than in the surrounding meadow, and the fungi grow in these rings, some of which are quite a circle as though struck with compasses. Other fungi, such as puff-balls grow in circles besides the agaric, but there is no mistaking a mushroom if its points have once been mastered. Some fungi are very gorgeous in colour—orange, scarlet and yellow, and in some of the recesses in Epping Forest many of the rarer kinds are to be found, and the society which



FRED MILLER
HAWTHORN
AND
WILD HOP



HAZEL

makes this lower plant-life a special study make Epping Forest a happy hunting-ground. In the marshland of Norfolk, mushrooms grow to an immense size, and I have heard of them being found weighing 5 or 6 lbs. each, while puff-balls as large as a bushel measure are not infrequently met with.

I frequently went into Norfolk in September, when I lived in London, to visit a friend, who was both an excellent naturalist and sportsman. September is a great holiday-time for country men, as partridges are killed from the first. I daresay, had I been brought up in the country, I should have been keen after sport, but not having handled a gun at the time when one ought to have got one's hand in I used to content myself with going with the party to enjoy the day's outing and the exercise, for one covers a good many miles in this way, and it is rough tiring work going over "the ploughs" (the land that has been ploughed and is lying fallow), and jumping hedges and ditches. Nature, as we know, adapts her creatures to their environment and makes the colour of birds and beasts to nearly match their habitat. But the force of this abstract law is only realised when you are told that a covey of birds is lying on a fallow within a few yards of one. My eyes not having been trained to see such objects as partridges and hares were as good as non-existent on such occasions, and I remember causing an old keeper much amusement by not being able to see a hare that had squatted in a furrow within twenty yards of me. In fact, I at first doubted whether my sporting friend could see "birds" two fields off, for look as I would there was nothing perceptible to my deficiently trained eyes.

How ignorant townsmen must appear to a countryman! But then they would miss a good deal that we have been trained to see. You should have seen the astonishment on the faces of some old women who were weeding in a field, when to settle a dispute I had with some fellows I went up and asked them what was growing in the field. But the Londoner was equally amused and astonished at the old

countryman saying, as he stood in Oxford Street, "Let's bide in this doorway awhile until the crowd goes by, for the sight o' so many folks bothers ye." The old chap did not realise that the crowd, as he termed the people, would go on until quite late at night.

In most seasons in the southern counties harvest is over by the first week in September, but this is not always the case, and the further north you go the later is the ingathering; so that in the more exposed parts of Derbyshire corn is sometimes out until November. In 1892 we had a good deal of rain during the latter part of July and through August, and though a good deal of corn was cut and shocked the rain prevented it being carted. The result was that the wheat sprouted badly, for the showers were followed by hot sunshine, and this caused the kernels to send out a tap root several inches long. This sprouting spoils the corn, and I am told that bread made from flour of sprouted wheat will not rise, but is "clung" when baked. A wet harvest is a very trying time for everyone. Even the on-looker like myself cannot help feeling for those whose livelihood depends upon the produce of the land, and to see a bountiful harvest spoiling in the fields is one of the most depressing experiences I know.

Farmers are accused of being chronic grumblers. I notice that all people having much to do with the soil are a serious, almost mournful race, as though they were always looking out upon nature when she is in an unkind mood, and had to put up with weather that was the reverse of what they desired. The wit and gaiety and humorous light-heartedness one

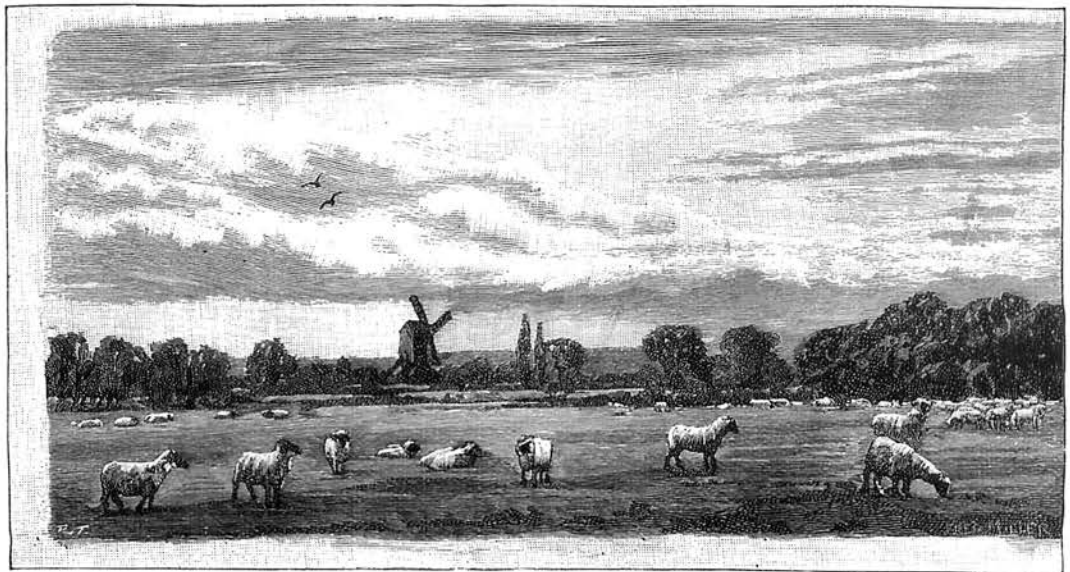
finds in London among the same grade of workers is quite absent in the country.

At our village concerts I have heard villagers sing comic songs in the style of funeral dirges. Those unacquainted with the song would never guess that it was comic. Mournful songs relating to the deaths of soldiers and sailors, or flowers from mother's grave are those generally given and most appreciated by the audience.

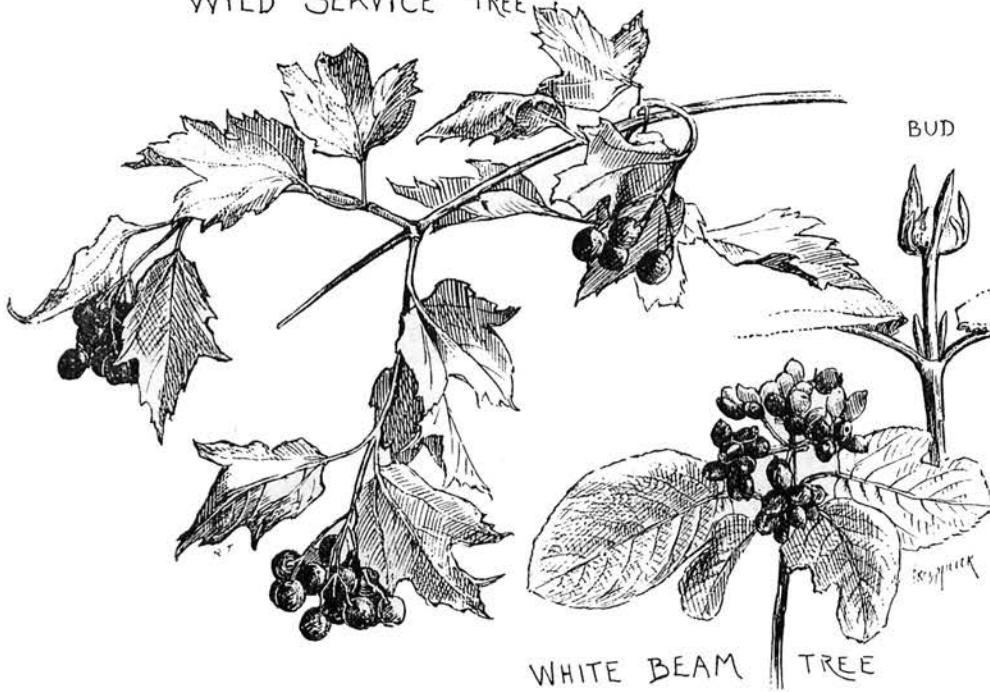
If there is a month in the year when there is a pause it is September, for with the gathering in of harvest the anxieties attending the year are over. Nothing now can make a bad crop good or spoil a good one that is gathered. There is a feverish unrest in the early year—anticipation and expectation—the weather playing an important part in the



drama. The gardener has an unpropitious spring to try him, and late frosts to nip his tender seedlings and make his life both anxious and disappointing. The farmer looks about his crops, and gets weather, apparently, never quite to his liking. Haymaking is a trying time, and at harvest he is always on the stretch. But by September he knows where



WILD SERVICE TREE



WHITE BEAM TREE

he is, and for good or ill can rest awhile and contemplate his past labours. The weather, now that so much less depends upon it, appears to be more calm and settled, in tune with his feelings. The sun may be warm, but it does not burn as it does in midsummer; and the colouring of all nature is becoming subdued and suggestive of rest rather than excitement.

It is too early yet to begin sowing wheat, and the roots are not yet ready for pitting. A good many pleasure fairs take place towards Michaelmas. There was a time when servants of all kinds were hired for the year at Michaelmas, and these fairs were known as "statute" or "hiring fairs." Men seeking fresh places—and women too, for that matter—went to the fairs, and the farmers attending made their selection and settled the labour question for the following year. The permanent hands on a farm, such as carters or horsemen, foggers and shepherds, are still

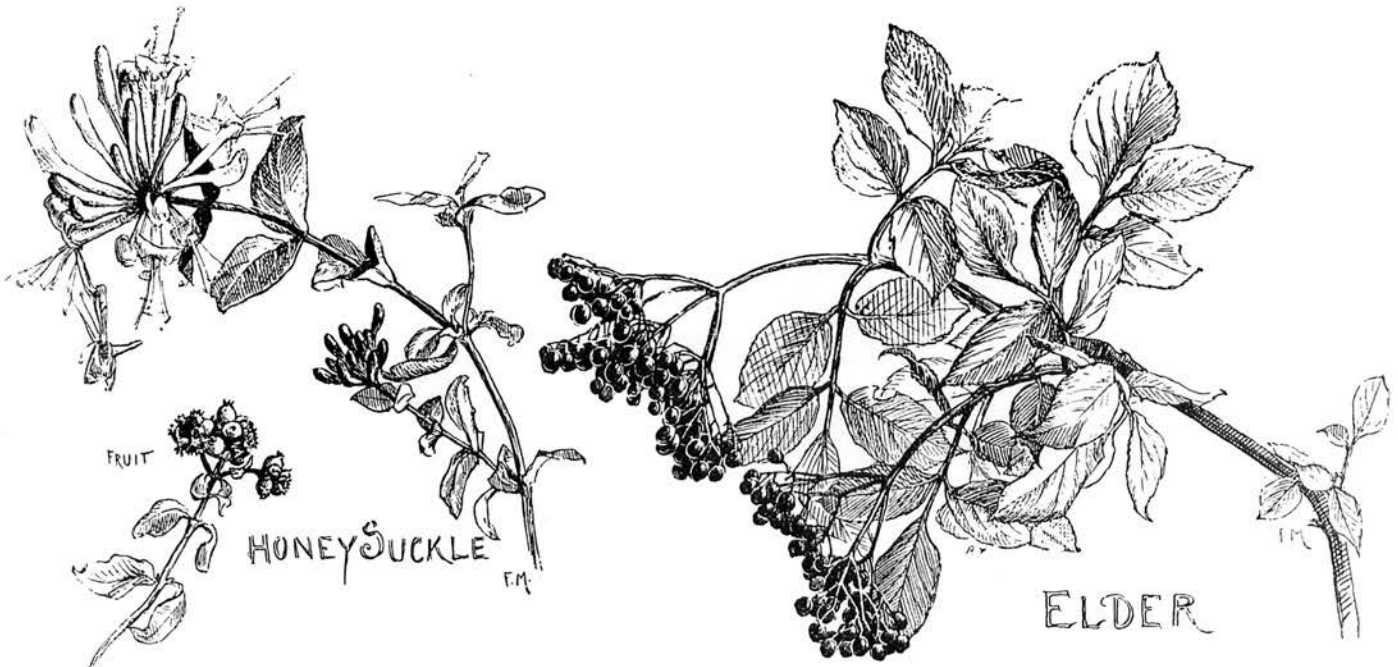
engaged by the year, and I know farmers and labourers attend Wallingford and Abingdon fairs to hire and be hired. But fairs are no longer what they were, and it will not be many years before most of them will drop out. Much of the romance of life goes with the growing matter-of-factness and unsentimental character of people. Harvest-homes were universal at one time. The "orkeyload," as it was called, supposed to be the last load of corn taken to the farm, was the occasion of much mirth and hilarity, and the farmer gave his men and women a supper to celebrate the completion of harvest. I am sorry to say that this custom has almost dropped out, gone with much else that decorated life and its labours.

Even gleanings is now largely discontinued, and in 1892, owing to the wet, scarcely a handful was "leased." At one time the church-bell used to ring to announce that all

could go into the fields which were ready. Wheat was then worth double what it is now, and bread, instead of being fourpence halfpenny a loaf, was ninepence and tenpence. Pure wheat bread was at one time a great treat to villagers, as they used bread made of tail wheat (the indifferent kernels which come out at the end or tail of the machine) or wheat mixed with barley. I am sorry to say that in this village, except to compete at the annual flower show, there is not a cottager makes her own bread. Yet home-made bread is not only cheaper, but has more heart in it.

Steam-thrashing machines have quite superseded thrashing with a flail, except in the case of a few beans and peas, and in September you hear all around the continuous mournful hum of the "drum," revolving at a very high rate of speed, beating out the kernels. I question whether the younger men on a farm could swing a flail without knocking their heads or legs. Women are employed in thrashing, generally on the machine, untying the bands around the sheaves of wheat or barley, or if the corn has been cut with a self-binder, cutting the string that holds the sheaves together. Women are employed, too, in hoeing, "scutching" (getting couch grass), and bird-

keeping. In the next village a most extraordinary woman lives who does bird-keeping and other work on a farm. She is a most inhuman-looking object, quite a Caliban in fact, and the first time I saw her on Whittenham clumps with a gun over her shoulder, and her weather-beaten witch-like face, her appearance was most startling. Had she not had an apology for a dress on, and a shapeless weather-beaten bonnet or hat, you would not have known that "Kezzy" was of the gentler sex, so entirely absent was anything approaching gentleness in her appearance. Many quite old women still earn their living working on the land, and I photographed two old dames taking their lunch while sitting on a horse-harrow, one of whom was eighty-three and the other seventy-nine. In the winter some of these old women go into the Union; but so strong is their love of liberty, and so great their dislike to the "House," that as soon as



HONEY SUCKLE

ELDER

the winter has turned they come out to earn a few shillings a week weeding, picking stones, or swede cleaning for the sheep. These women must have had out-of-the-way constitutions, for this latter job is a rough hard one, and they are exposed to the inclement weather of the early year.

Towards the end of the month blackberries and hazel nuts are ripe. In Norfolk there must have been tons of this fruit left to decay, for in following the guns when out partridge-shooting I used to come across quantities of blackberries, delicious when quite ripe. We always make some blackberry jam, and most popular it is with our friends owing to its novelty. The jelly is even finer, as the seeds, which are somewhat dry, are taken out. Crab-apples make good jelly, but few people trouble to use them. Sloes again are to be had by the bushel in favourable seasons, yet few people trouble to get them. Old-fashioned people used to make a wine from sloes which resembles port in colour, and it was said to be good for diarrhoea, just as cowslip wine was reckoned good for fevers. Mrs. Primrose in

the *Vicar of Wakefield* was proud to offer her guests some of her home-made gooseberry wine.

By the end of the month swallows are getting ready to go, while the fly-catcher, so common in gardens in the summer, has left us. The house-martin is the last of the swallow tribe to leave us. The corncrake, which keeps up that continuous grating noise day and night in the spring, leaves towards the end of September, and considering the shortness of its wings and its disinclination to fly, make it all the more wonderful that it can migrate. It must ever be a source of wonder how small birds like golden-crested wrens can travel immense distances in journeying from their winter to their summer quarters.

The berries are a great feature towards the end of the month. The wild service-tree, for instance, is most beautiful with its purplish green leaves and bright berries. The wild hop, too, as it climbs over the hedges is a feature wherever it is found.

A garden ought to be majestic in September, as the taller-growing perennials are now in

bloom, such as sunflowers, asters and Michaelmas daisies, hollyhocks, phloxes, gaillardias, and dahlias. Among the annuals, zinnias, asters, sweet peas and phlox are the most noticeable; but many plants that flower earlier in the season can be kept blooming if only the seed-pods are carefully kept picked as soon as they form, for nothing so exhausts a plant as allowing it to seed. By this simple device I have had a row of sweet peas over six feet high in September, and yielding blooms until cut off by the frost. Then, too, nasturtiums, canariensis, convolvulus and other climbing annuals have gone on growing like Jack's magic bean until they lose themselves in the shrubs they have made their mainstay; and this wealthy profusion and negligent abundance which characterises gardens in September makes them to some eyes more beautiful at this time of the year than at any other, for all plants have by this time asserted themselves, and have got out of leading-strings to a liberty which at first we would not allow them to enjoy, because we would train them in the way we thought they ought to go.

PRACTICAL POINTS OF LAW.

BY A LAWYER.

DOGS.



THE owner of every dog that is six months old must take out an annual licence for the same.

The cost is 7s. 6d. for each dog, and the licence is obtainable at a post office.

The licence must be produced when required by a constable or excise officer.

Dog licences expire on the last day of December; they should therefore be renewed early in January or during the month.

Dogs kept by shepherds and blind men are exempt from duty. Hounds under the age of twelve months not entered in or used with the pack are also exempt.

The person on whose premises the dog is found is deemed to be the owner until the contrary be proved.

The penalty for keeping a dog without a licence is £5 for each dog.

Any person may keep a ferocious dog to guard his premises at night.

The person who suffers an unmuzzled savage dog to be at large renders himself liable to be fined.

A person has no right to keep a savage dog unchained on his premises to the danger of people calling there for a lawful purpose.

A person who keeps a dog which is in the habit of biting people does so at his peril, and will be responsible for any injury the dog does to people.

A Court of Summary Jurisdiction may order a dog which is dangerous and not kept under proper control to be destroyed, without giving its owner the option of looking after it more carefully.

The penalty for non-compliance with this order is £1 per day until the order is complied with.

The owner of a dog is liable in damages for injury done to cattle, or sheep, or horses by his dog. Even though he were unaware of his dog's propensity to worry sheep or cattle.

And it is not necessary for the person seeking damages to show that the dog had betrayed any previous disposition

to worry cattle; or that the injury was attributable to neglect on the part of the owner of the dog.

It is popularly supposed that every dog is entitled to one bite, and this is true to the extent that a person seeking damages on account of being bitten by a dog must show that the dog had bitten or attempted to bite some other person, and that the fact was known to its owner or his servant.

A constable may take possession of any dog which he has reason to suppose is savage or dangerous and which he finds straying in the street or highway and not under any person's control.

No one has the right to maliciously kill or wound any dog; or to willfully place poisoned meat upon land for the purpose of killing them.

Powers have been conferred upon the Board of Agriculture to make orders from time to time as to the muzzling and keeping of dogs under proper control; as to the seizure and detention of stray and unmuzzled dogs; as to regulating the importation of animals from abroad, and all other matters connected with the suppression and extinction of rabies.

Therefore it is an offence to do anything in contravention of an order of the Board of Agriculture or the regulation of a local authority, or to omit to carry out their orders.

Such as omitting to supply water to an animal travelling by rail.

Neglecting to keep an animal isolated or failing to give notice of disease with all practicable speed.

It is the duty of the dog owner to find out what regulations are in force in the district in which he resides and act accordingly.

Ignorance of such regulations will not be treated as a lawful excuse; but may serve to mitigate the penalty.

The publication of the order as an advertisement in the local paper will be taken as proof of its having been duly made.

A certificate of a veterinary inspector to the effect that an animal is or was affected with a specified disease will be accepted as conclusive.

For the purposes of enforcing the Muzzling Orders it has been held that a dog driving with its mistress in an open private carriage requires a muzzle. And that a dog is not under proper control who is lying outside the garden gate.

One of the latest regulations of the Board is to the effect that all dogs brought into this country from abroad and intended to be kept here for more than forty-eight hours must be isolated away from their homes for six months in the care of a certified veterinary surgeon.

The regulation does not apply to performing dogs.

"THE PROPHET'S CHAMBER."

BY ONE WHO OFTEN USES IT.



THE other day, in an Edinburgh "flat" I heard a phrase which I had not heard for many a day!

It was "the Prophet's Chamber."

The daughter of a great man, now dead, had been re-arranging the surroundings of her life. Years of dutiful and beautiful filial devotion had come to an end—the "family house" was no more, and the only maiden-daughter was free to make her own plans. She had retired to a pretty flat commanding views of

two of the busiest thoroughfares in the Northern capital, yet high enough above them to be beyond any disturbing roar of traffic.

As she showed me through her new home, rich with relics of that which had vanished, she explained to me—

"This room was meant for the drawing-room, but I mean it for the living-room. What is the use of two public rooms for one person?"

"Well," I admitted, "one can only sit in one room at a time."

A very pleasant "living-room" it was—lined with books, friendly with familiar portraits, and gay with souvenirs of foreign travel; a delightful place in which to have one's meals—at the square table in the centre—or to write at the desk which stood in one of the windows.

"Now," said she, "follow me into the room which was intended for a dining-room."

"There!" she said, as she ushered me in. "This is to be 'the prophet's chamber.' When I have guests they shall have this nice large cheerful room, which they can feel is all their own."

Besides every comfortable bedroom appointment, the chamber had a roomy writing-table, a bookcase, and an open sunny aspect.

"The prophet's chamber!"

My friend's experience in her great father's house had made her realise that visitors are not always idle people, running to and fro in pursuit of pleasure. She knew that they are sometimes busy people, whose work must go on, whatever their environment; or burdened people, who crave for a quiet retreat where they may drop down at their ease; or sad people who may find relief in a few unwatched tears.

That dear old phrase, "the prophet's chamber," has a dignity of significance far beyond that of the mere "spare room."

We all know that the phrase originated in the little chamber which the Shunammite woman kept in readiness for the passing by of Elisha, because she "perceived that he was a holy man of God." Little did she then dream of the power which his hand was to have in her life, both for sorrow and for joy!

Little do we imagine, oftentimes, what new threads our visitors are to weave into our own histories. We cannot tell beforehand when we shall "entertain angels unawares." Only we know we need not fear even the unthankful and the evil: we may actually learn the most from them: for through them we may attain life's best gift—the power to forgive.

When we approach our spare room as "the prophet's chamber," *i.e.*, as the temporary resting-place of human beings of infinite capacities and possibilities, we begin to realise that we have to show spiritual hospitality as well as bodily. We do not know all the inner history of our most

intimate guest. Even such outward circumstances as we do know may have significances which are beyond our fathoming!

One thing we do know—our visitor is not in his own house—is probably in the midst of one of those "moving-about" seasons, which may sometimes enrich years of after life. Let us be careful that he is able to make the most of every opportunity.

Does he want to write letters to the friends he left before he came to us? Take care that he is not hindered for lack of ink on the desk in "the prophet's chamber," and give him a wide choice of pens. Though one may put some of one's daintiest note-paper into the stationery stand, we won't forget a few sheets of scribbling paper. He may wish them for "notes" which may some day turn into poems or stories.

In some grand houses, peopled, too, by kind hearts, these things are, nevertheless, forgotten. One has seen the guest-chamber of a mansion (whose visitors were specially of the "literate" class) where there was absolutely no place where one could write, save by clearing a corner of the toilet-table, and running the risk of dropping ink on dainty napery!

And here we may make a very homely suggestion of detail. Don't over-burden the toilet-table with unnecessary nick-nacks. Space is the visitor's great desire. Do not put on a lace cover. For some of our visitors may be elderly or feeble or nervous, and a ring or a brooch or a pencil may slip through the meshes and temporarily disappear, so giving a great deal of dispeace to a visitor who does not want to be troublesome, and who yet dreads losing something that may be a valued keep-sake.

If he makes a fuss about the accident, then the whole house is turned upside down, till the lost is found—"under his very nose all the time," as the resentful servants will say. If he keeps silence, then the ring is found after he is gone, and is sent after him with the secret reflection, "How careless he was, not to miss it!" Let us spare all these worries. We cannot offer hospitality in any sweeter form than ease and "peace."

For the same reason let us see that there are no projecting nails or broken points of furniture to rend unwary garments, and let us be careful that all the blinds and locks are in good working order. Sometimes these things are of fair seeming and will work decently under experienced manipulation, yet when our guileless guest takes them for what they look, they break down, and he is made unhappy by a sense, which not all our explanations will remove, that he has damaged our property!

Let us, too, cultivate an hospitable sense in the choice of pictures and books for "the prophet's chamber." In the former some sense of humour will carry us far. It will save us from confronting our guest with an awe-striking engraving of Nathan convicting David, "Thou art the man," or greeting him with the inquiry, "What is home without a mother?"—which, by the way, we once saw hung, as in grim jest, in a public dining-room! As a rule, possibly, pleasant landscapes are the best, especially studies of views or buildings which our friend may see while he is with us. Or photographs of noble statuary. Or pretty floral wreaths. If among the host's cherished dead there is one the fame of whose goodness or greatness has overflowed private boundaries, a portrait may well grace "the prophet's chamber." It will be as a sacred welcome. The rule in the choice of pictures for "the prophet's chamber" is to consider what is cheerful and lovely and gracious.

If "the prophet's chamber" is large enough to contain a bookcase, the selection of books may be large enough and universal enough to be permanent, provided the

said book-case is not promptly made into a refuge for the weak-minded, a retreat for the incurable, and a home for the dying, from all other bookcases in the house.

Generally, however, a book-shelf is all that can find house-room. Then, if our guest is an intimate, his particular taste should be consulted. We should provide him with the books we should like to hear him discuss, or with some which bear directly on his tastes and aspirations. We must not leave books as fixtures while visitors change—milk-and-water fiction remaining for grave seniors, or a girl in her teens finding works on philosophy!

But when our visitors are comparatively strangers to us, there are two rocks from which we must steer carefully away—tragic literature and comic literature. Both may be absolutely cruel! We have known a young widow, who at one blow had lost husband and fortune, and who had just learned all the bitterness of life's injustice, whose probably well-meaning hosts provided nothing for her lonely moments save Hugo's *The Miserables* and Browning's *The Ring and the Book*. Why, she could almost have written those out of her own sore heart! They were not what she lacked! Yet worse still would have been a "comic annual," or the *Jokes of all Nations*. And worst of all, possibly, would have been that washy school of fiction which insists on universal "happy endings" in the vulgar form of "pretty weddings" and "big cheques," and which makes "all come right" by visible "machinery."

We cannot tell what may be astir in the heart or the life of the visitor whom we do not know very well. But there are some books which never come wrong to the glad or to the sorrowful, to those who abound, or to those who are abased. There is some poet of the type which Longfellow has so skilfully drawn—

"Whose songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer."

There are novels as wholesome and energising as Scott's *Heart of Midlothian*. We cannot particularise them. Let each ask himself, "What story made me wish to be better and to do better?" Well, that is the book we mean! There are parables of the love of God, such as Tolstoy's *What Men Live By*, which for ever after haunt the memory, like a strain of sweet music.

Do you know there is one book which may surely always lie in "the prophet's chamber," though visitors come and go, old and young, wise and simple, and that is a good collection of Hans Andersen's stories. Every child likes to hear the tale of *The Girl who Trod on a Loaf*, but what sage can get beyond it? And is not the tragedy of all genius since the world began contained in the great Dane's wonderful *Portuguese Duck*?

The Bible that is put in "the prophet's chamber" should be light to lift, and of good and clear print. The guest probably carries his own, and will generally use that.

Then last of all, "the prophet's chamber" must be surrounded by such genuine hospitality as embosoms that from which our story opened. The visitor must be welcomed—the very service he gets must not all be hiring service. He must be furthered in all his plans—the local time-tables must be made clear to him. At the last, "God speed" must follow him to the very door.

"No servant ever 'saw out' a visitor in my father's house," said my old friend, as she stepped down the long stone staircase to perform that ceremony for us, "and it is going to be the same here!"

ISABELLA FVIE MAYO.



PRACTICAL POINTS OF LAW.

By A LAWYER.

ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.

It is the duty of every parent to have every child efficiently educated.

There are penalties for neglecting this duty.

Unless the parent has a reasonable excuse, such as, there not being, within two miles from the residence of the child, any public elementary school open which the child can attend.

Or the absence of the child from school has been caused by sickness or any unavoidable cause.

A child means a child between the ages of five and fourteen.

Every person who employs a child for the sake of gain, who is not attending a school, or has not obtained a certificate of school proficiency, renders himself liable to a penalty.

A parent includes any person *in loco parentis*, or, in other words, who is in charge of or responsible for the child.

A certificate of due attendance at a certified efficient school is as good as a certificate of proficiency under Standard IV. But a higher standard may now be required under a bye-law.

A certificate of due attendance is a certificate of 350 attendances in not more than two schools during each year for five years.

Attending school means effectual attendance, not the mere presence of the child at the school door.

You will not escape the infliction of a fine by sending your child to the school without the necessary pence.

A parent who is in impoverished circumstances may obtain relief from the guardians to enable him to pay the ordinary school-fees for his child.

A child who is beyond its parents' control may be brought before a magistrate and sent to an industrial school.

But the parent may have to contribute to its maintenance there.

The education of factory children has received the special attention of the law.

A child employed in a morning or afternoon "set" must attend school at least once on each week-day. But if employed on the alternate day system, then twice a day on the days preceding the day of employment.

Every occupier of a factory or workshop must obtain from the school teacher weekly a certificate of each child's attendance.

And until the child has made up any deficiency of school attendance the occupier may not employ such child.

Upon the application of an authority of a recognised school the occupier is bound to pay a weekly sum not exceeding threepence towards its schooling.

Or not exceeding one-twelfth of the child's wages.

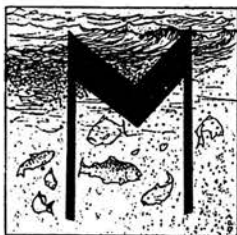
The occupier may deduct such sum from the wages of the child.

When is a child not a "child"?

When it is aged thirteen and has obtained a certificate of a certain standard, or has completed a certain amount of school-attendance. It is then deemed to be a "young person."

FIELD-NOTES.

I. A WEASEL AND HIS DEN.



Y most interesting note of last season relates to a weasel. One day in early November my boy and I were sitting on a rock at the edge of a tamarack swamp in the woods hoping to get a glimpse of some grouse which we knew were in the habit of feeding in the swamp. We had not sat there very long before we heard a slight rustling in the leaves below us which we at once fancied was made by the cautious tread of a grouse. (We had no gun.) Presently through the thick brushy growth we caught sight of a small animal running along that we at first took for a red squirrel. A moment more, and it came into full view only a few yards from us, and we saw that it was a weasel. A second glance showed that it carried something in its mouth, which, as it drew near, we saw was a mouse, or a mole of some sort. The weasel ran nimbly along, now the length of a decayed log, then over stones and branches, pausing a moment every three or four yards, and passed within twenty feet of us, and disappeared behind some rocks on the bank at the edge of the swamp. "He is carrying food into his den," I said; "let us watch him." In four or five minutes he reappeared, coming back over the course along which he had just passed, running over and under the same stones and down the same decayed log, and was soon out of sight in the swamp. We had not moved, and evidently he had not noticed us. After about six minutes we heard the same rustle as at first, and in a moment saw the weasel coming back with another mouse in his mouth. He kept to his former route as if chained to it, making the same pauses and gestures, and repeating exactly his former movements. He disappeared on our left as before, and, after a few moments' delay, reëmerged, and took his course down into the swamp again. We waited about the same length of time as before, when back he came with another mouse. He evidently had a big crop of mice down there amid the bogs and bushes, and he was gathering his harvest very industriously. We became curious to see exactly where his den was, and so walked around where he had seemed to disappear each time, and waited. He was as punctual as usual, and was back with his game exactly on time. It happened that we

had stopped within two paces of his hole, so that, as he approached it, he evidently discovered us. He paused, looked steadily at us, and then without any sign of fear entered his den. The entrance was not under the rocks, as we had expected, but was in the bank a few feet beyond them. We remained motionless for some time, but he did not reappear. Our presence had made him suspicious, and he was going to wait awhile. Then I removed some dry leaves, and exposed his doorway, a small, round hole hardly as large as the chipmunk makes, going straight down into the ground. We had a lively curiosity to get a peep into his larder. If he had been carrying in mice at this rate very long, his cellars must be packed with them. With a sharp stick I began digging into the red clayey soil, but soon encountered so many roots from near trees that I gave it up, deciding to return next day with a mattock. So I repaired the damages I had done as well as I could, replaced the leaves, and we moved off.

The next day, which was mild and still as usual, I came back armed as I thought to unearth the weasel and his treasures. I sat down where we had sat the day before, and awaited developments. I was curious to know if the weasel was still carrying in his harvest. I had sat but a few minutes when I heard again the rustle in the dry leaves, and saw the weasel coming home with another mouse. I observed him till he had made three trips; about every six or seven minutes I calculated he brought in a mouse. Then I went and stood near his hole. This time he had a fat meadow-mouse. He laid it down near the entrance, went in and turned around, and reached out and drew the mouse in after him. "That store of mice I am bound to see," I thought, and then fell to with the heavy mattock. I followed the hole down about two feet, when it turned to the north. I kept the clue by thrusting into the passage slender twigs; these it was easy to follow. Two or three feet more and the hole branched, one part going west, the other northeast. I followed the west one a few feet till it branched. Then I turned to the easterly tunnel, and pursued it till it branched. I followed one of these ways till it divided. I began to be embarrassed and hindered by the accumulations of loose soil. Evidently this weasel had foreseen just such an assault upon his castle as I was making, and had planned it accordingly. He was not to be caught napping. I found several enlargements

in the various tunnels,—breathing-spaces, or spaces to turn around in, or to meet and chat with a companion,—but nothing that looked like a terminus, a permanent living-room. I tried removing the soil a couple of paces away with the mattock, but found it slow work. I was getting warm and tired, and my task was apparently only just begun. The farther I dug the more numerous and intricate became the passages. I concluded to stop, and come again the next day, armed with a shovel in addition to the mattock.

Accordingly, I came back on the morrow, and fell to work vigorously. I soon had quite a large excavation; I found the bank a labyrinth of passages, with here and there a large chamber. One of the latter I struck only six inches under the surface, by making a fresh breach a few feet away.

While I was leaning upon my shovel-handle and recovering my breath, I heard some light-footed creature tripping over the leaves above me just out of view, which I fancied might be a squirrel. Presently I heard the bay of a hound and the yelp of a cur, and then knew that a rabbit had passed near me. The dogs came slowly after, with a great rumpus, and then presently the hunters followed. The dogs remained barking not many rods south of me on the edge of the swamp, and I knew the rabbit had run to hole. For half an hour or more I heard the hunters at work there, digging their game out; then they came along and discovered me at my work. (An old trapper and woodsman and his son.) I told them what I was in quest of.

“A mountain weasel,” said the old man. “Seven or eight years ago I used to set dead-falls for rabbits just over there, and the game was always partly eaten up. It must have been this weasel that visited my traps.” So my game was evidently an old resident of the place. This swamp, maybe, had been his hunting-ground for many years, and he had added another hall to his dwelling each year. After further digging, I struck at least one of his banqueting-halls, a cavity about the size of one’s hat, arched over by a network of fine tree-roots. The occupant evidently lodged or rested here also. There was a warm, dry nest made of leaves and the fur of mice and moles. I took out two or three handfuls. In finding this chamber, I had followed one of the tunnels around till it brought me within a foot of the original entrance. A few inches to one side of this cavity there was what I took to be a back alley where the weasel threw his waste; there were large masses of wet decaying fur here, and fur pellets such as are regurgitated by hawks and owls. In the nest there was the tail of a flying-squirrel, showing that the weasel sometimes had a flying-squirrel for supper or dinner.

I continued my digging with renewed energy; I should yet find the grand depot where all these passages centered: but the farther I excavated, the more complex and baffling the problem became; the ground was honey-combed with passages. “What enemy has this weasel,” I said to myself, “that he should provide so many ways of escape, that he should have a back door at every turn?” To corner him would be impossible; to be lost in his fortress were like being lost in Mammoth Cave. How he could bewilder his pursuer by appearing now at this door, now at that; now mocking him from the attic, now defying him from the cellar! So far, I had discovered only one entrance; but some of the chambers were so near the surface that it looked as if the planner had calculated upon an emergency when he might want to reach daylight quickly in a new place.

Finally I paused, rested upon my shovel awhile, eased my aching back upon the ground, and then gave it up, feeling as I never had before the force of the old saying, that you cannot catch a weasel asleep. I had made an ugly hole in the bank, had handled over two or three times a ton or more of earth, and was apparently no nearer the weasel and his store of mice than when I began.

Then I regretted that I had broken into his castle at all; that I had not contented myself with coming day after day, and counted his mice as he carried them in, and continued my observation upon him each succeeding year. Now the rent in his fortress could not be repaired, and he would doubtless move away, as he most certainly did, for his doors, which I had closed with soil, remained unopened after winter had set in.

But little seems known about the intimate private lives of any of our lesser wild creatures. It was news to me that any of the weasels lived in dens in this way, and that they stored up provision against a day of need. This species was probably the little ermine, eight or nine inches long, with tail about five inches. It was still in its summer dress of dark chestnut-brown above and whitish below.

It was a mystery where the creature had put the earth, which it must have removed in digging its den; not a grain was to be seen anywhere, and yet a bushel or more must have been taken out. Externally, there was not the slightest sign of that curious habitation under the ground. The entrance was hidden beneath dry leaves, and was surrounded by little passages and flourishes between the leaves and the ground. If any of my readers find a weasel’s den, I hope they will be wiser than I was, and observe his goings and comings without disturbing his habitation.

II. KEEN PERCEPTIONS.

SUCCESS in observing nature, as in so many other things, depends upon alertness of mind and quickness to take a hint. One's perceptive faculties must be like a trap lightly and delicately set; a touch must suffice to spring it. But how many people have I walked with whose perceptions were rusty and unpractised — nothing less than a bear would spring their trap. All the finer play of nature, all the small deer, they miss. The little dramas and tragedies that are being enacted by the wild creatures in the fields and woods are more or less veiled and withdrawn; and the actors all stop when a spectator appears upon the scene. One must be able to interpret the signs, to penetrate the scenes, to put this and that together.

Then, nature speaks a different language from our own; the successful observer translates this language into human speech. He knows the meaning of every sound, movement, gesture, and gives the human equivalent. Careless or hasty observers, on the other hand, make the mistake of reading their own thoughts or mental and emotional processes into nature; plans and purposes are attributed to the wild creatures which are quite beyond them. Some people in town saw an English sparrow tangled up in a horsehair, and suspended from a tree, with other sparrows fluttering and chattering about it. They concluded at once that the sparrows had executed one of their number, doubtless for some crime. I have several times seen sparrows suspended in this way about their nesting and roosting places. Accidents happen to birds as well as to other folks; but they do not yet imitate us in the matter of capital punishment.

One day I saw a little bush sparrow fluttering along in the grass, disabled in some way, and a large number of its mates flitting and calling about it. I captured the bird, and in doing so, its struggles in my hand broke the bond that held it — some kind of web or silken insect thread that tied together the quills of one wing. When I let it fly away all its mates followed it as if wondering at the miracle that had been wrought. They no doubt experienced some sort of emotion. Birds sympathize with one another in their distress, and will make common cause against an enemy. Crows will pursue and fight a tame crow. They seem to look upon him as an alien and an enemy. He is never so shapely and bright and polished as his wild brother. He is more or less demoralized, and has lost caste. Probably a pack of wolves would in the same way destroy a tame wolf should such a one appear among them.

The wild creatures are human — with a difference, a wide difference. They have the keenest powers of perception; what observers they are!

how quickly they take a hint! But they have little or no powers of reflection. The crows do not meet in parliaments and caucuses as has been fancied, and try offenders, and discuss the tariff, or consider ways and means. They are gregarious and social, and probably in the fall have something like a reunion of the tribe. At least their vast assemblages upon the hills at this season have a decidedly festive appearance.

The crow has fine manners. He always has the walk and air of a lord of the soil. One morning I put out some fresh meat upon the snow near my study window. Presently a crow came and carried it off, and alighted with it upon the ground in the vineyard. While he was eating of it, another crow came, and, alighting a few yards away, slowly walked up to within a few feet of his fellow, and stopped. I expected to see a struggle over the food, as would have been the case with domestic fowls or animals. Nothing of the kind. The feeding crow stopped eating, regarded the other for a moment, made a gesture or two, and flew away. Then the second crow went up to the food, and proceeded to take his share. Presently the first crow came back, when each seized a portion of the food, and flew away with it. Their mutual respect and good-will seemed perfect. Whether it really was so in our human sense, or whether it was simply an illustration of the instinct of mutual support which seems to prevail among gregarious birds, I know not. Birds that are solitary in their habits, like hawks or woodpeckers, behave quite differently toward one another in the presence of their food.

The lives of wild creatures revolve about two facts or emotions, appetite and fear. Their keenness in discovering food and in discovering danger are alike remarkable. But man can nearly always outwit them, because while his perceptions are not so sharp, his power of reflection is much greater. His cunning carries a great deal further. The crow will quickly discover anything that looks like a trap or snare set to catch him, but it takes him a long time to see through the simplest contrivance. As I have above stated, I sometimes place meat on the snow in front of my study window to attract him. On one occasion, after a couple of crows had come to expect something there daily, I suspended a piece of meat by a string from a branch of the tree just over the spot where I usually placed the food. A crow soon discovered it, and came into the tree to see what it meant. His suspicions were aroused. There was some design in that suspended meat, evidently. It was a trap to catch him. He surveyed it from every near branch. He peeked and pried, and was bent on penetrating the mystery. He flew to the ground, and walked about and surveyed it from all sides. Then he took a long walk

down about the vineyard as if in hope of hitting upon some clue. Then he came to the tree again, and tried first one eye, then the other, upon it; then to the ground beneath; then he went away and came back; then his fellow came, and they both squinted and investigated and then disappeared. Chickadees and woodpeckers would alight upon the meat and peck it swinging in the wind, but the crows were fearful. Does this show reflection? Perhaps it does, but I look upon it rather as that instinct of fear and cunning so characteristic of the crow. Two days passed thus; every morning the crows came and surveyed the suspended meat from all points in the tree, and then went away. The third day I placed a large bone on the snow beneath the suspended morsel. Presently one of the crows appeared in the tree, and bent his eye upon the tempting bone. "The mystery deepens," he seemed to say to himself. But after half an hour's investigation, and after approaching several times within a few feet of the food upon the ground, he seemed to conclude there was no connection between it and the piece hanging by the string. So he finally walked up to it and fell to pecking it, flipping his wings all the time, as a sign of his watchfulness. He also turned up his eye, momentarily, to the piece in the air above, as if it might be a sword of Damocles, ready to fall upon him. Soon his mate came and alighted on a low branch of the tree. The feeding crow regarded him a moment, and then flew up to his side, as if to give him a turn at the meat. But he refused to run the risk. He evidently looked upon the whole thing as a delusion and a snare, and presently went away, and his mate followed him. Then I placed the bone in one of the main forks of the tree, but the crows kept at a safe distance from it. Then I put it back to the ground, but they grew more and more suspicious; some evil intent in it all, they thought. Finally, a dog carried off the bone, and the crows ceased to visit the tree.

III. A SPARROW'S MISTAKE.

If one has always built one's nest upon the ground, and if one comes of a race of ground-builders, it is a risky experiment to build in a tree. The conditions are vastly different. One of my near neighbors, a little song-sparrow, learned this lesson the past season. She grew ambitious; she departed from the traditions of her race, and placed her nest in a tree. Such a pretty spot she chose, too — the pendent cradle formed by the interlaced sprays of two parallel branches of a Norway spruce. These branches shoot out almost horizontally; indeed, the lower ones become quite so in spring, and the side shoots with which they are clothed droop down, forming the slopes of miniature

ridges; where the slopes of two branches join, a little valley is formed, which often looks more stable than it really is. My sparrow selected one of these little valleys about six feet from the ground and quite near the walls of the house. "Here," she thought, "I will build my nest, and pass the heat of June in a miniature Norway. This tree is the fir-clad mountain, and this little vale on its side I select for my own." She carried up a great quantity of coarse grass and straws for the foundation, just as she would have done upon the ground. On the top of this mass there gradually came into shape the delicate structure of her nest, compacting and refining till its delicate carpet of hairs and threads was reached. So sly as the little bird was about it, too — every moment on her guard lest you discover her secret! Five eggs were laid, and incubation was far advanced, when the storms and winds came. The cradle indeed did rock. The boughs did not break, but they swayed and separated as you would part your two interlocked hands. The ground of the little valley fairly gave way, the nest tilted over till its contents fell into the chasm. It was like an earthquake that destroys a hamlet.

No born builder in trees would have placed its nest in such a situation. Birds that build at the end of the branch, like the oriole, tie the nest fast; others, like the robin, build against the main trunk; still others build securely in the fork. The sparrow, in her ignorance, rested her house upon the spray of two branches, and when the tempest came the branches parted company, and the nest was engulfed.

Another sparrow friend of mine met with a curious mishap the past season. It was the little social sparrow, or chippy. She built her nest on the arm of a grape-vine in the vineyard, a favorite place with chippy. It had a fine canopy of leaves, and was firmly and securely placed. Just above it hung a bunch of young grapes, which in the warm July days grew very rapidly. The little bird had not foreseen the calamity that threatened her. The grapes grew down into her nest, and completely filled it, so that when I put my hand in, there were the eggs sat upon by the grapes. The bird was crowded out, and had perforce abandoned her nest, ejected by a bunch of grapes. How long she held her ground I do not know; probably till the fruit began to press heavily upon her.

IV. A POOR FOUNDATION.

It is a curious habit the wood-thrush has of starting its nest with a fragment of newspaper or other paper. Except in remote woods I think it nearly always puts a piece of paper in the foundation of its nest. Last spring I chanced to be sitting near a tree in which a

wood-thrush had concluded to build. She came with a piece of paper nearly as large as my hand, placed it upon the branch, stood upon it a moment, and then flew down to the ground. A little puff of wind caused the paper to leave the branch a moment afterward. The thrush watched it eddy slowly down to the ground, when she seized it, and carried it back. She placed it in position as before, stood upon it again for a moment, and then flew away. Again the paper left the branch, and sailed away slowly to the ground. The bird seized it again, jerking it about rather spitefully, I thought; she turned it around two or three times, then labored back to the branch with it, upon which she shifted it about as if to hit upon some position in which it would lie more securely. This time she sat down upon it for a moment, and then went away, doubtless with the thought in her head that she would bring something to hold it down. The perverse paper followed her in a few seconds. She seized it again, and hustled it about more than before. As she rose with it toward the nest, it in some way impeded her flight, and she was compelled to return to the ground with it. But she kept her temper remarkably well. She turned the paper over, and took it up in her beak several times before she was satisfied with her hold, and then carried it back to the branch, where, however, it would not stay. I saw her make six trials of it when I was called away. I think she finally abandoned the restless fragment,—probably a scrap that held some “breezy” piece of writing,—for later in the season I examined the nest, and found no paper in it.

V. A FRIGHTENED MINK.

IN walking through the woods one day in early winter, we read upon the newly fallen snow the record of a mink's fright the night before. The mink had been traveling through the woods post-haste, not by the watercourses, where one sees them by day, but over ridges and across valleys. We followed his track some distance to see with what adventures he had met. We tracked him through a bushy swamp, saw where he had left it to explore a pile of rocks, then where he had taken to the swamp again, then to the more open woods. Presently the track turned sharply about, and doubled upon itself in long hurried strides. What had caused the mink to change its mind so suddenly? We explored a few paces ahead, and came upon a fox-track. The mink had seen the fox stalking stealthily through the woods, and the sight had probably brought his heart into his mouth. I think he climbed a tree, and waited till the fox passed. His track disappeared amid a clump of hemlocks, and then reappeared again a little beyond

them. It described a big loop around, and then crossed the fox-track only a few yards from the point where its course was interrupted. Then it followed a little watercourse, went under a rude bridge in a wood-road, then mingled with squirrel-tracks in a denser part of the thicket. If the mink met a muskrat or a rabbit in his travels, or came upon a grouse, or quail, or a farmer's hen-roost, he had the supper he was in quest of.

VI. A LEGLESS CLIMBER.

THE eye always sees what it wants to see, and the ear hears what it wants to hear. If I am intent upon birds' nests in my walk, I find birds' nests everywhere. Some people see four-leaved clovers wherever they look in the grass. A friend of mine picks up Indian relics all about the fields; he has Indian relics in his eye. I have seen him turn out of the path at right angles, as a dog will when he scents something, and walk straight away several rods, and pick up an Indian pounding-stone. He saw it out of the corner of his eye. I find that without conscious effort I see and hear birds with like ease. Eye and ear are always on the alert.

One day in early June I was walking with some friends along a secluded wood-road. Above the hum of the conversation I caught the distressed cry of a pair of blue-jays. My companions heard it also, but did not heed it.

But to my ear the cry was peculiar. It was uttered in a tone of anguish and alarm. I said, “Let us see what is the trouble with these jays.” I presently saw a nest twenty-five or thirty feet from the ground in a small hemlock, which I at once concluded belonged to the jays. The birds were only a few yards away, hopping about amid the neighboring branches, uttering now and then their despairing note. Looking more intently at the nest, I became aware in the dim light of the tree of something looped about it, or else there was a dark, very crooked limb that partly held it. Suspecting the true nature of the case, I threw a stone up through the branches, and then another and another, when the dark loops and folds upon one side of the nest began to disappear, and the head and neck of a black-snake to slide slowly out on a horizontal branch on the other; in a moment the snake had cleared the nest, and stretched himself along the branch.

Another rock-fragment jarred his perch, when he slid cautiously along toward the branch of a large pine-tree which came out and mingled its spray with that of the hemlock. It was soon apparent that the snake was going to take refuge in the pine. As he made the passage from one tree to the other we sought to dislodge him by a shower of sticks and stones, but without success; he was soon upon a large branch of

the pine, and, stretched out on top of the limb, thought himself quite hidden. And so he was; but we knew his hiding-place, and the stones and clubs we hurled soon made him uneasy. Presently a club struck the branch with such force that he was fairly dislodged, but saved himself by quickly wrapping his tail about the limb. In this position he hung for some moments, but the intervening branches shielded him pretty well from our missiles, and he soon recovered himself, and gained a still higher branch that reached out over the road, and nearly made a bridge to the trees on the other side.

Seeing the monster was likely to escape us unless we assailed him at closer quarters, I determined to climb the tree. A smaller tree growing near helped me up to the first branches, where the ascent was not very difficult. I finally reached the branch upon which the snake was carefully poised, and began shaking it. But he did not come down; he wrapped his tail about it, and defied me. My own position was precarious, and I was obliged to move with great circumspection.

After much manœuvring I succeeded in arming myself with a dry branch eight or ten feet long, where I had the serpent at a disadvantage. He kept his hold well. I clubbed him about from branch to branch while my friends, with cautions and directions looked on from beneath. Neither man nor snake will trust himself to very lively antics in a tree-top thirty or forty feet from the ground. But at last I dislodged him, and, swinging and looping like a piece of rubber hose, he went to the ground, where my friends pounced upon him savagely, and quickly made an end of him.

I worked my way carefully down the tree, and was about to drop upon the ground from the lower branches, when I saw another black-snake coiled up at the foot of the tree, as if lying in wait for me. Had he started to his mate's rescue, and, seeing the battle over, was he now waiting to avenge himself upon the victor? But the odds were against him; my friends soon had him stretched beside his comrade.

The first snake killed had swallowed two young jays just beginning to feather out.

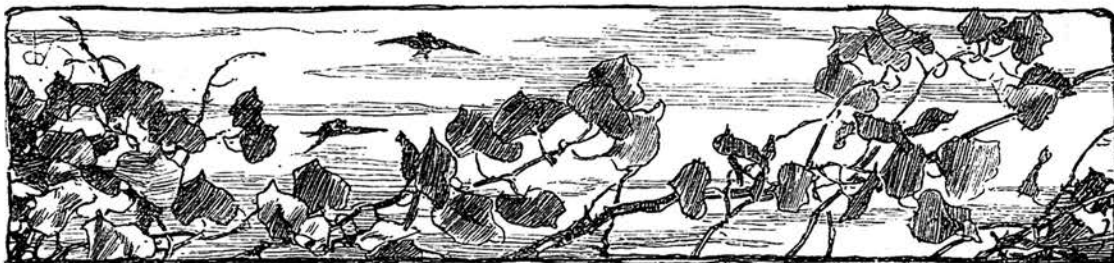
How the serpent discovered the nest would be very interesting to know. What led him to

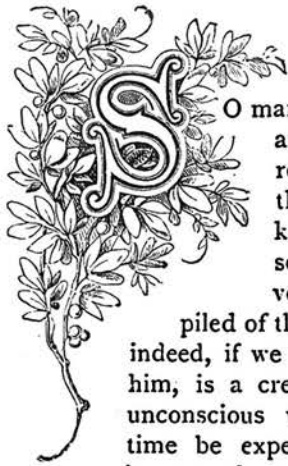
search in this particular tree amid all these hundreds of trees that surrounded it? It is probable that the snake watches like a cat, or, having seen the parent birds about this tree, explored it. Nests upon the ground and on low boughs are frequently rifled by black-snakes, but I have never before known one to climb to such a height in a forest-tree.

It would also be interesting to know if the other snake was in the secret of this nest, and was waiting near to share in its contents. One rarely has the patience to let these little dramas or tragedies be played to the end; one cannot look quietly on, and see a snake devour anything. Not even when it is snake eating snake. Only a few days later my little boy called me to the garden to see a black-snake in the act of swallowing a garter-snake. The little snake was holding back with all his might and main, hooking his tail about the blackberry-bushes, and pulling desperately; still his black enemy was slowly engulfing him, and had accomplished about eight or ten inches of him, when he suddenly grew alarmed at some motion of ours, and ejected the little snake from him with unexpected ease and quickness, and tried to escape. The little snake's head was bleeding, but he did not seem otherwise to have suffered from the adventure.

Still, a few days later, the man who was mowing the lawn called to me to come and witness a similar tragedy, but on a smaller scale — a garter-snake swallowing a little green snake. Half the length of the green snake had disappeared from sight, and it was quite dead. The process had been a slow one, as the garter-snake was only two or three inches longer than his victim. There seems to be a sort of poetic justice in snake swallowing snake, shark eating shark; and one can look on with more composure than when a bird or frog is the victim. It is said that in the deep sea there is a fish that will swallow another fish eight or ten times its own size. It seizes its victim by the tail, and slowly sucks it in, stretching and expanding itself at the same time, and probably digesting the big fish by inches, till after many days it is completely engulfed. Would it be hard to find something analagous to this in life, especially in American politics?

John Burroughs.





O many and varied are the amusing answers given by juveniles in reply to questions either beyond them, or so well within their ken as readily to lend themselves to their fun, that a volume could easily be compiled of them. The modern school-boy, indeed, if we are to believe all we hear of him, is a creature from whom flashes of unconscious wit and humour may at any time be expected; and these flashes are, in general, so interesting that they deserve a better fate than to sink into oblivion. To rescue a few of them from that fate is the purpose of this paper.

It is, it appears, at examinations rather than during ordinary lessons that these gems of original thought are elicited. It was at such a ceremony, for instance, that a cape was described by one boy as "a piece of land and rock joining the sea and its tributaries;" and by a second as "a point adjoining the ocean for putting lighthouses, &c., on." By another bright youth continents and volcanoes were described as follows:—"A continent is a portion of land partially surrounded by water, with mountains and plains in it; a volcano is a mountain with a basin on the top, spitting out fire and brimstone." Besides these items of geographical information, we are told that "Africa is called the Dark Continent because the negroes in it are black;" and that "a fort is a place to put men in, and a fortress a place to put women in."

In English literature some of the answers are calculated, if not to overthrow established notions, at least to make us wonder at the state of mind by which they could have been prompted. "Who was Sir Walter Scott?" was an examination-paper question; and the reply, which would have delighted Mark Twain, was: "He was the last minstrel seen in Wales, and was killed by Llewellyn for giving money to those who captured wolves. Among his poems are *Ivanhoe* and *Shakspeare!*" This, however, is capped by our next example, which displays a curious state of mixed knowledge, the effect, let us charitably suppose, of a system of cramming. "Milton was the novelist who wrote *Killing no Murder* against King James II., who put out his eyes for it, when Milton said: "Had I but served my God as well as I have served my king, He would not have forsaken me in mine old age." According to other original thinkers, Byron was imprisoned for twenty years in the Castle of Chillon; Wordsworth was called a Lake poet, because he drowned himself in a lake owing to money difficulties; and the reason of Chaucer being termed the father of English poetry is that he invented printing!

With the text of our literature liberties are sometimes taken by erring juveniles, as when a boy in an

advanced class at a public school rendered the concluding lines of the first act of *Hamlet* thus:—

"Let us go in together;
And keep your fingers on your lips, I pray,
Whose arm is out of joint with cursed spite,
And he is never born to set it right—
Nay, come, let's go together."

A reference to the play will show how extraordinarily the words of the immortal bard have been perverted. At the same school one of the tasks in an examination-paper was to write out the combat scene in the fifth canto of *The Lady of the Lake*; and the version given of some of the lines by one boy was almost as remarkable as the above. He wrote:—

"I thank thee, Roderick, for the word:
It nerves my heart, it *steals* my sword;
• • • • •
We try this quarrel *kill* to *kill*."

In the domain of history we have several answers more amusing than instructive. "The Crusaders," according to one rising genius, "were the men who conquered America and Peru, and were so called because they were the first to cross the Atlantic." By a second historian we are told that "Edward the Confessor was the first English monarch to embrace the Popish religion, for which he was deposed by William the Conqueror, and forced to flee to France." Perhaps it was the same youth who was of opinion that "Robert the Bruce was the son of Sir William Wallace, of Scotland, and when he was in a hut he saw a spider swinging seven times, and he said, 'I will yet be king.' So he gathered his men, and defeated the English by driving them into the *Fourth*, after which he died fighting with the Black Prince against the Moors, who flung his heart among his enemies, and cried, 'Go, thou faithful heart, and I will follow thee.'"

But the gem of the historical answers is that given in reply to the question, "Who was Queen Elizabeth?" "Queen Elizabeth was the last of the Roses, and, fearing that Mary Queen of Scots would marry her husband, Sir Walter Raleigh, she beheaded her, and in remorse sent Raleigh to discover the United States. When he returned without doing so, he was executed by Elizabeth's son, James I., after gaining time to write his long and varied biography in the Tower." Other interesting items tell us that Julius Cæsar was a Frenchman who rose to be king; that "Ireland's *pattern* saint is called St. Patrick because he killed all the snakes with a stick;" and that the French Revolution was caused by the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo!

Turning now to grammar, we find that there is a practical side even to that prosy science. This was displayed by the boy who, when asked the future of "he drinks," replied, "He is drunk." Somewhat similar but still more to the point, is the story of the little girl who was of opinion that the future of the verb "to

love" was "to marry." The fitness of things was not so apparent as in these instances to the scholar who figures in the following dialogue. At a *vivâ-voce* examination a little fellow was asked, "What is a monarchy?" to which he replied, "A country governed by a king." "Who would reign if there was no king?" was the next interrogation. "The queen." "And if the queen should die?" This was a poser, but, after a minute's thought, the boy gave the astounding answer, "The knave!"

From whatever cause it may be, there can be no doubt that the young people of London evince a sharpness not shown elsewhere. For example, who other than a London Board-school boy could have given such "a short account of the Conquest of Ireland" as "The Conquest of Ireland was begun in the year 1170, and is still going on"? Nor is this talent confined to the boys, as a writer in a London newspaper demonstrated some time ago. One girl, when asked how beef-tea was made, answered, "Buy a pot of beef extract, and follow the directions on the lid;" and a second gave "Cayenne pepper and Jamaica ginger" in reply to "What are warmth-producing foods?" But it was a boy, I think, who was asked what celerity was, and who, perhaps from experience, defined it as "something to put hot plates down with."

A pretty and sensible answer was returned to an inspector the other day by a little girl, when asked to explain what was meant by "bearing false witness against your neighbour." "It was," she said, "when nobody did nothing, and somebody went and told of it." Another gentleman of the same class was examining some country lads, and asked one of them if he knew what vowels were. "Fowls, sir?" answered the boy—"why, fowls be chickens!" Equally naïve was a little boy whose uncle inquired of him how he liked going to school. "I like going well enough," was his ingenuous reply, "but I don't like staying when I get there." Still more amusing was the retort made by a small boy to an old gentleman who, on his twelfth birthday, hoped that he would "improve in wisdom, knowledge, and virtue." "The same to you, sir," said the little fellow, totally unconscious of the sarcasm implied by his words.

So much for short answers; and, before concluding, I may be allowed to give a few examples of juvenile composition, the first two of which came under my personal notice. In reply to "Give a short description of the pig," a youthful Buffon wrote: "The pig is an animal. He is useful in many ways, because he is easily fed on stuff not needed, also mud. His skin is thick and dirty, and his head ugly, with cutted (*sic*) ears, and a short tail on it. When he is a mail

he is called a bore; and a femail, sow. He likes spirits."

Another natural history subject was "the dog," and it was announced that extra marks would be given to those who introduced into their essays a couplet on that animal. This, as may be supposed, proved an insurmountable obstacle to most; but one of the boys got over the difficulty in this manner:—"The dog is a noble animal, being of several kinds, such as Newfoundland, collie, pup, mastiff, and mongrel. It is called the friend of man, because on the Alps they carry bottles round their necks to save the lives of travellers who are lost in the snow. Also the friend of women, like the poetry which says—

'Old Mother Hubbard, she went to her cupboard,
To give her poor dog a bone,'

but she hadn't any. The dog has usually a hairy coat, though some haven't, like hounds and such. Hairy ones are best for watching."

But even this must give way in precocity to our next, and last, example. All the boys at a certain school being ordered to compete for a prize offered for the best composition, one of them, named John, refused to do it on the ground that he could think of nothing to write about. Nevertheless, he was obliged to compete, and when the day of trial came he was asked in turn to read his essay. He began:—

"My composition is about spring. Spring will soon be here. How do I know that? Because it came last year, and the year before that, and the year before that.

"The grass will soon grow green, and the trees will put forth leaves. How do I know that? Because the grass grew green, and the trees put forth leaves, last year, and the year before that, and the year before that.

"And the lambs will come, and they will gambol and play and have a good time. How do I know that? Because the lambs gambolled last year, and the year before that, and the year before that. And——"

Here the reader was interrupted by his teacher, who, tired of the iteration, told him that he need read no more; and John triumphantly returned to his seat amid the laughter of the audience. Needless to say, however, his composition did not gain the prize.

This last instance and others will show that the scholars were not in every case influenced merely by a desire to make the most of their subjects according to their lights, but were, in a manner, led out of their way by a prospect of mischief. But, of course, most of the replies here chronicled are quite ingenuous and free from guile; and from them I trust a little entertainment and amusement may be had.

D. LAWSON JOHNSTONE.





THE RIGHTS AND OBLIGATIONS OF PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

By C. PAGE DEANE.



HERE is a very large amount of duty which parents owe to their children, and which is but rarely performed adequately, and there is a large amount of duty which parents are entitled to exact from their children, and which is at times rendered in a very grudging spirit, and sometimes is not rendered at all.

I cannot, however, attempt to define these duties on the one side or on the other, so far as they are only moral obligations. My rôle is not that of a moralist—at least on the present occasion—but the more matter-of-fact one of giving you some idea of the extent to which “the eye of the law” regards what parents must do, and what children ought to do. “Must”—“ought”—is this some lawyer-like distinction? Well—yes. Coercing a parent is different from coercing a child—the child gets rather the better position, and is looked upon more tenderly. There is a sort of theory that if a child is told what to do, and the path is not too difficult, and the control judicious, it will do its duty; whereas, if a parent is found deviating from his correct course, as he is not amenable to the same sort of control, he is punished more or less sharply. But this is going to extremes. Let us try more abstract paths.

There are some ideas in regard to the position of a parent which may be called fundamental—thus, we all conceive that a parent must maintain his child (at least during early years), and that this duty has a corresponding right—that he may control, and if necessary punish, his child. The law of our country is framed on the basis that the fundamental duty needs no enactment—there is no Act of Parliament which directs a man to eat or sleep, or to feed and clothe his child. But if a man neglects this duty to his child, he offends against nature, and comes within the reach of the criminal law, which inflicts punishments for breaches of the laws of nature when other persons are injured by any such breach. The Act of Parliament declares punishable with six months’ imprisonment any parent who wilfully neglects to provide food, clothing, medical aid, or lodging for his children under fourteen—if such neglect injures or tends to injure the health of the child. If the child is an infant of tender years, the punishment is heavier. And not only parents, but also grandparents, have to suffer if they neglect their grandchildren. A child’s right to maintenance lasts until it is sixteen. The word “adequate” is beautifully elastic. We see daily in the streets children whose

clothing seems to us far from sufficient; but to compel their parents to clothe them better would not be involved in giving them “adequate” clothing; nor does the omission to cover them warmly always result in, or even tend to, injury to health. The human frame is wonderfully adaptable.

There is one general principle that I should like to mention. We often talk about “the law allowing” or “the law forbidding,” as if “the law” were a sort of personality, perhaps omniscient, who, seeing a wrong, takes action at once to stop it, if it does not actually present an effective barrier to prevent the wrong being done. Need I say that this is entirely erroneous? The law is a mere abstract machine, which has to be set in motion by direct human agency, and which acts through certain very definite human media. The medium that we are most familiar with is the gentleman in blue uniform, whom we designate “Bobby.” Another medium is found in Boards of Guardians—we hear of them, hear people grumbling about and at them, but we look upon them as rather mysterious creatures. However, they are now and then brought into activity and energy, and if a forlorn child comes to their palace—the workhouse—they find the parents and use the means at their command for setting the law in motion, or getting the neglectful parents punished.

To turn to a different phase of this question of parental liability—we sometimes find it presenting itself in this way. A child orders things from a tradesman, and lets the unpaid bill be sent in to papa. It is not a good plan in the long run, and unless papa is very indulgent, he may refuse to pay, and then the child is in a very awkward position. There is a popular idea that if things so ordered are necessary for the child, the parent must pay. That is not so. A parent is never liable for any purchase that he does not himself make or authorise some one else to make at his cost. If the child is away at a boarding-school, and can get any confiding tradesman to “run up a bill,” so much the worse for the tradesman if pocket-money and the child’s sense of honour prove deficient. It is, of course, very discreditable to the child to do such a trick; but my own opinion is that, apart from the influence of companions, it is commonly the fault of the parents if the children are given to weakness of moral sensibility; and the parents often admit this, in such cases, by paying what is in effect a fine for their own laxness in training.

Next to the duty of maintenance comes in the modern doctrine—the duty of education. This has been constituted a legal duty only in very recent years. In 1870 the giving of education was provided for, but it was only in 1876 that Parliament declared by statute that it should be the duty of the parents of every child to cause such child to receive elementary education in reading, writing, and arithmetic. So now every child must go to

school unless after the age of ten it obtains a certificate of efficiency in reading, writing, and elementary arithmetic. That is the limit of a parent’s legal obligations, rich or poor.

Observe that the parent is to cause his child to receive education. There is a convenient instance of the right which I alluded to as corresponding to the parents’ duties—the right of control. In our fallen state of humanity control of children too often means punishment. In the political world control has another synonym, and that is, coercion: it means the same thing—if you cannot control you must punish. The law being made by frail men for the benefit of their frail brethren, recognises that corporal chastisement is a proper mode of enforcing parental control, and it never interferes unless the chastisement is administered in such a way as to do serious bodily harm. Even beyond this a child may be subject to corporal chastisement; at school it is within the legal right of the master or mistress to enforce his authority by this means; but the right of a schoolmaster is perhaps rather more limited than that of a parent—at any rate the master has to reckon with the parent’s disapproval, which may take the form of a turn with the legal engine; but a parent has only to keep beyond the cognisance of the blue-coated official who embodies the law. We may perhaps feel some satisfaction in thinking that we are at any rate in some degree in advance of that great and mighty people the old Romans. Under the Roman empire the power of a father was absolute. He could sell his child, he could even kill him, without being liable to any penalty or even reflection. But the Romans themselves began, in the days of the Empire, to modify their views on the subject, and it is recorded that the Emperor Hadrian banished a father who killed his son, though the killing was done under great provocation. If we can flatter ourselves on our superiority to the Romans, perhaps we may do so all the more in view of the fact that in some respects our advance in civilisation is very recent indeed. It is *our own* age which is so magnanimous as—what do you think?—to admit that a mother has some rights in regard to her children! When we were born, and for a good while after—I speak in the names of the youngest of my readers—a father’s right of control was exclusive, and not only existed during his life, but the provisions of his will were paramount over the mother after his death. A mother had no right except to reverence and respect; and I am afraid that where any question of right or wish was raised, the reverence and respect were less than they should have been. If a father died, leaving infant children, he could appoint a guardian for them, whose right was absolute to direct their education, mode of life, associates, etc., in entire disregard of the mother’s wishes or feelings; the guardian could even take them away from the

mother's control. This seems incredible, but I am sorry to say it was true. It is only since the year 1886 that Parliament passed a law that a mother should have the right to act jointly with any guardian appointed by the father. At the same time a mother was for the first time empowered to appoint a guardian for her infant children after the death of the father and herself. It is even possible now for her to appoint a guardian of her children to act jointly with the father; but this is only to be done under very exceptional circumstances, and a court of law must be asked to confirm the appointment before it can acquire validity.

There is one principal cause for questions as to the control of children becoming matter of legal interest—it is not the selfwill of children, or the lack of management or self-control on the part of parents: take them on the whole, parents and children rub along in their mutual relations fairly well, without any occasion to bother other people, especially the public, with their affairs or troubles. But every now and then a religious question crops up. It may be that one of the parents is a Protestant and the other a Roman Catholic, whether at the date of the marriage, or through a change of opinion afterwards; and then the bringing-up of the children becomes a bone of contention—perhaps, most unhappily, between the parents, and perhaps, nearly as sadly, between some religious body and a surviving parent. It is a most singular thing, and a thing praiseworthy to the last degree, that when these questions come before our judges they are decided without the smallest bias in favour of any one religious system as against any other. It is quite conceivable that if four different cases came before the same judge on four successive days, he would decide one that a child must be brought up in the Protestant faith, the next, that a child must be brought up as a Roman Catholic, the third in favour of the Jewish persuasion, and the fourth in favour of Mohammedanism. And the judge is quite consistent in such decisions. He places himself *in loco parentis* (which is to be translated “in the place of the parent”) and decides according to what may be most clearly shown to be

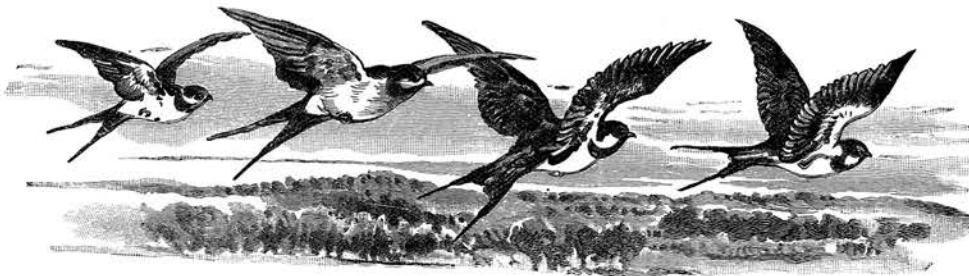
for the child's benefit, and in accordance with the wish of the father. In this matter of the religious instruction of his children a father's will is supreme. He cannot make any agreement, whether before marriage or at any other time, which will have any binding force whatever as a matter of law. A father's duty in regard to the religion of his child is considered too sacred a subject to be bargained away, however solemnly the bargaining may seem to be done. If he makes an agreement it is regarded only as the expression of his temporary consent, and he may withdraw that consent at any time. And if there arises any question of appealing to a court of law, the court will maintain inviolable the right of the father; and the court will go even beyond this, for if the widowed mother changes her views, she may not affect the religious training of her children: they must be brought up in the faith of their father, and for this purpose, “he being dead, yet speaketh.” This may, and sometimes does, involve great pain and grief to both parent and child, for in order to attain the observance of its decree, parent and child may even be separated by the court's order. If, however, a father has abandoned his child, or has during any important period of time allowed it to be brought up in a faith which at the time differs from his own, he may not afterwards interfere, nor may anyone else, to prevent the continuance of the same teaching. It is different if the father, never having abandoned the child or its religious training, changes his opinions; for then he can insist that the religious instruction shall follow the bent of his own mind.

Apart from religious questions, the control of a parent is always recognised and allowed in cases in which any legal rights of the child are in question. A parent may sue in his child's name for any injury to the child. For purposes of this nature a little fiction is invented: it is assumed that the child is the servant of the parent, and that the parent suffers by losing the service of his child if any wrong or injury happens to the child.

But beyond all such questions of control, a parent has another legal right—in defence of

his child he may use main force to prevent a wrong, and in some extreme cases he may even be justified in slaying the assailant of his child. Similarly, a child may be justified in supporting by all means at his command a parent who is suffering a wrong.

Lastly, I would refer to an episode of some importance and interest which occurs in the lives of some young people—to wit, the marriage of those who are under age. Parents not infrequently object, more or less strongly, to the matrimonial wishes of their children. Generally, children resent such a line of conduct. Often the matter is one of great difficulty—far greater and more serious than the young people suppose; but occasionally the parents are not a little wrong-headed over these affairs. While a child is under age a parent has a full legal right to object to her marrying; in such a case a licence to marry cannot be lawfully obtained; and if any stratagem be resorted to for the purpose of overcoming this obstacle, serious and unpleasant consequences may ensue even affecting rights of property. It is true that the marriage will not be invalidated, but now and then this is a subject of intense regret for the parties most concerned. But it is not often desirable to encounter the risks and dangers which attend the path of those young ladies who rush into matrimony against the wishes of their parents. Let it be clearly understood, however, that I am only warning girls under twenty-one years of age. After that period has expired they are not subject to legal control. I hardly need extend these remarks so far as to indicate in more than one sentence the liability which hedges about the path of anyone who is a “ward of court.” Any young lady who has any money (even £20) under the direct control of the Court of Chancery is a ward of court; to kiss her against her will is an offence of considerable gravity, but to marry her without the court's leave can only be expiated by imprisonment. The leave of the court is not, however, in general difficult to obtain, for the judges are human beings of very kindly temperament, especially if you do not begin by flying in their faces.



A YOUNG SERVANT'S OUTFIT, AND WHAT TO BUY FOR IT.



A GREAT deal is written about dress, but I do not think I have ever seen anything written on the subject of working apparel, and frequently money is spent on this to so little advantage that perhaps, a few

words on the subject may not come amiss to young servants and to young mistresses, who could advise girls in the expenditure of their money.

Girls first going to service and receiving but

small wages, would so often do better if their mistresses would, without dictating, take a little kindly interest in their dress, telling them the kind of material to buy. I do not include the girl who is just beginning to work, and going, as many girls do to commence, as daily or weekly servant, and who then has her mother to look after her clothes, and spend her very small earnings for her to the best advantage she can; but it is the girl who has left home, frequently has come from a distance, or if the home is near, the mother is often too much occupied with the family round her to have much time to devote to the girl who is off her hands.

The greater number of girls get regular

places at fifteen or sixteen years of age, with wages ranging in different localities from five pounds to ten pounds a year, sometimes to twelve pounds if they have been trained at all previously, but they generally leave home with a very scanty supply of clothes, and those frequently quite unsuited to their work, often other members of the family's things, made to fit as best they can, and even if the supply is pretty good, a growing girl taken from a comparatively poor home, well fed (for the first duty of a mistress taking a young servant is to provide her with an ample supply of suitable food; not to forget that she is growing and working, so needs plenty to eat), and kept fully employed at what is really healthy work, grows

and spreads so quickly, that she is continually finding her frocks and everything else too short, or too tight; so, in any case, she must expect to have to get an entire outfit for herself during her first year of service. I have made and give a list of what I think she will require.

This list is possible if she is gaining eight pounds a year, or more. A girl who receives, say, five pounds a year, cannot possibly find herself in muslin aprons, caps, and afternoon frocks, and have her other clothes fit to be seen; shoes are always a very heavy item for a girl who is on her feet all day; I have, if anything, allowed too little in my list for shoes and boots. A mistress paying low wages, if she wants a girl really well-dressed, must help her, by finding aprons, or shoes, or something that will save buying.

I have in the following list given the quantity of stuff ordinarily required by a medium-sized person.

	s.	d.
For 2 cotton gowns—		
16 yards of print or other material at 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.	8	8
3 yards of unbleached calico for lining bodices and sleeves, at 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ d.	0	8 $\frac{1}{2}$
Hook, braid, &c.	0	6
Making, 2s. 6d. to 3s. each, say 3s.	6	0
Afternoon dress—		
8 yards of serge at 9d.	6	0
Bodice lining, braid and hooks	1	0
Making	3	6
8 yards of double warp unbleached calico at 6d. for two night-gowns	4	0
5 yards of unbleached or scoured calico at 5d. for two chemises	2	1
4 yards ditto for 2 pairs of drawers	1	8
5 yards of Welsh flannel at 1s., for two petticoats, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ widths in each, hem and tuck.	5	0
3 yards of dark material for over-petticoat at 5d.	1	3
3 yards of cotton (coloured) for summer petticoat at 5d.	1	3
5 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of Swiss check muslin (for 4 aprons) at 7d.	3	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
4 yards of flax at 9d. for 4 aprons, it is 52 inches wide, so bibs and hands come off the width	3	0
2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of Forfar at 6d., for two coarse aprons	1	3
1 pair of strong leather or Levant boots	8	3
4 pairs of house shoes at 2s. 11d.	11	8
1 dozen bordered linen handkerchiefs	2	6
Total	£3	11 4$\frac{3}{4}$

Besides these things a girl will need hats, a jacket, collars, stockings, stays, caps, haberdashery, and naturally, as soon as she can get one, she is pleased to have a coloured dress to wear when she goes out to church or for a holiday; but the substantial necessary garments should be bought first. As soon as possible the stock of underclothes should be increased, as one garment on and one in the wash is not always convenient, but girls are generally obliged to start with few.

As soon as a sufficient stock of clothing has been obtained, and it is possible, one shilling should be put into the post office savings bank every month, so that, in the event of being out of place, there should be a little money in hand, unless, of course, there is need at home, and some of the wages

have to go to help a little with the younger brothers and sisters, then a shilling a month as pocket-money, and the account for the year, the wages being eight pounds, would stand thus:

	£	s.	d.
Clothes, as in list	3	11	4 $\frac{3}{4}$
Savings Bank	0	12	0
Pocket-money	0	12	0
Out-of-door clothes and sundries	3	4	7 $\frac{1}{2}$
	£8	0	0

I have calculated that a girl will be able to make her own underclothing; it could, of course, be bought ready for wear for very little more, but comes much more expensive in the end, as cheap ready-made garments wear out very quickly, neither the calico nor the work being as good. The best calico to buy for hard wear is unbleached or, as it is called in the trade, grey calico; it is much stronger than bleached cotton, it does not look so nice at first but it very soon washes white. Scoured calico is preferred to the ordinary unbleached by some people, it is a little dearer but also wears well. Unbleached calicoes are from 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. to 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ l. a yard. The better ones are generally a little wider than the cheap ones. White, or bleached calico is only a trifle dearer for the same qualities.

Many people now buy flannelette, instead of flannel, for petticoats. It is cheap and warm and answers very well for some persons; but a short time ago I found a delicate girl who had been specially ordered to wear wool next to her skin, had clothed herself in flannelette and thought she had obeyed the doctor's orders, whereas she had done nothing towards carrying them out, for flannelette contains no wool; it is made entirely of cotton, woven in a way to feel soft and warm. It is a pleasant material to wear, it does not irritate the skin as wool often does; but it must not be regarded as flannel.

For servants' morning gowns four kinds of material are used: galatea, Norman stripe, Oxford shirting, and the old-fashioned print. I believe of these, galatea is the strongest; and in navy blue and white stripe, or dark red and white stripe, they wash well, and do not shrink as much as shirtings or prints. "Norman stripe" is often made in dark colours which look very well under linen aprons; they are not generally quite as firm and thick as "galatea stripe." I have found them wash well. If Oxford shirtings are chosen, be sure and select thick, closely-woven ones; it is a great mistake to buy a cheap, loosely-made one, which the first time of washing shrinks much more than the calico-lining and consequently soon splits in wearing. Some prefer the old-fashioned prints. In these the pink, red, and lilac are the best washing colours; select closely-woven ones. A print always looks nice; but if much dirty work has to be done, I think they are more quickly scrubbed out in the wash than thicker materials. They are also less tough, so tear more easily if caught. These materials are all about the same price, ranging from 5d. to 7d., according to the quality.

I calculate eight yards for a girl's dress, so that the skirt should be cut long enough to turn in a piece at the waist for letting down. When it can be done, it is much more economical to buy three dresses alike; then,

when the bodices are worn or out-grown, the third dress can be cut up to make two new bodices and sleeves. In this way three dresses will last two years well. Ginghams are also used for dresses, but they are more suitable for upper servants.

Most ladies prefer a girl's afternoon-dress to be black, but many do not object to navy-blue, or very dark-green; I think serge is the best to buy, and, if tolerably thick, needs no lining in the skirt, and as it can be easily brushed and shaken, wears and keeps clean. Have the bodice and sleeves of a black dress lined with cotton, that is black on one side, it will not then show directly it wears thin.

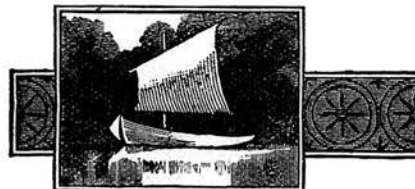
It is always well to have a couple of coarse brown aprons for doing grates in and for other dirty work; Forfar, or other unbleached flax, may be used for these. For linen aprons a special linen is made. For afternoon-aprons I always recommend girls to buy a Swiss check-muslin, in preference to nainsook or jaconet, for the threads in the check being firm hold the starch much longer, and, consequently, they are not so soon flimsy. The thin muslin aprons that look so nice when they are new, often are limp directly they are put on, when they have been washed. There are, of course, really good aprons, embroidered and others, that wash well and are made of plain muslin, but they are too expensive for girls to purchase them.

One of the heaviest, or the heaviest I might say, expense for a girl is house-shoes. I believe the so-called French cashmere lace-shoes are the best; they are really manufactured of a sort of thread, and are very durable, and make the feet look neat; they can be toe-capped with leather when shabby. Or a plain dull-leather shoe wears well, though it is not as neat-looking as the cashmere, which are from about 2s. 6d. to 2s. 11d. a pair. Never buy the English cashmere boots or shoes with the patent leather toe-cap, it cracks directly if you have any kneeling to do. Shoes should be managed so that the afternoon ones are not worn in the morning; one pair should be kept under another, for if a girl has to kneel about, toes of shoes are quickly shabby.

With regard to out-of-door wear, the aim should be to have cloaks or jackets of good material, rather than to have garments with trimming on, for as they must be inexpensive, if they are much ornamented, the material must of necessity be indifferent.

Caps are generally bought ready-made, but I notice most girls take very little care of them; they buy them cheaply, so do not think how many they use in a year, if not worn carefully. An economical cap is made with a yard of lace, about three and a-half or four inches wide, cost 2d., plaited up to one inch in even plaits at the straight edge, and a little black bow put over the stitches. The two ends of the lace must be hemmed; made this way it is very easy to undo, wash, and remake.

Everyone should keep an account of their expenditure; a penny note-book, ruled for cash, is all that is needed, and every penny spent should be put down in it; girls will be surprised, after a little while, how this practice will prevent their wasting money. I know that, as a rule, those who keep account get more for their money, and are therefore better off than those who spend it and do not know how it has gone.



USEFUL HINTS.

OBERGINE FRIED.—The obergine is a Spanish and Indian vegetable. In India it is known as "Jew tomato" or brinjal. In Spain the general way of cooking them are as follows: Wash and wipe the obergine, but not peel. Cut it in as thin slices as possible (like as for potato chips) lengthwise, and sprinkle over them pepper and salt; fry in olive oil until of a golden brown colour, and serve at once.

BRINJAL CURRY.—To make this curry to perfection you must make your own curry powder, as the spiced flavour is very much nicer and far superior than can be obtained in the ready prepared bottled curry powder. All the spices can be procured at any good chemist's. The spices required for a nice dish for six people would be, one dozen cardamoms, eight cloves, half an ounce of coriander seed, one teaspoonful of cummin seed, six chillies, and one dessertspoonful of turmeric. Now put an ounce of butter into a fryingpan, and when it boils put in the cloves, coriander seed, chillies and cummin seed, and let them fry for two minutes, then take them out and put in a mortar with the turmeric and cardamoms. Pound all well till quite smooth, and put back into the saucepan with an ounce more butter. In the meantime have ready prepared two brinjals, which should have been washed and wiped, then cut lengthwise, but not quite through at the end. Take out a little of the inside and put the mixture of spices that you have in the saucepan into the centre of each. Close them together again and put in the saucepan with three tablespoonfuls of water; cover closely and let them simmer gently for half an hour, when they will be quite tender, add a little salt and serve with boiled rice.

RASPBERRY SPONGE.—Rub one pound of raspberry jam through a fine sieve, then stir into it the juice of a small lemon and an ounce of best leaf gelatine dissolved in a pint and a half of water. Set it to cool, and as soon as it begins to set at the sides, whip it well and put in a damp mould. Serve plain or with good whipped cream.

OBERGINE AND BROCCOLI CURRY.—Cut three good-sized onions and fry in boiling butter. When these are a nice dark brown put in one dessertspoonful of mild curry powder, one dessertspoonful of crushed coriander seed, and about as much cummin seed as would cover a threepenny-piece. Fry all for three minutes, then take out and crush in a pestle and mortar. When it is perfectly smooth put back into the saucepan. Now put in the obergine and broccoli cut up in pieces, and fry with the above for ten minutes, stirring very gently not to break; add about half a pint of water and let all simmer gently till tender, but not to a pulp. Time about half an hour, and serve with boiled rice.

MACAROON SOUFLÉE.—Mix a tablespoonful of rice flour with as much milk as will make it into a stiff paste; now beat into it two well-beaten eggs, and mix altogether with half a pint of milk; add two tablespoonfuls of cream, a small piece of cinnamon, and one ounce of castor sugar. Pour the whole into an enamelled saucepan and stir continually till it begins to boil, then take it off to cool and take out the cinnamon; when cool put in one tablespoonful of minced lemon peel, six macaroons that have been well crushed, and a dessertspoonful of rose or orange water. Now whip the whites and yolks of three eggs separately, add both to the cream, mixing briskly and lightly all well together; butter a tin or dish and bake in a rather quick oven; when set turn it out and shake a little castor sugar over it, and put back in the oven for a minute or so to glaze. Serve garnished with preserved fruits.

STUFFED OBERGINE.—Cut the obergine in two, lengthwise; take a portion of the inside out and fill in the cavity with some nicely-minced beef or veal, flavoured with a little grated nutmeg, pepper and salt, and a small piece of butter; now tie it together and put it in a tin to bake in a moderately quick oven, basting it well with butter. Time, about an hour.

PERSIAN STEW.—Take about two pounds of the middle of the neck of mutton or leg, cut it in good-sized pieces and place in rather a deep dish; over this sprinkle some salt and curd which must have been previously prepared, and let it stand for twelve hours. Now take a saucepan and slice a good thick layer of onions, then a layer of potatoes, then put in the meat and curd and another good layer of onions on the top, add a little more pepper and salt, and cover closely so that the steam may not escape too much; let it come to the boil first, but do not raise the lid to ascertain if it really does so, and then draw it aside and allow it to boil gently for two hours, then serve.

(In Persia they make a paste of flour and a little water, and place it round the rim of the saucepan lid to prevent the steam from escaping so much.)

DELHI HULLUAH.—Put four ounces of good fresh butter in a saucepan, and when boiling put in half a pound of semolina and fry until quite brown, but not too dark; now put in four ounces of crushed sweet almonds, one dozen cardamoms, four ounces of sultanas, and four ounces of moist sugar which must have been previously boiled with a little water until a thick syrup; stir all well together and let it boil for half an hour, stirring occasionally to prevent burning. It should be quite dry when serving.

BRINJAL BHAHJEE.—Take two good-sized but young brinjals or obergines; wash them and cut about half an inch thick, wipe these dry, and sprinkle over each slice a little ground turmeric and chillies, let them steep in this for half an hour, then fry in boiling oil a nice brown and serve at once.

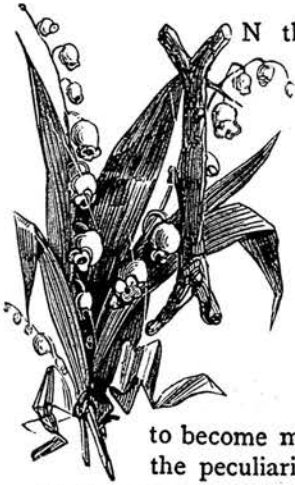
STEWED OBERGINE.—Peel and cut the obergine in quarters lengthwise and boil for ten minutes, then have previously made some good white sauce; take the obergines from the water and lay them in the sauce and boil gently for twenty minutes.



Illustrated London Almanack, 1860

GATHERING APPLES.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE LOST LUGGAGE.



IN these high-pressure days, when the shortest as well as the longest journeys must be undertaken by the aid of the iron-horse, a railway station affords perhaps more opportunities of amusement and instruction in the study of our fellow-creatures than any other place of public resort. It has been said that you can only know a man in his own home; but, for the person who wishes to become more intimately acquainted with the peculiarities of the mass of his fellow-creatures, a London railway terminus offers the most varied field for observation. In the ever-changing, living panorama there exhibited, there is no more amusing scene than that which may be witnessed outside the Inquiry Office for Lost Luggage, almost at any time, but particularly in the height of the great summer tourist season, or, better still, on such occasions as the Christmas holidays afford. To take one's place, on Christmas Eve or Boxing-Day, beside the *queue* which forms outside the Lost Luggage Office, and listen to the entreaties and threats of the hapless ones, whose enjoyment is likely to be marred by the loss of some of their luggage, is as amusing an occupation as can well be imagined. "It's as good as a play," with the recommendation that there's "no charge for admission." The schoolboy who has lost his "two boxes and a rabbit-hutch;" the sailor in search of a "large chest, a canvas bag, a parrot, and a monkey;" the old lady in chintz, disconsolate for the loss of her band-box; the tall, pompous gentleman, who insists that "telegrams must be sent at once for his portmanteau;" the stout party in brown, who "wouldn't ha' had her box lost not for anything, and perhaps them porters a-prying into her garments;" the bashful young father, whose spouse, but recently a bride, insists upon his taking his turn in the crowd, and making minute inquiries for the baby's berceurette; the confidential man, who makes no secret of his being in search of a brown paper parcel containing "my wife's new dress, you know: won't she be angry if it's really lost!" These, and many another, make up a group which a Hogarth or a Frith might well transfer to canvas, but that half the point of the fun would be lost in the impossibility of perpetuating, by that means, the various sayings of the crowd.

But if there is amusement outside, how much more of interest does a visit to the interior of the Lost Luggage Store afford! For variety of articles, no bazaar can equal the curious collection of property which the rooms appropriated to this purpose contain.

"Why, I should think you have everything here," said a wonder-struck searcher for lost property, while I was examining the heterogeneous concatenation at the Paddington Terminus. "from a baby's shoe to an

anchor." Whether those two articles represent the extremes of artificial manufactures, I cannot say, but the expression was literally accurate. "Yes," said the obliging porter, "I can show you both;" and, truly enough, there was a moderately heavy anchor—large enough for a twelve-ton yacht—while of babies' shoes there was no end. Boots, gloves, and hats were in sufficient number to stock a small shop. It is strange how a man can leave a pair of boots behind him in a railway-carriage: men don't generally carry these articles about loose in their hand, and if they took them off their feet while travelling, they would surely put them on again when they reached their destination. Yet this theory is hardly complete, as proved by the fact that a pair of crutches has often been found in a railway-carriage, taken to the office, and never inquired for. If a man can leave his crutches behind him without noticing the omission, there is no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that many of these boots—Bluchers, Wellingtons, patent-leathers, Balmorals, of every size and shape—must, many of them, have come off the feet of travellers during their journey. "We have crutches every year," said the porter, "at our annual sale, when we sell off the unclaimed goods. One year we had no crutches, but—a wooden leg!"

I measured one pair of boots, thirteen inches long, by four inches across the narrowest part of the sole. It seemed that if the owners came to claim their boots, and hats, and gloves from among the array that presented itself, they must have had some difficulty in identifying them, but the owner of this giant pair could have had no trouble. Probably they belonged to "Chang," alias Mons. Brice, the French giant. "And that reminds me of a tale," as President Lincoln used to say:—Mons. Brice was wont to take a ticket and a half when travelling by rail, to secure plenty of room. I once saw him take his seat in a second-class carriage, armed with his ticket and a half, when eleven people immediately followed him into the compartment, where there was room only for eight. A twelfth insinuated himself into the compartment through the window after the guard had locked the door. Probably the giant's feet got so swollen under the pressure of his thoughtless admirers, that he was obliged to take off his boots, and was afraid to claim them afterwards for fear of attracting further attention.

Pots of Devonshire cream, marked "To be left till called for," and actually left till they become so offensive as to compel their destruction; a coffee-pot; a bricklayer's hod; a speaking-trumpet; a scythe; a razor-grinder's barrow, gay in its blue paint, and the inscription, in letters afflicted with St. Vitus's dance, CUTLER TO HER MAJESTY; a purse containing eight pounds in gold, and numberless memoranda, "of no use to any one but the owner;" a Stilton cheese; a door-key; a barrel-organ; dolls innumerable; books without number; umbrellas with handles, umbrellas without handles, handles without umbrellas, and an army of walking-sticks, sufficient to set up all the lame

and the halt of the metropolis—these were among the articles gathered together in that weird assemblage of “lost luggage.” That bricklayer, that organ-grinder, that “working cutler,” must have been either *very* forgetful—so forgetful as to have forgotten that they *had* forgotten their stock-in-trade, their means of earning a living—or very Mark-Tapley-like in their constitution, never to have inquired for such out-of-the-way articles. The people who lose a hat or glove may be excused for not being very diligent in their search after commonplace property like this ; but what shall we say of the party who left the speaking-trumpet behind ?

The pile of boxes, portmanteaux, and bags was large enough for a Paris mob to build a formidable barricade with, and their various shapes were sufficiently grotesque to suggest the thought that they were never likely to be called for by their owners, who must have lived somewhere in the Middle Ages. And yet they were only the collection of a twelvemonth, for every year the railway companies sell all the unclaimed property in their possession.

The books were numerous enough to form a good library, and the range of subjects, from “Philosophical Essays” to “Artemus Ward, his Book,” was large enough to please the most fastidious tastes. If the officials ever had any leisure, which I don’t believe is ever the case, the corner of the room in which the books are stored should be the redeeming feature in the worry of their occupation.

The quantity of articles peculiar to babies and children prompted me to make the, as I thought, rather foolish observation : “I suppose you never have any children left here ?” “Oh, yes !” was the reply. “I’ve been in this office nineteen years, and in my time I’ve known three babies left here. Two were dead, but the last one began to cry, and after pulling open several hampers containing dogs and poultry, we at last found the poor little thing carefully tied up in a bundle amongst a lot of other things. We took it to

the workhouse close by, and now that baby is a boy seven or eight years old.” I forget the name by which it is called, but I relate the circumstance as it was told to me.

The numberless articles, some almost worthless, others of considerable value, but whose description would afford a very slight clue to their recovery, such as pencil-cases, penknives, coins, purses, &c., not to mention the umbrellas and other similar properties, which are daily brought to the office by the porters, proved the general honesty of the servants of the company, who might well imagine that many of the articles which they find, and send to the general repository, could hardly be recognised and would never be claimed, and might thus be tempted to appropriate them.

Still inquiries are made which, at first sight, would appear very futile. In the official record of inquiries for lost articles, I found such entries as “odd shoe, left in carriage ;” “two hats, tied” (these are marked in another book as having been “found, badly crushed”) ; “one boot, elastic sides ;” “one glove, black kid ;” “spectacles in case ;” “a half-sovereign ;” “a very old silk bodice” (referred to as “found, in bad condition”) ; “a horse-collar.” The owners must have been very sanguine to have expected to recover articles with such slight characteristic peculiarities, but in very few cases did their confidence appear misplaced. Indeed, the officials complain that too many goods are left in their charge without ever being claimed, till they accumulate in such quantities that they become unmanageable ; and every searcher insists on the whole stock being turned topsy-turvy, in the hope of discovering his particular property. Of the articles entered as “found,” and brought in by the porter, not one in five is inquired for or claimed, so that the public seems to be in fault both in the ease with which it loses its property on the rail, and the laxity it displays in claiming it at the recognised office for “Lost Luggage.”

C. E. FRYER.

TWO RECIPES FOR SEPTEMBER.

PICKLED ONIONS.

Choose the smallest onions, peel them and throw them into a brine of salt and water strong enough to bear an egg. Allow them to remain in this brine all night, and the next day drain them from it and dry them between two soft cloths. Put the onions when dry into jars or wide-mouthed bottles.

Boil enough good vinegar to cover them with one ounce of peppercorns, one ounce of sliced ginger, one salt-spoonful of mustard seeds, one teaspoonful of grated horse-radish, and a pinch of allspice. Allow the vinegar and seasonings to boil for five minutes, and when it is just off the boil pour it over the onions in the bottles. Put the pickles away till next day, then cork the bottles firmly and tie them down.

The onions must be covered by the vinegar in the bottles, and if more vinegar has been prepared than is required, it may be bottled separately and will be handy for flavouring salads and made dishes.

PRESERVED LETTUCE STALKS.

Peel the stalks of old lettuces, throwing the stalks into cold water as you peel them. Boil them in the water until they are quite tender. Then take them out, cut them into lengths of about two inches, and lay them on a sieve to drain. (If the stalks are not transparent, they must be peeled again.) Make a syrup sufficient to cover them, allowing one pound of sugar to one and a half pints of water. Skim the syrup carefully, and add to it one ounce of crushed root ginger. Boil altogether for ten minutes. Place the lettuce stalks in a basin, pour the hot syrup over them, and cover them closely down. (The syrup must be boiled three times and poured over the stalks.) If necessary, for the second and third boilings add a quarter of a pound more sugar to the syrup. Place the lettuce stalks in wide-mouthed glass bottles and pour the syrup over them for the last time when it is cold. Cover the bottles down tightly and store them in a dry place.

This makes a very nice dessert dish through the winter.

RODDY, THE RAT.

By Ulyss Rogers.

A KIND-HEARTED, bald-headed, old gentleman came into the office a few days ago, and was so delighted with the smart office boy, Lobbs, that he gave him a shilling to go to the theatre.

That evening there was a great preparation in the Lobbses' household, the result of which was that the literary idol of the hearth eventually sallied forth, radiant in his best suit, and with all the available home-made pomade rendering iridescent his black and waving locks. On his way out he passed the cage containing his pet tame rat.

"It seems a shame to leave you, doesn't it, Roddy, old man?" he said, and he took the animal from his cage and fondled it in his hands.

Roddy's reply was to run up his master's sleeve and nestle snugly somewhere in the recesses of Lobbs's waistcoat.

An hour and a half later Lobbs's raven-coated cranium adorned the front row of the gallery, and Roddy peeped out from behind the boy's glowing necktie, as expectant of what was to follow as was his master.

The play commenced, and Lobbs, his chin resting upon the iron rail, was enthralled. Suddenly a piercing shriek from the boxes beneath rent the heated atmosphere.

In a moment consternation reigned supreme.

"Joe the Bruiser," who was just about to murder the hero of the piece, paused half way and looked round to see what was the matter; the manager rushed out from the wings, and the orchestra ceased their weird music, without which no stage murder could be satisfactorily accomplished. To a man the pit rose, and the gods mounted each other's shoulders and peered forth to see "what bloomin' fight was on now." A lady in evening dress had fainted, and two gentlemen in the same box were slashing away with stick and umbrella, apparently at invisibility. They hit it every time, and nothing else, but still weren't satisfied, and invisibility didn't seem to mind.

Their game was a mystery to all the audience, save one—our genius Lobbs. At the first glimpse of the battle in the box he had suspected what was afoot, and instinctively his hand went to his waistcoat. Roddy was gone.

With a yell, Lobbs scaled the iron bar and prepared to descend one of the supports leading to the circle below.

"Don't hurt him," he cried; "he won't bite. I'll soon catch him."

But the sight of Lobbs's unceremonious performance only created a wilder panic. The impression went abroad that some dangerous animal had got loose, and that the keeper was in chase. People rushed for the doors; a man yelled "'Ware, lion," another shrieked "Fire," and pandemonium was loose.

Meantime, Roddy, all unconscious of the commotion he had caused, yet wondering greatly at the hostile reception accorded him, left the first box he had visited, and, clinging to the curtains, rounded into the adjacent one. The result was to send a fat lady into hysterics, whilst her husband,

emitting oaths of sulphuric hue, hurriedly dragged his spouse from the place.

Roddy appropriated the box, took up a position on the cushioned ledge in front, and settled down to enjoy the play. His meditations were interrupted by a walking-stick that whizzed past his nose. Roddy tapped his whisker reflectively.

"Seems a strange place, this," he remarked to himself.

Immediately afterwards a sixpenny book of words skimmed past on the other side.

"Highly dangerous, too," he added, glancing round to follow the course of the book with his eye.

Then an avalanche of missiles descended, and Roddy became really frightened. He skimmed along the fronts of all the boxes, and everywhere he went was met with shrieks from the women and unkind epithets from the men. He clambered up the curtains and got among the upper circlites, and in his fright he dodged between the legs of a big man who was trying to stamp on him, scampered up the back of a lady in evening dress, and ran across her bare shoulders.

Then over the balcony he went in hot haste, and down in double quick time to the pit. A dozen lads took up the chase and chivied him in and out among the stalls. His only refuge was to make for the orchestra. As he climbed the parapet the conductor received him by fiercely jabbing at him with his *bâton*; the bass fiddler slashed wildly with his bow; the flautist slung his flute madly among the players, chipping a piece out of the cornet player's nose, and embedding the whistle in the recesses of the big drum; the euphonium player endeavoured to imprison the intruder in the broad tube of his instrument; but Roddy escaped all, and made for the viola player, a pale-faced nervous youth, who, forgetting everything but the peril of the moment, banged away at the fugitive with his fiddle, smashing the bridge and strings with a loud report like a pistol shot, and impaling the instrument on a gas jet. Panic seized the musicians, and in a body they scaled the barrier and tumbled pell-mell over the footlights on to the stage.

Thither followed Roddy, now blind with excitement, and in a trice the boards were cleared. Then, mad with fright, the rat ran up a canvas tree and disappeared into the flies.

There he remained for some minutes, perched on a piece of scenery, his little heart thumping in a wild tumult against his ribs, and his bright pink eyes rapidly glancing right and left, and up and down, in mortal bewilderment and terror.

Suddenly he was startled by a voice behind him. "Roddy, old fellow; poor old chap! What did they do to him?"

Roddy knew the voice, and turning, saw the beaming face of Lobbs, who had been following his pet in the wild race round the theatre, and who had now, at the risk of his life, climbed his way up to his pet's refuge.

The rodent knew his master, and ran along the ledge to him. A moment more, and a tender hand was stroking his ruffled fur, and then Roddy slipped from the embrace and snuggled down in Lobbs's breast. Roddy has renounced theatre-going.

SEPTEMBER.



- Water Plantain.
Bur-Marigold.
Black Bindweed.
Spear Thistle.
Snap Dragon.
Black Briony.
Autumn Crocus.
Dwarf Furze.
Round-leaved Mallow.
- Agrimony.
Arrowhead.
Toad Flax.
Colchicum.
Burnet.
Cow Parsnip.
Sow Thistle.
Cyclamen.

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WILD FLOWERS.