Victorian Times

A Monthly Exploration of Victorian Life

Vol. B-1, No. 7 - July 2024

Fireworks • Animal Actors • A German Wedding • Trout Fishing
Desserts for Every Day • Norway • A London Auction House
Jockeys • Servant Duties • Strange Hiding Places • Zoo Stories
Mount Mellick Embroidery • The Rules of Matrimony

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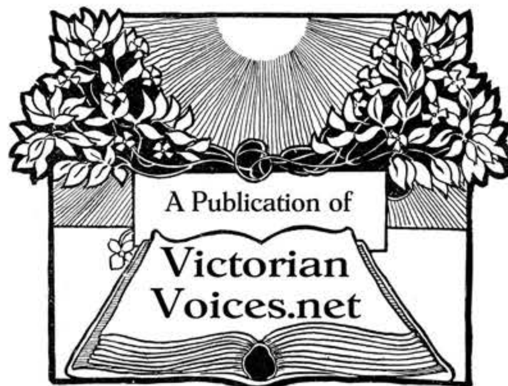
edited by Moira Allen



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Cover Image: Undated image from a Victorian scrap album; probably a seed catalog print from the 1890's.

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Vol. B-1, No. 7
July 2024

4 **Editor's Greeting: *When I was a Girl... Continued*,** by Moira Allen

5 **Animal Actors,** by H.J. Milton *(UK-Pearson's, 1896)*

11 **Pictures in Fire[works],** by Frederick A. Talbot *(UK-Windsor Magazine, 1900)*

20 **Our Tour in Norway, Part 7** *(UK-Girl's Own Paper, 1885)*

22 **Poem: "A Theosophic Marriage,"** by Henry J.W. Dam *(US-Century Magazine, 1884)*

23 **How to Catch Trout,** by M.G. Watkins *(UK-Cassell's Family Magazine, 1877)*

26 **At a German Wedding,** by Wilhelm F. Brand *(UK-Cassell's Family Magazine, 1886)*

28 **Poem: "What the Burdock Was Good For"** *(US-St. Nicholas Magazine, 1882)*

29 **How the Other Half Lives: The Jockey,** by Wilfred Wemley *(UK-English Illustrated Magazine, 1895)*

33 **Wool-Gathering,** by H. Mackinnon Walbrook *(UK-Cassell's Family Magazine, 1893)*

35 **Mount Mellick Embroidery,** by Josepha Crane *(UK-Cassell's Family Magazine, 1892)*

39 **Every-Day Desserts, and Desserts for Every Day, Part 2,** by Ruth Hall *(US-Good Housekeeping, 1888)*

40 **Hints to Young Housekeepers: Servants, Part 4,** by Mrs. S.W. Oakey *(US-Scribner's, 1879)*

41 **Wax Flowers, Part 7: The Sweet Pea,** by Mrs. E.S.L. Thompson *(US-Peterson's, 1879)*

42 **The Realm of Fiction,** by Priscilla Leonard *(US-Century Magazine, 1895)*

42 **Poem: "Re: The Hubbard Dog,"** by Flora Klickmann *(UK-Windsor Magazine, 1900)*

43 **Secret Hiding-Places,** by James Scott *(UK-The Strand, 1894)*

48 **Matrimonial Engagements, Settlements, etc.** *(UK-Cassell's Household Guide, 1884)*

50 **How to Make an Aeolian Harp/Waterproof Paper** *(UK-Cassell's Household Guide, 1884)*

51 **Zig-Zags at the Zoo: 7 - ZigZag Cursorean,** by Arthur Morrison & J.A. Shepherd *(UK-The Strand, 1893)*

60 **Country Scenes - July,** by Thomas Miller *(UK-Illustrated London Almanack, 1848)*

When I Was a Girl… Continued…

Last month, my husband and I had so much fun with the editorial, we just kept going with the theme. It's amazing to look back and realize how much has changed—and how those changes have altered all our lives. Some of those alterations are improvements; some, perhaps, not so much. And sometimes it's difficult to say.

For example, when I was a girl, we had seven or eight television channels. If you wanted to change channels, you got up out of your chair and walked across the room and turned the dial. (Quite possibly you also fussed with the "bunny ears" to make your show come in properly.) I can recall when "UHF" made its debut, bringing us a couple of dozen channels instead of those original handful—and that opened up, to me at least, the world of "old movies." Today, I have no idea how many channels there actually are. Presumably, thousands. You can watch television on your computer, your tablet, your phone—and you certainly don't have to leave your chair to do so.

So… is this an improvement? In those bad old days, there might be literally "nothing on" during the day (most channels didn't broadcast 24/7), so… you did something else. Read a book, played a game, went outside, visited friends. Do I wish we still only had eight channels? No. But do I wish we still thought reading or playing or socializing or just lazing in the hammock were better options than television? Yep.

What I'd like you to think about right now is the sorts of changes *you* remember from when you were… well, younger. But rather than think about how much has changed since then, think about what life "felt" like back in the day. If you're like me, and you can remember turning the dial to switch TV shows, what was that like? Was it awful? Or was it… normal?

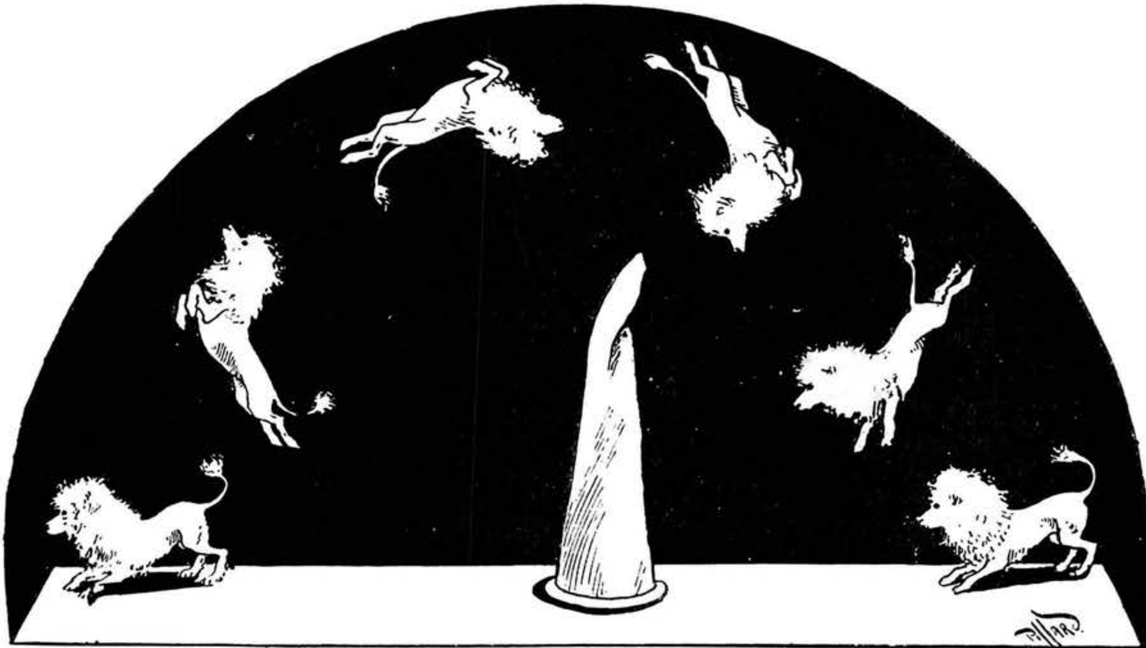
We have a tendency to regard life in bygone days as being far more "difficult" than life today. We think about all the things Victorians lacked (compared to now), and we can't help think how tough it must have been not to have those things. What did people do without washing machines and dishwashers and vacuum cleaners? (BTW, Victorians *did* have those things.) What we are doing is imagining how hard it would be for *us,* being accustomed to those things, to live without them. From there, we make the leap of assuming that life was therefore hard for the Victorians.

But if you think back to the days when you were young, you'll probably remember that, at the time, life didn't seem "tough" at all. It's easy to say that you can't miss what you've never had, but it's more than that. You can't miss what you can't *imagine* having. So back in the day when the phone was tethered to the wall, we might have imagined a day when we could carry one around with us… but we couldn't imagine a "phone" that monitored our pulse or turned the lights on and off in our homes while we were elsewhere. And because we couldn't have imagined this, we did not feel any the worse for not having it.

Victorians, once they had phones, began to imagine a day when they could actually make a call to someone across the sea. But they didn't bemoan the fact that they had no Zoom or Skype. Lacking such things was not a hardship. (And 50 years from now, someone may read this and wonder what *I* am talking about!)

What the Victorians can show us, I think, is that life isn't "hard" because of what we don't have yet. It is rich because of what we do with what we *do* have. Someday, our children will look at our lives today and shake their heads, wondering how we survived without… whatever. We'll simply smile and say, kids, we didn't just survive, we thrived—and so has every generation before us.

—Moira Allen, Editor
editors@victorianvoices.net

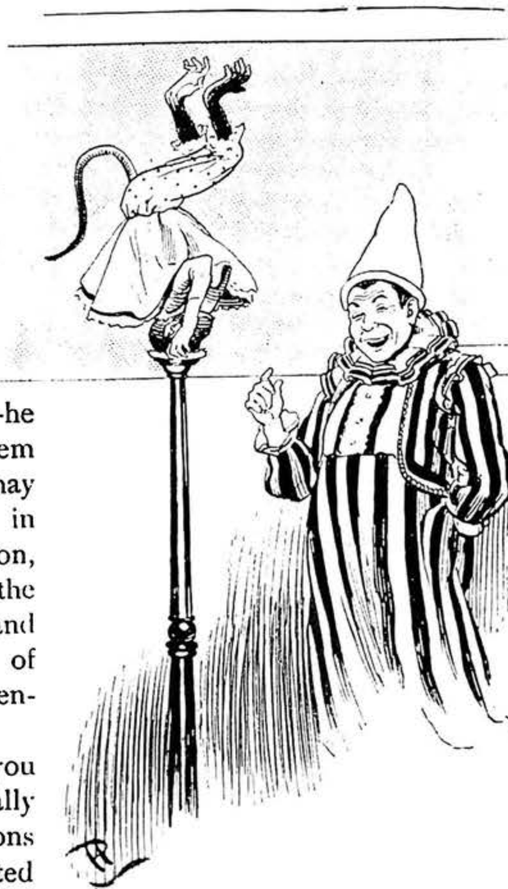


ANIMAL ACTORS.

By H. J. Milton.

Impelled, perhaps, primarily by the undesirable but unavoidable necessity of providing himself with one or more meals a day, and after that by a genuine interest in a most fascinating pursuit, man has discovered that certain members of that section of animate society which he is pleased to call the lower animals may be successfully taught by his superior intellect to emulate the pursuits of his lighter fancy. And not only this—he has found that some of them actually take an interest, nay more, a positive pleasure in forsaking, under his tuition, both the traditions and the postures of their race, and that, too, for the sake of making, or at any rate enlivening, a human holiday.

Thus, for instance, you would hardly think on casually looking over the illustrations to which these printed lines are but a sort of verbal accompaniment—even as indifferent music may be made an accompaniment to good words—that any self-respecting monkey would enjoy putting himself into such an absurdly human attitude as this, that geese would condescend to be drilled to march like German soldiers, to do the goose-step, in fact, or that a dog, usually and justly considered to be a most intelligent animal, should experience the slightest satisfaction in sitting in an attitude of supplication on the top of a long stick poised on the bridge of a human nose, nor yet that it should choose to forsake the firm ground of quadrupedal standing and learn to balance itself on its hind legs on an inconveniently mobile trapeze, just to gain the applause of a

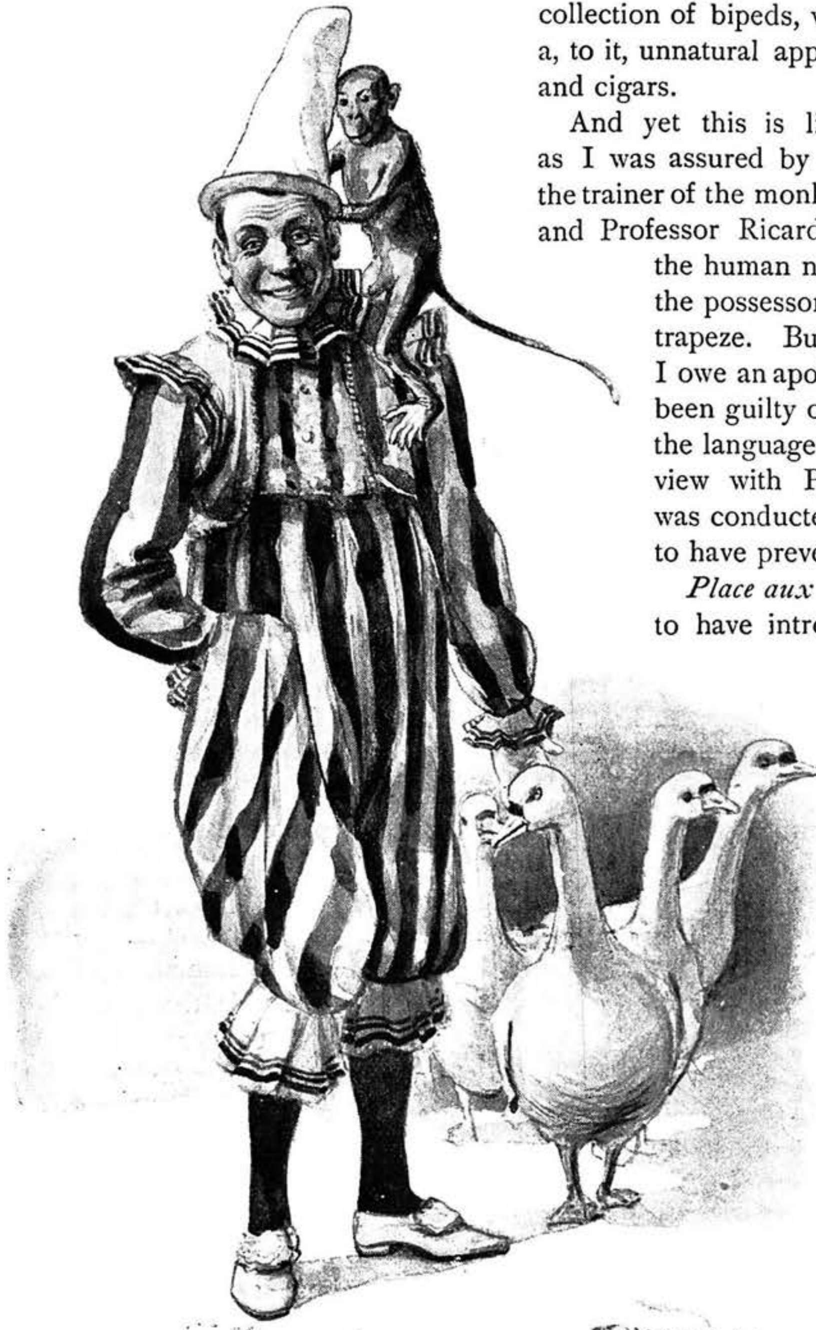


AN INVERTED POOR RELATION.

collection of bipeds, which indulges in a, to it, unnatural appetite for whiskey and cigars.

And yet this is literally the case, as I was assured by Herr Karl Jigg, the trainer of the monkey and the geese, and Professor Ricardo, the owner of the human nose aforesaid and the possessor of both dog and trapeze. But here I find that I owe an apology, since I have been guilty of a lapsus which the language wherein my interview with Professor Ricardo was conducted ought by rights to have prevented.

Place aux dames !—I ought to have introduced the ladies first. The young lady who poses on the pole is Mademoiselle Marquise, a most dainty little French poodle of the purest breed and an equability of temper which is only paralleled by the perfection of physical equilibrium to which she has attained under the Professor's tuition.



HERR JIGG AND HIS MARCHING GEESE.

The damsel on the trapeze is Mademoiselle Blanche, and she, by the way, if you take another look at her portrait, appears also to have mastered the art of performing the elevated kick with her tail in a style worthy of exciting the envy even of a skirt dancer without a tail.

It took her nearly a year to learn this, and a glance at the illustration on page 8 will show you how, clothed in her native charms, she began to acquire the really difficult art of which she is now a past mistress.

MDLLE. MARQUISE ON THE PINNACLE OF FAME.

First she sat up on a chair-back as though she was expecting sugar, which was the invariable reward of diligence, then the chair was tilted very slowly backwards and forwards, and when she had become sufficiently accustomed to this, she stood up and, supported by a cord passed under what, in this connection, I must call her arms, the to and fro motion was repeated. Then she proceeded from the chair-back to the trapeze, supported by the cord as before till the bar became to her as the chair-rail.

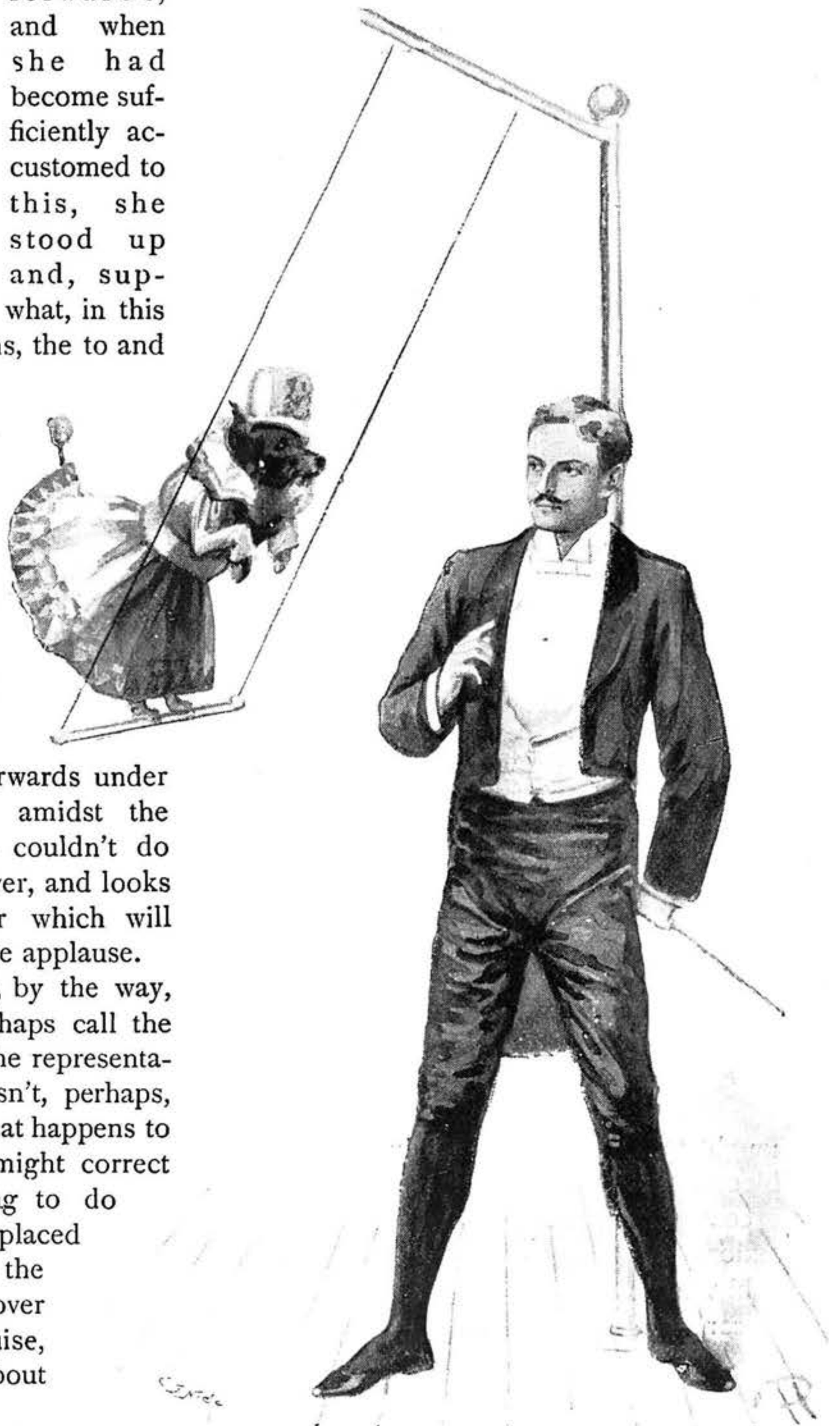
ABOUT TWENTY-FOUR INCHES.

Then came a little swing and then a longer one, and so on, first with the cord and then without it, until now at last she reaps the reward of her labours, as she sails backwards and forwards under the limelight in airy space, amidst the plaudits of many bipeds who couldn't do anything of the sort half so clever, and looks forward to the piece of sugar which will perhaps prove sweeter than more applause.

It is Mademoiselle Marquise, by the way, who performs what I may perhaps call the canine extension act, of which the representation is hereto annexed. It doesn't, perhaps, look very much to do, but, if that happens to be your opinion, reader, you might correct your first impressions by trying to do likewise, say, between two chairs placed apart at a distance equivalent to the excess of your own longitude over that of Mademoiselle Marquise, who, when extended, covers about twenty-four inches.

There was a time, not very far distant, when agile and ingenious femininity gave the pleasure-seeking world a new sensation that was called the serpentine dance. Certain ladies, well known to fame, made considerable reputations, and, I believe, salaries to match, by the development of this new management of diaphanous draperies.

Some of them still do so, but the field is no longer theirs exclusively, for here you have a portrait taken from the life of another



MDLLE. BLANCHE BRINGING THE HOUSE DOWN.

HOW SHE LEARNT TO DO IT.

of Professor Ricardo's quadrupedal young ladies, Mademoiselle Black, skipping about over the stage and whirling her multitudinous gauzes under the limelight with the best of her two-footed prototypes.

I asked the Professor why he hadn't christened her Loïe Fuller, and I understood him to reply that he thought La Loïe might possibly have objected—not perhaps on the score of comparison, but on that of complexion. Mademoiselle Black hasn't a white hair on her from the tips of her ears to the tuft on the end of her tail. I ought to add that she is frequently accompanied in her nebulous gyrations by Mademoiselle Blanche and another artiste not represented here, Mademoiselle Venus by name.

But I am not quite correct in saying this ; although there is no actual portrait of her hereto attached, she does appear, and somewhat conspicuously too, but in complete disguise. She is the elephant that you may see casting that fond upward glance at the Professor's shapely person, and, though you might not think it, she is called upon to display considerable intelligence in this turn of hers, for she comes on in the Professor's hands as an automaton—a clock-work elephant, in fact, and, until her tutor has audibly wound her up, the clever little brute—I beg a thousand pardons, the accomplished little artiste—never moves a leg or wags a hair of her tail. When she is wound up she stalks across the stage with a ludicrously mechanical gait which must have taken a good deal of learning.

A man who could teach dogs to look round serenely over a crowded music-hall from the top of a balanced pole or the bar of a swinging trapeze, might also be expected to teach them to throw back-somersaults, and this Professor Ricardo, with the assistance of the inverted young lady, whose name

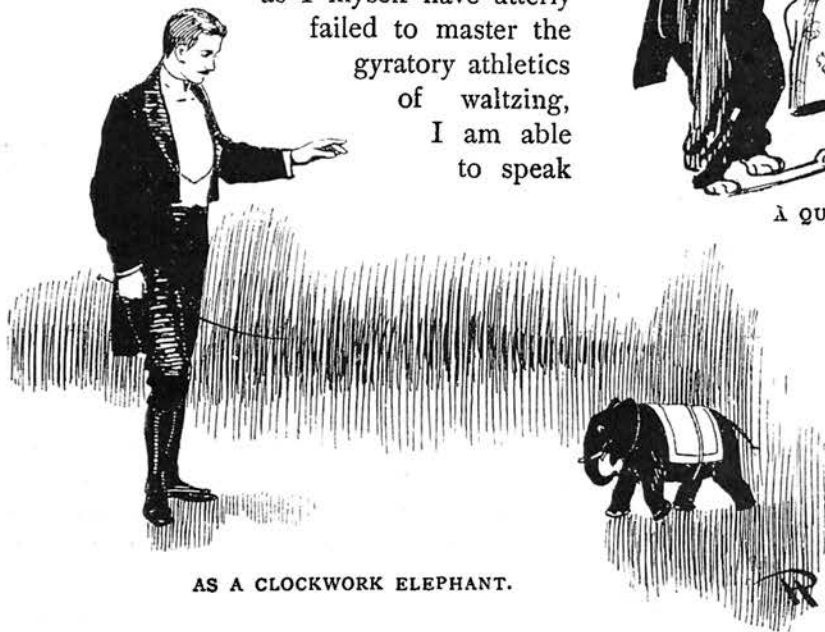
MDLLE. BLACK AS LA LOÏE.

ON THEIR HOBBIES.

is Mademoiselle Vermouth, has accomplished. It was done in the first place with the assistance of two cords, one round her neck, and the other—well, we will say round her waist. It took seven months to do it, but Mademoiselle Vermouth can now make the visible universe circulate round her as neatly as any one-forked acrobat on the stage.

After feats like this, the comparatively commonplace accomplishment of waltzing, even in the most approved style and costume, seems somewhat easy of achievement. But, as I myself have utterly failed to master the gyratory athletics of waltzing, I am able to speak of the performance of the dainty couple here represented with conscientious respect.

À QUATRE PATTES.



AS A CLOCKWORK ELEPHANT.

From pole-balancing, trapeze - bar - swinging, somersault-turning, and the other sort of turning which is called waltzing, to steeple-chasing and hobby-horse riding, is

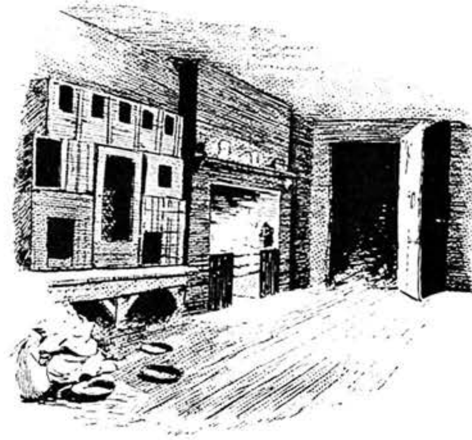
THE AWKWARD SQUAD.

but a few steps, technically speaking, for the Professor's four-footed artistes, in witness of which you may see them here hopping imaginary fences in good cross-country style, and drawn up in martial array, with a wooden dignity and diversity of equipment worthy of the most eccentric traditions of a regiment of South American regulars.

From the glory of the footlights and the dazzle of the limelight, the plaudits of the admiring audience, and the dizzy fame of acrobatic achievement to the peaceful retirement of an underground chamber, is a change which probably appeals more directly to the animal senses—I use the term with all respect —of the artistes, than to their ethical sensibilities. Yet I doubt not that it is none the less welcome on that account.

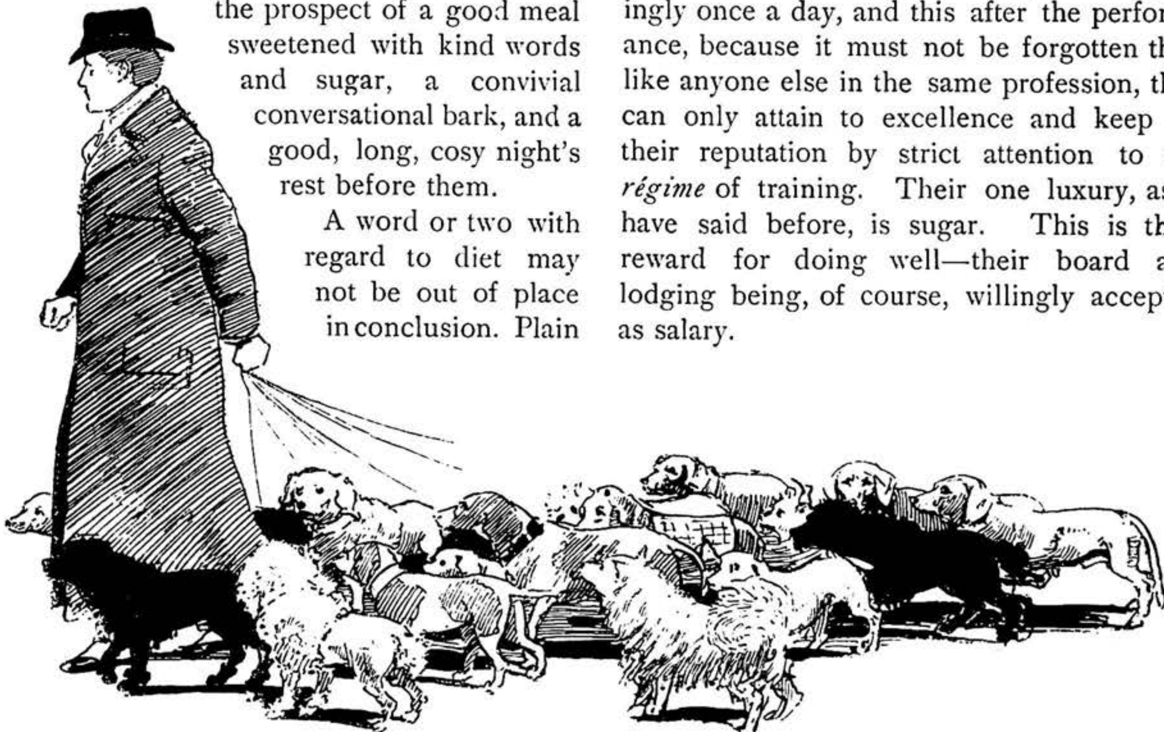
This is where they retire to, each to be lodged warmly and cosily in a separate chamber in many roomed mansions like exaggerated dolls'-houses, designed with a strict attention to that personal exclusiveness which is popularly, if not altogether correctly, ascribed to the stars of that profession of which Professor Ricardo's doggies are such justly distinguished ornaments, and this is how they go—doggies pure and simple now, with the glories of their stage triumphs for a time behind them, and the prospect of a good meal sweetened with kind words and sugar, a convivial conversational bark, and a good, long, cosy night's rest before them.

A word or two with regard to diet may not be out of place in conclusion. Plain living and high art about sums up the matter. Naturally such artistes as these are exempt from one of the principal afflictions which



FURNISHED APARTMENTS.

beset certain of their bipedal fellow professionals. Alcohol has for them no charms, and I doubt not that they would look with profound contempt, not perhaps unmixed with pity, on many a student's dog that I have seen stumbling and lurching about a pavement in a condition mournfully resembling human drunkenness. Their chief, almost their only, drink is milk, and bread-and-milk might almost be described as their staple article of diet. Meat they eat of sparingly once a day, and this after the performance, because it must not be forgotten that, like anyone else in the same profession, they can only attain to excellence and keep up their reputation by strict attention to the *régime* of training. Their one luxury, as I have said before, is sugar. This is their reward for doing well—their board and lodging being, of course, willingly accepted as salary.



GOOD-NIGHT!

Photo by E. Norton Collins,] [*South Norwood.*

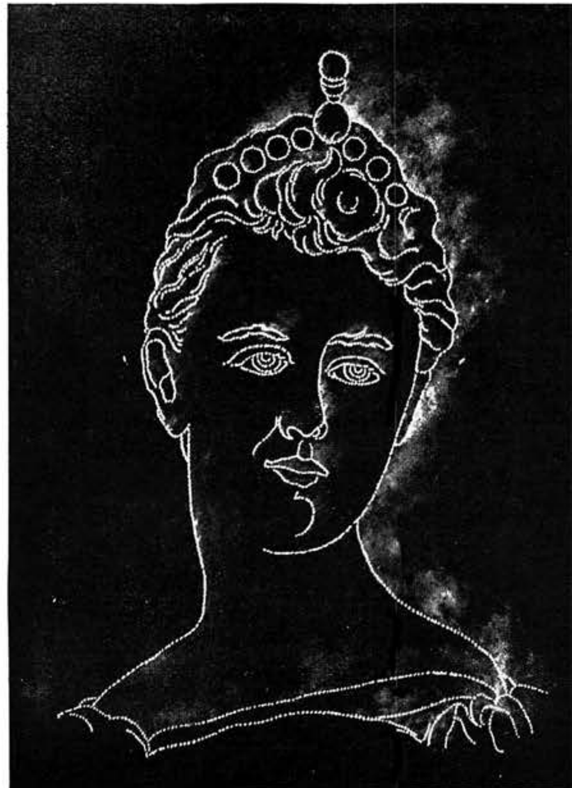
FIREWORK DISPLAY DESIGNED BY MR. WALTER CRANE FOR LABOUR DAY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

PICTURES IN FIRE.

BY FREDERICK A. TALBOT.

FIREWORKS, we are told, were invented by the Chinese; but from the crude efforts which have satisfied the almond-eyed, conservative Celestial for so many centuries, to the colossal and ingenious conceptions of Messrs. Brock and Co., is a very far cry indeed. It may be safely asserted that since 1865, when the first pyrotechnic display was given by this firm at the Crystal Palace, that home of entertainment has never yet possessed an attraction that has appealed so extensively to the community at large. The Crystal Palace is now universally conceded to be the centre of firework exhibitions, upon an elaborate scale, in the same sense that Drury Lane is regarded as the headquarters of gorgeous pantomime.

Although fireworks have been in existence for hundreds of years, it is only during the past half century that pyrotechny has been raised to its present artistic and scientific level, a metamorphosis mainly if not entirely accomplished through the indefatigable efforts of Messrs. Brock and Co. What that level is may be very comprehensively gauged from the numerous unique illustrations that accompany this article. There may be some who would cavil at the utilisation of the words "art" and "science" in connection with fireworks, but surely the manufacture and judicious combination of the various chemicals in order to produce harmonious blending of colours, and the construction of the different subjects, sufficiently prove that the terms as applied to pyrotechny are by no means employed in too elastic a sense.



FIREWORK PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

The largest set piece ever produced in fire was that which constituted the *pièce de résistance* at the Crystal Palace in 1898. It represented the destruction of the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay by Admiral Dewey, during the Spanish-American war. This

particular set piece was over 700 feet in length, and represented a surface area of nearly 60,000 square feet. It cost more than £500 to construct, while something like £100 vanished in smoke every time it was fired. As a realistic display it would be almost impossible to excel. Upon the right of the set piece was lined up the American fleet, while opposite were the defending Spanish vessels anchored in the bay, with the forts on shore in the background. The noise of the cannonade was deafening. The shells flew about in all directions, their trajectories in the air being rendered plainly visible by the burning fuses attached thereto. In the it may be mentioned that photographs were obtained, with one exception, of all the vessels that were engaged in this particular conflict, and from these the artist constructed his design. One cannot fail to notice the striking difference between the modern American battleships and the antiquated, inferior type belonging to their enemy. The photographs of this miniature naval battle were taken, while the conflict was in progress, with no other illuminant than that supplied by the display itself. In order to obtain a more convincing idea of the mammoth proportions of this set piece, the lower photograph should be placed on the right-

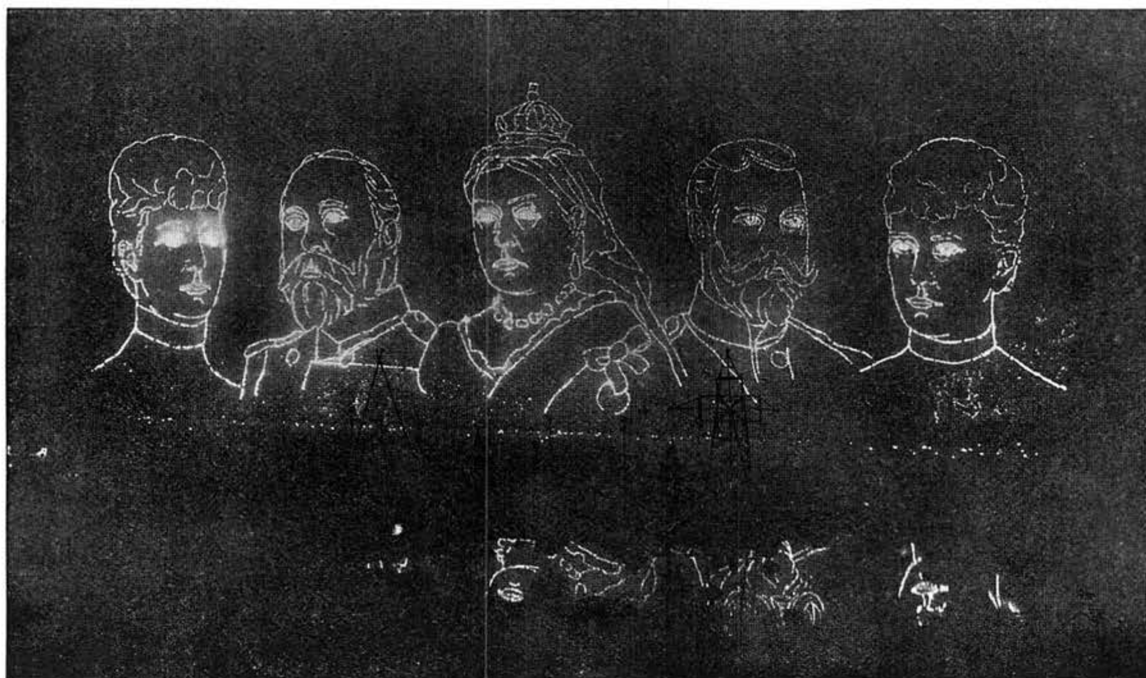


Photo by] [*Negretti & Zambra.*

FIREWORK PORTRAITS OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, AND THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AND THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

photograph of the unfortunate Spanish fleet will be observed the inscription, "True Till Death." This depicts an actual incident that occurred in the battle. The *Antonio del Ullva* received such terrific, concentrated fire that she was nearly overwhelmed, and before she had time to recover, another shower of shot and shell was poured into her. Her commander was called upon to surrender, but with fearless patriotism refused, and the vessel went down with all hands, and with her colours nailed to the mast. The foundering of the battleship was portrayed with striking vividness.

As an example of the infinite labour that is bestowed upon such gigantic pieces, in order to render them correct in every detail, hand side of the upper, when a panoramic view of the engagement is obtained.

Such realistic displays, especially when the incident depicted possesses a patriotic sentiment, appeal very strongly to the British public. Messrs. Brock have produced several set pieces dealing with English naval battles, such as "The Battle of Trafalgar," "The Bombardment of Alexandria," "The Siege of Gibraltar," "The Bombardment of Canton," and "The Defeat of the Spanish Armada." We are able to reproduce photographs of the two latter displays. The former was a terrible and furious piece of work during the short time it lasted. There was the town of Canton, flanked by the hills upon which were placed the Chinese guns,

while out at sea stood the bombarding English vessels. In the photograph may be seen the spouts of smoke issuing from the Chinese cannons. Canton was knocked about as if visited by an earthquake. Buildings were thrown into the air by the explosions of the English shells, and in a very short time scarcely one stone of the town was left upon the other. During the engagement small boats put off from the English vessels and chased the Chinese junks in a very lively manner, though the latter reduced to dismasted, crippled hulks drifting upon a fiery sea.

To build a set piece is a very elaborate undertaking. The artist first collects all his material from photographs and sketches. In the large realistic set pieces, such as "The Battle of Manila Bay," the artist is not permitted to rely upon his imaginative faculty for his effect. Sometimes he has to make quite a large collection of data before he attempts his design, but in a few instances, such as "The Naval Review of the Jubilee

Photo by E. Hawkins & Co.,] *[Brighton.*

THE COLISEUM: EARL OF SHEFFIELD'S DISPLAY AT SHEFFIELD PARK, MAY 9, 1893.

of course shared the same fate as the town itself—dissolved into thin air—and thus left the British triumphant.

"The Defeat of the Spanish Armada" was reproduced from a well-known engraving. The quaint style of the vessels of that period looked extremely graceful outlined in fire. When the scene opened, both fleets were peacefully sailing up the English Channel. It was not long, however, before a furious cannonade ensued, and in a few minutes the erstwhile stately Spanish galleons were

of 1887," the set piece is only an enormous enlargement of one photograph. He then makes a rough sketch of the design upon paper divided into squares. When this is completed, the next thing is to transfer this design to the wooden framework which carries the fireworks. The latter is also divided into small squares which correspond to those on the paper which bears the artist's original sketch. Therefore the artist has simply to transfer the design from the paper, square for square, to the wooden frames.

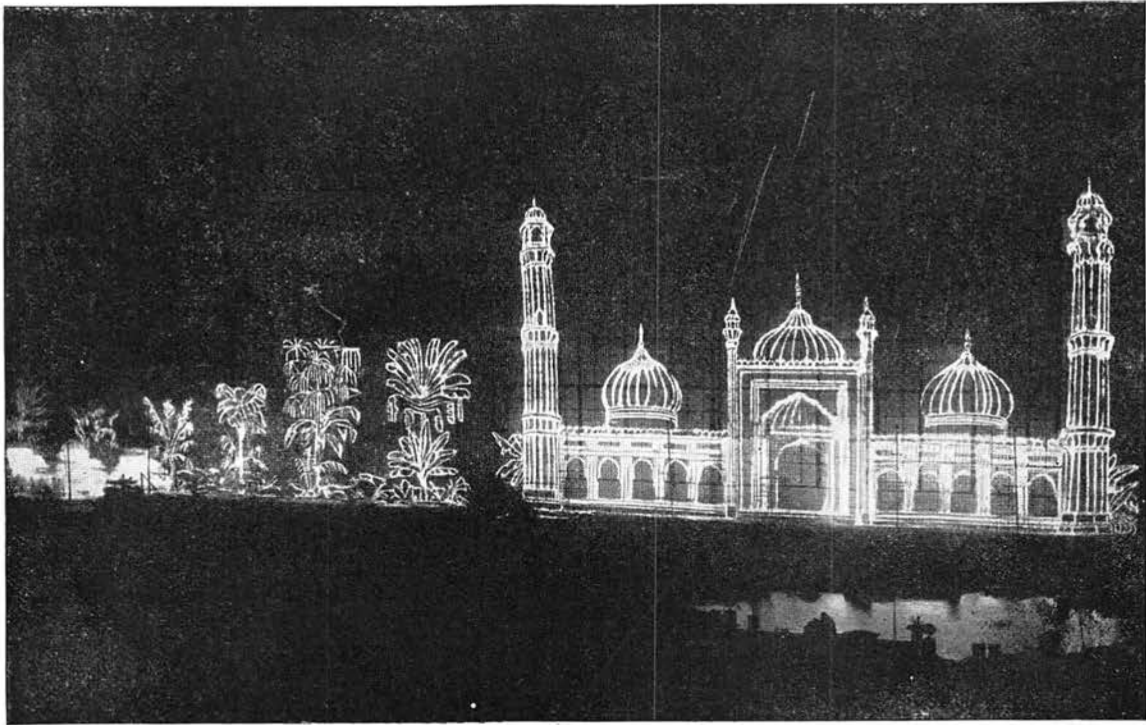


Photo by] [*Negretti & Zambra.*

TAJ MAHAL.

Photo by E. Hawkins & Co.,] [*Brighton.*

FLIGHT OF ROMAN CANDLES AT SHEFFIELD PARK, MAY 9, 1893.

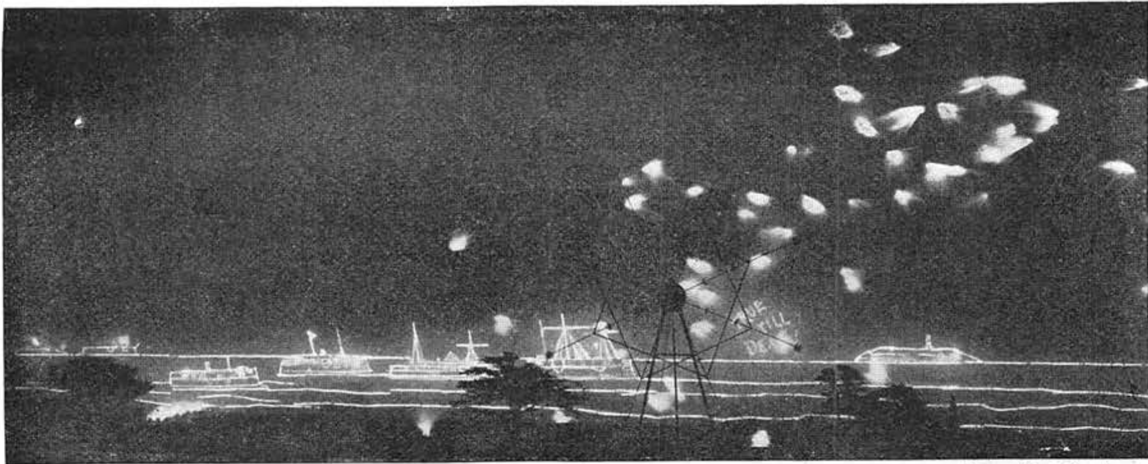


Photo by] [*Negretti & Zambra.*

THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY—

The words "True till Death" formed the last flag signal of one of the Spanish commanders as his vessel foundered.

This he does with chalk, the design, when completed, being outlined in cane and wood. Of course, as may be naturally supposed, when building a set piece of the proportions of "The Battle of Manila," the framework has to be constructed in sections, each of which is carefully numbered, so that no mistakes may occur in the final fitting together.

The cane and wood outline is studded throughout with specially formed nails with double points, placed about four inches apart. Upon these nails are secured the coloured lights, or "lances," as they are technically called, so that when finished the framework with the projecting lances resembles a huge bristle brush. These lances are connected with a quick match, so that when fired they all ignite simultaneously.

One of the most picturesque effects that has ever been produced at the Crystal Palace was "The Avalanche." The scene was a typical view of the Alps, with the rugged, snow-topped crests of the mountains, all outlined in fire, and a railway train passing rapidly out of one tunnel into another. Scarcely had one observed the whole diorama, when there was an ominous rumble, and down the side of the tallest mountain thundered a huge mass of fiery snow, sweeping away the little *châlet* that reposed at the foot of the mountain in its awful passage. Our photograph was snapped just before the descent, and the *châlet* may be seen at the base of the picture. The avalanche was caused by the sudden igniting of a large mass of bright composition packed closely together on the framework, which when fired became one huge sheet of white flame.

Another striking tableau was the reproduction in fire of the famous Taj Mahal of Agra. It was a facsimile of a photograph, but of course only the front elevation of the building was delineated. The pyrotechnic counterfeit of the sacred temple, however, was scarcely less magnificent than its beautiful original. When Mr. Brock visited India a few years ago, this set piece formed one of the items of his extensive and varied *répertoire*, and the unsophisticated Hindoos were so impressed with the vivid representation of their most sacred edifice that they prostrated themselves before it.

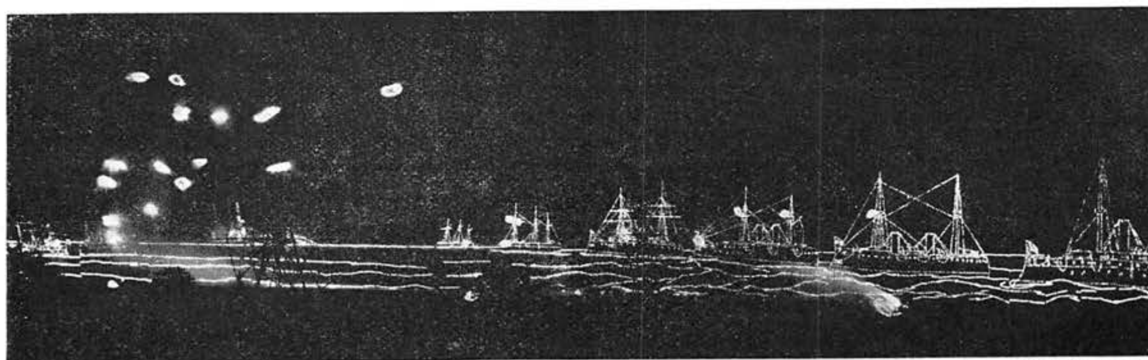


Photo by] [*Negretti & Zambra.*

REPRODUCED IN FIREWORKS.

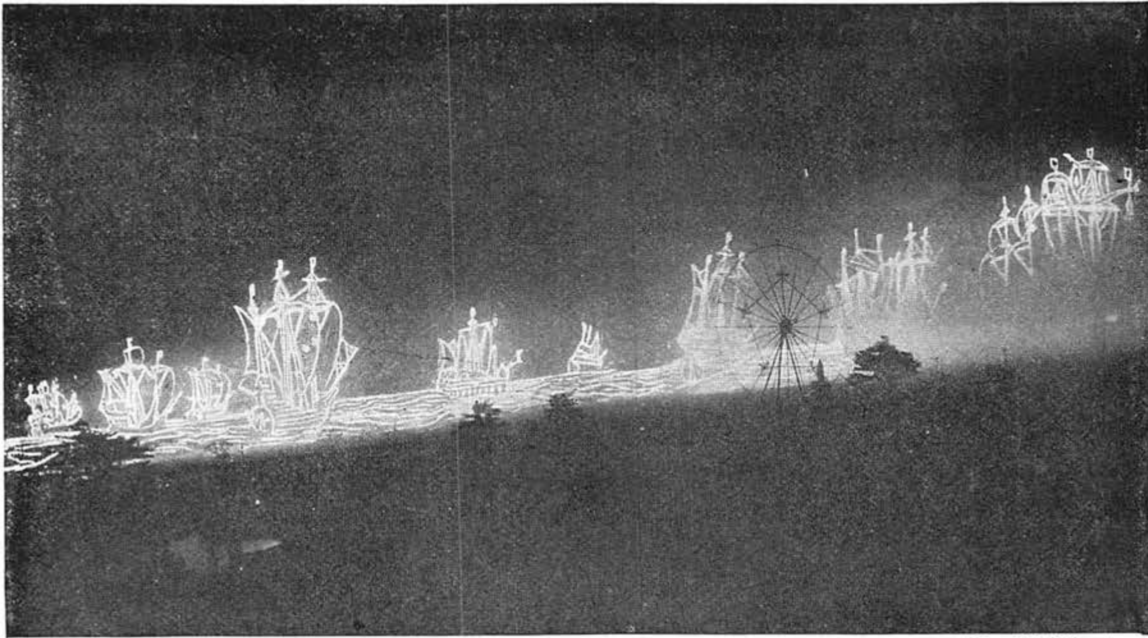


Photo by] [*Negretti & Zambra.*

THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

Mr. Brock is most ingenious in the devising of new attractions. One of the most popular is the fire portrait, in which enormous life-like enlargements of celebrities are outlined in lambent flame upon the framework screen. One of the largest of these was that of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, which was produced *à propos* of her coronation at Amsterdam in 1898. It measured sixty feet by forty. Our photograph of this interesting piece of work is particularly brilliant, owing to the comparative absence of smoke. This latter is one of the greatest disadvantages against which the man with the camera has to contend, since smokeless fireworks are still an invention of the future. If the wind be blowing from behind the set piece, the display is almost entirely obscured by the copious clouds of sulphurous smoke emitted from the various

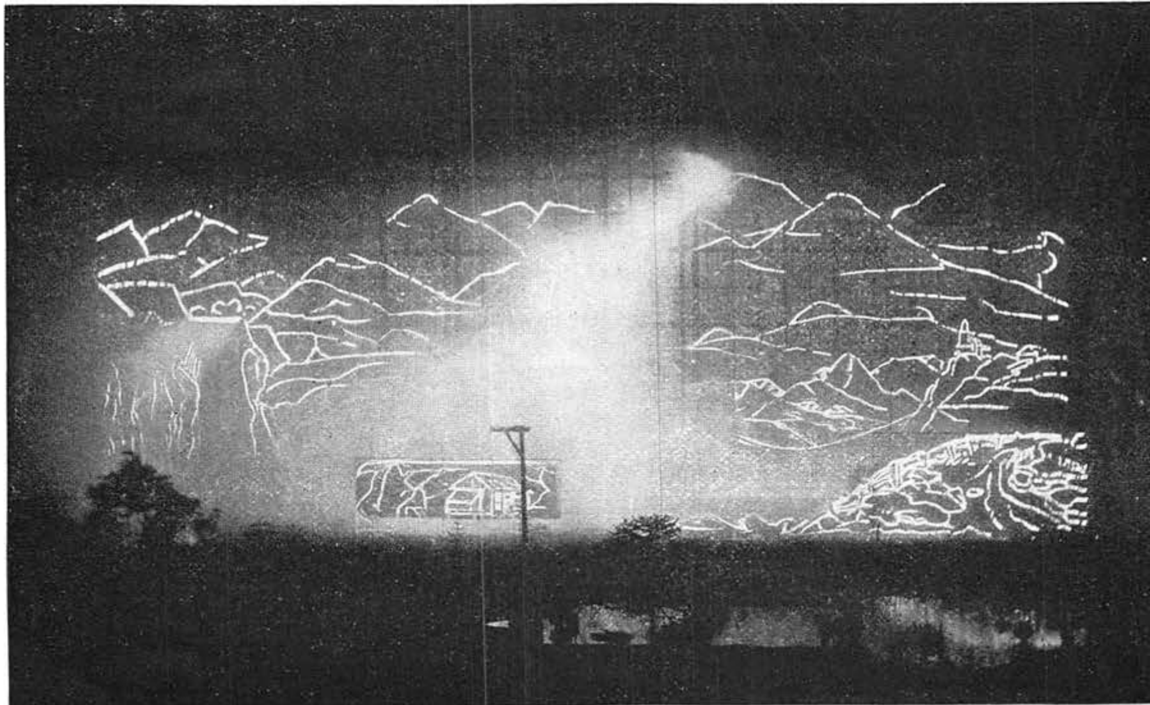


Photo by] [*Negretti & Zambra.*

THE AVALANCHE.

compounds of which the lances are manufactured, so that a successful photograph becomes an impossibility. On the other hand, if the wind blows directly on the face of the set piece, carrying the smoke behind, the outline is rendered sharp and brilliant. There is one important point which the artist must remember when designing his picture. He must obtain the maximum of effect with the minimum of lines; otherwise, should the design be at all intricate in construction, when ignited the effect of the picture is lost in the extensive sheet of fire. Bearing this in mind, one cannot help admiring the skill of the artist, who obtains such veracious reproductions by, as it were, a few dashes of the pen.

The firework portrait, however, has been still further increased in novelty and interest by the resourceful genius of its inventor. There is a cunningly contrived transformation device by which one scene is gradually dissolved into another.

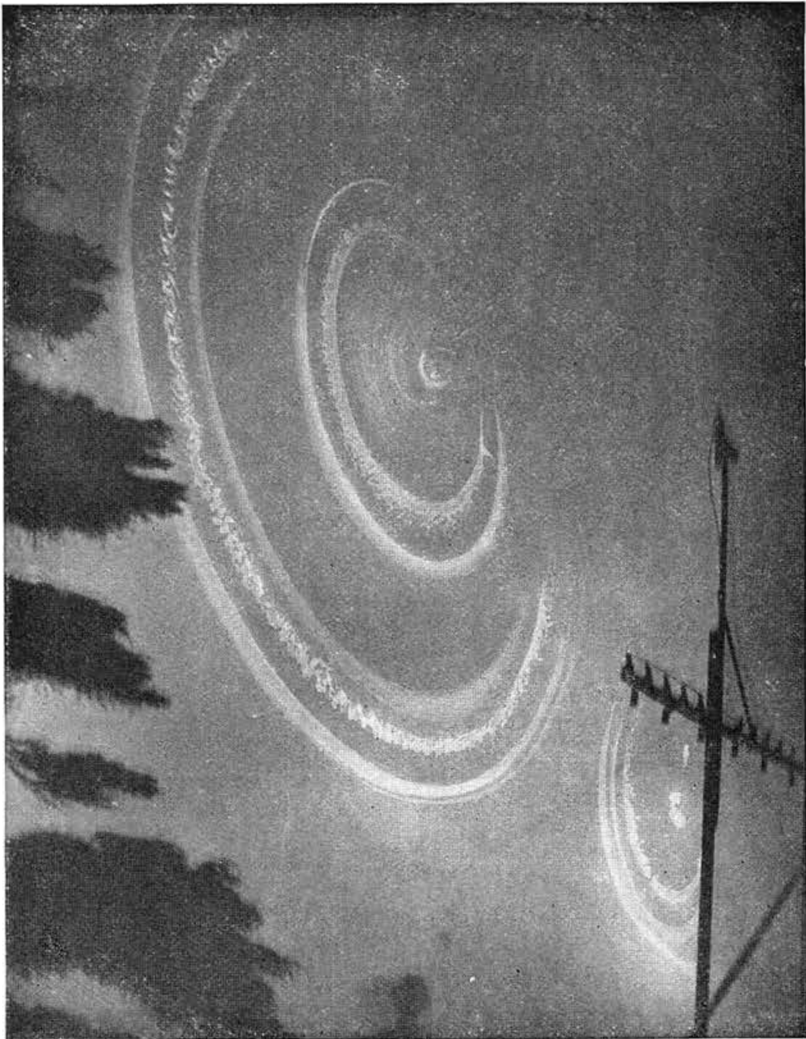


Photo by] [*Negretti & Zambra.*

CURIOUS EFFECT OF A CATHERINE WHEEL PHOTOGRAPHED WHILE REVOLVING.

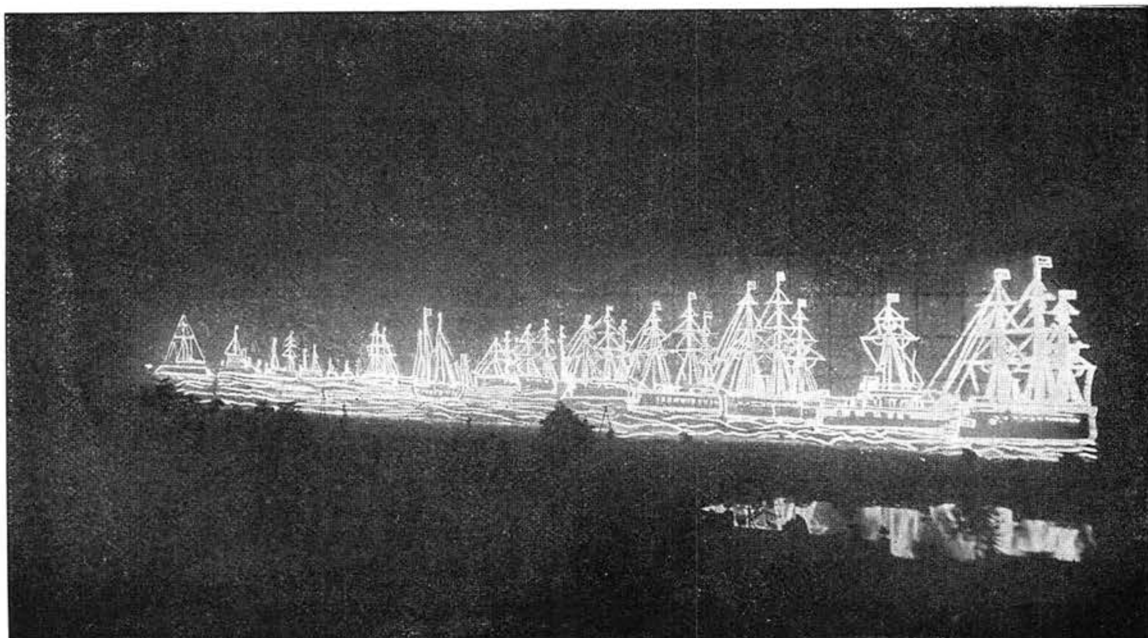


Photo by] [*Negretti & Zambra.*

THE NAVAL REVIEW, QUEEN'S JUBILEE, 1887.

For instance, there was one long set piece which when first fired depicted a cluster of roses, shamrocks, and thistles, and then a surprising effect was attained by the gradual dissolution of these national emblems into life-like portraits of the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Duke and Duchess of York.

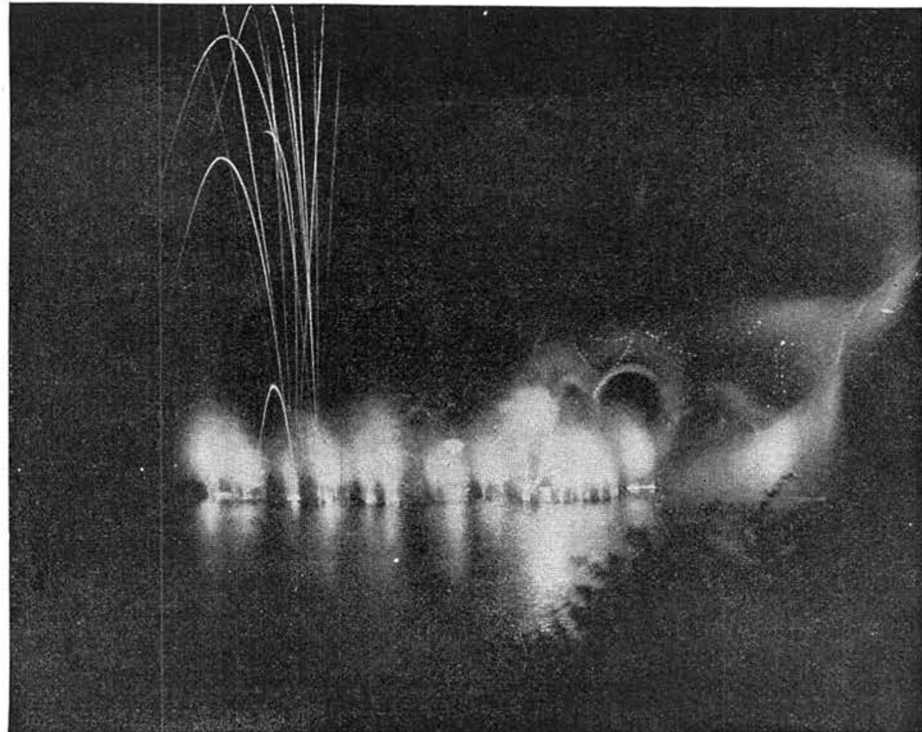


Photo by E. Hawkins & Co.,] *[Brighton.*

FLIGHT OF ROMAN CANDLES FROM THE LAKE AT SHEFFIELD PARK, MAY 9, 1893.

Various Royal personages, when witnessing a firework display at the Crystal Palace, have become amateur pyrotechnists. The actual firing is done by simply pressing the prosaic button in the Royal Box, and electricity does the rest. The German Emperor fired the Falls of Niagara, and also on one occasion the great set piece portraying the Battle of the Nile; the Princess of Wales has ignited huge portraits of the Queen, the German Emperor, the Prince of Wales, the Shah, and other Royal personages, including herself; Li Hung Chang started the fuse attached to his own flaming image, which was flanked with the greeting, "We Wish Your Excellency a Long Life," inscribed in Chinese hieroglyphics. Li was immensely pleased with this result, and, with his characteristic inquisitiveness, desired full particulars regarding the various ingredients employed, and even extended a request to Mr. Brock that he should go to China to enlighten the Celestials as to the wonderful possibilities of fireworks. Messrs. Brock had the honour of carrying out the extensive illuminations and pyrotechnic display held at Balmoral, under the personal patronage of the Queen, in aid of the Crathie Church. Her Majesty even prolonged her stay in the grounds in order to witness the fireworks, and expressed herself as delighted with them.

One of the most extraordinary, yet at the same time beautiful, pyrotechnic spectacles is that produced with aquatic fireworks. The skimmers, or "water devils," dart hither and thither along the surface of the water like flies, leaving in their wake a sparkling line of fire; the Chinese trees and waterlilies are simply floats in a stationary position, throwing a fountain of brightly coloured fire into the air, while the Roman candles eject their dazzling and multi-coloured stars in the same manner as if fired upon *terra firma* in the ordinary course. As will be seen from our illustration of such a unique display—reproduced through the courteous permission of the Earl of Sheffield—the sight is very pretty indeed, and is rendered more effective by the radiating reflections of the burning fireworks in the placid water.

To the Earl of Sheffield belongs the distinction of having given one of the most elaborate and costly private firework displays in this country. This notable event occurred at Sheffield Park in 1893, when the Earl, who has contributed so much to the development of Anglo-Australian cricket, organised the illuminations as a greeting to the Colonial Eleven, who contested their first engagement with the English cricketers at Sheffield Park. The programme included, among numerous other items, a huge pyrotechnic greeting, 150 feet in length, comprising the words, selected by the Earl himself, "Welcome, Australia. Best Good Wishes for Your Reception of Our Team in Australia." Then there was a tremendous flight of about 1,500

Roman candles, which alone cost over £30. The latter, viewed from across the lake, from which point our photograph was taken, was exceptionally striking.

The British public is never loth to applaud humour, and it is safe to assert that few devices at the Crystal Palace are more appreciated than the living comic fireworks. By this novel innovation one is able to witness a bicycle race; the village blacksmith engaged in shoeing a horse; the pretty maiden milking her cow; a tight-rope performance *à la* Blondin; or a hornpipe competition—all reproduced with natural movements. One of the most popular set pieces of this description was a huge contrivance representing the British Lion. By his apparent inanimation in the first picture, the question naturally arose, "Is he asleep?" though the interrogation was rendered superfluous by the ominous appearance of the animal's left eyelid. All doubts were soon dispelled, for the eyelid began to wink knowingly, while the hitherto quiet tail lashed about in a furious manner that boded ill to anyone who might be rash enough to attempt to twist it. They say a lion gives vent to a deafening roar when he awakes, but in this particular instance it was the spectators who roared most enthusiastically. Few humorous contrivances have provoked such mirth as this did, a circumstance due, no doubt, to the political events of that time, when President Kruger was experimenting with the Lion's tail.

As an evidence of the fact that pyrotechny has become a fine art worthy of the attention of artists, it may be mentioned that an extremely effective and colossal set piece fired at the Crystal Palace last May-day was designed by Mr. Walter Crane. It was a cartoon depicting the Angel of Liberty joining hands with representatives of Labour. The coloured fires employed in this set piece were specially invented for the occasion by the pyrotechnists. In order to depict this elaborate design on so large a scale no less than 60,000 lances and five miles of quick match were utilised.

Photo by] [*Negretti & Zambra.*

THE BOMBARDMENT OF CANTON.

OUR TOUR IN NORWAY.

THE DIARY OF TWO LONDON GIRLS.

The Station, Fladmark, August 3.

THIS morning at Aak, after breakfast, great excitement prevailed in consequence of a young man having left the hotel at 2 A.M. with two guides to scale the heights of Romsdals Horn. Now and again we descried them through the telescope, pausing to rest or struggling on.

Having despatched our luggage last night in a stolkjœrre to Fladmark, we commenced our walk with Mrs. Gwynne about half-past one. The road along the narrow gorge between the Vinde-Tinde and Trolltinderne is very grand. We were told that seven witches were hurrying along to a wedding, with the fiddler (that most important character in a Norwegian wedding), who brought up the rear. Either they were late in beginning their journey, or the road proved longer than they expected; anyhow, they were overtaken by the dawn and instantly petrified. On the face of the rocks are black streaks, which Kate suggested to be the witches' tears. We loitered on the road, constantly looking back and admiring the extraordinary colours and shapes of these eccentric rocks, and were surprised when we reached Horgheim, about seven and a half miles from Aak. In this little station several people were dining; so we, after finding our kettle, etc., decided to make our tea on the pleasant greensward outside the inn. The kitchen folks being busy, I went in and found for myself cups, saucers, and plates, and altogether amused the proprietors immensely. Collecting all requisites on a tray, I carried them out, and there made acquaintance with four Norwegian young ladies (daughters of the banker at Christiansund) attired in black skirts trimmed with scarlet braid, white shirts, and scarlet bodices much embroidered. We invited them to take tea with us, which they did, but declined to partake of the eggs. We asked them to sing, but they declared a preference to hear us; so we began a favourite hymn, the one dear old nurse made me sing not long before she fell asleep:—

"Hark! Hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore.
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life where sin shall be no more!
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night."

It sounded very solemn and beautiful in that weird imposing spot, but while pausing before the next verse, a reverberation as of thunder startled us, and looking up, we saw snow sprinkling down from the mountain side, a little silvery shower, and could scarcely realise that what in the distance appeared to be so slight an avalanche would produce a noise so appalling and terrific.

About six o'clock we strolled leisurely the remaining seven miles, through the narrow valley to Fladmark, which is filled with enormous boulders, confusedly hurled down from the impending crags, among which the roaring river tears its devious path as best it can. Telegraph poles are fixed in the huge blocks. A good supper refreshed us, and we were all delighted with our glorious walk. We hope to leave here before seven to-morrow morning, so have ordered coffee and pancakes, and a stolkjœrre for our luggage.

	kr.	ore.
Bill at Aak	20	40
Luggage to Horgheim ..	1	70
Tea at Horgheim ..	1	25
Luggage to Fladmark ..	2	10
Supper, beds, and breakfast for three at Fladmark ..	3	55

Stueflaaten, Romsdalen,
Monday, August 4.

"Falsely luxurious, will not man awake,
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due, and sacred song?
For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than nature craves, when every muse
And every blooming pleasure wait without
To bless the wildly-devious morning walk?"

How glorious! In the brisk sweet air what could we enjoy more than exercise of limb, amid nature's loveliest scenes, and in the rosy blush of early dawn. How it invigorates one! Every pulse throbs with appreciation and delight. How healthy we feel! We cannot estimate thoroughly the value of health, the greatest of all the many temporal blessings with which God endows us. What is life without it? It behoves us all to guard it as one great talent entrusted to our care. With it everything is enjoyment; it is conducive to contentment, amiability, and consequently happiness. One moment's indiscretion may part it from us for ever. Health assists the power of mind and brain, and it is essential we should do all in our power to advise the rising generation, especially the poor, of its benefits.

Mrs. Gwynne, our merry companion, is leaving papers in Norway and wherever she travels about the Free Home for Destitute Orphan Girls at Kilburn, and the Seaside Home for Children of the Poor at Broadstairs. THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, too, collects for the Girl's Own Home. These admirable institutions require help, and there are few charitable undertakings, if any, more worthy of support. If we do all we possibly can for the improvement and benefit of girls, both morally and physically, we know that reward will come in the moral and physical development of men and boys in future generations. Our girls must be trained to make good wives and good mothers; and what is more necessary for the proper fulfilment of each path than health?

It seems a pity in Norway that the people have not some exercising pastimes. Few care to walk much. We have seen a dismal game of croquet played once or twice; but they have neither cricket nor tennis, and my idea is that every girl as well as every boy (unless constitutionally debarred) in every country should be induced to play cricket and tennis. Charles Kingsley says that a walk, if it is without an object, or is more a task than a pleasure, is not the same relaxation, the same health and life-giving spirit, as a good game, when every muscle is used and the brain enjoys entire rest.

A delightful constitutional walk of six miles brought us to Ormeim at half-past ten, where we waited for the "diligence," which drew up at ten minutes to twelve, containing Mrs. Russell, Miss Smith, and Miss Wriggle. With deep and sincere regret we allowed Mrs. Gwynne to join them, and waved a sad farewell. Mrs. Russell and Miss Smith extend their tour through to St. Petersburg; Mrs. Gwynne and Miss Wriggle leave Christiania on the 8th in the "Angelo."

Ormeim is lovely, and we roamed amid the pines listening to numerous waterfalls till one o'clock, when we dined with a Norwegian lady, who knew not English but could speak a little French, and an Austrian gentleman, who knew German, Polish, and other languages, but neither French, Norwegian, nor English; neither could he carve, so I performed on the "ox," and a very lively company we were, in spite of all deficiencies. After this satisfying repast we forwarded our luggage by stolkjœrre, and walked eight miles to Stueflaaten, an ascent of one thousand feet, stopping to admire the beautiful Sondre Slettefossen, and other charms varied and grand.

The course of the river Rauma here deserves to be thoroughly explored. A succession of bold and beautiful falls, some of them occurring between perpendicular walls of rock, which can only be viewed by lying down on the ground and projecting the head over the precipice. Beyond the Slettefos is a striking view from the road of the blue waters of the river as they issue from this gorge, whose dark precipitous sides, relieved here and there by a graceful birch which springs from among the crags, contrast finely with the stream beneath. The clouds lowered ominously as we approached Stueflaaten, and the whole scene became extremely weird and melancholy. Being indulged with sitting as well as bed room, we made tea, and remained in our sitting-room till supper-time—said to be eight, but not ready till nine. We generally reckon for meals to be nearly an hour later than stated. Judging by appearances, we shall have rain to-morrow.

The term Norway is understood to mean the northern way or country; it was anciently called Norriker, or the Northern Kingdom: Norwegian, Norge; Swedish, Norrige or Norrike; French, Norvége; German, Norwegen; Latin and Italian, Norvegia. The inhabitants of the ancient Scandinavia, or Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, were called Normans, or Northmen. This name was given to them in the Netherlands, in Germany and France; in Britain they were called Danes. They were fierce and warlike tribes, who made piratical expeditions to all parts of the European seas, plundering by land and by sea, and often overrunning large tracts of country, in which they practised every enormity. "They had scarcely any inducement," says Mackintosh, "to spare countries which they visited only to plunder, and where they did not hope to dwell; they were less than others liable to retaliation, and they had neither kindred nor family, nor home They were perhaps the only barbarians who applied their highest title of magistracy to denote the leaders of piratical squadrons, whom they termed *vikings* or *sea kings*. Not contented with their native and habitual ferocity, some of them (called Berserker) sought to surpass their companions by working themselves into horrible and temporary insanity." The poverty of their country compelled them to adopt this means of subsistence, and their religion inspired them with a love for daring enterprises, since it taught them that warriors fallen in battle were

admitted to the joys of Valhalla, the Northern Paradise. They began their piratical excursions in the first part of the ninth century, and soon covered the sea with their boats, and ravaged the coast of England, Germany, Friesland, Flanders, and France. Under the feeble reigns of Charles the Bald and Charles the Fat, they ascended the rivers to the very heart of France, and plundered Paris. It became necessary to purchase their retreat with gold. Their incursions into France were afterwards renewed, and Charles the Simple was obliged to cede to them a part of Neustria (the western kingdom of the Franks, in the north of France, which was afterwards called, from them, Normandy) and to give his daughter in marriage to Rollo, their chief. Rollo embraced the Christian religion, was baptised under the name of Robert, and became the first duke of Normandy, and a vassal of the king of France. His followers received the religion of their leader, and abandoned their roving and piratical habits.

Britain was for about two centuries desolated by the Danes, as they were there called, till the eleventh century, when three Scandinavian princes, Canute, Harold, and Hardicanute, ruled over all England for the space of about twenty-five years. The Saxon line was then restored; but, in 1066, William, duke of Normandy, obtained the English Throne.

	kr.	ore.
Luggage to Ormeim	1	90
Dinner at Ormeim, two ..	4	20
Luggage to Stueflaaten ..	1	87
Supper, beds, breakfast at Stueflaaten	4	90

Holset, Gudbransdalen.
Tuesday, August 5.

Exquisite morning, lovely blue sky! I fancy I have not made mention of the gorgeous profusion of wild roses, foxgloves, pansies, forget-me-nots, and other flowers; and last night, as we neared Stueflaaten, we saw lovely beds of lilies-of-the-valley—not in blossom, certainly, but I was surprised to find them in so high an altitude.

Outside Stueflaaten is Björneklev (the cleft of the bears), which forms the end of Romsdalen and beginning of Gudbransdalen. The tale of an old peasant woman, translated, ran thus:—

"Dale (valley) Gudbrand in the eleventh century was a rich peasant, who received permission to own as much land as he could ride over in one day. He began at Lillehammer and continued to ride the whole day till he reached Björneklev, a distance of one hundred and ninety-two miles, where his horse fell down dead. The same Gudbrand believed in idols, but, when Olaf den Hellige (the saint) would christen Norway, Gudbrand resisted. One day, when Olaf and Gudbrand stood surrounded by the idols, Olaf asked Gudbrand to look to the east, and at the same time he took his axe and cut down the idol, and from the idol fled rats, mice, and worms, whereupon he became a Christian and built a church."

Distance here is reckoned by the kilometer (1,000 meter) constituting one tenth of the old Norwegian mile, or two-thirds of an English mile; one Norwegian mile, eleven kilometers, seven English miles (7·018) The distance from Stueflaaten to Mölmen is seven and a half miles, and as experience teaches us that our luggage cannot be transmitted without cost, we think we may as well try the "ride and tied" fashion, for which purpose this morning we ordered a carriole, which is composed of a seat to admit one person, with a semi-circular back and a narrow sledge-like receptacle for the legs, and a splashboard in front, the whole being fixed between two large wheels into a pair of very long ashen shafts, with no other springs than what their length and elasticity supply. I walked on, leaving Kate and the luggage to follow in the carriole. She passed me on the road. I reached Mölmen about half past ten, to find that Kate had preceded me, and that a carriole was in preparation for me. After a glass of delicious milk, I soon overtook Kate, and in half an hour descended from the vehicle, giving directions to the boy to "vent fur Damm," (wait for lady). In due course Kate passed me, and, hastening on to Lesje Jernvœrk, ordered coffee, eggs, pancakes, and preserved berries, an excellent and ample midday repast. This is a capital station; the walls of the sitting-room are covered with paintings at least one hundred years old. Good trout and grayling fishing in front of the house. From the lake the river Rauma runs to the north-west, and the river Laugen to the south-east, the two rivers intersecting the southern part of Norway. In winter the sun does not shine here for twelve weeks. We walked together to Holset, nine miles, sending the luggage on by a little girl of ten, wearing a pretty pink kerchief on her head. Our first request at Holset was for the river, to which a little girl led the way across a fine sloping farm. Here we crossed a rustic bridge and wandered by the stream, till, in the sweet seclusion of the pinewood's gloom,

"In we plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The dark river ran,"

and after sufficient exercise to produce an exhilarating glow, returned to the farm to supper at seven, in a cosy little room, where we had the most delicious cream we ever tasted, and plenty of it, with pancakes and strawberry jam. After this, by "Luna's light composed and cool," our kind hostess took us round the "gaard," or farm buildings, of various designations. The Bonderhus is the residence of the family; the humble log hut belongs to the "hausmand," or labourer. The store-house is supported upon pillars, to keep out the mice. The barn is entered by an inclined plane, broad enough to admit a cart with its load of hay. Usually attached to each "gaard" is a rude mill, turned by the unruly waters of some wild roaring torrent. We went into the shed to see the horses feed before they were unwillingly turned out for the night.

Had we not already felt tired, we would have walked to the sœter, about three or four miles off, on the mountain, to get a view, and see more cattle. After this exploration we entered the kitchen, and roasted coffee in the berry over a wood fire, for our good host and his belongings. I believe peat will be more generally used for fuel: the country abounds with it; there is not any coal.

When at Mölmen we should like to have extended our route by following the advice given us by Mr. Burney at Lœrdalsören, which was to walk three and a half miles to Bjordala and row across Tyenvand to Trindehoug, thence walk to Eidsburgaden; then, with a guide, walk to Gjendeboden; row to Gjendesheim and Gjendebod; then walk to Spitserstul, Rosheim, Vaage, and Dombaas.

	kr.	ore.
Carriole to Mölmen	2	30
Milk at Mölmen	0	10
Carriole to Lesje Jernvœrk ..	2	10
Repast at Lesje Jernvœrk ..	2	0
Carriole to Holset	1	95
Supper, beds, breakfast at Holset	6	0

Brœndhaugen, Gudbransdalen,
Wednesday, August 6.

A delightful morning for pedestrians, and at half-past seven I trudged on, Kate following in the carriole. She soon passed me, however, and I did not hear of her again till I reached Holaker, seven and a half miles. The farms about here are first-rate, and the land richly cultivated. As I walked, revelling and meditating, I suddenly became conscious of a stalwart form following close on my heels. I was not nervous, but a kind of tremor ran through my frame, and after a few minutes' deliberation I resolved to stand still to admire the view, and at the same time catch a glimpse of the man's face. It looked honest and kind, and as he began conversing we walked side by side, I secretly trying just a little to outstep him. I could not understand half he said, so, rather than make a mistake and give a wrong answer, I continually replied, "Nœ ver stor" (no comprehend). At last by words and signs he led me to understand that he wanted to look at my umbrella. I felt a slight pang, knowing I was parting with my only defensive weapon; but I would not evince any trace of distrust, so I handed it him unhesitatingly. He examined it carefully, and carried it almost proudly for some time, then returned it to me, and, after chatting to me for about ten minutes longer, he raised his hat and said he was going to his farm.

I was slightly relieved, but the little incident put nervous thoughts in my mind, and I almost regretted he did not continue to accompany me, rather than be solitary, as I did not see another creature till I arrived at Holaker, where Kate had ordered a carriole for me, and was walking in advance. I passed her, and had driven a little distance ahead when the portmanteau fell out; so while the skydsgut was arranging matters I hurried on again, and left him with the carriole for her. She gets tired more readily than I, and I do not want her to feel any qualm of uneasiness that may come while so utterly alone.

I thoroughly enjoyed the walk by rushing water through a lengthy pine forest to Dombaas, where we partook of milk and rusks, and where we met five Danish ladies with their brother (whom we had seen before) in three stolkjœrres, who kindly undertook to convey our small complement of luggage to Toftemoen. Mr. Dombaas is a breeder of horses, so we asked to be allowed to see some of them; but he said they (forty in number) were at the sœter on the mountain, ten miles away. We would willingly have gone there had time allowed.

Now our chief idea is economy. Being almost satisfied with grandeur and beauty, our great anxiety is to save a little cash for small presents at Christiania to take to those at home.

We had seven or eight miles to accomplish before we could reach Toftemoen, where we hoped to get some dinner. It was intensely hot, and when about three miles from Toftemoen I could not resist the fascination of the flowing river, so sought a sheltered and secluded nook,

"And in the depths quiescent stayed
While purling ripples o'er me played."

Weary and footsore, we arrived at Toftemoen about half past five, and, with the aid of a fine English sportsman, who was about to leave, ascertained that we could have veal and pancakes. How thoroughly we did justice to the *recherché* dinner, so well served in this spotlessly clean and commodious shelter! Lately we had eaten little else than fish and eggs; tinned meat we objected to, and the fresh meat it was impossible to masticate. Here we had tender veal, excellent gravy, nicely cooked potatoes, delicious cream, bilberries, and pancakes. After this our attentive maid cleared the decks, and placed in the centre of the table a huge wooden bowl, about half a yard in diameter, full of thick sour cream, and handed us each a big spoon with which to help ourselves. It was reluctantly

we expressed to her our dislike of the same, while she averred that most ladies like it. We regretted sincerely the absence of Mrs. Gwynne and Miss Wriggle. Herr Tofte, the owner of this pleasant abode, is a descendant of Harald Haarfager, of which he and his relations are very proud, and they never marry out of the family. He is a rich man, and when King Charles XV. dined at his house on his way to be crowned at Tröndjhem in 1860, his uncle, who then kept the station, told his Majesty that it was unnecessary to bring in his plate, as he had silver forks and spoons enough for all the thirty or forty in the suite. He has about four hundred cows and calves, two hundred sheep, and forty or fifty goats in his stable all the winter. Here is a post-office. The horse for our stolkjœrre ran away, and the maid (who was to be our skydsguten) and we had considerable fun in catching it.

A most lovely drive brought us to Brœndhaugen.

We nodded to the peasants who were still busy in the fields, at which Katrine was intensely amused, especially when an occasional stolid one would stare in astonishment, and neither nod nor smile. Our Danish friends fill the station here, so we have the *dépendance* opposite, and have ordered coffee and cakes at six in the morning, so as to walk before it gets too hot.

		kr.	ore.
Carriole to Holaker	.. ..	2	55
Milk	.. ..	0	10
Carriole to Dombaas	.. ..	2	10
Biscuits and milk at Dombaas	..	0	60
Good dinner at Toftemoen	..	2	0
Maid	.. ..	0	50
Stolkjœrre to Brœndhaugen	..	2	95
Beds, coffee, and cakes	.. ..	2	60

Bredevangen,
Thursday, August 7th, Mid-day.

This is delightful, but intensely hot; so hot, that we cannot exert ourselves, but lie on the sofa and languidly gaze out of the windows at the exquisite situation of Bredevangen. Fir-clad hills, hot and hazy on every side; and a wide river, dotted here and there with tiny islets, meanders close by. It is most lovely and picturesque. The flies, though, are a great nuisance, and Kate and I are martyrs to the mosquitoes and insects. How I revelled this morning! The bright green grass, Scotch firs, and birch, were bespangled with dew; gossamer webs of every brilliant hue united bowers of greenery; the soft brisk air was laden with the fragrance of pine, the perfumes of kine, fresh milk, and newly-mown hay, as I sauntered through Rusten, a deep wild gorge, following the devious windings of the river, which precipitates itself in glistening sheets, boiling, eddying, swirling, and splashing among the rocky fragments beneath, then hurrying onwards with ungovernable impetuosity, making falls innumerable, and throwing up on its way a long train of snow-white foam bubbles, that gleam and flutter in the passing breeze.

Strong contrasts of colour enrich the effect, "the summer heaven's delicious blue," glowing amber-coloured crags and cool grey rocks, deep green pines, the glistening silver birch, warm brown tinge of clinging lichens, and the rich terra-cotta of the dying fir. A few graceful goats, with sweetly tinkling bells, skipping from rock to rock, are the only signs of animal life, and as I pause on the bridge pensively to drink in the waters of delight, they trip from the mountain side and advance towards me.

A little lower I overtook Kate, who, thinking I might not care to walk so long alone, sent the carriole on, and was returning to meet me, of which I was glad, for when Nature reveals such loveliness we appreciate her more if we share our pleasure with those we love. To me, looking with two eyes is never the same gratification as looking with four. At Laurgaard we breakfasted about half-past ten; a liberal meal was provided, but we liked the strawberries and cream best. Being oppressed with heat, we ordered a stolkjœrre for Moen. At Romundgaard Colonel Sinclair and his followers passed the night before the massacre. We saw two beggars before reaching Moen, and at Moen the people looked dirty and poor. We were shy of them, and did not like the appearance of the station at all—the only place we had seen where we experienced an indescribable relief that we had not to stay a night. They tried to send with us as skydsgut, a boy whose rags were literally falling off him. So we refused to allow him to accompany us. Here, if cooler, we intended to go up Staagaapigen, two kilometers off. More strawberries and cream have satisfied us, and we shall rest till five, then walk to Storklevstad, eleven or twelve miles. Our good Danish friends convey our luggage.

Storklevstad,
August 7th, 10.30 p.m.

This is rather a funny station. We can get very little to eat; neither bread, biscuits, nor fish. A curious, but clean, well-meaning old woman hobbles slowly about, and constantly comes to me and pulls my sleeve, which is puffed. These hot days I wear a red figured sateen short dress trimmed with red lace, and it takes the dear old soul's fancy wonderfully. She tells me I remind her of her grandmother, and gets quite affectionate. Our walk here was delightfully invigorating, and now "the moon has raised her lamp above" it is exquisite.

Near here is Sinclair's unpretentious monument. It is a square, unhewn stone slab with the following inscription marking the spot where he was buried:—"Her blev spotternes Anfårer Georg Sinclair, begraven efferat han var falden ved Kringelen den 26 August, 1612." Translation:—"Here was buried George Sinclair, the leader of the Scotch, after having fallen at Kringelen on the 26th August, 1612."

In 1612, during the war between Christian IV. of Denmark and Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, a body of Scotch troops had been raised for the service of Sweden. The Danes were at that time in possession of Gothenburg; and from Calmar in the Baltic to the North Cape, the whole coast was occupied by the subjects of Christian IV. The Scotch, therefore, decided on the bold plan of landing in Norway, and fighting their way across to Sweden. A portion landed at Tröndjhem, and the rest, 900 strong, commanded by Colonel George Sinclair, landed in Romsdalen, from whence they marched towards this valley, ravaging the country on their way. At Kringelen an ambush was prepared by about 300 peasants. Huge quantities of rock, stones, and trees were collected on the mountain, and so placed that all could at once be launched upon the road beneath. Everything was done to lull the Scotch into security, and with perfect success. When they arrived beneath the awful avalanche prepared for them, all was sent adrift from above, and the majority of the Scotch were crushed to death, or swept into the river and drowned. The peasants then rushed down upon the wounded and stragglers, and despatched them. Of the force only two of the Scotch are said to have survived. But accounts differ on this point, one being that sixty prisoners were taken and afterwards slaughtered in cold blood. Sinclair's lady is said to have accompanied him, and it is added that a youth who meant to join the peasants in the attack was prevented by a young lady to whom he was to be married the next day. She, on hearing that one of her own sex was with the Scotch, sent her lover to her protection. Mrs. Sinclair, mistaking his object, shot him dead.

		kr.	ore.
Carriole at Laurgaard	.. ..	2	10
Frokost at Laurgaard	.. ..	2	0
Stolkjœrre to Moen	.. ..	2	75
Stolkjœrre to Bredevangen	..	2	10
Strawberries and cream at Bredevangen	.. .. ..	1	50
Aften, lodging, and coffee at Storklevstad	.. ..	3	40

A Theosophic Marriage.

SHE was a theosophic miss
  Who sighed for sweet Nirvana;
She talked of esoteric this
  And that, in mystic manner.
She wore a wide and psychic smile,
  Used diction transcendental.
Two suitors her besieged meanwhile —
  Both softly sentimental.

The one, he was a drummer bland,
  Who wore a lofty collar;
He knew not things were hollow, and
  He chased the nimble dollar.
The other was a soulful youth,
  Who talked of things symbolic;
Enamored quite of inner truth—
  And predisposed to colic.

The one, he talked of common love
  In tones that made her shudder;
The other soared with her above
  To misty realms of Buddha.
She sent the first upon his way
  With snub unmitigated—
Upon the other smiled, and they
  By Hymen were translated.

FOUR YEARS LATER.

Within a lofty Harlem flat
  She's found her sweet Nirvana;
She does not think of this and that
  As marshy zephyrs fan her;
She dreamily wipes Buddha's nose
  And spanketh Zoroaster,
And mends their transcendental clothes,
  Torn by occult disaster.

Her adept husband still can solve
  The mysteries eternal,
But for some reason can't evolve
  A salary diurnal.
He still floats on to cycles new,
  But fills his astral body
With—not the Cheelah's milky brew,—
  But Jersey apple toddy.

She eloquently mourns her life
  And objurgates her Latin,
To daily see the drummer's wife
  Drive by her, clad in satin.
She has been heard, in fact, to say
  When somewhat discontented,
"Though 'osophies' hold social sway,
  Though 'ologies' enjoy their day,
I think, in love, the good old way
  By far the best invented."

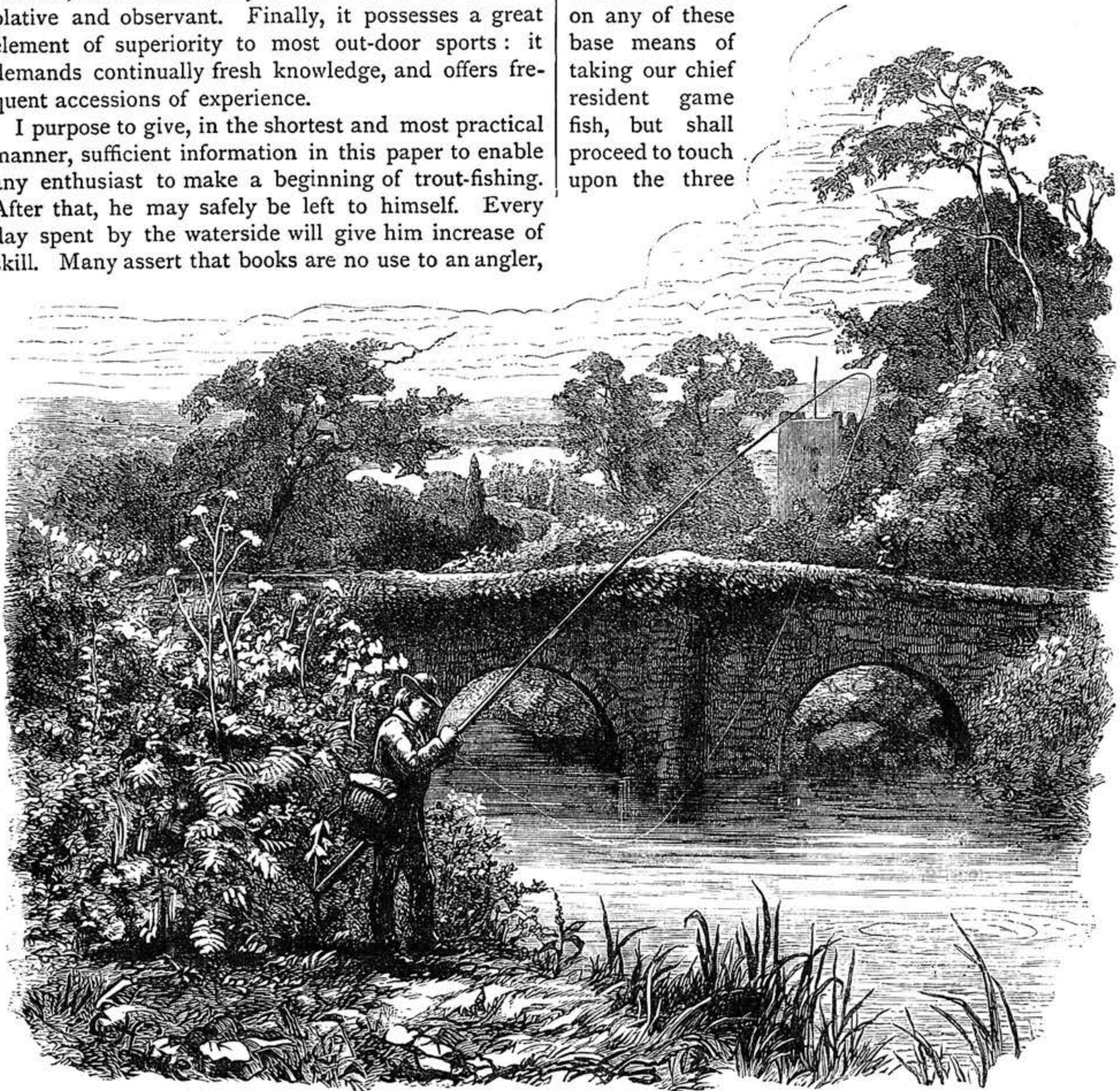
Henry J. W. Dam.

HOW TO CATCH TROUT.

IN almost every English parish, and Scotch glen, there are rivers and brooks containing trout. At all events, would-be trout-fishers never have far to go in search of a stream. And trout-fishing is a sport which may be highly recommended to any one in want of an out-door hobby. Unlike cricket or hunting, it is not an amusement to be given up as old age creeps on; on the contrary, it is then, as being quiet and demanding little muscular exertion, especially suited to solace the evening of life. It opens up so many new worlds, too, of entomology, botany, and weather-lore; it introduces us to so many birds and animals, which are not for the most part seen unless at the waterside, and brings us face to face with Nature in her sweetest and most idyllic aspects in so close a manner, that it has always been dear to the contemplative and observant. Finally, it possesses a great element of superiority to most out-door sports: it demands continually fresh knowledge, and offers frequent accessions of experience.

I purpose to give, in the shortest and most practical manner, sufficient information in this paper to enable any enthusiast to make a beginning of trout-fishing. After that, he may safely be left to himself. Every day spent by the waterside will give him increase of skill. Many assert that books are no use to an angler, that the procedure must be learnt practically. Of course, a few lessons or hints from an old hand are invaluable to a novice, but he will even then gain much information, and thoroughly ground himself in the art and mystery of trout-fishing, by consulting the many admirable treatises now published on this subject.

Before settling the stream you will fish, make certain that there are trout in it. This is as necessary as the famous aphorism about catching your hare before you jug him. They probably exist in any neighbouring brook or river, unless pollutions, or the presence of pike, have exterminated them. But it is possible that their numbers are greatly thinned by poachers either tickling them, or using still more nefarious means for their capture. Some of these, such as the use of salmon-roe as a bait, have rightly been made illegal. I shall not enter on any of these base means of taking our chief resident game fish, but shall proceed to touch upon the three



lawful methods of catching trout—by the artificial fly, by worm, and by minnow.

Spinning a natural minnow is, perhaps, the most fatal legitimate mode of trout-fishing. Few trout can resist the attractions of a plump minnow, caused, by the use of a small swivel above the flight of hooks on which it is impaled, to revolve or spin vigorously as it passes through the water. But it is a cruel method of fishing, and—without in any way condemning the many fishers who are devoted to its use—is abhorrent to my mind, when there are other and painless modes of capture open to a man. Of course, this cruelty is obviated by the use of artificial minnows, which are now most cunningly made of glass, caoutchouc, ivory, brass, and many other substances. There is not, however, much art in spinning these baits, and therefore little satisfaction to be obtained from prowess with them. On most preserved waters, too, their use is proscribed until a late period in the season, because of their murderous qualities. I do not therefore recommend their use, save in exceptional localities and circumstances. But if a man will try them, let him fish with a stout rod and strong line, net his captive as soon as he can after striking him, and kill him outright as soon as possible. Whatever abstract reasoners may say, the torture to a fish of having its mouth full of the many hooks of a minnow-flight cannot be inconsiderable.

Worm-fishing in the hands of a patient man—for patience is the most needful virtue in this style of angling—is undoubtedly another very fatal way of killing trout. Its practice, too, demands much skill, so that I cannot look on it as being unworthy of an angler; but its concomitants are repulsive to my taste, and it does not require the highest art; therefore, save on special occasions, I have also given it up. It, too, is rightly enough not allowed on many rivers until late in the season, and on some (would that it were on more!) it is forbidden altogether. Drop a hook, baited with a worm, into a hole; and if you wait long enough, without showing yourself, you must (always provided there be one there) catch a fish. But here, again, the sufferings of the worm must be very great, although of course it is a creature much lower in the scale of life than man. It does not wriggle and convulse itself for nothing. Then think of the dirt out of which the unhappy creatures have to be dug, the handling and baiting with them, and their repugnance to being slowly drowned after being impaled. Ugh! I can never persuade a man to be a worm-fisher. Here again, however, if he will use worms he must judge for himself. The worm can either be fixed on the old-fashioned single hook or on Stewart's tackle. The latter, if more punishing, is certainly more deadly. Gay's sentiments in the matter of worm-fishing agree with mine, and are admirably expressed. His poem on "Rural Sports" is too little read in this critical age.

> "Around the steel no tortured worm shall twine,
> No blood of living insect stain my line;
> Let me, less cruel, cast the feathered hook
> With pliant rod athwart the pebbled brook;
> Silent along the mazy margin stray,
> And with the fur-wrought fly delude the prey."

Artificial fly-fishing is the only sportsmanlike lure on most rivers by which to take trout. On the Borders, indeed, worm-fishing is much practised in summer, and the art of using it brought to great perfection; but if a man cannot take fish with fly owing to the bright weather, instead of resorting to worm, he had better wait until he can. Occasionally the real fly is used by anglers, especially the May fly in its season. A common house-fly or, perhaps, two or three put on a hook, and placed under a bridge, is generally a certain mode of catching the hermit, which loves to lurk in such a position. But let us now seek the waterside, and I will describe the fisher's equipment as we go. For dress, any grey tweed, especially that which the Oxford statutes call "subfusk" colour, is advisable. The old books dwell with some particularity on the angler's attire, but an easy coat of any dull colour with plenty of pockets is all that is wanted. No one in his senses would wear a "stove-pipe" hat, remembering, though such head-gear would be useful to wrap fly-casts round, that anything conspicuous terrifies a trout, which is as keen-sighted as a hawk. Strong boots should also be worn, and, if he does not use wading-stockings, the angler should beware of standing long in the water, or sitting in wet things. Either of these bad habits lays up with certainty the seeds of rheumatism, which will surely develop as the years pass on.

Opinions vary with regard to rods. Some prefer a stiff, others a very pliant rod. I incline towards one which is stout, and not too flexible. A rod like a whip is a mistake; it gives no power to the angler over a large fish. A single-handed rod, with a good balance after the reel is adjusted, neither too stiff nor too flexible, and not too heavy for the angler (this is a very important point), should not exceed twelve feet in length. Indeed, the tendency with some makers at present is to make them much shorter. A short rod, however, does not command the water so well as a longer one. Cane, bamboo, lance-wood, &c., are used in rod-making. Green-heart has lately become very fashionable. A London maker has introduced rods composed of triangular sections of bamboo spliced together, which are marvellously strong. The fisherman, however, will soon be equipped with a suitable rod for his strength and taste at any good tackle-maker's. A light brass reel is next needed. The common ones can be turned into check-reels in a moment by twisting the line once or twice round the handle. Horse-hair lines were formerly much in vogue, but they twist too much. A line of silk and hair is the best material to obtain. Affix to it a gut trace of three yards in length, with the thinnest end furthest from the line; and then we are brought to the vexed point of flies. What artificial flies are to be put on?

Flies may be divided broadly into flies which imitate more or less closely the natural insects, and "fancy flies," as they are called—arbitrary flies of a hundred conventional types. English anglers are said to be more partial to the former, and Scotch to the latter. Our advice is much like Sir Roger de Coverley's celebrated dictum on the sign-board, "There is much to be said on both sides of the question"—that is to say,

use as a general rule close imitations of nature, but do not on occasion despise a fancy fly. The "Francis fly," the "professor," "Holland's fancy," and others ought to be in every angler's pocket-book. At the same time, those marvellous pocket-books containing every imaginary kind of artificial fly which are to be seen at the tackle-seller's are needless superfluities. A very few flies of three or four different varieties are amply sufficient for a good angler, on most streams, the whole year through. Flies are again divided into winged flies and hackles, which are supposed to represent hairy caterpillars, such as frequently fall into brooks from overhanging trees, and furnish delicious morsels for trout. Some anglers are devoted to hackles; I like them well in spring, but afterwards prefer a winged fly. These hackles are red, brown, and black, and of all intermediate shades, the rule being with them to use a dark hackle on a fine bright day, and a light one in dull weather. Izaak Walton says, "You are to note that there are twelve kinds of artificial made flies to angle with upon the top of the water," and after describing them fully (Part I., Chap. 5), adds: "Thus have you a jury of flies, likely to betray and condemn all the trouts in the river." His coadjutor, Cotton, is amusingly particular as to how the wool, hair, &c., of which flies are composed, is to be obtained—"from a smooth-coated, red-brown dog," from "the black spot of a hog's ear," by "combing the neck of a black greyhound with a tooth-comb," and the like. Kingsley divides all the trout flies into four great families—the "caperers," or stone-flies (*Phryganeæ*), of which nearly 200 species are known in Great Britain; the May flies (*Ephemeræ*); the black alder-flies (*Sialidæ*), and the "yellow-sally" (*Perlidæ*). Most lakes and rivers have a favourite fly which is known to the local fishermen. Failing this knowledge yourself, remember what Mr. C. St. John says: "I have always, when at a loss, had recourse to a red, white, or black palmer. Very few trout can withstand these flies when well made." I will mention a few never-failing flies for all waters, armed with which, and with the local fly of each river, no fisherman can fail to catch trout, provided he chooses a dull, windy day:—hackles, red, black, brown; March browns, made with a twist of gold; "coachmen," "professors," mallard winged flies, red spinners, and May flies, for the brief season of these insects. With a few of each of these varieties in his pocket he need not fear bad luck.

How is he to fasten these flies to his trace? The "tail-fly" is generally looped through the trace's loop. The other one or two "bob-flies" must be on short gut, not above three or four inches long; tie a knot on the end of each, and then with a similar knot affix it to the trace. The previous knot will prevent it from running. This forms the simplest and least cumbrous fastening with which I am acquainted. Arrived at the riverside, take pains to get the wind behind you, so as to carry the flies; do not mind, then, whether you fish up or down-stream. Remember, the fish always lie with their heads up-stream, so if you fish down they can see you from a much greater distance than if you cautiously approach up-stream. Suffer the top joints to throw the fly by dexterous manipulation of the rod; do not fling from the whole power of the arm. Let your flies, and as little as possible of the line, fall on the water like drifted snow-flakes. The least splash is fatal. Do not flick your line and flies behind you when you make a fresh throw, else they will crack like a whip, and your flies will be flicked off every time, greatly to the profit of your tackle-seller. Should you get the line entangled in weeds or trees, be ready without loss of a moment to wade in or climb. Do not angrily tear it back, except as a last resource.

Fishing begins earlier in some waters than in others. In February the Devon streams can be fished. In March, Yorkshire or Scotch streams, if they are not in flood. "A man should not in honesty catch a trout until the middle of March," says Walton, and again he bids us go fishing "when the mulberry-tree buds."

Our disciple is now fully equipped, and his procedure pointed out to him. All that remains is to wish him good luck, and to inculcate above all things perseverance, when he *must* succeed. Troy was not built in a day, and no one becomes a trout-fisher in a year, ay, or in many years. I will conclude with a few golden rules, and then leave the tyro to his own skill and to the exercise of the most excellent of all human diversions.

1. Be careful always to have permission, or to be certain that the water is free, before you fish in it.

2. Be particular that no shadow from you, or your hat, or rod fall upon the water.

3. Above all, keep out of the fish's sight as much as possible. Hide behind banks, trees, bushes, &c.

4. Before leaving home, see that you have everything with you that you can possibly want—knife, twine, &c.

5. Be courteous and obliging to all you meet on the river-banks, so that you may become what our forefathers called "a well-governed angler," and use no ill words lest, as Walton says, the fishes should hear you.

6. Remember Walton's own rule, "However delightful angling may have been made to appear by the foregoing pages, it ceases to be innocent when used otherwise than as a mere recreation."

M. G. WATKINS, M.A.

AT A GERMAN WEDDING.

BY WILHELM F. BRAND.

MARRIAGE in Germany, in its two-fold consideration, as an event of joy, and as one of the greatest seriousness, generally occupies two days. The evening before the wedding, the "Polterabend," is devoted to rejoicings, whilst the wedding-day itself is of a more solemn character. This division of the matrimonial business has the advantage of letting the principal couple participate in the gaieties instituted for their sake.

THE "POLTERABEND."

It has sometimes this disadvantage, that after a night of general jollity the guests are not quite up to the mark the next day. To prevent any shortcomings in this respect, the Polterabend at grand weddings takes place two days before the wedding, a day of rest—or supposed rest—intervening between the two festivities.

To the Polterabend the greater number of friends are invited. That evening the bridal couple still belong to the unmarried, though it cannot be wondered at if people in that period of blissful intoxication generally put on a demure dignity and look as if they had been married longer than any couple in the room. Naturally they are the centre of all that is going on. It is to them that numbers of little damsels, dressed as flower-girls, shepherdesses, peasant maids, &c., address their little pieces of poetry, especially composed for the occasion. Often a barrel-organ is brought in, to the tunes of which some gentlemen in suitable attire sing of the couple's past history, and particularly of their cooing. To this purpose also is devoted the Extra-Blätt, a printed paper, something like a newspaper, in fact purporting to be the special edition of one, generally illustrated, in which the bridegroom especially is subjected to a good deal of chaff — if ever one may chaff a thin-skinned German. After these and other such-like "Polterabend Scherze," supper begins, also graced by the presence of the bridal couple.

The following day—if it be not the wedding-day itself—is a day of comparative quiet, on which those who have not the time for a three days' fêting may follow their usual occupation. This day is devoted to the "Kranzbinden," or making of the bridal wreath by the bride's female friends, a wreath which, however, is never worn, the proper one having been ordered at the Kunst-Gärtner's long ago. But that is studiously ignored, and does not interfere in the least with the

ceremony of making the other one. Though often the Polterabend (as well as the wedding festivities) takes place at an hotel, this cannot always be done, especially in the country. As, however, a three days' fèting and feasting would be rather a heavy tax on the nerves of the hosts, as well as on the culinary resources of the bridal home, the Kranzbinden invariably takes place at the house of the bride's best friend. Already at school girls who have become particularly intimate will often vow to each other that whoever marries first will have her Kranzbinden festivity given at the other's house, provided no local or other obstacles interfere.

A GERMAN WEDDING.

Only the bride's maiden friends are invited to the Kranzbinden, no man being admitted to the sacred ceremony. The bridal wreath in Germany is made, not of orange-blossoms, but of myrtle, the flower of love, sacred to Aphrodite, the goddess of love. The bride's friends having assembled in the afternoon, each of them binds a sprig or two to the wreath, adding at the same time silently some good wish for the wearer, or supposed wearer. Then the bridal couple are admitted, and with some formalities the wreath is placed on the bride's head. This ceremony being over, towards evening somehow or other the young men who were at the Polterabend find their way into the house where the Kranzbinden took place. Though uninvited they find everything prepared for them, not the least prepared being the young ladies themselves. Probably the mertiment will begin again, and instead of being a day of rest, the Kranzbinden day sometimes is only a repetition of the Polterabend, only the bridal couple leave the young folks to-day at an early hour in dignified anticipation of their great morrow.

The wedding, as far as the really binding ceremony is concerned, takes place before noon in a very unostentatious manner, in the presence of a very few witnesses, at the office of the Registrar, or "Standes-Beamte." Marriage being considered a matter of an essentially civil character, its performance, some twelve or fourteen years ago, was, after the French fashion, handed over to the State authorities, who have previously had publicly to proclaim the intended marriage by advertising it in the principal places where the contracting parties may have lived during a few years previously. Thus if any one is residing in London, and about to be married in Germany, the "Standes-Amt" has to advertise in the *Times*, and many an Englishman may have been puzzled by the long, winding legal German appearing sometimes amongst the legal notices in this paper, and referring to an intended marriage. The object of all this is of course the same as in England, that of publishing the banns of marriage, these being also in Germany proclaimed

at church in those cases where a marriage in church follows the civil ceremony.

There is one other point in regard to which marriages in Germany are not such an easy matter as in England. Ladies may marry any one they like if they are of age. Not so men. They require their parents' permission until they are twenty-five. However, in case of refusal on their part, the sons may demand their reason, and place this before the authorities, who, if they do not see sufficient cause for the refusal, will declare it invalid, and the marriage will proceed. This formality may somewhat interfere with the freedom of men who might be supposed to know their own mind. But we daily see that they often do not in this matter; and this slight prohibitive power, which is exercised only in case of necessity, has saved many a young man—and woman, too—from life-long misery.

The church ceremony, though optional, and of no statutory importance, almost invariably follows the obligatory, and really legal one, before the Registrar. It takes place in the early part of the afternoon, mostly about three o'clock, thus giving the bride, who in the morning wore an ordinary walking-dress, sufficient time to put on her bridal apparel. This differs very little from those in vogue in England, except with regard to the flowers worn, whilst the rest of the bridal party looks very different from an English one. Far from wearing bonnets, the ladies in fact are in evening dress; and the gentlemen don their evening dress, which, however, it must be borne in mind, abroad is not generally in use for every little dinner party, much less on ordinary occasions at home, but are considered the garb for more festive occasions, greater parties, ceremonious assemblies, and even very formal visits, without regard to what time of the day any of them may take place.

Before the altar, not only the bride receives a wedding-ring from the bridegroom, but the latter is presented by the bride with this symbol of being chained in wedlock also; both wearing it, in the north of Germany on the right, in the south on the left hand. The guests on this occasion not being quite so numerous as on the Polterabend, the wedding party is more or less a great family gathering, with a number of the more intimate friends of the bridal couple intermingled. The wedding dinner takes place in the latter part of the afternoon, of course there being no lack of speechifying; but whilst these matters in England are so well—almost too well—regulated, so that one may almost foresee what this or that person is about to say, there prevails the greatest licence in this respect in Germany. We may carefully have prepared a subject, but just when on the point of making our glass resound—the usual sign of somebody wishing to make himself heard—somebody else may rise and give our very toast. This may happen a second and a third time, and ultimately perhaps the company may have to go without our toast altogether!

After a dinner often merrymaking goes cheerily on; but on the whole it is of a quieter character, and terminates earlier, than the festivities on the Polterabend, the bridal couple having slipped away as unobservedly as possible, without taking leave of anybody, except perhaps of the bride's mother.

It has to be observed, however, that in latter years, in the very best families, especially in large towns, this two or three days' fêting has sometimes been abolished in favour of having the whole festivity come off in one day, doing away with Polterabend as well as Kranzbinden. But this is a fashion by no means frequent yet, and, many hope, only a passing one.

WHAT THE BURDOCK WAS GOOD FOR.

By A. S. R.

"Good for nothing," the farmer said,
As he made a sweep at the burdock's head;
But then, he thought it was best, no doubt,
To come some day and root it out.
So he lowered his scythe, and went his way,
To see his corn, to gather his hay;
And the weed grew safe and strong and tall,
Close by the side of the garden wall.

"Good for a home," cried the little toad,
As he hopped up out of the dusty road.
He had just been having a dreadful fright,
The boy who gave it was yet in sight.
Here it was cool and dark and green,
The safest kind of a leafy screen.
The toad was happy; "For," said he,
"The burdock was plainly meant for me."

"Good for a prop," the spider thought,
And to and fro with care he wrought,
Till he fastened it well to an evergreen,
And spun his cables fine between.
'T was a beautiful bridge,—a triumph of skill;
The flies came 'round, as idlers will;
The spider lurked in his corner dim,
The more that came, the better for him.

"Good for play," said a child, perplext
To know what frolic was coming next.
So she gathered the burs that all despised,
And her city playmate was quite surprised
To see what a beautiful basket or chair
Could be made, with a little time and care.
They ranged their treasures about with pride,
And played all day by the burdock's side.

Nothing is lost in this world of ours;
Honey comes from the idle flowers;
The weed which we pass in utter scorn,
May save a life by another morn.
Wonders await us at every turn.
We must be silent, and gladly learn.
No room for recklessness or abuse,
Since even a burdock has its use.

HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES.

THE JOCKEY.

By WILFRED WEMLEY.

HE was rather a tall youth, but there was precious little flesh upon his bones when he came into the drying-room of the Turkish bath; and his talk was flavoured with those niceties of expression which hedge about the horse. I had not exchanged ten words with him before I knew that he was a jockey, and that his home was upon his native heath, Newmarket to wit. Indeed, my knowledge of the place, and the fact that I had once killed a horse when driving to the race-course from the University town, bred a great confidence in him; and he began to speak of his own affairs.

"Ah," said he, "Cambridge isn't what it was, is it? Too many old women in the shop now, to my way of thinking. Do you know the little Turkish bath there? Many's the time I've walked over to that bath, years back, when sweating had to be done. You see my natural weight is just on ten stun, and when you've got to ride under eight, you want to get it off quick."

It was not a nice way of putting things, and I thought that he might have used the word "perspire"; but he interested me, and I went on to ask him some questions.

"Is it a pleasant business, that of riding?" said I.

"Well," replied he, as he lighted a very big cigar and called for wine, "it's pleasant and it isn't pleasant. Plenty of corn and plenty of bran-mash, so to speak; but hard work at all times, and more than hard when you've got to get the flesh off. From March until November I hardly know what it is to eat a decent meal. For breakfast a bit of bread and butter and a cup of tea; a mouthful of fish and a snatch at the pudding for dinner; tea ditto to breakfast; and supper—don't you wish you may get it! This is a slack time, as you know—that's why I'm here in London drinking port. I reckon to put on thirty pounds between November and Easter; and it's got to come off again in a week when business begins."

"Well," said I, "there isn't the wasting there was among jockeys, is there?"

"Not the wasting that men like Daly did—certainly not. You see, there's no stable worth calling such that hasn't ten or twelve boys who can ride all the weights down to the feather of the handicaps. Men like me they keep for the eight stun and over mounts. I turn the scale pretty near at ten stun now, but I shall have twenty pounds off before the bell rings at Lincoln, and more after. Not that there's anything wonderful in throwing twenty pounds. Daly himself was not far short of eleven stun the winter before he rode Hermit at a weight of eight stun ten."

"How do you get the weight down?" I inquired.

"Many ways," said he; "according to taste. They say of John Arnull that when he wanted to ride six pounds under his usual in the Prince of Wales's Stakes he had no more food than eight apples for eight days. Never touched a bite of anything else the whole week before the race. There's others, again, that walk with five sweaters on; and, when they've done five miles, they roast themselves over a big fire. That's poor business. I prefer thick wool and a horse. You can get it off galloping quick enough if there's not over much to come; and a bath like this winds the job up properly for you. It's a dreadful life, though, while you're at it."

"But well paid?" said I.

"Oh, well paid enough," said he, with something of a sneer. "A fourth-rate jockey can make a thousand a year, which is more than a fourth-rate sawbones or a fourth-rate parson can make. The nonsense of it is that the public fancies every stable-boy drawing a few bob a week is a jockey, and he ain't, Mister, not by a long way. Why, look at it—there's hundreds of boys on Newmarket Heath, hundreds—but the jockeys you may count on your hand. Any youngster who can sit on a mule may get some sort of a job in a stable, yet not one in a hundred will ever ride a great race."

"Then how does a jockey come to be a jockey?" I inquired. "Is it luck, or push, or influence, or what?"

"Bracket them all together—and that's your answer. Take my own case. I signed articles down in Yorkshire, and served my time with one of the smartest men that ever judged a horse. When my indentures were out, they put me on to ride trials at two guineas apiece; and one day I caught the eye of John Porter, and he fancied me, and gave me a chance. From that I got other mounts, and then shifted to Newmarket to ride for the last Lord Falmouth. There was never a better sportsman lived, and I've seen many of them."

"Yours is a typical case, I suppose?"

"Exactly. We all begin by being kids about the stable. After that, we're apprenticed to some trainer, and we do all sorts of work in his stables—groom's work, exercise, gallops, canters. We learn to ride, if ever we're going to learn; and when our years are up, it is luck or horsemanship, or both, that brings us to the front. And, you must remember, every master is on the look-out for clever hands. When 'Borderer' had horses down at Epsom, he saw one day a bright lad who didn't scale more than four stun seven. He took a fancy to him, and told his trainer to let the kid ride the trial next day. The trainer said the boy wasn't heavy enough, that he was new to the work, got kicked off twice a week, and that sort of thing; but 'Borderer' stuck to his guns, and the lad rode for him. Who do you think he was? Why, Constable, one of the best that ever put on silk. It's the same in other stables too. One lad in fifty shows hands as gentle as a woman's, and plenty of devil in his gallops. He begins to be watched; they give him charge of the nasty colts; he is chosen for trials, and when he is out of his time, he is on the road to be a jockey."

"He doesn't make very much money at first, of course?"

"Depends what you call 'much money.' He may pick up a 'monkey' a year fast enough; and that's bread and cheese to a boy of two-and-twenty—or ought to be. By and by, if he has any luck, his mounts will multiply, and then he will make a thousand per annum while he is still almost a nipper."

"How are jockeys paid," I asked next.

"THERE'S OTHERS, AGAIN, THAT WALK WITH FIVE SWEATERS ON."

"Five guineas a winner, three guineas a loser, and, in the ordinary course, two guineas for riding a trial. Work out how much the winning jockey on the flat made in fees alone last year, and you won't find it far short of three thousand guineas. This is just about half of what his takings are. Then you must know there are the presents. Two years ago, after one of the big autumn handicaps at Newmarket, the lad who rode the winner received five hundred

pounds anonymously. I've known the late Fred Archer get as many as three diamond pins a week, while I myself had two gold watches given me last year. It's really funny to see the way the public gives you money if you score a big win. Before I left the course on the second day of the October meeting, two years ago, I'd had ten pounds in single sovereigns put into my hand, and next morning I got a diamond ring worth fifty, and a bank note for a hundred. That's all right so far as it goes, but it's mild to some of the things I know. Hermit's Derby brought Daly four thousand in hard cash, as well as sufficient jewellery—principally from the women—to stock a shop. It's rare that the winner of the Derby receives less than a thousand from his owner, and that sum has been paid to the jockey of the Cesarewitch three times in the last five years."

"Then," said I, with some humility, "it is better to be a jockey than a Cabinet Minister."

"You can't compare them," said he. "And look at the life! Fair and square, I've known at least six horsemen who've made ten thousand a year. When you get down to roguery, you may find some of them who made thirty thousand; but, in the main, the Turf is clean to-day, as any man who lives on it will tell you."

"It must be difficult to pull a horse," said I, feeling my way gently to dangerous ground.

"It's difficult for the mug, no doubt," said he, "but any old horseman will fake it so that you'd bet your life he was riding all out when in reality he's sawing the horse's jaw off. Whip your boot hard and let your elbows go, and, glasses or no glasses, they can't spot you in the stand. I've seen many a race lost that could have been won, and there's nothing easier in creation. But you must wear your nag out before the distance-bell or you'll be marked in the rings. Ride all you know in the last hundred yards and you may play the rogue for years with no man to find a word against you."

"Then how were the rogues of ten years ago discovered?"

"Like most rogues are discovered. There were too many of them. They made a round table of it, and one day there was a man underneath to listen. You understand—the ring did them. If they'd have worked single, they might be working now."

He was rather irascible on this subject, so I turned it deftly.

"I am curious to know," said I, "what it feels like to ride a horse galloping forty miles an hour. Is it a pleasant sensation?"

"When you're used to it, it's better than champagne. What you've got to do is to keep your mouth shut and your head low. Otherwise you'd be winded in a couple of furlongs. I can't describe the feeling better than by telling you to put your head out of a railway carriage window next time you're in an express, and just take a mouthful of air then. That will give you a good idea of riding a race-horse. And don't forget that you've need of hands gentle as silk threads, and of all the judgment and nerve in your body. A good jockey can tell by the touch of his nag's mouth exactly how the race stands. He knows when his mount is tiring long before his mount shows it. And sometimes he will kid the youngsters by riding just as if there wasn't another ounce in his horse, when really he is winning hands down. It's part of the art never to show your game, while, if possible, you learn all about the game of the other man. And what with watching the others and getting an opening for yourself and using your judgment about the nag, racing wants a head and a nerve, I can tell you."

"I suppose that a first-rate jockey could give one some magnificent 'tips' if he chose."

"He could tell you what the horses in his stable were worth; and when all the nags have been out before, he might be relied on to name the winner. What beats him are the unknown horses—those kept dark as two-year-olds, and sprung on him for the classics. I've been upset by a dark one many a time, a nag I wouldn't have put twopence on, and so have all of us. With all that, a jockey who chooses to bet may win pots, and often does."

"In addition to which he is made the centre of some substantial hero-worship," I suggested.

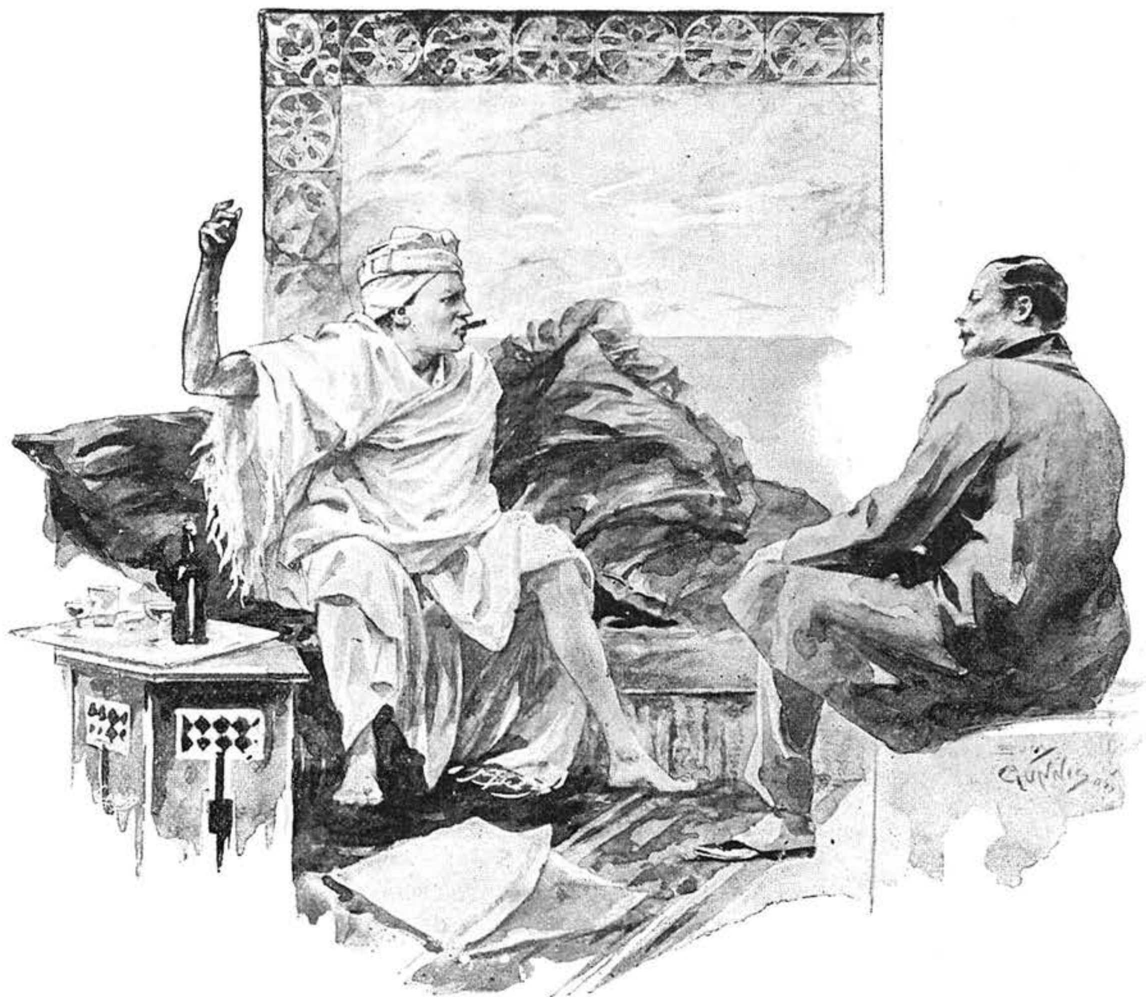
"A pretty sight too substantial sometimes," he remarked: "what with the touts who try to corner you, and the kids who come round for tips, and the women and other fools, it's awful to a man with feelings."

"Do the touts ever try to get at you—drug you, in the way popular novelists describe jockeys being drugged?"

When I put this question he had one arm in a garment of wool and one out, but his gesture was superb, and his "Faugh!" most decisive. "I'd like to see the man that would drug me or any old hand," he

cried; "I guess I'd flatten him out like a carpet! I don't say such things have not been done; but it's a game to play with kids and not with men. Do you think I'd drink with a stranger during the week before I rode a big race? Not me—not if he was an archbishop. And if I went under there'd be twenty more to take my place, so where does the drug come in?"

I admitted that it was difficult to say, and not being an archbishop, or even an archdeacon, I feared to ask him more, and left him to his meditations—and to the brougham which was waiting for him at the door of the Turkish bath.



"I'D LIKE TO SEE THE MAN THAT WOULD DRUG ME OR ANY OLD HAND."

THE GOLF WALK

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Behold, my child, this touching scene,
The golfer on the golfing-green;
Pray mark his legs' uncanny swing,
The golf-walk is a gruesome thing!

See how his arms and shoulders ride
Above his legs in haughty pride,
While over bunker, hill and lawn
His feet, relentless, drag him on.

And does the man walk always so?
Nay! nay! my child, and eke, oh! no!
It is a gait he only knows
When he has on his golfing clothes.

Blame not the man for that strange stride,
He could not help it if he tried;
It is his timid feet that try
From his obstreperous clothes to fly.

WOOL-GATHERING.

THE wonderful many-sidedness of London life has ever appeared to us as the one "wonder of the world," defying all attempts at comprehension. The oldest Londoner has not realised it fully, nor the most curious nor the most observant. Every turn to the right or left, every glance at the newspaper, brings to light some new centre of thought which probably has its radii extending to the remotest corners of the globe. In their inter-relations, many of these centres resemble the individual inhabitants in knowing nothing of their neighbours. Spiritualists, faddists of all descriptions, and active propagandists of every conceivable and inconceivable religion and no-religion, art, science, nescience—carry on their work along their own lines and amid their own people as distinctly as each thread in a tapestry weaves its way in and out of the design without ever merging itself in any of its fellows. And then, the money-makers!—the infinite means of getting gain, from the method of the man who throws himself before a carriage to have his leg broken, and then obtain "damages," to that of the stately personage who administers the Queen's justice in her courts of law—what an amazing field of study and speculation is here displayed to the observer of mankind! We can conceive a task, portentous, yet entertaining and instructive, which some man of leisure may yet accomplish—the cataloguing of the various devices employed in accumulating money within "The four mile radius."

"'HALF-HALF-HALF-HALF-HALF!'"

Looking back upon a fairly large experience in such matters, we doubt if we have ever witnessed a less exalting and ennobling spectacle than that presented on any afternoon in the selling season beneath the roof of the Wool Exchange, Coleman Street. The scene repeats itself throughout the year with regularly recurring intervals of about six weeks' duration, during which the room is closed. It was a dull September day upon which we first made its acquaintance. On the rising floor of a large horse-shoe-shaped room sit about three hundred would-be purchasers waiting in the gloom for the arrival of the auctioneer. Suddenly the circle of gas-jets above brightens,

THE AUCTIONEER.

THE HEIGHT OF EXCITEMENT.

a murmur runs round the assembly, and the great man appears in the rostrum, accompanied by two clerks. Every member of the audience opens his catalogue, and the rustling is as the noise of many waters. Then the proceedings commence. The auctioneer reads the description of "Lot 1," and no sooner has he opened his mouth than a dark man, who had hitherto been sitting calmly in his seat, reading *Le Petit Journal*, starts to his feet like one possessed, darts a lean forefinger in the direction of the rostrum, and gives vent to a series of what appear to be simply incoherent shrieks. At the same moment rises another in similar maniacal fashion, who, with blazing eyes, burning cheeks, and distended throat, commences to bark like a wolf. This ghastly exhibition excites only a look of benevolent interest in the countenance of the auctioneer, who takes especial note of the screams and yells of the last bidder, makes a mark in his book, taps lightly on the desk with his hammer, and "Lot 1" is disposed of! As the sale goes forward this scene is repeated again and again, and in time we are able to distinguish words in the uproar. When "Lot 78," for example, is reached, an elderly gentleman darts to his feet, roars out "Eight-eight-eight-eight-eight!" at the top of his voice and with life-or-death speed, to signify that he is prepared to give 8d. per lb. for the lot in question; up start half-a-dozen others from behind, waving their catalogues wildly, and shouting "Half-half-half-half-half!" being the offer of an additional halfpenny; and then a pale, earnest-looking young man in the front row rises amid the storm, and in a voice that seems capable at a pinch of splitting the dome of St. Paul's, roars out "Three-three-three-three-three!" and triumphantly secures the lot at $8\frac{3}{4}$d. The moment the hammer descends the shouting dies away, and the shouters quietly resume their seats, civilised members of society, until the fight for the next lot rouses "the ape and tiger" in them once more. Upon these strange

A DISPUTE WITH THE AUCTIONEER.

doings two sheep's heads, carved in stone, look down from above the auctioneer's head, as if, with dim eyes, wondering at the frenzy.

Such is a scene unfamiliar to many Londoners, yet open to all. As we have observed, it is not a particularly ennobling one; yet it helps one to realise the intensity of the battle for money more forcibly than any we wot of, and the momentary self-abandonment to which men who at all other times are models of dignity and decorum will sink in its pursuit. We confess that we prefer the spirit that broods over Christie's—the silent noddings of the head, the beauty of picture and porcelain, the meetings of men and women rich in the graces and gifts of life. But probably, this is not the practical spirit. Money has to be made, just as the world has to be peopled; and if a man must make a wild creature of himself for a moment or two every now and then in the sale-room at Coleman Street, who shall say him "Nay."

H. MACKINNON WALBROOK.

THE LOT WAS SOLD AGAINST HIM.

MOUNT MELLICK EMBROIDERY.

BY JOSEPHA CRANE, AUTHOR OF "POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF WORK," ETC., ETC.

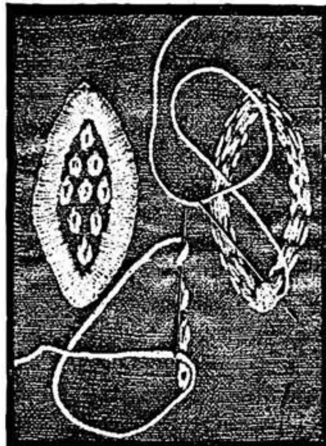


FIG. I.

AN Irish locality, where the work originated, gives its name to this beautiful embroidery. In the neighbourhood of Mount Mellick the Industrial Association makes a *specialité* of this work, and thereby are enabled to help many distressed Irish ladies and others. It may be remembered by some that in 1885 this association presented a beautifully embroidered toilet-cover to the Princess of Wales when she visited Ireland.

Some people do the Mount Mellick work on coloured materials, but this is really incorrect, the distinguishing feature of the embroidery being that it is white worked upon a white foundation. A thick material should always be selected, for the work is heavy, and requires a substantial foundation. White satin jean is often used, so also is linen, plain or twilled, and the objects decorated with this work are tea and sideboard cloths, toilet-covers, night-dress sachets, bed-spreads, and a variety of other articles in kind, the great charm being that it washes again and again, and still preserves its beauty. Thick "between" needles are used to work with, but a special needle, called Bartleet's Superior Mount Mellick needle, is the most satisfactory of any, the eye being well adapted to holding the cotton, which is Strutt's knitting cotton, the sizes varying from six to fourteen in number.

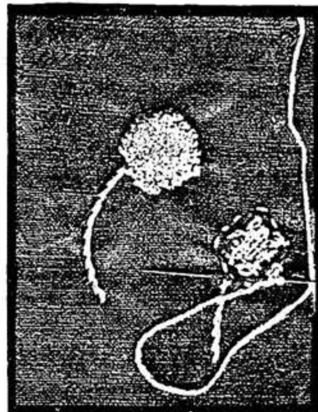


FIG. 2.

In choosing a design, you must bear in mind that the work is bold and striking rather than fine and delicate in detail, and a design where the leaves cross each other and branches interlace, or in which there is any crowding whatever, is most unsuitable, and the result very ugly. You will sometimes find a transfer pattern very useful, but if you can draw yourself you will be independent of any of these. Among the various flowers, etc., which are particularly well suited for this work are mountain-ash berries, acorns, blackberry flowers and leaves, passion flowers, conventional pomegranates, wheat, barley, grapes, lilies, hops, etc.

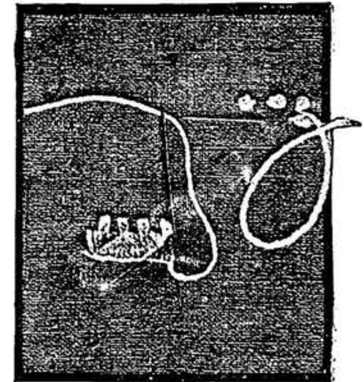


FIG. 3.

If you do not draw, and yet are in possession of a good design, you must put it on the material you are going to work. One way is to use carbonated paper, which can be obtained at any shop for drawing materials. Another is to prick the pattern all over, and then lay it upon the material, and secure it by drawing-pins, so that it may not slip. You next make some pounce, which is nothing else but finely-powdered and dry pipeclay and charcoal. Then you take a strip of flannel, about four or five inches wide, and roll it up tightly until you have a roll about the diameter

of a halfpenny; cut the edge quite clear and even, and then dipping the end into the pounce, you apply it to the pricked surface, rubbing it in well. After this is done, lift off the pattern, and you will find

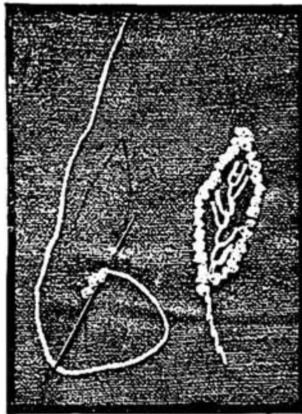


FIG. 4.

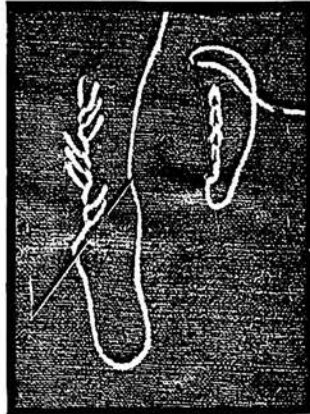


FIG. 5.

the design lying on your material clearly outlined in the pounce, but so lightly done that a breath will damage it. You next go over it all carefully with a thick pencil or pen and ink. You will do this better if your hand is resting on a firm flat piece of wood or a thick book. At any artist's shop you will be able to get, at a very small cost, a little wooden bridge, or "hand-rest," which is extremely useful.

It would be impossible in the space of one article to enumerate all the various stitches which can be used in Mount Mellick work, but if those given here are mastered the worker will find herself possessed of sufficient to make great variety in any piece of work she undertakes, and the more of the embroidery that she executes the longer will be her list of stitches, which she will invent as she goes on, and yet which are all more or less offshoots of the ones named here.

Use coarse cotton for padding, finer for embroidering, but do not mix two sizes for the latter—the result is not satisfactory. Remember that though the cotton

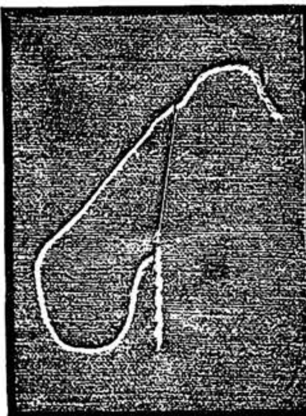


FIG. 6.

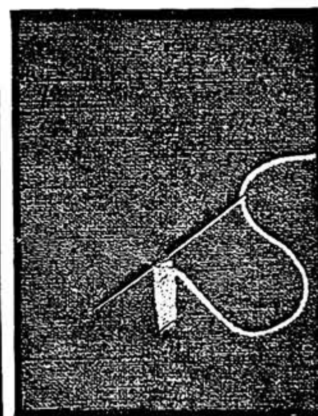


FIG. 7.

you use is coarse, finish is absolutely necessary for good work. By this I mean that your outlines must be perfectly true, your stitches even, your satin-stitch smooth, with no inequalities of padding or gaps caused by loose stitches. I am not going to give you long directions about "holding your cotton under one thumb" and "slightly slanting" your needle, because I have very small faith in these written directions. I am, however, convinced that if you study carefully the figures illustrating this article, and place needle and cotton as you see before you, that you will learn how to do the stitches, though, of course, practice alone will secure excellence in the workmanship. As to which kind of stitches apply to particular patterns, no general rules can be given; you must be guided by your eye and the general effect. For example, satin-stitch, as in Fig. 1, is adapted more particularly for conventional designs; the rough outline leaf, done in French knots (Fig. 4) for blackberry leaves.

But before I go on I have something to say about the padding, which is a very much more important part of the embroidery than many workers have any idea of. The stitches of the padding should lie on the surface of the part to be worked, consequently as little as possible of the material should be taken up with the needle. If you wish the embroidery to be very much in relief, then run a second or third row

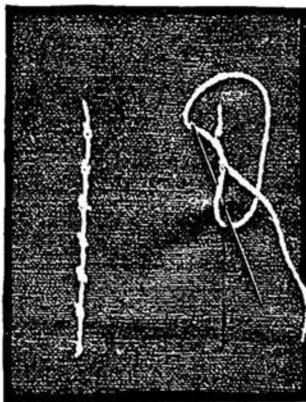


FIG. 8.

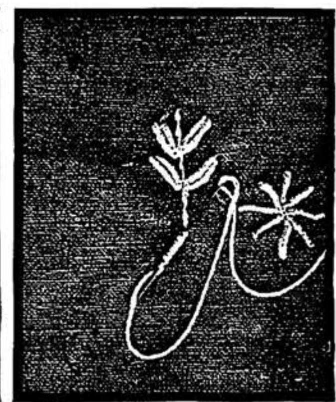


FIG. 9.

of lines, keeping the thickness perfectly equal, and always padding in the opposite direction to which the embroidery stitches are to go.

In Fig. 2 a blackberry is given completely worked in French knots. The method of padding the centre, as you would darn, is by far the best. The French knots are made as will be seen in Fig. 3. Although I have said that the same size of cotton should be used throughout the embroidering of one piece of work, yet, as every rule has its exceptions, I will admit that for French knots I generally use a coarse number. The other drawing

FIG. 10.

in Fig. 3 is the saw-tooth button-holing, useful for the edge of work. This, of course, can be varied in many ways.

From the blackberry fruit we turn to the leaf on Fig. 4, or rather the section of a leaf, which it will be seen is worked simply in a row of French knots outlining the whole, and the centre having some feather-stitching. Every one almost knows how to do feather-stitching, and is also acquainted with the plan of doing two or three branches, according to fancy. Care must always be taken to keep it straight, and the length of the stitches equal. Simple chain-stitch is found on Fig. 5, and that comes in usefully in many ways. The small loop-stitch, which fills the centre of Fig. 1, is very easy and effective. If the loop taken is made larger, then it serves for wheat-ears, daisies, and tiny sprays of leaves.

FIG. 11.

Fig. 6 is common stem-stitch, which all who do crewel-work will know quite well. I so often, however, see it so very badly done that I may as well give the hint that perfection in this stitch very much consists in taking each stitch precisely opposite the former one, and not allowing your needle to slant at all. In direct opposition to this is the overcasting stitch, which Fig. 7 shows us. There the knack is to get your stitch always slanting, working from right to left or *vice versâ*, as you please.

Fig. 8 is called snail-trail-stitch, and is very useful in various parts of Mount Mellick work, for when the pattern is of large bold leaves, embroiderers often vary the effect by filling in surfaces with snail-trail, chain-stitch, or else crossing the leaf with stitches fastened down where they meet, and producing an effect like trellis-work.

Bullion-stitch is given on Fig. 9, and here I must ask my reader to observe carefully exactly how the needle is placed before the cotton is rolled round it, for if the needle is drawn out as the tyro generally does, and the cotton then twisted, it is most troublesome, and almost impossible to result in a good stitch. Bullion-stitch serves for a great many purposes. In our illustration it is used for wheat-ears, and the star at the side shows another way of using it. It also answers for accentuating the veining of leaves, the anthers of lilies, etc.

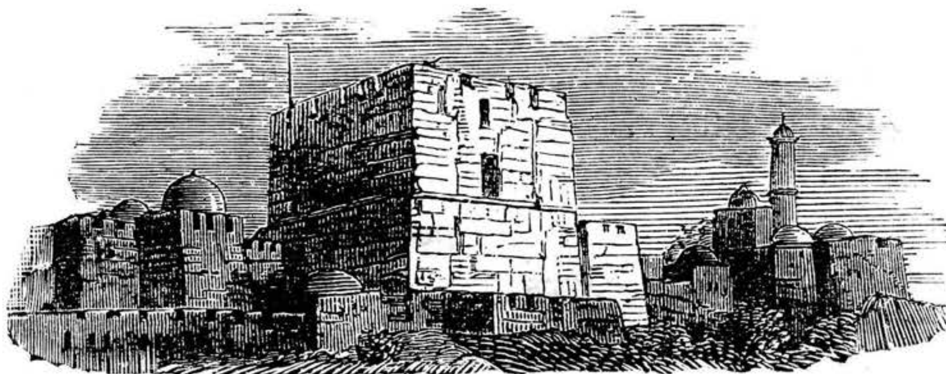
One of the easiest, and perhaps the most effective ways of embroidering leaves is shown on Fig. 10. It is simply feather-stitch done closely together, always taking care to work one stitch to right, the next to left alternately. If two are made on one side to one or three on the other, the centre veining, which should be pretty and even, is spoilt.

In Fig. 11 you will see a small flower, about the size of a blackberry flower, and the method of padding will be easily learnt. Another way of doing this flower is to button-hole each petal to the edge, having carefully padded it first, and letting the outline of your padding be well within the line of the petal, so as to permit of each petal being clear and distinct. In either case a few French knots are made in the centre.

In Fig. 12 I have given a leaf which should be worked in satin-stitch. Again I must remind the worker of the need of evenness in padding.

FIG. 12.

In ironing Mount Mellick work care should be taken to have a thick piece of flannel or blanket under the ironing cloth, so that the raised work may not be flattened. Although, as I have said, true Mount Mellick work is done on white material in white cotton, still I will whisper in confidence to my readers that I have done it in filoselle silks on Roman satin, and that the effect was extremely handsome. In purse twist and knitting silk much may be done in the same way, and the idea of doing it thus will, I feel sure, be new to many readers, as it was until recently to myself.



How a Receptive One visited the Spectacles of the City

To Wit:

The Music-Hall.

A screaming farcical Comedy.

Another.

A patriotic Drama.

The Opera.

The Lyceum.

A Melodrama

A pathetic "Comedy-Drama"

And

3 Acts

of Henrik Ibsen.

The deplorable issue.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, 1894

EVERY-DAY DESSERTS,

AND DESSERTS FOR EVERY DAY.

SUNDAY, JULY 1.

Coffee Jelly (good).

One-half box of dissolved gelatine, one pint of boiling coffee, one cupful of sugar, strained in a mould. Eat with sweetened cream.

MONDAY, JULY 2.

Cherry Puddings (delicious).

Mix together two cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, and water for a soft dough. Butter the cups and drop in a little dough, some stoned cherries, and then dough to half fill the cups. Steam one-half hour. Eat with sweetened cream.

TUESDAY, JULY 3.

Orange Pie (very nice).

Bake in open shell, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of milk, yolks of three eggs, juice of two oranges, one-half of the peel of one orange, meringue, three whites.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4.

Chocolate Whips.

Scrape one-fourth of a cake of chocolate and dissolve with two tablespoonfuls of sugar in one-half of a teacupful of boiling water; add to one-half of a pint of milk, one-half of a cupful of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of smooth corn-starch; add to one and one-half pints of boiling milk with yolks of five eggs; stir till it thickens; add one-half of a saltspoonful of salt. Mould in cups; when cold, fill with whipped cream.

THURSDAY, JULY 5.

Huckleberry Pudding.

Bake in loaf, two cupfuls of sugar, four heaping teaspoonfuls of butter, one-half of a teaspoonful of nutmeg, three stiff eggs, one cupful of milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, one pint of flour with one pint of huckleberries rolled in it. Sauce No. 7.

FRIDAY, JULY 6.

Banana Ice Cream.

Scald together one pint of new milk, two stiff eggs, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, and pour over one and one-half pints of cream. When cold, add two teaspoonfuls of vanilla, and freeze. When it begins to freeze, add two sliced bananas.

SATURDAY, JULY 7.

Lemon Meringue (delicious).

Bake, in open pastry, a mixture of rind and juice of one lemon, one cupful of sugar, three-fourths of a cupful of water, one tablespoonful of flour, yolks of four eggs. Make a meringue of four whites.

SUNDAY, JULY 8.

Sunderland Pudding.

One and one-half cupfuls of sugar, two cupfuls of flour, one-half of a cupful of milk, three eggs, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Bake in loaf. Sauce No. 8.

This recipe, which I found some twelve years ago in Mrs. Hill's "Southern Cook Book," has been in constant use in our family ever since as the best cake pudding I ever ate.

MONDAY, JULY 9.

Gelatine Charlotte Russe.

Line a dish with sponge cake; whip one pint of cream stiff and beat in one-half of a box of gelatine dissolved in one gill of hot milk and allowed to cool, with powdered sugar to taste. Pour this mixture into the dish.

TUESDAY, JULY 10.

Huckleberry Pie.

Bake in two crusts, one large cupful of berries, one teacupful of sugar (moistened a little), one teaspoonful of smooth flour.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 11.

Floating Island.

Add two tablespoonfuls of smooth corn-starch to one quart of simmering milk, then yolks of four eggs, four tablespoonfuls of sugar. Boil three minutes; add, when cool, one teaspoonful of vanilla; pour into the dish and drop a meringue of whites over.

THURSDAY, JULY 12.

Snow Jelly.

Add one-half of a box of soaked gelatine to one quart of boiling milk and one teacupful of sugar. Boil one minute, strain into moulds, flavoring with one teaspoonful of vanilla. Eat with whipped cream piled about it.

FRIDAY, JULY 13.

Raspberry Pudding.

Bake in loaf, one cupful of sugar, one and one-half cupfuls of milk, a piece of butter the size of an egg, two eggs, one heaping teaspoonful of baking-powder, flour for cake batter with one pint of raspberries stirred in lightly. Sauce No. 8.

SATURDAY, JULY 14.

Orange and Tapioca Jelly.

Soak six tablespoonfuls of tapioca for three hours in two cupfuls of salted water; set in hot water and boil, adding four teaspoonfuls of sugar, and a little boiling water if too thick. When like custard, add the juice of one orange. Cover the bottom of the mould with sliced oranges, and when the jelly is cool pour it over the fruit. Sauce No. 10.

SUNDAY, JULY 15.

Florentines.

Make a pie-crust, roll it thin in two oblong strips; spread one with thick jam, cover with the other, and bake. Ice the top layer, strew over blanched, split almonds, and brown.

MONDAY, JULY 16.

Raspberry Ice.

One and one-half pints of raspberries, juice mixed with three-fourths of a pint of sugar and one-half of a pint of water, and freeze.

TUESDAY, JULY 17.

Cheese Cakes.

Line patty-pans with pastry and fill with three tablespoonfuls of butter, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one rolled cracker, two tablespoonfuls of brandy, yolks of two eggs, juice and rind of one-half of a lemon, two tablespoonfuls of blanched, chopped, sweet almonds, one-half of a tablespoonful of bitter almonds mixed with it.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 18.

Raspberry Pie.

Bake in two crusts one large cupful of raspberries, three-fourths of a cupful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of water, with one teaspoonful of flour stirred in.

THURSDAY, JULY 19.

Lady Fingers.

Beat together the yolks of five eggs, one and one-half cupfuls of powdered sugar, one and one-fourth of a cupful of flour, five stiff whites; drop on the pan in long, narrow strips. Cover, when baked, with chocolate boiled icing.

FRIDAY, JULY 20.

Banana Custard.

Just before serving, slice a dish three-fourths full of bananas, and pour over sauce No. 10, *very cold.*

SATURDAY, JULY 21.

Boiled Berry Pudding (good).

One pint of flour, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, one cupful of milk, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two eggs, one pint of berries. Boil. Sauce No. 7.

This is substantially a recipe of Marion Harland's in "Common Sense," and the best plain, boiled pudding I know.

SUNDAY, JULY 22.

Frosted Pudding.

One quart of boiling milk, two tablespoonfuls of smooth corn-starch, three-fourths of a cupful of sugar and three beaten yolks of eggs. Boil one minute, pour into a buttered dish, and bake. Spread with a meringue of three whites, one-half of a cupful each of powdered sugar and jelly.

MONDAY, JULY 23.

Gelatine Pudding.

Make a boiled custard of one pint of milk, the yolks of three eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sugar; add one-half of a box of gelatine dissolved in one-half of a pint of milk. Boil up, strain, beat in three stiff whites of eggs; when cool, add one teaspoonful of vanilla, and mould.

TUESDAY, JULY 24.

Imperial Pudding.

Bake in loaf a mixture of one pound of blanched, chopped almonds, one pint of milk, one cupful of sponge cake crumbs, four

tablespoonfuls of butter, six tablespoonfuls of sugar, six stiff eggs. Sauce No. 12.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 25.

Syllabub.

Whip one pint of cream, add one-half of a cupful of powdered sugar, one glass of sherry. Serve in glasses, with cake.

THURSDAY, JULY 26.

Emergency Pudding.

Set one pint of milk in a pan of boiling water; when boiling, add one pint of boiling water; when this boils, add nine tablespoonfuls of flour stirred smooth in one cupful of cold milk, with two stiff eggs added. Beat well, then cook three minutes. Sauce No. 7.

FRIDAY, JULY 27.

Home-made Candies (good).

Measure the whites of two unbeaten eggs and take an equal quantity of cream or milk; mix together and stir in XXX confectioners' sugar till stiff enough to mould. Divide and add different flavors or ingredients—cocoanut, almonds, chocolate, etc.—to taste.

SATURDAY, JULY 28.

Banana Jelly.

Add one-half of a box of gelatine (dissolved) to one pint of boiling water, one stick of cinnamon, one cupful each of sherry and sugar. Strain, pour one-half of the jelly into the mould; when cool, put in a layer of bananas, sliced, and pour over the rest of the jelly.

SUNDAY, JULY 29.

Blackberry Pie.

Bake, in two crusts, one large cupful of blackberries, one teacupful of moistened sugar, one teaspoonful of smooth flour.

MONDAY, JULY 30.

Chocolate Ice Cream.

Scald one pint of new milk; add two stiff eggs, two cupfuls of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of melted chocolate. Cook till thick in a kettle of hot water, and pour over it one quart of cream, adding two teaspoonfuls of vanilla, then freeze.

TUESDAY, JULY 31.

Diplomatic Pudding.

Sift one and one-half tumblerfuls of powdered sugar ten times, and beat in the stiff whites of eleven eggs; add one tumblerful of flour sifted ten times, last with one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and add one teaspoonful of vanilla. Bake in a mould which has a funnel in the middle. Spread, when baked, with boiled syrup, one cupful of sugar, five tablespoonfuls of hot water, boiled thick, and one-half of a teacupful of sherry added. Cover the top of the cake with strawberry jam, and that—filling the hole in the middle also—with whipped cream.

—Ruth Hall.

KEEPING HOUSE UNDER SNOW.

In the Cevennes mountains, in central France, there is a village named La Beage, the inhabitants of which practically live underground a large part of the year. It is 4,250 feet above the sea and in the bottom of a pass where the snow is rapidly heaped up by the winds. As soon as the snow begins to fall in large quantities, says a recent visitor, the inhabitants retire indoors, and it is not long before the low-roofed cottages are buried, the only means by which air can reach the interior being down the single chimney, which in all the cottages is built very wide and substantial. The snow gradually mounts so high that the door will not open, and at last the windows are blocked up. The inhabitants lay in a good supply of bread, cheese, and salt pork for themselves, and of hay and straw in the out-house for their cow and horse; and, although the men occasionally go out by way of the chimney, the women and children live in the fetid atmosphere all the winter. They spend their time making cane chairs and baskets, doing a little rude wood carving, and knitting stockings, while, if the snow does not melt in a month or so, the people burrow tunnels from house to house, and so get a little society. Should a death occur, the body is roughly *coffined* and laid upon the roof until a thaw makes the cemetery accessible.—*New York Sun.* 1886

Hints to Young Housekeepers.

DUTIES OF A NURSE.

"THAT child is happiest who never had a nursery-maid, only a mother," says Miss Muloch. I think no one will deny this, yet the necessity for hired nurses is a part of the artificial life we all lead. A nurse is the most difficult of servants to find. Many servants are honest, well meaning, capable of being trained for any service except that of nurse. No rough or ignorant woman should be tolerated. I should consider good looks, good accent and manner of speaking desirable, and among the necessary requirements, good health and activity, a cheerful, good-tempered expression of face; for children are imitative, especially of expression. One wants also conscience, taste, gentleness, and supreme neatness. Where will you find all these qualities combined? There is but one resource: the mother must be head nurse herself. She must overlook no short-comings. Health, temper, habits—all are in question. If one is fortunate enough to meet with a sensible woman, she may be made to understand how much the future welfare of the children depends upon her obedience to directions and upon the careful performance of her duties, that the cares of the mother must be seconded by hers, and that the smallest omission may produce bad results—the exchange of a warm garment for a thin one, the leaving off any article of clothing usually worn, etc.

Little children should be made happy, left free from unnecessary checks and restraints, and supplied with occupation. Indeed, occupation is the secret of happiness, whether with children or adults. The law of love should govern the nursery, and not the law of irritation. Blocks, picture-books, threads and needles, round-ended scissors, paper and pencils, chalks, dolls and doll-clothes, are among the accessories of a good nursery. If the nurse has the will she may keep children amused, and if they get the nursery in great confusion it is easily put in order again by a willing and active nurse. No one should take a place as nurse, nor be allowed to keep such place, who has not a natural love of children. A watchful mother can soon judge how worthy the nurse is of her confidence.

It is desirable that the children should play in a different room from that in which they sleep, and that it should contain an open fire of wood or soft coal.

Children are rarely ill tempered, unless made so by others or by sickness and suffering, in which cases it cannot be considered as ill temper. They may be willful, but decision and gentleness will

remedy it. Yielding and coaxing are the great enemies of obedience with children. A nurse should not be allowed to punish a child. If she attempts it, she should be reproved, and if not obedient, dismissed. She should be a light sleeper, ready to wake at the slightest noise, and cheerfully, and should always be within easy hearing distance of a sleeping baby, since a baby may wake and cry on account of discomfort which she could readily remove. No two children should be put to sleep in one bed, nor with the nurse; it is injurious to health. I prefer a nurse not less than 25 nor more than 35, unless she has grown old in the service of the same family—a rare event now.

A nurse should be up early in order to make her fire (unless a housemaid is kept), air the clothes, and have everything ready for her little charges. She should wash and dry them well. A white cotton sheet, for each child to be wrapped in upon being taken out of the bath, is a great safeguard against exposure; a baby should be taken in a blanket. Most mothers would reserve this pleasure and duty of washing the baby for themselves. The windows should be opened, the water and tubs removed, and everything restored to order but the children's beds, which should be left to air for a long time. An India rubber cloth over the little mattresses, with a blanket over it and under the sheet is advisable. Flannel night-gowns are much better for little children than cotton. Nothing should be left in a nursery for a moment which can affect the air. No napkins should be dried in it.

A boy should not be kept in the nursery after five years of age; and a little girl should have her own room, and have a pride in it at as early an age as possible.

Children's meals should not be taken in the nursery if it can be avoided, and the nurse should see that the children are neatly dressed, washed and aproned before sitting down to their meals, and that their aprons are removed and their hands and faces washed after eating.

A nurse should have her work-basket always at hand to make any repairs, but unless under peculiar circumstances (only one child, or a happy, contented baby), she can do little consecutive sewing. If there are many children, and she does her duty faithfully from early morning till her little charges are in bed, she should have rest, and time for reading and for her own sewing. She must have her hours of recreation, and time for her meals, uninterrupted. All this each mother must arrange for herself, but "all work and no play makes" not only "Jack" but the servants "dull."

Mrs. S. W. Oakey.

WAX FLOWERS. No. 7.

BY MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON.

THE SWEET PEA.

Materials.—One package very light rose-pink wax, one large-headed cutting-pin, green spool wire, cut in lengths two inches long, with one stem cut five inches long for the centre or main part of the spray. Make a hook at the end of each stem, cover it with a small piece of the pink wax moulded in an oval form. Now cut twenty-four pieces the size and shape of Fig. 1.

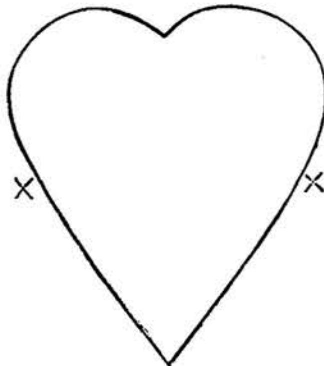


Fig. 1.

Crease a dent through the middle, and roll so that the edges marked by a cross will turn backwards. Now cut twenty-four pieces the size and shape of Fig. 2.

Roll these pieces so that they will be cupped almost double, and place them on the stem, so as to form the centre of the sweet pea. (A spray of

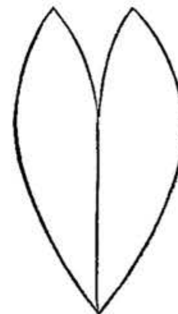


Fig. 2.

artificial or natural sweet pea will aid you very much in the arrangement of this flower). Then put on your outside pieces, so that the curves on each side will turn outwards. Finish off the calyx with a small pointed piece of light green wax. Twist the stems together, four or five in a cluster, and then attach to the main stem. The sweet pea may be made in pure white, and is very nice for wreaths or crosses.

Scene: The Realm of Fiction.

THE HERO AND HEROINE IN HEATED DISCUSSION.

THE HERO: I have sworn, before generations of readers, never to give you up. But I must say you are going too far!

THE HEROINE: I 'm advancing, that 's all. And you 'll have to follow.

THE HERO: I 've been following you ever since the world began. But you are so exasperating nowadays. I remember the dear old times when you wore white muslin and a rose in your hair, and used to sing ballads to me. You were always beautiful then, with starry eyes and luxuriant tresses; your shape had an elastic grace, and your features were cast in the rarest mold of symmetry. You leaned from moonlit balconies, wreathed with passion-flowers, while I serenaded you. Those were the days when I loved you fondly, madly, and *you* — you worshiped me!

THE HEROINE: True. I was too young to know better. I was always eighteen then, and now I am usually thirty. Besides, you were much nicer in those days — handsome and chivalrous, sometimes sublimely heroic, sometimes superbly bad and bold, but always a personage. Whereas now you don't amount to anything but to give me my cue.

THE HERO: You need n't twit me with it. I can't see how it has all happened. When I first remember you, back in Miss Burney's time, you were humble enough; you trembled and blushed when I looked at you, and nearly fainted with emotion when I held an umbrella over you in a shower. And under Harry Fielding you did n't dare to call your soul your own where I was concerned.

THE HEROINE: Oh, that was centuries ago, in the Dark Ages!

THE HERO: Well, then, take Thackeray. You were a trifle jealous and small-minded in his day, but then, how pretty you were, with your white shoulders, and pink cheeks, and ringlets! And how sweet and cheerful you looked as you sat by Dickens's fireside, with your dancing eyes and your dimples!

THE HEROINE: It is n't my fault that firesides have gone out; and one can't sit by a register. I tried hard to love you in Charlotte Brontë's time, I 'm sure; but you trampled on me so that I got tired. And then George Eliot showed me what you really were, though she had a lingering weakness for you, too.

THE HERO: I thought her pretty severe then; but I 've learned to submit. I 've turned the other cheek so many times that I 've none left now. Ah! if Charles Reade had only lived, I should n't be where I am today. When he wrote about you, you had n't much sense, but you were the loveliest creature, full of the sweetest inconsistencies and ignorances and caprices; and how you did worship me! It was too good to last. (*Sighing.*) I suppose you 're perfectly satisfied with yourself nowadays. You ought to be. You 've perfect health, undaunted courage to discuss and decide everything, a superlative intellect, and an unconquerable will. You bully me, you know you do.

THE HEROINE: Well, you deserve it. You 're very bad and very weak. You are n't even handsome any more. And I am strong and sane and beautiful and conquering. The star of progress is on my forehead. I carry the Future in my hand, and—

THE HERO: Do stop! You 're not on exhibition at present. I 've heard all that dozens of times, and I don't believe it. For one thing, you are not half as pretty as you used to be.

THE HEROINE: O-oh! (*hysterically*) you *horrid* thing! You mean wretch! I 'm as beautiful as I ever was! — I 'm the Eternal Womanly! — and I 'll pay you up! (*Exit tempestuously.*)

THE HERO: Good gracious! What *is* she going to do next?

Priscilla Leonard.

RE—THE HUBBARD DOG.

Old Mother Hubbard
She went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog some bread;
When she got there
The cupboard was bare,
So the quadruped ate her instead.

To this she objected—
As might be expected—
But he, with a shrug of his face,
Said, "Dear Mrs. Hubbard,
The state of your cupboard
Has long been a national disgrace!

"It's always the same—
No poultry, no game,
Not a vestige of knuckle of pheasant,
Not a loin of roast ham,
Not a wing of cold lamb,
Not even a sausage of apricot jam—
And I find it distinctly unpleasant!

"That greedy young Horner
Sits smug in his corner,
And gorges at pie all the day;
While horrid Miss Muffet
Just lives on her tuffet,
And gobbles her curds and whey.

"But when *I* have bones
They're like underdone stones!
Though you know my digestion is shady!
And as for your biscuit,
My teeth wouldn't risk it!
Such fossils don't tempt them, old lady!

"I have made up my mind
That whenever I find
No *menu* affixed to the larder,
I always shall eat you!
It's hard thus to treat you,
But when I am hungry—it's harder!

"So now we'll adjourn
All remarks, and return
Our attention to lunch for a minute;"
But wise Mother Hubbard
Reached down from her cupboard
A muzzle, and popped his head in it!

F. Klickmann.

Secret Hiding-Places.

BY JAMES SCOTT.

MANY an old tale of the "Once upon a time" type was heightened in interest by the narration of some incident connected with the secret hiding of a runaway thief, or of the imprisonment of an unfortunate captive. There is no doubt that several of these startling episodes were founded on fact, as revelations made during the demolition of many an old building serve to testify.

I have collected many particulars appertaining to the interiors of old houses, and have been rewarded by becoming acquainted with several interesting items. In some instances I have been compelled to personally complete details of certain parts—for instance, in connection with the ingenious hiding-place explained in Figs. 1 and 2, I had, until recently, a page of a very old book in which was a drawing of the plan Fig. 2, and a few descriptive remarks, other information probably being contained in pages not in my possession. But just as a single bone is sufficient for the scientific anatomist to base the appearance of the whole skeleton upon, so my knowledge of woodwork has enabled me to realize the full extent of the construction of parts not thoroughly explained to me.

The hiding-place to which I have just referred must have been a truly effective, albeit uncomfortable, one. A cupboard, apparently a fixture of the room, and resembling Fig. 1, would be the first thing, no doubt, to attract the attention of any inquisitive searchers for a "wanted" man. But I calculate that, although the runaway may have happened to be concealed within the chamber behind it, the human hounds must have failed to detect, or even to suspect, his presence. Let us follow the man from the time he prepares for hiding himself. First, he would open the door of the cupboard. Then, by pulling the right-hand side of the cupboard forward, he would be permitted to draw one of the interior backs of the cupboard partly outward (as shown in Fig. 1) behind the space provided by reason of the first side having been shifted. These parts are shown in plan Fig. 2, A being the right-hand side and B the inside movable portion of the cupboard. It will be noticed that B also carries a part of the fellow-back with it.

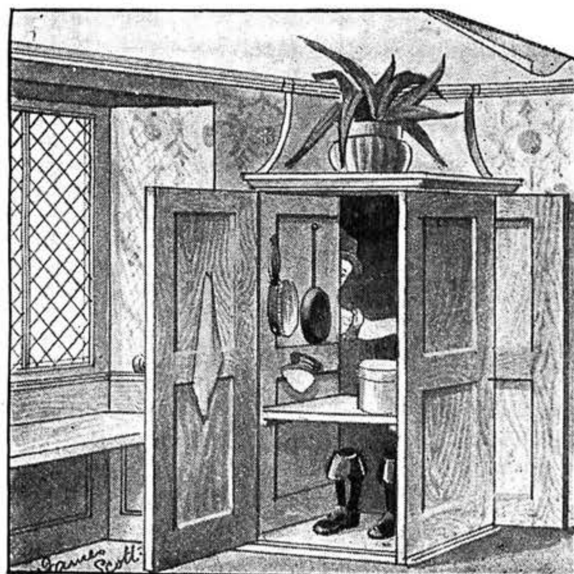


FIG. 1.

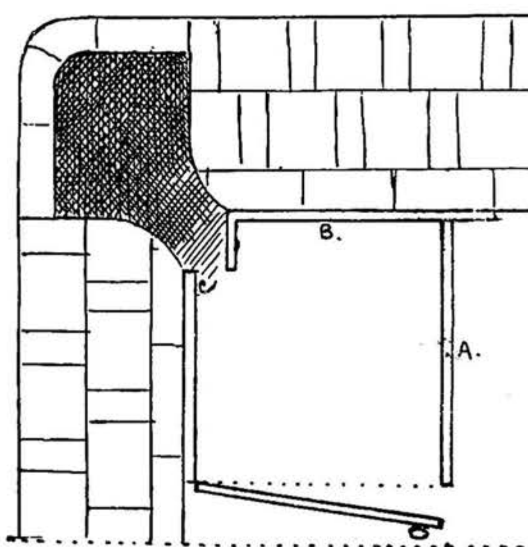


FIG. 2.

This exposes a gap, through which a man might readily squeeze, rather uncomfortably, perhaps, yet still effectively. He would ultimately find himself in a close cavity constructed in the wall and shown by the shaded portion of the diagram. Previous to making his entrance he must have closed the door as well as possible. Springs assisted in connection with the remaining portions. It was a very easy matter for him to replace the movable back, and by doing this it enabled the outer or right-hand side to spring back of its own accord, concealing even the edge of the interior side or back. The shelf shown would be merely laid upon a strip of wood fastened to the right-hand side of the cupboard, in order to permit proper working. Suitable panelling, no doubt, served to hide the crevice which must have existed at point

c, Fig. 2. It is safe to assume that little chance of discovery would offer itself to the searchers, for tapping would reveal nothing, unless one of them happened to strike right up in the corner, which would hardly be the case. How the self-made prisoner fared for a supply of requisite air, history telleth not, but I suppose that some provision must have been made in this direction.

A very effectual hiding-place is that interpreted by Fig. 3. A recess is allowed to exist in the solid wall, immediately above the

FIG. 3.

mantelpiece. It is secreted from view by means of a looking-glass, hinged in such a manner as to be capable of being easily and quickly opened as a door, permitting sharp ingress into the cavity. The position of the runaway, self-imprisoned in a space of this form of construction, must of course have been extremely irksome and almost intolerably inconvenient. But probably the balance of favour between such a mode of escape and capture was sufficient to induce but little complaint by the prisoner against his bare quarters. The awkward situation might have instilled a ray of joy into him on a wintry day, supposing the grate beneath him to have contained a liberally endowed fire ; but I am inclined to believe that, as a rule, the fugitive must have experienced warmth or heat in a most burdensome degree. The chimney, of course, must have been specially constructed to meet such an emergency.

By being artful enough to scratch a tiny portion of quicksilver off the back of the mirror, the man would have been enabled to observe, through the small peep-hole thus formed, the movements of the enemy, and be accordingly prepared for a conflict, if inevitable.

It is safe to assume that very few, if any, of the searchers would have suspected the existence of this cavity. They might have taken the precaution of tapping the surrounding wall, but, of course, their efforts by that means to discover the place of concealment would have proved unproductive.

Turning now to a third form of deception, we see that (Fig. 4) it was possible for a runaway to raise a heavy panel and pass through into a cavity containing a narrow flight of stone steps, where he could securely hide himself for a length of time, according to his discretion. The cunning rogue, whilst remaining within his hard prison, was possessed of facilities for observation, as will be readily comprehended upon referring to the hole in the wall, usually covered by the old Dutch clock, which was so hinged as to permit of its being bodily turned from the wall from within the place of concealment.

To create the impression that nothing was hollow in the walls of this apartment, sacks of some kind of material, or horizontally fitted boards, may have been used on the other side of the opening; although I must admit that the very bulk and solidity of the panel itself would have sufficed for the purpose of causing but little echo calcu-

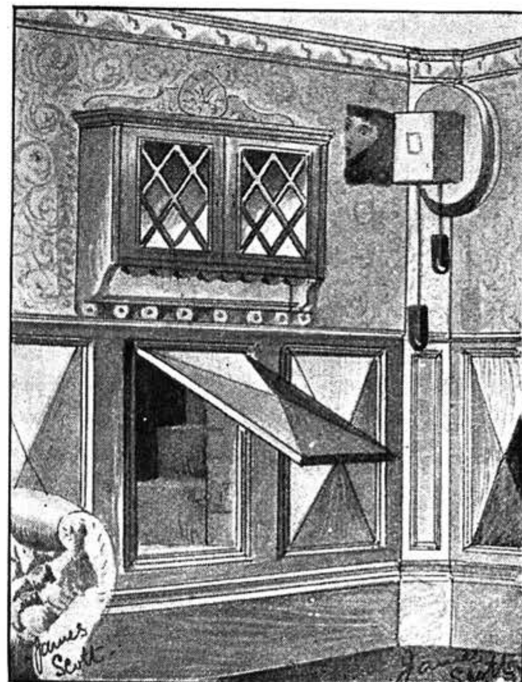


FIG. 4.

lated to arouse suspicion upon being tapped by an inquisitive detective.

No doubt, if the existence of the cavity had been suspected, great difficulty would have been experienced in discovering the secret by which admission was gained thereto. A sliding panel in the back of the cupboard attached to the wall permitted the owner to reach one end of a bar which passed behind the movable panel and down into the skirting board surrounding the room. When this bar was lifted to a certain height, it permitted the panel to be raised.

A cavity somewhat analogous in construction and idea to that illustrated in Fig. 3 is that drawn in Fig. 5. A massive gilt frame, containing a portrait or view, was securely nailed to the wall, which was solid and compact in all portions save that immediately behind the area covered by the painting, where existed a deep recess containing a seat. The entrance to this confined and undesirable residence was effected by the very simple method of raising the painting individually, as represented, which fitted into grooves along the sides of the frame containing it. Very likely, to aid the deception and avoid possible discovery, the top edge of the painting was gilded, and would, when the painting was lowered and firmly secured in place, be flush or level with the top straight portion of the frame.

If anyone became suspicious respecting this picture, and tapped it, it would produce

FIG. 5.

a hollow sound similar to that emanating from any class of painting when so knocked; therefore the inquisitive one might not submit his suspicion to any further test. But it is very improbable that a hunter would think of striking a picture, but would remain content with sounding the remaining portion of the wall, which would, of course, fail to reveal the existence of the cavity.

An effectively contrived hiding-place is explained by the drawing Fig. 6. The run-

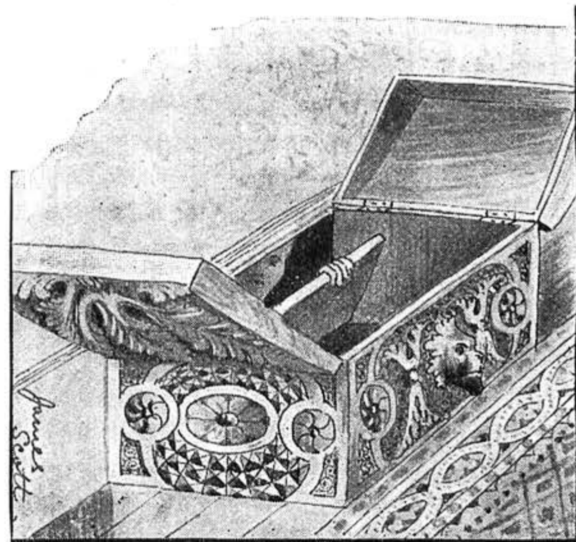


FIG. 6.

away would remove the contents of the heavy oaken chest, and then open a flap which communicated with the space below the floor. A confederate would refill the box, after having securely replaced the trap-door. A notable feature of this invention is that, should the searchers suspect the existence of a trap-door, they would be greatly deceived in their endeavours to find it, supposing that they failed to do so when examining the interior of the box. The skirting of the wall on this side of the room is really capable of sliding backwards and forwards, within grooves, between the flooring and the wall above. The chest fits close up against it, and is united to it, so that when the box is drawn either to the right or left hand side, the skirting travels with it, and, of course, fails to reveal any connection with the space beneath the floor. Allowance is made at the other ends of the skirting for this curious mechanism, and those ends therefore travel in spaces built in adjacent walls.

The skirting would be, of necessity, very evenly painted and free from marks, and likewise travel noiselessly, otherwise it would lead to exposure. By the judicious use of curtains and drapery, its motion might be

concealed. In order to prevent the possibility of the pursuers lifting it—or, rather, trying to do so—it would be constructed of excessively heavy wood; and to also avoid the chance of its being pulled frontwards, the edge of a very thick carpet would be tacked to the floor in such a way as to contact directly with it.

The sixth article (Fig. 7) on my present list has the appearance of a huge sideboard or cabinet. The trap-door is situated within it, and really forms the bottom of the cupboard. When lifted, it would admit a man to the space beneath the floor by means of a

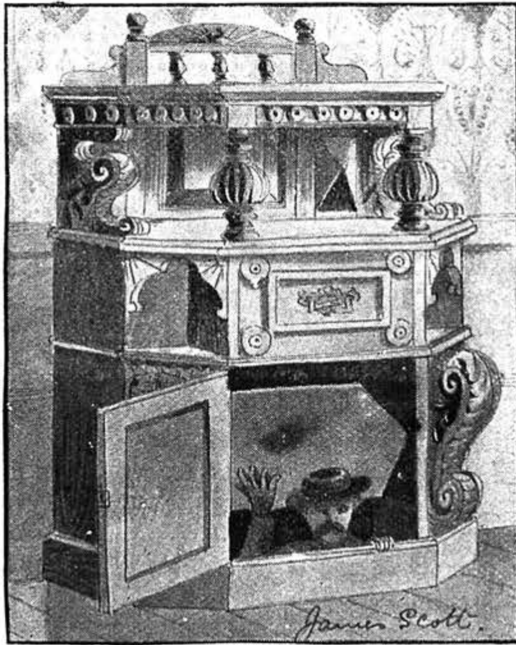


FIG. 7.

hole through the latter. For the purpose of avoiding chance discovery, the article would be intentionally heavy, so much so, that two or three men could not possibly remove it. It might even be screwed to the floor.

A very safe hiding-place is that built within a staircase (Fig. 8). There is no doubt that all cupboards beneath stairs would be keenly examined by those in pursuit of a runaway, and that all suspicious contrivances not neatly concealed would be of little avail for the purpose desired. But, as will be understood from the description of this particular form of deception, no one would think of being extra inquisitive after having made a cursory inspection of the place. A portion of the stairs lifts up bodily on hinges, and permits quick entrance to the secret cavity below. The self-made prisoner is then enabled to easily reclose the movable steps, which are supported firmly upon a thick strip of wood affixed to the wall, etc., and are capable of

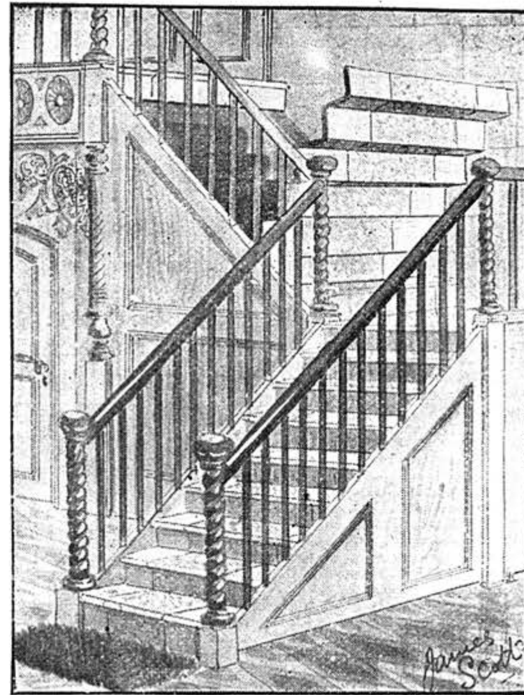


FIG. 8.

being securely locked together from within the space.

A false flight of steps is fitted below those which meet the eye; and the object of their presence is, of course, to deceive any searchers who might examine the interior of the cupboard situated underneath the stairs, and who would then see what they would naturally imagine to be the undersides of the genuine stairs. The deception is further increased by the fact that the same number of steps meet the eye both outside and within the cupboard; that is, of course, referring to those parts alone with which we are more immediately concerned. Were the searchers to undertake the measurement of the stairs, etc., they would become acquainted with the facts I have pointed out; but it is safe to assume that they would

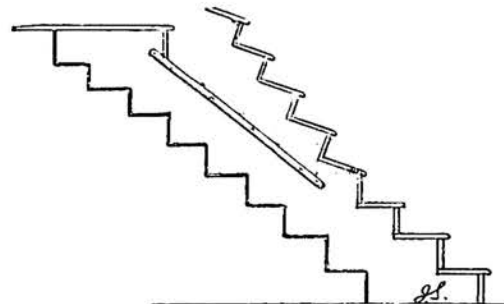


FIG. 9.

accept the evidence of their eyes as conclusive (Fig. 9). Tapping upon what they believed to be the underside of the proper

stairs would produce a hollow sound; but as a similar response must be expected when legitimate stairs are tapped, that point would not be considered a valuable clue. The quarters would be truly uncomfortable, as the necessities of the position would demand that the prisoner should lie at full length in the cavity. Perhaps, however, some provision was made whereby slight relief was afforded.

It appears that the schemers of the past did not confine their ingenuity solely to devising contrivances within doors, as is exemplified by the water-butt depicted in the adjacent illustration. This form of reservoir is fast disappearing, and is being extensively replaced by the more healthy and cleanly zinc tank. It must have been a cute man who devised the article to which I am now drawing attention. In sketch, Fig. 10, I show a man entering the butt from its bottom end whilst the tap is pouring forth a volume of its contents. Notwithstanding the simple character of the invention, I fear that but few people would guess the form assumed by so innocent and genuine-looking an article. It was evidently a large one, and perched high up with the intention of preventing a person from taking a peep into its interior. By turning on the tap, and observing water issue forth as a result, the searchers would, no doubt, feel satisfied that no one was concealed within the butt. If they were not fully convinced, they would further test the matter by reaching at arm's length, and inserting a stick in the butt; and would, I am sure, when

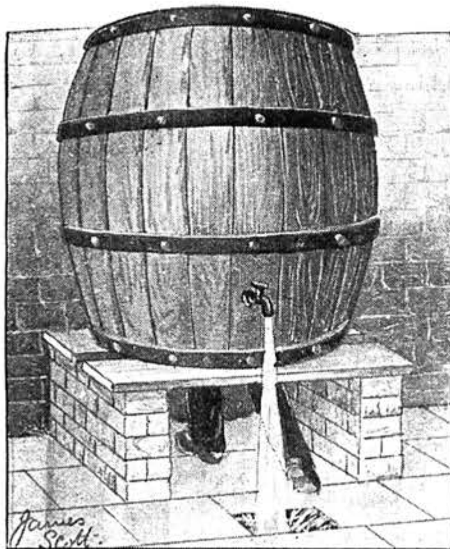


FIG. 10.

they discovered that the stick became wetted, believe they were right in discarding the idea that the butt was used as a secret hiding-place.

Now let us follow the artful fellow who is intent upon gaining admission into this perfectly cool, albeit badly ventilated, retreat. First, he would release a hinged half of the bottom end of the butt, and a portion of the supporting plank (Fig. 11), and would raise himself into a conical cavity as illustrated

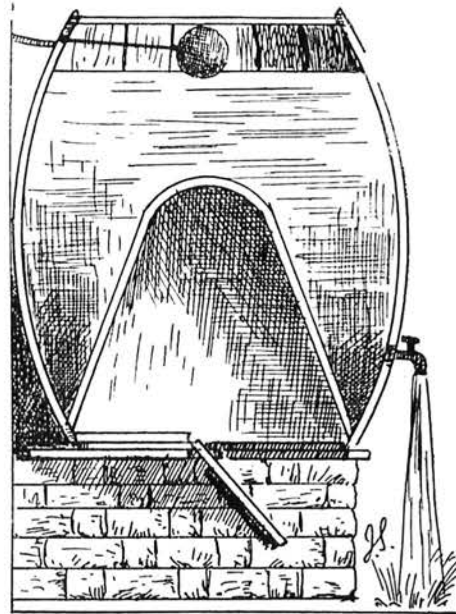
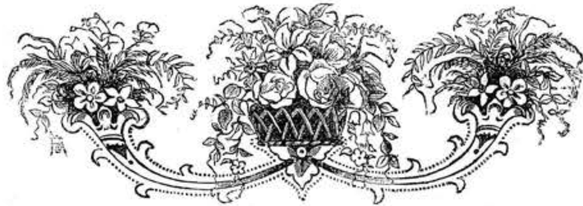


FIG. 11.

in the diagram, wherein he would squat on his haunches for a period according to that suggested by discretion, after having closed the trap-door. The water entirely covers the cone, but could not possibly touch the secreted man, unless by accident. The top of the cone is at too low an elevation to encounter the chance insertion of a stick, used as a medium to ascertain whether the upper part of the butt contained water. Altogether considered, I am inclined to give more points in favour of the effectiveness of this particular kind of prison than to any of the others described by me, which have been selected from a large number as being the most interesting and curious among them.

The arrangements delineated in Figs. 6 and 7 might also have served as a means of ingress to the apartment of a traveller, whom a villainous landlord of an isolated inn might have felt desirous of visiting, during the night, with hostile motives.

It must be remembered, too, that although probably being greatly availed of by highwaymen and other wrong-doers, these and other secret hiding-places may have been found extremely useful to religious men during the times of persecution, which every noble-minded man must regret were once so paramount.



SOCIETY.

MATRIMONIAL ENGAGEMENTS, SETTLEMENTS, ETC.

WITH the peculiar sympathy which attracts two persons to unite their hands and hearts, and to take each other "for better or for worse," the rules which govern social life have very little indeed to do. It is only in as far as outward observances may or may not influence the welfare of the devoted pair that it is necessary to observe the customs prescribed by the code of society. From the prominent position which every engaged couple occupies in the eyes of their immediate circle, little acts of inadvertence are liable to be judged with more severe criticism than, from their trivial nature, such acts would at other times excite. It is of no avail to protest against the right of one's acquaintances to comment on matters that are purely personal; people *will* observe lovers with intense interest, and pass judgment on their conduct in a manner that no other situation in life warrants. The only mode by which to disarm officious meddling is in all outward forms to comply with the observances generally approved and practised by refined and educated people.

Beginning with the engagement of two young persons. In England greater freedom in the choice of a husband or wife exists than in any Continental society. Abroad parents generally choose for their children, and, as mutual affection and suitability of tastes are not always the chief considerations, it is not wonderful that very ill-assorted unions are frequently the consequence. In France, for instance, the amount of dower that a bride takes to her husband is considered a more important question than the amount of love or esteem she entertains for the object of her parents' choice. Suitable *partis* are bespoke, so to speak, from their birth. Business connections and family interests are strengthened by such marriage ties, just in the same manner that a partner in a firm is considered more or less eligible on account of his capital or experience. Marriages of affection are not necessarily incompatible with marriages formed from interested motives, but mutual affection is not considered necessary as a starting point.

In England the contrary is the case. From the highest to the humblest sphere of life, English maidens, as a rule, enjoy very much greater freedom of choice in matrimony, and very rash and improvident matches are sometimes the result. At the same time, the cases are few indeed when the bride-elect marries in open defiance of her parents' wishes; a lasting and disappointed love is more often preserved when direct disapproval of a marriage is entertained by parents.

According to English custom, a gentleman generally ascertains the state of a lady's feelings towards himself before he makes a positive declaration of his love. His proposal having been conditionally received, the lady usually refers him to her father or nearest relative for sanction of the union. If all preliminary statements are satisfactory, the young couple are considered engaged, without any further formality than the exchange of rings or some similar love token. If it should happen that delay arises before the engagement can be completely effected, it is not customary for the young people to meet in the interval. The lady in such cases usually pays a visit to distant friends, or in some manner contrives to absent herself from circles where she is likely to meet her admirer. All correspondence by letter is suspended, and, in fact, the lovers live towards each other as perfect strangers for the time.

The delays which most commonly arise in the acceptance of a suitor by a lady's parents and guardians are those occasioned by marriage settlements and similar business transactions. It is a generally-recognised custom that, when a lady has a fortune, some portion of it should be settled on herself, for her own especial use and absolute benefit, leaving the interest which is derived from the principal of her fortune to the use of her husband. The principal is generally held under trust for the joint lives of the husband and wife, to be ultimately divided amongst the children (under trust or otherwise) that may issue from the marriage.

A lady who has a fortune at her own disposal sometimes sets all such prudential measures as settlements at defiance, and consigns herself and her belongings to the absolute disposal of her future husband. Believing, in the ardour of her affection, that no change from time or circumstances can ever alter the conduct of her devoted admirer towards herself, she resents every attempt on the part of friends to convince her of the necessity of any kind of self-protection. She is apt to infer that acts of prudence are simply acts of suspicion, and will not consent to any accordingly. That the latter course is sheer folly may be proved by every one not hopelessly under the influence of love-blindness. Far from misconstruing just measures, a really disinterested man is anxious that his bride-elect should receive every protection her guardians may judge necessary to her future welfare; at the same time it is only reasonable that the conditions imposed on himself should not be of too stringent a nature. Every man that marries undertakes a pecuniary liability, in the form of a wife, and should not be stripped of the means of meeting that liability. The higher in the social scale of society that observation is made, the more closely are honourable dealings apparent in the matter of marriage settlements.

There is, besides, another point of view from which to regard marriage settlements. Similar engagements are of an enduring nature, whatever may afterwards betide in the way of losses to the persons concerned: thus, if a man is not actually under a fiat of bankruptcy at the time of making a marriage settlement, the amount of money which he settles before marriage on his future wife is reserved to her use in the event of his afterwards becoming insolvent towards other creditors. The same rule applies to women. Under every circumstance, whatever amount may be agreed on for the benefit of either party, that amount is secured in perpetuity for the individual's benefit. The instances are numberless in which the marriage settlement framed for a wife's benefit—in the view, perhaps, of providing for her use mere pin-money—has been the sole income left to a family when, by unforeseen misfortune, the bulk of income from all other sources has disappeared. On this account alone, if for no other, ladies about to marry should suffer their natural guardians or nearest friends to act in accordance with the principles of prudence and common sense observed in other transactions of daily life.

Women that have no money escape, to a certain extent, many preliminary troubles of a business nature when forming a matrimonial engagement. There is one stipulation, however, which most sensible parents make when young persons without any but precarious means of living are about to be united, namely, Insurance. The man, as the bread-winner, is usually expected to insure his life before marriage, and to settle the amount of the insurance on his wife. Of course, it becomes a matter of honour and of means to keep up the payment of the insurance premium afterwards.

Whenever it is possible, the parents of a young lady

although herself penniless, should endeavour to obtain from her future husband the promise or settlement of a certain sum of money, however small, which she may call her own, and dispose of at will. Very few women, even when happily married, like to ask their husbands for trifling sums, or to give account of every farthing expended on their personal wants. Although not openly confessed, the restraint is galling, and embitters many lives. Nay, the need of a certain amount of pecuniary independence frequently leads to unpleasant results; and the bond of confidence once having been broken, it is impossible to limit the breach which may ensue. Money, we know, is not always at the root of all conjugal discords, but many owe their existence to that source alone.

The anxieties of business transactions being happily at an end, engaged couples are subject, in good society, to certain restraints which are almost if not equally irksome. Lovers do not usually bear in mind that the whole period of their engagement is a period of probation. They are mutually under trial. The opportunities of sharing each other's company previously may have been few; in all that constitutes their habits of thought and living they may be totally ignorant; and it by no means follows that, because an engagement has been entered into, marriage is certain to crown the intimacy. In no case does the old proverb, "many a slip between cup and lip," hold good with such disappointing force as in projected marriages. The strict surveillance to which a maiden is during that time subject often constitutes the "rugged course" of which lovers so bitterly complain. For instance, no young lady who values her status in the eyes of society ever appears at theatres or other places of amusement alone with her lover, she is either attended by her mother, sister, or some other female chaperon. Neither should she frequent promenades and other places of general resort, without the companionship of a sister or friend. Retiring from a circle of friends in the same apartment, and whispering apart in conversation to each other, is also forbidden by every rule of good taste. A gentleman may pay particular attention to the lady he is about to marry, but at no time should his attentions be of a nature to excite smiles and comments on the part of others present. Whatever makes people look absurd is a violation of propriety, and should be scrupulously avoided.

Lovers' quarrels are a fertile topic, and are supposed to be inseparable from an engaged state. What do they arise from?—generally from fickleness and jealousy. On the one side there is too much exaction, and on the other too great a proneness to take offence. These disagreeable scenes might be avoided by two persons not imposing on each other unaccustomed restraints. If a lady, for example, objects to smoking, and a gentleman to seeing his future wife waltzing, an understanding should be arrived at from the commencement, and the rule observed, or not, as may be agreed. Also, engaged people should not consider that they can henceforward live only for each other, and confine all the amenities and attentions demanded by other members of society to their individual selves. Acts of courtesy and duty towards friends and relatives should not be suddenly relinquished in favour of one person only, and it is both unreasonable and unwise to expect such sacrifices. A state of life equivalent to warm and sincere friendship is the nearest approach to perfect happiness and decorum that engaged couples can aspire to.

Invitations to visit in society are generally given jointly to engaged persons; but it is not considered good manners for either the lady or gentleman to refuse if the act of courtesy has not been extended to the other. In the case of a young lady being invited to the house of any of her future husband's friends—she herself being a stranger—it is necessary that an invitation should be given to the mother or some female relative of the bride-elect also. The escort of her lover is not, under the circumstances, considered sufficient.

In going to or from places, on business or pleasure, engaged people, if alone, should either walk or else use public conveyances—cabs and private carriages should be avoided. In walking in the streets or promenades, the engaged lady may take the left arm of the gentleman, but it is excessively vulgar and indecorous to clasp her hands on his arm, as is sometimes seen.

It frequently happens that two persons, who upon slight acquaintance appeared to be exactly suited to each other, discover, when intimate, that they have been mistaken. The engagement is then broken off. On such occasions the parent or nearest friend is usually appointed to see that all presents and correspondence are returned, an act which it should be a point of honour to carry out most scrupulously. The best mode of proceeding is for each person to seal with his or her own hand the letters each has received. With regard to presents, things that have been worn, such as slippers, and other fancy articles, should not be sent back; they should not, however, be worn any more. Jewellery, books, and articles of furniture, if any have been presented in view of the approaching marriage, should be returned.

The character of presents given to each other by an engaged couple, should be in strict accordance with their position in life and pecuniary means at disposal. Love should not be measured by the costliness of its tokens. A rich man may spend a little fortune on an engagement ring, whilst a poor man may only be able to afford a simple band of enchased gold, to be worn afterwards as a keeper to the wedding ring itself. There is no greater folly than making extravagance in present-giving before marriage a burden to be afterwards defrayed by stint of living and privation of necessaries. Expenses multiply enough in the ordinary course of things at the outset of housekeeping, without having to clear off obligations due to mistaken generosity. Brides that are to be propitiated only by such sacrifices are seldom found to front bravely the cares and unavoidable anxieties of real wedded life.

The absurd revelations which from time to time enliven the proceedings of certain law courts should be warning sufficient against engaged people indulging in the folly of extravagant language when writing to each other. The term "love-letter" usually means downright nonsense, and is no proof of genuine affection. Plain truth and common sense are not at all incompatible with devotedness and warmth of feeling, and, if preserved, such letters call up no feeling of self-reproach in after life, which is more than can be said of many of the foolish epistles penned before marriage.

An elopement is the crowning act of folly which some over-ardent spirits are tempted to commit during the course of their probationary state. Far from such a step being proof of devotedness towards each other, it is an act of unmitigated imprudence, and utter selfishness. A young lady who consents to such a proposal virtually throws off her right to the love and protection of her parents throughout her subsequent career, neither does she ensure the lasting respect of her husband. Except in very rare instances, such a course renders him mistrustful of his wife's constancy. The step is the last he would be inclined to sanction in a child of his own, and should, therefore, be the furthest from his wish to instigate.

The length of a matrimonial engagement depends entirely on the personal convenience and inclination of the engaged couple. Hasty marriages are seldom a wise step; on the other hand, a long period of courtship affords no guarantee of more perfect happiness in the married state. People who think that by an unusually long engagement they shall be enabled to "know each other better," are just as liable to be deceived as those who consider that the intimacy of a few weeks is sufficient. However

long an engagement may last, the couple usually endeavour to make themselves as pleasing as possible; therefore, not so much the conduct of engaged people during their courtship is the true test of a disposition as the character generally displayed beforehand. Between persons who have been intimately acquainted for years, less concealment of the real temper is likely to occur. It is when strangers meet, in unfamiliar circles, that there is danger of over-hasty marriages being a source of ultimate repentance. Twelve months' engagement is considered by most people in the middle circles of society quite long enough.

It is the lady's privilege to fix the wedding day. When it is generally known amongst friends that the marriage is speedily to come off, presents are mostly the result. The nature of presents depends very much upon the style of living the young couple are about to adopt. The widest latitude is allowed in the matter, but generally something of a lasting and useful description is best approved. Plate is always presentable, so are linen, lace, and articles of furniture, musical instruments, carriages, &c. The least acceptable gifts are those which require an amount of expense and trouble to maintain them in order. Fragile articles, also, are not well adapted for wedding-presents. Some people are very fond of giving costly table-ornaments, or sets of choice china and glass. When one article of such sets is by accident broken, the companion pieces are comparatively valueless, and the replacement, which, out of compliment to the donor, is generally thought necessary, is a tax on the purse of the recipient.

Very intimate friends and relatives may ascertain the wishes of the future bride or bridegroom as to the form which the proposed present shall assume; and it may be also mentioned that gifts of money are not out of season when a wedding is in question. Of course, money-presents would only be bestowed by one who was the superior in age and circumstances to the bride or bridegroom elect.

In England it is not *de rigueur* that the affianced bride should provide any article towards house-furnishing; still, many ladies like to add something to the joint stock, and in such cases household linen is generally the favourite object.

Elegant additions to the wardrobe of the bride are very popular as presents. Even in the most affluent circles, presents of shawls, furs, silks and velvets *in the piece*, are in accordance with good taste. The above should be of perhaps a more costly nature than the bride would purchase at her own expense, but should be such as she can wear with propriety in whatever station of life it may be her lot to fill.

In France, when means are ample, the bridegroom's wedding gift to the bride is chiefly composed of expensive articles of attire, including jewellery, &c. In England the bridegroom is not expected to contribute anything to his future wife's wardrobe. That task rests with her parents, provided she has no fortune of her own. In selecting her wardrobe, or *trousseau*, as the term is, a bride's taste should be guided exclusively by common sense to choose only such articles of apparel as befit her position in society. To be meanly clad would reflect discredit on her husband, whilst to be over-dressed would be ridiculous. Good, durable materials, genuine of their kind, whether of one description or another, should be the chief aim. Cotton velvets, "faced" silks and satins, imitation lace, cheap jewellery resplendent with false stones, gaudy feathers, flimsy streamers, thin, showy boots, outrageously fashionable chignons and bonnets, should be avoided, as so many signs of a frivolous ill-regulated mind. A bride cannot well have too much good body linen—garments of the kind suffering little from change of fashion—and she should have at least twelve months' outfit of clothes for outward wear. It is not advisable to have all the dresses made up, as many circumstances may tend to render them unwearable at the appropriate season. Changes from ill-health, death, and fashion, may intervene to render a good wardrobe in a very little time really useless.

Shortly before the wedding-day the bride should pay complimentary visits to her friends. The morning is the best time for calling on such occasions. The bridegroom-elect generally receives his friends in a less formal manner. His especial adieu to his intimate acquaintances is made at a supper party or some entertainment of the kind.

TO MAKE AN ÆOLIAN HARP.

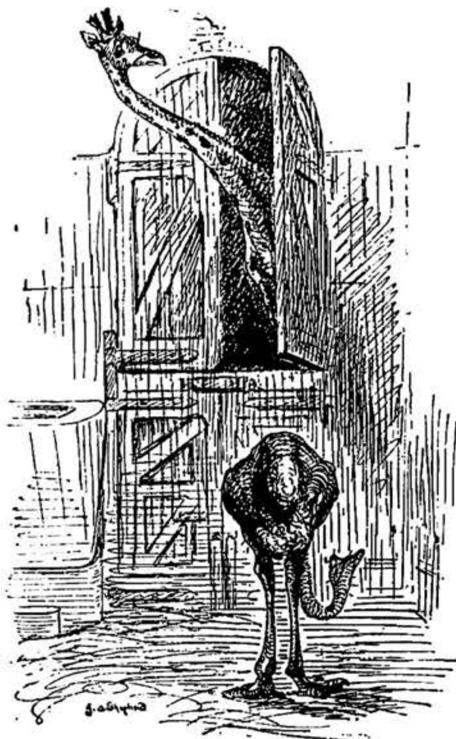
AN instrument of the kind about to be described seems to be of very ancient origin, but was re-introduced during the last century. The Æolian harp produces a very pleasing, melodious sound, especially in the open air, and is not difficult to construct. A long, narrow box, the length of a window, or the position in which it is to be placed, is the first requisite; it must be made of thin deal, four inches deep and five in width. At the extremities of the top glue two pieces of oak about half an inch high and a quarter of an inch thick, for bridges to which the strings are to be fixed; *within* the box, at each end, glue two pieces of beech-wood, about an inch square and the width of the box. Into one of the bridges fix seven pegs, such as are used for piano strings; into the other bridge fasten the same number of small brass pins; and to these pins fix one end of the strings, made of small catgut, and twist the other end of the strings round the pegs; then tune them in unison. Place over the top of the strings a thin board, supported by four pegs, and about three inches from the the sounding-board, to procure a free passage for the wind. The harp should be exposed to the wind at a partly open window; to increase the draught of air, the door, or an opposite window in the room, should be open. The strings, in a current of air, sound in unison; and with the increasing or decreasing force of the current, the melody changes into pleasing, soft, low sounds and diatonic scales, which unite and occasionally form very delightful musical tones. If the harp can be placed in a suitable position, so as to receive a sufficient draught of air, in a grotto, or romantically situated arbour, or hidden in some shady nook near a waterfall, the effect of its sweet sounds is very charming.

WATERPROOF PAPER.

COMMON paper, by a very simple process, may be converted into a substance as strong as parchment, by means of sulphuric acid. The paper is simply dipped in the acid; but the acid must be of an exactly determined strength, and mixed with half its bulk of water. A sheet of paper dipped in this liquid is almost instantaneously changed in character. It becomes tough, hard, and fibrous, but its weight is not increased, and it is far better for writing purposes than animal parchment. It can be rubbed better than paper, and almost as well as sheepskin; and it serves for vellum in bookbinding, and for all legal purposes, as well as animal parchment, for strong binding, and as a substitute for bladders to cover pickle and jam jars; and any paper that has even been printed on may be converted, by means of sulphuric acid, into vegetable parchment.

Paper can be made waterproof without giving it the character of parchment by dissolving 24 oz. of alum and 4 oz. of white soap in 2 lbs. of water; also, 2 oz. of gum arabic and 6 oz. of glue in 2 lbs. of water; the two solutions are to be mixed, and the sheets of paper dipped into the mixture while warm. They are then to be hung up to dry, and pressed. This paper is very useful for packages exposed to the damp, or for any purpose connected with the preservation of articles from moisture.

SUCH birds as, having wings, fly not, preferring to walk, to run, or to waddle, as legs and other circumstances may permit or compel—these are the cursores; such birds also as, having no wings, or none to speak of, run by compulsion on such legs as they may muster. These are many—so many that I almost repent me of the heading to this chapter, wherein I may speak only of the struthiones among the cursores—the curious cassowary, the quaint kiwi, the raucous rhea, the errant emeu, and the overtopping ostrich. But the heading is there—let it stand; for in the name of the cursores I see the raw material of many sad jokes—whereunto I pray I may never be tempted, but may leave them for an easy exercise for

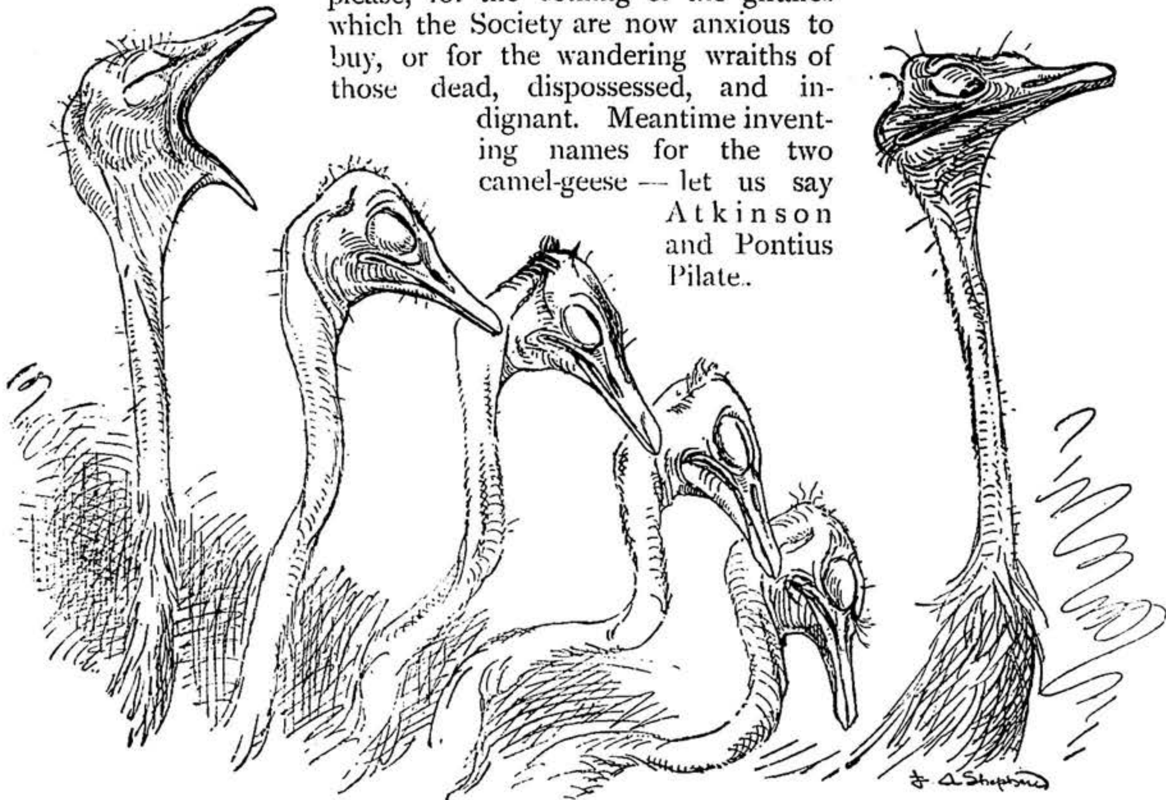


"GET OUT OF THIS!"

such as have set out upon the shameless career of the irreclaimable pun-flinger.

It was some time—years—before I got rid of the impression left upon me by the first ostrich with which I became acquainted. He lived in an old picture-book, and would nowadays be considered quite out of fashion by up-to-date ostriches, having webbed feet and an improper number of toes. I like to believe that feet of this sort were popular among ostriches at that time, being loath to destroy early beliefs. From the same cause, I have other little private superstitions about the ostrich; there was no ostrich, so far as I can remember, in my Noah's ark, whence I derive my conviction that the species cannot have existed at the time of the Deluge, but has been evolved, in the succeeding centuries, by a gradual approach and assimilation of the several characteristics of the camel and the goose.

The two ostriches here, at the Zoo, have no pet names bestowed on them by the keepers. This is inconvenient, not to say unfair. They have been placed, it will be observed, in the stables hitherto occupied by the late lamented giraffes. It is a striking and notable instance of care and the sense of fitness of things on the part of the Society. These stables, they probably reflected, have all along been fitted with tenants twenty feet high—queer tenants, which were often called camelopards. We can't replace these with similar tenants, unfortunately, but we will do our best with animals as high as possible and with all available neck; and they shall be camel-geese. And here they are; a few feet short, unavoidably, but as high as possible; quite the equivalent of the giraffes so far as concerns the camel, and as much superior as one may consider a goose to a leopard. And here you may stand and watch them, or sit. And you may watch, if you please, for the coming of the giraffes which the Society are now anxious to buy, or for the wandering wraiths of those dead, dispossessed, and indignant. Meantime inventing names for the two camel-geese — let us say Atkinson and Pontius Pilate..

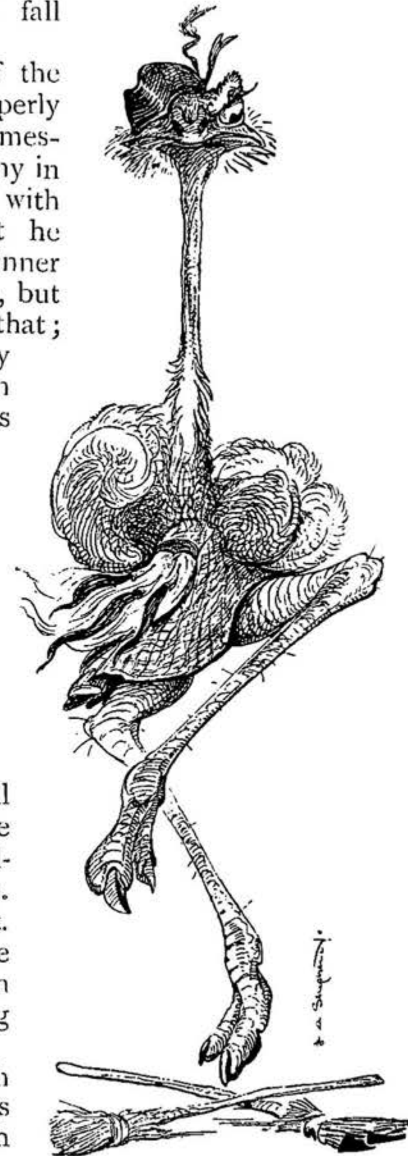


ATKINSON DOZES.

I like to stand by Atkinson till he dozes. Atkinson is a fine, big fellow, and when he squats down his head is in a convenient position for observation. Presently he gapes; then his eyes shut, and his beak droops—just a very little. Then the beak droops a little more, and signs of insecurity appear about the neck. Very soon a distinct departure from the vertical is visible in that neck; it melts down ruinously till almost past recovery, and then suddenly springs erect, carrying an open-eyed head, wherefrom darts a look of indignant repudiation of any disposition to fall asleep; and so keeps until the eyes close again. I have waited long, but have never seen Atkinson fall permanently asleep.

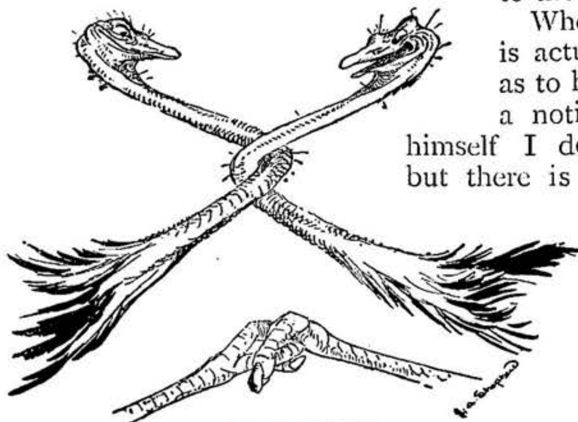
HIGH KICKS.

The possibilities of the ostrich are not properly recognised. He is domesticated, and bred with the utmost ignominy in a poultry run, and his tail is pulled out with impunity. I am not quite sure that he habitually figures on South African dinner tables with his legs skewered to his ribs, but he has fallen quite low enough for that; submitting even to the last indignity of being hatched out by a common stove incubator. Now, the elephant has also been domesticated, but he has also been allowed to adopt a profession. He dances on a tub and rides a tricycle at a circus. Nothing of this sort has been attempted with the ostrich, but much might be done. He would make a first-rate bicyclist, and could get through much of the business of the "eccentric comedian." A couple of them would go to make a capital knockabout act. High kicks of the very highest, floor-strides of the very longest—and there would be a world of opportunities in the neck. No end of possibilities lie in the neck—even the "legitimate." You could run in a forty-minute sketch, wherein two long-separated but faithful lovers should fall against each other and wind their necks about together like a caduceus, or barley-sugar—or anything. Also the camel-goose might fling his neck about the villain, and strangle him. But perhaps, after all, variety business would suit best. Pontius Pilate in a kilt and philibeg would bring down the house with a Highland fling or gillie callum. And Atkinson in a long-stride table chair and banjo act would be comforting to the perceptions.



GILLIE CALLUM.

Whether the ostrich is actually such an ass as to hide his head with a notion of concealing himself I don't quite know, but there is certainly a deal of ass in the camel-goose. A Hottentot will put an ostrich skin over his head, and walking with his natural shanks exposed get among an ostrich family and kill them off one after another, to the family's astonishment. Now, a bird who mistakes a fellow with a mask for an intimate relation plainly enjoys in his composition a large flavour of the ass. Not knowing it, however,

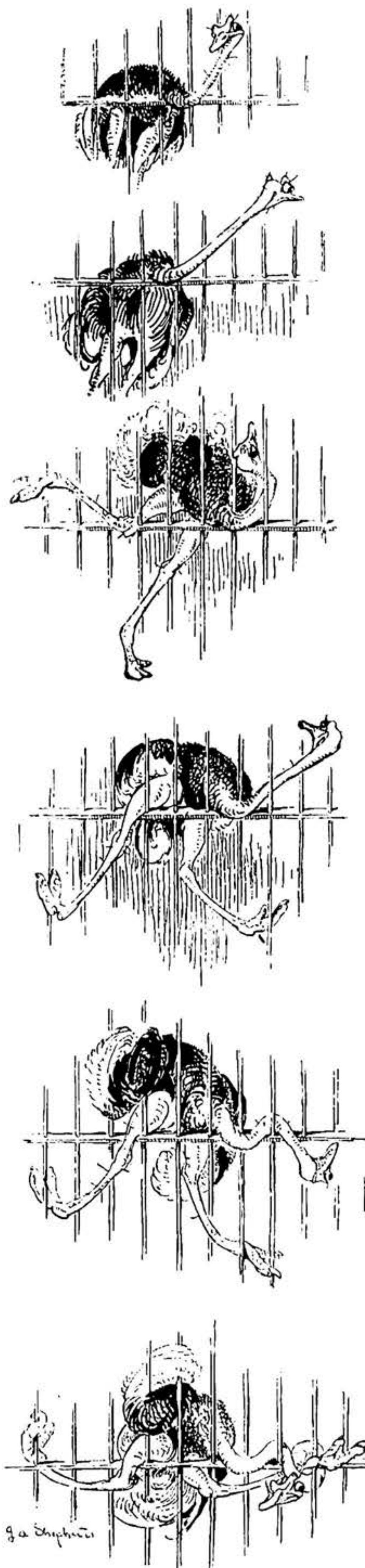


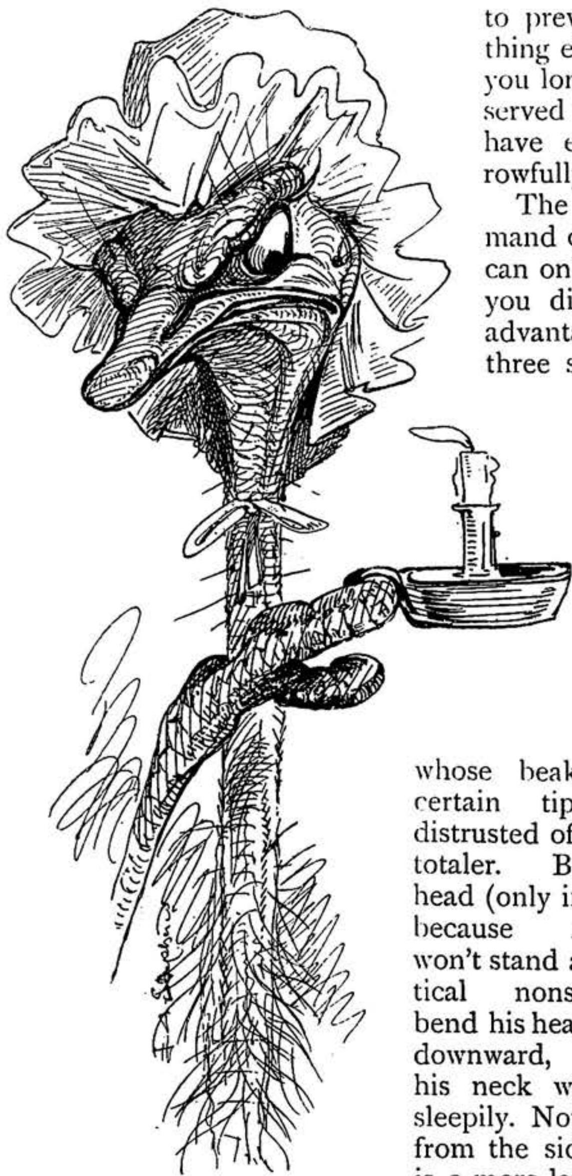
LONG SEPARATED.

the camel-goose is just as happy, and neither experiences the bitterness of being sold nor the sweetness of selling. I don't believe that Atkinson was even aware of the triumphant sell which he lately assisted in administering to Mr. Toots, the cat from the camel-house.

The cat in the ostrich-house is a sly fellow, and I believe he knows why there are fewer pigeons in the roof of the hippopotamus-house than there were. He horribly sold Mr. Toots, who was anxious to have a snack of poultry himself, for a change. "In my house," said this bold, bad cat, "there are the biggest pigeons you ever saw. Go in and try one, while I look out for the keeper." And the trustful Mr. Toots went in; and when, full of a resolve to make it hot for everything feathered in that house, Mr. Toots bounced into the presence of Atkinson, who is rather more than seven feet high, he came out anxious for the scalp of that other cat. I never mention this little adventure to Mr. Toots, who is sensitive, but all the other Zoo cats chaff him terribly. Even Jung Perchad and the other elephants snigger quietly as they pass, and Bob the Bactrian, from the camel-house, laughs outright; it is a horrid, coarse, vulgar, exasperating laugh, that of Bob's. Atkinson, however, is all unconscious of the joke, and remains equally affable to cats, pigeons, and human beings.

Pontius Pilate is just the sort of camel-gander that *would* bury its head to hide itself. Pontius Pilate is, I fear, an ass; also a snob. He has a deal of curiosity with regard to Atkinson, who is a recent arrival, and lately belonged to the Queen. Also, he is often disposed to pay a visit—with his head—to Atkinson's quarters, and take a friendly snack—at Atkinson's expense; this by an insinuation of the neck out between his own bars and in between those of Atkinson, adjoining. But he doesn't understand the laws of space. Having once fetched his neck around the partition into Atkinson's larder by chancing to poke his head through the end bars, he straightway assumes that what is possible between some bars is possible between all; and wheresoever he may now be standing when prompted by companionable peckishness, straight he plunges among the nearest bars, being mightily astonished at his inability to reach next door, if by chance he have dropped among bars far from Atkinson's. He suspects his neck. Is the ungrateful tube playing him false? Maliciously shortening? Or are his eyes concerned in fraud? He loops his head back among his own adjoining bars, with a vague suspicion that they may be Atkinson's after all; and he stretches and struggles desperately. Some day Pontius Pilate will weave himself among those bars, basket fashion, only to be extricated by a civil engineer and a practical smith. Pontius Pilate is the sort of camel - gander that damages the intellectual reputation of the species. Of course he would bury his head to hide himself. Equally of course he would muzzle himself to prevent you from biting him, or tie his legs together

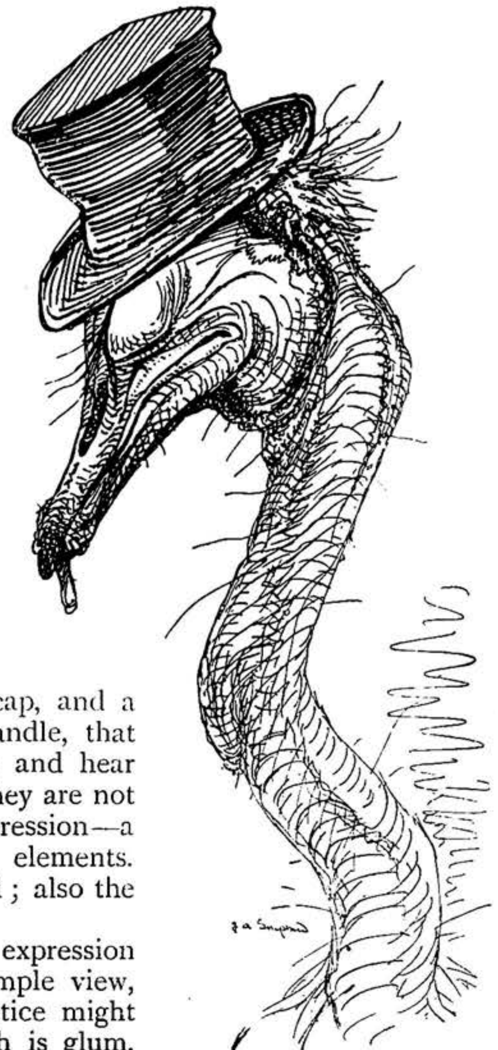




to prevent you from running and catching him, or anything else equally clever. Pontius Pilate, I have known you long—even loved you, in a way. But I have observed you closely, and though, like Dogberry, you may have everything fine about you, I am impelled sorrowfully to write you down an ass.

The ostrich is one of those birds whose whole command of facial expression is carried in the neck. He can only express himself through his features by offering you different views of his head. This is a great disadvantage. It limits the range. You may express three sentiments by the back, front, and side of the head, and something by way of combination in a three-quarter face. Then you stop, and have no further resource than standing on your head, one of the few things an ostrich is not clever at. But with such materials as he has, the ostrich does very well. Observe, his mouth is long, and droops at the corners; but the corners are wide apart, for there the head is broad.

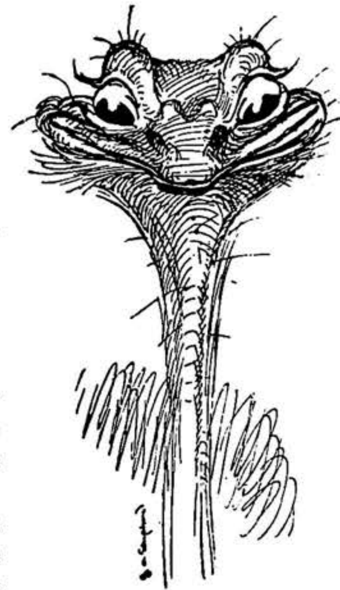
Now you may present simple drama by the aid of this mouth—suitably disposed and ordered by the neck. Take Atkinson, here, whose beak has a certain tip-tinting distrusted of the teetotaler. Bend his head (only in theory, because Atkinson won't stand any practical nonsense)—bend his head to look downward, and let his neck wilt away sleepily. Now, viewed from the side, where is a more lamentable picture of maudlin intoxication? What could improve it, except, perhaps, a battered hat, worn lop-sided, and a cigar-stump? He is a drunken old camel-gander, coming home in the small hours, and having difficulties with his latch-key. Straighten Atkinson's neck, open wide his eyes, and take a three-quarter face view of him. Sober, sour, and indignant, there stands, not the inebriated Atkinson, but the disturbed Mrs. Atkinson on the stairs, with a candle, and a nightcap, and a lecture. That awful mouth actually conjures that candle, that nightcap, and that lecture into existence—you see and hear them more clearly than you do Atkinson, although they are not there. But this is an advanced exercise in struthian expression—a complicated feat, involving various and complex elements. There is the neck-wilt and the bending of the head; also the three-quarter face, not a simple element.



The plain and elementary principles of struthian expression lie in the mere front and side views. The third simple view, the back, is not particularly eloquent, although practice might do something even for that. At the side the ostrich is glum,

GLUM SIDE.

savage, misanthropical, depressed—what you will of that sort. Let him but turn and face you—he can't help a genial grin. All done by the versatile neck, you observe, which gives the head its position.



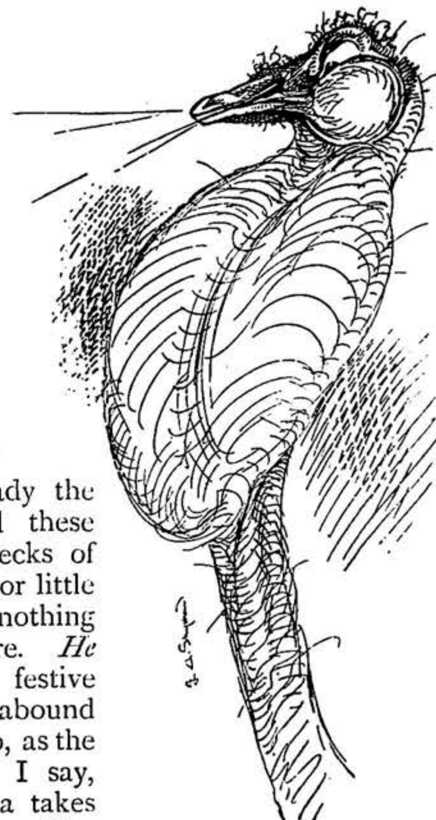
GENIAL FRONT.

Man, instigated by woman, has a habit of pulling out the camel-gander's tail. This ruins the appearance of the site of that tail, without commensurately improving the head whereunto the tail is transplanted—an unprofitable game of heads and tails, wherein tails lose and heads don't win. Even the not over clever ostrich knows better than to wear those feathers on the wrong end. Perhaps he knows that he is enough of a fool already.

There is a deal of hidden interest about the ostrich's neck. It is the cleverest piece of an ostrich—unless you count his stomach ; and even in the triumphs of the stomach the neck takes a great share. When a camel-goose lunches off a box of dominoes, or a sack of nails, or a basketful of broken bottles, there is quite as much credit in the feat due to the neck as to the stomach ; with anybody else all the difficulties of that lunch would begin with the neck—even a thicker neck. Parenthetically, one remembers that the ostrich's neck is not always thin. Catch Atkinson here in a roaring soliloquy, and you shall see his red neck distended as a bladder, with a mighty grumbling and grunting. This by the way. The neck makes nothing of the domino difficulty, or the tenpenny nail difficulty, or the door-knob difficulty, or the broken bottle difficulty—which are not difficulties to the camel-goose. On the contrary, the neck revels in them and keeps the dainties as long as possible. Give Pontius Pilate, or Atkinson—I am quite impartial—an apple. When he swallows it you shall see it, in a bulge, pass along and *round* his neck ; down it goes and backward, in a gradual curve, until it disappears among the feathers—corkscrews, in fact. Observe, I recommend an apple for this demonstration. Dominoes and clinkers are all very well, but they rattle about inside, and disturb the visitors ; and with an apple you will the more plainly observe that corkscrew.

HEADS AND TAILS.

Not satisfied, you perceive, with enjoying his domino or his door-knob all the way along that immense neck, the camel-gander must needs indulge in a spiral gullet. It is mere gluttony. Especially is it wicked of Atkinson, who has already the longest bird-neck in all these gardens. Look at the necks of all the cursores. The poor little wingless kiwi, with a mere nothing of a neck—for a cursore. *He* does without a spiral gullet. The festive cassowary—which, by-the-bye, *doesn't* abound—or exist—on the plains of Timbuctoo, as the rhyme says — the festive cassowary, I say, wears his gullet plain. The rusty rhea takes things below with perfect directness. The



A ROARING SOLILOQUY.

lordly emeu gets his dinner down as quickly as the length of his neck will permit. It is only when one reaches the top of the cursorean thermometer, all among the boilings, so to speak, that the ostrich, with the longest neck of all, must poach another few inches by going in for a spiral. Pontius Pilate is bad enough, but a spiral for Atkinson!—well, there!

The partiality of the struthians for eccentric refreshments—clinkers, nut-crackers, and the like—leads many to a superstition that these things are as nourishing as they are attractive. They're not. Certain liberal asses have a curious habit of presenting the birds with halfpence. I scarcely understand why, unless modern environments have evolved penny-in-the-slotomaniacs. And I am prepared to bet that on occasions they are less generous with their pence. Nevertheless, they do it, and it kills the birds. One cassowary who died recently was found to contain one and eightpence in copper. I suggest that in future the experimentalizers confine their contributions to bank-notes. I have taken the trouble to ascertain that these will do no harm, while their disappearance will afford an additional enjoyment to the contributors commensurate with their higher value.

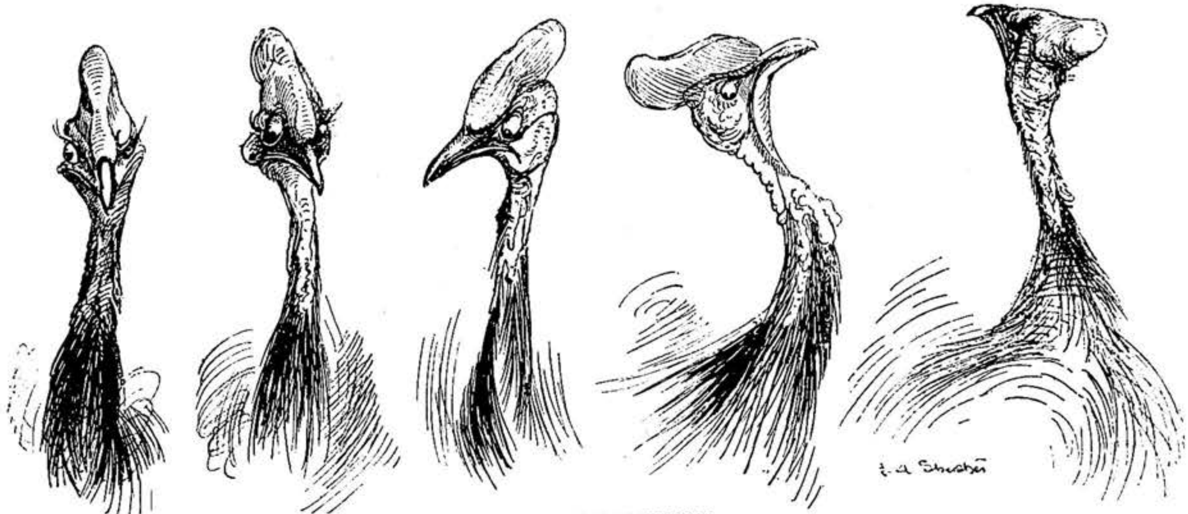
Perhaps there is something in the habits of the cassowary himself that explains these offerings. The cassowary always comes to meet you at the bars with a look of grave inquiry.

THE CURSOREAN THERMOMETER.

If you offer no tribute he turns off, with many cockings of the beak, surprised, indignant, and contemptuous. Very few people can endure this. They hastily produce anything they have — anything to conciliate the contemptuous cassowary. And as he takes it, an expression steals across the cassowary's face which seems to admit that perhaps the fellow isn't such a shocking outsider after all. When a man has nothing more nutritive about him, this form of extortion may produce halfpence.

The rhea is small potatoes beside the ostrich—merely a smaller and dingier camel-gander. But the emeu is a fine upstanding fellow, with his haughty sailing head and his great feather boa.

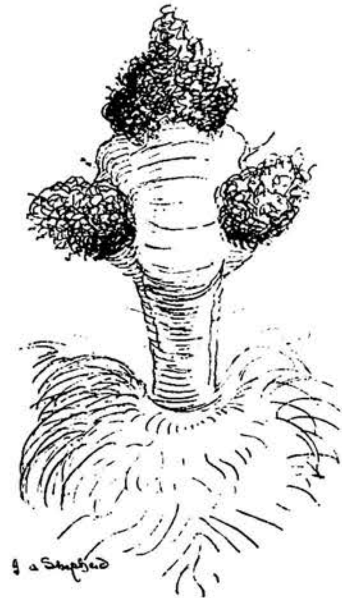
He is a friendly and inquisitive chap, and will come stalking down to the wires to inspect you. If you like to walk up and down outside his inclosure he will take a turn with you, walking at your side and turning when you do. He is justly proud of his height and his ruff, but there is nothing objectionably haughty about the emeu; I have always found him ready for a quiet chat. He will eat various things, like the ostrich; so that one regards him with a certain respect, not to say awe, for there is no telling what wonderful things may or may not be inside him. The biggest and handsomest emeu here is my particular friend. When he talks to you or walks by your side he is very fine; but when he walks



THE CASSOWARY DISGUSTED.

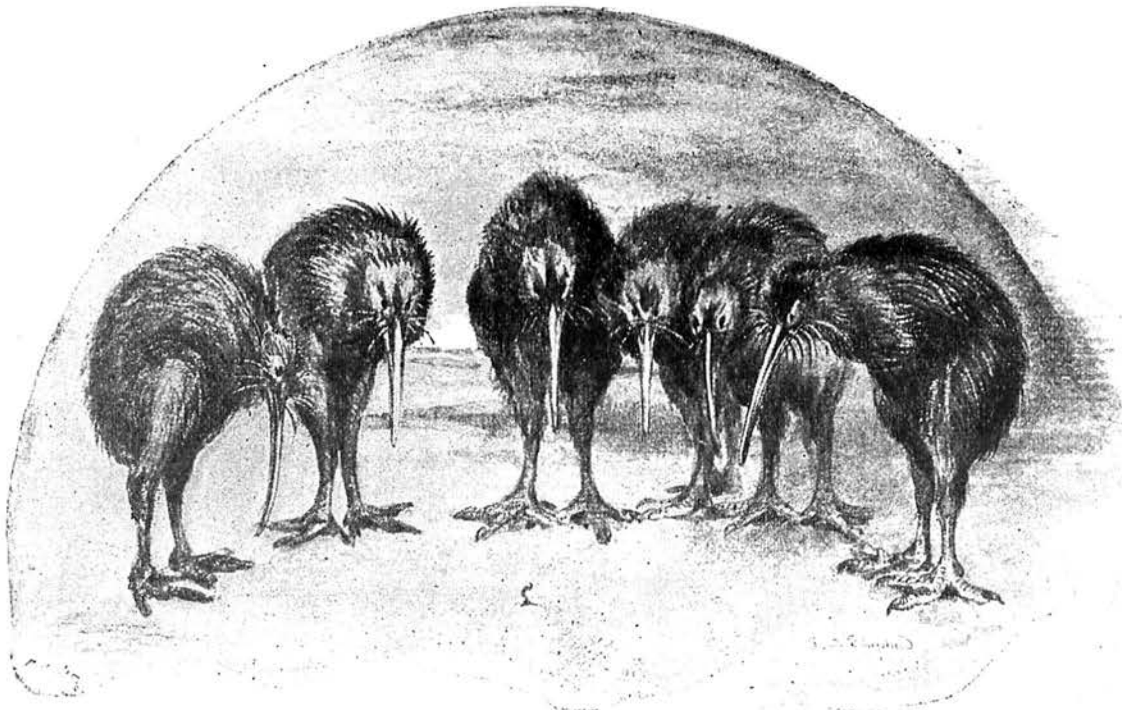
about a little way off, with his head to the ground, foraging, he looks rather like a tortoise on stilts, which is not imposing. Sometimes, when he thinks nobody is looking, he rushes madly up and down his territory by way of relieving his pent-up feelings, stopping very suddenly and looking cautiously about to assure himself that nobody saw him. I call this emeu Grimaldi; firstly, because Grimaldi is rather a fine name, and secondly, because when once you have had a view of his head from the back you can't call him anything else.

THE PROUD EMEU.

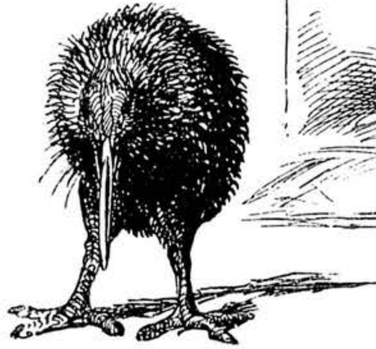


GRIMALDI.

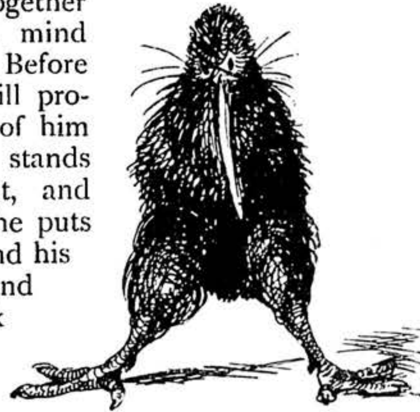
The most extraordinary bird in the world is the kiwi. But it is not the most extraordinary bird seen by visitors to the Zoo, because they never see it. The kiwi buries itself asleep all day, and only comes out in the night to demolish an unpleasant and inconvenient proverb. The kiwi is the latest of all the birds, but catches the most worms. For this let us honour the kiwi, and hurl him in the face of the early risers. He stamps about the ground in the dark night, and the worm, being naturally a fool, as even the proverb demonstrates, comes up to investigate, and is at once cured of early rising for ever. The kiwi, having no wings (unless you count a bit



THE DIET OF WORMS.



of cartilage an inch or so long, buried under the down), has the appearance of running about with his hands in his pockets because of the cold. And being covered with something more like hair than feathers, is a deal more like a big rat than a bird of any sort. Indeed, I don't believe the kiwi himself has altogether made up his mind which to be. Before he decides he will probably become extinct. Any glimpse his friends have of him here is short. Suddenly brought out into the day, he stands for a moment, and blinks; then he puts his beak up and his legs apart, and there is a black streak and a heap of straw where it vanishes.



COUNTRY SCENES.—JULY.

Joined to the prattle of the purling rills
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks, loud bleating from the distant hills,
Or stock-doves' plain amid the forest deep;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep.—*Castle of Indolence.*

To our ears, excepting the songs of the birds, one of the sweetest of summer sounds has been the bleating of sheep, and the distant jingling of their bells, mellowed by the distance, and softened by an intervening river, or a green pastoral valley that went winding round the foot of the hill, on which the flock was grazing. Sometimes, loitering along a stream, we came to a cool spot, where the overhanging trees threw down their pleasant shadows; and in the water, and along the banks, were sheep moving every way, for it was the great sheep-washing day, and nearly all the villagers were assembled. From within and without the wattled-fence, along the brook, and by the neighbouring barns, you hear the dreamy bleating of the sheep, as they call to, or answer each other—while the lambs keep up a continuous "baa," plaintive and piteous, and are quite at a loss to discover their dams among the dripping and noisy flock that are congregated on the opposite bank. There you see the swarthy and sun-tanned sons of the soil, standing mid-way in water, their sleeves turned up, and their bare sinewy arms half buried in the woolly fleece of the sheep they have clutched, and which, by main strength, they souse head over ears; and no sooner is the sheep released from the hands of the first washer, and swimming towards the shore, than it is caught by a second—has another hug and a souse—is passed to a third, and then the ablution is complete. It then lands among its drenched companions, and they seem to condole with each other, and to ask, in their way, "What is this for?"

Nor is such a scene without its harmless merriment. You see some sturdy little fellow grappling with a great overgrown sheep, which he manages to get to the edge of the water, when overhead they go together, to the great amusement of the bystanders—it being almost difficult to decide which has the silliest look of the two, the sheep or Jack. The peasants on the bank, the white flock contrasting with the green trees above, and the velvet sward below, the bright water, in which the whole picture is mirrored, the village-spire seen beyond the trees, a

grey thatched cottage here and there breaking through the openings of the foliage —all make up one of those quiet English pictures, which we ever, through the "mind's eye," recal with pleasure, when we are miles away from the spot.

Sometimes, we come unaware upon a beautiful village, that stands partly within the entrance of a wood, for so thickly are the outskirts covered with trees that it is difficult to tell where the wood begins in such an embowered and park-like landscape. In such a scene as this, sheep-washing forms so sweet a picture that we envy the power of an Inskipp or a Collins, and sigh because we cannot carry a sketch of it away with us. The cottage-roofs and chimnies are covered with rich liver-worts, fungi, and lichen, of every gorgeous hue, that harmonize beautifully with the stems of the surrounding trees; yet are just rendered distinct enough, by a white-washed or red brick wall, the sunlight that falls upon a diamond-paned window, or the smoke circling up, grey or blue, amid the green, to tell us that many a peaceful English home is nestled amid that "land of ancient trees." In such a spot, you fondly dream that old customs are still kept up—sheep-shearing feasts and harvest-homes, such as we read of in the Holy Bible, and such as David himself witnessed on the sunny slopes of Palestine.

It is now high Summer everywhere; in the deep woods and beneath the shady hedge-rows, in dell and dingle, where a twilight reigns at noon-day, her warm breath has penetrated, and her growing showers fallen. Wherever a root lay buried, or a tiny branch was hidden, there she has been, and hung them over with leaves and flowers; for it mattered not to her whether the eye of man fell upon her beautiful workmanship. There the red fox-gloves hang out their speckled bells; while, overhead, the woodbine throws its trailing banners of floating green, and pale and ruddy gold. By the water-course, we inhale the fragrance of the meadow-sweet, that mingled aroma of hawthorn buds and new-mown hay—for such is the perfume with which this Queen of the Meadows enriches the passing breeze. Then, over all, comes that drowsy overpowering fragrance from a bean-field in full blossom, the very smell of which conjures up images of the fields of Enna and Proserpine among the flowers, which, affrighted, she let fall. On the banks and the hedges, the gracefully-formed convolvulus climbs and twines; and, in the fields, up the tender grasses, the same beautiful flower rears its pinky head, as it enwreathes the stems, and throws out its delicate scent. The briony, too, throws round everything it comes near its glossy trails, winding quite a contrary way to the convolvulus, as one turns towards the sun, and the other from it. Wherever the eye alights, the ground is covered with flowers, many of them entirely different from what we saw enamelling the banks and waysides at Spring, and looking as if Summer was at a loss which to wear upon her brow, amid such a profusion of beautiful wreaths;—sometimes growing in spots where

> The silence there by such a chain is bound,
> That even the busy woodpecker makes stiller by her sound
> The inviolable quietness—

little nooks, where, above our heads, the grey clouds sail away to the far-off hills, as if they were hurrying off to other worlds beyond the horizon, and had only deigned to look down for a moment upon the lovely valley, in which we were idly resting, while looking at the flowers; spots which seem shut out from the world, as if the silence were never disturbed by anything louder than the murmuring of the stream, the rustling of the leaves, or the faint low whispering of the russet-coloured grasses—where green things only grow and wave. For now but few birds are heard, though all are not yet silent—the nightingale has ceased to sing; the cuckoo has left us; and, excepting in the cool morning hours, or when the evening shadows begin to lengthen, we hear not that woodland burst which went sounding through the flower-opening April, and the hawthorn-breathing May; for in the burning noons of July—

> No warbling tongue
> Then talked unto the echo of the groves,
> Only the curlèd streams soft chidings kept,
> And little gusts, that from the green leaves swept
> Dry Summer's dust, in fearful whispering stirred,
> As loth to waken any warbling bird.

Only the grasshopper—that sweet prophet of the summer"—as old Anacreon called it—keeps up "a coil" among the green leaves that shelter it when

> All the birds are faint with the hot sun,
> And hide in cooling trees.

Often while looking for summer flowers in the hedge-bottoms and among the ditches you will discover the little hedgehog foraging for insects or snails, and if he find he has not time enough to escape he will roll himself up in a ball with his round bristly coat, like a person who is resolved to stand his ground and meet the worst, whatever that may be, until finding, as he thinks, the danger over, he will again uncoil himself and resume his task, searching for frogs, toads, or even mice; for it is only in such shady places that you will meet with him in the day-time, as his favourite feeding time is in the night. What naturalists assert about its sleeping throughout the whole day is not true, as I, myself, captured one while feeding under an old hedge in Thonock-lane, near Gainsborough, one summer afternoon, tied it up in a handkerchief, brought it home, and kept it a long time on bread and milk, vegetables, or whatever came to hand, for scarcely anything came amiss to it. It is true that it sleeps throughout the winter, but, unlike the dormouse, it is not liable to be wakened by an occasional fine day, neither does it lay up any store of food; but, rolled up into a perfect ball which you might throw many yards without the animal once uncoiling itself, it sleeps securely through frost, snow, wind, or rain, in its little nest, beneath the hollow root of a tree, or some old rabbit burrow in a hole of the bank.

The early garden fruits are now in great perfection—the glossy black currant that hangs like rounded beads beneath its covering of fragrant leaves; the huge gooseberries that scarcely can contain themselves for very ripeness within their glittering green, or red and hairy husks; red and white currants that hang like coral and pearl pendent and gracefully from their broad-leaved boughs; and strawberries that hide under every leaf they can find to shelter them, are all ripe, and ready for the luscious banqueting table of Summer.

Now one of those rural pictures which artists in almost all ages have tried their hands upon, may frequently be seen where a clump of trees overhangs a pond, a stream, or some quiet shadowy pool which the sunbeams can scarcely penetrate. In such a spot may a group of cattle of various colours frequently be seen, standing almost motionless, excepting for the lashing of their tails to and fro, to drive away the swarm of buzzing insects, which are incessantly hovering around and alighting upon the horned herd.

> They stand
> Each in his place, save when some wearied beast
> The pressure of the crowd no longer brooks,
> Or, in mere vagrant mood, her station quits,
> Restless.

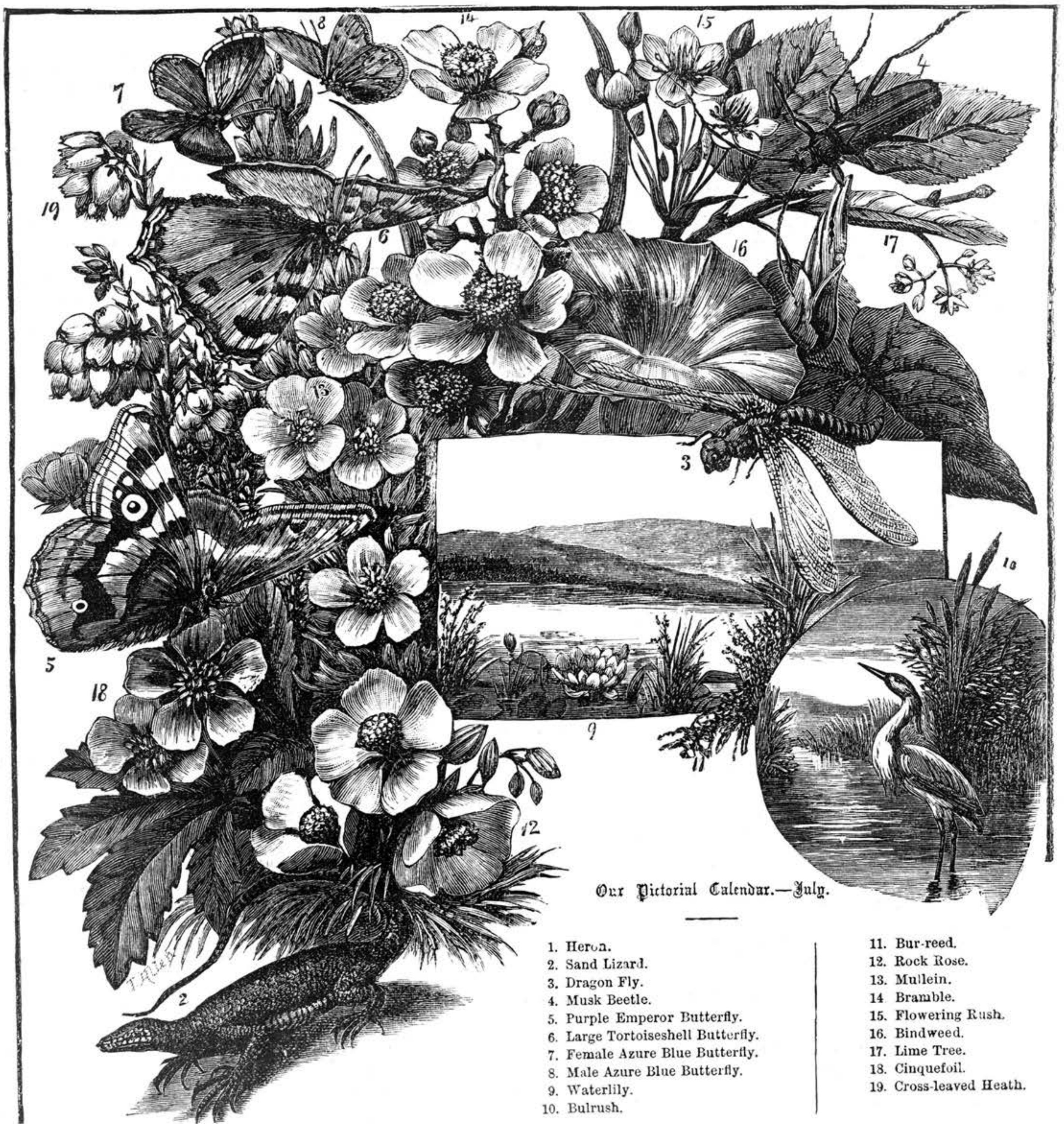
The rye now wears a ripe and yellow look, and the horned barley makes a rustling sound, as its long plumy ears are blown together by the breeze. A white and quivering light plays over the pendulous oats, and the green upon the wheat becomes whiter and paler every day—all silently proclaiming that the time of harvest is near at hand. The little mole-hills are purple and fragrant with the aromatic odours of the wild thyme, and the rich heath, the Summer livery of treeless hills and mountains, now looks like a crimson carpet which Nature has spread out for the honey-gathering bees to walk upon. All these, which are stretched out in countless millions before the eyes, scarcely do more from their very profusion than arrest the passing glance for a moment. Yet let us take any one, no matter how common, and examine it minutely, and we shall be struck by the grace and beauty of its form. Even the wayside elder, that throws its flowers over almost every stagnant ditch and dusty hedge, whose cream-like bunches of flowers we just glance at, and then pass on, if examined separately, will be found beautifully constructed: draw off a separate blossom, place it upon the palm of the hand, and you will see a marble-looking tripod, standing upon its ivory feet, and presenting an exquisite concave, a five-starred cup of pearl, as chaste in shape as ever emanated from the hand of a Grecian sculptor—a beautiful form which the hand of man has not yet imitated, and such as strikes but the eye of the poet, as he lies idly dreaming upon the grass, picking up, in his indolent mood, the nearest buds which the breeze blows within his reach. Nor is there a more beautifully-marked flower in the garden, than the pencilled geranium that grows wild, or any flower that wears a more delicate golden hue than the yellow, wild, wayside snap-dragon.

In green lanes and quiet shady places the blue speedwell is still seen lingering, as if loth to shake off its azure flowers; as if it still stood listening to the lisping of the young birds which were beginning to climb and flutter among the green hedgerows. The centuary, with its pink-starred flowers, now also puts forth its elegant bloom; and the tall wood-betony heaves up its rich rose-hued blossoms above the scarlet cup of the time-keeping pimpernel, which opens its lowly but dazzling flowers at its feet.

When the streams are low through the summer droughts, many curious insects may be seen in the water, which would escape the eye when the runnels are swollen with the rains of Winter and Spring. Some of these form curious habitations of stones, shells, hollow seeds, straws, even mud and small particles of wood, which they cement together, forming a vaulted roof, or pent-house, over their heads, and with their buildings on their backs they move about in the little world for which Nature has adapted them, accomplish the ends for which they were created, and then die. Amongst these, stand foremost the caddis-worms, which compose the little cube-like cells they inhabit, out of stones, with all kinds of irregular angles, and such as would baffle the skill of any human architect to fasten together. Yet, all this is done by the little caddis-worm. The smooth side of every stone is placed in the interior, and the whole mass secured together by a cement which the water has not the power to dissolve. Even the portion of the body of the worm which is exposed, is hard and firm, while that part which the cell covers is soft; for so has Nature defended this curious insect. To an unpractised eye, the whole of this wonderful structure would present only the appearance of a piece of reed or straw, which the water had discoloured, while the Naturalist would find in it the little insect, and the perfect habitation formed of many a loose particle as I have described; and which is so smooth and even at the bottom that the tiny architect can move about with its little house upon its back with ease.

The common stickle-back also forms a nest in which it deposits its eggs, and covers them up. The nest is formed of minute particles of straw, or wood, is not larger round than a shilling, while the ova, which scarcely exceeds the size of a poppy-seed, is of a bright yellow colour. Another of this species, called the fifteen-spined stickle-back, forms its nest, and deposits its ova in the sea-weeds, which are found suspended from the lower parts of rocks, and which the fish binds together by a white slender thread that resembles silk; and, wet or dry, it stands the action of the wind and sea, and keeps the eggs secure within, either when left dry or while tossed about by the violence of the waves. These eggs have frequently been taken, placed in water, and kept until the small fry have come forth.

The seed that falls upon the ground, again to spring forth in a new form—the rounded dew-drop that feeds the flower—the withered leaf, which the Autumnal rain decays, and forms into a rich nourishment for the buds of the following Spring, though disregarded by us, are all accomplishing their silent mission, and turning round that mighty wheel "on which the *seasons roll.*"



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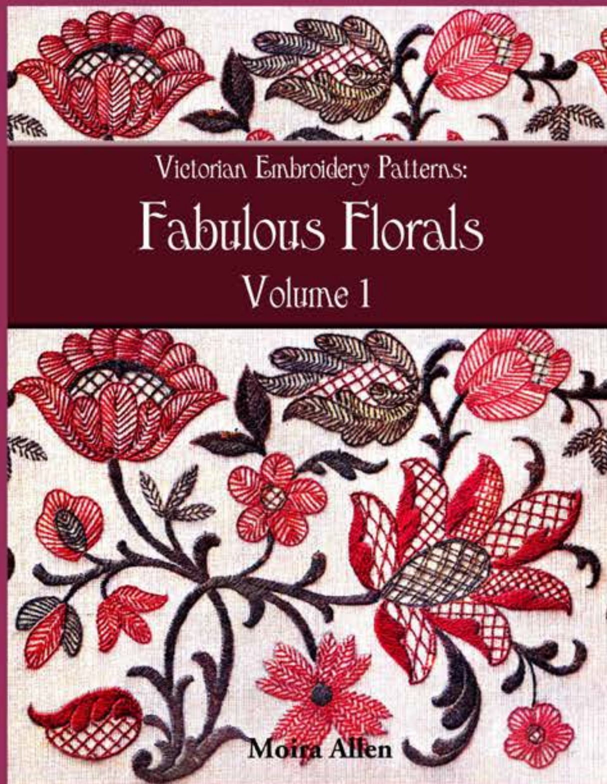

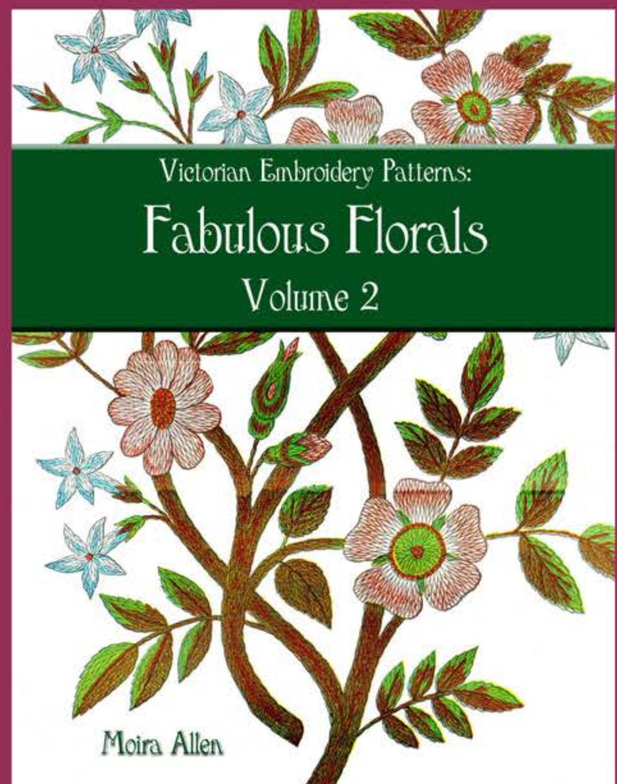

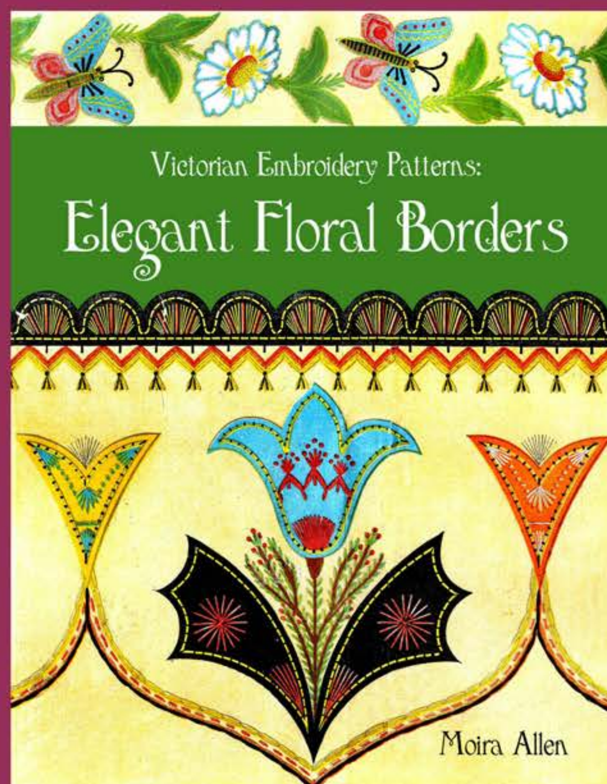

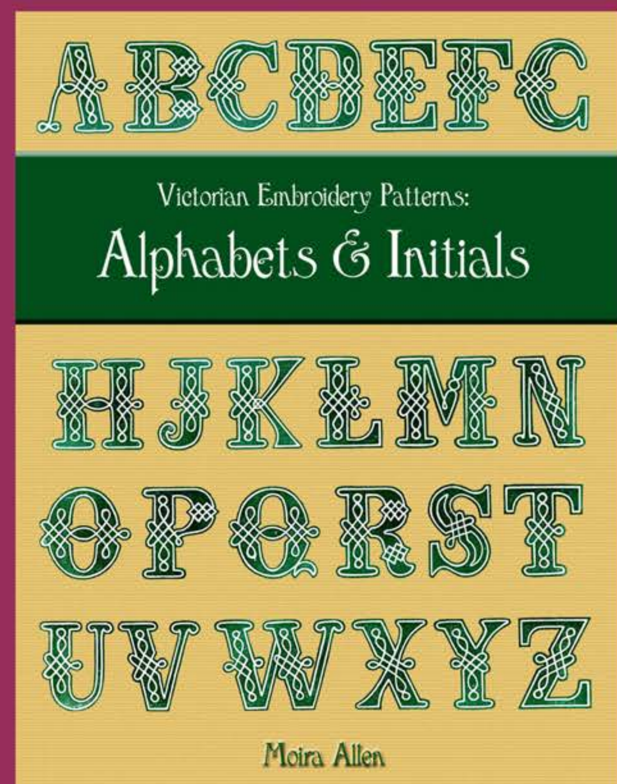

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