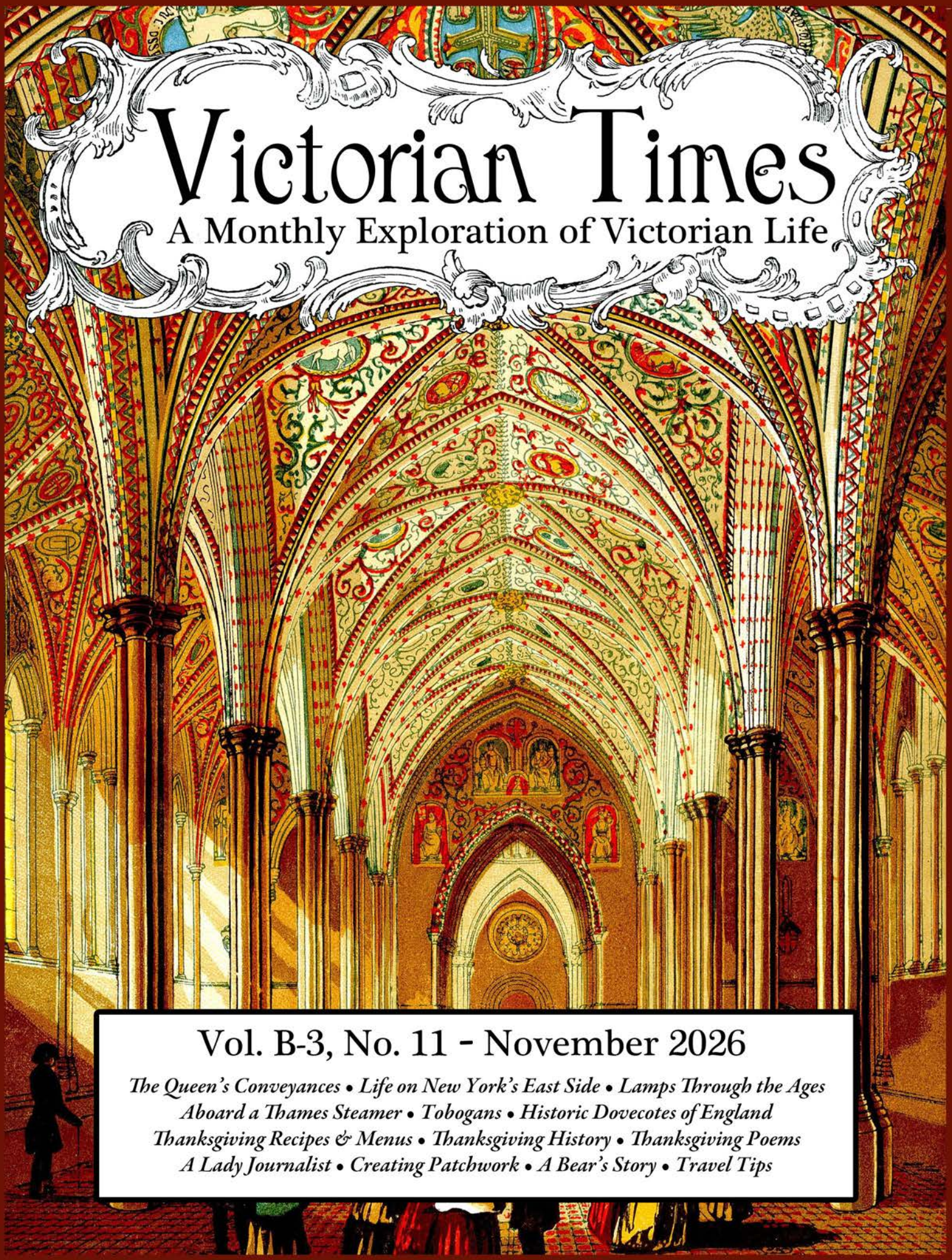

Victorian Times

A Monthly Exploration of Victorian Life

Vol. B-3, No. 11 - November 2026

The Queen's Conveyances • *Life on New York's East Side* • *Lamps Through the Ages*
Aboard a Thames Steamer • *Tobogans* • *Historic Dovecotes of England*
Thanksgiving Recipes & Menus • *Thanksgiving History* • *Thanksgiving Poems*
A Lady Journalist • *Creating Patchwork* • *A Bear's Story* • *Travel Tips*

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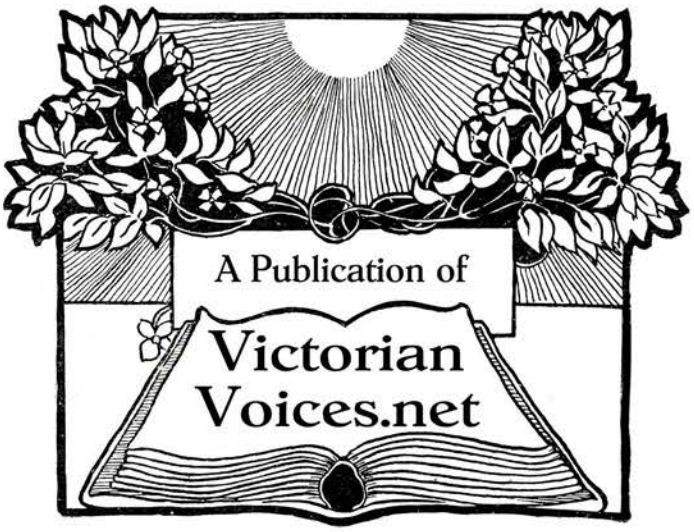

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Cover Image: "Temple Church," from Charles Knight's *Old England*, 1860.

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Victorian Times

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Thoroughly Modern Media

Today we hear quite a lot of criticism of the various forms of social media, particularly as a means of getting "the news." You might hear comments along the lines of "What [it] seems to be principally valued for just now is for doing individual gossiping, scolding, and backbiting on a large scale, and in a way that relieves the individual from responsibility." Or perhaps, "The multiplied repetition of personal gossip, usually untrue, is simply disgusting… back-door tittle-tattle of the meanest, most reckless sort has been made a business… while there is nothing apparently so low or so venomous that it cannot find a publisher." Such media "would make us believe that the race is composed of criminals and politicians, and that there is no difference between the two."

Perhaps you're looking around now and thinking, um, isn't this supposed to be about *Victorian* Times? Indeed it is. For those comments don't come to us today, following, perhaps, the latest political or celebrity scandal to hit the media. They come from the pen of Jenny June, writing in 1886 about her experiences as a journalist (see page 49). (And note that in 1886, Jenny June had been in journalism for 30 years – a good indicator that women played an active role in that field for much of the 19th century!)

June isn't writing about Tik-Tok or Twitter or any of the dozens of news sources available on social media today. She's writing about what newspapers – what we'd call *legacy* media – were like 140 years ago. Today, many rhapsodize about the good old days of actual newspapers, and wish that we could return to that bastion of solid, unbiased reporting. At the same time, I think many would agree with June when she points out that "The great papers… represent wealth and its interests, and the small papers represent their advertisers." Even in 1886, it would seem that a great many papers did not necessarily represent the interests of their readers. Or, perhaps, they did:

"Gossips and slanderers find listeners, but their listeners do not respect them. Descending to trivialities and the repetition of them *ad nauseam* lowers, has already lowered, the whole tone of the newspaper press, so that many avoid it and lose their interest in and connection with its progress and its activities, because they cannot stand the slums they must wade through, or come in sight of, to get to them."

Interestingly, even in 1886, there seems to have been a sort of social media, if by that one means a mechanism by which information is distributed in a social fashion. "News slips, political news, financial news, sporting news, and the like… are distributed all day and in the evening by messenger-boys in every broker's office, every great business house, and every bar-room in the great cities, and all is known before the morning paper is printed."

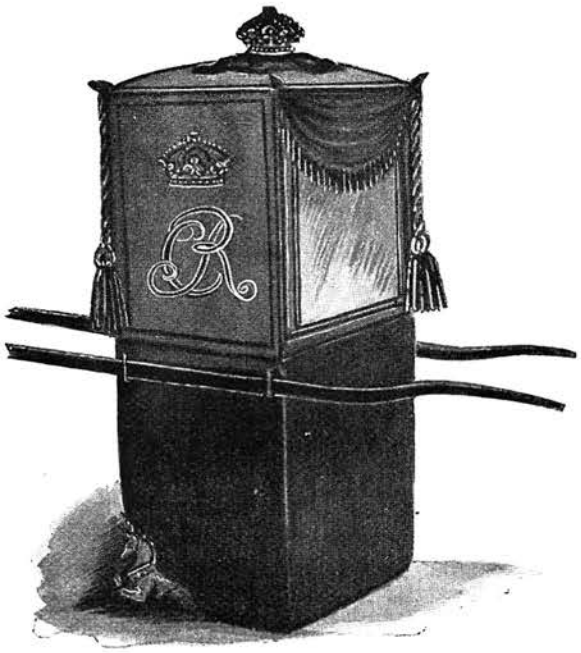
Where, June wonders, are newspapers and journalism headed? On the one hand, she imagines that the scandal-mongering will only increase, while the quality of writing will diminish. "The telegraph is killing correspondence and discouraging fine, descriptive writing. People are too much in a hurry, they will no longer take the time to read it, all they want is the 'facts.'" Pretty much the argument for social media in the first place!

But she holds out hope for something better. A "new" thing is coming to journalism: illustrated journalism. (And in color!) "If this is true, the day is not distant when we shall have the beautiful and picturesque journal, one that will arouse the taste… The exceptional facts… the crime and the scandal, will be relegated to a corner and put in small close type; the discovery, its relation to existing circumstances and conditions, the noble act, the great piece of work will, it is to be hoped, be put in colors and occupy the places of honor." The power of the image, June hopes, when introduced into "this element, so cruel and dangerous in evil, so powerful in its possibilities… will come "to soften, to illumine, and we hope ennoble."

I shudder to think what Jenny June would have to say if she could see our media today, or how we have chosen to use images. Ennobling is perhaps not the word. But her words hold a lesson for us – a lesson in the dangers of nostalgia. Today, many of us look at social media and think it's a bad thing – and if that's the case, then what went before, what it replaced, must have been a good, or at least a *better*, thing. Chances are, it wasn't.

What June also shows us, however, is that the more things change, the more they stay the same – because *people* stay the same. Victorians weren't so different from us – and we aren't so different from them. And many of those things that we think are new and different today, just because they are new to *us*, often aren't so new or different at all.

—Moira Allen, Editor
editors@victorianvoices.net



THE ROYAL SEDAN CHAIR.

THE QUEEN'S CONVEYANCES.

By George A. Wade.

ALTHOUGH the Queen this year gave up her journey to the Continent in order to stay with her people, her Majesty has in no wise lost her love of travel. As it is, she has been to Ireland, and before long will go northward again for her usual autumn sojourn at Balmoral. But the venerable Sovereign travels, of course, under the easiest possible conditions, and everything is done to obviate any exertion, fatigue, or discomfort.

To begin with the conveyances which are for her Majesty's use by road, the first mentioned must be the Coronation coach. To the present generation this carriage is almost unknown, as it has never left the Royal Mews at Buckingham Palace since 1861.

This lovely, if cumbersome, vehicle was designed for George III. by Sir William Chambers. Every portion of it is richly decorated with gilded carving work, and the outside of the coach contains many panels on which are painted superb pictures by the finest artists of that period, Ciprani being the chief of them. On one door are represented Mars, Mercury, and Minerva, supporting the Crown of Great Britain, and on the other door are shown figures of Industry and Ingenuity presenting the Genius of England with a cornucopia, whilst History is recording the deeds of Fame.

The body of the Coronation carriage consists of a representation of eight palm trees, which, branching out towards the top, form a support for the roof of the vehicle, and in the middle of the roof there are placed three boyish figures, representing England, Scotland and Ireland, holding a crown. Two figures in front of the coach appear to be pulling it with cords round their shoulders, and are sounding shells to announce the approach of the "Ocean's Monarch"; whilst the back of the vehicle is splendidly decorated with the Royal Arms, the Order of St. George, and the Rose, Shamrock and Thistle. The total length of the carriage is 24 feet and its height is 12 feet, the whole weighing no less than four tons.

But beautiful as the Coronation coach is, lined inside with rich scarlet embossed velvet, and decorated outside with such gorgeous gilding, painting, and carving, the famous carriage has never been much favoured for State use by the Queen. It is too clumsy,

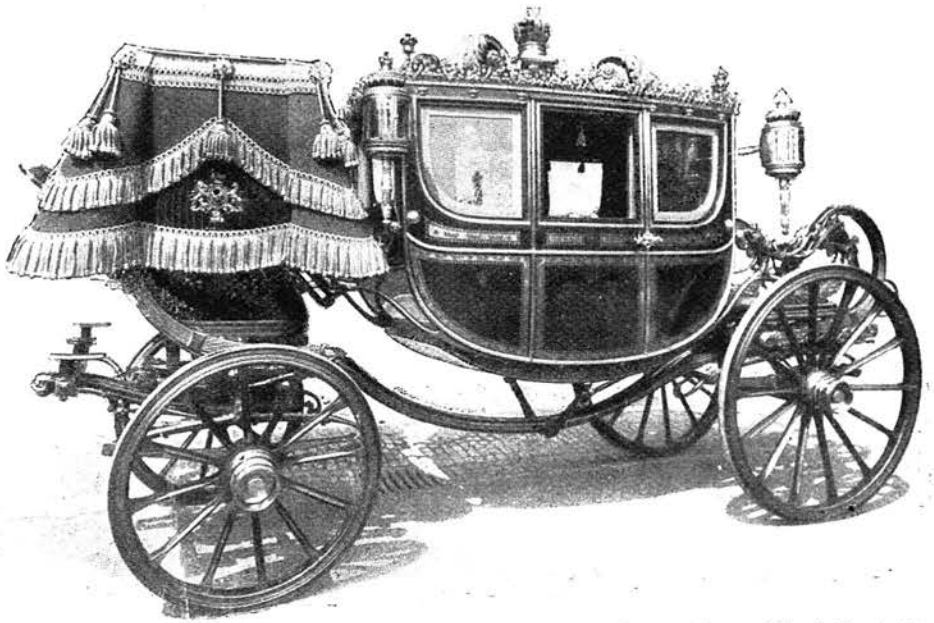


Photo by] [*H. N. King, Goldhawk Road, W.*

THE QUEEN'S FAVOURITE CLOSED STATE COACH.

too heavy, too jolting for her Majesty, in these days of lightness, luxury, and speed on the roads. In the good old days of King George III. this coach was considered to be the acme of comfort and ease in travelling ; to-day it is far behind the times in these respects. Yet no conveyance of modern times can compare with it as a sumptuous carriage for the roads, with its painted panels, that alone are worth £7,000. It also remains one of our most interesting links with past methods of travelling in England, before railways were invented, and when motor-cars were unknown.

The next State conveyance used by the Queen to be noticed is the one she has generally favoured upon ceremonious occasions when a closed carriage has been necessary. This has been used by her Majesty when opening Parliament in person, and for many State or semi-State processions she much prefers it to the Coronation coach previously mentioned.

Round the top of this second coach is some lovely carving, all richly gilt, of roses, shamrocks and thistles. On the roof itself is the representation of a cushion bearing the Royal Crown. The interior decorations are very charming, the upholstery being done in light blue silk. So perfectly is the vehicle strung on its strong springs that, despite its size, it moves along with such ease and lightness that the occupant scarcely feels any motion.

When her Majesty uses this carriage on State occasions it is drawn by the famous eight cream-coloured horses which are kept in the stables of Buckingham Palace. These Hanoverians, with their harness of red morocco leather and their grooms at their heads, make a very imposing spectacle.

Of late the Queen has more often preferred an open carriage for her State appearances, as, for example, on the occasion of the Jubilee, and on her visit to Sheffield a few years ago. In such a case one of the best of the ordinary landaus at the Palace Mews is generally brought into requisition. These Royal carriages differ but little from many of those of the aristocracy, save that they are of regal size and upholstery. The latter is of dark blue cloth, and there are always a number of these carriages kept in the Mews ready for use.

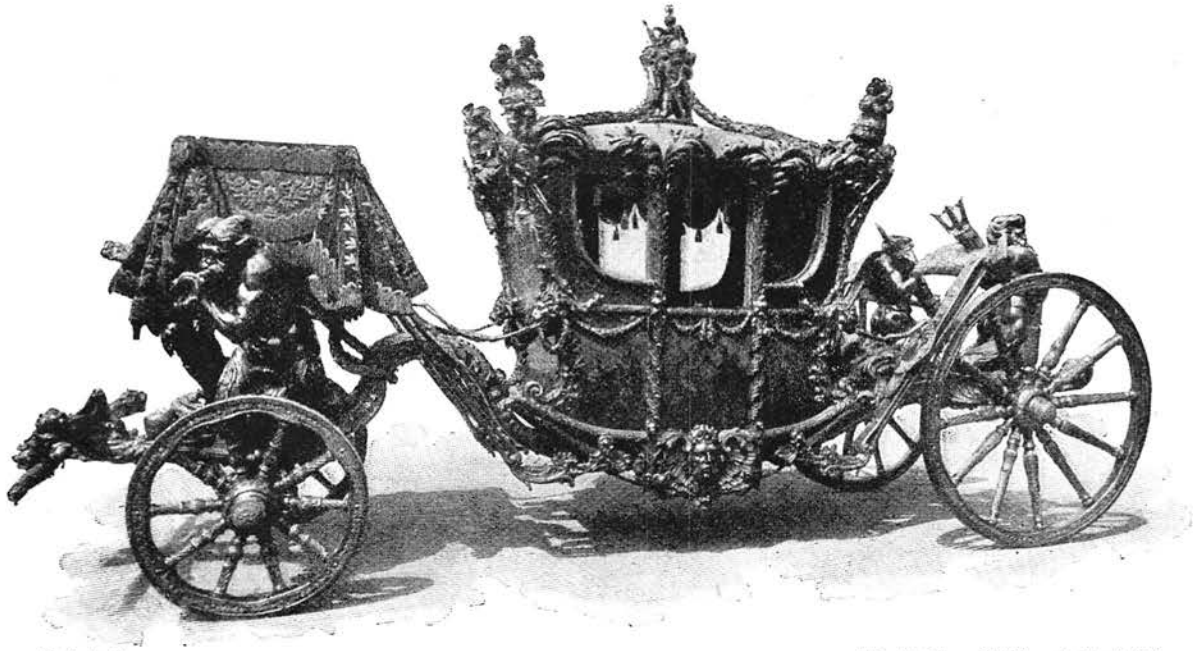
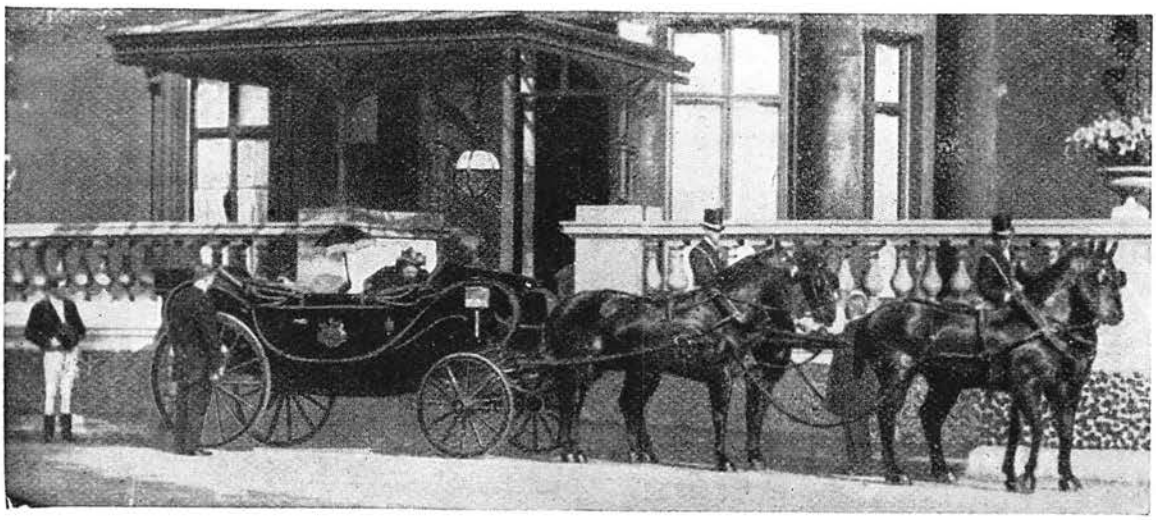


Photo by] THE CORONATION COACH. *[H. N. King, Goldhawk Road, W.*

Her Majesty likewise uses a carriage of this description when she takes her daily drive either at London or at Windsor. But in this case she is generally drawn by two pairs of greys, with outriders, the Queen showing a marked preference at present for this colour in her private carriage horses. On such occasions she is attended by a maid-of-honour and by one or two equerries. Only when the weather is either very wet or piercingly cold does the Queen drive out for her constitutional in a closed vehicle.

Lastly, amongst her driving conveyances we must not omit to mention the small phaeton and the donkey carriage which the Sovereign uses for her daily drives within the bounds of the Royal residences. Of late years the Queen has almost given up the



THE ORDINARY DRIVING CARRIAGE.

phaeton she formerly kept for this purpose, and has employed the donkey carriage instead.

The latter is made to carry two persons only, sitting side by side, and so is admirably adapted for the drives of the Queen and the Princess Beatrice. When the latter does not accompany her Royal mother the donkey is led by the groom. In any case the pace is seldom more than a walk or a very easy trot, and the Queen often takes the reins in hand herself.

The donkey carriage has a top which can be raised to keep off the hot sun or rain ; it is made of basket-work and is very light. Its steps have been arranged specially to facilitate her Majesty's getting in and out ; they nearly touch the ground, and the bottom of the phaeton will be noticed to be very low. It is more than probable that the Queen now prefers the little donkey-chaise to all the carriages in the Royal stables, since she derives more pleasure and recreation from it than from all the rest put together.

When our Sovereign wishes to travel by railway very elaborate preparations are neces-

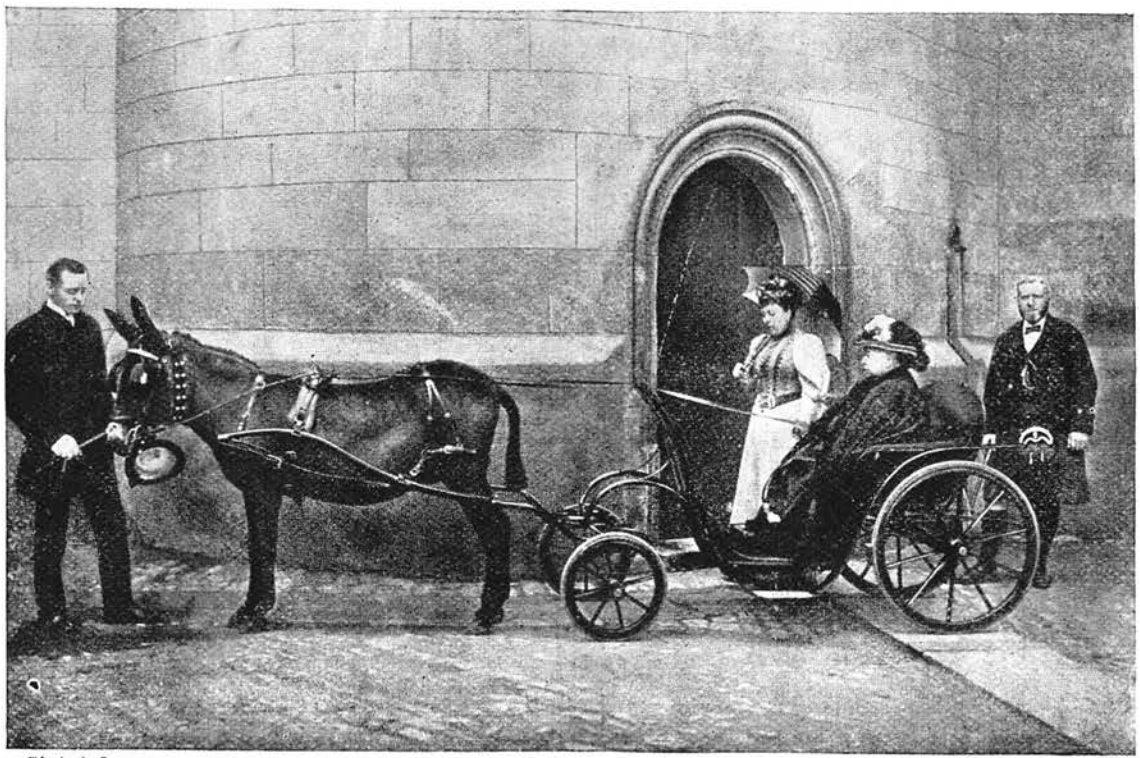


Photo by] [*Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.*

THE DONKEY CARRIAGE.

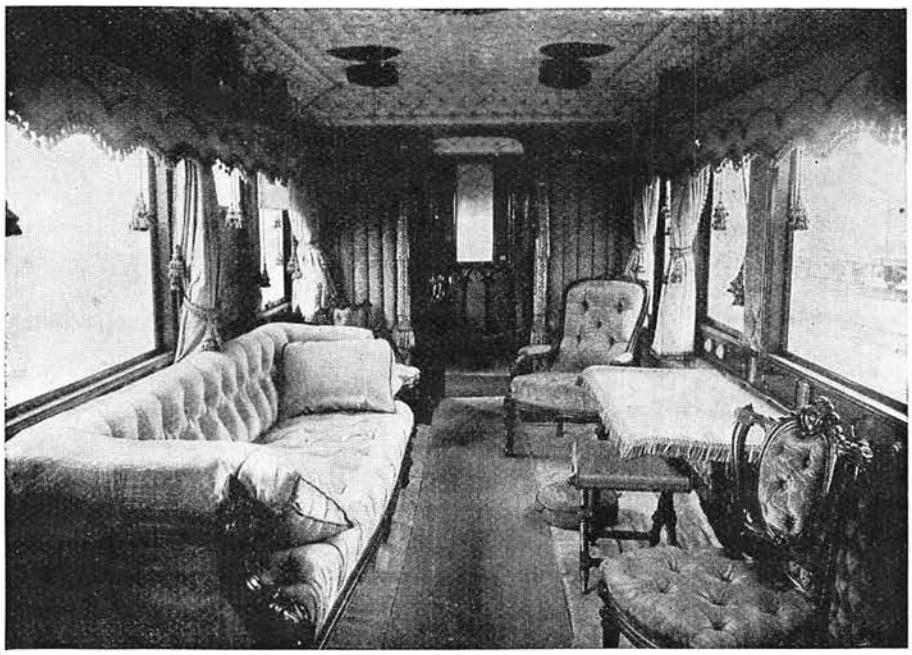


Photo by] [*Russell & Sons, Baker Street, W.*

HER MAJESTY'S SALOON, LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

sary. There are at least two trains that may be dignified by the title of "Royal." One of them is the property of the Great Western Railway Company, and the other of the London and North-Western Company. The former of these is the train which her Majesty uses when she travels to and from London and Windsor for such events as the Drawing-Rooms, etc. It is a train of the corridor build and is most luxuriously fitted up, being painted in chocolate and cream colours, and consisting of at least six carriages.

This train was built specially for the Queen to commemorate the Jubilee three years ago, and it is said to have cost in its entirety over £40,000 to the Great Western Railway. This Company also built a new waiting-room on the station platform at Windsor especially for Royal use, as a memento of the Jubilee.

But the train which is, *par excellence*, the "Royal" train, is the one that carries her Majesty to Scotland and back when the Court goes to Balmoral. This belongs to the London and North-Western Railway Company. The train invariably consists of twelve vehicles when it is fully made up, the Royal saloons being exactly in the centre. These include a sitting-room, a bedroom, and a dining-room. The windows are wide and are warmly curtained by heavy green curtains, green being perhaps her Majesty's favourite colour for the drapery of windows and beds. Every part of the rooms is gorgeously fitted up, the suite of the saloon being of satinwood, inlaid, and the chairs, settees, etc., being covered with blue silk. Even the door-handles are gold-plated, and the floors are covered with thick carpets of velvet pile, whilst the saloons are brilliantly lighted in dull weather.

Small tables, cages of pet birds, books, and the usual impedimenta which the Queen carries with her on all her journeys are there. Outside the



Photo by] [*Russell, Windsor.*

THE ROYAL TRAIN.

roofs of the train are painted white, and inside they are either upholstered, or painted and decorated in light colours.

Until a short time ago the carriages were lighted by gas, her Majesty being most conservative in such matters, but now the incandescent light is being brought into use here as in the Royal palaces.

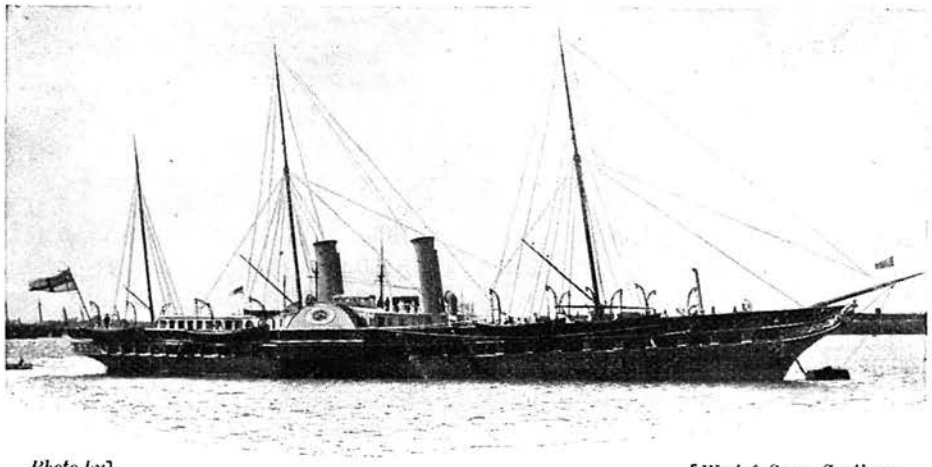


Photo by] [*West & Sons, Southsea.*

THE ROYAL YACHT "OSBORNE."

Electric bells are practically all over the train, so that the Queen can at once call her attendants, whose rooms adjoin her own, or she can in a few seconds have the train stopped, should she so desire, by touching an electric bell that tells the guard and engine-driver of her wish.

On a table in her saloon is always laid beforehand a time-table, which gives every particular relating to the journey she is making. This time-table is artistically printed in mauve, on white paper. The Royal Arms surmount it, and it is bordered by a narrow gold band.

The steps of the Royal saloons are worth notice. They let down to the ground like those of an ordinary State-carriage, so that her Majesty has no fatigue in mounting them. It need scarcely be said that these railway carriages are placed upon springs as perfect as human ingenuity can make them.

As one of the Princesses usually accompanies the Queen on these journeys, in addition to the two maids-of-honour, equerries, secretaries, and railway directors, these have all to have their own apartments apportioned on the train. The ladies-in-waiting are always in the saloons next to the Queen, nearer the engine, while the equerries are in a carriage behind the Royal one.

No special engine is adhered to, but there are two or three from which the selection is always made, these being naturally the best engines the Company possesses. The drivers and guards are similarly selected from the most trustworthy servants of the Company and are changed as seldom as possible. Both the engine and the carriages of the Royal train have the Royal Arms painted upon them. It is worth noting that under no circumstances whatever will her Majesty permit a higher rate of speed than thirty-five miles an hour.

How many people know that there is still

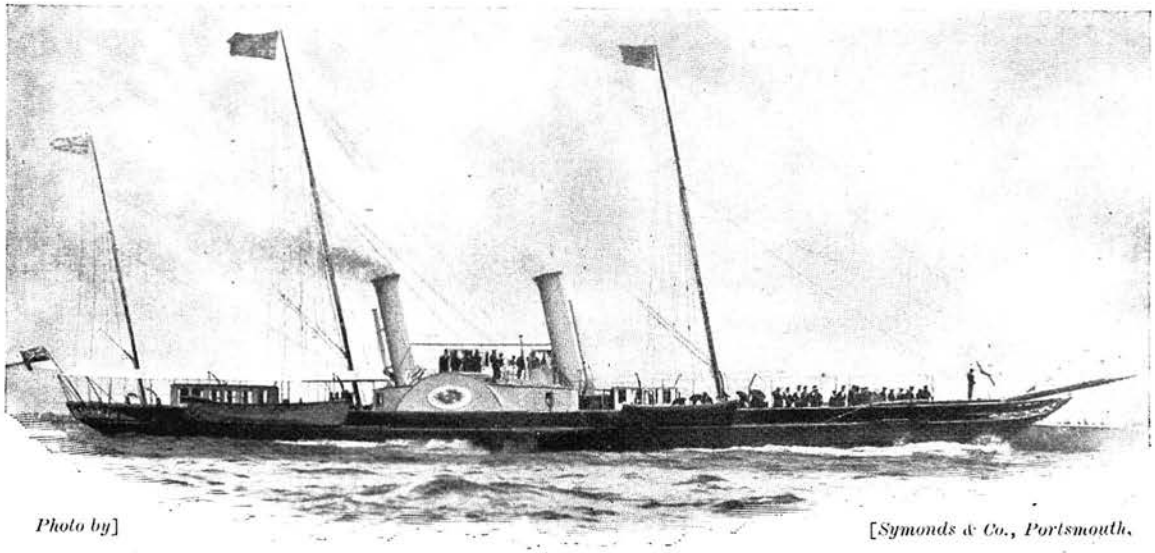


Photo by] [*Symonds & Co., Portsmouth.*

THE ORIGINAL ROYAL YACHT "VICTORIA AND ALBERT," WITH THE QUEEN ON BOARD.

in existence a Royal sedan-chair ? Yet such is the case, though her Majesty has never had occasion in these latter days of quick methods of travelling to make use of it. But the visitor to Windsor may have seen it near the entrance to the State apartments. It was often used by Queen Charlotte, and has her monogram, "C. R.," plainly marked on its sides. Except for its rather more sumptuous upholstery, there is little to differentiate it from the many sedan-chairs of the period to which it belonged.

It is kept in a glass case, and its embroideries are not nearly so much faded as one would have supposed. On the top of it is a gold, or rather gilt, crown on a cushion, and the front is hung with silk drapery and a fringe. Two large tassels hang from it, and the sides above the monogram are decorated with a crown. The bottom part of the chair is of red morocco, and rests upon a Royal Lion and Unicorn in gilt work. It is at present without its staves.

For many years the sedan-chair lay unheeded in one of the many lumber-rooms of the Castle, and when it was discovered, so little was known about it that it was believed at first to have been a relic of the time of Charles I., and the initials on it seemed to favour this view. But when its history began to be inquired into, the real meaning of the "C. R." soon became clear.

There are few people who are aware that the Queen has still a Royal Barge-Master, though the barge itself is now a thing of the past, as far as the Queen's use of it is concerned. The old barge used for so many generations by Royalties, from the days of James I. onwards, now reposes in the South Kensington Museum, and will never more carry bevies of fair ladies and gallant gentlemen from Westminster to Hampton Court as in the olden days. Its last appearance in public was at the Fisheries Exhibition in the early eighties, and then it had to be sawn into two pieces before it could be got into the building.

The barge was 63 feet long, and about 6 feet wide, and she carried a complement of twenty-one oarsmen. Her speed was often, at its best, not less that from nine to ten miles an hour, so that she was not easily to be beaten on the Thames in her day. Her hull was oak-planked, and had a considerable rise at the stern. Passengers entered her by a landing stool, carried for use where no stage existed, which, when placed upon the beach, formed a gentle slope to the gunwale level.

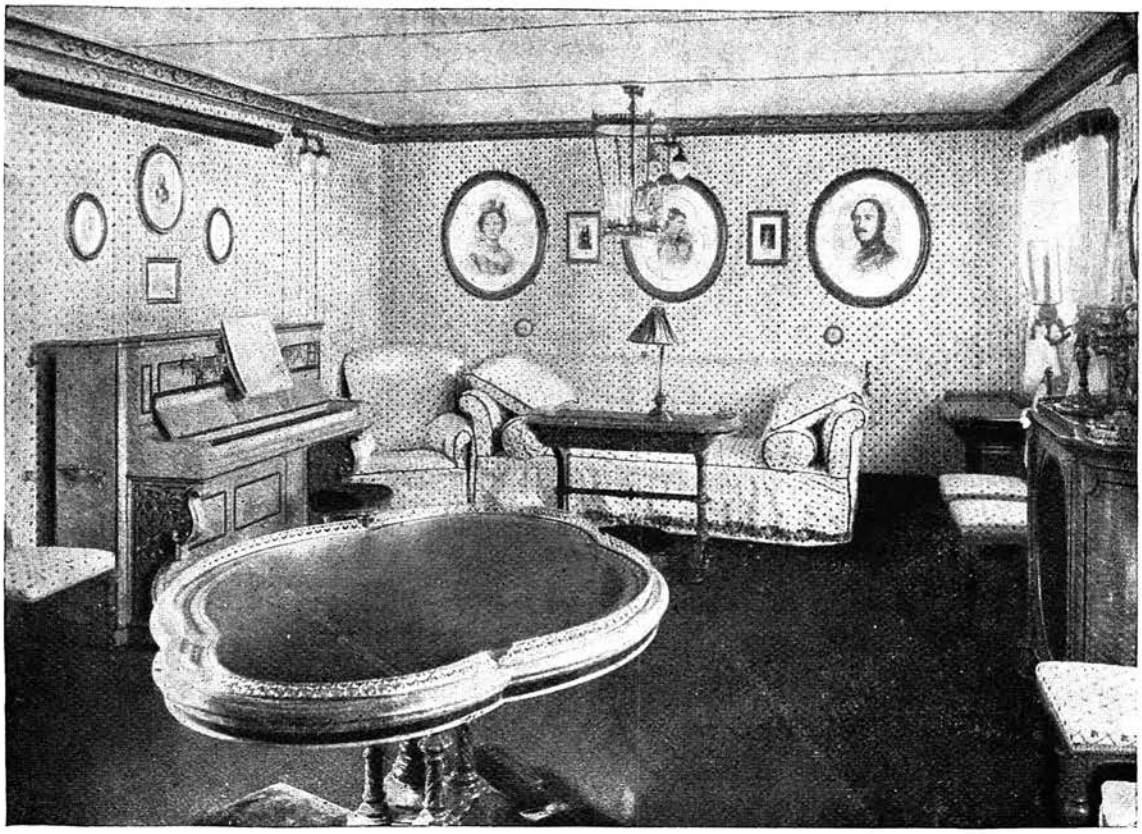
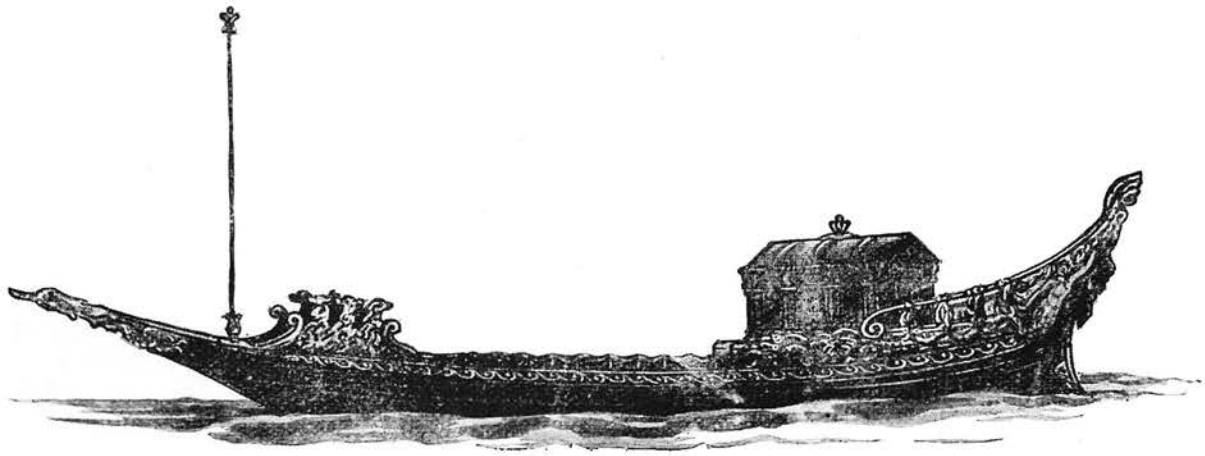


Photo by] [*Symonds & Co., Portsmouth.*

DRAWING-ROOM ON THE ROYAL YACHT "VICTORIA AND ALBERT."



THE ROYAL BARGE.

Her state-room was near the stern, and extended the full width of the hull, into which it was completely incorporated. It was about 5 feet 8 inches high, and was sumptuously gilded and furnished. Its upholstery was of scarlet and gold cloth, and the exterior of the barge itself was adorned by a number of carved mermaids, dolphins, fishes, etc.

It is not exactly known who was the maker of the gallant vessel, or in what year she was first placed upon the Thames. But she can be traced back to the time of James I., and Mr. Messenger, the Royal Barge-Master, gave me it as his opinion that the barge was made from some Venetian model, if not actually by a Venetian workman, in the " City of the Sea " itself.

As to the last use of the barge by her Majesty, the same gentleman told me that he was appointed to his present post in the year 1862, but that he has never had the pleasure of rowing the Queen in the barge. It seems that the last occasion on which our Sovereign patronised the famous river craft was on the opening of the Coal Exchange in 1849, when the Queen went from Whitehall Stairs to the City by way of the Thames, and used the barge for the purpose. Since then it has not been engaged in any State ceremony, for the days of slow travelling on the river are past, when one can use the railway, and, moreover, the great river traffic nowadays has made such a journey far from being the easy and pleasant means of locomotion it used to be.

There is now a smaller barge, commonly called the " Shallop," which plies on Virginia Water for the use of Royalty, when so disposed, though it must be said that that is not very often. This is the boat which was brought down the river, when the Sultan of Turkey visited England a quarter of a century ago, to give his Majesty a river-trip.

Speaking of the old barge and its master, who, by the way, gets £60 a year from the Royal Household as his salary, we must not pass by those curious survivals of the same period, the " Queen's Watermen." There are thirty-six of them who get each £3 10*s*. a year as wages, with 15*s*. each day, and their meals, when on duty. This duty was, of course, originally to row the Royal Barge, but now it is confined to taking visitors round the lake for a row on the occasion of a garden party at Buckingham Palace. Their costume is a very fine one, and consists of knee-breeches, silk stockings, low shoes, a scarlet coat with silver facings, and a black velvet jockey cap. On the coat, both back and front, there is a silver badge of the Royal Arms, with V.R. at its side.

These watermen, or three of them, have to be present when the Sovereign opens Parliament in person—a survival of the old days when they had to go by water to fetch the Royal Crown and Maces from the Tower, and hand them to the monarch at the House of Lords.

As regards the boats at Buckingham Palace, which may fairly be regarded as coming in the list of " the Queen's Conveyances," there are a few particulars that may prove interesting. Only a couple of these boats are kept there permanently. The others are brought when required from Mr. Messenger's place at Teddington, generally about ten or twelve of them, and there is a " Queen's Waterman " to each. On the occasion of the last Jubilee they were much in evidence, and at State garden-parties on warm summer days they are well patronised. Except for a Royal flag at the stern of the boat, and occasionally a gay awning, they differ in no respect from the ordinary

river boats. The Queen, it need scarcely be said, has not had a row in them lately, but the younger members of the Royal Family often make use of them on such occasions.

The Royal yachts, on the other hand, are much patronised by the Queen. There are at present four of these, the latest being the extremely fine vessel just completed, which, however, her Majesty has not yet used.

When not in actual use all the Royal yachts are kept at Portsmouth. The smallest is the *Alberta*, then comes the *Osborne*, the largest of all being the newer of the two vessels christened *Victoria and Albert*. There is, too, a small tender called the *Elfin*, occasionally brought into requisition if needed.

The *Alberta* is really a small steam yacht with paddles. Her hull is painted black, with yellow bands, and the upholstery of her state-rooms is in scarlet and blue. She is seldom used by the Queen herself, as her Majesty much prefers the larger yachts, which are more roomy and commodious.

The *Osborne* is a vessel of 1,850 tons and 1,800 horse-power. Except for her size, she is fitted up much like the *Alberta*, but there are more rooms for her Majesty's use and for her guests. The *Osborne* is a very comfortable yacht, and is frequently brought into requisition when any of the Royal Family wish to visit Southern Europe by sea. She some months ago took H.R.H. the Princess of Wales on such a cruise. With the whole of the Royal Family this yacht is much in favour.

The Queen herself, however, has for many years favoured the older *Victoria and Albert*. This is a steam yacht of 2,470 tons and some 2,400 horse-power. She is commanded by Rear-Admiral Fullerton, an experienced officer in whom her Majesty reposes the fullest confidence. When the Sovereign goes over to the Continent she as a rule uses this yacht, and generally makes a point of sleeping on board overnight on such occasions.

The *Victoria and Albert* was built in the year 1855, so that she will soon be half a century old. There are three apartments set aside on the vessel for her Majesty's private use. One of these is a bedroom. The bed is one of the old-fashioned order, with four posts. It is hung on every side with curtains, and is kept from moving, in the case of the yacht rolling in a swelling sea, by being fastened to the floor. Next to this bedroom is a small sitting-room, and the other apartment is a dressing-room.

Besides these rooms for the Queen there are others which are apportioned to various members of the Royal Family. These rooms are sumptuously fitted-up, much in the same style as those kept for her Majesty's use. The upholstery in the state-rooms is of chintz, with a pattern of pretty rosebuds, and was chosen by the Prince Consort. His piano still stands in the drawing-room of the yacht. All the usual furniture and nick-nacks of her Majesty's rooms when at Osborne or Windsor find their counterpart here on the Royal yacht.

Lately there has been launched from Pembroke Dockyard a new yacht, also christened the *Victoria and Albert*, for the Queen's use. It will be much larger, better fitted than the others, and as sumptuous as possible. Much of the interior is arranged in accordance with the Queen's own ideas and wishes. In length this yacht exceeds the older *Victoria and Albert* by 80 feet, and in breadth by 10 feet. Instead of having paddles, the new vessel is fitted with twin-screws, and all her cabin fittings are of fireproof wood. The yacht is built of steel, with her hull sheathed with copper.

Outside, the new yacht is even more imposing. Round her hull run two imitation coils of rope, which are brilliantly gilded. These are 5 feet apart and over 700 feet long. There are also large shields on the sides of the yacht carrying the Royal Arms, the Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle, etc., and at the starboard quarter of the stern is placed a great figure of Britannia, 10 feet high, whilst a similar figure of Neptune is on the stern port side.

The upholstery of the Royal apartments is of the same style and pattern as on the old *Victoria and Albert*. From the upper deck to the main one is a lift especially built for her Majesty and suite to reach their rooms without fatigue.

The new *Victoria and Albert* has, on the medallion at her stern, the motto, "Heaven's Light our Guide."

Altogether, this newest yacht is, without doubt, in every way the most beautiful, as it has been the most costly, of all "The Queen's Conveyances."

EAST SIDE CONSIDERATIONS.

BY E. S. MARTIN.



THE BOY WHO KNEW WHERE THERE WAS A TREE.

AN enlightened official of New York said, the other day, "The happiest people in town live on the East Side." He did not speak officially, and not without knowledge that a great many very wretched people also live there, but very likely what he said was the truth, though not, of course, the whole truth. The ordinary impression of people who don't live on the East Side and who don't go there is that it is a painful quarter of the city, where all the people are poor, and live huddled up together, and nearly die every summer, and have a pretty bad time all the year round. The East Side is associated with misery; is looked upon as a consequence of the imperfect apparatus now in use for distributing money. To sink layer by layer down the strata of society and finally to bring up in an East Side tenement is the conventional, well-to-do New-Yorker's conception of an awful fate. Persons who might live in a good part of town, and

who, from pious motives or because they are tired of conventional society and manners, go over and take up with the East Side, and live in tenements there, are looked upon as people who have made an enormous sacrifice. No doubt it is true that the majority of East-Siders don't live on the East Side absolutely from choice, but because life there best suits their incomes and occupations. Most of the people who live east of Broadway and south of Houston Street are poor, and live where they do not so much from any special prejudice against the Fifth Avenue side of Central Park as to be near their work, or because in the tenement-house streets they get more for their money. They are not all poor, by any means. Some East-Siders stick to the East Side because they are used to it and belong to it—yes, and because a good deal of it belongs to them, as is the case of that East Side woman whom report which seems veracious credits with owning (last year) no less than sixty-four double tenement-houses, the rents of which are said to run up to sixty thousand dollars a year. Their owner manages her own property, collects her rents, bosses her tenants, and personally postpones repairs on her property; and it suits her convenience as well as her taste to be a resident landlady, and to live where she has her own under her eye, and can better appreciate the blessings of means.



THE BEGINNING OF A MERCANTILE CAREER.

There is misery on the East Side, of course, because there are a great many more people there than should be, and because there are sickness and extreme poverty there, as well as evil passions and sin, and all the painful things one finds wherever human beings are gathered in considerable groups. But there is unquestionably unhappiness also on Fifth Avenue. Among all the wretched people in New York it would be hard to match the apparent wretchedness of some persons whom one sees driving in closed carriages in Central Park in winter. They look as if they never had had any fun, or known any emotion of real happiness. They look stunted and comatose. No doubt many of them are sick people; but many of them, too, are overfed and overcoddled citizens who have missed the joy of living from too great solicitude to retain the comforts of life.

Whatever pangs a thorough knowledge of the East Side may involve, the superficial observer does not find it sad to look upon. It happened once in April to a visitor to New York to have to make a call at the University Settlement in Delancey Street. He started early in the evening from one of the respectable residence streets on Murray Hill, and being about to penetrate he knew not how desperate and lawless a quarter, he took along a stout stick as a means of self-protection against marauders. When he got there he found a quarter where clean streets paved with asphalt were brilliantly lighted and swarmed with people. It was one of the first mild evenings of spring, and a large part of Delan-

cey Street was sitting out-of-doors. Mothers were sitting on door-steps gossiping with one another and watching children who ought doubtless to have been abed. There were life, action, and social activity everywhere. Saloons and billiard-rooms seemed crowded—indeed everything seemed crowded—and to all appearances an immense amount of entertainment was in process of distribution among a great number of people. When the visitor got back to his respectable Murray Hill street it was uncommonly like returning from the land of the living to the abode of the departed. Murray Hill was ditch-water after Delancey Street. Nobody in the side streets; nothing going on. Not so much light; not so good a pavement; nowhere near so much fun in sight.

He smiled when he put his heavy cane in the corner, and then he sighed at the realization that there are losses for all our gains, as well as gains for all our losses, and that people who have their choice, and families who have whole houses to themselves, and live in-doors even on pleasant evenings, do not enjoy all those advantages without paying for them to some extent in the loss of easy fellowship, and also of many pleasant social opportunities.



AN ORIENTAL TYPE.

Mankind is not only the noblest study of man, but the most entertaining. People are more interesting than things or books, or even newspapers. The East Side is especially convenient for the observation of people because there are such shoals of them always in sight, and because their habits of life and manners are frank, and favorable to a certain degree of intimacy at sight. Where each family has a whole house to itself and lives inside of it, and the members never sally out except in full street dress—hats, gloves, and manners—it is hopeless to become intimately acquainted with them as you pass on the sidewalk. You may walk up and down Fifth Avenue for ten years and never see a Fifth Avenue mother nursing her latest born on the door-step, but in Mott or Mulberry or Cherry Street that is a common sight, and always interesting to the respectful observer. When the little Fifth Avenue children are let out, if they don't drive off in a carriage, at least they go with a nurse, and are clothed like field daisies, and under such restraint as good clothes and even the kindest of nurses involve. But the East Side children tumble about on the sidewalk and pavement hour after hour, under slight restraint and without any severe amount of oversight, hatless usually, barehanded and barefooted when the weather suffers it. It is the children that constitute the East Side's greatest

charm, and no doubt it is especially due to them that a veracious man who often walks northward or eastward from Mulberry Bend late in the afternoon is able to testify that he invariably reaches Bleecker Street with modified and softened sentiments toward his fellows, and increased tolerance for creation and its perplexing incidents. It cannot be said that the East Side children are clean. Some of them are clean sometimes. It is stamped upon an observer's memory that on a Saturday early in April he passed a little girl in Hester Street who had one of the cleanest heads of sunshiny hair he ever saw. Some East Side children are cleaner than others, but as a rule they are pretty dirty. The streets are clean for streets, and the children are clean for children who play in the streets.



A LITTLE FATHER.

To be very clean indeed is a luxury of high price. People are apt to look upon it as a mere virtue, but that is a modern notion born of hot and cold running water and a bath-room on every floor. Saints in old times usually went very dirty from religious conviction. East-Siders don't do that, but they put up with a moderate amount of dirt because it is one of the unavoidable conditions of their existence. Their children are usually dirty, but only moderately dirty, as any normal child will be after playing in the street or anywhere out-of-doors. Dirt or no dirt, in good weather the children of the East Side are very interesting to watch. Some of them look sick, and a sick child is a pathetic sight wherever seen, but except in midsummer the great majority of them seem to be in good health and well nourished and lively. They play together very much as children do everywhere, and if they are more amusing than a lot of Fifth Avenue children, it is doubtless because they are under less supervision and are more natural. The most natural behavior we are used to see obtains in a cage of monkeys. The East Side children are nearly as untrammelled as the monkeys, but they are a great deal kinder to one another. Little girls tending babies and carrying them from door-step to door-step are a common sight. The little mothers are famous, but it seems to be in the nature of little girls to love babies and be good to them. What is more remarkable, and yet not uncommon on the East Side, is kind and responsible little boys who look after still smaller children, and drag them around in ramshackle carts or amuse them and keep them out of harm's way. Of course one sees something of the other side of human nature too. There are crying children, and mothers whose patience is worn out, and bullying older boys, but the East Side would not soften the heart of the sympathetic passer-by, and make him happier for passing through it, if the evidences of human kindness were not more plenty than the signs of the other side of human nature. It is what you see in people's faces that affects your spirits, not what they wear on their backs, or even on their heads. Fine birds in fine feathers are a gladdening sight. Really fine people with proper souls, whose faces show really superior qualities, and whose clothes and cleanliness and gentility are becoming to them, adorn creation in their way, and are folks that observers looking on at life are thankful for. You do not see people of that sort on the East Side;

but, on the other hand, you are not shocked there by the contrast between the individual and his circumstances. There are no "chappies" there; there is nothing to be seen there quite so astonishing and amusing and queer and pathetic as such chappies as one may sometimes see sipping green mint and smoking cigarettes in the purlieus of the Waldorf Hotel. The East Side is thoroughly disciplined. Faces there show rarely dejection, except what comes from illness, but endurance, patience, the practical education that comes of daily labor. In front of an uptown club is a cab loaded with travelling-bags. Inside are two young fellows just starting for some railroad station. A servant stands bareheaded at the cab door. One of the young men inside is dissatisfied with something. His arrogant face, as he makes complaint, is the face of a youth who has never earned his salt; who has been overfed, overstimulated, overamused; who has always had all material luxuries within his reach, has accepted all as his due, is grateful for nothing, is appreciative of nothing, and whose conception of his obligations in life is pretty well fulfilled if he does what he considers his part in keeping club servants thoroughly well up to his notion of their duties. Faces of the type of his face are not prevalent on the East Side. Persons whose business in life is to be carried, and to kick at their carriers when they stumble, do not abound down there. There are coarse people there, but they wear cheap clothes and work hard. There is no such disconcerting contrast between their outside and what one reads in their faces as afflicts the observer in more opulent parts of the town. If their looks are often enough commonplace and sometimes disagreeable, their environment and their clothes modify instead of aggravating them. Beggars may be picturesque, but beggars on horseback are grotesque.

It may be true that fleas have still smaller fleas to bite 'em, and even on the East Side there may be a tyranny of things and a constant effort to maintain a scale of living that is uncomfortably high. But certainly it is not noticeable. The scale of living on Mulberry and Mott and the other tenement-house streets seems simple and easy. One is not perplexed and oppressed as he walks through that quarter of the city with constant recurrence of the query, where do the people who live in all these houses get the money to maintain them? The imagination which is stumped by the problem of the maintenance of miles of dwellings at from ten to fifty thousand dollars a year apiece, easily copes with the problems of paying rent for a tenement-house apartment and buying bread and simple food for a working-man's family. It is easy to see how East-Siders manage. The eternal servant problem never troubles them. Their social duties seem not to be exacting. Lo! on the fire-escapes and balconies, on Mondays or any of the va-



FEATHER-BED DAY.

rious wash-days that race or creed or custom prescribes, their garments flap in the wind, and, on some streets, lend human interest to continuous frontages as far as the eye reaches. Food is convenient at every turn. Mott Street market-men sell Chinese roast pig already roasted, and Heaven knows what curious Oriental dainties that look as though they had crossed the sea. Mulberry Street abounds in sidewalk venders of bread which seems to have no remarkable quality (except, maybe, its cheapness), and strange white Italian cheeses, made evidently in America for the Italian market, encased in skins and shaped like tenpins. The great Jewish quarter has its butcher shops with Hebrew signs, and, in the spring, its provision of unleavened bread for the Passover. Hebrew housekeeping has other peculiarities. The street-cleaning men will tell you that after Easter it rains straw from mattresses in that part of the town, and that beds by the thousand change their stuffing.

A remarkable neighborhood is that Jewish quarter lying south of Houston Street and between the elevated railroads and the East River. On week-days parts of it swarm with push-carts. On Saturdays there are none to be seen, but thousands of orderly people in their Sabbath-day clothes meet in the streets and in the synagogues. There are synagogues of all grades and sizes, from the little room over a shop to the erstwhile church which has lost its Christian congregation and been sold to new worshippers, who have adorned it with just enough Hebrew architecture to make its change of owners and uses apparent. Religion receives profound attention in the Jewish quarter, and its interests and consolations seem to be thoroughly appreciated. One sees remarkable faces in the synagogues—rabbis with robes and stove-pipe hats manipulating ancient scrolls, and rows of men with hats on finding apparent satisfaction in ceremonies that seem curiously antiquated and perfunctory. The Jews of that quarter are usually not of the hook-nosed type familiar and accepted, but the marks of their race appear rather in the formation of the jaw and mouth and in the general facial aspect. No doubt they are largely recruited from Russia and southeastern Europe. Occasionally one sees the old familiar type—venerable, most respectable in dress and aspect, clean, neat, bearded, and curved as to the nose. This seems like an old friend or a character out of a story-book.

And then there are the Jewish women, with lines of profound patience in their faces, and invariably false fronts of brown hair smoothed above their foreheads. They go to the synagogues too, but sit by themselves, screened off out of sight from their husbands and masters. The brown wigs abound everywhere, and are doubtless a religious requirement which the air of America has not yet availed to modify.

Life on the lower East Side is even more transitory than most life in New York. Most of the population there is of comparatively recent acquisition. Habits of life are more often brought there than formed there. It is not like the East End of London, where the people who live there now were born and have always lived. Signs abound of customs born elsewhere. The May-day parties of the East Side children are reminiscent of village life. If you see a troop of children in May, far downtown, following some leader and marching off with a definite purpose, the chances are it is a May party. A lover of the East Side, who had followed one of the parties a block or two, audaciously accosted the leader, a bright-eyed Jewish youngster, who evidently knew perfectly what he was about.

"Where are you bound for, Johnny? You can't get up to Central Park, can you?"

"Park! No; but I guess I know where there's a tree."

He did. He led his young troop through street after street, and by devious turns and twists, to the tree, a poor stunted wreck of a tree, slanting out of the sidewalk with that list away from the house fronts which city trees are wont to have. It was not much of a tree, but it answered the purposes of a May party, and what it lacked was made up by childish imaginations.

There are evidences all through the East Side of thought taken and money spent for the welfare of the dwellers there. No part of the town needs clean streets and smooth pavements so much, and no part of the town shares more fully in those blessings. Wagon traffic does not abound excessively in the streets

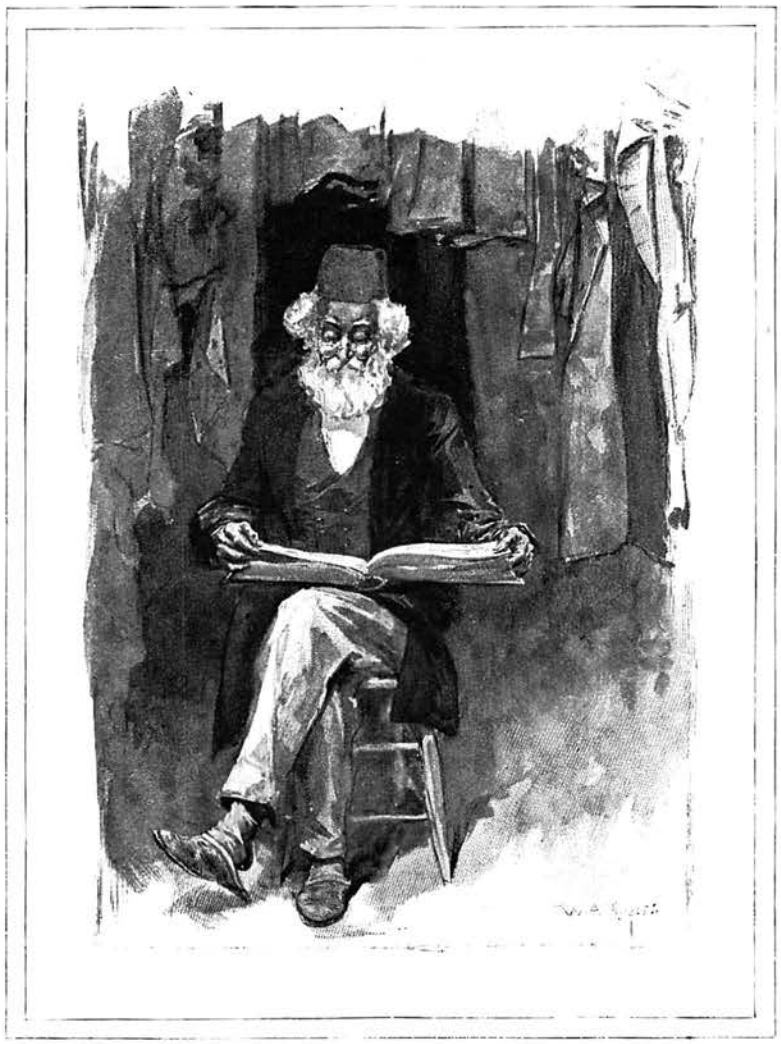
where the population is most dense. Most of these streets have been asphalted; all of them will be in time; and children play over their whole width. When a horse passes through, the driver picks his way. The two new parks at Mulberry Bend and Corlears Hook are admirable breathing-places. In both of them the walks are lined with seats from end to end, so as to afford resting-places for the greatest possible number. Corlears Hook Park, at the bend in the East River and opposite the Brooklyn Navy-Yard, has a most interesting water-front and view. All the water traffic between the Bay and the Sound passes there. The Grand Street Ferry is close by, and all day long the river provides its entertainment for the park population. Newer still and near by is the Dock Commissioners' Recreation Pier at the foot of Third Street, with its great upper story, covered play-ground, reaching far out into the river, big enough to hold 2500 visitors—a ministration to need by authority which it does the heart good to witness.

There are conscientious democrats who find comfort in maintaining, in the face of indications to the contrary, that there are no classes in this country. The contention is praiseworthy, and persistence in it is praiseworthy too, for it helps, like Jefferson's declaration of the equality of men, to keep alive an idea that needs to be sustained. But even if there are not classes in the republic, disparity of estate and training have begotten varieties, and the tendency of each variety to herd with its own sort is always in sight. It is a tendency that is based on convenience; but it has its drawbacks. It narrows our experience and impoverishes our view of life. People who live and work in big cities fall into the way of following a little daily round, which takes men down town at a certain hour and by a certain



THE SACRED SCROLL IN THE SYNAGOGUE.

route, and back at another hour, and which confines most women to rounds of the shopping and residence streets, where they see the same sights and the same sort of people every day, month after month and year after year. It is so much easier to follow a rut than to make a track for one's self that of course most people follow ruts. But for those who appreciate the wholesomeness of variety and the value of new sensations and suggestions, the East Side is an amazingly rich field. Not only is the contemplation of the poor a relief after the contemplation of the rich, but to get our minds off

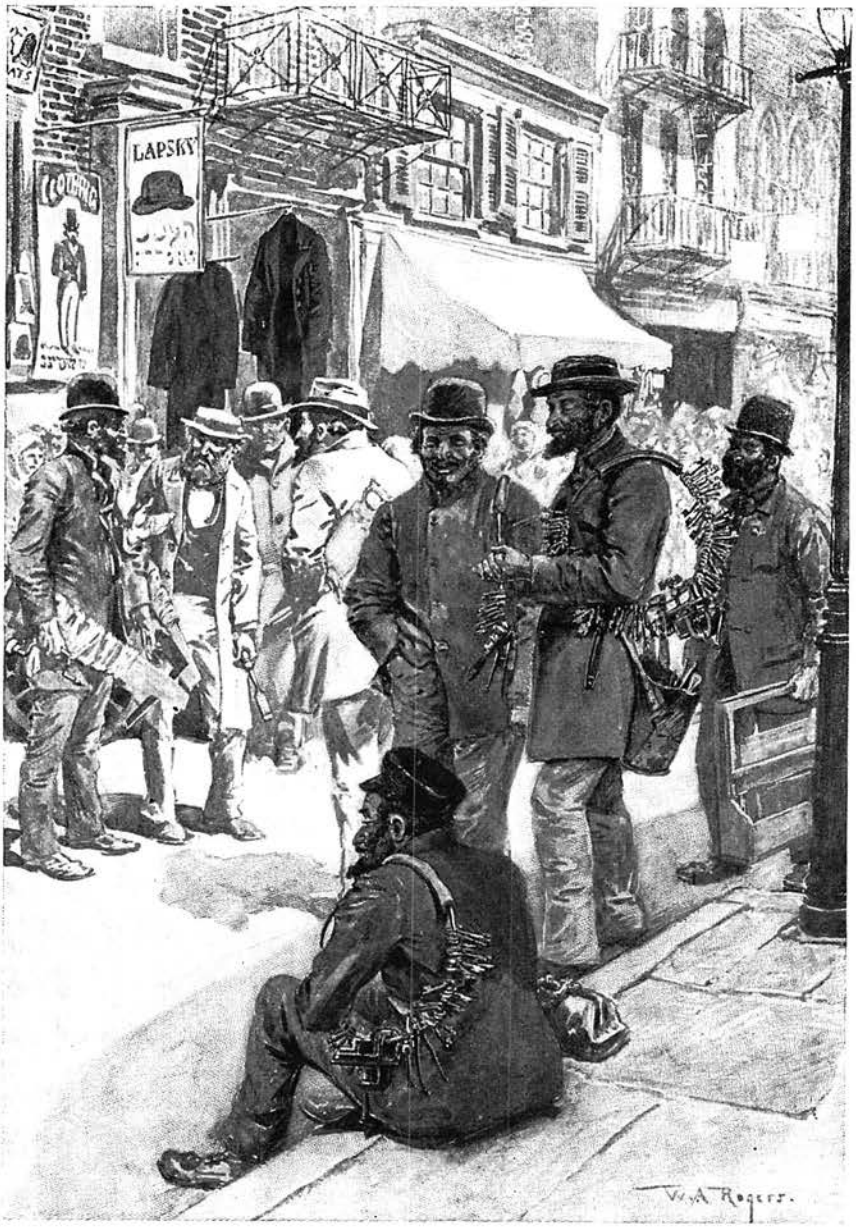


THE ENVIRONMENT OF SCHOLARSHIP.

ourselves and our ways, and those of our immediate neighbors, gives us a wholesome jolt, and helps to adjust them to a realization of the characteristics of the world we live in. It is only a matter of three miles or so from Madison Square to Hester Street, but who would dream, who had not seen it, that the same town held within so short a distance scenes and people so contrasted as the shops and shoppers of Twenty-third Street and the hucksters of Hester and Ludlow? Not to have seen those hucksters, and their carts, and their merchandise, and their extraordinary zest for bargaining, is to have missed a sight that once seen declines to be forgotten. If there is the like of it anywhere in Europe, there is a better chance that the uptown New-Yorkers will see it there than in their own town. The locksmiths and jobbing tinkers and plumbers, with their keys and their tools strung on a wire hoop that rests on one shoulder;

the itinerant skirt-peddlers, with their stock in trade strung along on a pole, parading along the street and searching the faces of women for the signs that bespeak the possibility of a sale—how queer they are, and how inspiring to the observer who sees them for the first time!

son can see them often enough to keep them in mind without taking thought about the social and municipal problems that they suggest. What needs to be done for the East Side? What can be done? What is being done? The observer ponders all these questions, and if

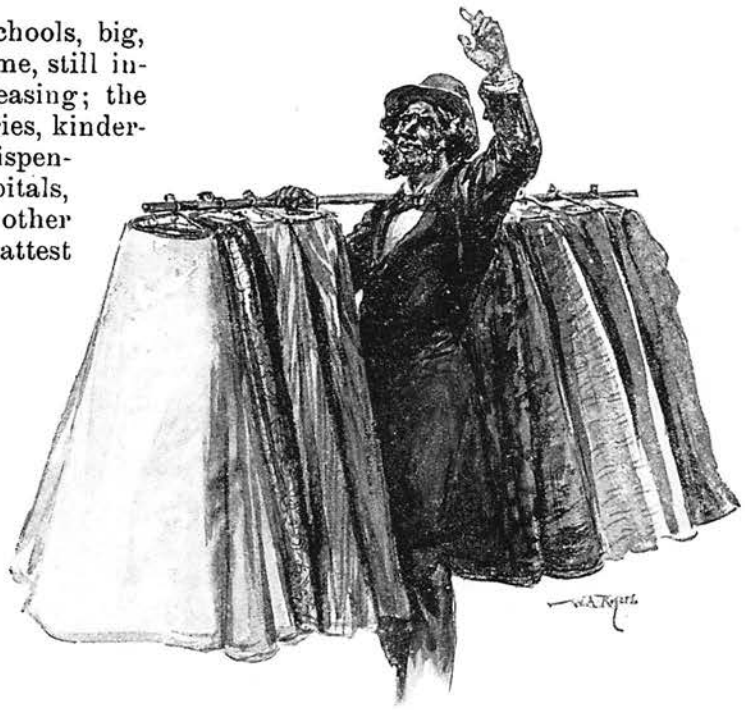


A TINKERS' EXCHANGE, HESTER STREET.

There is much more than mere entertainment to be got out of sights like these. Familiarity with them breeds neither contempt nor indifference, but rather increased interest. No thoughtful per-

he goes far enough into them they lead him into acquaintance with a net-work of enterprises in which public officers and private charity work together. Everywhere he goes the signs of this co-opera-

tion appear. The public schools, big, substantial, and often handsome, still insufficient but all the time increasing; the churches, parish-houses, libraries, kindergartens, vacation schools, dispensaries, college settlements, hospitals, fresh-air funds, and scores of other enterprises and establishments attest the persistence of the East Side in the public memory. Thousands of well-to-do New-Yorkers rarely give it a thought; but there are hundreds, not themselves members of its family, who brood over it and plan and act in its behalf. Not that it cannot help itself. The East Side, stretching from Franklin Square to the Harlem River, harbors the greater part of the manual workers of New York, and the bulk of its great population is thrifty, industrious, self-respectful, and self-sustaining. But because Manhattan Island is narrow it is crowded, and because Europe is constantly pouring needy emigrants into it who cannot speak our language, and are used to a very low scale of living, it needs an exceptional amount of help from outside. There are great areas of it, indeed, which are more justly to be regarded as training-schools for American citizens than as mere residence quarters for working-people. It is the crop that the East Side raises that makes it important—the great crop of American voters, from the reaping of which there is no evasion or escape.



A SKIRT-VENDER.

LAMPS AND LANTERNS.

ONE can easily imagine that man had tenanted the earth for but a very short space when he found it necessary to possess some means of providing himself with artificial light. Indeed his discovery of the wonderful element fire, which doubtless occurred at a very early period of his existence, could not fail to lead up thereto, for it would obviously be then but the easiest and most natural of all things that he should snatch a lighted brand from the flames which he had kindled to furnish him with a substitute, however feeble, for the glorious light of the sun when heaven's great luminary had sunk to rest.

But here he may be said to have stood still, for he does not appear to have gone beyond the torch stage of his history for centuries afterwards, and there are many savage races at the present day who even yet have advanced no further. Indeed the progress made by man in respect of artificial light until the early part of the century in which we live was extraordinarily slow.

Lamps, it is true, were in general use amongst the Jews, Greeks, and Romans, and the other great nations of antiquity, but they were of the rudest description, and consisted for the most part of a simple vessel which held oil, grease, or wax, from the surface of which projected a wick. The light obtained was of the feeblest description, the flame had no protection whatever from the wind, and the smell which arose could only have been rendered endurable from the fact that "use is second nature."

The Greeks and Romans lavished much artistic excellence upon their lamps, making them with one wick, two wicks, or thirty or forty wicks. But they did not improve their construction one step, and to all practical intents and purposes they were no better than the saucer of tallow with its floating cotton which may yet be found flaring and guttering and smoking in some of the out-of-the-way corners of our own land.

The seven-branched candlestick placed in the sanctuary by Moses, and those afterwards prepared for the Temple by Solomon, were crystal glasses filled with oil and fixed upon the branches of the candlestick, whilst in private houses the lamps were generally placed on high stands which rested upon the ground.

A very common form of light amongst the Jews—and which we are told by antiquaries is more often than not intended by the word "lamp" in our Bibles—consisted of a sort of advanced torch made of iron or potter's earth, around which was wrapped old linen which required to be moistened from time to time from the vessel of oil carried by the person using it.

This was the light used by Gideon and his three hundred men. It was also the "lamp" of the wise and foolish virgins, and will explain the reference to oil in the parable.

After the lamp came the candle, whose modest ray we are inclined to regard with a considerable amount of kindliness and esteem. But for the candle the dark ages of the world would have been dark in a still more literal sense than they already were, and to this humble servant civilised mankind was indebted for the very best illuminant it possessed—certainly until the latter end of the eighteenth century and probably right up to the time of the invention of gas.

The Romans possessed an inferior sort of candle which was made of strings of papyrus or rush dipped in pitch and surrounded with wax. But candles in perfection were not made until a much later period, and Alfred the Great has the credit of being the inventor of the horn shield for the flame—and consequently of the "lant-horn."

One proof of their value is the fact that

previous to the invention of the Argand burner in 1784 lamps had entirely fallen out of use, a glance at the prints of that period being sufficient to convince one that candles reigned supreme not only in the houses of the people, but in the churches and in all other places of public assembly.

In such places there was an official whose sole duty it was to pass round armed with a pair of snuffers and an extinguisher on the end of a long stick, attending to the requirements of such of his flaring rods of tallow or wax as needed his attention.

Candle-making at that time also formed a part of the education of every housewife, and the candle-box was to be found in every household. In how many is it to be found now?

Were not the tallow-chandlers also in their glory? To wit, is there not a great City Company yclept the Tallow-chandlers? And yet at a recent meeting in the Company's Hall for the benefit of a charity connected with the trade we heard the chairman lament that tallow-chandlery was an industry which was fast dying out.

For in 1784, as we have stated, came M. Argand with his improved lamp. This was the first attack upon the dominion of the candle which could cause that luminary any alarm. Later on appeared an inventor with his coal gas, when the poor candle received a deadly thrust, and in later years paraffin and petroleum put in their appearance and drove it utterly routed from the field.

To refer then to Argand's invention. He had already designed the circular burner, which, compelling the air to rush through the flame on both sides of the wick, intensified its powers of combustion and so consumed the smoke which had hitherto expended itself in the atmosphere, and which had formed perhaps the *bête noir* of all lamps then existing. In addition the brilliancy of the flame was much increased; but he was not yet satisfied.

It is said that he and his brother were sitting together one night, Argand with his head resting on his hand pondering over a sheet of memoranda which lay on the table before him containing the result of experiments connected with the subject which he had always at heart, when suddenly the power of the little oil lamp which was burning on the table increased doubly in intensity. Argand looked up and saw that his brother had in an idle moment placed the neck of a broken bottle over the flame. He saw at once that another great step towards improvement was secured.

Beyond this, however, invention did not go much farther, on account of the difficulty of finding a material light and fluid enough to rise in the wick in sufficient quantities to supply the flame, and until the discovery of paraffin and petroleum we find no end of inventions of all sorts brought into the market, each of which was either very complicated or very inefficient and liable to easy derangement if the lamp was not very carefully handled.

"Punch" in one of Leech's sketches has given us a picture of an old gentleman who has taken his after-dinner nap with a "camphine" lamp burning on the table. He is shown viewing his blackened visage in the chimney glass, whilst everything in the room is alike covered with a thick coating of soot, and the origin of all the mischief is still volleying forth thick clouds of Stygian-like vapour.

If then so much difficulty was experienced in finding a suitable light for domestic, not to speak of other purposes, we can well imagine how great a contrast the streets of the various towns—for instance, of our own metropolis—must have presented to that with which we are accustomed as a matter of course in the present day.

And we find that London seems to have been left in entire darkness with the exception of an occasional cresset (see illustration) until, at any rate, the middle of the seventeenth century, when several regulations were made for the improvement of the streets, and in 1668 Londoners were reminded that they should hang out lanterns daily at the accustomed time. A few years after every householder was required to hang out a light at dusk, which he was to keep burning until twelve o'clock at night. Many like regulations were made at different periods which apparently did not receive the attention thought desirable by those by whom they were promulgated.

In fact they were but very indifferently carried out; for their enforcement was left to the only police which then existed, the asthmatic and decrepid watchmen who, armed with a staff and a horn lantern containing a glimmering candle, shuffled through the streets uttering their monotonous cry. This varied at different periods in their history from the "Lanthorn and a whole candle light, hang out your lights, hear!" of the time of Queen Anne and previous thereto down to the "Half-past twelve o'clock and a fine starry night" of the "Charleys" who existed until the new police, as they were then denominated, were called into existence by Sir Robert Peel in the year 1835—not quite fifty years ago.

En passant let us say a word or two with regard to these defunct officials. In the reign of Henry VIII. London was patrolled nightly by the marching watch, one of whom is shown in the illustration. This body, handsomely dressed, some mounted and some on foot, made their way nightly through the streets of the city.

The advantage of their perambulation is somewhat difficult to discover, for the noise which accompanied their progress, to say nothing of the flaming cressets which they bore aloft, was sufficient to give plentiful notice to wrong-doers of their approach, whilst as soon as they had passed the evil-disposed could carry on their operations in safety.

The marching watch was an enormous expense, and brought no corresponding benefit to the citizens beyond gratifying their eyes—once a year on Michaelmas eve, when the watch was set—with the sight of a magnificent procession; and accordingly in 1659 it was abolished, and it was determined "in the room thereof to have a substantial standing watch for the safety and preservation of the city." Therefore, as a good example of how not to do it, the sturdy archers, pikemen, and demi-lancers were got rid of, and the watching of London was placed in the hands of apparently the most decrepid and shaky personages who could be discovered. These, with cracked voices and halting gait, impeded by a heavy stick, and rendered still more useless by the glimmering horn lantern they carried, which served only to give notice to thieves of the approaching cripple, furthered this still more by shouting out the legend set out in the illustration.

Will it be believed that these worthies continued the same cry even down to the reign of Queen Anne, and that long after the glass lantern had come into general use the watchmen continued to carry the dingy horn lanthorns in vogue when they were first instituted?

In the reign of Mary, to add to their efficiency, they were provided with a large bell, and the sound of this instrument of torture woke the echoes of the quiet streets until the time of the Commonwealth, when Puritan common sense got rid of that nuisance at any rate.

Nice times those for invalids or persons to whom rest was of consequence!

That London depended upon the efforts of its individual citizens for illumination is evident from the cry of the watchmen, and at the top right-hand corner of the picture we have given a watchman represented in a print of the time of James I., under which appears the following lines:

> "A light, here, maids, hang out your light,
> And see the horns be clear and bright,
> That so your candle clear may shine,
> Continuing from six till nine;
> That honest men that walk along
> May see to pass safe without wrong."

We can perhaps, however, obtain some faint notion of the "darkness visible" which existed till a recent period in the great metropolis when we look at the regulations of the Common Council for street lighting. Every housekeeper whose house fronted the street, and for which he paid a rent of £10, was required from September 29th to March 29th to hang out a lantern, which was to be kept burning "on every dark night" from six till eleven. Under this regulation whole streets were without light, as their inhabitants were not rated at £10, a considerably larger sum in every way in those days than in these. This was in 1716.

At a subsequent period, in the reign of William III., an attempt at improvement was made, and a contract was entered into by a company for lighting the streets. The unwelcome shedding of light into dark places, utterly inefficient though it was, was looked upon with great distaste by certain classes, and the lamps were frequently broken by stones or by bullets. The contract, which was for five years, was not renewed at its expiration.

Shortly after this, however, owing to the terrible state of insecurity of the streets of London after dusk, one thousand oil-lamps were placed in various parts of the city, which were increased in 1736 to five thousand, and in 1786 Beckman, in his "History of Inventions," is astonished at the magnificence of the arrangements for the lighting of London.

He speaks almost with bated breath of the lamps as being all of crystal glass, each furnished with three wicks and affixed to posts placed at a certain number of paces from each other.

But very soon the round glass lamps, with their dismal oil lights, were to give way to the gas, which still forms and appears likely to form, for years to come, at any rate, the principal means of illuminating our thoroughfares.

Like most other useful inventions, gas was at first treated with ridicule, and the early companies for its manufacture were for many years anything but successful in their operations, and, indeed, were carried on at a loss. As our readers know, they are now amongst the most profitable of undertakings.

One side of Pall Mall was the first thoroughfare in London lighted with gas. This was in 1807, when the people thronged in great numbers to view the new lamps, and many might be seen carefully wetting the tips of their fingers and cautiously placing them upon the gaspipes, under the impression that the tubes which contained the gas must of necessity be in a state of intense heat.

The general adoption of gas made no longer necessary the vocation of the flambeau-bearer, without whom, armed with his flaring torch, the sedan-chairs or carriages of the higher classes did not dare to venture forth after nightfall. For, unless attended by a sufficient number of these stalwart retainers to overawe the bands of marauders armed with cudgels, and possibly more formidable weapons, the rout or party-goer could scarcely hope to return to his house in Bedford Square or some other part of the then fashionable quarter of the town without dire mishap to his property, and likely enough to his person into the bargain. The huge extinguisher into which the bearer plunged his flambeau before stumbling in darkness round to the stable or down the stone steps leading to the kitchen, then decorated the front of every great man's house, and many may be seen at the present time in those parts of London tenanted by the upper classes at that time.

Gas also put an end to the services of the



Lamps and Lanterns.

lamplighter of the period, who with ladder on shoulder and scissors in belt, attended by his can-boy, hurried through the streets each morning, here striking some heedless passenger with the ladder, and there running against another with his greasy clothes or can—insomuch that "to run like a lamplighter" became an everyday proverb. Even when mounted on high he still favoured the passer-by with his attention, or rather want thereof, for it was no uncommon thing for the guileless pedestrian to receive a shower of highly perfumed oil from the overflowing lamp above.

The lamplighter of the gas era has also in time been relieved of the ladder which formed an essential part of his equipment, and now carries a light pole containing a flame in one end. Whether electricity will in time dispense also with his services remains to be seen.

We have left ourselves but little space to speak of the lamps of other nations. Everybody knows that the Chinese and Japanese are *the* great lantern-makers. In fact, a lantern seems to be an essential adjunct to a Chinaman, and there is a story told of a night attack on a Chinese fort by the English when every Chinaman took to his heels and mounted the hill behind with all his speed. But every man carried his lighted lantern slung over his shoulder, and so formed the best of targets for the victorious blue-jackets.

Many nations of the East, besides those more closely connected with Scriptural history, and notably the Chinese and Japanese, carry a lantern at the end of a stick, thus giving double point to the words of the Psalmist, "Thy word is as a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."

ABOARD A THAMES STEAMER.

BY F. M. HOLMES.

TING-a-ting-ting! Full speed ahead! And away glides the pretty little steamer on the broad bosom of old Father Thames, almost as gracefully as a bird on the wing.

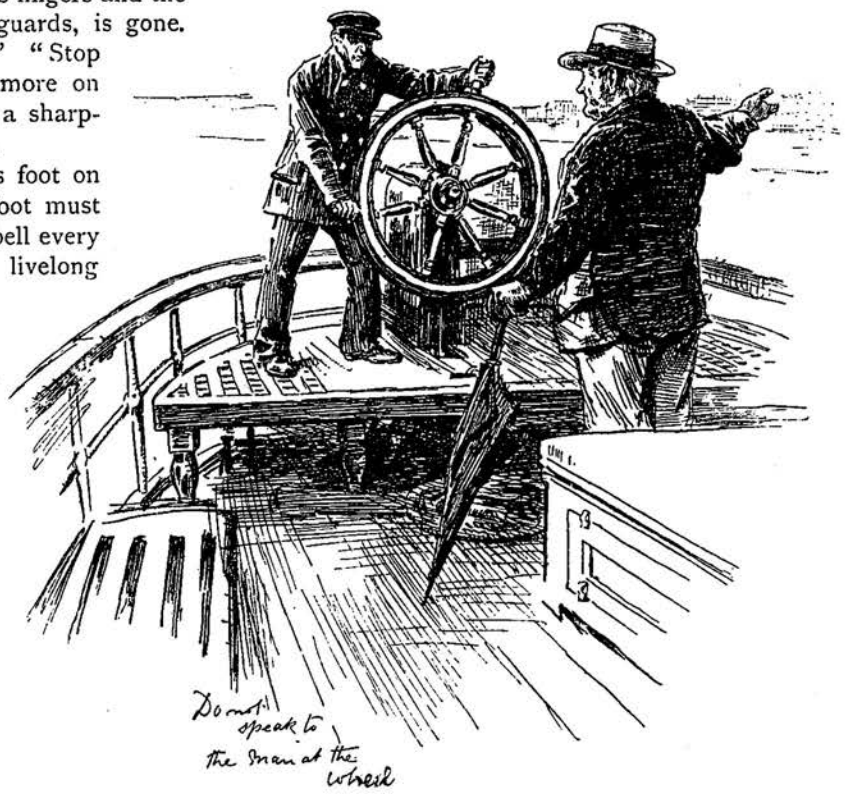
We pass that picturesque, but slow-moving, old hay barge in a trice: it looks like a floating stack washed out of its native field in a flood; Cleopatra's Needle rises in the bright panorama on the north bank, and a moment more we shoot past it to Charing Cross; but ting! the little engines go slow; ting, ting! they stop dead; ting, ting, ting! they whirl backwards, and we are sidling up to a pier, something like a shy boy to his first love at a rustic flower-show! The paddle-wheels churn up the dirty water into white foam—like soap-suds, as a delighted child described it to his mother—and hallo! here we are at the next pier.

Then, ting-a-ting-ting! again, and off we glide, with all the other tings to follow. The young monkey of a call-boy, with one eye for the captain's fingers and the other for possible purchasers of hat-guards, is gone. His shrill shouts of "Ease her!" "Stop her!" "Go ahead!" are heard no more on most of the Thames steamers, and a sharp-toned gong-bell has taken his place.

The bell is worked by the captain's foot on the little bridge. How tired that foot must become, continually ting-tinging that bell every other minute or so throughout the livelong day! Yet in its shiny boot—all the river captains' boots are so shiny—the foot remains for ever on the push-knob of the bell, ever ready to ting-ting its master's instructions to the engine-room beneath.

And often he has the wheel on the bridge also wherewith to steer his steamer. All the good man's muscles seem engaged except those of the poor left leg. His right has become the call-boy with the bell, his hands grasp the spokes of the wheel, his keen eyes interrogate the river in front, but the poor left leg has nothing to do. Would it not be well to get up a society to employ that poor left leg? We have now a society for almost everything under the sun—the exaggeration of the healthy spirit of co-operation. The river captain cannot even pace the bridge with his shiny boots—provokingly shiny if the streets are muddy in London—for he is chained by the invisible ties of duty to his wheel and his bell, except in the case of a few of the older boats. Some of these yet remain with wheel mounted at the stern, but the present energetic owners are fast renewing their fleet, and placing larger and every way more commodious vessels on the beloved and grimy Thames.

Marvellously well does the keen-eyed captain navigate his fast little craft. The river rushes through the bridge-piers like a mill-race; huge unwieldly barges will get in the way, like timid passengers in crowded



streets ; but who ever hears of an accident to a penny steamer on the flowing Thames? Quiet, able, self-possessed, the captain knows his work, and does it. He has his swift little steamer under perfect control, and up and down the river he glides from Battersea to famed London Bridge, with sometimes three hundred to four hundred persons aboard—the cabman and 'busman combined of London's silent highway.

From Hampton down to Southend you can travel in the river steamers—in the summer-time. In fact, you can go farther, right round the north coast to Clacton and to Harwich. In the winter the points are from Battersea to Greenwich. There is one service from Battersea to London Bridge—nearly the whole way for a familiar brown penny ; there is another little fleet plying down the Pool below London Bridge to Greenwich. Then in the summer there are the up-river boats to Kew and long-distance boats to Hampton, and down the river to Gravesend, Southend, Clacton, and Harwich.

But the points from Battersea to London Bridge and down the Pool to Greenwich are the boundaries of the penny boats that add so much to London's much-needed means of locomotion. And as a far greater number of persons are likely to travel in the spring and summer than in the darker and chillier months of winter—though even then the cabins of the new boats are snug and comfortable—the service is materially altered.

Thus in winter only eight "penny" boats ply up and down between Battersea and London Bridge, instead of fourteen, as in the summer months. These eight maintain a quarter-hour service instead of ten minutes, as in the summer. The Greenwich boats are also reduced in numbers from nine to six, and give a half-hour instead of a quarter-hour service. The Kew boats, of which there are six in summer, and long-distance vessels, either up to Hampton or down to Southend and Harwich, are all put to bed.

Some of these enviable vessels take their winter's sleep in the owners' docks at Battersea, and the larger ones in the Victoria Graving Dock down the river. The saloons, that have carried so many happy parties when the sun is hot and the days are long, lie silent and deserted now, while winter winds roar round the funnels and lash up the waters of the North Sea.

Thus in the depth of winter the owners run daily only fourteen steamers altogether, or as many as in the summer months ply on one of their "lines" alone. This is the busiest, from Battersea to London Bridge. In the more seasonable weather, on the contrary, about twenty-nine are run daily, excluding the long-distance vessels both up and down the river. The great consolation in such a variable business is that when the boats are taking holiday they are not eating their heads off, as horses would do. Like dormice, they sleep, and they require no food.

Yet if weather cause a great difference in the receipts of trams and omnibuses, much more is this the case with the boats.

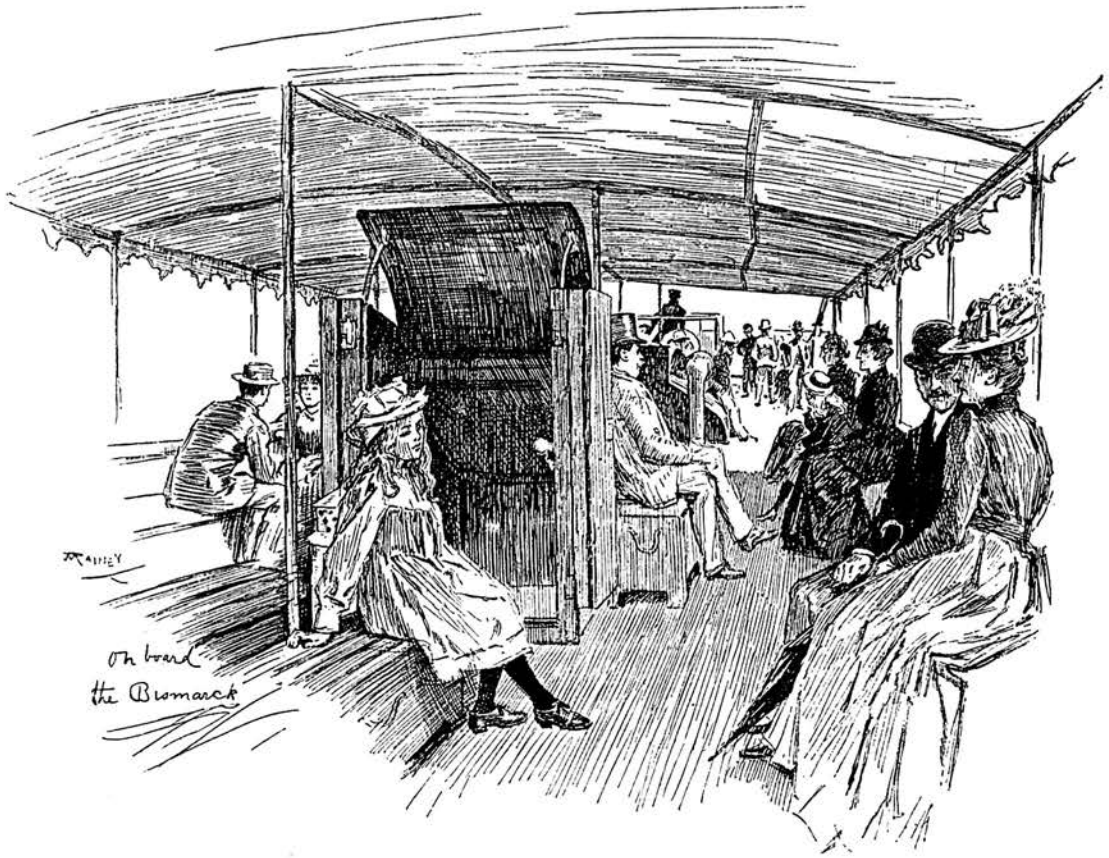
"Oh no! I should not go up by boat to-day; it is too cold," says one.

And if the adventurous youth persists in his audacious enterprise, he will probably find the decks nearly deserted. The decks, yes ; but if he step below he will find—if the boat be one of the newer vessels—a commodious cabin, perhaps even a glowing stove, and probably a solemn company sitting round the sides. Mothers with their babies, men reading papers, and this afternoon a boy with his head and shoulders thrust through one of the open port-hole windows, and hugely enjoying the view of the Thames from this novel point of vantage. Wherever there are active young monkeys of boys there is generally something interesting going on, even if it may not accord with the strictest ideas of kid glove propriety.

Once upon a time there was a Greenwich and Woolwich Steam Packet Company ; once upon a time there was a "Citizen" line of penny steamers ; and once upon a time a further fleet belonging to yet a third ownership. Now, after various vicissitudes, the whole of the Thames boats—with a few exceptions—belong to the vigorous Victoria Steamboat Association, which is undoubtedly fast improving the service. The Association, of which Mr. Arnold E. Williams is the managing director, pursued a wise policy some three or four years ago of introducing new and improved vessels, giving comfortable accommodation at cheap fares for what may be called the business and regular traffic through the heart of London, as well as improved service for the long-distance journeys. It has now a fine fleet, suitable for different parts of the river, of forty-six vessels, and has put on the river ten new steamers and also imported the *Lord of the Isles* in the space of about three years.

The penny boats have crews of six or seven men, including captain, fireman, and engineman. The vessels are inspected by the Board of Trade, who award a certificate stating the strength of the crew and the number of passengers the craft may carry ; further, the points of the river between which the boat may ply and the number of life-belts it must keep on board. The Board of Trade, therefore, occupies much the same position to the river steamers as the Metropolitan Police to the trams and omnibuses of the streets.

And at times these boats carry vast numbers of persons. Omniboats, someone called them; and if not melodious, the name is appropriate. All classes seem to travel by them. Look around on this fine afternoon. The sun shines on the glossy silk hat of a prosperous young City man—a lawyer, let us say, from the Temple—and lights up the dingy raiment of a soiled labourer. Here is a lady in furs marching in stately style up the gangway ; she will not be far from the worn face of a thin working woman or of a bulky dame with bundles. Here is a clergyman taking the air in the boat, and looking at London from the Thames—and a very good way, too, to see some part of the mighty city. Here, again, is a lady with a couple of lads, out for a holiday ; she is very good, but, truth to tell, a little mixed in her remarks. Her information about the obelisk called Cleopatra's Needle cannot be said to be exactly accurate. She descants



immensely on the fine blocks of St. Thomas's Hospital, but turns her back in great scorn on the more beautiful and at least equally interesting Houses of Parliament; while we fear she is hopelessly at sea when opposite the Shot Tower, or the clever arrangements for the speedy unlading of large quantities of coal at Lord Londonderry's wharves. Never mind: many other persons are doubtless in equal ignorance; she is good at heart, if shaky in Thames knowledge.

How the sun glints and flashes on the towers of the Parliament Houses as we glide along! Do not tell me that London is not beautiful. It has not the beauty of the wild moor or of the sublime mountain, but it has a fascination all its own. Sometimes the vista of the river and the superb masses of fine buildings around it are softened and veiled in a golden haze that touches the whole with ethereal splendour. Memories of a far-away past cluster round these banks, and blend with the most modern inventions of to-day. Old Roman coins in numbers have been dredged up from the mud of the Thames; the new colossal Tower Bridge spans the great river, hard by the old Norman Tower, whence it takes its name; the ancient Abbey of Westminster looks down on New Scotland Yard; and the noble Embankment, with its pleasant gardens, fronts Somerset House and the old York Watergate. The past and the present meet and mingle round the classic river, which cleaves the metropolis in twain.

Old Swan is the busiest pier. It is the centre of the Association's system, and the "London" which the men shout out on piers above and below. A country cousin would be astonished to hear the lusty cries of "Now for London!" when he is, say, on Charing Cross or Temple Pier.

"Why, am I not in London now?" he would ask in astonishment.

Yes, he is in London; but the London of the watermen is short for London Bridge, which seems the centre for the river folk, even as Charing Cross, or the Bank, or the General Post Office is for others. Everything on the river is above or below bridge—*the* bridge being famous London Bridge. "Surrey side," too, is the pier on the Surrey side of the same ancient bridge. In Thames lingo Surrey side does not mean, as the uninitiated might suppose, the Surrey bank.

So at London—*i.e.*, Old Swan Pier by London Bridge, you are at the heart and centre of all things on the river. Here starts the *Cardinal Wolsey* for its delightful up-river excursions past lovely Kew and Richmond, and here also, start the down-river boats to Greenwich, and further yet, to Gravesend and Southend, Clacton and Harwich. Yes, the truly lordly *Lord of the Isles* starts from here as well as the pretty little penny steamers to the next pier and up to Chelsea.

The *Lord of the Isles* came hither from the Clyde, and startled Londoners by offering to take them round into the North Sea to Harwich and back, a distance of two hundred miles, in one day and for five shillings. Cheap enough travelling, surely! But even this fine boat is now eclipsed. The *Koh-i-noor* is even finer

still. This splendid new vessel, built entirely of steel, most luxuriously furnished and offering ample accommodation, has very powerful engines, which send her spanking through the water at twenty-two miles an hour. They are compound, of course—we have not yet risen to triple expansion on the Thames—but they are direct-acting, are fitted with surface condensers, and will develop some 3,500 indicated horse-power, which will send the superb vessel along at about the same speed as the Greyhounds of the Atlantic.

And large also she is for the Thames—310 feet long and 32 feet beam ; twelve furnaces raise the steam in four boilers ; electric bells ring in every quarter, and the electric light glows throughout. Her appearance on the Thames markedly indicates the great improvement now proceeding in the river boats. For if the down-traffic has its *Koh-i-noor*, and the up-river its *Cardinal Wolsey*, the ordinary penny steamers can boast their *Bismarck* and their *Empress Frederick*.

It is the proud assertion of the Association that it can carry no fewer than 250,000 persons in one day. The long-distance boats are chiefly for excursions ; but the others are for business as well as pleasure. And this fleet also—the penny steamers—is being gradually renewed. Pretty little vessels of from about 40 to 100 tons register are gliding swiftly and swan-like over the great river, and adding immensely to London's means of locomotion. They steam from London to Battersea in about three-quarters of an hour, including stopping at near a score of piers, putting down and taking up passengers. Look at the *Bismarck*, for instance, or the *Kaiser*, or the *Shah*, built by Samuda on Thames Bank. With their white sides gleaming over the dark water, their many-windowed cabins, their spacious decks and comfortable seats, their commodious accommodation below, their almost smokeless funnels, and their swift and steady motion, they now offer some of the pleasantest travelling in London, and do much to roll away the reproach of poor steamers plying on the classic Thames.

But if the penny boats are built on the river, the *Koh-i-noor* comes from that crack centre of British ship-building — the Clyde. And from Glasgow came the first steam-vessel that ever plied on the Thames. She came in that epoch - making year of Waterloo — 1815 — and she was brought by a Mr. George Dodd, who, however, seems only to have found poverty for his pains.

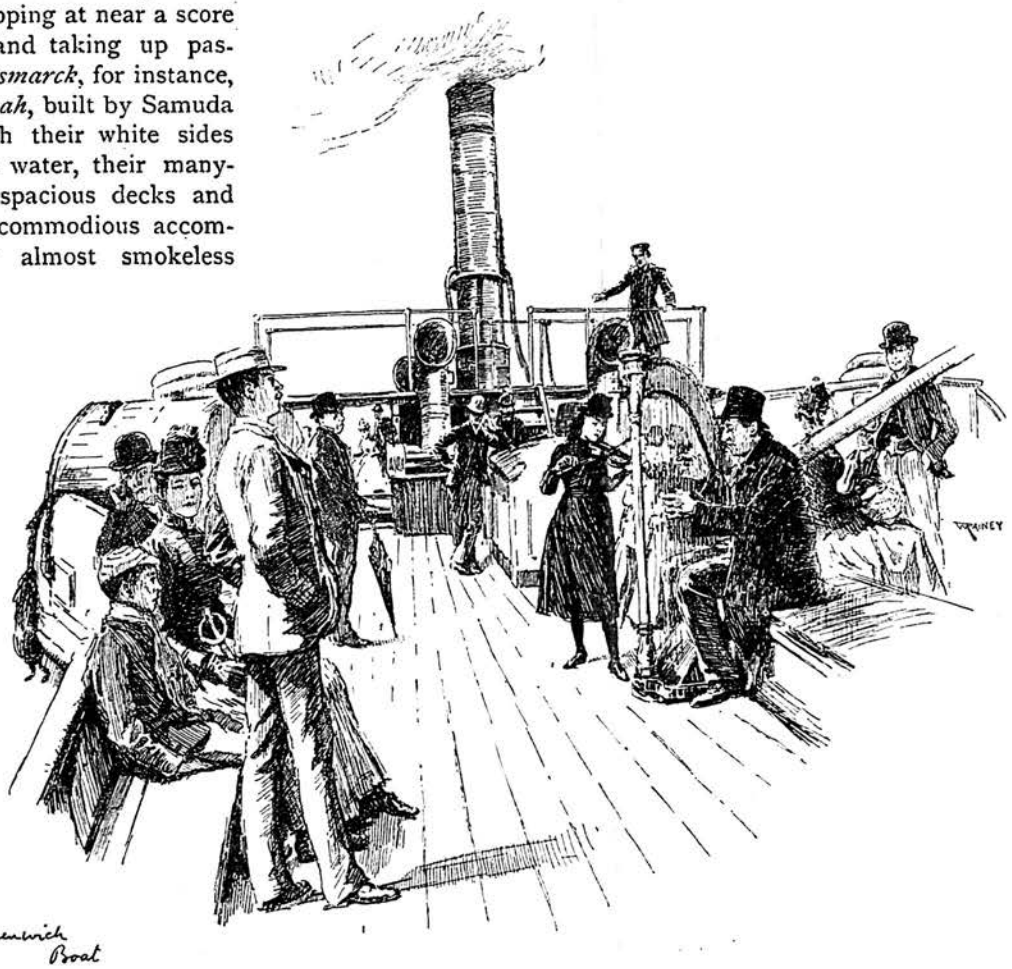
She was a small boat of about 75 tons and fourteen or sixteen horse-power, but he brought her round from Glasgow by sails and steam, experiencing some rough weather in the Irish Sea, and her nine-feet paddle-wheels began to churn up the waters of Father Thames.

But Dodd's laurels are disputed. Some folks say that a Mr. Lawrence, who had put a steamer on the Severn, brought her up to the Thames by canal—could such a thing be done now?—but was obliged to desist from his purpose by reason of the watermen's opposition. Then a man named Dawson established a steamer in 1813 to cover the twenty miles or so between Gravesend and London, and that was the first plying for public accommodation.

So there are three persons contending for the laurel crown, and we cannot tell on whose hard British head to place it. The unfortunate Dodd, however, if not the first, was undoubtedly very prominent in putting steamers on the Thames.

With what wonder we can imagine gaping cockneys would watch the smoke-vomiting, paddle-beating creatures go by ; and no doubt some croakers vehemently asserted that the nasty things would burst up directly !

There always are folks who think things will burst



The Greenwich Boat

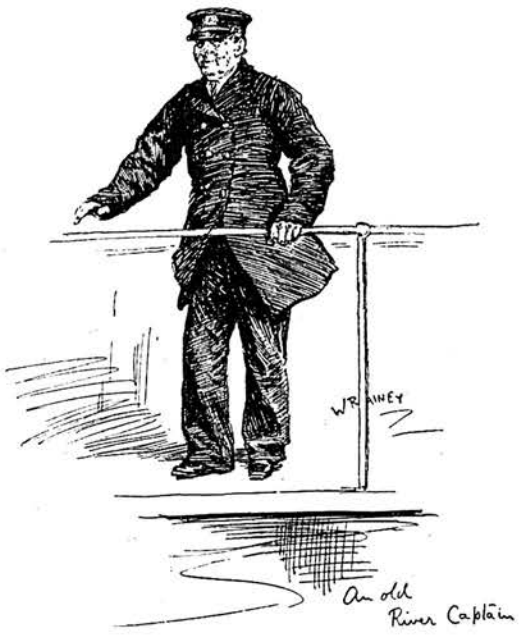
up. Occasionally they do, if only to keep the woeful prophets in countenance. And so it happened here. In July, 1817, one of the early steamers on the Thames—the *Regent* (how that name takes us back to the days of the Regency) was accidentally burnt, off Whitstable. But that did not stop the onward march of the movement. About this time there were two—the *Richmond* and the *London*—plying between London and Twickenham, and they are reported to have carried 10,000 passengers in four months. Then there was the *Sons of Commerce*, designed by Dodd to run down the Pool to Gravesend. She—if *Sons of Commerce* can be "she"—actually ran from London to Margate in eleven hours, thirty-five minutes, and made a speed of about ten miles an hour. In 1866 there was the *Majestic* plying between London and Margate, and possibly disturbing the minds of the owners of the old Margate hoys; for the Kentish watering-place seems to have been beloved of Londoners even then. The *Majestic*, too, had been seen puffing along towing vessels of 700 tons behind it.

The ingenious Dodd actually contrived an apparatus for lowering the chimneys when passing under the bridges. Was it the telescopic invention, or the delightfully ingenious system even now in use on some boats, of simply turning down the funnel by a hinge, and impartially distributing the heated air and any smoke and blacks that may be flying about on the crowd of passengers? Carbon, they say, is good for indigestion, but we doubt if this is an efficient method of applying the charm.

The appearance of these new-fangled concerns called steamers alarmed the old Thames watermen. They deemed the puffing paddled-wheeled monsters an invasion of their sacred rights. Forthwith they opposed the boats. Trades-unions and trade opposition existed even then, you see. Their opposition was great, but ineffectual. Who can stand against steam? Electricity, perhaps; but even that great giant cannot yet dispense with its assistance. And so at length the watermen made peace with the enemy; but they have their revenge. Only Thames watermen can be employed on Thames steamers; the men adapted themselves to circumstances, and the paddle-boats which diminished their old trade have given them new employment.

But their numbers are sadly reduced. Time was when there were 40,000 members on the Watermen's Roll. The Thames then was the great highway, and the watermen—*i.e.*, the men who rowed boats on the river to convey passengers—used to ply up and down and ferry across, and were a very important body of men. They date from 1556, and still form an incorporated Company of the City of London. But first coaches came, and then bridges, and steamboats, and metropolitan railways, and the Watermen's Company sadly dwindled. Yet they hold a monopoly still, and except for certain ferries, no person can ply for hire in a boat on the Thames but a member of the Watermen's Company, between Staines and Yantlet Creek.

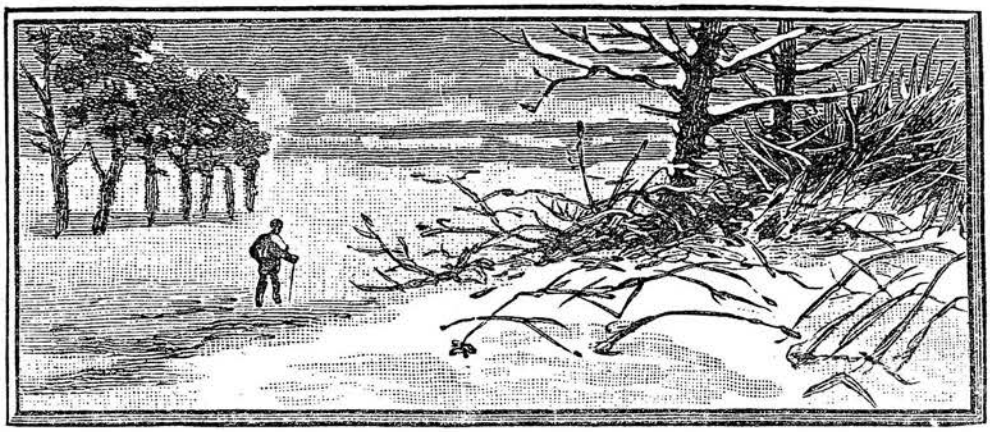
John Taylor, the water-poet, bitterly complained of the coaches. "I do not inveigh," he wrote, "against any coaches that belong to persons of worth or quality, but only against the caterpillar swarm of hirelings. They have undone my poor trade whereof I am a member." What would he say to the "caterpillar swarm of hirelings" to-day, and the usefulness thereof?



He would find other changes also. The Thames Conservancy Board now rules the river, controls its bed, its shores, and its navigation from Cricklade, in Wiltshire, to the aforesaid Creek of Yantlet. Before 1857, when the first Act constituting the Board was passed, the all-powerful Corporation of the City ruled the Thames from Staines downwards. Some of the piers belong to the Conservancy Board, some to the Steamboat Association. They are pretty frequent in certain parts of the river—the boats taking only about two minutes to travel between them. But so expeditiously are the boats stopped, the gangways run aboard, and the passengers transferred, that the halt occupies but about a minute, and then on again glides the little vessel full speed ahead with its living load. The whole operation is so deftly done by the piermen and the boatmen that it is little, if anything, more than the pulling-up of a 'bus, and with this comfort for humanitarians: that the frequent stoppages cause no severe trial to horse-flesh.

It is very quiet to-day down here on one of the piers. The wind is chilly; few people are travelling, forgetful of the snug cabins of the new boats; the tide is low, and we are beneath the level of the Embankment. The noise of London roars around, but somewhat softened; we seem to be outside it, and might be miles away from the hurry and bustle that we cannot see. A fat little sparrow hops and flits about the timber balks, as much at home as if in a country rick-yard; a labourer lurches down the incline from the Embankment, a tin can under his arm; an energetic shabby-genteel man—how many shabby-genteel folk there are in London!—fiercely paces from side to side, his face portraying

trouble; a worn-visaged woman sits on one of the benches; then another labourer lurches down; far out in mid-stream a little screw-tug hauls fast along a train of bulky barges. The water is lumpy to-day; but presently, up glide two boats, one from either side, swiftly and smoothly; officials start from their shelters, gangways are rattled on to the sponsons, impulsive would-be passengers are prevented from hurrying on board before those coming off have disembarked, a clergyman and his boys turn up from somewhere, the late passenger thunders down the incline, the impulsive labourers, disdaining the gangways, jump on the sponsons by the paddle-boxes, and before you can say the familiar Jack Robinson, the pretty little vessels, as docile to the captains' will as the best trained horse, are away to the next pier.



TOBOGANS AND TOBOGANING.

By ALFRED C. W. HARMSWORTH.

"WHATEVER is a tobogan?" is probably the question asked by an English girl on reading the title of this paper.

A tobogan is nothing more than a small sledge. Toboganing is a sport almost unknown in England, simply because we never get a continuance of weather cold enough to cause what is necessary for the enjoyment of the sport—hard, dry, frozen snow.

Although a tobogan is a kind of sledge — or "sled" as they say in America—it is very unlike the ordinary winter vehicle of cold climates. Its form is exceedingly simple; it has no "runners," or springs of any kind. It is made of a plank of birch or Indian basswood, in length from six to eight feet. Bass is exceedingly delicate, and resembles cedar or the wood of the lime-tree in its softness. The plank is about eighteen inches or two feet broad, and as it has a maximum thickness of considerably under a third of an inch, it is strengthened by the addition of braces made of some firm wood placed at a distance of a foot apart. About two feet of the front portion is turned up and back, and the bend thus formed is kept in shape by two strings of catgut. With the addition of "leading lines" for pulling it about, cushions for sitting on, and a neatly-painted name, you have a tobogan of the most perfect kind. The majority are without either cushions or names, and are simply bent planks of wood. In Canada, and some parts of the United States, everybody tobogans except papa and mamma. Morning, noon, and night you meet rosy-faced toboganists of both sexes, setting forth to the neighbouring toboganing grounds. Every suitable hill for miles round is covered with the votaries of the sport, some flying down at lightning speed, others toiling up, and resting ever and anon to criticise the "form" of the flyers.

I will suppose you to be a stranger to the art—a Britisher or Yankee anxious to see how the "Canneks" (as the Yanks call the Canadians) "fix things." Under the escort of an expert friend you have arrived at the top of the slope on which the sport is going on. All you will have to do at first is to sit in and hold tight; he will do the steering. You cry "All right!" and in a second or so you feel the tobogan slipping slowly down; the pace increases, and in half a minute you are rushing along at a pace that takes your breath away. The snow flies up and the keen air almost cuts your face. You feel certain that you will be upset, and wish that you had never ventured. Your friend, who is sitting behind you, with the greatest *nonchalance* possible, suddenly cries, "Look out for the *cahoot*." Not knowing what a *cahoot* is, you are at a loss what to do, so hold on with might and main. Without the slightest warning the tobogan gives a jump in the air; you just manage to hold on as it rises, when suddenly it comes down again on the snow, and for a moment you scarcely know where you are. On you go with the speed of thought in your wild, Mazeppa-like career, and then, gradually and almost imperceptibly, the tobogan stops, and there you are at the bottom of the hill. "Well, how did you like it? Not bad, eh?" On the whole, you think you *do* like it, and want to come down again, so give the leading lines to your instructor, who proceeds on the upward journey.



There is—to use a strange but expressive Canadian term—a vim* about the sport peculiar to it. The nearest approach to it I know is flying down a hill, "legs over handles," on a bicycle.

That there is a certain amount of danger in this "sport gone mad," as an American writer calls it, there is no doubt. There is danger in everything—in riding, driving, bicycling, tricycling, cricket, and even lawn-tennis. "No rose without a thorn" is as true as regards toboganing as it is to anything worth having.

The *cahoots*—one of which so nearly threw you out on your first journey—are the chief source of accident. The word *cahoot* is a curious one, and methinks it smacks of the French. In my French dictionary I find that

* "Go," spirit, dash.

cahot is a jolt, so there can be no doubt that it is one of the many terms borrowed from the old possessors of our North American colony. These *cahoots* are of two kinds: the most common is that caused by a ground swell; the other is the work of the *traîneau* (sledge). These *traîneaux* are a nuisance to every one except their drivers. They "rough" the snow as they go, and leave it in a state in which it is impossible to sleigh or tobogan over in comfort or—as regards the subject of my paper—in safety. Some years back the Canadian sleigh owners unsuccessfully petitioned the Government for the suppression of these vehicles.

As yet I have said nothing about the manner in which the steering is done, but as by this time you have arrived at the top of the hill, and are ready for your second attempt, your friend will induct you as far as in his power into the mysteries of guiding a tobogan. What is wanted in this delightful pastime is *practice.* One might read every known book on horse-riding or swimming, and then, when mounted, or in the water for the first time, feel as helpless as an infant. No amount of reading or instruction without the real thing would make one a toboganist. Some tobogans have small pieces of wood on each side by which to steer. If you wish to proceed to the right, you press down the piece of wood at your dexter hand, and the tobogan "answers her helm" immediately. But the majority are steered by the hands or feet. A tobogan so guided has a far more exact and sensitive steerage than one with wooden "guides." The proficiency gained by practice is really marvellous. I once heard of three young toboganists who were descending with all the momentum caused by the weight of three strapping lads and a steep hill. Suddenly, when at their swiftest pace, they perceived a farmer's one-horse sleigh ten yards in front of them in their direct path. It was a very dangerous position, to say the least, but their steerer cried, "Lean back and duck your heads!" and they passed right underneath the horse, and were yards off when the poor animal gave a neigh of fright.

You are now seated and just off for your flight. "Be careful and steer lightly," is the parting warning of your friend as he starts you off—this time alone. With only the weight of a single occupant the tobogan jumps about fearfully, you think. As yet you have not tried to steer, but now you make your first attempt. You want to clear that rough snow and glare ice in front, and leave it on your right. You dig your left hand into the snow, and the result is a spill. The snow is all over you, down your neck, in your eyes, and covering you like ice on a cake. And where is your tobogan? Why, over there, some ten or fifteen yards away. "*Experientia docet*"—to give a free translation, "Experience does it"—and when you come to the next obstacle, after having made a fresh start, you lightly touch the snow and find that a very little pressure is sufficient for all ordinary occasions. At the conclusion of your second ride you are smitten with a tobogan fever. And in truth it is a delightful recreation. It has all the charms of sleighing and skating, and strengthens both limb and nerve.

I have only once or twice seen toboganing in England. In the frost which delighted the hearts of skaters two years ago there were several toboganists at Hampstead Heath, near London. Quebec is the great toboganing city of Canada. Montreal is building too fast, and all the adjacent ground has been cut up. If you are in Quebec you join a party and enjoy a seven miles drive in one of the quaint *cariole* (sleigh) along the river to the falls. There is the finest "location" for toboganing in the world. Thousands of sledists and toboganists in their picturesque *toques* make the glittering panorama a charming sight. The toboganists slide down the ice-cone formed by the successive spray splashes. The descent is tremendously steep. At night, when the moon is up, and the sleigh lamps are darting hither and thither, the scene is beyond description. Toboganing can never be successfully introduced into England. I see no reason, however, that it should not flourish in some of the colder parts of Scotland.

The tobogan itself is no new invention. The Canadian Indians used them long before the advent of the French. They were then, however, not instruments of pleasure. In those days the traveller across the snow-covered prairie used to proceed on foot, and drag his food and furs in his tobogan. There is, besides toboganing, the favourite pastime of "snow-shoeing" for the youth of higher North America. These snow-shoes enable one to travel tremendous distances in a day. From forty to fifty miles is considered an average walk. They have a wooden framework, and are in form not unlike a tennis racket.

Tippoo the Foundling.



I HAVE often thought I would tell the history of this most fascinating of cats—a lady puss, though with a masculine name, usually shortened to Tip. She came, a lean, starved creature, to the house of a country friend. There was one cat in the establishment when the poor stranger, with a pitiful mew, craved admission. But puss in possession was old and lazy, while the vagrant animal was young, and needed only good food and a comfortable bed to turn her into a perfect beauty, so she was admitted with a promise of adoption, conditional on good behaviour.

Tippoo became a most beautiful cat, the pride of the household. But she was not like some human beings who, when they have secured a good place, would prevent others from sharing the advantages they enjoy. The old cat might and did snarl, hiss, and swear in feline language at the new comer. But Tippoo showed no resentment, and it was really charming to see the beautiful young animal pay the cross old creature the same attentions that a dutiful child might render to a mother.

When old puss became feeble and almost blind, Tip would carry and lay at her feet the best part of every cattish dainty that came in her way. Tip was a mighty mouser and bird catcher, and, almost daily, she brought her dead prey to her cross companion, and invited her by queer-sounding "miaous" to partake of the spoil.

Old crabby never seemed the least bit grateful, but Tippoo did not on that account cease her attentions. A lesson to some of us, that we should do kind things in spite of discouragements, and keep on doing them without looking for a reward, or caring for ingratitude.

Tip tackled other game beside mice and small birds. The largest rat was nowhere in a contest with her, and she was successful in mole-catching—a somewhat unusual game for a cat to hunt. Once she was nearly mastered by a large mole. He fought and struggled desperately, and, being in the garden, he tried hard to get underground.

You know how rapidly moles burrow. They use their sharp snouts and feet to some purpose when they begin.

Tip's antagonist would have worsted her, but instinct came to her aid. On soft ground he might have conquered, but she managed to drag him into the kitchen. On the hard, red tiles the mole's burrowing powers availed him nothing, and on these he soon lay dead.

If some of Tip's exploits had been known to my Lord Broadacre's gamekeepers, Tip's head would not have been safe on her shoulders for a day. She has long been dead, so it will be quite safe to tell how she caught and carried home young partridges, pheasants, and leverets, and laid them unmangled at her mistress's feet. The largest leveret weighed four pounds, and was much too large for her to carry, but she dragged it homewards, and had just got it within the garden gate when some visitors were leaving the front door.

By a desperate effort she tugged it behind a holly bush, stood guard over her prize until they were fairly out of hearing, and then proudly deposited it at the feet of her amused mistress, who had been watching her movements from a side window.

So much for Tip's business qualities. But, great as were these, her social qualities exceeded them. It surprised her human friends that she escaped serious injury in these many encounters, that she could be at once so fierce and so gentle. Those claws which dealt death and destruction to her foes were sheathed, and a velvet paw ever extended to friends.

She would always shake hands when invited, but persisted in giving her paw again and again, when dinner was in preparation, by way of bespeaking any bits that might be at her friend's disposal. If her claims were too long neglected, the pretty creature would spring up, tap one's shoulder twice with her soft paw, then drop into a begging attitude, like a dog.

It is said that animals know by instinct those who like them. I presume that Tip did, for she distinguished me with marks of favour from the beginning of our acquaintance. When I visited her mistress, she would meet and welcome me, then run to inform any member of the family not present of my arrival. She would rub round them, and run a little way backward and forward, as if inviting them to come and greet the guest.

With some persons Tip would never be friends. I once affronted her by rubbing my finger up and down on one joint of the backbone. She did not snarl or scratch me, but drew out of my reach. For sheer mischief I repeated the offence, and she then left the room entirely, and would not return.

A few hours later, I had forgotten the offence, and was going to stroke the cat, but no, thank you. Every time I tried to touch her she drew her head away. In the evening, on my returning from a walk with the young lady of the house, Tip came to meet us as usual, but she passed me without notice, a thing she had never done before, and went to my friend.

For three days did that cat nurse her displeasure, in spite of repeated efforts at conciliation on my part, and then she consented to forgive and forget. Like a well-bred person she declined to squabble, but in her gentle fashion quietly ignored me, until I had owned my fault and made amends.

No wonder that when the pretty creature died, though she had attained a good old age, her loss was lamented by all who knew her, and very genuine human tears were shed over the grave of Tippoo the Foundling.

RUTH LAMB.

Some Seasonable Thanksgiving Menus.

ONCE KNOWN AS BILLS OF FARE.

For an Old-Fashioned New England Dinner.

Boiled Cod with Egg Sauce.
Celery. Pickled Cabbage.
Roast Turkey.
Stewed Cranberries.
Mashed Potatoes. Boiled Turnips.
Onions with Cream Sauce. Baked Squash.
Ham Boiled in Cider.
Mince Pie. Pumpkin Pie.
Deep Apple Pie. American Cheese.
Butternuts. Popcorn.
Apples and Grapes.
Coffee. Cider.

A Good Thanksgiving Dinner Recipe for a Good Christian Edition.

If you wish the full flavor of a Thanksgiving dinner, be sure not to sit down to the feast until you have provided one for some neighbor, who, but for you, must have gone without. Then, though your own be the less for the generous deed, you will realize that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Bill of Fare Wanted by an Eight-Year Old Lad.

FURST CORSE.
Mince Pie.
SEKOND CORSE.
Pumkin Pie and Terkey.
THIRD CORSE.
Lemon Pie. Terkey. Cranberries.
FOURTH CORSE.
Custard Pie. Apple Pie. Mince Pie. Chocolate Cake.
Ice Cream and Plum Pudding.
Desert.

An Ample Repast of Vegetarian Flavors.

Vegetable Oyster Soup.
Mashed Sweet Potato. Vegetable Roast.
Stewed Green Peas with Nuttose.
Celery. Pulp Succotash.
Granose Flakes with Cream.
Whole Wheat Puffs. Nuttose Sandwiches.
Fruit Bread. Nut Crisps.
Canned Cherries.
Rice Snow with Cranberry Jelly.
Almond Puffs or White Sponge Cake. Fresh Fruits.

An Old-Fashioned Thanksgiving Menu.

Oyster Stew.
Roast Turkey. Roast Chicken.
Spareribs. Sausages. Head Cheese.
Mashed Potatoes. Hot Slaw.
Boiled Onions. Turnips. Pickles.
Raised Biscuits. White Bread.
Currant Jelly. Preserves.
Honey in the Comb. Fruit Cake.
Doughnuts.
Mince, Apple, Custard and Pumpkin Pies.
Cheese. Apples and Nuts. Cider.
Tea and Coffee.

Delmonico's Thanksgiving Feast.

Oysters.
Mock Turtle Soup.
Rissoles of Sweetbreads.
Boiled Bass, with Cream Sauce.
Potatoes Hollandaise.
Turkey stuffed with Chestnuts.
Oyster Fritters, with Cranberry Jelly.
Broiled Breast of Mallard Duck.
Celery Salad, with Mayonnaise.
Roquefort Cheese.
Mince Pie. Ice Cream. Fruit.
Cafe.

A Full Fledged Vegetarian Club Dinner.

MENU.
Almond Soup. Julienne Soup.
Olives.
Ragout of Celery and Mushrooms.
Potato au Gratin. Horicots Verts á la Creme
Fricandelles.
Turkish Pilaff. Orange Surprise.
Vol-au-vents.
Date Bread Sandwiches. Whole Wheat Bread.
Grape Marmalade. Crabapple Jelly.
Cranberry Tartlets.
Chartreuse of Peaches, Pumpkin Pie.
Raspberry Sorbet.
Love Knots. Imperial Cake.
Malaga Raisins. Assorted Nuts.
Fresh Fruits.
Saratoga Wafers. Young American Cheese.
Coffee. Egg Julep. Milk.

A Two-Course Thanksgiving Dinner One Hundred and Fifty Years Ago.

FIRST COURSE.

At the upper end of your table a pike roasted with a pudding in its belly, afterward removed (not the pudding but the fish); for your gravy, soup (a brown soup).

Under that a venison patty, and

Under that a giblet pye.

On the further side a fine boiled pudding (a roly poly or suet pudding)

On the nearer side of the giblet pye, some Scotch collops; croquettes of larded veal fried in butter and served with spiced oyster sauce, flavored with white wine.

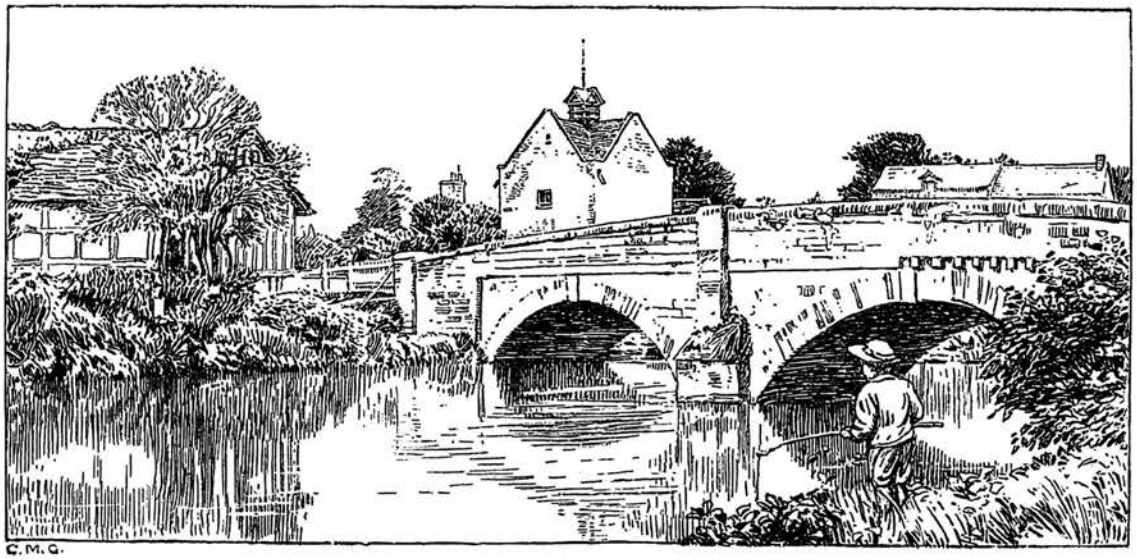
At the bottom of the table a dish of roast beef with horse raddish and pickles.

SECOND COURSE.

At the upper end of the table a turkey roasted, with an oyster pudding in belly.

Under that a tansy (a sort of baked custard), garnished with orange. On the further side a hare with savory pudding. On the nearer side woodcocks with toast.

And at the bottom of the table a pumpkin pye.



C.M.G.

BRIDGE AND DOVECOTE AT EARDISLAND.

A SUMMER AMONG THE DOVECOTES.

By ALFRED WATKINS.

With Illustrations drawn by C. M. GERE and E. H. NEW from Photographs by the Writer.

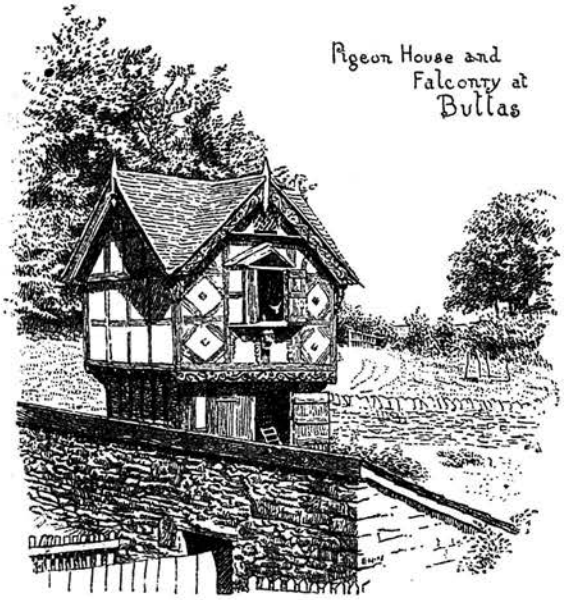
IN the fertile garden county of Hereford, a quaint-shaped turret, capped by a weather-vane of bygone days, is often to be seen, peeping out above the topmost boughs of the home apple-orchard, or almost hidden among the farm buildings. It is not a hopkiln, for that would wear a horn-shaped cowl pointing away from the windward quarter. But perchance the gleam of white or bronzy wings will point out its use, and you know that the openings in the lantern top communicate with a tower-shaped dovecote below.

Ask for the key at the house, and enter through the low doorway, notice the great thickness of the walls, and then, if pigeons are kept, you will recognise the force of the comparison "a flutter among the dovecotes;" for all will be commotion and flapping of wings, until the last pigeon has escaped through the lantern, leaving a few helpless squeakers on the ground or alighting ledges above. A few moments and the eyes get used to the gloom of the place; for the only light comes from the lantern opening above, which in the most complete houses is closed with a hinged trap, worked from below by means of a cord. And now it will be seen that the whole of the walls, from floor to roof, are lined with some hundreds of nesting holes, each just large enough for a pigeon to enter. Put the hand in one of these, and the reason of the great wall-thickness is apparent, for the cavity goes back some fourteen inches, and enlarges right or left into an L shape.

If the pigeon-house happens to be circular or octagon in shape, a stout post occupies the centre; and from it project two horizontal arms, which in their turn carry a ladder near enough to the wall for any one mounting it to reach the nest holes. The centre post revolves on pivots and allows the ladder to sweep round the building; and thus every pigeon-hole is made easily accessible.

A mild interest had gradually grown in my mind towards these old-time buildings; perhaps dating from boyish recollections of the half tame blue-rock pigeons, which nodded and pecked among the horses' feet in my native city. Up in the garrets of the old house (every visitor to Hereford knows the richly-carved timber work of this ancient home of the butchers' guild) these pigeons had their home; and at dusk they crept in under shadow of the angels, which form the finials to the decorated bargeboards. Old John Roberts,

the saddler, who lived below, owned them, and many a couple of young birds he enjoyed for dinner.



And as time went on, I found that among our local pigeon-houses, were examples of almost every period, from Norman times until the beginning of the present century; that the custom of keeping these birds in quantity was not so



common as in former times; that no pigeon-house had been built for many years; and, worst of all, that hardly a year passed but one was demolished in some part of the county.

It was with the idea of forming a record of these curious buildings, that I resolved to collect particulars of all in my own county; and very quickly found that the only possible way to get reliable information, was to visit every corner of the district, and to see for one's self whether a pigeon-house did, or did not exist at places where they were reported to be. Hardly a man was to be found who could tell of more than two or three, and these were buildings usually which every one had a full view of from the public road. The dovecote built in the centre of the fold-yard; or hidden away at the end of the farm garden, seemed to be an unknown building, and even the worthy farmer would learn for the first time the date of its building, and the initials of its first owner; yet there, plain to all eyes, these records stood; cut in stencil letters in the vane, or carved in stone up under the eaves.

Many a pleasant tramp, camera on back, through orchard and fallow, along by-roads, over wooded hills, and past thatched cottages, this search entailed; or perhaps my companion in interest would join, and we drove together along the undulating roads, he, note-book in hand, to take particulars of the interior details, the style of lantern and vane, of the two or three examples we came upon in our day's search; I to look for the most pictorial point of view.

The hedges were still bare, though carrying promise of awakening life, when this search began; and there were yet pigeon-houses unvisited,

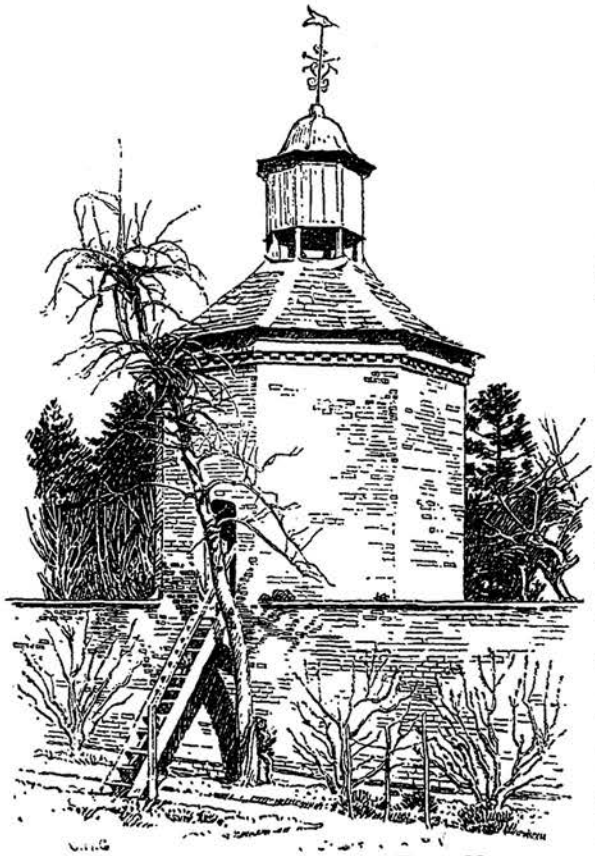
> "When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
> Upon those boughs which shake against the cold."

Every one in eastern Herefordshire knows how, looking towards the west, a couple of conical wooded knolls break the line of horizon, and connect together groups of hills. These hillocks, which lie about a mile apart, are called Robin Hood's Butts, the tradition being that the famous outlaw was wont to shoot arrows from one to the other. It is in the wooded dip which links one of these butts with the adjacent Wormsley Hill, that the old farmhouse of Buttas stands, massive and imposing yet, with its square-headed and stone-mullioned windows.

And here, in 1632, George Karver, the yeoman owner of the estate, built for himself in the pride of his heart a combined pigeon-house and falconry, evidently intended to outvie all previous ones.

And there it stands now, one of the

most beautiful examples of carved and decorated timber work in the district; its



Octagon Pigeon House
Bodenham.

black diagonal timbers outlining the white plaster panels, each with a carved boss in the centre; the barge boards and corbels elaborately carved in oak, and the little projecting window where the falcons were wont to bask in the sun, supported by a lion-headed truss.

It was no local carpenter who carved here; one would rather think that the artificer who gave full play to his imagination and skill in the beautiful gate-house at Stokesay Castle was called to the work; so similar in style are the two buildings.

Many pigeon-houses were divided into two stories, the lower one being used for general purposes, and in some instances arched over for use as an ice-house, but here at Buttas, the doves were assigned the top loft only, among the gables, the falcons having their mews in the centre chamber, and the ground floor with two large doors was used for general stores, probably not as at present for carts, wheels having hardly come into general use at that time.

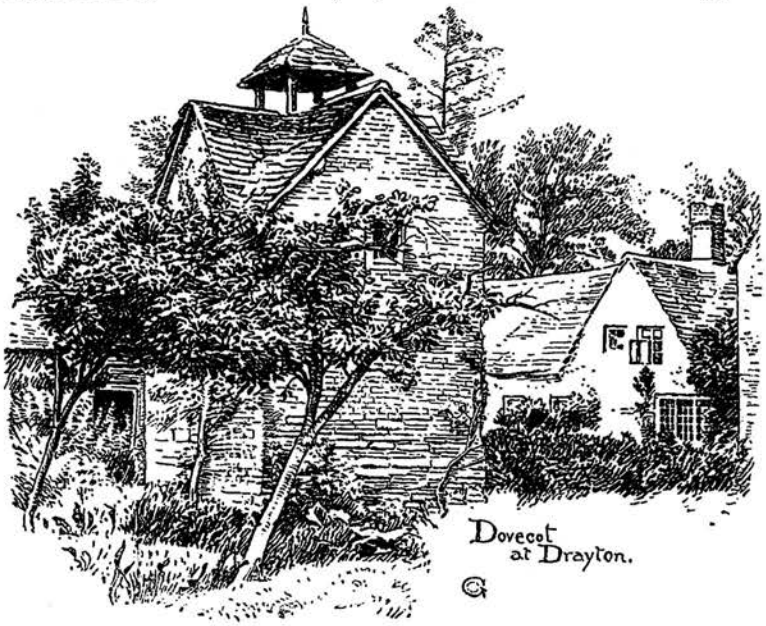
How closely linked are these buildings to the domestic life of that age. Honest George Karver added his wife's initial to his own, all carved in raised letters on a shield, with the device of a heart beneath.

So too, when Ffoulkes Walwyn built a pigeon-house at Hellens, the old family seat on the other side of the county, his wife's name joined his own.

The inscription here almost covers one of the sides of the building, first the date, 1641, then the letters W for Ffoulkes
F M
and Margaret Walwyn, all in white letters some two feet deep, worked in a kind of stucco, the making of which is as dead as the building of pigeon-houses, for the wear of two-and-a-half centuries has not peeled it off the old red brick walls.

A Walwyn of later days added the present weather-vane, bearing the initials E. W. 1753. This is the earliest example of an octagonal pigeon-house in the county, and probably marks the first departure from the square or circular buildings; most of the octagonal ones dating later than 1700.

But the building which seems to belong to the county, and to blend best with the apple-orchard and time-stained farmhouse, is the half-timbered square dovecote. How many quaint varieties of this type



Dovecot
at Drayton.

I found in my rambles; here a single span roof with pigeons' entrance in the

gables ; there a pyramid-shaped roof, with open lantern at the apex ; or most pic-



Dovecot at Aldersend

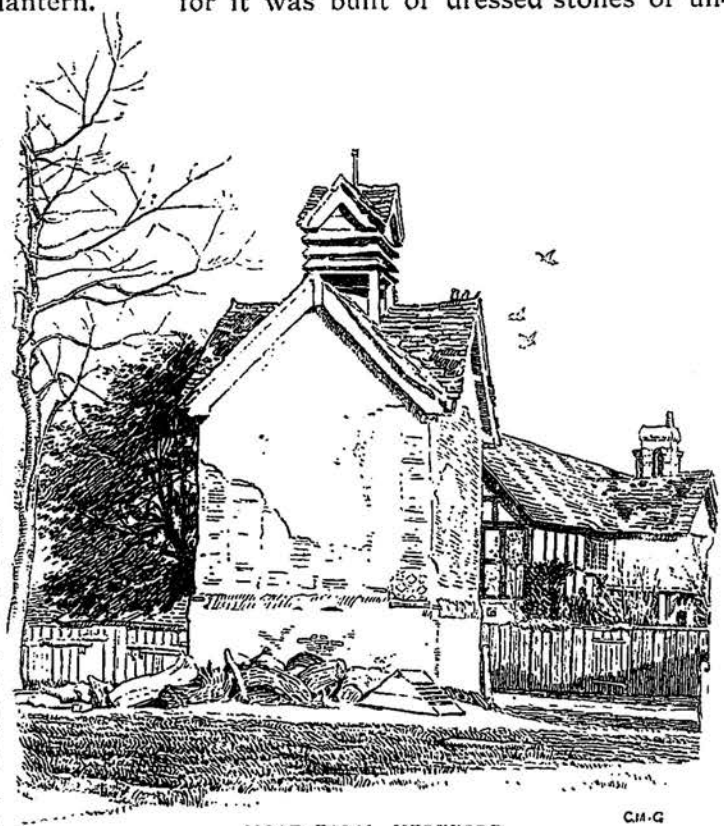
turesque of all, the four-gabled roof, with a miniature reproduction of the same, covering the open wood-work lantern.

At Putson — a pleasant suburb of the city where an early Bishop of Hereford had a seat—was a good example of the carpentry building of those days when oak was plentiful. Every cross timber framed to its neighbour and fastened with oak pins ; and so durable is the wood, that the axe marks on the surface of the beam remain, and one notices the Roman numerals with which the carpenter marked the mortices and tenons as they were fitted together on the ground.

When brickwork and roof decay and fall away, this timber framing still hangs together. But it was not with brick that the panels were filled up in the first place ; a composite walling called wattle and daub was used, a kind of basket-work plastered over with hair mortar. And in these timber - built dovecotes, the nesting-boxes were of wood also ; and the partition dividing each from its neighbour ran in a diagonal direction, so that the bird might not be cramped for tail room when sitting on her two eggs.

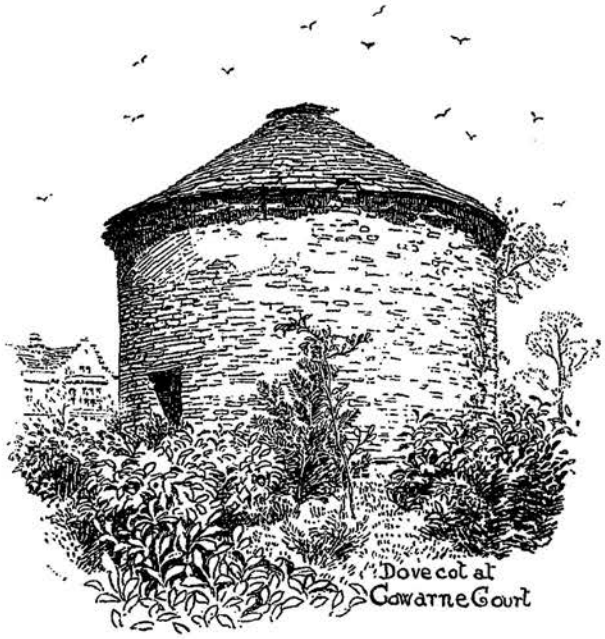
Alas ! this Putson pigeon-house has, within a month of the time I write, been demolished, and now there is but one left within the liberties of our city, and that so picturesque in its dilapidated old age, such a favourite subject with artists, grouping as it does with the great porch of the farmhouse close by, that I fear it too must shortly vanish.

Only a year ago, the same fate befel the round stone dovecote at Wigmore Abbey ; a date 172- was cut in the vane, but the building was evidently older. One would like to think that it had furnished pasties for the pleasure-loving abbots and monks, who dwelt there under the protection of the great Mortimers of Wigmore ; (it was a Hugh de Mortimer who founded the Abbey in Stephen's reign), only there is unmistakable evidence that the pigeon-house was built when the monastic buildings were razed to earth at the Reformation, for it was built of dressed stones of unequal sizes, and when pulled down some carved corbels were found in the walling.



MOAT FARM, HEREFORD.

Bit by bit, these records of the past vanish; here at Wigmore a few ecclesiastical windows, fitting in with the present farmhouse, a picturesque gateway



with half timbered walling, and the noble abbots' barn, with curved oak timbers springing from floor to roof, still remain.[1]

Gone too, is the still more interesting dovecote which, five years ago, was noted as the only remaining part of the ancient palace of the Bishops of Hereford at Bosbury; and not a drawing or detailed description of it seems to remain.

All the information I could get on the spot when I visited this old-time village, was from an aged woman who knew it was built of stone and had some sort of glass lantern on the top. Certain it is that when good Bishop Swinfield wrote his *Roll of Household Expenses* for the year 1289, he consumed pigeons from the "Columbarium of the Manor of Bosbury," and probably this very building survived until about 1883; for Webb describes it as being similar to that at Garway (1326). Its fate was tersely described by the grey-headed postman who was taking his midday rest at the old inn close by, "Falling to pieces—like me, getting old and past work—and so they pulled it down." A vivid picture of the domestic customs of the times can be read between the lines of the roll above mentioned; how when Martinmas came round, and the winter season, with its lack of fresh meat (for hay and roots and winter fodder were unknown in those days) drew near, there began a great slaughtering and salting down with "salt from Worcester" of the carcases of fifty-two beeves, twenty-two pigs, and numbers of sheep; how from the parks of Eastnor, Colwall, and Dingwood, carcases of deer were brought in, how Harpin, the falconer, was much from home, and supplied abundance of partridges, cowered down by the fluttering of his hawk above, while he draws his net over them as they lie close on the ground.

Then came the tanning of the hides, and the making of the fat into candles for the dark evenings. And now the reason of the great importance of the dovecote to our forefathers will be seen; no wonder they take pride and care in its erection, and make it roomy and convenient, when they know that in it, and in the well-stocked stews or fishpond, and in the results of hawking, can be found the only escape from a uniform diet of cured and salted meat during the winter.

There is a delightful old book, *The Sportsman's Dictionary* (1725), which enters



with great fulness into fowling, hawking, and all rural matters; and the pigeon-house—"a piece of economy of which a great deal may be said"—is fully dwelt upon. The precautions against the in-

[1] This fine tithe barn has lately been destroyed by fire.

roads of rats are interesting:—"To hinder rats from getting upon the outside into a pigeon-house, they fasten tin plates to a certain height, and in such places where



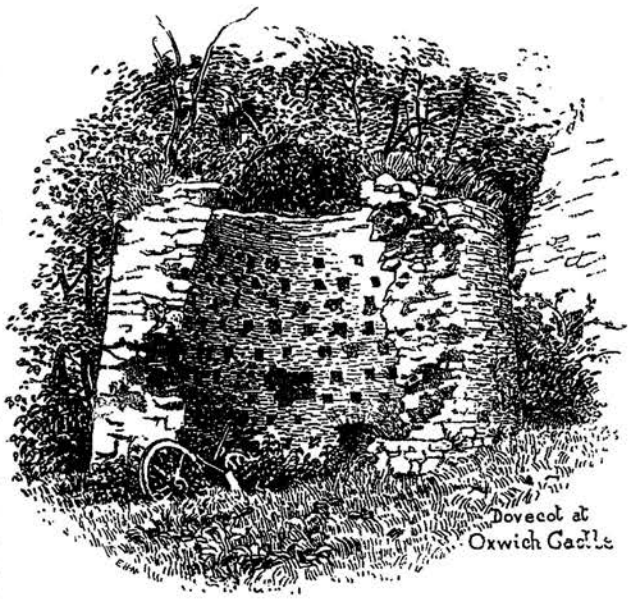
Dovecot at Richards Castle

they foresee the rats might pass, at the outward angle of a square pigeon-house; these plates ought to be a foot high and raised above half a foot on the sides, so that when the rats come to them and cannot catch hold of them, they fall upon the iron spikes which are usually fixed at the bottom, or the place where you foresee they may fall." The spiked railings I did not meet with, but sure enough one square dovecote at an out-of-the-way farm-house was fitted up with these smooth iron angle-plates some fourteen feet above the ground, and a projecting string course is often built half-way up the building, to baffle the climbing power of rats. Again:—"To manage this affair well, the door should always be placed in sight of the dwelling-house; whether the pigeon-house is built within or without the courtyard, because the master of the house may keep in awe those that go in or come out of the pigeon-house." Then there are minute directions about the door and windows, "which must always as much as may, be placed to the south, as pigeons love directly to feel the sun, especially in winter;" and nearly a page is occupied with instructions about the nest-holes.

But of the dovecotes put up with so much loving care which still remain, hardly a third are now stocked; at one place the rats got in and destroyed the young birds; at another owls took possession and frightened them away, for pigeons are very timid, and their house should not be visited after midday, or they may not settle down in it before night. The jolly old rector at one place kept his dovecote stocked, until his farmer churchwarden shot at them so often, that they forsook their home.

The exclusive right of certain persons (lords of the manor and rectors) to possess dovecotes, was an interesting remnant of feudal times lingering on until quite recently; and so these buildings are seldom seen except at manor houses (otherwise courts) and rectories. Worlidge, in his book on agriculture (1687), refers to this in speaking of dovecote pigeons:—"They bring unto such as are privileged to keep them, a considerable yearly advantage."

Pigeon-fanciers, even in early days, do not seem to have taken to the large dovecote; but found as now a smaller loft to be more convenient. And so it is that breeding pigeons for table and for fancy, have always been distinct matters, although I have known a farmer who was in the habit of supplying pigeon-shooting matches, to keep a particular breed of



Dovecot at Oxwich Castle

large white pigeons in his large dovecote, and to shoot all intruders of different feather.

It was the Norman conquerer, who, when building in every corner of England, fortified castles and dwellings for



CULVER HOLE, GOWER.

his own use, also introduced the tower-like and substantial columbarium, which has served as pattern for many successive styles of pigeon-houses down to the present time. And not only the building but the customs connected with it originated in Normandy; for there almost every lord had at his castle one of these hated towers, from which the pigeons issued in clouds to prey upon the crops of the oppressed peasants, who were denied the right of rearing birds themselves.

The revolving ladder does not seem to have been used in the early Norman examples existing in England, but was introduced later on; it is of course never applied to square pigeon-houses.

Down in the rocky peninsular of Gower, where, though in the heart of Wales the English tongue is, and has been for centuries, the language of the inhabitants; I spent some time towards the summer's close; and there found three examples of dovecotes attached to old castles. At Penrice old castle, which over-hangs the home of the late Mr. Talbot, the "Father of the House of Commons," the dovecote is in perfect order, tall, and tapering like a chimney to an opening at the top of about two feet. At Oystermouth Castle only a small part of the wall is left, but sufficient to show that like all early examples it was without a wood roof, the top being domed over with stonework, leaving a small aperture at the apex. The one at Oxwich is similar, the roof is gone, and one half of the walls levelled, so that the interior structure is easily seen from without; this castle and dovecote was built by Sir Rice Mansell in 1541.

A still more interesting and unexpected find fell to my lot on this beautiful coast, where every inlet and every hamlet has its legend or tradition. It is well known to naturalists that the domestic pigeon is descended from the wild rock pigeon, which still breeds among the caves and rocks of the Gower coast; and a specimen of the Herefordshire farmhouse blue-rock pigeon which I picked out from a number offered for sale, is not only similar to the wild species, but absolutely identical in every detail of marking and colour. Even the half white feather on the outside of the tail is there. At a spot where the cliffs are boldest and highest, close to the pretty fishing village of Port Eynon, I found

that in castle-building times, some person deeply interested in pigeons, (tradition says it was a Mansell of Hen-y-Llys, the same family as the builder of Oxwich pigeon house) had as an experiment, converted a narrow cleft or cavern in the cliff, into a gigantic pigeon-house; evidently intended to attract and perhaps partly domesticate the wild-rock

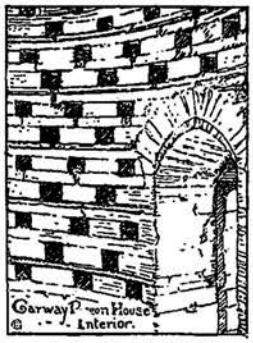


DOORWAY IN GARWAY DOVECOTE.

pigeons. Very curious is this Culver Hole as it is called, and strange that its true use had so long escaped notice; the guide books, and a writer in an old volume of the Archaeologia, who gives illustrations of its structure, do not even guess at its original purpose. And yet its name points it out, for culver is an old name for a dove, and in some parts of England dovecotes are still called culver houses.

The wall which closes the cave entrance is very massive, ten feet thick at the base, where a small aperture, washed at high tide, gives entrance; it is pierced by five windows and is sixty feet high. The interior of the wall, even to the sides of the windows, are lined with pigeon-holes of the true L shape; as I discovered by means of a most difficult climb. A rough staircase gives access to the upper part of the wall.

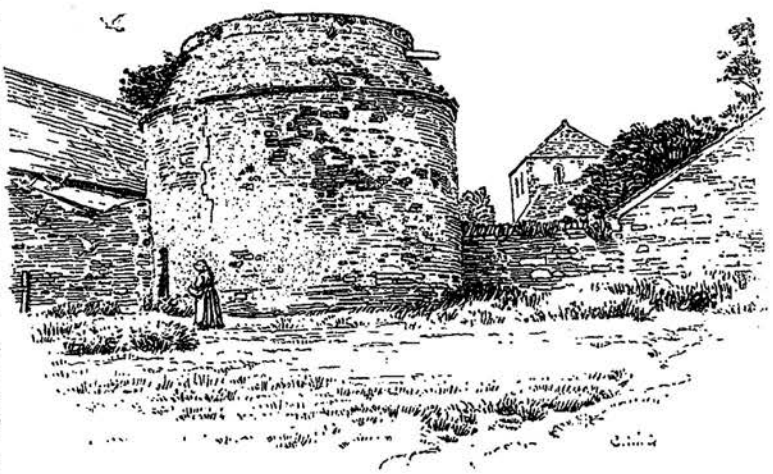
It is in Herefordshire, on the border-line along which the defensive castles of Grosmont, Skenfrith, Pembridge, and Monmouth were built; that the most perfect example of an Anglo-Norman columbarium is to be found. There, at Garway, in the lonely valley of the Monnow, the Knights Templar founded a preceptory about the thirteenth century. It was not long before the order was disbanded and their possessions were in this



GARWAY PIGEON-HOUSE INTERIOR

case handed over to the Knights Hospitallers, and then "in the year 1326 this dovecote was built by brother Richard," as the inscription worded in Latin and old English characters on the tympanum over the doorway tells.

Very carefully brother Richard carried out his work with the aid of Gilbert the mason, who left his name inscribed on one of the neatly-squared and dressed stones of which the interior is built. The



GARWAY.

domed top is still perfect, with a funnel-like opening in the apex. There are 666 nesting holes in this building, and the walls are three feet nine inches thick; such a number of nesting holes are not at all uncommon in buildings of later date, in fact the largest I came across had 850.

Through all the succeeding centuries the building of pigeon-houses has continued; in many styles; in varied materials; always points of picturesque interest in a rural scene, and sources of pride to their owners. Then in the early part of our own century they went out of usage, and since about 1810 no complete detached dovecote has been built in this part of England.

But these notes on the results of a summer's work must draw to a close; and as for the remainder of the seventy-odd pigeon-houses hunted out in Herefordshire, shall not their record be found in the *Royal Archæological Journal?*

Nor must other points of interest be dwelt upon, such as the solitary example of a six-sided pigeon-house at Foxley; the picturesque dormer-windowed roof at Richard's Castle; another like it I found just over the Worcestershire border—the remote farmhouse, with its garden dovecote, at Netherwood, where Queen Elizabeth's Earl of Essex first drew breath; the nesting-holes built in the massive stone front of one small farmhouse; the long pigeon-boxes under the projecting moulded beam of another antique-timbered front.

And mingled with these visions of tiled roofs, bull's eye glazed lanterns, weather vanes of all fantastic shapes, the gleam and whirl of pigeons' wings as they rise in a body at your approach; there come memories of long tramps on dusty highways, of pleasant ways skirting hopyards, and through the long cool mowing grass; of complaisant curiosity of roadside labourers at my inquiries; of old-time walled-gardens with a row of bee-hives in one sunny corner; of pleasant recognition of faces familiar enough on market days, but not seen before at their own farm-home; of hearty welcome at unknown homesteads, and pointing out of short cuts across the fields, when the glow of the setting-sun is dying away on the hedgerows, and the doves have gone to rest in their red-tiled home.



THOUGHTS AND OBSERVATIONS ON NATURAL HISTORY.

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

PART XI.

The Industries of Animals.

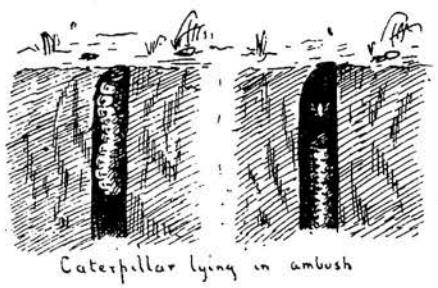
All well-qualified and true observers, who have made a sympathetic study of the ways and doings of any particular branch of lowly life, are struck with the amount of intelligence displayed by its members, little previously anticipated. Dr. Dallinger, an eminent and much respected scientist (whom nobody can accuse of making statements not borne out by facts), after a careful study of the life of spiders, extending over five years, is forced to grant to them a higher degree of intelligence than before such a study he had imagined, and which seems to have overwhelmed him with amazement. The same story reaches me from all sides. The poet and philosopher dreamt that all nature must be bound round by the golden cords of unity, and science, step by step, is proving the truth of their dream.

The manners and customs of the animal kingdom are found to bear a very close parallel to those of primitive man, or those of uncivilised man of the present day. As with primitive man, so with animals, they hunt and fish, store in barns, domesticate certain of their members, harvest, and reap, live in caverns. The fox and rodent dig dwellings in the earth. Certain birds construct their nests by the same method of manufacture as the woollen stuffs of which the wandering tribes make their tents to-day. The ants make vast dwellings of clay. The beavers build huts of wood and mud. As man has done, and still does, animals collect provisions, reduce their fellows to slavery, build admirably arranged houses, know how to make them healthy, and how to defend them against attacks from without, and also they, without doubt, possess the rudiments of ethical laws.

A Caterpillar lying in Ambush.

The most simple method of hunting employed by primitive man, was the ambush, namely, taking advantage of a thicket or some natural hiding-place to bound out on an unsuspecting victim. The Crocodile can make itself like a dead tree floating on the stream, and can disappear without producing the slightest movement of the water, and as noiselessly reappear amongst its intended victims. The Python hangs down like a creeper from a tree, and entwines its horrible body around the unfortunate victim passing below that has not noticed the delusion. A fox constructs a cleverly devised ambush when hunting hares.

The larva of a Tiger Beetle will bore a hole in the ground nearly the width of its body, but of an enormous depth for its size —forty centimetres. By arching its supple body against the sides of the hole, it keeps level with the surface of the ground, and thus closes up the hole. A little insect, say, an ant, comes along with no suspicion of the trap, as it is an exact imitation of the soil, but when the caterpillar feels the ant passing over its head it drops down into its long hole, taking with it the little ant, to have the juices of its body sucked out at leisure. The Ant Lion excavates a conical pit-fall, in which it conceals itself, and seizes any unfortunate ants, and other insects that may happen to fall into it.



Caterpillar lying in ambush

The Baited Ambush.

This hunting by chance ambush is carried to a higher degree of perfection by the prepared ambush. So lowly a thing as a fish conceals itself in the mud, and makes a mobile and supple filament, which is attached to its lower jaw, look like a worm, so that the smaller fish prowling in its neighbourhood mistake it for food and disappears down the mouth of the big fish, before discovering their error.

Another fish, by fringed appendages all over its body, looks like a marine plant, and its general colour being exactly like its surroundings, conceals itself amidst the seaweed. From its head arises three movable filaments, formed by three spines detached from the upper fin. The fish, by agitating these three filaments, gives them the appearance of worms, and thus attracts the fish on which it feeds.

A Fish hunting with Projectiles.

Primitive man obtained his prey from a distance by throwing stones, shooting poisoned darts and arrows, and in later times civilised man does this by means of bullets. Certain creatures likewise secure their prey by projectiles from a distance. Certain fish swimming in the rivers of India live on



insects that wander over the leaves of aquatic plants, and to secure them, the Toxotes draw in a few drops of water, and contracting its mouth squirts it over the insect with such unerring aim as to bring it down into the water.

Other animals also squirt various liquids, sometimes in attack, but more especially in defence. The Cephalopods emit their ink, which darkens the water, and so allows them to escape. Another fish, the Chelinous of Java, in like manner squirts at a fly, and if it should miss the mark will shoot again till it has succeeded, thus showing that its movements are not of a machine nature. The Chinese preserve these curious fish in jars, and amuse themselves by making them carry on this little exercise. These facts cannot be doubted, as they have been witnessed and described by many trustworthy observers.

Hunting in Co-operation.

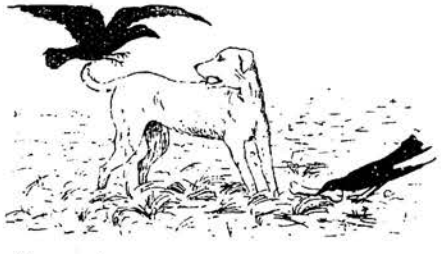
I have often watched with much amusement in the country different pairs of dogs having the most rollicking games together; they always put on a most innocent look as much as to say, "See, we are doing no harm, only having a game of fun together," but gradually in their play they would get further and further from their master's call, till away they go on a poaching expedition amongst the rabbits, to return in a few hours thin and hot, bearing a most demoralised and penitent look, fully aware of the flogging that awaited them.

I think this is a lingering instinct in dogs of the habit of hunting in pairs or flocks, which was the rule amongst their remote ancestors. Wolves and wild dogs hunt in bands and in strategy and relays, and by this means capture their prey, which, if hunting alone, they would not have a chance of securing.

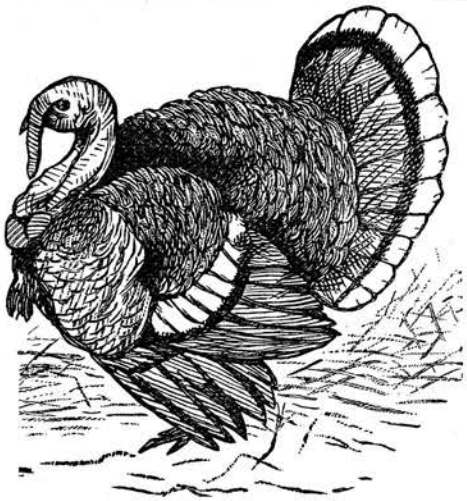
Two wolves have been known to approach a flock of sheep; one of them attracts the attention of the guarding dog, who rushes after him with such ardour that he fails to perceive in the meantime the second thief has seized and dragged a sheep into the wood. The sheep-dog finally gives up the pursuit, and returns to his flock. Then the two confederates join each other and share the prey.

Sometimes a male wolf in company with a female, will hunt a deer whose swifter pace would give them no chance unless they adopted a dodge. So they undertake the chase in turns, one rests while the other hunts, and so clever is this arranged, that the hunted deer is always driven close to the concealed and resting wolf. By this system of relays, the strength of the deer is gradually exhausted, and is seized and killed. After which the two knowing rascals share the booty together.

Mr. Tennent tells of a trick which has twice to his knowledge been played on a dog, by two of the small glossy crows of Ceylon. A dog was intent on gnawing a bone; two crows approached, and tried all manner of devices, without success, to draw off the dog. At last one crow approached and dealt the dog a smart tap on the back; this being too much for the dog's control he made after the crow to avenge the insult, and in doing so left the bone unguarded, which the other crow promptly seized in his beak and carried off in triumph. Poor dog, how disgusted and humiliated he must have felt.



Crows hunting in co-operation



A THANKSGIVING DINNER.

Well Cooked, Seasonably Furnished and Sensibly Served.



N the times of our forefathers, Thanksgiving was literally a day of giving thanks for mercies past received, and a day of real fasting. Now it has become a day of family reunions and feasting, and the dinner is the feature of the day. The dinner here described is planned for eight people, and requires the aid of a waitress to serve it properly, leaving the cook free to prepare the courses as they are needed. Some of the dishes can be made the day before Thanksgiving and thus save much time. The table should be set early in the day with spotless linen, shining silver and clear glass. A centerpiece of fine embroidery and a bowl of gay colored chrysanthemums add to the attractiveness of the table. Individual taste has a wide range in table decoration. Each hostess will decide for herself what to use in the way of dinner cards, bonbons, bread and butter plates and doilies. If the dinner is served late in the day, a pretty effect is made on the table by the use of two silver candelabra with wax candles the color of the flowers used for decoration. Or, two little glass lamps with colored shades can be placed at each side of the centerpiece.

Nothing can be handsomer on a dinner table than a linen cloth of fine texture and graceful pattern. It is wise to avoid too much decoration and to approach simplicity, as the main object of dining is to satisfy the appetite and not to tire the eye with elaborate adornment.

After the table is arranged the dishes needed for serving the dinner should be placed on a side table or in the kitchen pantry. Everything should be at hand so that the waitress can give her entire attention to the table service.

There are certain time-honored staples which are expected to form a part of every Thanksgiving dinner such as turkey, cranberry sauce and pies. Years ago it was the custom to load the table with dainties of every description. The European fashion of serving a dinner in courses has come more and more into favor, and has much to recommend it.

The eye is not bewildered by such an array of food, there is more space on the table, and a waitress can serve the dinner in courses more easily. The following menu preserves the main features of the old-fashioned dinner and adds some modern notions:

MENU FOR THANKSGIVING DINNER.

Oysters on the Half Shell. *Horse-radish.*
Consommé Julienne. *Browned Crackers.*
Roast Turkey, Cranberry Sauce. *Riced Potato.*
Celery. *Baked Squash.* *Creamed Onions.*
Bread and Butter. *Sandwiches.* *Chicken Pie.*
Fried Sweet Potato. *Pickles.*
Celery and Walnut Salad. *Rolls.*
Squash Pie. *Mince Pie.* *Cheese.*
Tutti Frutti. *Macaroons.*
Glacéd Fruit. *Salted Almonds.* *Chocolates.*
Malaga Grapes. *Oranges.*
Nuts and Raisins.
Coffee. *Sweet Cider.*

Blue Point

Oysters opened from the shell are the best to serve raw. Have some shells sent with the oysters, wash them thoroughly with a brush. Place five or six shells, with an oyster in each, in a soup plate on a bed of cracked ice. Garnish with parsley and a quarter of lemon.

Consomme Julienne.

Two quarts of soup stock made from a beef bone, or from Armour's Beef Extract, one quart of mixed vegetables—celery, turnip, carrot and parsnip—cut into inch strips as wide as a match, or into fancy shapes; one teaspoonful of salt, one saltspoonful of pepper, four tablespoonfuls of canned peas. Cover the vegetables with boiling water, add the salt and cook until soft, but not long enough to destroy the shapes. Let the stock come to a boil, add the vegetables, the water and more salt if necessary. Serve very hot.—Mrs. Lincoln.

Browned Crackers.

Spread saltines with butter and grated cheese, and brown lightly in the oven.

Roast Turkey.

Select a hen turkey weighing ten to twelve pounds. Dress it carefully, stuff with one pint or three cupfuls of bread crumbs, seasoned with one-fourth of a teaspoonful each of salt and pepper, one-half teaspoonful each of poultry seasoning, chopped parsley and sage, one teaspoonful of butter and a little chopped onion. This makes a dry, crumbly stuffing. If a moist stuffing is preferred, use hot water or milk and a beaten egg. Sew up the openings in the skin, place the fowl in a pan, rub with butter and dredge with salt, pepper and flour. Put in a hot oven; when the flour is brown, add a half-cupful or more of water. Baste often and add more water as needed. Allow from three to four hours for a twelve pound turkey. When it is tender and well browned,

place it on a platter, garnish with parsley or celery tops, and serve with brown gravy.

Cranberry Sauce.

Two cupfuls of cranberries, one cupful of sugar, one half-cupful of water. Place in a granite ware saucepan, cover and boil ten minutes. Strain and set away to cool.

Riced Potato.

Rub mashed potato through a vegetable strainer into the dish in which it is to be served. Brown lightly in the oven.

Celery.

Select the heart of the celery to serve with the turkey, reserving the poorer parts for the salad. Wash it well and let it crisp in cold water. Before serving wipe each stalk dry, and lay in a long glass or china dish.

Baked Squash.

Take half of a large Hubbard squash. Remove the seeds, place the squash in a baking pan with the rind uppermost. Bake for one-half or three quarters of an hour. When soft, scrape from the shell, beat smooth, season with butter, pepper and salt, and serve. Squash prepared in this way is dry and sweet.

Creamed Onions.

Prepare boiled onions, cooking them gently to preserve the shape. Serve in a rich cream sauce.

Bread and Butter Sandwiches.

Use baker's bread a day old; trim off the crusts from the loaf, cut in thin even slices, spread with soft butter two by two, cut in triangles or long fingers. Pile in log cabin fashion on a large plate. The sandwiches can be prepared early in the day, wrapped in a damp cloth and kept in the refrigerator until needed.

Chicken Pie.

Joint and boil a large chicken until tender. Remove the bones, place the meat in a deep baking dish, thicken the gravy, season with butter, pepper and salt, and pour over the chicken. Make a pastry crust with two cupfuls of flour, two tablespoonfuls of lard, a little ice water and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Place a rim of pastry around the dish. Divide the rest of the pastry into thirds; place a lump of butter in the center of one piece, lay another upon it, then a second piece of butter, then the third portion; roll out and cover the dish, pressing the crust firmly on to the rim. Cut an opening in the center and prick the top to let out the steam when cooking. Bind a strip of cotton around the edge of the pie to prevent the gravy from running over. Bake for an hour and a half to two hours. Remove the strip of cotton and serve.

Fried Sweet Potatoes.

Boil several sweet potatoes until they are nearly tender. Peel them, cut them into quarters and fry them to a golden brown in hot fat. Drain on brown paper and serve.

Celery and Walnut Salad.

Mix two cupfuls of diced celery with one cupful of English walnut meats and one cupful of mayonnaise dressing; one teaspoonful each of mustard and pulverized sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth of a saltspoonful of cayenne pepper, the yolks of two raw eggs, one pint of salad oil, two tablespoonfuls each of vinegar and lemon juice. Mix the dry ingredients in a bowl, add the yolks of eggs. Stir well with a wooden or silver spoon. Add oil, a few drops at a time, stirring till it thickens. This with a little lemon, then add oil and lemon alternately, and lastly the vinegar. Less oil can be used and half a cupful of whipped cream can be added just before serving.—Mrs. Lincoln.

Place a bed of lettuce leaves in a salad bowl, arrange the salad in the center, put a little of the dressing on the top and garnish with quarters of hard boiled eggs.

Tutti Frutti.

One quart of thick cream, one quart of rich milk, two cupfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of Maraschino. One pound of French candied fruits—cherries, apricots, plums, pineapples, pears—cut into small pieces. Or, use home-made preserved fruits drained from the sirup and cut fine. Scald the cream and milk, melt the sugar in it, flavor; pack in ice and salt and freeze. When nearly frozen stir in the candied fruit. Pack in a mold, cover with ice and salt and set away until needed.—Mrs. Lincoln.

Glaced Fruit.

Boil one pound of sugar with one cupful of water until it hairs, then add one-fourth of a cupful of vineger. Boil it rapidly until it grows brittle when tried in cold water. Watch it closely until it begins to grow straw colored, remove to the back of the fire and set the pan into boiling water. Have ready platters or a marble slab buttered, two buttered forks and the fruit—white grapes, quartered oranges, sliced figs, candied pineapple, cherries, and nut meats. As rapidity is necessary, it is well to have help in dipping the fruit, piece by piece into the sirup, turn it over with a fork and place on the buttered platter. As soon as the dish is filled, set it in a cool place and take another dish. Never stir the candy while dipping the fruit. As soon as it gets stiff in the pan, set it on the fire again, watching until it becomes liquid, remembering that it will burn easily. It will bear reheating once, then it will grow harder instead of softer. These glacés are a little troublesome to prepare, but practice will enable one to work quickly and use up all the sirup. They should not be made on a damp day as they melt in moist air. Arranged in a glass dish, they make most tempting sweet meats.

Salted Almonds.

Blanch a pound of Jordan almonds. Boil them for eight minutes in strongly salted water, a teaspoonful of salt to a cupful of nuts. Dry them on a cloth, add one teaspoonful of melted butter or salad oil for each cupful of almonds, lay them on a tin, set in a hot oven and shake them often till they are a light brown. Dry on blotting paper and serve in a bonbon dish, or place a few at each plate in a little paper cup. Boiling the almonds in salted water gives them salt enough and avoids the rough appearance caused by sprinkling salt over them as they are browning.

A full half of this dinner can be prepared the day before. The soup can be made and heated up. The turkey can be gotten ready for roasting, the cranberry sauce prepared, the squash baked and reheated, the chicken for the pie cooked, the squash and mince pies made, the glacés and almonds made in the evening, and the mayonnaise can be made and kept for a day or two. Thus when the actual preparation for the dinner comes, it need not be a heavy task to serve even so elaborate a dinner in a modest household if time is taken by the forelock.

—Annabel Lee.

PATCHWORK.

THE best known, and probably the oldest pattern in patchwork is the arrangement of simple squares of various colours, with white in alternation. And this gives us, perhaps, a hint as to the origin of all such work as being really a kind of imitation of the chequered boards on which draughts or chequers have been played for ages, the chequer-board, as a sign, having been discovered amidst the buried ruins of Pompeii, where it evidently had formed a common form of amusement at the wine-shops in A.D. 70.

For all we know to the contrary, the girls in those days might have made patchwork, just as they do now at school, an idea which will give our work renewed interest. Patchwork has been looked upon as somewhat old-fashioned lately, in the light of crewels and art needlework, but it is so useful an assistant in teaching children to work, in giving instruction in neatness and deftness of fingering, that it has always, and will always, keep its place in the course of tuition in schools for plain needlework. When a young girl can do patchwork well, she has advanced some distance in her study of needlework.

Patchwork may be divided into :— The cotton, which is usually the first work given to children, and is formed into quilts for the inferior rooms of the house; silk and satin patchwork, which is made into cushions, counterpanes, covers for chairs and ottomans, and small wadded coverings for the feet, to be used when reclining on the sofa.

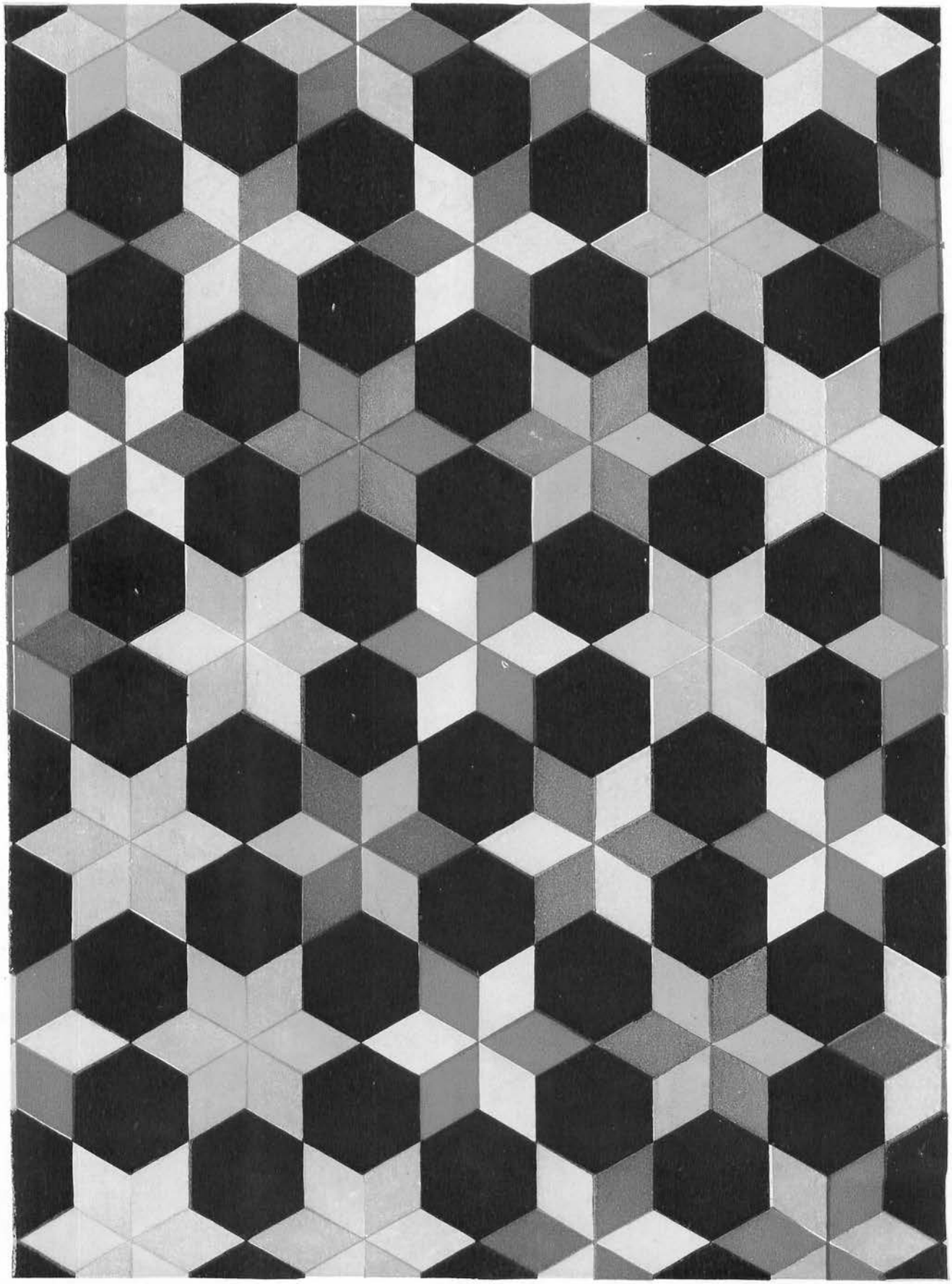
Woollen or cloth patchwork is the favourite work of soldiers and sailors, and many wonderful specimens of their cleverness and dexterity have been exhibited. Several appeared in the Workmen's Industrial Exhibition at Westminster last autumn, and a series of marvellous pictures in patchwork, done by a German tailor, I believe, were lately on view in London, the most remarkable being a copy of the famous picture of the "Meeting of Wellington and Blucher, after the Battle of Waterloo."

The chessboard pattern is, as I have said, the oldest and most common. A very pretty method of arranging the *squares* is known as the "box pattern," The colours used are light, dark, and half-tint, or shades. The next easiest are the diamond, the pointed, the sexagon, and the cross. All these may be called simple patchwork, having only one form, or shape, to make the pattern. After this we arrive at patterns with two shapes, or forms, combined; such as those illustrated, and then to those with three forms. The most difficult of all are those with four forms and with six. In making these patterns it will be necessary to have tin plates of each to cut our paper patterns by, or it will be quite impossible to preserve the exact shapes, and if we deviate from them, the patches, when sewn together, will not lie flat. Any tinsmith will cut them out for us, so they need not be either an expense or trouble. The best paper foundation will be found in old envelopes and old letters, which are quite stiff enough to tack our silks and satins upon. Cards and brown paper may also be used, but in general, the paper I have mentioned will answer very well.

The best plan in commencing to make patchwork is to make a bag, in which to collect all the scraps which can be collected from all quarters, because, in order to make pretty and effective work, we must have plenty of choice in colours and patterns. Most people who are methodical sort all their pieces into dark, light, and half-tints, to begin with, and keep their patches when made up in the same order. This plan ensures great facility in making up the work, as you know where to lay your hands on the exact tone of colour you want.

The method of working is as follows: Having procured your shapes, cut them carefully out in card or paper. Then, having decided on the disposition of the different shades, cover the shapes very neatly, one by one, tacking the covering on with a very fine needle and cotton. Many people make a large quantity of shapes first before they commence sewing them together at all, and this is really the wisest plan, as they can then be more carefully arranged, and some sort of idea previously gained of their future effect. The sewing together is done with fine cotton for cotton materials, and with fine silk to suit the the colours of silk, satin, and velvet patchwork, or else with white sewing silk. The utmost perfection of stitching is needed, or the work will be spoilt, as each stitch shows.

In cotton patchwork a very pretty effect is produced by selecting three or four cotton prints with small patterns, just large enough to form the centre of a patch, an octagon, or a diamond, and arranging them in a diamond or square, each with its tiny pattern in the middle. A large bouquet may be pro-



THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. Kronheim & Co. *Published at the "Leisure Hour" Office.*

PATTERN FOR PATCHWORK.

cured for a centre to the quilt, and then some smaller bouquets arranged all round in stripes and squares. For instance, a chintz with brightly-coloured bouquets, on a white or pale yellow ground, may be united to a blue-striped cotton, and made into a most effective and artistic quilt; as well as a chintz with some small sprays upon it.

Turkey-red twill is a most valuable assistant in all our cotton patchwork. Indeed, I have seen some old quilts made entirely of it and white cotton, producing an excellent effect. The other day I was told by a lady that, in a very old mansion in the country, she had seen some counterpanes made entirely of Turkey-red, having bands of white stiched round as a border, and they were finshed with a fringe of white balls. Of course the effect would be extremely warm—especially agreeable in a dark, north room—and there would be no doubt that such a quilt would wash well.

All counterpanes need wadding and quilting, the latter being merely running it all over in a set pattern or in simple straight lines crossing each other, and so forming diamonds or squares. It can also be done by a sewing-machine; but if the counterpane be for home use it is easier to do it on a table, having first tacked and arranged the patchwork, the wadding, and the lining carefully together, so that they may not become disordered in the quilting. Many ladies use up their old blankets and Marcella quilts as linings, and use an old sheet at the back. This saves money, of course, and they obtain a new covering at a moderate cost. Dimity-covers, to match the curtains of the room, are now frequently seen, and there is great scope for good taste in the arrangement of these, because, if it be a floral design, it may be mixed with white dimity as a centre and borders in a very tasteful manner.

I have purposely left the pretty coloured design for patchwork, shown in the frontispiece to the monthly part, until the last, as I have a rather new suggestion to make concerning it. Some years ago, in an old country seat in Sussex, I was much struck by the blinds in two windows of the house, which were made of silk patchwork in bright colours, combined with dark or black—just as our design is mixed. They rolled up on rollers, and did not differ at all from ordinary blinds, excepting that they were lined with a white cotton blind, and were tacked down to it—a needful precaution, as it prevented their being soiled or faded on the side next the window, and made them roll up much more easily. The effect of those blinds was charming, and I thought the idea so good that I have mentioned it here as being eminently suited to the coloured design now given.

A new French method of making patchwork—or, rather, of embroidering it when made—has lately been introduced. The designs may be of any ordinary small crewel outline pattern, which is embroidered in outline and colours over the patchwork. The effect is novel and peculiar. Another idea is to work tiny designs in long stitch on each patch—such as a star, cross, or broad arrow—in coloured silk, to contrast with the colour of the patch.

DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

MY WORK BASKET.

CROCHET ROUND FOR ANTIMACASSAR OR MAT.

No. 6 cotton and fine needle.

1st Row.—Make a chain of 6 stitches and join it.

2nd Row.—Work 12 long stitches into the chain, with 2 chain stitches between each long stitch.

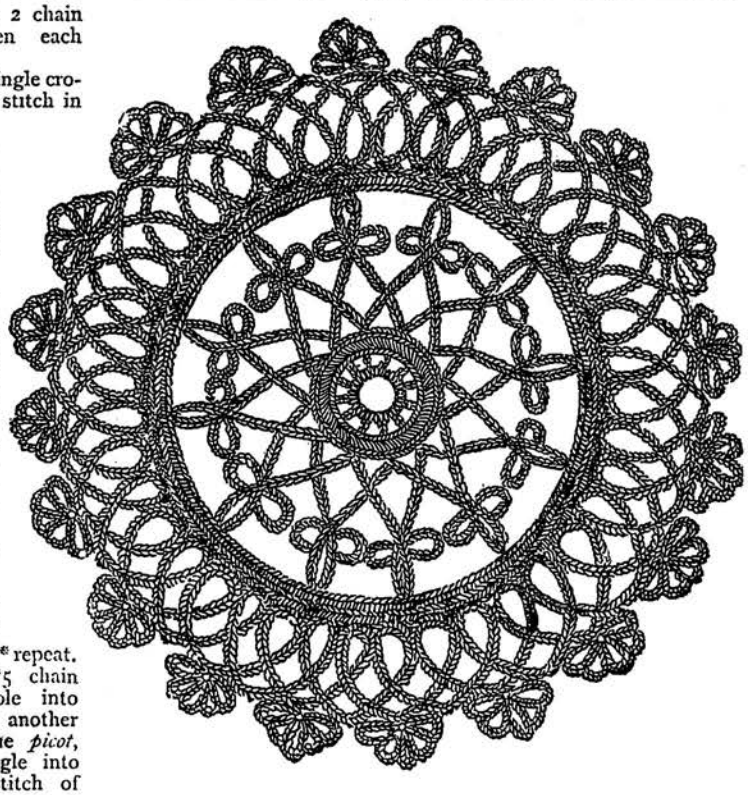
3rd Row.—Single crochet into every stitch in last row.

4th Row.—*6 chain stitches, miss 2, single crochet into the 3rd stitch of 3rd row, *repeat.

5th Row.—*7 chain stitches, single crochet in the centre stitch of the loop in last row, *repeat.

6th Row.—*6 chain stitches, crochet back into 3rd chain to form a *picot*, work 3 chain stitches, single stitch into the stitch on the point of loop in last row, * repeat.

7th Row.—*5 chain stitches, 1 treble into *picot*, 5 chain, another treble into same *picot*, 5 chain, 1 single into centre chain stitch of last row, * repeat and fasten off.



8th Row.—Join the cotton to the centre of the chain stitches between the 2 long stitches in last row, * work 10 chain stitches, and 1 single stitch into the centre chain stitch of the chain between the next 2 long stitches, * repeat and join.

9th Row.—Double crochet into every stitch in last row.

10th Row.—*6 chain stitches, miss 2, 1 single into 3rd stitch, * repeat.

11th Row.—Make *10 chain stitches, single crochet into centre stitch of the loop in last row, * repeat.

12th Row.—*6 chain stitches, 1 single crochet into centre of loop in the 11th row, * repeat.

13th Row.—*7 chain stitches, 1 single into centre stitch of loop in preceding row, 7 chain, back again into the 4th for the *picot*, and 3 chain and 1 single crochet into next loop, * repeat.

14th Row.—Commence on centre of loop on last row.

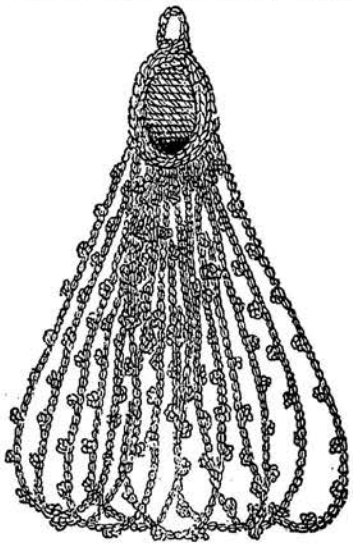
*3 chain stitches, 1 treble into *picot*, repeat these 6 times, 3 chain stitches, and double crochet into centre of next loop, * repeat.

CROCHET TASSEL, FOR ENDS OF ANTIMACASSARS OR WINDOW BLINDS.

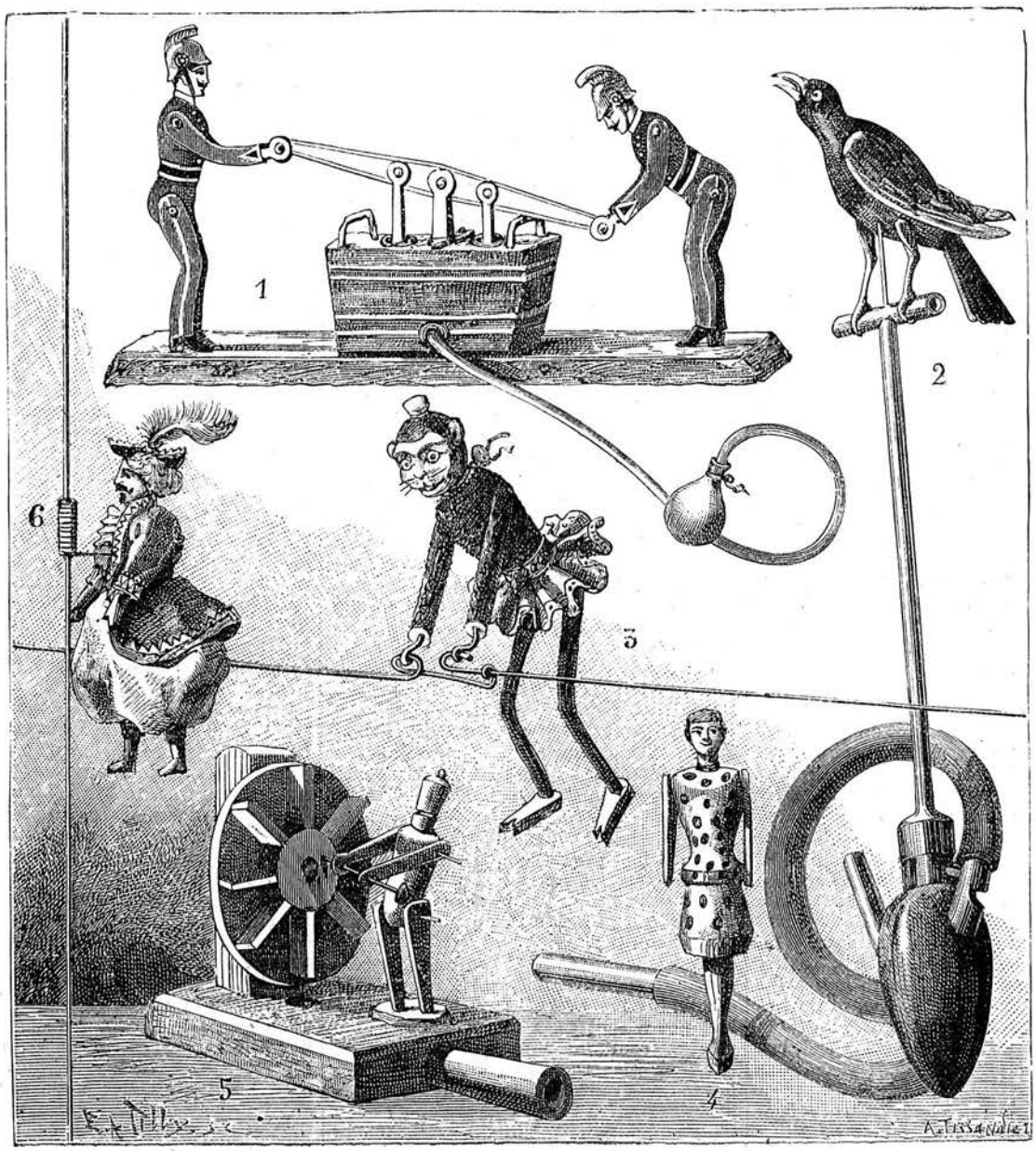
The tassel is composed of 8 loops of 8 chain stitches, return into 4th chain to form a *picot*, repeat till you have worked a sufficient length to form the eight loops, which should be about 4 inches long. For the top covering make 17 chain stitches, on which work 1 double crochet and increasing long stitches to the half, and then gradually decrease to form a leaf. Work a second leaf to match, then crochet them together, commencing about a third of the way up from the bottom point. On reaching the upper point work 8 chain stitches for the loop at top. The loops of the tassel are sewn tightly together and fastened between the leaves.

BABY'S CROCHET BOOT.

Make a chain of eleven loops with rose-coloured single wool, and work one row in double crochet, then work the remainder of the slipper in ribbed crochet. For the front, work until you have nine ridges, increasing at each edge by working two stitches in one. For the sides, work nine stitches until a sufficient length is worked (about twenty ridges will be required), then join this to the front, and work in double crochet all round, increasing two stitches at each corner of the instep; finish with a row of one double and seven chain twice in each all round, and draw with a ribbon. Sew on the soles on the wrong side; make a strap the length required for the ankle by working two rows in double crochet, making three stitches at each end for the button-holes. Materials: a quarter of an ounce of rose-coloured wool, one yard of rose and white satin ribbon, and a pair of cork soles.



MECHANICAL TOYS.



INGENIOUS lads are often at a loss to know what to make. Here are a few suggestions for toys for little brothers and sisters which are well within the powers of all, and which offer a pleasant change from the useful articles to which "boys of a mechanical turn" generally give their attention.

No. 1 is a model fire-engine of simple construction, in which the hidden mechanism consists of a piston—which can easily be made out of an old matchbox—or of a valve acting on one side only, the other bar of the pump having a spiral spring beneath it. The tube can be of any length, and the pear shown in the cut can be replaced by a hollow indiarubber ball.

No. 2 is a portrait of the common American songster, the essentials of which are a whistle with an open end thrust down into a vessel half full of water, workable with a long flexible tube, and an air-pipe running out on the opposite side. An ordinary glass bottle, with two holes in the cork, one holding the whistle and the other the outlet, gives an excellent substitute; and with a stuffed bird instead of the metal one, and a tube of considerable length, and blown through from a distance, very life-like imitations of a singing bird's song can be obtained.

No. 3 is an acrobatic monkey, shown with a new attachment for his hands, which permits of his being put through his tricks, and he tumbles with great facility.

No. 4 is an ordinary doll, with a hole bored deep into its body, and fitted with a spiral spring on the top of its leg—or pair of legs in one piece—whose extraordinary jumps will make even the youngest baby crow with delight.

No. 5 is almost self-explanatory. The wheel is of a strong and serviceable pattern, that will stand a good deal of rough usage; and the labourer is of the simplest form that can pass current as a man. To the elder stem or glass tube a yard or two of indiarubber pipe can be fixed, which will set the wheel working from the other side of a fair-sized room.

No. 6 gives an arrangement by which a figure may be made to descend a long length of wire in a series of irregular and life-like slides. It consists of a spiral spring working over a wire, and attached at one end to a balanced figure, every shake of which increases or diminishes the grip of the spring on the column, and brings it down in short and easy stages. The long feather in the gentleman's cap is put in advisedly—the more loose ends there are to flap about, and the more fuss he makes in his descent, the better are his efforts appreciated.

THIRTY YEARS IN JOURNALISM.

Read before the "Wednesday Morning Club" of Pittsfield, Mass.

It was Charles Dudley Warner, in a recent "Drawer," who told of a country clergyman, who, when his sermon was poor "hollered it up, good and loud." The sentiment was, however, forestalled by Crabbe, whose "village" sermon is "*loudly praised if it is preached aloud.*" I am afraid I cannot make up even in this simple way for my shortcomings, but must trust wholly to your goodness, and knowledge of the fact that such poor work as I have been able to do has been put hurriedly and silently upon paper, not "hollered" from pulpit or platform.

I well remember the sunny Sunday morning in early summer, just thirty-two years ago, when my father and I stopped at the post-office, on our way home from church, as was our custom; and I received, instead of the thin document I expected, a bulky package, containing a voluminous letter of my own. This letter had been sent the week before to a newspaper friend in New York, and described an event which had some importance, and seemed interesting enough to me to warrant a detailed account of its incidents and personages. My friend had been struck with what he was pleased to call the "good newspaper style," and read it to Mr. Charles A. Dana, then managing editor of the New York *Tribune*. Mr. Dana confirmed his judgment, and said: "If the author will revise it, taking out some of the personal allusions, I will print it." These momentous words were copied on a regular correspondence slip, which was all the formidable envelope contained besides my own letter; and can you imagine the thrill, the sudden opening wide of the whole universe which they occasioned?

It is not much now to write for newspapers—the ordinary "newspaper" man, and especially the "newspaper" woman in our large cities, has become so numerous as to be a very common thing, and is sometimes so unscrupulous as to be considered most undesirable for companionship or association. But in those days it was very different; there were then no "society" columns, no women correspondents, no woman's department in any newspaper. Barnum's Museum, *Arthur's Magazine*, and Godey's *Lady's Book*, were the recreations and the authorities of women, and they were all semi-religious and highly moral in tone and character, as befitted the literature and amusements for women and children.

The *Tribune* was a national power; it was a city of ideas set on a hill; it lay piled up by the side of the big Bible on the low, broad shelf of the bookcase in the sitting-room; it occupied this place in my father's estimation, and it was an even more real source of hope for the human race in mine. The world of aspiration in the direction of journalism was not entirely unknown to me. I had been the *Star*—the *Evening Star*, written on four pages of foolscap—of the Village Lyceum. I had spent weeks at the home of C. C. Wright, the artist and art critic, in New York. I had visited the studio of William Page; had been one of the crowd at the *Art Union* on Saturday afternoons; had met Albert Brisbane at a "Breakfast;" knew Fourier by heart, and had been "brought up" on Robert Owen, of whom my father was a disciple. Radical meetings had been held in our house in England; radical leaders had found a home there, until it was considered worthy of being attacked and nearly demolished by a conservative mob, which is just as blood-thirsty as a radical mob; and then my father turned his thoughts to his *Mecca;* to the refuge of the crushed conscience of the Old World—to America; and we felt that we were a part of that multitude, whose voice is the Press.

Thirty years of experience have brought some realization with the decay of many hopes, but never could I feel again the sudden thrill that opened and transformed the whole world for me, and must have illumined my face, as we emerged from the old post-office on that lovely June morning; for my father said, "Remember, the sun will rise and shine just the same, whether your letter is printed in the *Tribune* or not."

It would, perhaps, be too much to say that I married in order to get on a newspaper, but I may say, that I certainly should not, if it had not been to a newspaper man. I had tried for a regular position on some one of the New York dailies, but was everywhere laughed at for my answer. "There was no place for women," I was assured, on a daily paper. They might do occasional "outside" work, but they could not be reporters, because they could not go where news had to be gathered, and they could not be editors, because they knew "nothing of politics." Current social topics in those days had no place in newspapers, social interests were limited to sentimental paragraphs, by the city editor, heading his half column of "items," of what he knew about the "first snow," "St. Valentine's Day," Good Friday, Shrove Tuesday, or the like.

The three great dailies in New York represented three great men, who in different ways had each impressed his personality upon his journal in an almost equal degree. Horace Greeley, James Gordon Bennett, and Henry J. Raymond. Always there is found some one man, or woman, behind anything which becomes a power; the gradual realization of this fact makes one a believer in a God—only a supreme intelligence could have developed, could maintain the order of the universe. The individuality of these men impressed itself vitally upon their papers, and the public, who followed their leadership. James Gordon Bennett represented the enterprise and foresight of the immediate future, Horace Greeley its advanced thought and unselfish spirit, Henry J. Raymond its policy and statesman-craft. Of the three Mr. Raymond had the truest journalistic instinct, and more of the formative spirit, but Mr. Bennett was supplemented by an intelligent man, and naturally skillful journalist, Mr. Frederick Hudson, who made the New York *Herald* a *news*-paper—the first one this country, or any other, had ever seen.

The first newspapers, small though they were, filled their miniature pages with moral aphorisms and pious sentiments. The news was crowded in a corner, briefly summarized, or neglected altogether, unless it found its way in the form of an advertisement. Mr. Hudson recognized the value of news, the *Herald* was poor, and could not afford to pay, nor was there any cable or telegraph lines to transmit it. Philadelphia was a more important port of entry in those early days than New York, but the Philadelphia papers, like those of New York, re-

corded the arrival of a vessel from England, and the interesting news it brought, in three lines, often out of sight, and without editorial reference. Mr. Hudson made a business of disinterring these items, amplifying them, spreading them out in double lead, making a vast number of head-lines, in every variety of big type, until the despised item became a column, which excited the attention and talk of the city, and was perhaps copied back, head-lines and all, into the paper from which it had been originally obtained; its editors being blissfully unconscious of the theft, and giving the credit to the New York journal.

Let me here say, the *Herald* would never have lived and become a power, had Mr. Bennett been only, or chiefly, the mean, unscrupulous man he has been so often described. In his way he was conscientious, ambitious only for his paper and his son—to found a name and a paper that should live. He was illiterate, but shrewd, and would do anything for any one who had the wit to attack him on his weak side.

As an evidence of this I may mention the case of an actress, which occurred about 1857. The artist had won her reputation outside of New York, but she wished to have it confirmed by the New York public; and she came under a three weeks' engagement to play a round of good, old, "legitimate" parts. She was not pretty, but she was clever, and she went at once, on her arrival, to Mr. Bennett, obtained a personal interview, cried a little, played a little bit of the friendless stranger in a great city, and declared she did not care a straw who was with her, or who against her, if she could only obtain the support of the New York *Herald*. Of course she did not want it to go against convictions, or speak of her as she did not deserve, but she had obtained a favorable verdict in other places, and if the *Herald* confirmed it, this was all she wanted. This tribute to the superiority of the *Herald*, as an *authority*, delighted Mr. Bennett. He issued immediate orders that a long, appreciate notice of this particular actress should appear every morning, during her engagement, in the columns of the paper; and Mr. Croly being then "city editor" and dramatic critic, when there was more of such work to be done than Mr. "Ned" Wilkins, the regular critic, could attend to, the every-night visit to the theater, for three weeks, fell to his share and mine, principally mine; for after the first three nights, the mention of her name was enough to make him forget all his early Christian training, and the fifteen remaining notices were my first individual effort in the field of dramatic criticism, which subsequently, for five years, was part of my regular journalistic work. Another evidence of the form that bribery and corruption took in those days was invented by a famous pie-woman, a Mrs. Horton. One Saturday a dozen immense and excellent apple-pies were left at the office, as a little contribution from kindly Mrs. Horton to the editorial-room "luncheon." But as the members of the staff all went out to lunch, there was a general order that anybody could take home a pie that wanted one. Mr. Croly not being proud, and knowing that I had a weakness for apple-pie, brought one home, and it was duly cut at table. But when the knife struck the center it encountered something hard, and further investigation discovered, quietly reposing in the midst of the rich, lemon-flavored syrup, a bright, new, silver fifty-cent piece. We did not know whether this was by accident or design until, upon comparing notes, it was found that every pie contained a silver coin of equal value and equal newness and brightness.

No sterner school exists than a well-conducted newspaper office for aspiring young spirits who wish to air their ideas, and who believe the public is waiting to learn their opinion before it makes up its mind definitely upon a subject. Such ideas and opinions are usually at variance with those of the editor, and are set aside, cut remorselessly, or so ridiculed as to disgust the ambitious mind, and make it always wonder how a paper can be found to live with such a donkey at its head. But it does live and prosper, and so does the "donkey;" it is the opinion that is sacrificed. This fact illustrates Coleridge's saying that we may safely take every man's opinion of the value of that which he knows, but should distrust his opinion as to the worthlessness of that of which he is not capable of judging.

Those days of "rooms" and restaurant, of lunch on an olive and supper on an oyster for two, were not dark days by any means. I was happy at being, not on one, but several newspapers, for, in the very first year of my work, I initiated the system of duplicate correspondence, and have maintained my connection with some of the papers ever since. But my husband was a man of opinions, and while I was building castles he was nursing grievances. These resulted in the purchase of a weekly paper at the West, a Douglas Democratic organ, in a town of good Republican inhabitants, which had four weekly papers already, and where the fifth was naturally considered, although we did not know it till we got there, as the fifth spoke in a wheel.

But we had relinquished much, and sacrificed much; my husband did not wish to return, at least until all the money was spent, so we started a daily paper, to my great joy, as I knew that would use up the money faster, and bring us back to New York quicker, and we ran it merrily for a year and a half, at a time when it was said you could "buy up the whole North-west for fifty cents in specie," for the West was encountering three years of failure in crops, which meant failure of everything else, and almost all business was transacted by means of "orders" and a "wild-cat" currency. I could never get used to the "order" way of doing business, and never presented one but once, and that was for a pair of shoes. No thief ever entered premises with greater trepidation than I that shop, and before asking for shoes, I desperately laid the bit of paper before the proprietor, explaining that I had been requested to present it, but if he felt any reluctance, etc., stopping with what I had to say half said, and crimson with actual shame. But the good man only laughed heartily, said it was easy to see I was new to the West, and that I should get used to it, and in the meantime my paper "orders" should be received as if they were gold, fresh from the mint.

If we did not make money by our venture, we had lots of fun. We determined to make the Rockford *Daily News* intensely local, and I had two columns per day, of fresh news to gather and write, in an office from the window of which you could look across the bridge, which divided one side of the town from the other, for two hours, and not see a sign of life, in the shape of man, woman, boy, or hand-cart. I was, besides, the proof-reader, made up the head-lines for the telegraphic dispatches, and conducted the New York and foreign corespondence. It was

a happy day for me when some thief stole the wooden bowl of prepared hash from the kitchen window of the hotel where we lived, and partly paid our board by printing the daily bills of fare, for I started with an item which stretched into half a column upon hash in general, and the Holland House hash in particular.

It may be imagined that I was reduced to sore straits, so that sometimes I would nominate some preposterous person for governor or other office, in order to get letters of remonstrance, which I would judiciously edit and print. Then there was always the Hon. Elihu P. Washburne, the standing Republican candidate for Congress, to "pitch into," notwithstanding which we were great friends, and continue to be so to this day. In fact he once assisted in the passage of a Working-Woman's Bill, because I represented that he had never half repaid me for the abuse I lavished on him. Of course, social events were chronicled, but it had not yet become fashionable to catalogue the cushions and tidies received as wedding presents, and these occasions, therefore, were compressed into paragraphs.

The social features were, however, a great part of the life of a Western town, and I remember well my consternation at the spectacle afforded by the first grand party I attended, and which it must be said, to properly understand the situation, was given in my honor. I had one party dress, only one; it was not gay, but it was handsome, and I had also a regulation opera-cloak. In those days ladies wore their opera-cloaks at all evening "dress" entertainments. I wanted to wear my one dress and my opera-cloak, but Mr. Croly vetoed. He said: "This is a little town, and they will call dressing in that way 'putting on New York airs;' go in as plain a dress as you have." I bowed to his superior judgment, though I doubted its correctness, for every one of my callers had been armed to the teeth with gloves immaculate, card-case, and handkerchief tip-tilted on the point of the forefinger, but I went in a plain, dark dress; went to find a beautiful house a blaze of light and color, grounds lit up with colored lanterns, every lady present except myself in white, pink, or blue satin, and I counted seventy-five white opera-cloaks, every one of them handsomer than mine.

It took us just sixteen months to spend all our money, and then we came back to New York, notwithstanding a public meeting called in the Town Hall of Rockford, at which the cost of running a daily paper for a year was guaranteed, if we would remain, but we wrote back: "No, gentlemen; thank you very much, but there is not a contributor of twenty-five cents who would not feel after that that he owned the paper, and had a right to dictate its opinions and policy, and we must work independently or not at all."

My first living child was three weeks old the day I returned to my post, which had been kept open for me, and which was our one resource until Mr. Croly found a position, which he fortunately did, upon the New York *World* from its start, it being then in embryo. Under these circumstances it was not the "World" to me, it was *Providence*, and remained so, for it was on the eve of the breaking out of the Civil War, the air was thick with rumors, and every one full of dark forebodings of unknown evil. In my office three persons constituted the editorial force—Colonel Du Solle, Spencer W. Cone, the father of Kate Claxton, and myself. Mr. Cone was theatrical critic and contributed to the editorial columns; he received the munificent sum of fifteen dollars per week. I was mail editor, contributed a department of my own, wrote what were called minor editorials, and contributed also to the regular editorial columns, for ten dollars per week. On the breaking out of the war, the "flush" times which resulted from the immediate issue of abundant paper money, and the formation of a great debt, were not anticipated; newspapers especially looked for disaster; the force of our office, like that of many another, was reduced. Mr. Cone was dismissed, his work added to mine, and my salary raised from ten to twelve dollars and a half per week. The columns of the paper were very long and wide, the type small. I occupied this double place five years, contributing five columns of original matter per week, from one and a half to two columns of which were musical and theatrical criticism, besides a column of mail "siftings." At this same time I edited and wrote the whole of a fashion journal, was the fashion editor of the New York *World* and *Daily Times*—for thirteen years of one and eight years of the other; was the correspondent of numerous papers, and executed much order work; among other things got up a cook-book, after ten o'clock at night, in ten weeks, and did much book reviewing. Excepting once, for a short time, I never had any help in my work, neither secretary nor amanuensis—the pay did not admit of it. I had also set my heart on buying a home in New York city and getting rid of rent, and the rapid rise in real estate during and at the close of the war seemed to continually put the object farther out of my reach.

But the war did more than raise prices; it changed the whole aspect of American journalism. It brought the war correspondent to the front; it created individual reputations; it introduced the signed articles into newspaper columns, and, in short, laid the foundation of modern personal journalism.

Up to this time the American newspaper had represented its proprietor, but was otherwise like the English newspaper, strictly impersonal. Military exigencies demanded that writers on war topics should shoulder their own responsibilities; and in this way Mr. Whitelaw Reid, Col. "Tom" Knox, Richard T. Colburn, George Alfred Townsend, and other famous journalists were developed. The war also sharpened and stimulated the public appetite for news, but the news of twenty-five years ago was of a more questionable character even than it is now. Three columns to a prize-fight, a paragraph to a discovery. The social and scientific aspects of affairs were hardly touched. It is something more than twenty years ago since a New York paper, the *World*, with many misgivings, published Professor Huxley's paper on Protoplasm, and a lecture by Professor John Fiske on Positivism; to the astonishment of everybody they scored a success. There was an immense demand for the paper, on account of these particular features, and together they furnished the cue for the features of the *Sunday World*, the father of the later Sunday paper—a marvelous outgrowth, epitomizing all the work of the magazines, and giving us history, science, literature, biography, and the progressive movements of the universe in brief.

The worst side of the newspaper—the worst side of personal journalism is this—that it gives us the

exceptional side, and makes it seem the real and normal side. Crimes are made interesting, criminals heroes, and their doings chronicled as if they were kings and queens. It is the ambition of many persons to see themselves in print; and if a girl will get married to see her name in the newspaper, as one admitted she had done, why it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that a man would commit a murder in order to be the reigning newspaper sensation, and that he would exercise ingenuity to make it brutal as possible, knowing that this increases his sensational value.

We copied from the French the paragraph and the pun; but the French have not yet acquired our faculty for news. A well-known New York journalist was in Paris and in the immediate vicinity when a great fire occurred. He rushed off to the nearest newspaper office and volunteered to sit down and write two or three columns of details "by an eye-witness" for next morning's paper. The editor coolly informed him that a few lines would be sufficient about such an occurrence, but if he should hear a lively bit of scandal or personal gossip about any well-known personage, or a clever *bon-mot*, they would pay well for it. Since that time numerous country papers have built up a reputation on humorous paragraphs, consisting generally of pen-and-ink caricatures of personal or social characteristics; a sort of fun akin to that which was extracted, for a time, from the dislocation of words, but which seems now to have lost all point and force. The American newspaper joke and joker has, however, a flavor of its own, which is distinctly recognizable. Mr. William Black thought this faculty for seeing the funny side of every-day life, and epitomizing it in a brief sentence, peculiarly American, because so universal in American journalism. He said, at a dinner given him in New York, that the train never stopped at a station, when he was traveling in this country, that he did not try to buy a neighborhood paper, and it was rare that he was not repaid by finding some odd and quaint bit of wisdom or pathos under a comic mask, to add to the collection of newspaper wit and humor which he took home with him.

Newspapers develop in the public whom they address many curious phases of thought, which he who runs may read, and be admonished by, if he will. It does not want science that has been hung up to dry, or school-book facts and figures. But science that takes a new departure—that stimulates ideas; that opens the door to practical work; that enlarges our outlook, and suggests firmer ground for religious and speculative philosophy—is welcomed, and finds a large and eager circle among newspaper readers. The general public, too, resents the advocacy of a cause. It will not pay for being preached to, and resists any attempt to convert it to special ideas. Where a strong public opinion existed or has been created, an "organ" of it may enjoy a certain amount of prosperity, but it only reaches those who are already believers in the doctrine it advocates. A paper that starts to represent a cause must be sustained by individual effort, and often at great sacrifice, or fail altogether.

The latest modern idea is illustrated journalism. I was connected from the start with the first illustrated daily in the United States; and saw that the difficulty in the way of success was the effort to pour the old wine of politics and the police court into the new picture bottles. They could not stand it. It took the pencil of Hogarth to make the rum-shop interesting, and even he could not make it so to-day. Dogs, prize-fights, police news, are bad enough in type, but how much worse, spread over whole pages in a coarse picture! Had the editors set aside their traditions; had they been trained to a knowledge of the requirements of the new field; had they cultivated the picturesque, the emotional, the romantic, and the social; in other words, presented the "inner" side or subjective transfer of life; made a bright, beautiful family paper, that every man would have wanted to carry home with him, the story of the first ten years of the first illustrated daily paper would have been different.

The second great difficulty was of a mechanical character. No good picture can be produced upon the "turtle," that is the rounded press. If the lithographic stone is ever rounded, so that pictures can be printed directly from it instead of the printing-press, it will cause a revolution in the newspaper. It would abolish the compositor, and bring the artist and scribe into direct relations with the reader. The London *Graphic* and *Illustrated News* are a prophecy of what our daily papers may be, if the circular lithographic stone becomes a well-rounded fact.

It is said that a process has been invented, and is now being developed, by which pictures in color, as well as in black and white, can be printed without the intervention of the stone. If this is true, the day is not distant when we shall have the beautiful and picturesque journal, one that will arouse the sympathies, stimulate the imagination, and satisfy the taste; as yet, they are little more than sensation-mongers, or tails to some ambitious politician's kite. The exceptional facts, that is, the crime and the scandal, will be relegated to a corner and put in small close type; the discovery, its relation to existing circumstances and conditions, the noble act, the great piece of work will, it is to be hoped, be put in colors and occupy the places of honor.

The novel of to-day gives us a truer picture of life as it is than the daily newspaper. The former may be inane, frivolous, but it is not more so than average society; the latter would make us believe that the race is composed of criminals and politicians, and that there is no difference between the two. Yet the newspaper is the most important and intimate element in our daily lives, except eating, and sleeping, and breathing. It is into this element, so cruel and dangerous in evil, so powerful in its possibilities for good, that art is coming to soften, to illumine, and we hope ennoble. What other great changes may take place in journalism in the near future can only be predicted from those we see occurring now. The telegraph is killing correspondence and discouraging fine, descriptive writing. People are too much in a hurry, they will no longer take the time to read it, all they want is the "facts." The great papers, like the great churches, represent wealth and its interests, and the small papers represent their advertisers. Mere news is becoming of secondary importance, for news slips, political news, financial news, sporting news, and the like, all that men are supposed to care for, are distributed all day and in the evening by messenger-boys in every broker's office, every great business house, and every bar-room in the great cities, and is all known before the morning paper is printed. What the newspaper seems to be prin-

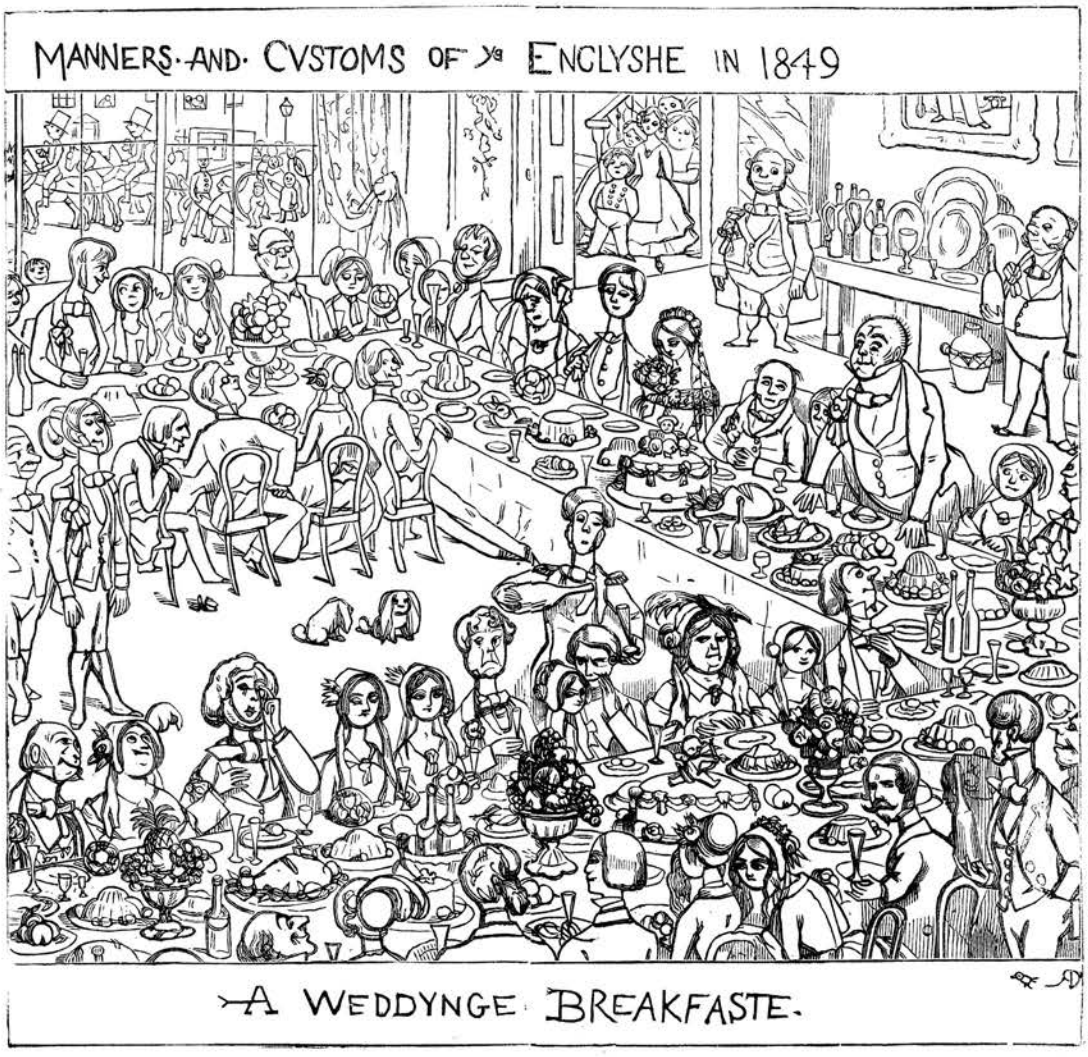
cipally valued for just now is for doing individual gossiping, scolding, and backbiting on a large scale, and in a way that relieves the individual from responsibility.

Whether we have too many papers or not is an open question. Certainly the eternal iteration to which they are forced, in order to fill their pages, is wearisome beyond telling, while the multiplied repetition of personal gossip, usually untrue, is simply disgusting. The "old women" of the past, have been royally revenged for all the sneers and slights put upon their spectacled talks and tea parties, for back-door tittle-tattle of the meanest, most reckless sort has been made a business, has become the staple of some journals, and the indulgence of nearly all, while there is nothing apparently so low or so venomous that it cannot find a publisher.

That people read such stuff does not seem to me reason enough for printing it. Gossips and slanderers find listeners, but their listeners do not respect them. Descending to trivialities and the repetition of them *ad nauseam* lowers, has already lowered, the whole tone of the newspaper press, so that many avoid it and lose their interest in and connection with its progress and its activities, because they cannot stand the slums they must wade through, or come in sight of, to get to them. I used to buy an evening paper on my way home from the office, until it took away my appetite, veiled the sunshine and made the whole universe a pest-house of living, breathing vileness and corruption. I changed it for the better, but my second venture is a purely *man's* paper, and in a chronic state of ill-temper. Shall we not have a daily paper, some time, that is at once bright, clear, pure, honest, and strong? One that works upward instead of downward; that has its hold upon the best things, and inspires us with new faith in them, and in their power to work out race redemption?

What part or lot are women to have in this new era? The future will tell that. Women have always done their share; they not only keep step, they furnish it to the march of the ages. They do what the time demands of them, whether it is grind the corn, spin the thread, pick the lint, or edit the paper; and like the typical fates of Michael Angelo, they are always engaged in weaving the web of continuous life and destiny.

JENNY JUNE.



From a Victorian scrap album of the 1880's.

Women of Yesterday and To-Day.

WOMEN EDITORS OF TWO CENTURIES.

In rummaging over books and papers in libraries and garret literature, to make a historic list of the women journalists, thinking at the beginning it would be a short and easy task, I have found, to my delight and amazement, that the long array of names would require a mightier general than I to marshal them in review in one paper.

In every nook and corner of this country, where there is a newspaper, we find women at work with hands, hearts and brains.

It is noticeable that nearly all the journals established by women, are the outgrowth of some noble principle; the desire for better and higher things, for purer morals, for a broader education for the sex and the world, and a combative force against evil.

The first daily newspaper printed in the world was established and edited by a woman—Elizabeth Mallet, in London, in 1702—almost two hundred years ago.

In her salutatory, she said she had established her newspaper "*to spare the public half the impertinences which the ordinary papers contain.*" Woman like, her paper was reformatory.

The first newspaper published in America, of which we have any record, was in Mass. It was called the "Mass. Gazette and News-Letter." After the death of the editor, the widow edited it in a most spirited manner for two or three years. It was the only paper that did not suspend publication when Boston was besieged by the British. The editor's name was Margaret Craper.

In 1732 Rhode Island issued *its* first newspaper. It was owned and edited by Anna Franklin. She and her two daughters did the printing, and their house servant worked the printing press. History tells us that for her quickness and correctness she was appointed printer to the Colony, supplying pamphlets, etc., to the colonial officers. She also printed an edition of the Colonial Laws, of 340 pages.

In 1776 Sarah Goddard printed a paper in Newport, the same State, ably conducting her journal; afterward associating with her John Carter. The firm was announced "Sarah Goddard & Co.," taking the partnership precedence, as was proper and right.

Among the papers now published in Rhode Island, is "The Providence Journal," edited by Mrs. Churchill.

The second paper published in New York was "The N. Y. Weekly Journal." After the death of its editor, the widow, Mrs. Zenger, conducted it successfully for years. It was discontinued in 1748.

In 1784 Mrs. Mary Holt edited "The New York Journal," and was appointed State printer.

In 1798 "The Journal and Argus" was conducted by Mrs. Mary Greenleaf—this paper was a daily and semi-weekly.

In 1828 "The New Harmony" was issued, for which Mrs. Frances Wright wrote leading editorials, and also a series of articles entitled "A Few Days in Athens." She afterward became the editor, and changed the name to "The Free Inquirer." It was the first paper in the United States established for free and fearless inquiry upon all subjects.

One of the oldest of the pioneer editors in New York is the able editor and publisher of the *Staats Zeitung*, Mrs. Ottendorfer, who was her husband's assistant from its start, and has maintained its high character since his death.

Another is Mrs. J. C. Croly, "Jennie June," who has held editorial position on daily, weekly, and monthly journals for twenty-four years.

To-day, New York can boast of several journals and magazines edited by women, any one of which contains more reading matter than a year's edition of old century papers.

The third newspaper published in America was "The Mercury," in Philadelphia. After its editor died, in 1742, the paper suspended publication for one week, after which the widow, Mrs. Cornelia Bradford, conducted it successfully for a long time.

To-day, Philadelphia has "The Christian Woman," edited by Annie Whittenmyer; and Annie McDowell, who has been connected with the "Sunday Republic" and other journals for over twenty years; "The Pennsylvania Mail," also edited by a woman. Sarah J. Hale first established a monthly magazine in Boston, in 1827, afterward removing it to Philadelphia, associating with her Louis Gody, and changing the name to "Gody's Lady's Book," with such writers as Mrs. Ellet, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Kirkland, and Frances Osgood, as editors and contributors.

The first paper printed in *Maryland*, and one of the oldest in America, was established by Anna Green. It was called "The Maryland Gazette." Mrs. Green did the colony printing, and continued the business till her death, in 1775.

In 1773 Mrs. Hassbatch established a paper in Baltimore. About the same time Mary K. Goddard published and edited a paper called "The Maryland Journal." Her editorials were so sharp and spirited that only her sex saved her from floggings. After the Revolution she was appointed the first post-master of the State, and held the office eight years, a historical fact which Maryland ought to be proud of.

In 1772 Clementine Reid published a paper in Virginia, favoring the Colonial cause, greatly offending the royalists; and two years after another paper was started in the interests of the crown by Mrs. H. Boyle, borrowing the name of Mrs. Reid's paper, which was "The Virginia Gazette," but which was short lived. Both papers were published in the town of Williamsburg. The Colonial paper was the first newspaper in which the Declaration of Independence was printed.

In 1773 Elizabeth Timothy published and edited a paper in Charleston, South Carolina. After the Revolution, Anne Timothy became its editor, and was appointed State printer, which position she held seventeen years. Mary Crouch published a paper in Charleston about the same time, in special opposition to the stamp act. She afterward removed her paper to Salem, Massachusetts, and continued its publication there for years after.

Penelope Russell edited a paper, "The Censor," in Boston, in 1771. She was a woman of great literary and executive ability, setting her own editorials into type without copy, and recording the horrible details of the war.

In 1877 Lydia Maria Childs published a paper for children called "Juvenile Miscellany." She afterward became editor of "The Anti-Slavery Standard." Her editorials, and in fact all her writings, were marked for their strength and vigor, for the depth and purity of thought.

In 1849 Margaret Fuller appeared as editor of a transcendental quarterly called "The Dial," with a galaxy of contributors that delighted the literary world, such as Ralph Waldo Emerson, William Henry Channing, Thoreau, Theodore Parker, and many of the most scholarly and profound thinkers of the time. Boston has now among its editors Mrs. S. R. G. Bennett, of "The Advocate and Guardian;" Lucy Stone, and Mary Livermore, of the "Woman's Journal;" Julia Ward Howe, and a host of women journalists.

After the death of the editor of the Hartford, Connecticut, "Courant," in 1777, the widow, Mrs. Watson, conducted and edited the paper two years. It is still a flourishing paper.

Annie M. S. Rossitter is the editor of the "Forum," published in Wallingford, Connecticut.

Mrs. Bradley is the literary editor of her husband's paper, "The Journal," published at Asbury Park, New Jersey.

Abigail Scott Dunaway is editor of "The New Northwest," published in Portland, Oregon.

Matilda Joslyn Gage is editor of the "National Citizen and Ballot Box," published at Syracuse, New York, a monthly, devoted to woman suffrage. Mrs. Gage is a strong, independent writer, and is well known for her correct statistical lore; few women, if any, have so thorough a knowledge of the political history of this country as she.

"The Golden Dawn," in San Francisco, has a woman editor.

"The Woman's Exponent," in Salt Lake City, Utah, is edited by Mrs. E. M. Wells, one of the four wives of the Ex-Mayor of Salt Lake City.

"The Woman's Tribune," of Indianapolis, Indiana, is published and edited by Mary E. Haggart and Florence Anderson. It is an excellent weekly, and devoted to the interests of women.

Emma Mallony published a temperance paper at South Bend, Indiana.

"The Mirror," a Denver, Colorado, paper, has a woman editor.

The "Texas Democrat" is edited by Mrs. McPherson.

"The Alpha," Washington, D. C., is published monthly, and edited by Dr. Caroline B. Winslow.

"Woman's Words," also published monthly in Washington, is edited by Mrs. Juan Lewis, and is a paper devoted to woman's interests.

There is no city in this country that gives a longer list of industrious and successful journalists than Chicago.

Margaret Sullivan is connected with the "Chicago *Times*," and is one of the best editorial writers in America: Mrs. Hubbard, of the Chicago *Tribune*, is one of the finest book critics and reviewers: Mrs. Maxwell is editor of "The Legal *News*;" "The Illinois Social Science Journal," is published and edited by Miss Richards, Mrs. W. E. Clifford, and Mrs. Eliza Sunderland; "Current Thought," a monthly, by Mrs. Rayne.

"The Fireside Friend," by Miss Alice Chase, a granddaughter of Chief Justice Chase.

Miss Annie White is editor of "The Young Folks' Monthly," and "The Western Rural."

Miss Charlotte Smith is publisher and editor of "The Inland Monthly." She publishes her magazine in Chicago and St. Louis, and has a branch office in New Orleans.

It is a fact that, as a woman becomes more independent in thought and action, there is an increasing desire to grow! And if self-culture does not degenerate into self-reverence—if her ambition is well poised, her standard high, and her character strong—she may reach the sublime heights at which Margaret Fuller aimed.

We see in this queenly soul a demonstration of the capabilities of woman!

Women, like roses, need culture to perfect their growth and bloom.

I think the world has failed to recognize, fully, the sublime grandeur and heroism of those women's lives who venture in the rugged upward paths—alone; meeting with repressions, the resistance to enervating despair, the battle with temptations to the downward paths of luxury and ease, and all the tragic depths that underlie the woman life; for, since the world began, great achievements of character (which is after all the greatest of life's victories) always come through silent suffering, struggle, and discipline, and only such possess that undying element which is—IMMORTALITY!

—*Helen M. Cook.*

FRUIT AS A FOOD.

Its Value, Its Characteristics, and Some Ways in Which It May be Appetizingly Served.

VII.—THE ORANGE AND LEMON.



ORANGES and lemons are first cousins, both being members of the *Citrus* family—the former a product of the *Citrus aurantium* and the latter of the *Citrus limonum*. They are natives of the tropics, and as neither of them can endure frost, there is no probability that they will ever be successfully cultivated over much more extensive regions than at present. Originally there was not so much difference between the two fruits as at present. The bitter orange seems to have been the natural variety in its branch of the family. This is attested by its greater hardiness and longevity, as well as by the tendency of the sweet orange, when long grown from the same stock, to degenerate toward the original bitter type.

The extensive growing of the sweet orange as a marketable product is of comparatively recent development. During earlier centuries it was little known, even in those Mediterranean regions where it is now so important a product. The bitter variety was known quite generally in Spain, during the fifteenth century, and the early Spanish visitors to Florida scattered the seeds in that territory so generously that centuries afterward, when the state came to be settled, vast tracts of wild orange trees were found growing there. These were at first supposed to be indigenous to the region, but it is now considered certain that they were brought over by the Spaniards accompanying Ponce de Leon, Narvaez and De Soto, who made the first attempts at colonization on the American Continent.

Whether planted or accidentally scattered, the orange seeds which the Spaniards left in the Floridian soil were destined to prove a blessing to future generations, as the wild stock thus given to the earth proves the very best recipient for the sweet orange buds which furnish the present generation, in the fruit produced by this state, the finest oranges ever grown in the world. Louisiana and Southern California also yield vast crops of the fruit, which under American enterprise are yearly becoming more immense and of greater importance.

The retail price of first-class oranges has now fallen so low that the fruit, once considered a luxury, ought henceforth to be regarded as a standard article of diet. Next to the apple, it must be considered the most universally consumed of all the fruits. This condition of things is jointly due to its highly agreeable flavor, its recognized nutritive qualities, and its effective tonic properties. The housewife, therefore, who makes large use of the orange will commit no dietetic error.

It must be admitted that the orange is a fruit which it is somewhat difficult to eat gracefully. Not a few sensitive persons deny themselves the luxury entirely when in public, on account of this difficulty. But modesty need not go to this extent. "When in Rome, do as the Romans do," makes a very good motto for the public eating of oranges. The most popular method of eating the fruit at the present time, in this country, is probably what is called "the Florida way." The orange is cut in two at right angles to the stem, and the pulp from each section is removed with a spoon. Another very good way is to cut the skin with a sharp knife longitudinally into six or eight strips. Remove these, one at a time, leaving the body of the orange intact; then separate the sections, remove the seeds, and eat at leisure. In this manner the tough white skin and all the indigestible portions may be readily avoided. Cubans run a fork from the stem end quite to the center, and holding it in the left hand cut away the peel with a sharp knife in the right hand. Then the fruit, still on the fork, is transferred to the right hand and eaten at leisure.

Oranges eaten in the natural state, or with the pulp prepared and simply sprinkled with sugar, are so delicious and so healthful, that it seems almost unnecessary to suggest other ways in which they may be utilized; but the orange is a valuable aid in the preparation of many articles of food, and a few of the ways in which it may most readily be employed are embodied in the following selected recipes:—

Orange Pie.

Beat the yolks of three eggs with a cupful of sugar, and when light add a tablespoonful of butter. Stir in the pulp and juice of two oranges, the grated rind of half of one, and a cupful of milk. Bake in a deep pie dish lined with pastry. When done, cover with a meringue of the three whites of eggs beaten with three tablespoonfuls of sugar; brown slightly, cool, and serve.

Orange Ice.

In a pint of water, steep for ten minutes the grated rinds of four oranges; strain the water upon a pound of sugar, add a pint of orange juice, and when cold pour into the freezer. When it is half frozen, add the whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth.

Orange Shortcake.

Cream together a half-cupful of butter and a cupful of sugar; into them stir a well-beaten egg, half a cupful of milk, and a pint of flour into which two teaspoonfuls of baking powder have been sifted. Roll, and bake in two sheets. For the filling, peel six oranges, remove the seeds, slice, sprinkle with sugar, and place between the layers. For a sauce, take the grated rind of two oranges, the juice of one, half a cupful of sugar, a teaspoonful of butter and two cupfuls of water; thickening with cornstarch. Serve hot.

Orange Tarts.

Beat together three-quarters of a cupful of sugar and a tablespoonful of butter, the juice of two oranges, the grated peel of one. Stir in a teaspoonful of cornstarch

wet with the juice of half a lemon; beat again thoroughly and bake in pattypans lined with paste.

Orange Tapioca.

Wash and steep a cupful of tapioca, then simmer in a pint of boiling water until clear. Having peeled and seeded a dozen sour oranges (sweet ones may be used with the addition of lemon juice), cut them in slices and stir these into the boiling tapioca. Sweeten to taste, cook, and serve with cream and sugar.

Orange Custard.

To the beaten whites of six eggs add the juice of four oranges and a cupful of cold water. Beat again, and set away for an hour. Having kept the yolks of eggs in a cool place, beat them with a cupful of sugar, and with the grated rind of one orange add them to the beaten whites. Cook in a small saucepan set in hot water, stirring constantly, and pouring into small cups as it thickens.

Orange Sherbet.

As the unit of measure, take a quart of water and a large cupful of sugar, of which make a sirup. Add the grated rind of an orange and a lemon, and set away to cool. With this stir the whites of two eggs, the juice of six oranges and of two lemons, freezing immediately.

Orange Ice Cream.

Use a quart of cream, or of cream and milk mixed in equal quantities. To this allow the juice of four or five oranges, according to size, and a cupful and a half of sugar, on which has been grated the peel of one lemon. Scald the cream, when cool add the orange juice and sugar; then freeze.

Orange Sauce.

Of half a pint of sugar and a pint of water make a clear sirup, which should be boiled and clarified or skimmed. Use oranges that are under rather than fully ripe, peeling and removing the white skin as far as can be done without breaking the pulp. Separate the sections and drop them into the boiling sirup, allowing them to cook till thoroughly scalded. Lemon juice and the grated peel may be added as a flavor if desired. Unless the oranges are to be served at once, pour off the sirup, scald, and turn it over them again.

Orange Jelly.

Cover half a box of gelatine with a pint of cold water, and after it has soaked for an hour add a scant cupful of sugar, the juice of two large oranges, and a pint of boiling water. Strain and turn into molds.

Orange Pudding.

Five sweet oranges are to be peeled, sliced thin and seeded; sprinkle over them a coffee-cupful of white sugar. Heat a pint of milk to the boiling point by setting it in a pot of boiling water; add the well-beaten yolks of three eggs, and a tablespoonful of cornstarch made smooth with a little cold milk, stirring all the time. As soon as it thickens, place on top of it the sweetened fruit; beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, adding a tablespoonful of sugar, and use as a frosting. Let it harden in the oven for a few minutes. It may be served hot, but is best eaten cold.

Orange Cake.

Beat together two eggs and a cupful of sugar; then mix in thoroughly, in the order given: A tablespoonful of melted butter, half a cupful of milk, a cupful and a half of flour, half a teaspoonful of soda, a teaspoonful of cream tartar, a tablespoonful of orange juice and a bit of the grated rind. This is to be baked in a round, shallow pan, and when done filled with—

Orange Cream.

Into a cup put the juice of an orange, half its peel, and a tablespoonful of lemon juice, filling with cold water. Let it stand for an hour; then strain and put on to boil. Add a tablespoonful of cornstarch, wet in cold water, stir till thick; then cook over hot water for ten minutes longer. Next stir in the beaten yolk of an egg, to which two heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar have been added, cook for another minute, add a teaspoonful of butter, and cool.

Orange Filling.

Scald together in a farina kettle the grated pulp of two juicy oranges from which the seeds have been removed, half of one peel grated, two tablespoonfuls of water and a cupful of sugar. Into this stir a tablespoonful of cornstarch, made smooth in a little water, and cook till thick. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth with a cupful of powdered sugar, and stir into the orange when almost cold, reserving enough to coat the top of the cake.

The keen acidity of the lemon removes it from the list of edible fruits; but its strong, agreeable flavor makes it a world-wide favorite in the realm of cookery, in the preparation of cooling drinks, and in the toning and flavoring of compounds too numerous to mention. As a flavor for puddings, sauces, ices, and the like, its use is so nearly universal that no recipes need here be given. But the following selection is offered, in the belief that it will be found helpful in the household, and especially to the comparatively inexperienced housewife:—

Lemon Shortcake.

Make the pastry part as for a strawberry or similar cake, and spread between the layers a paste composed of the grated rind and juice of a large lemon mixed with a cupful of sugar and one of sweet cream. Serve immediately with lemon-flavored sweetened cream as a sauce.

Lemon Tea.

Into a small cupful of freshly steeped black tea drop a thin slice of lemon, peel and pulp, but no seeds. The tea may be taken plain or sweetened with sugar, but of course no milk is to be used. This is the popular Russian beverage, with which many American travelers have been greatly pleased.

Lemon Honey.

Into three ounces of fresh butter and a cupful of sugar, melted together, stir the beaten yolks of three eggs, into which have been mixed the grated peel of a large lemon. Stir over the fire till it begins to thicken, and then add the juice of the lemon. Continue stirring till as thick as honey, then pour into jelly tumblers and cover. It makes a delectable sweetening for layer cake, and may be used for flavoring.

Lemon Meringue Pudding.

Over two cupfuls of fine crumbs of stale bread pour a quart of scalded new milk, and allow the mixture to stand for half an hour. Then stir in a cupful of sugar, a rounded tablespoonful of butter, the yolks of three eggs, the juice of a large lemon and half its rind grated. Having beaten all well together, bake in a buttered pudding dish till it is just done, then cover the top with the whites of the eggs beaten stiff with three tablespoonfuls of sugar and flavored with lemon juice. Brown slightly in the open oven.

Any pudding, flavored with lemon, is familiarly known as a lemon pudding, and the flavoring may be used whenever liked.

Lemon Cake.

With two-thirds of a cupful of butter cream two cupfuls of sugar, adding, in this order, the beaten yolks of three eggs, the beaten whites of the same, two-thirds of a cupful of milk, three and a half cupfuls of flour, and the juice of one lemon. Two-thirds of a teaspoonful of soda should be sifted into the flour before that is added to the mixture, or it may be beaten in just before the lemon juice is added. Bake in the usual manner. Any plain cake may be flavored with lemon, thus making it in fact a "lemon cake."

Lemon Pie.

Into a cupful and a half of sugar stir two heaping teaspoonfuls of flour, add the well-beaten yolks of six eggs and the whites of two beaten stiff, the juice of two lemons, the grated rind of one, and a cupful of cold water. Line two deep pie plates with paste, fill with the mixture, and bake in a moderate oven. When done cover with a meringue made from the whites of the four eggs and a cupful of powdered sugar; cover the pies and brown lightly.

Lemon Ice Cream, No. 1.

Into nine ounces of sugar mix the grated rind of three lemons, the juice from two lemons and from one orange. Stand in a cool place for an hour. Scald a quart of cream in a farina boiler, add the flavored sugar, mixing intimately, and set away to cool. Then freeze.

Lemon Ice Cream, No. 2.

Bring a quart of rich new milk to a boil in a farina kettle, and stir into it a cupful and a half of sugar beaten with the yolks of four eggs. Continue the cooking till the mixture resembles a thin cream, stir in a tablespoonful of extract of lemon, the same quantity of dissolved gelatine, cool and freeze.

Lemon Jelly.

Into a pint of cold water break a small stick of cinnamon, add half a box of gelatine, and allow it to soak for an hour. Then add a cupful of sugar, the juice of two lemons, and a pint of boiling water. Strain into the molds and cool.

Lemon Ice.

Dissolve a large tablespoonful of gelatine in half a pint of water, pour over it a quart of boiling water, add the strained juice of six lemons, a cupful and a half of sugar, and freeze.

Lemon Custard Pie.

Mix intimately a tablespoonful of flour with a cupful of sugar; squeeze on to this the juice of a lemon, the peel of which has been grated separately. Beat the yolks of three eggs to a froth, stir in a cupful of new milk, then add the other ingredients, and bake in a deep pie plate lined with paste in the usual manner.

Lemon Cream.

Beat together the juice and grated rind of a large lemon, a cupful of sugar, one of cream, and half a cupful of cold water. Then add the well-beaten whites of three eggs; heat half a cupful of milk, thicken it with two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, made smooth, and add that also. Then turn the mixture into a mold and set it on the ice to cool. It is served plain or with whipped cream.

—Mrs. Minerva Van Wyck.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Our annual national festal day is near at hand. Plenty and prosperity abound and health and happiness are ours to enjoy. Let it, then, be made a genuine Day of Thanks.

Day of Thanks for the blessings of heaven, in the varied contents of "basket and store;" for the fruitage of the orchards; the holdings of the granaries; the friends that are with us and the tender memories we have of those who have gone on beyond.

Day of Thanks to the lofty and lowly, for the freedom of thought and action which is their heritage in this land of liberty; for the protecting care that our national, state and local governments afford us; for the safety and security afforded us in our favored section of the Homes of the World.

Day of Thanks for those who have plenty—of thanks that they have much to enjoy, and thanks that it is their privilege to give of their bounteous store to those who are less fortunate, and thanks again that it is not only those who receive, but those who give who are blessed.

Day of Thanks to those who have but little, that that little may be made the means of comfort and enjoyment by the mingling of what little they have with the leaven of content.

Day of Thanks to the sad and sorrowing; to the needy and unfortunate; to those who suffer from wrong doings of their own, or from others, that dark clouds often have silver linings and that the gloom of night is always followed by the light of day.

Day of Thanks for the life that now is and the hopes and promises of the life to come; for the life-giving, health-giving and wealth-giving elements so positive and plentiful on every hand; for what we have and for the much more that we may have, of our own choice, in the way of careful, conscientious and prudent living.

Day of Thanks for the precious memories of the past; the tenderness of home affections and endearments of the present and for the rich promises of the opening future of the Home Life before us.

Day of Thanks for the loves of our homes and the endearing ties of kinship; for the occasions of family reunions, for the opportunities of mingling together of the old and the young; for the loving embraces of parents and children; for the ample means afforded for the bestowment of blessings of the aged sire and mature matron upon the children and children's children of their day and generation; for the giving of benedictions by the grandsire and grandame upon the little ones of the family flock; for the privilege of being recipients of such blessings and benefits.

Day of Thanks for the enjoyments that come from the gathering together in cot or in palace—with plenty shared royally, or limited resources lovingly divided where is "better a dinner of herbs than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

Day of Thanks for the olive branches that may gather around the Thanksgiving table; for the circumstance that brings so many who have strayed from the old roof tree back to the embraces of loved and loving family circles.

Day of Thanks for the old who are still with us, as we reach one hand backward to them and another forward to the Little Ones who are the connecting links of the lives not only of those who have gone before us, with our own, but of our own with those who are to come after; for the duties that these Little Ones demand at our hands, and for the lessons of life that they teach us as we go on our way from one Thanksgiving Day to another and making each one, as it comes in its turn, a genuine Day of Thanks.

THE HUSKING-BEE OF OLDEN TIME.

"We've got a master sight of corn this fall," said Farmer Ruskin;
"Enough to keep me an' the boys nigh all this year a-huskin'.
What time we'll have at off odd spells from chores and wood a-haulin'!
And if the snow don't fly before it's done, I've missed my callin!'
But, then, our new barn's big enough to hold it in cold weather."
"*Let's have a huskin' bee!*" cried James and little John together.

"Do let us, Pa," chimed pretty Ruth, while Patty, quick consenting,
Blushed at the thought of one who'd come,—her glad heart half relenting,–
Half conscious of a thrill of joy at William's sad demeanor
Since walking home from singing school with Reuben Dean he'd seen her.
"Just as your Ma says; her's the work a huskin' would be makin'.
For such a big and hungry crowd, 'twould take a lot o' bakin'!"

What mother's heart could say it nay to loving son and daughter,
Or long ignore the benefits that worldly wisdom taught her?
For "many hands" would "make light work;" the huskers' pile diminished,
Would leave slight toil for "Pa and boys" 'till all would soon be finished.
Besides "there's haughty Nancy Pratt, for William's favor vyin';
No better match could well be made—(there's no use in denyin'!)—

"Than Patty and this noble youth,—sole heir to farm well tended.
Then there is 'Zek'el Matthewson, a worthy youth, forehanded;
If he should—well, no matter what! For manners that are winnin',
No sweeter girl than our dear Ruth e'er turned a wheel a-spinnin'!
Then Stephen, Jonathan, and James are shy,—a little awkward,
As half-grown boys are apt to be,—though not in books are backward.

"Society of girls brought up like the Mayflowers or Tanners
Would help a sight to spark them up and polish well their manners."
The vote was "Yes!" and, far and near, the guests were all invited,—
For country custom ruled that none respectable be slighted.
The preparation that was made no pen could well portray it!
Roast turkey, "spare-rib," chicken pie (there's better fare—who'll say it?)

"Riz cake," with snowy frosting spread,—adorned with gayest colors,—
Huge doughnuts (browned just to a turn), cookies, and buns, and crullers,
And Indian puddings, such as made only by great-grandmothers,
With good, old-fashioned pumpkin pies, never excelled by others,—
With all the goodies old-time art could mould, or knead, or stir up,
And "apple sass," with quinces mixed, stewed well in cider syrup,—

'Till Farmer Ruskin loud declared ('twas true as parson's preachin'!)
They'd got enough to feed the folks from Lyme to Boston reachin';
Or if they wished, in army phrase, the fact worded alone in:
"The whole o' th' Continental troops, with wo'thless red-coats thrown in!"

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Around the unhusked pile of corn the motley crowd were gathered,
With many a bantering jest and joke, in laughter well nigh smothered;
The lanterns hung along the beams and mows (with sweet hay laden)
Cast ruddy gleams on buxom swain and fair-faced, rosy maiden,
And touched with gold the pumpkins huge, the rear, deep bay adorning,
While, high aloft, crowed chanticleer,—thinking it was the morning!

Was it by chance, or by design, that Patty, sweet and blushing,
Found seated closely by her side,—each anxious heart-fear hushing,—
Forgiving William? Just below, with ill-concealed endeavor,
The jealous Nancy vaguely smiled on a rejected lover.
Whether by psychologic power or love's, we will not query,
But 'Zekiel lingered near to Ruth as though he ne'er would weary;

While pretty Molly Standish looked like an imprisoned fairy,
Sandwiched between brave Harry Hale and handsome Franklyn Perry,
Two rival lovers, wishing that somewhere else were the other,—
She, all unconscious of the fact, treats each one like a brother.
But, strange, with what perversity Fate sometimes pairs off mortals!
The Widow Meacham, plump and gay, long since passed youth's fair portals,

Coquettish seeks a bashful youth (a dozen years his elder),
And chats, with many an artful glance, as though some rare charm held her!
The fat and jolly Farmer Jones squeezes beside Miss Polly,
An ancient damsel, tall and spare (the type of melancholy);
Short, bouncing Betsey Bloom, beside shy, awkward, lank-framed Stephen,
With little, lisping "Suthie Sthyles" annexed to make it even.

With laugh and jest the moments fly, the golden pile increasing.
Hurrah? A red ear's held aloft!—and mirth flows forth unceasing.
The lucky finder leaves his place, and, with his trophy laden
As passport, round the circle goes kissing each blushing maiden.
The red ears grow so plentiful, fair bevies make invasion
On sundry pockets. Verdict found: "Brought in for the occasion!"

The tempting viands served at last, with frolic, fun, and chatter,
The wide barn floor is quickly cleared with busy din and clatter;
While gray-haired Joe, with solemn phiz that seems to each a riddle,
Resins his bow with pompous air, and tunes his time-worn fiddle,—
The god of symphony himself could ne'er more satisfaction
From his own strains regale his soul, or claim such sweet reaction!

It shrieked and squeaked at highest *G*, the dancers to it timing;
It growled and groaned in lower staves like irate rhyme in rhyming.
The discord deepened by his voice that, cracked by age and shriveled,
"Called off," while the last measure's note slurred with the next and driveled.
"Balance pardners!" "All hands round!" it croaked like a hoarse raven.
"All right and left!" and "Ladies change!" in treble tones were given,

'Till "Money Musk," the "Devil's Dream," in measures broke and blended,
"Virginia Reel" was all unwound, quadrille and waltz were ended.
The meek-eyed kine, in stables ranged along the deep mows under,
Paused o'er their ruminating cuds, and stared in silent wonder;
While honest Dobbin, in his stall (seemed lost in perfect dazement)
Put forth his head, and at the scene gazed in perplexed amazement!

Josiah Stebbins graced the floor, with Sunday coat-tails streaming,
That touched his heels at each uplift,—brass buttons bright and gleaming.
Grave Jeremiah's homespun suit had long done "meetin'" duty;
The coat sleeves showed a foot of wrist, the waist too short for beauty;
Breeches abbreviated far by growth of bone and muscle,
He skipped as though Joe's strains and he were having a hard tussle,

As round and round his cowhide boots came down with clamp and clatter,
And red-haired Sally's little feet kept time with gentle patter.
The rotund form of Silas Tubbs, which shook with pent-up laughter,
Leaped, when he danced, as though his head were aiming at a rafter;
While tall Jerusha by his side, with high-back comb beginning,
Looked like a long-necked, narrow top, around the barn floor spinning.

But all things, whether good or bad, must some time have an ending,
And soon the festive, well-pleased throng their homeward way were wending.
"Spite of stiff jints and rheumatiz, I vow," said Farmer Ruskin,
"Hain't felt so young in forty year as now—at this 'ere huskin'!"

—Mrs. A. Giddings Park.

OUR NATIONAL FEAST DAY.

AN OLD-FASHIONED THANKSGIVING DINNER.

PREPARED BY A NEW ENGLAND HOUSEKEEPER.

"I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me."



UR COUSIN HORACE will come for us to-morrow—perhaps good fortune will bring him to-night. To be sure the late storm—very apt to come just before Thanksgiving—has carried away the little bridge across the —— river, but that simply means a still longer ride over the sparkling snow, made gay by the bright moon, the keen, frosty air, the merry sleigh-bells,—six miles lengthened to eight by the kindness of the Storm King. How glad we are over the very thought of being on hand the night before to witness the plucking of the chickens—the fat four-pounders for boiling and stewing and the poor little unfortunates of the late summer hatching, which, like the "four-and-twenty blackbirds," are doomed to a pie, to fold their poor little wings at rest under a puff-paste blanket. Cannibals that we are, this thought is something more than restful to our childish fancy. We dodge for a sly peep into the "buttery," where rows of shelves are laden with the product of many hours' preparation and labor. We taste beforehand, in imagination, the golden custards, the rosy jellies, the numberless kinds of pie. We sniff the odor of Thanksgiving cake redolent with spices and flavors innumerable—oh, delicious!

We are not disappointed, for once. Here we are, safe and sound, so muffled we can scarcely walk or breathe. The little square foot-stove, which does duty at church as well as upon sleigh-rides, is brought in and deposited safely to be ready for future use; somebody may be ill to-morrow evening or next day—who knows?—and will need its friendly warmth and comfort. Here is the very small piece of soapstone, no larger than my lady's prayer-book; heated hot it has served to keep one's fingers warm.

To have this pleasure as a child, keenly alive to the romance attached to the environment produced by a great, open fire in a large, old-fashioned fire-place, wax candles everywhere, cousins of all ages and sizes to chat and frolic with, while the elders and betters are having their good time in the "front room;" to be allowed that much coveted privilege of sitting up a "little longer"—this is a "looking backward" in very truth, a strong reality to many a man and woman of to-day.

There is nothing like an open fire to lend enchantment to every nook and corner of a room. The mystic influence of the flicker and sheen of firelight dancing upon the wall, the glow of the ruddy ember, each have a warmth and brightness incomparable. Faces and scenes touched with this glow have a radiance which the lapse of years can not dim.

The "youngsters" are finally tucked up in bed, elders follow suit, the fire dies down and the calm of Thanksgiving eve has settled upon the house. The hours speed away and the day is upon us, so full of pleasure and delight. All but the mother go to church, and the heated brick oven silently but surely does its work. The dinner-hour arrives. Cousin Horace takes his place, gay, delightful, hospitable man that he is; he bids us welcome. All draw near. Oysters, the first and only "course" and a rarity in those days, tasting as no other oysters can ever taste again, are disposed of quickly amid great chattering and laughing.

Everything is arranged upon the table. The turkey and beef each roasted to a turn. The chicken-pie big enough to last all winter. Yellow chickens boiled too tender for anything. Fresh pork—the "chine"—brown and juicy. Often a tiny pig roasted entire with his little legs tucked under him, tail curled up, and an ear of yellow corn in his mouth, convulses the children. Vegetables of all kinds: mashed potato and turnip; onions with cream dressing; squash; carrots boiled whole; beets cut in thin slices with a dressing of butter, salt, pepper and a little vinegar. Cranberry sauce, quince preserves, currant jelly. Bread, wheat and rye, with fresh, sweet butter. Coffee and tea; rich cream; a conical-shaped loaf of sugar, with shears to cut it.

A generous help from all these viands heaps the large plate to overflowing. The short winter's day begins to wane ere the rice pudding filled with plums is brought from the side-table where, with four kinds of pie and the frosted loaf of Thanksgiving cake, they seem to have cast answering glances to those of the children so lovingly given from time to time. There is the cranberry-tart, with its particular fascination, produced by the gay color crossed by narrow strips of paste; and the yellow pumpkin, delicate apple, rich and toothsome mince.

Everything lends to the perfection of this day. We may well say, "We would rather go without the best that has ever come to us to know of than never to have known anything about it"—the real Thanksgiving Day of our grandmother's time. It is said "some men do indeed suggest their cooks and their tailors in a certain way they have of regarding and speaking of life." It is certain those people who were fortunate enough to experience all this lavishness of the ancient Thanksgiving must have attained a freedom and large-heartedness very suggestive of the fact.

If everything moves in a circle in the progress of the world it is not compatible with our present environment to make one hundred pies at a time, ten loaves of cake, or load the table with such an abundance of richness. Enjoyment rests upon memory for those who have lived it, upon description for those who have not. As a dissolving view it fades gently from sight.

What is this fair picture slowly rising to view? The modern Thanksgiving! The delicate cooking held intact, divided, subdivided and surrounded by the wondrous setting of the growth of skill with which this nineteenth century is teeming,—a negative ready to produce a scene even more delightful, enhanced by all that genius, intelligence and the rapid communication with all parts of the great world bring to us.

The magnificent dining-room! The china, glass and silver of the grandmother stand bright and shining upon the ancient sideboard laden also with the choice productions of modern art, each delightfully attractive in the way of richness and beauty. Indian reds abound subdued and glowing by the soft light of wax candles held in sconces duplicating their beauteous light. The fire upon the wide and ample hearth is of summer drift-wood, a mimic rainbow of flame. The rug, the skin of a Nubian lion, stretched before it, and couches low beside it, invite to ease. Portières, screens, pictures upon the walls, statues in quiet corners, rich bric-à-brac, all are here lending brightness and vividness. No cold, dreary, stately dining-room as you often see. Warmth, gay color and comfort always follow the mistress of the feast.

Draw nigh to the table, a work of art in itself, covered with snowy linen, the very cloth woven by the great-grandmother having been carefully treasured. For the center a large, low basket of maiden-hair fern and Maréchal Niel roses. Tall, straight, plain Venetian glass vases are filled with pink and cardinal carnations, their long stems adding grace to beauty. Wreaths of smilax deftly fastened to the cloth encircle the table, leaving ample room for each plate, beside which lie gay

roses. Low, fanciful dishes of silver, glass and china contain bon-bons, olives, tiny pickles and salted almonds. A rare old cut-glass dish has, resting upon its bosom, a red rose of cranberry jelly, in imitation a very "Jack" gleaming bright from surrounding green.

The oysters are ready to be served, accompanied by bread cut in scallops and toasted a delicate brown. This course is followed by the grand turk placed before the head of the household. Swarthy as a Moor of the Desert he looks to be as he lies in state, but he seems covered with a young snow storm. Surrounded by delicate green leaves of celery, with here and there a white rose of the same, fringed and crisp, we can scarcely see the handsome platter upon which he reposes.

Upon a veritable bed of parsley, just see those elegant California pears! How strange to have them for dinner! But no, they are potato croquettes! What is this looking like gold eagles? Carrots in cream, delicious! How nice the turnip looks mashed so finely and molded so prettily in that green dish! the squash so golden in another to match. How tiny and white the onions are, and in such a delicate pink dish, with cream also lest they be jealous of the carrots. See the glass dish filled with ruby beets to balance the jelly. How we chatter, how we laugh, just as they did long ago! How mother is blushing! What is father saying to her *sub rosa?* We children know, indeed we do! Did not Aunt Jenny tell us father fell in love with mother at a Thanksgiving dinner? They were distant cousins. This is a dinner in memoriam in more ways than one.

The chicken-pie follows in course. We are trying to live like the ancients. Next in order are the four kinds of pie we have been promised. How can we eat it all! The elders settle their dinner with after-dinner coffee. Let us lie down before the fire, play games, tell stories and laugh heartily as an aid to digestion.

Mother has given each of us a blank-book containing directions in full for preparing this dinner, with this text as a watch-word, "It is a trite remark that having the choicest tools, an unskillful artisan will botch his work; and bad teachers will fail even with the best methods." As she gives us a cooking lesson every Saturday we expect to excel even this when our turn comes. Mother is the most practical, the most artistic woman, kept from running to either extreme by a good, solid wedge of common sense. In her this union of the artistic and the practical is complete. She is the good genius who conceives and brings forth the beauty of the house; her taste, her thought, her presence, enter into, invest and pervade everything with a life-giving charm as rare as enjoyable. Keenly alive to beauty in every form, knowing that "nothing created at its worst but hath the dregs of loveliness," she discovers it. She makes pictures of all our food. She puts her very self into it. It tastes like no other cooking; we should recognize it anywhere with our eyes closed.

Bridget and Mary have been with mother so many years they have grown like her. They are always ready to give their strength and muscle to aid her plans. They understand her ability to cook the entire dinner as beautifully as to arrange the table. A quick and ready buyer, with rare judgment and skill, she is able to select everything. Doing all her own marketing, her choice selections are complemented by the most delicate, refined cooking.

TO PREPARE AND COOK THE TURKEY.

The turkey must be cooked a long time and basted very, very often; four hours and longer for a turkey weighing twelve pounds. The basting and length of time are the true secret of the richness which will melt in one's mouth. Wash as little as possible, wipe very dry; pepper and salt inside. Take a stale loaf of baker's bread, and a slice of salt-pork chopped fine; crumble the bread and add; chop fine and dry. Add onion, sage, marjoram, salt and pepper (parsley if you like). Fill lightly with the dressing, sew up the openings, tie the wings and legs down close to the body and the neck back under the wing. Place breast side down upon a trivet in the dripping-pan, after having salted and peppered it well upon every side. Do not have much water in the pan at any time. Allow it to almost scorch, dredging in flour at that stage, then adding more water. Have a little water in a separate pan to baste with, which should be as often as fifteen minutes. Turn from time to time as it browns. At the last it should be laid upon its back and basted with butter, and at the very last moment dredged with flour to froth it. You will find at the end you have plenty of brown gravy all ready for straining. The gizzard, liver and heart can be cooked very slowly on the back of the stove until tender, and placed upon the platter, as many people are fond of them.

TO PREPARE AND COOK A CHICKEN-PIE.

If possible procure a chicken from the country, weighing four or five pounds. Joint and simmer slowly in a pint and a half of water until tender enough for the meat to slip from the bones in as large pieces as possible, removing every particle of gristle. Line a white earthen dish with common paste, adding a rim of puff-paste; cover the bottom of this with a layer of chicken. Split a few Boston crackers and soak in milk until soft. Place a layer of them closely upon the chicken, putting a small piece of butter in the center of each. Alternate the chicken and cracker, using plenty of chicken, until the dish is filled. Strain the chicken gravy, heat it to boiling point. Beat up two eggs with a fork until light. Stir a tablespoonful of flour into a pint of cream, add this to the gravy, boil up, and pour upon the beaten egg, allowing it to cook a second only; salt and pepper well. Pour this over the chicken; then break in four eggs upon the top of all. Cover with puff-paste, making a large slit in the crust. Bake very slowly in an oven which has been heated hot.

Stewed Oysters.

Two quarts of Fair Haven oysters, which are small and the only kind suitable. Place in a porcelain kettle over the fire, simply in their own liquor. Add salt, which is necessary to raise the scum which should be carefully removed. When this has ceased to rise and the oysters begin to shrivel, add a pint of thick cream, a very small piece of butter just to flavor, and salt and pepper to taste. A small grating of nutmeg adds to the general satisfaction. Serve hot with slices of bread toasted a beautiful brown. These oysters should boil five minutes after adding the cream to gain taste and flavor.

Cranberries.

Wash one quart of berries, drain them, add one pint of cold water, boil (closely covered) *just* ten minutes. Add one pint of granulated sugar, boil just ten minutes longer, keeping them covered. This will jelly perfectly when cold, strained or otherwise. Cook in porcelain and stir with a wooden spoon, as metal destroys the bright color of the berries. The cranberry tart can be made of this, with strips of puff-paste laid across forming a diamond. It should be thick and the cranberry should be strained.

Potato Croquettes.

Take six common-sized potatoes, pare, and allow them to remain in cold water several hours; change the water once or twice. Boil and drain well. Sprinkle over salt and allow them to steam a moment or two, in order to insure perfect dryness. They should be cooked in a porcelain-lined kettle and mashed in the same. Set the kettle upon the stove. Use a common wooden masher. Add sufficient salt, the yolk of one egg and a piece of butter the size of the same. Mash until entirely smooth, working until, as you use a rotary motion, the potato will cleave from the masher and the sides of the kettle. Form at once while hot into pear-shaped croquettes, the natural size. When cold dredge with flour. Beat the yolks of two eggs with a teaspoonful of milk; dip the croquettes into this and then into finely-sifted bread-crumbs well seasoned with pepper and salt. Fry in a wire basket in fresh sweet lard until a golden brown. Cover a china platter entirely with fresh

parsley daintily arranged, upon which place the croquettes. A small, stout bit of parsley will serve as a stem to these golden potato-pears, which will add greatly to the beauty of the table.

Onions.

Onions peeled under cold water will not affect the eyes or hands unpleasantly. When new, put them on to boil in plenty of cold water. Cook one hour, till tender. Drain off the water carefully, not to break them. Add one small teaspoonful of salt to one dozen, when half done. Add one-half cupful of hot, thick cream before serving, and butter to taste. If old, let them lie fifteen minutes in cold water after peeling. Boil two hours.

Turnips.

Turnips should be put into boiling water. Cook about an hour. Drain well and mash fine, adding a boiled potato. Season with butter, pepper and salt.

Beets.

Old beets require four or five hours' boiling. Do not scrape or cut them, simply wash perfectly clean. Put them on in cold water. Slip the skins off in cold water quickly, with the hands, when done. Slice thin with a sharp knife, sprinkle with salt and rub a little butter on each slice.

Squash.

Bake one-half of a good-sized Hubbard squash until soft. Remove the seeds and scoop out the remainder with a spoon into a heated dish. Mash fine, add butter and salt. Arrange daintily in the dish in which it is to be served.

Carrots Stewed in Cream.

Have one good-sized carrot sliced thin and cooked tender in boiling water well salted. Drain well. Melt a piece of butter the size of a large walnut in a German enameled sauce-pan; add one tablespoonful of flour and a very little cream from a pint, just enough to cook into a soft, creamy mass; gradually pour in the remainder of the cream and allow it to boil a moment. If it should prove thicker than good rich cream, through false measurement, add a very little milk; pour over the carrot and serve hot. Very delicate perception and excellent judgment are needed for cream dressing. To be enjoyable it should be quite thick.

To Fringe Celery for Garnishing.

Cut the stalks into two-inch lengths; stick plenty of coarse needles into the top of a cork; draw half of the stalk of each piece of celery through the needles. When all the fibrous parts are separated, lay the celery in some cold place to curl and crisp.

Mince-meat made early in the winter and packed closely in stone jars and kept in a cool place will keep until spring. Whenever any is taken out for use, pour some additional brandy upon the top before it is covered again, and add more sugar. No mince-meat will keep unless all the ingredients are of the best quality. The meat should always be boiled the day before chopping it.

Mince-Meat.

Take four pounds of tongue or tender beef, three pounds of suet, eight pounds of chopped greening apples, three pounds of currants, washed, dried and picked; three pounds of seeded raisins, six pounds of white sugar (or brown if preferred), two pounds of citron cut into small, thin pieces; the grating, juice and pulp of two large oranges; the juice and grated rinds of four lemons; one ounce of cinnamon, a quarter of an ounce each of cloves, mace and allspice, the grating of four nutmegs, one quart of Madeira wine, one pint of brandy, a cupful each of strawberry or raspberry jam and quince preserve, one pound of sweet almonds blanched and pounded fine, very small teaspoonful of bitter almonds. Boil the meat in the smallest possible amount of water until very tender, adding the broth to the minced meat. Chop very fine. After removing every particle of membrane from the suet, dredge in a little flour to keep from sticking together in lumps, and chop very fine; mix it through the meat with salt enough to remove the fresh taste. To this add the apples, after which the sugar, fruit, spice and other ingredients. A little sweet cider or a little molasses and plenty of salt must be added. It should be made sweet enough to taste, and is not to be cooked. This is a very old recipe, and delicious. Cooked mince-meat makes a very different kind of pie, and not what this is intended to be. Half of this makes a large quantity.

The mince pie will need a rim of puff-paste. The under-crust must be moistened on the edge with a little flour and water mixed. There will be plenty of cuttings for the rim. Place together lightly and roll out and cut half an inch wide. Make a good fat pie, placing the upper-crust very lightly upon the top. Make an incision upon the top crust of all pies for the escape of steam. Bake one hour fully and be sure it is a handsome brown.

Puff-Paste.

One pound of dairy butter; wash and dry thoroughly, pressing out all the butter-milk with a wooden spoon. Divide into two parts. Divide one pound of pastry flour into two parts. Take a divided part of butter and one of flour and rub together quickly with the hand until fully incorporated. Mix to a soft dough with ice-water. Work this well, even pounding upon the board with a rolling-pin, until well cultivated. Roll this into a round, flat cake an inch thick and place upon ice a few moments. Roll quite thin and lard with one-fourth of the butter, sprinkling thickly with one-fourth of the remaining flour. Roll out again, use another fourth of butter and flour, repeating this process until all is used. Roll out thin and roll up. Place on ice for two hours. This amount will be sufficient for the mince-pie, apple-pie and chicken-pie. The cover to the chicken-pie must be a little thicker and should have a rim of puff-paste around it before putting on the cover.

Rice Pudding.

Use one good half-cupful of rice well washed, salt, one scant half-pint of rich milk. Place both in a double sauce-pan upon the stove and cook until very soft. Add the yolks of four eggs and whites of two. Beat well with a fork, add one cupful and a half of granulated sugar, beat more, add the rice and a piece of butter the size of a small egg; also three-fourths of a pint of hot milk, vanilla and a handful of large, seeded raisins. Bake like a custard. Grate nutmeg over the top before putting into the oven. When cooked, beat the whites to a very stiff froth with a silver fork, upon a large plate. Add a good tablespoonful of pulverized sugar, beat well and long, add another, beat again; place in high peaks upon the pudding and brown delicately.

Pumpkin Pie.

Pumpkin pie will need a fine-grained, dry pumpkin, stewed and strained; one pint of rich milk or part cream, one-half pint of pumpkin, two eggs beaten well with a fork, granulated sugar to be real sweet, a little vanilla, and nutmeg grated thickly over the top; a straight up and down earthen dish two inches deep. Bake slowly and carefully as it should be firm when done. Some people like to add a little molasses, plenty of powdered cinnamon and a little ginger. Such things are according to your inheritance somewhat.

Apple Pie.

The bottom crust of all pies can be made of half as much sweet lard as flour, rubbed together well, a little salt added, and mixed to a soft dough with ice-water. For a common-sized apple pie, select good greening apples, pare, core and quarter very carefully, placing the apple upon the crust, using plenty of apple. Cover and bake quickly. Remove the cover, which may have been rolled a little thicker. Mash the apple fine, add one heaping teacupful of sugar, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and a grating or two of nutmeg. Replace the cover and all is done. If great pains have been taken to remove all knots and blemishes from the apple, and to have the pie well baked and a delicious brown, the effort will be rewarded.

Thanksgiving Cake.

Use six pounds of flour, three and one-half pounds each of butter and sugar, three pints of milk, six eggs, four pounds of raisins one-half pound of citron, one ounce of mace, four nutmegs. Stir butter and sugar to a froth. Boil the milk and turn in the wine, three gills; put the curds and whey *warm*, but *not* hot, into the flour; then add the eggs well beaten, one-half pint of yeast and one-third of the beaten butter and sugar. Let it rise until very light and then add the remainder of the butter and sugar and let it rise *again*. When light put in the spices and fruit. Bake in a not very hot oven. Save a plateful of flour for dredging the fruit. Begin it directly after dinner. For the yeast, dissolve a compressed yeast cake in the half-pint of milk. It will make seven loaves.

This cake must be beaten and worked a great deal each time. In these days of furnaces it is not the laborious process

it used to be. It rises very quickly each time. It must attain a sufficient degree of lightness in the baking-pan.

Salted Almonds.

Blanch by throwing into very hot water, dry upon a cloth and fry carefully a handsome brown in hot salted butter.

—*Mrs. W. C. White.*

PUMPKIN PIES.

There are pictures graven upon my mind
Of each season of the year,
And this is what I can always see
When the Autumn time is here.

The old red barn, where the children played,
I can smell the new-mown hay,
And I even fancy I still can see
My grandsire's locks o' gray.

The farm-house, just on the brow of the hill,
Back from the village street,
The orchard freighted with luscious fruit,
And the fields of golden wheat.

Mossy and gray the old stone wall
Creeping up to the edge of the wood,
And all over the stubbly field the shocks
Of corn like sentinels stood.

I can see the pumpkins that shone that morn
Like a pile of ruddy gold,
And hear grandsire say, "We must get them in,
For the nights are growing cold."

Then what visions danced in each childish brain,
At the fun so soon to begin,
For in every pumpkin we fancied then
We saw "Jack o' the Lantern" grin.

So we heaped them high in the old red cart,
Harry and Teddy and I,
And the lumbering oxen dragged them home,
To be made into pumpkin pie.

Ah, those old-time, "Jack o' the Lantern" days
Have faded away like a dream,
And the art of making pies is lost
In these days of hurry and steam.

Would you know how grandmother made *her* pies
In that wonderful olden time?
Then listen, for here is the recipe
That I've just turned into rhyme:

RECIPE.

Take a sharp knife—the best of its kind—
And pare off the pumpkin's golden rind;

Then cut into cube-shaped blocks of buff,
And slowly simmer till soft enough.

Run through a sieve—the best to be bought—
Till you have of the sifted pumpkin a quart.

Oh the "cropple-crown" hen will mourn to-day
For her rifled nest in the scented hay,

For ere your pumpkin pies you can bake,
Out of her nest you must *nine* eggs take.

Beat yolks and whites in a separate dish
Till both are foamy and light as you wish.

White sugar, one cup and a half you take,
And two quarts of milk, your pies to make;

Then of cinnamon, nutmeg and mace, each one;
You take a teaspoonful ere you are done.

Next spices, sugar, eggs, pumpkin and milk,
You must beat together till "smooth as silk"—

(That is the curious, homely phrase
My grandmother used in those old-time days.)

Now a dozen of raisins, more or less,
To each pie will add flavor, you must confess.

The whole must be baked in a shell-like crust,
And just as it *hardens*, with sugar you dust.

If you follow this rule, when done, you'll cry,
"Here's a genuine, old-time pumpkin pie!"

—*Lizzie M. Hadley.*

CASHMERE SHAWLS.

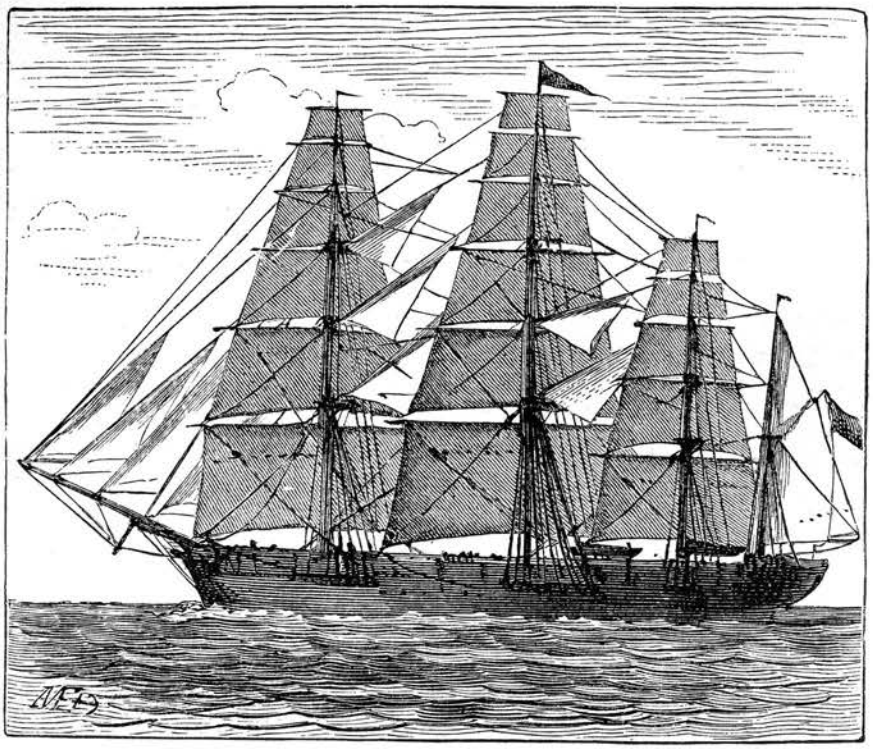
Among woolen shawls, the Cashmere will, no doubt, always retain its place in the estimation of the merchant, as well as of the fashionable lady who buys his goods. Though all shawls made of *down* of certain goats, and worked after the manner of the cashmere shawl, bear the name, yet many of them are not made in that romantic region. The distressing famine which visited that land some thirty or forty years ago, forced many of the shawl weavers to emigrate to the Punjab, a part of India belonging to Great Britain.

These shawls of Punjab manufacture, are never so handsome as the best shawls which are made at Cashmere. it is stated that Cashmere has a monopoly of the best wool, which is exported thither from Turfan and Richar, where it is produced, and also that the water in Cashmere possesses chemical properties which render it superior for the purposes of dyeing. The finest shawls are made of the down or pusham exported from the provinces just named, and that the Punjab weavers have to be content with an inferior wool produced at Chatan.

After the pushum produced at Chatau, there comes next in order the fleece of the Danba sheep of Cabool and Peshawur. This fleece is used for the finest kinds of chogas, which are the outer cloaks or robes with sleeves worn by the Afghans and other Mohammedans of the western frontier. After this follows the wool of a sheep found in Ruman, a tract of country in the south of Persia. This is used for manufacture of a spurious kind of shawl cloth, and for adulterating the texture of Cashmere shawls. Next comes the hair of the goat called *put*, from which the texture called puttoo is made. Then there is the woolly hair of the camel, which supplies the material for a coarser kind of choga. Lastly, there is the wool of the country sheep of the plain. The author speaks of the woolly hair of the camel as supplying the material for the coarse choga, but it must be remembered that the camel also possesses a down which is as fine as the pushum of the shawl goat. The yak goat, and many other animals belonging to these regions, possess this fine down; but their reception of the numerous dyes is something which has to be studied almost, if not quite as much, as the quality of the wool.

Notwithstanding the laws which exist wherever good shawls are made, for punishing those who adulterate fine wool with inferior kinds, the practice is still carried on to a considerable extent. We learn that in Cashmere the laws regarding this practice are very severe, and that in the territory under the control of Great Britain a company has been formed whose business it is to place trademarks upon the genuine article, and that all imitators of these marks are punishable by law.

To imitate the genuine cashmere successfully greatly taxed the skill of the French manufacturers; and though in Paris shawls have been produced like those imported, it is found more profitable to limit the manufacture to somewhat similar, but more easily woven fabrics. Imitations are manufactured from the Thibet wool entirely, and others of a mixture of this with silk and cotton. The real cashmere is made by a very complicated process, which requires not only as many yarns in the weft as there are colors in the pattern, but also as many little shuttles filled with these yarns, as there are to be colors repeated in the breadth of the piece. By the skillful use of these, the figures however complicated with variety of colors, are repeated precisely alike on both sides. As the work of making these shawls goes on exceedingly slow, it is customary to divide it among several looms and then join the pieces together. This is so skilfully done that the seams are not detected. As the pattern is worked, the right side is the under one upon the frame, and is not seen by those who work it upon the upper or rough side. The shawls are made single and in pairs, either square or long. The former measure from 63 to 72 inches on a side, the latter 126 inches by 54. To work a single long shawl, without a seam, and of the finest thread in the warp, as well as the woof, in the most elaborate pattern and exquisite colors, would require the labor of about three years; and as in this time the colors are likely to change, and the fabric to receive injury from worms or otherwise, such shawls are rarely attempted. The fine shawls are more usually made upon twelve different looms for a pair, and when completed, at the expiration of six or seven months, are worth in Cashmere from 1,200 to 2,000 rupees, or from $500 to $800.—*The Delineator.*



Ships and Sailors, 1868

Clipper: the *Great Republic.*

Home Life on Shipboard

Domestic and Social Aspects of Sea Going and Port Life

BY MARY K. BREWSTER

PASSING those dingy streets of New York where ships' hulls and smokestacks, with an interminable weaving of rope, form the waterside border for miles, one not initiated probably sees only a commercial feature of the merchant marine, and would be surprised by a glimpse of the home centers behind the portholes and under the towering masts; — many a snug cabin, cozily upholstered, with a mother sewing there, a daughter playing the piano, and the awe-inspiring captain of official presence here mildly reading the evening paper. All seems quite as domestic as any sitting room ashore. Only the pervasive tarry smell and a slight dizzy swaying of the pictures suggest that the home is a floating one.

There is much neighborly visiting, too, between the ships. Indeed the social side of ship life the seven seas over is a prominent one. It includes all the greater events of living — birth, death, and marriage; while the greatest sensations of joy and suffering, the most awakening and formative experiences, all have their part.

Yet this factor is not what it used to be, for in the ports of the world there is but one sailing vessel now where formerly there were dozens; and with the sailing vessels has gone romance, just as with the commonness of telegraphy the poetry and mystery of travel have become prose.

Families still accompany the captains on some steamers, but the old condi-

tions are altered. The "tramp" quarters are less homelike. The trips are more on the "grab and hustle" order. The stays in port, with all-night loading and consequent uninterrupted existence in a cloud of fine coal dust, lose ideality, while the shortness of their duration prevents that forming of acquaintance that made such pleasant ties in the lives of old-time shipping people. More places may be touched, but fewer are known.

The sailing vessel that makes deep-water voyages has monotonous periods before her, and by the time she has lost sight of the home port her family is setting about adapting itself to an existence that for months shall have no other than atmospheric interruption.

In the first place comes the stripping of the cabin. Down with superfluous draperies and away with all ornaments. Center table and chairs are screwed to the floor and oftentimes the carpet is taken up. Very bare and shipshape it looks, but there is an involuntary sigh when the last bunch of withered land flowers goes overboard. Next, if there is a novice aboard, comes the ordeal of seasickness, with nerveless convalescence, down where the air has softened and where the flocks of flying-fish first flash across the blue. Then the crossing of the equator, breezy and blue, and looking, after months and even years have marked intervals, as if never a day had passed since the last leaving. At last with the new strength born in the southern "trades," the new sort of life has become a natural one.

The equatorial rains have supplied a luxurious quantity of water, and the women aboard desire a wash day all their own — quite a different affair from the steward's weekly sousings. Cook groans, but makes way on the galley stove for the extra water. Steward runs forward and aft fetching buckets and placing tubs on the cool grating before the after-house, and then, aghast at the quantities called for, expostulates against the extravagance of rinsing waters; and finally, driven half frantic by so many invasions of his usually methodical routine, climbs the house, where he fiercely stretches line from shrouds to mast, back and around again, until every man aboard knows that something unusual is at hand.

After him the ladies mount the house and begin to deck the lines, which then sag helplessly until some observing "Jack" notes the difficulty and scampers to make things more taut, with a bashful smile at the thanks of the women with whom he is called to unexpected proximity. Such a stiff, pure breeze and such an intensity of sunshine as bleaches those garments, which hang until the sunset dew dampens them again, and the strengthening wind tugs at the pins, make all laundry methods thereafter seem stifling. Next day there is ironing and mending.

Another day comes with atmosphere so uncommonly dry that it is chosen to unpack the chests of shore clothes, to see that nothing is molding or spotting. How gay and pretty the garments look in their unfamiliarity, and to what a flood of talk their association gives rise!

A period of dressmaking is next in order. A quiet day is selected for cutting, and is followed by an absorption in making, that is ludicrous when it resolves itself into sitting up till midnight of Saturday, as though driven by a dressmaker at Easter-time instead of having weeks of leisure and oceans of time yet stretching ahead.

Down in the southern oceans, where

the albatross swarm through days and nights of chill murkiness, an appetite comes that will not be satisfied, and another era of misery for the steward begins, manifesting itself in messing with the chafing-dish, evening lunches and cocoa ; or candy scrapes on gray Sunday afternoons, when the kettle of boiling sirup has to be tied to the swaying stove.

Minor events assume magnitude in everyday sea life,—the pranks of cat, dog, pig, or whatever the ship pet be. The fowls impart an especial air of domesticity. It is comforting to hear their homely crow at daybreak, to feed them after dinner, and to follow the steward when he goes for their eggs. This last is an important matter, and sometimes captains become so proud of the performance of these members of the ship company that they keep and compare with one another records of eggs laid during so many days' passage.

Not long ago there was an item floating among that mass of misinformation which does its best to veil the actualities of ship life, stating that "fowls were carried to sea, but for what reason was not evident, as the oldest mariner never heard of one being killed for the mess and a hen at sea absolutely refuses to lay eggs." As to the mess part of it, Sunday fowl on the cabin table is almost as traditional as Thursday duff, and comes to be scorned by old sailors when on shore, along with olives, pea-soup, and kindred accompaniments of the floating cuisine.

It is work that the heart thrills to when port is so near that it is safe to again dress the cabin. Rugs, cushions, curtains, photographs, are returned to their former public places, and a gentle air of comfort transforms the place in harmony with the expectancy that is rejoicing the ship company. The first butcher out will bring flowers.

Port life in the East Indies and in the colonies generally is charming. It is universal in its eager friendliness to those out from "home" or "the States," its hospitality and its gayety ; though there are certain places that excel in the spontaneous expression of these amenities, and rank as favorites in the hearts of those whose memories make the happy annals of the shipping world.

First of all, with the majority, probably, stands Hong Kong, that port of radiant memories of the days when the Stars and Stripes floated over perhaps thirty ships in her harbor ; when the Fourth of July picnics to the mountain might number a half-hundred Yankees together, and again as many for the dances on one ship and another of the fleet, when the between-decks was cleared and hung with ensigns and signal flags and the children of severe New England forgot themselves and feasted, frolicked, and flirted in the romance-breeding enchantment of eastern moonlight. At Hong Kong, ashore, were the dances of the "Tarantula" Club, the races, polo matches, and cricket among the regiments, with military concerts on Sunday afternoons.

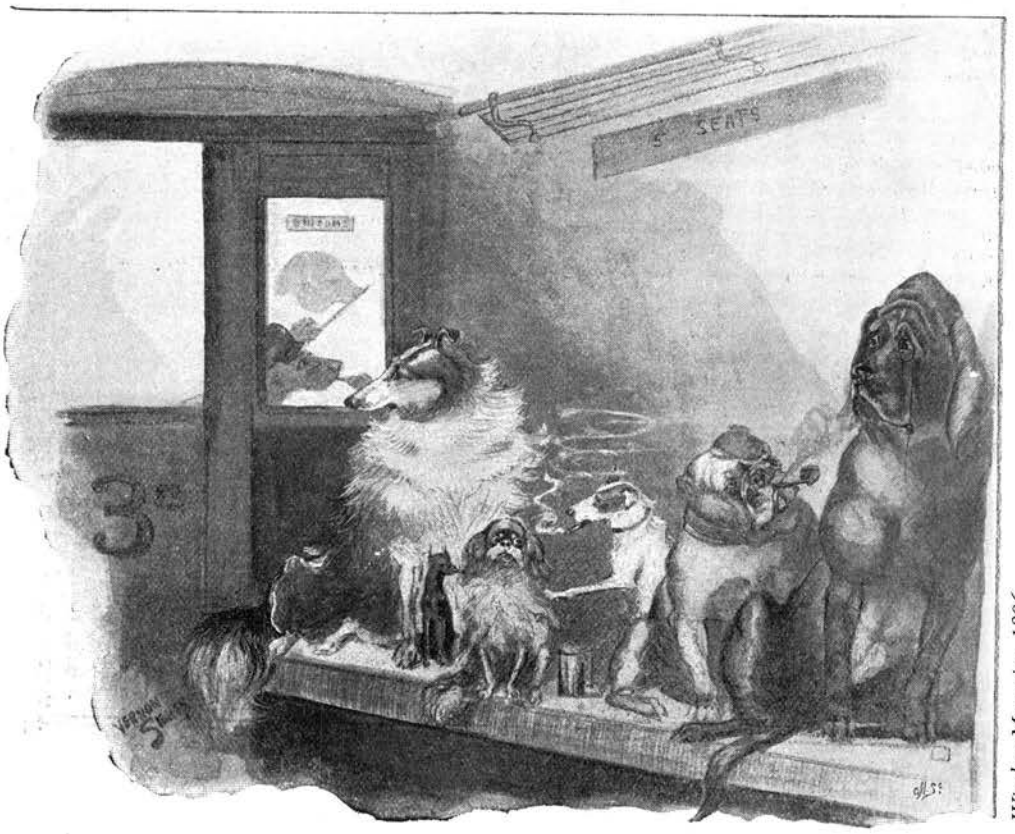
Manila port life was similar to that in Hong Kong, though the port is less of a favorite and life there more tedious. There was the bachelors' hall, for some years gratefully known by those of the ships tarrying in that bay, where a jolly company of young English, Scotch, and Americans lived and lavished hospitality ; and, many a morning, parties of these business exiles traversed the bay to breakfast aboard their respective home ships ; where the Americans, for instance, rejoiced in hot rolls with their

coffee in the same spirit that the old confederate colonel, so many years consul at Hong-Kong, rejoiced and made use of his opportunity of tasting corn bread again by favoring each ship of the fleet in turn at breakfast.

In foreign waters American vessels are beset for baked beans and doughnuts, the fame of which always spreads where there is a Yankee clipper harbored.

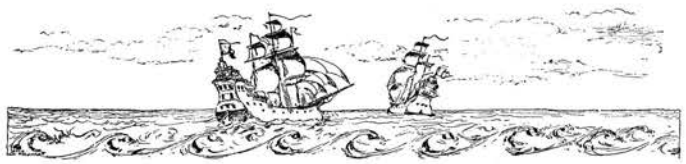
In the old prosperous days the experiences of Americans in East Indian homes were delightful, often the captain and entire family being received at once in the bungalow of some wealthy consignee and made at home amid that languid and luxurious tropical life, as long as the ship remained in port. The hordes of brown servants, the drowsy magnificence and the utter ease of it all, were novel indeed to the daughters of our energetic clime. The old Eastern business houses, too, entertained in princely fashion in those days.

In these times the Australian ports are among the most cordial, a large proportion of the American trade by sailing vessel now going in that direction. Sydney has long ranked high in the list of favorite ports. Many an old salt seeks his final haven there, and many more would were they free to choose. The spirit of the people, their welcome to strangers of all lands, the indescribable beauty of the place, and the possibilities for pleasure amid the luring windings of its harbor, like to no other harbor in its enchantment, give it a tenderness in memory that never fades in the lives that have tasted the social side of seagoing.



Windsor Magazine, 1896

"Third-Class Smoking."



SOME HINTS ABOUT FOREIGN TRAVEL.

The Americans, it is generally admitted, are great travellers. It may also be asserted that they are good travellers; those habits of consideration for the feelings of others—however humble in condition—which spring from the equality of rights peculiar to republican institutions, smoothing over all the difficulties and little annoyances that cross their path.

Americans may be characterized as good-natured, forbearing, and sympathetic. These are their good points, and they are points of great value in a traveller. Why it is that they are so addicted to travel is not difficult to comprehend. A new and vigorous nation, restless, mobile, and eager for progress—a boundless extent of territory, open to all, and holding out hope to all, untrammelled by passports or police, custom-houses, or the barriers of unknown languages—their home embraces the limits of a Continent, and the involvements of business or family relations rarely leave that home unexplored.

Among the numberless sneers, so lavishly expended upon us by the English, is the assertion that the most highly educated class of our men—men who have enjoyed the benefits of foreign travel—live a life of mental isolation, shut up in their libraries, their thoughts; their sympathies forever dwelling upon the scenes and associations of the Old World, among seats of learning, in galleries of Art, mid the mighty relics of ancient nations.

If foreign travel really have this effect, then would it be well that no American should go abroad. But it is not true. Why should the travelled American return to his own country more dissatisfied than the travelled man of any other land? A young Englishman's education is not considered complete until he has made the "grand tour," under the care of his tutor, and we have yet to find that *he* learns to love his country less. The ready answer to this would perhaps be, "He finds none which can compare with his own." The people of other nations do not hold this opinion—but let it pass. Every true man holds his own country nearest his heart, and hopes for the future—the American as well as the Englishman.

Does the English student or man of letters, the learned dweller in the cloistered haunts of Oxford and Cambridge, live always mentally in his own small island? No, the larger part of his inner life is passed amid the scenes and actions of nations far removed from him, not only by distance, but by time. And when he visits these world-renowned spots, consecrated in his mind by the lore upon which he has fed, does it make him love his country less? Does it make him discontented with home? More liberal than our critics, we think it does not. He travels to enlarge his mental sphere and to rub off his prejudices by intercourse with the enlightened of other lands. An American travelling in Europe gains information that he could obtain in no other way; but once his, it is his forever. One lesson he learns, a lesson beyond all price, fully to understand the privileges and blessings he enjoys at home.

There are certainly Americans—idle people of wealth—who lead a purposeless existence, and prefer a life of pleasure in the gay cities of Europe to the responsibilities of home. These are but a handful, however, compared with the English, who colonize most of the towns in France, Italy, and Switzerland, the English chapel being as well known a feature in Continental towns as any of their local lions.

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It is best to obtain passports in Washington; but this matter is arranged by gentlemen; our hints are chiefly for ladies.

Russia is the only country in Europe that presents any difficulties to travellers. They do not encourage foreign travel, and their custom-house and police laws are extremely stringent. No books—not even guide books can be taken into Russia. They must be left at the frontier until you return. You move about with the knowledge of the police, and no foreigner can leave Russia without advertising his intention in the newspapers at least a fortnight before his departure, in order that all who have claims upon him may be informed.

Between England and France no passports are at present required. Nor in most of the cantons of Switzerland. It is proper, however, to have your passport *viséd* in London at your own Legation. As these documents become much worn by frequent handling, it is advisable to have them bound in pocket-book form.

Americans usually burthen themselves with too much luggage. They take huge trunks which they find themselves obliged to leave behind in London or Paris, and provide themselves with clothing sufficient for years, without reflecting that they are not going into deserts untrod by man, but to the very centres of civilization, where anything they require can be obtained at a moment's notice, ready for instant use. The packing and unpacking of a score of useless things becomes, in a little while, a great tax upon time and patience, and the result is, that most persons drop from time to time all superfluous articles, and learn experience at some expense.

For a lady, half a dozen of each article of under-clothing would be ample. Of white under-skirts two, as they take up a great deal of space, and black silk are the best for daily use. Whenever you stop—if but for twenty-four hours—you can have washing done, which, under any circumstances would be done, to avoid carrying about soiled clothing. For travellers who are going to the East, and wish to make the journey up the Nile in a Nile boat, a large supply would of course be necessary, as no washing can be done during the six weeks usually consumed in this trip. As steamboats now ply upon the Nile, however, few persons go up in boats, and the journey is much shorter.

The best material for a lady's travelling dress is black silk or alpaca. The former is preferable. It is easily brushed and smoothed out, and is less liable to be travel-stained. A black silk, of a quality as rich as you please, is also the best adapted for service while stopping, as an out-door dress; for shopping, sight-seeing, visiting galleries, driving, etc. It is inconspicuous, and the dress of a gentlewoman everywhere. The English are always known on the Continent by some astounding "get up," which they call a travelling dress. An American lady's costume is so entirely French, that she is never conspicuous, unless she takes up the English idea, and walks about in Continental towns with a grotesque hat, hobnailed boots, and flashy underskirts. For mild weather on the road, a water-proof cloak is most convenient. If chilly, a Zouave jacket of cloth may be worn underneath, either with or without

the dress body. In cold weather a heavy cloth sack will be required. Never travel without a blanket shawl upon your arm ready for instant use. Such a shawl is invaluable, not only for warmth in sudden changes of weather, but to use as a cushion, pillow, etc. etc. A straw bonnet, simply trimmed in the best style, is the most appropriate head-gear for a lady.

Fashion governs these matters, however, and we would only say that the numerous "hats" now worn, though convenient, have never the thoroughly genteel appearance that a bonnet possesses.

A sole-leather trunk is the strongest and best for long periods of travel. It should not be more than 16 inches high, 18 wide, and 32 long. This size will fit upon any travelling carriage. It should open in the middle, that you may push it under the berth on board of the ship. Trunks may be stored in the luggage-room if you sail in a steamer. The state-rooms are small; all the clothing required for a voyage of ten or eleven days may be contained in a travelling bag, which should be 22 inches high and 30 wide, and made of enamelled cloth, which wears as well as leather, and sheds water better. The trunk should have a canvas cover, and it is best to have this varnished.

With a little ingenuity a bonnet may be carried in the top division of the trunk, and thus avoid another article of luggage. At all events the addition of a bonnet-box may be deferred till Paris is reached, by which time much experience as to a person's requirements will have been gained.

A convenient travelling hand-bag is indispensable to contain many little comforts and conveniences that may be needed by a lady when separated from her trunk: smelling salts, Cologne, fan, portable drinking cup, etc.

A gum-elastic bag for hot water is a very desirable article for a traveller who suffers from cold hands or feet, and when empty occupies very little space. For summer a light linen or muslin dust-cloak will be found convenient.

Except in England, no bed-chamber is furnished with soap.

The examination of luggage on landing in England is made as little troublesome as possible, especially for ladies, who are not expected to carry tobacco, which is the great bugbear of the English tide-waiters. In France and Belgium the custom-house regulations are strictly administered. Large quantities of jewellery are smuggled into France from Switzerland, and it is advisable to carry as few small boxes as possible in your trunk, as they are liable to be rudely broken open in the search. In Germany there is but little trouble, but, strange to say, in Spain, in passing from one province to another, the luggage is liable to custom-house search. The Octroi officials abound on the Continent, but a simple declaration will usually suffice for them. In Italy the custom-house officials are corrupt, more especially in the Papal dominions. A small fee, privately administered, is the method by which the experienced overcome all interference here.

All travellers on the Continent of Europe, if able to incur the expense, should employ a courier. The whole anxiety and burthen of the arrangements is assumed by him; he speaks all the languages of Europe with sufficient accuracy; he understands the usages of the road; is cognizant of a thousand little impositions that the unwary foreigner knows nothing of, and shields him from them. He stands between him and the grasping innkeeper, postilion, or vetturino, making every bargain, paying every bill; he writes in advance, and engages the apartment which will be found all ready on arriving; he examines every room to see if all is neat and well ordered. If there should be any shortcomings, he puts all right with a strong hand, for the courier is a tyrant in a small way He brings customers to the hotels, and the landlords knowing this are his humble servants. If you have a private table, he is in attendance at meals; carves for you, and sees that the dinner is as it should be, and that you are properly served. He knows the best shops and all the objects of interest to be seen in the towns you may visit. He can conduct you to galleries and museums, and understands the methods by which admittance can be gained to palaces, villas, etc. A good courier, in short, smooths over every difficulty, and enables you to enjoy without drawback your residence in foreign lands.

The objection frequently made to couriers is that they make their percentage out of their employers' money. It is not generally known to Americans that servants in all parts of Europe receive fees from tradespeople, and are thus encouraged to bring them custom. This no doubt is done by those whom your courier employs. He would hardly obtain a recommendation if he went beyond this, and the traveller must secure himself by obtaining reliable recommendations. At all events it is better to have one man filch you than five hundred! Couriers may be readily obtained in London or Paris. The salary per month is about fifty dollars. He pays his own bill at all hotels (except in Spain), or rather it is understood that he pays *nothing*, as he brings the patronage.

A courier generally expects to receive a sum of money in hand on setting out, rendering an account of it when it is exhausted. A liberal employer, however, may manage his expenses as he pleases, by letting it be seen that he *is* liberal. He may give a daily sum while on the road, and take an account of it nightly.

The most luxurious, satisfactory, and, of course, most expensive mode of travelling is by post. A carriage may be hired for any number of months, or a new or second-hand one purchased, and when done with, sold. The posting is regulated by government, according to a settled tariff.

A less expensive mode, which prevails in Italy, is by travelling "vetturino," that is, by hiring a carriage and placing yourself in the charge of the conductor or vetturino. He charges a specified sum by day, and engages to convey you in a given time to your destination. This charge includes all expenses, food, etc. This latter saves the traveller from the impositions of innkeepers, who prey upon foreigners. This mode of travelling is slow and tedious, as you journey always with the same horses, and must stop for hours to rest whenever your vetturino pleases. Another method is by diligence; but railways and steamboats are now so universal, that on most of the great routes the traveller will find these modes of conveyance. To see a country to advantage, however, and enjoy the scenery, one must neither make short cuts by sea, or fly through the air by rail.

All travellers should purchase Murray's hand-books of the different countries they intend to visit. They contain a large amount of useful information on all the points important to a tourist.

In Great Britain a "Bradshaw" is also indispensable. It is published monthly, and contains all the latest information relative to the departure of trains, steamers, stages, etc.

In crossing the channels to France or Ireland, it is well to go on board the steamers early and secure a sofa or berth. If you dread the sea, choose a calm day, for one

is liable to more severe sea-sickness in these short passages than in crossing the Atlantic, and the boats are usually crowded. Few things are more surprising to an American accustomed to the floating palaces of his own country, than the small and inconvenient vessels that ply upon these important highways.

Railway travelling in Europe differs from our own in some of the arrangements. The term "car" is never applied to their conveyances. They are called "carriages," and are divided into compartments containing, sometimes six, sometimes eight persons. A party which does not entirely fill a compartment, may always secure it to themselves by a judicious application of silver to the palm of the guard.

Luggage is not, as with us, always carried in a "baggage-car." That of each person is usually placed on the top of the carriage he is in. The smaller packages and bags being taken inside and accommodated in nettings above his head.

One hint it is as well to give to our countrywomen. The shopkeepers in Europe are not accustomed to have their goods turned over by persons who do not come to buy. The presumption always is, that when a lady enters a shop it is to purchase something, and not to gratify her curiosity or "educate her taste" at the expense of a great deal of trouble to others. In Great Britain, where the people are less good-natured and courteous than on the Continent, this lesson may be rudely administered.

It is not the usage for girls to walk alone in the streets of the large capitals or towns of Europe. They should endeavor always to go out accompanied by a servant or older lady.

A little small change of the country you may be in should always be kept in the pocket while on the road—coppers, especially.



EDUCATION OF GIRLS IN ENGLAND.

In our March number we gave some account of the effort made by the "Social Science Association," on behalf of a better education for women. Lord Brougham advocated the opening of the Syndicate of Cambridge University to the competition of girls as well as boys in the examinations. This has been done, and now we have the following result from English authority:—

"After much opposition, the Cambridge examinations for girls in England have become regularly established, apparently with the best results. The last report of the Syndicate of Cambridge University on the local examinations held throughout the country during the past winter, shows that the girls have not only shown themselves superior in the points in which it was certain that they would do better than the boys, but that in mathematics also they have gained great credit. The general style of their papers was decidedly better than what the boys produced, and their answers were more to the point, with far fewer attempts at fine writing than their boy competitors indulge in. Ten girls out of twelve passed a creditable examination in Latin, being especially distinguished for accuracy and good taste in translation. A hundred and twenty-six girls were examined, and the examiners gave reports which seem to answer some of the chief objections against the examination for girls, stating that no undue excitement was noticeable, nor any signs of weariness towards the end of the week. On the contrary, all was very methodical and orderly, and the girls did their work in a most business-like way, without flagging."

We shall have more to say about this English experiment of feminine classical and mathematical education.

The Philadelphia Ladies' Centenary Association has a very important work planned out, that of founding a Methodist Seminary or College for the benefit of this great denomination in Philadelphia.

Most fervently do we wish them God speed! The ladies have such a host of "Honorable Women," whose names as "Foundresses" and helpers, mark their church as glorious for womanhood, that they will pardon us for entreating them not to permit an inferior title for their college to mar its appropriate and beautiful idea of *feminine* humanity. Do not call it a *Female* College, where *animals* might claim a place, whilst such noble titles as "Susanna Wesley College," "Lady Huntingdon College," "Barbara Heck College," are the priceless inheritance of American Methodist women.

Next month we hope to give some adequate notice of these "Three Foundresses" of the Methodist Churches in England and America, as Rev. Abel Stevens, in his interesting volume, has delineated the loveliness of their characters, and their self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of Christ and His Gospel. But the readers of the Lady's Book need not wait for our notice; get "The Women of Methodism" once open in your hand, you will not need any commendation except the remarkable interest of the contents to lead you on. It is a work that every American lady should thankfully welcome as a precious memorial of womanly piety and good works.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

A WORKING GIRLS' INSTITUTE.

"During the past winter a night-school for working girls was held in the S. S. room of St. Mary's Church, West Philadelphia. The Rev. T. C. Yarnall, Rector of the Parish, gave his personal attention to the work, and is much encouraged by the result.

"The school, which was intended for the girls employed in mills and factories, was opened December 4th, and there have been in all 112 pupils connected with it, of whom more than half were regular attendants. The average has varied with the weather, from 15 to 35. The instruction was confined to the elementary English branches, while one evening of each week was devoted to plain sewing. On Saturday evening a class of 16 met to take writing lessons from a paid instructor. There have been 30 ladies connected with the school, as volunteer teachers. Some of these belong to the Church of the Saviour, and two or three to the Presbyterian Church, but the majority of them to St. Mary's."

Such is a brief synopsis of this truly Christian charity. This is the first attempt, we believe, to give fitting culture to Working Girls. The Institute now needs funds to establish it permanently, and *books for a library*. Shall it fail, for want of patronage, in the rich and liberal city of Philadelphia?

THE LITTLE BEAR'S STORY.

By C. F. Holder.

"Yes," the little bear cub would say, "that is my picture. I am a native of the State of California. I don't remember distinctly where I was born, but it was up in the Sierras, where the snow lies in great banks, and the giant trees stand like sentinels, and where you might travel for days and weeks and meet no one but bears.

"The first thing I recollect was finding myself in a big burrow covered with snow; then my mother broke the way out and led us (I had a brother) down the mountain. We soon left the snow; and I remember one day, at sunset, we stood on an overhanging rock, and my mother showed us the green valleys and nice dark forests where we could hide, and far off was the gleaming sea. Mother did not care very much for the water, I think.

"My mother was hungry, after the long winter fast, and every day took us lower and lower, until one night she led us into a sheep ranch. Then our troubles began, for she left us to catch a lamb, and never came back. We heard all about it afterward. Some ranchers had seen her, and rode out on horseback to enjoy the cruel sport of "roping a bear." As they rode around her, one threw his lariat about her neck; another caught her forefoot as she stood up, another her hind leg; and then they dragged her away to the ranch-house—and so we became orphans.

"It was not long before the dogs found us, and a man carried me home in a basket to his wife, who treated me very kindly. I did not like it, but pretended I did, and ate all I could, always watching and hoping for a chance to run away to my mountain home. My mistress, however, soon thought I was too knowing, and put a chain about my neck. Finally, when I was about four months old, they sent me to a friend in San Francisco. I shall never forget how people looked at me and laughed when I stood on my hind legs, as if there was anything laughable in that! But they gave me sugar and other good things, and I fared well.

"My new master was a butcher, and most of the time I stayed in his shop. But some days, when I was very homesick, and longed for my mother, and the little cub who had been carried off I did not know where, the butcher's wife would take me into her room back of the shop, and then I would go to sleep, cuddled up close upon a rug, with my paws on her hand, and dream that I was back in my mountain home.

"One day I heard my master say I was to be pho-to-graphed, and I thought my time had come. You see, I had never heard the word before. There was no escape, as I was kept tied; and the next morning my master took me under his big coat in the cable-cars. I could just peep through one of the button-holes, and all at once I uttered a loud whine. You should have seen how the passengers stared at my master, who I knew looked embarrassed, as he gave me a tremendous squeeze. We soon got out, and I was carried up a flight of stairs, and placed on a table in a room, the walls of which were covered with pictures of people's faces, all of which seemed to keep their eyes fixed on me.

"My master petted me and gave me some sugar, and I began to think that being photographed was possibly not so bad, after all. Presently a man came in. He looked very much astonished, and said, 'Why, I thought you engaged a sitting for "a descendant of one of the early settlers"?'

"'So I did,' replied my master; 'there it is'; pointing to where I stood up, blinking with all my might.

"'Why, it 's a cub bear!' exclaimed the man.

"'Well, it is a relative of some early settlers, all the same,' my master answered.

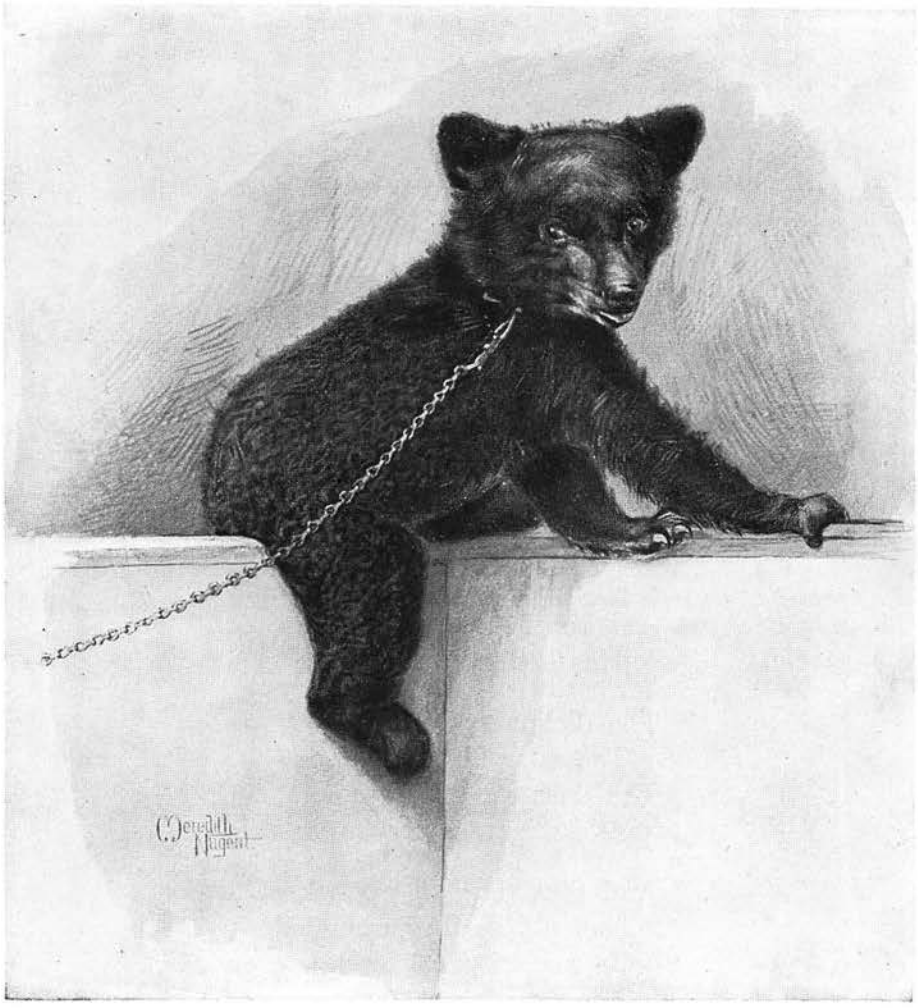
"At this the man smiled good-humoredly,

then he went into another room, while my master petted me and gave me so much sugar that I had the toothache from it. After a while the man came back and said he was ready, and I was taken into a room where there was a big thing like a gun on three legs, with a cloth over it. My master sat down in a chair and held me in his lap while the man pointed the gun at us.

"I thought I was to be shot, and tried to get away, and this made the man so cross that he came out from under the cloth and said he could n't do it. Then my master put me up in a child's chair and propped something tight against my head, at which they both laughed so loud you could have heard them in the street, and I jumped down.

"Finally, the man tapped his forehead and said 'I have it.' He put a screen before the gun and my master set me on top of it, holding my chain while the man crept under the cloth. I did not dare move, as I was astride of the screen, my hind feet hanging in the air. I prepared for the worst. Then the man came out again, looked at me sharply, and turned my head a little, telling me to smile; at which my master laughed. The man next shook a tambourine at me, and as I turned to see what the noise meant, I heard a *click!* and just then my master took me down and carried me home, much to my relief.

"I wondered what it was all about until one day my master took me on his knee, and, holding up a card, said, 'Well, here you are!'— and what do you suppose it was? Nothing more or less than my picture; just as I was perched astride the screen the day when I thought I was going to be killed. Here it is:"



Fugitive Verse.

THANKSGIVING.

In stack and cellar, bay and bin,
  Now rest the harvests of the year;
The orchard's wealth is gathered in;
  The ricks are filled; the fields are clear.

To-day we take a truce from toil
  And at the genial fireside meet;
Nothing shall come our peace to spoil
  As we the annual feast repeat.

How calm the Indian summer haze
  Above the distant mountain lies!
The squirrel darts from place to place;
  The crow across the valley flies.

The rippling stream with murmuring tone
  Seems onelier as it passes by,
And one slow hawk, reserved, alone.
  Cuts his broad sweep across the sky.

The colored pallet, rich and rare,
  Is gone which made the forests gay;
A Quaker russet now they wear,
  And even that shall pass away.

But we, around our ample board,
  Confront the winter without fear,
Whose fruits are housed, whose crops are stored,
  Whose friends are true, whose home is dear.

For all, may some good fortune come,
  Some cheer to drive sad thoughts away,
Thrice happy friendships, love and home,
  And naught to mar Thanksgiving Day.

—Once a Week.

SIX LITTLE TURKEYS.

Six little turkeys, all in a row!
Now what they were hatched for, they didn't know·
Our grandma did, but she would not tell;
She watered and fed them every day well.
But not one of the six heard her say
She was fattening them for Thanksgiving Day.

Six little turkeys! From morning till night
They would run away and hide out of sight.
Grandma's sun-bonnet scarcely at all
Found time to hang on its peg on the wall;
For they kept her all summer watching about
The by-ways and hedges, calling them out.

Six large, fat turkeys, and all in a row
On Thanksgiving morn! One was to go
To Sam, one to Tom, another to Lu
(Dear little grandchildren, loving and true);
One was to be sent to poor Widow Gray,
With six helpless children to feed that day;
Our Betty cooked one for lame little Joe—
His mother is sick and feeble, you know.
Grandma was so happy, she didn't mind
Running all summer the turkeys to find;
She knew when Thanksgiving Day came round
The very best place for each would be found.

—Unidentified.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

We thank thee, O Father, for all that is bright—
The gleam of the day, and the stars of the night;
The flowers of our youth and the fruits of our prime,
And blessings that march down the pathway of time.

We thank thee, O Father, for all that is drear—
The sob of the tempest, the flow of the tear:
For never in blindness, and never in vain,
Thy mercy permitted a sorrow or pain.

We thank thee, O Father, for song and for feast—
The harvest that glowed and the wealth that increased:
For never a blessing encompassed earth's child,
But thou in thy mercy looked downward and smiled.

We thank thee, O Father of all, for the power
Of aiding each other in life's darkest hour;
The generous heart and the bountiful hand,
And all the soul help that sad souls understand.

We thank thee, O Father, for days yet to be—
For hopes that our future will call us to Thee—
That all our Eternity form, through thy love,
One Thanksgiving Day in the mansions above.

—Will Carleton.

THANKSGIVING ON THE FARM.

The sky is cloudy, dull and gray,
  And in the groves the trees are bare,
All save the red oak trees, and they
  Still their bright-colored foliage wear.
The river's frozen out from shore
  Full half its width, and anchor ice
Still crowds along with grind and roar;
  Smooth spots, the boys with skates entice.
We hear on prairie roads the sound
  Of wagons rolling miles away,
Shrill creaking o'er the frozen ground,
  Mingled with shouts of boys at play.
Outside the barnyard in the lane
  Are wagons new with high spring seat;
Strong, like their owners, stanch and plain,
  And covered buggies trim and neat.
The colts that, turned into the yard,
  Around the straw stacks run and race,
Reach their head o'er the gate that's barred,
  Or to the quiet cows give chase.
The young folks skate upon the pond,
  Or round a blazing fire play;
A chime of churchbells far beyond
  Proclaim it is Thanksgiving Day.

—Minneapolis Tribune.

THANKSGIVING NOVELTIES.

Suited to Modern Ways and Tastes.



AFTER the gathering in of the harvests by the Massachusetts colonists in the year 1621, Gov. Bradford made provision for rejoicing, especially together with praise and thanksgiving, because of God's tender care over the few brave but helpless men and women, thousands of miles from the home of their fathers, with the waves of the mighty Atlantic rolling between them and the fireside of their early days. Two years later the colony was visited with a terrible drought, and a day of fasting and prayer was appointed, which was turned into thanksgiving by the coming of rain in the midst of the devotions.

Gov. Bradford had been succeeded by Gov. Winthrop, when the harvest of 1630 proved a failure. The supplies of food ran short, and the governor dispatched a ship to the mother country for provisions. Storms and contrary winds detained the ship so long that the people were reduced to great extremities to obtain sustenance sufficient to sustain life. Again a day of fasting and prayer was appointed, and while the suppliants were yet at prayer, the good ship Lyons dropped her anchor in the harbor, and soon after distributed her supply of relief, again turning a day of fasting and prayer into one of thanksgiving.

By these and countless other divine favors the custom grew, until in New England it began to be an annual custom for the governor of the colonies to appoint a day of thanksgiving in connection with the in-gathering of the harvests. It soon became a peculiar day in the social life of New England. During the Revolution a National Thanksgiving was annually recommended by Congress, and Washington recommended such a day after the adoption of the Constitution. During the rebellion, President Lincoln frequently recommended the observance after Union victories, and in 1863 made a proclamation for a national Thanksgiving. Since that time such a proclamation has been annually issued, and custom has fixed on the last Thursday of November for its observance—so that the custom became general throughout the United States. True Christians love to bow the head in thankfulness for blessings vouchsafed unto the people of the state and the nation, and for countless blessings of life, before participating in the feasting in which custom has led us to indulge on this day.

We have all read and dreamed of the overflowing table of our forefathers on this special day, but custom and progress have taught us to vary in many ways the menu of the Thanksgiving dinner to suit more modern ways and tastes; and while the home coming is just as general, the greetings just as hearty as formerly, a modern Thanksgiving menu would afford many contrasts to one established in the early days. Here are a few ways of preparing some pretty holiday cakes, that can be heartily recommended:

Cocoanut Pyramid.

Make a cake, using a scant half-cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, one of sweet milk, three of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, and whites of four eggs added last. Bake in biscuit-tins, and when cool enough cut into small squares. Dip these into frosting and then roll in grated cocoanut. It will require three times the amount of frosting that would be necessary for the top alone. Lay these squares on a cake-standard, each layer narrowing up one row until a point is reached; then sprinkle over the whole loose cocoanut. The effect is beautiful.

Colored Cakes.

Another way of preparing the squares of cake is to roll each in frosting that has been colored with vegetable coloring matter. This can be procured at any confectioner's, and is considered entirely harmless. When several colors are used, mixed with the white squares, it makes a beautiful basket of cake, and one very suitable for a holiday.

Almond Cake.

One cupful of sugar, 1¾ cupfuls of flour, three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of boiling water, one teaspoonful of baking-powder. Bake in two layers; between put one pint of thick sweet cream, whipped, flavored and sweetened to taste; stir in this one pound of blanched almonds, chopped very fine; spread between and on top.

Fruit Cookies.

Two cupfuls of brown sugar, two cupfuls of chopped raisins, two eggs, one cupful of butter, four tablespoonfuls of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of cinnamon and one-half teaspoonful of nutmeg.

Porcupine Pudding.

This can be prepared the day before needed. Make a yellow cake and bake in a biscuit-tin. Use the yolks of four eggs, butter the size of an egg, one cupful of milk, two cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, one cupful of sugar. Frost over with white frosting, then stick thickly over the top of the cake blanched almonds, standing them on end. Serve with a dressing of cold, thin custard mixed with sweet cream. The yellow cake with the white trimmings makes a lovely looking pudding and tastes as well as it looks. Use a trifle of almond flavoring.

Salted Almonds.

To every cupful of blanched almonds add a tablespoonful of melted butter, lard or olive-oil; stir them well and let them stand for an hour then sprinkle with salt, allowing a level tablespoonful for each cupful of nuts. Pour the nuts into a baking-tin, place in a moderately hot oven, and bake until brown, stirring occasionally while browning.

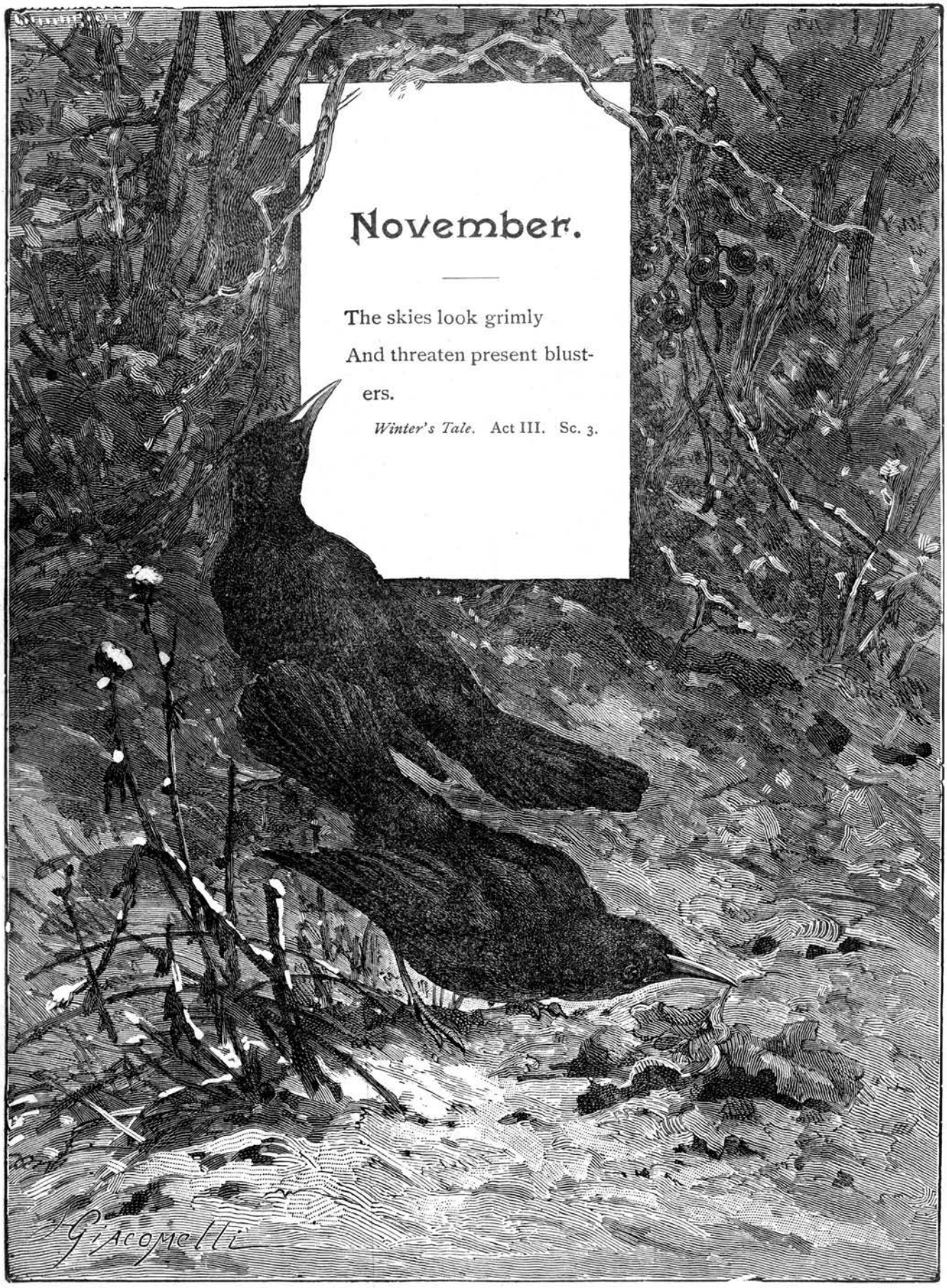
Peanut Candy.

For 15 cents' worth of peanuts, use two teacupfuls of granulated sugar; shell and rub off the brown peel, and chop fine; pour the sugar into a hot, dry skillet and stir constantly with an iron spoon. This will soon lump and look brown, but continue the stirring and suddenly it will become liquid. At this moment stir in the chopped peanuts and pour out directly on buttered tins. When slightly cool, scum off with a knife. When cool, it is ready for use, and is finer than can be bought.

—*Annie Wade.*

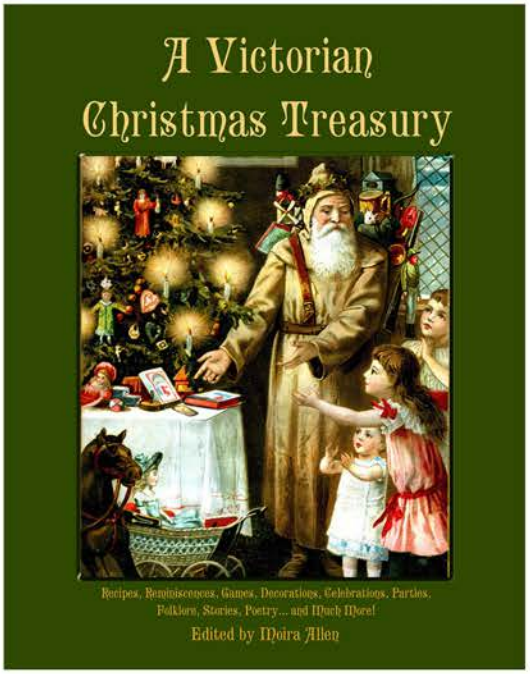
Rice Pudding (Maryland).

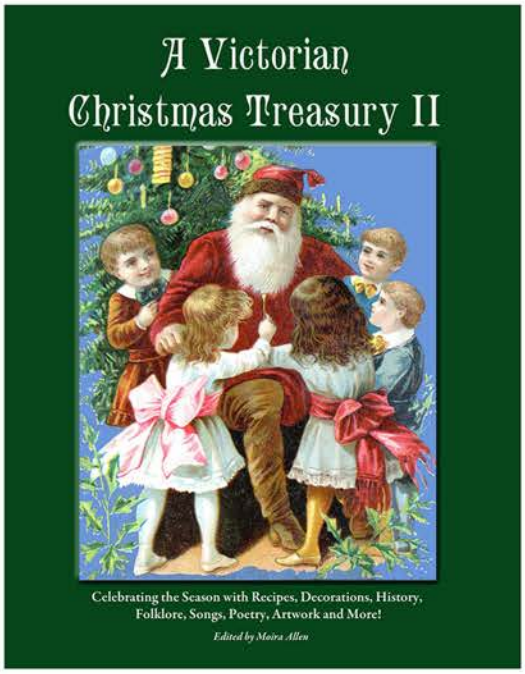
Into one cup of purest drink,
Let one teacup of clear rice sink,
And boil till all the water's gone—
No matter where. Stir with a spoon
'Til it is smooth and white and done.
Then add three egg-yolks, beaten light,
One lemon's rind, all grated right,
And of white sugar, well refined,
Eight spoons, by stirring—thus combined,
And pour the mixture in a dish—
Of any size the cook may wish—
And let it stand, while with a fork
You beat the whites as light as cork—
The whites of these three eggs I mean—
And when they are beaten stiff and clean,
Add eight spoonfuls of sugar white—
In short, a frosting you must make,
Like that you put on wedding cake.
Put the sweet icing gently over
All your pudding, like a cover;
In a cool oven let it brown—
We think the pudding will go down.



Logan's Home Manual, 1899

Experience the Magic of a Victorian Christmas!





CHRISTMAS BOOKS

Make your holiday merry with our Christmas treasuries, packed with holiday decorating tips, arts and crafts, recipes, games, folklore, and fascinating glimpses of Christmas around the world!

victorianvoices.net/bookstore/Xmas.shtml

HOLIDAY GREETING CARDS







Delight friends and family with our gorgeous selection of greeting cards, printed through Zazzle.com!

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SEASONAL CLIP ART

Last, but not least, bring a special touch to all your creative holiday projects with our incredible collection of holiday clip art and full-color ephemera and prints. Our 2000+ winter and Christmas images are sure to add a bit of Victorian magic to your cards, gifts and crafts!

victorianvoices.net/clipart/seasons

