

# Victorian Times

Vol. VI, No. 12

December 2019



*Christmas in Victorian Art • December Notes by an Artist-Naturalist  
Christmas in Old Germany • Home Decorations for the Holidays  
How the British Army Celebrates Christmas • Christmas in Italy  
The Life of Clement Moore • Christmas Dinners & Holiday Recipes*

# Victorian Times

Volume VI, No. 12  
December 2019

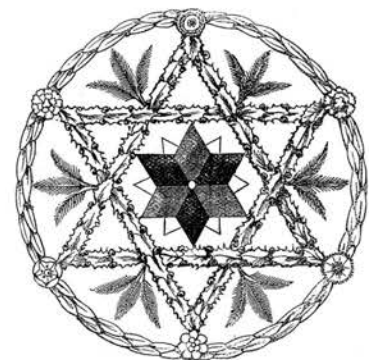
- 2 Editor's Greeting: Happy Holidays and Farewell, by Moira Allen
- 3 Christmas with the Black-and-White Artists, by Flora Klickmann  
(*Windsor*, 1902)
- 18 About Santa Claus (*St. Nicholas*, 1900)
- 19 Poem: "Father Christmas," by John Geo. Watts (*CFM*, 1882\*\*)
- 19 Notes by an Artist-Naturalist: December, by Fred Miller (*GOP*, 1892\*)
- 23 Poem: "Christmas Thim Times," by Orelia Kay Bell (*Century*, 1890)
- 24 Christmas Season: Gifts/Recipes, by Laura Lathrop  
(*Ingalls' Home Magazine*, 1888)
- 27 Christmas Cards: Their Origin & Manufacture, by Leily Bingen  
(*Windsor*, 1898)
- 36 Christmas in Old Germany, by Constance Hill (*Sunday Strand*, 1902)
- 41 Home Decorations for Christmas (*CFM*, 1875)
- 44 Music: "Sleigh Bells" (*CFM*, 1874)
- 46 Christmas in Italy (*GOP*, 1882)
- 47 Christmas in the Army, by Horace Wyndham (*Strand*, 1899)
- 53 Music: "A Christmas Song" (*Chatterbox*, 1874)
- 54 Poem: "Santa Claus' Mistake," by Gouverneur M. Smith  
(*Harper's*, 1889)
- 57 The Author of "A Visit from St. Nicholas," by Clarence Cook  
(*Century*, 1898)
- 61 Christmas Dinners (*CFM*, 1876)
- 64 Poem: "Sleep, Baby, Sleep," by John Addington Symonds; art  
by Walter Crane (*English Illustrated Magazine*, 1892)
- 65 Christmas Customs, by Nora Hopper  
(*English Illustrated Magazine*, 1899)



p. 3



p. 36



p. 41



p. 47

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](http://www.victorianvoices.net/VT/index.shtml)  
Print editions available quarterly on Amazon!  
Copyright © 2019 Moira Allen

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

# Happy Holidays and Farewell

**A**lert readers may have noticed, as they review our online index pages for *Victorian Times*, that there are no entries past December 2019. That is because, I regret to say, this magazine is coming to an end. I've known this for quite a few months—but facing the final issue is no less sad for me just because “I saw it coming.”

There are two reasons for bringing it to a close. The first is quite simple and practical: I am out of material. While I have over 12,000 Victorian articles on the VictorianVoices.net website, the vast majority of these are not suitable, for one reason or another, for this magazine. Many are too long. Many are not appropriate. Many are just plain dull. This magazine began with a heavy emphasis on articles from *The Girl's Own Paper*, with a scattering of pieces from *The Strand*. A few months later, I discovered *Cassell's Family Magazine*, and eventually acquired the entire series. Finally, however, I made the decision to *stop* acquiring new magazines, as the collection (did I mention 12,000 articles?) was really getting out of hand!

I had originally anticipated relaunching VictorianVoices.net within a few months (or at most, a year) after launching *Victorian Times*. Life, however, kept getting in the way, and instead of relaunching at the beginning of the magazine's run, the website has relaunched pretty near the end. But at least it *has* relaunched, and I hope will continue to provide you with useful Victorian information for years to come.

The second reason is more personal. I call myself a “writer”—but for years, I have been doing just about everything *except* write. Not so very long ago, as I was working on one of these issues, I found myself staring at the screen and asking myself how much longer I was going to spend my days using Photoshop to erase specks and smudges from Victorian articles. (There's a reason why the articles in this magazine look so good...) How much more time was I going to spend on the scanner instead of the keyboard? How much more time writing HTML than... writing?

And so, as the summer of 2019 began to draw to a close, I got back to that keyboard. I am happy to report that I am well along with a young-adult novel, set in Mendocino County, California, in the 1970's. (The fact that I spent quite a lot of time in Mendocino County in the 1970's is, of course, irrelevant...) I am jotting notes for a future travel memoir, based on the summers when my grandmother would load up the car with about a ton of camping equipment, pile us girls and two dogs on top of the load, and take off for the Idaho wilderness for a month or more at a time. I'm also working on a devotional for “people who work.” And I'm both scared to death and having the time of my life.

In other words, I am moving on, to new projects and new challenges. At the same time, thanks to *Victorian Times* and VictorianVoices.net, I've truly fallen in love with the Victorian period—so I think there's a pretty good chance that eventually, “moving on” will bring me back. I don't know what form that new phase may take, but I'm sure I won't be leaving the Victorians behind forever.

I hope I am not leaving all of you, my dear readers, behind either. I hope that you'll stay in touch, and most of all, that you'll stay excited about all things Victorian. (I hope, also, that you'll keep an eye on my new writing ventures!) It has been a wonderful journey, and I've been honored to share it with all of you.

So for now, let me leave you with best wishes for a happy holiday and a wonderful new year! May you, too, find goals and dreams that challenge and excite you, and may all those dreams come true.

—Moirá Allen, Editor  
editors@victorianvoices.net



THE STAR  
OF  
BETHLEHEM.

By R. DUDLEY.

## CHRISTMAS WITH THE BLACK-AND-WHITE ARTISTS.

By F. KLICKMANN.

FOR many an artist, as still for many a student of Art, Christmas pictures were for centuries summarised in the Nativity. The Old Masters found one of their chief sources of inspiration in the glad solemnity of the Birth of Christ. This was the natural outcome of the fact that in the Middle Ages, Art, in every form, was dominated to a considerable degree by the ecclesiasticism which was the chief educational force of the times. Moreover, Christmas, being a great feast of the Church, was deemed too sacred a theme to admit of other than serious treatment at an artist's hands.

The wheel of Time has wrought much

change in this respect, however—not that the religious symbolism of the season is less regarded in modern days than in the past; rather, it strikes a broader, deeper note in all men's hearts, which finds expression, not solely in homage to the Holy Babe, but likewise in a goodwill and charity extended to mankind in general, and more especially to childhood. For Christmas is essentially the Children's Festival; and for this reason, gaiety, brightness, and innocent merriment have all been pressed into its service, and these qualities, to a considerable extent, find an echo in the pictures of the day.

The direct lineal inheritors of the man's

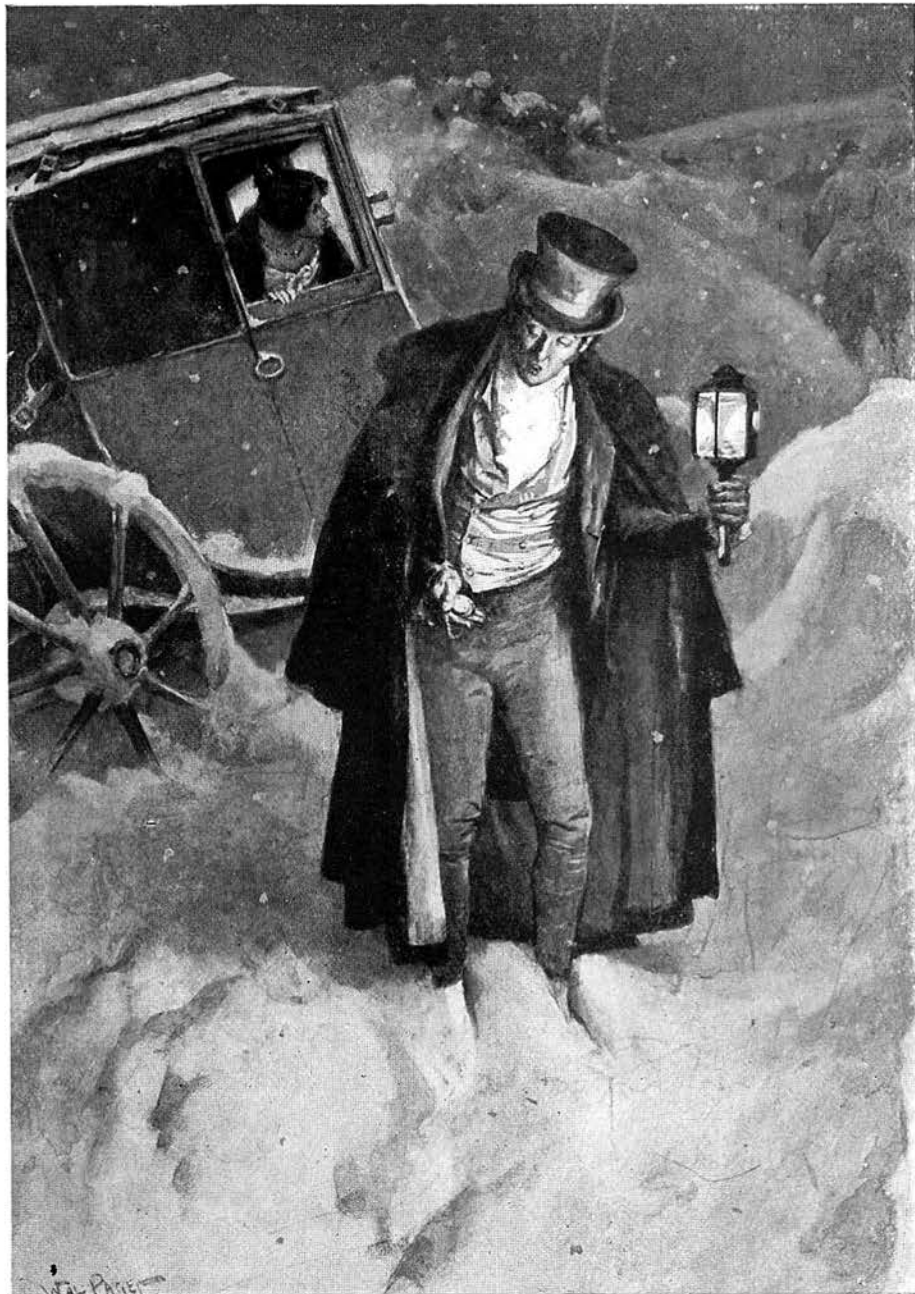


“ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID’S CITY.”

By BEATRICE OFFOR.

of those old Nativity painters are not the black-and-white artists of modern pictorial journalism, but the more limited class of painters, such as Von Uhde, Müller, Feuerstein, our own Burne-Jones, Strudwick, and Fellowes-Prynné, and others, of whom there is no need to speak here, since the subject of their art was dealt with at some length in a former Christmas number of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE. But the great field that is open to black-and-white work has led some of our modern illustrators likewise to experiment with the sacred subject of the Nativity. Witness, for example, the picture by Miss Beatrice Offor which we reproduce, or "The Star of Bethlehem," by Mr. Dudley. For the most part, however, secular subjects are preferred by the black-and-white fraternity, as being more in keeping with the non-serious character of the ordinary Christmas magazine and newspaper.

Broadly speaking, these secular subjects may be classed under definite heads. First and foremost are pictures dealing with decorations of one sort or another. These may be said to exhibit a phase of the religious feeling that is inseparable from the season, dealing as they frequently do with the adornment of the church and the subsequent service on Christmas morning. Mr. Hal Hurst's picture, "A Christmas Hymn," represents a thoroughly English scene, and



"DANCING AT EIGHT."

BY WAL PAGET.

is a good example of this type of picture. Closely allied with these are the ever-popular home and fireside scenes, wherein all are busily engaged, from the oldest to the youngest, in putting up the holly and mistletoe which are expected to play so conspicuous a part in the all-pervading fun and frolic. This subject is one that lends itself peculiarly to a conventional decorative treatment, such as is here represented by an illustration of Miss A. L. Bowley's to a familiar old English rhyme. In this connection there has of late years been a marked



FATHER CHRISTMAS IN A FIX  
By A. FORESTIER.



"IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY ANY GOOD."

BY S. E. WALLER.





A CHRISTMAS FANCY.

By R. SAUBER.

tendency to lay Herrick or some other Jacobean poet under tribute for a theme.

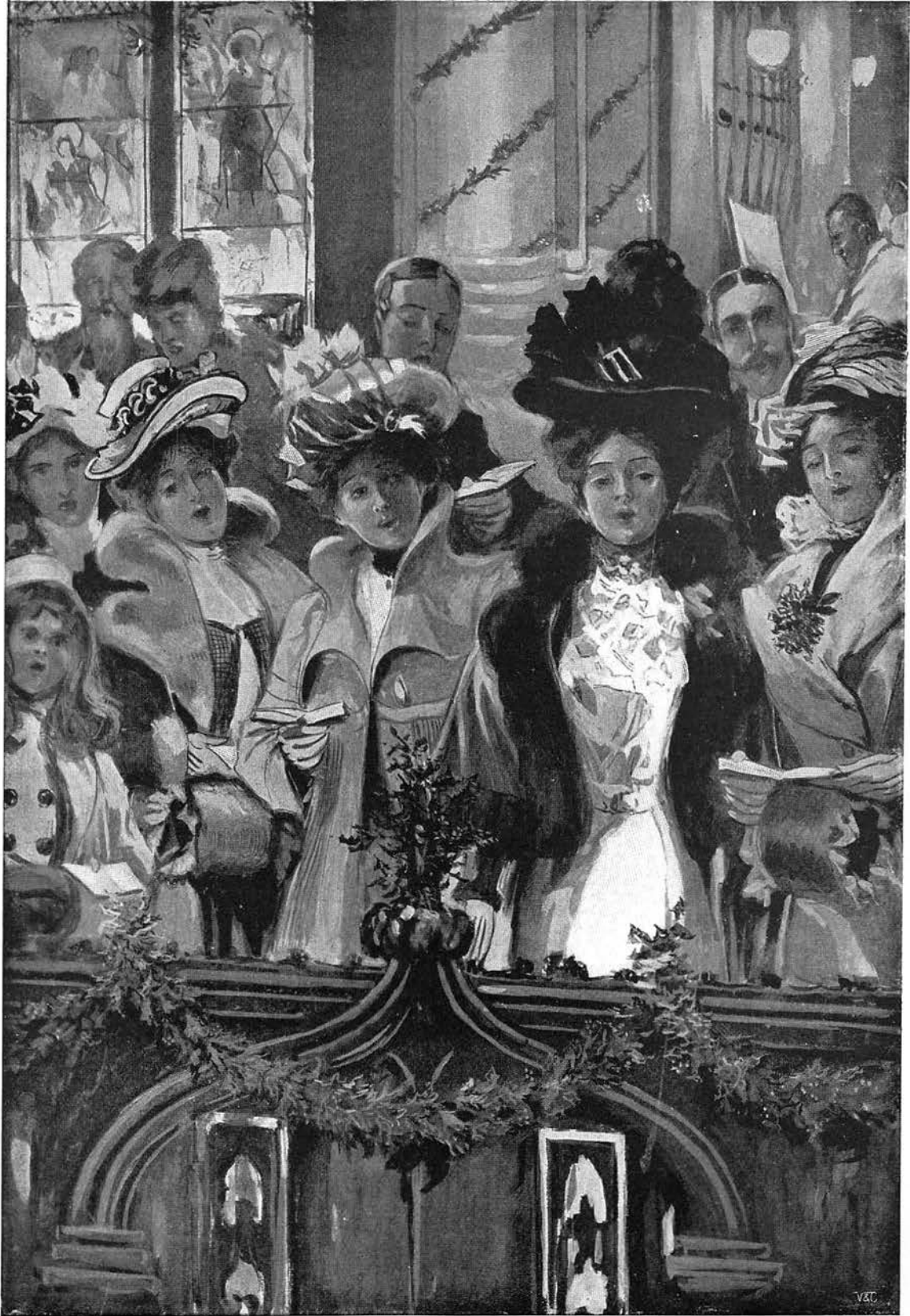
The pictures which, next to church and home scenes, find most favour with the great winter holiday public are those representing actual Christmas customs, and particularly those associated in our minds with those questionably "good old times"—the revels and junketings, coaches and Yule-logs—anything, in fact, that will serve to transport one mentally to that bygone age when people apparently had more hilarity of spirits and general joviality than we have nowadays, and more time for systematic merry-making than the rush of modern life allows. But though these things are endeared

undoubtedly a case of the attraction of opposites.

"An Old-Time Christmas Revel," by Mr. Walter Wilson, here reproduced, out-carnivals anything we have had in aid of our perennial "War Funds," or in celebration of a "Relief." This particular drawing represents a special incident of a far-away century which is worth recording. "In 1440," runs the legend, "one Captain John Gladman, a man ever true and faithful to God and the King, and sportive withal, made public disport with his neighbours at Christmas. He traversed the town on a horse as gaily caparisoned as himself, preceded by the Twelve Months, each dressed in character.

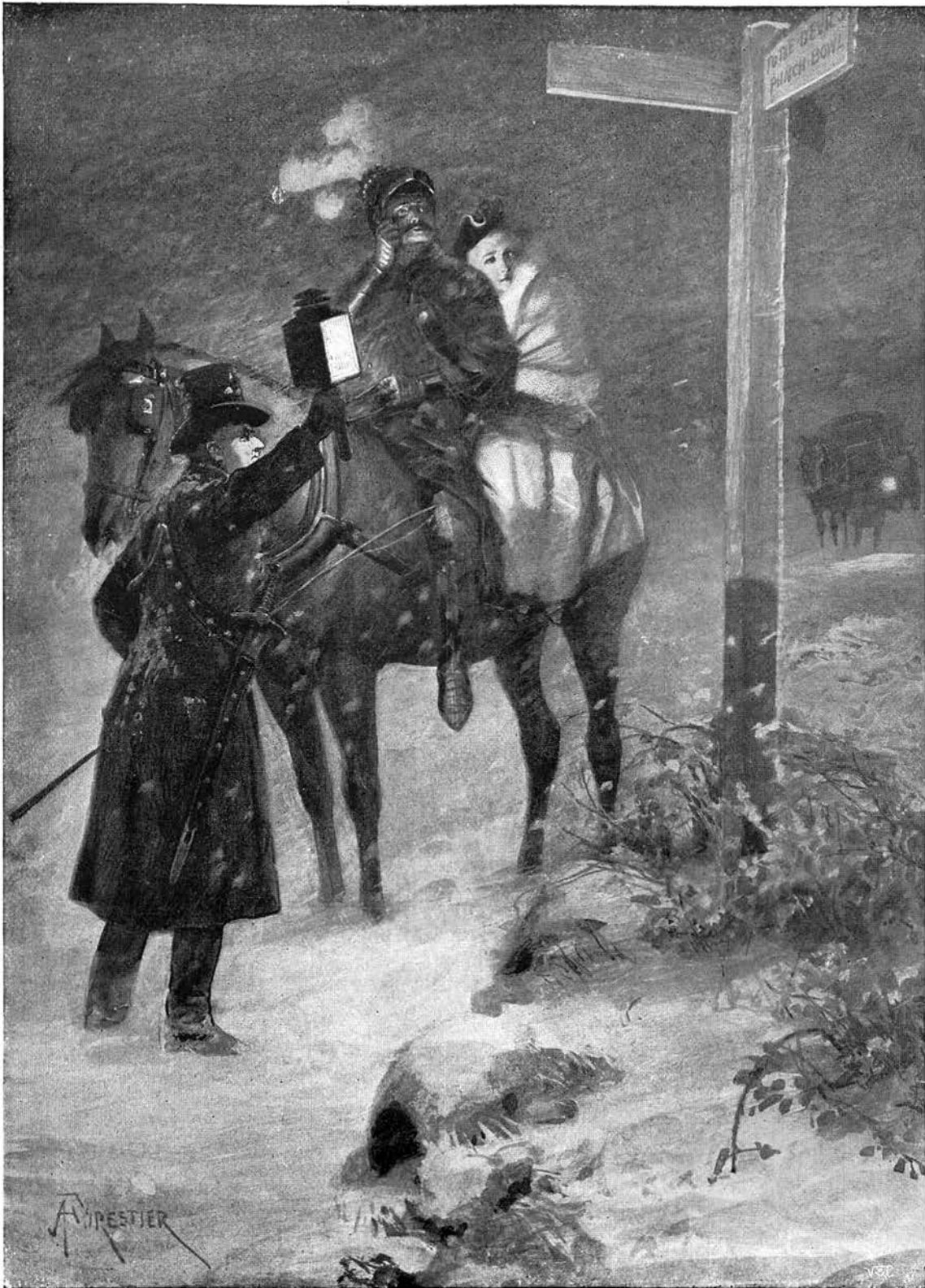
to us pictorially and in theory, when it comes to actual practice we object to being disturbed out of our brief night's sleep by the weirdly untuneful performances of some local band, that is chiefly remarkable for its lack of balance in the matter of instruments and its blatant erraticism as to time and key. Likewise do we make a point of denouncing in our most forceful terms the so-called carnivals, in aid of sundry objects, which are let loose from time to time on districts inhabited by peaceful and order-loving citizens. Yet, despite this modern preference for staid reticence in real life, the noisiest of *al fresco* orgies and the most unmusical-looking waits are hailed with delight when they appear in the "Double Number."

In this, as in so many other aspects of life, it is



A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

By HAL HURST, R.I.



THE BREAKDOWN ON THE WAY TO THE FANCY DRESS BALL.

By A. FORESTIER.

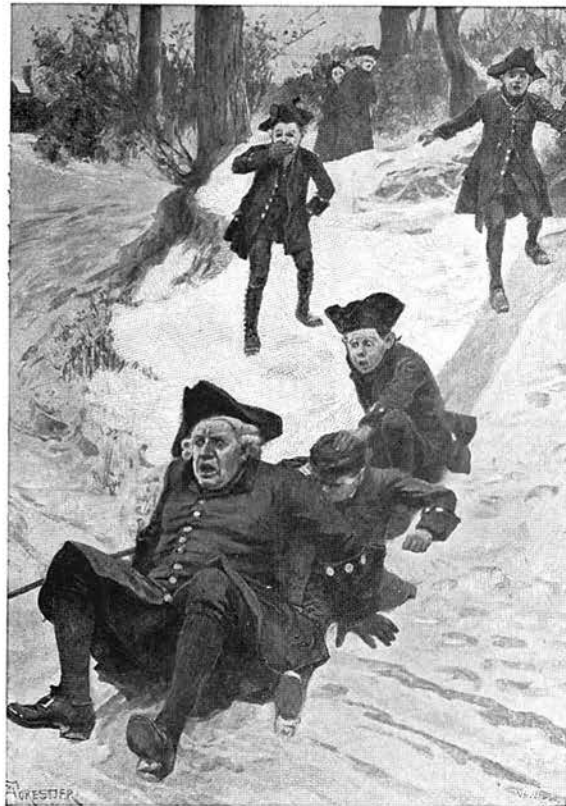


A CHRISTMAS DREAM AT KLONDYKE

By A. FORESTIER

After him crept the pale, attenuated figure of Lent, clothed in herring skins, and mounted on a sorry horse whose harness was covered with oyster shells—a hint of the fast that ever tracks the feast in the rhythm of the life of body and spirit.”

Prominent among the Christmas traditions that are being constantly dealt with by the modern pencil and brush is that ever-youthful antiquity, Santa Claus. For the sake of the small persons who now appear to follow contemporary magazines and newspapers with as much assiduity as their elders, no Christmas number can be considered complete without this historic individual in one guise or another. And in deference to the same youthful preferences, that national and indigestible concoction, the Christmas pudding, must also figure, either piecemeal or whole, in all illustrated periodicals that are to meet with domestic approval. Trivial as this subject would appear to be to the outsider, it has been selected, and dealt with most sympathetically, by several artists of high repute—notably Mr. Robert Sauber (whose picture, “Mixing the Christmas Pudding,” was reproduced in a previous volume of this magazine), Mr. Cecil Aldin, and Miss Fannie Moody, whose clever treatment of the same



A REAR ATTACK.

BY A. FORESTIER.

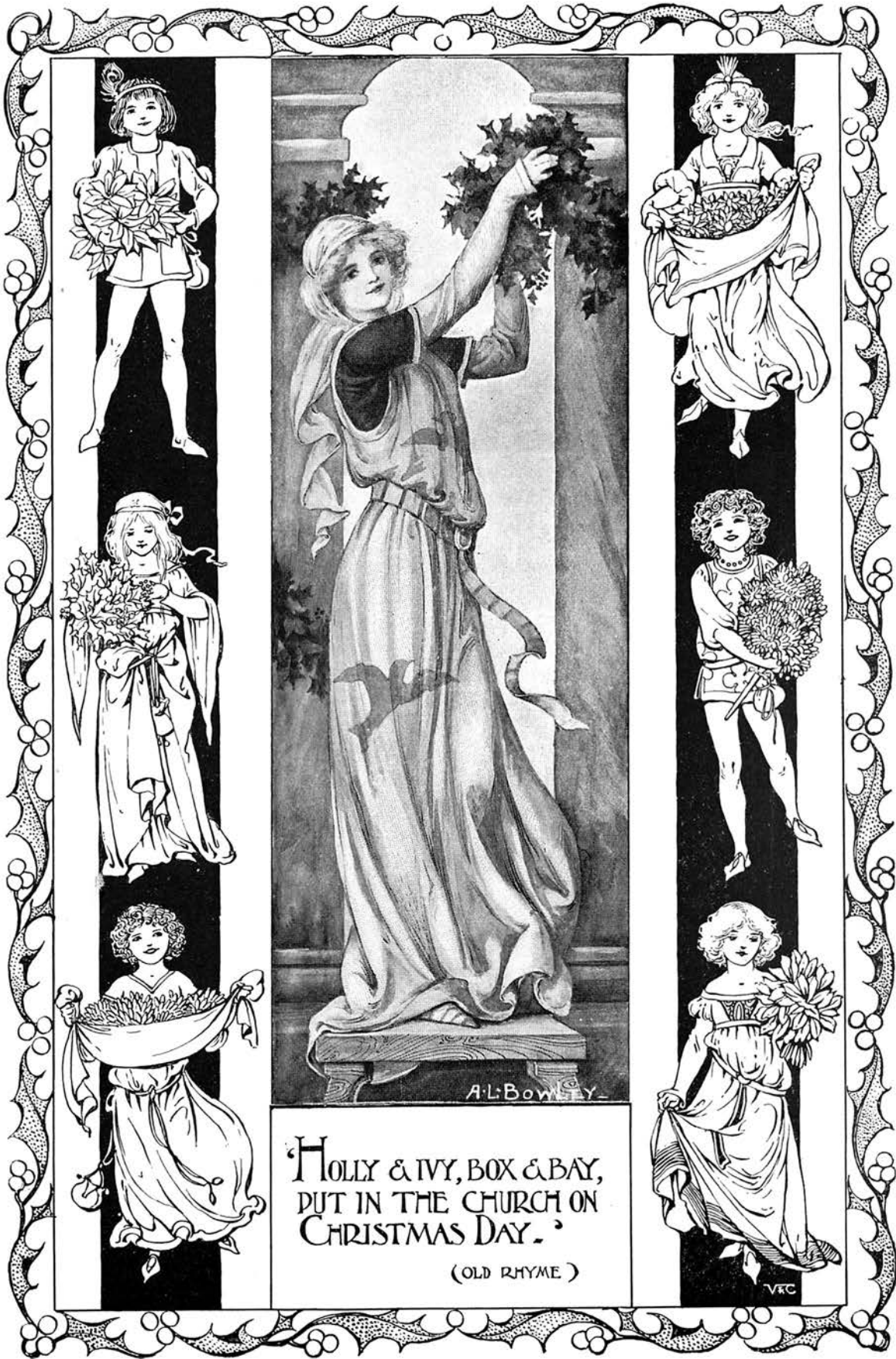


STIRRING THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

BY FANNIE MOODY.

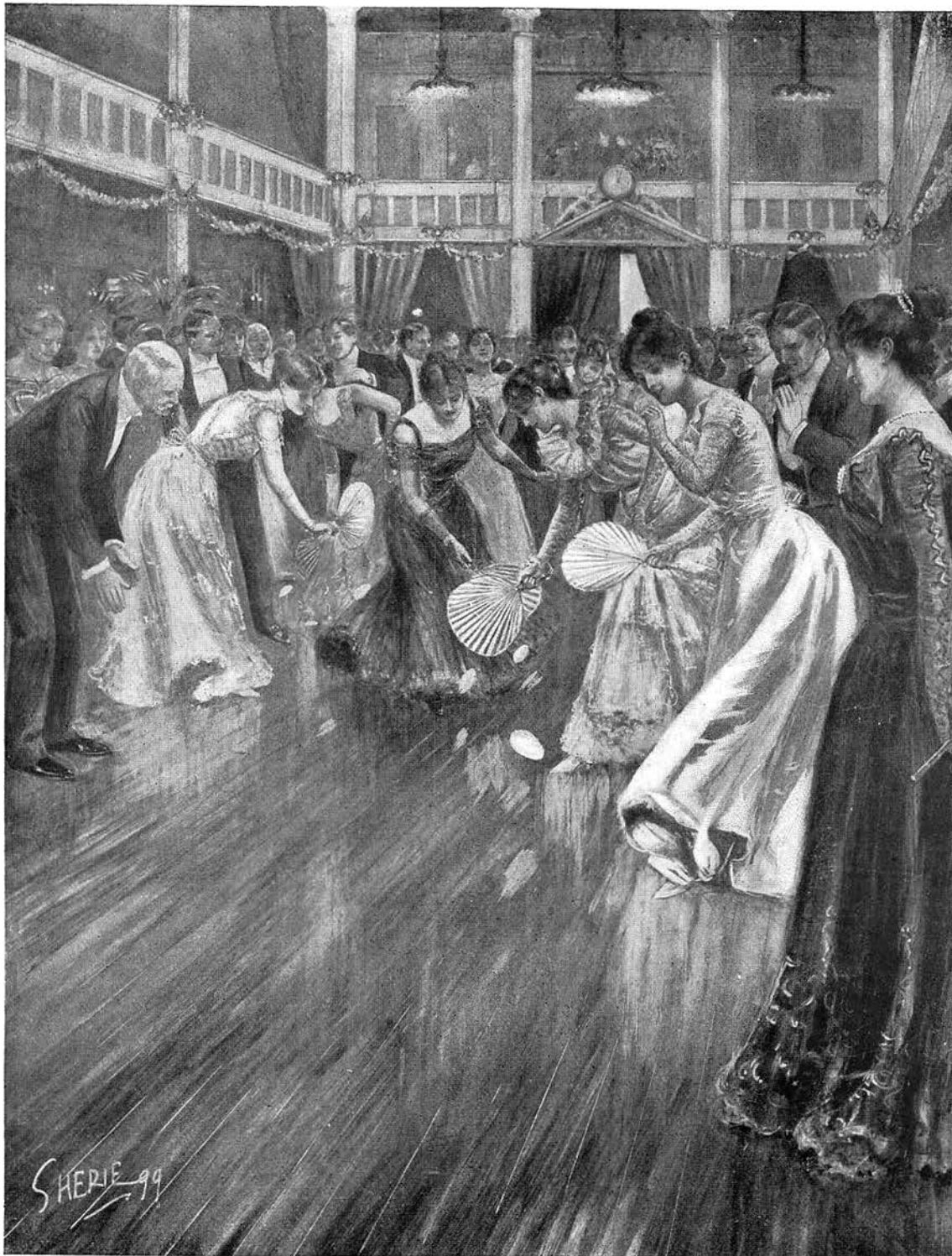
idea is included in this article. And while on this theme, one may call attention to the popularity of pictures dealing with “good cheer” in general, as well as with pudding in particular. Even an artist like Mr. De Lacy, who usually devotes his brush to nautical scenes of water, wind, and weather, has allowed himself some slight latitude in his “Christmas in the Roadstead,” wherein it may be observed that a couple of geese (and other inspiring details) relieve the monotony of the ordinary blameless salt junk and water.

In further evidence of the sceptre of the Child which rules us, old and young alike, at Yuletide, whereas in former times it was the orthodox thing to depict a moated grange, with a robin of abnormal proportions in the foreground, or a Christmas ghost taking its annual outing—a promenade in the panelled corridor of the aforesaid grange—we have now glimpses of anything but ghostly annual visitors, relations who are more up-to-date than the shadowy ancestress with a past. Now the ghost is given a respectable burial to make room for the youngsters, unto the third and fourth generation, who, buoyant with spirits that no holiday in after-life can conjure up,



HOLLY & IVY, BOX & BAY,  
PUT IN THE CHURCH ON  
CHRISTMAS DAY.

(OLD RHYME)



THE CHRISTMAS PARTY: A LADIES' FAN RACE. BY E. SHERIE.

*Every lady is provided with a paper disc, each of a different colour. The object is to propel these discs from a starting-point by means of fanning. The papers get mixed up, and the futile efforts to make any headway, often experienced, cause endless fun.*

romp and prank about by day, and when evening draws on apace are joined by other children of larger growth, their united efforts resulting in an atmosphere of "unrest" such as no self-respecting, delicately nurtured ghost would tolerate for a moment. One

of the best exponents of this aspect of Christmas is Mr. S. Begg, who manages to catch most accurately not only the active revelry, but also the really humorous element that is so much in evidence on these occasions. Mr. Sherie's "A Ladies' Fan Race" exem-



“ORANGES AND LEMONS.” By S. BEGG.

plifies a similar idea, showing how, for the time, the elders forget to be dull and decorous, amusing themselves with juvenile games as heartily as any of the children.

Another very popular subject with artists at this time of the year is the humour that is always to be found, we are told, in the misfortunes of others. This, again, is a form of Christmas recreation that is more honoured

in theory than in fact. The favourite form of Christmas misfortune seems to be peril by land and breakdowns in general. The origin of this marked preference apparently lies in the fact that so many people are travelling at this particular season, and the traditional wintry weather, at any rate in the good old times before the roads had come under the paternal notice of the County Council and



THE TOURNAMENT. By S. BEGG.



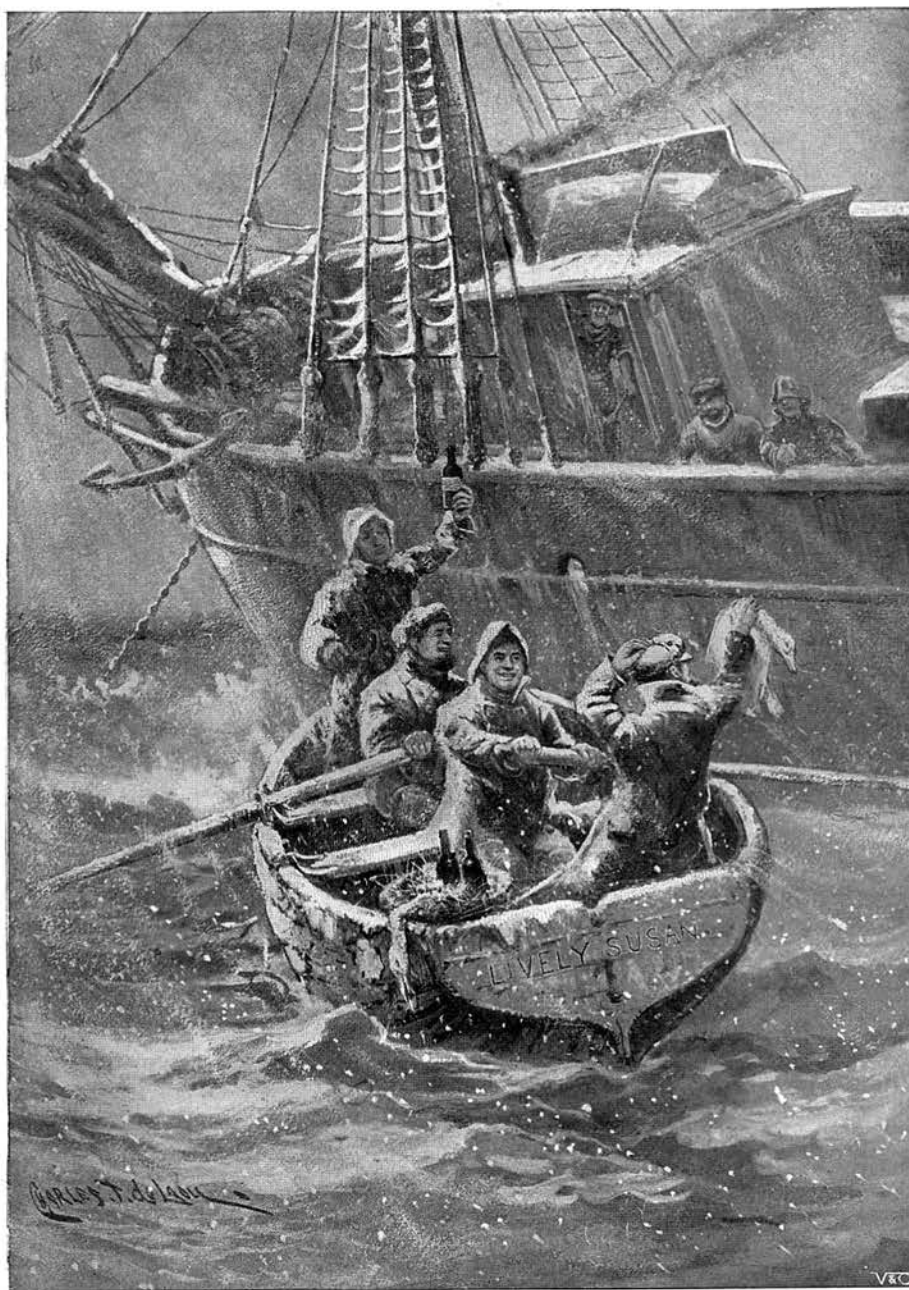


AN OLD-TIME CHRISTMAS REVEL. BY T. WALTER WILSON, R.I.

similarly enterprising public bodies, more often impedes the traffic than furthers it. By a poetic licence, these incidents are generally thrown back a century, and one has but to quote such names as Randolph Caldecott, Hugh Thomson, and Cecil Aldin, to call to mind a gallery of quaint and clever studies of this theme.

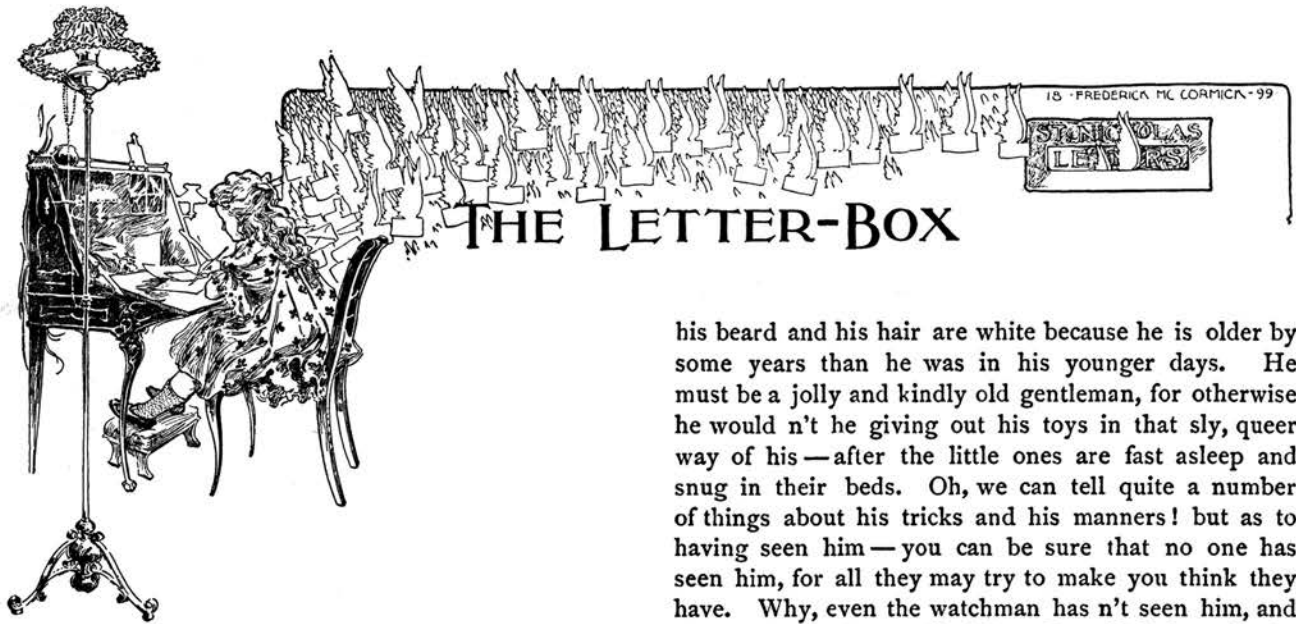
And these pictures suggest another point. Although one would imagine that the happiest inspirations would be forthcoming within doors, rather than without, at the time of year when Winter stands at the gate "wagging his white and shaggy beard, like an old harper chanting an old rhyme: 'How cold it is! how cold it is!'" yet it will be found that the larger proportion have an outdoor *mise en scène*—not with the mild, uncertain climate of the present-day Noël, either, but set in the hard, old-fashioned wintry weather, wherein it was the usual thing for the winter snow to lie "full knee-deep" over the land. Even the Yule-log itself is more often illustrated in its transition stage, being hauled along the road by a band of lusty retainers, than in its more "grateful and comforting" *finale*, spluttering on the ancestral hearth.

But while Christmas artists give us the cheery and buoyant side of the festive season, they do not forget that for some it is a time of memories rather than of actualities; and to others there is an ever-present sense of loss.



CHRISTMAS IN THE ROADSTEAD. BY CHARLES DE LACY.

All over our land there are hearts trying to hide an ache, and all over the world there are men whose thoughts will bridge thousands of miles, and centre on some one home that holds for each all the brightness of his universe. For this reason, Mr. Forestier's picture of the lonely Klondyke miner, seeing in the smoke of his desolate fire the Christmas party in the Old Country, touches a note of Christmas sentiment that will never die out so long as the great annual festival is observed—a reminder of the far-reaching claims of humanity and the love sent down from God to man.



## THE LETTER-BOX

### ABOUT SANTA CLAUS.

OUR "affectionate reader," Pendleton King of Augusta, Ga., sends us the following letter of distress:

AUGUSTA, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want so to know something about Santa Claus. I asked my papa, and he has looked in all his cyclopedias, but can't find anything. He tells me to write to you; for if anybody knows anything about Santa Claus it will be St. NICHOLAS.

Your affectionate reader,  
PENDLETON KING.

Bless the child! Why, we don't know nearly so much about Santa Claus as he does. We are grown-ups. Santa Claus does n't care much for us, as compared with the little folks. He has no ill will toward any one in the whole wide world, of course, but it is his business to look after the youngsters. Of course there must be grown people to earn the bread and butter, and to pay the rent, and to look after children's clothes, and do such things. But there must also be somebody to see that at Christmas-time the children's needs are looked after. That is Santa Claus's particular business. He likes it, too, or else he would n't do it. He lives somewhere near the North Pole, so he can't be interfered with. It is the only place where he can be sure of not being overrun with callers, who would take up all his time, and prevent him from getting his Christmas budget ready—by no means a light piece of work. As to how he makes up his load of toys, it is certainly curious; but it is his business, not ours. He uses reindeer to draw his sleigh because no other animals can endure the climate in which their master must live. Just what the Saint looks like is not altogether certain, but there is a belief among the children who have sat up to receive his visits that he is not so big but that he can get through an ordinary chimney; that he is compelled to dress in furs because of the cold ride through the long winter night; that he looks good-natured because no one that loves young folk can help looking so; and that

his beard and his hair are white because he is older by some years than he was in his younger days. He must be a jolly and kindly old gentleman, for otherwise he would n't be giving out his toys in that sly, queer way of his—after the little ones are fast asleep and snug in their beds. Oh, we can tell quite a number of things about his tricks and his manners! but as to having seen him—you can be sure that no one has seen him, for all they may try to make you think they have. Why, even the watchman has n't seen him, and the watchman sits up all night. Just think how fast he must travel! and, dressed in white fur, he looks like a big ball of snow whizzing through the air—at least, he is *supposed* to go through the air. He could go anywhere he chose, for no officer of the law would dare interfere with *him*, you may be sure.

Don't sit up for him; he does n't like it. He loses valuable time when he is compelled to dodge the prying eyes of little Susan Sly and Master Paul Pry, and so kindly an old fellow should not be bothered. Just go to bed, close your eyes up good and tight, and—see what you will find in the morning!

Oh, by the way, we nearly forgot to say that some persons have said they doubted whether there is any Santa Claus; but that is their misfortune. Be kind to such, but do not waste time in arguing with them. Just smile and change the subject; there is no law compelling them to think as you do. Leave them to do the talking while you go on emptying your stocking.

When Santa Claus stops coming to your house, you may begin to inquire whether he has ceased to exist.

Till then hang up your stocking, and here's wishing you all a very Merry Christmas!





## FATHER CHRISTMAS.

**H**E comes in his snow-ropes so soft and so white,  
 With a smile on his lip, with a form round  
 and jolly,  
 The genius of all that is generous and bright,  
 The foeman of sadness and grim melancholy.

He comes with "A hearty good-will to all men,"  
 And pledges us deep in an innocent chalice,  
 Till the hardest of hearts melts with kindness again,  
 And love reigns supreme from the cot to the palace.

He brings back the truant, and seats him once more  
 By the old ingle-side 'midst his friends and his  
 neighbours,  
 Whose bosoms are touched to their tenderest core  
 At the story they hear of his wanderings and  
 labours.

The pale city student he hurries away  
 To the old house at home and to all that it  
 treasures,  
 That mother so wrinkled, that father so grey,  
 Who in their lad's progress find truest of pleasures.

He gives to the statesman and teacher awhile  
 Repose from all labour, fair freedom from duty,  
 On the grimmest of faces bids blossom a smile,  
 And eyes grown a-dull re-illuminates with beauty.

Wherever he moves mirth and gladness abound,  
 For to give all hearts joy is his highest en-  
 deavour ;  
 And wherever he pauses, there plenty is found,  
 Love and charity follow his footsteps for ever.

JOHN GEO. WATTS.



BY AN ARTIST-NATURALIST.

THE fairy who transformed the rats and other things for Cinderella, could not have effected a greater change in a brief space than does hoar frost the face of nature. On several occasions in December I have seen in the space of an hour all the trees frosted over with rime; and as this goes on collecting all day when there is moisture in the air and a low thermometer, the scene the next morning is fairy-like in its beauty. It completely transforms nature, and the trees remind one of delicate branching coral, so abnormal do they become under the magic spell of winter. One could imagine that the world looked something like it does at such times as these, with the snow covering the ground, in the Glacial epoch, when, as the geologists tell us, this world was completely ice-bound. And there is a feeling of loneliness, too, which heightens the illusion as one walks over the snow-covered fields, for everything seems unfamiliar to one, when the well-remembered landmarks are obliterated or altered beyond recognition. The hedgerow plants, like the meadow-sweet and hemlock, are like silver jewellery marvellously fashioned, and have a beauty that pen cannot describe. The crystals that stand out from the stems and edges of the leaves bring out the beauty of form and delicacy of details that one hardly notices in an ordinary way, and anyone wishing for a unique decorative scheme could not do better than paint some of these familiar hedgerow plants when covered with hoar frost.

A sunny morning adds greatly to the beauty of the scene, as it gives the frost a roseate hue with delicate bluish-grey shadows. When I came to notice the landscape narrowly I found that snow has much more colour in it than I was aware of. In painting it, rose madder and cobalt would have to be used—of course very delicately. Birds tell out like brilliant spots of warm colour, and I think they never look more beautiful than in winter. I strongly advise those of my readers who paint, and who are looking out for a subject, to try a winter scene, such as a spray of meadow-sweet, with some birds upon it, somewhat after the style of the illustration on page 26. I have not attempted to indicate frost upon the foliage, as I wanted to show the full beauty of these relics of summer that fill our ditches and remain right into the spring—until, in fact, they are hidden by the new growths. The meadow-sweet, with its seeds and dead leaves, gives a beautiful colour scheme, the former being yellowish-brown, while the latter are purple and silver, for the leaves have a way of curling over, and wherever the underside is seen it is a brilliant silver-grey. These relics of summer are a conspicuous feature along the river-bank, as they remain so erect and defiant all through the winter. For vase decoration, a collection of these dead plants is beautiful in colour and form. I gathered a few and made a sketch, which accompanies these rambling notes, so that those of my readers who have hitherto

passed them by as weeds may be induced to treat them with a little more deference in future. The most conspicuous are the loose-strife, willow-herb (with its curling, thread-like seed vessels), figwort, teazel, burdock, dock, and sedge, all of which are shown in the sketch. The general colour of these dead plants is a warm purplish-brown; but they are at the same time very grey in tone; and in painting them no positive colour must be used. It is much more difficult to hit these tertiary colours than appears, for the tones are very subtle, and are easily missed. I painted a threefold screen, using dead plants as the *motif*, though in this case I chose thistles and dock with dead oat-grass, just as they all grew at the edge of a ploughed field. The purplish earth made a capital background for the silvery greys of the thistle and the warm reds of the dock. As each panel was five feet six inches in height, I reproduced them life-size, and I was well satisfied with the effect when finished. I shall be tempted to try another screen, using similar *motifs*, only seen under the conditions of rime frost.

There are some ponds near my house where bulrushes grow in profusion, and this winter, while skating upon them, I was much struck by the beauty of these dead reeds. The general colour is a golden brown, and the flower heads are a rich deep brown, and when slightly silvered with frost are most telling. Some of our beautiful birds, like the bearded



*December's  
Bouquet  
of reedgerow  
plants*

FRED MILLER

tit, could be introduced perching upon the reeds. Beyond these bulrushes were a row of pollarded willows coming against some elms. Willows in winter are a great feature in the landscape, especially when the sun shines upon them, for the colour is a reddish-purple inclining to golden brown. The elms, on the other hand, are very bluish when seen at a distance; but it is a superficial, ill-considered

opinion that affirms that leafless trees are uninteresting or wanting in beauty. Most painters will tell you that trees never paint so well as they do when nearly leafless or quite bare, for they have much more individuality than when hidden neath a mass of foliage. I noticed some oaks in a wood while I was painting outside in December, when the sunlight was upon them. The

trunks were a lovely greenish-grey, and were thrown into relief by the purple of the under-wood beyond. Oaks, too, generally carry their reddish-brown dead leaves all through the winter, and it is not until the young leaves push these last year's relics off that the trees are really bare. An oak wood on a sunny December day is a sight to be remembered. Mrs. Browning makes Lady Geraldine speak

XMAS BERRIES, HOLLY,



FLOWERS, YELLOW }  
JASMINE }



of her "woods in Sussex with their purple tints at gloaming," evidently alluding to oaks, which grow in great perfection in that county.

December is a month, too, of berries. The scarlet hips of the wild rose, the haws of the hawthorn, the white snowberry, the black bunches of the privet, the deep red of the holly, and the delicate greenish-white of the translucent mistletoe, are conspicuous features wherever any of these abound. I have given a series of sketches of this last plant, because, although very familiar in Christmas decoration, many folk have never seen mistletoe growing. It is a true parasite, only living upon other trees as though it could not derive its requisite nourishment from the soil itself, but had to live upon the inorganic matter assimilated by some friendly plant. In the Botanic Garden at Oxford a quantity of mistletoe is to be seen growing on two hawthorn trees, and it was from one of these that I sketched the pieces given in the illustration. The whole tree seems impregnated with it, for on almost all the branches a thickening of the wood is to be seen with a small shoot of mistletoe growing out of it (Fig. 3). This is the first year's growth, and in Fig. 2 a more advanced sprig is shown, which in time will develop into a thick bunch having quantities of berries growing from the joints, as in Fig. 1, which is one shoot of a large spray. The absolute regularity of its growth is plainly seen from this piece. I have the recollection of reading in some child's history when I was a small boy of the reverence attached to mistletoe by the Druids when it was found

growing on an oak, and that these ancient Britons used a gold sickle to cut it from its foster-parent. Mistletoe most frequently grows on apple trees; but I have also seen it growing very freely on black poplars.

Before the frost set in, a root of primroses had a quantity of blossoms in the centre of the leaves, and would, if it had continued mild, have been in flower by now. Several wall-flowers had small tufts of bloom on them, and in one garden some biennial stocks were in bloom. The annual phlox kept on blowing until quite recently, as they withstood the less severe frosts we had in November. It is a capital plant for late blooming, and is very varied in colour. I sowed the seed in boxes in a frame in March, and put the plants out in the borders in June. It is better to grow them in masses, so that the full effect of the varied colour is obtained.

The most beautiful of our winter flowers is unquestionably the Christmas rose (*Helleborus niger, major*). The plant is perfectly hardy; but to get the flowers in perfection a hand light should be put over the plant in wet or frosty weather. One good root will continue to throw up blooms from early in December until February. There are many varieties of hellebore; but the one named is the only one worth cultivating. The flowers of most other varieties are greenish in hue. Another familiar plant always to be found in bloom at Christmas-time is the yellow jasmine, which always blooms before it comes into leaf. It is a climbing plant, and looks very effective over a porch.

Gilbert White, in his well-known book, gives

some particulars of severe frosts he experienced; and the frost that began here at the end of last year seems likely to take its place among the historic frosts of the century. The river froze over in one night, so that by the morning it was completely covered with ice. I was told by one of our villagers, who has lived all her life by the river, that she has never known this to happen before. Last Christmas was what folk called an old-fashioned one. Snow covered the ground, and it was possible to skate for miles upon the river; in fact, I saw no reason why one could not do the Thames on skates. One would have to walk round the locks; but with that exception the ice was perfectly safe, especially at the sides where the river flowed over the old ice during a rise in the height of the river and frozen through. I saw a hole made with a pickaxe, and the ice was from five to six inches thick. The villagers told me that it is over thirty years since the river was so completely frozen over. The last two days of last year were intensely cold, all the water in jugs, cans, and bottles in the bedrooms being frozen. The lowest temperature recorded by a self-registering thermometer in this village was twenty-four degrees of cold; but on several occasions we have had eighteen and twenty degrees.

So soon as the frost set in in right earnest I fixed a tall thin pole slantingly in the ground opposite one of the windows, having previously nailed a crosspiece on, so that when the pole was in the ground the crossbar was horizontal. I then tied on to the bar some pieces of fat, and from the pole hung a common tallow candle. This very soon attracted the birds,

though for a day or two they were somewhat shy of venturing upon the perch. Robins, of course, were the first to visit the larder, they being by far the most fearless of all the feathered tribe; in fact, robins have none of that timidity shown by other birds. You have only to start digging, and you will be sure to find one hop on to the freshly-turned soil within a few inches of your feet.

My bird perch acted admirably, and as I sat indoors I had an ever-changing tableau to look at. There is no better way of studying birds, and I keep some paper and a pencil always handy to make rough sketches of some of the characteristic attitudes, for nothing teaches one so much as these rough notes from nature. With these, and access to a collection of stuffed specimens, one ought to have little difficulty in getting life-like effects, which is so rarely the case if you rely wholly upon mounted specimens. Watching the birds constantly as they flew to my improvised larder soon makes me aware how far short of nature the best stuffed specimens come. There is a plumpness and a roundness about a live bird that always departs in the stuffed specimens, which are usually too long and too thin-looking. And how beautiful a robin is in colour, with his brownish-purple back and brick-red breast going into greyish-white on the belly, and his large black fearless eye. Very pugnacious too are the robins, for if one flies on to the perch and another one shows a disposition to come also, the one already there sets up his back, drops his wings, and shows fight—and means it too.

Tits are the next most fearless birds, and it is very amusing to see them clinging to the

candle and pecking a hole in it. I get the two kinds, the small blue tit, with its delicate colouring, and the larger and more highly-coloured ox-eye. These come all day long, and while one is feeding, the others perch near by, and look on until their turn arrives, for they rarely feed in couples. Tits seem always masters of the field, and allow no competition. They are most sprightly, active little birds, and seem well able to take care of themselves. So long as any berries remained on the yew tree they were to be seen all day long clinging to the sprays to get at the coveted berries. Being able to cling in any position, they can get food that perching birds, like robins, cannot reach, and it afforded me much amusement, one winter in Norfolk, to watch the robins sitting on a rail near which the candles were suspended, watching with envious looks the tits filling their bellies with the fat of the candle that they themselves could not obtain. Now and then, in sheer desperation, they would fly at the candle, causing it to swing to and fro, but were unable to get a morsel of the coveted dainty through their inability to cling to it.

Thrushes sometimes visit the larder and make a meal, but they do it in a very furtive, suspicious sort of way, that shows how little at home they feel themselves. The longer the frost continues, the more hard-pressed the birds become; but so far I have seen no other birds on the perch. A wren has occasionally flown on to it, but not to eat. These and tits will frequently fly at the windows, but I noticed it was in their endeavours to get any insects that may be lurking in the corners of the recess. Wrens are by no means shy, however, as I more than once

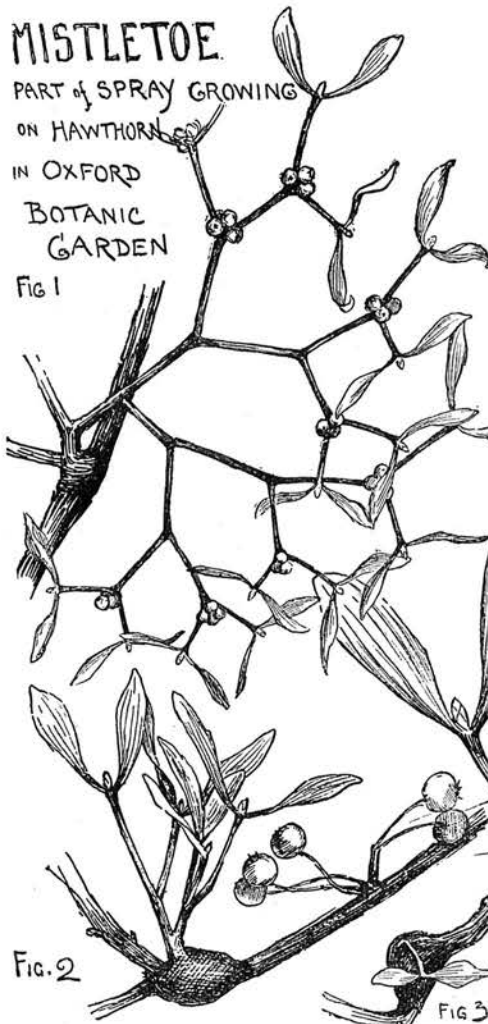
found them indoors this autumn. Blackbirds and thrushes come around the house to pick up any stray crumbs. I notice, too, that both these birds come to the holly hedge to get the berries, and by the end of the year not a berry remained.

We had no waits here before Christmas, but some mummers came round the few nights preceding Christmas Day, and on invitation came inside and sang two or three songs, and did their best to amuse us. The men who played the parts dressed themselves out in cut paper dresses of divers colours, which made them not unlike North American Indians on the war-path. Of course they expected, and generally received, the *largesse* of those who invited them indoors. On Christmas morning, just about breakfast-time, a whole group of children, girls and boys, came into the garden, and ranging themselves round the hall door, sang some doggerel lines, which I got one of them to say slowly so that I might write them down. Here they are. They are probably the corruption of some old English song, and as ancient as the rhymes that are recited in such games as "Oranges and Lemons."

"I wish you a merry Christmas and a happy  
New Year,  
A pocketful of money and a cellar full of  
beer.  
Bounce a bounce, a barrel of beer,  
Christmas comes but once a year.  
Holly, ivy, and mistletoe,  
Give me red apple and then I'll go.  
Give me another for my little brother,  
And then I'll go home and tell my mother."

## MISTLETOE.

PART of SPRAY GROWING  
ON HAWTHORN  
IN OXFORD  
BOTANIC  
GARDEN  
FIG 1



## IVY IN FLOWER

FIG 4  
FULL  
SIZE



Christmas thim Times.

CHRISTMUS thim times, lads — ay me!  
 None sich now'days, 's I kin see:  
 Great big fireplace, mouth es wide  
 Es hyar to yander ('n' I ain't lied!);  
 Brassy andines — see yer face!  
 Chunks so gin'rous ha' to place  
 Yer chur way back agin the wall:  
 Circle big enough fer all,  
 Ole folks, com'ny, lads an' lasses,  
 'N' nobody 'bleeged to, whin they passes,  
 Ax yer 'scuse 'em, 'less'n they git  
 Leetle bit mo 'n they sheer o' the heat.  
 Tell yer, lads, don't hev no fires  
 Now'days, through thim coops o' wires.  
 Leetle black rocks in red spittoons,  
 Lift'n' 'em with silver spoons,  
 An' puttin' a tin pan on the top  
 'Fo' yer kin make the blazes hop.  
 Then whin yer take the khiver off  
 (See! hit 's gi'n me this hyar cough),  
 Freezin' feet an' scawchin' lashes —  
 Fancy 'taters in thim aishes,  
 Or crackin' scaly-barks on that hyarth!  
 Lads, thim folks whar says the yarth  
 'S growin' better hain't ne'er sot  
 Roun' a Christmus chunk in a ole log-hut,  
 A-tellin' o' the'r yarns an' a-crackin' o' the'r jokes  
 The men folks a-waitin' on the wimmin folks.  
 Pass aroun' the live coal tell ever'body lights!  
 Talk about yer seegereets, 'n' new Virginny Brights!  
 Cawncob pipe, with a canebrake reed,  
 Seasoned tell it 's whitish, an' the sweet Ca'liny weed  
 'S good enough fer thim days. Bless me! hit 's a joke,  
 But my very eyes is waterin' with the mem'ry o' the  
 smoke.

Fust and middlemost wuz the gobbler —  
 Billy cotch him in the pen.  
 'Longside him these city turkeys  
 Would n't show up no mo 'n a wren.  
 Fawty poun' — I 'm speakin' akrate —  
 Turkeys run wil' in thim regi'ns.  
 Craw itse'f — I 've seed it medjered —  
 Hol' a brace o' these town pigins.  
 Hard o' hearin' ? 'T ain't supprisin',  
 Waal, yer may be a little deaf.  
 Tell yer ha' to put that geezud  
 On a platter to itse'f!  
 Fust an' middlemost wuz the gobbler —  
 Think it tuk a common pot  
 Fer that b'ilin' ? Niggers' heyday —  
 No clean duds that week we got.  
 Niver seed a ole-time b'ilin' ?  
 Fix yer pot-han'l' to the rack,  
 Swing the rack on to the crossbar,  
 Fol' yer han's then an' set back:  
 All the steam flies up the chimbly,  
 Nary speck o' sut is seen.  
 Beats yer ranges, an' thim tin things  
 Smellin' all o' kerrysene.  
 — Niver et a aish-cake? Mussy  
 On this weasselin generation!  
 'T ain't no marvil they are dwin'lin'  
 To a lillypushin nation —  
 Riz on patties o' cawn-shavin's —  
 Fancy name is Caraline.  
 Hain't ne'er hearn o' aish-cake, hones' ?  
 Waal, I tell yer, lads, they 're fine!  
 Fust yer git the bigges' cabbage,

An' the cleanes' in the patch:  
 Strip the outen leaves off keerful,  
 Gitten' two o' 'em jis to match;  
 Put yer cawn dough now in one o' 'em,  
 Make a khiver o' the tother,  
 Rake a smooth place in the aishes,  
 Pat it down an' smooth 'em over.  
 Tell yer, lads, I 'd ruther set 'n'  
 Smell that aish-cake bakin' so  
 'N eat a slish o' Sally Long  
 Riz by Devilmonico.  
 — An' the coffee. I 'm ole foggy,  
 But I 'm hones', lads, leaseways.  
 Did n' yer gran'ma niver tell yer  
 How the coffee in thim days  
 Had a kind o' richer flaver  
 Than this town-made coffee 's got?  
 Don't know ef 't was in the coffee,  
 Or the settlin', or the pot —  
 I hain't sot out explainin'  
 The whifo' an' the how,  
 But whin yer po'd it in yer cup  
 (A bowl they 'd call it now),  
 'Peared mo' amber-like, an' then  
 It warn't no everlastin' sin  
 When yer 'd drunk one cup  
 Up an' hev it filled ag'in.  
 — Buscuits? Ain't no buscuits now'days,  
 Which I won't spen' time a-provin'.  
 Yer 'd sesso, lads, yerse'f, ef you 'd  
 A-peeped in that air oven,  
 An' see thim beauties, mos' the size  
 O' sassers, swellin' thar;  
 An' es for backbone-pie, 'n' ribs —  
 We 'll drap the subjic hyer.  
 So much fer the dinner, lads,—







The RELICS of  
SUMMER  
MEADOWSWEET IN SEED

I niver called yer 'tintion  
To the roasted aigs an' goobers,  
An' I clean forgot to minton  
The 'possum — an' — pertater —  
But there 's no use 'numeratin',  
Fer I see yer mouths is waterin',  
An' I know yer yurs is waitin'  
To hur about the frolickin'  
That follered after eatin'.  
Yer hearn tell o' that lassic, lads,  
What married Billy-Boy —  
Could make a cherry-tart es quick  
'S a cat could wink its eye :  
I hain't partic'lar marked what time  
A cat imployes a-winkin',  
But, lads, thim wimmin folkses cl'ared  
That table, to my thinkin',  
Quicker 'n a cat e'er wunk ; an' we  
Men folkses, in a twinklin',  
Had slid it back, an' h'isted thar  
Ole Joe, who sot to tink'rin'  
The banjer, 'n callin' " Han's all roun' !"  
Tell every mortil sinner,  
Young an' ole, po'ly 'n' hale,  
Ups 'n' dances down his dinner.  
Warn't partic'lar 'bout the step, lads,  
So 's yer kep' in banjer-time ;  
Go 's yer please — no Garman fangle,  
No silk tails yer feet ter tangle,  
Youth thim days wuz in its prime.  
Pass yer cups, lads,—drink it down :  
Nog is nog the cent'ry roun'.

But Christmus thim days, lads,—ay me!  
None sich now'days, 's I kin see.  
Wooden hosses, roaming candles,  
Dolls o' wax, an' stricked candy ;  
Some with stockin's fat with goodies,  
Yuthers none the'r legs to khiver,  
Fer the rich folks pow'ful handy,  
Fer the po' folks —

Waal, I niver  
Sot out, lads, to preach a sarmint —  
No philosopher I be,  
Only, *es* I wuz remarkin',  
*Christmus thim times* suited me.

*Orelia Key Bell.*



CONDUCTED BY LAURA LATHROP.

### CHRISTMAS SEASON. — GIFTS.

**A** MERRY, merry Christmas greeting to our friends of the HOME MAGAZINE on this day which never wearies, ne'er grows old. Happy, happy Christmas, that can transport the absent one thousands of miles, in imagination, to his own fireside; that can win even the wayworn and the aged back to the delusions of early childhood.

In all nations the day is kept, Christmas gifts exchanged, and Christmas carols sung. Music seems doubly appropriate at this season, while the interchange of gifts adds greatly to its joyousness. While there are gifts and gifts, what to give is oftentimes a vexing question. While it is not our province to even make mention of the beautiful articles elsewhere suggested, we may be pardoned for offering a few suggestions *apropos* to the occasion. Let the aged be first remembered. While to them gifts of comforts are always acceptable, let them be inwrought as much as may be with somewhat of the beautiful. In giving to our children, let our gifts be gifts indeed. Not articles of necessity, articles of wearing apparel, etc., which, we know, and the child knows as well, must be forthcoming whether the year holds Christmas or no. Let us mark the day with something beautiful or especially desirable in the eyes of the child; something wished, and longed, and hoped for, and not allow our too close ideas of economy to delude us into the vain endeavor to deceive the child.

To the needy give such comforts as you can spare; add a little store of dainties to mark the day; provide some little toy for each child; something on which the hungry heart and eye may feast, and which will be a bright spot in the memory for all time to come. To your friends your own handiwork will always be acceptable as something inwrought with your very self. If among those friends you number one with dainty tastes and a love for beautiful surroundings, which

her limited means will not allow her to gratify, do not send a reminder of her condition by always giving something "useful," as if in accordance with her position. Present some pretty decoration for her home; some dainty work of art to brighten the walls of her modest parlor; or, if you feel that it must be useful, add, to its usefulness, decoration. And how easily this may be accomplished. While some of our periodicals are really teachers of art and useful knowledge, at prices to suit the purse of every one, while home is the school, and this benign instructor comes regularly, not for an hour, or two, or three, but to remain with us to answer whenever consulted, to instruct clearly, concisely, and thoroughly, what wonderful things may our loving hands not fashion; what beautiful things may we not give.

---

#### Christmas Entertainment.

THE general spirit of gaiety and good-will, induced by pleasant anticipation, render the provision of a liberal repast for dinner on this day a necessity.

Cheerfulness not only promotes an appreciative appetite, but is a wonderful aid to digestion, as well; and one partakes, with impunity, of viands which this spirit alone can sanction. That the Christmas feast may be eminently a success, let everything be in keeping with the day. Bedeck your rooms with evergreens; wreath the holly and hang the mistletoe; bring out the choicest ware your house affords with which to grace your table; brighten it with your gayest flowers; serve your best dishes, and, no matter how elaborate or how simple your bill of fare may be, let it contain the essential dainties, as turkey, cranberry sauce, plum pudding and mince pie. Let the good wife provide as her help, her health and her purse will allow, remembering that much is due to the manner

of serving. A tasteful garnish renders the plainest dish inviting, while those intended to be hot will be doubly palatable if brought fairly smoking to the table. The Christmas breakfast involves little labor, being light and simple. The supper, which is scarcely demanded, should be the same in nature.

CHRISTMAS DINNER.

*Raw Oysters.*      *Amber Soup.*

*Baked Salmon with Hollandaise Sauce.*

*Roast Turkey, Cranberry Sauce.*

*Mashed Potatoes.*      *Escalloped Cauliflower.*

*Celery.*      *Cheese.*

*Mince Pie.*

*Plum Pudding with Wine Sauce.*

*Fruit.*      *Nuts.*      *Raisins.*

*Coffee.*

**RAW OYSTERS.**—Serve as directed in November number, passing with them very thin slices of Graham bread, thinly buttered. It is understood that sliced lemon or lemon juice accompanies raw oysters.

**AMBER SOUP.**—Two quarts of soup will be sufficient for a dozen persons, as it may be served in little cups, as at luncheon, with a thin slice of lemon afloat in each—pretty tea cups will answer in the absence of others. To make this quantity, on the day before soup is needed, get four pounds of beef cut from the shank, have the bone broken in several pieces, and the meat cut into bits, add a slice of raw ham and two quarts of cold water. Allow the kettle to stand on the back part of the stove or range for an hour, then move forward and bring its contents slowly to the boiling point. Watch and skim carefully as long as a particle of scum rises. Now, let it simmer for at least six hours. Strain through a sieve and set where it will cool rapidly. The fat may be removed very easily next day, and about an hour before it is wanted place on the range and bring slowly to the boiling point, after having added a small onion, two or three cloves, a couple of stalks of celery, with a sprig of each, parsley, thyme, and sweet marjoran, two scant teaspoonfuls of salt, a dozen peppercorns, and the lightly beaten white of one egg. Bring slowly to the boiling point, keep so, without allowing

it to bubble, for half an hour, strain through a napkin and return to the kettle, when it will be ready to serve.

**BAKED SALMON.**—Clean thoroughly, wipe dry and stuff with the following dressing. For a salmon weighing about five pounds use a pint of oysters chopped very fine, add half a cupful of rolled cracker crumbs, a large tablespoonful of butter, a tablespoonful of lemon juice, a teaspoonful of salt, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper. Mix thoroughly, rub inside of fish with one tablespoonful of salt, pack the stuffing into the vent and fasten with skewers or by sewing with thread. Have a perforated tin sheet or rack, and place it in dripping pan, with its upper side well buttered. Lay the fish on this, dredge lightly with salt, pepper and flour. Pour a teacupful of boiling water into the pan and set in a hot oven. Bake slowly, basting often with butter and hot water in the proportion of two tablespoonfuls of butter to a pint of water, kept hot on back of stove. Dredge as at first after the first basting. The fish will cook in one hour.

**HOLLANDAISE SAUCE.**—Put half a teacupful of butter in a bowl which has been slightly warmed before using. Beat the butter to a cream; add the yolks of four raw eggs, one by one, beating thoroughly into the butter; add the juice of half a fine, large lemon, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a pinch of cayenne pepper. Beat with an egg-beater for five minutes. Place the bowl in a sauce-pan of boiling water, then add to the mixture one-half cup of boiling water, and beat until it is as thick as soft custard. It should be done and ready to serve in five minutes.

**ROAST TURKEY.**—Secure a young plump fowl of not more than eight or nine pounds, and be careful that it is very fat. Singe, wash, dry carefully, and rub inside and out with one tablespoonful of salt, having previously removed all the fat clinging to the inside. For the stuffing use a scant quart of stale bread crumbs moistened with a third of a cupful of melted butter, one egg, beaten slightly, to which must be added a quart of small oysters, measured while whole, and chopped rather fine, season with two level tablespoonfuls of salt, a third of a teaspoonful of pepper and a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Stuff both the breast and body with this dressing, sew up, and bind the limbs to the body

by tying with stout twine. Bind in at same time a slice of nice salt pork laid on the breast, this may be removed before the final dredging, and may be added to the giblets for another day's luxury. Place the turkey on a trivet or rack in the dripping pan, baste it, or rather rub it all over with melted butter, and dredge thoroughly with flour to which you have added one teaspoonful of salt and a third of a teaspoonful of pepper. Pour a teacupful of boiling water in the dripping pan and place it in a hot oven. Roast slowly, turning the pan that the turkey may be evenly browned on all sides. Baste with butter and water for first time, which will be in half an hour from time of beginning. Follow with a dredging of flour, salt and pepper, after this baste with the gravy formed in the pan, being careful to supply water as it boils away. In the last half hour, baste the breast with two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and dredge lightly with flour. This will give it a frothy appearance. When it is done, remove it to a hot platter, set in a hot place till served, turn a cupful of hot water into the pan containing the gravy, bring it to the boiling point, thicken with a tablespoonful of browned flour, season to taste, and if you wish it especially fine, add a teacupful of finely chopped mushrooms. Serve the gravy in a gravy boat.

**CRANBERRY SAUCE.**—This should be prepared on the day previous and be served quite cold. To one quart of cranberries add one teacupful of water, and cook in an earthen vessel for ten minutes after they begin to boil. Then add one and a half cups of granulated sugar and cook rapidly five minutes. Turn into a mould which has been dipped into cold water. It will form a beautiful jelly, which turn out into a suitable dish and garnish with thin slices of lemon.

**MASHED POTATOES.**—Prepare according to directions given in our November number.

**ESCALLOPED CAULIFLOWER.**—Boil a good-sized cauliflower in two quarts of water, to which is added a tablespoonful of salt. Boil for three-quarters of an hour, then drain well and break into small pieces. Put a layer of this into an earthen baking dish, moisten with a sauce made of one pint of milk, heated to the boiling point and thickened with a tablespoonful of flour mixed with two tablespoonfuls of butter, and season to taste with salt and pepper. Sprinkle with a tablespoonful

of grated cheese; add the remainder of the cauliflower in another layer; pour the rest of the cream sauce over it and sprinkle with a teacupful of bread crumbs to which you have added a tablespoonful of grated cheese. Cover the dish tight and bake for ten minutes in a quick oven. Uncover and let remain ten minutes longer to brown.

**CELERY AND CHEESE.**—Directions for serving given in a previous issue of this Magazine.

**MINCE PIES.**—To a heaping quart of finely chopped lean boiled beef, add three quarts of peeled and chopped apples, a pound of suet chopped fine, three pounds of seeded raisins, three pounds English currants carefully washed and picked over, a quarter of a pound of thinly-sliced citron, four pounds of sugar, a pint of molasses, four tablespoonfuls of ground cinnamon, one tablespoonful and a half of cloves, two grated nutmegs, one teaspoonful of ground pepper, four tablespoonfuls of salt and three quarts of cider. Mix the ingredients thoroughly with the hands, reserving the cider to be added last. Heat slowly to the boiling point, let simmer for an hour and a half, put into stone jars and set away in a cool, dry place. This will keep all winter.

**CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING.**—Mix thoroughly one pound of beef suet, chopped very fine, one pound of flour, one pound of sugar, one-fourth pound of grated stale bread, one pound each of English currants, well washed and dried, and stoned raisins, well floured; add a nutmeg, a tablespoonful of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of mace, the grated rind and juice of one lemon, a teaspoonful of salt, two teacupfuls of milk, and last, eight eggs beaten very light. Pour into well-buttered moulds or narrow baking tins and steam five hours. To make the sauce, beat a cupful of nice, sweet butter to a cream, then stir in gradually two teacupfuls of powdered sugar; add two tablespoonfuls of canned grape juice. Beat the mixture until it becomes a light froth, then set the bowl in a sauce pan of boiling water and beat briskly for a little more than a minute, pour into a hot sauce boat, grate a little nutmeg over the surface and send to the table hot. This pudding will keep for months and may be made several weeks before it is wanted. Steam for an hour and a quarter on the day when it is to be served.

**FRUITS, NUTS.**—A variety of fresh fruits, tastefully grouped and resting on sprays of some trailing plant, will form a handsome center piece for the table. The nuts should also be served in variety and previously cracked and mixed with the raisins.

**COFFEE.**—This is served very strong and usually without cream or sugar, unless desired.

---

### Economy at Christmas Time.

It is poor economy on the part of the housekeeper of limited means to deny her husband and little ones, in the absence of invited guests, the customary feast on this day, on the plea of extravagance. When she remembers that the turkey will furnish the basis of at least three good meals, it will be no more expensive than plain meat. Choose a young, plump bird of about six pounds in weight. The oysters may be omitted in the dressing; and, if she has made a good selection, the fat finely minced with the requisite amount of salt, pepper and sage will season the stuffing deliciously. The turkey remaining may be stripped from the frame and dressed with a nice gravy, for the next day, in addition to the left-over stuffing, which may be warmed over by steaming; this will furnish an excellent dinner. The giblets and pork, reserved from the first day, minced and added to two or three sliced raw potatoes and stewed together in a nice gravy, will furnish material for an excellent meat pie for second day; any bits of cold meat may be added. The bones of the turkey, with a slice of pork to

enhance the flavor, will furnish ample material for an excellent soup for a small family. The mince pie may be made in limited quantity, and with the addition of raisins will be excellent without either currants or citron, if well seasoned. Canned grape juice or the juice of stewed prunes may take the place of cider. A delicious plum pudding which has the additional merit of being more digestible than richer compounds, is made as follows:

**PLAIN PLUM PUDDING.**—To one cup of plain beef suet, chopped fine, add one cup of sweet milk, three-fourths cup of sugar, one cup of stoned raisins, well floured, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two *heaping* teaspoonfuls of best baking powder; mix and sift the baking powder with the flour, of which there should be as much as can be stirred into the mixture with a stout wooden or iron spoon; put into an oblong bread tin (narrow and deep), smooth surface, with spoon dipped in cold water, place in steamer and steam steadily for one and a half hours. Serve with sauce.

**PUDDING SAUCE.**—To two cups of boiling water add one cup of granulated sugar, butter the size of an egg, a pinch of salt, one-third of a nutmeg, grated, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice (or, if more convenient, the same amount of good vinegar). When it begins to boil, stir in one heaping tablespoonful of corn starch, or, if you prefer, two tablespoonfuls of flour, moistened and stirred smooth in a little cold water. Let boil up, then remove to back of range to simmer very gently for half an hour. Serve hot.

---

### USEFUL HINTS.

#### SHORTBREAD.

Put one pound and a quarter of butter in a pan, and then add one pound of loaf sugar dust; mix them well together, and then add four eggs; mix well in as before, then add two pounds of flour, then roll the dough out, and cut them to the size you want them; put a piece of peel on the top.

#### MADEIRA CAKES.

Put one pound of eggs in a pan, and add one pound of loaf sugar dust; beat all together with a whisk till it gets a little thick, then add one pound of flour; mix it in lightly with your hand; add one or two drops of essence of lemon; put white paper round, and bottom of the tins or hoops, then lay one

or two pieces of peel and a few currants at the bottom.

#### TEA MILK SCONES.

Take two pounds of flour, add five ounces of butter; rub it in as small as possible, then add half ounce of carbonate of soda and quarter of an ounce of tartaric acid; rub them well in the flour, then quarter of a pound of loaf sugar dust, and quarter of a pound of currants; rub them in as before, add about half a pint of milk; then mix it, roll the dough out and fold it over two or three times, and then cut them to the size you want them.

#### JUBILEE POUND CAKE.

Take two pounds and a quarter of flour, then add half a pound of butter; rub it in the

flour very fine, add also one ounce of carbonate of soda and half an ounce of tartaric acid; rub them in the flour as fine as possible, then add one pound of sugar and two pounds of currants, and rub them in the flour as before, and two ounces of mixed peel; then add a pint and a half of milk and eight eggs, two or three drops of essence of lemon; mix them.

#### LARDED TEA CAKES.

Take one pound of flour, six ounces of lard; rub it well in the flour, then add two ounces of loaf sugar dust; mix it in as before, then half a pint of milk; make it into a dough, then roll it out and fold it three or four times, and cut them to the size you would like them.



## CHRISTMAS CARDS:

Their Origin and  
Manufacture.

BY LILLY BINGEN.

possible to make a comprehensive survey of Mr. King's volumes, for as we went through one of the first books, passing steadily from page to page, he computed that it would take us just six weeks, devoting ten hours a day, and continuing at the rate we were then working, to get from the beginning to the end of the collection; so I decided to content myself with inspecting the first cards in existence, and then, betaking myself to one of the largest houses now engaged in publishing Christmas cards, to learn from them up-to-date methods and business.

Just before the Christmas card was modestly ushered into the world, the greetings of the season were written to dear and distant friends on old-world notepaper with pinked-out edges—the kind which is now in favour with sentimental servant-girls—and, to render the kind wishes appropriate, a little robin was printed at the top of the paper, surrounded by a wreath of holly and a suitable word of greeting.

It may be surmised that the inventor of the Christmas card in England, Sir Henry Cole (then Mr. Cole), found that he had too many letters to write at the festive season, for in 1846 he suggested that Mr. J. C. Horsley, R.A., should design a card, with appropriate greeting, which should be sent round to all his circle, and, as the illustration shows, the primary idea was to make the memento of the season significant of Christmas jollification.

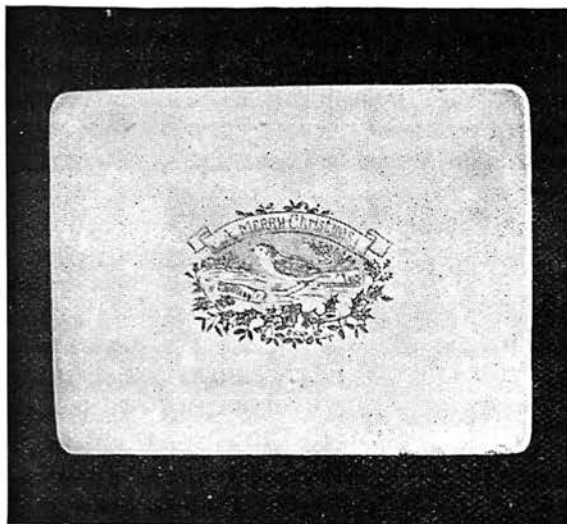
Rather more than a year earlier a similar idea, but not so felicitously executed, had been carried out by a Scotch engraver. His card showed a laughing figurehead set round with the words, "A guid New Year, an' mony o' them." Though the introduction of the Christmas card thus dates back half a century, the fashion of sending out these pretty greetings did not take a firm hold on the public till about twenty-five years ago. Occasional designs were



**I**MAGINE a thousand bulky volumes of Christmas cards, musty and dusty albums, catalogues and sample-books, ranged on long shelves and blocking up passages and offices. This was the sight that met my gaze when I made my way to the house of Mr. Jonathan King, whose unique collection ranges from the first Christmas cards printed in the kingdom to the artistic productions of 1897.

What I specially wanted to see were those early efforts of some fifty years ago, which indirectly led to the present enormous trade in cards. At the same time it was im-

published—such as those of a Frenchman, Thierry, who introduced in London the French gelatine cards—and now and again



THE PREDECESSOR OF THE CHRISTMAS CARD.

a set of little cards, with fluted gilt edges, a robin redbreast in the snow, a Christmas gathering, or a selection of seasonable viands by way of a *sujet*, found its way into the market, the obvious idea in these early examples being to make the Christmas card allusive rather than artistic; the exquisite floral design—the summer idyl and the quaint conceit which finds favour at the present time—would certainly have been deemed inappropriate in those days.



THE CHRISTMAS CARD DESIGNED IN 1846 BY J. C. HORSLEY, R.A., FOR MR. (AFTERWARDS SIR HENRY) COLE.

Gradually the Christmas card grew to be a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. As I turned over the leaves of Mr. King's books

I saw that Mr. Stacy Marks, Mr. Walter Crane, Miss Kate Greenaway, and other well-known artists, supplied notable designs; scriptural and illuminated cards, then figures and flowers, landscapes and pretty scenes, came to be recognised as suitable for presentment on the card of greeting, and it was obvious that the Christmas card had come to stay.

Reluctantly turning my back on the quaint and instructive specimens in Mr. King's early volumes, I made my way to the house of Messrs. Birn Brothers, and from their manager, Mr. Elsner, I learnt something of the astonishing dimensions to which the trade has grown, and was able to watch the evolutions of a Christmas card from the sheet of board, not yet divided into sections, to the elegant little souvenir of the season.



ONE OF THE EARLIEST NEW YEAR CARDS.

Here, at any rate, the oft-repeated cry, "Business is not what it was," is not heard, and there was satisfaction in talking with a manager so optimistic as Mr. Elsner. "Many people say that the fashion of sending out cards has had its day, and that the output is not as large as formerly," I said. "Is this your experience?"

"Emphatically not," was the answer. "I do say it was easier to make a fortune ten years ago, because the competition was less keen and cards sold more easily. Now, every year the designs have to excel those that have gone before, but always the demand is for larger quantities. In 1896 we sold eighteen and a half million cards, roughly speaking—that is to say, 120,000 gross, and each gross is reckoned at a hundred and fifty-six, the "baker's dozen" of thirteen being

allowed by the Christmas card publisher. This year we had sold a similar number by the first days of September, with nearly four months of busy trade ahead of us."

It is astonishing to realise how many stages even a humble halfpenny card must pass through before it is on the market. Naturally the first thing is to procure a suitable design. It is interesting to note that each year sees the introduction of absolutely new designs, none of the old ones being used again. The design is a most costly item; the same price is paid for it,

in the trade, can make a steady income of from £500 to £900 per annum. This sounds a large figure, but I saw a file of receipts, and in one small drawer I viewed a collection of black-and-white and coloured designs for which the firm had paid over £3,000.

Somewhat curiously, the majority of designers are women artists, and of course there are a great many who wield the brush and are desirous of gaining the tempting incomes which fall to the successful worker. From time to time the manager is bombarded by irrepressible ladies who cannot be

persuaded that their work does not possess the requisite attributes. On one occasion an amateur presented as her own design a hand-painted card which was promptly recognised as actually emerging from their own studio. Another lady, who displayed a portfolio of highly unsatisfactory daubs, was politely informed that the work was not in the firm's style. "I've taken these to every publisher in London," she remarked ingenuously, "and the same thing has been said each time. Will you kindly explain what is your style?" She was answered, "The most finished work that can be bought for love or money." "Why, that is an exact description of my designs," was her retort; and on the manager uttering a mild dissent, she gathered up her sketches wrathfully, and withdrew with the statement that he was no judge of real works of art!



PAINTING AND DESIGNING CHRISTMAS CARDS.

whether it is to figure on an expensive or a cheap card, but the greater sale of the modestly-priced card enables the publisher to strike a balance. Though many well-known artists devote considerable time to the work of designing, it is more often than not that the publisher suggests the subject, its treatment and colouring, his practical knowledge being of paramount value.

An ordinary design fetches about three guineas; if it is particularly good or original the price goes up from four to six guineas, and a clever designer, whose work is known

Maguire—Miss Helena Maguire devoting herself to children and animals, Miss Bertha Maguire to floral devices; Mr. H. Rylands and Miss Jackson, for classic heads and figures; Mrs. Pauline Sunter, for Japanese subjects and children; Miss Harriet M. Bennett (perhaps the most popular of all), for figures; Mr. G. Nokes, landscapes with floral combinations; and Mr. C. Goodwin Kilburne, for sporting subjects. Those who frequent the picture galleries will be familiar with the work of many of these artists. About six hundred sets of designs, equivalent



to thirteen or fourteen hundred actual designs, are bought annually by a firm, good work being accepted at all seasons, though there is very little that can be taken from an amateur or outsider who lacks the practical skill to work out his ideas.

Comic cards from the novice are sometimes capable of reproduction, or an idea in the rough is occasionally bought, the design worked up in the studio and set to rhymes by the tame punster and poet.

A pathetic interest attaches to one set of comics. They were brought to the firm by one of the regular workers, but, as he had already supplied more than his average number, there was an inclination to refuse them; also they were not quite up to the mark. "Look here," said the poor fellow who offered them, "my wife is dying in the hospital, and the authorities have given her up; she can't live over to-morrow, and I must make the money for the funeral expenses which will arise." "If you can bring me anything which I *can* accept, I will take it," was the reply. The man went home, and in his dire need painted six comic designs, which were bought by the firm, and sold capitably when reproduced, and the money, as he had foretold, paid for the interment of his wife.

Once a design is accepted, the next thing is to decide whether it shall be brought out as a cheap or expensive card. This being settled, it is sent to the printing works for an estimate, the information being added what quality cardboard is to be used, which lithographer is to carry out the work, and what the extent of the edition will be. The cost being then agreed upon, the design is given to a lithographer, who makes a dissection of the colours—that is to say, he finds out how many colours are used and how many will be required to reproduce the same. A clever lithographer can often save a colour by printing one on top of the other, thus, a blue over yellow gives green; it may be necessary to have greens of other shades, but this serves for a contrast, and spares one tone, at any rate.

Having settled the colour-scale, he draws an outline of the design and from it works on separate stones each colour. The general scale for Christmas cards comprises the following tints: yellow, pale, medium and dark blue, pale violet, pink, rose pink and light lake, grey and grey-brown. With this combination most designs can be reproduced, and it is always advantageous to get the lithographer to confine himself to one scale,

as the publisher, wishing to make the edition as large as possible, naturally wants as many different Christmas cards as feasible placed on the one big stone.

As each colour is worked on the stone it is sent to the "proving" department, where a proof is pulled from the stone on a hand-press and is afterwards given to the lithographic artist who is reproducing the design. He can then judge whether any alteration of the stone is necessary. In the case of a design lithographed in twelve colours, the same piece of card must be printed twelve times. It is absolutely necessary to go through a laborious and complicated process, which is all hand-work, in order to prove that the lithography of each design is working out satisfactorily. These "proof" stones are used for the taking of the transfers required for the making up of the big stones. The sheets are printed on immense machines capable of making from 3,000 to 3,500 runs a day, the dimensions of the sheets being 40 by 57 inches.

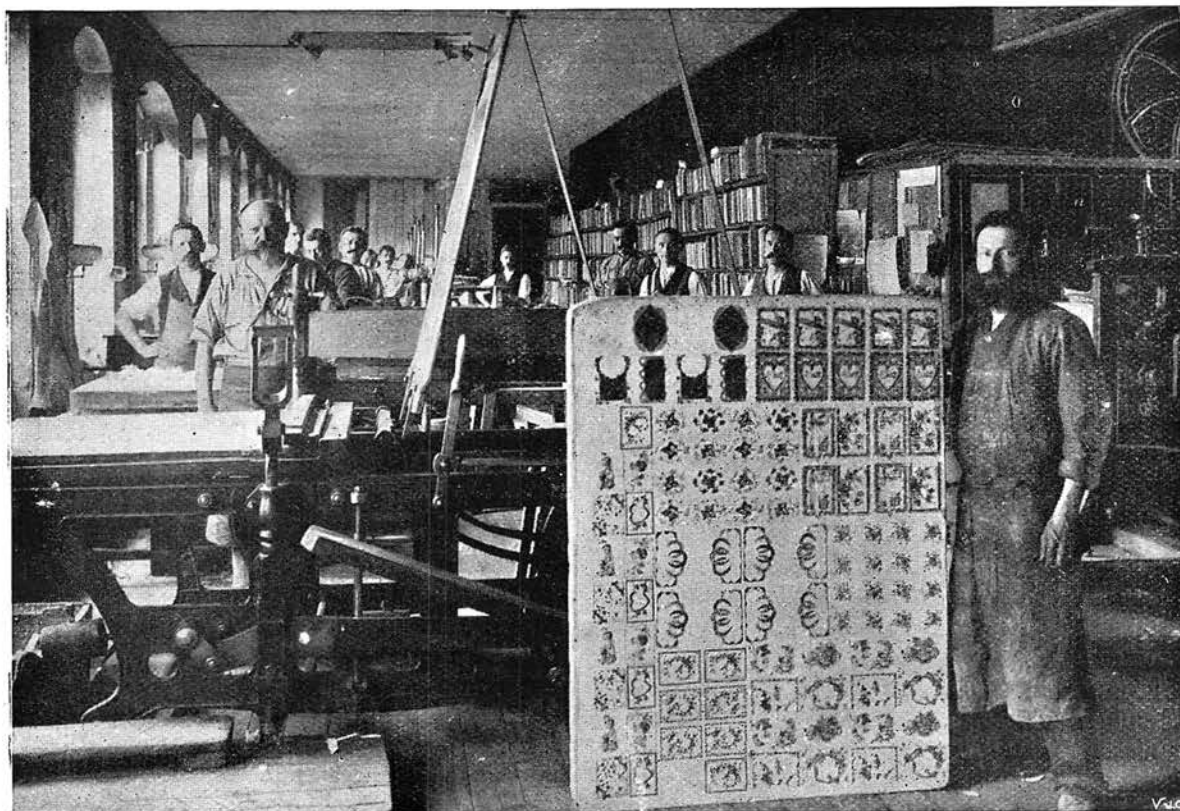
These sheets are fed into the machine by a woman, and another takes it out the other side, about every second sheet being examined by the machine-minder to see that the exact colour and register are kept. When the edition is completed the slowest part commences, known as the "finishing."

The cards are cut up by machinery into squares and sent to receive small pin holes, where special indications have already been printed. This is in readiness for the "embossing," which consists of forcing the cardboard upwards by the use of a steel die and matrix, various presses being used, from the homely gold-blocking press to the magnificent double-feeding mammoth embossing presses of Karl Krause. After the card is embossed the matrix is removed and very hard cardboard laid over the card. It is next placed under the press, when the sharp edge which is left on the embossing plate cuts the card into the requisite shape. Then, unless it has to be jewelled, it is finished and sent to the packing and sorting rooms and banded into dozens. Each so-called dozen is usually made up of ten cards containing Christmas mottoes, and three with New Year greetings, which gives an idea of the relative popularity of Christmas and New Year cards. It is interesting to note that no quotation on a card finds better favour than "There's gladness in remembrance," whilst the popularity of this couplet—

Prithee receive this unpretentious card;  
Prithee believe it carries my regard—

has yet to be surpassed. Amongst floral designs, the pansy, for friendship, and the sentimental forget-me-not have always found the largest sale; children prefer cats by way of design, and among the masses two hands clasping, a heart, or a horseshoe, is the most fashionable card, whilst the superstitious

Grove, and such like localities. Another comic that commanded popularity also arose from a saying of the moment. "May this Christmas take the biscuit" was printed beside a biscuit packed in a box and sold largely in the year when the favourite slang expression was, "You take the cake," or



A LITHOGRAPHER'S STONE, SHOWING PROPORTIONATE SIZE OF MAN AND STONE.  
(On the surface of this stone are the designs of various Christmas cards.)

person likes to choose an emblem of good luck, such as the four-leaved shamrock or the horseshoe.

Looking at the children's cards, I saw a quaint collapsible chicken-house, the poultry behind a net caging. The history of this design was rather curious. A lady's veil was dropped on the floor of the office one day, and on picking it up it occurred to the manager that it would make a good piece of netting, and then he thought of putting the feathered tribe behind it. The card caught on very well, and during its manufacture there were enough veils used to stock quite a number of the fair sex.

A very popular comic card was a wedding ring tied with a white ribbon bow, and the catchword, "Now we shan't be long," heading an appropriate verse. This was obviously a lady's card, as it had such a huge sale in the shops of drapers at Kensington, Westbourne

"Annex the abernethy." Comics of course must be topical to sell well. Messrs. Birn Brothers commenced with only eight numbers of these humorous cards, of which they sold three-quarters of a million, and to-day they have eighty numbers, and find employment all round the year for one hundred and sixty hands to make up "comics."

During my visit I traversed every department—there are five in the basement alone. Of these the largest is the cutting, blocking, and embossing room; there, amongst other machinery, was a rotary cutting machine, where one man can cut to size quite easily half a million cards per diem. Before blocking, the cards are powdered, first with French chalk and afterwards with a special material which, under heat, has a certain adhesive power. Next they are blocked with aluminium leaf, or gold, and after these machine processes, they are cleaned over by girl hands

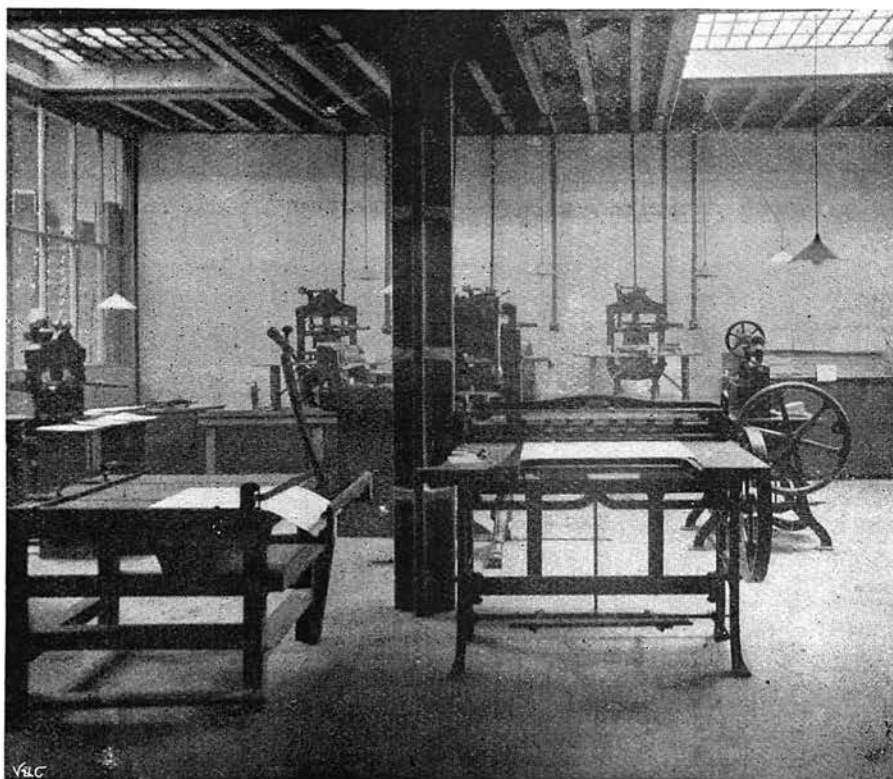
and then embossed and scored for folding. The folding is now a big feature, as flat designs are quite out of fashion, and every card has one or more folds. After this they are taken to a card-cutting machine and cut in fancy shapes: this being a list of the processes carried on in these departments. Many firms, however, have all this machine work done outside for them. I inspected the store-room for boards, which are nearly all of English make, English cardboard and paper being recognised as superior in quality.

Passing on the ground floor through the card-room, counting-house, checking department, private offices and show-room, I halted in the card-room to see a number of girls deftly manufacturing "comics," securing toys and tiny models of every sort in fancy boxes. There were piles of bells, diminutive hammers, imitation cigars, etc., stored around them, which they fastened in place with great celerity. Others were picking out orders and parceling. A third batch of girls were jewelling—sprinkling silver on the cards (that being almost the only form of jewelling now in vogue)—and getting the cards ready for the hand-painted department.

The studio is occupied by a permanent staff of young ladies whose work is to execute hand-painted cards, remodel and produce designs. A certain number of young artists who have already worked in this studio do some work for the firm at home, but no outsiders are entrusted with commissions, as the work must be the same all through. The earnings here average from ten shillings to three guineas a week, and every artist has the chance of making extra by overtime in the busy season. The hours are from 9.30 till 6, and no artist is expected to give more than two months' time before commencing to earn. This work appeals to so many that

there are constant applications for a post in the studio, and a permanent list is kept of ladies waiting to enter when there shall be a vacancy. Speed of course is necessary in painting the cards, and an average worker accomplishes eight dozen cards a day, or four gross a week. It will be imagined therefore that a lady who recently applied and offered to produce *six* hand-painted cards weekly was not added to the staff!

In the studio I had a glimpse of designs already settled for 1898, and learnt with satisfaction that in a collection of 650 cards not one was designed out of the mother country, whilst, in spite of the many processes



From a photo by]

BLOCKING AND EMBOSsing ROOM.

[W. H. Bunnett.

a large proportion is executed from start to finish on the premises.

Upstairs, in the black-and-white room, some forty girls were mounting cards and tying bows to the folding cards. It may be noted that the hands use about a hundred pieces of ribbon, amounting to 3,600 yards a day, making with it fifty-two thousand bows on an average. This is chiefly in connection with the black-and-white and private Christmas card trade, the latter being a branch of the industry dating back about seven years, and very much in favour at the present time.

Whilst the general sample-books of Christmas cards are taken round by the travellers

in the beginning of May, when orders are booked, the private card book is only issued in the beginning of September, and business is done in this line right up till Christmas. The great novelty produced by this firm in 1897 is the personal photograph card, which has for design the portrait of the sender, or his wife or children, as choice may dictate. Marvellous to relate, an order for any number of these cards, with private photograph, address and greeting, is executed and delivered within twelve hours, a fact which was

being preferred to quantity, and the firm has an idea in course of manufacture for 1898 which will surpass all previous attempts in combining minimum size with maximum value.

I was curious to know what was considered a record sale for any one card, and learnt that last year the biggest hit was made by a small design in imitation of platinotype, but lithographed. Of this one number three-quarters of a million were sold, and naturally the idea was extensively used this year by other firms. Some other curious facts I gleaned from the manager, namely, that they spend quite £2,000 a year on the manufacture of boxes for the cards, and consume tons and tons of cardboard. Exclusive of the usual cards of greeting, they issued in the private card book this year a hundred and thirty-five new designs, and as the demand for monogram work last season was almost too heavy to be met, this year they have inaugurated a department exclusively for that work. The thousands of tiny photographs which I saw being mounted on the cards are all produced by the most expensive platinotype process, which gives the requisite delicacy, and this work for the black-and-white series is, again, all English.

An idea of the dimensions of the private card trade can be gleaned from the number of sample-books issued by this one firm alone—fifteen hundred—the which, actually costing them twenty-three shillings, they

are content to sell to their customers for five shillings, so valuable a part do the sample books play in bringing in orders.

It is interesting to note that many charitable organisations apply to the firm for Christmas cards, and the sample books, as well as many huge packets of big and little, funny and sentimental cards, find their way into hospital wards and other benevolent institutions, to gladden the eyes of those who might not otherwise be the recipients of the popular Christmas card.



GIRLS MANUFACTURING CHRISTMAS CARDS.

actually demonstrated to me, on my expressing scepticism.

The middle and upper classes, who send out a mass of cards, usually include the private greeting card in their order. One professional gentleman has a standing order for eleven hundred private cards, which must enable him to greet an extensive circle; a second client generally requires nine hundred, but from fifty to one hundred is the average order for an exclusive design. The present taste is for small-sized cards, quality

# Christmas in Old Germany.

BY CONSTANCE HILL.



HOW cold and dark the night was! It seemed as if our tardy train would never reach its destination. The engine had broken down on the way, and we had been delayed for more than an hour. Darkness had set in early this 22nd December, and for long past the only objects to be distinguished from our carriage windows were the few glimmering lights which marked some cottage or lonely farmhouse. But at last the lights begin to increase in number.

Surely we must be approaching a town. "Can this be Nuremberg?" we ask a fellow traveller. She answers, "Yes," and in another minute we are almost blinded by the glaring lights of a station, and are climbing down from our high carriage on to the platform to be welcomed by kind friends. A drive through streets full of wonderful mysteries to be revealed by daylight, lands us at our inn, and, whilst we enjoy our cozy supper and happy talk, we hear the solemn tones of the curfew bell resounding from the towers of the Lutheran Cathedral hard

by. It is not a dream, we are really in Old Germany, and Christmas is before us!

The light of morning shows us that we are in a narrow street, whose houses have high pitched roofs of dark red tiles, in which are rows of small dormer windows mounting one above another. Pigeons strut upon the roofs or hover round the great chimney stacks, and far below the heavy country carts rumble slowly along.

It is a clear frosty morning, with bright

sunshine. We are soon taking our first stroll in the grand old town. We turn into the open Platz by the St. Lorenz Kirche, where an unexpected sight awaits us. A grove of fir trees rises beneath the solemn grey walls of the Cathedral, a forest brought into the heart of the city; but, unlike the Birnam wood that came to Dunsinane, this is a sign of "peace and good will" to all; for these are Christmas trees, and each tree, in its turn, will soon be the centre of happy home gatherings. They are being sold by peasants who have cut them on the wooded hill-sides, and who are now finding eager purchasers from all classes of the community, for to the

simple German, Christmas would be no Christmas if he had not his angel-decked tree for its symbol. All is bustle and movement, and merry voices ring through the keen air. The shadow of the great Cathedral falls across this busy scene; but beyond the shadow there is sunshine on the green tree-tops, and again there is sunshine far above our heads on the lofty spires of the Minster.

The scene is typical; for the shadow of mediæval gloom and oppression seems ever to interlace itself with the cheerful modern life of the town.

The grim stronghold has become a centre of thriving and peaceful industry; but the heavy iron gratings that protect the lower windows of the old houses speak of warlike times and suggest sudden alarms. The past is always near to us in Nuremberg, and in some points is even unchanged. The strange long waggons with open-railed sides that go lumbering by are the same that Albrecht Dürer looked upon, and the horses are the horses of his pictures. They have the same

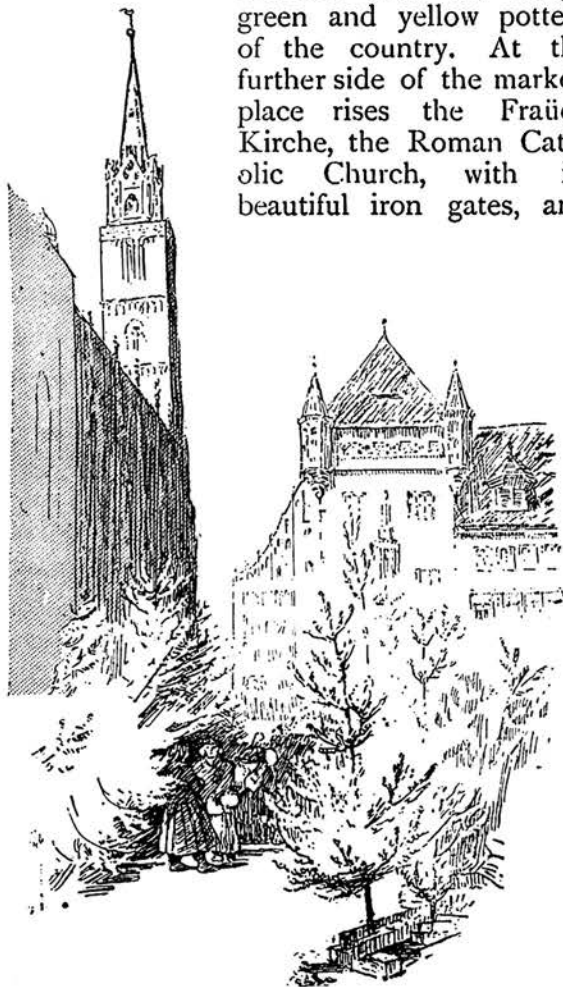


THE BIRDS CHRISTMAS TREE.  
A common sight in Germany.

strong bodies, small heads, and long silky manes and tails, and their harness with the high-peaked collars and shining brass ornaments is the harness of his day. The dray-horses, too, still wear the heavy brass muzzles of mediæval times.

As we leave the open Platz we notice a milk-cart harnessed to a man and a dog. It seems an odd combination, but one which is common here. We cross the river by the "Fleisch brücke," a single-arched bridge, and linger upon its summit to look at the quaint houses with their projecting wooden balconies that flank the little Pegnitz, where bridge beyond bridge appears and many a tower overtops the red roofs. As we descend from the bridge, the great market-place opens before us. In the centre appears a whole village of booths and stalls for the Christmas fair. The place swarms with country people, and a great hum of voices rises up from the crowd. The stalls are gay with colour. Here are piles of oranges and apples, and there red cabbages are conspicuous amid their green surroundings.

There again, the ground is covered with the rough green and yellow pottery of the country. At the further side of the market-place rises the Fraüen Kirche, the Roman Catholic Church, with its beautiful iron gates, and



GROVE OF FIR TREES BENEATH THE SOLEMN GREY WALLS.



CONSIDERING HOW BEST TO LAY OUT THE COPPER COINS CLASPED IN THEIR SMALL FISTS.

opposite to it the "Schöne Brunnen" lifts its delicate pinnacle, a

"Fountain wrought with richest sculpture,  
Standing in the common mart."

Carts are being loaded or unloaded, and whilst the work proceeds the horses eat their corn out of large wooden troughs slung from the end of the cart pole. Here is a country waggon which has been emptied of its burden and is now being loaded with the cheap toys of Nuremberg. Many of the women have large baskets strapped to their backs. One passes us with her basket full of red and blue paper flowers, and she is carrying toy carts and drums in her hands. Presently a long-bodied yellow and black vehicle emerges from the dark shadow of a side street. It is the post waggon, laden with its Christmas burden. The driver, in his glazed hat, sits aloft, with a sort of coupée behind him for passengers.

Evening finds us again in the market-place. How changed is the scene! The short winter's day is over and darkness hangs overhead, but the stalls are ablaze with lights. We work our way slowly amid a moving throng, down the narrow avenues of booths, whose counters are gay with every colour

imaginable, and gorgeous in sparkling tinsel. Here the gilt angels for the Christmas trees rise tier above tier "in shining row." They are made by the peasants upon a time-honoured pattern. The original Dutch wooden doll is provided with golden wings and glittering garments, all made of the paper of old school copy-books, duly gilt and embellished. There are piles of sugar plums, red, yellow, green and blue, and cakes ornamented with sugar-flowers. Here again is a toy stall brave with trumpets and drums and tin soldiers. That little boy and girl who are standing before the counter considering how best to lay out the copper coins clasped in their small fists, look as if they were attired in the clothes of their grand-parents. The boy wears a fustian suit like a farmer's, and the girl, a close-fitting white cap and a dark full skirt which falls to her ankles. There is a purchaser of a different kind: a sedate middle-aged man is choosing a long tinsel garland, which he holds in his hands and contemplates with as much gravity as if its purchase were an affair of state. When we return to the same spot a quarter of an hour later the matter is still under consideration. The fair, with its blazing lights, its busy traffic and its moving crowd, comes to a sudden end on Christmas Eve. When the great bell of the cathedral tolls the hour of six, its lights are put out, the booths are closed, the crowd disperses and silence reigns in the market-place. The festival of Christmas has begun.

Now is the time for family gatherings to commence. The trees have been decked as only Germans can deck them, and in every house of both rich and poor their tiny candles

are shedding forth rays of light and joy. The trees will not be dismantled and discarded after one illumination as in England, but will be relit for further happy gatherings, which will continue till the feast of Epiphany arrives. "We are going to light up on such an evening" is the message sent from house to house, to call friends together.



THE CHILDREN ARE THE FIRST TO RECEIVE THEIR GIFTS.

Though strangers in the land we are now to have our experience of its Christmas merry-makings. The first of these is given on Christmas Eve by the master and mistress of our hotel, the excellent Herr and Frau S., who have been long known and respected by the friends with whom we are staying. We are invited to join their family party at eight o'clock, and are soon introduced to three generations of relatives, from old "Onkle

Alphonse," the head of the family and the general favourite, to the little three-year-old Hermann, the only son of the house. We receive low bows worthy of a Sir Charles Grandison, and endeavour to return them by the stately curtsey which is indispensable in all German society. From the parlour we are conducted to the "Weihnacht Stube," where a huge Christmas tree reaching up to the ceiling is sparkling with lights and glittering ornaments, and where presents of all sorts are arranged upon tables round the room. The children are the first to receive their gifts, and soon little Hermann is driving triumphantly through the crowd of visitors in his new cart; the magnificent prancing steed which draws him being assisted in his progress by the two little sisters pushing vigorously behind. Then grand-parents, aunts, uncles, cousins, and friends are all heard exclaiming over their presents with many an "Ach, Himmel, wie schön!" The English ladies are not forgotten. We receive large packets of the curious Nuremberg cakes.

Whilst we are examining these the door opens and the servants of the establishment file in, forming a procession, thirty-six strong, of waiters, porters, chambermaids, and white-coated cooks, who all receive gifts, accompanied by kindly greetings from their master and mistress.

Now the scene changes to the great dining-hall, where supper is laid and where the long table is adorned with miniature Christmas trees. "Onkle Alphonse" takes the head of the table, and one of our party is placed next to him. We produce the best German we can and endeavour to make ourselves agreeable. A younger brother of our host speaks English fairly well, but his efforts receive many a satirical criticism from a wit on the other side of the table. The critic, it must be observed, does not venture to speak a word of

English himself. Suddenly there is an exclamation of "Ach, der Vetter!" and a young student, with fair hair and spectacles on nose, appears in our midst. He has just arrived from the north of Germany, having made all haste to reach Nuremberg in time for the family gathering. He is welcomed with joy by all. Fun and laughter continue through the whole meal, but the climax of merriment is reached when the waiters bear in a snow man with a hat on his head and a pipe in his mouth, which turns out to be an ice pudding.

There is one person who has had no merriment this Christmas Eve. This is "our tailor," as we call him. We have often watched him and his family through the two small square windows of their single room, just beneath the eaves of a steep tiled roof opposite our bedroom windows. There we have seen him seated on a table at work early and late. This Christmas Eve he is stitching away later than ever. But behold! when the grey dawn of Christmas Day breaks, one of our party happens to peep out of her window, and there at six in the morning is a

tiny Christmas tree shining bravely in the tailor's window, and father, mother and baby-boy are all enjoying their little festival, and have duly observed the German custom of lighting up the tree before the early church service on Christmas morning.

A little later the bells are clanging joyfully, and by nine o'clock people are flocking to church. We are soon entering the great Lorenz Kirche by the northern door. We pass round the western end and beneath the great rose-window. Here are the seats of the Meister-singers, and there is the very chair of black oak once occupied by Hans Sachs, "the cobbler poet laureate of the gentle craft." We take our seats on a bench midway up the nave and in front of the pulpit.



THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM STOOD UNDER A CANOPY BEFORE THE RABBI.



The building is vast and lofty and its general colouring is of sombre grey. But the grey is relieved by the rich colours of the old windows in the choir, through which the light is streaming.

Service begins. The minister, in his black gown, ascends the stairs of the pulpit. He pronounces a short prayer whilst we all stand, and then a grand chorale bursts forth from the whole congregation. How simple and child-like are the words, and how heart-stirring the music! There is one drawback, however, to our enjoyment of the service—the church is intensely cold. No attempt is made to warm it, and the great doors that open continually to admit the congregation have no inner vestibule or baize-covered passage as with us, but as they open, display the wintry sky and admit the wintry wind.

Festivities of all kinds mark the season of Christmas in Germany. It is a favourite time for weddings, Jewish as well as Christian. "There is to be a wedding from that house to-day," our friends often exclaim, and point out the tiny parterre of cut evergreens and flowers in front of a street door, which is prepared for the bride to walk upon. The edging of this floral carpet is always of box leaves, box being with the Germans a symbol of conjugal prosperity.

One day we found this pretty decoration before the door of our hotel, and learnt that a Jewish wedding was about to take place in its large assembly rooms. We were allowed to witness the ceremony, which took place between giant Christmas trees. The singing to Hebrew words of a hidden choir was very beautiful. The guests stood in two rows of males and females, as if preparing for a country dance. They wore evening dress, with the addition, in the case of the gentlemen, of their tall hats.

The bride and bridegroom stood under a canopy before the Rabbi, who ended his address with "Peace be to you in your family, peace be to you in your hearts, peace be to you in your home." The next day we witnessed a Lutheran wedding in the Cathedral. The minister concluded with the old Hebrew blessing, so that in both cases the last words were a prayer for peace and blessing.

Various social gatherings now follow night

after night, for which our spacious assembly rooms are a favourite resort. Our landlady invites us to view these festivities from an ante-chamber, which is raised above the level of the assembly rooms, and divided from them by a long counter, which serves as a bar or buttery-hatch. This place forms, in effect, an admirable private box for us sightseers.

The last entertainment we witness is given by the "Hunters' Club," which is largely composed of military men. In most cases the expense of hiring the rooms and of attendance was met by means of a small lottery or raffle. In the case of the "Hunters' Club" an amusing sale by auction of Christmas presents takes the place of the lottery, one of the officers acting auctioneer with great spirit. We hear peals of laughter from the gay crowd in front of the giant Christmas trees where he stands. Every article which he knocks down is carried to the possessor by three young ladies dressed in postilion fashion, with blue jackets, white waistcoats and skirts, shining black hats and top-boots, a silver horn at the side and a whip in the hand. When the dance begins, they crack their whips to mark time to the music with great effect!

So the Christmas week flits by and New Year's Eve arrives. It is a clear cold night, with the stars shining brightly overhead. There is an unusual bustle in our quiet street at this late hour. Windows are thrown open and heads are stretched out. There are the tailor and his wife at their window, like the rest, and we are stationed at ours. In the street below we see people running out of their houses and greeting one another. As twelve o'clock approaches there is a hushed silence for a few minutes, then comes the solemn striking of the hour, then the clanging of the deep-toned bells, and then one shout from all to all, "Prosit neu Jahr!" "Hail to the New Year!" "Happiness in the New Year!" And then bursts forth the strains of the old German hymn, "Now praise we all our God."

And so ends our Christmas in Old Germany—a Christmas full of kindly feelings and of "good will towards men," and one that we shall dwell on with pleasure for many a year to come.



A LADY DRESSED IN POSTILION FASHION.

## HOME DECORATIONS FOR CHRISTMAS.

**H**OW shall we decorate the house for Christmas? I think we might diverge somewhat from the old-fashioned ways, and introduce a few improvements, and add a little variety to these decorations. We might ornament our rooms in a more artistic style than is generally our wont.

True, we shall have to spend much more time on our work, but "a thing that is worth doing at all is worth doing well." The old custom is to deck walls and windows with sprigs of evergreens—sprigs and twigs which look uncommonly stiff and uncomfortable, and which spend their time in falling off the tops of picture-frames, and tumbling out of windows, and suddenly precipitating themselves from gaseliers. We will decorate in a more satisfactory way, if you please.

Now, I am going to suggest to you a good many plans for home decorations, but I shall not pretend to advise, or to declare which is the best mode, for that would be simply impossible. Much of the choice depends upon the style of your house—whether it is an old-fashioned structure or one of modern erection—and, again, whether your supply of evergreens is abundant or scanty. If you live in a town, it will seem a mockery to advise you to make wreaths by the dozen yards; and if your home stands in a garden well planted with shrubs, you will perhaps scoff at suggestions which will prove valuable to those who are not rich in the possession of evergreens.

I know that holly wreaths and mistletoe boughs are considered to be the orthodox, and perhaps the only legitimate, materials for use on this occasion, and I should certainly introduce green leaves into every decoration; but it may not be always practicable to confine ourselves exclusively to the use of anything in particular.

It will be best for me first to enumerate what you can make, and after that to offer some hints as to where and how you can place these various decorations. Perhaps

you will be offended if I ask whether you can manufacture a wreath. A simple work it appears to be—merely fastening evergreens on to a string. It is true that is all there is to do; but even for this simple task dexterous fingers are required to weave home decorations.

In a large building, clumsy workmanship is not discernible; and it is a matter of little or no consequence if here and there a piece of string does show itself, or if the garland is rather thick in one part and somewhat bare in another; but in our rooms these defects are eyesores. Wreaths should be made to look round, full, neat; and, moreover, they ought to be made firm enough to be handled and put into their places without fear of a catastrophe.

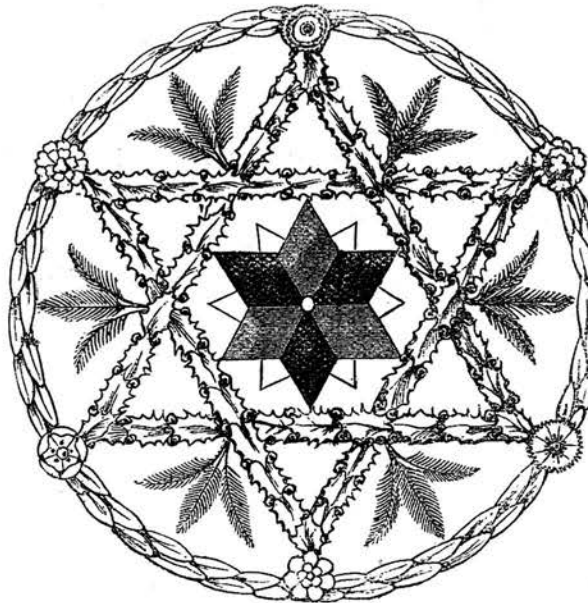
Take a long piece of thick string, or thin cord, and tie one end of it to the door-handle, or some object which

will hold it secure. Have some fine wire or thin string (I prefer the latter) at hand, and any number of small sprigs of evergreens. Place two or three

on the cord, and then twist the wire round the bare stems; then lay one or two over the fixture, and again twine the wire round. The work is more expeditiously done when the cord is stretched tightly over a space, and fastened at both ends; but then the wreath is apt to be flat underneath instead of being equally full all round. This does not so much matter if it is destined to adorn a flat surface—if it is to go round a doorway, or be in any position of that kind—but it is very detrimental to the appearance of festoons or garlands that hang detached. If you are

new to the work, you will be astonished to find what an immense number of pieces of holly and box are consumed by this style of decoration.

I would specially recommend you to wear gloves while engaged in this work, for there lurks poison in the holly, and if it finds an entrance into your veins, then I pity you, poor creature, for what you will suffer; too well I know what you will have to go through, for did I not myself endure much from neglecting to obey



this warning? The frost was severe; a small crack in the skin let in the enemy, and that most useful member of the hand, the thumb, did no service for the writer during a long six months.

And now the wreath is made; and though its leaves are bright and shining, yet its hues are sombre. It will look very well in the hall or staircase. The next can be more cheerful, as bunches of red berries can be put in, at short intervals; or, if the birds have run off with the berries, as sometimes they are greedy enough to do, then we can have recourse to the red and yellow everlasting flowers, which are sent over in such quantities from Germany, and are used extensively for this and such-like purposes.

Paperflowers give a bright and cheerful look, but for myself I do not like to see them introduced, except for some special evening entertainment. Seen by daylight, they are apt to give a tawdry look to the whole, but at night they are particularly ornamental.

In arranging these flowers in the wreaths, the placing of the different colours should be taken into consideration, not because of a possible disagreement, but because their powers of reflecting light are by no means uniform; thus, blue is lost in the distance before red, and yellow is seen at a distance at which red would disappear. Colours, however, do not decline in force so much by height as by horizontal distance; the reason of this being that the upper atmosphere is less dense and clouded with vapour.

We need not go any further into the science of colour; thus much is necessary, because the wreaths

will still look dull if white and yellow flowers are not frequently interspersed with others of less reflective power.

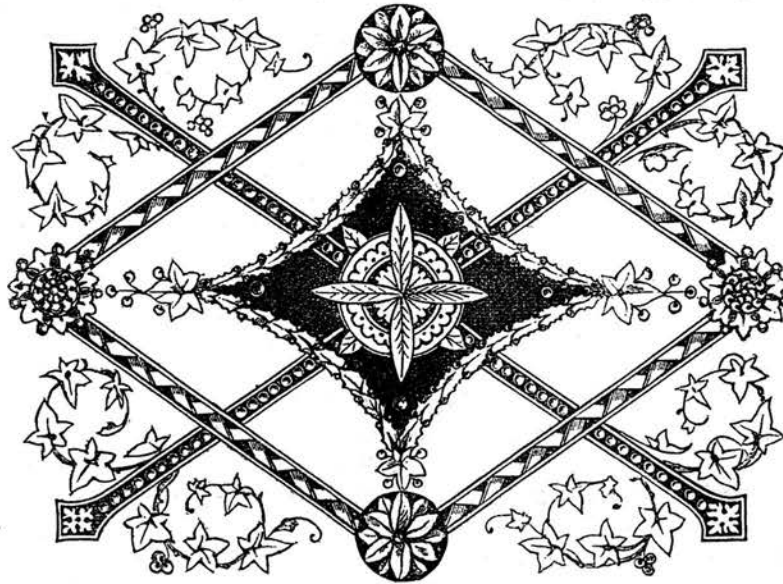
One more device by which to brighten up the

leaves; and to gain this effect a visit must first be paid to some glass works, where must be begged or bought a few ounces of ground glass. This is a miscellaneous mixture of bits of all colours which fall to the ground when the glass is cut. Brush gum over the leaves, and scatter the powdered glass on to them. The cost of the artifice is trifling: the effect is magical. The wreath sparkles and glitters with many-coloured hues in the most radiant manner.

In lieu of wreaths, which are sometimes too heavy and cumbersome a style of decoration, long tendrils of ivy twined round or trained along light and elegant; a good substitute will also be found in bands formed of leaves only, stripped from the stalk. I grant you that the sewing on of each separate leaf is a severe trial of patience, especially if those selected are the prickly holly,

whose points invariably catch the thread every time the needle draws it through; or the diminutive box, which seems to retard our work by the minuteness of itself and its fellows.

The leaves are sewed on to strips of Turkey red cotton, or white calico, and serve either as a panelling tracery, where the room is wainscotted, or as a frame or bordering for various devices. For instance, it would be a sad oversight if we forgot to put up in some form or other that customary old greeting to all who



enter our homes: "A Merry Christmas—A Happy New Year;" and when we have expressed the wish in a visible form, we can make no more suitable border for it than that of green leaves. How shall the letters be formed? Either by illuminating colours, the use of paper rosettes, or of rice.

May I offer you a few suggestions about your illumination?—for I presume you wish to be correct in the details. These hints do not refer to any design in particular, but to all in general. Supposing you intend to make the letters in gold, and wish the ground to be coloured, then the letters should be outlined in black; if you would reverse the arrangement, separate the letters from the ground by an edging of darker colour.

Dark letters on a light ground require to be outlined with a darker tint. Coloured letters on a ground of contrasting colour should be separated from the ground by an edging of lighter colour.

These few terse rules may be of service, for to a novice the art of illuminating is rather bewildering, for you see the effect cannot be told until it is too late to alter any mistake made in the choice of colours, and we are all so busy at this season that we have absolutely no time to study any art very attentively.

The second mode of spelling out our good wishes to all mankind, is by forming the letters of paper rosettes. Take a piece of twilled red cotton, and trace plain unornamental letters upon it, and then fasten on the rosettes at regular intervals.

These rosettes want dainty fingers to make them, but if they are neatly constructed the effect is really excellent; and there is considerable choice at command, for the letters may be made to look as of ivory or carved oak, of silver or gold; but for this special object, ivory letters on a red ground, bordered with laurel leaves, appear the best.

Long ago rice was used in imitation of carved ivory, and it is by no means a despicable device, and one which will serve in good stead if you are not an adept in rosette-work. Cut out plain letters in cardboard, of such a width that two grains of rice placed end to end, diagonally, will cover it. The large-grained Carolina rice is the kind you require. Wash it several times, but not so as to soften it; then rub it dry in a towel, and, aided by a knitting-pin, put on the grains end to end, diagonally, in such close succession as will entirely hide the cardboard framework. Very strong gum is needed to make the rice adhere.

The letters are fastened on to a groundwork of red baize, and here again a bordering of leaves of ivy, laurel, or box will give the required finish to the whole.

It is so much the fashion nowadays to have a multiplicity of mural decorations, especially in our drawing-rooms, that I should suggest geometrical tracings for this purpose. These can be formed in outline of flat bands of leaves, the inner part to be in coloured ground of red or blue, with a monogram in the centre,

or some other small device formed of rice or composed of very wee ivory rosettes. Or the outside border may be made of stiff cardboard, which having been covered over with thin red unglazed paper, can be then studded with small rosettes, and the centre part filled in with evergreen leaves.

There are some very handsome everlasting flowers which come to us from the Cape, and of which extremely pretty round wreaths can be made, by which I mean a circlet of flowers with no centre; these are suitable for drawing-room ornaments; there is also a very graceful feather-grass, *Stipa pennata*, which adds much to the beauty of drawing-room decorations.

Before we can be said to have concluded our subject, we must pay a visit to the staircase, for this is usually the object first seen on entrance, and one that is continually meeting our eye throughout the day.

One of our most eminent architects considers that our ordinary staircase is a very dull thing; he says that our neat stone steps, with moulded nosings, stuck by one end into the wall, and cleverly notched one upon another, and brought to a nice smooth slope underneath, with neat cast-iron balusters and French-polished mahogany rail, screwed round like a cornu-ammonis at the foot, are excellent in their way, and a time-honoured contrivance; but he complains that there is a sleepy, self-satisfied look about it which one would like to disturb—as if its only duty were to show you the way to bed. Let us give it a fillip, and make it look more lively. Shall we see what we can do?

Have you room in your passage to allow of a bank of evergreens being introduced? Then I will tell you how to make one; it will quite transform the appearance of the staircase which has met with such censure from high quarters. Get some wire netting and rear it up outside the staircase. If your space will allow, do not place the network quite upright, but bring it forward at the base; the greater the incline, the more natural will the artificial bank look; if you put a tack here and there, and hitch the wire over, it will keep its place; you can also take it round the obnoxious "cornu-ammonis;" in the holes of the netting put middling-sized sprigs of evergreen, and in this way completely cover the framework. You have only to push the stems of small branches into the holes; no fastening is requisite to keep them there.

In conclusion, I will give one broad hint as to the choice of decorations. The style chosen for dining-room, library, and hall, should differ in character from that which is introduced into the drawing or breakfast-room. The decorations for the former should be somewhat heavy and ponderous, important and consequential in their general aspect; while those which gain an entrance into the latter must be of quite a different stamp; their outward appearance is required to be delicately neat, veritably elegant, and innately refined.

# Sleigh Bells.

Words by J. CAMPFIELD HARMAN.

Music by GORDON SAUNDERS, Mus. B.

PIANO.

*Tempo di Valse.*

1. The sound of the sleigh-bells rings in the air, A -  
 2. Thus, dream-like, we chase the glad hours a - way,.....

- - way let us has - ten from trou - ble and care; In rai - ment of  
 Thrill - ing with plea - sure that fears no de - cay; No storm-cloud af -

white the meads bright - ly glow, While swift - ly we're gli - ding  
 frights when Love points be - fore,..... Charm - ing our sen - ses with

o - ver the snow; And bright-ey'd stars span - gle the hea - ven's deep  
 rich joys in store; Each rests in a love whose voice whis - pers

*pp*

blue, true, "The Beam - ing with bliss to our soul - en - rapt view.  
 true, "The love of a life that lives on - ly for you."

Brave hearts that guide us wher - ev - er we go, On - ward in hap - pi - ness

o - ver the snow, ..... Brave hearts that

guide us wher - ev - er we go, On - ward in hap - pi - ness o - ver the

*ad lib.*

snow.



## CHRISTMAS IN ITALY.



WE were spending a winter on the Riviera, and, after trying various hotels in town and country, had finally established ourselves in a pretty little Italian villa, *palazzino*, as the peasants called

it, not many miles from Genoa.

From the terraced garden there was a wide and splendid view. On our left, as we looked seawards, was the city herself, her marble palaces and churches rising crescent-wise behind the bay, which on the eastern side is bounded by the headland of Porto Fino. Facing us was the shining sweep of the Mediterranean; while to the right hand the Alpes Maritimes trended away into the far distance, their giant peaks and hollows an ever-present, ever-changing feast of colour—whether seen at early dawn, a glory of rose and gold; or at sunset, a gorgeous vision of amber and crimson, and softest, tenderest violet; or under the southern moonlight, a study in oxydised silver.

For me mountains have always had a peculiar fascination, and no landscape ever seems complete without them. I could spend, and, indeed, did spend, when in Italy, many an hour in watching their changing hues. But to-day none of our party had time for indulging in mere sentiment. Throughout the week we had been rambling among the hills and valleys in quest of mosses, ferns, and other greenery wherewith to decorate the house; for this was Christmas week, and the day after to-morrow would be Christmas Day itself.

How difficult it was, even as we worked at the familiar mottoes and rejoiced over the holly, which, after a seemingly hopeless search, we had at last found in a remote corner of the Doria woods—how difficult it was, I say, to realise the fact that this was the 23rd of December. Why, the garden was full of roses, camellias, and heliotrope; the air was as soft as upon a summer's day in England; and we were out of doors in thin woollen dresses and large, shady hats, rejoicing in the brilliant sunshine.

We had to give up our pleasant work early that afternoon, as we had engaged to help at a children's party given by a kindly English doctor in the neighbouring village. He had hired a large room at the hotel, and invited about forty children to a sumptuous tea; and, though wintering abroad for health's sake, and with doubtless many an anxious thought for wife and little ones at home, he most unselfishly catered upon this evening for the amusement of "other folks' children."

The long table was covered with dainties

such as little folks love, while assiduous waiters handed round cups of delicious-looking coffee and chocolate.

Tea over, there was an adjournment to another room in which all kinds of merry romps were carried on for an hour or two, a general distribution of presents took place, a hearty cheer was raised for the kind doctor, and the young flock trooped gaily home.

Christmas Eve we spent in really hard work over our decorations. The dining-room was made festive with mottoes in pine sprays and trophies of orange-boughs laden with fruit, while the drawing-room was adorned with maidenhair fern, lycopodium moss, arbutus-berries, and the much-prized holly before mentioned. Then, about six p.m. we started to spend the evening with some charming neighbours.

The host was German, his wife English, and their two children spoke both languages with equal facility, adding thereto no mean proficiency in Italian. An Italian marquis and his younger brother, a married sister of our hostess, with her husband and little girl, a German composer, with our own quartet, made up the party. We were at once ushered into the room in which the Christmas tree had been placed; for the children, at least, were on the tiptoe of excitement as to their gifts; and thence, after due distribution thereof, we adjourned to the dining-room for high tea.

The table was a picture, with its bowls of crimson or pale-pink china roses. Each covert had its own bouquet of heliotrope, fern, and camellia; while the profusion of handsome silver and of ancient Nuremberg glass combined still further to set off the tasteful appearance of the whole. What with the many German dishes, and the chatter of the German tongue all around me, I seemed to be transferred bodily from the shores of the Mediterranean to the dear and well-remembered Fatherland—an illusion which was not dispelled until an hour or so later on, when we found ourselves walking homewards under the brilliant, starlit sky of the south. On this particular night, too, the stars were shining with a radiance which in England would be token a hard frost; only that in this case the stars themselves looked so much larger, and in many instances shone with such intensity as to make themselves the centre of a distinct halo.

We met numbers of people on their way to midnight mass, either at the various shrines in the mountains or at favourite churches in Genoa, and at about eleven p.m. the bells began to ring, and went on at intervals for four hours, when they ceased for a time, to recommence at five a.m., and summon the worshippers to early mass.

I inaugurated Christmas in Italy by dressing with open windows, then joined the younger members of our party in carol-singing outside our hostess's bedroom door; after which we all descended to the dining-room—not, as it

would have been, in England, to spread out icy hands and feet to the welcome blaze of a roaring fire, but to open the long French windows and to stand awhile upon the balcony watching the lizards flitting swiftly in and out among the crevices of the marble, and the green frogs jumping about the boughs of the orange-trees.

Breakfast in Italy was never a heavy meal; but to-day, in honour of the day, polenta cake and chestnut bread were added to the usual omelette and roll, to which due attention having been paid, we returned to the balcony and eagerly awaited the postman.

He brought a goodly supply of letters for each of us, and with thankful hearts we set out for morning service.

The church was full of roses—red, white, and yellow. Arbutus and fern wreathed the east window and the chancel arch; and designs of roses upon a mossy ground filled in the panels of lectern and reading desk and the wide window-sills. There was, of course, a good attendance, and all joined with spirit in the service; but our clergyman rather dampened the conclusion of it by preaching a very long and exceedingly dolorous sermon, in which he harped upon "vacant chairs," absent friends," "broken circles," and "dear invalids," until he had reduced two-thirds of the congregation to tears.

Our dinner-party included a few English friends staying at the hotel, and one or two Italians, the latter being as much interested in our national customs as we were in theirs. It was certainly quaint enough to find that the Eastern Counties doggerel had its counterpart among the shepherds of Sardinia, with whom it is generally used as a cradle song.

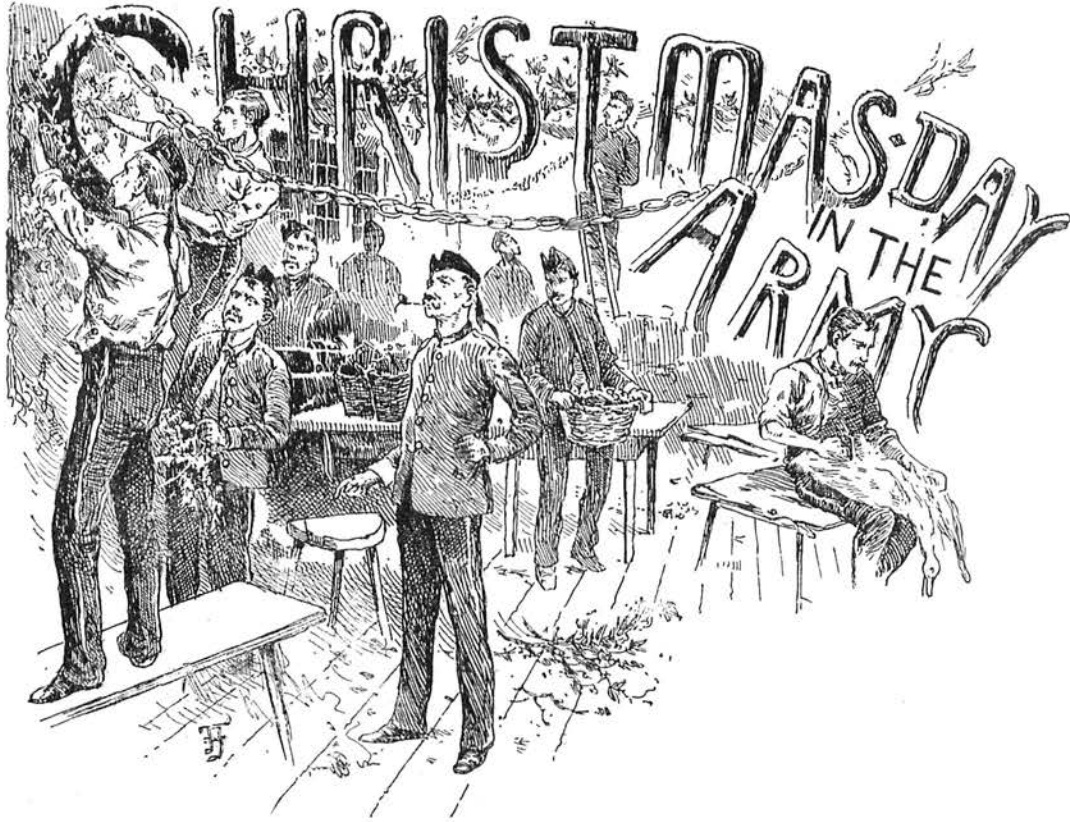
"Lu letto meo est de battor canones,  
Et battor anghelos si bei ponem,  
Duos in pes, et duos in cabitta.  
Nostre Segnora a costazu m'istu.  
Ea mie narat: Dormi e reposa,  
No hapas paura de mala cosa."

In Upper Italy they sing—

"Dormi, dormi, O bel Babin,  
Rè divin.  
Dormi, dormi, O fantolin,  
F'a la nanna, O caro giglio,  
Rè de Ciel."

And a gentleman who joined us later on wound up our charming evening by singing to a strange old chant the following Burgundian carol, written, as my readers will perceive, in alternate lines of French and Latin:—

"Voici la Roi des Nations,  
Natus ex sacra Virgine:  
Ce fils de bénédiction,  
Ortus de David semine;  
Voici l'Etoile de Jacob,  
Quam prædixerat Balaam:  
Ce Dieu qui détruisit Jéricho,  
In clara terra Chanaam."



BY HORACE WYNDHAM.



THE "General Return of the British Army" tells its readers that 222,373 non-commissioned officers and men comprise the effective strength of the Regular forces at the present moment. No statistics, however, are obtainable from which one can accurately ascertain the number of families in the United Kingdom which have one or more of their members privileged to wear the Queen's scarlet. Nevertheless, it may be safely asserted that there are very few English households indeed that have no connection with the Service. Under these circumstances, the immense amount of interest that is ever centred round the Army is perfectly natural. Unfortunately, the supply of information respecting the soldier's calling is severely limited, for, save when engaged on active service, the man in red is but little heard of.

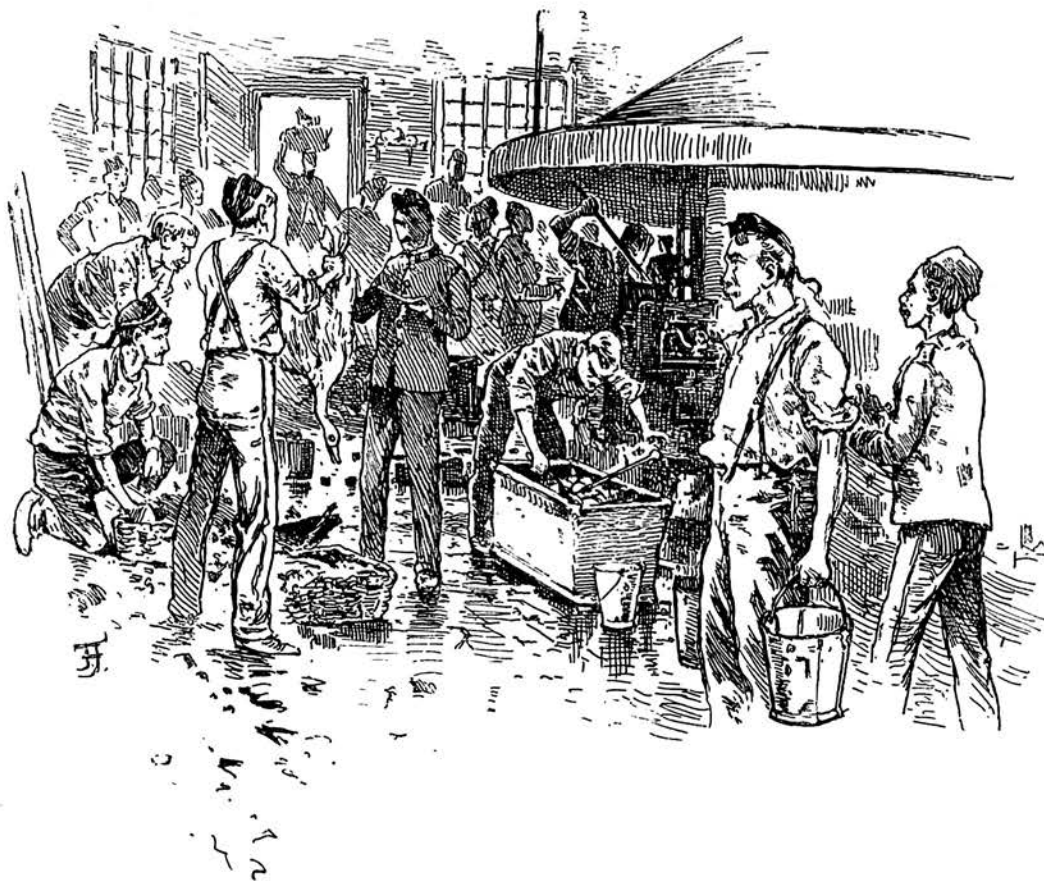
It is a pity that this should be the case, for even in piping—or, rather, pipeclaying—times of peace, the daily round of duty in barracks is full of interest. Every season of the year has its own special work for the soldier, and the present one of winter is no exception. Foremost among the host of duties that now claim his attention is—according to his own views on the subject—the highly important one of preparing for Christmas. As the 25th of December only occurs once in twelve months, he naturally endeavours to make the most of it when it does come, and with this intention strains every nerve to make the day pass off successfully. His praiseworthy efforts in this direction are, it is pleasing to be able to record, ably seconded by his superiors. Thus, at Christmas time the commissioned ranks unbend to a marked extent, and the most cordial relations exist between all grades for



these few hours. The reins of discipline are temporarily relaxed, and there is a general air of "standing at ease" that makes the day of special mark to the wearers of the Queen's scarlet wherever they may be stationed.

The Christmas festival throughout the Army is observed in a manner that is extremely characteristic of the British soldier. This is that of thoroughness. Nothing that is in the least degree slipshod is permitted to pass muster in connection with the day's routine. As a matter of fact, the 25th of

Spartan-like diet upon which the soldier is usually sustained is now replaced by a generous menu of turkey, beef, ham, plum-pudding, fruit, and practically unlimited beer. For the supply of all these good things the soldier is largely dependent upon the state of the canteen exchequer of his battalion. That is to say that, according to the amount of profit earned by this institution during the year, so will pecuniary grants be made therefrom at Christmas time for the purpose of purchasing seasonable fare. Then



PREPARATIONS IN THE COOK-HOUSE.

December is approached in a spirit that is almost akin to solemnity, and upon those charged with the direction of the different preparations for its due observance a heavy weight of responsibility rests. Upon their discharge of their duties depends the success or failure of the day.

The proverbial connection between Christmas and good cheer is in the Army observed to the letter, and a large quantity of refreshments—both solid and liquid—has, accordingly, to be procured. This is by reason of the fact that, on this eventful day, the rather

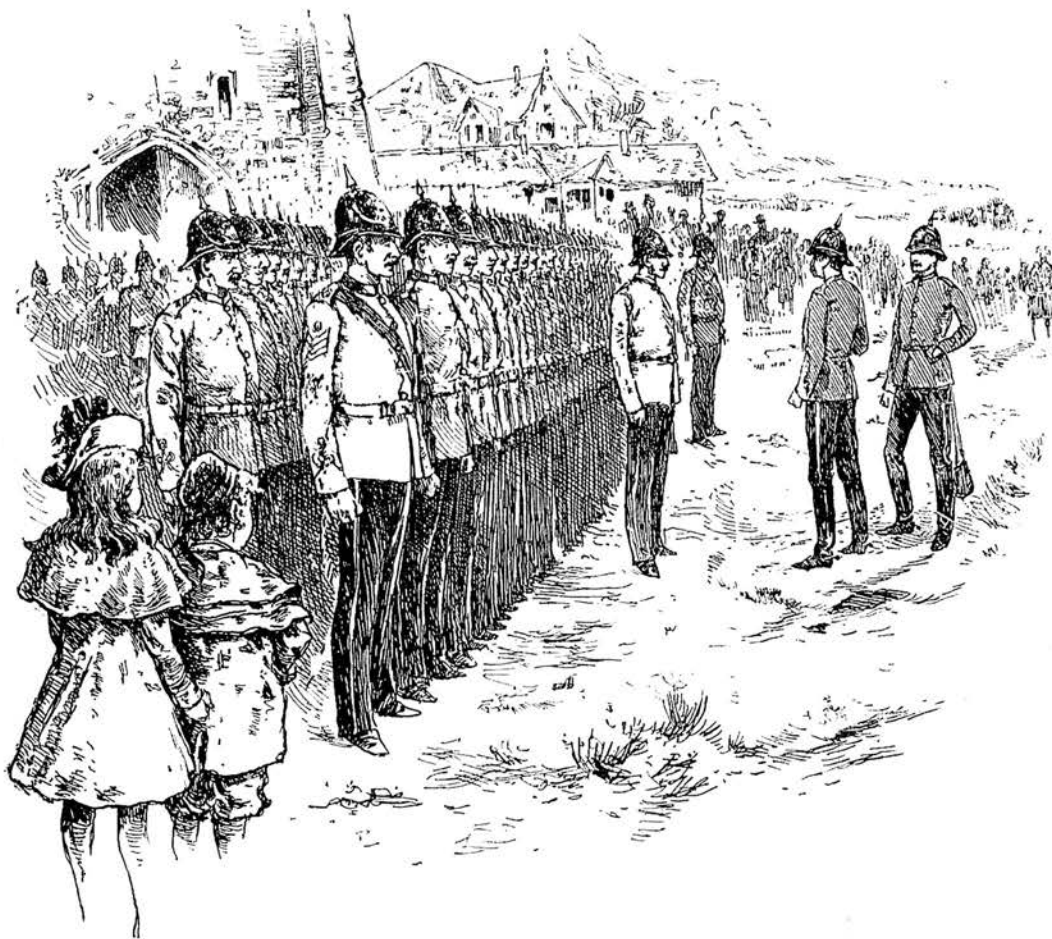
the commissioned ranks usually come forward as well and subscribe liberally towards the same purpose. It often happens, too, that officers who own preserves give orders for a present of game to be sent to the men of their companies just now. Then, after the solids have been thus arranged for, attention is devoted to the liquids which are necessary for washing them down. These take the form of barrels of ale, stout, and porter—spirits being rigorously tabooed—a small quantity of wine, and an ample supply of mineral waters. All these are taken charge of by the colour-

sergeants of each company, and kept by them under lock and key until dinner-time on the 25th. This, as may be imagined, is a highly necessary precaution.

Just as coming events cast their shadows beforehand, so will a visit to a barrack-room during the few days that precede the great festival make abundantly clear what season is at hand. Thus, groups of men will be seen sitting round the fireplace busily occupied in stoning raisins for the pudding, or divesting geese and turkeys of their feathers; others will be engaged in fashioning festoons of coloured paper and wreaths of holly for decorative purposes; and a third party will

perform their work out of sight of most observers.

At 6 a.m. the sounding of *réveille* on the barrack-square by the bugler of the quarter-guard officially intimates to all concerned that Christmas Day has at last arrived. Ere the last sound of the call has finally died away into the frosty air, the great pile of buildings that houses the six or seven hundred men occupying the barracks becomes a scene of activity. Lights twinkle from numerous windows, and scores of men pass rapidly along dimly illuminated passages, *en route* to the lavatories, where they hastily perform their necessary ablutions. These



CHURCH PARADE.

be making themselves useful as messengers between the cook-house and the men's quarters. It is because space is so limited in the former institution that a part of the preliminary culinary preparations have to be carried out in the barrack-room. The press of work, too, makes this extraneous assistance very welcome to the accredited *chefs*, who, like the stokers on a battleship,

completed, beds have to be neatly made up, floors swept, and rooms generally garnished.

There is no drill carried out to-day, for in the Army Sunday routine is observed on Christmas morning. Accordingly, as soon as breakfast is over, all hands set to work to smarten themselves up for church parade. The "fall-in" for this ceremony will probably

be sounded at half-past ten. On account of the fact that a large number of men are enjoying a month's furlough just now, the number attending this parade is usually of rather attenuated proportions. However, there will probably be some 300 at any rate following the band to the garrison church. As soon as the building is reached and the troops are disposed of in the seats appropriated to their use, the chaplain commences the service.

This is not of any great duration, for, knowing his congregation as he does, the

have been busily employed in making active preparations for the dinner that is about to take place. For this purpose the barrack-room tables (which, in special honour of the day, are on this occasion covered with cloths) have been laid for the meal, the liquids brought in, and the rooms smartened up afresh. At twenty minutes to one the bugle peals out its welcome bidding: "*Come to the cook-house do-o-or, Boys!*" and away rush the orderlies to this important institution. Here they receive from the company cooks the dishes allotted to their respective messes



THE COLONEL'S INSPECTION.

military cleric wisely refrains from indulging in a long disquisition upon the purpose for which they are assembled. Instead of this, he delivers a brief, plainly expressed discourse that is productive of infinitely more good than would be a volume of sermons from the most eloquent members of the whole Episcopal Bench.

On the conclusion of the service the troops are marched back to barracks and dismissed to their own quarters. During their absence, the men detailed to act as "cooks' mates"

and carry them off to their rooms, where they are quickly carved by another batch of helpers. The dinners for the men on the quarter-guard are taken to them by the orderly-men, and similarly those for such others as are absent on picquet-duty are put aside.

On the stroke of one o'clock the hard-worked bugler sounds again, and everyone is now required to be sitting down in his place at the table. Five minutes later a business-like attack is being carried out upon

the good cheer that loads the festive board. The junior N.C.O.'s act as waiters, and are kept busily employed in ministering to the lusty appetites of the diners. Imperative demands for "another yard of ham here," or "a pound or two off the turkey—with plenty of padding, corporal," arise on every side, and a cheerful popping of corks, mingling with a thirst-inspiring trickling from the

of the day, is going round the barracks. In a minute or two the party arrives at our typical room and is received by the colour-sergeant. The commanding officer expresses a hope that the men are enjoying their dinner, and turns to leave. This is the cue for the N.C.O.

"Beg your pardon, sir," he commences, with much confusion, "but the company



AFTER-DINNER SMOKING CONCERT.

beer-barrels, testifies abundantly to the appreciation with which their efforts are being met.

Suddenly the colour-sergeant, who is temporarily presiding, orders a cessation of hostilities and calls everyone to "attention." His quick ear has detected a clanking of swords and jingling of spurred heels in the corridor outside, and he knows that this heralds the approach of the colonel, who, accompanied by the adjutant and subaltern

would—er—like—that is—er—would be proud to drink your very good health, sir."

"Dear me," returns the colonel, blandly, simulating great surprise, "I'm extremely obliged, really."

"Sherry wine, or port, sir?" inquires the colour-sergeant, advancing towards him with two black bottles, and trying to recollect the respective liquors in each.

"Oh, whatever you like, colour-sergeant," returns the other, accommodatingly. "Not

too much though," he adds, hastily, as a large glass of "sherry wine" is handed him.

"'A' Company—Attention!" commands the N.C.O., in his drill-parade voice. "I have much pleasure in proposing the health of our colonel. Private Jones, just keep your hands off that plum duff for half a minute."

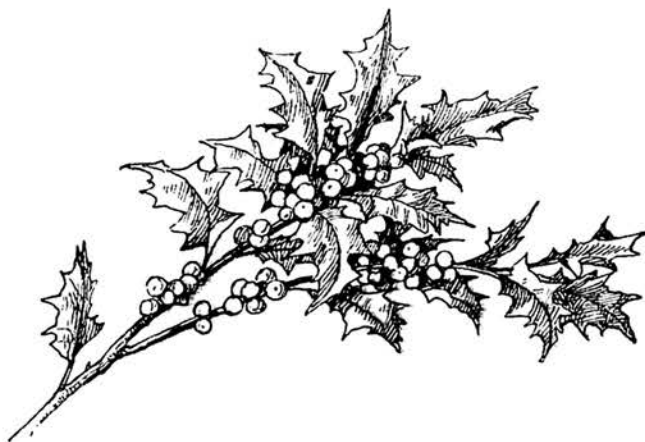
"Here, here! For he's a jolly good fellow—Proper sort to make old Kruger sit up!" and various other complimentary epithets are promptly called forth by this address. When the applause has subsided somewhat, the colonel seizes his opportunity.

"Non-commissioned officers and men of 'A' Company," he remarks, "I am much gratified at the honour you have paid me. Glad to see you enjoying yourselves, and hope you will all spend a merry Christmas." Then he snatches up his sword, and, signalling to the other members of his party, promptly hurries off to the next company's block.

After the commanding officer has thus been toasted, a similar compliment is paid to the captain and subalterns who administer the affairs of the assembly. As precisely the same ceremony takes place in every barrack-room at this time, it can well be under-

stood that a good deal of toasting is got through.

At length, however, the colonel's tour is completed, and he retires to his own quarters. The other officers and the sergeants follow his example, and accordingly withdraw to their own messes, where they also celebrate the festive occasion in an appropriate, if rather different, manner. In the barrack-rooms the rank-and-file are now left to themselves for the remainder of the afternoon. This is generally spent in the carrying out of a smoking concert—for alcoholic refreshment always seems to incline the soldier's thoughts towards harmony. Accordingly, a temporary stage of forms and tables is hastily erected, and the budding Sims Reeves among the revellers are called upon to display their vocal talents. Thus a couple of hours or so are agreeably passed, and, as long as any liquid remains in the beer-barrels, no one seems to think of seeking distraction elsewhere. By nightfall, however, the troops usually commence to change into "walking-out" dress, and soon the barracks are practically deserted. At 9.30 p.m. a roll-call takes place, and, three-quarters of an hour later, the sounding by the orderly bugler of "lights out" proclaims the official expiry of Christmas Day.



# A CHRISTMAS SONG.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR 'CHATTERBOX.'

Oh! blithe and blest is Christmas-tide! When-e'er its sea - son comes . . . We

hail it e - ver with de-light, For hearts are light and

eyes are bright In Eng - land's hap - py homes. We'll use its harm - less

mirth a-right, We'll ga - ther all, both great and small, In so - cial ring, . . . And

once a-year our ca - rols clear Right lus - ti - ly we'll sing.

Though bleak and chill the wintry wind,  
And frost be hard and keen,  
We'll circle closely round the fire;  
Of music strains we shall not tire—  
We love them well, I ween.  
Both young and old, and son and sire,  
Our parts and voice we all rejoice  
Again to bring,  
And once a-year our carols clear  
Right lustily we'll sing.

With hearts elate, good friends, 'tis meet  
Our cheerful songs should rise,  
For at this season long ago  
Peace and goodwill mankind did know,  
First chanted in the skies,  
And shall be echoed here below:  
With joyous lays and hymns of praise  
The world shall ring;  
And every year its carols clear  
Right lustily shall sing.



## SANTA CLAUS' MISTAKE

by Gouverneur  
A. Smith

THERE lived in this good city once a man of eighty-seven,  
Brimful of gouty aches and pains, just ripe for death and heaven;  
And as it was good Christmas eve he thought he'd try his luck  
By hanging up his stocking, for he still loved fun and pluck.

Next door to him a maiden lived, a lovely, charming miss;  
She had but sixteen summers seen, was full of life and bliss.  
Her eyes, her cheeks, her hands, her face—well, they were just perfection!  
And she hung up her stocking too, with bright and gay reflection.

On Christmas morn that aged man his stocking full he found,  
With plenty more of other things pinned up and nailed around.



He wiped his specs five hundred times, his laughter turned to screaming,  
On opening such queer packages; he thought he must be dreaming.

A bustle, hair-pins, bracelets four, gold garters, eighteen veils,  
A gross of gloves, nine bonnets gay, a case to shine the nails,  
Six dresses, stylish, flowing trains, two muffs, and seal-skin sack,  
Two parasols, a dozen fans, and slippers white and black,

Four pairs of corsets—oh, what shape!—long hose of open stitching,  
Three diamond rings, two ruby rings, and curls of hair bewitching,  
Two sets of bangles, ear-rings eight, perfumes a gross or more,  
Ten pounds of candy, poodle-dog, and other things a score.

The old man wiped his specs again. Said he: "Tis mighty queer  
That I should get such funny things, and I so near my bier.  
I am afraid—I am afraid—I'm very sure, this year,  
That Santa Claus's been getting drunk on whiskey or on beer."

On Christmas morn the lassie gay her stocking full she found,  
With plenty more of curious things pinned up and nailed around.



She wiped her eyes five hundred times; she thought she must be dreaming,  
Each package was so very queer; at last she fell to screaming.

One pair of spectacles of gold, two goggles, gray and blue,  
A golden box, three pounds of snuff, six pipes all bright and new,  
Five pairs of socks of woollen blue, three night-caps, foot-bath too,  
Suspenders four, two satin stocks, hair-dye of blackest hue,

Pajamas two, three morning-gowns, six razors sharp and bright,  
With brush and cup and shaving cream, one crutch both strong and light,  
Six canes, a suit of nice warm clothes just suited for a dandy,  
A prayer-book with the largest type, one bottle of old brandy.

The lassie wiped her eyes again. Said she: "'Tis mighty queer  
That I should get such funny things, and in my sixteenth year.  
I am afraid that Santa Claus has got a wee bit crazy,  
To leave for me such useless things, and I a little daisy."

When Santa Claus had left that night, and found out his mistake,  
He laughed, he laughed, he laughed so hard, you'd thought his heart would break;



He laughed, he shook, he shook, he laughed—more stockings were to fill—  
He laughed so hard, he shook so hard, it almost made him ill.

On Christmas day, at dinner-time, old Santa sought the city,  
And changed the things from house to house, laughed, danced, and sang a ditty.  
And when, the Christmas dinner o'er, the old man sought his room,  
The phantom change perplexed his mind with joy and awe and gloom.

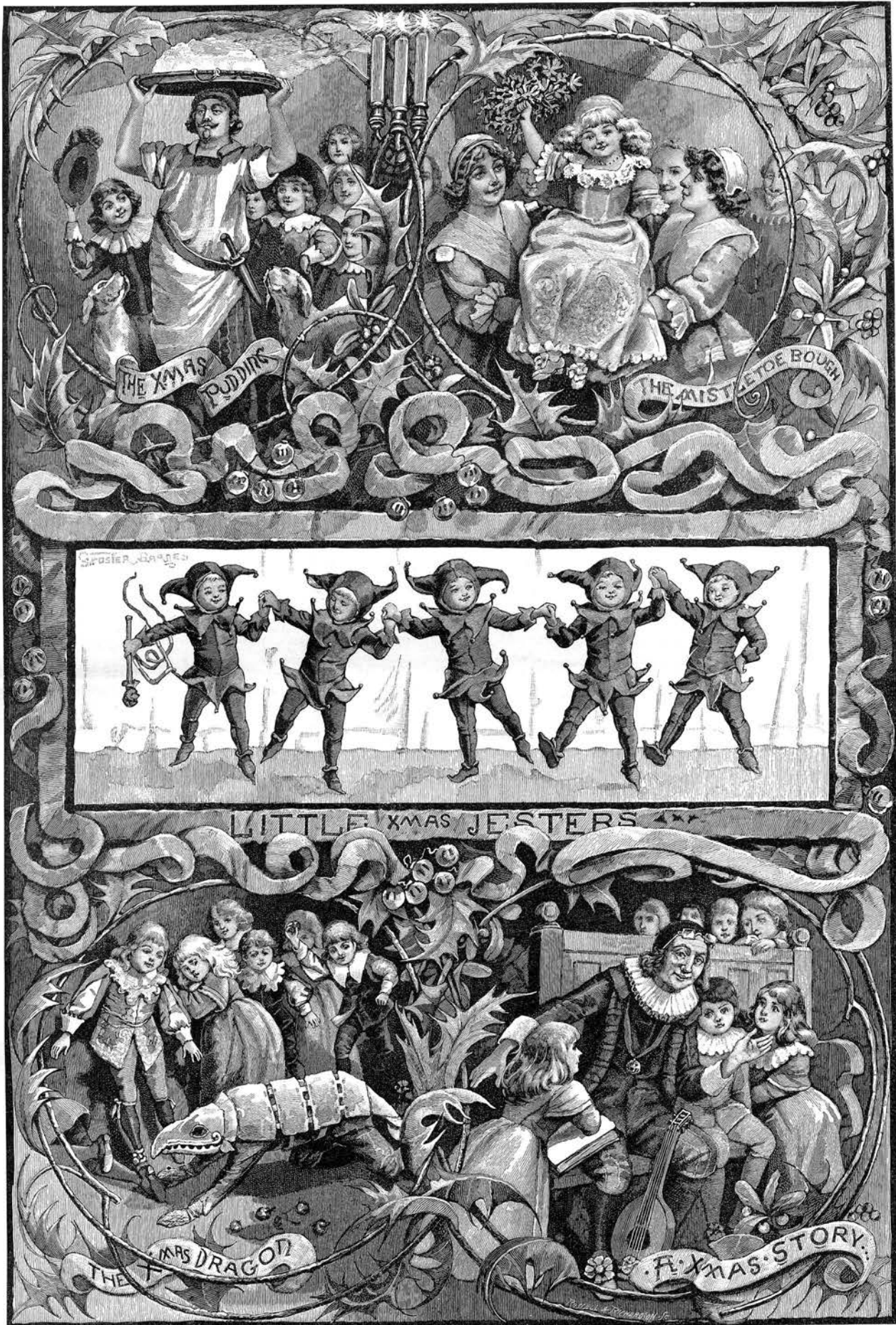


And when, the Christmas dinner o'er, the lassie sought her room,  
No pack of fire-crackers e'er created such a boom.  
She laughed, she cried, and flew about, jumped high upon a stool,  
And said, "It is not Christmas day; it must be April-fool."

Now, when the old man thinks of it, his thoughts are very hazy;  
He hardly knows just what to think, while sure he was not crazy.  
And when the lassie thinks of it, her thoughts are very mazy;  
She hardly knows just what to say—the pretty little daisy.







Youth's Companion, 1889

Merry Christmas in the Olden Time.

# THE AUTHOR OF «A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.»

BY CLARENCE COOK.

'T WAS the night before Christmas, when all through  
the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;  
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,  
In hopes that St. NICHOLAS soon would be there;  
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,  
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;  
And Mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,  
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;  
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.  
Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.  
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,  
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,  
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,  
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny rein-deer,  
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,  
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,  
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by  
name;

«Now, *Dasher!* now, *Dancer!* now, *Prancer* and *Vixen!*  
On, *Comet!* on, *Cupid!* on, *Donder* and *Blitzen!*  
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!  
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!»  
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,  
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;  
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,

With the sleigh full of Toys, and St. Nicholas too.  
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof,  
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof—  
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,  
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.  
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,  
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;  
A bundle of Toys he had flung on his back,  
And he look'd like a pedlar just opening his pack.  
His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!  
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!  
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,  
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;  
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,  
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;  
He had a broad face and a little round belly,  
That shook when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.  
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,  
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;  
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;  
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,  
And fill'd all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,  
And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;  
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,  
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.  
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,  
«*Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night.*»<sup>1</sup>



HAPPY the man who can add  
even a single leaf to the ever-  
green garland of the poetry  
of home—the verse that chil-  
dren love, and that wakens  
even in older hearts cheerful  
memories of childhood! Such,

at least, if no higher, has been the lot of the  
late Dr. Clement C. Moore, the author of «A  
Visit from St. Nicholas,» which has now been  
a household friend of American children for  
nearly seventy-five years, and promises to be  
dear to them for many and many a year to  
come.

Dr. Moore belongs to the group of minor  
singers whose right to be remembered rests  
on a very small amount of verse achieved.  
There are poets who hold their place, and  
will long hold it, in every anthology by right  
of two or three poems; others who are known  
but by one; and others, again, who live but  
by a single line, or at most by a couplet, in  
some poem all the rest of which is forgotten.  
In the case of Dr. Moore, nothing he has  
written is likely to survive except the «Visit  
from St. Nicholas»; and this lives, not by  
right of poetry, but by its innocent realism  
and its direct appeal to the matter-of-fact

<sup>1</sup> «Poems by Clement C. Moore, LL. D.» New York:  
Bartlett & Welford, 1844.

imagination of childhood. For children—and  
this is as true of girls as it is of boys—rarely  
love poetry, and they tolerate verse only when  
it pleases their infant ears with jingle, or  
when, grown older, its rhymes and «ordered  
lines» dress up some narrative that has at  
least the look of being «true.» Even then  
they are apt to wonder why the story could  
not have been as well told in plain prose.

Mr. William S. Pelletreau, in the interest-  
ing account of Dr. Moore's life which he has  
just published, tells us that the «Visit from  
St. Nicholas» was written in 1822 as a Christ-  
mas present for his children; and that a young  
lady visiting the family copied it into her  
album, and sent it, unknown to Dr. Moore, to  
the editor of the Troy «Sentinel,» who printed  
it, without the author's name, in the issue of  
that journal for December 23, 1823. From  
the newspaper it found its way to the school  
readers, and speedily became a great favor-  
ite with children all over the country.

Mr. Pelletreau tells us that Dr. Moore was at  
first annoyed by the appearance of the poem  
in print, as he had not intended it for the  
public, and thought it a mere trifle with but  
slight literary merit. No doubt it was with  
some misgivings that, twenty years later, he  
gave it a place in the volume of his collected  
poems. With the proverbial blindness of

writers, he probably thought this playful sally, written to please his youngsters at their Christmas merrymaking, far inferior to its all-forgotten companions, of which he says in his preface: «Some of them have cost me much time and thought, and I have composed them all as carefully and correctly as I could.»

But, alas! for the self-esteem of poets, immortalities and oblivions are not distributed on their own terms. They take much pains to please their peers among the learned and the cultivated, who «scarce allow them half an eye»; while some flower chance-dropped from their hands is picked up by a child in passing, and, to their surprise,—sometimes, it may be, to their disdain,—they find that out of the mouths of babes and sucklings their praise has been ordained. The bright-eyed procession of children—most beautiful, most precious of all the beautiful and precious things in our world—has kept Dr. Moore's unconsidered trifle alive for all these years; and it has earned its right to live by the clearness of its conception and the directness with which the story is told. It is a true piece of Dutch painting in verse, and it is not surprising that it should have been translated into painting so many times. For nothing is left to the copyist's fancy; he has but to trace the poet's lines with his pencil. And, trifle as it is, it has a fair claim to originality as a conception. Dr. Moore's St. Nicholas has become the accepted personification of this kindly purveyor of toys and playthings; and this particular avatar is one in which, so far as we know, the benevolent saint never appeared before. His German prototype is, by comparison, a somewhat stolid and formal personage, who goes through his task of distributing gifts somewhat in the spirit of an expressman delivering his parcels, or of a schoolmaster giving out prizes at commencement. Dr. Moore's St. Nicholas, on the other hand, has animal spirits in plenty, and a most contagious love of fun; and the children are in love with him as soon as they set eyes on him. Many a child must have wondered how the saint contrived to get round to so many houses in a single night; but no story-teller before Dr. Moore ever let him into the secret. That he should have come in a sleigh was likely enough, but a sleigh drawn by reindeer is a fancy as unexpected as it is pretty. The invention of most story-tellers would have got no further than horses. An added touch of reality is the «ashes and soot» on the fur coat of St. Nicholas. The conventional German saint is always miraculously clean when, to the

amazement of the children, he comes walking out of the chimney. «Comes,» do we say? How can he long continue to come out of the chimney in houses where gas-logs, asbestos rag-bags, steam-radiators, and furnace-registers have usurped the life-giving hearth, the center of the home life, the heart of hospitality?

Dr. Clement C. Moore was the only child of the Right Rev. Benjamin Moore, a distinguished prelate of the Episcopal Church, and a conspicuous citizen of New York in the time of the Revolution. After his return from England, where he had been ordained at Lambeth in 1774, he was made assistant minister of Trinity Church, and held that place until the resignation of Bishop Provoost in 1800, when he was installed as rector. In 1800 he succeeded Provoost as bishop, having for some time been his coadjutor, and in the same year was chosen president of Columbia College. His duties in this position being chiefly ceremonial, as he was expressly made exempt from all regular instruction and from the details of college discipline, he continued to serve as president while performing all the arduous duties belonging to the bishopric, until a stroke of paralysis, in 1811, unfitted him for further work. He died in 1816. It may be interesting to note, in passing, that Bishop Moore administered the communion to Alexander Hamilton after the duel with Aaron Burr, and that he was one of the assistants at the inauguration of General Washington as President. He was, according to all testimony, a man of beautifully rounded character; and his earnest devotion to his duties as churchman and as public-spirited citizen made a distinct impression on his time. Bishop Moore had married Charity, the daughter of Major Thomas Clarke, a retired officer of the British army, who had bought a tract of land extending from the present Nineteenth street to Twenty-fourth street, and from what is now the Eighth Avenue to the Hudson River. Here he built what was, for the times, a handsome house, and, according to Mr. Pelletreau, named it «Chelsea,» after the well-known hospital near London. It was build of wood, like nearly all those «old mansions» in describing the «grandeur» of which so much republican ink has been pathetically expended. The house was burned down in the last illness of the owner, who came near perishing in the flames. After his death his widow rebuilt it, and she bequeathed the house and a large portion of the land to her daughter Charity, the wife of Bishop Moore. While the Widow

Clarke occupied «Chelsea Farm» her house was seized by the British on the stormy uprising of the «rebels»; and, like every other householder, she was obliged to accept whatever military guard might be quartered upon her. Many of these householders left their dwellings to the tender mercies of the enemy, and fled; but Mrs. Clarke was advised to remain, and she was fortunate in her enforced guest, who proved to be a gallant officer and a courteous gentleman, who spared her goods, and treated her and her daughters with consideration.

It was in this house that Bishop Moore's only child was born—a son, who was named after his mother's only brother, Clement Clarke. He was born on July 15, 1781. After receiving the elements of his education from his father, he entered Columbia College, and was graduated in 1798. He was fitted for the ministry, but he never took orders; and continuing to live in his father's house, he devoted himself to Oriental and classical studies, and employed his leisure in writing verse, not for profit or publication, but to lighten his severer labors and amuse his children and his friends. His first printed venture was made in 1806, as the anonymous contributor to the book of a friend, which also appeared anonymously—a dingy little volume «on gray paper with blunt type,» printed for E. Sargeant, at No. 39 Wall street, opposite the United States Bank—«A New Translation, with Notes, of the Third Satire of Juvenal, to which are added Miscellaneous Poems, Original and Translated.» It would seem as if the authors were a little afraid of the sound of their own voices; for in the only copy we have been able to find of this book, the names of the translator and his friend are written with ink on the title-page by some one in the secret, but have been obstinately erased, and are to be read only by those who have learned from R. W. Griswold's «Poets of America» what the names must be. By applying this X-ray to the inky blot, the names are clearly to be read of John Duer and Clement C. Moore.

The introduction written by Moore for his friend's translation is apropos of nothing in that translation, but simply serves as a hook on which to hang certain animadversions, as severe as the constitutional good nature of the writer would permit, on a group of lackadaisical poets and poetasters of the town, who, as Mr. Moore and his friend thought, were having too much their own way. The verse they criticized was certainly worthless alike in

form and matter; but it must be said that neither the new translator of Juvenal, nor the author of the poems that accompanied it (who was acknowledged, in a note, to be the writer of the introduction), was by right entitled to be too severe on the disciples of Laura Matilda and the Della Cruscan.

Thirty-eight years later, in 1844, Messrs. Bartlett and Welford—how much pleasure is associated with those names in the mind of once young book-loving New-Yorkers!—published «Poems by Clement C. Moore, LL.D.»; and in this volume were found, among others, all the verses signed «L.» that had appeared in Mr. Duer's book. Here was «A Visit from St. Nicholas,» in the company of verses so perfunctory, written in a style so different, so artificial and tame, so empty of matter, that it would be difficult to believe them written by the same hand, were it not that in «A Trip to Saratoga,» with which the volume opens, there is a distinctly natural tone in the narrative style, and the same is found in the «Lines to Southey,» with which the volume closes. But the «Trip to Saratoga» has little to recommend it beyond proving that Dr. Moore could tell a plain tale in plain words when he was so inclined, or when he was really moved to write. The «Lines to Southey» were written, but never sent, after reading the dedication by that poet of «A Tale of Paraguay» to his daughter, Edith May Southey. In Moore's poem he laments the loss of his wife and two of his children; and his grief has a note that makes its way to the heart in spite of the formal versification that hinders its free motions.

The wonder would have been, perhaps, if anybody in New York at that time had written poetry worth preserving. Certainly the city must have been a pleasant place to live in, half town, half country as it was—a large village fringed with smaller villages or hamlets, with green fields, fruitful farms, and well-kept estates stretching along the once beautiful waters that bounded it on each side. But if it had all the charms of this semi-rural life, it had all the disadvantages of such a condition. We have only to skim the pages of Mr. Philip Hone's diary—Mr. Hone, socially one of the most prominent men of his time, and a warm friend of Dr. Moore—to discover what a Little Peddlington the smaller New York must have been in those years. The two great passions that divided the public mind were politics and trade; and as these were strictly interdependent, it is no wonder that, almost homogeneous as the public was in race, and but little separated in its

interests, it took things with a seriousness that kept the social pot forever boiling over.

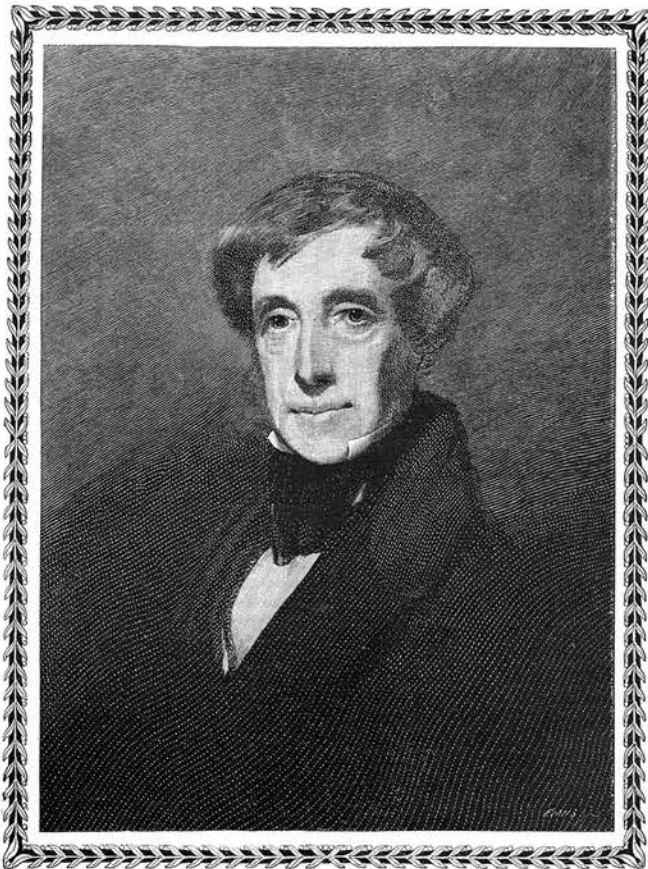
But in the midst of all this social turmoil and hubbub, the life of Dr. Moore flowed tranquilly on in his home at Chelsea Farm, among his books, with his music and his flowers, like one of the many small streams that in his day pursued their quiet way through the fields of Greenwich and the streets of the bustling city. His more laborious hours were passed in his work as instructor in the Oriental languages and in Hebrew. In 1809 he published a Hebrew lexicon, in two volumes,—the first that had appeared in America,—and thus became the pioneer in that study here.

In 1818 Dr. Moore presented to the General Theological Seminary of the Episcopal Church,

as a free gift, the entire block bounded by Ninth Avenue, Twentieth and Twenty-first streets, and extending to the Hudson River. In 1821 he became professor of the Oriental and Hebrew languages in the seminary, and continued his work in that field during the rest of his life. He died at his summer home in Newport, Rhode Island, July 10, 1863.

His Hebrew lexicon has long been superseded; his poems are forgotten: but the noble foundation of the Theological Seminary—a gift such as would hardly be possible for even a multi-millionaire to imitate in our crowded city to-day—this gift to the world of scholars, and the « Visit from St. Nicholas, » a gift to our children, will long keep green the memory of this learned, modest scholar and friend of his kind.

CLEMENT C. MOORE.



FROM THE PORTRAIT FROM LIFE PAINTED FOR HIS CHILDREN. ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

**The Portrait of Clement C. Moore.**

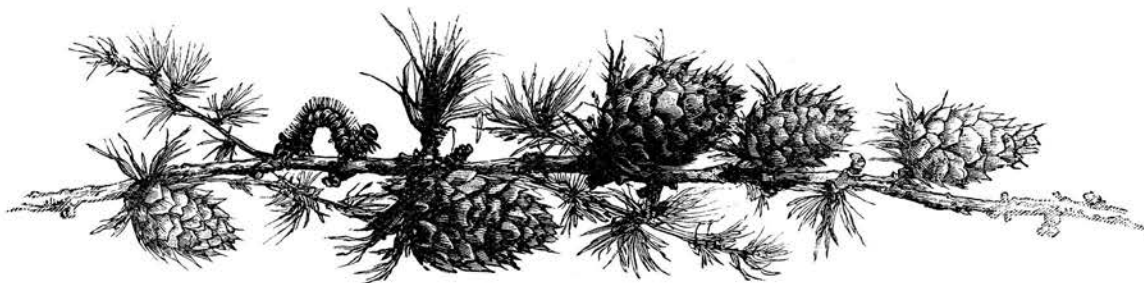
It is stated under the picture of Clement C. Moore, in this number of THE CENTURY, that the original was painted for his children. In the volume of verse from which we have copied « A Visit from St. Nicholas » this portrait is referred to in a poem entitled, « To My Children, After Having My Portrait Taken for Them. » The verses have none of the vividness of the well-known « night before Christmas » lines, but they have a sad and touching sincerity. It was from the same good heart that came the rollicking verses that have delighted generation after generation of children and this outpouring of fatherly affection. We quote a few of the stanzas:

This semblance of your parent's time-worn face  
Is but a sad bequest, my children dear!  
Its youth and freshness gone, and in their place  
The lines of care, the track of many a tear!

Amid life's wreck, we struggle to secure  
Some floating fragment from oblivion's wave:  
We pant for somewhat that may still endure,  
And snatch at least a shadow from the grave.

Oh! that the artist's pencil could portray  
A father's inward bosom to your eyes;  
What hopes, and fears, and doubts perplex his way,  
What aspirations for your welfare rise.

Then might this unsubstantial image prove,  
When I am gone, a guardian of your youth,  
A friend forever urging you to move  
In paths of honor, holiness, and truth.





ONCE more the season has come round in which our Saviour's birth is celebrated, and though more than eighteen centuries have passed away, still the clarion voice rings as fresh as ever in our ears—"Goodwill toward men."

From the highest to the lowest the sacred charm still works its magic spell. What child was ever sent to bed before its time, no matter what the crime, on Christmas Day? Oh, if we could only embed in our hearts throughout the year one half the charity that for very shame seems forced upon us on this great festival, how far happier should we be!

It is not, however, now my province to dwell upon the sacred character of the day, yet the whole subject is so deep, so unfathomable, that, like a still phosphorescent sea, the slightest touch is instantly surrounded by a halo of glory, faintly and dimly revealing to finite minds the infinite brightness that is hidden in its breast, and I cannot bear to enter into the practical details of the day's festivities without some slight allusion in honour of the Author and Founder of the feast.

Now—the higher duties of the season being of course left out of the question—Christmas Day without its dinner would be like the play of "Hamlet" with the part of Hamlet omitted. A genuine Christmas dinner, too, reveals our real national taste, and proves to ourselves and all the world that we have not yet acquired a French one. I wonder if it is possible for a stacionian to calculate how many huge sirloins of beef and immense turkeys are consumed on Christmas Day. Such substantial fare—so unkickshawlike. Nor must we

forget the goose of humbler life. Were it possible to calculate the exact amount of gratification given by mere eating, it would probably be found that the aristocratic sirloin and turkey fail to compare with the goose and sage-and-onion—we may add, especially the sage-and-onion.

We will suppose the happy morning to have arrived, and the children gathered round the table, with cheeks so flushed with pleasure and anticipation that they rival in colour the bright red berries that glisten in the holly on the walls. Bright eyes too match the bright cheeks, eyes that have sparkled more brightly when the well-known and looked-for chink has occurred, as the annual Christmas-box has been slipped into the hand by the grey-haired father or uncle, as the case may be—whose own eye is tinged with water when his mind goes back to the time, too, that he himself was a boy, without a care or thought of the morrow, and who, conscious of the joy which he is giving, walks away with a lighter pocket but a far lighter heart.

Happy, happy times! Is there one who at such a moment has an anxious care? Yes—suppose the beef should be raw, the mince-pie burnt, and the pudding all tumble to pieces the moment it is turned out? Were it known, I dare say tears have been shed upon such trifles, but then trifles make up life.

Perhaps the deepest anxiety is about the pudding. I will give the following recipe, which I have always found an excellent one. The ingredients required are—one pound and a half of muscatel raisins, half a pound of currants, quarter of a pound of sultana raisins, half a pound of mixed candied peel, three-quarters of a pound of bread-crumbs, three-quarters of a pound of suet chopped fine, nine eggs, quarter of an ounce of pounded bitter almonds, a table-spoonful of flour, a table-spoonful of moist sugar, and a quarter of a pint of brandy.

The first thing to do is to stone the raisins. Cut them into two pieces, and in taking out the pips or stones be careful not to take out the pulp. For this reason it is undesirable to leave the stoning of the raisins to young persons. It is more than human nature can bear, and the strongest-minded child is apt to suck his or her fingers during the process, which, in addition to being far from nice, is apt to detract from the rich muscatel flavour of the pudding. The currants should be bought some days before they are wanted, in order that they may be first washed and then dried. Spread them out on a large sheet of coarse paper before the kitchen fire, and occasionally stir them about. They will require picking, and this wants both care and patience; those little tiny stalks of the currants are very disagreeable to get into the mouth, and still more into a hollow tooth, for which they seem to have a natural affinity. The candied peel should be sliced into little, very thin slices, and not chopped up. The bread-crumbs should be made as fine as possible, and the suet chopped up very fine. Care

should be taken to get the very best hard beef-suet, that will chop properly, as some suet has a tendency to get into a creamy mass; when this is the case, it is impossible to make a proper pudding of it. The dry



TURNING OUT THE PUDDING.

ingredients should now be placed in a large basin, and thoroughly mixed together, care being taken to put in the pounded bitter almonds little by little. The eggs should be broken one by one into a cup, in order to see that each one is perfectly fresh. One stale egg will quite spoil a pudding. Beat up the eggs all together till they froth, and mix them in with the rest, and add the brandy. If the bread-crumbs were properly dried, it will not be found to be too moist.

Next take a new pudding-cloth, that has been well boiled in plain water, and butter it thoroughly, and then flour it. Turn the pudding into it and tie it, leaving room for the pudding to swell. The cloth must be fastened very securely, and it is as well to tie it in two places in case of accidents. This pudding must now be boiled for at least six hours. It will always be found best to make the pudding some days before it is required; hang it up in the cloth, putting something underneath it to catch the drops; and a pudding made as we have directed will keep good for months and months. It only requires warming up for a couple of hours in a large saucepan of boiling water, and then turning out.

Now that awfully critical moment—turning out. Care should be taken to peel off the cloth, and not pull it; the reason of this is self-evident. On Christmas Day a piece of bright holly, with some red berries on it, should be stuck on the top of the pudding, and some lighted brandy poured over and round it. If you take my advice, you will light the brandy in the room.

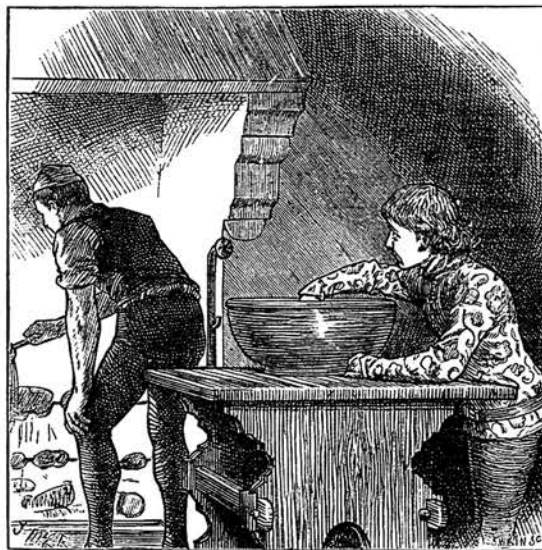
To carry a large flat dish with ignited brandy is extremely dangerous, and I have not forgotten that dreadful story which appeared in the papers one or two years ago, about the poor girl who was burnt to death by the lighted brandy from the Christmas pudding falling on her white muslin dress.

In order to light the brandy, get a large iron spoon

and fill it with brandy, get a lighted cedar taper or thin wood-shaving, or even a piece of paper rolled up, and act exactly as if you were going to boil the brandy in the spoon; in a few minutes the brandy will light of its own accord, when it can be poured on the pudding, and more added if required. If it is evening, and young children are present, it is as well to turn down the gas very low or remove the candle for a few minutes. Judging by my own recollections, the lighted plum-pudding was a great event in my early days—slightly awful, but intensely delightful.

With regard to the beef, I need say but a few words. It is a question between you and the butcher, and I will say butchers as a rule behave very well at Christmas time; and while I think of it, I would recommend you to give your carving-knife to the butcher-boy, and tell him to get it well sharpened for the occasion; a hint that will not be forgotten—the day after Christmas, will have its due effect. Sirloin of beef has a trying piece of gristle at the top, and without a sharp knife a very handsome piece will be made to look ragged. Have a good roaring fire. A piece about twelve pounds will take three hours. It will not require much basting, but remind the cook that it is the sides and not the fat part that should be basted. Some stupid women forget this. Let the dish for the beef be thoroughly hot, and this takes time. Have also some curly white horse-radish to pile on the top of the joint; and be sure the dish-cover is hot without being smoky.

We will next discuss the mince-meat, and would recommend a trial of the following recipe:—Take three apples, three lemons, one pound of raisins, three-quarters of a pound of currants, one pound of suet, quarter of a pound of raw beef, two pounds of moist sugar, four ounces of mixed candied peel, quarter of a rind of a fresh orange, one tea-spoonful of powdered mixed



STOLEN SWEETS.

spice composed of equal proportions of cloves, cinnamon, and nutmeg, half a pint of brandy, and one glass of port wine.

Peel the apples and cut out the cores very carefully, and then bake the pieces till they are quite soft.

Squeeze the lemons, cut away the white flappy part, and boil the lemon-peel till it is fairly soft. The raisins must of course be carefully stoned, and the currants well-washed and dried and picked, as in the



THE OLDEN TIME: BRINGING IN THE GOOD CHEER.

case of the pudding. Chop the suet very finely, as well as the raw meat and lemon-peel. Mix all the ingredients well together, add the brandy last of all, and press the whole down into a stone jar, and place a piece of paper soaked in brandy on the top. Remove the paper and stir up the mixture thoroughly every three days, replacing the paper; if this is done, the mince-meat will keep good a long time.

To make the pies, roll out some thin puff-paste, butter a small round tin, and line it with a piece of paste, then place in a generous quantity of the mince-meat, and cover it over with a similar piece of puff-paste, and bake it in a moderate oven. Mince pies are none the worse for being warmed up, but pray take care that they are sent to table hot.

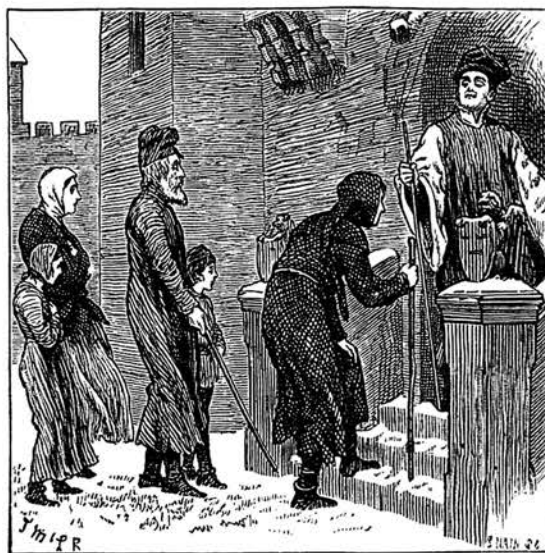
Let us next proceed to the goose. Now a fine, large, tender goose, with a sauce tureen of fine rich gravy, and another of hot apple sauce, with a nice large floury potato, is not to be despised, and to my mind is worth half-a-dozen turkeys. I am afraid the sage-and-onion, the necessary accompaniment, causes it to be considered rather a vulgar dish. Never mind, let us be vulgar, it's only once a year. The principal thing is the stuffing. Onions vary so in size that it is a little difficult to describe, but for a large goose you must take five large onions and ten fresh sage-leaves. If you are obliged to put up with dried leaves, you will want nearly twice the number. Take rather more than a quarter of a pound of bread-crumbs, about a couple of ounces of butter, and add some black pepper and salt.

Chop the onions very fine with the sage-leaves, and mix all up together; and the yolks of a couple of eggs may be added if you wish to have the seasoning very rich, but they are by no means necessary.

This will make the stuffing that nine persons out of ten really prefer, but do not like to say so. If, therefore, you really wish to have the stuffing mild, the only

difference must be that you must cut out the cores of the onions, partially boil them, and let them drain on a napkin; this takes away considerably the strong onion flavour, of which some persons are not very fond. Fill the goose with the stuffing, and roast it before a quick fire. Care must be taken that the goose is well tied up, to prevent the stuffing coming out at one end, or its getting filled with grease during basting at the other. A good-sized goose only requires one hour and a half to roast, and the general fault is that people will over-roast them, and dry them up. The largest goose I have ever seen would not take more than two hours, but try in the case of a very large one to have the stuffing off the chill before you put it in. Serve some rich brown gravy and apple sauce in separate tureens, as you will be sure to splash the gravy in carving the goose if any is put on the dish.

With regard to roast turkey I can only say that no possible time can be given for roasting, as they vary so, especially in the present day of plump prize birds, that even the weight would be no criterion. A small turkey will require one hour and a half; while a very large one may want five hours. One word of caution about the stuffing. Every one knows how unpleasant a tendency what is called veal stuffing has to "rise." This is, I believe, owing to too much lemon-peel being almost invariably used. When you use a quarter of a pound of beef suet, a quarter of a lemon is amply sufficient. To this quantity may be added a couple of teaspoonfuls of dried mixed stuffing herbs (which can be bought in bottles in Covent Garden Market), two ounces of lean ham, rather more than a quarter of a pound of bread crumbs, two eggs, a little chopped parsley (about a teaspoonful or rather more), and a little grated nutmeg, salt, and cayenne



THE OLDEN TIME: RELIEVING THE POOR.

pepper. Mince all the ingredients very finely together, and pound them afterwards in a mortar.

A very nice stuffing for turkeys can be made from chesnuts, but space will not allow me to enter into further details.





Sleep, baby, sleep! the Mother sings:  
Heaven's angels kneel and fold their  
Sleep, baby, sleep! wings.

With swathes of scented hay thy bed  
By Mary's hand at eve was spread.  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

At midnight came the shepherds, they  
Whom seraphs wakened by the way.  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

And three kings from the East afar  
Ere dawn came guided by a star.  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

They brought thee gifts of gold and gems  
Rich orient pearls, pure diadems.  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

But thou who liest slumbering there  
Art King of kings, earth, ocean, air.  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep! the shepherds sing:  
Through heaven, through earth, hosannas  
Sleep, baby, sleep! ring.

*John Addington Symonds.*



English Illustrated Magazine, 1892 - Art by Walter Crane

## CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

“CUSTOM must be indulged with custom, or custom will weep,” says a Manx proverb; and if custom fell a-weeping, poor wench, ’twere pity of our lives!

Therefore, let us begin Christmas Day with setting light to an ashen faggot to serve for the oak Yule log (if we be Devonshire born), and let our first meal be made of herrings, fresh or salted. Let us refrain from giving away either bread or salt all the day through, lest we give away our luck—mince-pies and a slice of Christmas - pudding are not under the embargo, so our hands need not be tied from all loving and giving ways; and let us not lend silver or pay gold away on this day of the days. Time enough for that on Boxing Day, as every house-master regretfully remembers, anticipating the clamorous open hands of turncock, postman, fireman, butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker that will knock on the morrow at his door. If it is beyond our “human possible” to uplift truthfully the cheery carol of “The boar’s head in hand bring I,” we will at least eat together of the roast beef of Old England, of plum-pudding and mince-pies, of apples and nuts and almonds, though the once familiar frumenty be forgotten on the bill of fare. “Rings and things and fine array” we will all put on, and we may do worse than copy the Danish custom which proclaims the Julafred or Yule Peace, and punishes any breach of it by a heavy fine. Even the Good People—the Gentle People, the Fairies know, and keep sacred this piece of Yule, for then—

No fairy takes or witch has power to charm  
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

Another quaint and lovely fashion that English Christmas-keepers would do well to borrow from their neighbours in the Netherlands and in Austria-Hungary is the custom of leaving the house-doors wide open just as the clock strikes midnight, that Mary and her Son may enter in and bless the merry companies. In other countries lighted candles are placed in every window, so that the Christ-child, passing by outside, may not miss His way in the dark.

Nor is there any reason why we should not hang up a sheaf of wheat, that the birds may find one meal sure on Christmas Day; nor need we doubt that the lucky man is he who is born on Christmas Day. Nor need we flinch from the pretty Cornish fancy that at midnight on Christmas night all water turns into wine, and in every stall and stable the horses and cattle receive human speech for an hour, while the bees sing the “Gloria” in their dark skeps outside. Why not, indeed? Wilder fancies may be devised, and stranger things have come to pass. Wise men took simplicity to them for their cleading, and shod themselves with faith and followed a wandering star to a mean stable in a little Jewish town; and thousands still come reverently to the place where their bones lie in Köln city, and envy them their journey and their goal.

And why should not the bees and the cattle give thanks as well as we? All strange things and wild things and sweet things are made possible at Christmas; “so hallowed and so gracious is the time,” for a Child’s sake.

NORA HOPPER.

DECEMBER.

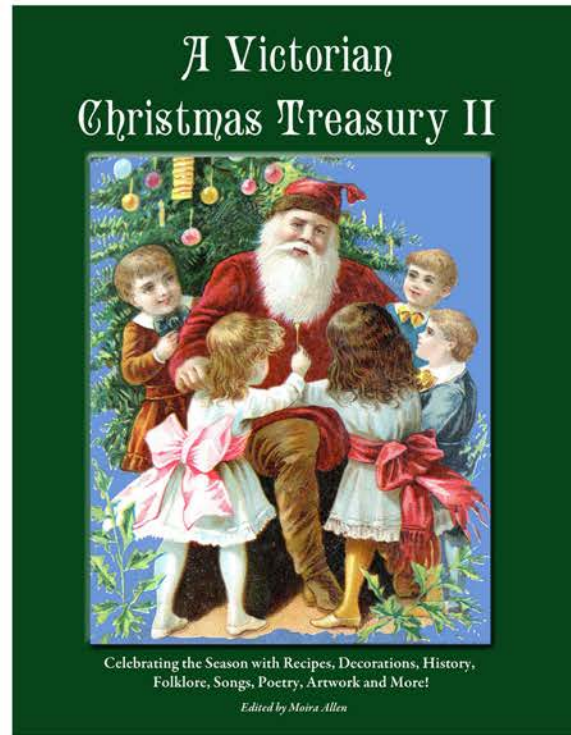
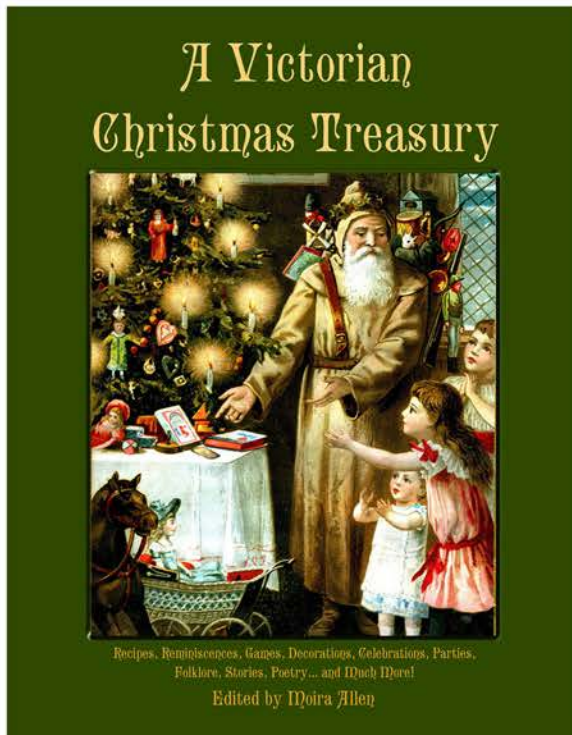


Hawthorn Fruit. Privet.  
Ivy. Holly.  
Scotch Fir. Rose.  
Mistletoe. Ash.  
Strawberry Tree.

FRUITS.

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](http://VictorianVoices.net/books/Christmas.shtml)

Available from Amazon

