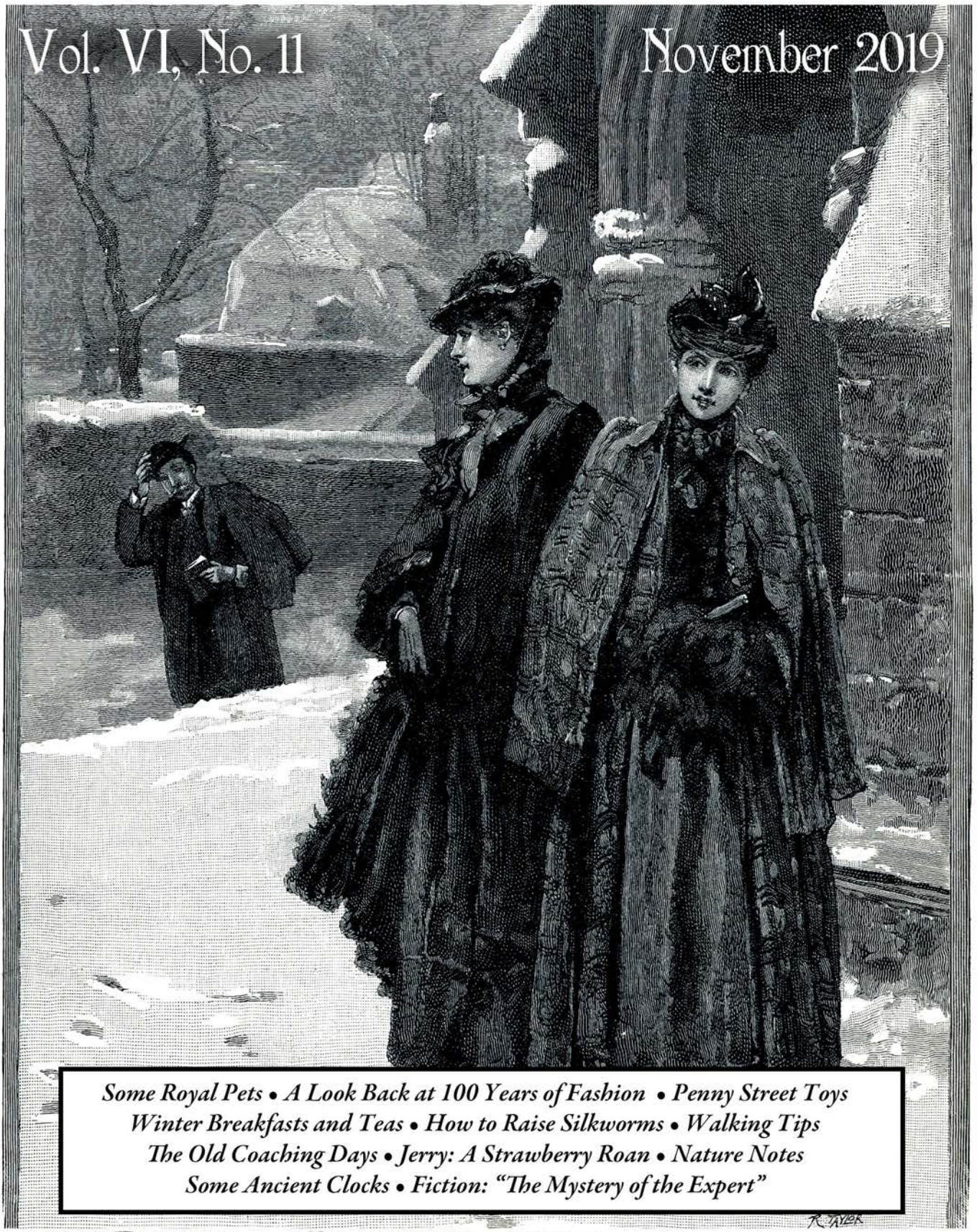
Victorian Times

Vol. VI, No. 11 November 2019

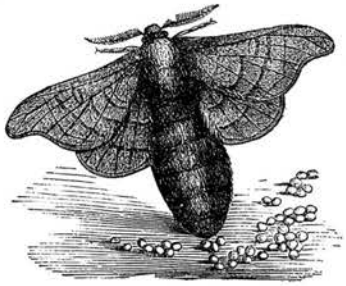


Some Royal Pets • A Look Back at 100 Years of Fashion • Penny Street Toys
Winter Breakfasts and Teas • How to Raise Silkworms • Walking Tips
The Old Coaching Days • Jerry: A Strawberry Roan • Nature Notes
Some Ancient Clocks • Fiction: "The Mystery of the Expert"

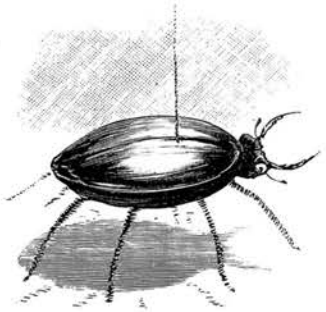
Victorian Times

Volume VI, No. 11
November 2019

p. 3



p. 30



p. 37

p. 39

A publication of VictorianVoices.net
Moira Allen, Editor - editors@victorianvoices.net
To subscribe to the free electronic edition, visit
www.victorianvoices.net/VT/index.shtml
Print editions available quarterly on Amazon!

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

Meeting the Victorians

When I began planning this website, it was never my intention to become any sort of "expert" on the Victorian era. I simply had a lot of articles that I thought would be worth sharing with the rest of the world. Of course, I obtained those articles in the first place because I found the period *interesting*, but... I wasn't expecting an "education."

I would hardly call myself an expert on Victoriana today, but I am amazed at how my perception of the Victorian era has changed through the process of "meeting" the Victorians, first-hand, through their own words. And I'm amazed at how many myths and myth-perceptions I held that have been exploded by, as my husband would put it, "a band of ruthless facts." (By the way, the term "ruthless facts" goes back to at least 1846!)

One of the most common misperceptions about the period, of course, is that it was an era of oppressed womanhood. I don't know how many novels I've come across that depict some valiant Victorian female with amazingly liberated thinking in her struggles to achieve her dreams in a male-dominated world. Invariably she is met with scorn in the workplace, patronizing smiles when she attempts to utter an intelligent sentence, and the pervasive attitude that her only true role is subservient wife and doting mother. So it's a delight to meet the *genuine*, emancipated, educated, hard-working Victorian woman who was very much a reality of the era—and realize that not only did she exist, but she wasn't such a horror to the "dominant males" around her as we've been led to believe. A great many of the women's rights we take for granted today were won by Victorian females.

I was also all set to scorn the Victorian lady for her dependence upon servants. As a red-blooded American, naturally the idea of this sort of class system must be repugnant. And there's no question that the attitudes of upper-class Victorians toward the "servant class" often *were* repugnant. But as I look around at life today, I realize that if one plans to live in anything larger than a bungalow, one quickly becomes unable to handle all the chores that are involved in maintaining house and home. Today, we handle this problem with machines. We have washing machines, dryers, dishwashers, vacuum cleaners, riding lawn mowers, and, of course, automobiles. Today we are carrying the "helpful machine" trend even further, with machines that we can order around and send on virtual errands just by speaking to them... you know, kinda like they used to do with *servants*.

Most Victorians had no washing machines or dishwashers. (I say "most" because these devices *did* actually exist in the Victorian era.) The sewing machine and the typewriter were considered miraculous time-savers and liberators. But the same work still needed to be done, so it was done by human hands. And while I still find the Victorian attitude toward servants to be, quite often, repugnant, I haven't quite figured out which is worse: treating people like machines, or giving their *jobs* to machines. My internal jury is still out on that one!

Many books and articles remind us of the social horrors that filled the Victorian era, including the use and abuse of children in all manner of ghastly jobs that, quite often, left them maimed or even dead. What is easy to overlook is the fact that the use and abuse of children was not something that *began* with the Victorian era. It is something that began to *end* in the Victorian era.

One of the reasons we know so much about these social horrors is because, for perhaps the first time in history, they were being brought to the attention of both the powers that be *and* the common man. This was due in large part to the advances in printing and paper production that made it possible to put out inexpensive newspapers, magazines and books—the first "information age." And in these newspapers, magazines and books, authors like Charles Dickens and many others let the world know about the horrors that lurked beneath the civilized surface of the era. *We* know about these horrors because Victorian crusaders and campaigners brought that information out into the open and demanded change—and very often, they got it. It's the era that revised child labor laws for the first time, gave women the right to own their own property after marriage—and created the (R)SPCA and the very first "home for lost dogs."

In short, the Victorian era is a period of many ghastly things—and of thousands of people who dedicated themselves to *changing* those ghastly things. The result is the world we live in today. But the process—the dedication to changing things that we feel are wrong—is a process that I hope we will continue to emulate for many eras to come!

—Moira Allen, Editor
editors@victorianvoices.net

SOME ROYAL PETS.

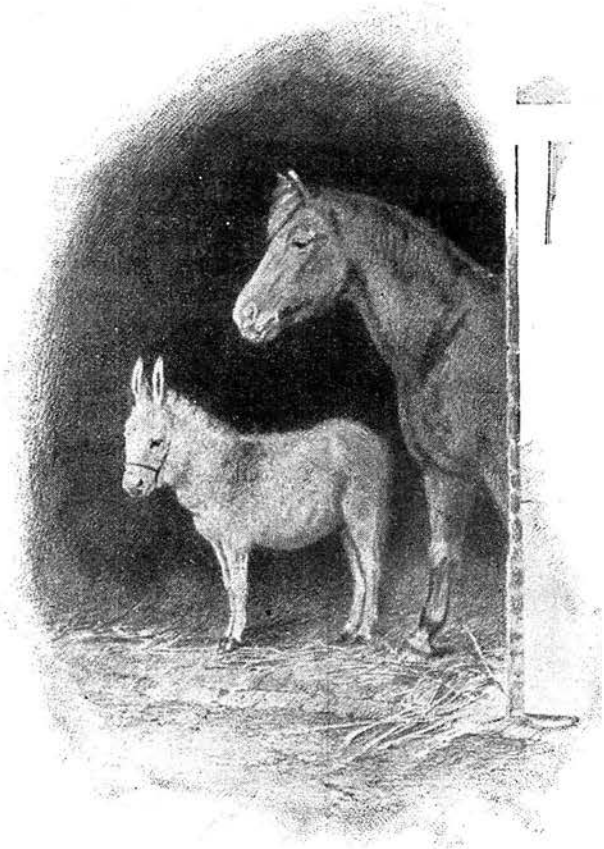
SPOT.

IF the public life of Her Majesty the Queen is exposed to the critical glare of that "fierce light" which is said "to beat upon a throne," her home life is, on the other hand, illumined by the rays of a very kindly light indeed. The Queen has herself raised the veil to admit that light by the publication of her journals, and has, time after time, given facilities to others to publish glimpses of that home-life she has established in the Royal castles which is so essentially English.

The latest instance of Her Majesty's willingness to respond to the public demand for information about herself is found in the permission she gave to Mr. Ernest M. Jessop to make pictures of her pets. It is some two or three years since the opportunity was afforded him; and, as he was given *carte blanche*, a large field of interest was opened for the occupation of his pencil. To complete the work, he made application to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to include drawings of the pets at Sandringham in the same collection. Permission being readily accorded, the result of two years' steady industry on the part of the artist was seen in the large number of silver-point drawings recently exhibited in London. It is from these that a selection has been made to illustrate this article.

The Queen has a most wonderful memory, and never forgets any of her pets; and although there are one or two, like "Spot," the fox-terrier, and "Marco," the red Spitz dog, who accompany Her Majesty on all her travels, the larger number, who reside at the kennels and on the various farms at Windsor, are never overlooked. The keepers of the animals are liable at any moment to be asked after, or to be called upon to produce for inspection, any one of their charges.

At the Windsor kennels, situate about a mile from the Castle, there are upwards of sixty dogs of various breeds, ages, and sizes. Each one has his own residence—a little chamber from fourteen to fifteen feet square, with a neatly-tiled yard in front of about the same dimensions. A comfortable bed of clean straw, renewed every day; a tap of water in the front yard, always dripping; two good meals *per diem;* an attendant to take them for walks—how are the Royal dogs to be envied by their plebeian brethren! Opposite the kennels, and separated from them by a tiled walk—"The Queen's Walk," if you please—is a large paddock, in the centre of which is a bath wherein the animals perform their ablutions. After the bath is over, the pets adjourn to a drying tent in a corner of



NINETTE AND THE CHARGER.

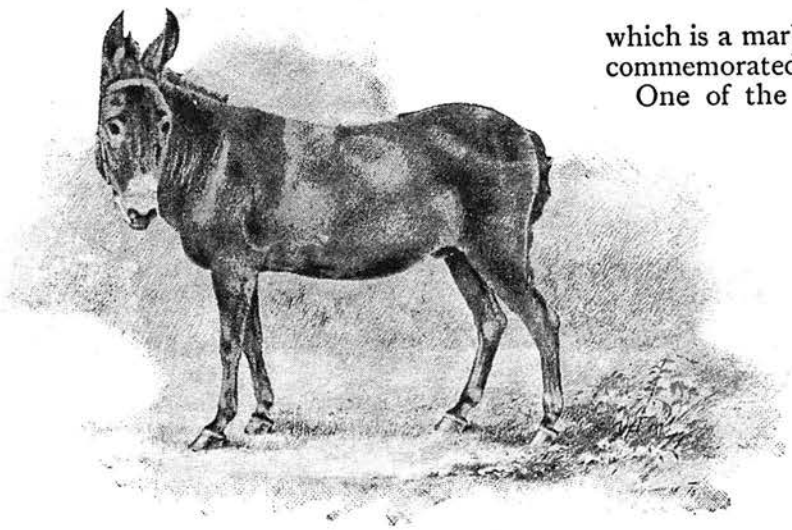
THE ARTIST.
(Drawn by Himself.)

the paddock. In another corner is a rustic summer-house railed off, and known as "the Apron-Piece," where their Royal mistress used in former days to sit and watch the animals disport themselves.

The dogs are taken out for their constitutional in two batches, and it is a curious sight to watch them, on their return, march solemnly off, each to its own particular kennel, for all the world in the manner of the occupants of a row of almshouses. One wonders do they gossip in their doggy way about the Castle folk, and talk scandal of the Dogs-of-Honour-in-Waiting to Her Majesty —the more fortunate "Spot" and "Marco," Her Majesty's personal dog attendants? It was the latter, by the way, who figured in the picture painted by the late Mr. Burton-Barber, and exhibited at the Royal Academy a year or two back, standing upon Her Majesty's breakfast-table.

In the keeper's cottage at the kennels is a small plainly-furnished apartment, known as the "Queen's Room," the walls of which are covered with paintings by artists of note of favourite dogs now deceased. In the frame of each, protected by a glass plate, is a small piece of the coat of the departed pet. Scattered about the grounds of the Castle, too, are the graves of special favourites, each marked with a block of granite, on the top of

SANGER.



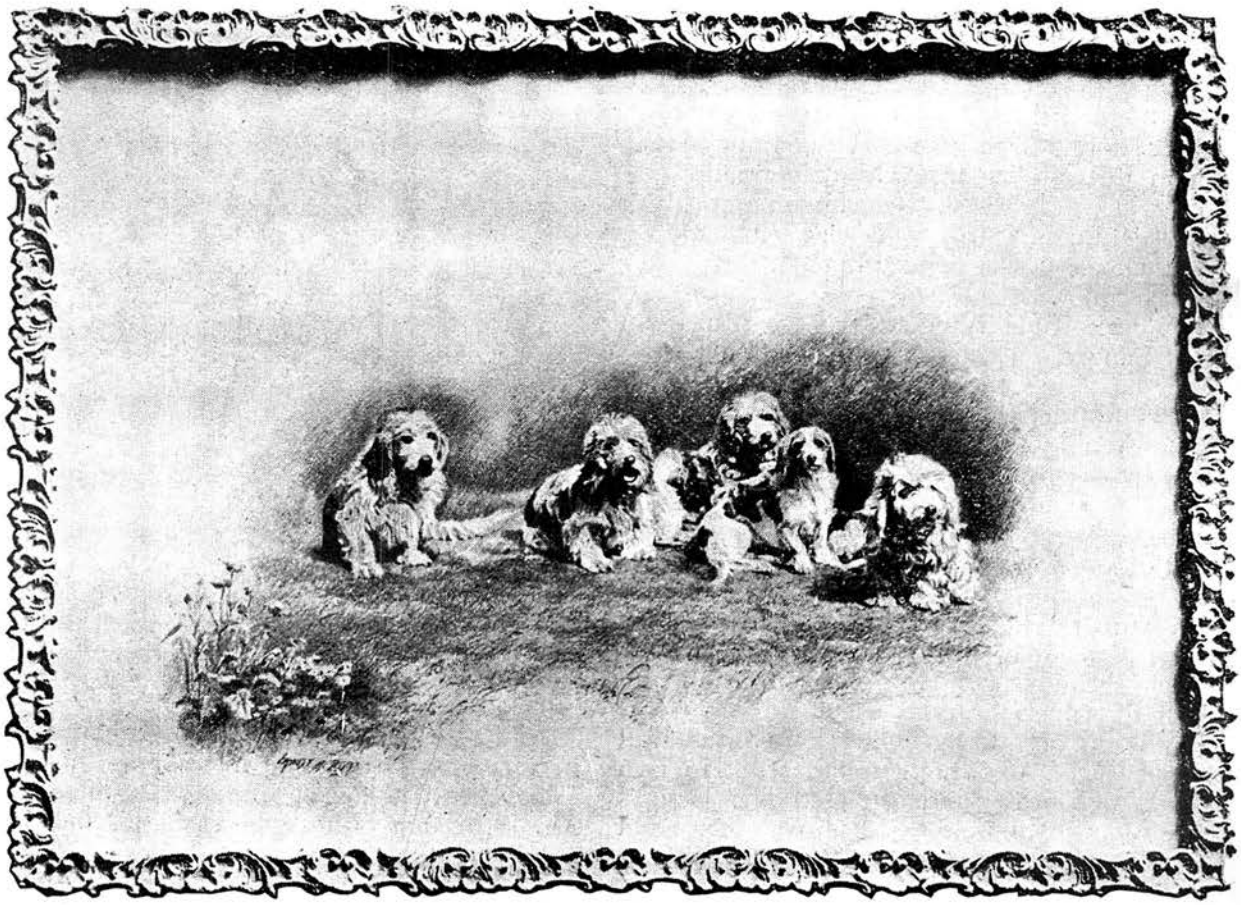
JACQUOT.

which is a marble representation of the animal commemorated.

One of the most noted of these departed pets was "Sharp," a fine collie. It was this dog's delight to detect a visitor to the Castle touching anything in the room in which he happened to be. The dog's delight, but the unhappy visitor's woe! For "Sharp" would not allow him to leave the room afterwards until the word of release was given by someone he knew.

At the Shaw Farm—established by the Prince Consort —resides the Queen's land-

steward, Mr. Tait, in whose charge are all the animals, save the horses, which are under the special care of Mr. Manning. At the stables adjoining the Castle, the first animal claiming attention is "Jessie," the Queen's favourite riding-mare, who has now attained to the ripe old age of twenty-six years, and who, it may surprise some to know, as recently as three years ago carried Her Majesty upon



GROUP OF BASSET HOUNDS.

her broad back. "Jessie" is undoubtedly first favourite among the horses, and whenever the Queen is at Windsor is brought up to the Castle for inspection. Two other horses well on in years were presented by the late King of Italy, Victor Emmanuel. This fact will serve to show that they are far past youth, but though, as with "Jessie," their working days are ended, they spend the evening of their lives in clover.

Another special horse is the gigantic charger presented by the late Emperor Frederick to Prince Christian. He stands nearly seventeen hands high, and is bright chestnut in colour. His portrait is presented with that of his queer stable companion, "Ninette," a diminutive donkey purchased at Grasse by the Queen and given to the Princess Patricia of Connaught. Mr. Manning showed this couple to Mr. Jessop in answer to a question as to whether he had anything curious to let him see. "Ninette" can easily pass under the stomach of her big companion, and is a tyrannical little mistress to him, never hesitating to belabour him with her pretty hoofs if displeased. But the two are quite inseparable, and when "Ninette" was brought out into the paddock for the artist's inspection the big horse charged from the loose box down upon the group of onlookers, smashing the stable bar in his course. The two were finally united again, and expressed their delight by a vigorous kicking-up of heels and other manifestations of joy. This is not the only instance in the Royal stables of incongruous pairing. The animals are allowed to choose their own companions according to disposition, and not by any means according to breed.

Yet another venerable pensioner is "Jenny," a pure white donkey, twenty-six years old; who lives in a black weather-board house, and at the time of Mr. Jessop's visit had for

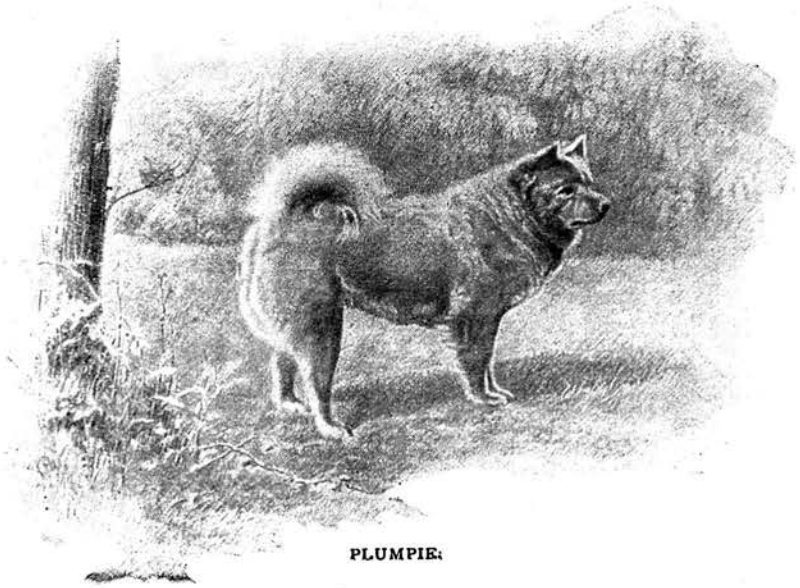
her boon companion a small chestnut foal, seven or eight months old. A clear case of May and December! "Jenny's" back is as broad as two average-sized donkeys' backs, and her coat is beautifully thick and woolly. She was born at Virginia Water, and was a great favourite with the Royal children. "Jacquot" is another well-known donkey, whose duty it is to draw the Queen's chair, and who generally accompanies the Court in its peregrinations. He is a most intelligent animal, and, as Mr. Jessop informs us, "has a very great idea of good living." There are several other donkeys in the stables, among them "Tewfik," a large white Egyptian, the gift of Lord Wolseley, who purchased him in Cairo. "Tewfik" has a son, who serves as deputy in chair duty to "Jacquot."

A curiosity at Windsor may be seen in "Sanger," a most eccentric-looking little beast, presented by the well-known circus proprietor to the Queen. He was about ten months old when sketched, and has a thick buff-coloured coat, with pink eyes and long white eyelashes, and legs that seem to straggle to all points of the compass. He is in the special charge of the boy who is sketched with him.

JACK.

Before leaving the Windsor pets, mention must be made of the strangest of them all—"Jack" the bison. He resides in a stable by himself, which has the usual yard in front, but is further strengthened by a brick wall about seven feet high round it. He is a ponderous beast, and attracted Mr. Jessop's attention by the noise he made walking round his domain. The artist asked if he could be brought out to be sketched. The attendant said, "Yes, sir; but who's to put him back again?"—a very pertinent reply, considering "Jack" weighs about a ton.

At Sandringham the kennels are arranged in very much the same manner as those at Windsor. The dogs are under the charge of Mr. Brunsdon, whose boast it is that the



PLUMPIE.

animals have all been trained by kindness; indeed, he never carries a whip, except when in full uniform, of which it is supposed to form an item.

When the Princess is at Sandringham, she visits the kennels every day, accompanied by a keeper carrying two baskets full of bread. With her dress enveloped in a huge white apron as a protection against the paws of her friends, she proceeds to distribute the food amongst them, calling each dog by name to receive its share. Should any guests be present, they have to keep at a respectful distance from the Princess, for the dogs are very fond of her, and look upon strangers as possible sources of harm to her.

Foremost among the Sandringham dogs must be mentioned the red Chinese Chou-chou "Plumpie," who is the Princess's favourite, and has been her travelling companion for many years. "Plumpie" has three children, who delight in the names of "Buz," "Fuz," and "Foxey," and who share with their parents the special favours of the Princess.

"Blackie," whose portrait we also give, is a little black Spitz dog, who turns the scale at four pounds. He was purchased by the Prince of Wales in Hamburg, and presented by him to the Princess Victoria. The group

BLACKIE.

shown on page 5 is a family party of rough Basset hounds, special favourites of the Prince. The father and mother, "Babil" and "Bijou," who sit on either side of their offspring, were given to the Prince by the Comtesse de Paris. All four are very intelligent, and took up the positions they occupy in the drawing at the command of their keeper, sitting quite still while their portraits were taken.

HUFFY.

One of the oldest dogs at Sandringham is "Snowdrop," a pure white collie, who spends his honourable old age in the company of "Tiny," a very small curly black Spitz, under the special care of Mr. Jackson, the head-keeper.

From among the horses we have selected for illustration "Huffy," the pet driving pony of the Princess. He has the honour of drawing the "Blues Cart"—so called from being painted in the Guards' colours—in which the Princess drives about Sandringham when making her welcome calls among the tenantry.

Some years ago there was a monkey-house at Sandringham, but the occupants were not in very great favour, and were exiled. Their abode is now occupied by a number of doves and some Australian birds, who receive the special attention of the Princess.

One of the oldest pets at Sandringham is "Cockie," a white cockatoo, who for more than twenty years was ensconced in the Princess's dressing-room, but a year or two back was transferred to a cottage at the kennels, where he occupies a room generally shared with him by "Blackie." He is a queer old bird, who amuses himself by divesting his body of as many feathers as possible, apparently thinking that the clothing Nature has bestowed upon him is quite a superfluity.

ARTHUR FISH.

COOKERY RECIPES.

Leaves from an Old Book.

Rice Sauce.—Wash a quarter of a pound of rice very clean, then put it into a stewpan with one pint of milk, two onions, and some white pepper and mace. Let it stew until it will pulp through a sieve. If it is too thick, put a little milk or cream to it, add a very little nutmeg, and a teaspoonful of salt.

Rice Cutlets.—Boil a cupful of rice in milk until quite soft, then pound it in a mortar with a little salt and some white pepper. Pound also separately equal parts of cold veal or chicken. Mix them together with yolk of egg, form them into cutlets, brush them over with yolk of egg and fry them. Send them up with a very piquante sauce made of good stock thickened, and flavoured with lemon juice, lemon pickle, or Harvey's sauce. The cutlets may be sent to table covered with small pickled mushrooms.

Oxford Sausages.—One pound of nice pork, and one pound of beef suet chopped finely together; put in half a pound of bread-crumbs, half of the peel of one lemon grated, and some grated nutmeg, six sage leaves, and some finely-chopped thyme, one teaspoonful of pepper, two teaspoonfuls of salt, and a little onion shred very fine. Pack them all closely down in a crock, and when wanted roll them into any shape you please, and fry or boil them over a clear fire. Serve very hot.

Turnip Soup.—Peel and slice some turnips, put them into a stew-pan without any water with a slice of ham, a head of celery, a pint of batter, and a piece of bread, also a few onions. Cover it closely, and let it stew slowly. Have a stock of plain soup made, and add it to it by slow degrees as the turnips soften. Then pulp them through a hair sieve, add a little catsup and serve very hot.

Irish Sally Lunn.—One pottle of best flour into which two ounces of butter have been rubbed. Beat two eggs, yolks and whites, with two spoonfuls of good beer barm. Wet with as much milk, warmed a little, as will make it into rather a stiff dough.

This will take three hours to rise and one hour to bake.

A good Cream.—One quart of very thick cream, such as is used for churning, juice of three lemons, a small quantity of the peel, and sugar to taste. If you like it you can add raspberry jam. Whip it up well and let it stand until the next day, when all the thin part will fall to the bottom of the pan. Then take off the top which should be very thick, and put it in a glass bowl.

Potato Pudding.—Take an equal quantity of the flour of roasted potatoes, and the meat of cold fowl, rabbit or hare, well chopped and pounded. Pound them well together with a little butter, season with salt, pepper, and spices. Moisten it with yolks of egg one after the other. When all is well mixed, whip the whites and add them. Roll them in flour into shapes, and then when rolled in bread-crumbs broil or roast them in a Dutch oven. Make a gravy from the bones of the fowl and serve it up.

Some Indian Recipes—Hulwa.

Sir George Birdwood is of opinion that this favourite confection among the wealthier classes in India was introduced into this country by the soldiers of Alexander the Great. It will be remembered that that monarch carried his conquests as far as Multan in the Punjab—the Pentapotamos of the ancients.

Hulwa is supposed to be very strengthening, and Indian *hakeems* recommend it for weakly patients just as an English doctor would order egg-flip and strong beef-tea. The varieties of *hulwa* are numberless, and some of the recipes are trade secrets of the *hulwais* who make the manufacture and sale of it a speciality. I shall give a few recipes to show what the thing is like.

1. *Hubshi Hulwa.*—Steep half a pound of wheat in a pan and let it sprout; when the shoots come out to the length of an inch, dry the sprouted wheat thoroughly in the sun, or by artificial heat, and grind into fine flour. Take two ounces of germinated flour, four ounces of ordinary flour, and a quart of milk, and simmer over a slow fire till the batter begins to granulate, then take the pan off the fire and gradually add a pound of sugar made into syrup, half a nutmeg, and some sliced pistachio nuts. Then cook again with four ounces of melted butter gradually added to the *hulwa*, stirring it the whole time till it thickens. Pour out into a flat dish to cool. It should be of the consistency of damson cheese, and firm enough to cut in slices.

2. *Sujie Hulwa.*—One pound of Indian *sujie* or semolina, two pounds of sugar, half a pound of butter, cardamom seed. First make the sugar into a syrup, then mix in the *sujie*, and, after a while, the butter melted; when almost done, add the cardamom seed. The *hulwa* must be stirred the whole time; when it begins to get brown, pour into a buttered dish to cool.

3. *Nis-astha Hulwa.*—Steep a pound of *sujie* or semolina in water for a night; next morning strain through a cloth, adding a little more water so as to extract all the starch, which must be set aside in a shallow pan to settle. Pour all the water gently off from the surface, and cook the liquid sediment on a slow fire; add sugar to taste, a tablespoonful of butter, and almonds blanched and split in halves. Flavour with nutmeg or almond essence. Cook till the *hulwa* thickens and is transparent.

4. *Carrot Hulwa.*—One pound of carrots, one pound of sugar, two quarts of milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter. Boil down the milk till it is thick, then add the carrots (unboiled and grated fine), sugar, and butter. Cook till of the proper consistency. Flavour with musk.

5. *Cocoa-nut Hulwa.*—Grate the meat of two large cocoa-nuts, and pour over it a quart of hot water; let it stand for half an hour, then strain through a cloth to extract all the milk. Put this on a slow fire to simmer, then gradually add a breakfastcupful of rice flour, half a pound of sugar made into syrup, and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Stir the *hulwa* till it is thick enough to set.

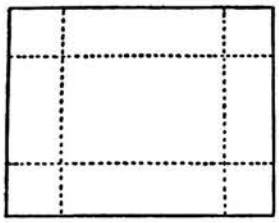
Fenella Johnstone.

A SIMPLE WAY OF MAKING DEEP LID BOXES.

A short time ago by the courtesy of the manager of the London Fancy Box Company, I was permitted to go through their work-shops in the City Road, and was much interested in the method of making the deep-lid boxes; boxes of which the lid is the same depth as the box itself. These are almost entirely made by girls. The boards are cut and scored for them by men with machines which are worked by hand, the papers for covering, lining, etc., are cut in the same way, a number being cut with one cut of the knife, but all the putting together, ornamenting and finishing is done by girls. It struck me as a rather pleasant occupation, for as there are no engines, there is not much noise, excepting of course the chatting of the workers, for silence does not seem to be enjoined; generally of course, all factory work must be monotonous, but this has the merit of being clean work, and there is nothing injurious to health in the occupation. Some girl-readers of The Girl's Own Paper may be interested in

knowing how much can be earned at this work. As soon as a girl knows the business, she is given piece-work; one who was at piece-work (covering long candle-boxes with dark-blue paper) told me it took her nine months to learn, but now she can cover very quickly. Like many other things, when one sees a skilled hand at work it looks ridiculously easy, but it requires much practice to lay the paper on both evenly and quickly.

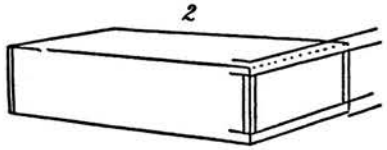
1



The better work is paid more highly than the coarse; for instance, a girl who can make boxes to contain perfumes, which must be exquisitely finished, earns more than one who can only work well enough for starch or candle-boxes, which, though they must be accurately made, require less delicate handling. The earnings of the girls vary from seven to twenty-two shillings a week; but the majority seem to earn from thirteen to fourteen shillings a week.

Boxes are made of three materials; of these,

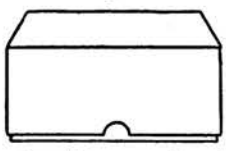
2



brown straw-board is the cheapest, but it is unpleasant to use and not easy to work, so I would not recommend it to amateurs. White wood-pulp board seems to be the best thing to use in making these boxes, it is much cheaper than cardboard and is tolerably easy to work on; what is in the trade known as "ten ounce" board, is the thickness required for ordinary boxes.

To make a box 3 inches by 4 inches by 1½ inches deep, take two pieces of board one 6 inches by 7 inches, the other $6\frac{3}{16}$ inches by $7\frac{3}{16}$ inches, that is just a little less than a quarter of an inch each way, larger than the first piece, this to allow one to go into the other.

3



Lay them on a board with the whitest side down, as that will be inside when finished, with a sharp penknife and ruler score or cut them half through the board where dotted lines are on Fig. 1. The scoring is to be 1½ inches from the edge on each board; next, cut the eight corner squares right out, bend up the four sides of the box and of the lid, where they are scored; have eight pieces of thin cotton or linen 1½ inches by 1 inch, glue these over the eight corners. Thin white union

4

is the easiest to use for corners; always cut (not tear) the pieces; if the boxes are large it is well to have the strips long enough to turn a little piece over inside to strengthen them.

When quite dry take the larger of the cases, which is the lid, bind the top edge with gold, silver, or a dark satin paper, cut in strips half an inch wide, and the lower edge with the same kind of paper, turning an eighth of an inch over inside the edge of the lid as a finish. See Fig. 2. Either glue or paste may be used, but glue is best on these pulp boards; it requires, however, more careful handling than paste, for if it goes where it should not, it does more harm than the latter. The best way of using either glue or paste for this work is to have a piece of board, and while the glue is quite hot spread some of it lightly over the board with a brush, and then lay your paper gently on the glue, it will catch up just sufficient to stick well, but in this way you will not get too much glue, so will find it easier to put the paper on flat, without bubbles.

After the edging is dry, take a strip of fancy paper rather less than an inch and a half wide, glue this round the lid, starting half an inch round a corner, so as to finish exactly at the corner; measure length of strip before you glue it, and allow for half an inch to wrap over. Then take a piece of paper 3⅛ inches by 4⅛ inches, glue this on to the top of the box. When quite dry, take a farthing or other coin and with a pencil mark out the thumb-holes on each side of the lid. See Fig. 3. Then cut them out neatly with a sharp knife, and the box-lid is finished.

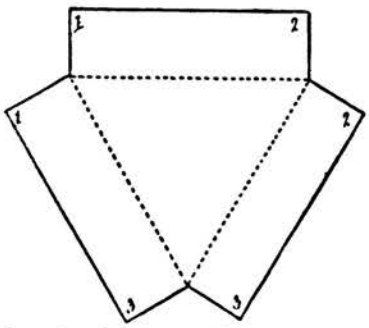
For the box itself, take a strip of paper half an inch longer than the box is round and two inches and a quarter wide, glue it, put it on, turning an eighth of an inch inside the top of the box, and what remains under the bottom of it; then cover the bottom of the box with plain satin paper. The inside of the box can have four pieces of lace-paper to finish it, but this depends on what use is to be made of it.

A pretty variety for these boxes is instead of putting the fancy paper on the top, to have two Christmas or other cards the same shape as box, but a quarter of an inch larger each way, preferably a card with a thick fancy edge, glue this on the top of the lid and the second one use as a stand for the box itself, glueing that on the right side of the card. It is not necessary for these boxes to bind the tops of lids, as they are hidden; cut the covering paper wide enough to go over the edge of top.

These boxes are easy to make, and very effective; they do not require the thumb-holes, see Fig. 4, as they can be opened without. It is easily understood that neither round nor oval boxes can be made in this way, but many others may be, as, for instance, triangular boxes. Fig. 5 shows on a small scale how to cut one, or octagonal, as Fig. 6. The numbers show how they join, and the dotted lines where they are scored. Fig. 7 shows how a wedding-cake box may be cut, with lid all in one; some young lady may feel inclined to exercise her skill in making some of these, they are easy to make, and are pretty work. Some white *moiré* paper, silver paper, and white or silver lace paper for inside are required; they are sometimes lined with pale-pink or pale-blue satin paper, and I have seen some finished with a card on the top with monogram in silver, some others with a silver-edged card, ruled silver to be written on.

With regard to the difference in size of box and lid, whatever the shape of the box you have only to remember to cut the board ⅛ inch larger each way, and take off the same depth border for box and lid. If you are making a three-cornered box, for instance, it requires a little more care, for you must work from the outside, or larger triangle. Success depends entirely on exactitude.

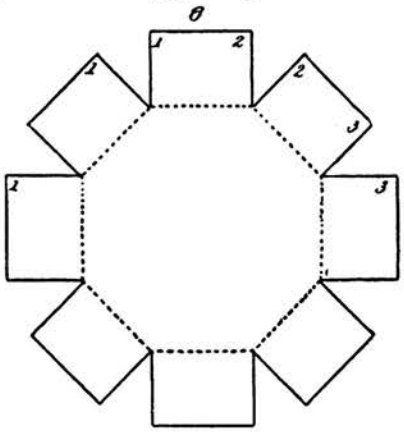
5



I have found that materials for this work cannot be had everywhere, but I can get all that I require from Mr. F. G. Kettle, of 9, New Oxford Street, London. I subjoin the prices, in case any reader wishing to try the work, or to amuse young brothers or sisters should, being unable to procure materials, like to write for some.

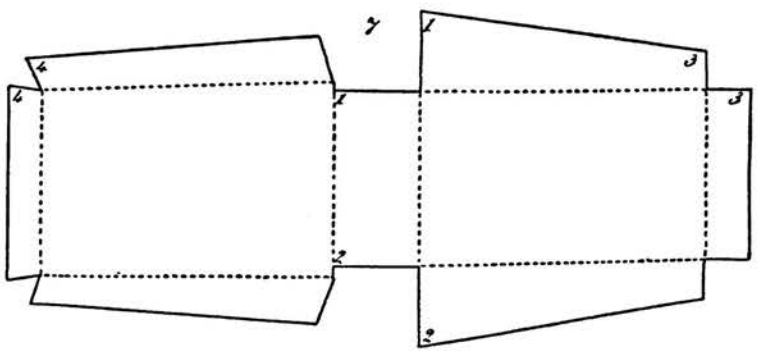
White wood-pulp boards, size (10 ounces) imperial (that is 22 inches by 32 inches), 1s. 6d. per dozen. Card-boards, same size, 2s. 6d. per dozen. Gold or silver paper 1d. per sheet, or 1s. 6d. per quire. Fancy papers (with gold or without) 1d. per sheet, or 1s. 6d. per quire. Best fancy papers 3d. per sheet, or 3s. 6d. per quire. Watered paper 2d. per sheet.

6



Some of the leather papers are very effective to use, some imitation crocodile-skin looked very well on envelope- and post-card boxes. With a sheet or two of good paper some girls might much improve the look of their writing-tables. Leather-paper boxes should not be bound with gold, but the top put over the edge of the box, and then the piece round; for glove-boxes a little cotton-wool can be laid on top of lid, and the paper glued at edge only; this way it looks more like a real leather box.

7



KITCHEN

Beauty and Use.

"The song is not by any means done! Now it's beginning in earnest!"
—*Hans Christian Andersen.*

THAT is just it, we are only beginning to know. All things come to sincerity as to him who waits. Like the flax-plant in the charming story by the sunny-tempered author I quote—from whom, in childhood and womanhood, I have got more of hope and content and aim, than in these days of despair-in-self and foggy profundity I can get from Goethe, we can "go forward, always go forward," like the flax-plant. First the beautiful blue blossoms; lastly the bright vigorous thoughts printed on its nice white linen paper! Beauty and Use. "Each time when I think the song is done, it begins in a higher and better way." Because, though first, the pale blue heaven-colored blossom gives the material beauty of form and color to the gazer and passing through its fluctuations of beating into threads and made into linen and pure white rags and then into paper—through struggles and tribulations, the fire by which most of us must be purified, yet it comes in the end to be pure white paper, and it says: "I shall be written on. I've splendid thoughts! as many as I had pretty flowers in the old days!"

And the paper was sent to the printer—the story goes on—and it was set up in type to be read, and gave comfort to all the world of readers, just as your favorite Magazine—which, too, like the flax-plant turned into paper, can sing happily.

"At any rate, I shall go forward again! I am always going forward! I have found *that* out!"

So with our housekeeper, she who has in her character the balance so fittingly and pleasantly analyzed by Ruskin—the virtuous woman in Solomon, where the economy is perfect—the qualities utility and beauty. Food and flax for use, and purple and fine tapestries for beauty.

By the way, what a wonderful book the Bible is aside from its moral aspect to us! It contains not only all the germs of science, but the seeds of thought for all high and useful art. The descriptions of the old metal work, and chased gold and silver into lilies and pomegranates, the embroideries of the temples, the cunning work of the craftsmen in stone, metal, and in wood, the industry of the ancient husbandman, the skill of the virtuous house-mother with her needle; her foresight—"Every wise woman buildeth her house, but the foolish plucketh it down with her own hands."

Even without Ruskin as an authority, I would remind you how the Bible sets forth the two qualities that housekeeping should possess—beauty and utility; and where either are wanting the economy is imperfect. We stand for beauty wherever we can get it.

Is there anything very beautiful about a boiled ham? Not in its simply cooked state on a platter. Certainly not, though the ritualistic pastry-cook adorns it with tissue-paper roses or camellias carved of turnips. I think most people will agree with me that in table arrangement, the balance which we would *all* desire is seldom found, and this is because I think most women are not brave enough to do the best they can from their own ideas within, regardless of what other people shall say about innovators. Women who order suppers from Delmonico, Pinard, and Dean, and the rest of your New York caterers, money does not matter so much, but that they can afford to pay for the pastry-cook's professional beauty of the pattern that is repeated a dozen times on the avenue the same night, but even wealthy women, I think, who love their homes, delight in the beauty that is economical, if, especially, they can have with their own hands a great deal to do with its achievement. And as a great many of the subscribers of Demorest's are (I know, for a little bird told me—or as the Germans say, "I know it by my little finger") of the healthy class of American people, who combine the love of luxuries with the praiseworthy Anglo-Saxon characteristic the hatred of waste. For in old times "Lady" meant the "loaf giver," and "Lord" meant the "bread winner." I make no apologies, though, as I said before, apologies had better be dispensed with, for submitting to your reading the experiments I have made, in which beauty and use have been combined, which do not mean a leg of boiled ham balanced by a huge bouquet of flowers, but an appearance which appeals to the higher appetite while it comforts the lover of good-cheer the while. First of all, let us consider the beauty and use that we can combine from harmless green leaves. There is the common syringa, excellent for flavoring; they may be used when cucumbers are scarce, and they are a perfect substitute in salads where that flavor is desired. Again, a few leaves put into (cold) claret-cup serves the purpose when borage is unobtainable.

The young leaves of the cucumber, too, must not be forgotten in salad. A carrot top, which when planted in a pot sends up a pretty decorative plant, can also be used in salad. The blanched foot and external leaves of the celery can be used for salad and soup, the same day the inner shoots of the vegetable are used to adorn the table, which, when properly treated, it does ornament. The young leaves of the gooseberry should be added to the bottled fruit, for they give a greener color and a fresher flavor to it. The leaves of the flowering currant give a nice flavor to black-currant jam or jelly. Orange, citron, and lemon leaves impart a flavoring equal to that of the fruit and rind combined, and somewhat different from both. A few leaves added to pies or boiled in milk used to bake with rice or formed into crust or paste, impart an admirable "bouquet." An infusion can be made of either the green or dry leaves, and a teaspoon or more of it can be used. Peach leaves give an almond flavor. Young grape leaves can be used with the juice of currants for jelly, with grapes or with other fruit as well as with bottled small pickles. Lemon-verbena leaves and rose-geranium leaves laid at the bottom of a cake-pan impart a delicious flavor to sponge or lady cake; custards, too, can be flavored by these two leaves.

In using these leaves for decoration, in summer, while they are plenty, syringa and tiny cucumber leaves may adorn vegetable salads, while orange or lemon leaves may adorn fruit salads, and orange, lemon, rose-geranium, or lemon-verbena leaves may be used to wreathe the dish containing any sweet, from a flat dish of custard to a box of bonbons—these, home-made if the housekeeper chooses.

Holly leaves, almost always obtainable in winter, are a pretty decoration for supper dishes: these may be frosted by dipping them in gum and then in fine granulated sugar—by this last means is obtained a pretty white wreath to encircle the plate outside of the frosted plum-cake. Before I forget it, I will suggest just the outline of a table decoration I used last summer, when water lilies made it possible. I laid on the white cloth a strip of looking-glass, nine inches wide and twenty-five long, of quite good though not expensive quality, and concealed the edges by grasses and moss and bordered the mirror, letting the flowers reflect on the surface along the edges with water lilies, the effect was very beautiful.

A simple table center is crimson plush (guarding against any suspicions of magenta), twelve by sixteen inches; a small glass in the middle, and on this a low bowl with yellow rosebuds and scarlet broad border of leaves.

I should guard against even "conventional" designs in embroidery on plush for table adornment. Get your color in the plush, and use this to set off plenty of leaves, and as a background for lighter, smaller flowers, such as are, fortunately, inexpensive. Ferns are pretty in a mound on the table, or to radiate from the center over the white linen. Do not use them actually in the dishes of food, because the contiguity would be unpleasant to any but mushrooms—a dainty which is like the two-legged stool that Mr. Quackenbos, of school rhetoric fame, informs us is, though useful, not beautiful. I know though, that at no expense of its agreeableness, that much simple food can be fashioned into beautiful shapes, and so that a supper-table can be made so as not to betray that it does hold food; that the objects placed upon it are eatable, only when the guest approaches it. The small "stem" bouquet-holders are a nuisance. One wants the flowers low, massed in the center of the table, and focusing the room at this line.

One pretty color for the table may be got by two or four low dishes of Danish rice. Stew cranberries and strain the juice, and sweeten thoroughly; return to the fire to heat again for five minutes; then remove to get only tepid.

Into a porcelain-lined saucepan holding three quarts of boiling water throw a cup of rice; let it boil thirteen minutes by the clock; stop the boiling with a cup of cold water,

and then drain in a wire sieve. Then pour over this the cranberry juice, letting it fall through into the dish below, repeating this until the rice is colored a deep rose color or light crimson. Press into bowls to mould; set on the ice before using for the table. This method for boiling rice is Chinese, and insures the grains being kept whole. The dishes for holding this Danish rice might be flat glass plates. There are large ones to be got for twenty-five cents, and if the dish is bordered with sprays of rose-leaves, the glass, cheap or costly, will be hidden.

Amber-color can be had by using gelatine and flavoring with orange juice. After making the jelly according to the recipe, too well known to quote here, stand in a bowl, mouth downward, a long slender vial, such as is used by homœopathists—say one about five inches deep—and hold it while pouring the orange jelly in to set. Fasten it by a string until some jelly is set enough to hold the bottle in place, then pour in the jelly until the bowl is full. When the table is prepared and the orange jelly laid upon it, a little water can then be poured in the bottle, and a spray of orange blossoms placed in it to crown this amber hill.

Two nests of cold pudding are ornamental. Cut a hole the size of a penny in the side of eggs; empty them, and pour in till full a good stiff *blanc-mange* made of corn starch, and flavored with almond essence. Stew orange or lemon-peel in sweetened water until tender, that is to say, until a broom straw can pierce the rind, and lift the rinds out and drain thoroughly. Then with the scissors cut the peel into as fine threads as possible. Surround the dish with lemon, orange or rose-geranium leaves, and pile the threads of lemon-peel so as to make a nest; into this put the *blanc-mange* eggs, which, after they are cold, will come out perfect from their shells.

A pale-green dish can be made into a nougat of Pistachio nuts. Delicious nougats may be made in this wise: Blanch one pound of almonds, and cut each lengthwise into thin narrow strips, lay them on a dish in the front of the fire to get thoroughly dry. Melt in a sugar-boiler one-half pound of loaf-sugar. When the sugar is a light brown put in the almonds, mix them well but carefully together, and you will have a soft paste which will harden when cold. Make some small moulds very hot, slightly but thoroughly oil them with pure sweet oil, and put some of the mixture in one of them, and with the handle of a teaspoon previously oiled, spread it out as thinly as possible, so as to completely line the mould. Trim the edges, and when cold turn out the nougats. Make a number in the same way, serve half of them filled with whipped cream, and the other half filled with sweetmeats.

A pretty salad to serve with cold game pie is made of sour oranges. Slice and remove the seeds, dust with fine salt and Cayenne pepper, and pour over them salad oil. This dish can be garnished with lemon or orange leaves or fringed celery. This last can be done by cutting the celery into two-inch lengths. Stick coarse needles into a cork, draw half the stalk of the celery through the needles; when done put in a cold place to curl.

Celery can be kept for a week or longer by first rolling it up in brown paper, and then pinning it up in a towel and keeping it in a dark place, and as cool as possible. Before preparing it for the table lay it in a pan of cold water, and let it remain until cold.

These pretty dishes, with others sufficient for supper for twenty people, can be got up at a cost of six dollars. Plenty of smilax and leaves and flowers of the cheaper cost can be got for one dollar and a half at a florist's, where one is a regular customer, and if one has house-plants only a trifle need be expended for such as smilax or a few rose-buds, the *trades cantia*, commonly and vulgarly called "wandering Jew," helping with ferns to give a beautiful supply of green. The orange and lemon leaves will need some thought to obtain at a small cost. This will leave $2.50 for beverages and bonbons, making your feast not to exceed $10. The beverages, if one does not drink wine, can be chosen of any of these.

Eau Sucrée: Three quarts of cold water with loaf-sugar to slightly sweeten and vinegar to flavor—but the last must by no means be perceptible.

Apple Water: Slice nine apples to three quarts of water and boil for half an hour; strain, and sweeten with loaf-sugar, and spice with nutmeg.

Quinceade: Four quarts of water, the juice of three oranges, half a pound of loaf-sugar and two tumblers of quince jelly, or preserve, cut into pieces. Stir the ingredients well together with a pint of water, add the rest of the water and a lemon thinly sliced. This is a pretty pink color; it may be deepened by adding cranberry juice, and, if preferred, strained and served from glass claret jugs.

Another *eau sucrée* is made with vinegar and water, with the addition of five drops of the very best *eau de cologne* to two quarts of water.

Home-made bonbons are more delicious. These can be laid in a low card-board box, on fringed papers in a glass dish bordered with rose, lemon or rose-geranium leaves. For example—

Quince Chocolates: For these cut some pieces of preserved quince into the sizes of a large filbert and dip them in dry sugar, and let them dry for an hour in an open oven, and then dip each one into a chocolate paste twice; letting them harden after the first dipping before the second. The chocolate paste is made of sweet chocolate melted and blended with white of egg, powdered sugar, vanilla essence, and white of egg, and cooked over the fire in a little porcelain pan placed in a kettle of boiling water. There must be sufficient powdered sugar to make the paste stiff.

Chocolate-jelly drops are made by dropping into little paper cups some chocolate paste, spreading it thickly around the side, and when set dropping some jelly into them and covering again with chocolate paste. The cups can be made of white, pink, or any pale and pretty shade of paper, cut round three inches in diameter with scalloped edges, and brushed over with white of egg, and then moulded by pressing with the fingers over the bottom of a small bottle, it will, with a little patience, soon assume the cup-like shape desired. Other preserved fruits can be treated in this way. Peach preserves can be dipped in a white-candy paste flavored with almond essence. These paper cups can be filled with caramel. The following is a simple recipe: One cake of chocolate, one cupful of white sugar, one cupful of brown sugar, one heaping table-spoon of arrowroot, one cupful of molasses, egg-sized piece of butter, and one cup of rich milk; stir constantly, cooking for half an hour; pour in pans and cut into squares while soft.

To crystallize plums, if you have them preserved, they will only need dipping in sugar and drying in the oven; press the half pieces together and dust with powdered sugar. If you use canned fruit they will need to be cooked in a rich sirup before they can be dipped in the sugar and dried. When cooked in the sirup, lay the pieces in a sieve to drain, a single layer at a time; dip them very quickly into hot water, to remove any sirup which may adhere to them; then drain them and lay them on a cloth before the fire to dry. When all the fruit is thus dried, sift thickly over them finely powdered loaf-sugar while the fruit is warm; then lay the fruit on dishes in a moderately heated oven; turn them, and drain all moisture from them; the fruit must not become cold until thoroughly dry.

Frosted cherries are an addition to the dish of bonbons. Dip the cherries, one at a time, into beaten white of egg and then in powdered sugar; lay them on a sheet of white paper in a sieve, and set it on the top of a stove or near the fire till the icing is hard. With the expense of wine left out, any person with any sort of an income could give a reception on a small scale, or a supper to a few friends at a trifling cost. To prepare solemnly a "spread" of food of unusual occurrence in the house would no doubt result in the purchase of many things needed because of the advent of the supper, but it is not just to include the cost of a lemon-squeezer in the outlay for a jug of lemonade. Here, for example, is a dish of apples I invented for luncheon one day lately, and with the additions of cold tongue or some equally *nice* meat and coffee or tea; each article *always* being of the best, the meal was good enough "to set before the king." The cost was

Apples (greenings)	$0 6 cents.
Sugar (granulated)	2 "
Cinnamon (powdered)	0½ "
Butter (best)	4 "
Walnuts (English)	5 "
Total	17½ "

I peeled the apples and scooped out the upper half of the cores to make cavities, and then filled with the sugar, cinnamon, butter and peeled and broken walnuts. Then I put them in an earthen dish with a cup of cold water, sprinkling them with sugar, and baked them twenty-five minutes in a brisk oven. They were very, very, *very* delicious. There were five people at the table.

Apropos of utility. Is it very well known that soup-meat, which is by some thrown away, is an excellent vehicle for a delicious curry. The soup-meat is a neutral sort of thing, that neither asserts itself nor resists the spices of the curry,

and the juices of the gravy soup-meat is often only rags. In this way, however, it is the very thing for a delicious *entrée*—which left over is even more delicious heated again for breakfast. Fry three onions, chopped fine, in dripping, and add a table-spoon of sugar and a table-spoon of chopped cocoanut, add to it salt and apples (three of which have been previously stewed and hot), and some meat-gravy or fat (unflavored) stock, then add the soup-meat which has been broken into bits and rubbed in curry powder. At this stage let the whole simmer, but on no account let it boil. If too dry add a little boiling water.

Oatmeal is a capital vehicle for using meat-gravies. The onion and apple can be cooked as described for the curry; the gravy added, and last of all the cold porridge left from breakfast.

These, merely to suggest and encourage the housekeeper who can dare to go on and "go forward," let her lay her hands to the "modern improvements," but let them be governed by a head above all. For, as the flax-plant sang to the last:

"The song is never done; that is the best of all.
I know it, and therefore I am the happiest of all."

KATHARINE ARMSTRONG.

The Origin of "O. K."

[WE are permitted to print the following from a private letter from Professor W. S. Wyman of the University of Alabama, to a friend in the faculty of Vanderbilt University.]

The current, but erroneous, account of the origin of O. K. is as follows: "General Andrew Jackson was an illiterate man, and so, when he was President of the United States, he used to label documents which he approved with the initials O. K., which he took to be the initials of 'All correct' (oll korrect)."

This story is attributed to Seba Smith, a literary gentleman of the last generation who wrote letters from Washington under the pseudonym of "Major Jack Downing." There is probably no truth in this. I have in my library a copy of "Major Jack Downing's Letters from Washington," and I do not find the story in that book.

It is, however, probably true that General Jackson did indorse with the symbols O. K. public documents which he approved. General Jackson was no scholar, it is true, but he was not so ignorant as to think that "all correct" was spelled "oll korrect."

If you will examine the autograph letters of General Jackson now in the archives of the Tennessee Historical Society, you will find that he could write fairly for a man who had small educational advantages in early life.

The true explanation of O. K. is probably as follows: There is a tradition among the intelligent Choctaws of the old stock who once lived in Mississippi that General Jackson borrowed the expression O. K. from the Choctaw language.

The Choctaws and the Chickasaws speak the same tongue. In the language of these two peoples there is no copulative verb that corresponds to "be" in English (*esse* in Latin). A substitute for this is found in the emphatic word *okéh*, which ends every assertion in Choctaw. An example will illustrate this.

The English sentence, "The Choctaw Indian is a good fellow," would be in Choctaw, { *Hattak* Man *uppeh* body
hoomah red *chahtah* Choctaw *achookmah* good *okéh.* it-is-all-so. } Here *okéh* serves as the verb of assertion. It means, "It is true," "It is so," "It is all right," etc.

General Jackson was frequently among the Choctaws and Chickasaws before he became famous. He must have heard this expression often.

He probably adopted it in early life as a very expressive kind of slang, and used it after he became President as a private symbol (O. K.) to indicate approval. Strong confirmation is found for this theory of the origin of O. K. in a fact mentioned in "Parton's Life of Jackson," Vol. I, page 136. The following entry on the records of the court of Sumner County, Tennessee, was probably written by Jackson himself, who was attorney in the case:

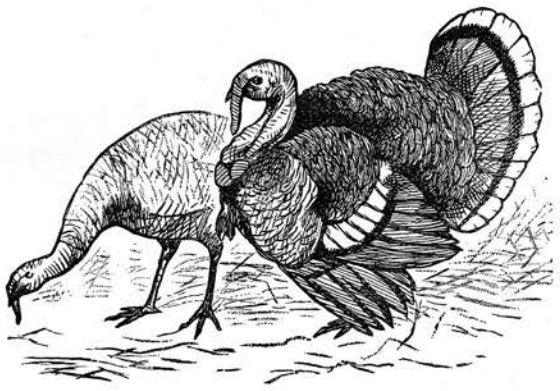
"October 6, 1790, Andrew Jackson, Esq., proved a bill of sale from Hugh McGary to Gasper Mansker, for a negro man, which was O. K." ("A common western mistake," says Mr. Parton, "for O. R., which means 'Ordered Recorded.' Thence, perhaps, the saying, 'O. K.'")

Parton is surely wrong in his conjecture that this O. K. was a "common mistake" for O. R. (ordered recorded). It is highly probable that this O. K. in the record of the Sumner County Court is the very expression used by Jackson to signify that the bill of sale was "all right."

This theory of the origin of O. K. is, if not true, at least well invented, as the Italians say.

There are other Choctaw words that have been naturalized in the folk-speech of the Southern States.

The word "bobashilly" ("barbashilly," "bomashilly," so variously pronounced), in the sense of "friend," "comrade," "brother," is very common in Alabama and Mississippi. I suppose you have heard it often. This word is Choctaw. *Ittebahpashille* is the classic expression in Choctaw and Chickasaw. It means "friend," "comrade" (literally, "he that sucks the same breast"—hence, "brother"). The word "bayou" is another American word of Choctaw origin. This word is incorrectly referred by all our dictionaries to the French word *boyau*, which means a "gut," "an entrail." The English word "gut" is sometimes used for a channel of water, but the French word *boyau* was never so used.



APROPOS of "Walking as a Pastime," an old tramp begs leave to differ with Mr. Eugene Lamb Richards on one or two points. Do *not* carry a knapsack or pack. If you do, you cannot rest yourself by shifting the weight, and a load on the back inclines you forward. Take a small satchel, with a strap by which it may hang from the shoulder. Put into it just as little as you can get on with. At the end of the first day remove the extra shoes, brushes, blacking, oil, razors, medicines, etc., and carefully burn them, or give them to tramps. My own outfit, with which I have trod many roads on two continents, is: a nightgown, extra shirt, comb, tooth-brush, map, novel, note-book, pen or pencil, knife, and watch. Sometimes I add a rubber coat. Why carry extra clothes, except in Africa? You can buy them everywhere, and you can have your washing done between two days. Again, an umbrella is a poor walking-stick, for it does not balance in the hand. It is heavy and thick, yet so fragile that it breaks when you kill snakes with it or use it as an alpenstock. Yet, again, the light madras or percale shirt is at least as good as the flannel one, for the latter is heavy, and shrinks. As to shoes, Mr. Richards's are sensible and excellent, but I have walked hundreds of miles in ready-made gaiters, and have never had a blistered foot. It needs only that the shoe be soft and ample. On lonely roads I go barefoot, sometimes. If Americans would walk more they would be bigger, happier, healthier, and tougher. Dudes, especially, should be encouraged to walk, because they are quickly killed by exercise.

C. M. S.

THE OLD COACHING-DAYS.

NO one, we fancy, would desire to return to the days of stage-coaching, yet it can hardly be denied that there was something to be said in favour of that method of travelling. Old men may still, here and there, be heard replying, when their grandsons express wonder as to how in the world their forefathers put up with that slow style of locomotion, "Ah, well, my sons! the gain isn't all on your side; there was danger sometimes in travelling by coach, but nothing compared with a railway. You got upset in a coach and there you were. You get upset in a train and where are you?"

Dr. Johnson used to think that of all pleasures there was none greater than a journey on the top of a stage-coach, and under favourable conditions, when the weather was fine and the country traversed of some interest, it is not difficult to understand the doctor's preference. Now we travel at greater speed, with greater comfort, and we suspect, though at first sight it may not appear so, with greater safety. But all the various incidents that frequently enlivened the road in former times are gone. There was hardly a better way of seeing a country than from the top of a stage-coach. The coachman was often a genial-tempered, shrewd fellow, fond of his joke and story, and the possessor of a great deal of information about the country through which his stage ran. He knew all the gentlemen's residences in the neighbourhood, their histories, and those of their possessors, and whatever gossip was connected with them; and if you understood how to manage him, he was not slow to impart his knowledge. These qualities rendered a seat next the driver the most coveted place in the coach. But the tips which both the coachman and guard received, from passengers desirous of having good places retained for them, had the usual effect of sometimes spoiling these functionaries, causing them to be extortionate in their demands from their wealthier patrons, and somewhat cavalier in their demeanour towards those who were in humbler circumstances. We remember reading an admirable sketch of an imaginary drive on a stage-coach, in the opening pages of a recently-published novel. The guard was frequently a hearty, cheery fellow, who could enliven the way with an inspiriting strain—"The Yellow-haired Ploughboy," or "Johnny at the Fair"—on the key-bugle, on which instrument he sometimes played with considerable skill. The guards of mail-coaches were provided with an instrument of somewhat shrill but not displeasing note, called—from the material of which it was made, and from its approaching a yard in length—the "yard of tin." Under the circumstances above hinted at, then, travel by stage-coach was neither unprofitable nor unattractive. But it had another and less cheerful aspect, and this, we fancy, was that which most frequently presented itself. Travelling by railway can occasionally, as most people know by experience, be comfortless enough, but it is rarely that it is attended by so much discomfort as a coach journey used frequently to be in the beginning of the present century. The youth of the present day who goes from London to visit his friends in Edinburgh in the space of ten hours has no

conception of the hardships his grandfather sometimes went through in accomplishing the same distance, which in his time took, by post, never less than two days and two nights. When the "Regent" coach started on its journey of three or four hundred miles from the "George and Blue Boar," Holborn, at six o'clock in the morning, with the snow thick upon the ground, a bitter wind blowing, a hard frost, and the sky, save for the light of a few stars, pitch-dark, the prospect before the passengers, especially the outside ones, was not cheering. When it rained those outside fared still worse. They descended from the coach at nine o'clock stiff, aching, and chilled to the marrow.

A coachman of to-day has little notion of what a coach-load was in the old times. We may get some idea of what it was like from prints of the period, but not a complete one. First there were the passengers, four inside and twelve out, besides the coachman and guard. Both the front and the hind boot were filled with small packages; the roof was piled up so high as barely to admit of the coach's passing beneath the archway of the inn; trunks and carpet-bags, hampers, hat-boxes, and gun-cases—the whole luggage of the sixteen passengers heaped up and overhanging the sides of the vehicle. A tarpaulin was drawn over all, and securely fastened with a broad leather strap. Underneath the coach, a "cradle" was often swung, into which were placed any etceteras for which no room could be found elsewhere. In addition to all this, game-baskets, hares, and pheasants might frequently be seen hung from the lamp-irons. Thus loaded a stage-coach presented a really wonderful appearance, and the packing of one demanded no small skill and ingenuity. But the guards were men of marvellous resources, complete adepts in the art of storage. A loaded coach, as it appears in the old prints, has a decidedly top-heavy look, but a break-down, through overloading at least, was a rare occurrence on the road.

Eleven miles an hour was a not unfrequent rate of speed for a stage-coach, and this meant galloping for at any rate the greater part of the way. When two coaches were running in opposition on the same road, racing was a common thing. There was a good deal of excitement about it, in which no doubt the passengers, at least the male part of them, sometimes shared; but there must also have been some risk. To keep a coach loaded as we have described, and going ten or eleven miles an hour, right end uppermost, required very great skill and management. On such occasions there was little time for stopping by the way, for lunch or refreshment of any kind. The hungry passengers snatched up a glass of ale and a bit of bread-and-cheese from the tray of the barmaid who stood in readiness for the coach as it passed, but there was no thought of alighting. Often a coach pulled up at an inn, changed horses, and was off again without even the driver's descending from his seat. At night time, when the lamps were lit, the coachman might sometimes be heard saying to the guard—

"Now, Will, blessed if I don't see their lamps, and they're a-coming along, I promise you; just put something over your boot-lamp, and I'll spring them a bit, when we get round the turn."

The order in regard to the boot-lamp needs a word of explanation. On fast coaches the guard usually kept a lamp attached to the hind boot, to enable him the more readily to get at any small parcels that might be required during the night. This had the disadvantage of apprising the coach in the rear of its rival's whereabouts, which it was an object with the leading coachman to conceal. Hence the utility of the guard's shrouding his light as much as possible.

Among coachmen who gained a notoriety in the beginning of the present century, none was more typical of his class than Tom Hennesy. For many years Tom drove the "Regent" coach between London and Stamford, and was generally admitted to be one of the cleverest whips on the road. He was a smart, active, cheery fellow, full of resources, and equal to all emergencies arising from his profession. Though a married man, and a faithful spouse withal, he was a great favourite with the fair sex, and the landladies had all a ready smile for his joke. Tom was fond of his joke. One cold day, as the coach was approaching Stevenage, on the Great North Road, Tom turned to the gentleman who was seated next to him, and said—

"Do you know the seven hills at Stevenage? Well, sir, the folks hereabouts do say that they are old tombs, or places to bury people in; but the curious thing about them is, that no one can tell which two of them are farthest apart. I'll just pull up, sir, as we pass, and I'll bet you a glass of anything hot, for it's precious cold, that you can't tell which two of them is farthest apart."

The passenger, being himself by no means overwarm, was not disinclined for Tom's proposal. He eyed the hills for a moment. There was very little perceptible difference in the distances between them, but he hazarded a guess.

"Well, coachman," he said, "I'll bet you a glass of brandy-and-water that those two"—pointing to two of the hills—"are the farthest apart."

"Then, sir," replied Tom, "you've lost your bet; those two may seem so, but the first and the last are the farthest apart, are they not, sir?"

The gentleman laughed heartily, and his bet to Tom was duly discharged at the next stage.

The landladies played no unimportant part in the days of stage-coaching. It made all the difference in the comfort of a journey, whether the hostess of the inn at which you alighted to pass the night, weary, hungry, and often wet and cold, understood her business or not. As a rule the landladies did know their business. They were active, bustling, hearty dames mostly, sometimes rather shrewd-tongued, but with an excellent comprehension of what was needful and proper for the comfort of their guests.

Mr. Reynardson was a famous whip in his day, was well known to all the coach-proprietors and coachmen in the neighbourhood in which he lived, and whenever he travelled by stage or mail it was a matter of course that he drove.

One of the most amusing incidents which his volume records happened to himself while driving the Holyhead mail. The coach stopped to take up a passenger at the "Penryn Arms." Mr. Reynardson read the name on the passenger's luggage—"Major Stock, —— Regiment." He at once remembered the name as that of an old Eton chum, and when the stranger took his place on the box he recognised the face of a companion who had sat with him on the same form at school for four years. It was an exceedingly disagreeable night, wet and windy, and Mr. Reynardson was so completely enveloped in an old macintosh, such as coachmen wore in those days, that it was not wonderful that his old schoolfellow mistook him for the regular driver.

The two fell into conversation, and by-and-by the talk turned upon Windsor and Eton. The major spoke freely about his school-days, and after allowing him to go on for a time without interruption, Mr. Reynardson said—

"Well, sir, since you have been at Eton, perhaps you can tell me how it used to go; was it not something in this way: Lord Lincoln, Spottiswoode major, Colville minor, Reynardson major, Stock——"

"Good gracious!" interrupted the other, "were you at Eton?"

And then, looking at the pseudo-coachman more narrowly—

"Why, you must be Reynardson major!"

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Reynardson, "it is the very man."

"Dear me!" went on the major, grasping his old chum by the hand, "I am very glad to meet you again; but how did you come to this?"

This was rather more than Mr. Reynardson had calculated on, but he resolved to keep up the joke a little longer.

"How did I come to this," he said. "Why, you see, we all have our ups and downs in life, and I suppose I have had mine. I have been a bit wildish, and have got rather down in the world, so I thought it would be better to get an honest livelihood than to steal, or do anything worse; and as I was always fond of a bit of driving, I have taken to this."

Major Stock expressed genuine regret and sympathy for his old schoolmate, and the two went on talking of bygone days for some time longer. At last, when Mr. Reynardson thought the joke had gone far enough, he confessed the real state of things, much to his companion's relief and pleasure.

Such are some of the incidents that gave variety to life on "the road" in the coaching days. All of them are of a kind that a new order of things must prevent from ever occurring again. They illustrate a bygone time, the memory even of which is fast fading. The taste for amateur stage-coach-driving has revived within the last year or two, but there can never be again any "road" in the old sense. There was probably more picturesqueness about the old method of travelling, for a stage-coach winding along a country road with its four gallant greys, and its red-coated guard with his musical bugle, harmonised better with the landscape than a puffing, smoking steam-engine, with its train of practical-looking cars. But what we have lost in picturesqueness we have undoubtedly gained in convenience, and most likely in every other respect.

R. RICHARDSON, B.A.

SHOOTING.

Illustrated London Almanack, 1860

THE HOUSEHOLD

CONDUCTED BY LAURA LATHROP.

BREAKFAST AND TEA.

AT this season of the year, it is often a perplexing question with the conscientious housekeeper, what to provide for these two important meals. In many homes, nothing hot is served for the last meal but the veritable tea itself; while breakfast is the merest apology in the world. This is contrary to all the demands of our nature. At the first and the last meal, the stomach craves something hot and substantial, or at least relishable. This will not entail any added expenditure. A little forethought, a little management on the day previous, will secure rich results. Indeed, some of our most satisfactory dishes are the made-over products of otherwise unavailable fragments of the table. In no way can the housewife display so much ingenuity and culinary skill as in the invention and compounding of this class of dainties.

A well-known artist when asked by a lady how he mixed his paints, in order to produce such grand effects, replied: "With brains, madam, with brains." It has been practically demonstrated that brains are just as essential in the art of cookery. Many dishes, which serve only to repel, might be rendered particularly inviting, if this desirable accompaniment were called oftener into requisition.

To no summons do we respond with such variable appetites, as at breakfast. After a protracted fast, the stomach is in an exhausted condition, and the judicious manager will make special provision for the repast, which precedes the hours devoted usually to the most arduous labor of the day. Still, no other is in so much danger of being slighted. In the hurry of the morning, its importance is totally ignored or overlooked. How is one to develop any degree of energy —mental, moral, or physical—for life's ever pressing duties, with no other reënforcement of the "inner man," than the regulation breakfast of numberless homes — A cup of indifferent coffee, its aroma a thing of the past, its temperature a matter of chance; a slice of toast, and perhaps a little left-over cold meat.

Well-fed people know little of the craving for stimulants, that follows the scanty meal of the poor laborer, doomed to earn his daily loaf by the sweat of his brow, while his overtaxed muscles enter weary protest as the hours drag slowly along. Let wives and mothers beware lest their careless provision for the morning, subject husbands and sons to the same direful temptation. Make good coffee. While tastes differ in regard to strength, few fail to recognize that deliciousness of flavor which, to the lover of this cheering beverage, constitutes its principal charm. Serve it piping hot. If you cannot afford cream, scald the milk and serve it hot; cold milk with spoil the most delicious coffee. Study variety. If eggs are served, send them to table in a different form for every day of the week. Do not fall into the rut of always boiling them in the shell because "it is so easy." Always serve them *hot*. Cold boiled potatoes may be served in many acceptable variations from the too common mode of simply sliced and fried. Even hash, though oft abused, offers a fair field to her who seeks variety. Of course, it is understood that the fragments from individual plates never enter into the composition of made-over dishes. In conclusion, we offer the suggestion that if the same attention is given to two or three well cooked and properly seasoned dishes that is sometimes divided among half a dozen, a greater degree of satisfaction will be the result.

A Few Nice Dishes for Breakfast and Tea.

HAM OMELET.—First make a plain omelet, which is the foundation for many delicious dishes. This is done by beating four eggs, to which are added half a teaspoonful of

salt, a pinch of pepper and three tablespoonfuls of milk or cream, water may be substituted if necessary. Put a tablespoonful of butter into a frying-pan, and when hot pour in the mixture, shake rapidly until as thick as cream, then move to a cooler part of the stove to brown. In a few seconds roll the omelet, or fold one side over upon the other. For the ham omelet have ready heated upon the stove, half a cup of finely minced cold ham, seasoned with pepper, and slightly moistened with a tablespoonful of stock or a little butter and hot water. Spread upon half the omelet. Fold the other side upon this, turn out upon a hot dish and serve immediately.

Cheese Omelet. — This is made by grating fine enough cheese for half a teacupful. Spread upon half the omelet, fold, and serve hot.

Oyster Omelet. — Bring almost to the boiling point in their own liquor; remove, chop fine, and season with pepper, salt and butter, with a tablespoonful of the liquor. Spread and serve, either folded or rolled, and very hot. Mushrooms minced, cold boiled fowl, or veal prepared in this way, make delicious omelets.

Scrambled Ham and Eggs. — Mince fine any bits of cold boiled or fried ham; add to a teacupful six beaten eggs, and a generous pinch of pepper. Have ready in a frying-pan a tablespoonful of melted butter or drippings; turn in the mixture and stir carefully until as thick as soft custard. Turn out in a hot dish and serve at once

Ham Cakes. — To one and a half teacupfuls of well seasoned mashed potato, add a teacupful of finely minced cold boiled or fried ham, with a pinch of pepper. Shape into thin round cakes, and fry in hot butter or drippings to a nice brown on both sides. Remnants of roast or boiled veal, mutton or fowl may be utilized this way, changing the name to correspond with the meat which forms the basis.

Sweet Potato Croquettes.—Mash boiled sweet potatoes enough to make two teacupfuls; add a beaten egg, a tablespoonful of butter, half a teacupful of heated milk, a teaspoonful of salt, and a fourth of a teaspoonful of pepper. Shape into rolls three inches in length, and a little more than an inch in diameter. In a dish have ready a beaten egg; roll the croquettes in the egg, then in bread or cracker crumbs. Fry a nice brown in hot drippings. When steaming sweet potatoes preparatory to baking them, add a few more than required for baking. Next morning, slice lengthwise, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and fry a rich brown in butter.

Browned Potatoes. — Mince enough cold boiled potatoes to make four teacupfuls; add a cup of stock, let come to a boil, then stir in one tablespoonful of butter mixed to a paste with a tablespoonful of flour. Season highly with salt and pepper; let boil one or two minutes, and set aside. Put two tablespoonfuls of melted butter or drippings into a spider, and when hot turn in the potatoes, and set where they will brown nicely. In about fifteen minutes they will be done. Loosen carefully, and fold or turn out whole upon a hot dish. Water or any nice left over meat gravy may take the place of stock.

Creamed Potatoes. — Use either chopped cold boiled potatoes, or minced raw ones stewed for fifteen minutes in water and drained. For each quart, use one-half a teacupful of cream or milk, a generous tablespoonful of butter rubbed to a paste with a teaspoonful of flour; season well with salt and pepper. Serve smoking hot.

Escaloped Salmon. — Remove the skin and bone from cold boiled salmon. To one pound of this, or to a pound of canned salmon, add half a pound of cracker or bread crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of cream or rich milk, two eggs well beaten, a tablespoonful of lemon juice or nice vinegar, and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of pepper. Butter an earthen baking-dish, press the mixture down in it, cover the top lightly with crumbs, moisten with a little cream, dot with bits of butter, and bake in a quick oven for half an hour. It should be nicely browned. Serve in the dish in which it is baked, with a napkin pinned neatly around it, or set in the silver dishes which are used expressly for that purpose. Cold veal is nice prepared in this manner, and either dish is most excellent served with pickled mushrooms or mushroom chow-chow. Of the last two named dishes the housewife should be careful to provide a liberal supply when in season, as the flavor imparted to many dishes by their addition, is indescribably delicious.

Sponge Cake Fritters. — Cut stale sponge cake into small oblong pieces half an inch in thickness. Lay for a few moments in any nice fruit juice that may be left over from your last can; sprinkle both sides with flour and fry a light brown in nice fresh butter. If a layer of jam or preserve is spread over them, it is a decided improvement. Cold plum pudding sliced in the same way, dipped in a nice batter and fried slowly, forms a delightful variety of fritter.

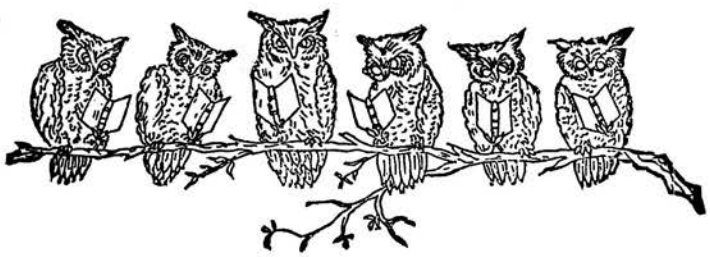
Sponge Cake Toast. — Slices of stale sponge cake toasted a delicate brown before a brisk heat, forms a delicate and acceptable accompaniment to good coffee for breakfast. Sponge cake is one of the least expensive and most easily made cakes, and if desired, we will furnish directions which we consider unfailing.

Eggless Cake. — This is really an excellent cake, and affords the housewife the opportunity to reserve eggs for dishes in which they are a necessity. Beat together one and a half cups sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup of sour milk, to which is added one level teaspoonful of good soda, three level cups of sifted flour, one-half teaspoonful each of nutmeg and cinnamon, and a teacupful of chopped and floured raisins. Bake in moderate oven.

Timely Topics.

Blacking Cook Stoves. — This operation should not be repeated oftener than once a month, and should always be preceded by a thorough washing with soap and water. If coat upon coat is applied, a crust forms, which scales off leaving a rough broken surface. The sides and hearth should only be washed with hot soap-suds, and well brushed to avoid soiling clothing. Black only those parts exposed to greatest heat. The top may be kept bright between the regular blackings by rubbing with a damp cloth and polishing with the brush. Grease and particles of food spilled upon it should be quickly wiped off with a damp stove cloth. If neglected and burned in, rub with a cloth saturated with kerosene. If your stove has polished edges, a washing of soap suds followed by a brisk rubbing with scouring brick will keep it smooth and bright. Never black it. Turpentine or kerosene will keep the nickel bright. Never bring the can containing either near the fire. If nickel is much stained, spread on a coat of sapolio, after a few moments remove, and rub with turpentine. Stove blacking mixed with turpentine to the consistency of thick sweet cream, and applied with a cloth, makes a lasting blacking susceptible of a high polish, by simply rubbing with a soft woolen cloth; a heavy, padded woolen mitten is nice for the purpose. Simply rubbing top and hearth every morning with heavy brown paper, will keep a stove looking "as weel a'most as new."

The Care of Frying Pans. — These soon lose their high polish, and should be scoured whenever soap and water fail to remove traces of fat and food. Sapolio is excellent for the purpose, but is more expensive than simple scouring brick and soap which answers every purpose. If food is accidentally burned in it, turn in a teacupful of vinegar, with a fourth of a cup of salt; let boil for five minutes, remove, wash with soap and water and polish with scouring brick. Dry coarse salt sometimes answers admirably for scouring pans. A separate pan should be kept with nicest care for omelets.



The Book of the Horse (Cassell), 1893

THE DOG-CART.

JERRY: A PERSONALITY.

DOUBTLESS a better horse never was made than the strawberry roan Jerry! At least that is my own belief concerning the intelligent, affectionate animal, whose head is the head of a sage, and whose heart is, in Calabrian phrase, like a mountain. When I assert, in presence of men and of angels, that Jerry is the best and most beautiful of all the horses in the world, the men are apt to reply, with civil detraction, "Well, that might be a matter of opinion," or, "He appears to be a good, sound, honest horse." But I am sure that the angels, if they could be interpellated on the subject of Jerry, would recognize fully the noble qualities of his spirit, of which I catch delightful glimpses.

To come to plain facts: Jerry is a dark strawberry roan, with four long black stockings, in which he stands something over fifteen hands high. He is strongly built; not a showy animal, but well formed, with a deep chest and a fine head. His face is very attractive; the brow is wide, and the eyes are extraordinarily large and lovely, with lids that have a charming curve toward the outer corner, such as is admired in portraits of the Empress Eugénie. The ears of Jerry are expressive, voluble, in their lively movements. He weighs about twelve hundred pounds; the last hundred, they flatter me, is due to the sugar which, almost daily, he eats from my hand. When he first came to the stable he was thin from overwork, as one of a pair, in which partnership he did more than his half of the pulling. The roan's nature, at once tender and energetic, had won me immediately, and my devotion crystallized into lumps of sugar. The hostlers assured me that the sugar was doing good to Jerry. "Look," they would say, "how his barrel is filling out!" And I, untechnical but sympathizing, would stroke his silken sides, and murmur lovingly, "Bless his dear sugar barrel!"

In course of a year of petting Jerry became plump enough. He had gained one hundred pounds — and eaten as much sugar! He was a living proof of the old-fashioned housekeepers' formula for preserving: "A pound of sugar to a pound of strawberry" — roan.

Jerry is not really my horse, which renders it, perhaps, more permissible for me to boast concerning him. He is owned by the master of an excellent livery stable; his duty is to draw a coupé

for any one who may hire it. But what does it matter that Jerry's legs are at the command of the general public so long as his affections are mine? Jerry performs his hours of hack work; so do I. And then, like the good neighbors that we are, we have a refreshing interview, not uncheered by apples and sugar. We talk of so many things, exchanging whinnies and articulate words. A jeremiad no longer seems to me the synonym for dismal lamentation; instead, I associate it with the nobly joyous neigh which Jerry, at the sound of my step or voice, launches into the air.

Jerry is the *doyen* of the stable. He is credited with great judiciousness, and has various privileges. He likes to roam about, visiting the other horses, touching them gently with his nose as if to ask after their welfare. He is also pleased to put that nose into the grain-bin for an extra mouthful. One day, when he was at the supplies, an hostler said to him, conversationally, as to another man, "Jerry, will you let me come there a moment? I want to get some grain for Dick." Jerry quickly stepped aside, and waited until the measure was filled for Dick, then returned to thrust his nose again into the feed.

There is nothing mean about Jerry, not even when it is a question of food, which is for an animal the test of unselfishness that money is for mankind. And Jerry is gifted with an appetite that would have contented the old hostler in Lavengro. More than once Jerry has selected a small mouthful of hay, such as he hoped might suit a lady, and has offered it to me. I have thanked him, of course, but begged him to let me have the satisfaction of seeing him eat it instead, which he has obligingly and cheerfully done. One day Jerry was enjoying some slices of apple and lumps of sugar which I held before him in a basket. Across the stable yard stood a pair of iron-grays, high-spirited pets; they gave each other a glance of intelligence, and then came prancing toward us. As they approached, Jerry raised his nose from the basket, and, withdrawing a step, invited Kitty and Dick to eat in his place. Then he caressed Kitty with his nose. But the lively mare soon overturned the basket. Somebody came and backed away the grays, while I picked up the remainder of the fruit and sugar, which, it is pleasant to remember, went to Jerry, after all. So it is that virtue is occasionally its own reward!

Another act of Jerry exhibited in a different way his thoughtfulness and abnegation. Just at that time the stall to the left of his was occupied by a horse not really vicious, but inclined to nip and to let off his heels. One day, when, as usual, I went to visit Jerry, he insisted on standing over' to the near side, and would absolutely have me enter on the off side. This being contrary to equine good manners, I patted and reproved and coaxed Jerry, until — evidently against his own judgment — he yielded. The next day his actions were the same. I, however, had begun to believe that he had some good and sufficient reason, and in obedience to his wish I entered on the off side. The day after that, the nipping and eager horse was away, and Jerry willingly and at once admitted me on the near side. In short, while that horse was tenant of the neighboring stall Jerry saw to it that I was not in reach of the stranger's teeth, putting himself between me and any possible harm. Sir Walter Raleigh in his famous cloak act did not show himself so chivalrous as did Jerry, a noble by grace of nature!

Later, there was in the contiguous stall a horse, pathetically humble and gentle, named Peter. He had been sent out of the city for the winter; and, as often happens, the trust had been abused, so that poor Peter came home with the bones almost outside the skin, and the shoulders so stiff and rheumatic that it was feared lest he were ruined. The

hostler, an expert Australian horseman, gave Peter the best care. Jerry and I did a little ornamental charity in the way of lumps of sugar, and the invalid soon began to extend his nose for a share of the treat. Peter recovered health and spirits. He showed affection for those who had befriended him: to the humans by whinnies and caresses; to Jerry in cleverly aiding and abetting a little scheme of the astute roan. Several times, the men, on entering the stable, found Jerry at large, visiting his colleagues, helping himself to hay from the common stock, and making free with things in general. They were surprised to see that he was without the halter, which, as they led him into his box, they found knotted to its ring, while the empty headstall lay on the floor. It appeared like a case of witchcraft! But the Australian posted himself where he could watch Jerry, and at last saw the roan thrust his head over the partition which separated him from Peter. The recognizant Peter comprehended, and in a few moments succeeded in unbuckling with his teeth the strap of Jerry's headstall. Then the roan shook his head and freed it, the headstall fell to the floor, and Jerry backed out for a raid on the hay. Nowadays he is not tied; instead, a rope passes behind him and is hooked into a staple. But Jerry will probably find out this combination, also.

If only it were possible for us to learn the language of horses! Their speech is duplex: a vocal utterance, which they use to communicate with one another at a distance, or with those crude intelligences of mankind, and a mute transference of thought, which passes from the muzzle of one horse to that of another near to him.

One day Jerry had been temporarily removed from his box, in favor of an ailing horse who needed the extra space and comfort. I was at a loss where to look for my pet, and questioned, "Where are you, Jerry?"

From a remote corner sounded Jerry's rich, full baritone, *vivace con affetto*. I answered him, and again he whinnied. It was a game of "magical music." Guided by his repeated calls, I went to a stall in a dusky corner, and then remained a little uncertain. "Is it truly you, Jerry?" He replied with a soft trilling note that was an invitation, a word of tenderness, an affidavit of his identity. I doubted no more, and, stretching forth a hand, felt my way along his smooth flanks up to the face that soon was rubbing against mine.

Since then the horses have been removed to another building, more spacious and better lighted. There is a large sliding door, which my force is insufficient to open. The first time that I visited Jerry in the new quarters the door was closed, and I was obliged to knock for admittance. The men did not hear. Then I called, "Jerry, are you there?" Instantly his clear and resonant neigh replied from the depths of the stable. Again and again Jerry called, beating his hoofs, until an hostler came to see what was wanted, and noticed my rappings at the door. When it was opened Jerry continued to neigh, but diminished the tone as I came nearer; so that finally, when I entered his stall, his whinny was not louder than the coo of a wood pigeon.

Jerry responds cordially to caresses. He covers my hands with kisses, sometimes holding the fingers lightly between his teeth, while his tongue plays over the wrist. Once he had the caprice to set a solemn — and moist — kiss precisely upon my right ear. Another day I told him, "If you will put your neck around my neck, I will put mine against yours." The phrase was a little complicated, and Jerry gazed under his feed-box, where he always looks for inspiration. The idea emerged for him. Promptly his great neck fell on my left shoulder, then curled around to the right. He glanced at me with inquiry. "Yes, good Jerry!" Then he tightened his clasp until he had gathered my head into the curve of his throat.

If, in my presence, he is being har-

nessed, he fixes his eyes on me, and often is oblivious of any order unless repeated by me. He is always treated with the utmost gentleness by the whole personnel of the stable; as indeed is necessary, for, large and powerful as he is, Jerry is peculiarly sensitive both of skin and of mouth. The lightest touch upon the rein can guide him. Once, as he was being put to the coupé, he thought best to trot off. As I was near, I volunteered to stop the runaway, but was afraid of hurting his mouth by catching the bridle at one side. So I ran in front of him, — he was not trotting at a speed to break any record, — and threw my arms around his neck. "Whoa, Jerry!" And he, with nose nestled against my shoulder, ambled amiably back to the expectant shafts.

Jerry's character is various, decided, and individual. He is one of those rare personalities who make virtue picturesque and amusing; his goodness is healthful, quite unconscious of itself. When he works, he pulls for all he is worth. When he rests, he lies down in the stall; and he could give lessons to the disciples of Delsarte in the art of complete relaxation and repose of every muscle, and in committing the whole weight to the floor. He requires more grain and hay than any other horse in the stable. His neigh is peculiarly deep-chested and sonorous. His vigor and patience are untiring.

These serious excellences of the good Jerry are enlivened by a sense of humor and by a marked dramatic talent. He is charming in his play; what an injustice to the graceful sportiveness of the equines is the common definition of "horse-play"! The sole occasion when Jerry went beyond the limit of the most perfect taste in his humorous doings was once when, in order to recall me from talking with his proprietor, he caught the tip of my finger between his teeth and bit it slightly. It is certain that he had carefully calculated the degree of pressure, not willing to hurt me. But it proved a little too strong for a delicate finger, and I was in duty bound to teach Jerry that he must not do so again. So I tapped his nose with the pinched finger, at the same time scolding him. In a moment the tears began to gather in his great kind eyes. It was the first time — and the last — that Jerry was ever blamed by me. All was forgiven, and discipline ended in caresses. Another day, Jerry's tender heart was so grieved at the sad tones in which some disaster was discussed in his presence that his eyes grew moist, and the conversation was instantly changed to felicitation upon the fine condition of Jerry! He likes to be talked to, and has especial pleasure to hear his own name mentioned. He comprehends what is said, often to a surprising degree. Once I told him, in the stall, "Jerry, the rope behind you is unhooked; why don't you go and take a drink of water?" He immediately quitted his box, went to the water-trough, and had a noble drink.

He is a favorite with all those who have to do with him. His owner testifies that Jerry has never needed the least correction; although now and then it becomes necessary to tell him, in friendly argument, that there are errands which do not take him to my door. He is fond of the men who take care of him, and interrupts with many kisses the process of grooming or of harnessing him. He likes to lift the cap from a man's head; then, after giving it a little shake, he replaces it.

Jerry is an admirable comedian. Once, well meaning but misguided, I offered him some carrots. It was fine to see his scorn of the vegetable. He sniffed contemptuously, shook his head, tossed the carrots from the basket, and trampled upon them in a war dance. But it was told me that after I had left the stable Jerry picked up the carrots and ate them with good relish. It had been simply that he expected choicer gifts at my hands.

He owns a blanket and hood, gold-

color, and by me embroidered with his respected name. He is proud of it; and who knows what satisfaction he feels when, as he passes along the street, the populace, admiring, reads aloud, JERRY! His self-esteem demands good clothes; so much so that one day, as I came into the stable yard, Jerry told me, by means of whinnying, beating his hoofs, and shaking vigorously in his teeth the rather ancient blanket which had been hastily thrown over him, that he wanted his own cover, and not any common rag whatever! So his Australian friend kindly brought the embroidered robe, — observing, however, that Jerry had not protested until my arrival. Arrayed in his good blanket, Jerry looked around with pride, and caressed with his nose the hands that had attired him.

Another comedy, of which Jerry was stage manager, was a five-o'clock tea, admirably enacted. He had eaten all the apples and sugar from my dish-shaped basket. Then he had a luminous idea: he would now be host instead of guest at the banquet. He took the edge of the basket in his teeth, and, with a polite bow, proffered it to the Australian. It was accepted with thanks. Then Jerry took it again, and, with another bow, presented the Barmecide feast to me. I had not assisted at social functions for nothing, and received his civilities with many compliments. The tea party lasted for several minutes. Jerry was quite impartial in his attentions, and the affair was most enjoyable to everybody concerned.

It is very tantalizing when Jerry turns upon me his beautiful eyes and whinnies half a dozen phrases with a charming variety of intonations. He is telling me something which I am greatly interested to hear; but the density of human non-intelligence is like a fog between Jerry's mind and mine.

One morning he walked beside me, a courteous escort, talking of the fine weather and of the news of the day. "What you say, Jerry," I answered him, "is not only true, but also finely expressed. What a pity that I 'm too stupid to understand it!"

Another day, as I entered the yard, Jerry stood there harnessed. He immediately began the recital of some pleasant occurrence; whinnying, moving his ears, and tossing his head with evident delight. One of the men came from the stable, and asked me, "Has Jerry told you the news?"

"He has; but I have not quite understood."

"He had his photograph taken this morning. A man with a camera came into the yard; and I said, Jerry is such a good horse he ought to have his picture taken. So we put on his best blanket, and he stood for his likeness. He was very pleased about it."

On another occasion, Jerry, by means of his silent language, helped me out of a little dilemma of equine society. He had been eating fruit and sugar from my hands; and in the basket there remained only a few bits of sugar, when one of our friends, a black horse, trotted up for a share of the treat. I knew by experience that the black liked apples, but not sugar; so that there was nothing for him. "I 'm so sorry, Wally," I told him, "but Jerry has eaten all the fruit, and you do not care for sugar. The next time you shall have a fine apple, if you will go away now."

The black did not comprehend; he kept gently pushing his nose against my shoulder. It was grievous to disappoint the good animal. With a sudden impulse I said to the roan, "You, Jerry, know both languages. Please tell Wally that I am very sorry that the apples are all eaten; but if he will go away now, in patience, to-morrow I will bring him a large red apple for himself."

Jerry looked at me, as if to take the message; then approached his nose to that of Wally. It appeared to me that the current of intelligence was almost

visible, — something as the warm air is seen to pass in transparent ripples along the outside of a heated iron pipe. The message repeated, Wally glanced pleasantly at me as if to accept the terms of my offer, and then trotted away. Needless to say that the next day he had the promised apple, and of the largest and reddest.

Another time Jerry took me in the coupé, on some errands. Whenever, in shopping or on paying visits, I leave the carriage, a regular fee of two lumps of sugar is due to Jerry. But that time he had met a friend, a horse whom I did not know, and they began at once to talk together intently, without a sound. When I offered the sugar, Jerry declined it. Supposing that his good manners might not permit him to eat alone, I invited the other horse to partake. He touched my fingers with a delicate salutation, as a friend of Jerry's, but refused the sugar. Then Jerry gave me a reproving look which said plainly, "When gentlemen are talking on business and politics, they do not wish to be interrupted by little women with lumps of sugar!" And I entered a shop quite repressed.

Jerry is a person of fastidious taste. For instance, when a box of bonbons is presented to me, it is a pleasure to give some of them to him. The first day, when they are fresh from the confectioner's, Jerry adores the bonbons; the second day he likes them well enough; but after that he lets me know that they are become stale, flat, and unprofitable to his palate, while I, without criterion, still consider the candies very good.

Not to make the praise of Jerry an endless serial, to the exclusion of all other matter from the pages of The Atlantic Monthly, only one more story shall here be related about my dear horse. On a fine summer day it was proposed that there should be a picnic in honor of Jerry. The squire, immemorially a colleague of mine when fun is the order of the day, accompanied me in the coupé. The driver was that appreciative person who caused the roan to be photographed. Jerry should have an afternoon in the fields, — such a free scamper over the grass as he had not enjoyed since he left the Western prairies of his colthood. We took him to a meadow where were pastured some high-bred animals: a horse, and a mare and two fillies, one a yearling, and the other only a few months old. The field was ample, divided into two pastures by a deep railway cut, well fenced, and spanned by an arched bridge, also with sufficient railing, over which the horses could pass at will. The grass had been mowed, and was velvety and inviting. When Jerry was unharnessed, he at first looked around, not realizing that he was master to do as he pleased. He began to nibble the grass; then it suddenly occurred to him that he was at liberty. With a joyous whinny, he flung himself on the turf, and rolled over and over in an abandon of comfort. The horizon seemed full of Jerry's enraptured heels. Then he arose, and stood tranquil and dignified.

Meanwhile the equine aristocrats had noticed the new-comer. "Is he eligible to our society? What are the credentials of this Mr. Jerry Roan? Let us see."

In a formal procession they approached him: first the horse, then the mare followed by her daughters. The horse rubbed his nose over Jerry; not rudely, but with the serious investigation which Jerry, as a horse of the world, would comprehend to be indispensable before he could be presented to the acquaintance of madam and the fillies. Jerry accepted the situation with the calm of an individual who knows himself worthy. The mare also sniffed daintily around Jerry's head, and the little ones tried to imitate the ways of their mamma. Then the four aristocrats withdrew for a family council; their heads close together, their bodies radiating toward

the four points of the compass. Jerry remained motionless, in an attitude of serene self-respect.

Soon, the others, in regular order of procession, returned to him. The horse rubbed his face against that of Jerry, and they embraced mutually with their necks; the mare saluted him as befitted "the lady of the herd," and then she pushed forward her fillies to receive a kiss from the new friend of the family. Mr. Jerry Roan was voted *persona grata*. Although he had not his pedigree with him at the moment, his innate nobility had accredited itself. The five horses, abreast, set out for a gallop across the meadow, and Jerry led the van! He seemed another horse from the steady, businesslike animal of his workadays.

That was a delicious afternoon for Jerry, and for us who enjoyed the sight of his pleasure. He did a thousand charming things. He brought the yearling up to me and requested sugar for two. He challenged the horse to a race, and easily won. Whenever an engine came puffing through the railway cut, Jerry — one of whose virtues it is to stand undisturbed amid a confusion of trains at a station — dramatized himself as a wild steed of the plains, uttered a scream better than that of a locomotive, and led the herd flying off in a delicious panic of feigned terror. When supper was served to the other horses, Jerry was kindly invited to join them at the grain.

When the happy afternoon was ended, and it was time for Jerry to be harnessed again, he was in the upper field with the other horses; and our driver went to bring him to the lower pasture, where the squire and I, near the coupé, awaited him. As Jerry crossed the bridge, he understood that his picnic was finished. He paused for an instant on the centre of the arch. He was magnificent: a dark silhouette against the pale golden sky, prancing, with head flung up and mane streaming on the air. He gave one great epic shout, of recognition of the pleasure that had been his, of farewell to the other horses; his superb cry echoed far over the quiet space of the fields.

It was not easy for Jerry to resign himself to be put to the carriage. The driver had much to do to harness him; the squire held him with a strong hand by the bridle, while I aided materially by caressing Jerry's face and giving him a lump of sugar whenever he plunged. Then it was that I learned the literal meaning of "a fiery-nostriled steed." In each of Jerry's nostrils, quivering and distended, there was like a live coal, reddening as every heartbeat sent the generous blood through his veins.

In that afternoon we had witnessed the splendid possibilities of Jerry. He had displayed his latent speed and beauty of motion. He had made his own apotheosis. Having thus gloriously asserted himself, he settled down again to his business of drawing the coupé back to the city. But for days afterward, whenever I entered his stall, Jerry would fling up his head and prance in a reminiscent manner. "We had a fine picnic, had n't we, Jerry?" And then he would kiss my hands as if to thank me for having planned the excursion for his pleasure.

Whoever has cared to read this record of Jerry's traits, and has done me the honor to recognize my intent to show how distinct a personality is this dear horse, will like to know that Jerry and I shall never lose sight of each other. Jerry is now about twelve years old, — the very fullness of vigor for a horse who, like him, has always been well treated, — and he will be happy with his present owner and employment for some years to come. Then, when the coupé is a little too heavy for him and he begins to grow old, he is to be altogether mine. "I know a bank" where is hoarded a railroad bond, earned by the writing of fiction (this sketch of Jerry, however, is no fiction, but the truth about him): that bond, then, will purchase him and

go toward his maintenance. For Jerry and I shall keep near each other as long as we live; and his latter days shall be as happy as those of his colthood, if affection and money can make them so. If he should survive me, he will have an annuity, suitably secured for his benefit; gained by the pen that seems never ready to cease from praising him, good Jerry the roan.

Elisabeth Cavazza.

The Book of the Horse (Cassell), 1893

THE CURRICLE.

OUR CLOCKS.

"Like a clock worn out with eating time."

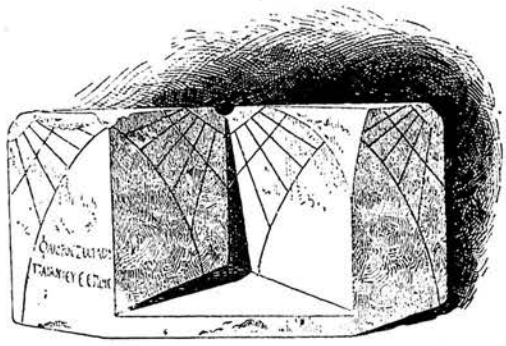
THERE was a practical illustration of the difference of time in various parts of the world in the Colonial and Indian Exhibition. Overhead, beneath an effigy of Britannia, it was shown, by means of several dials, that when it was 7 p.m. by Greenwich time in England, at Capetown it was 8.14—1 hour and 14 minutes faster; at Ottawa 4 minutes to 2—5 hours and 4 minutes slower; in Calcutta, 5 minutes to 1—5 hours and 55 minutes faster; and at Sydney, 5.5—10 hours and 5 minutes faster.

In the Great Exhibition of 1851, a Uniformity of Time Clock, invented by the civil engineer, Francis Whishaw, regulated the time between distant places to the hundredth part of a minute; all which shows that our computation of time in this nineteenth century of ours is very perfect indeed.

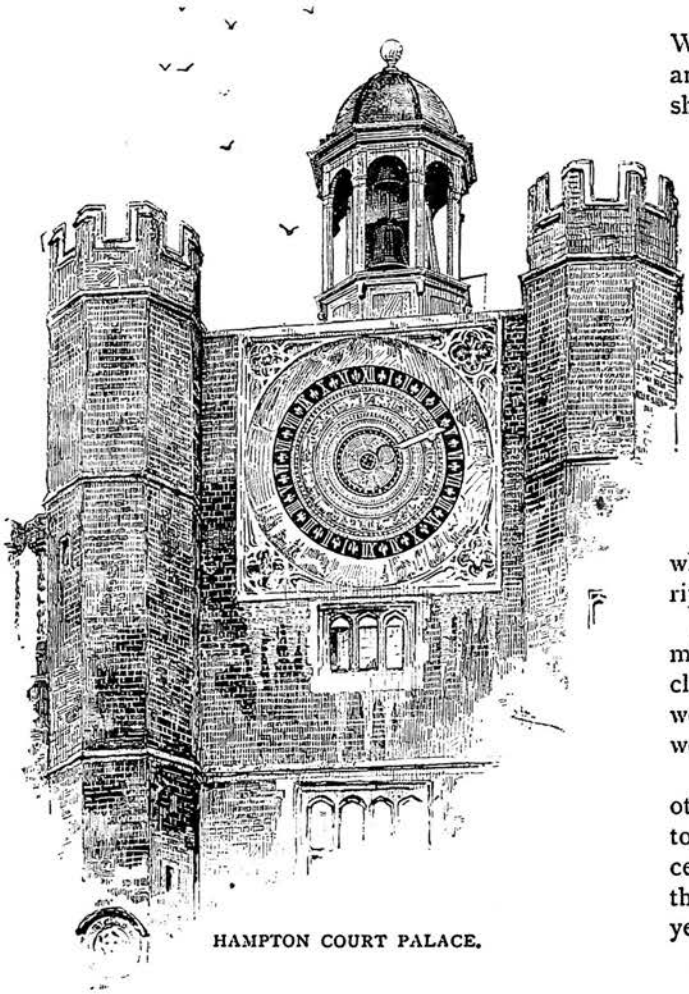
It has not always been so, and from the period when human beings first strove to have a faithful record of the divisions of night and day before them, many and various have been the means employed.

They began, as far as we can glean, with the sun-dial, described as "a column raised above the earth towards the sun," and alluded to in the 20th chapter of 2 Kings, v. 11, where we read that the dial of Ahaz was brought back ten degrees.

But these sun-clocks could only serve in the daylight, and, after various forms of stone and metal sun-dials had come and gone, man's inventive genius next led him to the production of water-clocks—"Clepsydræ," as they were called, and sometimes "night clocks." At first they had to be set every evening. The principle of their construction was for the liquid to issue drop by drop, some floating body denoting the height of the water which rose in a given time. Some were like hour-glasses; some like an egg-shaped vase, or a cylindrical vessel. They wonderfully improved



ANCIENT GREEK SUN-DIAL, FOUND AT ATHENS.



HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

as time went on, and some showed, as well as the time, the quarters of the moon, the Zodiacal signs, and other wonderful things.

It was only when the flight of time came to be recorded by mechanical means that the hours were each divided into sixty minutes, and the day and night equally into twelve hours each.

Exactly when this first came about no faithful or reliable chronicle tells us. Indeed, throughout the history of clocks, interesting as it is, there is a great lack of accurate history on many important points.

In the eleventh century, clocks moved by weights and wheels were found in certain monasteries.

It is easy to understand that, as we reckon time by the sun's meridian, it cannot be the same all over the world at the identical period, for the great luminary travels onwards.

Now we begin to calculate the day from midnight. At first, in many countries, it was from sunrise to sunset, and as these varied summer and winter, there came to be more hours in a summer than in a winter day.

This is the case now in Japan; the clocks are altered to suit the seasons, for the six night hours are longest in winter, and the day hours in summer.

When once wheel-clocks came into use, improvements followed closely on each other. Not content with an accurate measurement of time, some audible reminder of its passage was necessary, hence the striking of the hours, first heard of in Italy.

Perhaps the oldest English striking clock is that at Wells Cathedral, which did its duty for five centuries, and then had new mechanism. It still, however, shows the four knights tilting, and the armour-clad figures of Henry VI. and Edward IV.'s time, which strike the bell exteriorly. The first clock was placed at St. Paul's in 1280, and was one of the earliest with wheels in the kingdom. For many years the hours were struck by automaton figures, which used to be called Jacks; we read frequently in Shakespeare of "Jack o' the clock."

This St. Paul's clock was the means of saving a soldier in William and Mary's reign from punishment, for falling asleep when on duty at the Terrace, Windsor. To prove his wakefulness, he declared that he had heard the City clock strike thirteen at midnight, which turned out to be the case; and he lived to the ripe old age of 102.

Another of our earliest clocks was set up at Westminster, but it is not to be confounded with the turret-clock, Big Ben, which was made by Dent, goes for a week, and strikes the hours on a bell many tons in weight—a triumph of modern horology.

Chimes—a notable part of most cathedral and many other clocks—originated in the Netherlands. Visitors to Bruges and other Belgian towns know how never-ceasing is this music of the bells, which has fallen on the ears of generation after generation for full 500 years.

Longfellow devotes many lines to them.

"Most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden times
With their strange, unearthly changes, rang the melancholy chimes,"

is how he describes them.

Edward III. invited some Dutch clock-makers to England, but the wooden clocks with which Holland is associated in most minds are only about 200 years old, and are now being superseded by cheaper ones from America; and, indeed, many of the so-called Dutch clocks latterly were made in the Black Forest, where there is still a great industry of the kind, as also in Switzerland; those from the latter, however, are wooden clocks principally.

There are a number of mechanical clocks scattered all over the world, most of them famous.

The old one at St. Albans went for centuries, and we hear of it in Henry VIII.'s time telling the course of the sun and moon and the rising of the tide. It was made by Richard de Wallingford, a blacksmith's son, who became an abbot.

Perhaps the most world-famous is the one at Strasburg, twenty feet high; it succeeds a very wonderful one of much older date. The cock that crows and spreads its wings when the chimes announce the hour alone remains of the original one. The present clock dates from 1574, and its maker finished it after he had been struck blind. It shows the signs of the Zodiac, the motions of the heavenly bodies, as well as a series of pictures; and the events which happen at the striking are too wonderful to detail. A similar one at

Ratisbon marks the hours by the appearance of the three kings, who pay their adoration to the Virgin.

At Lubeck, in the old church, there is a wonderful clock, which at twelve shows automaton figures of the Electors of Germany, who inaugurate the Emperor, Christ giving the benediction as a choir of angels send forth a flourish of trumpets. Germany boasts of many other famous clocks, given by well-known envoys from foreign countries.

England has her share of curiosities in horology. Horace Walpole had one at Strawberry Hill, given by Henry VIII. to Ann Boleyn in 1532, which was subsequently bought by Queen Victoria, and is now at Windsor Castle. On the weights are the initials of Henry and his second wife, united by a true lovers' knot, on one, the royal motto on the other, and the words, "The most happy."

Lord Leicester placed a striking clock in Cæsar's Tower at Kenilworth. It had two faces—one south, one east—but from some unexplained reason, when the Queen paid her celebrated visit, nothing could induce it to go.

It was good Queen Bess who maintained in her service not only a clock-keeper, but a clock-maker, and possessed at Whitehall a wonderful clock, with an Ethiopian riding a rhinoceros, accompanied by four attendants, who made obeisance when the hours struck.

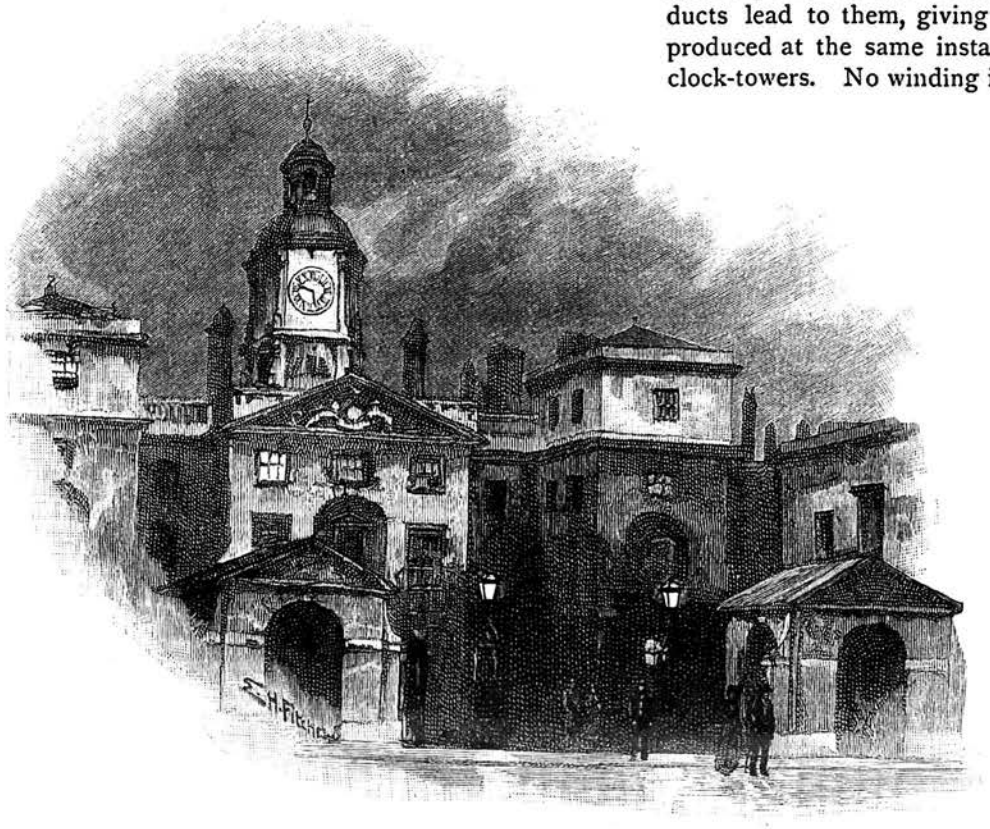
This recalls a curious story in clock-lore. In 1696 one Burdeau made a clock, where Louis XIV. was seen seated on a throne, surrounded by foreign princes, all of whom did him homage. The inventor was persuaded in an evil hour to make a public exhibition of his work; but, unfortunately, when the effigy of William III. made his obeisance, some of the machinery gave way, and threw the French king prostrate at the feet of the English one. This, being noised abroad, reached the ears of Louis XIV., who had the unlucky clock-maker thrown into the Bastille.

At Berne there is a party of wooden bears dressed in uniform of old days, who, when the hours strike, march out of a little tower, nod their heads, and return; and this same clock has pantaloon, clown, an Indian juggler, and a cock to add to its capabilities for amusing.

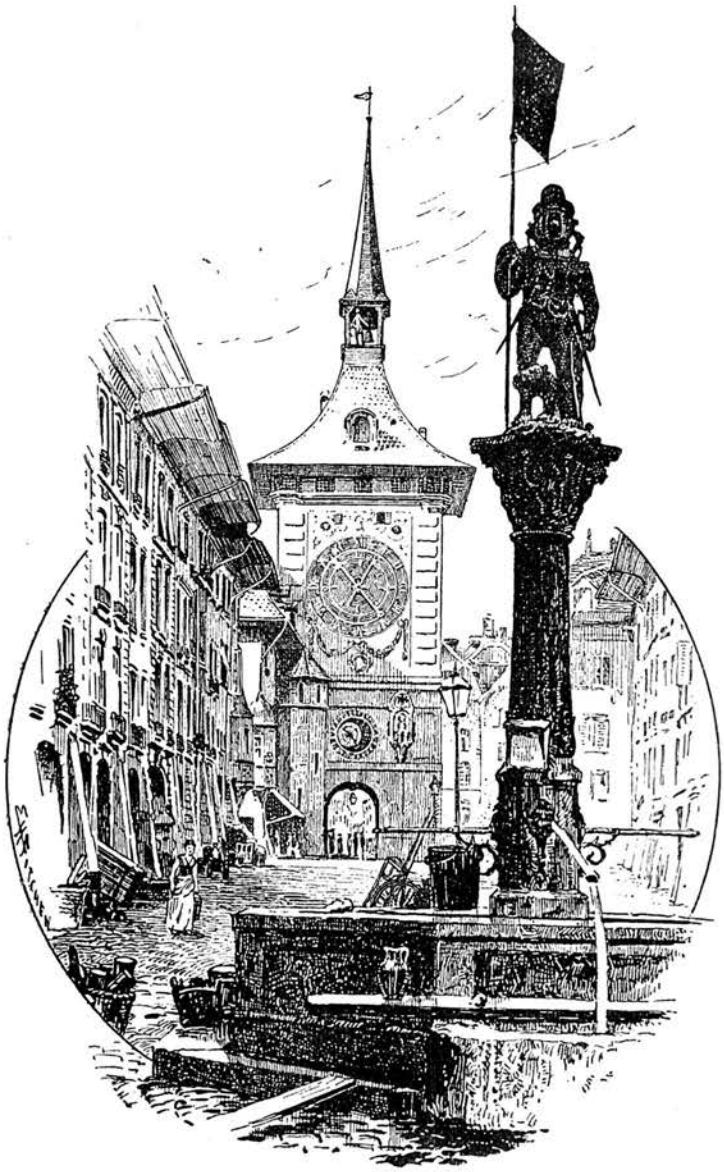
There is no conceit too quaint and curious, it would seem, for a clock. Sometimes it is a griffin bearing an escutcheon with the dial, and rolling its eyes and opening its mouth when the hours strike; sometimes it is a turret, and sometimes a crucifix, in which the works are concealed.

Electric clocks are among the most noted modern improvements in the way of horology. They were introduced to the Royal Society in 1841 by Professor Wheatstone. One of these can communicate the time to a number of skeleton dials far away. Shepherd's electric clock in the 1851 Exhibition excited, perhaps, more interest than anything else shown at the world's fair.

It was in the French Exhibition of 1878 that pneumatic clocks were first brought to the notice of the public, and they are now in use in Paris in public and private buildings. They require metal reservoirs to serve as storage-places for compressed air, driven in by steam-pumps, and this air is the motive-power of the clocks; pipes or ducts lead to them, giving a pulsation produced at the same instant in all the clock-towers. No winding is necessary.



THE CLOCK AT THE HORSE GUARDS.



CLOCK-TOWER AND BEAR FOUNTAIN, BERNE.

Portable clocks were never heard of till after the sixteenth century had commenced, and no one then would have dreamed it was possible to make a clock the size of a shilling; but in the nineteenth century such things exist.

The Clockmakers' Company—which has no hall, but claims Cowper's Court, Cornhill, as its head-quarters—possesses a valuable history of clocks and clock-making, well worthy the attention of those interested in the subject.

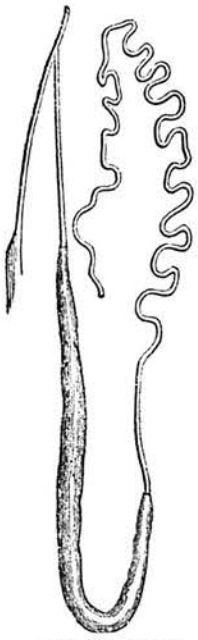
Illuminated clocks find favour in our day, and one which Londoners most pride themselves upon is that at the Horse Guards; it owes its glory to a reflected light, and not, as usual, to gas behind the dial.

Among the curiosities of clock-making is a time-piece at Copenhagen which shows the temperature of the last twenty-four hours. The atmospheric clock, like a thermometer in appearance, is a modern invention.

Many have been the attempts at perpetual motion in clock-making. Gainsborough's brother introduced one which was intended to tell the hour by a bell, set in motion by a bullet, which was sent continuously to and fro. It did not answer, nor have any attempts since.

There is much more to learn as to the mechanism of timekeepers of the future, and much more as to the past; but this account of some of the most famous timekeepers will suffice to show where to begin to seek the story of the great clocks of time.

OUR SILKWORMS, AND HOW WE TENDED THEM.



SILK-SECRETING APPARATUS.

IN the middle of our garden at Redland there were two trees, on the possession of which we plumed ourselves not a little, first because they were both useful and pleasant, and secondly because they were the only ones of the kind in the neighbourhood. One of them, a nice, round, flourishing specimen, apparently of no great age, standing in the middle of a grass plot, was a white mulberry-tree; and the other, near a wall which cut off a piece of ground formerly included in the garden of our house, was an old, gnarled, red mulberry, whose large limbs had many times been lopped, and round whose trunk was a wooden seat, which greatly facilitated our ascents among the branches in quest of either fruit or leaves.

We hardly knew the treasures and resources of our new home at first, but they came to light by degrees, and our attention was particularly drawn to the mulberry-trees during the first spring we were there by Tom's schoolfellows, among whom there was a tradition of their existence, as well as a current opinion that silkworms throve much better on mulberry than on lettuce-leaves.

"Do bring us a few, Sinclair, there's a good fellow," was the request of first one and then another boy, till father began to think his trees would be stripped bare; for it is a curious fact that where there are a number of boys together there is not much variety of taste, but whatever pursuit is taken up by one or two becomes a universal fashion for the time being. Tom naturally wanted to follow the lead of his friends, but father suggested that he should endeavour to learn wisdom from their experience that season, and that another year they would take up something else, and he might indulge in silkworm culture for himself under the most advantageous circumstances; and to this advice Tom, at that time pretty well occupied with the education of his bullfinch, lent a tolerably willing ear.

When the next spring arrived, father, who never forgot any of our little wishes, brought home half an ounce of silkworms' eggs as a small present for his eldest son on his return from a short absence in London; and as mother said she would rather not have them either in any of the rooms we occupied or in the greenhouse, she gave up a sort of closet, which had a very large window, but was not of sufficient size to be of any use as a bed-room, while, being next to the bath-room, it shared the benefits of the hot-water apparatus, and was always very warm. Tom really meant business with regard to his worms, and father and he did a good deal of carpentering in preparation for them, for they put up a great many shelves round the sides of the closet, one over the other, about twenty-three or twenty-four inches apart. They were rather to be called movable frames, though, than shelves, for they consisted of slips of wood, on which some very coarse net was stretched, and which slid into grooves, so that they were easily taken down and replaced. I think they were about two feet wide; and over the net sheets of thickish white paper were laid. A small thermometer was hung up on the wall, and the heat was 75° with the window closed, which father said would be just about right for hatching, though he lowered it by opening the window and drawing down the blind afterwards, and kept it at 67° and 68° as the worms advanced towards maturity. The next requirement was some shallow cardboard boxes, some few of which we found among mother's stores; but Jenny and I made the greater part of them, as most of the boxes we begged were too deep for the purpose. A few eggs were put into each receptacle, and we covered the tops with pieces of tarlatan and leno. This was all done just when the mulberry-buds were beginning to burst, and the young leaves in the most tender and juicy condition imaginable. Father told us the little worms would be hatched in a day or two in so high a temperature, and directed us to get a chopping-board and knife, with the aid of which we reduced a quantity of mulberry-leaves into a sort of green mincemeat, which was spread over the tarlatan.

Tom was inclined to think that all this chopping was a work of supererogation, and that the silkworms would do very well without it. "Other fellows never take so much trouble," he said irritably.

"Other fellows' worms die of starvation; and the few they have to show are only examples of the survival of the strongest," replied father; "and if you keep living creatures at all, I like you to attend to their wants in the best possible way."

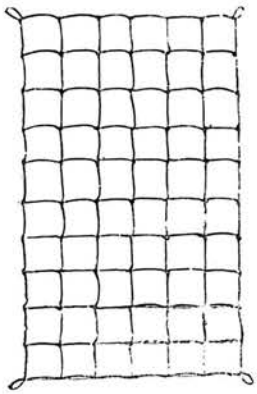
Tom knew very well in his heart that father's way always was the best, and we heard no more grumbling about the extra trouble, which after all did not fall very heavily, since it was gladly shared by the rest of us. The reason for chopping the leaves so finely was to present the greatest possible number of fresh-cut edges to the baby-worms, which, as soon as they emerged from the eggs, crawled through the tarlatan and began to feed. As fast as the inmates of each box were hatched we transferred them to the frames prepared for them, using the tips of paper-knives to move them and the bits of leaves to which they had attached themselves. Father told us on no account to touch them with our fingers, as it would be nearly impossible to avoid injuring them by even the slightest pressure; and I cannot say that I ever had any desire to handle them, for I was possessed with an idea that I should inevitably "squash" their very soft-looking bodies.

We provided a fresh supply of food and scattered it among them every six hours, unless we saw that they had not finished the previous meal, in which case they had to wait a little longer. When there had been any rain we dried the mulberry-leaves carefully before chopping them, and found that the best way of doing it was by tossing them about in a clean cloth, an operation in which baby considered that he rendered the greatest possible assistance to his brother and sisters. We were rather alarmed when the worms were a few days old by observing that they looked like rusty-brown scraps of string or wire, and appeared perfectly torpid; but father told us that they were only preparing to cast off

EGG AND FIRST AGE.

POSITION WHILE MOULTING.

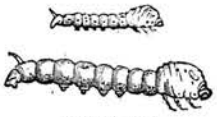
their first skins, which they soon did, recovering their appetites immediately afterwards, and being removed as before to fresh clean frames, while those on which they had passed their first stage of existence were repapered and prepared for those which would "slough," or moult, next; and as they had originally been put into their trays in the order in which they had been hatched, we had relays of them at each successive change instead of all casting their skins at once, or those which had and those which had not reached that epoch being mixed up together. Father was by no means satisfied with our method of moving the worms, and busied himself during one or two evenings in cutting some stiff sheets of paper for us, in imitation of some he had once seen in the south of France, where the rearing of silkworms is carried on upon a large scale. There were a great many spaces, so that when completed it looked something like a paper-net, and on these he directed us to lay our leaves, no longer chopped, but cut in good-sized pieces. When this was done, we laid the new contrivance gently down on the tray we wished to change, both for cleanliness and for the purpose of giving fresh food. The worms showed themselves to be very much alive to the difference between new and withered leaves, and speedily crawled on to the fresh ones, so that when we carefully raised the corners to see what measure of success attended this experiment, there was hardly one left in the old place, so we were able to lift up the cut paper, throw away the dried-up dirty litter beneath, put in fresh sheets, and deposit our charges in clean habitations. It was now only necessary to give them four meals a day; and all went merrily till they seemed to grow sleepy and inactive again, when we gave them fewer leaves at a time, and, when they quite ceased to eat, left them unmolested till they showed signs of awakening, when we shifted them, or rather allowed and encouraged them to shift themselves, as on the last occasion. This time we saw there were a good many remaining on the old food, which looked larger than those that had changed their quarters, and were shiny. Father told us to make haste and throw them away, for they would soon die, and cause a smell which would be unpleasant for us and unhealthy for the other worms. I believe these are called *luisettes*, from the shiny appearance I have mentioned, and they are the unfortunate individuals which have not the strength to moult. We still gave the others four meals a day, the first being as soon as we were up in the morning, and the fourth the last thing before going to bed at night. We changed them daily, but, though father called this a little excess of zeal, we had learned to cut our own papers, mulberry-leaves were plentiful, and it was better to err on the side of too much than of too little cleanliness. We continued to find more *luisettes*, and the number of our worms sensibly decreased, till we saw the fifth change approaching, which father said was the most critical of all. The worms seemed as though they were dead, and continued in that state for nearly or quite forty-eight hours, emitting a sickly, disagreeable odour. When they awoke from this last moult, father looked them very carefully over, and picked out a good many



SQUARE NET.

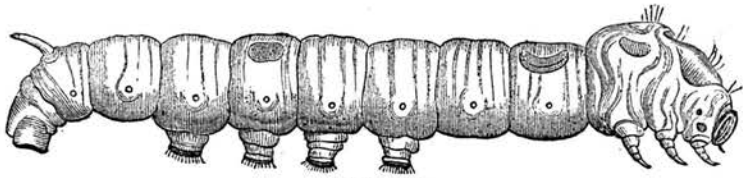
LOZENGE-SHAPED NET.

SECOND AGE.



THIRD AGE.

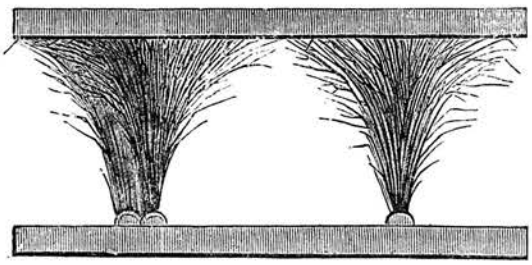
FOURTH AGE.



FIFTH AGE.

HEAD OF SILKWORM DURING MOULTING.

which were so exhausted by the change in their systems that they had not even strength to eat; some yellowish fat ones, which he said would not live long; and some idle corpulent creatures, which appeared to have over-eaten themselves so much during the previous stage of existence, that even their long fast had been ineffectual in counteracting the evil effects produced by gourmandising. Tom looked blank at this wholesale thinning of the ranks, but father told him it was necessary for the well-being of the rest of the community. The healthy survivors had the most prodigious appetites, and we could almost see them grow, and on the fifth or sixth day they had got so large that we had gently to remove them to a respectful distance from each other. It was no longer needful to cut up the leaves for them; but at last they ceased to eat, had a white, pearly appearance, and kept on crawling to the sides of the frames and there raising their heads and the upper parts of their bodies, as if they wished to climb or rise up on something. Father said they wanted to spin, and got some dry heather, which he set up, with the aid of a little wire and a few tin-tacks, in the shape of a sort of arbour over

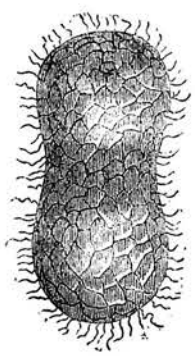


SPRIGS OF HEATHER FOR SILKWORMS TO MOULT IN.

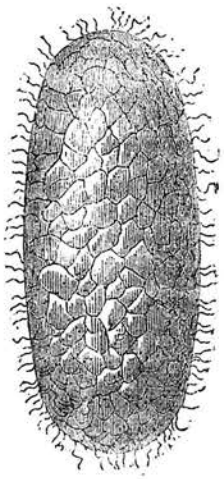
each frame, not bunching it together, but spreading it out so that the air might circulate freely among it, saying that the cocoons would be of little worth unless they had plenty of air.

This was evidently what the silkworms had been in search of, and most of them soon crawled up into the heather and selected the most convenient corners wherein to spin their cocoons. Some, however, though of the same size and colour, and apparently in the best of health, showed no disposition to avail themselves of the branches arranged for their accommodation; and father set us to work to remove these singular individuals into trays by themselves, and lay some pieces of heather across them. This suited them better, and underneath or upon the twigs so placed they spun just as good cocoons as their more ambitious relatives.

We reckoned that the half-ounce of eggs had produced nineteen or twenty thousand worms; but though a great many of these had come to an untimely end, we still had plenty of cocoons, and could not have wound off all the silk before the insect within had eaten its way through, however much we had tried. So father told us to make some coarse flannel bags in which to put them, and we coaxed cook for the loan of her potato-steamer over a saucepan of boiling water, where they steamed for half an hour; and

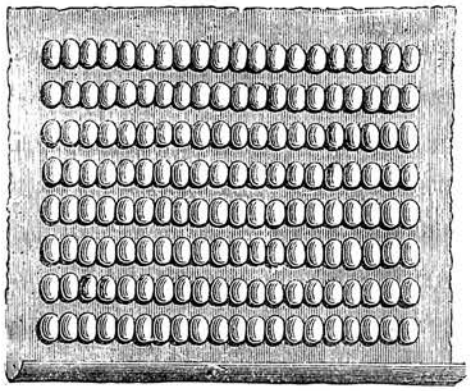


COCOON.



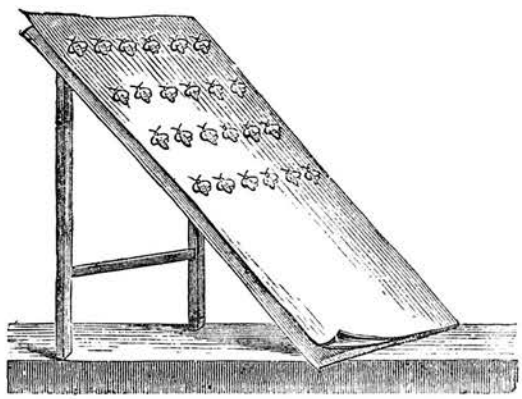
SPHERICAL COCOON.

while this was being done, Tom cleared out some of the empty frames on which the worms had been fed, taking away the paper, and we put the cocoons carefully on the net to dry. Father said we must turn and move them occasionally, as we had seen mother do with the eggs she saved for winter use, and that we must not pile too many of them on a single frame, for fear they should ferment and the silk be spoiled. Then came the winding, for which Tom made a little wheel, after one lent him by a schoolfellow; and one day he took his silk down to the city, found that it weighed two or three ounces, and made what he thought a famous bargain in selling it. I do not remember now how much he was paid for it, but I do not forget that he brought each of his sisters home a little present as an acknowledgment of their help. Mine was a small pincushion made to fit into a mussel-shell; and though long years have passed since then, it still has a place in my work-box.

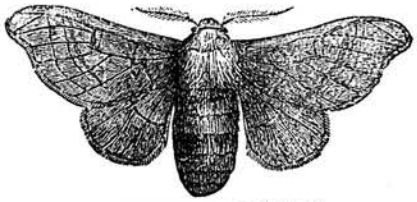


SHEET OF PAPER WITH ROWS OF COCOONS.

Next year the silkworm experiment was renewed, and, in fact, continued as long as we lived in that house. On one occasion we were persuaded to bake,

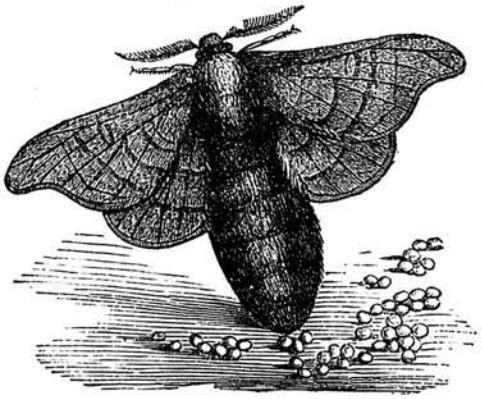


SHEETS OF PAPER STUCK INTO SCREENS FOR THE RECEPTION OF MOTHS.



SILKWORM MOTH (MALE).

instead of steaming, our cocoons; but that process could hardly be considered a success, as the silk did not wind so easily and was not nearly so bright and soft as under the original method of treatment. I



SILKWORM MOTH (FEMALE).

believe the reason of this is, that the steam softens and dissolves the glutinous matter among the silk, while the baking hardens it. Our silk was of a pale yellow colour, and the cocoons of middling size. I have seen larger as well as smaller ones in my time, but they are all the produce of different races. We kept half a dozen cocoons unsteamed, so that there might be a few moths to lay eggs for the next year. Father said we could only judge which were the male and which were the female ones by weight, as the latter were the heaviest, and fetched a tiny pair of scales out of the family medicine chest, so as to make sure about it. We saved three of each, and he told us to fix the three heavy ones on one sheet of brown paper with a little paste, and the others on another sheet in the same manner. The moths were hatched about twenty days after the full-grown caterpillars had first mounted into the heather to spin; and in due time plenty of eggs were laid on sheets of paper placed ready for their accommodation. These sheets were hung over a thin line of fine string up in a dry attic till spring came round again.

In after-years, when we no longer had a garden containing a mulberry-tree, baby, who had grown into big boyhood, kept a few silkworms for his own pleasure, which, not knowing the taste of mulberry-leaves, grew up on a diet of lettuce; but a great many of them died, and their silk appeared to me far from superior in quality.

Tom once had some eggs of a Japanese silkworm sent him, with directions to feed the larvæ on oak-leaves. They were much larger than the ordinary kind, but healthy and hardy, and of a green colour. The cocoon was also of a brightish green outside, though the silk was beautifully white within. We experienced no difficulty with them, and I believe it is thought that they may one day supersede the mulberry-feeding worms, as they are subject to fewer diseases, and oaks are plentiful and grow in large numbers much farther north than mulberry-trees, though the latter are hardy when once acclimatised, as may be seen by those that flourish in the gardens of old-fashioned houses in the East-end of London, where they were planted long years ago by the French families who found refuge on British soil after the repeal of the Edict of Nantes.

An Impossible Girl.

ONCE on a time there lived a maid
Who never was of mice afraid,
A perfect game of whist she played,
This maid entrancing.
Of gowns and styles she never talked,
Attempts to compliment she balked,
For exercise she only walked —
She hated dancing.

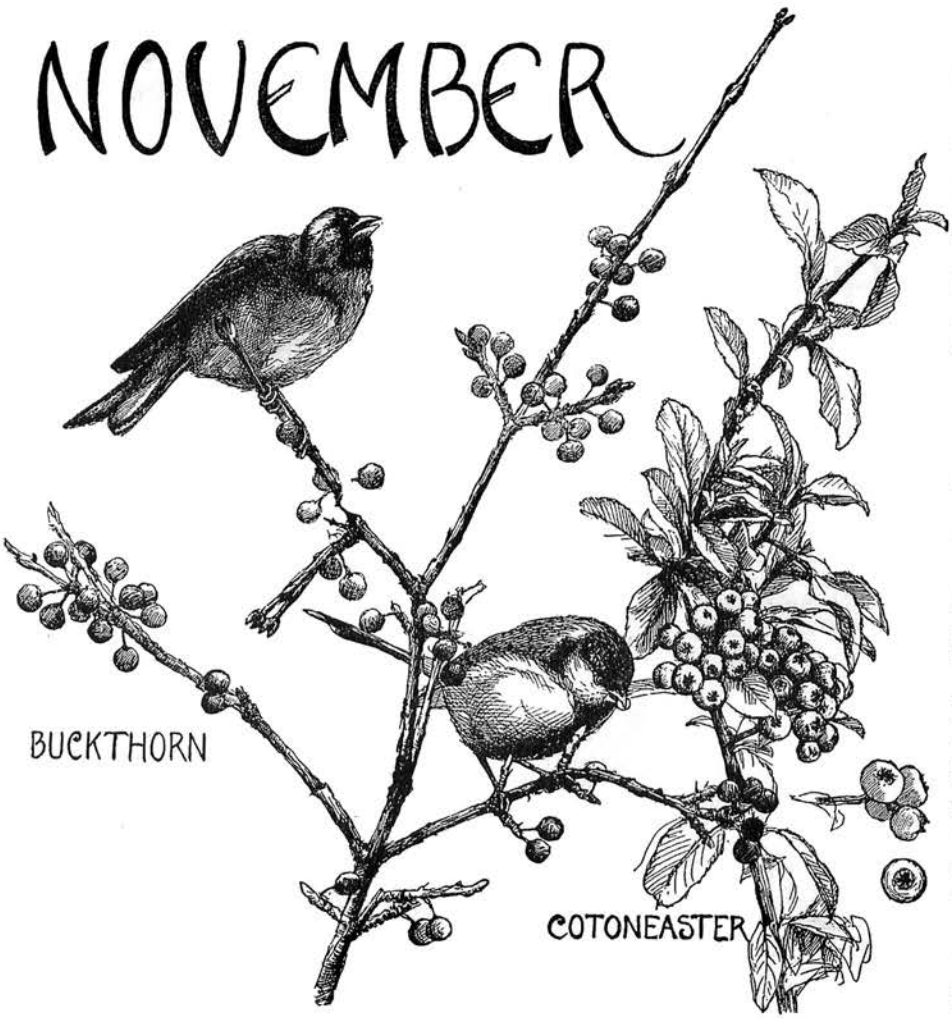
She wore no loud, queer-colored glove,
She never yet had been in love,
Her bureau held no picture of
The latest actor.
And, furthermore, she never went
To matinées, nor ever spent
Her change for soda; roses sent
Could not attract her.

Of slang she never used a word,
Of flirting she had never heard,
Society — it seems absurd —
She did not care for.
At gay resorts where men were not
She never seemed to care a jot,
Until the mothers wondered what
The girl was there for.

No one will know from whence she came,
She left no record but her fame,
Not even can we learn her name
Or what her station.
When did she live? How did she die?
She lived in fancy. It 's a lie.
I 've only tried to practise my
Imagination.

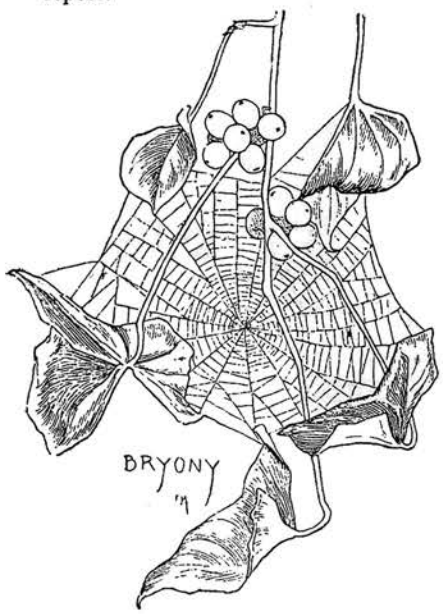
James G. Burnett.

NOVEMBER



We all remember how true and beautiful is the note Burns strikes in his great poem—

"November chill blaws loud wi' angry sough;
The shot'ning winter day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The blackening trains o' craws to their repose."

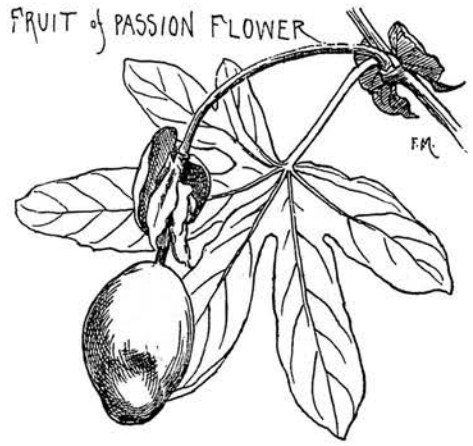


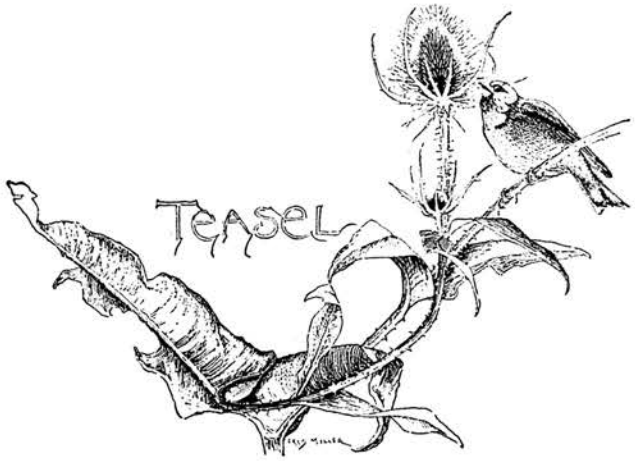
These four lines are not spun out of a poet's inner consciousness; a mere sweet jangle of conceits. The picture limned in the mind's eye at the poet's touch is one that I can see any time this month, though November is not wholly given up to chill blasts. On the contrary, some most genial sunny days which bring out the rich luscious colour of the yellow-tinted elms, or orange-coloured beeches and golden-brown oaks, are given to us, and for beauty, in an artist's sense, I know of few things that fill one with sweet satisfaction like a warm day in November. The sunlight is soft; there is always an amount of mist which clothes the distance, if not in azure blue, as Campbell puts it, at least in those warm grey tints that the painter loves, and spends a lifetime learning how to render; and even the trees that have become leafless afford him passages of most subtle colour which we of the palette prefer to the wall of green of midsummer. It is as well to be more than usually receptive on such days as these in order that the recollection of them may keep in check that melancholy that so many seem only capable of feeling as the year draws to a close. As I grow older I find myself more disposed to look upon the humour, the comedy of life; to think of the warm sunny days in November rather than the bitter blasts that bring down "the one red leaf, the last of its clan," for this latter is the obvious side of the month—the seamy as opposed to the sunny side of November.

It depends upon the early frosts whether trees shed their leaves in October or November, for by the end of the month all deciduous trees are bare save a few oaks which will often carry their dead leaves until pushed off by the new growth in the following Spring.

Last year was very remarkable for its early frosts. In the third week of October we had ten and a half degrees of frost, with the result that in one day the walnut tree at my gate dropped its leaves, amounting to a good many barrow loads, while the willows, ashes, poplars, and chestnuts were made nearly bare by this frost. As soon as the sun gets out the day following the first severe frost the leaves will begin to fall of their own weight, and by the evening the trees that a day ago were in full dress will be stripped to nakedness, as was the case with my walnut.

Quite early in October we had a frost which killed the dahlias, nasturtiums, marrows, and beans, and very melancholy is it to walk out into your garden the morning following the first sharp frost, for the ordinary white frosts we get in the autumn are not severe enough to do any harm to even such tender plants as dahlias. Did we go without a sharp frost till quite late in the year we should find that the half-hardy flowers like zinnias, phloxes, nasturtiums and dahlias would go on blooming, for when mine were cut down last year we were gathering quantities of flowers every day, and it is a great privation when you have been accustomed to having many vases always filled with flowers about your rooms to have to search diligently to find enough to fill so much as a specimen glass. Of course there are blooms still to be had. I gathered myself some eschscoltzias, scented candytuft, clarkias, gillias, Virginia stock, nemophila and mignonette from a bed of annuals I sowed in the spring. These were not killed by the frosts, and if we had had another spell of mild weather I should have had plenty of annuals for cutting, as those which bloomed early had sown themselves, and their offspring were just showing for bloom. I should recommend all gardeners to have a bed of annuals, not only because of their free blooming in the summer, but also on account of their hardiness. Cut them freely all through the season, for by keeping all flowers from seeding you greatly prolong their flowering season, as they will keep throwing fresh blooms in endeavouring to fulfil the law of their being which is to produce seed. I have at this moment got Canterbury bells, which were quite a sight to see in June, covered with a third crop of flowers simply because we kept the seed-pods picked off, and we have been cutting sweet peas until the frost killed them, by not allowing them to seed. Poppies again are plants that if allowed to seed will only bear one lot of flowers; but some Shirley poppies (quite the best annual poppy you can grow, with their thin delicate petals of exquisite shades of pink, red, and white) are even now after these months giving us blooms, because we kept the seed-pods picked off, while some that were neglected have been over this last two months. This is the first season I have grown hardy annuals, having had a stupid prejudice against them, which, like many other prejudices, has been dispelled by knowledge. I drilled a whole patch of ground early in March with a five-shilling collection of annuals, and though they were sadly neglected and got very weedy through not keeping the hoe at work, produced a most excellent result from June till late autumn. The ones that did best with me were the crimson linum, one of

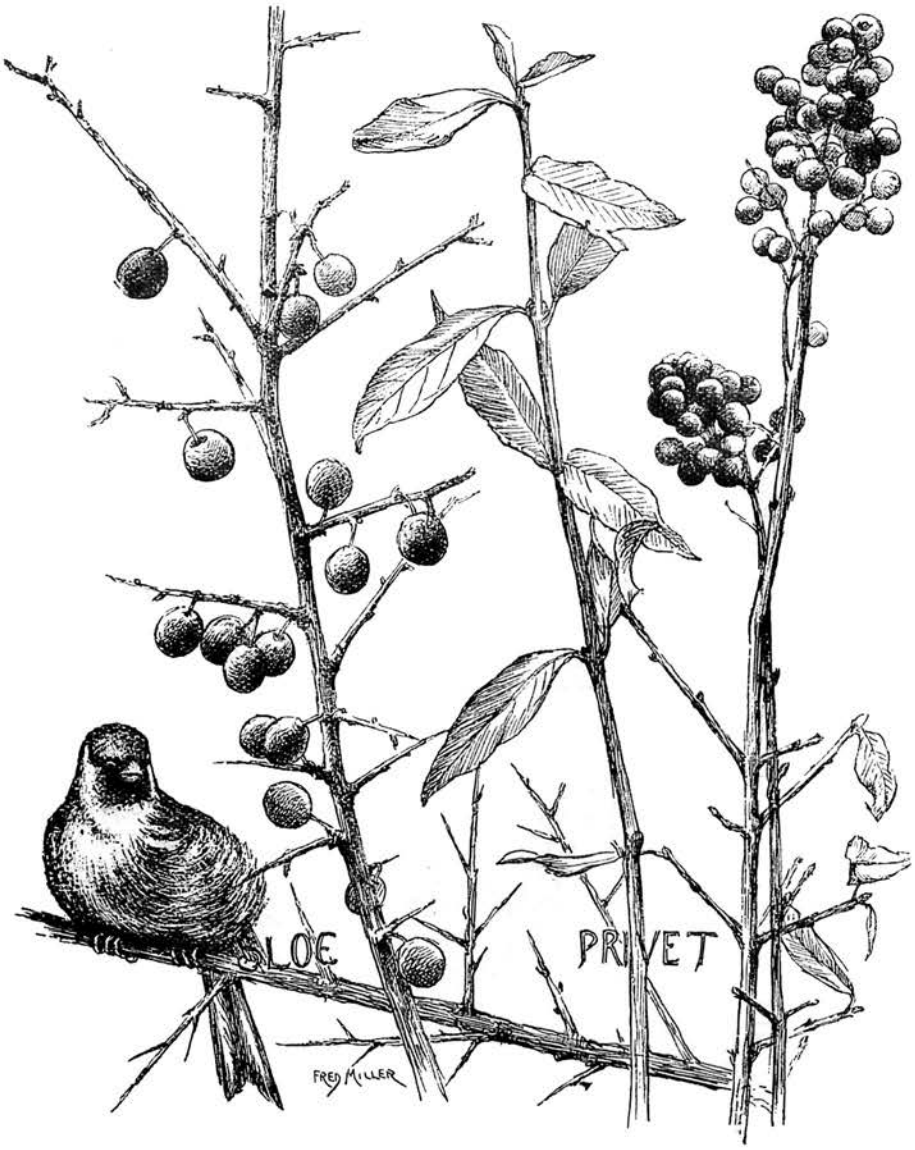




the showiest annuals grown, the red mallow, a tall-growing free-flowering plant, gillia, with its white and mauvish flowers, larkspur, Virginia stock (one of the quickest growing annuals and capital for borders), clarkia, eschscoltzia, Shirley poppy and dwarf convolvulus. Most annuals are sown too thickly, and then they choke each other and are very unsatisfactory. It is better to sow fairly thickly and then thin severely. It is astonishing how much ground an eschscoltzia for instance will occupy where plenty of space is given to each plant.

As the year wanes, out-door flowers necessarily grow scarce, but as each month has its own particular characteristics and delights which we should dwell upon and get what enjoyment one can out of, so there are plants coming into bloom every month of the year. For November one looks to chrysanthemums to relieve the bareness of the borders, and when grown in a sheltered spot they do very well out of doors, though, of course, you cannot get them as large or as fine as those one sees, say, at the Temple Gardens, where they are grown under glass. Asters of many colours and Michaelmas daisies are in flower now, and these brilliant coloured flowers are a striking object in the garden. There are many varieties, from the minute flowers no larger than a forget-me-not to those the size of a florin. Pansies again will yield blooms for a very long period, and plants raised in the early summer will flower freely in the late autumn, and in fact in mild seasons there is hardly a month when pansies cannot be picked. Just to see what flowers can be had in November I went the beginning of the month to the Oxford Botanic Garden, and noted that there were in bloom herbaceous asters, gaillardias, calendula officinalis or pot marigold, coreopsis, lupins, penstemons, scabious, and anemone japonica, and this did not exhaust the list, as I noticed that an Oriental poppy and an iris *(I. Cengialli)*, and a tritoma or poker plant were sending up late blooms. The Oxford Botanic Garden is the oldest in England, as it was founded in 1632 on the site of a Jews' burying ground, and as it has a fair collection of hardy herbaceous plants it is a useful place for reference, as one can note down things worth growing. Kew Gardens contain the best collection of herbaceous plants in England, and my readers who wish to add to their collection of hardy plants should, if possible, make a pilgrimage there in the spring, summer, and autumn, and see what is in bloom. The object all gardeners should keep before them is to have as many plants in bloom as is possible every month in the twelve, and not merely have a gay time just for a brief summer season.

Wild flowers are certainly over in November, but the beauty of dead river-side herbs and hedgerow plants with the berries of thorns, roses, bryony, and other shrubs are in their way quite as beautiful and even more decorative than flowers. I remember one November walk in particular which I took with two brother artists to look for a subject. It was a still grey day, though not cold, and the mist gave an air of mystery to all but the nearest objects. We strolled along by some small tributary streams, and we were all much struck by the way the dead teasels, willow herb, meadowsweet, and other river-side plants picked themselves out from the sombre-tinted background, giving pencilled details to the scene, with the scarlet berries of the dog-rose for the touch of colour. Finer material for the decorative artist could not be found.



Vases can be kept filled with these November glories, and though the berries soon shrivel and drop, the seed-vessels of traveller's joy, like tufts of cotton, willow herb, teasel, wild hop, thistles and meadowsweet can be kept right through the winter. Everlasting flowers, too, should be dried for winter decoration, and with the seed-vessels of honesty (like oval rings stretched over with thin parchment), and winter cherry quite take the place of flowers. Dead hedgerow herbage affords the decorative artist a wealth of suggestion which he should not be slow to avail himself of. I painted a screen, using thistles, dock, and outgrass as the *motifs*, and I cannot do better than give a sketch of two of the panels to show how such material can be utilised. You can hardly fail to get the colouring harmonious, for the dead herbs are rich in subtle grey tones, and as decoration is a background to life it should never be obtrusive by calling undue attention to itself. Berries of the sloe, privet, buckthorn, and cotoneaster (a capital evergreen shrub for training against walls), Japanese briar, with its large decorative berries, the egg-like fruit of the passion-flower, bright orange in colour, and berries of the bryony, all make capital indoor decorations, and afford many suggestions to the decorative artist.

A good deal of wheat is planted in October, but drilling goes on all through November while other land is being ploughed and got ready for spring planting. Potato lifting is carried on far into November in many localities, and very picturesque it is to see almost a whole village out in the fields gathering in the potato harvest; for while the men, and women too for that matter, lift, the children can pick up, sort, and put in bags. The figures of the men in their shirt-sleeves, of many colours, and the women in their cotton sun-bonnets and vari-coloured garments against the rich low-toned surroundings of freshly-turned earth and autumn-tinted herbage gives the painter every opportunity, if he be equal to making use of such magnificent material. It only wants doing to be a masterpiece

The latest time swallows are seen according to Gilbert White's calendar is Nov. 5, while Markwick gives it as late as the 16th; but both these dates are very late. White also gives in his calendar for November the primrose and hepatica as flowering, but many other plants may be seen in bloom if the autumn is a mild one. Hollyhocks, for instance, were in flower in November, and some that I raised from seed early in the year were just coming into bloom when the severe frost we had killed the flower-buds.

Many of us are like Genevieve, who liked best "the songs that made her grieve," and though I have just now said it is as well to look for the humour and comedy of life, poetry and pathos will, in our more exalted moods, steep us in a calm, sweet melancholy, and the feeling that must often assert itself at this time of the year must be one bordering on sadness. Man is never so lifted up as when moved to tears, and to walk through a wood in November, when the wind sighs through the trees, adding to the purple carpet of dead leaves the few that still kept heavenwards, one thinks of the lines written many years ago by the poet whose death came home to so many of us—

"The woods decay, the woods decay and fall,
The vapours wreathe their burden to the ground;
Man comes and tills the field, then lies beneath;
And after many a summer dies the swan."

So Tithonous spoke, and his words find an echo in our hearts as we see, when in such a mood, so much that we delight in going to dust. We see the dead stalks of what a few weeks ago were flowers, and we remember the words of the Hebrew poet, "Man's life is but as grass; he flourisheth as a flower of the field; the wind goeth over it and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more." Such moods should come upon us, for in them we rise to the full height of our nature; but let us not sap our fibre by vain regrets.

"If there are thistles there are grapes;
If old things there are new;
Ten thousand broken lights and shapes,
Yet glimpses of the true."

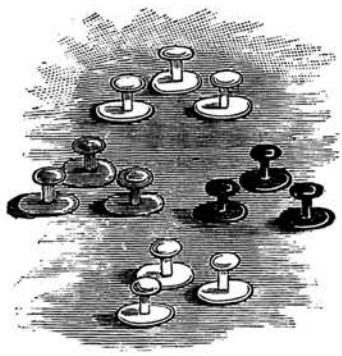
Autumn has its joys, its beauties; let us see for ourselves what they are, and enjoy them when we find them, and not allow the thought of shortening days and the year's decay to weigh on our spirits, and bedim our eyes with tears of excessive sensibility so that we miss those sunny days in November, which by their rarity and unexpectedness are worth so much more than such days in midsummer.

"ONLY ONE PENNY."

"ONLY one penny!" We Londoners are all of us so accustomed to hear the above words shouted at and around us, at every hand's turn, that they fail to awaken in us anything like interest, much less do they excite either surprise or wonder. In every crowded thoroughfare, whether it be Oxford Street or Cheapside—perhaps, too, most frequently in the vicinity of the Bank and Exchange—they are re-echoed lustily. At all the halting-places for 'buses, they fall thick and fast upon the passenger's ear. As a rule we pay no heed to them, or if it should happen to be a day on which our nerves are upon the *qui vive*, we hurry out of hearing as quickly as possible, without so much as casting a glance towards the vendor of penny wares. But a foreigner, on coming to our City, is at once struck and attracted by the marvels which are daily sold in our streets for the price of one penny.

Although penny articles are sold in the streets in other countries, yet I never remember to have seen any of equivalent value retailed for so trifling a sum. It was the admiration expressed by a travelled South American gentleman that made me first think about this matter. I had never done so before, but I at once determined—for curiosity's sake—to make a collection of penny varieties.

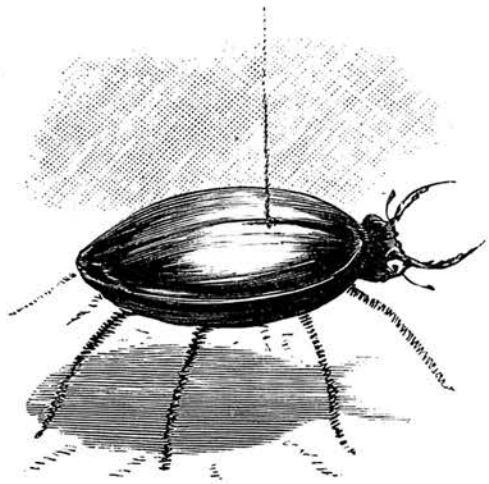
It was not long before I had an opportunity of making my first purchase. Coming round a corner into Oxford Street one day, my ears were immediately assailed with the words "Only one penny!" I turned, and behold! crawling upon the pavement quite close to me, a brilliant gold and green beetle, about the size of a young crab. Hardly had I time to start in surprise, when, moved by an invisible wire, it leapt into the air almost as high as my head. A moment more, and it was again at my feet, moving its lazy legs in true beetle fashion.



"Only one penny, my laidy! All alive ho! South American *bittle;* only one penny!"

I was half afraid of the monster, but I bought him nevertheless, taking good care to secrete him in an outside pocket of my jacket, although in constant dread, as I walked along, lest he should be abstracted from so convenient a receptacle before I reached home. Then I fell to thinking about my beetle's antecedents. Where did it come from? Were its legs, wings, body, all made in the same manufactory? How had it been coloured? How many hands had been employed in making it?

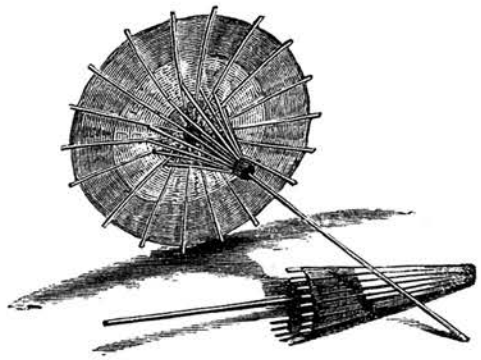
I was still ruminating upon the contents of my pocket, when "Only one penny!"—the latter word



pronounced with a snap, like the click of some refractory box-cover—aroused me from my reverie.

A small knot of people had assembled round the salesman. The object of their curiosity was a miniature perambulator, inhabited by a baby doll, which was running along the pavement. Dolly was in a great state of excitement, kicking its heels right vigorously. Of course I purchased it, though I own to feeling sure that baby was a swindle, and would kick its heels at no one's bidding save that of the individual who sold him. In this I was mistaken. As soon as I had a vestige of a chance, I pulled the string attached to the little carriage, and its tiny occupant went through its former antics in grand style. So noiselessly too! I could not but think how very much more charming it was than a live youngster! What a row such a one would make, were it to perform the same feat! What laughing and vociferation!

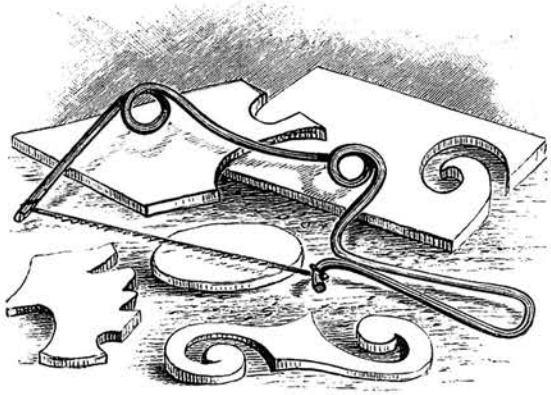
But the penny articles are not alone confined to the



ornamental. My next acquisition was in the useful line. It was made from a little stall near the Exchange. "Only one penny, miss!" said the proprietor, when he noticed that I was examining one of the little fret-saws which were spread out before him. Thoroughly well

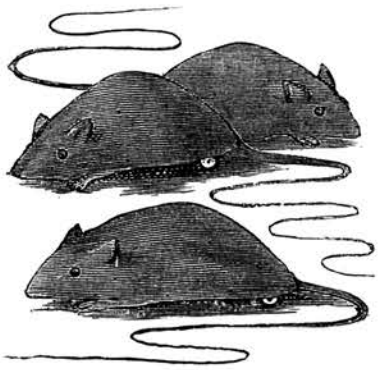
finished they were, identically the same as those for which I had paid sixpence in the shops. I did not fret myself to consider whether this was a swindle, but tried its edge upon the edge of the vendor's stall.

These penny wares have their season of fashion as well as other luxuries. Beetles and flying butterflies, chains, boys' whips with gilt handles, knitted dollies, Jacks-in-the-box, and the like, are all out of date. We want something with more life in it, in these go-ahead times. Next upon my list came a mouse in a cage—the most dainty little thing imaginable—very diminutive. "Only one penny, miss; live mouse in a cage, only one penny!" There were brown ones and white ones. Very natural they looked, speeding round their cages with remarkable velocity, their little tails protruding from it as they wheeled about.



Much might be said about the cleverness of these penny merchants. The one to whom I allude had a mouse in each hand—one white, the other brown. He held them up in the air, and whilst extolling their merits, in order to attract customers he made them run round and round with the most astonishing rapidity. Who could withstand such tempting little animals? I bought them both, but my efforts to make them *go* were for some time unsuccessful. They twisted their tails and jerked uneasily from side to side, but it required long practice on my part to make them run swiftly, like real *mouseys*.

"Could not these people employ their skill in some better way," I often ask myself, "and is it possible to gain a livelihood by the profit made upon the sale of articles at 'only one penny'?" Apparently it must be so, for the sellers of them are, generally speaking, able-bodied men, who are doubtless capable of earning their living in some different way.



Just recently might be seen daily in Regent Street a bright little fellow, jauntily dressed in white and red, who insisted upon turning head over heels the very moment he touched the pavement. I felt doubtful about buying him, fearing he might refuse to perform a summersault at my command, but I could not resist the temptation to try him. To my great delight he turned out to be a *bonâ fide* turn-head-over-heels youngster. Indeed, so anxious was he to perform before my very eyes, that I had scarcely time to place him on the ground when over he went flop, as neatly as any ragged urchin might have done to earn a penny.

Were I to describe one half of the purchases I made, I might fill a small volume: fans, photographs of our Prime Minister and other celebrated men, Chinese mysteries, packets of stationery, squeaking birds (by the way, some of them don't really squeak—the man squeaks for them, as he sells them, I am sorry to say), Christmas cards, boxes of dominoes, note-books, velvet frames, valentines, American puzzles, lovers' links, toasting-forks, &c. Amongst the latest novelties, however, let me mention "Punch and his baby." "Only one penny, my laidy, Punch and his baby. All of 'em china. Only one penny!"

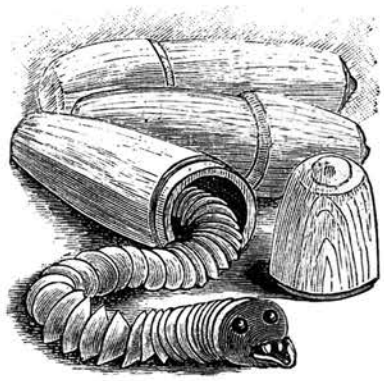
"Are you quite sure they are all china?" I asked very gravely, as I took up one of the little figures.

"Yes, my laidy, every bit on 'em. Only one penny!"

"String and all?" I questioned, looking the youngster full in the face.

He was just ready to repeat, "Every bit on 'em," when his mind all at once grasped the fact that I was inclined to turn him into ridicule, and an expression of dire contempt shot across the weather-beaten little countenance, as he turned away from me, and began to shout, even more loudly than before, "Punch and his baby. All of 'em china. Only one penny!" I laid my penny in his basket, and pocketed Punch and his baby.

Noteworthy in these men and youngsters is the *nonchalance* with which they receive the money offered them in payment, scarcely deigning to look at it. And yet how hardly do they earn it, exposed as they are to heat and cold, sunshine or wet, as it may suit our capricious climate! Assuredly there must be something of the philosopher in them!



But I am evidently not alone in being an admirer of the variety and ingenuity displayed in these cheap little articles, since an International Exhibition of penny wares was not long ago opened at the Alexandra Palace. There we may be able to judge as to which country is likely to carry off the palm, but I cannot help thinking it will be awarded to England, and I sincerely trust it may be the case.

M. A.

FASHIONS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

By Mrs. STRANGE BUTSON.

FEW things are more typical, more characteristic of a period, than the attire of its generation. If the art of a century is illustrative of the culture and refinement of the men and women of its time, assuredly the fashion of its costume is as direct an outcome of their sense of form, and colour, and love of beauty, as the productions of their schools of painting, sculpture, and music. And yet the sense of grace, and the eye for colour, have not been invariably the guiding principles in the clothing of a people. Changes of fashion have been, and still are, dictated by innumerable causes other than merely the seasons, and their weather. These alterations by no means occur regularly, for, even in reviewing the dress of only one century, it will be remarked by those interested in the subject, that without any apparent reason, some periods are much longer without a change than others. In spite of a lack of regularity in their appearance, there are certainly recurrent phases of ideas in fashions formulated to the requirements of the day, though why they return it is impossible to say, or to predict.

1800. *Lady's Magazine.* 1804. *Challamel's History of Fashion.*
1806. *Lady's Magazine.*

At the beginning of this our now moribund nineteenth century, Paris, ever the fountain-head of all graceful, and elegant creations, was settling down after the chaos of its Revolution into some kind of legislation under Napoleon's consulate, to be quickly followed by the hard and fast crystallization of autocratic government. The previous years had not been remarkable for beauty of costume, the Revolution had given a bad name to everything worn by people of rank, and distinction, and, as well as the customs of

the ancient Romans—who were greatly admired as models by the advanced section of the people—both rich and poor tried as far as possible to imitate their costume. The publication of Bernardin de St. Pierre's well-known book, *Paul et Virginie*, shortly before, had brought a greater simplicity into the fashions. Virginie was described as wearing a plain muslin dress, and a straw hat, and this so fascinated the Parisian ladies that hoops, and corsets were discarded, and silks exchanged for muslins, and printed calicoes. Draped, and clinging gowns were alone declared the most appropriate clothing for the female form, and by the time eighteen hundred was an accomplished fact, the mania for classical attire had completely metamorphosed feminine costume.

The waist was now altogether a lost quantity, for the gown was drawn in but slightly under the arms like the robe of a modern baby, and thence the skirt fell quite straight, and trailing on the ground from the open neck, occasionally covered by a silk handkerchief, or a high-standing muslin ruff. What little sleeve there was, reached half-way from the shoulder to the elbow, composed of white muslin adorned with insertion, drawn round the arm with silken cords, or puffed into a wide band that met the very long glove. Towards the end of the year longer ones were preferred, and they were worn sufficiently loose to be curiously twisted from shoulder to wrist, the gloves being consequently shorter. It is a mystery how ladies of this time managed to resist the cold of winter, for they wore their gingham, and muslin dresses all through this bitter season, and so enamoured were they of these materials that even out-of-door wraps were composed of muslin in dark colours, and worn with cambric skirts. Large checks were a favourite design of these cotton frocks, and trimmings were various, such as frills of white lace, or a black netted border. I find also that about this time the green sleeveless spencers were introduced that are so often seen, more, or less modified, in the fashions of the following years.

Headgear, which in all ages has always greatly exercised the feminine mind, was nearly as varied in the early days of Napoleon's Consulate as now, and hats and bonnets were mostly made of straw. The latter followed very quaint forms ; a snail-shell for instance, or like a cap the front of which was turned up, and lined with pink ; the strings also being of the same colour. This was further adorned by a white lace veil made in a long square, and fastened round the bonnet with a string, on which it was drawn, and tied under the chin. Another garniture was black velvet ribbon, attached by the very fashionable buckles then used for all sorts of dress purposes, even instead of buttons, or other fastenings. Ladies—particularly those who defied the opinion of society by their gay doings—did not hesitate to wear caps of bear fur for driving in the smart vehicles of the time, and these head-dresses were in consequence christened "curricle caps." Other descriptions of caps, made of lawn, trimmed with bouquets of hyacinths, were favoured by some, but the greatest novelty was the poke bonnet, which first appeared in gipsy shape also made of straw, but of such marvellous fineness as even to exceed that of the modern Leghorn. About this time ladies carried reticules, or "ridicules" as they were nick-named, namely, little bags of diamond, or lozenge-shape of rich materials, hung by cords, or long ribbons on the arm, to hold the gloves or handkerchief. A good deal of jewellery was worn also ; but even then modes changed very quickly, and there were not only annual, but monthly alterations, especially in the style of hats, and bonnets.

It does not appear that the theatres exercised the same influence over the fashions of the day in the early part of this century that they now do in Paris, but other, and more frivolous things gave the key-note to those who led public taste in such matters. This time it was a picture by Gérard, of *Psyche and Love*, that appeared in 1804, in which I suppose her wan cheeks made it fashionable for ladies to look pale, and it immediately became vulgar to rouge, and all methods of heightening the colour were quite condemned. But as an absurd inconsistency, whilst any other artificial addition to nature was tabooed, ladies did not mind wearing fronts of false hair, and these were even employed by quite young women, whose naturally abundant locks made them quite superfluous. Their use has lasted until the present time, when they have developed into the toupets, and scalpettes of the day

Challamel gives an example of the kind of costume used for out-of-doors in 1804. The dress of some light woollen stuff is cut low in the neck, and this is covered by a yellow silk handkerchief, with the arms partly hidden in long tan gloves. The scarf that hangs carelessly on the arm is of green silk, and the white bonnet trimmed with

pink ribbons to match the sash, and pink shoes. White satin, or silk dresses were most approved for evening wear, adorned with a design of ribbons laid on in spiral fashion, with flowers that repeated the hue of the ribbon on the hem, and bodice (if bodice it can be called) appearing also in a wreath on the hair. The toilet was completed by white silk hose, and dainty little white, or pink satin shoes. Before passing to another period it is amusing to see the kind of riding habits worn in those days, and I give one of the year 1806, in which it will be remarked what a difficulty the waistless garments became. The material of this was fine cloth of cinnamon brown, and the curious little coat, that reminds one of a boy's Eton jacket, was worn open to show the richly worked shirt of cambric, and silk neck handkerchief, or cravat. A principal feature is the large beaver hat, which in a high wind, or with an obstreperous horse, must have been terribly inconvenient and cumbrous. Instead of the modern riding trousers, half boots of nankeen were all that was considered necessary, and for the hands, York tan gloves.

It was during the year 1809 that an industry was developed in France for which that country has long been famous. This was the imitation, and reproduction of the superb shawls brought from India; and one of these remained the coveted treasure of a Frenchwoman's wardrobe for quite thirty or forty years afterwards. The return of corsets also was a memorable event of this year, and though very rudimentary, they revolutionised the previous high waist line, which, from passing across the chest under the arms, was now brought down to the middle of the ribs, where it could hardly have been more comfortable or healthy. To this position of the waist may be attributed the tirades of doctors against tight-lacing which have continued ever since, regardless of the many modifications, and improvements in corsets. So blind has been the prejudice that to many so-called authorities on health, the words "stays," or "corsets," are still synonymous with tight-lacing. At this time, however, they might have protested advisedly, for any compression that traversed the upper ribs, and most vital organs would have been infinitely more hurtful than lower down as in our day. Scarcely more importance was given to the healthful covering of the feet. In spite of muddy streets, or wet weather, boots and shoes were made of quite thin materials, the first object being to match the colour and fabric of the bonnet worn. It behoved ladies in those days to have pretty ankles, for skirts were so short that the feet were a good deal more than just visible.

1811. *Ackermann's Repository.* 1815. (1) *Ackermann's Repository.*
1815. (2 and 3) *Challamel's History of Fashion.* 1820. *Ackermann's Repository.*

The opera became in 1811 a great occasion for smart toilette, and by the fashion books of that time it would appear that children also went there, and that special costumes were designed for the purpose. As an example, a lady and her little girl were arrayed as follows:—the child's dress and trousers were of plain white Indian muslin, edged with small frills or thread lace; a short French tunic of white sarsnet or cambric tied under a neck frill with silk cord and tassels, white kid gloves, and shoes. The mother's dress was of richer materials, such as an Algerian tunic of white satin bordered with silver fringe, over a white muslin under robe. As a further wrap was a Turkish cloak of white muslin like the dress, lined with blue sarsnet, and frilled with white lace. Over her curls she wore a helmet cap of silver net glistening with spangles, and prettily adorned with "Labrador roses"; dainty white shoes and kid gloves completed the toilete.

A marked advance in costume was inaugurated by the year of the Restoration, 1815. Ladies' tailors were constantly employed at this period, so that they are by no means a modern innovation. The waist still continued its downward tendency, and corsets became serious items in female underclothing as well as in feminine expenditure, for Leroux provided stays for his lady customers to the tune of a hundred francs a pair. To these expensive luxuries was added for the first time since the Hogarthian period, that curious little monstrosity, the small pad or cushion that in various forms, more or less exaggerated, has been ever since known as a "bustle," or "improver." Its purpose being doubtless then, as recently, to keep the weighty gathers or folds of the material from hanging too straightly and heavily from the back of the waist. White dresses with much-tucked skirts, edged with lace, became now the rage, and were accompanied by *white* merino boots. What could the floors and roadways have been like to make such things possible? Perhaps the extravagant fashion that obliged a well-dressed woman to wear fresh gloves daily—tan being then as now, a favourite colour—also exacted a correspondingly large number of boots

1830. *Challamel's History of Fashion.* 1832. *Challamel's History of Fashion.* 1833. *Court Magazine.* 1836. *Bentley's Miscellany.*

and shoes. However, as sleeves increased in length, gloves became shorter, and we will hope, less expensive. To make amends for the chilliness of low-necked and short-sleeved dresses, ladies fortified themselves against the winter days by wearing wadded pelisses lined snugly with fur or swansdown; straw, curtainless bonnets, with fluttering green veils, or hats with plumes of white ostrich feathers. The evening saw these fair dames in either short or slightly trained costumes. Rolled hems bordered the trained dresses, and gold belts were worn to the bow-trimmed skirts at this time with a coiffure of white feathers, and gloves of medium length.

An immense change was now to appear in sleeves. From 1820 to 1828 the volume of the upper part had rapidly increased, and by the beginning of the thirties they came to the perfection of absurdity, lasting with certain modifications till the commencement of the forties. Much ingenuity was resorted to for their extension, whalebone, buckram, and even pillows of down were pressed into their service. The skirt sympathized also in magnitude to such an extent as to make it quite impossible for a well-dressed woman with fashionable sleeves and full skirts to pass through an ordinary sized doorway. This was the opportunity of trimmings, and gauze, blond, bands of velvet, bows of ribbon, torsades of satin with feather fringes, and a variety of ornaments were sewn on to the dress material. With winter, pelisse garnitures of fur made their appearance, ermine being the favourite, and ladies wore it in huge muffs, which gave an over-weighted look to the figure. From the year 1824 we may date a fashion which has belonged to morning dress more or less ever since, namely, wearing collars and chemisettes of worked muslin or lace; only, to keep pace with the

extended shoulders, they were then very wide. Turbans were worn with evening dress, and long earrings, in fact, head dresses in the year 1828 were very ponderous indeed.

To those interested in these matters it is suggestive to observe how capricious were the periods of change in costume, some being so much longer than others, and to note how dependent were fashions on politics and the prosperity of their native land. It is possible that the disturbed reign of King Louis Philippe may account for fashion remaining comparatively inactive from 1830, through the year 1833 to 1837, till when, low-necked dresses were still worn. In summer, scarves, and scarf-shaped mantles accompanied them, derived probably from the beautiful Roman scarves brought home by those ladies who visited Italy. Extravagance of design was not alone monopolized by costume. To the enormous sleeves, the wide bodice, and its now nearly naturally placed waist and voluminous skirt, was added a style of hairdressing that has rarely been more *bizarre* or eccentric. There was something almost barbaric in the arrangement of clusters of loops, or bows of hair on the top of the head, with sausage curls at the sides of the face, kept in place by a band of gold, a braid of hair, or ribbon-velvet clasped by a jewel at the apex of the forehead. To protect this wonderful edifice, ridiculously large bonnets with coalscuttle fronts and backs were worn, and styled very appropriately "cabriolets." At home it was considered correct for young married ladies to wear caps, a custom that lasted in that behindhand country, Russia, as late as 1860. For the opera another variety was fashionable, still more marvellous, for the fan-shaped fronts of quilled lace, or blond, held a profusion of artificial flowers with ribbons galore. The *Court Magazine* of January, 1833, shows the morning toilette of a young married lady, and a visitor in walking costume. The former wears a dress of striped "chaly" (? chalis) laced up the back, a black silk apron (an article of indoor attire also considered very necessary in those days) with large epaulets like wings, and a Brussels lace cap trimmed with yellow gauze ribbon. The friend's gown is of sapphire blue satin with neck ruff of muslin, her tippet *à godets* (? epaulets) of black velvet, her capote is of maize yellow terry velvet lined with black, adorned with gauze ribbons and feathers of yellow and black ; gloves to match, and the inevitable sandalled shoes. Court dress, always sensible to, and founded on, the fashions of the day, was not nearly the lengthy affair of the present time. Bodice and short train shared in the same velvet material, superbly embroidered with gold, or otherwise trimmed, and merely opened in front sufficiently to show the richly worked satin petticoat. The shape of the diamond-fastened sleeves in our illustration is noteworthy, and in strange contrast to those now worn. Court plumes almost exceeded in size the head that carried them, and were accompanied by the regulation lace lappets, which to a great extent tulle streamers have since superseded.

1842-46. *Challamel's History of Fashion.* 1848. *Illustrated London News.*
BLOOMER. ORIGINAL SKETCH.

The first important change that took place was in 1842, in bonnets, which became distinctly smaller, closer fitting to the head, and with the ears most ungracefully lengthened. Long veils returned again, and were of gauze when the wearer did not possess good lace. The bodices of dresses next followed suit, in being higher on the shoulders and only opened in V shape, for the daytime, and down went the line of the waist to the lowest possible position since the days of Queen Elizabeth. To keep out

their full skirts, ladies wore stiff petticoats of moreen, sometimes still further strengthened by cords sewn in them. So ample were the former, that the amount of material required was greatly increased. One especial make, which was composed of a series of four skirts, one over another, received the name of "the Taglioni skirt," after those worn by the celebrated ballerina. The pretty custom of completing a ball attire with a bouquet of flowers in the hand, appeared at this time, but it was very differently shaped from that of the present day. The blossoms were arranged in a pyramidal cone, the stalks being enclosed in a jewelled holder, where they were secured by a pin run through them, above the string. This pin, like the ring at the other end of the holder, was attached by a small chain, and the bouquet was hung from the finger wearing the ring when not held in the hand. Parasols at this time were made particularly small, with jointed handles, for convenience in carrying when shut. Riding attire included habit jackets with deep basques, richly embroidered, open sleeves, and tall hat with blue or green gauze veil.

Again the reaction in politics of the second French Revolution in 1848 had its effect on the creation of novelties in clothing. Paris was in a state of barricade, and little if any fashion information filtered through the prevailing disorder. But about this time there came to England a notable movement from quite a new quarter of the globe, namely America, the seat of independence in more ways than politics. There, the strong-minded, or, as she prefers to be called, the "emancipated" woman, was an outcome of the age, and amongst other "notions" she inaugurated a complete transformation of feminine apparel. The first lady of sufficient courage to appear in the very convenient, and in many ways rational attire, was a Mrs. Bloomer, to whom the costume ever after owed its name. It consisted of a jacket bodice, such being then the fashion, or polka jacket (probably so-called from those worn by the Hungarian dancers, who first introduced the polka), with masculine shirt-front, and tie, short skirt, either flounced, or plain and full, displaying the "pantalettes" tied in a frill round the ankle. On a pretty girl this costume was not unbecoming, but if donned by an elderly woman it was positively grotesque, and was deservedly caricatured in the illustrations to *Punch*. Though never adopted, it undoubtedly brought smart jackets and dainty little waistcoats into favour. Another thing that excited the ridicule of our first comic paper was the chatelaine, which in moderation was useful and pretty, but was overdone to such an extent that a lady carried quite a considerable weight of scissors, knives, pencils, notebooks, needlecases, &c., hung by little chains from the waist.

THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH IN HER BRIDAL COSTUME FEB: 1853

Illustrated London News.

We may see a development of the polka bodice in the casaques or long jackets of the period, which with mantles were composed of black velvet edged with fur, or capes entirely of fur, ermine and sable being preferred. Once more, fashions came safely over from Paris, and bonnets were the first item of attire to feel their influence, by a decided reduction in size, though still retaining the *bavolet* or curtain, and strings, which last increased in size as the bonnet itself diminished. The different arrangement of the hair accounted in no slight degree for this change, for when not worn in plain front bandeaux the sides were curled in ringlets to the shoulder, like the ears of a spaniel. The top hair was occasionally divided in a long V, and brushed smoothly back with the point to the forehead.

The exhibition of 1851 brought hosts of foreigners to London, and gave a fresh inspiration to trade. Rich stuffs draped with beautiful lace caught up by bows were employed for ladies' evening dresses, and so necessary was it to have the skirts widely extended, that I remember a young lady of my acquaintance who went to the Queen's ball, wore seven stiff under-petticoats to bring her skirts to the

required degree of circumference. Those of the day-gowns with open-fronted bodices displayed delicate chemisettes of lace or Swiss worked muslin, and full under-sleeves to correspond, in the very wide dress sleeves then worn.

Restless France had now settled down into its Third Empire, and at the Tuileries the splendid diamonds of the Princess Mathilde made all ladies intent on jewellery. Fashion received a new impetus in 1853 by the marriage of the Emperor Napoleon to the beautiful Eugénie de Montijo, Comtesse de Teba, whose style of coiffure, and taste for much be-flounced dresses, gave a decided tone to fashionable attire for some time to come. Steel hoops had been long threatening, and at last crinolines, as they were called, from the horsehair, or *crin* petticoat in which they were inclosed, were generally adopted. A habit commenced at this time, to which with little intermission ladies have nearly ever since been faithful, to wear out of doors, mantles of black silk, satin, or velvet, trimmed with handsome fringes; long loose jackets were the only alternatives. It is necessary to note the rapid changes that were taking place in hats and bonnets. The former were chiefly of brown straw in a most clumsy and ungraceful mush-room shape, with very wide brims. Tuscan and Leghorn equally shared in this width of brim, but being more flexible they flew up in the wind, and were often forcibly held down by a string of elastic attached to the edge, which was trimmed with a frill of lace. So much had bonnets become "improved" away, that by 1855 they covered only the back of the head, and to this fashion the physicians of the day attributed the sudden prevalence of neuralgic pains in the face and head. To balance matters, and afford some kind of protection from the sun to the exposed face, especially at the seaside, most hideous fold-ing shades of silk drawn on wires were affixed to the front of these bonnets, and deservedly called "uglies."

1848-60. *Challamel's History of Fashion.* 1853. *Illustrated London News.* 1860-64. *Challamel's History of Fashion.* 1864. CONTEMPORARY SKETCH IN PARIS.

I have said that the style of wearing the hair was influenced by that of the French Empress. This was distinctly Spanish, being rolled off the face with small side rings of hair curled in front of the ear, and the rest arranged low behind. Those who preferred the bandeaux in front wore large frisettes rolled in the side hair, and over all, nets of silk worked with beads, or made of chenille, to keep the hair neat. A pretty fashion came in as a kind of headdress, of wearing a band of ribbon, or ribbon-velvet, passed across the head through the hair, and apparently tying in a rosette bow at the back, with several ends. Sometimes as many as five, or seven long streamers would hang down behind as far as the wearer's skirts, when dressed for the evening. Braided loops of hair often finished off the back of the head and those who rejoiced in abundant locks could afford to entirely dispense with the ribbon by wearing a plait of their own tresses across the head in coronet fashion.

Preposterous exaggeration marked the period from 1860 to 1864. Crinolines were nearly unlimited in their proportions, and the most graceful of women were greatly exercised how to manage and regulate the movements of their skirts, which besides their danger of catching fire when worn under diaphanous, gauzy materials, and of knocking down low placed ornaments in passing through a room, were given to eccentric and unexpected evolutions, particularly in a high wind, to the extent of turning inside out like a reversed umbrella. These extravagant skirts, rendered even more extensive by the flounces that covered them, were accompanied by the still favourite jacket bodice with large sleeves. A reaction however was not far distant,

and crinoline began to wane, though eventually it died hard. The first sign of its decadence came in the revival of the "bustle," or as it was then called the *tournure*, which as before was used to support the skirt material. It is a remarkable fact that in the history of costume, high-heeled shoes have now at least three times been coincident with skirts of immense volume. As if still further to enhance the dangers of their dress, ladies about this period adopted very high heels to their boots and shoes, which caused unskilful wearers many an accident. They naturally made them walk in a stilted fashion, with the body thrown forward from the waist, which strained position became extremely fashionable, and was called the "Grecian bend." But so fascinating have high heels been, that with modifications they have continued in favour to the present day. Mantles also showed a change, and from being short scarf-shaped garments worn off the shoulders, now became very long, and followed the picturesque form and drapery of the Arab bournous.

1870, 1871, 1876. *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine.* 1863. CONTEMPORARY SKETCH FROM LIFE.

Hair dressing did not escape the universal enlargement, and underwent strange transformations. From being rolled down, the hair was now raised on each side of the forehead in hornshaped puffs, graphically called *cornes de bélier*. Above these large wreaths of flowers with conical fronts were worn in the evening. The year 1862 ushered in the first chignon, or loop of hair combed smoothly over a frisette at the back of the head. It is interesting to watch the subsequent development of this style of coiffure till it reached the height of its folly in 1870. As it increased, so the bonnet diminished, and by the time the head was helmeted with hair, and nearly twice its natural size, the sublime, as represented by the "cabriolets" of 1833, had fallen to the ridiculous in the little headdress that served for a bonnet in 1863. In its intermediate state it was a direct opposite of what it had been. Hitherto small, and far back on the head, it now shot out into wide high fronts. To show the *cornes de bélier* the ears were left quite uncovered, the *bavolet*, or curtain, disappeared, and in place of the crown, a deep frill of lace covered the hair behind. The chignon received an addition in two long curls that depended from behind either ear, and the bonnet was similarly balanced by a festoon of lace that passed loosely under the chin from side to side. As to hats, it was so impossible to wear them really *on* the head, that they were perched on the top of the forehead considerably tilted forward.

1870, 1877. *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine.*

Once more the even course of fashion was interrupted by the disturbed state of Paris, ending with the Third Revolution in 1873. Crinoline was at its last gasp when it entered the crinolette stage. This was composed of a skirt of material with a voluminous tournure, surmounting a semi-tubular arrangement of steels, that gave a peculiar swinging motion to the train of the dress, like that of a fish's tail. The extreme of contrast was reached in 1877, when skirts were drawn so tightly about the knees that many a lady found it nearly impossible to step up into a cab, or on to a high kerbstone. Out-of-door costume, even to the sealskin coats for winter, followed closely on the same lines, and hooped petticoats received the *coup de grâce* from which they have never since revived, the tournure also following them temporarily into oblivion.

In a history of the century's costume it would be impossible to ignore the so-called æsthetic craze that arose between the years of 1881 and 1883. Certain people who admired the clumsy and inelegant pre-Raphaelite costume, sought to introduce its forms, with many a sad, degraded colour, and much mawkish sentiment, into the garments of the day. Such as it was, the result was deplorable, for so ungainly and inartistic was the attire recommended (which was not even true pre-Raphaelite, but a combination of the gowns of 1804, whipped up with the flowing lines of an ancient Greek chiton, crumpled cabbage leaf headgear on a mop of tousled hair, and a general lack of tidiness) that the very meaning of the word "æsthetic" was perverted and debased. Like most other fanatical follies it was ridiculed more than adopted, and left no influence on fashion, because not based on the sound principles of true art.


THE PRINCESS OF WALES AT A BAZAAR. JUNE 1880

Illustrated London News, June, 1880.

About 1883 a great predilection was shown by well-dressed women for kilted skirts, or as they are now called "accordion" pleated skirts, with scarf-like drapery round the hips, and a "princess," or tight-fitting bodice; jerseys were also largely used instead of made bodices. Again fashion erred from an hygienic point of view, in imposing on her votaries an out-of-door apparel that by being narrow, and closely tied into the waist, greatly restricted even the ordinary movements of the arms. These mantles were christened dolmans, and were quite short, indeed only about half the length of the former cloaks. In addition to them, fur capes shaped like a tea-cosy, were also much adopted for winter. Simplicity now became the order of the day in hairdressing. Weary with overheating their heads by the immense mass of false hair, and frisettes piled upon them, ladies went to the other extreme, and cut off their remaining locks quite short like a boy's. Some however could not bring themselves to thus entirely denude their heads, so made a compromise by merely abbreviating the front portion, and curling it over the forehead. This being vulgarized by some of the people who wore it, was called a "fringe," and looked upon by the "unco' guid" as a sign of vanity and frivolity. The long part was coiled in twists or *torsades* on the top of the head, or in a circular arrangement of braids at the back, forcibly reminding one of cocoanut-matting. An attempt was made to roll it round very low on the nape of the neck behind, in so-called "penny-bun" fashion, but it was too untidy to find much favour. Owing to the decadence of the chignon, bonnets had been growing larger, and now quite covered the head, with the front shaped like a diadem.

Pictorial World.

The materials of mantles had become very rich by 1885, and though the skirts of dresses were fuller, with draped backs and fronts, they were made sufficiently large to completely cover them. Composed of velvet and heavy brocades of the most sumptuous description, the weight of the back breadths once more necessitated a revival of the tournure, in a small pad under the gathered stuff. The severely simple, though singularly elegant tailor-made costumes, had become the usual wear of ladies in the country or for morning promenades in town. A long tapering waist was again considered beautiful, and even in spite of the tournure it became more and more elongated, the excessive plainness of the cloth dresses but accentuating its length. As breadth of appearance decreased, so cubits of height were added, and the mania for lofty headdresses reached its climax in 1888. Bonnets rose up from the face in a sharp conical point, but they and the high-crowned hats received additional altitude in a crest of long ribbon loops and feathers by which they were surmounted. A pretty fashion that originated at this period deserves mention, namely, the wearing of a long semi-loose robe for afternoon tea, and it was promptly utilized as an opportunity for the display of many a rich material, otherwise only suited to evening dress. In this also there appeared a notable change; it followed the fashion of day attire translated into light and ephemeral fabrics, accompanied by feathers, flowers, or ribbons, but the bodices now cut high on the shoulders became absolutely sleeveless, a

bow of ribbon or feather aigrette merely adorning the shoulder strap; skirts only just touched the ground, trains being reserved for elderly ladies.

We have now reached the last period of our century's retrospect, and I must describe what is in the knowledge and memory of every one. If possible, fashions are more rapidly evolved than ever, though the same ideas recur again and again. Manufactures have reached so great a perfection that the choice of material for the modiste is well nigh illimitable. Costume has never been more magnificent than in the years 1889 to 1891. Whilst often extremely plain and practical in the daytime, when richness was needed, as at Court, nothing could exceed the splendour of the fabrics seen at the Queen's Drawing Room. The underskirts or petticoats were of satin, worked with or veiled by tulle embroidered with gold, silver, jet, pearls, or a variety of imitation gems which glistened like real jewels. The trains, of the most gorgeous textures, stiff with gold and silver thread, and lined sumptuously with silk or satin, edged with a full ruche to keep it from the floor, have been the usual Court attire. The position of the train was a matter of taste, and it was variously hung, sometimes from one, sometimes from both shoulders, or from the waist, and adorned with long trails of flowers, plumes of feathers, or draperies of lace, tulle, or embroideries. Both in these, and in ordinary day costume, the skirt has become much tightened—so close fitting and narrow indeed as to have earned for itself the name of the "sheath" or "umbrella case" skirt. There has been one notable revival during the last year in the shape of the sleeves. As the skirt was reduced, so the bodice increased its elaboration, and a *furore* set in for high Medici collars, combined with sleeves puffed into the shoulders so high as almost to hide the wearer's ears, the lower part being made tight to the arm. This exaggeration, though extended to the shoulders of cloaks and jackets, is fast departing. Speaking of mantles, they have lately been greatly changed. Long ones have been replaced by short *rotondes* or half-length cloaks, with very high collars, and yokes adorned with rich trimmings. The hair, having once more found a temporary resting-place on the crown of the head, is very much waved in ancient Greek statue style, and has caused by its position the small bonnets and large hats to be tilted up behind at an acute angle. This last summer the latter have been turned into veritable fruit and flower gardens; and diadems of jet with much gold tissue and jewelled trimmings were the chief characteristics of the former all this year.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

The Mystery of the Expert.

By Robert Barr.

THE editor of that highly successful periodical, *Forest and Field*, in searching for a match, found more than he expected. He had wandered into his assistant's room, but that industrious individual, being no smoker, was matchless, so the editor took a piece of torn paper from the waste-basket to make a spill of it and thus bring fire to the bowl of his pipe, when his eye caught a woodland phrase on the sheet which arrested his attention as a protruding nail lays hold on a trailing garment. The pipe remained between his teeth lifeless as he read on to the end of the scrap, then he groped in the waste-basket and salvaged the torn manuscript bit by bit, assorting the remnants on the table of his assistant, who looked on uneasily. The silence was oppressive as the editor slowly cryptogramed his way through the scrawl.

"THIS SIMPLY REEKS OF THE SOIL, MY BOY."

"Where did this come from?" he asked at last.

"Oh, that," replied the assistant, visibly perturbed, fearing he had somehow made a mistake, which indeed was the case, "it's from some old duffer out in the country. He sends a long letter every week, but he doesn't know how to spell, and has the most elementary ideas about grammar."

"This simply reeks of the soil, my boy. We can supply grammar in the office, and there are several dictionaries. Just paste these pieces together and bring them in to me."

"He has never given his name and address, but merely signs himself 'Pathfinder,'" rejoined the assistant, anxious to exculpate himself by quoting a rigid rule, not to be broken in a well-regulated newspaper office.

"That's all right. I want to see anything else this man sends in," and John Stobcross went to his own room, forgetting his quest of the match. Unthinking people called Stobcross lucky, but he was merely a person who knew a good thing when he saw it, a most valuable quality in an editor.

From that time on the "Pathfinder" articles appeared nearly every week in the *Forest and Field*, their instantaneous success more than justifying the judgment of the editor. They were quoted by many journals, letters of admiration were written to the office about them from various parts of the world, and finally a noted publisher asked permission to collect the series and issue it in book form.

John Stobcross was not the man to let such a volume slip through his fingers into the hands of any other publisher. The newspaper got out books on its own account, and the *Forest and Field* Library is too well known to need any praise at this late day. But the mysterious contributor re-

tained that anonymity which had so deeply offended the assistant in the first instance. This was most unusual, for the *Forest and Field* paid handsomely when a contribution pleased it, and there never before had been an instance where an author had considered himself unworthy of his hire. Stobcross was not going to admit to anyone that he knew nothing of his celebrated correspondent. There was ample money due to the "Pathfinder" if he would but call for it, though this does not usually keep an editor awake at nights; but, by-and-by, the question of book rights came up, and it was important to find the man behind the *nom-de-guerre*.

Of course, technically, the office could publish the book, for the articles had been copyrighted in the name of the sheet, and the author might find a difficulty in establishing any legal claim; still, the *Forest and Field* was an honest trader, and wished to have its dealings done in proper form.

It was impossible to advertise boldly for the unknown man; that would be tantamount to making public the secret of the dilemma. It would not do to print an announcement under the head of "Missing": "Stolen or strayed, a valuable contributor. Answers to the name of 'Pathfinder.' Any person returning same to the office of *Forest and Field* will be suitably rewarded."

Nevertheless, Stobcross did something very similar. He printed a note at the end of one of the articles which ran: "Will 'Pathfinder' kindly communicate with X.Y.Z., Box 73, office of *Forest and Field*, London, E.C.?" But "Pathfinder" unkindly did nothing of the sort, and so Stobcross published that celebrated volume, "And Pastures New," without the author's permission.

The book was warmly welcomed and widely read. A leading review said it was as refreshing as a breeze from the moors; an intimate and astonishing revelation of wild life, and a welcome change from those innumerable pottering volumes on the garden.

Before three months were past a small fortune was at the disposal of "Pathfinder" at the office of publication, if he but called for it, but he did not call.

John Stobcross was seldom baffled, and the continuing mystery put him on his mettle. He examined carefully the envelopes that brought in the manuscripts. They had been posted from a group of small villages in the north of England—Sutton Marbury, Fernlea, King's Bootle, Purlbrook, Saggat's Bend, Peaceberry, Trimnal, and Plumpton Cross. All these places were in the same district, and King's Bootle was a railway station. *King's Bootle?* The name came home to Stobcross at once; his laugh rang out, and he smote his fist on the table before him, called himself a fool never to have suspected. The one man in England with the knowledge of woodcraft and the love of all wild creatures to have written such a book, and yet a man who pretended to despise books and writers, lived near King's Bootle, and consequently near all the other little villages whose post-marks had decorated the several envelopes.

"THE OWNER OF A DOMAIN."

Bluff old Squire Acrescliffe, the owner of a domain—a man rich enough to care nothing for the monetary product of his pen, or more probably so ignorant of bookish ways that he had no suspicion there was any money in a volume about things so familiar to him—was well qualified to be the author of "And Pastures New." Often had Stobcross been a visitor at Acrescliffe Manor, for the *Forest and Field* was the one paper that the squire swore by; all others were tommy-rot in his opinion, and King's Bootle was the station at which the squire's trap or

carriage met the editor when he went to stay a week at the Manor.

The letters had not been in the squire's handwriting, but the old man would naturally wish to conceal his descent into authorship, and the engaging of an uncultured amanuensis was an easy matter; one of his own gamekeepers, very likely. Stobcross resolved to write to the squire a letter that would draw out his opinion of the articles; if he criticised them severely then it was all but certain he was their author, for this course would probably occur to him as a subtle method of throwing dust in the editor's eyes.

"My Dear Acrescliffe (he dictated),—I am sending you by this post a book entitled 'And Pastures New,' which has been the success of the season. I know your contempt for city-bred writers, but I wish you would read this work and tell me what you think of it. How are you all, and have you caught the Demon Poacher yet?

"Ever yours,

"John Stobcross."

The reply came in due time, and it left the editor in very much the same quandary in which he had been before its arrival.

"My Dear John,—No city-bred man wrote that book. I bought it when it first came out, and several other copies since. Gave 'em away to friends, so I thank you for this extra copy. I was going to write you about the letters when they were appearing in the *Forest*, but have been busy, and you know I am not handy with the pen. I would rather meet 'Pathfinder' than any other man in England. Can't you bring him down here with you? He'd be delighted with this place, I'm sure; indeed, it seems to me when I read his book that I know the very glades and dells and bits of stream he's writing about.

"The Demon Poacher, dammum, we haven't caught yet, but we're going to; you'll see. I've got a trap for him now that's costing me hundreds of pounds. I can't give you particulars yet, for if it doesn't come off I don't want to be laughed at again by the whole countryside. Curse that poacher, he'll see the inside of a gaol before long, or I'm no magistrate. We're going to spring the trap on the night of the 21st. If it works, it will make the greatest page you ever printed in the *Forest*. If it doesn't, I don't want anything said about it. Bring 'Pathfinder.' He is the man to write about it, although I think he favours poachers a little too much, but that's the only fault I find with him. Wire your train. — Yours, as usual, George Acrescliffe."

Thus it came about that John Stobcross was met at King's Bootle by the squire's carriage, but "Pathfinder" was not with him. Arriving at the Manor, the squire greeted him cordially, but was palpably disappointed that he came alone.

"Good gracious, squire, you are surely never installing the electric light in this old mansion?" cried the editor, seeing coils of wire about and workmen busy insulating and making connections.

"Why not? One must keep up with the times, you know, even in this out-of-the-way corner," and the squire winked.

After partaking of refreshment, Acrescliffe mysteriously led his visitor along a passage to a locked door, at which he rapped, and it was opened from the inside by a keen-faced man, who admitted them into an apartment that looked like an electrical stock-room, an amazing aggregation of telephones, bells, indicators, and other apparatus.

"Why, what's all this?" cried the astonished editor; "are you starting a factory?"

"Looks like it, doesn't it? Mr. Volter here can explain the matter better than I. Volter, this is the visitor I was expecting, or, at least, one of them. The other couldn't come. Would you kindly tell him what we are trying to do?"

"You see, sir," began the electrician, "we have surrounded the plantation which the poacher most frequents with three zones of concealed wire: an outer, a middle, and an inner zone. If any person crosses one belt or the other, or all three, the indicator here will not only tell us that he has so crossed, but also it will let me know within twenty yards of *where* he has crossed. The moment he is in the centre area I telephone simultaneously to different points where the constabulary are hidden, and they at once surround this central space, and there are enough men concealed to make a circle each unit of which will be in touch with the two units on either side of him. The circle will gradually close in, and I don't see how the poacher can escape. If he does, the three zones, which we will try to keep the men clear of, will tell which way he is escaping. This I can let the chief know instantly by field telephone, and so I think we have a chance of nabbing him."

"But suppose some animal crosses your wires?"

"There is that danger, of course; still, it

would take a heavy animal to send in an alarm. A fox might do it, but we have to take the risk of that."

The squire had no other visitors, and he sat with his guest in the electrical room until midnight, the only other occupant being Volter, who kept intent watch on the silent indicators. Acrescliffe spoke rarely, in an awed whisper, as if they were waiting for a ghost, or thought loud talk would disturb the electricity.

At eleven minutes after midnight there was a slight click, and the arm on the first dial swung lightly a quarter way round, and quivered at the figure 15.

"He's crossed No. 1," said the electrician, quietly, taking out a watch; "he has crossed near the north stile." In the silence that ensued the ticking of the watch could be heard. Host and guest were on their feet, breathless.

"He's going very slow, or taking a diagonal direction," continued Volter, at last, but as he spoke the hand of No. 2 dial dropped to 17.

"Not so diagonal, after all, but slow. Crawling on his hands and knees, I suspect." Volter rang up a telephone. "Are you there?"

"He has crossed 15, No. 1; 17, No. 2. Be ready." This message was repeated through the different telephones. Click went No. 3 resting at 36.

"Ah, he's gone south of the brook now. It's time to go if you want to be in at the death. Are you there? Crossed No. 3 at 36. Go." And so through all the telephones.

The squire and editor were speedily outside, the former leading the way. The night was very dark, but with brilliant starlight overhead. The owner of the ground knew every foot of the way, and soon came to the speechless circle, closing in, closing in, watching their own shuffling feet that no human being might escape. The field telephone gave the word that so far no one had crossed out again. Thus they felt sure of him, but the ever-contracting circumference came fruitlessly in on itself, making way through a kind of covert, without sound, but without result.

The diameter of the living circle had shrunk to something like 10ft. when suddenly a partridge whirled up and away, which so startled the tense men that some of them cried out in alarm. A frightened little animal scuttled between their feet, and another, and another. But one was not so fortunate. The boot of a constable came down on it, and there was a faint, appealing squeal. Then came the climax of an exciting night. The slight, soil-coloured mound in the centre lifted its nose out of the mould and cried:—

"Take your foot off that weasel, you lout!" and the man was so dumfounded that he did as ordered, the released animal shooting to safety.

"Got him, begad!" roared the squire, pushing in.

The now standing mound shook the leaves from his back; he was holding to his breast some small animal that nestled under his chin.

"CRAWLING ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES, I SUSPECT."

"Make way there," shouted the poacher; and for the second time he was almost obeyed.

"Close in on him, men," commanded the chief; "look out for a knife; pinion him."

The poacher rubbed the little animal for a brief moment against his cheek, then flung it over the heads of the circle.

"Good-bye, Pink Eye; look out for yourself; I'm nabbed."

He made no resistance—a glance around showed him the futility of it—and was deftly handcuffed. And now the procession set out for the house, where all the men knew ample refreshment awaited them.

"You'd never have got me, squire, if it hadn't been for that weasel. I hope it wasn't hurt. You've been as close as this to me before."

"I'll close you, you scoundrel. You'll do time."

"I suppose so. Well, I hope there'll be a friendly rat in my cell."

"THE POACHER RUBBED THE LITTLE ANIMAL AGAINST HIS CHEEK."

Once in the ample ancient wainscoted hall, with a great fire blazing, the jovial old squire was beside himself with glee. The prisoner stood in striking contrast to him, very dejected, ill-clad in rags that were the colour of the soil and that seemed part of the ground from which he had sprung.

"The laugh is with me this time," roared the squire. "By Jove, Stobcross, what a pity 'Pathfinder' didn't come. He'd be the fellow to have written about this night's work. I'd sooner meet 'Pathfinder' than any man in England, as I've said often enough."

"'Pathfinder!' *What* 'Pathfinder'?" asked the prisoner, looking up.

"I'm not talking to you, you scum."

"You don't mean 'Pathfinder' that writes for the *Forest and Field*?"

"Yes; what do you know about him?" said the squire, astounded that such a creature had acquaintance even with such a periodical or writer.

"Nothing, but I am 'Pathfinder.' I wrote them things."

"You brazen liar! See how you trap yourself, for there, before you, stands the editor of the *Forest*. You never thought to find him here to confront you. Tell him who 'Pathfinder' is, John."

"So help me, squire, you've both got me in a corner. I can't contradict him. I don't know who 'Pathfinder' is."

"Be you the editor?" asked the prisoner.

"That's what they call me."

"Well, my hands is in a snare, so if you feel under my belt you'll get the next letter. That there partridge was to get the stamp, but your stamp has flew away. You shouldn't be so hard on poachers, squire. If I owned the land an' you lived in my cot, you'd be a poacher yourself."

"Me a poacher? You rat, how dare you say such a thing?"

"You know you couldn't keep out of the woods, squire; you love 'em too much and all that's in 'em; and there's no man can learn you anything about 'em either, squire. You knows a lot about them creatures an' their haunts."

"Why—why—why—you villain, do you think you're going to come over me with your—— Well, I *do* know something about them, that's true, but I——"

The editor had been turning the letter over and over in his hand; had opened it

and examined the contents; now he interrupted the speaker.

"I say, squire, will you oblige me by ordering the handcuffs off this man?"

"Now, I'm not going to let him go. It is all nonsense about him being 'Pathfinder.'"

"I suspect as much. I think this letter has been given him to post. I'll find that out in a moment, if his manacles are off, and you can let us have pen and ink."

The released man was taken into the library and set down at table, with pen, ink, and paper before him.

"Write 'partridge,'" said the editor.

The prisoner laboriously wrote "p-a-t-r-i-g," and handed up the result of his effort. Stobcross glanced at it.

"This is the man, squire. You can't send such a genius to gaol, poaching or no poaching. Have you ever seen your book?"

"What book?"

"Do you see the *Forest and Field*?"

"Not reg'lar. Can't afford to pay sixpence, except now and then."

"Never saw a note at the foot of one of the articles asking you to send your address to the office?"

"No. Wouldn't 'av' done it if I had. I'm not easy trapped, am I, squire?"

"Here's the book," said the squire; "what do you think of it?"

The poacher turned over the sumptuous leaves as if afraid to touch them; then his attention became fixed upon some of the engravings, and his grimy brow wrinkled.

"Say, squire, look how this fool man has pictured that there fox! Who ever saw a fox like that? You know how he crouches when he does what I writ about."

"Of course. Perfectly absurd picture," cried the squire with the enthusiasm of the expert.

"An' see this 'ere pheasant. Oh, gawd! Why, he's never seen the burd alive. That's stuffed, that is."

"Certainly it is. I never *did* think much of the pictures."

"Done by the best animal artist in London," said the editor, with severity, unpleased by such free comment on most expensive art.

"Them London men dunno much about beasties and burds, do they, squire?"

"That's what I've said all my life," roared the squire, slapping his prisoner on the back.

"Well, 'Pathfinder,' we have some thousand pounds waiting for you to claim in our office, and more to come," interjected Stobcross.

"What for?"

"For writing those articles."

"Do you *pay* a man for writing?"

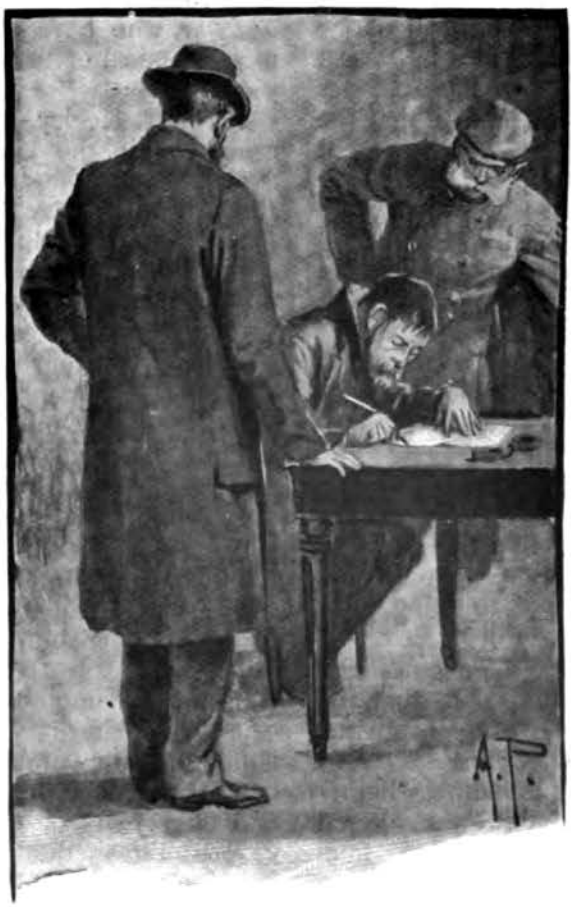
"Always."

"For *writing*?"

"Certainly."

A seraphic smile slowly overspread the poacher's face, and he drooped one eyelid in the direction of the squire, his voice coming with a humorous chuckle:—

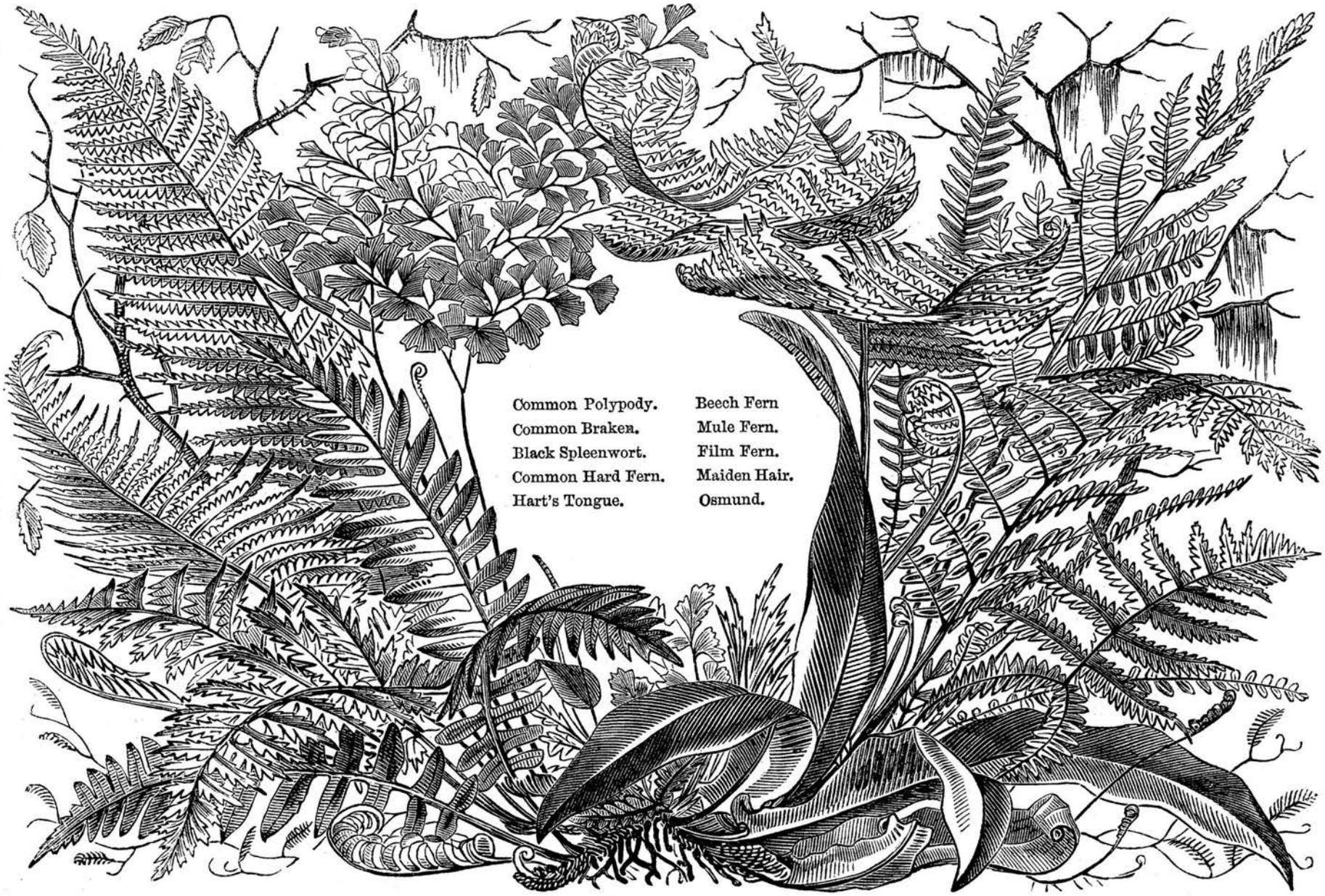
"Squire, what blooming fools them London chaps is, ain't they?"



"THE PRISONER LABORIOUSLY WROTE 'P-A-T-R-I-G.'"


AN OUNCE OF HELP IS
WORTH A POUND OF PITY.
THEY sang to make merry
The spring of the year,
Then do not forget them
When winter is here;
For scarcely a berry
Is left by the snow,
The ground is all frozen,
And cold the winds blow;
Spare the dear little birdies
Some crumbs from your store,
They'll thank you in singing
When spring comes once more.

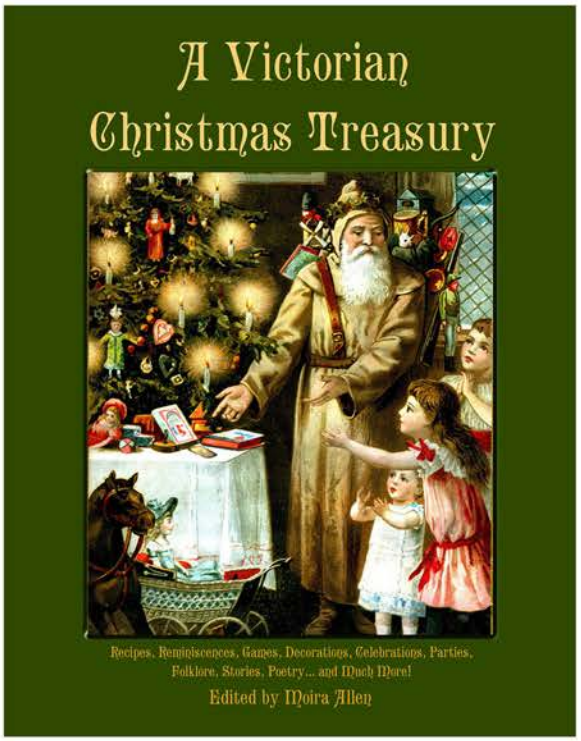
NOVEMBER.

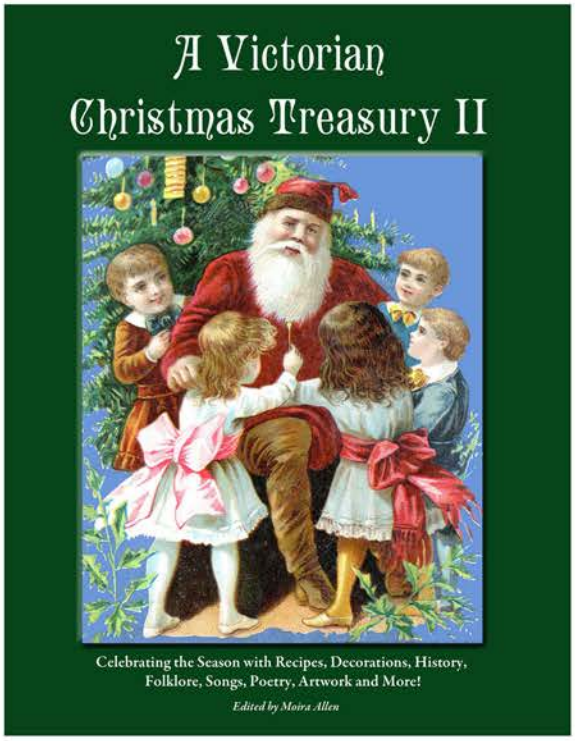


FERNS.

Illustrated London Almanack, 1866

We Wish You a Victorian Christmas...





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

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

These beautiful collections take you inside the Victorian home and around the world. If you love Christmas, you'll love our ***Victorian Christmas Treasuries*** - so make them a part of your holiday traditions today! (They make great gifts, too.)

Find out more at:
VictorianVoices.net/books/Christmas.shtml

Available from Amazon