



# Victorian Times

A Monthly Exploration of Victorian Life



Vol. B-3, No. 2 - February 2026

*Woes of the London Cabbie • Getting Around the World's Fair • Puns & Puncters  
The Etiquette of Nearly Everything • Roller Skating Rinks • Bent Iron Work  
Imprisonment for Debt • The Country Parlor • A Summer Boarding Holiday  
The Bookworm • Zoo Stories • Birds of Passage • The Cotillion • Picnic Dishes*

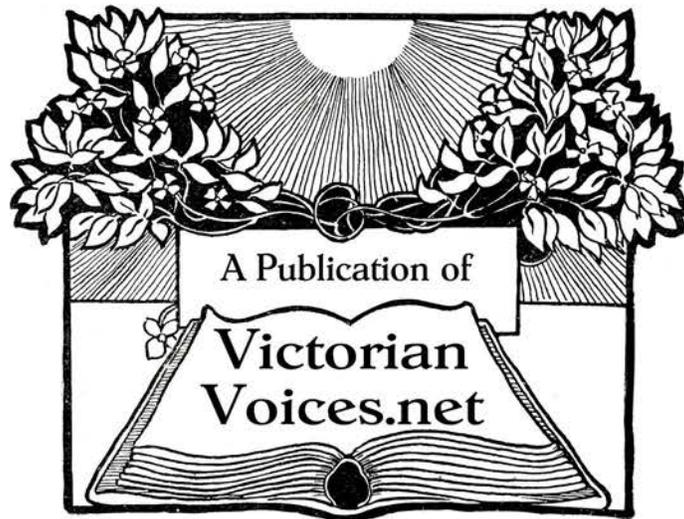
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edited by Moira Allen



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## Not So Happy Valentines

Valentine's Day is another festival that truly came into its own during the Victorian era. The festival itself, of course, existed long before Victorian times, but it was the 19<sup>th</sup> century that brought us that staple of the day, the Valentine's Day Card. Although a few handmade cards can be found before the Victorian era, it was the combination of inexpensive printing systems and an inexpensive, nation-wide postal system that brought about the popularity of greeting cards of all sorts.

Valentines had their ups and downs. In some decades they were big business; in others, pundits confidently predicted that this festival would vanish like so many other old-fashioned holidays. In the 1880s, greeting card publishers employed thousands in the making of such cards; by the 1890s, many had gone out of business.

The Victorian Valentine was often a serious work of art. The cards themselves were generally printed as lithographs—that is, the designs were literally etched in stone. Many then had additional painting done by hand, and might be ornamented with genuine lace, silk fringes, or paper lace cut from gold or silver foil. They might also be embellished with small trinkets, such as small toys, charms, jewelry, feathers—and even stuffed hummingbirds. Cards might also include lavish gifts (such as gloves or jewelry).

Not all Victorian Valentines were sweet and lovely, however. The era also gave rise to the so-called comic Valentine or "Vinegar Valentine." These began to appear in the 1840s and endured well into the 20<sup>th</sup> century. Vinegar Valentines were most often postcards, or printed on one side of an inexpensive sheet of paper, and combined a rude caricature with an equally insulting verse or message. Such Valentines typically made fun of a person's appearance, character, or profession—or, in the case of "suffragist Valentines," the recipient's lack of desirability.

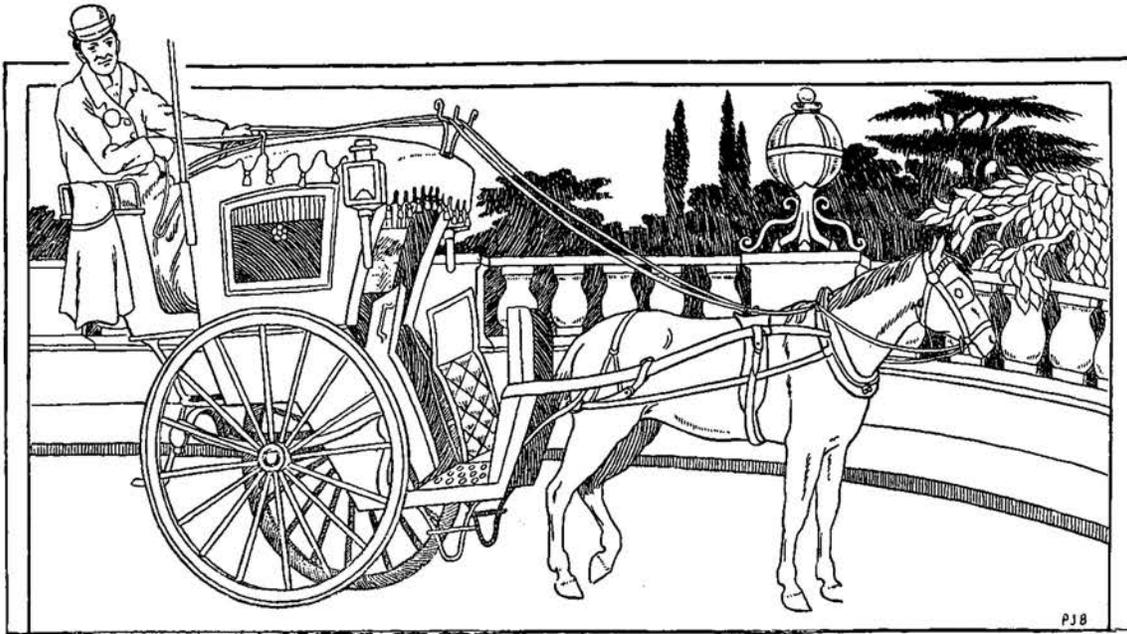
Though many were cheaply made, Vinegar Valentines were also big business, and were published by such prestigious firms as Raphael Tuck and Sons. British and American post offices often refused to deliver the postcards, considering them inappropriate items to be sent through the post.

Today, you can find quite a number of such Valentines on Ebay—just search on "Vinegar Valentines." Most of these date from the early 1900s, but they certainly convey the general idea. One declares, "Don't be a snake in the grass. To be untrue to your friends is to be the meanest of reptiles." The image shows a serpent in the grass with a woman's head, surrounded by hearts. Another lampoons the would-be sportsman, declaring, "All day with his gun and his rod/After fowl or fish he will plod/His breath it is bated/But we've heard it stated/All he bags is his pants, which is odd." Yet another depicts "The Meanest Man in Town," with padlocks on all his pockets, and a note declaring that "The Lord loves a cheerful giver, but you will never give him cause to love you." Still another suggests that the recipient goes too long between baths.

By the way, a mythbuster here—articles on "Vinegar Valentines" often declare that, "to add insult to injury," the recipient had to pay the postage on these cards. This would be true only prior to 1840; thereafter, with the launch of the penny post, the *sender* would have paid the postage (which is probably why these and all types of greeting cards became vastly more popular in Britain after 1840).

It's suggested that these cards were generally sent anonymously, though one can't help but suppose that the recipient probably would have had a pretty good idea of who the sender might be. But it's interesting to see that the power of anonymous messages seems to have brought out the worst in many people, long before Internet comments and social media trolls came on the scene—and that big businesses were more than happy to capitalize on this trend!

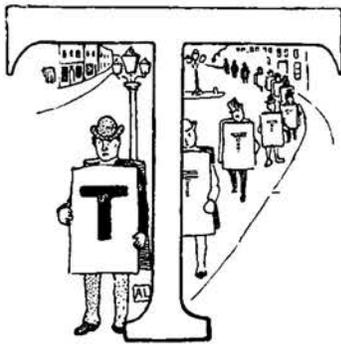
—Maira Allen, Editor  
[editors@victorianvoices.net](mailto:editors@victorianvoices.net)



## CABBY CHRONICLES.

By W. J. WINTLE.

Illustrated by M. FITZGERALD and P. J. BILLINGHURST.



HE gondola of the London streets, to adopt Lord Beaconsfield's pleasant figure of speech, is a factor which has to be reckoned with in any attempt to appreciate the activities of the great metropolis. Things have changed since the day when that ancient salt, Captain Bailey, placed four vehicles for hire at the Maypole in the Strand. That was in 1625, and in 1895 the four be-caped and be-muffled jehus had increased to 13,498 licensed drivers. The introduction of the French cabriolet in 1820, and the invention of the hansom in 1834, have been the great epoch-making events in the evolution of the modern cab.

When the guileless foreigner, innocent of acquaintance with the *argot* of the streets, first sets his foot on the platform of Charing Cross or Victoria, he is in danger of hastily concluding that "Keb, sir?" is the English formula of welcome. Should he entrust himself to the careful guidance of one of the enthusiasts who thus unite to greet him,

he will probably be impressed with the vast size of London, and with the extremely circuitous nature of the roads, as were two German youths who recently learnt by sad experience that the distance from Aldgate Church to the Elephant was such that a conscientious cabby assured them he would wrong his wife and family if he accepted anything less than seven-and-sixpence.

The other day a gentleman, whose foreign appearance "wor enough to take in a bloomin' beak," hailed a hansom at Charing Cross and requested to be conveyed to Regent Street. Being in no hurry, he was vastly interested to find that the shortest route to that remote locality lay by way of Whitehall, Victoria Street, Grosvenor Place, Park Lane, and Oxford Street. Arriving at his destination, he placed his shilling on the roof of the vehicle, with the remark "I wasn't born yesterday, cabby," and then leisurely went his way regardless of the tumultuous emotions which surged within that driver's breast.

But it would be a grave mistake to conclude that the rule, *ex uno disce omnes*, has an application here. Taking cabmen as a whole—and I speak from some acquaintance with them—they justify the recent statement of the Duke of York that "the cabmen of London are sober, civil and honest." The

convictions for drunkenness among them show a marked decrease, the records of the Lost Property Office prove their general honesty, and the experience of everyone who uses cabmen fairly goes to show that although abusive and grasping individuals may be met with on the ranks, yet most of them are civil, and many are even gentlemanly. Indeed it is one of the curiosities of the trade that you never know whether the man who drives you is an ex-chimney-sweep or an unfortunate "as kin well remember the time when 'e druv 'is own kerridge an' pair."

Comparatively few men have grown up into the work; most of them have drifted into it after failing to secure a livelihood in other occupations. Coachmen who have lost their situations, and small tradesmen who have come to grief, form no small proportion of the great army of London cabbies, while not a few have fallen from still more exalted positions. At the present time a fully-ordained clergyman of the Church of England is on the look-out for fares, and a near relative of a well-known general officer is plying for hire. Not long ago the son of a famous judge might have been seen hob-nobbing with a distinguished Charterhouse man in a cabman's shelter.

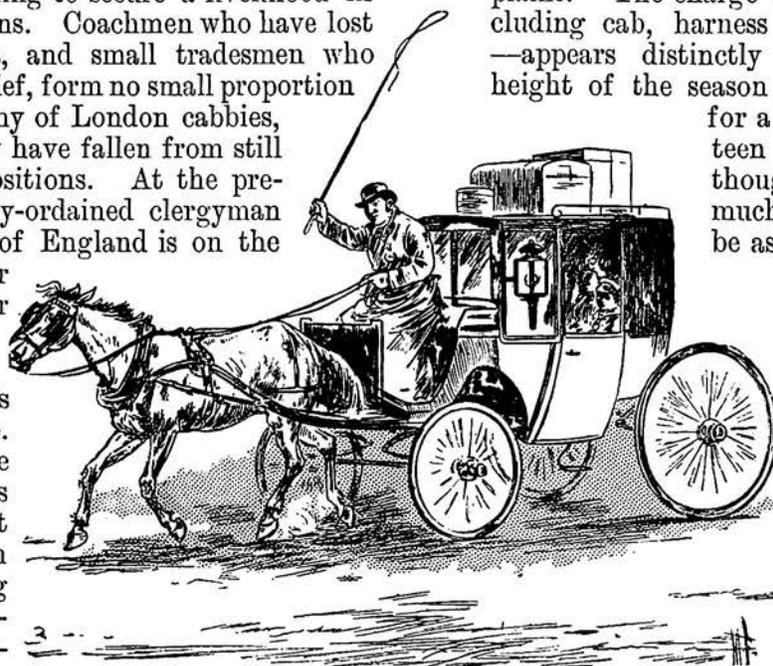
An army coach—M.A. of an English University—fell through drink, and for eight months earned his bread by driving a hansom, until his friends came to the rescue and secured for him an appointment as tutor to the son of a well-known member of Parliament. He has now been ordained, and holds a position worth £750 a year.

About the same time a captain in the artillery, holding eight medals, and formerly receiving a salary of £2000 from the Indian Civil Service, was found in a destitute condition in the infirmary of a West London workhouse, and was glad to obtain a cabman's licence and take his seat on the box of a growler. He has now been awarded a small pension, and has retired into private life. Other conspicuous cases might be mentioned, but they are as nothing

to the scores of men on the ranks who are privately pointed out as having seen better days.

But whether he has seen better days or not, cabby finds his present ones both long and arduous. Working from sixteen to seventeen hours, exposed to every kind of weather, it is not surprising to learn that rheumatism and bronchitis find him an easy prey, to say nothing of other diseases which seem peculiar to an outdoor sedentary life. Then he has to contend with the jobmaster, whom he usually regards as an enemy to his race. Probably there is another side to the story, but from the cabman's point of view he certainly seems to have cause for complaint. The charge for a "lot"—including cab, harness and two horses—appears distinctly high. In the height of the season the usual charge

for a hansom is eighteen shillings a day, though sometimes as much as a guinea will be asked, while in the bad time, i.e. in the late autumn, the charge may fall to ten shillings. The vehicle known as a growler or four-in-hand by the drivers, as a clarence by the police, and as a four-wheeler by the public, may be obtained in the season for



THE HARMLESS NECESSARY "GROWLER."

twelve shillings a day, or with only one horse for eight shillings.

Not infrequently does it happen that a driver, through sheer bad luck, fails to earn the amount of the jobmaster's charge, and then he has either to make up the balance from his own pocket, or is told to "Take your bill and sling it." Cases have occurred where wives have pawned their wedding-rings to save their husbands from dismissal.

It is not easy to find out the average weekly earnings of a cabman. One hears widely different stories, but perhaps it will be safe to say that if a man averages from twenty-five to thirty shillings, he has done quite as well as he may expect. We discussed this question with a couple of gray-headed jehus—brothers in the flesh as well as in the profession—as they sat one Sunday

afternoon in a small room over a stable in a northern suburb.

"'Ow much did I ever get in a day, guv'nor?" said the elder of the pair. "Well, the most as I ever tuk wor three pund eighteen an'six. That wor on Thanksgivin' day; an' don't you arst nothink about wot I charged them fares that day. I don't deny but wot it might 'ave bin a little more nor the exact legal amount, but lor, sich a charnce don't 'appen twice in a lifetime! Wy, if we never got no more nor the legal fare we couldn't live nohow. It's them bloomin' bikes wot does the mischief. Young swells wot used to take a 'ansom, now goes out with their donahs on a blessid sewin' machine; an' as for that bloomin' keb strike, wy all the good it did wor to teach fares 'ow to ride in a 'bus. Many a gent I sees goin' to the City on a express 'bus wot tuk a keb afore. Who are the wust fares, d'yer say? Well, milingtary gents is werry perticler to get their money's worth; but the wust of all is women. The old uns allus says yer tryin' to cheat 'em, an' the young uns wants to go that fast as human flesh an' blood carn't stand, let alone 'oss-flesh. Who are the best uns to pay? Well, the public ain't bad in a general way, but the best fares is late at night. Men takin' their wives to the theayters, an' gents wot's a trifle on, they're the blokes wot pays. Wy, guv'nor, the other night a pal o' mine tuk a gent from Pall Mall to Piccadilly. 'E managed to stop six times on the way, an' each time 'e tipped 'im two bob. Lor, don't I wish I'd bin there! It's the late uns wot pays best."

"Don't yer believe it, guv'nor," said the other as we parted. "Let me give yer the strite tip. The fares wot pays best is them as don't often ride in kebs—they as ain't 'ad no experience, yer know."

Notwithstanding the engaging frankness of these two worthies, there is one standing testimony to the general honesty of the profession. During the past five years property to the value of about £100,000 was left in cabs, and was duly handed over to the police by the drivers. Last year no less than 32,997 articles were thus given up.

Of course these vary immensely in value, from the parcel containing £3000 worth of bonds, which was recently left in a South London cab, to the dilapidated umbrella which has been brought away in mistake for a better one. Some passengers are strangely careless. £500 in notes were recently found

in one cab, while £50 in cash fell into the hands of a West Kensington driver. Opera glasses are often left, as are also articles of wearing apparel, while the ubiquitous umbrella is perhaps the most frequent find of all. The strangest find of recent years was the leg of a mummy left behind by a couple of absent-minded Egyptologists.

The amount of lost property thus deposited has enormously increased of late years. In 1869 only 1912 articles were brought in, while last year there were nearly 33,000. Whether this indicated increased carelessness on the part of the public or greater honesty on the part of the cabmen, who shall say? Fortunately the finder is no longer at the mercy of an ungenerous owner. The police regulations provide that the cabman shall be rewarded at the rate of three shillings in the pound on the value of goods worth less than ten pounds. Above that sum the amount of reward is at the discretion of the Commissioner.

The natural enemy of cabby is the bilker. This is the gentleman who evades payment at the end of his journey and is the apparent cause of the jaundiced view of life which the cabman is commonly supposed to take. Happily the species appears to be dying out, and the result of a week spent in chatting with men in the stables, on the ranks, and in the shelters, as well as with the venerable Tony Wellers who are on the pension list of the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association, has been to unearth far fewer cases of "bilk" than might have been expected. The old men tell queer tales, but the younger drivers say that they are seldom cheated. Indeed one man naïvely remarked, "Bilkin', guv'nor? Wy, it's more often the other way." Still the fact that the Cabdrivers' Trade Union secured some convictions for this offence last year proves that it is not yet quite extinct.

The driver of a growler at Kilburn thus discoursed of his experiences: "I relect three young blokes wot wanted to be druv to Cricklewood. When I got there two on 'em said they was goin' up a dark lane for a minute. O' course they didn't come back, an' so the other bloke says as 'ow 'e'd go an' look for 'em. 'No, yer don't, my fly cove,' I says, jumping down off the box an' laudin' 'im one on the smeller. Over 'e goes an' me on top of 'im. Well, I 'ammered 'im till 'e guv me all 'e'd got, which wor tuppence less than the legal fare. So I didn't lose much that time arter all.

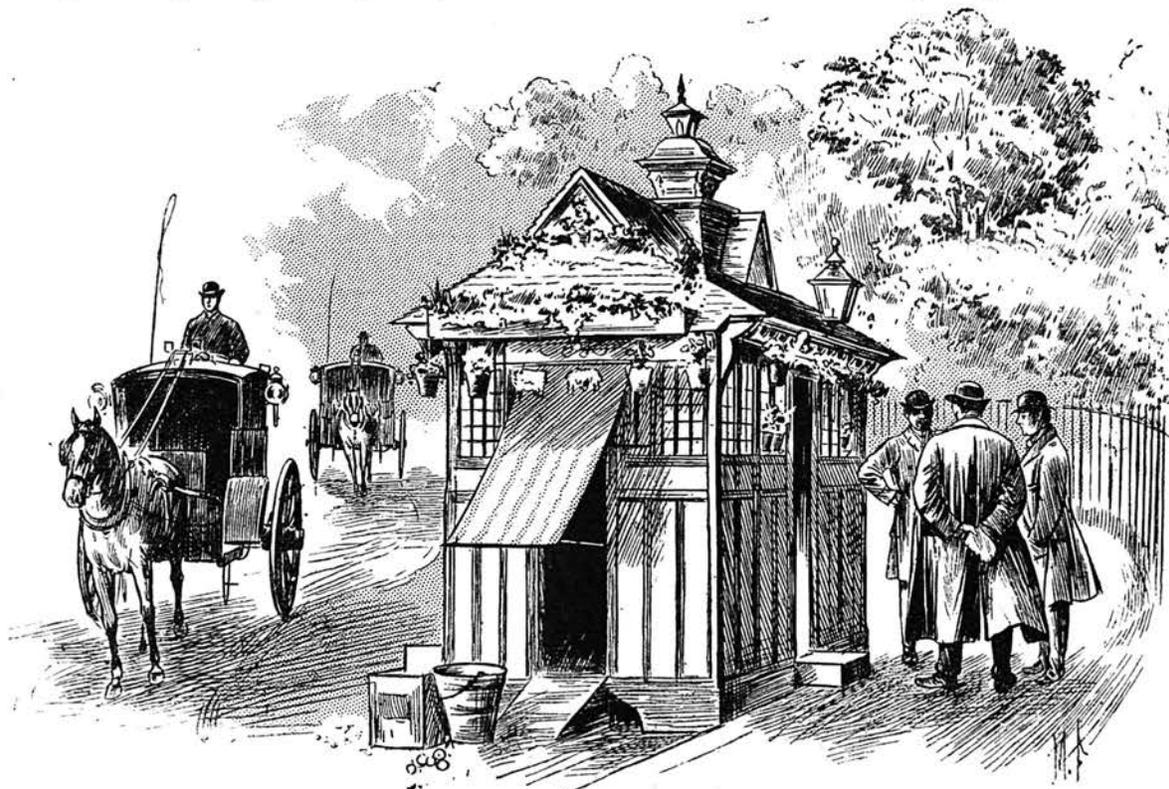
"Another time there wor a swell as 'ad done a lot o' my mates late at night. So I

makes my plans accordin', an' one night the gent come up lookin' a reg'lar torf. 'Keb, sir?' I says, touchin' my 'at. 'Welsh 'Arp,' 'e says, gettin' in. Off we goes; but 'e didn't know as I'd got a buck ridin' on the spring aside the dickey. I 'appened to be drivin' a 'ansom just then. When we got to the 'Arp the swell did a bolt, but the buck wor down an' collared 'im. I gets down too, an' between us we pretty well smashed 'im up; but I never got my fare, guv'nor."

For the benefit of the uninitiated we may explain that a buck is defined as, "a cove wot does a ride to pass the copper when the gaff busts," which, being interpreted, means a

and luggage, including gun-cases and game-bags, from Paddington to Charing Cross, where he was asked to wait while the gentleman saw the lady to her train. He did wait—from 11.30 a.m. till 2 p.m., when he was ignominiously removed by the police for loitering. Needless to say he never saw the gentleman again.

Another jehu drove three "swells" from the St. James's Club to Romano's and waited in vain for their return from midnight till 2 a.m. He was charitable enough to add that he thought they must have taken another cab in mistake for his. But he had no doubt whatever respecting the dishonesty



A CABMAN'S SHELTER.

man who rides inside in order to pass the policeman stationed at a theatre to prevent empty cabs obstructing the thoroughfare when the audience disperses. If any of our readers have chanced to be in the neighbourhood of the Haymarket about 11 p.m. they may have been surprised by an offer from a cabby to take them to Leicester Square or Piccadilly gratis; in other words they were invited to become amateur bucks. It may be as well to mention that both driver and buck are liable to prosecution for conspiring to evade the police regulations.

But to return to the subject of bilking. One cabman in a South London shelter told us how he conveyed a gentleman, with a lady

of the lady who took him one evening from Chelsea to Waterloo Place, where she sent him into a club with a note for a gentleman who was not known there and meanwhile "bolted"—happily without the cab.

On a rank almost beneath the Great Wheel at Earl's Court we found another sufferer at the hands of a deceptive public.

"Bilkin', guv'nor!" he exclaimed. "Wy, my werry fust fare wor a bilk. I drav a gent as looked like a doctor to the corner of Church Street, Kensington, where 'e told me to wait while 'e went into a 'ouse. If yer berlieve me, guv'nor, I waited five bloomin' hours, thinkin' 'e'd got an important case on—an' so 'e 'ad, no doubt, for 'e never come

back. Then I tuk a gent at midnight to a 'ouse among a lot of gardins at 'Olland Park, an' 'e went into one, an' I 'ung about all that blessid night till eight o'clock in the mornin', ringin' at the bells an' knockin' up the servants; an' lor', didn't they let on at me! But I never see my swell again.

"One bloke as I druv to Broad Street, borrered some change orf me, an' 'e was so well dressed that I guv it 'im, an' then 'e bolted through one of them offices out of Broad Street into Bishopsgate Street, an' I never see 'im no more. But the werry wust day I ever 'ad wor like this: in the mornin' I picked up a gent—or male person—outside St. Pancras' workhouse. I don't know whether 'e'd slep' there, but anyhow I druv 'im to London Bridge, when 'e chucked a florin on top o' the keb an' bolted. That florin wor a bloomin' smasher. Then I picked up a gent as told me to drive 'im to Greenwich, an' said 'e'd give me ten bob. 'E borrered eighteenpence to get a drink, an then I 'ad one at my own expense, an' when we got to the bottom of Blackheath 'Ill 'e bilked. I 'eard arterwards as someone thought 'e wor a clerk in *Punch's* office. So I goes to Fleet Street to see *Punch*, an' when I gets into the room with the gent, an' begins to say wot I wanted, wot d'yer think 'e said? Wy, 'e said, "'Ave the perliteness to shet that door *from the outside.*" So out I goes an' shets the door, an' then all at once it struck me as 'ow I'd got the bloomin' chuck. So I didn't get much out o' that."

A favourite method with the bilker is to drive to some place with two entrances, such as St. James's Hall, and quietly pass through while the cabman waits. Another trick is to require change for a cheque or bank-note, or to tell the driver to call next morning, when he discovers that his fare is not to be found. Is it to be wondered at that the native civility of cabby is overcome by the tumultuous emotions which at such times struggle in him for expression?

Then there are queer tales of lunatics and "rummy fares" current on every rank. What a book the literary cabby might compile about "Fares I 'ave druv!"

After all, the drivers deserve well of the public. They have vastly changed for the better since the days of Dickens. Drunkenness and incivility have largely vanished with the disappearance of the old box-cape and mufflers. Four thousand of the London drivers are teetotalers, and about a thousand are regular communicants. To work hard for sixteen hours a day in the interest of the public and often take so little that "a three-penny thumber"—consisting of a split roll and slice of ham—has to serve for dinner, and through it all to keep himself respectable, is surely to constitute a claim upon the sympathy and generosity of those who ride in cabs; and if occasionally the London gondolier demands "three hog" (3s.), when his legal fare is only "half-a-bull" (2s. 6d.), he may be forgiven in the presence of the hardships which surround his daily life.



A WEST-END HANSOM.



Cassell's Family Magazine, 1887

VALENTINE SEASON.

## ENGLISH AS SHE IS PRONOUNCED.

The wind was rough,  
And cold and blough,  
She kept her hands within her mough.

It chill'd her through,  
Her nose grough blough,  
And still the squall the faster flough.

And yet although  
There was nough snough,  
The weather was a cruel fough.

It made her cough,—  
Pray do not scough!—  
She cough'd until her hat blew ough.

Ah, you may laugh,  
You silly caught!  
I'd like to beat you with my staugh.

Her hat she caught,  
And saught and faught,  
To put it on and tie it taught.

Try as she might  
To fix it tight.  
Again it flew off like a kight,

Away up high  
Into the skigh.  
The poor girl sat her down to crigh.

She cried till eight  
P.M., so leight!  
Then home she went at a greight reight.

J. H. Walton.

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## SKATING-RINKS AND RINKOMANIA.



WHEN Winter nowadays "comes to rule the varied year," he must be somewhat surprised to find that skaters, whom he has hitherto patronised, can do without him. Skating is now altogether independent of weather: it can be enjoyed in the merry month of May, or under the harvest-moon, quite as well as in the keen air of January. All we need is a properly constructed skating-rink and a pair of roller-skates.

The term "rink," by the way, has a curious history. It has for ages been applied in Scotland by curlers to the piece of ice swept clear of snow on which they practise their roaring game. From Scotland, the word was exported to Canada, where it is given to the sheets of smooth ice, under cover, on which our fellow-subjects practise, in their long and windless frosts, such skating feats as are seldom seen in this country. Then "rink" travelled all over the United States, from New York to San Francisco, as the best possible term for the courts with flooring that looked just like ice touched with hoar-frost, where the new pastime of skating on wheels was enjoyed. It crossed the sea again, and now in England is in everybody's mouth.

The origin of almost all popular amusements is hid in obscurity, and we are unable to lay our finger on the benefactor of his race who first thought of roller-skating. The most we can discover is that about forty years since the public had a wheeled skate offered to them by one Tyers, of Piccadilly. It had five little wheels all in a row, that of the largest diameter being in the middle, and the others diminishing slightly towards the heel and toe. By means of this invention, it was said, "persons may rapidly glide over any level surface." The "drawing-room" skate of modern days appears to be based on the same principle.

The next we hear of wheel-skating is at Dresden,

where skating waitresses were introduced at a café. Then, about twenty-five years ago, the famous "Pas des Patineurs" of *Le Prophète* was brought before the public. But in Meyerbeer's opera moving on wheels seemed at least as difficult as walking on stilts; not unfrequently one of the dancers lost control of her skates, and was carried forward almost into the orchestra.

It is only within the last few years that the pastime of roller-skating has become popular. The credit of its present position is due in a great measure to Mr. Plimpton, of New York, who has invented a "Circular Running Roller Skate," of ingenious mechanical construction, by which a new era has been opened up for skaters.

The skate consists of four wheels about two inches in diameter, and three-quarters of an inch in width, two parallel wheels being at the toe and the other two at the heel. These wheels are so hung on pivots that their axles are moved out of parallel by the transverse rocking of the skater's foot, the wheels setting squarely on the surface, whether the skater be upright or "canted." In this way, to whatever angle the skater may incline, the wheels will "cramp" or turn so as to describe the curve consistent with his inclination.

Everything that can be done with the ordinary ice-skates can be accomplished with the Plimpton skates. Both allow of "twelve fundamental movements," and consequently of nearly five hundred million "combination movements." When one has mastered the balance, he may betake himself at the rink to practising all the mysteries of outside edges and cross rolls, backwards and forwards, threes and double threes, serpentine lines and grape-vines, continuous eights, spread eagles, and what not. Nothing in the beautiful art of figure-skating need be set down as impossible.

The exertion of skating with roller-skates is trifling. "Compared with ordinary skating on ice," says one

authority, "one would have thought that the friction of four wheels on an unslippery surface would have demanded much extra exertion; whereas the fact is that on a wooden floor the roller-skates save nearly a quarter of the expenditure of physical strength, and on a concrete floor one-tenth."

Roller-skates were first patented by Mr. Plimpton in 1863: subsequently he secured rights in every country in which patent laws exist. We are informed that it took him fifteen years to perfect his invention. One of his great difficulties was to settle what the wheels were to be made of. Woods and metals of all sorts, bone, ivory, and a host of other substances were tried. Box-wood was at last chosen, it being found that it best suited both wooden and other artificial ice-flooring. As is the case with all good things, Mr. Plimpton's success has conjured up a host of imitators. Before his patent there were only nine patents in England, France, and America for roller-skates; there are now at least fifty-five.

Every rink has its own flooring, and the question is not yet settled as to what sort is absolutely the best. It is said that Mr. Plimpton prefers wood. The skating-rink at Paris is made by first laying down a layer of concrete, and on that two layers of asphalt, so that the rink is nearly a foot in thickness. The largest skating-rink in London, that of the Royal Avenue, Chelsea, is composed of Portland cement and concrete, laid down to the depth of ten inches, and over this is placed a hard firm substance, which forms the skating surface. Mixtures of crystallised salts have been tried for rink-floorings, but with little success; metal surfaces have fared no better.

The skating-rink presents a very different scene to the frozen loch with its real ice and wintry surroundings. There is no sitting down on a rock by the water-side to put on one's skates; no rapid motion through the frosty air; and there are no blue, chill, starved-looking spectators, blowing their fingers to keep them warm. But the artificial ice of the rink is as good, for all practical purposes, as if it were the result of a long and steady frost, whilst skaters are spared anxiety about either a thaw or a fall of snow. There is also no danger at a skating-rink of their being drowned.

Every one knows the sharp sound that rises from a loch covered with skaters. The noise of the rink is not like that. It resembles nothing so much as a thousand easy chairs all being wheeled at once to the fireside. Perhaps a poetical imagination might liken it to the noise of a brook flowing over a bed of pebbles—a sound "resounding long in listening Fancy's ear." But a fig for sentiment!

One admirable feature possessed by rink-skating is, that it is as suitable for girls as for men. The former do not learn so fast as the latter, but when they have learned the result is pleasing. A fine, graceful skater of a girl is more worth looking at than a man any day.

The rule appears to be that skaters pursue their way alone and with an awful earnestness. To the enthusiast, skating must ever be, more or less, a solitary amusement: his attention is too much engrossed for him to be playing the part of the cavalier. To beginner it is of necessity solitary: when he is not gliding over the rink, he is engaged in solving the problem as to the softest way to fall. But flirting, or practising, or learning, no doubt the skating hour is a happy hour with everybody. As some one says, "The care to maintain one's perpendicular drives away all other care!"



"MAKING A FIGURE."

Skating on asphalt is easy to learn, even for those who are not expert at skating on ice. On one of the London rinks, a late Minister of the Crown may be seen practising this new amusement with considerable skill. At an advanced age he has become proficient after only a week or two of instruction. The art of figure-skating, of course, is not to be acquired thoroughly without considerable perseverance. But it is worth taking trouble about.

There has been much outcry in some quarters about the dangers of skating-rinks. We have been told of sprained ankles, twisted shoulders, and not a few broken arms. One skater falls on the back of his head, and not only sees stars, but disorders his intellect; another falls on his face, and breaks his nose. A statistically-minded man was said, some time ago, to have calculated that skating on wheels was twice as dangerous as steeplechasing, and ten times as much so as fox-hunting.

Bu. it is easier to invent rumours than roller-skates.

All the talk about the dangers of the rink is highly exaggerated. Of course there is a risk, but so there is in every game worth playing at. "With care, and a little more provision for teaching," says a well-known medical contemporary, "the risk is very slight for any persons adapted to the exercise." That rink-skating is favourable to health when pursued under proper conditions, cannot be denied. One has but to look at the glowing faces and graceful figures of many of the skaters to rest satisfied on this head.

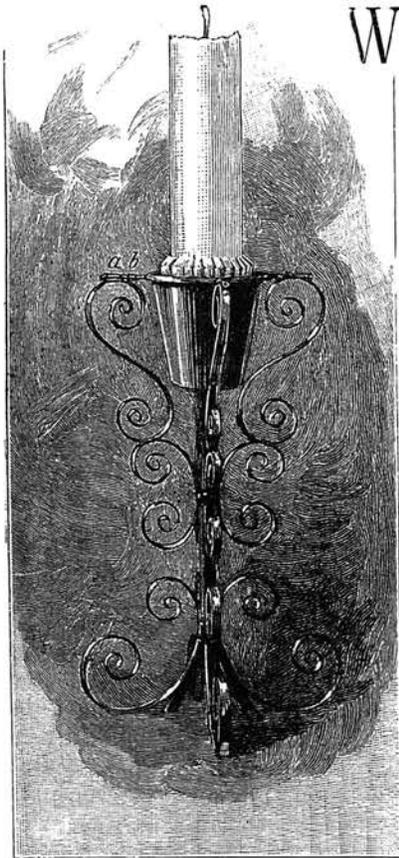
At the same time, people cannot be too careful in their selection of a rink. One can readily understand that there is a strong objection to places, the only passport to which is the payment of a certain fee. A higher principle of selection is absolutely necessary in order to secure the young of either sex from coming within the pernicious influences that otherwise may creep in—unwise companionships too readily formed, and other evils which need not be mentioned here.

The only safeguard against these contingencies is a rink formed on the club principle, where the character of every member is guaranteed by a committee, which shall be responsible to the members for every person admitted.

No doubt the recreation is still only in its infancy. There is great room for development. In time we shall have the rinks handsomely decorated, maybe in character, with pines, and holly, and artificial snow: the bands—for a band seems to be a necessary accompaniment to a skating-rink—will always play in tune, which they do not always at present: and fancy dress fêtes, rink-balls, illuminated entertainments, and such-like gatherings, will then be of common occurrence. And at last, when all members of the community have become proficient in the art, a paternal Government will lay the footwalks in cities and every country road with asphalt, and we shall go skating about our daily business.



### BENT IRON WORK.



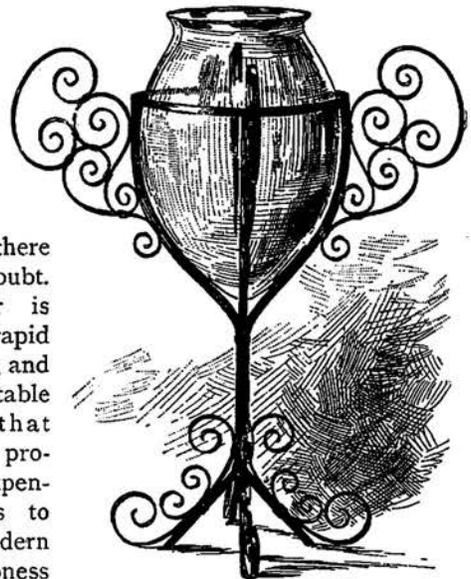
DESIGN FOR A CANDLESTICK.

variably be popular. Fashion has much to answer for in this direction. However beautiful a thing may

**W**ROUGHT iron work has always had its admirers amongst those who love true art in any and every guise. This could not fail to be the case when we consider the scope an iron worker has for displaying his artistic knowledge and skill in producing decorative effects. On form and proportion he must depend alone, I acknowledge, for producing a fine piece, but form is the backbone of art. Good art work never fails to attract, though it may not in-

be in itself, if it is unfashionable there are thousands of persons who will scarcely allow that they see in it any beauty whatever. Only of late years has iron work become thoroughly popular in England. One reason may have been that the people had but little opportunity to see much of it, still we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that when there is a demand a supply is sure to follow rapidly.

The splendid examples shown at the Italian Exhibition held at West Kensington last year must have been a revelation to some. That the sight of the Italian work has given an immense impetus to the trade there can be no doubt. The danger is that in the rapid manufacture, and in the regrettable necessity that exists of producing inexpensive articles to meet the modern cry for cheapness at any cost of

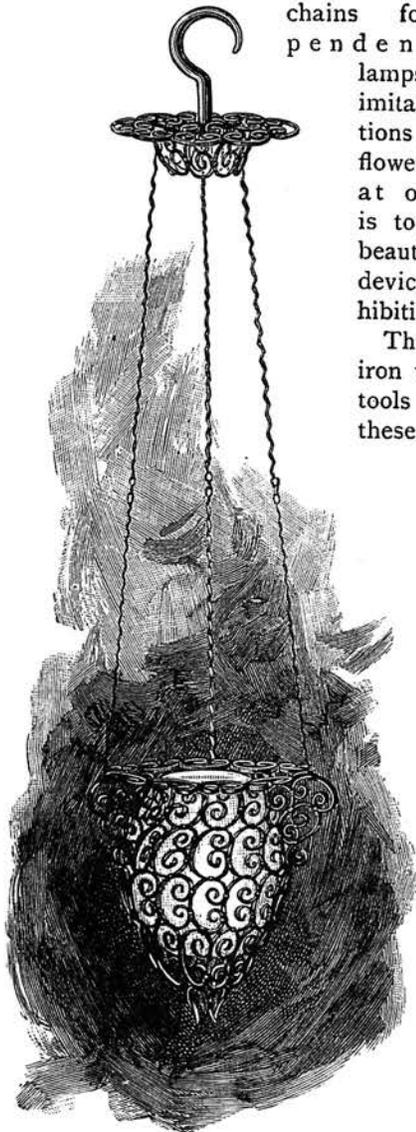


FLOWER-STAND.

excellence, iron work will sink to a lower place amongst the minor arts than it has hitherto held.

Wrought iron work is quite out of the question for the majority of amateurs, as forge, hammer, and anvil are indispensable for its execution. It affords us, however, the best models, and its study helps in no slight degree the bent iron worker. The form of an article we can reproduce, and the general effect of certain decorations will suggest to us felicitous ideas which we can carry out in bent iron work, but to copy the decoration entire is not possible. The representation of such flowers as can be produced by the hammer wielder are beyond the power of his humbler brother—the master only of the pliers. Balls and ornamental links that act as

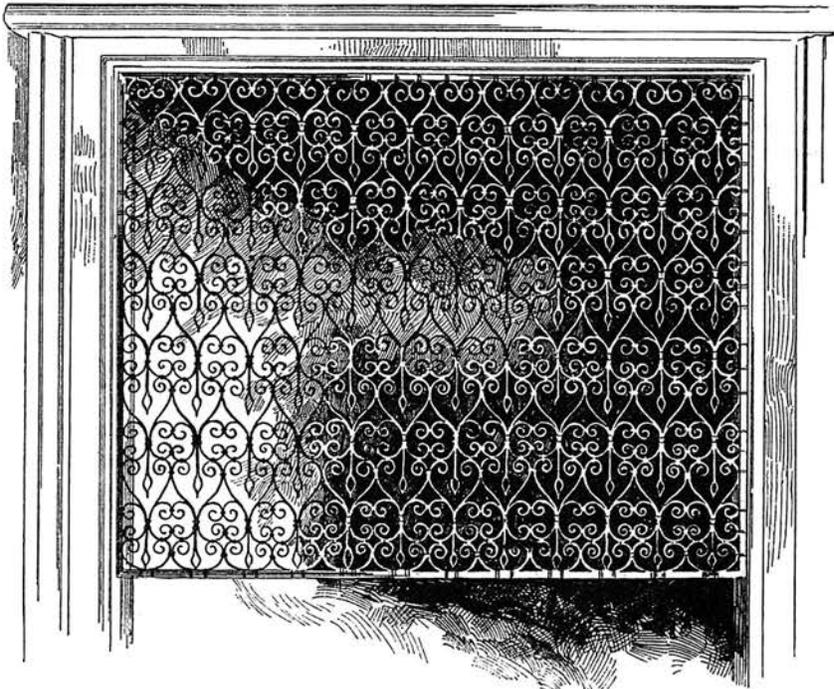
supporting chains for pendent



HANGING LAMP.

lamps, &c., are easy to imitate; so, too, are portions of the lamps and flower-stands. To look at our illustrations, is to call to mind the beautiful links of various devices shown at the Exhibition.

The execution of bent iron work needs but few tools and materials, and these simple and inexpensive. The worker starts with some hand-cut iron strips of three different widths, and a few strong hooks made of wrought iron. To fashion the iron strips into ornamental shapes, the tools required are a pair of square long nose pliers, a pair of flat nose pliers, and a pair of round nose pliers, a small pair of shears, which are known as snips, and a



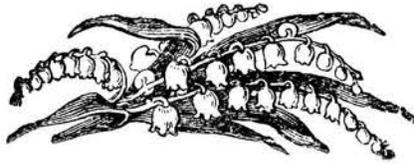
WINDOW-SCREEN.

pair of pincers. A yard measure and a bottle of Berlin black end our list of requisites. It is advisable to procure wrought iron frames, as these are stronger than any which can be made with bent iron. Still many workers prefer to make these themselves. The cut iron, which is  $\frac{3}{8}$ ths of an inch wide, is used for this purpose. Before commencing the frame it is necessary to buy the flower-glass, copper bowl, fairy lamp, or any other ornament which the iron stand is intended to hold, as it should be fitted in for the sake of appearance as well as for security.

It is a great help to get some good designs to work from. These are especially needful for those who are beginning to learn the art, as true measurements and the manipulation of perfect C and S curves are essential in producing articles of true value. Another excellent plan is to buy and copy one well-made article. This gives beginners a notion of the style of the work, which is rather difficult to understand at first from mere drawings.

The designs in the pendent lamp are intended to compose into various arrangements. Measure and cut off with the snips a requisite length of iron to form one of the curves. Take the square nose pliers in the left hand and hold the iron strip firmly with these, then with the round nose pliers, held in the right hand, bend the iron to shape. The medium width iron is employed for the ornamental portions. Continue thus until all the curves are formed. Now cut off short pieces of iron—say about half an inch or so—place the curves in position, and fasten them strongly together with the short pieces of iron which serve as clamps. These are folded round the curves and clamped tightly. Some clamps need to be longer than others, as a glance at the design will show. Lastly, give the work a coating of Berlin black.

E. CROSSLEY.



## IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

Most people, I think, are under the impression that imprisonment for debt ceased to exist in England in 1869. It is true that in that year an Act was passed bearing the title, "An Act for the Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt, for the Punishment of Fraudulent Debtors, and for other purposes." But the Act in question, like many others, has been named on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle. Last year, for example, nearly forty-five thousand warrants of committal for non-payment of debts were granted by the County Courts alone; and during the last three years, as judge at Birmingham, I have myself had to deal with more than ten thousand applications to commit judgment debtors to prison. In so far as the Act was intended to abolish imprisonment for debt, it has not apparently been a great success. As a matter of fact, it merely mends the procedure as regards imprisonment, but in no wise ends it.

When a suitor has recovered judgment for debt, damages, or costs, he has two courses open to him. He may proceed either against the goods or against the person of his debtor. If the debtor be a poor man, he usually elects to proceed against his person. The goods are either of no saleable value or are likely to be claimed by some third person, justly or unjustly as the case may be. This of course means further litigation and expense. Small traders in difficulties generally have a friendly bill of sale over their effects, and smaller people still take advantage of the Married Women's Property Act. If the judgment be against the husband, the goods are claimed as the wife's, and *vice versa*. It is impossible for the creditor, without a costly litigation, in which he may not be successful, to find out under which thimble the pea really is. He therefore takes out what is termed a judgment summons, calling on the debtor to appear before the Court on a day named, to be examined as to his means, and to show cause why he should not be committed to prison for having neglected or refused to pay the sum specified in the judgment order. At the hearing, if the creditor proves, or the debtor admits, that the latter either *has, or has had* since the judgment, the means of satisfying it, the Court may order him to be committed to gaol for a period not exceeding six weeks. If the Court is not satisfied with the proof of means, it may dismiss the summons or make an order for payment by instalments of the sum due. It has recently been held that no order of committal can be made against a married woman in respect of any judgment arising out of a contract. Her contracts by virtue of the Married

Women's Property Act merely bind her estate under certain conditions, and not herself personally. The Legislature perhaps knows why it has given this advantage to a married woman who has a husband to help her, while it has denied it to single women and to widows. When a debt is ordered to be paid by instalments, non-payment of any instalment constitutes a default for which the debtor may be imprisoned. Suppose then a debt of 36s. is ordered to be paid by instalments of 2s. a month—a common order in the County Courts. Theoretically this might entail eighteen committals, that is, more than two years' imprisonment. Considering that a man may usually beat his wife into a jelly at the risk of a month's imprisonment, the law as to debts seems rather hard. The jurisdiction to imprison is, within certain limits, discretionary, so that each judge has to lay down rules for his own guidance. As the result, the practice of the various courts probably furnishes a good example of the maxim *Quot curiæ tot sententiæ*. There are, however, two main theories on which the Act is worked, which may be termed the punishment theory and the screw theory. According to the punishment theory, if the judge is satisfied that since the judgment the debtor has had the means of paying, he is treated as being in contempt, and an order is made for his committal for a term varying from seven to forty days, according to the merits or demerits of the case. In most courts, however, the Act is worked on the screw theory. When the judge is satisfied as to the debtor's means, he makes an order of committal, but suspends its execution as long as the debtor pays the debt by certain specified instalments. Let me give an example. Suppose judgment is obtained against an artisan for 20s., and after he has neglected to pay it for three months a judgment summons is taken out against him. The creditor proves that he has been in regular work all the time, getting 25s. a week. It is clear that he has had the means of paying the debt, but it might force him to the money lender or put his family into great straits if an immediate order of committal were made. The order of committal is therefore made, but the registrar is directed not to issue the warrant as long as the debtor pays 4s. a month into court. Following the example of my predecessors at Birmingham, I work the Act almost entirely on the screw principle, with the result that not much more than one per cent. of the applications to commit result in actual imprisonment, and of those that go to prison 50 per cent do not stay there more than two days.<sup>1</sup> In this way a great deal of money is collected with very little actual imprisonment, but I much doubt whether the screw method was contemplated by the Legislature when it

(1) In one case last year a debtor went to prison with the money in his pocket. Not liking the look of his quarters when he got there, he paid the debt and costs and went out again.

passed the Debtors Act. Another point on which opinions differ is the question what constitutes "means." Is it sufficient to show that money exceeding the judgment debt has passed through the debtor's hands since the judgment was given, or should the necessary expenses of the debtor be deducted and the surplus only be considered as "means"? I certainly take the latter view, and before I make an order of committal, I inquire as to the debtor's family and what other payments he has to make. It is argued against this view that the judgment debt ought to have priority over current expenditure, but it seems to me bad policy to force a man already in debt still deeper into the mire. When I make inquiries as to the family, the creditor sometimes urges that the debtor is living with a woman who is not his wife, and that the children are illegitimate; but I never give effect to this contention. It seems to me that a family of this description comes within the legal maxim *Fieri non debuit, sed factum valet*. Again, in the exercise of the jurisdiction to commit, how far ought the consideration for the judgment debt to be inquired into? Some judges think that they have no right to go behind the judgment, but I always incline to take a stricter or more lenient view of the debtor's means according to the circumstances under which the debt was incurred. In the urban County Courts a large number of the cases consist of criminal or quasi-criminal frauds which are treated as civil debts. In illustration of my meaning I will take seven instances from cases which have been before me this day on which I am writing. In three cases goods had been obtained from the plaintiff by false pretences. In the fourth, a workman had obtained credit by telling the plaintiff that his wages were 35s. a week, whereas in fact he was only getting 22s. In two more cases the defendant had been employed to collect money and had misappropriated it. In the last the defendant, a skilled artisan, had borrowed £20 from a girl he was "walking out with," to pay arrears of a bastardy order which another girl had obtained against him. When he had got the money he "dropped" the young woman and repudiated the debt. In cases like these I take a much harder view of the debtor's means than I do in the case of a poor wretch who has been run into debt by a spendthrift wife or who has fallen into the clutches of a money lender. It is generally very difficult to learn the truth as to the debtor's means. The atmosphere of a County Court reeks with perjury, and the judge has frequently an anxious and unpleasant task. When both parties appear, their statements differ widely, and the truth generally is somewhere between the two. In a case before me the other day, the plaintiff swore that the defendant had four lathes and employed sixteen men. The defendant swore that he had one lathe and was only assisted by his son, a lad of fifteen. I adjourned the case for further evidence, and have not yet learned the

result. When the debtor does not appear, and I do not know the plaintiff, I usually take his statement subject to a mental discount of 33 per cent., but occasionally I find I have been deceived. Not long ago I committed a defendant for non-payment of a debt of £4. The plaintiff described him as a builder engaged in building a row of new houses which he specified. When the warrant officer went to arrest him he found that he was a poor, old, broken-down bricklayer seventy years of age, with a wooden leg. A good-natured builder had employed him to do some nominal work on the houses in question at a wage of 7s. a week. Of course I at once cancelled the warrant. The great mass of the lying, however, is done by the defendants. Many of the plaintiffs who come frequently before me are quite trustworthy. Among the most honest of them is a little, German-Jew clothier, who speaks broken English. I have often had opportunities of testing his accuracy, and have never found him deviate a hair's breadth from the truth. The habitual defendants are up to every kind of trick. I dare say they get to know the length of the judge's foot, but, on the other hand, the judge often gets to know a good deal about them. One old gentleman who frequently appeared before me, always represented himself as a decayed builder dependent on the charity of a married daughter. One fine day, however, he brought an action in the High Court, and in the course of the proceedings filed an affidavit in which he stated that he had an uncharged income of £300 a-year. The affidavit, the contents of which came to my knowledge, proved an expensive one to the old gentleman. When a working man is summoned his wife usually appears for him. This prevents him from losing a day's work, and, as an experienced registrar observed to me when I was first appointed, there is an additional advantage—the woman can always lie better and cry better. When the debtor's wife appears in rags and tatters, I have often been told by the plaintiff that she is dressed up for the occasion. A poor woman appeared some months ago and pleaded that her husband was out of work. I asked why in that case he did not come himself. She replied that it was because he had been obliged to pawn his last pair of boots. From the look of the woman I believed her story and dismissed the summons. In three subsequent cases the same day women came forward and told me the same story. I disbelieved them, and the defence has not been set up again. Another day a woman told me a pitiable story of misfortune. Her husband was only doing three days work a week, and she had four children down with scarlet fever. One she said she expected to find dead on her return. I dismissed the summons, but the woman instead of returning to her dying child went quietly back to her place in court, and seemed much amused at the subsequent cases. Either she had lied to me

or the child was well insured. In the Midlands the mortality among insured children is high.<sup>1</sup> Not long ago a woman appeared for her husband. She stated that he had been for some time out of work, and that, a fortnight before, he had set out on foot for London to find employment, and that she had not heard of him since. The creditor said he believed he had seen him at work in Birmingham a few days before, but was not positive. I dismissed the case. A few minutes afterwards the creditor hurried back into court to inform me that the woman's husband had been waiting for her outside the court, and that the pair were then in the public-house opposite celebrating their victory. When I have been imposed on by some specious tale of fictitious woe I often see the defendant jeering at the unsuccessful plaintiff as they leave the court. From these cases, taken from hundreds of similar ones, it must be plain that it is frequently no easy matter to get at the truth as to a debtor's means and position. Dr. Johnson says somewhere that human nature is a d——d rascal, and there is a great deal of this human nature patent in judgment debtors. However, when the people are really poor I say but little to them when I catch them tricking me. I have an uncomfortable suspicion that, were I as hard up as they are, with a wife and family to support, I might become as big a rascal as any one of them.

The debt-collecting business of a County Court is loathsome work. It is sickening to find one's self the helpless instrument of the legalized tyranny of a small money lender or a dishonest tallyman. Still the work has its amusing side. In hearing a large number of judgment summonses one gets some odd glimpses into the way the "hard-up" classes live, and their queer notions of law and morality are, only too often, evident. About a month ago a girl took out a judgment summons against her father, as he would not repay her some money she had lent him. He was described in the summons as So-and-so, "gentleman." I made inquiries as to his position. The girl informed me with a certain pride that he had been a barman, but that he was now quite a gentleman. He "smoked cigars and was kept by a woman with lots of money." In another case, about a year ago, a nice quiet-looking young woman appeared for her husband, who, she admitted, was earning 38s. a week. The debt was for the balance of the price of some furniture. I asked why they did not pay. She replied that they did not owe the money, that there had been a settlement. I asked what the settlement was. She replied that the plaintiff's collector had called upon her, and had agreed to forgive her the debt if she would commit adultery with him, and that she had accordingly committed the adultery. "But," said

(1) A recent report of the Oldbucy Medical Officer of Health is instructive on this question.

I, "your husband owes the money to the plaintiff, how can you get rid of the debt by committing adultery with somebody else?" She argued that the man with whom she had committed adultery, was acting as the plaintiff's agent. I informed her that he might be the plaintiff's agent to collect debts, but not to commit adultery. The poor woman thought I was exceedingly technical and unjust when I ordered the balance of the debt to be paid. In another case, the defendant, a brass caster, gravely objected to pay for the expenses of his wife's funeral on the ground that she was no longer of any use to him. Perhaps the most illogical plea I have heard was one which was set up last January. I had committed a small tradesman for non-payment of a debt of £8. A few days afterwards he wrote to ask me to cancel the order, as he was sure I had made it under a misapprehension. He begged to inform me that the plaintiff's solicitor had committed adultery, and was therefore not in a position to proceed against him. In proof of his assertion he enclosed a letter from the solicitor's wife. As I burnt the enclosure without reading it I cannot speak as to its contents, but I have kept the defendant's letter as a curiosity.

Turning to the economical aspects of imprisonment for debt, I find the almost universal cause of the indebtedness and destitution of the poor is early and improvident marriage. About 90 per cent. of the judgment summonses are against persons in the receipt of weekly wages; and when a poor man gets into money troubles there is no need to say, "Cherchez la femme." If the town artisan would, like the majority of the more educated classes, refrain from "going into housekeeping" till he was thirty, his lot would be an exceedingly comfortable one. For ten years he would have been in receipt of his full wages, and he could have put by a good round sum to provide against a rainy day. When the defendant appears on a judgment summons I always inquire if he is married, and how many children he has to support. I find that more than 98 per cent. of the judgment debtors are married. I have not kept the statistics of the number of their children, but one day I put down the figures in fifty consecutive cases. I found the fifty debtors had two hundred and fourteen children between them, that is to say an average of four and a quarter a piece. What is a poor wretch with five children and 22s. a week to do? Day after day I preach the same sermon to deaf ears. The defendant urges the number of his children as his reason for not paying his debts. Is it the plaintiff's fault, I ask him, that you have got seven children? Because you have seven children, is it any reason that the plaintiff should supply you with goods for nothing? Practically, however, I have to admit the validity of his excuse in the order I make. Not long ago a wretched-looking lad of twenty was summoned for a debt of £2. I asked him why he had not paid, and he replied that "all the children

had been ill." It appeared that he had married at sixteen and had three children. When I asked him what made him marry at that age his answer was, "Because I was out of work." He meant of course that the girl was doing something and he wanted to share her wages, not thinking of the consequences. Many and bitter, too, are the complaints which the men make to me about their wives' extravagance. Day after day I hear the same story. The wife orders goods for the family; when she has them she goes and pawns them, or sells them to other women, and spends the money in drink or finery. When the creditor sues, the summons is served by leaving it at the debtor's house. The wife makes away with the summons, and either lets judgment go by default or goes and confesses judgment in her husband's name. The first the poor man hears of the matter is when an execution is put into his house or a summons for his committal is taken out. Often of course this excuse is a mere lie, but it is repeated so constantly that in many instances it must be true. A hard case came before me the other day. I made an order of committal against a decent hard-working man, but suspended its execution as long as he paid eight shillings a month. The money was not paid and the man was arrested. He asked to be brought up before me, and then stated that he had given the money to his wife to take to the court, but that she had met some friends, and got drunk with it on the way. A sober industrious workman who is tied to a drunken, dissolute, and spendthrift wife is in a sad plight. The Divorce Court is altogether beyond his means. The only escape left him by law is to kill his wife and be hanged for murder. If a man beats his wife she can get a separation order, and an allowance, from the magistrates. I think the County Courts ought to have power to grant judicial separations on the petition of the husband, making provision of course for the payment of alimony to the wife. But the root of the evil lies in the reckless way in which the working classes marry. Sometimes, perhaps, it may be the hardness of their lives which drives the wives into evil courses. Direct legislation against premature and improvident marriage would probably be impossible in the present state of English opinion, and its efficacy, if possible, would be more than doubtful. But I venture to think that much good might be effected indirectly by legislation tending to discourage the prevailing unwholesome system of credit. At present a man marries on credit, and repents on judgment summonses. All sound credit ought to rest on one of two bases, namely property or character. A man of known good character will always get a certain amount of credit. If a man has neither property nor character it is better for all parties concerned that he should not get credit. The present system of undue credit rests mainly on the power of imprison-

ment for debt. I find that a man with small wages and a large family is easily allowed to get £40, £50, or even £60 into debt.<sup>1</sup> The prices charged him are of course credit prices. Under the last Bills of Sale Act a bill of sale for less than £30 is made void. If a poor man is not allowed to mortgage his goods why should he be allowed to mortgage his body? Yet this is the practical effect of the law of imprisonment for debt. I know the subject is a complex one, and I wish to consider fairly the arguments opposed to my own view. Take the Birmingham Court as an example. Last year according to the official returns more than 40,000 actions were brought in this one court to recover debts under £20. Taking the family at five persons the 40,000 defendants represent a population of 200,000 people. A considerable deduction must no doubt be made for the same man being sued two or more times in the same year. Still the fact remains that a vast body of people in the town will not pay their small debts without the compulsion of law, the ultimate sanction being the power of imprisonment. The law costs incurred profit neither party to the bargain. It is true of course that the majority of the defendants can pay in full or in part, but will not do so unless under compulsion. If imprisonment for debt were abolished the power of compulsion would in most cases be gone, and it is said many an honest struggling tradesman would be ruined. My answer is that prevention is better than cure. If the power to imprison were gone, this factitious credit would not be given. Many of the small tradesmen no doubt are kind and indulgent in their dealings with the poor; but I doubt if either party is greatly benefited thereby. If a tradesman trusts a customer he does not know, he does so in the main because he hopes to make a profit out of the transaction, and he makes an allowance for risk in the price he charges. The present system is all against the honest man who pays his way. He has to pay not only for himself, but also for those who can't or won't pay. Take the case of the small money lender. A respectable loan society that often sues in the Birmingham Court charges workmen 200 per cent. for their loans. The *modus operandi* is as follows. A note for £5 is signed by the borrower and two sureties. The borrower receives £4 10s. The note is made payable by instalments with a condition that each instalment in arrear shall bear interest at the rate of a halfpenny in the shilling per week. If the whole of the instalments are in arrears the result is that the borrower and his sureties are charged with interest at the rate of over 200 per cent. per annum on the whole sum for which the note is given. Is it for the interest of the workmen that they should be able to borrow at such ruinous

(1) I have notes of some six hundred administration-order cases which simply verify this statement.

interest? I don't think the society makes a large profit. It has great difficulty in collecting its debts, and is continually being cheated by forgery and personation. I have never heard of a prosecution because, I suppose, it would not pay the society to prosecute. In one case where the borrower had been personated and his name forged, I took the trouble to find out how it had been done. After sending for various people I at last got hold of the man who had forged his friend's name. He informed me that he had received "two pints" for his share in the transaction. He did not seem to think that he had done anything disgraceful, because, as he said, his friend's wife knew all about it, and had received part of the money. Many of the sureties complain bitterly to me when they are sued, and I think some of them really believe when they sign the notes that they are only attesting witnesses.

In any view of the subject the present system of imprisonment for debt is open to grave objections. In the first place the law works with uncertainty, owing to the wide discretion given to the judges and the unreliability of the evidence. In the second place the more recklessly a man propagates children, the more certain he is to be leniently treated. The law is all against the careful, honest man, and in favour of the reckless or the rogue. I have been told by employers that when a workman is pressed by judgment summonses he will often leave his work in order to prevent the judge from committing him. In Scotland imprisonment for debts, other than alimony, was abolished in 1882. In France and in Germany imprisonment for civil debts has also been abolished. Perhaps those countries have gone too far, but I should like to see a considerable modification of the present system in England. I venture to think the true line of demarcation is that suggested by a sagacious and experienced officer of the Treasury, who is intimately acquainted with the working of the County Courts. He draws a distinction between voluntary and involuntary credit, and would retain the power of imprisonment in the latter case only. When goods or moneys are obtained by any false representations credit is of course given involuntarily. So again when a workman or servant is employed, his services must be rendered on credit. But a shopkeeper gives credit voluntarily with a view to his own ultimate profit. So too a money-lender need not lend his money without security unless he likes. The distinction might be difficult to embody in an Act of Parliament, but it would be quite possible to draw rough-and-ready lines to meet the great majority of cases. The present method of enforcing the payment of debt by imprisonment is anomalous in another respect. A judgment debtor who will not pay his debts must be either a rogue or an honest man. If he is an honest man, why is he imprisoned, and why should the State bear the expenses of his imprisonment? If a creditor issues execution

against his debtor's goods he has to do this at his own expense, trusting ultimately to recover the amount so expended from his debtor. Why then should the State bear the expense of an execution against the person? But if a judgment debtor who will not pay is a rogue, he should receive the same treatment in prison as other rogues. At present he is merely detained. If, as is often the case, he is a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow, he has by no means a bad time of it in prison. The real suffering falls on his wife and children outside. If fourteen days' hard labour could be substituted for six weeks' simple detention, the procedure would be much more effective. The debtor would feel it more, while the innocent family would feel it less.

At present a wave of sympathy with the sorrows of the poor is passing over the well-to-do classes, and many heroic remedies have been proposed. Before such measures are resorted to I venture to suggest that it would be well to try the effect of legislation which would curtail credit, and bring people nearer to the system of cash payments. The wage-earning classes spend their wages week by week, but at present they spend them in paying debts instead of in buying goods. If they could be brought back approximately to ready-money dealings, it would be equivalent to an increase in their wages, for they would get more goods for the same amount of money. For the price that a tradesman charges for his goods he has to take various elements into account, namely, the prime cost of the goods, his own profit, the risk of bad debts, and the cost of recovering those which may or may not prove to be bad debts. If the latter elements could be eliminated or reduced, there would naturally be a corresponding reduction in prices. While spurious credit is fostered by law, competition obliges the tradesmen to give credit. A shortened period of limitation, and the abolition of imprisonment where credit has been given voluntarily, would materially diminish the inducements to give long credit. If there is one trade in the country which is in a healthy condition it is the trade in beer. Its flourishing condition is probably due, in part, to the provision in the County Courts Act which prohibits any action being brought for the price of beer consumed on the premises. It is by no means certain that the trade in milk and bread might not be made equally flourishing by the enactment of a similar provision. The experiment would be an interesting one, though I am far from suggesting that it should be tried at present.

M. D. CHALMERS.



## THE COUNTRY PARLOR.

ITS STIFFNESS, STATELINESS AND SACREDNESS.



It has been quite the fashion to descant upon the dreariness of the country parlor, and to inveigh against the housekeepers who, closing all their pleasant, airy rooms, confine themselves and families, for most of their waking hours, to the narrow and unattractive quarters of the back kitchen. Gail Hamilton, in one of those sparkling essays whose wit was only equaled by their good sense, says, that after reflecting upon the amount of work performed by one woman in the discharge of ordinary housekeeping, she not only ceases to wonder that any rooms are shut after being reduced to order, but she even marvels that the weary housewife does not close them all and spread her dinner in the barn. This is a phase of the subject which has not been so often turned toward the light.

But the facts are, that there is very little herding in back kitchens in the average farm-house of the present day. There is usually a wide dining-room, whose sunny windows are filled with house plants, and often a cozy sitting-room, sheltered by green blinds in the heat of summer, and cheered by the glow of a coal fire in the short, dark days of winter. Here, generally, is the cabinet organ, the work baskets, and the bookcase with glass doors above the desk, where the father adds up the accounts and the mother writes the occasional letter, which is a greater task than the week's baking.

Yet there is usually a parlor, with sometimes a wood stove, quite often with no heating apparatus, which, except on state occasions, is a closed room. It is generally somewhat detached from the remainder of the house, a hall dividing it from the sitting-room. The blinds and windows are tightly shut and the dark shades pulled down, and as you pause in the doorway the atmosphere chills even in midsummer, and the dim light through which you see the ghostly folds of the lace curtains makes you feel that you are entering a solemn place. Here you will find a Brussels carpet on whose dark ground are strewn roses and pinks modeled after those which might have furnished fragrance to the inhabitants of Brobdignag. There are a sofa and chairs of haircloth which have not yet acquired the individuality which even furniture gains from being set in families, but look just as little at home as they did in the rooms of the dealer in the neighboring city. There is a table with marble top, reminding one of a gravestone, whereon is a lamp with sparkling pendants, set on a dainty mat of shaded green, and a few books placed at proper angles. One is an album which belonged to the mistress of the house when a school-girl. We turn over the leaves and read the weak sentiments of the faded writing on the yellow pages, and congratulate ourselves on the march of ideas. But soon the critical mood disappears, for out of the book steals a gentle influence as suggestive of a sweet past as the odor of dried rose leaves. We comprehend how much real feeling the lines represent and the pleasure they afforded; we imagine over them a girl's tears dropping and catch the echo of a laugh—

"A girl's laugh, idle and foolish and sweet."

Here, too, is a volume of selected poetry, also largely sentimental. On the fly leaf, in studied school-boy hand, is the name of the oldest daughter of the family, who, we have been told, died in her eighteenth year, with the words, "Philopena, Present from her friend, C. T. D." We recognize the initials as belonging to a neighboring farmer, in middle life, with a

bustling wife and a troop of rosy children. We have heard the report that he "waited on Emmeline and took her death hard." Here again are the traces of romance, this time with a touch of heartache. There is also *The Mother's Magazine*, a periodical which bears the date of 1840, bound in red, "Baxter's Saints' Rest," the familiar photographic album, and the latest edition of Longfellow's Poems.

On one of the walls is a hair wreath, "made by Emmeline." Opposite, hangs a portrait of a lady with a face which reminds one of Martha Washington. Her plump throat is encircled by a string of gold beads, which now are treasured in a bureau drawer of the spare chamber as a precious heirloom. As a companion piece to this is the portrait of a gaunt, stern-looking man, who holds a tuning-fork to the ear of a ten-year-old boy, in an outlandish costume. Neither from the expression or the position of either can one determine whether the elder is inclined to amuse or inflict corporal punishment, but the family tradition explains that the vision of childish innocence is an early picture of the master of the house; that the elderly couple are his parents, he being a child of their old age; that the worthy gentleman was a singing-master of much local repute and that this was a happy thought of the artist to suggest his favorite pursuits. The lines were evidently not traced by a pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds or Gilbert Stuart; the eyes are never detected in following you about the room; they are nevertheless, very interesting. On another side is a group of a half dozen family photographs in round gilt frames, and between the windows a long mirror with frame much too massive for the low ceiling above it. On the mantel are a pair of ancient silver candlesticks, each holding a pair of wax candles. When the four used to be lighted at once, the younger members looked on with feelings akin to those with which they now regard a presidential illumination. Besides there are a vase of dried grasses, a piece of iron ore, a gift cup, and a basket made of sawed butternut shells, heaped with wedding invitations.

We find much elaborate fancy work in the shape of tidies and ottomans, and a sofa pillow so bright and fresh that one knows it never harbored an aching head or tear-stained eyes. On a light stand, in one corner, rests the great Family Bible, in black and gold. It is a "show" volume, and since the day it was brought home it has only been opened when it was carried into the hall for the use of the minister on funeral occasions, and when a writing-master who once boarded here wrote in flourishing hand the family record. The blessed contents, we know, are the same, but otherwise it is not half so valuable as the old leather-covered book in the sitting-room which "Father likes," but of which the rest have grown ashamed. This has figured at family worship for a hundred years, and within, three generations have recorded their births, deaths and marriages, not in the round, meaningless, uniform hand of the writing-master, but in the cramped style which speaks of fingers unaccustomed to the pen and stiff from holding the plow. On a lower shelf of this stand we find ranged rows of daguerreotypes. Here is the most attractive feature of the whole room. We see "Pa and Ma before marriage" and "Pa and Ma after marriage;" babies of all descriptions; little girls in long pantalets and mitts, and little boys in blouses, white undersleeves and belts; young ladies in striped silks, cut "low-necked," and with their hair in curtains; young men with their throats swathed in yards of cravat, evidently to relieve the pain occasioned by their strangling collars, and with the ends of their hair tucked under with much precision, while on the top it rears itself in an astonishing crest. There are women with caps and frocks covering their own beautiful white hair; old men with seamed faces, and we find one ghastly likeness of the dead. We recognize some of these, grown older now; the fresh, unde-



## OUR SUMMER BOARDING.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

It was a pleasant party of us who desired to find that safety-valve of escape from the discomforts of the stifling city during the heated term, to wit: my friend Mrs. Oliver and her boy Eddie, her cousin, Miss Ruth Carey, and myself, Agnes Jameson; and for some little time we had been casting about for the requisite locality. Not but that we, respectively, had a variety of relatives whose homes were situate within, or in proximity to, that "boundless contiguity of shade" whereof the poet discourseth, and who would most gladly have welcomed us to their midst, and Carrie Oliver's mother had already written repeatedly for her to come home, with the boy Eddie, who was the especial pride and delight of his grandparents' hearts, and pass the summer in the pleasant old town of Hatfield; but this plan of ours—to "all go somewhere together this season"—had been too long talked of to be lightly resigned; and so we had fully determined that the month of August, at least, should find us in some quiet, pleasant spot, either by seashore or among mountain haunts, where we might enjoy the invigorating air, exercise, and throw off the restraints of fashionable life *ad libitum*, for the promotion of our ease, enjoyment, and physical health. Consequently, it was to this end that our ears had been on the alert to the talk of our acquaintances concerning places they had in view for the summer, and our eyes were sharpened to the advertisements that appeared in the *Journal* and *Transcript*, setting forth, after the manner of newspaperial advertisements in general, the attractions of the various *locales* therein described.

"Go where you like, ladies!" said my friend's indulgent husband, as we sat in their parlor one evening balancing the *pros* and *cons*, the merits and demerits, of seashore or inland resort. "I'm going to give it all up to your *own* management, this year; only stipulating that you don't select a place so far away that I cannot get to it Saturday nights, when I want to take a run down to see you, and escape from my stifling, lonely bachelor's hall here. Ah, ladies, you are indeed the 'better (favored) half' of creation; for you are at liberty to escape from the city

all dog days, while we poor gentlemen must perforce stay behind, and keep the wheels of business well oiled, lest there be some clog or friction, and the machine should stop running; and I hope you are duly grateful for this privilege! So, go where you please, only don't place the Penates of my household quite beyond my reach, when I find the August heats too stifling to be endured, without looking upon a green oasis now and then!"

Thus agreeably restricted—for we all knew how glad we should be to welcome, every Saturday night, Mr. Oliver's kindly face and the breath of old Boston he should bring with him—we began casting about, with added energy, for some retreat within the prescribed "convenient distance;" and many were the places we half decided upon, then dismissed as unfeasible. Conway, "the Notch," Laconia, and even Centre Harbor, were dismissed as "too far off;" and the vote was finally carried in favor of a seashore retreat.

Certainly there was no dearth of such resorts within a short sail or ride of "the Hub." Nahant, with its long line of ocean-washed road leading out from Lynn, its magnificent headland, and its bold, rocky coast, was scarce a league away; Cohasset, Hingham, and the world-renowned, State-controlling "Hull," were all just "down the harbor;" and Nantasket, with its splendid beaches, was a favorite resort of many of our acquaintances; but we rejected each in turn, by some caprice of judgment, or memory of some past experience of the Sinbad stride of the dreaded demon of Sea-Sickness connected indissolubly with the latter.

Next, old Cape Ann, with its well-kept "Pavilion," and its pleasant Gloucester beaches, the "Pigeon Cove," at Rockport, and the dash of the surf over its high breakwater, were remembered; and the Ocean House of Rye Beach came in for its share of availability; but Mrs. Oliver had, from the first, decided against the slavish restrictions of hotel life, averring that she "would not go anywhere where she would be obliged to dress four times a day!" "freedom was what she sought, and the quieter place we selected the better!"

"That's it, ladies!" said the husband. "You want to go where you can wear your morning-dresses all day—eschew rats, mice, and waterfalls, and all your finery—lounge as much as you please, where, when I come down, we can all be Bohemians together, and where you can get some 'safe,' superannuated equine animal, and exert *your* wondrous powers of horsemanship, my dear," to his wife.

Probably this allusion referred to some former experience of our friends; but its recital, if intended, was hindered by Master Eddie, who had been permitted to "sit up" beyond his customary bed-hour, to hear the result of our session.

"And where *I* can wear my uniform, mamma, and use my new bow and arrows, and learn to swim, and wade barefoot in the sea, when I want to!" he exclaimed, eagerly.

"Yes; do let us go where we shall not be obliged to fit ourselves out with even a tithe of Flora McFlimsey's wardrobe!" I could not help adding, as my share of the plea.

"Certainly! that's just the place you want; but say, oh, say, where can it be found?" said Mr. Oliver, adding, tragically:—

"Tell me, ye wingéd winds,  
That round my pathway roar,  
Can ye not name some spot  
Where ladies 'dress' no more?"

"I 'rayther guess' they *can't*, cousin Oliver!" replied Miss Carey, who had a habit of tripping up all our "high-flown" sayings by tapping a vein of quiet sarcasm she possessed. "I'm 'afeared' there ain't 'nary' such a spot on 'this ere' seaboard; so we shall have to kalkelate to 'kerry along' with us, at least *one* big 'meetin'-us trunk' a-piece, wherever we go this summer."

"Well, let's be *doing* something; and I propose that we ladies resolve ourselves into a committee of three, to make further inquiries, and report thereon, so we may decide upon our place as soon as possible!" said Mrs. Oliver.

This motion being duly "seconded" by Mr. Oliver and "thirded" by Master Eddie, was carried; and this bade fair to bring the matter to a speedy issue.

Shortly afterwards, the summer heats increasing, Carrie Oliver, her boy, and Miss Carey, left the city for Hatfield, to spend June at least in the pleasant old home—and Miss Agnes Jameson found herself transported in

another direction on a visit to some friends; but the trio separated with the full intention of meeting again in July, or by the first of August of a certainty, although as yet the desired haven had not been fully decided upon. For myself, as soon as fairly established at Oxford, I commenced to agitate the question.

"We want a nice place for this summer, Aunt Harriet—a little party of us. Do you know of any on the coast in this vicinity?"

"Well, there's the new Atlantic House at Blue Rocks, and three or four hotels at the Point Beach, both within a dozen miles of here, and where all our Oxford folks go!" was Aunt Harriet's reply.

"All crowded, of course. We want something more quiet. Now, if I knew of some nice private boarding-house," I said.

"Well, there are such—three or four of them—at the Little Bear's Nose; that's farther down the coast. Some ladies went from here last summer, and enjoyed it much. I'll ascertain the names of the proprietors, and you can write to them and get an answer in a day or two."

Thanking Aunt Harriet for her trouble, I shortly received the desired names; and that day despatched two letters of inquiry, and soon received the following answers:—

"DEAR MADAM: Yours of June 10th was duly received; and in reply I am sorry to say that our rooms are all engaged, excepting two very small ones, which, from your statements, I think would hardly suit yourself and friends. If you had applied earlier in the season, we could have accommodated you.

"Respectfully yours,  
"SOLOMON FURBUSH."

"This decides that we cannot go to Furbush's, aunt," I said, after reading. "Now let's see what the other offers!" opening a large, squarely-folded letter sheet, directed without cover or envelope:—

"MISS AGNES JAMESON. DEAR MADDAM: Your Lettur is to-day reseved, and this is to say That all our Roomes is Took on the Furst Flore, but Wee have a sute (namely, three) on the 3d Flore, with Dormant windows opening on to the Roofo—the same bein' a Rekomend (for you can set and se the Sea)—wich you and yore Friends can have by engagin' rite off.

"Our Terms is from 2 to 3 dollars (\$) a day, with butiful ackomodations for Bathin—but in Consideration of thare bein' 3 of you i wood take Off a quarter of a dollar pur day, wich is quite a fawl in Times like these, when pervisions is up so Orful. The Big Houses are Askin' from 3 to 4 \$, and no Better Fair.

"Please let Me kno by Returne Male, for if you doan't konclude to cum, there is Plentey Others, and Direck to

"ISAAC HORN,  
"Landlorde of the Gull House,  
"little bear's Noase."

"I rather 'konclude' we will decline the prospect of rooms on the '3d Flore'—which, in country farm-houses, usually mean *attics*, and resign the prospect of 'seeing the Sea' from your 'dormant windows,' my landlord of the Gull House!" was my comment, after reading this remarkable missive. "'Pervisions' may be 'up orful'—a good many other things are 'orful,' too, these war times—but I have faith to believe, Aunt Harriet, that we shall yet come across some such place as we desire, where we may not stifle in attics at from 'two to three dollars a day,' leaving airy, comfortable homes behind us, in order to assure the world of 'our set' that we have fulfilled the requirements of fashion in 'going to the seashore.'" And so Aunt Harriet and I put on our "thinking caps" again.

A couple of weeks went by, during which time several letters on the subject passed between my friends and myself; and then Mrs. Oliver wrote that the very place we desired seemed to be offered to us, and that they should leave Hatfield for it on the Thursday week following. An acquaintance had secured this home for them—it was at Crofton on the Sound, just opposite the harbor town of New Liverpool, in the family of a clergyman, who had consented to take a few boarders "just to oblige her," viz., this friend—and, if we could put up with very plain accommodations (for they were not rich in this world's goods), we should be very welcome. The terms, too, were reasonable, showing that our clerical host was no extortioner; and it really seemed a very desirable retreat.

"But perhaps, after all, it may be too quiet for you," Mrs. Oliver wrote. "And, as I should dislike to have you come and be disappointed, perhaps you had better wait till you hear from me again after we are settled there."

Three days after Carrie Oliver, Eddie, and Miss Carey had reached Crofton, the following additional items of description reached me:—

"The house is delightfully situated on an eminence which commands a view of the Sound; New Liverpool and the Fort are opposite; the famous Crofton Monument just above; and the Petrel House—quite a place of resort for the fashionables—a mile below.

No road passes near the house; but we are within walking distance of the ferry; and the railway depot is just at the foot of the hill—the terminus of the route where the Sound boats leave; so you perceive that we can be quiet as we please, or take little excursions to the places of interest in the vicinity by way of variety.

"Mr. and Mrs. Reed—our host and hostess—are quiet, intelligent people, kind and accommodating. The house is very large, and surrounded with piazzas, and crowned with an observatory, from which we get a fine view of a wide stretch of country and water; but it is only scantily furnished, as Mr. Reed has only leased it for a year (being out of health and unable to preach), and only brought here his former furniture from a smaller house; and, not making a habit of 'taking boarders,' does not wish to incur the expense of fitting it up beyond a temporary home. But our rooms are large and airy, our beds so soft and neat, our closets so roomy, that I scarcely feel the loss of many a little appointment which I had regarded as a necessity in my own home; and I dare say you will feel the same. Then we have an abundance of good, plain food, which quite compensates for the want of silver forks and finger-glasses; and Eddie actually revels in the delicious new milk he drinks at every meal. So I write for you *to come*. There is a nice large room for you just across the hall from Miss Carey's, where we hope to see you installed within the shortest possible period."

"P. S. Miss Carey says: 'Don't bring your biggest meetin-us trunk,' for all one needs here is a few plain dresses; but bring lots of books, and all your late numbers of Godey!"

And so, behold me—Agnes Jameson—one summer evening, with the arrival of the steam-boat train, in the midst of a thunder storm which had set in since sunset, alighting upon the platform of the depôt in the good old town of Crofton. But the fury of the rain had not hindered my host from being at the station to receive me; and, soon after, taking advantage of a lull in the tempest, I found myself safely ensconced in the house on the hill, with a warm welcome from my friends gathered on the threshold to receive me.

"First impressions," it is said, "are of utmost importance;" but the fatigue incident upon the railway ride and the excitement of the tempest, hindered every sense of mine from making their *reconnoissances* that first evening of arrival; and I only knew that the tea I drank in the great dining-room was very refreshing, and the night's sleep that followed it was profound and grateful as "tired Nature's sweet restorer" can ever be. But next morning, "betimes," a little tap at my door

aroused me; and shortly I was greeted by the apparition of Carrie Oliver.

"Why, up and dressed—and it can't be more than half-past five! What's the matter? Eddie sick, or anything?" I asked, in surprise.

"No; but I forgot to write you that we breakfast at *six o'clock*, down here at Crofton!" was the answer that came, with a little grimace, from my friend, who, I doubt much, had never submitted to such an arrangement in either her girlhood or married home.

"Rather an earlier hour than we're accustomed to partake of the matutinal meal!" called out Ruth Carey from her opened door across the hall, "but you don't know how natural it seems to us now, after our experience of just one week, Friday morning!"

"The fact is, Cousin Ruth and I are *almost dead* with rising so early," said Carrie Oliver, a little confidentially; "but it's all our own fault, and we're bound to pretend we like it. You see, when we first came, the novelty of the thing pleased us; we thought 'twould be fine to be up with the lark, and all that sort of romance, and so we assured Mrs. Reed 'that we preferred to take breakfast at this hour with the family;' but I'd give a good deal if I had stipulated for the meal an hour and a half later. I'm convinced that I shall go home leaner than I came, at this rate!" and she looked so doleful that I could not resist a shout of laughter.

"Oh, I love it! I love it! and who shall dare  
To chide me for loving *the morning air*?"

sang Miss Carey; and Mrs. Oliver retreated, laughingly, from my chamber; and after performing, with much bitterness of spirit, the duties of my toilet at this early hour, I joined the party in the breakfast-room.

After the grace had been asked, I found opportunity to cultivate acquaintance with my host and hostess, and was most favorably impressed by their kindness and intelligence. And the table, so bountifully laden with well-cooked viands, might have satisfied a keener appetite than that of some of the group around it; for the cakes were light and warm, the butter was sweet and golden, and it was genuine cream that colored our tea and coffee; though the staple meats and vegetables were not slighted by the "men folks"—consisting of our host, a stalwart, rosy-cheeked young farmer, who "carried on" the lands connected with the house, Master Frank Reed—a

stout lad of ten—and our seven-year old Eddie Oliver, who, as I glanced down to his neighborhood at the close of the meal, was absorbed in adding a dessert in the shape of a big square of gingerbread, reduced to a mush-like consistency in a goblet of rich milk at his elbow.

After breakfast, we strayed through the large double parlors, the airy hall, and then indulged in a species of *gallopade* on the broad piazzas which ran quite around the house. I was delighted with everything. "This is splendid, Carrie Oliver! Such a great, roomy mansion—genuine cream and sweet butter—and, with such a view as *this* before our eyes, whenever we put our heads out of doors! Why, we can wear morning-dresses all day, if we want to—unless they should happen to use their glasses over at the Fort, opposite—but, tell me! do they *always* have *gingerbread* at breakfast?"

"Ever since Eddie proclaimed his fondness for it, a heaping plate full has flanked that end of the table. Mrs. Reed is as liberal as she is motherly, Agnes. But here she comes through the hall! We were just talking of the way my Eddie indulges in your gingerbread!"

"Children usually like them, and I am glad if Eddie does," was the reply. "How do you like the view from the piazza, Miss Jameson?"

"I have seen nothing lovelier, and have been scolding Mrs. Oliver for not doing it justice in her letter. What could be more beautiful than New Liverpool, lapped between the hills and the water; the Fort outlined against the morning sky, the boats fitting up and down before our gaze, and the waters of the Sound gleaming just below?" was my answer, which seemed to satisfy Mrs. Reed.

Later in the forenoon, I entered Carrie Oliver's room after unpacking my trunk, and was greeted with a little scream of delight.

"Oh, I'm so glad you didn't forget to bring the books! 'Romola,' 'Nemesis,' and 'John Godfrey's Fortune!' And some Godey's, too! I've devoured everything I brought already. Cousin Ruth excels in the accomplishment of being a good reader, and so we'll elect her to that post, while we are busy with our crocheting!"

"Thank you, Mrs. Oliver! I assure you it'll be very pleasant to appear before so large and respectable an audience!" retorted that lady from her room, which communicated

with her cousin's. "Do you know that my thermometer says 86 already? It's going to be a warm day up here on the hill; and what must it be down there in New Liverpool? Won't friend Hiram feel the heat some, 'I reckon?'"

"Don't say a word!" 'I reckon' he'll come here to-night quite as limp as usual!" and then, amid her laughter, Mrs. Oliver explained how the farm-boy Hiram, in answer to Miss Carey's usual placid evening inquiry, 'if it had been a warm day with him,' invariably returned the same answer, 'Don't say a word, Miss Carey! I reckon it makes a feller sweat some, out in sech a powerful sun as this ere July one has ben! 'Tain't like settin' in the house up here on the hill, a-takin' it easy!'"

"Just my opinion. Hiram is a youth of discrimination. But there seems nothing to prevent our taking it easy this morning, at any rate, with the cool breeze stealing up from the Sound and in at these large windows. I'm sure there must be a history connected with this mansion. How came it to be occupied as it is, when it is better fitted for the summer residence of some family of gayety and fortune?" I asked.

"That is what it was intended for," replied Mrs. Oliver. "Mrs. Reed tells me that a very wealthy New York merchant had it built for his summer home; and it was just completed, and the furniture ordered, when he died suddenly. Afterwards, his widow could not bear the idea of coming hither, so the order for its furnishing was countermanded, and the place sold. Since then, it has passed through several hands—and now, our worthy host has leased it for this year, hoping to benefit his health from a residence in this pure atmosphere, tempered with the softened sea-breezes that come up from the Sound. I told the friend who procured us the privilege of coming here, that we consider ourselves peculiarly fortunate."

"Indeed we are! The Reeds are the best of people; and I'm sure we're infinitely more privileged—with our airy rooms, and plain, bountiful fare—than those who are packed in little seven-by-nine boxes at crowded hotels, where one only gets hungrier on silver and cut glass, and a great dearth of eatables. And, possibly—but for your good fortune in hearing of this place—possibly, I say, mind you! we might now be 'settin' and seein' the

sea' from the 'dormant windows' of the 'Gull House' at 'Little Bear's Nose!'" and, with a laugh, I ran to my own room, to bring thence the remarkable document which I had preserved in my portfolio, as entitled to high rank among the literary archives of the age.

"Are there truly any gulls down there, Miss Jameson?" asked Eddie Oliver, stepping in from the upper piazza, from whose height he had been testing the flight of his arrows to the lawn below.

"Probably. And there would have been several more, had we all gone thither; but I suspect there might have been a scarcity of gingerbread, since 'pervisions is up so orful,'" was my reply.

"Then give me this nice place at Crofton, and Mrs. Reed's gingerbreads!" was the little fellow's decisive rejoinder, leaping into the hall, and down the magnificent winding staircase, then emerging, like a young Pequot of this soil in ancient times, with a whoop and bound upon the lawn, while an arrow was sent whizzing up through the blue air overhead.

It would hardly be compatible with the limits of a magazine article to enter into the details of our daily life there at Crofton. Quiet it was, to be sure, and void of the experiences of a fashionable seaside sojourn—the dressing, the bathing, the flirting, the coquetting *versus* croquetting, the gossip, the jealousies, the envyings, the strivings, the heart-burnings, the utter weariness and disgust with which many a one has sometimes turned away from a brilliant season; but because of the absence of these our summer campaign was healthier and happier. It may be sketchily outlined by telling of hours of reading, crocheting, or enjoying a *dolce far niente* of lounging on the broad piazzas; scanning through opera-glasses the Fort over opposite, whence boomed out the daily morning and evening guns, and from whose gray towers the starry flag floated against the blue summer sky; or viewing the fleet that always lay in the harbor—slender-masted brigantines, trim schooners, substantial whale ships returned from far-off Arctic seas, iron-ribbed gun-boats keeping guard or moving up and down about the harbor's mouth on some secret errand, and the little white-sailed yachts that glided past like fairy boats—each snowy yard, tall mast, tapering spar, or lateen sail, reproduced again in the transparent mirror below.

And then sometimes when escorts and protectors paid flying visits to our retreats, there were visits to the Fort, in which we inspected its mysterious inner sanctuary under the courteous pilotage of some official, lingered among the grass-grown, sunken ruins of another fortress up the coast, where the sod beneath our feet was erst stained with gallant Revolutionary blood, or paused under the shadow of the tall gray monument whose shaft pierced the summer sky, and whose inscription recorded the foul deeds of the Arch-Traitor who "spread desolation and war throughout this region," while the noble yeomanry, who sprang to the defence of their birthright, like "Zebulon and Naphtali were a people who jeopardied their lives in the high places of the field."

Nor must be forgotten the little boating excursions, the songs and the music, nor, "last, not least," when again thrown upon our own resources, the rides inland, behind the "safe," ancient, equine animal Mr. Oliver had recommended our obtaining, in quest of some new field of discovery whose radius might not extend over half a league from our home in the hill-top mansion.

Certain it is that Christopher Columbus, shaping his course over unknown Western seas, felt not the anxieties of his pilotage more than did Carrie Oliver, armed with her whip-trident, carrying us, with many "get ups," "whoas," and "cluckings," on our perilous journey over the billows and through the deep furrows of the region roundabout.

There may be various other and more stylish modes of driving or being driven—in stately barouche, comfortable Rockaway, light buggy, Italian *diligenzia*, English post-carriage, a "one horse shay," or behind your own span at snobbish Newport—but for genuine fun give me a steady Connecticut horse, warranted "safe for ladies," Carrie Oliver for driver, and squads of tow-headed, freckle-faced small boys as *avant couriers* to open the gates that bar a long, winding country lane you supposed would lead you to the main road, but that brings up, after narrowing by "degrees," at a house, a pig-pen, and a barn!

To write, further, of the health and avoirdupois weight we managed to gain, notwithstanding the early breakfasts; of the fruit that came down, by express and the bushel, to be smothered in golden cream from Mrs. Reed's dairy, until none dared deny the soft

impeachment that we had actually "confiscated" said bushel between the limits of two sunsettings; of the ecclesiastical discussions we had upon the piazza on Sunday nights, and the games of "authors" and "proverbs" week-day evenings; of the number of times Miss Carey backgammoned us after dinner, or the stories she read to our delectation—of the "clambakes" we didn't attend, and the blue fish we ate at home; and the manner in which we invaded the kitchen, like a small detachment of Goths and Vandals, when good Mrs. Reed was called away by the illness of a relative, and her help was "took sick" suddenly, getting up our own *déjeuner* in true Parisian style, superintended by the "Committee on Eggs," said Committee consisting of Mr. Oliver, watch in hand, to time the movements of his phalanx; to relate how the gingerbreads gave out, to Master Eddie's sorrow, and Mrs. Reed's return resuscitated a fresh batch, to his delight; to describe all this, would be to give a full *exposé* of our experiences there at Crofton. Rather let a few Rembrandt shadows linger round the scene. Let not the "Egg Committee" be placed in the clearest light; let a mist gather around her who regulated the pantry, while a steamy cloud envelopes the pair who jointly prepared a pudding, and afterwards washed a multitude of dishes.

Yet would we not dismiss our Crofton experiences without recording Master Eddie's "fall from grace," when, one afternoon—unable to restrain the promptings of innate depravity, combined with the cravings of a boy's appetite, and to wait such time as good Mrs. Reed should awake from her customary siesta—he stealthily invaded the precincts of the pantry, and "gobbled up" a brace of her largest gingerbreads. Not but that Master Eddie was "greatly exercised" on the matter before bedtime, and could not say his little evening prayer until he had confessed his fault to his mamma, and had also made the *amende honorable* to Mrs. Reed by confessing himself "very sorry" that he surreptitiously took what was always bounteously given for the asking; but the incident was held as an apt illustration of that ancient Blue Law, Connecticut creed of "Original Sin," in which certain nameless members of our little party were devout believers.

But I must not forget to say a word concerning the rare, improvisatore talent, which had

doubtless descended from *bookish* (?) ancestors upon Mr. Oliver; how he surprised us, one quiet forenoon, after we had been listening to Miss Carey's reading of a touching poem portraying the sad plaint of a neglected, heart-broken wife to her careless husband, by retreating to the solitude of our host's library, and presently emerging therefrom to give vent to a poetic account of the "shocking bad" treatment he had received at the hands of his own "vrow;" account rendered with such lugubrious visage and pathetic tone as brought tears of laughter to our eyes.

All these, and other events that filled up the measure of those long, warm, summer days, beguiling us with their pleasantness—our lives rippling along the while calmly as the blue waters below—belong now to the Past. But not so the memories that often rise, as mine have done to-day. Retrospect of receding enjoyment becomes dearer as Time speeds onward; the perspective of a painting often holds our gaze more delayingly than the clear central figures; and so—looking back through the dimming haze of a vanished twelvemonth—I linger over that happy time at Crofton, and "our summer boarding."



## DANCING.

### THE COTILLON.

THE *Cotillon* is now very generally introduced at the conclusion of balls given in country-houses, where the preliminary arrangement of the several figures is apt to afford much amusement. At Marlborough House, as well as at other great houses in London, it has during past seasons also often formed a part of the dance programme. In Germany it is most popular, and from the American "German," which is, in truth, merely another name for the same thing, many new figures have crossed the Atlantic to us. In Paris the *Cotillon* has mostly been made the medium for presenting tasteful and often costly presents, but neither bouquets, presents, nor any other expensive adjuncts are imperatively necessary. We shall place at the head of our list of figures those that can be carried out without paraphernalia.

The chief success of the dance depends on the conductors—a gentleman and a lady—who should agree beforehand what figures are to be given, and in what sequence, and also prepare all that may be required for carrying them out. We have seen the several articles made into quite an ornamental trophy on a large ottoman, with the bouquets, favours, and presents (if any) at the base, and flags above.

The musicians will also need previous instructions. They will be required to play all the time, however long the dance, changing the measure or stopping for an instant, as the conductors give the signal by clapping. The figures, however, should not be repeated too often or continued too long, for many a good *Cotillon* is spoilt and made wearisome by being too lengthy. Care should also be taken that all the dances are in their turn brought into the several figures; it is a mistake to confine them to a few.

The waltz has until lately been the dance employed throughout the *Cotillon*. Now the once-more fashionable polka is often used for some of the tours.

The company select their partners, seat themselves round the room, and as the music strikes up all join in a waltz or polka, whichever it may be. When the music stops, they resume their seats, and the leaders proceed with the several figures, the whole party dancing a general round dance between each. In Germany partners are now and then exchanged for a turn or two, and a *mazurka* occasionally takes the place of a waltz or polka.

1. Three ladies and three gentlemen make the tour of the room, each selecting partners until two lines are formed, with one gentleman in excess. When the music stops—the two lines ranged *vis-à-vis* having described a snake-like movement, both going simultaneously to their right or left—those who are opposite dance together, one gentleman being unappropriated.

2. Four gentlemen are brought to the lady seated in the centre of the room. She chooses one, two dance together, and one is left.

3. The gentleman takes two ladies, the lady two gentlemen, and the three dance round together. As the music stops, they each select one of the party, and so dance off.

4. The conductor bids two ladies name a flower each. He then inquires of two gentlemen which of the flowers named they select, and they dance with the lady who named the flower they chose.

5. A lady and gentleman are seated on chairs placed back to back in the centre of the room. The gentleman conducting brings up two other ladies, and the lady does the same with gentlemen, and all dance off, taking for partners those nearest to them.

6. A lady is placed in the centre of the room with a gentleman back to back; another lady is then placed opposite to the gentleman, and so on till some four or five couples form a column, a lady being on the outside. At

the signal of hand-clapping, they turn and dance with their *vis-à-vis*.

7. Three couples waltz, then seek other partners, and then arrange themselves in a pyramid, one in the first row, two in the second, and three in the third. The gentlemen then take hands and form a chain, the conductor leading so that they describe the figure of 8 in and out of the pyramid. At the given signal they dance off in couples with those nearest.

8. The company stand back to back, the ladies in one line, the gentlemen in another, the number even. The gentleman conducting, who is not in either line, chooses one of the ladies, and then all the rest do the same, one gentleman being left without a partner.

9. The couple leading start off, then the lady is left in the centre of the room, and her partner brings up two other gentlemen, and they all form hands and dance round. As the music stops, the lady dances with one, and leaves the rest.

10. Four ladies stand in the several corners of the room. Five gentlemen surround one of them, and dance round her till she selects a partner. The disconsolate four return to their seats, and another five repeat the same till the four ladies take partners.

11. The musicians play a polka. A gentleman rises, dancing the step till he arrives in front of the lady he selects; he bows, and she rises and follows, doing the same step till they both turn at the top of the room, when she is leading, and in the same manner selects another gentleman, the process being repeated till there are eight ladies and nine gentlemen in a row, when the music changes to a waltz, and one gentleman is left without a partner, while the rest dance off.

12. Two circles, the inner with four ladies hand in hand, the outer with five gentlemen hand in hand; they dance round each other until the music stops. The gentlemen's joined hands are then thrust between the ladies nearest to them, and they waltz off in couples, one being left.

13. Four couples dance the chain figure in the Lancers, and as the music stops they waltz with those nearest. Eight ladies leave the room by one door, eight gentlemen by the other. When a bell rings, a gentleman and a lady enter simultaneously and dance together, according as they come in at the same time.

14. *The Looking-Glass*.—A lady chosen by the leader is seated on a chair in the centre, with a looking-glass in her hand. One by one the gentlemen are brought up behind her, so that she sees their reflection in the glass. If she rubs the glass with her handkerchief as they approach, they kneel in a line behind her, until she selects one and waltzes with him. This can be repeated *ad libitum*, the several ladies occupying the chair.

15. *Aunt Sally*.—A life-sized figure, grotesquely dressed, is placed before the lady seated in the centre. The gentlemen try to knock the cigar from the mouth of the figure with glass balls. Whoever does this claims the lady as his partner.

16. *The Heart*.—A lady is chosen to hold up a large cardboard heart at arm's length. The gentlemen are provided with arrows, and he who sends the first arrow in claims her as his partner in proof of victory.

17. *The Hat*.—The leader holds a hat with the inside uppermost; the waltzers endeavour to throw a bouquet therein. Those who succeed in doing this as they waltz in their turn hold the hat for the others.

18. *The Orange*.—The ladies and gentlemen stand in lines opposite to each other. The ladies successively throw an orange, and the gentleman who catches it dances with the thrower.

19. *The Cushion*.—A lady of the party walks round the room with a cushion in her hand, and pretends to offer it to one gentleman after another; they endeavour to kneel on it before she can withdraw it and leave them on the

floor. If no one succeeds in doing this, she places the cushion before the partner she selects.

20. *The Maypole*.—The leader stands in the centre of the room holding a pole, to the top of which long ribbons of different colours are attached—two of each. The ladies make their selection first, the gentlemen make theirs hap-hazard. All dance round, and as the music stops waltz together with the possessors of corresponding streamers.

21. *Apron*.—Two large aprons are provided, rolled up with strings wrapped tightly round them. One is presented to two gentlemen standing by the lady in the centre. Whoever gets one on first dances with her, wearing the apron the while.

22. *Button*.—On the same principle two buttons, pieces of cloth, needles and thread are provided, and whoever first sews on the button is victor, with the usual reward in a *Cotillon*, viz., to dance with the lady.

23. *Wine*.—The lady holds a glass of wine and one of lemonade. The gentlemen are brought up in pairs. She gives the wine to her chosen partner, the lemonade to any other gentleman, but both must empty their glass.

24. *La Fleur*.—Two baskets with similar bouquets are distributed among the ladies and gentlemen. Those having corresponding ones dance together. Bows of ribbon, flags, or animals from a Noah's ark may be substituted.

25. *Fool's-caps and Crown*.—The two fool's-caps are given to the rejected, the crown to the accepted partner, and must be worn during the waltz, the two gentlemen dancing together.

26. *Dice*.—Two huge cardboard dice are thrown by two gentlemen. The highest throw wins the privilege of dancing with the lady.

27. *Ninepins*.—These are set up in the middle of the room. Whoever knocks down most dances with the lady.

28. *Croquet*.—Two croquet hoops are set up; five ladies and six gentlemen try to send the balls through. The balls lying nearest each other decide the partners, one gentleman having none.

29. *The Broom, Lantern, and Umbrella Figure*.—These are placed before the lady, and four gentlemen are brought up. She dances with one, gives the umbrella to another, who holds it over her as she dances; to another she gives a lantern, with which he lights her way; and the third a broom for him to sweep the floor before her.

30. *Bell*.—A gentleman seated in the centre has to ring a large bell till some one comes to dance with him. The louder he rings, the speedier the deliverance, as a rule.

31. *Coach and Horses*.—Two sets of harness must be provided, one made with four the other with five pieces of red braid, small bells attached, a loop at each end. A gentleman selects four ladies for his team, a lady five gentlemen, and these go round the room quickly. When the music stops, the gentlemen secure their partners, one failing.

32. *Screen*.—The ladies hold up their fingers over the top of a large screen. The gentleman who discovers their identity dances with them.

33. *Butterfly*.—A butterfly is attached to a long fishing-rod and line, which is waved in the air by one of the ladies. Four or five gentlemen try to catch it in nets of various coloured gauze fastened to sticks. Those who succeed dance with the lady.

34. *Flies*.—This is of the same class. Coloured flies with diaphanous wings are attached to sticks. A certain number are allotted to the ladies, and the gentlemen endeavour with hooks to dislodge one from the stem to which it is attached, and thereupon dances with the lady who held it. Grotesque figures, hearts, &c., are used sometimes instead of flies.

35. *Tournament*.—A pole has a ribbon attached

through a slit; the gentlemen endeavour with sticks to unthread it. The victor dances with the lady who holds the pole.

36. *Thermometer*.—An expensive French article, which by means of a string registers hot or cold, and thus decides the partners.

37. *Sphinx*.—Also costly; a bust which by mechanical movements shows whether the partner is approved, by nodding or shaking the head.

38. *Snowballs*.—Paper balls thrown by ladies or gentlemen. The person over whom their snowy contents fall is danced with. Bags of sugar-plums attached to sticks are treated in the same way.

39. *French Bracelets*.—Coloured bracelets with bells for the ladies and armlets for the gentlemen, tied on by the would-be partner, who thus announces his or her selection.

40. *Heads or Masks*.—Grotesque heads of birds or animals or silk masks in couples, those having corresponding ones dancing together.

41. *Crackers*.—These are given in pairs and then pulled, the two having similar ones dancing together.

42. *Candles*.—The lady holds a lighted candle, and dances with the gentleman who succeeds in blowing it out first.

43. *Blindman's Buff*.—The gentlemen are blindfolded, and so select partners.

It must be remembered that partners chosen at the commencement of the *Cotillon* are danced with whenever the general round comes, the dancers keeping the same seats throughout. The figures may be diversified in a very large number of ways, and each year new ones are introduced.



## COOKING.

### STORE SAUCES.

A GOOD sauce, which "tastes of everything and tastes of nothing"—that is, all the articles in it are well proportioned, and neither predominates—is so important in restoring the appetite and pleasing the palate, that to insure a supply of sauces in all seasons, and with the least trouble, is worth studying. The number of sauces has, of late years, greatly increased; but in the manufacture of some of them the quality of their ingredients is, we fear, less attended to than the health of the consumers, and hence they are best made at home.

*The Tomato, or Common Love Apple*, is a native of South America; but is much cultivated in the United States of North America, and in France, Germany, and Italy, and latterly in Great Britain. When ripe the fruit has an acid flavour, and is added to soups, sauces, &c. It is also used in confectionery as a preserve, and sometimes as a pickle. As the fruit can only be kept for a short time, it is made into a store sauce, which is much prized, and is, moreover, economical. When tomatoes are in full season, gather them quite ripe, put them in a stone jar, and bake them in a cool oven all night. Rub them through a sieve, and to every quart of pulp add one pint of chili vinegar, and three-quarters of an ounce of shalots, and the same of garlic, peeled and cut in slices, and salt to taste; boil the whole together, and when the shalots and garlic are quite soft, rub it again through a sieve, and boil for about twenty minutes; bottle for storing, and resin the corks. Powdered ginger, or soy, or essence of anchovies, is sometimes added to the above. Instead of chili vinegar, plain vinegar seasoned with cayenne pepper may be used. If stored in a cool, dry place, it may be kept good for years. This is an excellent sauce for pork chops, roast pork, mutton, lamb, or veal cutlets, and calves' feet.

*Mushroom Catchup* is made thus, by Lady Llanover's receipt:—Cut full-grown mushrooms, stems and skins, crosswise; put a layer in an earthen pan, and sprinkle with salt, then another layer of mushrooms and salt; let them stand three hours, then pound them in a mortar, and let them stand two days, stirring them with a wooden spoon twice every day; then put the whole into jars, and to every quart add half an ounce of whole black pepper, and the same of allspice; put the jars into water, which should boil slowly round them two hours and a half; then take out the jars and pour the juice into a clean double saucepan, and let the water boil round it one hour more; pour it into a basin, and next day pour it into bottles, closely cork it, and store it in a cool, dry place. Whole black pepper and allspice should be boiled with it, and the straining can be used for hashes. The substance of the mushrooms left after straining should be pressed between two plates, and dried in a screen before the fire. When it is dry, pound it, and put it into bottles, to be used as catchup. Mushroom catchup is frequently made with stale mushrooms, whereas they should be as freshly gathered as possible, else the best flavour will be gone, and the mushrooms be in a very unwholesome state. If you see any mouldiness on the top of the catchup, or if it get thick and ropy, boil it again with some whole pepper, sliced ginger, and bay-salt; and to every quart add a pint of porter or stout, or old strong beer. Much of the catchup which is sold by grocers and oilmen is a vile compound of the liver and roe of fish, seasoned with pepper, &c. If you wish to insure catchup being good, you must use fresh mushrooms, and make it yourself.

*To Pot Mushrooms*.—Peel a quart of large buttons, dust them with white pepper and a pinch of pounded mace and cloves; put them into a stewpan over a slow fire, add a little butter, and stew them in it till they are tender; then put them into pots, pour the butter over them, and tie over closely with bladder.

*Walnut Catchup*.—Look for walnuts from the middle of July, and mix common salt with the green walnut hulls (as directed for mushroom catchup), and let them stand a week, after crushing them; then pour off the liquor, simmer, and skim it. Put to every two quarts an ounce and a half of whole ginger, the same of whole allspice, an ounce of whole black pepper, and half an ounce of cloves; boil slowly about half an hour, strain, and when cold, bottle, and keep it in a cool, dry place. A much finer walnut catchup than the above is made from the juice of young walnuts, simmered, skimmed, and seasoned as above, with the addition of anchovies, not boned (a quarter of a

pound to a quart), and when quite cold, strain and bottle for use.

Walnut catchup or liquor is the basis of most of the sauces for made dishes and fish, &c., and sold under various fanciful names. The recently-discovered "pine-apple flavouring" is used to advantage in many of these sauces; it is found in the pine-apple, melon, and some other fruits, and, being a novelty, is a desideratum in a sauce.

*Oyster Catchup.*—Boil two dozen of oysters in their liquor till the flavour is drawn from them, strain, and add to the liquor an equal quantity of raisin wine, with a drachm each of mace, whole white pepper, and allspice, and the thin peel of a lemon; simmer twenty minutes, and when cold, bottle with the spices in it. This catchup may likewise be made of the oysters without their liquor, beaten in a mortar, seasoned with salt, cayenne pepper, and mace, and added to an equal quantity of raisin wine; then rub through a sieve and bottle.

*Sauce for Fish or Cold Meat.*—Mix half a pint of chili vinegar, two cloves of garlic (sliced), two tablespoonfuls of mushroom and two of walnut catchup, and a tablespoonful of soy; put it into a quart wine-bottle, let it stand six days, shaking it often, and then fill up with plain vinegar; in ten days strain it into half-pint bottles. This sauce may be varied by adding to it anchovy liquor, or curry powder.

*Essence of Lemon-peel.*—Put into a Wedgwood mortar, with a lump or two of sugar, two drachms of essential oil of lemon, and pour upon it gradually a gill of spirit of wine, stirring it so as to mix the oil and spirit. This may be substituted for the flavour of fresh lemon-peel, and is preferable to "salts of lemon."

*Sauce for Cold Game and Meat.*—One pint of mushroom catchup, one pint of walnut catchup, quarter of a pint of soy, half a pint of French vinegar, five anchovies, three cloves of garlic, six shalots (pounded), half a spoonful of cayenne pepper, ditto of white pepper (ground), three blades of mace, one nutmeg (grated), four bay-leaves, half a lemon (sliced), and a sprig of basil; boil together one hour, strain the liquor, bottle, and cork it tight.

*Essence of Anchovies.*—Beat half a pound of anchovies with the bones into a paste, and put it into a pint of spring water; boil it quickly, till the anchovies are dissolved, when season it with black or cayenne pepper. If raisin wine be substituted for the water, the essence should be much finer. It should be strained through a coarse sieve, and kept closely corked, else it will soon spoil. Essence of anchovies thus made will not be of the bright colour or consistence of that generally sold by oilmen, which is thickened with starch, and coloured with poisonous Venetian red, or bole Armenian; but the essence without any colour is of greatly improved quality and flavour.

*Lemon Pickle.*—Peel very thinly about six lemons, take off the white, and cut the pulp into slices, taking out the seeds. Put the peel and pulp into a jar, sprinkling between them two ounces of bay-salt; cover the jar, and let it stand three days; then boil in a quart of vinegar six cloves, three blades of mace, two or three shalots, and two ounces of bruised mustard-seed; pour it boiling over the lemons in the jar, and when cold tie over. In a month strain and bottle the liquor, and the lemons may be eaten as pickle. The above is a useful sauce, especially for veal cutlets and minced veal.

*Quin's Sauce.*—Mix a gill of walnut catchup with half a pint of water, half a wine-glass of soy, and a gill of port or raisin wine; add six anchovies and bones beaten to a paste, or a gill of essence, six sliced shalots, and a quarter of an ounce of chilies; simmer all slowly together for half an hour, then let the mixture stand for a few days, when it may be strained through a flannel or felt bag, and bottled for use.

*Flavoured Vinegar.*—Put into a wide-mouthed bottle fresh-gathered tarragon leaves, garlic, sliced shalots, or fresh elder-flowers: fill up with vinegar. Infuse for a month, and filter for use. A few drops of garlic or shalot vinegar to a pint of gravy will give one of the finest flavours in cookery.

*French Salad Vinegar.*—Mix one ounce each of tarragon, savory, and shalots, with a few mint and balm tops; put them into a bottle with a quart of vinegar; cork it closely, infuse a month, and filter for use.

*Coratch.*—Put into a pint of vinegar two shalots, and a clove of garlic, sliced; two ounces of chilies, cut; a wine-glassful of soy, and the same of walnut liquor; infuse three weeks in a bottle closely corked, and filter for use. It will be improved by keeping.

*Chili Vinegar.*—Put into a quart of vinegar 120 small red chilies, or peppers, cut in half, and infuse for a fortnight. The bottle may be several times filled up with vinegar before the flavour of the chilies will be entirely extracted.

*To Mix Mustard.*—Dissolve bay-salt in boiling water (poured on horseradish), mix the superfine or No. 18 mustard to a proper thickness, stirring or beating it till quite smooth. Stir it slowly and it will keep well. A teaspoonful of sugar to half a pint of mustard is an improvement. Epicures sometimes mix mustard with sherry or raisin wine; the French use tarragon, shalot, and other flavoured vinegars, and pepper, as do the Germans.

*Curry Powder* brought from India to England is highly prized; but this is a mere delusion. In India the cooks have no curry powder ready made; they pound and mix the various seeds and spices, and mix them as they require them. For use on shipboard, curry powder is made up in India, but is frequently very bad. It can be made just as good or better in England than abroad. In India, there are mild curries, and hot curries; the former contain no cayenne pepper or chilies; the hot curries are warmed, not with cayenne pepper, but with green chives, which are preferable. Curry powder consists of turmeric, black pepper, coriander seeds, cayenne, fenugreek, cardamoms, cumin, ginger, allspice, and cloves; but the three latter are often omitted. The seeds should be ground in a mill, and mixed with the powder, and a pestle and mortar, to prepare curries at the cost of about twopence per ounce. It should be kept in a bottle closely stopped. A spoonful of cocoa-nut kernel, dried and pounded, gives a delicious flavour to a curry of chicken. Rabbit, veal, calf's head, chicken, and mutton cutlet, are dressed with curry powder; but all meats make a good curry. Hare curry is extremely good, as are also fish curries, of prawns, oysters, lobsters, crawfish, sole, cod, whiting, haddock, halibut, and sturgeon. The foundation of all fish curries should be a rich fish gravy, made with the bones and some portions of the flesh—if already dressed the better. To this should be added a few onions fried in butter, and thrown with it into the gravy; add a tablespoonful of curry powder, and a piece of butter rolled in flour. Having fried your fish, place it in a stewpan; let it stew slowly, and, having prepared your rice, either serve the curry in the same or a separate dish.

*Cayenne Pepper* of several sorts is manufactured from the capsicum, a native of the East and West Indies. Some persons prepare their own pepper, with a view to obtain it genuine, from the capsicums grown in England; but the *Capsicum frutescens* (chili), when dried and powdered, affords the finest cayenne pepper. The great difficulty in obtaining it genuine in England will not be matter of surprise, when the reader learns that even cayenne sold in Jamaica is prepared from several sorts of red capsicums, all much inferior in pungency and aromatic flavour to the *Capsicum frutescens*.

*Savory Herb Powder.*—Take dried parsley, savory, sweet marjoram, and thyme, equal quantities, half the

quantity of basil, and a few drops of essence of lemon-peel; dry them in a Dutch oven, pound them, sift them finely, and keep the powder in a closely-stopped bottle. This mixture is useful to flavour soups, sauces, and force-meat; but the flavour of fresh herbs is finer.

*Malay Curry.*—Mr. St. John, the traveller, saw a curry made at Manilla as follows:—A fowl was cut up into small pieces, and four dried and two green onions, five chilies, half a teaspoonful of turmeric, one teaspoonful of coriander-seed, one of white cumin, and one of sweet cumin, were provided. The seeds, turmeric, and chilies were pounded together, and the onions finely sliced; then the stewpan was buttered, and the onions slightly browned in it; next were added the pounded ingredients, with just sufficient water to make them into a paste, and the fowl was thrown in, and well mixed till the meat had a yellow tint. Then was added the cocoa-nut milk, and the whole boiled till properly done. The cocoa-nut milk is made by scraping the inside of an old cocoa-nut very fine, then soaking it in warm water, and the milk being squeezed out, the fibre was thrown away.

### BREAKFAST CAKES—IN RHYME.

#### STUDENT'S RICE CAKES.

Rice cakes for breakfast. Naught like these  
The hungry student to appease!  
Would'st try them? Take then cold boiled rice  
In quantity which shall suffice,  
Break it up well, and, over night,  
Add milk enough to cover quite.  
Thus soaked, now in the morning beat  
Two or three eggs to mix this treat,  
Should you have rice for ten or more,  
The eggs should really number four.  
Add flour enough the rice to bind:  
Only as if for fritters, mind!  
Of soda, half a spoonful add;  
Not more, unless your milk be bad.  
Have lard well heated in your pan;  
Drop in by spoonfuls—if you can—  
The batter in round, shapely cakes;  
For this, you know a difference makes.  
Fry quickly to a brown; and then  
Turn, and more slowly brown again.

#### JOLLY BOYS.

Jolly Boys, all rollicking, for the breakfast table:  
Serve them to your family often as you're able.  
Take two cups of Indian meal: pour on boiling water  
Just enough to scald it well:—let it cool, you oughter.  
Half a cup of sugar add; then one cup of flour,  
Soda—half a spoon will do, since it is not sour.  
One egg, and a little salt. Then how they will sputter,  
Dropped, like doughnuts, into fat;—dripping, lard, or butter!

#### HYPOCRITES.

Half a cup of milk; of soda half a spoon:  
Two eggs beaten well, and added very soon.  
Flour now to make this stiff enough to roll;  
Roll thin; cut in squares: (you cannot use it whole.)  
Fry these "hypocrites" in lard to a nice brown;  
Lay in a deep dish the puffy beauties down.  
To boiling water now—about a pint will do—  
One cup of sugar add: one-third cup butter too.  
A little nutmeg grate, and these together boil:  
Then pour over the cakes; serve hot, lest they should spoil.

—Mrs. E. B. Sanford.

## COOKING.

### STORE SAUCES (*continued*).

*Kitchen Spice* will be found useful for seasoning and soups. Take three-quarters of an ounce each of ground allspice, black pepper, and nutmeg, one ounce and a half of ground ginger, one dozen cloves in powder, and nine ounces of salt. Mix in a mortar, and keep it closely stopped.

*Vinegar* may be economically made at home. In some country districts, persons keep in a place where the temperature is mild and even a *vinegar cask*, into which they pour any spoiled or sour wine, and it is to be always kept filled up by replacing the wine you draw off by new wine. To establish this household manufacture it is only necessary to provide at first a small cask of good vinegar. Raisin vinegar is excellent. Lay in a tub the raisins, stalks, &c., from which wine has been made, and let them heat three or four days; add two gallons of water to every fourteen pounds of raisins; beat the mash, and stir it often during eight-and-forty hours. Then strain and press the raisins, and put the liquor into a barrel, with a little yeast, to work. When the fermentation is over, cover the bung-hole with a piece of tile or slate, and set it in a warm place until the vinegar is perfect. Then set it in a cool place, and if it be not clear, mix with it a solution of isinglass, and after a time the vinegar will be clear and bright, and may be bunged down.

For *Malt Vinegar*, pour on half a bushel of ground malt five gallons of hot water; mash it well, and after the usual time draw off the wort as in brewing: work it with yeast, and in thirty-six hours rack it into a cask, and place a piece of slate over the bung-hole; set it in a sunny place, outdoors, in the summer, or in a warm place, indoors, in winter. The refuse of raisin wine, or a quantity of low-priced raisins, if put into the cask late in the process, will improve the flavour of this vinegar. In large works the vinegar is passed through beds of raisin stalks or marc, which, from their age, give the vinegar a rich, vinous flavour.

*Fruit Vinegar* may be made from the pulp and husks of fruit which has been used for wine. They are infused in hot water; the liquor is then strained, and to every gallon is added a pound of strong coarse sugar and a tablespoonful of yeast; work four or five days, then rack into a cask, and let it stand with a tile on the bung-hole for ten or twelve months, when bung up or bottle.

To *Strengthen Vinegar*, expose it to the cold of a very frosty night; next morning ice will be found on it, which, if thawed, will become pure water. The vinegar being freed from so much water will consequently be more acid than before, and may thus be frozen again and again until it becomes of the desired strength.

To *Prepare Verjuice*.—Press unripe grapes or gooseberries, and strain the juice through a linen cloth; bottle it and expose it uncorked to the sun for six or seven days. The liquor will ferment, and the bottles must be filled up every morning. When the fermentation has ceased, decant the verjuice into other bottles, cork them, and store them for use. Gooseberry verjuice is much used in France; when mixed with sugar, it is coloured and sold as *siròp de groseilles*—syrup of currants.

*Syrup of Currants*.—Take two pounds of red currants nearly ripe, one pound of ripe cherries, and half a pound of raspberries; remove the stones from the cherries; crush the whole together, and when well mixed leave the fruit in a pan for twenty-four hours. Then put the whole into a hair sieve, over which place a well-rinsed napkin, and strain the juice through it without pressure. To each pint of juice put two pounds of loaf sugar, pour it into a preserving-pan, and set it on the fire. After the third or fourth boiling, take the syrup off the fire, skim it, and pour it into a pan or jug, and when cold, put it into

small bottles. The syrup of plain currants is sometimes preferred to the above; or the raspberries are omitted, and the syrup is made with the same quantities of currants, cherries, and sugar as above. A little of the above, poured into water, makes a delicious summer drink.

*Raspberry Vinegar.*—Fill a stone jar with ripe raspberries, cover them with vinegar, and let them infuse a week; then pour them into a sieve, crush the fruit, and strain the juice, to each pound of which add two pounds of loaf sugar coarsely powdered. Put the whole in a stone bottle corked closely, and set it in a stewpan of water over a slow fire. As soon as the sugar is thoroughly dissolved take off the pan, and when the vinegar is almost cold, bottle it.

*Artificial Essences* of pears, pine-apples, and other fruits are now prepared in great variety. In the concentrated form the smell is rather acrid; but when diluted, the resemblance to the fruit is recognised. The best imitations are the pine-apple and jargonelle pear; the greengage, apricot, black currant, and mulberry, when properly mixed, are fairly imitated. They are harmless in the proportions used—a drop and a half to the ounce. The cheap ices are flavoured with these essences, and “pine-apple rum” and “pine-apple ale” is thus flavoured. Oil of grapes and oil of cognac, used to impart the flavour of French cognac to British brandy, are little else than fusel oil; and the artificial oil of bitter almonds is used for flavouring confectionery. It is employed to make the “genuine noyau,” and to give a fine flavour to custards, cakes, &c. The leaves of peach, nectarine, and apricot trees, as well as the kernels of the fruit, give a noyau flavour by infusion in water or spirits, but their use is dangerous. The effects are similar to those of laurel-water, bitter-almond water, essential oil of almonds, which destroy life, from the prussic acid which they contain. If these “flavourings” are kept in the house, they should be locked up and labelled “poison,” for children have been poisoned by drinking them.

## ODDS AND ENDS.

*On the Management of a Watch.*—Always wind up a watch at the same time every day, and be very careful that no dirt is contained in the barrel of the key, and that it is in good order. A watch should be continually in the same position, and when carried in the pocket by day, should always be hung up at night. When you regulate a watch, as you move the regulator towards the parts marked “fast” or “slow,” take care that you do not move it too much at a time; it is better to move it a little every day, until the watch goes right, than to move it too much at once. Also be careful that no dirt is contained in your watch-pocket, otherwise it may gain admission into the inside of the watch and impair its action. It is advisable, when wearing a watch, to keep it in a soft wash-leather bag made for that purpose, by which means the watch is prevented from being scratched or injured by friction against the rough lining of the pocket. When the keyholes for winding and setting a watch are situated at the back of the case, never open the front, since by doing so you may not only admit dirt and moisture, but also may dislodge the glass, and perhaps break it. If your watch is a chronometer, or has a duplex movement, when setting it to the correct time, always remember to move the hands forwards, and never backwards. Although this is not of so much importance in watches of other construction, yet it is advisable to do it in all cases. Lastly, care should be taken to keep a watch always as nearly as possible at the same temperature, otherwise it will never keep correct time.

*Incombustible Dresses.*—Ladies' dresses, even of the lightest and most inflammable nature, may be rendered

almost completely fire-proof by being dipped in a solution of the chloride of zinc. When they are thus treated, it will be found to be impossible to make them blaze by contact with flame.

*Why Bog Oak is Black.*—Bog oak, of which ornaments and articles of vertu are sometimes made, derives its black colour from a small quantity of iron contained in the water of the bog in which it has been immersed, acting on the gallic and tannic acids contained in the wood, the combination of the two producing a black dye of a similar nature to ink.

*To Revive Old Writing.*—Boil a few gall nuts in white wine, then with a sponge, dipped in the liquid, wipe gently over the lines of the old writing, and all the letters will again appear distinctly visible. This preparation should not be used for documents the originals of which it is necessary to preserve, as it has a tendency to destroy the paper; but it will be found very useful for writings that it is requisite to copy.

*To Prevent Fishing-lines Rotting.*—Never wind your lines on your reel wet; but, when you get home, wrap them round the back of a chair, and let them be thoroughly dried, otherwise they will soon rot, and cannot be depended on. With this care they will last a considerable time. To preserve fishing-rods, oil them in summer with linseed oil, drying them in the sun, and taking care the parts lie flat; they should be often turned to prevent them warping. This will render them tough, and prevent their being worm-eaten; in time they will acquire a beautiful brown colour. Should they get wet, which swells the wood, and makes it fast in the sockets, turn the part round over the flame of a candle a short time, and it will be easily set at liberty.

*Sympathetic Inks for Post Cards.*—If a weak solution of sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol) is used in writing, it will be invisible when dry, and will remain so until the card is held before the fire, when the letters will become of a brownish black, and may be easily read. The cause of this is, that dilute sulphuric acid has no action on paper; but when exposed to heat, some of the water it contains being driven off, the acid, becoming more concentrated, at once chars the paper, and renders the writing visible. Another way is to write with a colourless solution of sulphate of iron (green copperas), or sulphate of copper (blue copperas). When dry, this writing will also be invisible, but will at once appear when dipped in a solution of the ferrocyanide of potassium (prussiate of potash). In the case of the iron the writing will assume a blue appearance, and in that of the copper a brown. Another method consists in writing with a colourless solution of the nitrate of lead; when dry, nothing can be seen on the card, but if it is exposed to the vapour from a little hydrosulphurate of ammonia, the lines traced at once turn a deep black, from the formation of the sulphuret of lead.



## BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

BY W. S. HARWOOD.

“YE auld scamp! an’ wad ye be killin’ the wee one?”

The big lake steamer was plowing her way through the blue waters of old Superior, and it was the captain who was speaking out so angrily.

I was standing on the upper deck near the wheel-house when I heard him cry out, an unusual thing for this taciturn Scotch captain. I had been on other voyages with him, and had seen him in fierce storms and under annoying circumstances of various kinds, but I had never seen him so aroused before.

And the ire of the good captain, strange as it may seem, was all due to his tenderness. A wide-winged brown hawk had swooped down to the deck and was trying to kill a tiny bird which had come on board for safety. The captain drove off the hungry hawk, and gave the little wanderer protection.

We were not more than a dozen miles from shore, and a flock of these tiny birds had been following the boat for an hour. They had taken up their position alongside the extreme bow of the steamer, where the spray sometimes dashed over them, for the wind was high. They seemed tireless as with graceful, rhythmic leaps and bounds they kept pace with the swift boat. Still, now and then some poor little fellow, too tired to fly farther and unwilling to alight on board, would drop suddenly and be engulfed in the icy waters. If we had been going south instead of north, the whole flock would have been seen perched on the rigging or hiding away in secluded places about the decks. It was late in the season, and we were headed northward, and the birds knew it. It was time for them to be on their way to the warm South, and they knew we were going away from that sunny region. Had the captain turned our boat’s prow about and headed the steamer for the South, it would not have taken them long

to have discovered the change in course. They knew it was high time for them to be sailing southward, and yet they were too far from land for them to venture to leave the companionship of the boat, and the South they longed for was too far away across the great lake for them to make the passage a-wing.

It is quite wonderful what instinct — or possibly we ought to call it sagacity — these little birds show in cases of this kind.

One day from the deck of the same steamer a gentleman shot eleven of these fierce brown hawks. They were attracted to the boat by the flocks of tiny birds following the steamer.

Many odd bird incidents happen on the Great Lakes. Some of the land-birds have great endurance, even if tiny in size; but when the boat to which they have come for a friendly visit steams out into the broad lake, scores of miles from shore, the birds often become tired out with long flying, and then they will settle themselves down in out-of-the-way nooks and wait for the steamer to come again within flying distance of land.

The birds then become very tame. They will alight on the deck, run and hop along in and out among the steamer-chairs, perch on the gay canvas canopy above the heads of the passengers, and pass so close to you that you would think they had been accustomed to people all their lives long. If you wish, you may approach to within a foot or two of the bright-eyed little fellows. They will eye you sharply or shyly, as the mood seems to come over them. There is a great fascination in approaching so close to birds wild from the great pine forests of the wooded shores. They are like wild animals, who, in the presence of great danger, are not afraid of man, but are the rather calmed by his presence.

I have several times seen a bird alight on the open book in the hands of a lady reading on

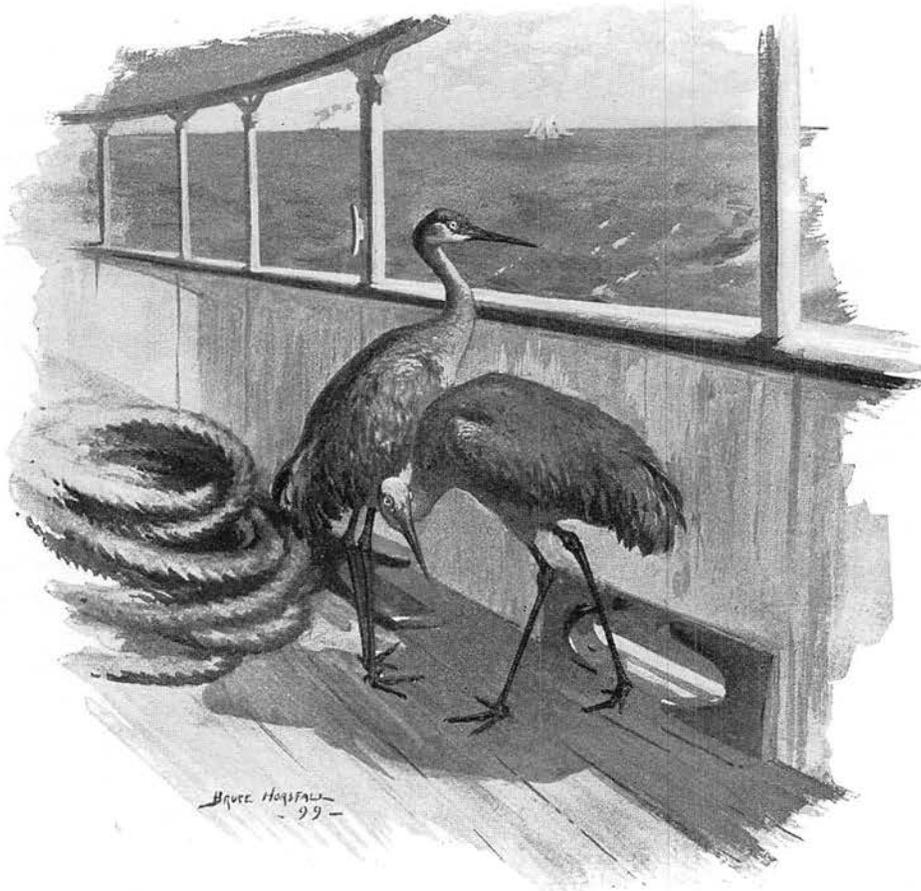
the deck, and you need not be surprised if one of them puts his tiny feet lightly down upon your shoulder when you are sitting quietly in some sheltered place.

A dainty little fellow dressed in brown and green flew directly into the captain's arms one

tain came back to the boat after an hour or so on land, he found his little pet overcome by the heat of the cabin, and all his tender care did not bring it back to life. The captain is a bluff man, not given to many words, and the last man in the world to show any unnecessary

sentiment, but his voice was soft and low as he told me how sorry he was when the "wee thing" could breathe no more.

One day this same captain saw two long-legged cranes away aft on the lower deck, near the capstan, trying to hide themselves under a ledge near the rail. Birds of many kinds are passengers on the lake boats, but this was the first time he had ever seen such distinguished travelers from the feathery realm as these two giant cranes. So he thought he would capture both of them alive, since they seemed so tame. They made no attempt to fly away as he approached them, but looked hopelessly at him.



"TWO GIANT CRANES, DISTINGUISHED TRAVELERS FROM THE FEATHERY REALM."

day, and he caught it in his hand. He took it into his cabin, and it became very tame. It would eat little crumbs of bread and dead flies from the captain's hand, and no long-caged canary with a line of ancestors bred to captivity would have sat any more contentedly on his shoulder.

When the captain reached port, after a two-days sailing, he left the bird in his cabin, with the curtains drawn for safe-keeping. He feared, if he left it on the deck, seeing land, it would escape, and that would have pained him, for he had become deeply attached to the defenseless thing.

It had been very cold on the lakes, even though it was midsummer, but when port was reached it was excessively hot. When the cap-

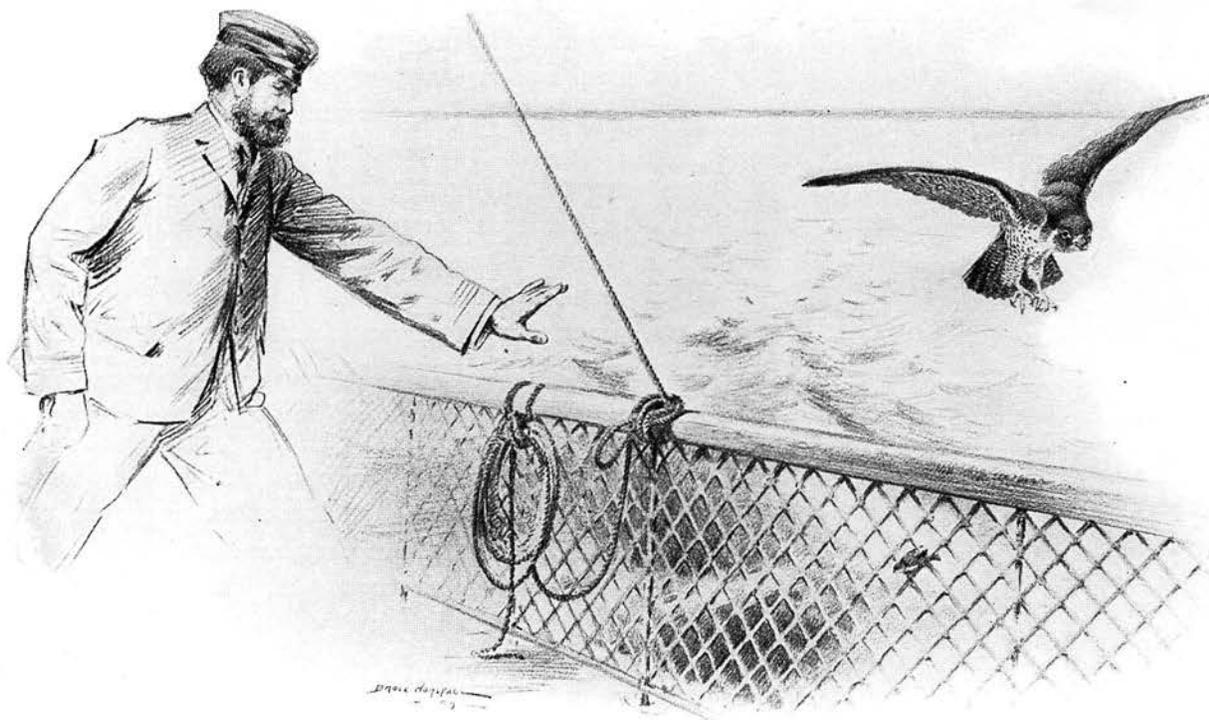
Spreading out his arms for fear they might take a notion, after all, to try and escape, he was closing slowly in upon them, when suddenly he gave a spring forward. Just as he did so the boat, as sometimes is its wont, gave an ugly lurch, and the captain slipped. He is a heavy man, and as he fell upon the deck in a most undignified heap for the captain of a big steamer, by accident he landed full on one of the cranes, crushing it. He captured the other one alive, however.

The cabin-boys and the waiters in the dining-rooms take great delight in the company of the birds. One day one of the boys on the boat on which I was traveling found a brownish, black-eyed bird on the hurricane-deck, and

offered it a crumb. Shyly the bird crept up toward the boy and picked the crumb from the deck. More crumbs followed, and then a dead fly. That fly completely won the bird's affection, and you never saw two more devoted friends than the boy and the bird all the rest of the voyage. As soon as the bird had a taste of the fly it followed the boy down into the cabin, where he caught and fed other flies to the bird until it had dined to satiety. All the bird's timidity and fear vanished, and from that hour they were fast friends.

Terrible storms of hail sometimes come up quite unexpectedly on the Great Lakes, especially on Lake Superior, the coldest of all the noble chain. When these hail-storms are raging it is as much as one's life is worth to be out on the deck unprotected. In such storms as these the snowy-winged gulls that follow the ships so tirelessly mile upon mile are struck down by the hundred and fall into the water to die.

By the far north shore of this lake there is a green island which the Indians long ago named Spirit Island. You may see it easily from the steamer any clear summer day. Thousands upon thousands of gulls make their home upon this island. At some seasons of the year there are so many of them that they fairly make paths in the grasses down near the edge of the lake. The Indians, though they should know better because of their wonderful woodcraft and their knowledge of the habits of birds and animals, have believed for hundreds of years, so their traditions tell, that these paths are formed by the spirits of the dead, and they will never, under any circumstances, visit this island. The tradition has become a truth to them, and even the present-day Indians who live in the region will never disembark on this mysterious shore, but will reverently and awesomely guide their canoes away from the pine-clad place and leave it to the "spirits" and to the beautiful white gulls.



"THE CAPTAIN DROVE OFF THE HUNGRY HAWK, AND GAVE THE LITTLE WANDERER PROTECTION."



ELECTRIC LAUNCHES.

## LOCOMOTION AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

BY MARY TITCOMB.

SHE looked hot and uncomfortable, jolting up and down, and yet we could not help watching her as she was borne aloft in the gay-colored sedan chair from the Art Building toward the Midway Plaisance. One would suppose, looking at it abstractedly, that the sedan was a remarkably easy conveyance; but even a passing glance at this particular one was convincing to the contrary. The lady sat bolt upright, grasping with a sort of convulsive clasp the sides of the sedan, the Turkish bearers marching along unconcernedly, their heavy, uneven steps communicating a hard, varying motion to the springless vehicle. To an observer it was evident that she had experienced quite enough of this style of riding, and was anxiously waiting to reach her destination, but that just at present all she could do was to "hold on" to the end.



VENETIAN GONDOLAS ON THE LAGOON.

We fancy there have been few improvements in the sedan chair since, in the time of Charles I., it was introduced into England from France. The specimens which traverse the Fair grounds from time to time look like the identical old pictures which, to our childish mind, used to give impressions of luxurious traveling. And, indeed, it was luxurious for those early days. A fine sight it must have been two hundred and fifty years ago, when a line of decorated sedans, filled with elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen, attended by torchbearers, passed through the streets of London or Paris to some grand entertainment. The sedan of China and India, called the palanquin, has not yet appeared at the Fair, but who knows if it may not be seen before the season is over?

One day when in the Midway Plaisance a shout of applause turned every eye toward the central street. Rushing with full speed through the crowded thoroughfare were four jet-black sons of Africa, evidently citizens of the Dahomey Village, grasping the ends of a long, narrow litter—no name seems applicable—upon whose minute centre clung a man clasping the pole with arms and legs, as if for dear life. Peals of laughter greeted this comic carriage; even the rider himself was “on the broad grin,” to use a slang phrase, though he evidently expected any instant to be spilled upon the ground by his wild team.

“The Midway” manipulates an “Ice Railway,” even though it be midsummer, giving to those fond of winter sports a genuine sleigh ride. The sleighs, or toboggans, each of which will hold about sixteen people, are automatically elevated to a height of about thirty feet, and then the ride begins over a long inclined plane. The track is covered with real snow and ice, artificially made, and the crisp atmosphere is delusively natural. Enthusiasm was somewhat dampened on the “opening day” of the Ice Railway by an accident which caused the death of one or two persons, but since then the sleighs have been in safe and successful operation.

Once within the gorgeous “Street in Cairo”—the most popular of all the shows in the Midway Plaisance—you can make a choice of modes of transportation. If you are constitutionally shy, and would be unhappy if the centre of attraction in a crowd or if a jolly laugh were raised at your expense, you had better trust to your own feet; they will take you, if you are not heedless, safely through the motley throng of men, women and children of divers nationalities who are mingled confusedly in the Street with donkeys and camels. But if you want a new sensation, or are ambitious to be the hero or heroine of a little Eastern scene, and are willing to sacrifice yourself to

make a bit of fun for your fellow creatures, select your donkey or camel for a ride.

Some of the donkeys are beautiful, and their soft, clean gray skin and gentle demeanor, as they stand in patient waiting, attract you. Nevertheless, they have a will and a way, when mounted, though well controlled by their drivers. Nearly every child who visits the Street in Cairo is eager to ride one of these meek-looking donkeys; and it is a pretty sight to see the little folks—some sitting erect and bravely holding the bridle; others, terrified, clinging half to the donkey and half to the guide, but all more or less fascinated by the strange ride and stranger surroundings.

But for a really unique ride take the camel—it may be relied on to give you a novel sensation. Make your choice: there are half a dozen of them on blankets, in their characteristic recumbent position, awaiting passengers. What a picture of patient endurance they present! The Arab driver fastens upon you as you hesitate—courteous, yet insistent—and before you are aware you have yielded to his persuasive words and gestures. “Only twenty-five cents,” he mutters, in broken English, adding, after you are ready to mount—“and five cents to the driver!” Have a care if this is your first experience. Clutch the saddle pommel tightly, or you will pitch over the creature’s ears, or slip down upon his tail, for he does not raise his cumbersome body all at once, but “half and half.” Now, sit up straight, if you can; and don’t wobble up and down in that awkward manner—if you can help it. It is quite true that each long, wiggly step of the tall beast nearly upsets your equilibrium—but *try* to keep your seat *gracefully*! What is everybody in Cairo Street laughing at? Yes, they are laughing at you, and at all the other camel riders, a line of them being now in your rear. But it is a very good-natured kind of laughing—and, really, they cannot possibly help it. If you think otherwise, come to-morrow, as a looker-on, and see how it is yourself!

Aspiring visitors to the Columbian Exposition who have courage and cash enough go up in the “Captive Balloon”; but the majority seem to lack the needful amount of one or the other of these requisites. The sensations experienced are not describable—by one who has not ascended. But the balloon, made in frame, of pongee silk, is 60 feet in diameter, and 90 feet high when attached to the basket. It will hold fifteen or twenty passengers, and on a successful trip will take them to a height of 1,200 feet. This aerial voyage must be delightful—for those who like it.

The most prominent object on the Fair

grounds, as seen from a distance, is the huge Ferris Wheel. This enormous and most curious piece of mechanism is 250 feet in diameter; and as it is located about 15 feet above the ground, its topmost point is 265 feet above *terra firma*. Scientific description might be bewildering; but the structure consists, in general, of a wheel within a wheel, held together by an elaborate and complicated series of bands, belts, beams and rods, making the whole affair look, in the distance, somewhat as if linked by innumerable convolutions of spider webs.

This huge wheel carries 36 pendulum cars, hung at equal distances on its periphery. Each car is 27 feet long, 13 wide and 9 high, and has 40 revolving chairs screwed to the floor; so that 1,440 persons may at the same time be gently hoisted 250 feet into the air, obtaining *en route* a magnificent view of Jackson Park and all its wondrous architecture. The cars have iron frames, covered with wood, and each has ten windows. Every precaution against accident has been taken: each car has its conductor; the wheel is controlled by a steam engine and is supplied with brakes. Six stops are made in each revolution; and there are six platforms of varying height, by which passengers enter and leave the cars, everything being systematically arranged. About twenty minutes are occupied in one revolution of the wheel, whose motion is scarcely felt. It is confidently asserted that nothing—neither cyclones nor thunderstorms, nor cold, nor heat—can disturb the equilibrium of this gigantic circle; so that every passenger is expected to start on his trip fearlessly, and get all the fun possible—for “only 50 cents”! On June 21st, at the “opening” of the Ferris Wheel, 500 guests were present, all of whom were given a ride in honor of the occasion.

We have been in the Art Building the entire morning, till head and eyes are weary of pictures. The Agricultural Building would afford a restful change, but the hot sun and our tired feet make the distance seem formidable. A short walk brings us to a station of the Intramural Railway, a happy device for almost annihilating distances and affording a delightful ride and a fine view of the Fair grounds. How smoothly the comfortable cars run on the curved track! The train comprises a motor car and three others—all, however, carrying passengers and looking alike. The application of electricity to this railway is in many details novel and of special interest. The current is conveyed to the cars by a third rail laid alongside the track, and the return current completed through the car wheels and track rails. In the southeast corner

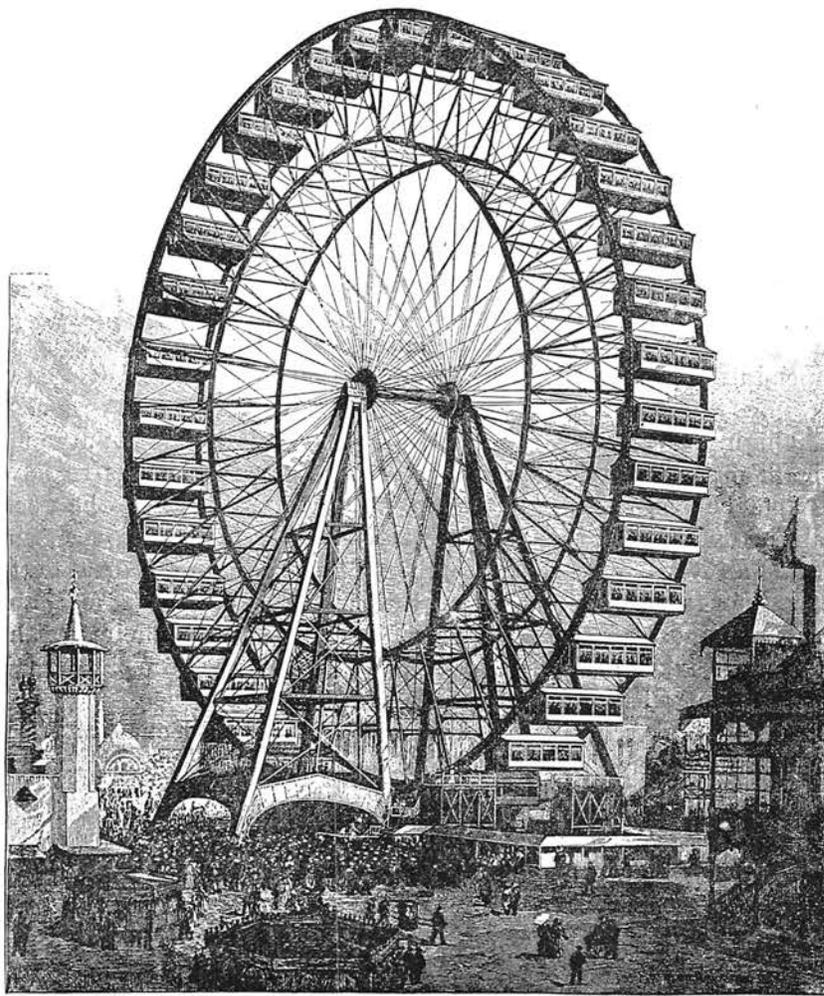
of the Fair grounds is the power plant of the railway, where enormous machines are in operation. Here is said to be the biggest dynamo in existence, a monster generator of electricity, whose power is immense.

The most charming of all modes of locomotion which Jackson Park affords visitors is by gondola or electric launch around the Lagoon. The gondolier *seems* a genuine Venetian, though he is by no means sure to be so, and his gondola is patterned after those that tread the Grand Canal. The electric launch is swift and commodious. On either you glide smoothly over the Lagoon, a scene of enchanting beauty revealed at every turn. In no other way is the architectural beauty of the buildings and romantic surroundings so advantageously seen. The terraced banks, the wooded island, the picturesque bridges, the rich grass and blossoming flowers, the waterfowl dotting the Lagoon, the sparkling fountains, and, above all, the palatial structures, with their wealth of sculptured ornamentation, make the picture fairyland indeed.

As an easy means of going about the World's Fair nothing can exceed the rolling chair, when guided by an attentive, careful “student.” We have been walking for hours through the mazes of the Manufacturers' Building, and are utterly “tired out.” In vain we look around for a cool, comfortable seat near by; everything is occupied. In vain we try to think of some attractive lunching place; previous experience assures us that there is not the ghost of a chance, at this noon hour, of finding any restful spot vacant. The good comrade at our side suggests a rolling chair, and forthwith two are engaged, and the pair of us are speedily gliding toward the Transportation Building. Yes, the “pushers” are good-looking, courteous “students”—attentive, but not officious; communicative, but not loquacious. They know every inch of the grounds, and, while careful to follow directions, are equally ready, if desired, to use their good judgment in showing the most attractive and important exhibits in any department.

The Transportation Building is an immense structure of whose contents we have previously taken a preliminary survey on foot; but a new sense of the variety and grandeur of the display comes over us as we are slowly rolled along, without a jar, from one section to another, discovering ever-fresh marvels of locomotion, and gaining a more comprehensive idea of the building and its exhibits as we move on, without care of ourselves in the going, but absorbed in seeing, and all the while consciously resting.

“Anything you wish to examine specially?”



THE GREAT FERRIS WHEEL.

(From the picture in the *Scientific American*.)

inquires our attendant. But we perceive that he is well "posted" about the exhibits, and leave the choice of route to him.

What a bewildering collection of carts, cabs, coaches, carriages and vehicles of unknown names of every country and of every period! of every style and size, from the Laplander's sledge to the elegant state carriages in which royalty rolls luxuriously over European streets! Here are old-time coaches that in days long gone by carried the kings and queens of England and France, as well as the very latest style of equipage in which the fashionable world of to-day indulge: the dainty miniature phaeton, the great lumbering English mail coach, and that quaint old vehicle which a hundred years ago sedately took the few letters our grandfathers wrote, and occasionally our grandfathers themselves, from place to place. Every one of all these vehicles is "spick and span" clean, each particle of dust being instantly polished off by the special attendant. But we go on; although there seems no limit to the number

of carriages, we remember there is a limit to our time.

What fine models of great ocean steamers are displayed! And with what affectionate recollections do we examine the details of the good ship *Gallia*—comparatively small though it be—that a few years ago took us safely across the ocean and back again! It matters little of what line or name she be, the ship which carries you safely through a perilous voyage you ever hold in tender remembrance, as if she were a living thing. This old, worn, battered boat, also, seems almost sacred, as we recall the brave heart and firm hand of Grace Darling who rowed it through stormy seas to save the perishing.

An exquisite model of the great British man-of-war *Victoria*, on a raised platform, attracts all visitors. With what intenser interest would everyone have gazed upon it that day, had some prophet revealed the ship's untimely fate, and foretold that three days thereafter

the model would be draped with mourning tokens in sad memory of the brave officers and men who were suddenly plunged with the *Victoria* to an ocean grave! But none dreamed, as they saw in the model the strength and power of the great battle ship, that a momentary collision could send her to instant destruction, in a calm sea, and beneath bright skies.

The models of the caravels, bearing the national colors of Spain, remind us anew that these queer vessels furnished the means of transport to the New World. Contrasting so curiously with our modern ships, how can we cease to wonder that they crossed the ocean safely four hundred years ago?

Passing along through Transportation Hall, we see the huge elevators carrying visitors to the cupola, from which a fine view is obtained. And now we reach the beginning of that vast array of palatial accessories of modern railway travel—cars and carriages of extraordinary elegance. Description is wholly inadequate, as one must make

personal examination to obtain any clear idea of the richness of finish and the exquisite furnishing of these luxurious conveyances—the imperial Russian and royal English carriages, the elaborate French and German, and the Pullman car, unsurpassed in dainty details and in the substantial yet exquisite elegance of construction and furnishing. Our guide is evidently an enthusiast in regard to locomotives, as well he might be in the presence of the monsters that stand in majestic silence here, as if conscious of their latent power. He points out the difference in design between the English, the German and the American locomotives, and stands fascinated before one which hails from the London and Northwestern Railway. “Some ladies don’t care about locomotives,” he remarked, as at length he rolled the chair gently on. “And some,” he continued, “seem to care little about anything. A lady asked me, yesterday, after going about a short while, if there was anything more to be seen that was interesting! Would you like to go into the galleries? There are smaller exhibits there, and harnesses, whips, etc. There is one whip worth \$1,000. It has diamonds in the handle.”



ON WHEELS.

But the time was drawing near for parting with our kind-hearted guide, which we did with sincere regret, feeling fully satisfied with our first experience in the rolling chair.

Standing outside the Transportation Building, in sight of the thronging multitudes, we are reminded how dependent these vast crowds are upon the means afforded for rapid transit to and from the grounds; and fancy pictures what a

dearth of visitors there would have been at this Columbian Fair of 1893 if, by some curious anomaly, Invention, pushing ahead in all other lines, had stood still for the last century or so in regard to transportation, and everybody had been obliged to come to the Fair on foot, or horseback, or in the old-fashioned stagecoach! Not to mention the steamers that cross the ocean, nor the flying railways that thread the country at large, bringing their thousands to Chicago, how do we, who chance to be located, not near Jackson Park, but in North Chicago, about nine miles distant, reach the Fair? By cable cars, if we have plenty of time; by the elevated railway, if we are not impatient; or by taking the cable cars to the nearest point to the steamboat pier, and the station of the Illinois Central Railway, where we may choose either the land or the water route. Every two or three minutes a train leaves the Illinois Central Station; and in



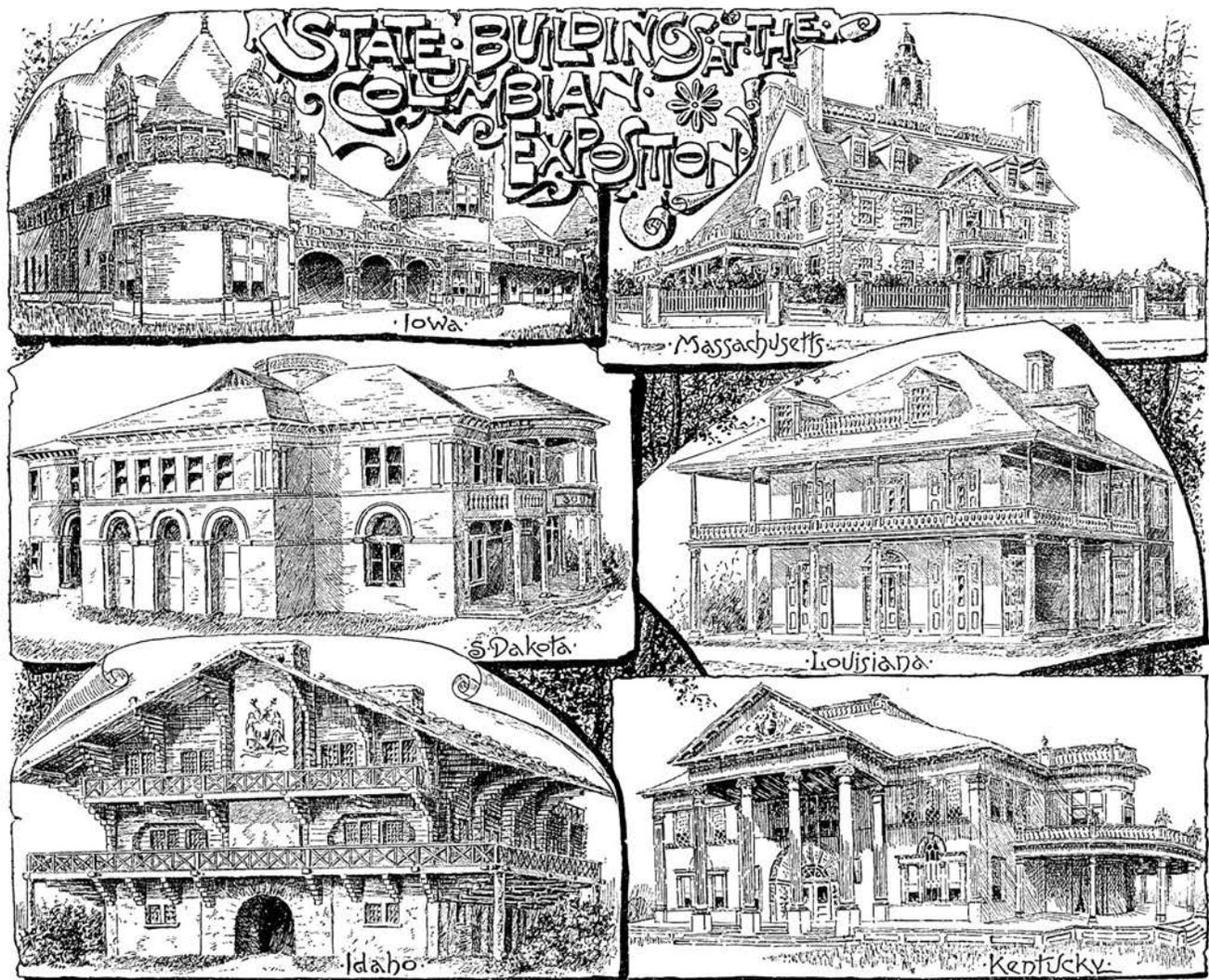
THE SEDAN CHAIR.

the very plain but sufficiently comfortable cars we reach the Fair in about twenty minutes. Or we may take the big Whaleback. A charming sail of three-quarters of an hour gives a grand view of the Exposition buildings and the entire grounds, and lands us at the most beautiful and appropriate entrance.

As we step upon the pier we look in vain for the moving sidewalk, which we had heard would take us up to the Peristyle; but we are not sorry to linger on the pier, that we may take in more fully the extreme beauty of the scene. Those who always enter Jackson Park from the west side lose a most picturesque view, which can only be seen when approaching from Lake Michigan.

Have we touched upon all the methods of locomotion to and from and within the Exposition grounds? By no means. Even now, still lingering near the Transportation Building, we hear the

sharp jangling of a bell and the sound of rushing wheels, and the crowd moves quickly aside as a fire engine dashes by; and it is on record that if one is taken ill, or meets with an accident, at the Fair, an ambulance reaches him before he knows anything is the matter! But these exigency arrangements we have had no personal need to examine. Once only we wanted an exigency conveyance. We had lingered at the Fair until a late hour, beguiled by the beauty of the illuminations into forgetfulness of time. The crowds surged and swayed on the railway platforms. Train after train left, packed to overflowing, yet we seemed to get not one inch nearer the cars themselves. Finally, by an involuntary but irresistible movement, we found ourselves borne into a car, where, immovably packed, we remained to the end of the route. Never afterward were we tempted to late hours on the Exposition grounds.



Demorest, 1893

## THE BOOKWORM : ONE OF THE TEETH OF TIME.

BY VICTOR SPEER.

WHETHER it is due to the undesirability of the contents of American libraries considered from a gastronomical standpoint, or whether it is on account of the comparative youthfulness of the majority of our books, the fact is patent that the bookworm is almost an unknown complement of the American bibliophile's family. So far as I have been able accurately to ascertain, there have been only two of these insect enemies of books found in this country. There have undoubtedly been others, but no discovered records of their existence have been left to us.

It was a year ago on July 30th last that Mr. W. E. Benjamin chanced to open a worn, leather-bound copy of Seneca, published in London in 1675 and owned by John Carey in 1782. He ran over the leaves until he reached page 46. In the lower right-hand corner of the page a small, white worm lay buried in a hole it had eaten in the pages. The worm was motionless. Protruding over the edge of the leaves and attached to the tail of the worm was a conical cocoon. Mr. Benjamin laid the book carefully away, and two days later invited a number of bibliophiles to view it. I was one of those who watched the book lovers as they stood, with craned necks and heads stretched forward, watching the motionless worm. As they watched it one of their number quoted Doraston's verses :

“ There is a sort of busy worm  
That will the fairest books deform.  
By gnawing holes throughout them.  
Alike through every leaf they go,  
Yet of its merits naught they know,  
Nor care they aught about them.

“ Their tasteless tooth will tear and taint  
The poet, patriot, sage or saint,  
Not sparing wit or learning.  
Now, if you'd know the reason why,  
The best of reasons I'll supply :  
'Tis bread to the poor vermin.

“ Of pepper, snuff or 'bacco smoke,  
And Russian calf, they make a joke.  
Yet, why should sons of science  
These puny, rankling reptiles dread ?  
'Tis but to let their books be read,  
And bid the worms defiance.”

As the speaker finished another bibliophile announced : “ It's an *Aglossa pinguinalis*.”

In other words, it was a bookworm. He and his companion, which began at the end of Seneca to eat forward, while the other began at the front

and worked toward the end, were the first of their kind known to have visited us. The worm eating in the front of the book was about three-eighths of an inch long and one-eighth of an inch in diameter. Its head ended bluntly, while its tail tapered to a sharp point. It was the color of water mixed with oatmeal. It lay motionless until, through the carelessness of an on-looker, the cocoon was torn from the paper. The worm then raised itself suddenly, but almost instantly resumed its former position, buried in the pages.

The cocoon, when examined under a microscope, appeared to have six legs or leg cases, and a white median line, barely perceptible, on its under side. At the end from which the worm had emerged were two fine horns thinner than silk thread. There were five rings around the tail. The structure of the shell was so thin that one could easily see through it. No shell was found with the worm in the back of the book.

The two bookworms lived for three days, when edacious death interfered with the consumption of the Seneca. The surviving bookworm died two days later.

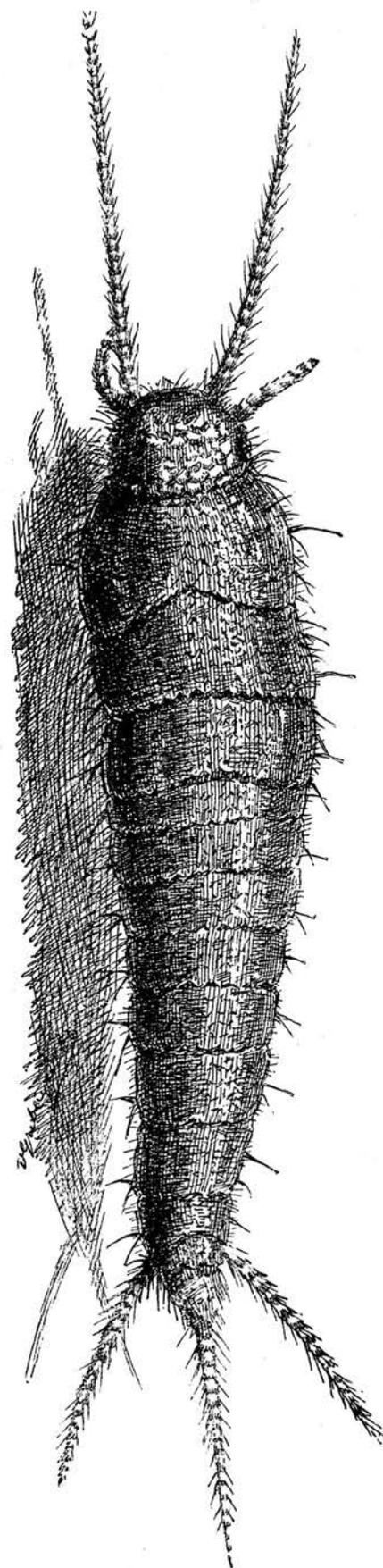
Concerning the destructive power of the bookworm, William Blades, an English writer, in a book written some eleven years ago, says : “ A most destructive enemy of books has been the bookworm. I say ‘ has been ’ because, fortunately, his ravages in all civilized countries have been greatly restricted during the last fifty years. This is due partly to the increased reverence for antiquity which has been universally developed—more still to the feeling of cupidity which has caused all owners to take care of volumes which year by year have become more valuable, and to some considerable extent to the falling off in the production of edible books.”

Through the Dark Ages the monks, who were the chief makers as well as custodians of books, had no fear of the bookworm ; for, singular though it may be, he loves not parchment, and at that time there was no paper. There is no record as to whether at a still earlier period the bookworm attacked the papyrus or paper of the Egyptians. It is probable that he did, as papyrus was a purely vegetable substance. And if he did, as Mr. Blades suggests, the worms of to-day, including those which fed in this city on the copy of Seneca, are the lineal descendants of ravenous ancestors who plagued the sacred priests of On in the time of Joseph's Pharaoh by de-

stroying their title deeds and their books of science. All writers on this subject agree that before the invention of typography rare and precious manuscripts were well preserved. But with the invention of the printing press paper books were multiplied, libraries increased, readers were many, and familiarity bred contempt. Books were stowed away in musty corners and out-of-the-way places, and left neglected. The result was that the bookworms became the tenants of the library.

Between the writer and the worm there has been a bitter rivalry for centuries. Anathemas have been hurled against this pest in nearly every European language, old and new.

The bookworm offers us, according to his biographers, many varieties of size and shape. Sylvester, in his "Laws of Verse," describes him as "a microscopic creature, wriggling on the learned page, which, when discovered, stiffens out into the resemblance of a streak of dirt." So far as I have been able to learn, the earliest notice of the bookworm is in "Micrographia, by R. Hooke," published in London in 1665. This work, which was printed at the expense of the Royal Society of London, is an account of innumerable things examined by the author under the microscope, and is most interesting, as one writer says, "for the frequent accuracy of the author's observations, and most amusing for his equally frequent blunders." In his account of the bookworm Mr. Hooke calls it "a small white silver-shining worm or moth, which he found much conversant among books and papers, and supposed to be that which corrodes and eats holes through the leaves and covers. Its head appears big and blunt," he says, "and its body tapers from it toward the tail, smaller and smaller, being shaped almost like a carrot. It has two long horns before, which are straight and tapering toward the top, curiously ringed or knobbed, and bristled much like the marsh weed called horse's tail. The hinder part is terminated with three tails, in every particular resembling the two longer horns that grow out of the head. The legs are scaled and haired. This animal probably feeds upon the papers and covers of books and perforates them in small round holes, finding, perhaps, a convenient nourishment in those husks of hemp and flax which have passed through so many scourings, washings, dressings and dryings as the parts of old paper necessarily have suffered. And indeed, when I consider what a heap of sawdust or chips this little creature (which is one of the teeth of Time) conveys into its entrails, I cannot choose but remember and admire the excellent contrivance of nature in placing in animals such a fire



THE BOOKWORM (*AGLOSSA PINGUINALIS*),  
MAGNIFIED.



as is continually nourished and supplied by the materials conveyed into the stomach and fomented by the bellows of the lungs."

The picture here is a copy of Mr. Hooke's idea of the bookworm as he conceived him. More modern writers suggest that Mr. Hooke drew somewhat upon his imagination, having apparently evolved both engraving and description from his inner consciousness.

Kirby, in speaking of the worm, says: "The larva of *Crambus pinguinalis* spins a robe which it covers with its own excrement, and does no little injury." Again: "I have often observed the caterpillar of a little moth that takes its station in damp old books and there commits great ravages; and many a black-letter rarity, which in these days of bibliomania would have been valued as its weight in gold, has been snatched by these devastators."

Harnett, in his work on bookbinding, gives *Aglossa pinguinalis* as the real name of the bookworm, and Mrs. Gatty, in her "Parables," christens it *Hypothenemus eruditus*. The Rev. F. T. Havergal, who many years ago had much trouble with bookworms in the Cathedral Library of Hereford, England, wrote that the worms were a kind of deathwatch with "a hard outer skin, and are dark brown," another sort "having white bodies with brown spots on their heads." Mr. Holme, in "Notes and Queries" for 1870, states that the *Anobium paniceum* has done considerable injury to the Arabic manuscripts brought from Cairo by Burckhardt, and now in the University Library, Cambridge. Other writers say *Acarus eruditus* or *Anobium pertinax* are the correct scientific names.

Mr. William Blades, in his work "Enemies of Books," says: "Personally I have come across only three specimens of the bookworm; nevertheless, from what I have been told by librarians, and judging from analogy, I imagine the following to be about the truth: There are several kinds of caterpillar and grub which eat into books; those with legs are the larvæ of moths; those without legs are grubs, and turn to beetles. It is not known whether any species of caterpillar or grub can live generation after generation upon books alone; but several sorts of wood borers, and others which live upon vegetable refuse, will attack paper, especially if attracted in the first place by the real wooden boards in which it was the custom of the old bookbinders to clothe their volumes. In this belief some libraries object to opening the library windows, lest the enemy should fly in from the neighboring woods and rear a brood of worms. Anyone, indeed, who has seen a hole in a filbert, or a piece of wood riddled by

dry rot, will recognize a similarity of appearance in the channels made by these insect enemies. Amongst the paper-eating species are: 1. The *Anobium*.—Of this beetle there are three varieties, viz., *A. pertinax*, *A. eruditus* and *A. paniceum*. In the larva state they are grubs, just like those found in nuts; in this stage they are too much alike to be distinguished from one another. They feed on old dry wood, and often infest bookcases and shelves. They eat the wooden boards of old books, and so pass into the paper, where they make long holes, quite round, except when they work in a slanting direction, when the holes appear to be oblong. They will thus pierce through several volumes in succession; Peignot, the well-known bibliographer, having found twenty-seven volumes so pierced in a straight line by one worm—a miracle of gluttony, the story of which, for myself, I receive *cum grano salis*. And after a certain time the larva changes into pupa, and then emerges as a small, brown beetle. 2. *Ceophora*.—This larva is similar in size to that of *Anobium*, but can be distinguished at once by having legs. It is a caterpillar with six legs upon its thorax and eight suckerlike protuberances on its body, like a silkworm. It changes into a chrysalis, and then assumes its perfect shape as a small brown moth. The species that attacks books is the *Ceophora pseudopretella*. It loves damp and warmth, and eats any fibrous material. This caterpillar is quite unlike any garden species, and excepting the legs, is very similar in appearance and size to the *Anobium*. It is about half an inch long, with a horny head and strong jaws. To printer's ink or writing ink he appears to have no great dislike, though I imagine that the former often disagrees with his health, unless he is very robust, as in books where the print is pierced a majority of the worm holes I have seen are too short in extent to have provided food enough for the development of the grub; but, although the ink may be unwholesome, many grubs survive, and eating day and night in silence and darkness, work out their destiny, leaving, according to the strength of their constitutions, a longer or shorter tunnel in the volume."

The two worms in Mr. Benjamin's Seneca probably belonged to the *Anobium pertinax* variety. The worm which made the majority of the holes represented in the picture herewith reproduced of the two leaves of Caxton's "Lyf of Our Ladye," in the Bodleian Library, belonged to the *Ceophora pseudopretella* class.

Mr. Blades says in one of his books that in December, 1879, Mr. Birdsall, a bookbinder of Northampton, England, sent him by post a fat

little worm, which had been found by one of his workmen in an old book, while it was being bound. The worm bore his journey extremely well, being very lively when Mr. Blades turned him out. Mr. Blades put him in a box in warmth and quiet, with some small fragments of paper from a Boethius, printed by Caxton, and a leaf of a seventeenth-century book. He ate a small piece of the leaf, but either from too much fresh air, from unaccustomed liberty, or from change of food, he gradually weakened and died in three weeks. Mr. Waterhouse, of the Entomological Department of the British Museum, examined him before death, and said he was *Cecophora pseudo-pretella*.

A glance at the pages eaten by worms and pictured herewith will give the reader a slight idea of the havoc which these worms are capable of working.

The Seneca of Mr. Benjamin was attacked by one worm at either end, while its centre was spared. The volume had its lower right-hand corners eaten. In the case of Caxton's "Lyf of Our Ladye," one will notice some large channels at the bottom of the pages. This is a rare occurrence, according to several writers, and is probably the work of the larva of *Dermestes vulpinus*, a garden beetle, which is very voracious and eats any kind of dry ligneous rubbish.

One result of the extensive adulteration of modern paper is that the worm will not touch it. His instinct forbids him to eat the china clay, the bleaches, the plaster of Paris, the sulphate of barytes, and scores of adulterants now used to mix with the fibre, and so far the wise pages of the old literature are heavily handicapped in a race against time with the modern rubbish. We, in the United States, according to Mr. Blades, who are so fortunate in many things, seem very fortunate in this: our books are not attacked by the worm. "True it is," he says, "that all their black letter comes from Europe, and having cost many dollars, is well looked after; but then they have thousands of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century books, in roman type, printed in the States on genuine and wholesome paper, and the worm is not particular, at least in this country, about the type he eats through if the paper is good."

Ringwalt's "Encyclopedia of Printing," published in Philadelphia in 1871, says that the bookworm is a stranger there, and is supposed to have been introduced into England in hog-leather binding from Holland. It says that "there is now in a private library in Philadelphia a book perforated by this insect." Although Mr. Ringwalt does not say whether or not the worm was found, yet this

is the nearest known approach to evidence of the presence of bookworms in this country previous to the arrival of Mr. Benjamin's pair. That bookworms are becoming scarcer and rarer year by year is evident when one recalls that Bernard Quaritch, the famous bibliophile of London, when he found a bookworm in one of his books six years ago, gave a dinner to all his customers.



## EPIGRAMS.

THE following neat epigram, by Sydney Smith, was written on the occasion of his returning home one day and finding little Jeffrey, of the *Edinburgh Review*, riding round the yard on a donkey, to the amusement of some children:

"Short, but not so fat as Bacchus,  
Witty as Horatius Flaccus,  
As great a Jacobin as Gracchus,  
See little Jeffrey on a jackass."

Sent with a couple of ducks to a patient:

"I've dispatched, my dear madam, this scrap of a letter  
To say that Miss —— is very much better;  
A regular doctor no longer she lacks,  
So therefore I've sent her a couple of quacks."

Canning, having heard that Brougham wished his enmity to Pitt to be written on his tomb, wrote the following:

"Brougham writes his epitaph, to wit,  
'Here lies the enemy of Pitt.'  
If we're to take him *à la lettre*,  
The sooner 'tis inscribed the better."

A commercial traveler, having left a shirt at an inn, wrote to the chambermaid to forward it to him. This produced the following:

"I hope, dear sir, you'll not feel hurt,  
I'll frankly tell you all about it;  
I've made a shift with your old shirt,  
And you must make a shift without it."

Here is an epigram by Lord Byron on the world

"The world is a bundle of hay,  
Mankind are the asses that pull;  
Each tugs it a different way,  
And the greatest of all is John Bull."

On a clergyman complaining that he had lost his portmanteau:

"I've lost my portmanteau—  
'I pity your grief.'  
All my sermons are in it—  
'I pity the thief!'"

To a Mr. Wellwood who exaggerated:

"You double each story you tell;  
You double each sight that you see;  
Your name is W E double L  
W double O D."

Which men are preferable?

"Whether tall men, or short, are best,  
Or bold men, or modest and shy men,  
I can't say; but this I can protest—  
All the fair are in favor of Hy-men."

## ST. VALENTINE'S WISDOM.

Cupid sat near to St. Valentine,  
He was sorting out his darts,  
Repairing his bow and his quiver,  
And toying with broken hearts.  
Said he to the saint, with weary sigh,  
"I'm tired of this fruitless hunt.  
From sordid, leathery hearts to-day  
My arrows fall dull and blunt.  
"Time was when a dart of elder pith  
Would pierce to the very core  
A common heart, and the tougher ones  
It would make exceeding sore.  
"Now naught but an arrow tipped with  
gold  
Will reach to a vital part,  
And no such thing can be found to-day  
As a flaming, burning heart."

Said the aged saint, "You quite express  
The thing that I meant to say,  
And we've got to use modern methods,  
If we'd make the business pay.  
"The turtle dove it has quite gone by,  
And welded hearts are *passé*,  
But any battered old coronet  
Has a cinch to win the day.  
"And the very swellest new design  
For sealing lovers' letters,  
You would hardly guess! 'Tis the dollar  
sign  
And a pair of golden fetters.  
"Then take advice, if the game you'd bag,  
Use only a golden dart,  
And draw a bead on the scheming head—  
Don't aim at the shrunken heart."  
— *Augusta L. Hanchett.*

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## THE ETIQUETTE OF SOCIETY.

DIFFERENT people attach different degrees of importance to the rules and laws of etiquette. Some regard them as worthy of diligent attention and endless study, and others look upon them as unworthy of the slightest consideration, and even take a pride in openly disregarding them. If there is any truth in the old saying that "Manners make the man," it is surely unwise to act in opposition to the recognised rules which, to some extent, govern the actions of well-mannered people in society. It may not be necessary, or advisable, to learn by heart these rules; such a course would probably only lead to stiffness of manner and awkwardness of motion, which could only cause discomfort to others; but it is equally ill-advised to disregard them.

Etiquette, and the various rules in connection with it, have their origin in true politeness; and true politeness is only one of the results of unselfishness, consideration for others, and courtesy. No amount of study of the laws of etiquette can make a selfish person really polite—polite not only in society, but in every-day life; whilst some people, who are ignorant of every law and rule, are so thoughtful for others, that they are considered to be extremely polite by their friends and acquaintances. A certain knowledge and practice of these conventional laws not only tend to make intercourse with other people more agreeable and pleasant, but are very great social safeguards against undesirable acquaintances.

Etiquette has been much laughed at, and its rules have been held up to popular scorn and derision by

many people, but that is because these people have wrong ideas, and look only at the letter instead of the spirit of the law. Independent people are apt to think, that in obeying the laws of etiquette they are giving up their freedom and independence of action. They forget that it is impossible to act without affecting, in some greater or less degree, other people's actions or wishes; and that complete freedom for one may mean a lack of consideration for others. On the other hand, if any law of etiquette becomes hurtful to others, a truly polite person will break it rather than offend another. The small details which so often crop up in every-day life, must be settled by individual taste and feeling.

Etiquette and good manners are not exactly the same thing. Etiquette is a general term which chiefly means certain customs, and ways of doing things, recognised by society. Good manners belong more to the individual, and include not only good feeling, but such composure and absence of self-consciousness that, if placed in a new and strange situation, he or she would unconsciously obey the law of etiquette and do the right thing; or, if the wrong thing was done, it would be with such grace and charm that no one would notice it as wrong. It is possible to be perfectly well-mannered, and yet be ignorant of some of the minor points of etiquette.

Etiquette, from what has been said, is necessarily more or less concerned with all our intercourse—from our first becoming acquainted, to closer friendship. Hence one of the first points relates to—

**Introductions.**—The question of introducing people to one another is rather a vexed one, and varies to some extent according to fashion. Lately the world of fashion has dictated that introductions on some occasions are quite unnecessary, and that it does not follow that the guests at the same entertainment must be presented to one another. For ordinary people the variations in rules of etiquette dictated by fashion are not very important; the wishes of the two people concerned in the introduction are alone to be considered. If one is made to feel uncomfortable, or *de trop*, because an introduction does not take place, a mistake has been made in true politeness, even though a breach in the laws of etiquette has not happened.

The form of introduction does not vary. The gentleman is always introduced to the lady, never the lady to the gentleman; and no two persons of opposite sexes should be introduced until the lady's permission has been asked. The introduction is usually made by a mutual friend. Should the lady be seated, the gentleman must be brought to her by the person wishing to effect the introduction; she or he mentions both their names, the lady and gentleman both bow, and at once enter into conversation. It is not necessary for the lady to rise.

If it is the case of a hostess introducing her guests to one another at a dinner-party or an "At Home," a few words beyond the formal request to the lady to allow the introduction would be necessary. If the hostess wishes her guests to understand one another, and desires to put them both entirely at their ease, she will, if they are complete strangers, tell each, before the introduction, what are the chief characteristics of the other. She need not enter into a long description of each person; that would be both unnecessary and undesirable; but she can mention, in a few words, what subject is particularly interesting to the one or the other.

Unless this is done it may be difficult for both to find the most suitable topic for conversation; and two people who ought to be not only interested in one another, but who might be of use to one another in furnishing information, may waste much valuable time in making efforts to discover their whereabouts. It is very unsatisfactory to spend the first and, perhaps, greater part of a conversation in uninteresting discussion of the weather; and to discover, only when it is too late, and the company is breaking up, that the greatest interest in both lives is the same, and that a thorough interchange of ideas on that subject would have proved most interesting. A hostess can prevent mistakes of this kind, and she must never consider her duty done when she has simply introduced people, without any words of advice beforehand.

When a lady and a gentleman meet for the second time, the first sign of recognition must be made by the lady. Until she has bowed, the gentleman can make no movement. The only occasion on which an introduction is not of necessity made by a mutual friend is at a ball or dancing-party. The Master of the Ceremonies, though he were unacquainted with both lady and gentleman, would be only performing his duty if he introduced a gentleman to a lady without a partner for the dance. Even though the Master of the Ceremonies be the son of the hostess, he may not be well acquainted with all the guests, and may know some of them by name only. At the same time an introduction at a dance is not by any means as important as any other, since a lady is not bound by the laws of etiquette to recognise her various partners when she meets them afterwards.

**Out of Doors.**—It is not usual to introduce people out of doors, though this is not by any means a fixed rule, and must depend to a great extent upon circumstances. If a third person is made to feel awkward or uncomfortable, the introduction should be made.

Under no circumstances, however, is it considered etiquette to stand talking in the street. If a gentleman meets a lady of his acquaintance in the street he should take off his hat. If he wishes to speak with her he must continue walking in the direction in which she was going. If she is walking with a lady friend, though the friend is unknown to him, he must bow to both ladies; and in the same way if he is walking with a lady, and she bows to some one unknown to him, he must take off his hat. Also if he is walking with a male friend, and the friend meets a lady acquaintance, both gentlemen must raise their hats.

The etiquette of walking out of doors is not very elaborate, and there are few rules, beyond those of recognition, which have already been mentioned, to be given. As far as possible, when a lady and gentleman are walking together, the gentleman must keep on the side nearest the road, and he must change his place as quietly as possible, so as in no way to inconvenience the lady; though she, on her side, can greatly assist him by a little care and forethought. It used to be considered necessary for a gentleman to take off his glove before shaking hands with a lady, but this is no longer the case.

If a gentleman is riding on horseback, and meets a lady to whom he wishes to speak, he must dismount, and walk by her side.

In passing out of doors or indoors, young people must always make way for older ones, and allow them to pass first. If young and old are driving out of doors, the young people must always be careful

not to take the best seats—*i.e.*, the seats facing the horses—but to leave them for their elders. Gentlemen would, of course, leave these seats for the ladies.

**Calls.**—When two people have been introduced to one another, and are desirous of becoming further acquainted, the laws of etiquette demand that they should call upon one another before an invitation can be given by one to the other.

The question of paying calls is a much-disputed one. No one can deny that much valuable time may be wasted in paying calls; and some people who are busily occupied, and who do not possess spare time, announce to their friends that they do not “call.” Of late years it has been the fashion for ladies who are in the habit of receiving a large number of callers to fix certain days once a week or twice a month for receiving visitors, and on those days they make an especial point of being prepared to receive their guests. This plan has so many advantages, and so few disadvantages, that it has become very general.

The chief advantage from the caller’s point of view is that she is certain to be able to pay her visit, and runs no risk of making a journey to find her friend out. The great disadvantage, however, is that she may find her friend surrounded by a large number of acquaintances, and may have no opportunity for personal conversation with her.

There is much less time wasted if one day is set apart for callers, than if friends and acquaintances are allowed to choose their own time. A certain amount of calling is not time wasted, but is necessary to keep up acquaintance and friendship. If we do not meet people in the ordinary course of daily life, unless we go out of our way to see them, unless we call upon them, we cannot hope to keep up any acquaintance with them. The question, of course, arises as to whether “calling acquaintances” are ever worth anything to us, as they are not likely to develop into friends; but this is a question which each must settle for himself or herself.

Gentlemen do not, as a rule, pay calls so frequently as ladies do. They are content to let their ladies represent them, and send their cards. When gentlemen are occupied during the day-time, they are frequently excused from calling, as the usual time for paying calls is between three and six o’clock. Between those hours ladies who are in the habit of paying calls should be prepared to receive their friends. The drawing-room should, of course, be always tidy and prettily decorated with flowers. During the winter-time the question of warming the room is always a difficulty. Economical people do not care to light a fire on the chance of a visitor coming, and nothing looks more cold and cheerless than a room where a fire has only just been lighted.

This difficulty may be overcome by the use of an asbestos stove; but these stoves are not as satisfactory for every-day use as coal-fires. If guests are expected only on certain days, it is easy to have a comfortable fire, a pretty room, a tidy maid, and a well-dressed mistress, ready to receive them; and this is the chief advantage of the fixed “At Home” day. Chance visitors should be shown into the ordinary sitting-room, rather than left in a cold drawing-room.

So much has been said at various times on the subject of not keeping visitors waiting whilst the hostess makes alterations in her toilet, that by this time every one is aware that such a course of action is impolite. Nothing is more annoying to the visitor than delay, when she has once been informed that the mistress of the house is at home, and she will care far more for a speedy welcome than a fine garment.

A formal call should not last more than ten or fifteen minutes, and if it is a first call, it must be returned very speedily. If several callers arrive at the house on one afternoon about the same time, the mistress of the house will find herself busily occupied. She should sit facing the door, so that she may see and be seen by her visitors. Directly they enter the room, as their names are announced by the servant, they will make their way to the mistress of the house, and if she is not in a prominent position, they will feel embarrassed.

A great deal of practice is needed, before perfection is attained in the art of entertaining several callers, or even two callers at the same time. If the visitors are strangers to one another, it is not necessary that they should be introduced, yet neither must they be allowed to feel neglected.

When new visitors arrive, the lady of the house must rise to receive them, and, if possible, she should give them a chair near her own, and after addressing a few sentences personally to them, she must include her other guests in the conversation. Should any gentlemen be present, they must rise also on the arrival of other people, but lady visitors would not be expected to leave their seats. If calls are made any time after half-past three, tea must be brought into the drawing-room; but afternoon tea has become so important a ceremony that it must be described later. When the visitor rises to take her departure, the mistress of the house should also rise, and should ring the bell to notify the fact to the servant, so that she may be at hand to open the door.

Arrivals in town are expected to call on their friends by way of announcing their arrival; but in the country the stranger must be called upon before she thinks of paying any calls. So also in the

country, people moving into a village may expect to be called upon by the neighbours; but in large towns, where one may live for several years next door to people and not know them, this custom is not observed.

Calls must be paid if occasions for congratulation arise, such as the engagement of a daughter of the household, the birth of a child, or the wedding of a daughter or son, when the call is made on the bride.

**Cards.**—Unless it is a business call, a card is not handed by the visitor to the servant on arrival, but is left in the hall before leaving. A married lady should leave one of her own cards and two of her husband's. If the mistress of the house is not at home, two cards of her own and two of her husband's should be left with the servant. As cards are occasionally left by a servant, a corner of the card turned down is a sign that the call has been made personally on all the family.

When a call is made before the departure of the family from the neighbourhood, the letters "P. P. C." (*pour prendre congé*) may be written on the right-hand corner of the card.

If a letter of introduction has been given, it should be presented with the card on the occasion of the first visit; but the person introduced should not appear. An invitation from the person to whom the introduction was given should speedily follow the acceptance of the card and letter.

In the case of a birth, special cards are often sent to the callers with "Thanks for kind inquiries" on them. These words, or others to the same effect, may be written on the visiting-card, or printed cards may be used. Sometimes a tiny card, with the baby's name printed on it in silver, is tied with white ribbon to the left-hand corner of the mother's visiting-card.

After a severe illness, cards returning thanks for kind inquiries are also sent. In the case of a death in a family, cards with a few words of sympathy written on them should be sent through the post, or left at the door. Calls on such occasions are quite out of place. After some time has elapsed, cards should be returned with a few words of thanks for the sympathy shown; these words may be either printed or written upon them. After a dinner-party, dance, or "At Home," cards must be left by the guests, who should call upon the hostess; and this should be done within a week after the entertainment, if possible. If the distances are very great, the cards may be sent through the post; but this easy method of discharging a social debt is only allowable when the distance is really great. It is not considered nearly so complimentary to the hostess to send cards by post; and when people have been at the pains to

give an entertainment which has cost time and trouble, the least that can be done in return by their guests is to call and thank them for their hospitality.

When a family removes from one house to another, cards with the new address printed in the left-hand corner must be sent to all the friends and acquaintances of the family. If the lady of the house has certain days for receiving her guests, these should be written or printed on the card. The cards should not be sent out until the house is arranged, and the family thoroughly settled, because the sending of the cards is regarded by outsiders as a signal that they may once more pay calls and visit their friends.

The cards which are used on these various occasions should be quite simple. In former times the name was written upon the card and ornamented with many flourishes; but in these days it is printed as plainly as possible. The prefixes "Mr.," "Mrs.," and "Miss" are usually placed before the name, though occasionally young unmarried men omit the prefix. A lady's card is rather larger than a gentleman's, and in both cases the address is printed in the left-hand corner. Gentlemen usually supply themselves with business cards and private cards. Any honorary or official designations appear only on the business cards. Husband and wife require separate cards, and should not use one card with both names written on it.

If there is an unmarried daughter of the house old enough to pay calls with her mother, the daughter's name should be printed underneath that of her mother, or it may be written in the left-hand corner. If the daughter is the eldest, the Christian name is omitted; and if there are more than one daughter, they appear as "The Misses."

The card-tray should be put in a conspicuous place on the hall-table, or there need be no special receiver provided, and the cards may be placed on the table itself. When cards only are left, and no personal visit is made, the call must be returned in the same way. Formal calls are interchanged at least once a year, and must only be made between the hours of three and six; calls before luncheon can only be made by very intimate friends or relatives.

**Five o'clock Tea.**—As has been before stated, some time during a call tea should be offered to the guest. Five o'clock Tea has become quite an institution of recent years, and is growing more and more popular. Though it is called "Five o'clock Tea," it does not by any means follow that it is only taken at five o'clock. It may be provided any time during the afternoon. Most people arrange before-

hand that a caller shall be understood to be the signal for tea; and as soon as the caller has been in the house a few minutes, the tea-things appear, without any apparent sign from the lady of the house.

Ever since its first introduction, Five o'clock Tea has been growing more and more elaborate. At one time it was considered sufficient if cups of tea were brought in on a tray and handed round by a servant; then the teapot itself appeared in the drawing-room; and now the most correct thing is for the tea to be made upstairs.

This arrangement is, indeed, a great change from the times when cake and wine were handed to afternoon callers; but it is a very sensible one. Wine is not needed in the afternoon, and is not nearly so acceptable as a cup of freshly made tea. Doctors tell us that tea is unwholesome, but they grant that it is most refreshing; and people gladly drink it for the latter reason, and lose sight of the former.

If Five o'clock Tea is to be made thoroughly enjoyable, the necessaries connected with it must be as pretty and inviting-looking as possible. Small tables provided with shelves for bread-and-butter and cake plates are sold everywhere.

They are very light, so that they can be easily lifted; and if prettily decorated with a table-cloth, and a plant or vase of flowers, help to ornament the room when they are not in actual use as tea-tables. Before the tea-things are brought in, the plant and table-cloth are easily removed, and the afternoon tea-cloth, prettily worked, may take their place.

The china must be dainty, and the tea-cosy should be pretty and handsomely decorated with embroidery. A kettle with a spirit-lamp will also be needed, if the tea is to be made by the hostess. The water should be nearly boiling when it is brought into the room, so that it will boil up in a few minutes. Stands for kettle and spirit-lamp (as shown in the figure) have recently been introduced, and they are very convenient. They stand on the floor, about as high as the afternoon tea-table. They give more room on the table, and are more easily got-at-able than the ordinary table-stands; but they are rather expensive.

If there is no kettle and spirit-lamp, the tea must be made by the servant; but this cannot be quite as satisfactory, and the tea does not somehow taste quite as good. It is, however, very much better to be brought into the room in a teapot than in cups. The last-named arrangement is the worst plan of all.

Bread-and-butter cut very thinly and rolled, and

cake or biscuits, are the only eatables necessary for Five o'clock Tea; but the cake and bread-and-butter must both be the best of their kind. As soon as the tea is made, the lady of the house pours it out, and hands it to her guests. If there are grown-up daughters in the room, one of them would probably undertake this duty. If any gentlemen are present, they should endeavour to assist the hostess in passing cups and saucers, and plates of bread-and-butter. If the hostess has no one to help her, she should endeavour to supply all the wants of one person before attending to a second. If there are several callers, and the hostess first gives every one a cup of tea, then passes round the cream, and then the sugar, the tea will be cold and undrinkable before the bread-and-butter arrives.

When every one is supplied, the lady of the house must provide herself with a cup of tea, which she can enjoy until the time arrives to once more assist her guests by offering them second cups.

During the whole process of the making and pouring out of the tea, the conversation must not be allowed to flag for one instant, and no guest must be permitted either to engross too much attention or to be neglected. Tact, practice, and some skill are needed to accomplish these various duties successfully; but on the whole the process of the tea-making and tea-drinking will be found much more of an assistance than a hindrance. There should be no delay in bringing in the tea-things in the first instance. If fifteen minutes is to be the limit of the call, the tea must

appear very early in the proceedings, as it will take a little time to make and to drink, and the visitor may be made uncomfortable if she feels that her call is of too long duration.

So popular has Five o'clock Tea become, that occasionally invitations are issued for this entertainment, and ladies invite each other to spend the afternoon and drink tea together. A Five o'clock Tea party may be made very enjoyable both to hostess and guests. It is quite an informal party, and is most inexpensive, and the only entertainment provided is tea and talk.

It is a convenient arrangement by which friends living at a distance are able to spend a little time together, without any formal invitation, or entertainment being provided.

**Afternoon At Homes** have probably grown out of Five o'clock Teas. They are the more formal entertainments of the two, and they require more preparation and forethought. To a certain extent



KETTLE AND STAND.

they are conducted very much in the same way as Evening At Homes. Invitations are issued to as many people as the rooms will conveniently hold. If a large number is expected, the hostess will be far too busily occupied to make the tea herself. She will be engaged in making introductions, and looking after her guests, and will not be able to give her time to kettles, hot water, and cups and saucers.

If possible, the tea should be served in a room adjoining the drawing-room, not in that room itself. If there is no daughter in the house, a friend should be invited to assist, rather than that the important office of pouring out tea should be filled by a servant.

Each guest on arrival should be shown into the tea-room, and afterwards into the drawing-room. Ladies appear in their bonnets and outdoor garments on such occasions, but the gentlemen leave their hats and coats in the hall, or in some ante-room used for that purpose.

The invitations announce that the hostess will receive her guests between certain hours, and all who accept those invitations should appear some time during those hours; after staying a short time they should take their departure.

The meal provided on such an occasion would be rather more elaborate than a Five o'clock Tea. No kind of cake, fancy bread, or tea-cake would be in the least out of place. Coffee should also be prepared for the guests, especially if there are any gentlemen expected, as they usually prefer that beverage to tea.

If it is a large Afternoon At Home, cards should be left by the guests in the hall, as after an ordinary call. Occasionally a series of Afternoon At Homes are given, and a choice of dates is offered to each guest. If for a good reason any one is prevented from appearing on any of the occasions, cards should be sent on the last date mentioned.

**Invitations.**—After an introduction has taken place, and the first formal call has been paid and returned, the next step which must be taken is an invitation of some kind, if it is considered desirable to cultivate the acquaintance. The various forms in which invitations should be issued are governed by the laws of etiquette.

Care is needed in framing the form of an invitation. It must be complete, nothing must be omitted, yet it must be short. In spite of its brevity, it must clearly define several points to the person to whom it is addressed. If an invitation is properly written, the invited guest will know at once not only the day and hour at which the entertainment is to be given, but exactly the kind of entertainment that will be set before him, as well as the style of dress which he

is expected to wear, and the form that his reply to the invitation must take.

Nothing is more annoying than to receive an ambiguous invitation; to be in doubt as to whether the hostess desires her guests to appear in full evening-dress or in demi-toilet. It is tiresome to have to write for further particulars, yet still more tiresome to appear on the evening unsuitably attired. An evening's enjoyment has been spoilt before now, because the invitation was ill-expressed and badly drawn up.

If invitations are written, the hand-writing must be neat, clear, and legible. The date must be clearly written; if in figures, these must be distinct, to allow of no mistake between a five and a three. Many invitations for formal gatherings are printed on cards nowadays. Either special cards are printed for the occasion, or cards with "At Home" printed on them, and spaces left for names and dates, are used.

All invitations for large entertainments are written in the third person. Invitations to dinner-parties are frequently written in the first person; this form is more convenient, and seems, perhaps, more friendly. The only danger is the question of the style of dress. It is usual, however, for the hostess to mention in such an invitation the names of the other guests expected; and if this is done, the guest would at once understand that the invitation was to a dinner-party, and that evening-dress would be necessary. It is very easy in a few words to intimate whether the invitation is issued for a regular party or only a quiet dinner; but in some way this must be done.

If a dinner-party is a very formal one, or if the guests are strangers, the invitation must be made in the third person; and, if it is a very ceremonious one, on printed cards. Dinner-invitations should be issued in the name of the host and hostess; and if written, care must be taken in the spacing:—

*Mr. and Mrs. Robinson  
request the pleasure of  
Mr. and Mrs. Johnson's  
company at Dinner,  
on Friday, February 16th,  
at half-past 7 o'clock.*

*74, Park Road.—January 9th.*

The above is the usual form for a formal dinner-invitation, if written. It must be replied to in the same way in the third person, and should be answered promptly and definitely.

All invitations should be accepted or declined as quickly as possible. It is not only impolite, but most thoughtless and inconsiderate, to keep people waiting for an answer to an invitation. Householders who give an entertainment are generally

wishful to invite a certain fixed number of people to it, and if two are unable to accept the invitation, two more must be speedily asked. If those who are invited cause any delay in answering the invitation, they must also cause great inconvenience to the host and hostess, and they should bear this in mind. For the same reason the reply should convey a definite acceptance or refusal, and must not leave the invitation open. It should be worded in one of the following ways:—

*Mr. and Mrs. Johnson  
accept with pleasure  
Mr. and Mrs. Robinson's  
kind invitation for  
Friday, February 16th.*

*The Cedars.—January 18th.*

Or, if acceptance is impossible,

*Mr. and Mrs. Johnson  
greatly regret that a previous engagement  
must prevent their accepting  
Mr. and Mrs. Robinson's  
kind invitation for  
Friday, February 16th.*

*The Cedars.—January 18th.*

In accepting an invitation the form must always be "accept with pleasure," not "will have much pleasure in accepting." The mistake is often made of using the future instead of the present tense of the verb. This is incorrect, because, though the invitation is for a future time, it is accepted at the present time, and so the present tense must be used.

If the invitation is written on note-paper, headed with the address, the date only will be written in the left-hand corner of a card, or below the invitation.

If the invitation is written in the third person, it must be answered in the third; if in the first person, the reply must also be written in the first person. It is perhaps unnecessary to remark that the same person must be used throughout the invitation. It must not be worded thus:—"Mr. and Mrs. Johnson request the pleasure of *your* company."

For almost every other kind of entertainment, the form of the "At Home" invitation is used, and the particular form of entertainment is notified by a few words or a single word in the left-hand corner. Invitations to an "At Home" of any kind are issued in the name of the hostess only:—

*Mrs. Robinson,  
At Home,  
Friday, February 6th.*

*Dancing, 8 o'clock.*

*74, Park Road.*

The above would be the form used for a dance. The name of the person to whom the invitation is sent may be written at the top of the card, or the name may only appear on the envelope. "Music," "Dramatic Performance," "Lawn Tennis," &c. &c., may be substituted instead of "Dancing," or the address might be put in the left-hand corner.

Cards with "At Home" printed upon them can be bought for a mere trifle, and cards of some kind are always used for dancing-parties and "At Homes." The cards must be quite plain, without ornamentation. If more than one member of a family is invited, a separate card must be sent, though it would be quite allowable to write "The Misses" on one card.

The letters *R.S.V.P.* (*Répondez s'il vous plaît*) are occasionally added, but they are scarcely necessary for any formal invitation, as a reply should always be sent.

If the "At Home" is given in the afternoon, two hours may be mentioned—as "From 4 to 7."

If a refusal has to be sent to a formal invitation, it is most polite to send a formal refusal, together with a short note stating the reason for the refusal, and regret at being obliged to decline the invitation.

If a dance is to terminate at twelve o'clock, the word "Cinderella" should appear on the card, to notify the same to the guests; or if the hostess desires them to appear in costume, "Fancy Dress" must be mentioned.

The length of notice which is given of an entertainment varies according to the size and importance of the entertainment. The more ceremonious and the more formal a gathering is to be, the longer must the notice be; and those invited will get some idea of the kind of entertainment by the length of notice given them. As a rule, invitations for a dinner-party would be issued a month beforehand; whilst a fortnight would be considered sufficient for a private dance or an "At Home." An invitation with short notice should only be sent with an apology. It is not considered complimentary to give a very short notice of an entertainment in an invitation, because there is much less certainty of those invited being able to accept it.

If an invitation is declined, a call must be made all the same, within a week of the day on which the entertainment was given.

Before leaving the subject of invitations and writing invitations, it may be well to say a few words as to the etiquette of "Letter-writing."

Letter-writing is no longer considered so important an art as it used to be. When a letter cost more money to send, fewer letters were sent, and those few were very elaborate, and much time and

labour were bestowed upon them. Nowadays there is so much writing, so many notes are written by one person in the course of a day, that too often there is no care taken over them, and the writing is not only bad but illegible, the paper is blotted, and the thoughts ill-expressed.

We fancy that we cannot give the same amount of time to letter-writing that our forefathers did, and letters are too often written carelessly and hurriedly.

In writing a letter, the first endeavour should be to make it legible, the second to write clearly and simply on such subjects as are likely to be interesting to the person to whom the letter is written. We should endeavour to write as we try to speak, as naturally as possible. A business letter must of course be short and to the point; but if the letter is intended to give pleasure, it must be bright, full of interesting news, not too many "I's" in it, and, in fact, worth receiving, and calculated to inspire, at any rate, interest. People away from home are always glad to receive news, and as a rule rejoice in detail, and a kind action will be easily done if an interesting letter is sent to a home-sick friend.

The address should be written at the right-hand corner of the sheet, with the date below it. Very often the address is printed on the paper. Fashions in letter-paper change daily, and it is quite impossible to keep up with them. If the paper is good, easy to write upon, and plain, nothing more is necessary.

The letter should not be commenced too high on the page. It is well to think, before beginning to write, how much space is likely to be needed. A short letter, if possible, should be ended on the first page, and the ending should never be allowed to appear by itself at the top of the second sheet. Punctuation must not be forgotten, and "crossing" should be avoided. If letters are crossed, they are more difficult to read, and difficulties are put in the way of the recipient, when the wish is to give him or her pleasure. The signature should be most distinctly written, especially if the letter is to a stranger. Sometimes people who sign their name forget that it is not as well known to other people as it is to themselves, and they get into a careless way of writing it. They are not pleased if they get a wrong spelling of their name in return, and are apt to forget that they alone are to blame for it. The address and the signature should be written as plainly as possible.

The same form of signature may be used for every one, if it is a simple one; or it may be varied according to whom the letter is written to. The initial of the Christian name and the surname are sufficient for ordinary letters; but if the writer is a lady, she

would do well to put "Miss" or "Mrs.," as the case may be, in brackets by the side of her name, and thereby save absurd mistakes and confusion.

The letter must be folded to the size of the envelope it is to fit. It should be folded so as to open conveniently. At the present time, what is known as the "Court"-shaped envelope is generally used. For this, the letter need be folded once only; but it should be so arranged that when the letter is opened the commencement of the note will be at the top, and the letter will not have to be turned round or over before it can be read. The envelopes and paper should match; if the one is coloured, the other must be coloured also—not white.

The direction on the envelope should be exact, full, and clearly written. The Post Office authorities have often great difficulty in deciphering letters which are indistinctly written, and many letters are delayed through the direction on them being inexact. A mistake in a number may cause the loss of an hour, and the substitution of "road" for "street" the loss of a day. If the letter is addressed to a gentleman, the initial of the Christian name should be carefully noted. There are often two or three gentlemen in one household; and as at the present time every one is called "Esquire," the initial can be the only distinction.

Letters which are likely to be too heavy should be weighed. It is no compliment to send a letter under-stamped, and oblige the person to whom it is addressed to pay for his treasure. There should be a letter-weigher in every house; and if there is none, the letter must be weighed at the Post Office.

Letters in wrong envelopes have caused great confusion; the mistake may be as easily avoided as it is made. No letter should be sealed until it has been read over; and if it is then put straight into an envelope, directed, and sealed, it is not likely to cause further trouble. Unfastened letters and undirected ones are of course very unfortunate mistakes, which do not occur to careful people.

Care should be taken in the beginning and ending of a letter. Intimate friends and relations may choose any form they please; but with strangers and acquaintances conventional forms should be adopted. To a total stranger the correct form of address would be "Sir" or "Madam," if the letter is a business one. "Dear Sir" and "Dear Madam" are rather less cold and distant, and are sometimes used; but "My dear Sir" or "My dear Madam" should only be used when there is some amount of familiarity. The conclusion of the letter may vary considerably. Most people adopt one form or another, and always use that one. "Yours truly" or "Faithfully yours" will do very well for a stranger, "Sincerely yours" for an acquaintance, and "Affec-

tionately yours" or "Yours affectionately" for a close friend or relative.

In writing a formal or business letter, in the beginning of which the name of the person to whom the letter is sent is not mentioned, it is usual to write "To A. B. C. Robinson, Esq.," in the left-hand corner at the bottom of the page, or else at the top of the letter.

A firm would be addressed as "Gentlemen" instead of "Sir," as more than one individual would be addressed. As has before been stated, it is considered complimentary at the present time to address every one as "Esquire." Tradesmen are sometimes only addressed as "Mr.," but all people in their private capacity are honoured with the title of "Esquire."

Married ladies, as a rule, are addressed as "Mrs. Smith" and "Mrs. Robinson;" though if there are several sons married, the husband's Christian name would be introduced. The eldest daughter in the family is addressed as "Miss;" but the other daughters require the initial of the Christian name, if not the whole name. A son possessing the same initials as his father would be addressed as "A. B. C. Robinson, Junior, Esq." All titles or degrees should appear on the envelope, either before or after the name.

As it is convenient to know the recognised forms of address to persons of various rank and position, a list is given below:—

*A Clergyman* of any denomination is addressed as "Sir" or "Dear Sir," and the envelope should be directed to "Rev. John Robinson." If the initial is not known, the letter is not addressed to the "Rev. Mr. Robinson," but to the "Rev. — Robinson."

*A Doctor of Medicine* or a surgeon should be addressed as "J. Robinson, Esq.," with the degree afterwards, whatever it may be.

*A Doctor of Divinity* is addressed as "Rev. Dr." or "Rev. R. Brown, D.D."

*A Bishop* should be addressed as "My Lord Bishop," and the envelope is directed "To the Right Rev. the Bishop of —"

*Judges* are addressed as "Right Honourable."

*Knights* are addressed as "Sir John —," and baronets as "Sir John —, Bart."

*Barons* are addressed "To the Right Hon. the Lord —" on the envelope, and the letter should begin "My Lord." A baroness in the same way would be addressed as "The Right Hon. the Lady —," and the letter should begin "Madam."

*A Viscount* is addressed "To the Right Hon. the Viscount —," and the letter should begin "My Lord."

*An Earl*.—"To the Right Hon. the Earl of —," and "My Lord."

*A Marquis*.—"To the Most Noble" or "the Most Hon. the Marquis of —," and "My Lord Marquis."

*A Duke*.—"To His Grace the Duke of —," and "My Lord Duke."

*An Archbishop*.—"To His Grace the Archbishop of —," and "My Lord Archbishop."

*Members of the Royal Family* as "Royal Highness," if sons, daughters, uncles, or aunts, of the Queen; and "Your Royal Highness," if nephews or cousins of the Queen.

*The Prince of Wales*.—"To His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales," and "Sir."

*The Princess of Wales*.—"To Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales," and "Madam."

*The Queen*.—"To the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty," and "Madam."

Widows of peers receive the title of "Dowager" if the successor to the title is married, as "Her Grace the Duchess Dowager of —." The younger sons and daughters of dukes, marquises, and earls are addressed as "Lord" and "Lady;" but the younger sons of viscounts and barons are addressed as "The Hon. —." Privy Councillors take the title of "Right Hon.," and drop that of "Esq."

Civil or honorary distinctions precede degrees, and examination titles honorary ones: thus the order should be C.B., M.D., or M.D., F.R.S., or "The Hon. and Rev.," or "The Hon. Lieut.-Col.," &c.

**Dress.**—Much has already been said about the etiquette of dress. Some care and thought is needed to dress suitably on all occasions, and no one can doubt for a minute that this is most desirable, for to a great extent our manners and conduct are influenced by the clothes we wear. A person who is conscious of being well and fittingly dressed is much more likely to be perfectly at ease than one who is only too well aware of the inappropriateness of the costume worn; and, therefore, in issuing invitations, as has already been stated, the style of dress must be indicated by the form of the invitation. An invitation in the third person indicates that full dress is to be worn. A dress for a dancing-party should be of light colour and light material, and gloves must be worn by ladies and gentlemen. A dinner-dress may be of any dark or light handsome material, and gloves must be worn by the lady, but should be removed before the dinner itself commences. For the sake of convenience mittens are used occasionally instead of gloves. An Evening At Home requires full-dress, but at an Afternoon At Home the ladies do not remove their bonnets.

At picnics and excursions, light summer dresses are worn; and at tennis or boating parties, flannel or sergo dresses are worn, especially made for such engagements.

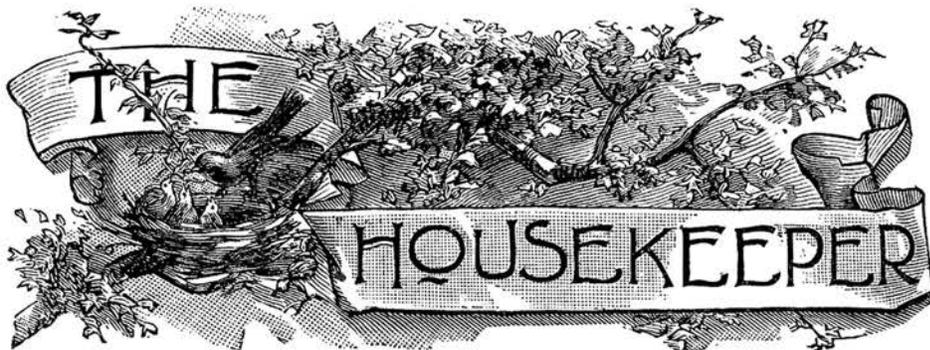
At a garden-party the dress must be light and bright, and the bonnet or hat equally so.

Whatever the occasion, the dress must be neat and suitable. As a rule, bright showy dresses should not be worn in the street; and no lady should be so dressed that she attracts public notice and attention.

A lady paying a call should leave her umbrella and cloak, if she carry one, and a gentleman his

walking-stick, in the hall. Out of doors a lady is never seen without her gloves, and the gloves must be put on before she leaves the house; but a gentleman is permitted more licence.

A young lady should never wear much jewellery. Valuable rings are out of place for every-day wear. On occasions of ceremony jewellery is handsome and becoming, but a display of precious stones on ordinary occasions is only vulgar.



## PICNIC DISHES

SALADS, sandwiches, jellies, fruits and eggs in various forms may be counted as acceptable answers to the question: "What shall I prepare for the picnic lunch?" At these salmagundi dinners there is apt to be an abundance of light biscuit, pickles, rich cakes and pies to the exclusion of the above mentioned articles which are better relished.

The following is an excellent recipe for chicken salad; and remnants of boiled ham, roast beef or veal may be used in a similar manner:

*Chicken Salad.*—Boil one chicken tender, chop this and the whites of twelve hard boiled eggs, add equal quantities of chopped celery and cabbage; mash the yolks of the eggs fine, add two tablespoonfuls each of butter and sugar, one teaspoonful of mustard, pepper and salt to taste, and lastly, one-half cup good cider vinegar, pour over the salad and mix thoroughly. If no celery is at hand use chopped pickled cucumbers or lettuce and celery seed.

*Egg Salad.*—Equal parts of hard boiled eggs and raw onion, chopped fine, moistened with vinegar and seasoned with salt, pepper and celery salt, make an excellent salad, or cold boiled potatoes may be substituted for onion with any plain salad dressing.

*Roasted Eggs.*—These may be prepared on the picnic grounds. Prick a hole in the egg shell

been pickled, to moisten. Should be made the day they are used.

*Egg Sandwiches.*—Mash fine the yolks of as many hard boiled eggs as required, season with salt, pepper, melted butter, mustard or chopped parsley, spread on thin slices of bread.

*Nasturtium Sandwiches.*—Cut some white bread very thin and spread with fresh butter. Pick nasturtiums, selecting the youngest and most perfect in form and color, separate the petals, placing them between two slices of the buttered bread with a sprinkling of salt and white pepper. The bright petals should peep out between the edges of the bread.

*Meat Sandwiches.*—Chop fine either cold boiled ham, tongue, chicken or equal parts of each, mix with one pint of the meat, half a cup of melted butter, one tablespoonful salad oil, one of mustard if desired, the yolk of a beaten egg and a little pepper. Spread on thin slices of buttered bread.

*Lemon Sandwiches.*—Make into a paste by adding a little hot water, one cupful of butter and a teaspoonful of mustard; add a pinch of cayenne pepper. Rub together with the yolk of one egg and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice; a teaspoonful of curry may be used instead of mustard if preferred. Spread this mixture upon thin slices of white and brown bread. Make the sandwiches of one slice of white bread and one of brown. Trim the edges evenly and cut them diagonally. If the slices are large cut them twice across and pile the angular bits upon a plate or basket.

MARY S. STELSON.

## PUNS AND PUNSTERS.

BY A. OAKLEY HALL.

THE word "pun" is made in popular estimation to rhyme oftener with "shun" than with "fun," and everyone knows the saying of Dr. Johnson that "the man who would make a pun would pick a pocket," which was the height of Rasselasian objurgation. But I am fain to believe that the general dislike of the pun and of the punster is a species of literary affectation. Verbal puns are weak when only verbal, but puns upon ideas carrying droll conceits as well as verbal alliterations seem acceptable. Their use has been known to all eras of literary history. Many of them have been preserved in writings. But as puns occur most frequently in ephemeral conversation the best of them have been lost; and by "best" is meant "the most outrageous" that are really fetched from afar and strike the ear like the sudden detonation of a Chinese fire-cracker. Puns must have been abundant in Dr. Johnson's time, else why his foregoing objurgation? They must have been frequent in the time of the poet Pope, else why his couplet,

—"Lead on, my sons,  
Light armed with quips, antitheses and puns"?

He also used the word in another couplet:

—"Our poets' work is done  
Alike to them by pathos or by pun."

Dryden had written:

"The hand and head were never lost of those  
Who dealt in doggrel or who punned in prose."

Addison did not disdain to use the word. By way of an illustration, he wrote: "A pun can no more be engraved than it can be translated." In the time of the *Tatler* there must have been a great punster by name Sir Tristram, for one of the issues of that magazine says: "You would be a better man if you could pun like Sir Tristram." Dr. Johnson, with all his dislike of the pun, gave to it ample hospitality in his massive dictionary. He says in it: "I know not whence this word is to be deduced. To pun is to grind or beat with a pestle. Can pun mean an empty sound like that of a mortar beaten?" Next he defines the noun pun as "an expression where a word has at once different meanings." Our own Noah Webster substantially follows this lexicographical lead.

If one is asked who has ever made the cleverest pun, the answer would indubitably be, "Tom Hood," for it was he who said, "Were I to be

'punished' for every 'pun I shed,' how heavy would be my punishment!"

In later days the prize for punning would perhaps be awarded to Henry J. Byron, the well-known playwright, who gave to the stage so many travesties and burlesques, and whose conversation at the London Savage Club and on festive occasions teemed with puns that were of ideas as well as of verbiage. He in his use of the pun fully sustained Noah Webster's description, "An expression in which two different applications of a word present an odd or ludicrous idea." But Byron's puns contradicted the remark that Webster subjoined to his definition, and which appears italicized for emphasis in the folio edition of his dictionary, "A low species of wit." Now, the fact is that the word "wit" is not applicable to a pun. Webster's prior description is more apt when he uses the adjectives odd and ludicrous. Webster quotes with approbation this from Locke "On the Human Understanding," under the definition of the word "wit": "Wit consists in assembling and putting together with quickness ideas in which can be found resemblance and congruity by which to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy."

There is a Parliamentary tradition at Westminster that Mr. Gladstone, on the marriage of the Princess Louise, perpetrated a pun in an answer to a conundrum which he waggishly put. It was, "Why is the princess like the heroine in the house that Jack built? Because she is the maiden all for Lorne." This is not evidently of a low form of wit; it is masterful, as the Marchioness of Lorne and future Duchess of Argyll as well as princess royal would doubtless herself admit. As a companion pun to this may come one attributed to Manager Daly during the run of "Taming of the Shrew" at his theatre. Quoth he: "Why is Petruchio like your own teeth? Because he was accustomed to master Kate." There was an English bishop who was not only a punster, but a French scholar, who, on being asked one Sunday morning why he slept so late, answered: "Am I not commanded to keep the Sabbath *au lit*?" (i. e., holy.) Even Lord Macaulay was once heard, when his History of England was being written, to assert that Henry VIII. was the most successful wooer known to history, "because he got wives by simply axin' for them." Horace Greeley was fond of a pun, and sometimes made a good one. What better than the following? Some one in his presence, speaking of a group of politicians, said of them

they had a fever for newspaper notoriety. "Ay," coincided the statesman editor, himself having been a compositor in setting type, "their fever is one of type us."

At Tony Pastor's variety theatre, not long ago, while a ballet was progressing, a guest in a box said: "This dancing is electric." "Certainly," answered another, "the whole thing is 'a leg trick.'" The late John Hoey, so long manager of the Adams Express Company, was fond of the pun involved in the saying, "Was not Eve created for Adam's express company?" The English playwright Planché, in his burlesque of "Fortunio," made a notable pun when he caused his hero to be lost after dusk in a forest and to say, "I am a would-be knight in a wood benighted." So dignified a scholar as the President of Yale College, when the professor of mathematics broke a plate accidentally at the dinner table, observed: "The professor was probably musing over a sum in simple fractions." In a terrible windstorm, at a review in Edinburgh, the reviewing officer, as a group of Highland bagpipers marched by, was heard to say: "How appropriate if the storm would moderate! for then gentle Gaels would alone blow." A church deacon with the taste of Emerson for pie is taking at supper time large pieces of pumpkin pie, when a wag present exclaims: "Why not? is he not a man of piety?" (pie at tea). Hood even peppered his rhymes with puns, as witness these verses—which are not included in published volumes:

"Said Sam unto Bob while at luncheon one day,  
Just as Bob was preparing to carve:  
'Come, tell me the reason, old fellow, I pray,  
Why the African race cannot starve?"

'Can't starve!' echoed Bob, as he made a grimace,  
And then looked up at Sam with a stare.  
Then said Sam: "'Tis as plain as the nose on your face;  
'Tis because of the sand which is there.'

'But how came the sandwiches there, Mr. Sam?  
Ah ha! tell me that, muffinhead!  
Sam, smiling, replied: 'Tis the country of Ham,  
Where his children were mustered and bred.'

Lord Coleridge is credited with saying of the great lawyer and advocate, Sir James Scarlett: "Scarlett is so great because scarlet is always deeply red." "Naturally, my lady, you wear about your neck a boa made of chinchilla because you do not wish your chin chilly," said the modiste to her customer. "That is a large ottoman," said the furniture dealer to his inquiring patron, "for it is large enough to hold a knot o' women." London *Punch* remarked, after her majesty had knighted a lord mayor: "It was

enough to give our Queen a nightmare to dream of it."

As a funeral pageant passed the Union Club the late Simeon Draper (a proverbial punster), seeing a deputation of postal carriers beside the hearse as pallbearers, observed: "This must be the funeral of a postman. They are taking him to a cemetery; but why did they not think of interring him in a post crypt?"

"There were curious periods and intervals in the habits of writing that English novelists indulged in," said a critical member of the Century Club; "for instance, Samuel Warren wrote 'Now and Then,' but Dickens wrote 'All the Year Round,' while Bulwer composed 'Night and Morning.'" At the door of the London Garrick Club a new and young member thus accosted Gilbert, the famous Bab Balladist and writer of libretti for comic opera, while seeing him near the portico and mistaking him for the porter: "Please call me a hansom." "Call you handsome!" exclaimed Gilbert. "I cannot as an habitually truthful person." Upon another occasion, at the same place, Gilbert declined to take a hand at euchre, and added: "I may as well plumply tell you that the only game I love is a plump partridge." "Oh, no, that was not the first Paris exhibition," the English traveler remarked to M. Crapaud, who was mentioning the Exposition of Napoleon III.; "the first Paris exhibition occurred at the siege of Troy, when the classical dandy bolted with Helen." The epicurean Sam Ward, who was well acquainted with Egyptian lore, used to speak of Maillard's ice-cream establishment as the Temple of Isis. "The Queen has made Jones a C.B. when he is only a sponge!" cried a London clubman, in disgust. "How appropriate!" responded a fellow member. "For what better companion of the bath than a sponge?" The great restaurant pun lies in the saying: "Don't eat that sausage; it may be dog's meat come from a terrier incognita." In a hospital a French patient with his dying breath murmured to the nurse, "J'expire!" and the latter declared to the medical attendant afterward that "her patient's last act was to call upon Shakespeare."

In one of his novels Charles Lever makes a character exclaim, as he takes snuff: "Nor you, nor I, nor no one, knows the joy that my nose knows." "Your play in that last game of billiards reminded me of an anchor," said Smith to Jones. "How so?" inquired the other. "You only held your ground by your flukes." "Jeremiah was the first Prince of Wails" was the pun of a clergyman not long ago.

The foregoing are fair specimens of the pun

proper; I have no patience with the pun improper. The best of puns must be born of the occasion sudden. The more impromptu they are the better. The punster who studies or makes

mechanism of punning is a bore, and worthy of Dr. Johnson's objurgation; but if he flashes his pun, then his verbal pyrotechnics will explode with *éclat*.

## THOUGHTS AND OBSERVATIONS ON NATURAL HISTORY.

By H. B. M. BUCHANAN, B.A.

### II.—THE CUCKOO.



AFTER a long and dreary winter's rest, the cuckoo's first call-note in the month of April—the month of the fresh furrow—stirs again a feeling of hope in our minds, as we picture the sun's warmer rays driving away the chill and dampness of the winter. Day by day we see the green spread, and the flowers show more numerous, till from every corner of the land life most abundant appears, a hymn of praise and joy. When the imagination passes into the beautiful reality, the cuckoo's perpetual call grows wearisome, and the feelings of hope that it aroused in April, in July are turned into despondency. In the middle of July the cuckoo has laid its six to eight eggs of various tints, and taken them up in its beak and placed them in different nests, according to the colour of the eggs of the foster-parent to be, principally hedge-sparrow, meadow pipit, reed warbler, sometimes the wrens and red wagtails, and then, indifferent to their fate, the bird migrates off by Heligoland to Africa, where through the winter its insect food can be obtained.

I have often wondered what were the conditions acting on the bird's ancestors that produced in the cuckoo of to-day these contradictions to the maternal instincts that are so strong in other birds, and can suggest no explanation. The birds are discontented, unamiable, and unsociable even when migrating—most birds are sociable by necessity at this time—they are hungry and greedy, and their habit of feeding on hairy caterpillars, whose indigestible hairs form a network in their gizzard, is thought by some naturalists to set up dyspepsia, which has resulted in their unnatural vices against bird society. The anatomy of the bird shows that they require a great amount of food, and so it may be that they have little time or strength to bestow on the higher development of maternal love or care. The fact of the males being largely in excess of the females may further account for the loss of the maternal instinct. Although the size of four skylarks, its eggs are about the same size as those of the skylark.

#### THE SILVER WEED.

Along the wayside, in the rain-gutters that in summer run dry, amidst the stones and dust of the hard road, grows a prostrate weed. Its leaves are divided like a feather, and are covered with a white silky down, especially on the surface that lies along the ground, which gives the roadside where it grows the appearance of burnished silver. Here and there, from amidst its silver pinnate leaves, a sulphur-yellow flower grows erect, in all respects like a very small old-fashioned yellow rose. This humble, beautiful silver weed—

unnoticed mostly—is the simplest living type from which has sprung the great rose family of the botany books. From some such humble type of flower as this wayside weed have deviated and developed, under different conditions, the wayside Aweus, cinquefoil, tormentil, strawberry, brambles, agrimony, meadow-sweet, and roses; the trees mountain ash and hawthorn; the fruits cherries, plums, almonds, peaches, nectarines, apricots, apples, pears, quinces, and medlars. This bold botanical generalisation, which is based upon many well-established facts, and reasoned out closely from these facts, is of great interest, but, of course, is too long for me to attempt to even touch upon in these notes. This thought, however, may tempt us not to pass the silver weed unheeded, but with reverence to stop and take notice of it.

#### THE WISDOM OF KINDNESS TO HORSES.

The other day I was passing a house that was in course of building, and one of the men hailed a good-looking horse standing, some distance off, in a builder's cart, with a heavy load behind him. The intelligent animal at once showed that he understood the signal by walking quickly towards his master, and his anxiety was so great to get to him that for the last few yards he broke into a trot. As is my custom, when I see an act of animal kindness, I stopped, and told the man that he must have treated the beautiful creature well. "Yes," he said shortly; "he would far sooner come to me than go from me." Horses are treated with more sense than formerly, but an improvement is still wanting. We always call a dog to us, whereas a horse, by necessity, we work by always driving from us; but, notwithstanding, a horse, by consistent and firm kindness and early training, can be made every bit as intelligent as a dog. I have often been struck with the high intelligence shown by a horse in finding his way along roads that he has once only previously traversed, and the length of time he will hold the way in his memory. He has often this faculty developed to a higher degree than his master. As with human beings, so with horses; gain their confidence and train their intelligence when young—when quite little foals—the earlier the better; teach them to follow, handle them freely, get them accustomed to the saddle and bridle and harness, and manage them entirely with the human voice. A voice that a horse associates by experience with wisdom and kindness will act in a manner that nothing else will. It will restore confidence, steady the most highly-strung nerves, and make the animal quiet and obedient. Hasty, cruel breaking-in, and rough treatment on the part of the groom or master, has been the cause of nearly all the vicious tempers of the horse.

#### THE GUMMY GLOSS ON THE LIME-LEAF.

I have noticed, this year especially, that the leaves of the lime have been more thickly coated with honey-dew than usual. This

honey-dew is sweet and sticky, and gives the leaves a glossy, gummy appearance; it is exuded by the green fly aphides. Lady-birds live on the aphides, and so keep them from becoming too numerous, and consequently this year I have noticed lady-birds in unusual numbers. The awful struggle for life goes on everywhere; the lower down the scale the more untiring and merciless is the fight waged—no pause is asked or expected. Day by day, season after season, age after age, is the struggle to live in full activity. "Life living on death" is the Almighty fiat that has gone forth as the internal necessity of all things that live. It demands obedience from the waving tree and green grass no less than from man and the first pulsing of life. It is the undeviating law of earthly life, and can it therefore be other than good and great, although we for the present cannot understand how this can be? Ants capture the aphides and use them as cows.

#### THE ANTS TEACH A USEFUL LESSON.

We are in possession of enough facts to justify us in stating with certainty that if an organ be disused it will get weak, and in time become useless. The want of regular muscular exercise, the want of a healthy use of water, air, and wholesome food, will cause in due course a broken down and diseased body. By devoting the mind to its material surroundings, the ideal will lie grovelling at the feet of the sensual. The overstraining of the intellectual will deaden the full pulsing of the human heart towards the human beings that are around us. Too often, and it may be too late, do the high philosophical thinker, the scientific demonstrator of exact fact, the worldly sensualist, in their rare flashes of true insight, discern how one-sided their existence has been, how wanting in fulness of living. This law of atrophy, or loss through disuse, is clearly shown by the reddish ants found in the meadows of Switzerland and Alsace. These ants go forth to attack the nests of blacker and inferior ants, and bring back to their nests the pupæ of the ants on which they have raided. The red ants take every care of the captured pupæ, and when they are hatched hold them in slavery. These slave-ants do everything for their red masters; they feed the larvæ, build galleries and chambers, bring in food supplies, and feed their utterly lazy masters, and as a result the red ants lose the power of feeding themselves. If shut up and supplied with honey, which is their favourite food, they will not feed but rather die of starvation till they are supplied by one of their dusky slaves. Directly this is done the slave eats a quantity of honey, and then proceeds to feed its masters, who are quite satisfied to be saved from starvation in this manner. So these ants illustrate the dire results that inevitably follow from the disuse of any serviceable organ, and the degradation that accompanies a system of slavery.



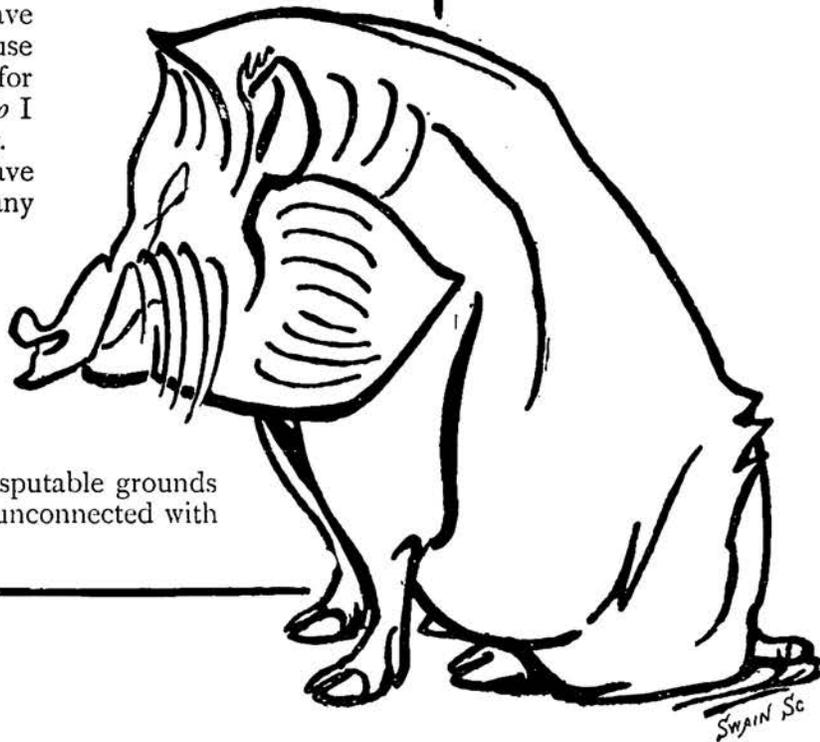
# ZIGZAGS AT THE ZOO

By  
ARTHUR MORISON & S. A. SWAIN

## XXIV.—ZIG-ZAG RODOPORCINE.

“RODOPORCINE” is a portmanteau-word. It is not a regular scientific term, although, as I may claim with modest pride (being its inventor), it is almost ugly enough to be one. I have invented it largely for the benefit of the building (it is only one building) which the Zoological Society numbers six and seven, and divides arbitrarily into “The Swine House” and “The Rodents’ House”; but chiefly I have invented it because I wanted a title for this Zig-zag. *Rodō* I gnaw, *porcus* a pig.

The Society have old authority for any amount of confusion between the swine and the rodents. The guinea-pig has long ago established its right to its name, on the indisputable grounds of being entirely unconnected with



J.A.S

Guinea, and not a pig, but a rodent. The capybara is also called a water-pig (even in its Greek name) in virtue, doubtless, of being a rodent. "Porcupine" means a thorny pig; the name being again found convenient for a rodent, and enunciated with peculiar emphasis by the wag who wrote:—

Each hair will stand on end upon thy wig,  
Like quills upon the frightful porcupig.

Then, by way of pleasant variation, the hedgehog derives its title from the fact of being neither a hog nor a rodent, but only a prickly kind of mole. So that confusion among pigs and rodents is an ancient, time-honoured, and respectable state of affairs, only feebly deferred to by the Zoological Society in placing the two side by side. Let us consider them, therefore, in a proper derangement and with a due regard to confusion.

The thoughtless world is disrespectful to the pig. It even uses its name as a term of reproach. Nobody



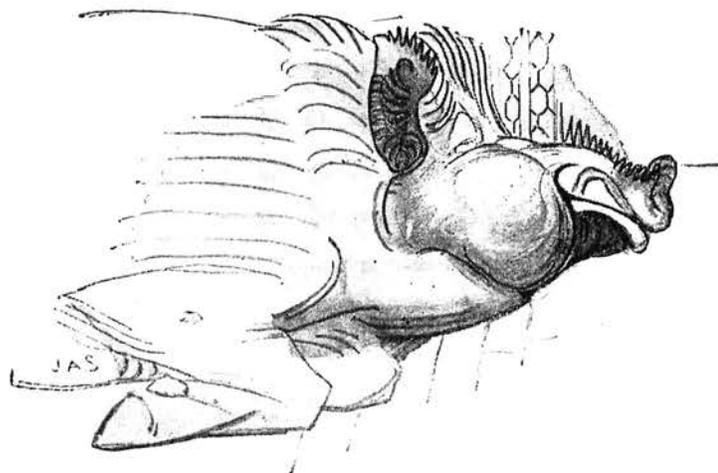
BOHEMIAN.



WELL GROOMED.

likes to be called a pig, and yet if some were to accept the epithet with a good grace, and conscientiously act up to the character, there would be a deal of improvement in their manners. Proverbs abuse and slight the pig. "Pigs may whistle, but they have an ill mouth for it," says one; "Drunk as David's sow," says another; "What can you expect from a pig but a grunt?" asks a third, totally ignoring the existence of such products as bacon, lard, bristles, and saddle-leather. But then proverbs are always perpetrating injustices somewhere, until abuse from a proverb has become a sort of testimonial to the worth of anything—animal, vegetable, or mineral. The pig eats all it can get, certainly,

but that is only a manifestation of what we are apt to call, in ourselves, prudence and business acumen. Once thoroughly fed it regards the world with serene apathy, but that is merely broadmindedness and toleration. The nearest relatives here to the familiar porker of our native agricultural show are the wild swine—European and Asiatic—well set-up creatures, of form and manner not to be considered with disrespect, and carrying with them no more of traditional piggishness than a certain easy Bohemianism of manner and irregularity of bristle,



SERENE APATHY.

It is plain to see that whatever may be found of ill account in the pig is due to the contaminating influence of man. A wiry, well-groomed wild pig is a decent citizen of the animal community, unpleasantly ready with his tusks, of course, but clearly dignified and with intelligence. To me the wart-hog always seems the precise militarist among pigs. His neat, well-fitting feet, his closely-clad legs, and his high carriage of head are alone enough, to say nothing of his warlike tusks, and his mutton-chop side-whiskers, which indeed are only a sort of warts, but look as much like the real thing as they can manage. But, for all the other qualities of the grizzled old soldier, it cannot be concealed that he has a drunken eye.

From the comparatively noble wild swine (who cannot open his mouth without an invariable appearance of being about to sneeze) man has, by long selection and careful breeding, evolved a preposterous cylinder of locomotive pork. This he calls an "improved" pig—as who should speak of improving the heavens by casting advertisements thereon from a magic-lantern. It is a quaint paradox in the pig-fancier's system that the pig with the greatest number of excellent points is, as a matter of fact, the pig whose rotundity presents no point anywhere, nor anything like a point.

There is a deal of



"IMPROVED."



MAJOR WART-HOG.

catholicity of taste in a pig. He is quite prepared to devour the whole animal and vegetable kingdom, and very little hunger would persuade him to admit the mineral kingdom, too. Almost anything will "please the pigs"—which may be the origin of the proverb, although origin-mongers say differently; and yet the pig's senses of taste and smell are particularly acute; witness his use as a beast of chase—for the truffle. He has also an acute weather-wisdom, if countrymen's weather-lore be accepted; for if pigs carry straw in their mouths it will inevitably rain. Wherefore

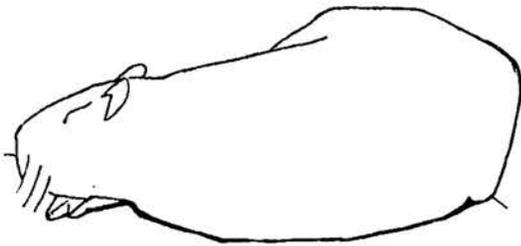
picnic parties will do well to remove all straw from the reach of pigs.

The capybara—the water-pig which is no pig—is a rudimentary sort of structure. He presents a kind of rough outline or experimental draft of a quadruped in its preliminary stages of invention. All the materials are there—more than enough, in fact—and the rough plan of their arrangement is sketched out, but there is no detail—nor, indeed, any other kind of tail—and no finish. The body (and a very liberal body, too), the hair (also liberal, and thick), the head and legs, have been put together tentatively with a shovel, and all the fine work has been omitted; indeed, the operations have never even arrived at the stage at which the tail is stuck on. The

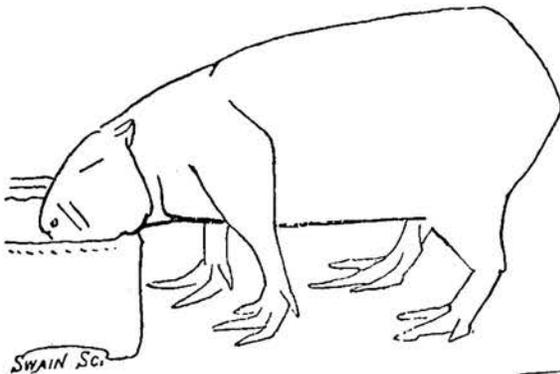


GOING TO SNEEZE.

capybara's ideals, notions of life, wants and aspirations are of the rudimentary character appropriate to his figure. He has no particular objection to being tame and docile—so long as he is fed—nor any particular repugnance to being otherwise. He will eat a piece of cabbage if it is there; otherwise he gets on very well with a lump of firewood. He has a drink when the idea occurs to him, and takes it in the ordinary way as a rule, but, sometimes, under the unwonted stimulus of a brilliantly new conception, he sits in his drink as he takes it. This would appear to be his notion of humour; it is the capybara's only joke, and he never varies it in form or spirit. He is not a communicative beast, and never offers a remark to any human creature but Church, his

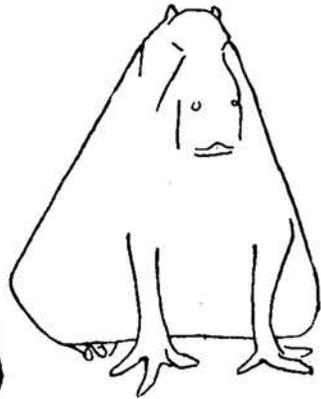


keeper, and then it is by way of extracting something to eat. The



SWAIN SC.

THE RUDIMENTARY CAPYBARA.



remark is a sort of purring rattle—the rudimentary speech of an animal whose vocal organs have not been tuned. The redeeming feature in the capybara, in these days of hysteric fad, is his utter absence of “views” on any subject in the world.

And he has no enthusiasms.



J. A. Shepherd

The tapir is nothing but an ambitious pig—a pig trying to be an elephant. But the most careful cultivation has not succeeded in elongating his trunk beyond a few inches, and the biggest of the tapirs can get no nearer the stature of the elephant than a small donkey. It is probably this that makes the tapir a melancholy animal, silent and despondent. There is no gaiety in the composition of the tapir. In a fatefully unlucky moment he began to try to be an elephant, and thenceforward happiness forsook him. Like the king in the history-book, he never smiled again. His life is one cheerless, hopeless, dreary struggle to be what he can never become. Being a pig, he is obstinate, or he would have given up the attempt long ago. Elephantine ambition in particular is not born in the tapir, though ambition of a vague sort is. The young tapir always



THE GIDDY MALAYAN.

begins by trying to be a tiger or a zebra; breaking out in brilliant stripes and spots; but in due time he regularly settles down, after the manner of his kind, to achieve rank as an elephant. He is a melancholy example of discontent in humble circumstances.

Still, there is a deal of human nature in the tapir.

The ordinary tapir is a grave, respectable, and judicious Israelitish financier, prudent and careful; but the Malayan tapir here is a giddy young person who makes the



PRUDENT FINANCE.

money fly. See his short white covert coat, with the little black bob-tail visible below it, and note his vacant eye. How badly he wants a crook-handled stick and a high collar! But you may despise the tapir, his restless ambition, and his immature trunk as you please—all your contempt will be reciprocated, and with interest. He is almost the only animal here who knows that sightseers don't usually carry about with them his particular sort of food, and he is, therefore, loftily indifferent to the tenderest blandishments. He despises you for having neither trunk nor tusks; in his matured philosophy, only an elephant is admirable; as a baby, he admires the zebra and tries to be one of them. And so he



RECIPROCAL CONTEMPT.

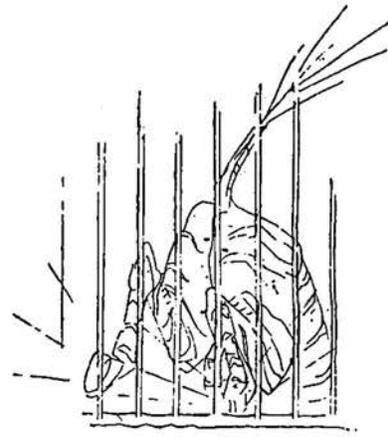


THE DOCILE FORE.

lives here, in house number sixty, equidistant between the zebras and the elephants, and as likely to become one as the other. Though he could ensure his juvenile stripes being fast colours (which he cannot), the tapir would fail as a zebra in the hinder end. The docility of the zebra's head he might easily attain to—indeed, he has it now—but the inconsistent friskiness of his heels would be beyond him.

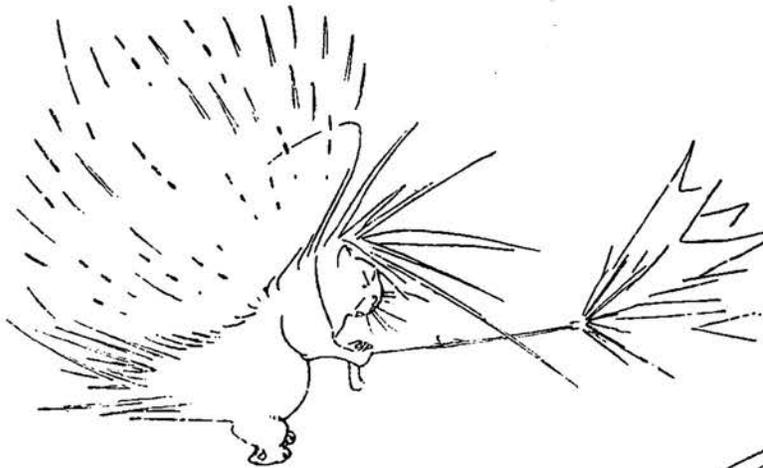
There are a good many fine points about the porcupine. Church, the keeper, once got half-a-dozen of them in his calf, and went to bed for a week to celebrate the occasion.

The porcupine is one of those animals that look pleasantest from the front. There his bristles all lie back smoothly from his forehead, giving him an aspect as aesthetically and Wildely tame as may be. But behind—well, you get a view of all his fine points. A little irritation—a very little—brings up his fine points in spiky array, as though he were caught from behind in a gale of wind.



THE FRISKY HIND.

THE FRISKY HIND.



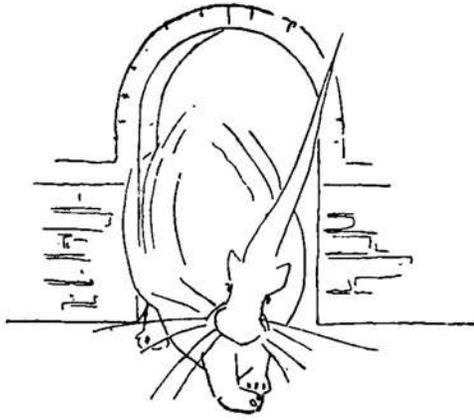
A GALE.

In a fight, the porcupine invariably advances backward, most valorously retreating to the front in pursuit of the enemy to which he turns his back, and pressing forward courageously to

the rear. That is to say, in a manner less mixed, that the porcupine always attacks an enemy by springing backward at him, with spines extended. He has a tremendous set of teeth, like chisels, but these he never uses except to chew up timber with. He will never fight with his teeth, being apprehensive of a punch on the nose, where he is tender. But in his advance to the rear he is formidable, and wonderfully quick. I have already mentioned Church's experience. The night is the time of the porcupines' greatest activity, and then they are apt to fight, springing backward at one another,



WILDELY TAME

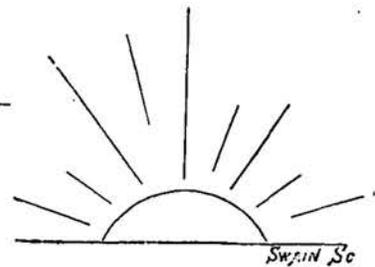
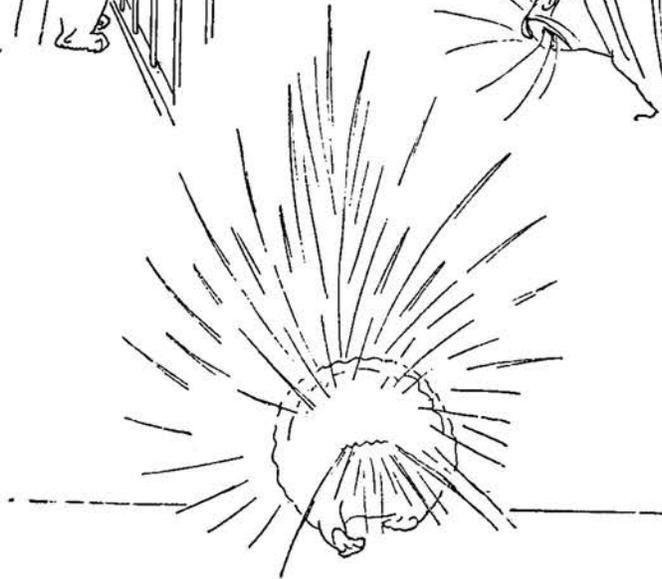
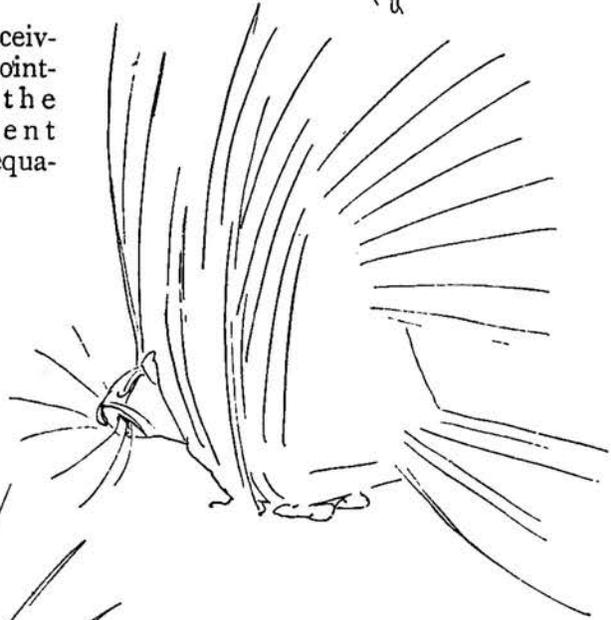


losing quills and tearing out specimen lumps of anatomy at a terrific rate. In the daytime the porcupine is not an active creature. He drags himself clumsily along with his armament rattling behind him, taking no more trouble

than to glance at Church on the chance of a donation of the adamantine biscuits and similarly inflexible food that most delights



him, and receiving disappointment or the refreshment with equal equanimity.



## TOMATOES.

IN SOUPS, CATSUPS, PICKLES, JAMS, ETC.



In some parts of the country all the tomatoes on the vines do not turn red before the frost puts a stop to the process of ripening. There are several ways in which the green ones can be used to advantage, and in many households they are as carefully husbanded and as highly prized as the ripe ones. They make a delicious dish prepared in the following manner :

### Fried Green Tomatoes.

Choose fine, sound ones without blemishes, slice them about a quarter of an inch thick with a sharp knife. Have ready a hot frying pan with a generous piece of butter in the bottom, lay the slices in, sprinkle them with salt and pepper, if liked add a little cayenne pepper, as they brown on one side turn them and when done serve them on a hot dish. The frying pan will have to be replenished more than once when the taste for them is acquired.

### Green Tomato Jam.

Weigh eight pounds of tomatoes, cut them in small, irregular pieces and put them in a preserving kettle with seven pounds of granulated sugar. As they are very juicy no water will be required. It is best to put in only half the sugar at first and when the syrup is formed add the remainder. Boil until the pieces of tomato look clear, almost transparent, remove them with a skimmer and reduce the syrup about one-quarter by boiling, return the tomato to the kettle, let it come to the boil again and put it in the jars. It gives a pleasant variety in flavor to add one ounce of root ginger or three lemons sliced thin, before putting in the sugar. Not every housekeeper is fortunate enough to have self sealing jars sufficient to put up her whole stock of preserves. When paper covers have to be used it is a great saving of trouble to put them on while the sweetmeats are hot. The heat of the jar dries the paste quickly and it sticks without difficulty. A tablespoonful of flour rubbed smoothly with cold water and converted into paste by pouring about half a pint of boiling water upon it from the tea kettle will do good service. Cut two rounds of paper about an inch larger than the top of the jar to be covered, cover one with paste, lay the other on it and do the same to that, put the two together over the jar and press the edges firmly down. Jam put up in this way keeps well. The labels may be pasted on the sides of the jar.

### Soy.

Take firm, green tomatoes, slice them and pack them down, covering each layer with a sprinkling of fine salt. Let them remain over night, then strain off the juice and chop them in small pieces. To each quart of tomatoes add half a pint of grated horse radish, one large green pepper and one large onion sliced, one tablespoonful of ground mustard and four tablespoonfuls of mustard seed, cover all with strong cold vinegar. In one month the soy will be ready for use.

### Chow Chow.

Take half a bushel of green tomatoes, one dozen onions and one dozen green peppers, chop them together and sprinkle with one pint of salt. Let them stand all night, then strain off the brine and cover them with vinegar. Cook slowly for an hour, strain and pack in a jar. Take one pound of brown sugar, two teaspoonfuls of ground cinnamon, one tablespoonful each of allspice and cloves, a quarter of a pint of mustard seed, one pint of grated horse radish and enough vinegar to mix thoroughly. Make the mixture boiling hot, pour it over the tomato and when cold the chow chow is ready for use.

Green tomatoes give a peculiar, delicate flavor to soup or stock. They should be cut in pieces, boiled in it and strained out before the soup is served. They impart in a lesser degree the richness which ripe tomatoes give to soup. If sliced, boiled with a little salt and put up hot in self sealing jars they will keep for some time and may be used for seasoning as required.

### Chili Sauce.

Scald two pecks of red tomatoes in boiling water to remove the

skin, cut them in pieces and add one dozen onions and eight large red peppers also cut fine, two and a half pints of vinegar, half a pint of salt and nine tablespoonfuls of sugar. Boil the ingredients one hour, and put the mixture in self sealing jars. It can be used as soon as required and is delicious with cold roast beef.

### Tomato Catsup.

Take half a peck of ripe tomatoes, six red peppers, half a tablespoonful of cloves, half a tablespoonful of allspice, both ground, four tablespoonfuls of salt, four tablespoonfuls of black pepper and three tablespoonfuls of mustard. Let the ingredients simmer slowly for four hours, strain the mixture through a sieve, put it in bottles, cork and seal closely. It will keep for months.

### Ripe Tomato Pickles.

Slice half a peck of tomatoes, add six medium sized onions. Sprinkle with salt and let them stand twenty-four hours. Drain them and take one teaspoonful each of ground cloves, allspice and black pepper, six pods of green peppers chopped fine, two tablespoonfuls of ground mustard, half a pint of mustard seed and grated horse radish to taste. Mix all these ingredients with the tomatoes in an earthen jar to within four inches of the top. Fill the jar with strong vinegar, stirring the contents very slightly. Be sure to keep them covered with vinegar and in one month they can be used.

### Tomato Soup.

Take one quart of sliced tomatoes, the skins being removed before they are cut. Boil them in one quart of water until perfectly tender, add one small, even teaspoonful of soda. When the effervescence subsides add one quart of milk; a little cream is a great improvement. Put in a large tablespoonful of butter, a pinch of red pepper and salt to taste. Thicken with cracker crumbs or a tablespoonful of corn starch rubbed smooth in cold milk. Boil ten minutes and serve. Put in the tureen a slice of toast cut in small squares and pour the soup on them. Sound green tomatoes will ripen in the house if laid in a sunny window and frequently turned. The vines are sometimes cut loaded with the green fruit and hung in the kitchen, when the warmth ripens it.

—*Elisabeth Robinson Scovil.*

## Before the Baby Came.

(*Aggrieved Husband.*)

THERE was a time when my discourse  
Was wrenched not out of joint;  
I did not shout till I was hoarse,  
And point out every point;  
Nor thrice the same joke try to tell,  
And mangle it and maim —  
My wife had time to listen well,  
Before the baby came!

There was a time when here and there  
I flitted like a bird;  
My wife went with me everywhere,  
Just when I said the word:  
We saw the boat-race and the play,  
We watched the base-ball game —  
We had a free foot, as they say,  
Before the baby came!

There was a time when I alone  
Was by my wife adored;  
I sat on the domestic throne,  
The sole and sovereign lord.  
My crown is gone. Without a thank,  
He takes my very name —  
I 've not a vestige of my rank  
Before the baby came!

*Fannie Windsor.*



## February.

What a frosty-spirited rogue  
this is!

*Henry IV. Part 1. Act II. Sc. 3.*

*Logan's Home Manual, 1899*



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