Vol. B-1, No. 2 - February 2024

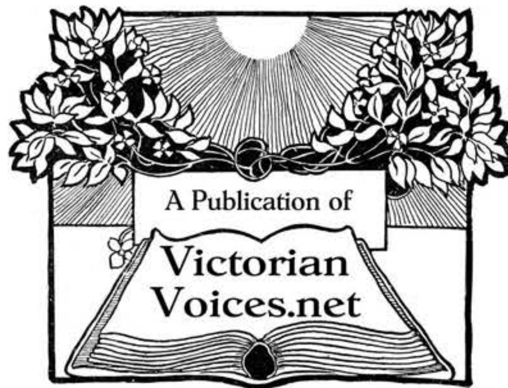
Dinner at the White House • Dinner with the Grand Vizier
A Canadian Lumber Camp • Cornish Cooking • Historic Coronations
London Fogs • Animal Expressions • Wire Beadwork • Puddings
Norway • Visiting Etiquette • Gifts & Presentations • Zoo Stories

Victorian Times

A Monthly Exploration of Victorian Life

Vol. B-1, No. 2
February 2024

edited by Moira Allen



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A Word About *Good Housekeeping*

One of the motivating events that got me started on the notion of reviving *Victorian Times* was coming across a trove of Victorian *Good Housekeeping* magazines on the Internet Archive. I'd gone hunting for a poem I'd come across from that magazine, and realized that there was a wealth of material there that would be perfect for *Victorian Times*. And so… in the issues to come, you're going to see a number of pieces from that magazine.

At the same time… I apologize. Generally, I prefer to use material I've scanned myself from the original periodical. With the exception of a few pieces from *The Strand*, I generally don't use (or post) material already available on the Internet Archive. I even went hunting online to see if I could get some original issues of *Good Housekeeping*, and none were to be found. So… these articles won't always look quite as good as most of the material, as the scans aren't always the best.

Good Housekeeping has been a bit of an eye-opener. I've gotten used to Victorian periodicals that are remarkably progressive with respect to women's issues – and American publications are often more advanced in this regard than British magazines. *Good Housekeeping* isn't one of them!

Instead, it was a magazine that took its name very, very seriously. *Good Housekeeping* was clearly the one and only role to which women could and should aspire. Its pages are filled with endless articles on how to clean, cook, and generally make life comfy for one's men-folks and children. While it has quite a bit of good poetry, it also has loads of poems along the lines of how an educated woman could do this, and that, and the other… but she *couldn't bake a pie!* Its fiction, which I will spare you, follows the same theme.

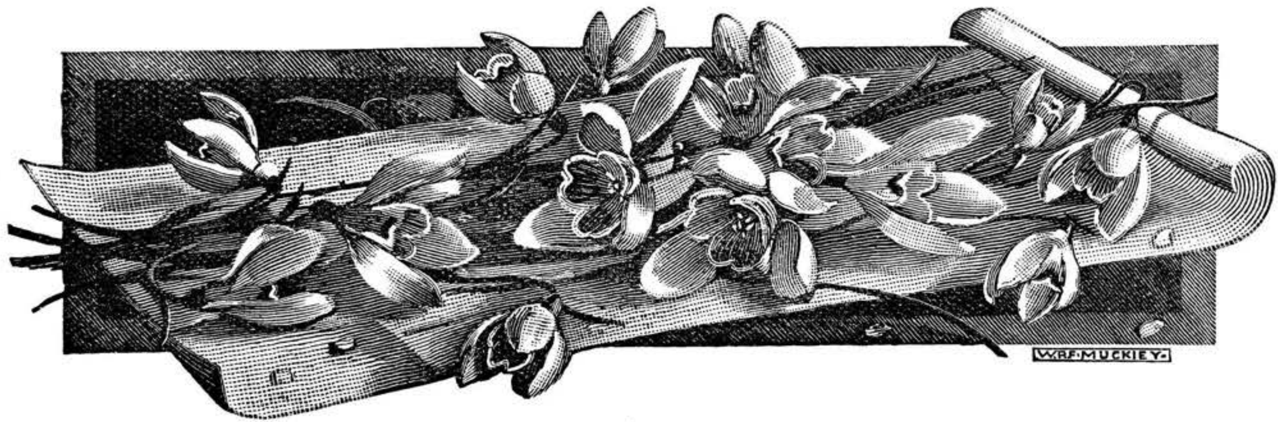
The magazine flirted briefly (from 1899 to 1890) with a column titled "Women's Work and Wages," which looked at what women were doing in the business world, and ways to earn an income. In 1899 a brief article listed women editors in the publishing world, and another listing women inventors. That column then vanished, and there was no more mention of earning a living, women's exchanges, or what women were doing in the world beyond the kitchen. The message that what a woman needed to be was a "good housekeeper" continued on, unchallenged.

Good Housekeeping was founded in 1885 by Clark W. Bryan (whose poetry is prominently featured in its pages). By the late 1890's, it had begun to relay heavily on material reprinted from other publications—something like the *Reader's Digest* of its day. In 1909, the company developed the famous "Good Housekeeping Seal," a much-coveted rating for a variety of products. In 1911, the magazine was bought by the Hearst Corporation.

And, oddly enough, of all the magazines that I've posted to VictorianVoices.net or used in *Victorian Times*, *Good Housekeeping* is one of the "survivors." Nearly all the rest have long since passed from the scene. *The Girl's Own Paper* survived into the 1960's, and *The Strand* was reborn a few years ago—but *Good Housekeeping* has lived on and is still a major magazine today. So perhaps there is something to be said for the value of cooking, cleaning, and the ability to bake pies.

I'm just not planning to be the one to say it!

—Moira Allen, Editor
editors@victorianvoices.net



DINING AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

ETIQUETTE, FORMALITIES AND DECORATIONS OF A STATE DINNER AT THE EXECUTIVE MANSION.

THE amenities of the table are justly considered an important part of social life. The animal feeds, man eats. The first satisfies hunger hastily and coarsely; the latter surrounds the board with all that minister to the æsthetic sensibilities. As refinement increases, the accessories become more choice and varied. Spotless napery, sparkling crystal, beautiful porcelain and silver, delight the eye, and the cooking and serving of food, are in themselves a fine art. As it might be expected that a dinner at the White House would show the best table etiquette of the period, we will briefly review the formalities of such an occasion. During the winter session of Congress, the President gives a series of formal dinners, beginning about the middle of January. A week before the first one of this season, invitations were extended to the Secretaries of the Cabinet, the Vice-President, the Speaker of the House, the Lieutenant General of the Army, the Admiral of the Navy, an ex-Secretary, two venerable Senators, together with a few gentlemen from other cities, eminent for long political or civic services. The invitations of course included the wives of these gentlemen, and are in the nature of commands, which must not be declined except in cases of unavoidable necessity. The French *chef* of the White House has many consultations with the principal officials, the bill of fare is made out, extra service engaged, and the excitement of preparation penetrates the entire mansion. Such occasions do not take care of themselves like the processes of nature, and there is more responsibility devolving upon the house servants than there was during the administration of Mr. Hayes, when a caterer was employed to prepare everything, using only the table service of the White House.

While the last preparations are going on, we will take the liberty of rendering ourselves invisible, and Asmodeus like, look in upon the Executive Mansion in which all Americans must take interest and pride.

Up the steps of the portico and through the large entrance vestibule, we see an inner corridor separated from it by a handsome screen of glass mosaic. It is in itself a spacious apartment, eighteen feet wide and one hundred long, reaching from the middle of the east room at one end, to the conservatory at the other. South of this corridor are three parlors, named respectively the Green room, Blue room and Red room, from the prevailing color of decorations and furniture. West of the Red parlor, at the extreme southwestern end of the mansion, is the state dining-room, and on the north side of the corridor, directly opposite, we find the Presidents' private dining-room, which occupies,—with butler's pantry and the servants' waiting room immediately adjoining,—the northwest front of the building. Under this room, in the basement, is the kitchen. On the north side of the corridor is also situated the private staircase leading to the chambers. This portion of the corridor, which is the length of the state dining-room, can be separated at will from the more public and longer portion on the east, by double doors of inlaid mahogany.

This long hall-way is an important part of the White House, and is treated accordingly. It is only lighted in the day time by the doors opening into the parlors and from the open arches over the jeweled screen, so that no photographer has been able to secure a good picture. The walls, painted a warm cream-gray, are finished with a stenciled frieze, two feet deep, light green, gold and crimson, in conventional designs. The ceiling, a lighter tint of gray, is covered with figures in mixed colors, interspersed with brown and silver decorations in relief. A large semi-circular niche in the wall immediately opposite the front entrance and screen door, is gilded and contains a circular table of ebony and marble.

The crimson Axminster carpet, well covered with small figures of a deeper shade, imparts a richness of tone which is very desirable in the half-light of day, and which responds, at night, to the light of three immense crystal chandeliers. The furniture frames are ebony; the fabric, cream-colored brocade figured with shaded crimson. On the walls hang the portraits of most of the Presidents, save that of Washington, which is in the East room, and those of Van Buren, J. Q. Adams and Arthur in the Red parlor, and of Jefferson in the Library room above. In the western angles the marble busts of Washington and Hamilton, on pedestals of ebony, gaze with sightless eyes upon the ever-changing panorama.

The private corridor on the west is fitted up still more like a reception-room. Each corner angle is cut off by a tall cabinet of ebony, containing faience and plants in majolica holders; door-ways are hung with portieres of Turkoman, in brown, yellow and crimson, with horizontal stripes, and there are Eastlake chairs of ebony with seats and backs of embossed leather. A hexagon table with rosewood frame and marble top, according to tradition, was frequently used by Jackson, when he lived in the White House, about the only

article, in this part of the building, left from that comparatively late period. The wall tints of the private corridor are darker than those of the longer one,—a kind of greenish-gray,—with a parti-colored Japanese freize, thirty inches deep. The broad staircase with one long landing, leading to the second story, is finished with a hand-rail and balusters of mahogany, and from the large carved newel-post a female figure in bronze, nearly life-size, holds, metaphorically a torch, in reality a very prosaic gas-fixture. The remaining furniture consists of a mahogany table, before a mirror framed in the same wood.

At the foot of the stairs a door on the left or north side, leads into the President's private dining room. The walls of this room are hung with heavy paper, imitating leather, a gilt ground with vines of shaded olive and crimson, and a frieze, thirty inches deep, of dark terra-cotta stamped velvet, with gilt molding. The ceiling is greenish gray. The white marble chimney piece and mantel are draped with crimson plush, and the same fabric covers the frame of the large plate-glass mantel-mirror above. The Axminster carpet of dark-green is well covered with figures in shaded olive and crimson. The mahogany chairs have dark green leather on the seats, with backs of wood. The wood-work of the room is painted a light tint of the walls. The finest features of the room are two large carved mahogany side-boards, one on the west side of the room, the other on the south. The one on the right is a fine specimen of Cincinnati carving and dates from the administration of Mr. Hayes; the other was procured when the entire room was furnished anew under the direction of Mr. Arthur. Both are laden with plate and the specimens of the ceramic art. All the movable furniture and plate of these rooms are under the care of the Steward, who is required to give bonds to the value of $20,000, before entering upon his duties.

WHITE HOUSE STATE DINING ROOM.

Returning to the corridor, we find the servants busily engaged in setting the table of the State Dining Room, into which two doors give entrance, one at either extremity. It measures forty feet from east to west and thirty from north to south, and is plainly decorated and contains only the necessary dining-room furniture. During the administration of President Arthur and in accordance with his taste, the walls which had formerly been paneled, were painted a tan or light leather color, with a frieze three feet deep, in a lighter tan,

crimson and gold. The ceiling is a lighter tint still. Three large windows looking south over the intervening gardens, the Potomac and the monument, and two looking west into the conservatory, have green brocade curtains with looped side drapery and lambrequins, over lace. The one nearest the corridor is seen in the illustration, together with the large mahogany framed mirror surmounting the long sideboard, a wall ornament—a plaque of hammered brass—and the marble mantel and mirror at the extreme western end of the room. The green figured carpet here has seen long service.

The side-board, mantelpiece and mirrors are duplicated, so that the reflections from the superb crystal chandeliers, second only to those in the East room, mingling with those of the eight candelabras upon the table, seem to create an endless succession of vistas on every hand.

The mahogany table, five and a half feet wide, can be made sufficiently long to accommodate thirty-six guests, and half as many more if converted into a double T by end wings. On one memorable occasion Mrs. Hayes entertained sixty-two young ladies at a luncheon party, a greater number than have ever been seated together in that room, at any other time.

Glancing along the table, we find that the service used at the first and second courses is that decorated by Mr. Davis at the instance of Mrs. Hayes. It represents American scenery, figures, fish, foliage, fruits and flowers, painted directly from nature. We are informed that the Haviland's, who furnished the set, paid the artist $3,000 for his decorative work, which was all they received from the government, though their own outlay was not less than $17,000. As a compensation therefor they were allowed to make duplicate sets of some portion of the original, and sold many dinner services at the rate of $1,200 for 125 pieces. They had been sufficiently far-sighted to know the publicity this transaction would give them, far exceeded all they might lose.

Beside each plate were grouped six Bohemian wine glasses, a cut glass tumbler and carafe, and a champagne glass. The pepper stands were silver and the salt holders glass with golden shovels. Each plate was covered with the fantastic foldings of a damask napkin, the alternate ones containing a large corsage bouquet, no two alike. One was a dainty cluster of Marshal Neil roses; another of Bon Silene; another of Lilies of the Valley. They were tied with a broad white satin ribbon with long streamers. One end of each was crossed diagonally with the blue and the red; on the other appeared a fine etching of the White House and grounds, with a gilt-lettered date of the day underneath. A long corsage pin with round gilt head, lay also beside the bouquet, and a card bearing the name of the guest, surmounted by a golden eagle and its accompanying stars. The other alternate set of plates, held for each gentleman, only a *boutonnïere* of green with a single rosebud, and the card with his name, by the side of a short white satin ribbon also bearing the name, and the eagle in gilt.

Down the center of the table extended a narrow mirror lake with raised side pieces, bordered with smilax and white blossoms. Directly in the middle rode the ship of state, at anchor, a yard long, formed of pink and white carnations with masts and rigging of smilax. There were tall stands of parti-colored flowers; four lighted candelebra of silver and as many of glass, and high gilt stands covered with flower-filled cornucopias at either end, quite hiding the view down the length of the table. Interspersed among the decorations were conserves, bonbons and hot-house fruits, and two triumphs of the confectioner's art in the shape of fancy moulds of jelly, upborne by large swans and eagles of white sugar.

There were flowers everywhere. They overflowed the mantels, rippled along the walls, breaking the lines of the parallelogram, and made deep bays of greenery, islanded with color, in every window. The conservatory, even, flooded the corridor, where tall palms filled the central niche, and the broad-leaved India rubber was flanked by trees of Azaleas, blushing at the reflections of their own loveliness. Looking at the triple east window which ended the vista, we saw only a pyramid of noble verdure rising to the ceiling, edged with blossoms of scarlet and white and fringed with vines. The

Presidents' Private Dining Room.

mantels of that room were concealed by solid bands of greenery, edged with the leaves of the pointsetta. Out of these rose the odorous spikes of the hyacinth, in which were intermingled the rich hues of orchids, roses, violets and carnations. All the window recesses of the East room were filled with small pyramids of plants, and the mantels and tables of the other parlors, all held their quotas of floral wealth; those in the blue and silver room, in holders and baskets of silver.

The decorations of these dinners are usually indicative of the profession of the guests. For instance, at the last diplomatic dinner, the principal floral ornament consisted of an immense ball, representing the globe, formed of blossoms. Sea and land, countries and islands were made of different flowers. The whole was not less than four feet in diameter, and was suspended from the pillars over the dining table. In that given to the Justices, the scales of Justice were formed out of red and white carnations with a dove resting on the beam.

The invitations,—on engraved forms, the names filled in with pen,—had set the hour at half-past seven, and by the time the house was ready, the servants and ushers in their places and the Marine band stationed in the vestibule, the carriages began to arrive. It may be stated here that the following form of invitation has been in use since the days of Washington:

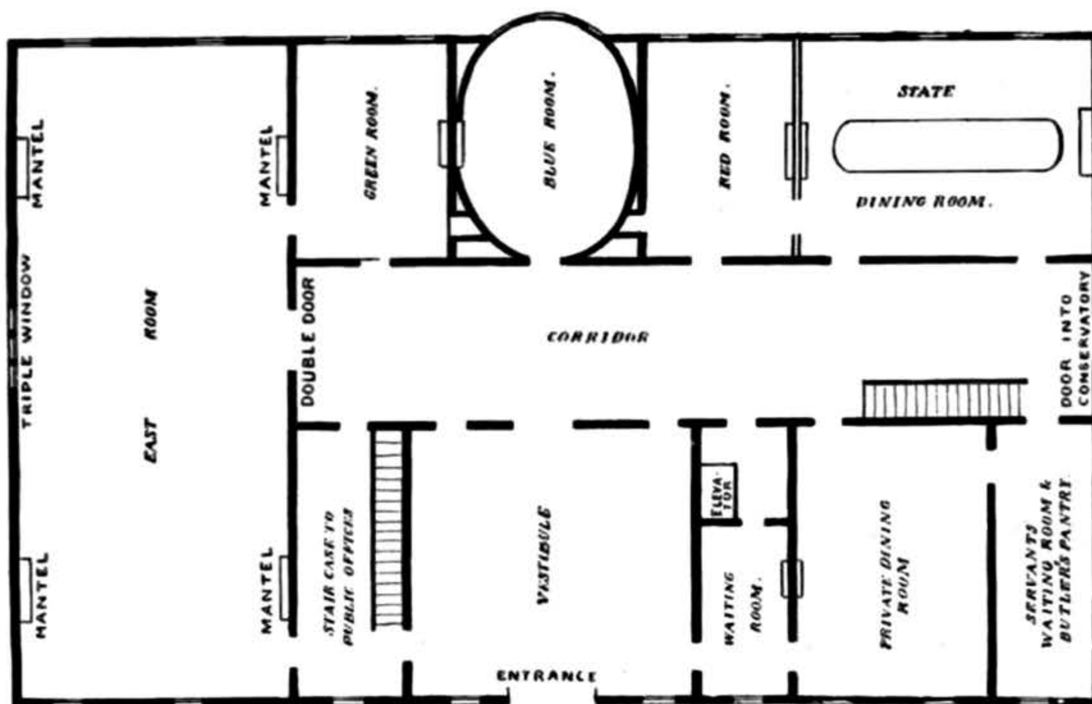
THE ARMS OF THE UNITED STATES.
(Embossed in Gold.)

The President and Mrs. request the pleasure of company at dinner on , at o'clock.

An answer is desired.

The President's invitation appears alone on the cards of the present incumbent of the Executive Office, not even a sister filling the place to which a wife is entitled. The invi-

tation to dine at the White House should be accepted within forty-eight hours, and if previous engagements have been made, they must give place to this. On the other hand, the President can accept no official invitation to dinner parties, whatever he may do as a private citizen. There is always criticism when the chief officer becomes the recipient of much private hospitality. The dignity and responsibility of his office must supersede personal pleasure. Position has its limitation no less than its power. Upon their arrival, guests are ushered into the cloak rooms on the upper floor, to deposit their wrappings, whence they descend and, passing through the large door into the East room, greet the hostess who is waiting to receive them. To be late on such an occasion would be an official as well as personal indignity. Each gentleman has been provided, in the cloak room, with an envelope enclosing a card diagram of the dinner table, on which is checked off the number of his seat. The name of the lady whom he is to escort is written across the center of



GROUND PLAN OF WHITE HOUSE.

the card. When all have convened, the Vice President *pro tempore* and Mrs. Sherman are unavoidably absent, and therefore the Secretary of State, who takes precedence of the other Cabinet officers, advances to the President as he descends the staircase, and accompanies him in to meet the assembled guests. This is the usual form at State dinners, where the Cabinet Ministers are entertained. In case of the Diplomatic dinner, the oldest one in point of service has this place of honor, and escorts the wife or sister of the President; in that of a dinner given to the Justices of the Supreme Court, the chief justice is second only to his chief. Gentlemen are in regulation evening dress; ladies wear either high necked costumes, or are *decollete*. The latter, fortunately, are not necessary in this country.

On the occasion under consideration, the President, who is always to be seated at the middle of the side of the table nearest the corridor, gave his arm to Mrs. Bayard,* while Mrs. Manning, wife of the Secretary of the Treasury, the second of the Executive departments, was escorted by the Secretary of War, the third executive officer, and seated on the left of the President. Beyond Mrs. Bayard, wife of the Secretary of State, came the Secretary of the Navy. Miss Cleveland sat opposite her brother, as hostess, with the Secretary of State on her right and the Secretary of the Navy on her left; then the wife of the Secretary of War, the third executive officer and General Sheridan next to her. If these details are so minutely described, it is because they have been the subject of grave consideration, and any departure therefrom would occasion ill-feeling among those who are fully aware of the importance and comparative dignity of the offices they fill. They are equally aware of the truth that it is the office alone, and not the person, which is recognized. And nothing in Washington is more curious and in some aspects, pathetic, then the manner in which incumbents accept the situation. Four years or so of public life, of adulation and deference, obsequiousness and curiosity, power and opportunity, and then down into the ranks, neither more nor less than their fellows. Ephemeral station is often followed by utter extinction, as the crowd turns from the setting, to gaze at the rising, sun. And yet the very ephemeral nature, of power in a republic, only makes many strive the more to secure its gauds. If we have observed closely, we have noticed that the cards at the plates of the gentlemen guests, invariably bear the name of the office and not the man. It is the Postmaster General instead of Mr. Vilas; the Speaker of the House instead of Mr. Carlisle, while the ladies of course bear their own names. The office is permanent: the incumbent is but temporary.

But we have left the dinner party too long. It is a striking scene; the amber, gold and white of the East room gleams like sunlight under sparkles of crystal, reflected from eight enormous mirrors; the long corridor, fully lighted, from whose walls the successive Presidents look solemnly down on this evanescent splendor; the multitude of fragrant and dewy blossoms; the group of men who wield so much civic power in this republic; the superb dresses of the women, of every soft hue, gleaming with magnificient jewels, velvet beneath swept by the long trains of velvet above, all make up a picture, the value of which is heightened by the associations clustering about every adjunct of the scene.

*Thirty-six hours after this dinner, the eldest daughter of the Secretary of State and Mrs. Bayard, a young lady of great brilliance and many accomplishments, was found lifeless in her chamber. Only two weeks later, all that was mortal of Mrs. Bayard was laid beside her daughter.

The President and his lady step through the door into the corridor, and, at a signal from an usher, the Marine band in the vestibule, break into an inspiriting strain from the "Mikado." The stately cortége defiles down the corridor, and passing into the dining-room through either door, all readily find their places. They remain standing until the President seats himself. Miss Cleveland and Mr. Bayard were the last of the procession. The serene and gentle woman who fills an onerous position with so much dignity and conscientiousness, presides as befits her character. Unspoiled by place, considerate and faithful, those who respect reality and not its semblance, are glad to record that the courteous hostess of the Executive Mansion is worthy of every honor.

The dinner of thirteen courses passes like other dinners among well-bred people. Two colored waiters stand behind the President and the lady at his right, and two in corresponding positions on the other side of the table. Each waiter has six persons under his charge. The bills of fare during the present administration are not to be made public. The dinner occupies about an hour and a half. After escorting the ladies to the East room, the gentlemen return for the inevitable post-prandial cigar and informal conversation. Even the gods unbend, at times, upon Olympus. At about eleven o'clock the guests take their leave. The next morning a portion of the ten or twelve domestics employed in the building, are removing the last traces of the feast, so that the earliest visitor may not see the debris of the "banquet hall deserted." The flowers are kept in place as long as possible to be enjoyed by visitors.

There are rooms in Washington, as well as in other cities, where there are more elegant decorations and furniture, richer crystal and plate, than are found in the Executive Mansion. Perhaps this greater plainness comports with the ideal simplicity of the republic. And yet there are charms of association and history which clothe the White House with a beauty not all its own. From the period when Mistress Abigail Adams dried her laundried clothing in the East room until now, how much has happened! Within these walls how many high hopes have found fruition, how many have bitterly perished! How much has been experienced, of which the world will never know! Unmerited praise and undeserved obloquy is showered upon the head of every incumbent of the chief office, and, if contemporary observers cannot discern what is true or false, how can History decide? While pausing to sift evidence, she can at least, "dine at the White House."

—Hester M. Poole.

Meats and Vegetables.—A List of Those Which Should be Served Together.

Roast beef may be served with tomatoes prepared in all styles; baked, mashed and roasted potatoes, baked or browned sweet potatoes; asparagus, spinach, Brussels sprouts, string beans or cauliflower, lima beans.

Fillet of beef—With stuffed tomatoes, stuffed peppers, potatoes prepared in fancy styles, asparagus heads or artichokes.

Beefsteak—Lyonnaise potatoes, French fried potatoes, plain fried, chips, fried tomatoes, asparagus or spinach.

Mignon of fillet—Vegetables, macedai, timbals of vegetables, potato balls.

Beef a la mode—Carrot balls, potato balls, green peas, asparagus heads, glazed onions.

Sour roast—Potato dumplings, stewed prunes.

Braised beef and pot roast may be served with any kind of vegetable in season.

Corned beef — Boiled cabbage, cabbage rolls, sprouts, boiled beets, turnips, carrots, beef salad or tomato salad.

Roasted mutton and lamb—Green peas, string beans, Savoy cabbage, cauliflower, spinach, green corn, potatoes, white and Russian turnips, Brussels sprouts, Lima beans.

Boiled mutton—Cabbage, string beans, white turnips, creamed Russian turnips, cauliflower or boiled potatoes.

Lamb and mutton chops—French fried potatoes, baked potatoes, Lyonnaise potatoes and plain fried, fried tomatoes, egg plant, green corn, creamed corn, stewed and boiled tomatoes or potato balls with parsley sauce.

Veal, roasted—Spinach a la creme, potatoes mashed or plain boiled, or cauliflower au gratin or a l'Allemande, French peas, carrots a la Julienne, Brussels sprouts or asparagus.

Veal cutlets—Tomato sauce, potato straws, French fried, mashed, baked or plain boiled; potatoes are creamed, wax beans a la creme, asparagus or spinach.

Pork, roasted—Mashed turnips and potatoes, apple sauce, red cabbage, German style; sauerkraut, potatoes plain, boiled or mashed, creamed corn or beans of all kinds.

Turkey and chicken, roasted – Cranberries, mashed turnips and potatoes, plain mashed potatoes, Brussels sprouts, creamed onions, creamed corn, chicken fricassee may be served with toast, dumplings, mashed potatoes or plain boiled potatoes, creamed corn or string beans a la creme.

Ducks and geese—Browned sweet potatoes, plain and mashed potatoes, apple sauce, baked apples, creamed onions, creamed corn, or serve with compote and salad.

Birds of all kinds may be served on toast or croutons, with lettuce salad and compote or currant jelly.

Rabbit, roasted—Red cabbage, a l'Allemande, and potato croquettes.

Venison—Vegetables, or with compote and salad. It is nice with currant jelly or currant jelly sauce and crouton or small potato croquettes or red cabbage cooked with claret.

Canvasback ducks or other wild ducks are generally served with fried hominy and currant jelly.—The New York Press.

Good Housekeeping Eclectic

GASTRONOMY IN HIGH PLACES.

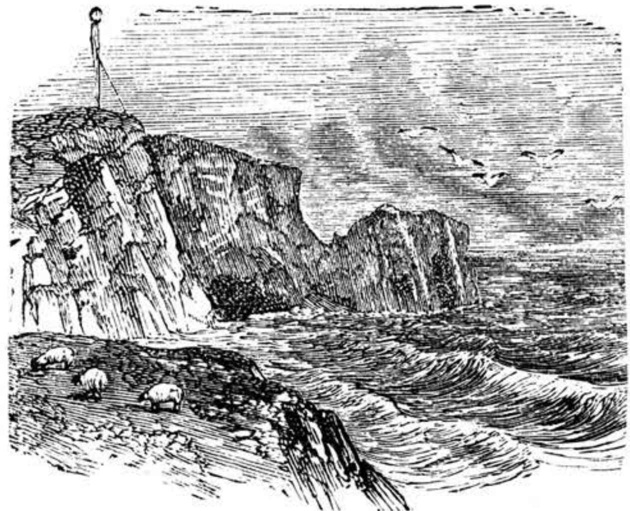
A Moorish Dinner Party with Morocco's Grand Vizier.

Dinner is announced, and, led by the Vizier, we pass down the length of the garden, among the courtiers, soldiers and slaves, and we find ourselves entering a second and even more gorgeous apartment than we have just left. Under the arcade of arches that gives entrance to this room stood our dinner, ninety-two huge covered dishes of earthenware filled with all the delicacies that native cooks know so well how to prepare. Within stands the dining table, loaded with fruit and flowers and sweetmeats, with candelabra and dessert dishes, and set in European fashion, as strange an anomaly in so Oriental a scene as the furniture which lies scattered about the room. At either extremity of the large apartment stand four-posted bedsteads of French "Empire" design, in ebony and walnut respectively, while mirrors of every shape, form and design, from handsome constructions in "buhl" to the most flashing of modern gilt hideousities. Clocks of many shapes and designs ticked against the walls, while the floors of marble and tiles are strewn with antique carpets of the country and modern Brussels of suicidal hues; the candelabra on the table of inferior pewter; the forks and spoons of handsome silver gilt; everywhere the same strange mixture of Orientalism and civilization, of wealth and shoddiness. Nor was the company less diverse, for next to her Majesty's minister in evening dress and decorations sat a tall figure swathed in white wool and silk; while behind a young officer in the mess kit of the grenadiers stood a group of Moorish servants in scarlet and gold, slaves, and soldiers in their crimson "fezzes."

Their perplexity of the British butler who was shown close upon a hundred dishes and told to serve dinner was a feature in the entertainment, but fortunately there is no routine in Moorish feasts, and one eats promiscuously of spiced meats, young pigeons, richly stuffed fowls roasted with lemon peel, and "kooshoosoo," the national dish, to mention but a very few of the many delicacies prepared. No wines are ever given at these entertainments, and one falls back upon one's own supplies brought for the purpose, for the Moors are by religion, and generally by practice, staunch teetotalers, nor would those who do imbibe in secret venture to do so at a public feast in the presence alike of Europeans and their own compatriots.

We did not do justice, it must be confessed, to even a small proportion of the repast prepared, excellent though the dishes were; nor is one expected to do so, for the number of cooked dishes is a sign of honor and hospitality, and one tastes rarely of those which one's servants think most according to their master's gout, the rest being carried away to the different apartments in which the Vizier is entertaining his fellow members of the ministry and the court in general, for only the chancellor of the exchequer and two of the under secretaries of state dined with us at table. A lull in the music in the garden without tells us that the musicians have not been forgotten, but are feasting apace. Then back once more to the reception room, to seat ourselves upon a semi-circle of chairs arranged at equal distances from one another, where we are sprinkled with rose and orange water from long-necked silver sprinklers, and refreshed with the heavy scent of incense.

Trays of green tea in minute cups and tumblers, such as we would use for liquor, follow, tray after tray, until the three cups apiece prescribed by Moorish etiquette are drunk. Then the musicians approach and seat themselves under the arcade without, a long row of men with inlaid guitars and violins and strange instruments that have no name in English. But the proximity is too great, and what was music at a distance becomes noise at close quarters. Beyond them is the garden, seen through the arches, half lost in shady gloom, half apparent in the bright moonlight and brighter flash of numbers of lanterns. Again the white-robed figures come and go, passing and repassing each other, like ghosts among the trees, and the members of the court and their attendant soldiers and slaves wander at will along the tiled paths. A move is made, and, bidding our adieus to our host, we mount once more and, surrounded by soldiers and servants bearing lanterns, seek our home.—St. James Gazette.



LOADING LOGS ON THE BOB-SLEDS.

THE WORK OF CANADIAN LUMBERMEN.

By LEE J. VANCE.[1]

With Illustrations from Sketches by PARKER NEWTON. Engraved by MAURICE STAINFORTH.

AS soon as the bitter north winds of the late autumn begin to pipe over the Canadian hills, and strain and sigh through the boughs of the firs and spruces, the Canadian lumberman sets at work to prepare his bob-sleds and his harness for the coming winter's work; he puts new helves in his axes, buys a stock of groceries, the most important items in this list, of course, being flour, mess pork, molasses, and tea. Cooking utensils have also to be purchased, for each "lumber operator," as he is called in Canada, employs from ten to a hundred men. These men fish, pursue agriculture, or are employed in the saw-mills during summer, and they come from all parts of the country where there are rivers and evergreen forests. They are mostly stalwart fellows with broad shoulders and thick chests; they are clad usually in homespun, a grey, enduring cloth, woven by their mothers, sisters, or wives in their own homes; their socks are knitted from heavy yarn spun on old-fashioned spinning-wheels, and they wear two pairs at once. They do not as a rule wear boots during the winter, the substitute being "larigans," which are made of tanned cow-hide or moose-hide, sewn together much after the manner of an Indian moccasin, having at the bottom but one thickness of the leather. They are provided with heavy woollen mittens and fur caps made from the skins of lynx, mink, musk-rat, or loup-cervier. They take along with them a couple of suits of heavy clothes, including always a pair of stream-driver's boots. The latter are very thick in the soles and are provided with sharp iron spikes, which are necessary when the lumberman lays by his axe in the spring and becomes a "stream-driver."

When the cutting north winds begin to crust over the pools and streams with ice, the lumber parties bid good-bye to their families and set out with their teams. The most noted of the lumbering regions in Canada are the great stretches of forest

[1] The writer must acknowledge the use of a few introductory words by the author of *Life and Times of Sir John MacDonald*, the late Edmund Collins, who was preparing a paper on the subject for this magazine before his fatal illness.

skirting the Miramichi, the Restigouche, the St. John, and the Ottawa rivers, though large operations are carried on along the shores of the great lakes, as, for instance, at Georgian Bay, in the province of Ontario, where there are over 30,000 islands sheltering the harbours nestling here and there on the coast. The teams are taken sometimes on the railway cars, but it is not unusual for them to travel distances of a hundred miles or more, drawing heavy loads of provisions and general outfit upon the bob-sleds. There are stopping-places along the way where horses and men can put up at night.

The first work on reaching the lumber woods is to build a shanty. This must be large enough to accommodate horses and men. The stable is connected often with the shanty, being separated by a partition. The shanties are rectangular buildings about twenty feet long, twelve or fifteen wide, and ten feet high in centre, with sloping sides. They are built of unhewn logs, and well banked with bark, moss, and clay to keep the heat within and the cold out. The roofs are made of rough bark, and the floors are laid with smooth planks and boards. There is seldom any division into rooms in these rude structures.

LUMBERMEN'S SHANTY.

A gang of choppers herd together like dogs in a kennel. Along the two sides of the open room beds are arranged; when accommodations are limited there are two tiers. These beds, or "bunks," are simply rough boxes made of planks or poles, and supported by two posts, with pins set into auger-holes in the walls. Sometimes ticks are provided, but in most cases the boxes are filled with straw. A pair of heavy coarse blankets are allotted to each sleeper, although some of the men bring additional covering with them.

The lumber operator hires a man, or a man and his wife, to keep house for the choppers. At one end of the shanty, where barrels of salt pork, bags of beans, flour and potatoes, pots and pans are stored, the housekeepers set up their *Lares* and *Penates*. No one ventures to intrude upon the cook's preserves. A small space is left in the middle of the shanty for the mess-room.

Now, roughing it in a logging camp in the dead of winter is one thing, and means something different from the make-believe attempts at "roughing it" in midsummer, when camping-out under a white canvas tent, sleeping on soft, sweet-scented masses of spruce and hemlock boughs, and living off the fat of the land and water become a pleasure instead of a hardship. The exposures of one winter in a lumber camp would kill off one-half of the summer campers-out, who think they are pushing human endurance to the limit. Bad living and the cook would do the rest. The cook does the best he knows how with the materials in store. His dishes, which are not expected to tempt the capricious appetites of invalids, would disturb the peace of mind and dreams of an Eskimo. Entering a logging shanty about breakfast time, when the smoke from the frying grease mingles with the bad air and effluvia, due to lack of ventilation, is like going into the Zoological Gardens. Frankly speaking, we have nothing but admiration for the men who mix molasses with pork gravy and live through the winter. Salt pork, beans, black-strap molasses, and coffee are served three times a day in many different ways.

And yet the "loggers" are not without a supply of fresh meat. Many of the men

are wont to go hunting, and, as a result, they keep the camp in game half the time. The moose are most sought after, and the sport is attended by just enough excitement to make it exhilarating. There is little danger, except when a big ugly fellow is brought to bay—then look out for him!

The men in the shanties live a monotonous daily round. Supper over, they spend an hour or two smoking, sharpening axes, mending clothes, and playing cards. When liquor is smuggled into the camp there is apt to be trouble; arguments over cards end in blows, followed by cutting and shooting. The loggers are a clannish set, and few of these desperate affrays are heard of outside the lumber district. Many of the operators do not pay wages until the end of the season, and then, with their winter's money in their pockets, the loggers act like sailors after a long voyage.

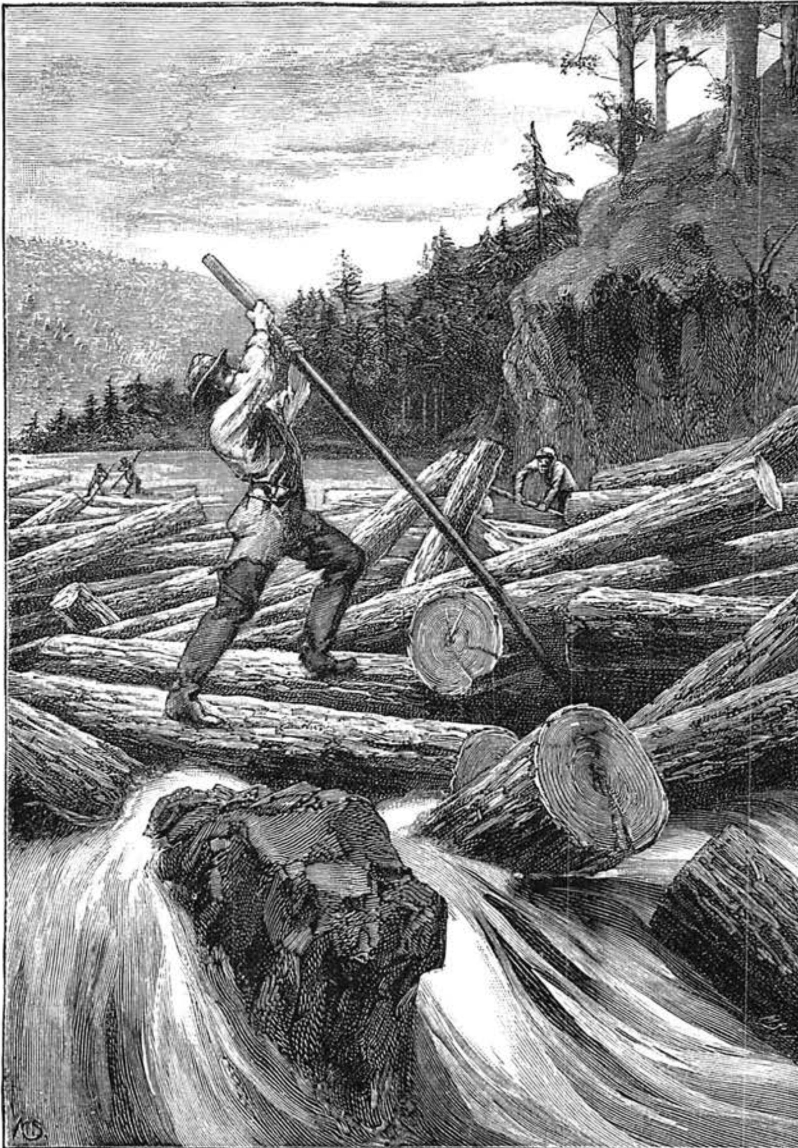
FRESH MEAT FOR THE CAMP.

As soon as there is sufficient snow for sleighing, men and teams are sent into the woods to break roads. This is done by having sleighs or "pungs" pass over the route several times, until the loose snow is well packed. When the snow freezes it becomes solid enough to bear the heaviest loads over soft or miry places. The roads must not be blocked, and so with each fall of snow there is more road-breaking. In order to keep the important sections of the route passable, it is customary to run a sleigh every few hours both night and day during a heavy snow-storm. Several winters ago were felled thousands of logs which the Canadian lumbermen were unable to send to market on account of bad roadways.

The routine of the chopper is about as monotonous as it is possible for hard work to become. Very likely he will sharpen his axes the night before, and by four o'clock the next morning he has had his breakfast, and is on his way to the ground. The chopper selects a tree of the right size, sometimes marked by the boss, and without much ado he begins to drive the glittering blade up to the helve at almost every stroke. The chips fly in all directions, covering the snow around; the cut grows deeper and wider at each stroke; soon the tree sways and leans slightly to one side. Then the chopper steps to the opposite side, and gives one, two, or three blows, when with a creak and a groan the giant of the forest comes crashing down to the ground. The branches are trimmed and cut off and the trunk is cut into logs of market length. Sometimes the chopper prepares a bed for the tree to fall upon. This bed is made of brush and small trees, and is intended to keep the tree from splitting by breaking its fall, and also to prevent the trunk from sinking too deeply into the snow for the sawyers and hewers to work at it conveniently. A chopper is expected to cut from forty to fifty logs a day. Some experts have cut as many as ninety and one hundred logs in a day, but that record is

made, of course, under the most favourable conditions. Many lumber operators pay their choppers according to the number of logs cut, and the wages will range from thirty to forty shillings per week and board.

The next thing after the logs have been cut or squared is to drag them out of the woods. They are chained and hauled by horses or oxen to the road. This work is called "swamping out." Then the logs are loaded on bob-sleds and taken to the mills or skidways. Two men and a pair of horses will drag and store on the skid-way from one hundred to one hundred and fifty logs in a day. That depends largely upon the distance to be travelled. From fifteen to twenty "pieces" can be piled on the sleds. Thus a strong team of horses will draw without much trouble fifteen logs to a load, the logs averaging about 1,200 pounds apiece. The journey on the bob-sleds is tame and uninteresting, except when the load comes to a steep grade. Down the hill the animals go on a run; it is only chance that both the driver and his team escape a serious accident.



A JAM OF LOGS.

But the greatest perils and hardships have yet to come. In most cases, the logs cannot be hauled direct to the mills, and in that event they are taken to the "banking ground," to the bank of some stream. The logs are so piled that by knocking out the bottom log the whole pile goes tumbling down into the water. It is in the spring, when the ice begins to melt in the streams, that the logs are floated down to the mill, or to the "boom" on the freshets.

Now the "drive" begins. I am certain insurance companies would class the work as "extra hazardous." The trip down the stream is always replete with incident, danger, and excitement. A huge mass of logs and ice is sent hurrying down the river, and the drivers follow it. For days the men direct, urge, and keep in hand the floating mass.

Few persons who have not seen the actual "driving" of logs can adequately realise what the work means. Armed with long pike poles, having a straight or curved prong in the end, the drivers try to keep the logs in motion by pushing and prodding. If one log should happen to catch on a projection of rock, where the river narrows, it is likely to cause a "jam," and that is what the men fear the most.

Over there the whole drive of logs comes upon a gorge. See that big stick of timber bring up with a jerk. Now it is the "king-pin" of a jam. Every minute adds

to the difficulty and the danger; the heaving mass becomes firm and rigid, and as thousands of logs from "up stream" continue to float down there seems to be no likelihood of breaking the jam right away. Meanwhile the boss is shouting commands to his men—is ordering one to do this, another to do that. But the drivers need no urging; they know their business. It is a lively scene; the bold fellows jumping, plunging, wading, slipping, leaping from log to log, crossing chasms in the swaying mass. Of course the objective point is to free the imprisoned log or logs that hold the others back. One driver more active and daring than his fellows reaches the king-pin; he succeeds in loosening its hold on the rocks, and turning flies for his life.

What a sound! What a sight! The jam breaks with a noise like thunder, and

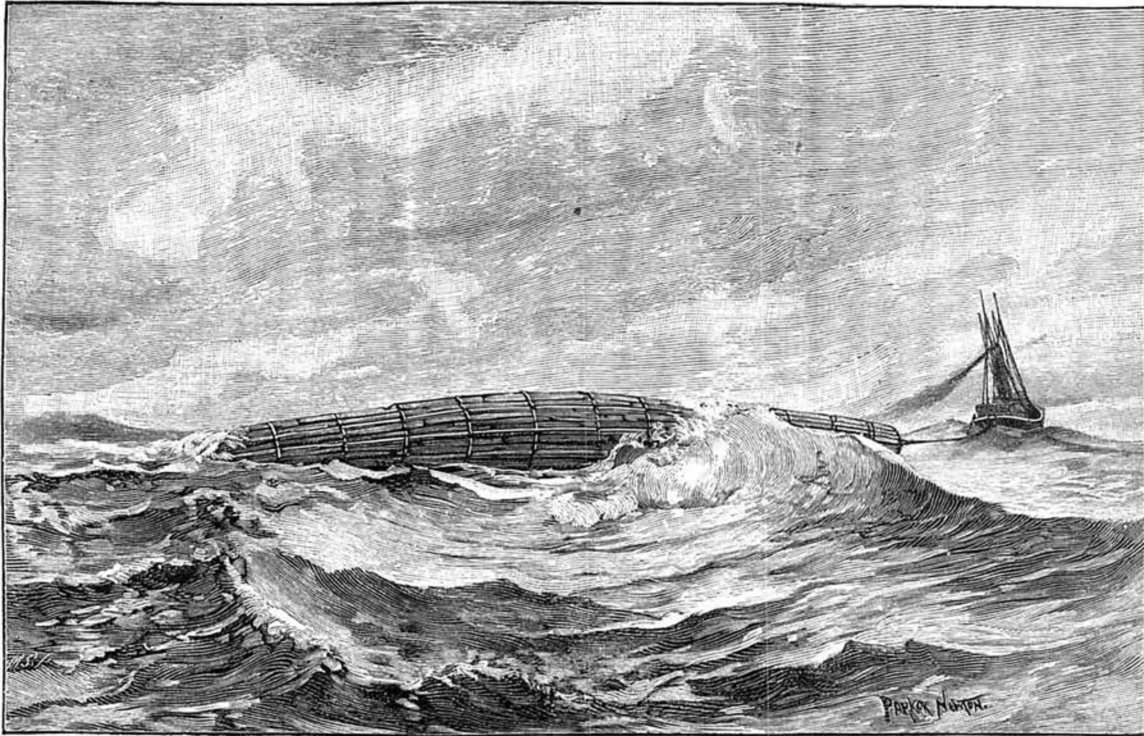
THE STREAM-DRIVERS.

starts with a jump. There is an upheaval and uplifting of logs as if thrown by an earthquake. What was once a seemingly solid mass is now alive and writhing. Huge sticks of timber are thrown into the air as if by giants at play; they roll over and over, turning and squirming, grinding and crashing. The roar of the on-sweeping flood and the pounding of logs are deafening. Sometimes a driver pays the penalty of his rashness. The poor fellow falls into a gap and is carried down the river before the eyes of comrades, willing, but helpless to rescue him. His head and shoulders are tossed for a moment above the drift. The victim has, perhaps, time enough to wave a parting salutation, and then he disappears beneath the flood of logs. Some weeks or months afterwards in summer-time, his body, bloated and unrecognisable, is found stranded on the bar, or whirling round and round in a secluded eddy.

The men who do the "driving" take their lives in their hands almost every hour of the day. They are as bold, fearless a lot of fellows as one could find the world over. They all belong to a race of athletes. Their work calls for the agility of a ballet dancer and the nerve of a tight-rope walker. It is no easy matter to jump from log

to log in mid-stream without losing one's balance. Yet the drivers accomplish this feat with ease and grace, aided more or less by the sharp iron spikes in their boots, and by the long poles in their hands. Should one lose his balance and fall into the water, he hears the unfeeling laughter and remarks of his comrades in danger.

The exposures and hardships of river-driving are enough to break down the hardiest constitution. I am told the men, as a rule, are not long-lived. At one time the driver is waist-deep in ice-water, and at all times he is drenched to the skin, stiff and sore from over-exertion. So, for days and weeks when the logs are running in these swiftly-descending streams, swelled to rivers by spring freshets, the drivers travel along with pikes, levers, and cant-dogs, to keep the logs moving and to start them when they are jammed. There is no let-up, no change of under-garments, no camp. At nightfall a blazing bonfire is made, and the men, aching in every joint, roll



A TIMBER RAFT.

themselves up in their blankets on the ground, and quickly fall into a sleep from which it is often difficult to rouse them in the morning.

The work of the stream-drivers ends when the logs arrive at the general catching station known to the lumberman as the "boom." This is a great storage and sorting place, which is maintained by all the operators along the drive. The boom consists of piers and extra large sticks chained together in such a way that it is practically impossible for logs or big blocks of ice to break through it.

The logs are held at the boom until the spring floods are over; here they remain until wanted by their owners. Each operator has a mark, or brand, usually on the end of his logs, and that enables the men to identify his property without trouble. Early in the summer thousands of logs or "pieces" are made into rafts, and floated or towed down the rivers and lakes to the great saw-mills. There they are sawed in the form of lumber and square timber, and cut also for shingles, posts, sleepers, rail-road ties, &c. But the bulk of Canadian lumber is exported; it goes to the two principal markets, Great Britain and the United States. Last season the value of timber exported from Canada was reckoned at over £5,400,000, or about one-quarter of the total value of Canadian exports.

Indeed, one of the most interesting features incident to the lumber traffic is the journey of a timber-raft to the great lumber mart at Quebec. The summer tourist on the St. Lawrence is sure to pass almost daily many of these "tows" as they are popularly called. When cruising among the Thousand Islands he comes suddenly upon a slowly advancing tug-boat, puffing and breathing deep and

hard. Then, out from behind an intervening islet some 300 feet in the rear, pokes the nose of what might be a sea-serpent. It is the head of a timber-raft. Drawing alongside of the sinuous mass, one sees groups of dark-eyed, swarthy, half-breed Canadian lumbermen; some are lounging and smoking, others are at work with axe and maul, splicing and tightening the different sections of the raft for holding together during the voyage through the turbulent rapids at the mouth of the St. Lawrence. The men on the raft live in shanties and tents, in which provisions and cooking utensils are stored away from the rain.

If our tourist be of an inquisitive turn of mind, he will inquire as to the origin and destination of the great timber-raft. Then most likely he will learn the following facts: The raft has been constructed at the foot of Lake Ontario, near the city of Kingston. There, from many sources, from the mouths of streams along the great lakes, Superior and Michigan and the Georgian Bay, millions of logs are gathered every spring. The business is in the hands of two large concerns, the Calvin Company at Garden Island, and the Collins Bay Rafting and Forwarding Company. Their steam barges and sailing vessels are industriously collecting timber the year round.

A raft is made into sections, or "drams," each of which is about 200 feet long and fifty feet wide. About ten "drams" make a raft. There have been rafts that contained as many as twenty of these sections. But that is not necessary or safe. The pine timber "drams" are three and four layers deep, containing some 30,000 cubic feet. The oak "drams" are made of but one layer, having some 10,000 cubic feet. The bottom layer of the raft is firmly bound, with white birch or iron-wood withes, to pieces which form a frame, under which the lowest layer is laid.

SAW-MILLS AND TIMBER-SHED.

When the big raft reaches the head of the Long Sault Rapids, it is split into its component sections. A new crew of men and a pilot are taken on board, and one section at a time is run through the rapids. The same methods are repeated down the Cascades, the Cedars, and Split Rock Rapids. Another crew takes the raft through the Lachine Rapids and on to Montreal. After that it is plain sailing to the port of Quebec. Now the raft is broken up and taken to pieces. Most of the logs or "pieces" are loaded on ocean schooners built for the trade, and Canadian spruce and pine and fir is wanted the world over.

What would you think of a timber-raft in a solid mass in the form of a ship as large as the celebrated *Great Eastern*, and full one-fourth heavier, being towed from Nova Scotia through the Atlantic Ocean to the city of New York? It remained for an inventive Canadian lumberman, aided by a New York operator, to carry a long-cherished scheme into execution. In 1885 Mr. Hugh Robertson contracted to build for Daniel J. Leary of New York such a ship-raft afloat in the Bay of Fundy. The raft was not completed until August 1886. It was 400 feet in length, 50 feet in width at the centre, and 33 feet in depth. It contained about 2,000,000 feet of lumber. The first attempt to launch it was a failure. On the second trial the mass ran down the ways nearly 200 feet, and there it remained; further attempts to launch the raft proving unsuccessful, Mr. Robertson decided to tear it apart and rebuild it.

The second ship-raft was finished in November 1887. It was larger than the first one, being 580 feet in length, 62 feet in width, 37 feet deep, and containing 3,000,000 feet of timber. It consisted of 27,000 logs arranged in sixty layers. Four permanent ways 1,200 feet long were constructed at a cost of £1,900.

In form the Robertson raft resembled that of a cigar with the pointed end cut off,

and with flattened sides. The inventor obtained patents on his method of adjustment of the chains which bound the whole mass together. There was a two and one-half inch core, or centre chain, which ran from one end of the raft to the other. There were also iron link binders every seven feet running to the outside of the shell. Lateral chains kept the logs from working apart longitudinally, while encircling chains bolted around the surface prevented the raft from flattening out. The chains alone cost over £1,000. The logs were laid generally with the small ends towards the end of the raft, and interlapped so as to give strength. The end of the centre chain was spliced to the towing hawsers, so that the pull or strain would make the raft even more solid than it was on dry land. The value of the raft was placed at £6,000. It was calculated that the lumber would bring double that amount in the New York market. Indeed, one of the objects of this system of rafting is to send the longest and largest logs to a distant market at a comparatively low cost. The lumber schooners at Nova Scotia do not take sticks exceeding sixty-five feet in length, while the Robertson raft could carry lumber cut 100 feet in length. There is an increasing demand for logs of extra size, to be used in our cities for docks, piers, and piling.

The cigar-shape raft was launched without mishap at Two Rivers, November 15th, and for three weeks she lay at anchor in the bay waiting to be towed. On the 30th of November the steamship *Miranda* left New York for Port Joggins, Nova Scotia, and the great craft was taken in tow on the 9th of December.

The interesting experiment attracted attention far and wide. Over a week passed and no word was received. On the 20th of December the *Miranda* put in at Whitestone, Long Island, and reported that the raft was adrift. During a strong wind the large hawser parted, and then the bit to which the smaller hawser was attached gave way, and the *Miranda* was compelled to leave the raft to its fate. Of course there was not wanting any number of individuals who said "I told you so; the scheme was visionary." As the abandoned raft was almost in the pathway of the ocean liners plying between Liverpool and New York, the Maritime Exchange took up the matter. Secretary of the U. S. Navy, Hon. W. C. Whitney, sent the sloop of war *Enterprise* in search of the lost raft. The vessel found the remains of the raft 275 miles at sea, scattered over 600 square miles, and reported there was no danger.

The unfortunate ending of their first venture did not deter Mr. Robertson and Mr. Leary from giving the scheme a second trial. They still believed that with good weather the journey could be made safely. Again, operations were commenced in March 1888. A new raft 595 feet long, fifty-five feet wide, containing 22,000 logs, was launched in July. It left the Bay of Fundy August 2nd, towed by two powerful steam tugs. On the 11th it anchored off College Point, Long Island. The next day when the great raft towed by five tugs came down the East River, it was like a triumphal procession. People lined the docks and cheered the thing as it moved along. Steam crafts of all kinds blew their screeching whistles. The promenade on the Brooklyn Bridge was crowded with sight-seers. It was a great victory for the builder. It was a great day for the owner; he had saved £3,000 for transportation. Still, practical lumbermen will say that the Robertson system of rafting does not fulfil all demands; that the expense of construction, of towing, and of breaking up the raft, is about equal to that of sending lumber by vessel.

The work of Canadian lumbermen is many-sided and far-reaching in its effects. The traffic involves social, economic and political questions. Thus it is claimed that the lumbermen are robbing, and have robbed, the forests of Canada in a ruthless manner of the best timber, leaving thousands and thousands of acres desolate wastes; that great injury has been done to a young and growing country by allowing lumbermen to help themselves almost like freebooters; that on account of this cleaning up, the country is visited with devastating floods and severe droughts; that, lastly, the Government should exercise a stricter supervision over its lumber tracts and the work done by lumbermen. However, we are here concerned with the picturesque and human side of an industry which is rapidly changing the face of nature and the climate of our country.

SOLITAIRE, OR PATIENCE.

For Winter Evening Service and Recreation.

DELIGHTFUL summer, with tennis, rowing and all sorts of out door amusements, has come to an end, and we people of New England are beginning to see cold winter, with its long evenings, creeping in upon us. Now, winter, where all the young people know each other well, skate, dance, talk, and read together, is not such a dreadful thing; indeed the cold weather, in doors and out, is sometimes very jolly, nor are the evenings, even to the younger ones, partly spent in study, so long. But there are some young people who live too far from their neighbors for frequent visiting, some busy men and women who have worked so hard all day that they have no energy for talking or reading, some boys and girls who are not allowed to study at night.

As none of these people want to go to bed with the chickens, what can we suggest to pass away the evenings?

Nothing, it seems to me, can be found more interesting than the time-honored game of Solitaire, or Patience.

It is a peaceful game, as only one person is engaged in it, there is no chance for quarreling, no danger that a pretty combination, carefully worked out, be upset by the lack of co-operation or the superior skill of an adversary, and yet those looking on, enjoy the game as much as the actual player. It can grade with the intellect, being in its different forms suited to every stage of mental development, from the small child, shut up in the house with a cold, to the hard working lawyer, the learned professor, the clever woman, taking a little mind refreshment.

Though Solitaire has been played for hundreds of years, first with a board and pegs, then with cards, it is only in the last few years that books have been written on the subject. Some of these are very instructive, all interesting, but they can hardly be called *popular*, as they contain too many abstruse rules to be quickly and easily made use of. They make amusement into hard work.

I have therefore, from my own experience, and in consultation with several Solitaire lovers made up a few simple directions which will at once enable any one to understand the half dozen forms of the game I give them, and easily to work out other forms they may hear of from time to time.

Different Solitaires are played according to special rules, but there are certain rules which belong to all the different games; these I propose to give you, very briefly, and then tell you how to apply them in certain cases.

In playing Solitaire, the object is to make a "card structure" following certain special directions, and in every case, the corner stones on which you build up your structure are called "base cards."

"Building" is placing "fitting cards" on these "base cards" to form "columns" or completed "card structures." The "fitting cards" are generally cards in sequence, or "sequenting cards."

"Sequenting cards" are those which follow each other in natural order, one, (ace) two, three, or ten, Jack, Queen.

There are two kinds of "sequenting," *up* and *down*. To sequent up, use the next higher card to your "top card," placing a three on a two, a King on a Queen, etc. To sequent down, use the next lower card, placing a nine on a ten, a four on a five.

"Sequenting" is governed by special rules, but "building" can be done only on "columns" with "base cards" as foundations.

The "stock" is a pile made of "non-fitting cards" or those which are, for the moment, useless.

"Court cards" are the four highest, Ace, King, Queen, Jack.

Cards in "suit" are those of the same sort, diamonds, hearts, clubs or spades.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

In this Solitaire, the base cards are aces, and the building is in suit. As fitting cards can never appear in order in the pack, four extra piles are allowed with such start cards as chance or judgment may direct. Sequent down on these piles with top cards, and as fitting cards appear, build.

Put the four aces on the table in a row, faces up. Turn the top card of the pack, if it be a fitting card (two) place it on the ace of the same suit. If any other card, start a pile.

If the next be a fitting card, build, if not, either place it on the start card of the pile, or begin a new pile, be very careful in making this choice, for on it largely depends the success of your game. Always try to start your piles with high cards, and, if possible, keep one pile for kings.

Build with the top card of the pack or of one of your piles, which may be re-arranged at any time by sequenting from one to the other.

When a pile is used up by building or sequenting, start a new one. Should you have no cards left in the pack and your columns be unfinished, take up your piles, shuffle and use them again, this, called a re-deal, is only allowed once.

THIRTEENS.

Deal the pack in thirteen piles of four each, faces down. Turn over each top card. If you turn a king, put him, face up, under the other three in his pile and turn the next card for a top card. When an ace is turned, start a column with it as base card, and begin to build, if possible. Sequent down on the thirteen piles, always turning a new top card when you use the old one for building or sequenting. Build whenever you have fitting cards.

CASTING OUT ELEVENS.

Turn over twelve cards and lay them, faces up, on the table. If you turn a court card, put it at the bottom of the pack in your hand and go on turning. Look over the twelve cards and if the spots on any two of them will, when added together, make eleven, "cast out" the eleven, by covering the two cards with the next two cards turned from the top of the pack. Examine the new set of cards and go on casting out elevens until each pile is covered by a court card, which has no count.

THE ROAD TO BEDLAM.

Turn the top-card of the pack as a base card. If the next card turned will sequent, either up or down, without regard to suit, build with it, otherwise, place it at the bottom of the pack in your hand. Go on in this way until every card is on the column on the table, or no fitting cards remain in the pack. Be cautious about beginning this seemingly innocent and easy Solitaire, as it is said to have furnished many inmates to the insane asylums.

THE NEW MOON.

Place twelve cards in the form of a half moon or crescent. If there be an ace among these, place it in the center as a base card and fill its place from the top of the pack. Examine the cards and sequent down in suit, three on each of the twelve cards of the new moon, remembering that the packets thus formed must never exceed three cards in each.

The new moon must always have twelve places and any vacancies left in it by sequenting or building, must be filled

at once by the top card of the pack, or the top card of the stock. No card can be used for building until it has been in the moon.

THE BED OF CLOVERS.

Deal seventeen clusters of three cards each and place them on the table, faces up, treating the one extra card that will remain as if it were a cluster. If there are any aces on the top of the clusters, place them on the table as base cards. Build, in suit, with fitting cards. If none be exposed, sequent back and forth among the clusters, always in suit, but either up or down, until you expose fitting cards. When it is impossible to go on, take up the clusters, shuffle and re-deal. Two re-deals are permitted and one draw, that is, the taking out and using of one fitting card which is covered by non-fitting ones.

—*Kate Woodbridge Michaelis.*

Original in Good Housekeeping.

SOME GERMAN RECIPES.

Englander.

Blanch and peel one-half pound of almonds; cut lengthwise in thin pieces. Beat the whites of seven eggs to a stiff froth, add to it one-half pound sifted powdered sugar, also the prepared almonds and the juice of one-half of a lemon. Put all in a very clean sauce-pan, set over the fire and stir till thick; form into croquettes, set on tin lined with buttered paper, and bake in a very cool oven to a light brown. It ought to take from four to five hours to dry them.

Anis Brod.

One-half pound of powdered sugar (sifted), three whole eggs, four yolks, four whites, one-fourth pound of flour. Stir eggs, yolks and sugar fifteen minutes or longer, then add the beaten whites of the four eggs, and lastly stir in the sifted flour and one teaspoonful of caraway seed. Bake in slow oven to a golden brown.

Weine Shnitten (Pain dore).

Cut six buns in one-half inch thick slices. Beat three or four eggs and almost one pint of milk, and soak the bread in it until soft, but not so that it will break when taken out. Bake in hot sweet fat to a nice color. Lay in pudding dish; over each layer sprinkle sugar, cinnamon, raisins, currants, coarse chopped almonds and citron. Pour over it one pint of well sweetened claret, and bake one hour; turn over on plate and sprinkle with sugar.

Apple and Rice (Pommes au riz).

Boil one-fourth rice in one quart of milk until done; add two or three eggs, sugar to taste and three or four pounded macaroons. Peel and core five apples, boil in a little water—very sweet—in which you put some lemon-peel and one glass of wine until tender, but they must not break. Now lay the rice one inch thick on the bottom of a pretty platter or dish, the apples on the top and fill the holes left by the cores with preserved cherries or currants, and send to the table. Everything must be still warm.

Apple Charlotte.

Line a round pudding dish, tin or granite ware, as follows: Cut buns one day old in finger thick slices,—cut into heart-shaped pieces,—then dip in melted butter. Line the dish with it so that the point reaches the middle of the bottom, and the broad side of the bread the broad side of the dish. They must fit very close. Line the sides the same way but with square pieces. After you have it all fitted perfectly, fill the form with very sweet stewed apples, raisins, currants and blanched almonds. Bake about one-half hour in not too hot an oven; turn over on a plate, sift sugar over it and brown with a hot poker if you like. The bread must be very crisp and light brown.

Apricots, peaches, cherries, plums and green gages, stewed almost to a jam, can be prepared in the same way.

Sugar Cakes.

One-half pound of fine pulverized sugar, whites of two eggs, the juice of half a lemon. Stir sugar and eggs very frothy, then add, on the bread board, so much sugar to it that it can be rolled out. Cut in any shape you wish,—stars, half-moons, rings, etc.,—after you have it rolled one-fourth of an inch thick. Bake in cool oven to gold color. Instead of greasing the tin you bake them on, warm and rub it slightly with white wax. It will prevent their breaking when taking them off. If there should be trouble, heat the tin slightly again.

Zwieback.

Make a paste out of one and a half pounds of flour, one-half pound of butter, one pound of sugar, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and milk, so that it can be rolled. Roll very thin, cut in any shape and bake on waxed tin.

Karlsbad Wafers.

Beat the whites of ten eggs to a stiff froth, add one pound of fine powdered sugar (sifted), one-half ounce of cinamon, three-quarters pound of sifted flour. Lay tablespoonfuls of it on a greased baking tin, each spoonful two inches from the other apart; smooth them out with the round side of a teaspoon to the thickness of a knife blade, the shape to be round. Bake in quick oven. Have ready a finger thick, round, smooth stick of wood. Roll each one of the cakes around it, like the outside leaf of a cigar; press it on the wood a little and pull the stick out.

Another Kind.

Whites of seven eggs, one-half pound of sugar, one-half pound of fine, cut blanched almonds, the juice of a lemon, one-half cinamon, a pinch of cloves, two ounces of citron, one-fourth pound of fine flour. Finish the same way

Potato Pudding.

Rub one-fourth pound of butter and one cupful of sugar to cream; add the yolks of six eggs, one cupful of cream or milk, one-fourth pound of grated potatoes (boiled the day before), a little grated lemon peel, and the beaten whites. Boil in buttered mould two hours.

Potato Torte.

Stir one-half pound of sugar and yolks of nine eggs one-half hour. Add one ounce of citron, one ounce of cinnamon and one of candied orange peel, then the very stiff whites of nine eggs and three-quarters pound of grated potatoes—boiled the day before. Bake very slowly.

—*Mrs. I. Eichenlaub.*

AGUACATES.

How to make the salad.—"These are aguacates, alligator pears, or vegetable butter, or whatever of the several names you please to call them. They come from Cuba," said a Fulton market dealer, in answer to an inquirer, pointing to a heap of glossy, green fruit, looking like Hubbard squashes in miniature. "They are used as a salad," he continued, rapidly selecting specimens of the fruit, three of which filled a square grape basket. Several of these baskets were directed to the navy yard.

"Naval officers, who have learned to eat aguacates in the tropics, are very fond of them," added the dealer in explanation. "They leave a standing order for me to send over aguacates whenever they arrive, which is a mighty uncertain time. What will arrive, and how it will arrive, and when it will arrive is a mighty uncertain thing, dealing with those folks at the tropics. If they are out of money, they will send on fruit; if they are not, you can wait for it. They say it's the climate. I guess it is. I have seen Northern men go down there, and at the end of two years they did not care to work any more than anybody else. Sometimes a cargo of fruit, with aguacates on board, arrives in summer, when they must be kept in a refrigerator. To make a first-class aguacate salad, you must have Spanish onions. Peel the onion, cut it in very thin slices, lay it on your salad dish on a bed of bleached lettuce, if you want to. Then peel your aguacate, remove the large pit and cut the fruit in slices; lay it on the onion,—they must all be ice-cold,—then pour your mayonnaise dressing over them or in the center of a ring of sliced aguacates arranged on the onion, and the salad is ready."—*New York Tribune.*

A TALL and stout visitor to the Astor house, in New York, ordered codfish cakes, and placidly instructed the waiter that he wanted some molasses. He was particular to state that he didn't want sugar or maple syrup—he wanted molasses. He poured the molasses over the fish cakes, and seemed to relish them. "Oh, that's nothing," remarked the waiter to another visitor; "one of our patrons is stuck on sardines and ice-cream, and another insists on a thin layer of English mustard on his pumpkin pie."

TWO LUCKY FLIES.

Two late flies, in winter weather,
Met, and thus they talked together:
"Aren't we lucky, you and I,
Here we're living warm and dry?
All the other flies are dead,—
Frozen out, I should have said,—
For each morning, with a rush,
Comes a woman with a brush;
Open goes the window, wide,
Then, I think, 'tis time to hide."
"I've noticed that," said number two,
"And fully I agree with you.
I also hide, even to my head,
For, only yesterday, she said,
'Oh, how I hate a horrid fly!
'Tis really time for them to die;
Last night, I really thought I'd scream,
I found a dead one in the cream!'
She little knew it was my brother—
To guard him well, I promised mother;
His wings were quite as soft as silk,
And how he did love nice sweet milk!"
"I love it too," said number one;
"To taste a little would be fun;
But we must wait till after dark,
Then you and I'll go on a lark."
And so they did, these merry flies,
Each found a crumb of wondrous size;
And spite of woman, brush and threat,
They lived, and may be living yet.

—*Ione L. Jones.*

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S WARNING.

O fly! O fly, why don't you die?
Your father and your mother died
Along with all your brothers
And forty thousand others!

You know we never asked you here,
Nor ever wanted you to stay;
Foraging on our rations
You, nor your blood relations.

O fly, my wrath is waxing warm,
'Twas bad enough in hot July,
Your unheard of assurance!
To-day, 'tis past endurance!

The mercury way down to "Zed!"
The cisterns cracking overhead!
The water pipes all freezing
And every body sneezing.

So fly, you'd better mind your eye!
You'll find yourself "*non est*" instead;
I give you solemn warning
This frosty winter morning.

—*Mrs. Sarah DeW. Gamwell.*

LONDON FOGS.

BY AN AMATEUR OBSERVER.

THE dreadful fogs which characterised last year have not yet been effaced from the memory of the inhabitants of London. Every one is anxious to prevent if possible the recurrence of the evil, but how is the difficulty. Some suggest stoves that consume their own smoke, but there are such obstacles to this course being adopted, that they may without exaggeration be termed insurmountable. Let any one take an Ordnance map of London and glance at the thickly crammed portion lying to the eastern side: streets crossing and recrossing in a confused labyrinth, and each of these streets holding hundreds of poor people, living almost from hand to mouth. To prevent the fogs by means of the smoke-consuming stoves, *every* house in this labyrinth must be furnished with a new stove to consume its own smoke. How are either the people or the landlords to stand the enormous expense? From the East-end of London all our fogs come, and that would have to be the cost of our freedom. May not the remedy, to some, be worse than the disease? Another plan is advocated, and seems more feasible. There is a particular kind of coal which burns with little or no smoke, and this might be exclusively used—by those who can afford it—but look at those who can afford but the cheapest, commonest fuel. How would they manage? If all the West-end of London burnt this coal and the poor burnt the old sort, where would be the good? We should still have our dusky torrent of fog streaming up, mitigated no doubt in a trifling degree, because it would receive no reinforcements on the way up as it does now, but in London properly speaking there would be no material advantage.

Some time ago an ingenious Frenchman wrote to the papers, and suggested that if a balloon was sent up during the thick of a London fog from Regent's or Hyde Park, and a person in the car dropped a package of dynamite, the force of the explosion would cause a rift in the fog, and the air rushing in would disperse it. We are afraid that the windows in Park Lane or Bayswater would suffer more than the fog, and unfortunate persons crossing the park would be

considerably alarmed. A balloon ascent during a bad fog would be very interesting, and would allow observations to be made as to the aërial currents and the smoke-cloud.

Leaving theories, however, we come to facts in connection with our subject. Few people, we believe, notice it (but it is a fact proved by our own careful observation) that there are two distinct kinds of London fogs. In the first, the fog *par excellence*, the air is close, heavy, and pungently suffocating, causing the throat to ache and the eyes to smart. In the second, the air is perfectly clear, but there seems a layer of fog suspended in mid-air, varying in colour from bright yellow-orange to black. The thick London fogs are caused by the presence of a heavy white fog in the valley of the Thames—which rises from the marshy grounds during the chilly night hours. This fog prevents the smoke going up, and as the morning approaches and the smoke from the fresh-lit fires comes out, this heavy blanket-like mist acts as a buffer and thrusts the smoke down. As the volumes of smoke increase, the mist and smoke become thoroughly amalgamated and form that plague of London, our text. In the short winter days the sun has no power to pierce the thick veil, which hangs over the City like a pall. A curious fact connected with these fogs is their locality. When there is a regular thick fog in the City, up in the N.W. parts of London the air is quite clear and fine. This is the case when a N. breeze is just stirring. When the wind is S. or S.E. the fogs up at St. John's Wood are very bad.

Fogs lie frequently in belts; in January, 1879, a regular series of bands lay across the West-end; they were not very dense, but they lay in the same places for several days. Then a fresh W. breeze dispersed them.

In January last, a few days after the snow-storm, we had occasion to go into London. The air at St. John's Wood had been heavy, but when we started it was quite clear. Down the Edgware Road, just by the bridge over the Paddington Canal, there was a stationary belt of thick fog. The omnibus seemed as if it was going straight at a black wall. When we were in the middle of the belt, the fog was an olive colour.

Before we reached Church Street, a few hundred yards on, the air was quite clear, and we saw the fog we had passed through behind. Crossing the park that same day, we encountered a slowly-moving belt of fog and passed through it.

The "high" fogs differ from those before mentioned. They cause neither the eyes to smart nor the throat to ache. Objects can be clearly discerned at a good distance. They come up in waves at irregular intervals, and vary in colour from pale chrome to olive-green, or (but rarely) black. Our idea is that the same causes produce them as the others, only that the smoke is arrested in its upward course by a stratum of mist at some height from the earth. This refuses to let the smoke ascend freely, but is not so low as to beat it back on the earth. The wave-motion may be attributed to currents of air just moving the smoke, but not so as to disperse it altogether. These fogs often accompany heavy rain or snow-storms. A remarkably dark one occurred in December, 1876, after a severe snow-storm; about 2 p.m. it became perfectly dark, and the wave of darkness lasted about seven minutes, then it became quite bright; another wave followed, but neither was it so dark nor did it last so long as the preceding one. During both there was no fog, strictly so called; the trees could be perfectly well seen outlined, and the lights a quarter of a mile off. Fogs are also occasioned by the shifting of the wind. A few weeks ago, the wind, which had been E. for some time, veered suddenly to W. The long train of smoke, which had been going merrily no doubt before the wind, suddenly found itself faced and driven back by an opposing current. Back it all came, and what is more, hung over London all day, when in the evening the wind went into the old quarter, and the smoke resumed its interrupted journey.

In this brief sketch of foggy weather, we have just noted down the results of years of careful watching of fogs. We have written down our ideas on the subject as plainly as possible, and hope the study of their phenomena may enlighten some who shut the shutters and light the gas when our November enemy comes.

J. Erskine.

EVERY-DAY PUDDINGS, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

THESE hints, as the title implies, will be of the most homely kind, setting forth rules and principles for the guidance of those who are anxious to do simple things in the right way, and present a variety of puddings at their tables; for, be it remembered, variety is not only pleasant to the palate, but necessary for health.

***Farinaceous Puddings*, although the simplest, are unquestionably, as a rule, improperly made and cooked; and as they are so nourishing and delicious when the right mode is followed, we will give them first place. Now, when cooking any kind of food, we are nine-tenths of the way on the road to success if we understand both the composition of the food and the effect of heat upon it, *i.e.*, the amount of heat required for its conversion from the raw to the cooked state.**

First, then, the composition of the "food stuffs," or "cereals," all of which may be classed as farinaceous, viz., sago, tapioca, hominy, rice, semolina, pearl-barley, crushed wheat, &c.; in a word, they are *starchy* foods, although the proportion varies—in some there is more than seventy per cent. of starch, for the perfect cooking of which a long time is required to enable the little cells to swell and burst; hence the absurdity of cooking them in a quick oven.

Everything of a starchy nature swells in cooking, so plenty of room must be allowed, and the proportion of rice, &c., should not be more than two ounces for each pint of milk used in the pudding; the dish should not be more than three-parts filled. What happens if the dish *is* quite full, the oven too hot, and too much grain, as we may term it, used? Just this: in a very short time the milk will be soaked up, so the grain cannot swell as it should, and some will have boiled over in the oven; the result being a hard, indigestible, quarter-cooked mess, instead of, at less cost, a rich, creamy, nourishing pudding. Try the following method for any kind referred to above:—Wash well, in several waters, four ounces of the grain, put it in a dish well greased, with two ounces of sugar, a pinch of salt, and a quart of milk; stir up and, if the flavour is liked, grate a little nutmeg on the surface, and bake from two to three hours in a *very slow oven.* Coarse oatmeal makes an excellent pudding of this kind; children will enjoy it baked *minus* sugar, and served with warm treacle.

It is well to stir the contents of the dish a few times during the first part of the cooking. Some may say, "*How* slow should the oven be?" We mean that the milk should only just simmer, the very tiniest bubbles only appearing on the surface; indeed, after the pudding has reached simmering-point in the oven, the cooking may often be finished on the top of a range, or the hob of an open grate.

Some of our readers will exclaim, "No eggs!" and others will assert that the pudding cannot be made without them; though, as a matter of fact, they are not required in an every-day pudding, and nothing is more indigestible than a long-baked egg. Those who insist upon adding them will be wise to make the pudding by cooking the milk and grain separately in a saucepan until nearly done, then adding the eggs when the mixture has cooked, and baking the pudding just long enough to set and brown the surface.

A Baked Custard.—How often is this seen watery at the bottom, and full of holes, rough-looking all through! There are many causes, the chief being excess of sugar, imperfect mixing, stale eggs, and too hot an oven. Really good milk should be used, and the pudding moved as little and as gently as possible; the oven must be gentle, and a smooth custard will be the result. A very light pudding for an invalid is a *steamed custard;* two eggs, rather less than half a pint of milk, and a teaspoonful of white sugar should be thoroughly beaten, poured into a buttered basin, covered with a buttered paper, and steamed in a saucepan of gently-boiling water coming half-way up the basin for thirty to forty minutes. A *savoury custard* is similarly made, *cold beef-tea* taking the place of the milk and sugar; this is very enjoyable when cold, and furnishes a nice change.

Batter Puddings need careful mixing to insure freedom from lumps; they are improved by standing some hours before cooking, and further improved by the addition of the whites of the eggs, separately beaten, at the last minute. Baking powder, too, should always be put in the instant before the batter is poured into the dish or basin ready for cooking, or it is useless. Very good proportions for "*Yorkshire Pudding*" batter are two eggs, a pint of milk, and six ounces of flour. Steamed or boiled puddings should be rather stiffer than baked ones, as the moisture evaporates to a greater extent in the dry heat of an oven than when they are cooked by steam. In separating eggs, yolks from whites, care must be taken to avoid any intermixture of yolk and white, as the former contains oil, and would prevent the latter being stiffly beaten. A current of air facilitates the beating; so does a pinch of salt—it gives body; the eggs *must* be fresh.

With regard to *Suet Puddings* of all kinds, *i.e.*, all puddings containing suet, they must, to be digestible and nourishing, be well cooked; the suet should be first skinned and shredded, before chopping, and the finer it is chopped the better; this is an operation very carelessly performed as a rule.

Beef suet makes the richer, but mutton suet the lighter puddings.

Bread-crumbs form a good addition, even to an ordinary rolly-poly; if to each half-pound of flour two ounces of bread-crumbs be added, a lightness and delicacy unobtainable without them are a certain result, and the pudding is more wholesome. Steamed puddings are lighter than boiled ones, and there are other advantages; viz., no cloth is needed, a piece of greased paper taking its place, and it matters not about the basin being full, as there is no fear of the water getting into the pudding if care is taken to set it in a saucepan with boiling water half-way up the basin, replenishing it from time to time with more boiling water; keep the lid on, and allow at least half as long again as the same pudding would take to boil. Little puddings can be steamed nicely in an ordinary potato-steamer.

When liquids and semi-liquids—such, for instance, as a combination of milk, eggs, and marmalade—are added to puddings, they should be beaten together before putting them with the dry ingredients (imperfect mixing of the materials being a common cause of failure in turning out), and the mould or basin must be well greased with fat free from salt; clarified dripping is preferable to salt butter—so often used for culinary purposes—as the latter would cause them to stick.

All whose digestions are imperfect will do well to avoid currants; in the majority of cases sultana raisins can take their place; besides, they are less trouble to clean, and really nourishing, while currants are not; and every housewife knows how troublesome they are to wash, dry, and pick *properly.* In grating

lemons, only the yellow part should be used—the white pith is bitter; or, if chopped peel is preferred, a little sugar will assist the process, as it moistens and so keeps the peel in a mass; in chopping it for forcemeat, salt, instead of sugar, helps in just the same way.

Bread Puddings, the very name of which is a hated sound in some houses, may be made really nice, and in a variety of ways, with but little more trouble than is required to prepare the uninviting heavy mess so often seen. For the basis, the thing to avoid is lumpiness; just soak the bread (crust or crumb) in water until soft, then squeeze it as dry as possible, and pass it through a cullender, or beat out the lumps with a fork; this may then be converted into many kinds for which fresh bread-crumbs often form the foundation—such as fig, treacle, lemon, date, &c. &c. —always remembering that it must be made stiffer; it will yield moisture during the cooking, whereas a pudding made of dry bread requires added moisture. With the Editor's permission we will give, on a future occasion, some recipes for puddings of this kind that, we promise, will give satisfaction to the juveniles, and mothers shall have no cause to complain of the cost.

Bread-and-Butter Puddings.—How often one meets with some such recipe as this:—"Fill a dish with bread and butter, pour over a custard of eggs, milk," &c. If you *fill* the dish with bread and butter, how can there be room for the custard, and the subsequent swelling during the baking? Try this method:—Supposing your pie-dish holds a quart, just half fill it with bread and butter, each slice sprinkled with sultana raisins, candied peel cut very small, or grated lemon-rind, and, if the flavour is liked, a little spice. Beat up nearly a pint of milk with two eggs and sugar to taste, about two ounces; pour this over the pudding, letting it soak awhile; put a few pieces more butter on the top, and cover with an old dish or something which fits, until it is about half baked—in a moderate oven—then remove the cover, and let it brown nicely, but it should not be hard; turn out, dredge with castor sugar, and pour a little plain custard or cream round it. This is very different from one made in the way above referred to, which is often as hard as the driest dry toast. For children, a pudding made without any butter, except to grease the dish, will be quite rich enough, and a little marmalade is very nice as a substitute for candied peel.

We will just refer to the old-fashioned plan, even now sometimes recommended, of boiling puddings in a cloth. A moment's reflection will convince any one of the absurdity of this; it is impossible in the case, say, of a plum pudding, to avoid losing some of the goodness, as the colour of the water plainly shows after boiling; and the flavour suffers equally. It may be well to point out that tin is a better conductor of heat than earthenware; a pudding in a tin mould holding a quart would be done in a fourth less time than one in a basin of the same capacity, crock being a bad conductor of heat; that is why pastry baked on plates is not so good as when tin patty-pans are used, as pastry needs a quick oven. For this reason, also, tins for Yorkshire puddings should not only be greased, but made hot after well greasing before the mixture is poured in; it will then rise better.

May we point out that perfect cleanliness is a desideratum? So are good and pure ingredients; of groceries generally, it may certainly be said "the best are the cheapest." Colourings, essences, and the like are plentiful enough of good quality, bearing the name of the maker; no good firm is ashamed of its name, and there is no need to purchase low-priced inferior goods of this kind, which are, in some cases, absolutely injurious. We find that, in the present instance, we have no space for actual recipes (save three with which we close our hints); later on we hope to give some. Meanwhile we would urge our readers to endeavour to master the principles of pudding-making, which will enable them the better to understand any recipes they may meet with; and when failures arise, as they sometimes will, in spite of the greatest care, they will the more readily grasp the cause, and so prevent the recurrence of the disappointment.

Nursery Pudding.—Measure half a pint of soaked bread, beaten as above directed; add one tablespoonful of cornflour, first mixed with half a pint of milk and boiled for a few minutes. Beat the whole until cool, then stir in one egg, spread a little jam at the bottom of a greased pie-dish, pour in the bread mixture, and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour. Alternate layers of the jam and bread mixture make a still nicer pudding, in which case call it "*Jam Sandwich Pudding.*"

Treacle Pudding.—This is exceptionally wholesome and a general favourite. Mix together four ounces each of bread-crumbs, fine oatmeal, and chopped suet; add two ounces of candied peel cut small, two ounces of flour, half a teaspoonful of mixed spice, a pinch of salt, and two eggs beaten up with half a pound of treacle. Mix thoroughly, put it in a well-greased basin, and steam it for *at least* three hours. Figs, dates, or raisins can be added by way of variety.

Combination Rolly-poly.—Roll out some suet crust, and spread it with the following mixture:—Half a pound each of figs, prunes, and dates cut small; the same of sultana raisins, brown sugar, and chopped apples, with a little spice to flavour; this will not all be needed for one pudding, but can be kept in a jar for use; the fruit is, of course, to be stoned. Roll up and boil from two to three hours according to size.

LIZZIE HERITAGE.

HOUSEHOLD DECORATIVE ART.

BEAD-WORK ON WIRE.

WHEN attached to a framework of wire, instead of the ordinary background of cloth or canvas, beads can be rendered applicable to a variety of decorative articles, either for personal use, or for the mantelshelf, the drawing-room table, or the toilette table.

For this class of work designs of a naturalistic character, and more especially leaves and flowers, are chiefly in favour, and those which we shall give in the present article will therefore be of that class; but it will also be found well suited for carrying out geometrical patterns.

For employment in the framework, tinned iron, brass, and copper wire are suitable; the two latter are perhaps to be preferred, on account of their greater neatness, their non-liability to rust, and the greater ease with which they are soldered—brass for stems, and such parts as require strength and firmness; and copper, which is most easily bent, for the petals of flowers, the serrated outlines of leaves, and other delicate curves. Frames of some simple designs are to be bought ready made, but cutting and bending the wires to any required pattern is not difficult, and may be done with pliers, a file for flattening the ends of the wires, where they come in contact with the sides of others, and a pair of cutting nippers. The wire used must be of different gauges, strong and fine, to suit the nature of the work. Generally speaking, a framework will require soldering together, and as instructions in this art have been given in the HOUSEHOLD GUIDE, many of our readers will be able to do this for themselves; if not, the soldering might be left to a tinman, who would complete it for a few pence, or who would, if the trouble of cutting and bending the wires were objected to, construct the whole frame from a pattern or drawing, for a trifling sum.

One of the compartments of the hanging card-rack (Fig. 1), which is shown in its finished state in Fig. 2, may be taken as a simple example. One piece of copper wire may be made to run round the whole circumference of the shamrock-leaf from A, the end of the stem, till it reaches the same point again. A straight piece of brass wire may be laid from A to B, to form the central vein, and soldered at the latter point, while two other pieces of brass wire may be laid from C to D and E, to form the lateral veins. Gold-coloured beads should be threaded and wound round the stem and boundary-wire of the leaf in a spiral manner, and the vein-wires should be wound in a similar way with dark brown beads. The spaces between the veins and boundary-wire may then be filled up solidly with rows of green beads, in which two light and one dark row alternate, the lines running in the directions shown in our illustration.

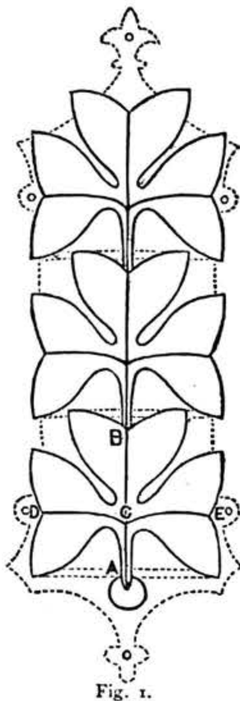


Fig. 1.

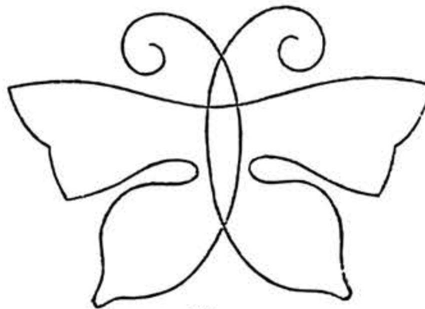


Fig. 5.

Fig. 4.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

The background against which the three frames of beads thus made are to be placed should be of wood, covered with crimson velvet, as this would show off the green bead-work to best effect. The construction is shown in the partial section, Fig. 3. There are cross ledges of wood beneath the velvet, pierced with holes in their centres, through which the central stems of the wire frames are thrust, and thus held in place, which will enable them to be removed at pleasure, for the purpose of dusting the velvet, &c. The lower corners of the leaves may also rest upon the ledge.

Still more easily than this would be made ornaments for the hair, like the butterfly in Fig. 4. The wire skeleton of this pretty and fashionable little ornament is given in Fig. 5, and it may, as there shown, be constructed, if preferred, in a single piece of wire, and without any soldering whatever, thread or fine binding-wire being used to fasten it at the points of juncture.

The horns may be wound either with very fine crimson beads, or with silk of the same colour, two rather large beads being fixed upon their terminations with a little cement, such as shellac, or isinglass dissolved in acetic acid. The wire which binds the wings may be wound round with gold-coloured beads, and the spaces within forming• the wings may be filled up with bead net-work. This may be of red beads, with the key-beads of gold, or, if it is to be worn with a dark dress, with black and gold for its colours. A spangle may be sewn where a spot occurs on the wing of the natural butterfly. Perhaps, however, the method of filling up shown in our illustrations will be still more effective. This may be either in two brilliant contrasting colours, or in black and white. The body may be cut from a strip of cardboard, and covered with dark velvet, or wound with chenille, and afterwards sewn in its place between the wings; two gilt beads will form the eyes. Our illustration shows the manner in which it is attached to the chignon or hair.

The colours which we have given for the above butterfly are such as would generally be effective, but they might be varied to infinity, to suit the taste or style of the wearer, and many other pretty and graceful ornaments might be made for the same purpose, as for instance, feathers, fern-leaves, or the star-shaped flowers so much worn at present.

A far more elaborate work than either of the foregoing is the watch and jewel stand for a toilette-table, given in Fig. 6. The base from which this arises is of wood, covered with a crimson velvet cushion to receive pins and brooches. The main stem is wound with two strings of

beads, so as to give alternate spiral lines of light and dark; these should be of a light amber and a deep chocolate. The alternate bands are not carried on to the smaller stems, but these are wound with beads of a medium colour, such as a rich, but not too dark, brown. This should also be carried through the central veins of the leaves. The thinner wires, which form the extremities of the stems are either wound with very fine beads, or with silk of the same colour. The small tendrils are wound with gold-coloured silk, and have amber beads cemented upon them. For the leaves dark green beads will form the best outline, while the space within is filled up with a lighter green, or with shades so varied as to give somewhat the effect of the natural veins and fibres, which will be gained by alternate rows. For the large central flower which surrounds the watch, petals of a bright pink, with crimson central veins, will be effective, while the same colours may be applied to the two smaller flowers. These last form cups to hold any small articles, and the pistils in their centres, which are ring-holders, should each be surmounted by a large amber bead, cemented in its place, while another, still larger, forms its base. Some of the smaller stems will, at their terminations, serve as hooks from which to hang ear-rings, &c.

We may observe that in bead-work of this kind it will be frequently found desirable, while using very fine beads, to employ horsehair, instead of thread, as upon this they can be strung without the aid of a needle; or sometimes very fine copper binding-wire can be used advantageously for the same purpose; and to prevent the wire of the framework appearing, some persons are accustomed to wind it, before covering it with beads, with fine silk. Generally speaking, however, if the bead-work is closely and carefully applied, such a precaution will be unnecessary, and the effect of the work will be highly pleasing and attractive.

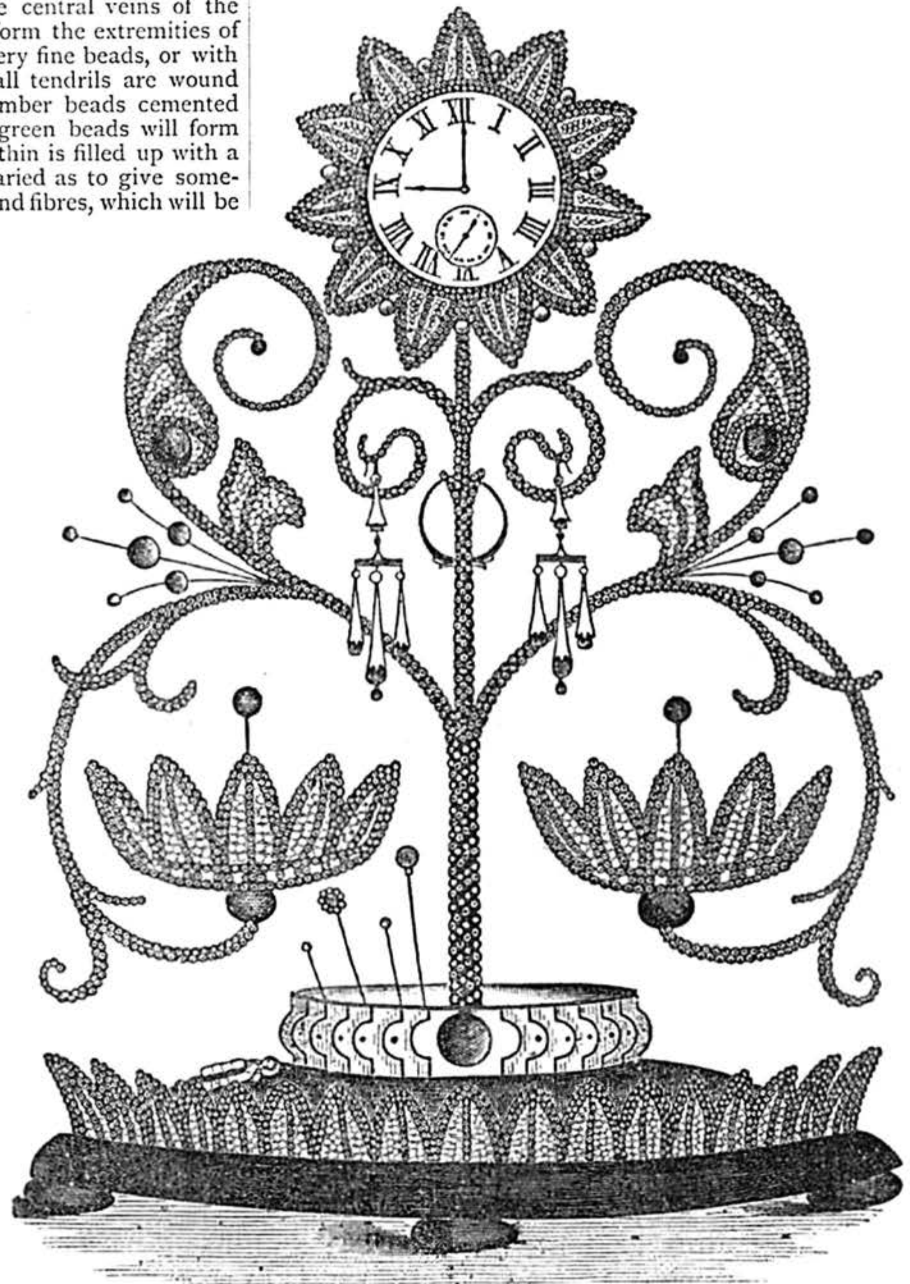
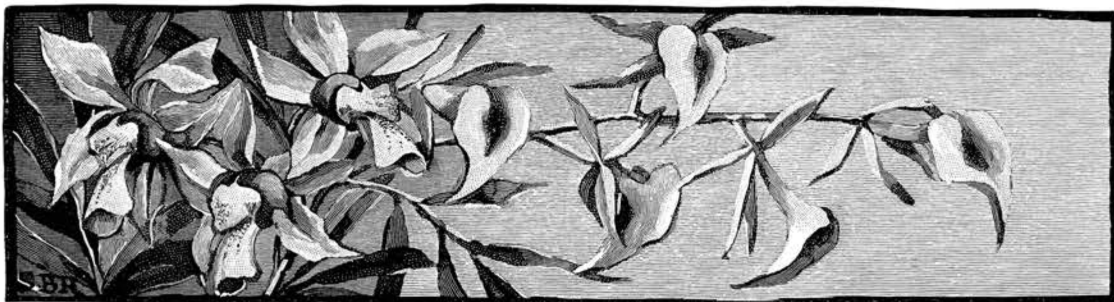


Fig. 6.



THE ENGLISH BREAKFAST.

Breakfast is a delightful hour in England, writes Adam Badeau, for it is informal. Servants are often dispensed with altogether; people come in when they choose, no one waiting for another, and you may select your neighbor if you are in time. The women are fresh and simple in toilet, the sportsmen in knickerbockers and shooting suits, ready for the occupation of the day. In some houses, the host and hostess sit at opposite ends of the long table, and one pours tea and the other coffee. In other mansions, neither the host nor hostess is visible before lunch time. The table is spread only with fruit and bread, and possibly cold sweets, jellies and marmalade. Perhaps a young lady of the family sits behind an egg boiler and cooks eggs for her friends; but the substantial meats, hot and cold, are on the sideboard, and the men get up and forage for the ladies and themselves. The viands, of course are abundant and delectable. An English breakfast is always substantial. In Scotland, oatmeal porridge is never absent.

The mail often arrives in the morning, and the letters may be at your plate when you come down. Or perhaps the bag is late, and the "post," as they call it, is brought into the room and distributed. Everybody opens and reads without any formality or excuse; they exchange news, receive invitations or regrets, and make arrangements for the day. Those who finish first leave when they will. Perhaps the visit of some guest is over; he makes his adieus at the table, and the party saunter to the windows to see him drive off; for the dining room is always on the ground floor; you can step from the windows to the terrace or the lawn. The landscape thus forms part of the furniture of the room, and the delicious outdoor verdure, the venerable trees and distant hills contrast in harmony with the pictures and the tapestry on the walls. A dining room in England is always a choice room, well lighted and large, and appropriately for its purpose with sumptuous taste and careful luxury. The apartment where so many hours are spent is not to be put away in a corner, under a veranda, or at the rear. Often it opens into the conservatory, and the mass of foreign plants, the birds and fountains, the palms and aloes constitute one entire side of the room.

SOCIETY.

ETIQUETTE OF VISITING, ETC.

SOME knowledge of the social code of ceremonious rules and forms is indispensable to everyone who desires to pass through the world respectably and respected. Whether in a domestic sphere or in the more distant relations of social life, certain occasions demand an especial line of conduct to be followed by persons thrown into mutual contact; and these observances cannot be neglected without peril to personal advancement, and, what is a consideration of more value still, peril to the preservation of sympathetic feeling so desirable to maintain between individuals closely connected by, perchance, family ties. Whether mere strangers be in question, or members of the same kindred, it is most desirable that the established rules of etiquette should be observed.

With regard to the meaning of the word itself, it is a pity that a more extended sense is not attached to its use. Strictly speaking, the word "etiquette" was formerly applied to a card on which court observances and required ceremonies were inscribed. From this derivation has doubtless arisen the impression that all rules for behaviour in society are of a conventional character, and devoid of hearty good-will characteristic of more intimate intercourse, when, in reality, no prescribed forms of politeness *can* be pleasing unless they proceed from a kindly disposition, and are proffered in a right honest spirit of cordiality. Fictitious attempts at politeness soon belie themselves upon close acquaintance.

It is, perhaps, in the shelter which the rules of society afford to persons who desire to live in a circumspect and unoffending manner towards all men, that the true value of social etiquette lies. No one needs a code of observances to live happily with well-tried friends and beloved relatives. But manifold are the circumstances under which, for instance, an acquaintanceship is hastily formed, and as speedily found unsuitable. To make desirable acquaintances, and to disengage oneself from those which are not found convenient, being wants most commonly felt, we will endeavour to describe the most effectual mode of securing both objects, according to the prescribed rules of etiquette.

At the outset the custom of being introduced by a mutual acquaintance is the first canon to be observed in making the acquaintance of a stranger. As a general rule no one is supposed to be conscious of the presence of any person without having been previously introduced, or "presented," as the more modern term is. The merest mention of the names of the assembled individuals is sufficient if the occasion on which they meet be of a casual nature. For example, on a lady entering an apartment where several persons are assembled, if strangers to her, the host or hostess need simply mention the name of the new comer, and indicate by a slight sign the persons whose acquaintance the guest might wish to make, to have complied with the required form. In a large party this step is unnecessary. The duty of the person who receives the guest is then confined to introducing the different members of the company with whom the greatest stranger is likely to be thrown into immediate contact.

Of late an attempt has been made to do away with the formal introduction of visitors to each other when the place of meeting happens to be under the roof of some mutual friend. But the new fashion has not become general; English people, especially, are not prone to make advances, even under the most auspicious circumstances, unless they are tolerably certain of their ground. At the same time, if a few friends meet upon a select occasion, such as a dinner, it would be ill-mannered to wait for a formal introduction before exchanging remarks on any matter of general conversation. Sometimes it happens that a particular introduction is for a time impossible. It should then be taken for granted that all guests present, by special invitation, are suitable for each other's acquaintance. The acquaintanceship, however, need not be renewed on a future occasion. Persons thus thrown together may meet the next day, if they please, as total strangers.

The introduction of mutual strangers at dancing parties is subject to the same rules. Parties who have danced in the same quadrille or in other dances are not expected to recognise each other afterwards, unless intimately acquainted with friends on either side. The option of recognising an acquaintance thus made rests with the lady. If on meeting her partner on a subsequent occasion she pleases to bow, there is no impropriety in her doing so. In no case must the gentleman make the first sign of recognition. Also, with regard to the meeting of persons on business matters, the mutual acquaintance need be carried no further than the intercourse which has occasioned the acquaintanceship. People who are possessed of ordinary tact, generally manage to avoid giving what is commonly termed a "direct cut" to such acquaintances, by not observing each other. If, however, direct contact is quite inevitable, the slightest

recognition is simple courtesy between persons of the same rank in life.

Whenever disparity of age or position exists between individuals that have been presented to each other by a mutual friend, the person superior in years or station should be the first to make the advance. If the younger or inferior should venture to take the initiative, he must be prepared for a rebuff, the more cutting, possibly, from the polite hauteur with which the expected salutation may be granted. Between equals the lady always makes the advance; but not if superiority of age and station exists on the part of the gentleman.

When it is desired to confer an honour on a person by being presented to another, somewhat of formality of manner is usual. It is always customary to present the inferior in station to the superior individual, accompanying the act of presentation by such words as, " Allow me to present Mr., or Mrs., or Miss So-and-so;" or, if the favour has been especially asked for, the introducer may say, " Mr. or Mrs. So-and-so is very desirous of making your acquaintance, if you will allow me to present him, or her." When permission is given, the individual may be introduced in the usual form. The introducer having complied with the request, leaves the new acquaintances to converse on any matter of common interest to themselves.

Letters of introduction are frequently asked of friends to their acquaintances, when a stranger is about to travel abroad, or reside in a new neighbourhood. These letters should always be given into the hands of the person seeking the favour unsealed. By doing so, permission is tacitly given the recipient to read the contents, in order that he may see precisely the light in which he is presented to his future acquaintance. Letters of introduction should be closed when presented. The most usual mode of forwarding such letters to their destination is by enclosing them in an envelope containing a card bearing the name and address of the new comer. If the person to whom the letter of introduction is addressed desires to honour his correspondent's recommendation, he loses no time in calling at the address indicated, and offering such civilities as may be expected. The most friendly form of such offers consists in an invitation to dine; which, under ordinary circumstances, should be declined, unless the invitation be accompanied by very forcible reasons. Whether an invitation to dinner be given or not, the visit should be returned within at least three days from the time one has been received, or earlier if possible. The above rules apply equally to ladies.

On a stranger or a family arriving in a neighbourhood, it is the duty of the elder inhabitants to leave cards. If the acquaintances thus presenting themselves are desirable, it is usual for the visit to be returned personally, or cards left, within one week. The latter rule is very conducive to good feeling in remote neighbourhoods, where it is now-a-days mostly in force. In the suburbs of large towns a less hospitable reception generally awaits strangers, causing acquaintanceship to be deferred till something is known of the new comers. These opportunities are of frequent occurrence, and need but a little cordiality to become occasions of forming an agreeable society. In proportion to the number of residents who are of the latter way of thinking, suburbs are more or less desirable localities to reside in.

Visitors to large towns, where their acquaintances are necessarily much scattered, usually announce their arrival by simply enclosing their address-cards to any persons whom they may wish to receive. Intimate acquaintances are not expected to wait for similar announcements, but call as soon as they learn the arrival and address of the expected visitor.

In all cases, it is the person who is the new comer that first receives offers of hospitality.

A slight acquaintanceship may be kept alive for an indefinite period, by occasional morning calls. Many valuable connections are preserved by no other means than by periodically leaving a card at a patron's house, in return for a similar civility received. Within a week of having been formally introduced to an individual, it is not unusual for cards to be left. In all cases of doubt as to who shall take the initiative, the rules above stated should be observed. Whenever death, illness, or any domestic event affecting the happiness or welfare of a family is generally known, by advertisement in the public journals or otherwise, it is customary for acquaintances to leave cards of inquiry, condolence, congratulation, and so forth. No words need be written on such cards, unless it be particularly wished. A suitable message given to the servant explains the intention of the call. Cards turned down at the corner signify either that they have been sent by a servant, or that the visitor had no intention of paying a personal visit beyond the threshold of the residence.

Whenever a family is in affliction, cards of inquiry may be left daily, if desired, without the compliment being returned. At the termination of the malady, or on the decease of the sufferer, it is usual for the head of the family to acknowledge a sense of the kindness received, by sending cards or printed notes returning thanks for inquiries. Such notices having been received, it is generally understood that the family is prepared to receive visitors in the usual manner.

After death has taken place in a family, visitors are not expected to call personally beyond the door, until a week after the funeral. Distant acquaintances should defer their visits for a still longer period.

Interviews of a business nature with strangers should be short, and the subject of conversation should be confined to matter on which the interview has been sought. It need not be mentioned that punctuality is the essence of politeness on these occasions, and that a person failing to keep an appointment is not entitled to courteous consideration.

At certain seasons of the year, complimentary visits are very properly paid by persons who have even very slight acquaintance with each other. At Christmas-time, for instance, young people may seasonably leave cards on their patrons and superiors in age and position in society. This practice has long obtained in France, where, on New Year's Day, everyone calls on friends and relatives. Except when very intimate, callers do not enter the house; the mere act of leaving a card signifies a friendly intention. Year by year this excellent and pleasant practice of keeping together one's connection, and propitiating the good offices of those who have it in their power to advance one's interest in life, is becoming more generally adopted.

People who live at a distance from their acquaintances often enclose cards. Plain visiting-cards are suitable for people of the same age and station. Elders generally send " Christmas cards " to the youthful members of their acquaintance. These picture-cards are now an extensive article of commerce, and great expense may be incurred in the purchase of such gifts. But the latter is not a necessary compliment, and those who cannot afford the outlay should not be deterred from expressing their goodwill by any consideration of the kind.

If, after having returned all visits, and made suitable acknowledgments of favours received by leaving cards, &c., the visits of an individual are not reciprocated, cessation of similar acts of courtesy should occur. At the same time, every allowance should be made for the different circumstances in life which may interfere to prevent a system of formal visiting, and no offence should be taken for what may be unavoidable, or unless some unjustifiable neglect is apparent.

SOCIETY.

ETIQUETTE OF VISITING, ETC. (*continued*).

IT usually happens that, after the customary calls have been exchanged between persons recently acquainted, invitations are given to meet at each other's house. People who keep establishments equal to the occasion generally ask the intended guest to dinner; and if the civility be offered to an individual in the same position of life as the host, the proffered entertainment should be accepted. At the same time, it does not necessarily follow that such invitations must be invariably accepted. There are many circumstances in life which make it both right to offer and proper to refuse such acts of courtesy. The chief reason for accepting and refusing is perhaps found in the old adage, "Feast make, feast take." People who, as a rule, do not give formal dinners should be careful how they accept such invitations; for, let kind-hearted folks say as they please to the contrary, persons who are always ready to dine at a friend's table and never give a dinner in return cannot fail to appear to disadvantage, if not in the eyes of their host and hostess, at least in the opinion of the *habitués* at the same table.

Amongst the few occasions when a formal invitation can be accepted without entailing the necessity of a return of the courtesy within a reasonable time are the following:—Travellers when passing through a strange neighbourhood, and having no establishment of their own on the spot, are expected to accept such invitations. Also, when the giver of the proposed repast is the superior in station to the invited guest no similar return is looked for. Unmarried men likewise are permitted to accept all invitations without expectation of return, but from the day that bachelorhood is exchanged for the wedded state the same rule no longer applies. As married men, they are supposed to have establishments suitable to the demands on their position in life. If this happy state of things should be denied them, a sense of self-respect demands that they should decline civilities that it is impossible adequately to return. There is always a way of declining under such circumstances, showing, at the same time, a sense of the appreciation of the compliment paid. Plain candour may perhaps suggest that a simple avowal of inability to give ceremonious dinners lies at the root of the objection to accept invitations of the kind; and if consistency of action be faithfully carried out in other details of the apologiser's mode of living, no one would feel affronted by a well-meant refusal of any invitation. We shall have occasion in a subsequent paper to revert to the subject of dinner-giving at greater length; for the present we must return to the main object of the present article.

Luncheons are a less ceremonious mode of bestowing and accepting hospitality than the formalities of a dinner admit of. A luncheon party is one of the most agreeable institutions of social life. Each year, as the hour of dinner becomes later, luncheons increase in favour, and afford opportunities of receiving visitors in the most cordial and unrestrained manner. The mid-day luncheon is, in fact, now-a-days, a good plain English dinner, than which no repast is more enjoyable, wholesome, and unpretentious. This form of visiting is especially suited to ladies, who are thus able to preserve intimacies that would be in danger of becoming chilled if entirely dependent on a chance morning call or the laborious ceremony of a grand dinner. At luncheon parties the feminine element usually largely predominates, or is relieved chiefly by the presence of the unemployed and youthful male members of the family. The gentlemen, if present, do not feel themselves compelled to bestow their presence on the company longer than the time that is actually spent at table. They need not, unless they please, appear till the repast is served, nor remain longer at table than their appetite is satisfied. When, however, the mistress of a household receives gentlemen to luncheon by invitation, the husband or head of the house is expected to be present, and to remain with his guests during the visit. Receiving gentlemen at luncheon, by invitation, and in the absence of the master of the house, is considered bad taste, and is not a recognised custom by ladies.

Unless especially invited to prolong the visit, the guest generally takes leave at the conclusion of the meal. In accordance with this rule, ladies visiting at luncheon do not remove their bonnets, nor lay aside any portion of their out-of-door costume, save gloves or any loose wraps. In short, visitors are supposed to act as if going as soon as the repast is ended.

Servants do not usually wait at table during luncheon after the removal of the joint. The reason of their absence is to enable the kitchen dinner to take place during the time in the day usually most free from interruption. Before leaving the dining-room the servants should place everything likely to be wanted on the table and sideboard. The comparatively informal character of luncheon permits visitors to wait upon themselves, and every accessory of the table should be ready at hand.

At the conclusion of the meal an opportunity is afforded for visitors desirous of retiring to take leave of the host or hostess. If solicited to remain, the company withdraw to some reception room.

The dress worn by ladies at luncheon is that of ordinary walking costume.

Tea as a formal meal is going out of fashion; still, many persons, who have neither the inclination nor the means to give set dinners, sometimes make the partaking of the favourite beverage an occasion for seeing friends in an unceremonious manner. Not unfrequently, also, a "meat tea," by invitation, is made to some extent to stand in lieu of a dinner. The repast is then generally composed of savoury cold meats, potted viands, preserves, pastry, cakes, and any description of made dish that may be easily served at table. Tea is certainly present as a beverage, but it is usually poured out at a sideboard or separate table. Light wines are placed on the table at "meat teas," to which the guests help themselves, whilst tea only is handed round in cups by the servants in attendance.

Persons when invited to tea stay longer, if so disposed, after that meal than at luncheon. The reason is obvious. In the middle of the day most persons have some daily occupations to engage their attention, and are glad to be set free by the retirement of their visitors as soon as possible, whilst after tea, the evening being advanced, people are supposed to be at leisure. This, however, does not render it arbitrary for a visitor to spend a whole evening at one house, unless inclined to do so. It may happen that no after amusements are provided, or that the host or hostess is engaged elsewhere. In any case, the hostess generally gives some intimation of her plans on leaving, or previous to leaving the table, and the visitor prolongs or terminates the visit accordingly.

The dress usually worn at tea may be either full morning dress or evening dress, according to the engagements that may follow, or the character of entertainment itself. At a *thé dansant*, for instance, *i.e.*, a tea, with dancing for after amusement, a suitable dress for dancing would be selected—not so elaborate as a ball dress nor so plain as an ordinary walking costume.

Supper parties are simply late dinners, shorn of fish, soup, and dessert as separate courses. At suppers most of the viands are placed on the table at the same time, and servants attend throughout the repast. If a certain hour is named at which supper is to take place guests should observe punctuality.

Staying at houses is the most intimate footing which acquaintances can be upon towards each other. An invitation to visit a friend at his or her house is generally

understood to extend over three days. The guest usually arrives in time for dinner on the first day, and leaves before dinner or after luncheon on the third. Of course, the above stay is open to the most elastic extension upon the expressed wish of the host or hostess. But as no error in social life is so seriously to be guarded against as that of outstaying one's welcome, it behoves guests to be watchful not to exceed the ordinary limits of hospitality. It is very desirable that in giving invitations the hostess should intimate the probable duration of the expected guest's visit. Thus, "Come and stay with us a few days" may mean the term above stated, whilst "Come and stay with us for a few weeks" unmistakably points to a longer period. An invitation to pass Easter, Christmas, Whitsuntide, or any holidays commemorative of Church festivals, is supposed to extend, strictly, over such time as there are special services appointed by the Church for the observance of those festivals. In a general way, a week at either of the seasons alluded to would be considered a fair length of visit.

All invitations to stay at a house, even if instigated by the host, should be given by the hostess, with her direct sanction, and in her name. If it should happen that the guest is not personally acquainted with the lady, a preliminary call is necessary on the part of the latter. Or if a personal visit be impossible, the lady should write to the intended guest, and express her regret at not being able to afford herself the pleasure of a personal acquaintance previous to the time appointed for the meeting, and enclose card.

If the house at which the guest is expected should be in the country, it is customary for the hostess either to send her own carriage or to hire a fly to convey the guest and luggage to her residence. On leaving the house the guest is generally expected to find his or her own mode of conveyance to the nearest station, provided a carriage be not kept. Even in the latter case it is well-mannered for the guest to propose sending for the required vehicle.

It is not necessary for the lady to go to a station to receive her guest. Gentlemen, if not otherwise engaged, sometimes undertake the office, but it is pleasing for the hostess to appear in the hall to welcome the newly-arrived visitor. Having caused the visitor to be conducted to his or her sleeping apartment, the host or hostess awaits in the drawing-room the re-appearance of the guest. The servant appointed to attend upon the visitor is the medium through which the latter obtains any requisite information respecting the habits of the family and the locality of the apartments. To all intents and purposes the attendant alluded to may be consulted on such matters as one's own servant, but a visitor should be careful to confine such inquiries to the most commonplace and essential matters. If the guest takes a personal attendant into the house, all information is sought exclusively through that servant. On retiring to rest it is customary for strangers to ask the hostess at what hour the family assembles for breakfast. If in reply information is given that prayers take place at a certain hour, the guest should make it a point of duty to be present at the time named. And so forth throughout the day. Whatever may be the established customs of the household of which visitors are for the time being members, the most scrupulous care should be taken to blend with the family and to fall into their ways. If the restraint be found irksome and the habits uncongenial, it is far better to draw a visit to an early close than to live in discord, so to speak, with the prevailing harmony of the domestic circle.

All expenses whilst under a host's roof are generally defrayed by the host. Travelling expenses to visit any places of interest in the neighbourhood are an exception to this rule.

As far as it is possible, guests when staying in a strange house should amuse themselves either by joining in the general pursuits of the family, or by occupying themselves during the morning hours of the day with personal employment, such as letter-writing, needlework, or reading. It is most desirable that they should give the host and hostess to understand that the latter are free to pursue their own occupations. In many well-conducted establishments the host, and not unfrequently the hostess, are invisible during the greater part of the day, and their absence is not felt. Full range is given to visitors to follow the bent of their inclinations, and ample liberty is likewise granted to the principals of the household to pursue their ordinary occupations.

On leaving a house where one has been staying, the question of feeing the servants becomes of urgency. In several large establishments of England fees to servants are openly prohibited; in others it is to be regretted that the custom is equally encouraged. Servants in the latter case are told when engaged that their wages are a certain sum, but, as many visitors frequent the house, the "vails" are considerable. If a guest has reason to believe that in either case the principle is observed, he is in duty bound to act in accordance with the views entertained by the host. In the case of payment, the average charge for attendance at hotels will be the best guide. As a general rule, however, only the servants that are in immediate attendance upon the visitor have a right to expect "vails."

MAKESHIFT FURNITURE.

SOME ideas worth noting might be borrowed from the manner in which makeshift furniture is often formed in distant settlements, both as hints for possible emigrants, and to the poor in this country. Ingenious boys, too, might like to make use of some of the suggestions to form seats in their own gardens, or shelves in their play rooms. A barrel is made use of for many purposes. First, a large one can be converted into a chair. Saw it in half, half way down, and then remove the piece at right angles. Saw the lid in half and make a seat of it. The upright piece is the back. Cover it with chintz, and put a dimity flounce round the lower part, and a soft cushion on the seat. A smaller barrel, with the head removed and a large square board fixed on the top, makes a toilette-table or a washhand-stand. For the latter, cut out a round hole, cover it with oilcloth, and put a chintz frill round it. Two barrels support a board for a sideboard or a side table, and for a centre table put a large square of wood, or planks joined, on four or six small barrels, fastening the planks together first by long narrow slips of wood nailed along the back. Cover the tables with oilcloth and a dimity flounce, or with chintz entirely. For a sofa, cut a large barrel the same as for a chair. Cut another large barrel in half. Turn the narrow ends upwards and rest a long board on them secured by nails, add cushions and a chintz cover. Every other stave may be taken from these barrels before they are cut to make shelves.

Packing-cases are of great use, and the planks from them form better shelves because they are even. From packing-cases or egg-boxes, very good flower-boxes may be made for balconies, back windows, or gardens. They are joined with small nails, painted stone-colour, and afterwards green. If anyone possesses enough skill to paint them to resemble encaustic tiles they can be rendered highly ornamental. With the assistance of a few egg-boxes, a saw, hammer, and nails, a rural bower or summer-house can be constructed either solid or of trellis or lattice work. It must afterwards be painted, and ivy, or any other rapidly-spreading creeper, be grown over it. No plant is prettier for the purpose than clematis.

These egg-boxes, which can be purchased at butter-shops for a mere trifle, are useful for an endless variety of purposes.

IN all ages it has been the practice to bestow gifts and offer that which should be a testimony to the esteem in which the recipient was held. Sometimes such testimonials have expressed a sense of obligation for service rendered or benefit conferred. The custom shows no sign of decadence; and there is no need to sneer at it as a vanity, for there are right and wrong accompaniments to testimonials.

A watch, a timepiece, a quadrant, a thermometer, a few volumes, a portfolio, an epergne, a sewing-machine, a silver salver, a tea and coffee service, a purse of sovereigns, a picture, or a portrait, have been among the articles usually selected for presentation. At times a banquet is given in honour of an official, and the honour of being asked to meet and speak to a number of others is the testimonial. We have known in other cases a cheque to be given for a large amount. In such an instance, it has often been understood as a graceful way of recouping some willing and able defender of certain principles for great outlay in their advancement. This is only right. Noble men who have been crushed by financial difficulties—not of their own seeking—have thus been relieved from the strain by the generous help of numbers.

But, like all other good practices, this presentation business is open to abuse. The most flagrant and disgraceful form of abuse is when presentations are promoted by those who are to be the recipients. A parish official was, on certain accounts, relinquishing unwillingly a post he had held for many years. No one cared enough about him to get up a testimonial. He mentioned to a friend that he wondered his merits were so overlooked. The friend sympathised with him, and said he was ready to do his share. "Then why don't you take it up and work it for me? I ought to have not less than two hundred pounds." The friend used his best endeavours, raised about eighty, came back to the official, told him of his regret that he could not obtain more, and asked what he was to do. The official was not to be disappointed, but himself filled up a cheque for a hundred and twenty; it was entered as "from anonymous friends." The presentation was made, and a flaring account appeared in the public press. This was despicable.

Hardly less to be condemned is a dishonest presentation. Sometimes the object aimed at is one directly opposite to that professed. For instance, there was a minister of an influential church in a large Midland town who in some way or other had allowed the work to slacken. The numbers attending the church very much decreased; a change of ministry was greatly desired. Hints were given, but were unheeded; subscriptions were withheld, but it was useless. The Rev. I. Stand-my-ground was proof for a time, but at length gave some token of leaving, and intimated that he thought he should have to resign. He even went so far as to tender an informal resignation, but fixed no date for its taking effect. To bring it to a point, the deacons promoted a testimonial, to be presented on his leaving. They raised—considering the weakened state of the church—a considerable

"AT TIMES A BANQUET IS GIVEN."

amount. An evening was fixed upon for the presentation. It was expected that the minister would then state definitely the time of his intended departure. The people gathered. A public tea was provided. Many who loved the place, although caring little for the preacher, and who had left for a time, rallied to the meeting. They intended thus to remove from the mind of the Rev. I. Stand-my-ground any soreness he might have felt at their removal to another ministry. The faithful adherents were all prepared to give the friendly farewell grasp. The chairman and deacons made speeches of an appreciative character. The gentleman who made the presentation of the purse of two hundred sovereigns spoke in high terms of the character of the rev. gentleman who was so soon to leave them.

At last the minister rose to thank them. He said—"For the last two or three years I have been much troubled at the chilliness of the church and the evident lack of interest in my ministry. I have several times contemplated retirement, wishing that abler hands might guide the church. I knew that it only needed that minister and people should be perfectly united and earnestly desirous of working together to initiate a new style of things. We really have to-night that union and warmth I have so long desired. The display of kindness on your part has been to me over-

powering. On every hand there has been expression of such warm interest in me that it has put new life into me. I had no idea you cared so much for me. It would be wrong on my part to sever a connection so pleasurable to myself and profitable to you. I am glad that my resignation was very informal, and that I have not pained you by fixing a date for its taking effect. I will therefore at once most readily withdraw even the informal resignation, and continue with you for your furtherance in faith and patience. Let us sing 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'" The great assembly, completely taken by surprise, found it for once very difficult to join in that doxology. The dishonesty in the promoted testimonial received a manifest rebuke.

Some testimonials are not worth the parade and publicity given to them. If a book, a pencil-case, a pair of spectacles, a butter-knife, a pulpit cushion, a hymn-book, or writing-case, is presented to a minister, a superintendent, or a teacher, surely it is not worth while to send a paragraph to the local paper, and to advertise so small an affair far and wide.

It is astonishing how facile some men are in promoting a presentation to themselves. We knew of one who, after a meeting at which only six or seven people were present—a meeting at which an expression of thanks for a service rendered was passed—contrived to have that expression engrossed and illuminated, and signed even by the one who drew it up, and then put in a large gilt frame, to be hung up to attract the attention of any visitor to his home. The memory of the way in which it had been obtained would probably be the constant fly in the ointment as the recipient faced it day after day.

The way in which a testimonial is raised and given has much to do with its value in the sight of the recipient. Few would care to have a "token of regard" given in the way in which one was given to a gentleman who had "passed the chair" in one of the great secret societies. This individual had not commended himself to the approval of his fellow-members, and they did not care to honour him as he retired. It was, however, the custom in that lodge to give publicly a medal of considerable value to the one who had passed the chair, at the same time expressing gratitude for the faithful way in which duties had been discharged. From the individual who had gained the dislike of the brethren the customary presentation could not by rule be withheld, but he had to take it. Said one of the last members to leave that night, "You will find a medal on the mantelpiece, and you can take it if you like." He took it! It must have been sorely tarnished, however, in his eyes by words of such deserved sarcasm and acts of silent stinging rebuke.

"SOME GENTLEMEN HAVE 'BARROW-LOADS OF TROWELS.'"

Sometimes those for whom a testimonial is intended do not receive in full that which should rightly be given to them. The writer knew of an instance where an amount subscribed of a hundred and thirty pounds was filtered through the hands of others, so that part only reached the man who deserved the whole. A great mail steamer broke down in mid-ocean. The smash of part of the machinery was great. It seemed impossible to repair it. The chief engineer said that it could not be repaired. The captain looked most gloomy; passengers were hopeless. A larger steamer that tried to tow the leviathan had to give up the task from stress of weather. Five hundred souls were at the mercy of wind and waves. Meanwhile, a plucky sub-engineer, believing that the fracture could be repaired, obtained leave to try his plan, and he worked most energetically, in the most constrained posture, for forty-eight hours to accomplish his purpose. He succeeded. The fires were after seven days again lighted. Steam was got up, and soon the machinery was in motion, and the vessel slowly but surely proceeded on her way. Great was the satisfaction of all on board. They showed it by raising the amount previously mentioned. Those who gave the money chiefly wished that the sub-engineer should receive a reward for his pluck, ingenuity, and energy; but many were sorely grieved to find that it was expected that great part of the amount raised should be given to the chief engineer. As intimations were given to the passengers that it would not be pleasing to the captain that the sub-engineer should have the amount, it was somehow arranged that the whole should be left in the hands of the captain to apportion as he liked, and the deserving young man mentioned was thus mulcted of much that was really intended for him alone.

There is often great waste connected with presentation. For instance, in laying foundation-stones of a new church or schools, how much is often spent uselessly for a trowel to be presented to the one who performs the ceremony. Some gentlemen who have had much of this sort of work have "barrow-loads of trowels." They would doubtless readily lend an ornate trowel or mallet for use a second time, if only applied to. Thus the expense might be saved, and the amount otherwise squandered put to the credit of the building fund. This would be a greater satisfaction to the gentlemen who perform such services. They don't want to reduce

their contributions by levying a tax to pay for a present to themselves.

If a man by some means has obtained from one of the three hundred colleges in America, professing to confer degrees, a diploma of some kind, is it well to bruit the fact abroad? We knew of one—a man who was an influential official—who caused the announcement of his elevation to the rank of D.D. to be made in a leading periodical. The editor, who must have been a bit of a wag, added these words :—"We congratulate the Rev. J. P——— on his new dignity, and *can guarantee to the public the respectability of the college* which has conferred the degree."

On the other side of the Atlantic it is the custom at times to make presentations at "surprise parties." The way in which such affairs are arranged is often very considerate. The writer was once present at a gathering of the kind. It was on the occasion of the departure from a Canadian city of a gentleman and his wife who had been very useful in the choir. A few friends soon obtained sufficient subscriptions to make a handsome present. It was ascertained, incidentally, by one of the number subscribing, on what night the couple would be at home. At eight o'clock—laden with the testimonial, and with baskets containing all kinds of confectionery, ices, and fruit, together with plates, knives, spoons, and table-cloths—all those who had desired to take part in the presentation went down to the house of the young couple. They entered one by one, crowding the largest room and hall. Then one was spokesman for the rest. He first "surprised" the couple with the gift, and then asked leave to spread the supper on the tables, and to eat together ere parting. It was a very well-arranged affair.

I have been told by ministers in America who have had such "surprise parties" that the outcome, which had been supposed sufficient to make up for a deficient salary, had ofttimes been a greater loss than profit. The amount of cake and fruit consumed by those who came in large numbers and contributed little caused the loss. Sometimes poor pastors in the backwoods fare like the German rabbi whose congregation determined to fill up his wine-butt. When the rabbi went to draw from the vinous gift he found that his butt was full of water. Each one, carrying a bottle, had emptied only water into the butt, and had supposed that his meanness would be hidden under the generosity of the rest.

Where testimonials are given to a clergyman or a minister on leaving a sphere of work, it is supposed that the sign of appreciation on the part of the church he is leaving will help somewhat towards his success in his new sphere. There is no doubt that this is

"A MAN CAN BE OVER-TESTIMONIALISED."

both a kindly and useful practice, yet it can be run to seed.

A man can be over-testimonialised. One came several years ago to the writer with such a bundle of testimonials to his character that strong suspicions of trustworthiness were only fostered. Alas ! the suspicions turned out to be too well founded.

Sometimes testimonials are promoted by partisans for political purposes. They may be the outcome of genuine admiration for the men to whom presentations are made. The bearing of these things on political projects is well understood, and wire-pulling is an easy process. Not every statesman is so independent as was that noble earl who, when an Eastern potentate presented him with his cabinet portrait in a frame richly ornate with gold and diamonds, took the portrait quietly from behind the glass and gracefully handed back the valuable frame. He said that "it would not become one of the Ministers of Her Majesty the Queen of England to take that which in any sense might be interpreted as a reward for duty performed." It was sufficient for the earl to know that his services and attention had been appreciated.

After all, the approval of conscience is the best testimonial.

FREDERICK HASTINGS.

WAX FLOWERS. No. 2.

BY MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON.

THE ROSE AND BUD.

Materials.—One package white, light pink, deep crimson, or pale buff wax (if variety is desired, a rose and bud of each of these colors may be used in bouquet); one package green stem wire; one package dark green wax; one package light green wax. Use large, glass-headed moulding pin for moulding leaves into shape. Rose leaf mould, large or medium size, according to the color of rose you are making. Make a small hook at the end of one stem wire; then, with a narrow strip of green sheet-wax, wind the stem very neatly. Cover the hook with a small piece of wax, which has been doubled three or four times, so as to form a small ball. This ball should be the same color as the rose you intend making. Below the first ball, make one slightly smaller, which is covered with green wax, for the calyx, after the rose is complete.

Now cut ten leaves, the size and shape of Fig. 1. Dip the head of the glass pin in water, shake

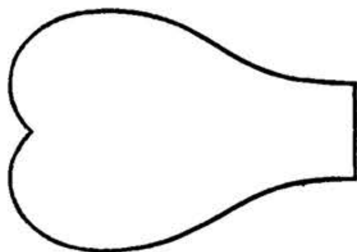


Fig. 1.

off the drops, and roll these pieces cup shaped. In rolling, the glass head must be kept wet, so it will not adhere to the wax. Now, begin placing them on the stem; roll the straight part of the first leaf round the bottom part of the ball made on the hook. The wax is very pliable, and no difficulty will be experienced in giving the leaves the natural shape and position of the rose leaf. Continue, until you have placed five on the stem, letting the sides of each leaf lap, the one over the other; this gives the rose a rich, double appearance. The five remaining leaves may now be placed on the stem; the curved or scalloped part of each leaf a very little below the first row of leaves. Now cut ten leaves, a size larger than Fig. 1; roll them in the same manner as the first ten, and place five of them on the stem, a little below the last leaves moulded on, giving them a curve here and there, as near like the natural rose as possible. Thirty leaves will make a large, full blown rose. If a small tea rose is desired, cut the leaves the same shape, but smaller. A natural or artificial rose is good for a model. Now cover the calyx with a narrow, double strip of the green wax, and cut four pieces like Fig. 2, roll-

Fig. 2.

ing these pieces a little, and arranging as on the outside of a natural rose. To make a half-blown bud, use half the number of leaves. Use the green sheet-wax, light or dark, according to the color of the rose, for the stem leaves. Dip your brass leaf-mould in water, shake off the drops, and lay on it a sheet of wax, lengthwise; press down with the warmth of the hand, cutting off around the edges; then lay in a stem, which you have previously wound neatly with a narrow strip of green wax, and fold over your sheet of wax, to make the back of the leaf, pressing down around the edges, and cutting off neatly. *All leaves are moulded in this way, using different leaf-moulds.*

THE FUCHSIA.

Materials.—Fuchsia leaf-mould; one half package each, white, pink, and light green wax; one bunch fuchsia stamens. Pure white fuchsias are used with fine effect on white wax crosses. Then we have in the natural flower, those with very double, purple centres, and deep crimson petals; others with pink centres, and white petals. To make a spray of those with pink centres, cut

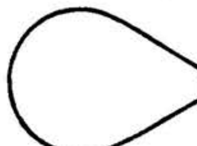


Fig. 3.

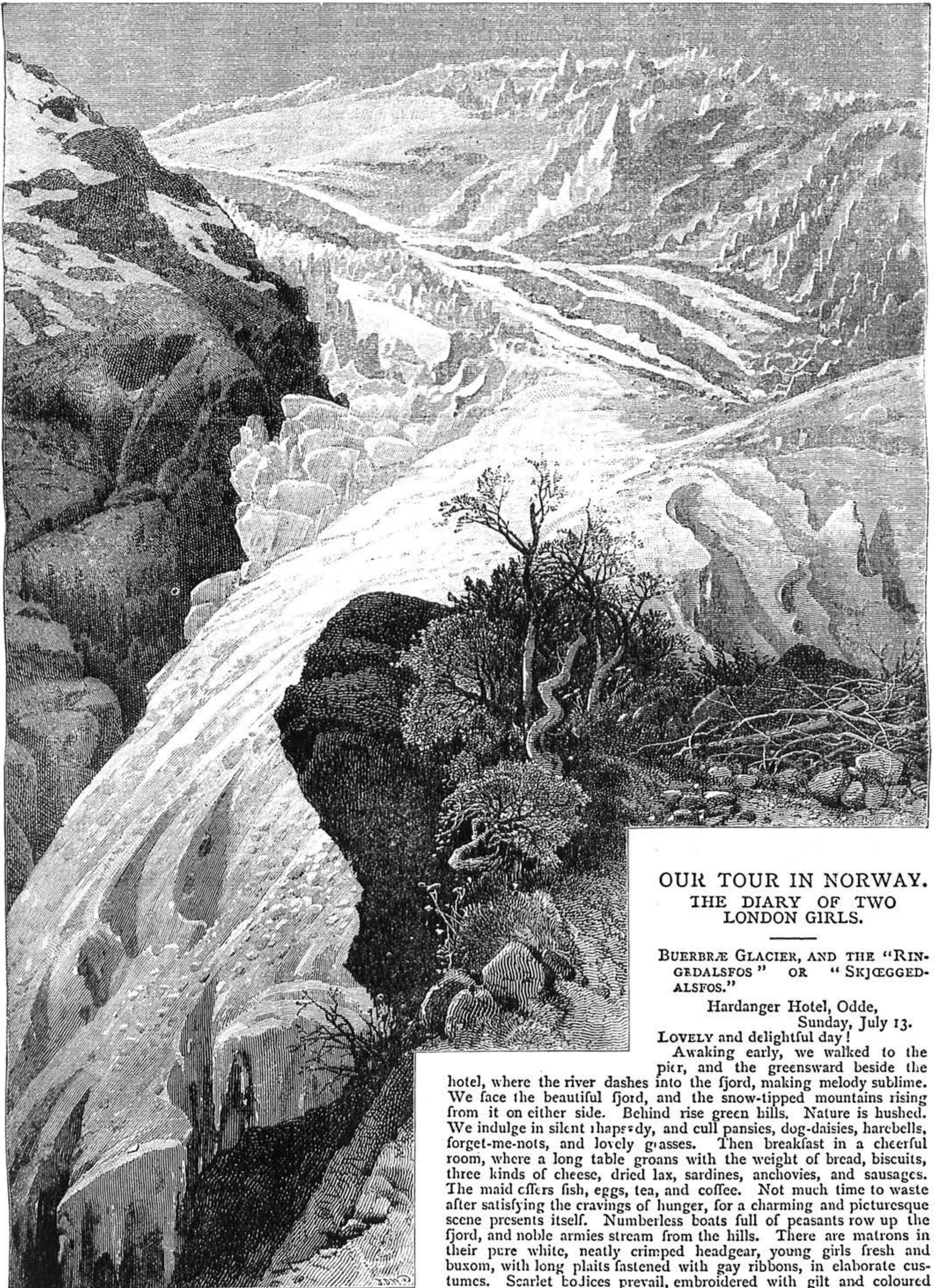
eight pieces from the pink wax, the size and shape of Fig. 3. Roll them cup shape, exactly as you did for the rose. Make a hook at the end of the stem, the same as for the rose; then take a piece of wax, not quite one inch long, and less than half an inch wide, and roll round the hooked part of the stem. Before making the hook on stem, wind it neatly with a narrow strip of green wax. Place five stamens, one in the centre, projecting somewhat longer than the two on each side, immediately in the centre of the strip of wax, before rolling it around. This will be readily understood by looking at the natural fuchsia.

Now place the cup-shaped pieces on the stem. For a double fuchsia, use eight pieces; for a single one, only four. First, put on one, and then another, immediately opposite, until you have the required number. Now cut from the white wax four pieces, like Fig. 4. Roll so that the pointed part will bend slightly backwards. Place on the stem, with the straight of Fig. 4, rest-

Fig. 4.

ing immediately where you placed the pointed part of Fig. 3. Finish your fuchsia with a small strip of green wax for the calyx.

Mould your leaves on the fuchsia leaf-mould, as described for the rose.



THE BUERBRÆ GLACIER.

OUR TOUR IN NORWAY.

THE DIARY OF TWO LONDON GIRLS.

BUERBRÆ GLACIER, AND THE "RINGEDALSFOS" OR "SKJŒGGEDALSFOS."

Hardanger Hotel, Odde,
Sunday, July 13.

LOVELY and delightful day!

Awaking early, we walked to the pier, and the greensward beside the hotel, where the river dashes into the fjord, making melody sublime. We face the beautiful fjord, and the snow-tipped mountains rising from it on either side. Behind rise green hills. Nature is hushed. We indulge in silent rhapsody, and cull pansies, dog-daisies, harebells, forget-me-nots, and lovely grasses. Then breakfast in a cheerful room, where a long table groans with the weight of bread, biscuits, three kinds of cheese, dried lax, sardines, anchovies, and sausages. The maid offers fish, eggs, tea, and coffee. Not much time to waste after satisfying the cravings of hunger, for a charming and picturesque scene presents itself. Numberless boats full of peasants row up the fjord, and noble armies stream from the hills. There are matrons in their pure white, neatly crimped headgear, young girls fresh and buxom, with long plaits fastened with gay ribbons, in elaborate costumes. Scarlet bodices prevail, embroidered with gilt and coloured beads, and ingeniously wrought waist bands; white shirts and sleeves, and dark skirts trimmed with scarlet or gold braid. In church the

THE "SKJŒGGEDALSFOS" OR "RINGEDALSFOS."

women sit on one side, the old men and young boys on the other. They number about 500, many of whom have travelled twenty-five miles, and return the same distance. It is, indeed, a pleasant sight, which I think I shall never forget. Some are bowed with years, but they all come in humble piety and devotion to give glory to God. First, they assemble around the "high altar" (containing two huge candlesticks, a metallic receptacle for the host, and surmounted by a sort of painted shrine) to receive a preliminary blessing, or laying on of hands from their handsome, dignified, reverent priest, in his white surplice and Lutheran ruffle. A curious little man led the singing, which is not much beyond a weird-like monotone. He advanced to the chancel-steps, stood, drew himself up to his full height (which was not great), coughed, used his handkerchief, surveyed his congregation, and commenced. The ordinary Lutheran service followed, in which there is much singing, little reading of God's word, and little common prayer. Then followed a celebration of the "High Mass," when the auburn-haired and bearded priest wore a short crimson vestment embroidered with a large gold cross, and the congregation sang appropriate Psalms. Afterwards, the priest, without the vestment, went into the churchyard, and read in clear and solemn tones the burial service over a man who had been interred ten days. In the country there is never a second service, and the priest is only able to visit Odde once in three weeks.

The Lutheran Church retains much more both of the tenets and outward observances of the Romish Church than any other body of Protestants that separated from that communion. They have retained the vestments and a large portion of the ministerial authority, independently of the personal character of the priest. An English service was held in the drawing-room of this hotel, at which there were about thirty-six tourists. The knickerbockers and nailed boots sat just opposite us. The service was most solemn and impressive. Three clergymen who were on the "Lyderhorn" took an active part. All present joined heartily in the responses and singing, animated by an unanimous thrill of warmth and gratitude. My heart was full of conflicting emotions. How I yearned for mother and father with all those at home! I felt as if mother were really near. I hoped we should have a short sermon, and we did. The text was taken from the Psalms of the day, the seventeenth verse, "The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels: and the Lord is among them, as in the holy place of Sinai." These words seemed peculiarly significant, and in eloquent and poetical language the youthful preacher alluded to the beautiful and glorious scenes by which we were surrounded, and added that our thoughts should thankfully soar to God, "the giver of all good." That favourite hymn, "For those at Sea," concluded the service. The rushing water outside sang in unison with us, and all the earth gave praise. The peasants, during an interval in their own service, stood by the windows and listened attentively. We mingled with them again, talked to some, patted the children, and were much interested and amused. Many of the maidens and children were pretty, most of them very fair, with bright blue eyes. I think they all were good.

We dined at two, after which a walk was proposed. Arriving at the northern end of Sandven Vand we continued to Jordal, where a few peasants stood by the lake. From Jordal the road leads up Buerdalen, and most beautiful it is. Rocks and mountains on either side of a madly rushing stream, dashing against huge boulders or rippling sweetly on; blocks of granite clothed in moss and ferns; waterfalls, graceful trees, wild flowers, and ahead a greenish blue wall barring all further progress.

Kate had never seen a glacier, so I was glad of so golden an opportunity; the weather was perfect, and the colours of the ice truly gorgeous. Bennett says "the Buerbræ is the nearest to the sea of any in Norway, with the exception of the glacier of Jokelfjorden, and is advancing rapidly down the valley to the injury of the Buer Farm. Fifty years ago there was no glacier at this spot. It advanced ninety yards in 1870, and four yards during one week in the summer of 1871. The bottom of the glacier was in August, 1878, not much more than 1,000 feet above the level of the sea; in June, 1870, about 975 feet. In this month a tourist saw the end of this remarkable glacier visibly move, the rocks and earth at its base being pushed forward. At the same time there was a grinding noise, and a smell arising from the attrition of rocks. Attention has lately been drawn in *Nature* to the extreme scientific interest attaching to this glacier." The Rev. "Blossom" (this morning's preacher) walked with me, discoursing freely and enthusiastically of the blissful day we were having, and the lavish way in which Nature had regaled us. For some time we lingered on the rustic bridge, pensively admiring the beautiful scene, and enjoying the sweet twilight, wondering if in after years the twilight of our life would be gladdened and brightened by the remembrance of such delicious hours as these. I think it will. My heart constantly echoed the words of the Psalmist, "Oh, God! how wonderful are Thy works, in wisdom hast Thou made them all; the earth is full of Thy goodness." Most reluctantly did we leave the hallowed spot, and saunter gently and thoughtfully back to the hotel. As I was about to enter, a cheery voice greeted me, "I saw you cry in church this morning." It was the friend of the three ladies. I was rather ashamed, but it was useless to make any denial; thought-reader or not, he was evidently aware of my moment of weakness.

I feel so thankful we have arrived here in safety, and have passed our Sunday so happily. I trust God will guard and guide us all through. I cannot think what ideas of towns our little Norwegian friend, Signe, has. This is the simplest, quietest place imaginable; just three hotels, a church, and two or three small fishing huts. This hotel is charmingly situated, and has five pretty balconies wherein we can sit and overlook the fjord and mountains. Everything is particularly clean and comfortable. We have met a lady, with two sons and their friend, who have been staying here for a month, and are very satisfied. One is an artist, and he has painted a great deal, but says everything is on so grand a scale, he finds it very difficult to reproduce, and that the gloriously white foaming falls which are so magnificent in Nature would be too massive and stiff on canvas.

Monday, July 14.

A strong inclination this morning at our half-past six breakfast for mutton chops, but one egg each, with bread and nasty butter, had to suffice. I do not know what was up with "Paddy from Cork," but I met him scurrying downstairs clinging to a tin of sardines, and sundry hunks of bread. Kate and I wore our cotton frocks, as they are light and short, and do not impede locomotion like the blue serge dresses. We felt very excited, and were "well to the fore." We stood outside the hotel waiting for those who were to accompany us to the "Skedaddle-Fos," as some profanely termed it. The two guides, "Peter" and "Canute," were harnessed like beasts of burden with wraps, luncheon, and tea paraphernalia; the Rev. "Blossom" presented Kate and me each with stout sticks he had borrowed for us, and thus at half-past seven we left the shore in a big boat, a merry party of ten—Colonel and Mrs. Long, Mr. and Mrs. Cardiff, Mr. Temple, the Revs. "Blossom," Hulland, and Muggins, "Miss Blue Tam," and "Miss Red Tam" (our pseudonyms, we were told), "Peter" and "Canute." About one hour's row landed us at Tyssedal, and there we commenced to ascend.

How I wish I could convey the ever varying beauty and magnificence of that climb; rugged, severe, tranquil, grand; the rapid stream dashing, boiling, bubbling, savage with the massive and stupendous boulders that are in, but do not impede its course; broken and baffled, it angrily jostles by them, sweeps in foaming wrath scarcely a foot beneath the frail bridge that vibrates to its fury, and wildly bounding, roaring, casts its headlong waters into the seething cauldron below, where they boil up again in endless eddies, whirling round and round with them enormous trunks of trees unable to escape the perpetual torment; then, in some torpid lake, quiescent lie recruiting all their wasted strength, to frantically tumble and toss, fret and fume. Trees shorn of foliage, bold and ghastly; redolent fir and spruce; huge crests uprearing to heaven's vault; on we climbed, carefully assisted over treacherous and slippery slabs, ever and anon resting to revel in Nature's handiwork; and, unfortunately, to don mackintoshes for Plutus' baptism.

We were all drenched and ravenous when we reached the sœter at Skjœggedal. There were two wooden rooms, each containing a hay-bed. One room was used by the old woman and as a kitchen, the other was apparently kept for the reception of visitors. It contained the curious short wooden bedstead, a deal table, one chair, a bench, and the characteristic gaudily painted trunk embellished with names and dates, possibly the heirloom of centuries, and the receptacle of all the family relics. The good old hostess was much troubled by the sight of our wet garments, and enabled us to dry them by her stove.

Never did civilized beings partake of luncheon which had been carried for us by our guide in more unorthodox fashion. There was a strange medley on the table of roughly torn meat, (tinned), the inevitable sausage, lax, and brown goat cheese (which is sliced off like shavings of brown windsor soap), in sundry bundles of newspaper. Altogether not a very tempting repast this, prepared by Svend Tollefsen, so we banished the whole of it, and kept to our own small supply of tea, biscuits, Strasbourg meat, and tinned salmon. A richer feast in nobler state could not have pleased us half so well; all expressed themselves thoroughly satisfied and happy, and although we only first met on Saturday, we are on better terms than many who live close neighbours for three or four years. The idea of parting again is sad. Mrs. Cardiff was rather tired and hysterical; we were thankful we had our flask, its contents proving efficacious. We deemed the others thoughtless to go without. A row across a lake, into which poured some beautiful falls alone worth the journey, a walk of about half an hour, and we were on the gloomy Ringedalsvand, which is about 1,420 feet high.

Passing the graceful twin-falls of the Tyssestrœngene we approached with awe and wonder the transcendently magnificent Skjœggedalsfos, or more properly the Ringedalsfos. It is probably the grandest cataract in Europe, and some who have seen Niagara are of opinion that what the Ringedalsfos wants in volume of water, as compared with Niagara, it gains in the vast height of the Fos and the grandeur of the chasm into which it falls. Leaving the boat we clambered as closely as we could to the fall, and were deluged by the spray, which rises to a considerable height above the fall.

The wild flowers and ferns charmed us, and I mourned the absence of a blotting-pad. Our voices were scarcely audible in the thunderous roar of water. Gladly would I have lingered there, and I inwardly vowed that should an opportunity offer I would sleep one night at the sceter, and thus be able to devote hours to the admiration of this splendid Fos. As it was, time was on the wing, and we hurried back to the boats. Kate and the Rev. Muggins rowed on one bench, the Rev. Blossom and I on the other, singing lustily while the rain heavily descended. Mountains decked with snow which touched the black mysterious lake rose precipitous and wild.

More tea, and some good coffee roasted by our thoughtful and attentive hostess, regaled us at the farm, and with renewed energy we tripped homeward, giving vent to our exuberant feelings in snatches of song, "Long live the merry heart that laughs by night and day," and such like appropriate ditties. "Peter" was quite a "danger signal," and rapidly advanced at every slippery intricacy to give the ladies a *helping* hand.

There were a few tumbles, but luckily no one was hurt. We resolved another time to have our skirts much shorter; of course, our cambrics were soaked, but Mrs. Long, Kate, and I were thankful our garments were not heavy, while poor Mrs. Cardiff constantly bemoaned the weight of her thick serge.

The gentlemen could not understand that the backs of our skirts catching on projecting stones should propel us, till it was proved by practical demonstration. The happy day seemed of short duration, and yet, to our great surprise, it was ten o'clock before the boat at Tyssedal was reached.

"And from the silver lake,
Cradled in mountain-setting, echoing comes
With rippling music on the air, the splash
Of dipping oars; and voices deep and low,
Mingled with women's trebles, tuneful break
The evening silence!
Grand indeed it is
To be amid these mountain solitudes;
And yet there is a sense of rest and calm,
Soothing the spirit—stealing o'er the heart
Like the soft notes of an Æolian harp,
Falling like balm upon the troubled soul,
And making the most worldly man to feel
That there is over earth a higher heaven!"

Expenses to the Fos	kr.	ore.
Two sharing with six others.	5	40.

Odde, Tuesday, July 15.

Arose at six to go on the pier and bid adieu to Colonel and Mrs. Long. The stalwart pedestrians and Paddy from Cork were also on board; and a tinge of melancholy came over me as I stood on the pier and watched the steamer fade in the dim distance. We had been so happy yesterday; should I ever see them again? Kate rested till about ten, we were both tired and stiff, and the rain was an excuse to be lazy; so we sat in the top balcony and wrote home. Vain efforts to describe yesterday, but I knew how dear young Eleanor would appreciate everything, and wished heartily she could be with us. Flo, too, would like the fun could she ensure a "hansom" up to the Fos. After two o'clock luncheon we consulted Svend Tollefsen, who supplied us with a Stolkjœrre and Skydsgut.

The Stolkjœrre is a roughly constructed wooden conveyance for two, and the Skydsgut (or guide) was a bright looking boy about twelve, who either stood up at the back or ran alongside. Our "hest" (what we should designate a pony) was small and cream-coloured, with a tail that dragged the ground going down hill, and a hog-mane. At first the jolting was so terrific we thought of getting out, but it improved on acquaintance; although when we saw the condition of the road, and that to the Laathefos is only an easy walk of ten miles, we wished we had occupied a day in rambling. The road skirted the left bank of the Sandven Vand (sought by votaries of the gentle art), disclosing a fine view of the Folgefond Glacier, and the Hildalfos, a succession of falls about one thousand feet.

Amid gorgeous scenery are the beautiful Laathefos and Skarfos, and opposite them the Espelandfos. From some distance we beheld the spray wafting in the air, white and dazzling, then brilliant with various shades of lovely colour, a sweet relief to the sombre repose of the pine-clad hills. And in the valley, calm, clear lakes, with now and then a boiling, bubbling torrent, dashing and foaming, green and white.

We walked from the bridge, and arrived at the hotel in time for the seven o'clock dinner, at which there were forty people, principally English. One gentleman and two ladies had for two days waded knee-deep in snow. Another gentleman returned from the North Cape had taken photographs of "The Midnight Sun," just on the stroke of midnight, and expressed himself particularly gratified with the whole trip. The stewed reindeer was excellent, but the fish not fresh.

After dinner we repaired to the balcony, where the generous American, Mr. Forrest, ordered coffee for us all—his wife, Dr. and Mrs. Williams, Mr. Coalfield, Mr. White, and we two; and we sat there laughing till long after bedtime.

	kr.	ore.
Drive to Laathefos........	5	0
" Skydsgut........		50

(To be continued.)

Useful Hints

Macaroni Cheese.—Cut the macaroni in two or three inch lengths, place in a stewpan with ¾lb. of grated Parmesan, or Gruyère cheese, 4oz. of fresh butter, a spoonful of good béchamel; season with pepper and salt, toss all well over the fire, pile it in the centre of a dish, bordered round with fried croutons of bread, covering also the bottom. Cover the top with equal parts of fine bread-crumbs and grated Parmesan, and pour over all a little melted butter through the holes of a spoon, and place the dish in the oven to be baked.

Tapioca Cream.—Soak two tablespoonfuls of tapioca over night in just enough water to cover it. Boil one quart of milk with the tapioca in the morning; add a little more than half a tea cup of lump sugar, a pinch of salt, and the yolks of three eggs well beaten; stir them in the milk, then remove it from the fire. Flavour to taste with lemon or vanilla; beat the three whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and drop them on the cream when cold.

Cure for Chilblains.—Bathe the parts affected in the water in which potatoes have been boiled, as hot as can be borne. On the first appearance of the blains this bath, affords relief, and in the more advanced stages repetition prevents breaking out, and generally results in a cure. One ounce of white copperas dissolved in a quart of water and applied occasionally is also considered efficacious.

A Nice Way to Bake Apples.—Choose good sour apples, dig out the cores, and fill the cavities with sugar, and, if liked, a small clove. Place the apples in a dish, or tin, with about a cup of water. Bake them in a quick oven. This makes a good dish for children, and is very cooling and pleasant for invalids.

An Easy Way to Make an Omelette.—Beat the whites and yolks of three eggs separately, add a teaspoonful of water and a pinch of salt to the yolks; beat and mix them with the whites lightly. Put about as much butter as will lie in the bowl of a teaspoon into the frying-pan, hold it over the fire till it melts, then pour in the egg. When the surface is nearly dry, fold one half of the omelette over the other, slide it gently off on a plate and serve quickly.

Oatmeal Cakes.—Mix a handful of fresh coarse oatmeal with a little water and a pinch of salt; rub in a little butter. Make the paste sufficiently moist to roll out the thickness of a shilling; put it on a girdle over a clear fire. When slightly brown on one side, toast the other side before the fire. Each cake must be mixed separately.

Scalded Batter Pudding.—Four piled tablespoonfuls of flour, four eggs, a little salt, and rather less than a pint of milk. Mix salt with the flour, and when the milk is quite boiling pour it gradually over the flour, stirring it with a fork until it is sufficiently mixed. Set it to cool, and in the meanwhile whisk the eggs very thoroughly and stir them in to the other ingredients when these are just warm. Boil for an hour and a half in a well-buttered cloth, leaving room for the pudding to rise. It will be very light and delicate, a perfect pudding for an invalid; but in the preparation no spoon should be used, the mixing being done wholly with a fork. Serve with wine sauce, or, if this is objected to, plain melted butter and jam, or a little raspberry vinegar.

Simple Recipes for Cough, Hoarseness, and Throat Irritation:—

1. Soak a soft fig for about a week in pale brandy, and take half when the cough is troublesome.

2. Put a lemon into boiling water. Boil it for a quarter of an hour. Then press out the pulp into a jar, removing the pips, and mix it very thoroughly with a quarter of a pound of honey. Take a teaspoonful when required.

3. Dissolve 1 oz. of gum arabic and ¼ lb. of sugar candy in a pint of water. A little lemon juice and a chip or two of the rind, cut off very thin, may be added, and greatly improve the flavour. A teaspoonful of the mixture taken at bed-time will often allay the tickling and irritation of the throat, and secure a night's rest. It should be sipped very slowly. By sucking a little pure gum arabic the same effect may be produced, as it coats over the susceptible surface. The mixture is, however, more palatable, and especially for children.

4. Thin linseed tea, which should always be boiled, not merely infused, sweetened with sugar-candy and flavoured with lemon juice and rind, is also an excellent demulcient, and highly nutritious. Some black Spanish juice may be boiled with the linseed. This old-fashioned remedy is often undervalued, because it is extremely cheap, and may be used with only the limit of the patient's inclination.

5. For tickling in the throat a teaspoonful of the soft, cold pulp of a roasted apple often proves useful, especially in the night.

6. Put a large tablespoonful of black currant jam into half a pint of boiling water. Stir and bruise thoroughly; let it stand till cold, and drink of the liquor when the cough is troublesome.

7. Half a teaspoonful of Condy's fluid—*crimson*—mixed in half a tumbler of water is an excellent morning gargle for a susceptible throat. It is also a purifying wash for the mouth and teeth, but should not be swallowed.

EXPRESSION IN ANIMALS.

BY ALEXANDER H. JAPP, LL.D., AUTHOR OF "SOME ANIMAL THIEVES," ETC. ETC.

EXPRESSION OF RAGE IN A COCKATOO.

THE range of expression in animals is wider and much more varied than is generally believed. Not only the face, but the whole figure in many cases, tells the tale. This is true even of wild animals, if they are observed constantly and closely; but satisfactory proof of this is very easy to anyone who has domestic pets: it matters not of what sort. Birds are not generally credited with great powers of expression; but let anyone observe how, even the common canary, when once the delightful little fellow is on free terms with his master or mistress, can keep up a conversation in his own way and give language to his varied feelings by unmistakable signs and expressions. If you wish to see inquiry, curiosity, and questioning mingled in degree with surprise and wonder, suddenly show something that is new or strange to a pet canary. You will see the feathers on the top of his head rise, till what had seemed to you elegant from its length, and almost flatness, grows round and short, while the eye is turned first on the object you hold with a certain intense kind of scrutiny that, for the moment, really alters the expression of the eye, and then with the most questioning air on you, and back again. The softer hue that comes over the little dark eye, accompanied by the "tweet-tweet" on seeing you the first thing in the morning, or after you have been absent longer than usual from the room where he is, the flirting of the tail up and down, and the puffing out of the fore-part of the neck, you may not see again for a long while if you remain constantly beside him. It is his way of saying "Good-morning! I hope you're well!" or "Welcome back, dear friend; I wish you joy."

Look at a macaw or a cockatoo: how he wishes to have his poll scratched by his master. The head goes down at once under the fondling hand, and the eyes seem to close a little with the luxury of the sensation. And then observe the wholly different expression his head and face assume when some youngster has meddled with him, and put him into a rage with such a trick as none of us would tolerate—the eyes dilate, the mouth is open, and the tongue moving, the crest is raised, and even the body feathers are erected. He looks quite a different bird from what he was under the gentle and soothing hand of his master. Vanity is, no doubt, a strong feature in the cockatoo's character: and, indeed, he has been made the symbol of pride and superciliousness; but he can become very attached too, and yield himself to his master's loving treatment very gently.

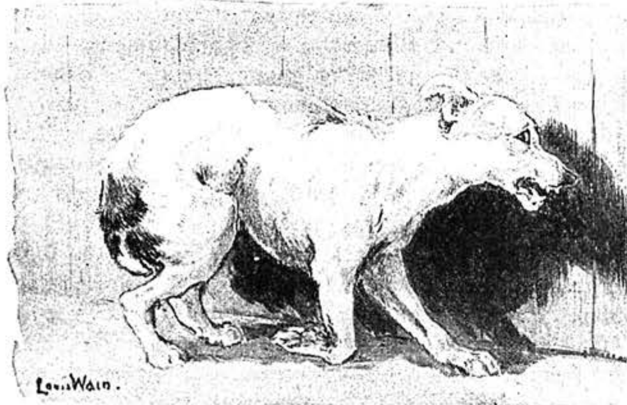
We knew a gentleman who had a fine macaw, which was much attached to all the members of the household save a servant-girl, and her the bird could not endure. Her master would take the macaw off her perch, and do anything with her, and she would kiss and fondle him in the most demonstrative manner, the soft round tongue going over his lips, though one felt one would need to be sure of the bird's affection before venturing on such endearments: for that beak could crack the hardest nut with the utmost ease, and go through a hard ship's biscuit like

the sharpest steel. But when the servant-girl came the whole expression was different; the macaw would scream and hiss and set up the head feathers, or else—

A FRIGHTENED OWL.

cunning bird—she would pretend to be reconciled, that she might give all the deadlier peck; but the maid had learned to be wary. No one could in the least account for the dislike the bird had to that girl, but an expression special to the occasion was unvaried whenever the girl came near.

You would not fancy there could be much change of expression in an owl's face. But see him when he returns to his young ones with a tit-bit, and is in the act of feeding them, and then see him when he has been frightened by some strange intruder near to him or his nest. The eyes go wink, wink, wink, and then assume a strange wide-open expression, the feathers all over the body and head rise and tremble, and present the aspect of a mere bundle ill put together. The bill goes moving with a constantly clucking sound. We are told that if the



MINGLED ANGER AND FEAR.

owl by any chance turns out through the day, all the little birds follow and surround him, screaming, and expressing in every way their dislike; and as the owl does not see well in clear light, he tumbles about in the oddest manner, and sometimes, no doubt, puts on this strange and striking expression of fear only to make his enemies behave the more audaciously.

But think of the dog. What a variety of expressions he has! Look at his eyes, and the lights of joy that shoot in them as he jumps round his master who has been absent longer than usual; see him when he plays with the youngsters—the "pawky" turns of expression, as a Scotchman would say, which he puts on. Some animals may fail in it, but the dog's appreciation of fun and play has often made me think that if there is anything in transmigration of souls, dogs are now inhabited by humorists.

And then the capacity for discipline, notwithstanding. I have seen a blind beggar's dog seated at the end of a stone step, with a *posse* of stray dogs gathered round him, sniffing at him, barking, and doing all they could to enlist him in their sociality and enjoyment. No; there he sits, utterly passive, faithful to his task, with a happy but demure expression in the higher sense of duty done. His little eyes would follow the dogs with no movement of a muscle beside. They speak of the discipline of the battle-field, which

GUILTY FEAR.

is so wondrously sustained by mere sense of comradeship, but the blind man's dog, *all alone*, was in this case discipline incarnate.

And when a passer-by essays to put a penny in the tin box tied under the dog's chin, and misses it, the expression of joy with which the dog jumps down, and with his mouth secures the copper, is a treat to see, and also the grand proud smile that seems to light up his eyes when he receives his blind master's appreciative pat as he drops the penny into his master's hand. There is a blind man who sits in the little passage which runs by the upper side of St. Martin's Church, making nets; and if you should pass that way and throw the dog a copper, you will see exactly what we mean. This dog is a kind of Skye-terrier—a most intelligent and faithful specimen of a good breed.

After this, who would fancy that Mrs. Barrett

Browning exaggerated the wisdom or affection of her dog Flush, whom she has twice celebrated in poetry?

But see a dog when he has been beaten by a

ANIMAL DESIRE FOR PREY.

stranger, and shrinks away from him in fear by the side of the wall—his patience exhausted, anger mingling with his fear, and intensifying instead of really modifying it—and you have a sight which the true dog-lover does not like to see. Then there is a sinister devilry in the eye, showing the white ominously, the ears thrown back, the body drawn together, and the teeth all displayed. That is one of the dog's bad quarter-hours: then he exhibits some of his worst features. You could hardly believe this was the same creature whom you saw but a short half-hour ago jumping up and licking his young master's hand in gratitude as they went out for a walk, and bounding with joy from side to side of the way, as if he could not by any means make the delightful journey long enough.

Mr. Darwin was wont to speak of the mind of man as having been developed from the mind of the lower animals, and often on that ground he doubted the real basis of many of its "convictions." As a necessity of logic, one of the conclusions of his philosophy was that conscience was merely the result of heredity and the cumulative effects of the lessons of the rod. But we ourselves have a dog—a cross between a small retriever and an otter-hound—which certainly goes as far towards suggesting a something beyond as any human being could do. You have only to speak in the softest tones of something he has done — tell in conversation to another some offence of which he has been guilty—and, though he may have been lying as if asleep on the hearth-rug, softly lifting his feet high and cautiously, as though to make no noise or attract attention to himself, he at once moves away, and hides himself beneath the sofa or anywhere else he can, till he is called forth in re-assuring tones. His master has often to leave the little country-house where he is, but poor Brin is seldom to be seen when his master actually leaves home; the moment the black bag is brought out and packing begins, he knows what is coming, and hides himself, though he hangs to his master's heels like a shadow when in other circumstances he goes out, in order to enjoy a walk with him. That dog, of a truth, has almost as many expressions as are to be seen on the faces of some of the peasants hard by.

A few years ago was published a volume called "Animal Anecdotes arranged on a New Principle." This volume had a section which went to show the existence of something very like conscience in certain animals, and some of these anecdotes—all of them verified—were widely quoted. We are distinctly of opinion that there is much not otherwise to be accounted for in intelligent and faithful dogs. A dog stricken with a sense of guilt, and fear bred of this consciousness, is one of the very finest studies for expression. The tail is thrown down and almost touches the ground: an invariable feature; the head is lowered as with a sense of weight; the eye looks round as with stealthy furtiveness. And in all cases of this conscience-smitten contrition there is a very defined expression of fear mixed with it—this although there may be no actual threat of physical punishment.

The retriever otter-hound I have already referred to will show all these expressions when merely ordered to go under the sofa; whereas, with a subtlety of cunning insight—in which, probably, no other animal equals the dog—on the few occasions when I have been momentarily a little angry with him and took the whip in my hand to chastise him, he would make this difficult by his jumping up and coming

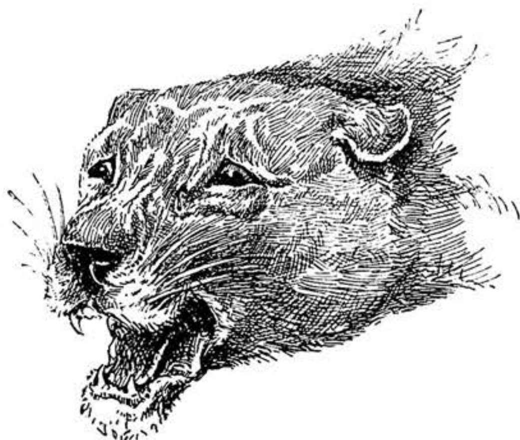
RAGE IN AN IRISH TERRIER.

very near to me, whining for forgiveness and licking my hands, the result of which is that he generally has got off with comparatively light punishment. He literally kisses the rod and so makes the stroke lighter.

But this, I think, goes to show that what now affects him most is not the rod, but the sense of losing his master's favour, respect, and affection. If he does not clearly reason it out by definite steps and stages, his instincts are wonderfully enlightened.

With regard to the cat, there can be no doubt that her range of expression is considerable. Think of the softness of which that eye of hers shows itself capable when she has a litter of kittens to purr over, and fondle, and lick; and then the sudden transformation when a strange dog comes near—fire itself in the eye, the ears thrown back till they almost disappear, the hair

raised all over the body, the teeth all displayed, and the tail straight up, and apparently five times the size it was a moment before, while she spits and hisses out hate and defiance. Mr. Browning has noted and



RAGE IN A LIONESS.

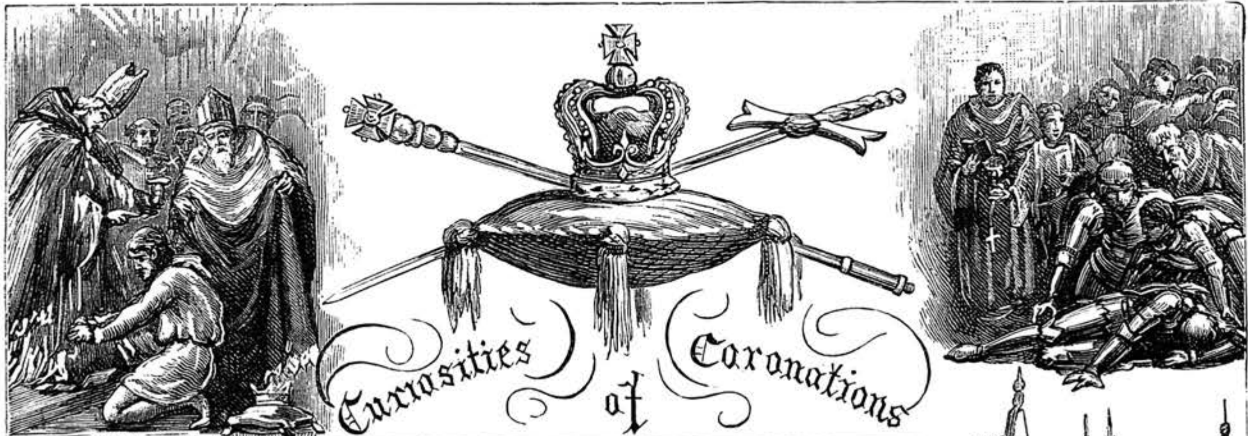
given fine effect to this same contrast in the eagle in his powerful poem entitled "Incident in the French Camp":—

> "The chief's eye flashed; but presently
> Softened itself, as sheathes
> A film the mother-eagle's eye
> When her bruised eaglet breathes.

Or, again, look at pussy when she is busy hunting after mouse or bird: the eyes are wide open and show light strongly; the ears are very erect, if not even bent forward, so as to catch the slightest sound the more quickly; the body is lengthened out and the limbs thrown apart, so that a spring is easy any second. The main features and expressions of this position characterise all the cat tribe; and when we see our "harmless, necessary cat" in this position we see her in an act which most directly proclaims her long descent, and her kindredship with the giant members of her species. Mr. Hamerton, in his fine studies of animals, favours the idea that the cat does not have the almost moral sensitiveness that marks the dog, though in some respects her sense of touch and her perceptions are finer—at all events, quicker; but we have met with at least one case where the attachments to individuals were so strong that they overcame some of the most powerful instincts in the cat: such as going round the house in the wet for the sake of master's company. That cat's range of expression was really wonderful, as well as the attempt to keep up a conversation by mews varied through a considerable scale, and modifications of expression such as sometimes gave much amusement to visitors.

Mr. Darwin had a very odd theory that the smile on the human countenance was but a survival of the snarl in the brute progenitors in the far back ages. That was not quite so complimentary to us poor human beings as a man less severely scientific, and less disposed to follow out his own ideas to their last result might have made it; but so it was. The arguments with which Mr. Darwin sought to fortify this are not, in our opinion, so well based as some other arguments of his; but it is very odd that the Romans had what they called the "snarling letter" (*litera canina*): that is, the letter R. If you try ever so to pronounce that letter without opening the lips more or less widely, and showing the teeth more or less, you find you cannot do it. How very odd it is that both Mr. Darwin and the Romans agreed in finding some survival of the wild animals' snarl: the one in our language, the other in our smiles, which are but another and finer form of language. But really, analogy in the one case and scientific severity in the other surely went too far. As we have seen, even in the most primitive time, before man had domesticated and influenced to any extent the lower animals, the lion and the lioness looked with tender eye upon the young cubs, and could paw and fondle them and play with them; and if the smile in the human face is to be traced to any brute original, surely it should rather have found origin there, as most consistent even with the *idea* of evolution itself; and Science makes almost too bold a demand upon us when, because it finds certain muscles called into exercise, it declares that the original expression of a benevolent feeling was that of the most malevolent one. If you attend to a dog in a rage you will perceive that, if the mouth is open and the teeth displayed as in a smile on the human countenance, the eyes are very different indeed; they are charged with fierce hate, and the nerves and muscles there exercised must be very different from those called into exercise by a smile. Rage in the lion or tiger is still more emphatic on this point, if that were possible. The fierce aspect of the eye is due to the upper eyelid being drawn up as into a sharp point, and the whiskers in part raised, as if in some portion to stand up almost perpendicularly instead of standing out horizontally from the lip. The mere movement of the whisker in this direction itself greatly alters the expression.

Much might be said about the influence of man on animals in developing their power of expression. The dog does not bark, properly speaking, till he comes into contact with man, nor does he exhibit the feelings most vividly expressed by barking: joy, sense of guardianship, as well as surprise or sense of danger. In truth, domesticated animals receive a new dowry of feeling and emotion through association with man, which is almost as surprising as man's own accent in emotion and thought, and all the fine complexities of language and expression which they bring.



Curiosities of Coronations

ALTHOUGH our specific object is to give a familiar account of the more or less remarkable events which have taken place at, or in connection with, the individual coronations of English sovereigns, it may be as well to preface it with a few remarks on the arrangements attending their coronations in general, as a little light will thereby be thrown on some of the expressions met with further on. During the times of the Plantagenets and the Tudors, and with the Stuarts until the coronation of James II., it was the custom for the sovereign to take up his residence in the Tower of London for a short period, previous to the day of the coronation. On the Saturday preceding that ceremony, he went in procession from Westminster to the Tower of London, on which occasion he was accompanied by large numbers of the nobility and civic dignitaries, and also by those squires upon whom the honour of knighthood was to be conferred. Each of the latter (who watched their arms that night) had a room assigned to him, and a bath in which to bathe, and knighthood followed the next day after mass. The queens who reigned in their own rights, Mary and Elizabeth, although they condescended to gird the swords on their knights with their own hands, did not give the actual *accolade* or blow (some authorities gather from the deriva-

tion of this word, *ad* and *collum*, that an embrace was originally given) which is the determinate action that impresses the character of knighthood. At both of these coronations this office was performed by Henry, Earl of Arundel, and a copy of his appointment may be found in Rymer's works.

Commencing with the reign of William the Conqueror, we will now proceed to note those coronations at which something out of the common has occurred, and the crowning of the Norman king furnishes us with the first anecdote. When William had taken the coronation oath to protect the Church, prohibit oppression, and execute judgment in mercy, Archbishop Aldred put the question to the people, "Will ye have this prince to be your king?" They replied with loud shouts of assent, and the uproar thus created led the Norman soldiery to believe that the English had revolted; whereupon, without waiting to make the least investigation into the matter, they immediately set the neighbouring houses on fire. The flames gave rise to a general alarm, and the greater part of the congregation hastened out of the church; the English endeavouring to stay the progress of the fire, and the Normans seizing the opportunity to plunder. The bishops and others taking part in the ceremony, who remained within the church, were thrown into such a state of confusion that they were barely able to go through the office of crowning the king. William, perceiving the tumult, and not being able to conjecture its cause, was naturally much perplexed, and sat trembling before the altar. No great amount of damage was done by the conflagration, but it sowed the seeds of a long and bitter enmity between the Normans and the English.

Stephen's coronation, seeing that he had previously sworn allegiance to the Empress Matilda, was viewed with a considerable amount of anxiety and curiosity; for in those days it was commonly believed that the punishment of perjury was visible and immediate. William, Archbishop of Canterbury, performed the ceremony, and it is stated that a violent storm arose, throwing the assembled party into such dire confusion that the consecrated wafer fell to the ground, the kiss of peace was omitted, and the final benediction of the archbishop altogether forgotten.

The coronation festivities of Richard I. indirectly gave rise to a sanguinary and disgraceful riot. A large number of Jews had come to England during the previous reign, where they were allowed to live in peace by that liberal and enlightened monarch, Henry II. Naturally grateful that such an unusual favour should be accorded them, they met together in London for the purpose of subscribing amongst themselves, in order to present Richard with a valuable gift on the occasion of his coronation. Unfortunately for them, Richard was weak enough to listen to some of the bigots by whom he was surrounded, who assured him that the Jews were in the habit of practising their magic arts on kings during the time of their coronation; and the result was the issue of an edict strictly prohibiting any Israelite from being present during the ceremony, or making an appearance at the royal palace during the subsequent coronation banquet. However, more curious than prudent, a goodly number of Jews mingled with the crowd that gathered round the palace gates; and one of them, attempting to force his way in, received a blow in the face from an over-zealous Christian. This was quite sufficient to arouse the fanaticism of the mob, and a general attack was at once commenced upon the Jews, who fled with all speed towards the City. Some miscreants, only too glad of the opportunity for plunder, spread a rumour that Richard had given orders that the unbelieving Jews should be exterminated, and as such an order was by no means unlikely when the king was a crusader, it was soon implicitly believed. The London mob, aided by the people who had arrived from the country, proceeded to attack the houses of the Jews; but the inmates defended their habitations with much courage, and the assault proved abortive. Finding that they could not gain admittance to the houses, the populace threw brands and torches through the windows and on to the roofs, with the result that conflagrations burst forth in all directions, consuming a large number of houses, both Jewish and Christian. The king ordered the apprehension of the ringleaders, and they were hanged, as a salutary warning to others; and after this the Jews were taken under royal protection.

The only memorable event attending the coronation of John was the speech of Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury, which was as follows: "Hear all men! It is well known to your wisdom that no man hath any right of succession to this crown, unless he be elected for his own merits by the unanimous consent of the kingdom, with invocation of the Holy Ghost, after the manner and similitude of Saul, whom God set over His chosen people, though he was neither the son of a king, nor sprung of a royal line; and in like manner after him, David, the son of Jesse: the former because he was brave, and suited to the royal dignity, the latter because he was humble and pious. So that he who surpasses all within the realm in fitness for royalty should preside over all in dignity and power. But if any one of the family of the deceased sovereign should excel others, his election should be the more readily and cheerfully conceded. Wherefore, as our late sovereign Richard died without issue of his body, and as his brother Earl John, now present, is wise, brave, and manifestly noble, we, having respect both to his merits and his royal blood, unanimously and with one accord elect him to be our sovereign." Subsequent events proved that John was not quite such an estimable personage as this speech would lead us to believe.

Henry III. was crowned at Winchester in 1216, London being in the possession of the French Prince Louis. He was compelled by the Papal legate to do homage to the Holy Roman Church and Pope Innocent for his Kingdom of England and Ireland, and to bind himself by oath to pay an annual tribute of 1,000 marks to the Papal See. His queen Eleanor was crowned in 1236, and Holinshed gives the following account of the ceremony:—"At the solemnitie of this

feast and coronation of the quene, all the high peeres of the realm both spirituall and temporall were present, there to exercise their offices as to them apperteined. The citizens of London were there in great arraie, bearing afore hir in solemn wise three hundred and three score cups of gold and silver, in token that they ought to wait upon hir cup. Archbishop of Canterburie (according to his dutie) crowned hir, the Bishop of London assisting him as his deacon. The citizens of London served out wine to everie one in great plentie. The feast was plentifull, so that nothing wanted that could be wished. Moreover in Tothill-fields roiall justes were holden by the space of eight daies together."

Of the coronation of Edward I. the same chronicler remarks:—"At this coronation were present Alexander King of Scots, and John Earle of Bretaine, with their wives that were sisters to King Edward. The King of Scots did homage unto King Edward for the realme of Scotland, in like manner as other the Kings of Scotland before him had doone to other Kings of England, ancestoures to this King Edward. At the solemnitie of this coronation there were let go at liberty (catch them that catch might) five hundred great horsses by the King of Scots, the Earles of Cornewall, Glocester, Pembroke, Warren, and others, as they were alighted fro their backs."

An enormous crowd gathered to witness the coronation of Edward II., and we are informed that "there was such presse and throng at this coronation, that a knight, called Sir John Bakewell, was thrust or crowded to death." The bishops did not fare much better, and they were forced to hurry through the service in a very slovenly and disorderly manner.

A very curious medal was struck on the occasion of the coronation of Edward III.: on one side it bore the effigy of the young prince, crowned, placing his sceptre on a heap of hearts, with the motto, *Populo dat jura volenti* (He gives laws to a willing people); and the reverse represented a hand held out to save a falling crown, with the motto, *Non rapit, sed recipit* (He seizes not, but receives).

The coronation of Richard II. surpassed in magnificence any of the preceding, and the usual procession from the Tower to Westminster is thus described: "The citie was adorned in all sorts most richlie. The water-conduits ran with wine for the space of three hours together. In the upper end of Cheape was a certain castell, made with foure towers; out of the which castell, on two sides of it, ran forth wine abundantly. In the towers were placed foure beautiful virgins, of stature and age like to the king, apparelled in white vestures, in every tower one, the which blew in the king's face, at his approaching neere to them, leaves of gold; and as he approached also, they threw on him and his horsse counterfeit florens of gold. When he was come before the castell they tooke cups of gold, and, filling them with wine at the spouts of the castell, presented the same to the king and to his nobles. On the top of the castell, betwixt the foure towers, stood a golden angell, holding a crowne in his hands, which was so contrived that when the king came he bowed downe, and offered to him the crowne. In the midst of the king's pallace was a marble pillar, raised hollow upon steps, on the top whereof was a great gilt eagle placed, under whose feet in the chapiter of the pillar, divers kinds of wines came gushing forth at foure several places all the daie long, neither was anie forbidden to receive the same, were he never so poor or abiest."

Henry IV. was crowned by Archbishop Fitzalan on the 13th of October, 1399, the ampulla being first employed on this occasion. The procession was unusually splendid, and Froissart gives the following interesting account of it:—"The Duke of Lancaster left the Tower this Sunday after dinner, on his return to Westminster; he was bare-headed, and had round his neck the Order of the King of France. The Prince of Wales, six dukes, six earls, eighteen barons, accompanied him, and there were of knights and other nobility from eight to nine hundred horse in the procession. He passed through the streets of London, which were all handsomely decorated with tapestries and other rich hangings: there were nine fountains in Cheapside and other streets he passed through, that ran perpetually with white and red wines. The whole cavalcade amounted to six thousand horse, that escorted the duke from the Tower to Westminster."

The coronation of Henry VII. was not characterised by anything special, but that of his queen Elizabeth, in 1487, was remarkable on account of the procession by water from the Palace of Greenwich to the Tower, instead of from Westminster as usual. One of the processional barges carried an extraordinary figure in the shape of a monstrous red dragon, from the mouth of which streams of fire gushed out into the river.

Bluff King Hal may be passed over with the remark that his coronation was celebrated with brilliant "justs and tournies," which that monarch and his queen viewed from "a faire house covered with tapestrie."

Of Edward VI., Holinshed informs us: "He rode through London into Westminster with as great roialtie as might be. . . . . As he passed on the south part of Paule's Churchyard, an Argosine came from the battlements of Paule's Church upon a cable, being made fast to an anchor by the Deane's gate, lieing on his breast, aiding himself neither with hand nor foot, and after ascended to the middest of the cable, where he tumbled and plaied many pretty toies, whereat the king and the nobles had great pastime." When at the coronation the three swords typical of the three kingdoms were brought to be borne before him, Edward remarked that there was yet one wanting, and called for the Bible. "That," said he, "is the sword of the Spirit, and ought in all right to govern us, who use these for the people's safety by God's appointment. Without that sword we are nothing: we can do nothing. From that we are what we are this day . . . . we receive whatsoever it is that we at this present do assume. Under that we ought to live, to fight, to govern the people, and to perform

all our affairs. From that alone we obtain all power, virtue, grace, salvation, and whatsoever we have of Divine strength."

Mary was the first female sovereign of this country, and she was crowned on the 1st October, 1553. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York both being prisoners in the Tower, the ceremony was performed by Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester. As usual, St. Paul's Cathedral made a considerable show on the day of the procession, and amongst the curious sights to be witnessed was "one Peter, a Dutchman, that stood on the weather-cock of Paule's steeple, holding a streamer in his hand of five yards long, and waiving thereof, stood sometimes on the one foot and shook the other, and then kneeled on his knees, to the great marvell of all people. He had made two scaffolds under him, one about the crosse, having torches and streamers set on it, and another over the ball of the crosse, likewise set with streamers and torches, which could not burn, the wind was so great. The said Peter had sixteen pounds, thirteen shillings, four pense for his costes, and paines, and all his stuffe."

It is said that Queen Elizabeth composed the following prayer as she went to her coronation:—"O Lord Almightie and everlasting God, I give Thee most hearty thanks that Thou hast beene so mercifull unto me as to spare me to behold this ioifull daie. And I acknowledge that Thou hast dealt wonderfullie, and as mercifullie with me, as Thou didst with Thy true and faithfull servant Daniell, Thy prophet, whom Thou deliveredst out the den from the crueltie of the greedy and roaring lions. Even so was I overwhelmed, and only by Thee delivered. To Thee, therefore, onelie be thanks, honor and praise, for ever. Amen."

James I. superintended the arrangements for his own coronation, wherein he displayed many marks of the pedantry and extravagance which formed so prominent a feature in his character. He created two earls, ten barons, sixty-two Knights of the Bath, and conferred the honour of knighthood on no less than four hundred gentlemen. His successor, the ill-fated Charles I., was crowned twice—in 1626 in England, and in 1633 in Scotland.

The Presbyterians having invited Charles II. to Scotland, he was crowned at Scone, January 1, 1651. A very extraordinary sermon was preached on this occasion by "Master Robert Dowglas, minister at Edinburgh, Moderator of the General Assembly, from ii. Kings xi., verses xii.—xvii." He delivered a bitter philippic against the parents of the young king, and went so far as to compare his mother to the wicked Athaliah. After the ceremony was concluded "the minister spoke to him a word of exhortation," being in fact an oration of considerable length.

The only incident worthy of note in connection with the coronation of James II. is that, on the king's return from the Abbey, the crown tottered upon his head, and would have fallen off had it not been for the timely aid of the Honourable Henry Sidney, who hastened to support it, saying, "This is not the first time our family have supported the crown!"

At the coronation of William and Mary, the Bishop of London officiated instead of the Archbishop of Canterbury; the latter objecting to place the crown upon the head of sovereigns who claimed it by a parliamentary title, and not by hereditary descent. This was the first occasion on which both king and queen were crowned as sovereigns.

Anne's coronation was a very prosaic affair, and the actual kiss of peace was only given by her Majesty to the archbishop and other prelates. George I. was not acquainted with the English language, and very few of those near him knew anything of German; the ceremonies attending his coronation had therefore to be explained to him, through the medium of such Latin as those around him could muster. This circumstance gave rise to a jest which was very popular for some time afterwards, to the effect that much *bad language* had passed between the king and his ministers on the day of the coronation.

Nothing occurred at the coronation of George II. and his queen Caroline to give any variety or interest to the scene; but a curious anecdote exists concerning that of his successor, George III. We give an extract from the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1764, which contains the copy of a letter addressed to the Duke of Devonshire:—"The Young Pretender himself was in Westminster Hall during the coronation, and in town two or three days before and after it, under the name of Mr. Brown. A gentleman told me so, who saw him there, and who whispered in his ear, 'Your Royal Highness is the last of all mortals whom I should expect to see here.' 'It was curiosity that led me,' said the other, 'but I assure you,' added he, 'that the person who is the cause of all this pomp and magnificence is the man I envy the least!'" When the gauntlet was cast down by the champion for the last time, a white glove fell from one of the spectators, who was in an elevated position. This was duly handed to the champion, who demanded to know "who was his fair foe?" It is said that the glove was thrown down by the Young Chevalier, who was present in feminine attire.

In concluding this paper there remains one wish to be uttered—it is that many years may pass away before the occasion arises for our chroniclers to busy themselves with the particulars of yet another crowning! EDWARD OXENFORD.

A GOSSIP ABOUT CORNISH COOKERY.

BY A. G. PAYNE, AUTHOR OF "CHOICE DISHES AT SMALL COST," ETC.

VERY county in England has, in one form or another, certain dishes peculiar to itself. We have Yorkshire cakes and Yorkshire puddings, besides the famous Yorkshire pies. There are Norfolk dumplings, as well as Suffolk dumplings and Suffolk buns. There is Leicester pie and Leicester pudding. Devonshire is famous for its cream, its cider, and its junkets. Of all counties, however, Cornwall probably possesses more distinctive dishes than any other in England, many of these being of extreme antiquity.

Cornwall is famous for its vegetables ; and if Kent has been called the "garden of England," Cornwall may well claim to be considered the market garden, supplying as it does, with assistance from the Scilly Islands, a great proportion of the vegetables for the London market.

The principal reason of the productiveness of Cornwall is the climate, the peculiarity of which is its equability. In winter the glass rarely goes below 50°, and in summer seldom rises above 70°. It is a small peninsula jutting out into the Atlantic, and its shores are warmed by the Gulf Stream. A mist floats over it in winter and keeps it warm, while a similar mist in summer acts as a species of umbrella, and keeps it cool. Scarlet geraniums are in full bloom all the year round ; while last, but not least, the cattle have always plenty of grass, snow being almost unknown.

From this it will be well understood that vegetables and milk form a distinctive feature in Cornish cookery. The most popular dish among the country people in Cornwall is what is known as Cornish Broth, the chief feature of which is a huge slice of one of those gigantic cabbages which abound, and which Cornishmen and Cornish cows seem to enjoy with equal relish. These cabbages are not green, like the ordinary ones, but quite white, and in the autumn of the year often attain a size larger than a nine-gallon cask. Indeed, we have known prize cabbages, exhibited in agricultural shows, as big round as a wheel of a cart, and weighing over twenty pounds.

Cornish broth is made by boiling a huge slice of one of these cabbages with some turnips (swedes), carrots, parsnip, parsley, and onion. Leeks are better than onions, and, as we were informed by a Cornish countrywoman who was making the broth in question, in her Cornish dialect : "We 'belong' to put leeks in it," which meant we "ought" to put leeks in it. On all great occasions, such as the Sunday dinner, a piece of beef is boiled with the vegetable, and eaten after the broth according to the French custom.

Another staple diet in Cornwall is Cornish Pasty. These meat turnovers make their appearance at most of the railway refreshment rooms soon after leaving Plymouth, and are far more honest than the ordinary railway meat pie. They are made in the shape of a turnover, and are generally about eight inches long, and the inside is composed of slices of meat, either pork or beef, mixed with potatoes cut in slices, also slices of swede turnips and shredded onions. The pastry is the ordinary dripping crust, similar to that used to make a large meat pie suitable for the children's early dinner. The only seasoning is a little pepper and salt. No gravy is added, but the inside is generally moist owing to the juices from the turnips, potatoes, and onions. These Cornish pasties take about an hour to bake in a fairly brisk oven. They are extensively used by the miners and outdoor labourers who have to take their dinner with them ; and many who are in the habit of taking their luncheon might do worse than give them a trial.

A very popular dish in Cornwall is known as Heavy Cake, which, among the juvenile inhabitants, supplies the place of the ordinary plum cake elsewhere. It is a very plain and wholesome cake, and is made as follows :—

To every two pounds of flour is added half a pound of currants or half a pound of sultana raisins, three table-spoonfuls of moist sugar, a pinch of salt, one ounce of lemon candied peel chopped very fine, and about a quarter of a grated nutmeg. Half a pound of dripping or lard, or a quarter of a pound of each, is added, the flour being rubbed well in, and sufficient water to make the whole a thick stiff paste which can be rolled out. The cake is rolled out about an inch thick on a baking-sheet, and baked in the oven.

As the name implies, the cake is very heavy and very substantial, and often forms the dinner of a labouring man.

At the season of Christmas, when throughout England people are preparing the mincemeat and plum pudding, the Cornish housewives are busy over the manufacture of the famous Saffron Cakes, which seem peculiar to this county. Probably the custom is of great antiquity, but it is a curious fact, and shows how customs are handed down, that Cornish miners who are engaged in the mines in South Africa and Mexico—and there are many thousands who have gone thither—make a point of having saffron cakes at Christmas.

The following are the ingredients of a saffron cake made last winter in a place near Helston :—Six pounds of flour, three pounds of currants, half a pound of candied peel, two pounds of either dripping or lard, one pound of butter, one pound of moist sugar, two nutmegs grated, three eggs, a quarter of an ounce of saffron, and a pint of barm, this barm being a species of yeast.

What will strike most persons is the very small proportion of eggs to the very large quantity of flour,

but we give the recipe as it was made in a small country house, and we were assured that poor people never used more, as at Christmas-time eggs were very dear. As, however, the cake when baked has the appearance of having been composed almost entirely of yolks of eggs, the small quantity does not matter so far as looks go, and very likely the saffron was originally introduced from motives of economy. The saffron is used as follows :—A quarter of an ounce is placed for about five or ten minutes in the oven to get dry. It is then crushed with a rolling-pin and broken up into a powder. This powder is placed in a basin, and about a pint of boiling water poured on it. Afterwards more water, and sometimes) milk, is added, in sufficient quantity to enable all the ingredients to be mixed together. The cake is then baked in tins in the ordinary way. At Christmas-time, throughout the greater part of Western Cornwall, the bakers' shops are filled with these bright yellow cakes, while in the windows of the grocers' shops heaps of saffron are exhibited in conjunction with the raisins, and currants, and candied peel.

Sweet Giblet Pie is another well-known dish among Cornishmen, and shows how very much their cooking resembles that of the Continent. Those who have travelled in Belgium and Germany will remember how common it is for fruit to be served with meat. Stewed prunes are sometimes handed round with pork sausages. Preserved currants are always served with veal. Giblet soup in Germany is made with apples, and sometimes, instead of apples, very small new potatoes are served in the soup whole. Giblets are also, in Germany, cooked with pears and turnips. Space will not allow us to enter into the details of these German recipes, but we may mention that they are all to be found in "Cassell's Dictionary of Cookery." It is, however, a curious coincidence that the sweet giblet pie peculiar to Cornwall is made like the ordinary giblet pie, with the addition that raisins, or apples, or potatoes, or turnips form one of the ingredients. When apples are added, raisins are not used, and *vice versâ*.

Scalded Cream is perhaps the most popular of all Cornish dishes. It is eaten in a variety of ways, and it seems to be an essential point in hospitality to have a dish of cream at every meal where there are guests. In summer-time the cream is served with fruit, but in winter it is often eaten quite plain, being spread on bread like butter, and a little sugar sprinkled over the top. This scalded cream very much resembles what is known in Devonshire as clotted cream, the scalded cream being thicker and richer. This cream is easily prepared as follows :—The milk is collected in a large round metal vessel, containing about two gallons. This is allowed to stand for several hours, so that the cream may settle at the top. The vessel is then placed on a shut-up stove and the milk allowed to get hot, but not to boil. This generally takes some time, which, of course, varies with the quantity of milk and the heat of the stove ; but as soon as one or two bubbles begin to rise the vessel is removed from the fire, and at the same time the cream at the top will be observed to turn more yellow, and get what we may call crinkly. The length of time one must allow the milk to stand before it is put on the fire can be judged from the following facts:—The milk taken from the last milking at night is put on the fire the first thing in the morning. The early morning milk is usually put on the stove about one o'clock in the afternoon. It is wonderful how prolific in milk are some of these Cornish cows. We are personally acquainted with one that yields three gallons of milk in the morning and two and a half in the evening. Two gallons of milk will produce about a pound and a half of scalded cream. It is always best to allow a whole day for the milk to get cold before taking the cream off. After the cream has been removed, of course the milk remains. In London and most parts of the country it is called "skimmed" milk, or "separated" milk, the latter word being derived from the machine used in dairy farming called the "separater." In Cornwall it is called "scald," or "scalded" milk. In towns it is sold at three pints a penny, and in the country four pints. Large quantities are given to the pigs. What a pity it is that it cannot be transported, and sold at this price at the East End of London ! Perhaps the day may come when huge blocks of frozen milk—not separated—but pure, will find their way to the London markets from Devonshire, Cornwall, and Ireland, like the frozen mutton from New Zealand.

In conclusion, we will describe how to make a genuine Cornish Junket. The recipe is so simple that we do not know how anyone can fail to succeed. Take, say, a pint of fresh milk and warm it in a saucepan till it is rather hotter than blood heat, add two teaspoonfuls of Cornish rennet, and pour it into a glass dish and let it get cold. The milk can be first sweetened and flavoured with vanilla, &c., or can be used quite plain.

When it is cold it forms a solid. In fact, a junket is one solid mass of curd as smooth as a piece of blanc-mange, only far lighter. A slight quantity of whey will form in the dish round it. In making a junket, you should calculate the time as nearly as possible, so that it is eaten directly it gets cold, as after a time it gets watery. It is also apt to get more watery after it is cut. For instance, were you to make a junket and pour it into a glass dish an inch and a half deep, very little whey would form round the edge, but if you were to take out two or three spoonfuls the holes would gradually fill up with whey. The custom in Cornwall is to serve the scalded cream with the junket. It seems to strangers a funny mixture, but it is the custom of the country. Junket is extremely nice served with stewed fruit, especially with stewed raspberries or stewed currants and cherries. Whether it would be possible to make a junket out of London milk we cannot say — the experiment might be tried ; but we all remember the story of the London milkman who told the cook, on her complaining of the thinness of the cream, that it only wanted stirring up, as the cream had settled at the bottom. It is evident that our milkman was not a Cornishman.

A BEAR is an adaptable creature, a philosopher every inch. He takes everything just as it comes—and doesn't readily part with it. He lives in all sorts of countries, in all manner of weather and climate, merely changing his coat a little to suit the prevailing weather. He will eat honey—when he can get it; when he can't he consoles himself with the reflection that it is bad for the teeth. He is largely a vegetarian, except when meat falls in his way, and although innocently fond of buns, will cheerfully put up with strawberries and cream if they stray in his direction. There is a proverb inculcating the principle of catching the bear before you sell his skin.

This, from a business point of view, is obviously absurd. If you can find somebody idiot enough to buy the skin first, *and pay cash*, why, take it, and let him do the catching. It will save a deal of trouble, and you will probably have a chance of selling the same skin again, after the other fellow's funeral.

The bear is indeed a very respectable beast, as beasts go. And he certainly is respected in some quarters. Both the North American Indians and the Lapps reverence him too much even to mention his name in conversation ; with them he is "the old man in the fur cloak" or "the destroyer." Indeed, it seems reasonable to feel a certain respect for an animal which can knock the top of your head off with a blow of his paw ; but both the Indians and the Lapps carry their respect a little too far. To kill a bear and then humbly apologise to the dead body, as they do, is adding insult to injury, especially if you dine off the injured party immediately afterward. Neither is it likely to propitiate Bruin if a dozen men, while prodding him vigorously with a dozen spears, express their regret for the damage they are doing, and hope that he'll pardon the liberty. All this they do in sober earnest, and even go so far as to prefer a polite request that he won't hurt them. If he ever accede to this, it is probably because he is confused by the contemplation of such colossal "cheek." All this is galling enough, though otherwise intended, but contumely reaches its climax when dinner comes on. It would be annoying enough to the shade of the departed gentleman in fur to hear that he made a capital joint, or the reverse ; still, it is what might be expected. But this sort of thing they studiously refrain from saying. They talk with enthusiasm of the poor bear's high moral qualities —often inventing them for the occasion, it is to be feared—and, presumably talking *at* his ghost, tell each other that it was most considerate and indulgent of him to let them kill him so easily. Now this is worse than laying on insult with a trowel ; it is piling it on with a shovel, and rubbing it in with a brick.

Contact with man ruins the respectability of the bear. He gets dissipated and raffish,

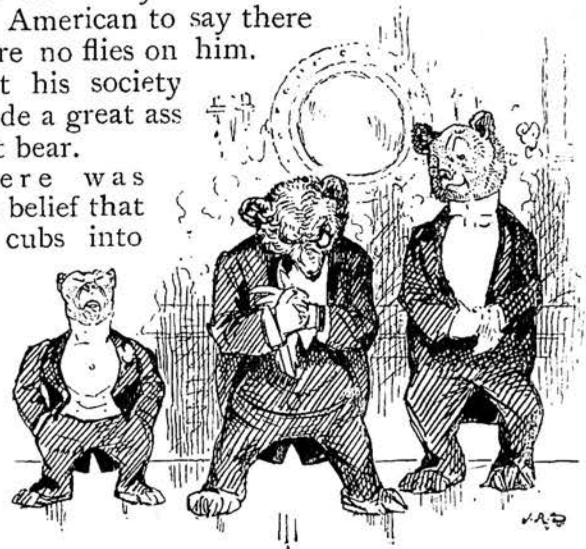
and appears in the dock at police-courts. He associates with low companions—unclean-looking foreigners—who bang him sorely about the ribs with sticks to make him dance. They keep him badly, and he grows bony and mangy. He retaliates upon them by getting loose, frightening people, and breaking things. Then, when he is brought before a magistrate, they have to pay his fine. Sometimes they get into prison over him. The end is always the same—a bear who begins by associating with these people always turns up at the police-court before long, and once there, he comes again and again—just in the manner of the old offenders at Marlborough-

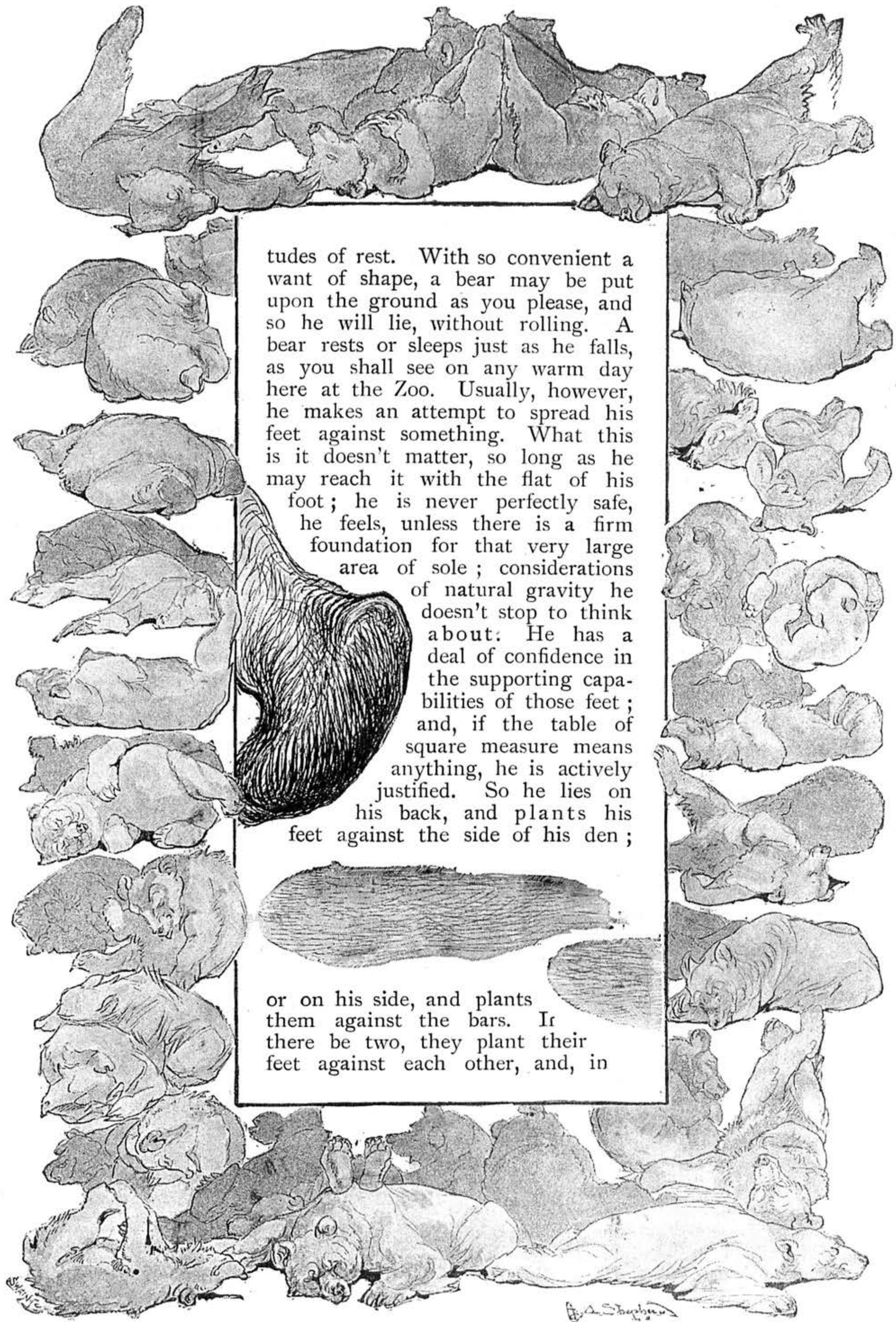
IN THE POLICE-COURT

street. Even in the innocent old times, when Bidpai wrote (or plagiarised) his fables, association with man made a fool of a bear. Witness the fable of the gardener's bear, who, zealous about a fly on his master's face, brought a paw upon it with all his force, and knocked off an indispensable piece of the worthy gardener's head. There is nothing whatever recorded against that gardener's character; he probably lived a most exemplary life, and won prizes at all the prehistoric horticultural shows in India—although it might not be strictly correct for an American to say there were no flies on him. But his society made a great ass of that bear.

SENTENCED.

There was once a belief that bears licked their cubs into shape. If there be anything in this, all the bears in my acquaintance came of very negligent mothers—or, perhaps, of mothers who tried the other sort of licking. They have strength, sagacity, stupidity, gloom, cheerfulness, teeth, hair, claws, position, magnitude, and big feet; but nothing at all like shape. This is why they are able to indulge in such a rich variety of atti-





tudes of rest. With so convenient a want of shape, a bear may be put upon the ground as you please, and so he will lie, without rolling. A bear rests or sleeps just as he falls, as you shall see on any warm day here at the Zoo. Usually, however, he makes an attempt to spread his feet against something. What this is it doesn't matter, so long as he may reach it with the flat of his foot; he is never perfectly safe, he feels, unless there is a firm foundation for that very large area of sole; considerations of natural gravity he doesn't stop to think about. He has a deal of confidence in the supporting capabilities of those feet; and, if the table of square measure means anything, he is actively justified. So he lies on his back, and plants his feet against the side of his den; or on his side, and plants them against the bars. If there be two, they plant their feet against each other, and, in

"SPLIT ICEBERG."

the sweet communion of sole, fall asleep; if there be only one, he curls up, and opposes his palms to his soles, and falls asleep so. Bango, the hairy-eared bear in the end cage, does this. A man who once said it was his sole attitude was driven to seek refuge from an infuriated populace in the seal pond. Notwithstanding this, and all that has been said about brute instinct in animals, nobody can gaze at, for instance, Michael, the big brown bear, without seeing at once that his sole is quite big enough for his body, big as that is. While the family motto of Samson, the big Polar bear, is understood to be, "O my prophetic sole, mine ankle!" This, however, is another story, and relates to Samson's slight lameness in a hind foot.

Samson is a fine fellow in the matter of size. The only short thing about him is his tail, unless you count his temper. The temper. And there really is some excuse for the short climate would be a sufficient excuse in itself. It might, perhaps, be reasonable to say that the English climate is sufficient excuse for anybody's shortness of temper, but on the Polar bear it has the effect of that of India on an Englishman. Both Samson and Mrs. Samson—her name is Lil—manage fairly well in the winter, although they would be the more comfortable for an iceberg or two. But in the summer they keep as much as possible to the coolness of their cave, and look dolefully out at the visitors with just the expression of a fat Cockney when he says, "Ain't it 'orrid 'ot?" Still, Samson has had twenty-one of these summers now, and is bigger and stronger than ever, so that it is plain that his health does not suffer.

Lil is only a little bigger than was Samson when he first arrived, and is playful—Samson isn't.

Twenty-one years is a good length of healthy captivity for a bear, but Bango, the hairy-eared bear, has been here since 1867—established a quarter of a century, as the shopkeepers say. Bango lives with a single eye to his own comfort and nourishment, being blind in the other. Still, he can see a bun with his one eye just as quickly as any other bear can with two. Bango has a delusion—he is firmly convinced that by the regulations he is entitled to nine or ten meals a day, in addition to promiscuous snacks. By way of agitating for his rights, he makes a dinner gong of the partition between his cage and the next, punching it vigorously and uproariously for five minutes together whenever it strikes him that a meal is due.

BANGO.

BILLY.

A sad, bad character in bears lives a few doors further down. It is Billy, the sloth-bear. He is the most disreputable, careless, lazy, and unkempt bear on the premises. Perhaps his parents neglected him. Certainly if one bear can have less shape than another, which has none, Billy has. He is more than shapeless; he approaches the nebulous. A sort of vast, indefinite, black mop, with certain very long and ill-kept claws observable in odd places, and now and again a dissolute, confused muzzle, in which a double allowance of lip and a half-allowance of lip mingle indistinguishably. Billy is usually asleep. He is as fond of eating as any other bear, but fonder still of sleeping. Give him a biscuit while he is lying down, and he will come for it with an indignant expression of muzzle, implying that you are rather a nuisance than otherwise.

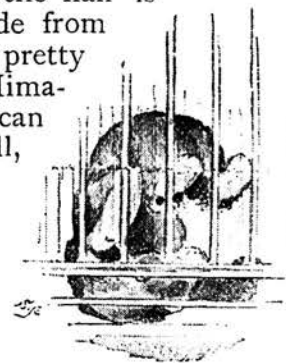
Ludlam's dog, says the proverb, was so lazy as to lay his head

against the wall to bark. Billy must have been Ludlam's bear. Round at the other side, Joey, Fanny, and Dolly, the little Malayan bears, are certainly not lazy. Dolly will turn a somersault for you with his head (yes, I mean *his*) in the sawdust, bringing himself over by gripping the bars with his feet. Fanny will do the same thing high up against the bars, climbing a somersault, so to speak. Of course, there is no regular charge for this performance, but neither Fanny nor Dolly will feel disappointed if you contribute a biscuit to the prize fund. Fanny will find the biscuit with her paw, even if it be put out of sight on the ledge before the partition.

But Michael—big Michael, the great brown Russian bear, the largest bear in the place except Samson—doesn't need to trouble to hunt for biscuits. He just opens his mouth, and you throw your contribution in. Now, with most of the bears this is something of a feat of skill, since you may easily pitch a little wide, and fail to score a bull's-eye. But when Michael's mouth opens—let us call him the Grand Duke Michael, by the bye—when the Grand Duke's mouth opens you can't very easily miss it. Go and look at the Grand Duke's mouth and see.

MICHAEL.

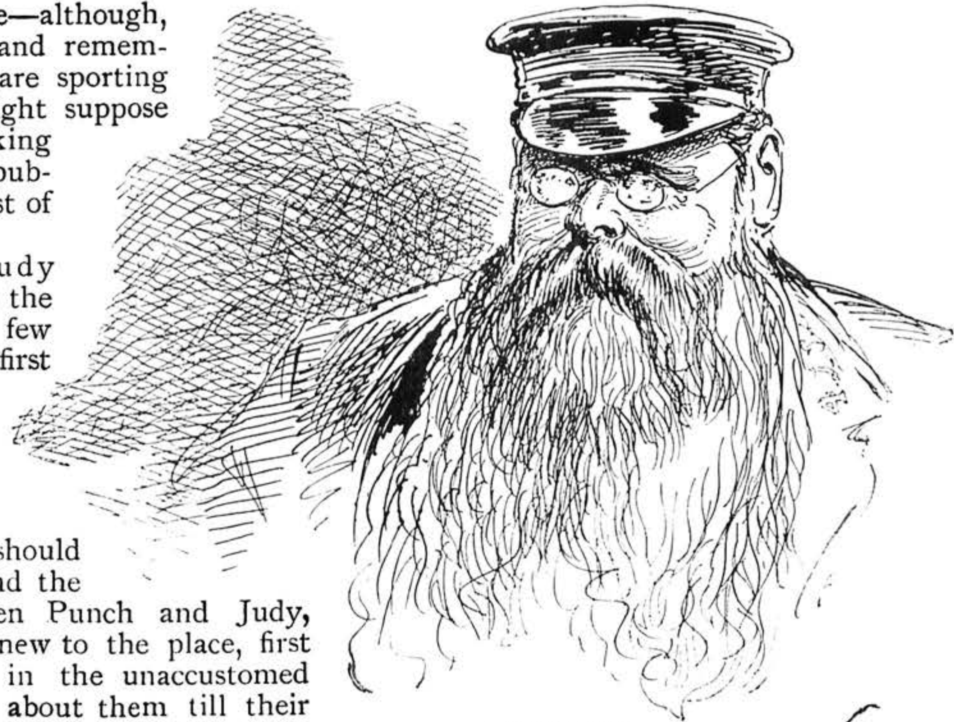
One chiefly respects Kate, the Syrian bear, as a relative of those other Syrian bears that ate the forty-two rude boys who annoyed Elisha. I have sometimes wondered whether these bears, hearing mention of a bald head, had aroused in them any personal feeling in regard to bear's-grease. But, on consideration, I scarcely think this likely, because bear's-grease for the hair is always made from pig. The pretty young Himalayan here can dance if she will, having been taught by the bearward, Godfrey. But she will only dance when she feels "so dispoged," and never if asked, which is ungrateful to Godfrey, who has taken pains with her education, and who managed bears long before her grandmother was born.



DOLLY'S SOMERSAULT.

Menush and Nelly belong to a good family—the American blacks—but have been in trade, in the pit, until quite lately. Having acquired a considerable competence in buns, however, they have now retired into semi-privacy. They grew so excessively fat, indeed, upon the public bounty, that it became a matter of great difficulty to induce either to climb the pole—and almost as difficult a thing for either to do it. Now

they live in ease—although, looking at them and remembering that they are sporting characters, one might suppose them to be thinking of taking a quiet publichouse for the rest of their days.



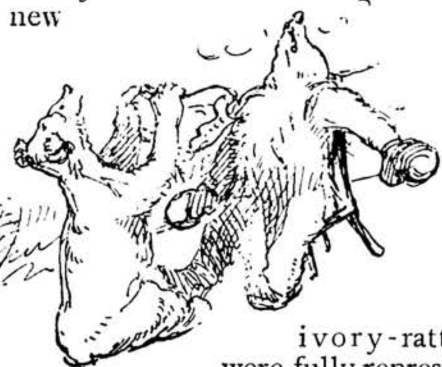
THE BEARWARD.

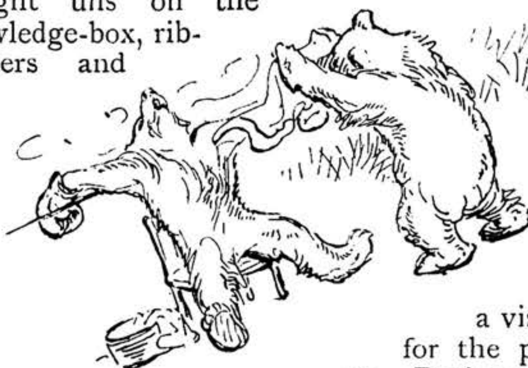
Punch and Judy have succeeded to the pit business. A few days after they first took possession, two other bears were turned in with them, nameless, but these obviously should be called Toby and the Policeman. When Punch and Judy, young bears and new to the place, first found themselves in the unaccustomed area, they looked about them till their eyes fell in succession upon the pole, the bath, and the floor—circular, and plainly meant as a ring. Here was a gymnasium, ready fitted; wherefore they promptly began a grand inaugural assault-at-arms, lasting most of the day. There was no distinct separation of the events; plunging, boxing, climbing, and wrestling were mixed in one long show, frequently approaching in character the drama wherefrom Punch and Judy derive their names, with one variation. For Judy is rather larger and stronger than Punch, who accordingly became chief receiver, and this with the utmost good humour. The pair, in the wild delight of comparative freedom in novel surroundings, having executed a prelusive scramble and rampage and a mutual roll in the bath, stood

RETIRED.

up and sparred carefully for an opening. Judy soon began proceedings with both mawleys, Punch ducking very cleverly and putting in the right on the listening-machine. Not to be denied, Judy bored in, and using right and left scored a decided lead, when Punch, the trickier of the two, observing his partner's back now to be turned to the bath, ducked in, held and back-heeled, both falling a mighty plunge, Punch uppermost, thus finishing round one. Round two consisted chiefly in a persevering attempt by Punch to drag Judy out of the bath, in order to roll in it himself. Round three began by Judy suddenly rising from the water and driving Punch violently up against the pole, from which awkward position he dropped on to four feet and retreated with celerity, suddenly stopping and turning about to deliver a stinger between the eyes.

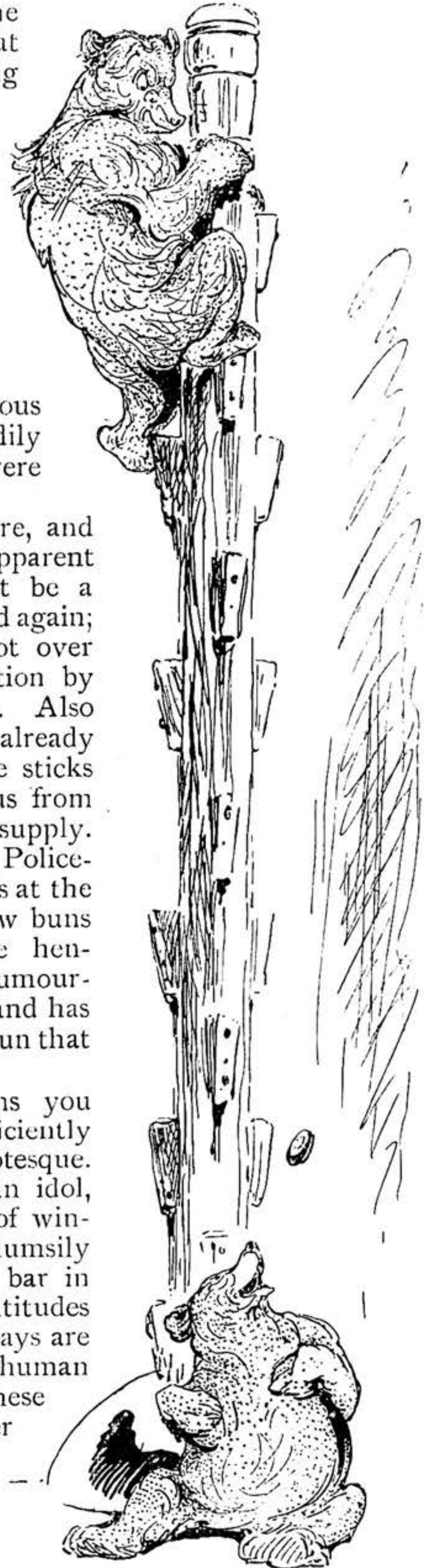
This round continued an unrecorded length of time, and consisted chiefly of wrestling, the bottom of the bath in the end being about the driest spot in the pit. Rounds four, five, and six consisted of judicious extracts from rounds one, two, and three, in new combinations, and with varying results, the combatants retiring, *secundum artem*, to their proper corners between each round. Bangs on the smeller, drives in the breadbasket and dexter optic, straight uns on the knowledge-box, ribbenders and ivory-rattlers were fully represented, and there were frequent visitations in the atmospheric department.





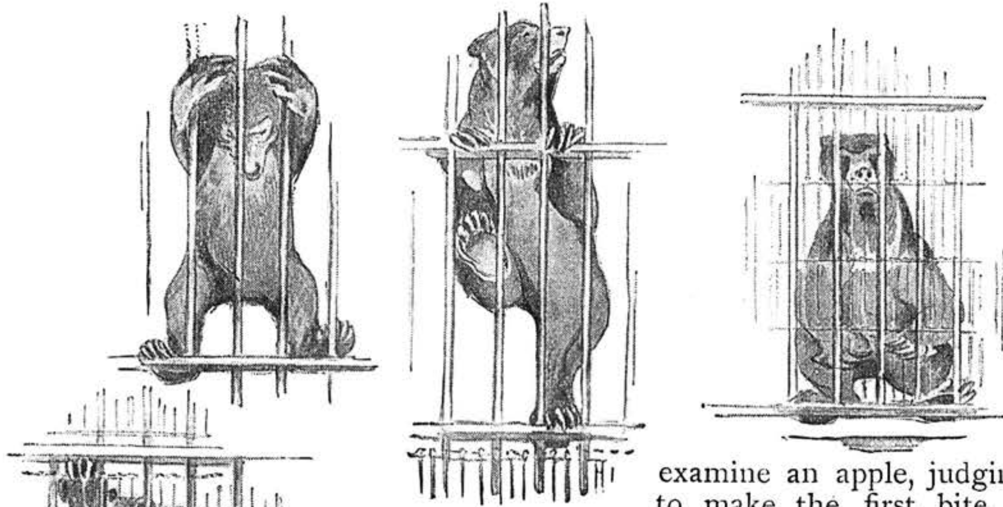
As the seventh round was about to begin, a visitor protruded a bun, impaled upon the stick for the purpose provided, near the pole a little way up. Business was immediately suspended, and Judy made for that bun. With some difficulty—Judy wasn't used to the

pole, and it shook the more the higher she ascended —she acquired the little present half way up, and descended to where Punch waited to renew the display. But Judy was thoughtful, and indisposed for the noble art. She had found a new thing in life, something to live for and think about—buns. So she thought about them. The place where they were to be found, she reasoned—for she had never noticed the man at the opposite end of the long stick—was up that pole; the pole being probably a bun-tree. So that, whenever disposed for buns, it only needed to climb the pole and find some. Having arrived at this stage in the argument, it seemed to strike her that another bun was desirable, there and then. Wherefore she began another rather nervous climb, her eyes fixed steadily above to where the buns were expected to appear.

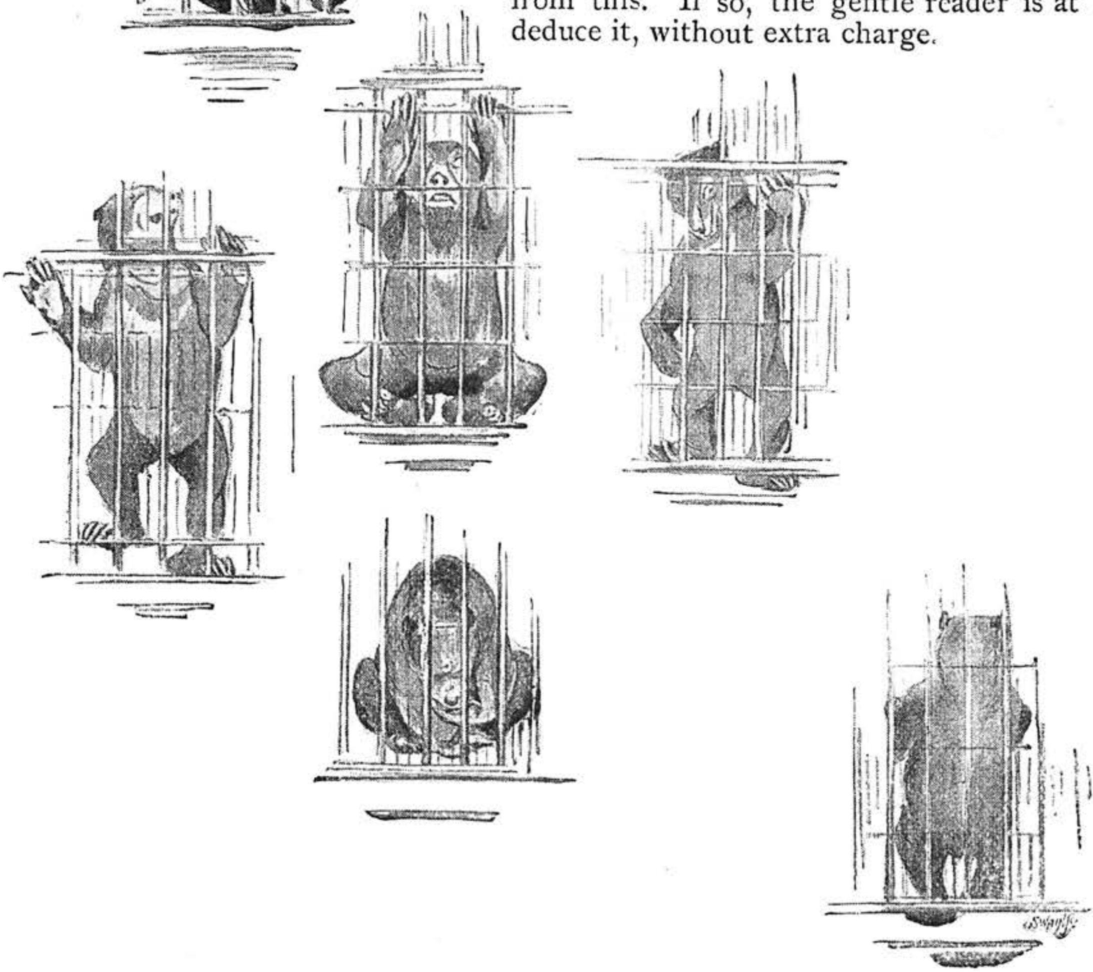


The expedition was a failure, and Judy pondered it, with the apparent decision that the buns must be a little higher up. So she started again; and found one! She has got over that little bun-tree superstition by this time, and can climb better. Also she and the others have already broken up entirely five of the sticks upon which buns arrive, thus from time to time cutting off the supply. And although Toby and the Policeman are very useful as seconds at the later boxing matches, very few buns get past Judy. Punch, the henpecked and wily, waits good-humouredly at the foot of the pole, and has been known to catch many a bun that Judy climbed for.

Through all the bear-dens you may see bears in attitudes sufficiently human to be quaint and grotesque. A squat like that of an Indian idol, an oddly human looking out of window, or a lounge at the bars, clumsily suggestive of a lounge at a bar in the Strand; and of all the attitudes those of the gentle little Malays are quaintest. A certain bandy human respectability hangs about these small fellows. Dolly, after turning his somersault, will sit and inspect his reward just as a child will



examine an apple, judging where to make the first bite. Dolly's great luxury is a cocoanut. He will thrust holes through the eyes at the end with a claw, and drink the milk before proceeding to the kernel. If the eyes are too tough to be pierced, he will lose his temper, like a spoiled child, and smash the nut against the floor ; after which he will rush about distracted making wild efforts to drink the milk. I think some sort of a moral lesson might be deduced from this. If so, the gentle reader is at liberty to deduce it, without extra charge.



COUNTRY SCENES.—FEBRUARY.

We oft mistake the ivy spray
For leaves that come with budding Spring,
And wonder "on each sunny day,"
Why birds delay to build and sing. JOHN CLARE.

WINTER! still Winter! but cheered with occasional glimpses of such bright sunshine, and revealing now and then such beautiful patches of clear blue sky, that we know Spring is somewhere at hand behind the clouds, and keeps withdrawing the curtain that conceals her, to look down upon the earth, as if she were eager to return. But Winter grasps not his icy sceptre with so firm a hand as he did in January; the bleating of the young lambs alarms him; and the merry cawing of the noisy rooks tells him that his reign is drawing to a close; for sometimes he feels a rounded daisy stirring beneath his naked feet, though it is still invisible to the human eye; and all these things warn the hoary and bearded old Monarch that he must soon resign his throne, to the beautiful young Queen, who only awaits the opening of the flowers before she is crowned. Now and then he raises "his old right arm," and compels us to confess his power; but the golden crocus dazens his dim eyes, and the daisies grow larger in spite of his anger; the elder puts out a few green buds, and the willows begin to show their silvery catkins; and while he sleeps, the sunshine is ever peeping out—signs which proclaim the hour of his departnre is drawing nigh; for—

Shadows of the silver birch
Sweep the green above his grave.

On fine days, the cottage doors and windows are thrown open, and we hear once more the merry voices of children in the village streets; for the sweet Sunshine who maketh all glad and innocent things his companions, hath beckoned them forth to play, though it be but for the space of one bright brief hour. As you walk down the narrow green lanes and along the broad highways, you inhale the cheerful and refreshing aroma of the fresh earth, as it is turned up by the ploughshare; and, as the healthy smell is wafted upon the breeze, you might fancy that it had been scented by the hidden flowers which still lie asleep and sheltered, beneath the ridgy furrows, and sometimes, when—

Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind,

you hear the faint bleating of a little lamb, that stands shivering beside the naked hedge, looking as if conscious that its troubles had already commenced, as if fearful that it should not be able to pick up a living in such a bleak, cheerless, and flowerless world. At intervals, the lark springs up; and, although he is carried far aside by the strong wind, he boldly breasts the storm with his ruffled plumes, and tries a few notes to see how they will sound after the long silence of Winter—then descends again to nestle beside the little daisies that are just beginning to see. Now and then, the blackbird and throstle strike up a few notes from the

leafless brake, then pause, with their heads hanging aside, as if listening in wonder that they are not answered by their former companions, whose sweet voices were wont to swell out the full-throated anthem of Spring.

In the ancient neighbourhood of the busy rookery, the work of Spring has already commenced. In the trees they are building and quarrelling, in the fields they are "scratting" and foraging from morning till night. You see them close upon the heels of the ploughman; they follow the footsteps of the sower; they are ever sailing downward in search of worms or insects, then returning again to their "old ancestral trees," with an additional beam for their house, and filling the whole air around with their low, dreamy cawing, which gives such a Spring-sound to the still flowerless landscape.

Every time we walk abroad, we see the slow and sure progress which nature is making. First, a bud or two appears of a larger size; then we discover one already green; and it is wonderful, after a shower, and a day or so of sunshine, to witness the bulk to which the little ones have grown—though the last time we looked at them there was scarcely a sign to tell, that they would so soon display traces of their green beauty. The gooseberry-bush shows a dim glimmering of green, more like the reflection of a colour, than the real hue which it afterwards assumes; yet this grows bolder and brighter every day, and at last we find the full form of the leaf revealed, on a tender and tiny bud, which the sun has tempted to open. Winter, and the first dawning of Spring, afford the best opportunities of witnessing the rich effects produced by moss, lichen, fungi, or liver-wort, upon the trees. Here we meet with the gaudy and mingled hues of the rich green, the glowing orange, the pale primrose, the silver grey, with browns of every tone, that go deepening down from dusky amber to the dark hue of the chesnut, until they sink into the jetty blackness which mantles the stem of the oak. Beside these, the dark green winding outline of the ivy is fully revealed, giving a Summer look to the trees it clothes, and trailing, here and there, in beautiful and slender lines, among their naked branches. The little water-runnels, which have also been silent and ice-bound during the Winter, now come tinkling down the steep hill-sides, and roll in pleasant murmurs through the dim green meadows, as if they were hurrying along in quest of the flowers. The little leaves which point out where the modest primrose will soon appear, are already visible; and in our walk through the woodland, we can discover the pale green blades which tell us that the blue-bells have already come up, and that ere long the ground will be covered with a hue bright and beautiful as the face of heaven; for every way we discover traces of that unseen hand which is busy with its silent work. You might fancy that a snow-flake still lingered here and there upon the meadows, until you find on a nearer approach that it is

> The daisy scattered on each mead and down,
> A golden crest within a silver crown.

You also perceive the cottagers employed in their little gardens, making preparations for the approach of Spring; the spade is brought forth from its hiding-place; seeds, which have been carefully preserved, are hunted up, and even a few of the earliest sown; while, in the garden fence, the little hedge-sparrow, not less industrious, prepares the nest which is to contain its "sky-stained eggs." Even the very changes of the weather, which seem for a time to check these operations, are silently forwarding them. The snow that occasionally falls, warms and nourishes the tender buds; the winds dry up the over-abundant moisture; mists, fogs, and rains, all bring their tribute to enrich the earth, and do His bidding, who gave us "seed time and harvest." The rank decay of vegetation—the exhalations that are ever arising—the insects that burst from their larvæ state—and the poor blind worms that burrow through and loosen the soil, are all doing their allotted work, and, though disregarded, are assisting man to prepare the soil, while

> Surly Winter passes off
> Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts;
> His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
> The shatter'd forest, and the ravaged vale;
> And softer gales succeed.

Those who are not accustomed to study the habits of birds, would conclude that it is difficult for them to survive in England during our hard winters, especially such as are called the soft-billed; but were they to watch their habits narrowly, they would perceive that, outhouses, stables, holes in old decayed walls, gate-posts, the stems of large hollow trees, spring heads, which seldom freeze, places where cattle are kept up and foddered in winter, all abound in food of various descriptions, suitable to their nature; such as insects in their aurelia state, flies and spiders that have concealed themselves until the cold weather is over, and numberless insects that abound under the layers of dead leaves. The vision of birds is extremely acute, and it is probable that what we should not be able to discover without the aid of a microscope, is to them perfectly visible, and that they find food in the eggs of insects, &c., which we are totally unacquainted with.

Amongst the few birds which sing at this season of the year, is the missel-thrush, or, as it is called by the country people, the storm-cock, whose early song is considered to denote a tempest. Its favourite food is the berry of the misletoe; and there is a superstitious notion that the seed of the berry of this curious plant, which was gathered with such solemn ceremony by the ancient Druids, will not grow until it has first been swallowed by this bird; a belief, which it is almost needless to state, is wholly erroneous. The song of no bird has called forth more discussion among naturalists than that of the missel-thrush; some even asserting that it has no voice, saving the harsh predictive note which it utters before the approach of a storm. This, however, I believe to be the cry it makes when it is alarmed, or in pursuit of its prey; for, if I err not, I have frequently heard it sing amongst old orchards in the midland counties in February, and that, although its song is much inferior to that of the thrush, or common throstle, it is loud, pleasing, and harmonious, nor do I think it is easy to mistake the bird, as it is nearly twice the weight of the thrush.

During the cold weather, the mole is busy working his way still deeper under-ground, for the further the frost penetrates, the lower he digs in quest of the worms which the cold has driven so far down; these are its favourite food. In the north of England, it is still called the mouldi-warp, mole being a common expression for soil, and warp for the earth which is turned up. Thus, the silt, or mud which is left by the tide on the side of rivers, is invariably called warp in the midland counties; the furrows in ploughed fields are also called warp; and newly-ploughed land, warp-land. I am thus particular in giving the full meaning to the word, as it is pure, unaltered Saxon; and I have no doubt that the mole was called the mouldi-warp, long before Alfred the Great sat upon the throne of Wessex. Those who are unacquainted with that curious structure called a mole-hill, have but a faint idea of the chambers and galleries, and courts, and streets, which branch out beneath the little hillock they so often meet with during a country ramble. The encampment of the mole is its hunting ground, its forest, its chase; in some one or another of these long, winding, underground avenues, it is sure to meet with prey; and the mole is a most persevering hunter, visiting his preserves many times during the day. It is always in excellent condition; and in the North, "fat as a mouldi-warp," is an old and common saying. It is not only a great eater, but also a great drinker; and, although it is not more than five inches long, will not hesitate to attack either a mouse, a bird, a lizard, or a frog. It will even prey upon its own species, when hard driven, as has been clearly proved, by placing two in a box, without a sufficiency of food. We consider that the experiments which were made by the celebrated naturalist, Le Court, have sufficiently proved that the mole is not blind, although there is an imperfection in the development of the visual organ. The mole generally produces four or five young at a time, and even as many as seven have been found in one nest.

The carrion-crows, which begin to build at the close of this month, vary greatly in their habits from the social-building and gregarious rooks; the former are regular pirates, ever keeping a sharp look-out from the mast-heads of the tall tree-tops, and ready with their great black wings to hoist all sail in a moment, and to give chase to whatever they see passing; for, to use a homely and expressive phrase, there seems nothing either "too hot or too heavy for them." Let either a hawk or a raven attempt to board them, and they will fight to the death; and so high were their pugnacious qualities estimated, when the cruel practice of cock-fighting was in vogue, that trees were often climbed, and the eggs of the carrion-crow taken away, and those of some hen which had been brought up in company with the most celebrated game-cock in the neighbourhood, were left in the nest to be hatched, under the belief that the young cocks thus produced possessed more courage, and proved the best fighters. The carrion-crow, unlike the rook, is a very gross feeder, and will prey upon any offal or decayed animal matter it may chance to alight upon. The wood-pigeon is an early builder, and its slight, open, slovenly nest, is often found with the two white eggs shining through the ill-covered bottom, long before Spring has thrown over the naked branches its garment of green.

The starling is another of our early builders, and the following anecdote related by the Rev. Mr. Sladen, in the "Zoologist," is a strong proof of the reason, or instinct, which this bird possesses:—He states that one built under the eaves of a roof in the basin of a drain pipe, and that the young, in their eagerness to obtain food, fell out of the nest. One was killed; the remaining two he picked up, and placed in a basket covered with netting, which he hung up, near to the nest. The next morning one of these disappeared—the last one he carefully watched, and saw the old bird approach it with food in its bill; but, instead of feeding the little prisoner, she tempted it, by hunger, the sight of the food, and its attempts to reach her,—to struggle, and force its way through the netting, when it fell to the ground unhurt. She then enticed it into a corner of the shrubbery, to the very spot where she had also concealed the other young one, which had before been missed.

There is something very pleasing in looking upon the earliest flowers of Spring, in the snowdrop, the crocus, the first primrose, and the violet, that seem to stand upon the edge of Winter, coming, as it were, with timid and fearful looks, like "unbidden guests," who, instead of receiving a warm welcome, dread being driven over the threshold again by Winter; who sometimes claims to rule as host, although he hath already, in promise, given up possession to the sweeter-tempered Spring. The early flowers of Spring also bring with them sweet and sorrowful recollections; they are fraught with the memories of childhood and youth; they bring promise of brighter days, and we know that for a thousand years they have stood dreaming by the old waysides of England as they do now, for on them Time leaves not his grey foot-mark. The daisy that peeps forth at the end of February is the same, to look upon, as that which Chaucer worshipped, when, nearly five hundred years ago, he went forth, and knelt lowly by its side, to do "observance to the Spring."

Beneath the green mounds which bury the remains of many a grey old abbey, and once-stately castle, the innocent daisy still whitely waves. Time, which has, ages ago, hurled down the holy shrine and the strong battlement, has no power over the humble flower that yet blows above the ruined barbican and fallen keep. Though he hath levelled many a proud city to the earth, and dug the graves of many a stately temple, yet Spring has again visited the spots he left desolate, and thrown over them a beauty he is not permitted to destroy.

> Time came again, and so did Spring;
> The sp t once more with flowers was strown;
> Nor could he see a ruined thing,
> So tall and thick the buds bad blown.

Boy's Own Paper, 1884

Create the Perfect Valentine with Our Image Collection of Romantic Victorian Couples!

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