

Victorian Times

A Monthly Exploration of Victorian Life



Vol. B-1, No. 9 - September 2024

*Etiquette for Gentlemen • Women Warriors • Norway
German Ambulance Dogs • London's Small Traders • Apple Recipes
Women as Inventors • Everyday Desserts • Zoo Stories
Tropical Traveling Tips • Life on the American Prairie*

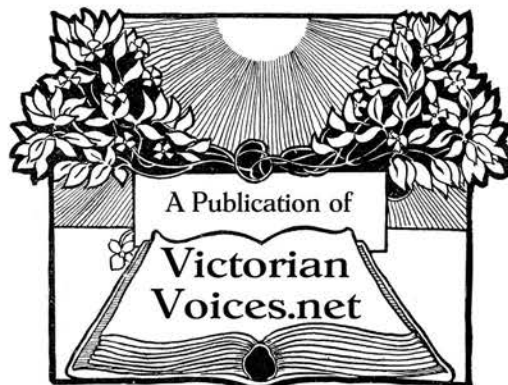
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of Victorian Life

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edited by Moira Allen



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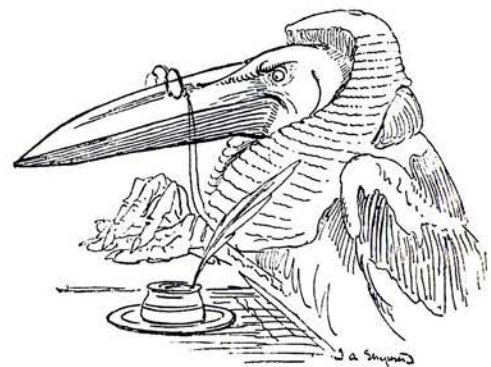
Cover Image: "The Flower of the Flock," from the painting by Joseph Clark, exhibited at the UK Royal Academy; reproduced in *The Girl's Own Paper*, 1896

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What's the Point of Etiquette?

Last month, I talked a bit about the differences between articles on etiquette in the US and the UK, and speculated that one reason US articles contain so much “nit-picky detail” is that they were written for people who needed to learn how to fit in to the social circle that they were striving to be a part of. Knowing just what fork to use or wine to drink or how to present your calling card could make the difference between being “in” or being socially outcast.

There's more to Victorian etiquette, however, than simply a host of stuffy rules that seem designed to such the life out of any social interaction. One of the reasons for all these articles on etiquette is precisely *because* the Victorian world was filled with social interaction. Victorians expected one another to be part of a highly social world. You met with people, face to face. You visited them, paid “calls” on them (not always the same thing), dined with them. You had business dealings with them. You were extremely likely to meet people you knew on the streets, in shops, in restaurants. This was not the era of the recluse, though, of course, recluses did exist. It was the era when one had a social responsibility to *be* social. In short, you were expected to deal with people—and these weren't always going to be people that you particularly liked or were close friends with.

Now, we all know that dealing with people is not always the most enjoyable thing in the world. This is partly because the world is full of people we'd really prefer *not* to have to deal with. Today, we are increasingly likely to avoid social interactions, relegating them to a host of contact-free electronic alternatives. Victorians didn't have that escape option.

So, instead, they had etiquette. Victorians didn't assume that there would be no rudeness or awkwardness in the social world. Rather, they assumed, rightly, just the opposite: there *are* rude people, there *are* people that you'd rather not have to socialize with, and there *are* awkward social situations. They also assumed that when you're young and starting out in society, you don't have a lot of experience dealing with these issues, and you could use some guidance. The basic premise of etiquette is to provide you with a guide to how to handle, not delightful teas with your sister or best friend, but boring dinner parties with boring people to whom you have some sort of boring social obligation. At the most basic level, the best sort of etiquette declares that, yes, you're going to meet rude people, but you don't have to be one of them.

The alternative was to be socially ostracized. If you could not behave “properly,” you might very quickly find yourself alone. Your calls would not be received, and no calls would be paid upon you. You would not be invited to dinner, nor would your own invitations be accepted. Lack of etiquette could have repercussions on your family as well—on your business associations, even on your children's chances for advancement and marriage. Etiquette, for all its stuffiness, was not something to be taken lightly.

One of the reasons, I suspect, that we often prefer not to deal with people today is because, unlike the Victorians, we receive no formal training on how to be a social animal. There's pretty much an assumption that we'll figure it out as we go along, using as role models adults who, quite probably, never figured it out as *they* went along. Thus, the Internet abounds with articles and blogs on how to cope with all the “difficult” people out there—people who contribute to our desire to hide behind phones and computer screens. Mostly, we're told how to adjust *our* behavior so that the ranters or over-sharers or clingers don't drive us crazy.

Victorian etiquette does the same, but without implying that bad behavior is “OK.” Etiquette tells us that we all have a social responsibility to one another—and perhaps, if people who behave rudely got that antiquated Victorian message that this is *not* OK, being genuinely social might have a bit more appeal today.

—Maira Allen, Editor
editors@victorianvoices.net

WOMEN AS INVENTORS.
THE AMERICAN WOMAN IN ACTION.

BY JOANNA R. NICHOLLS KYLE.

ANCIENT tradition—which, unfortunately, we have no means of verifying—ranks woman pre-eminently as an inventor, and the Chinese still continue to worship Si-ling-chi, the goddess of silk-worms, in commemoration of the discovery of silk by one of their empresses 4,000 years before the Christian era. In India there is a temple, known as the Light of the World, dedicated to Nourmahal, the gifted princess who first gave to the

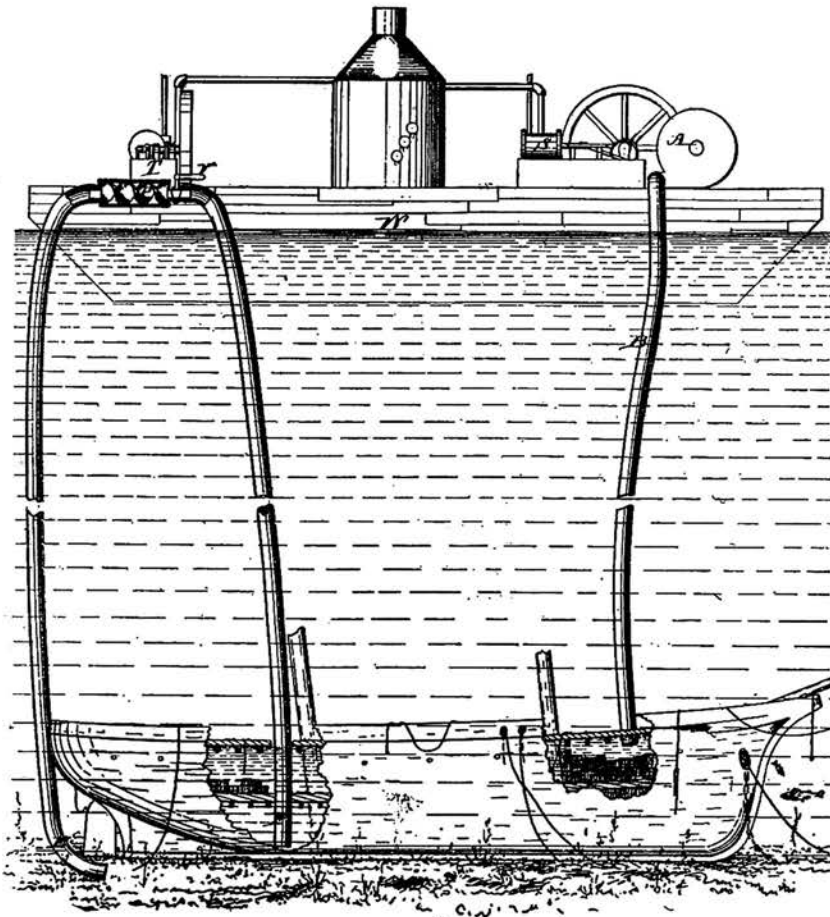
world cashmere shawls and the perfume attar of roses. It is also alleged that gauze was first invented by Pamphili, a woman of Cos, in the time of the Roman Empire, and that (of more recent date) Madame Bessani, a working-woman of Italy, received a patent for the first Venetian point lace. The Peruvians also maintain that the mother of Incas discovered cotton and taught them how to manufacture it. The first English woman's invention on record is patent No. 87, granted to Sarah Jerom in 1635 for "an engine to cut timber into thin pieces for making band boxes,"

EMILY E. TASSEY.

APPARATUS FOR RAISING SUNKEN VESSELS.

No. 180,286.

Patented July 25, 1876.



Witnesses

*Nancy J. Schultz
Wm. J. Keller*

Inventor

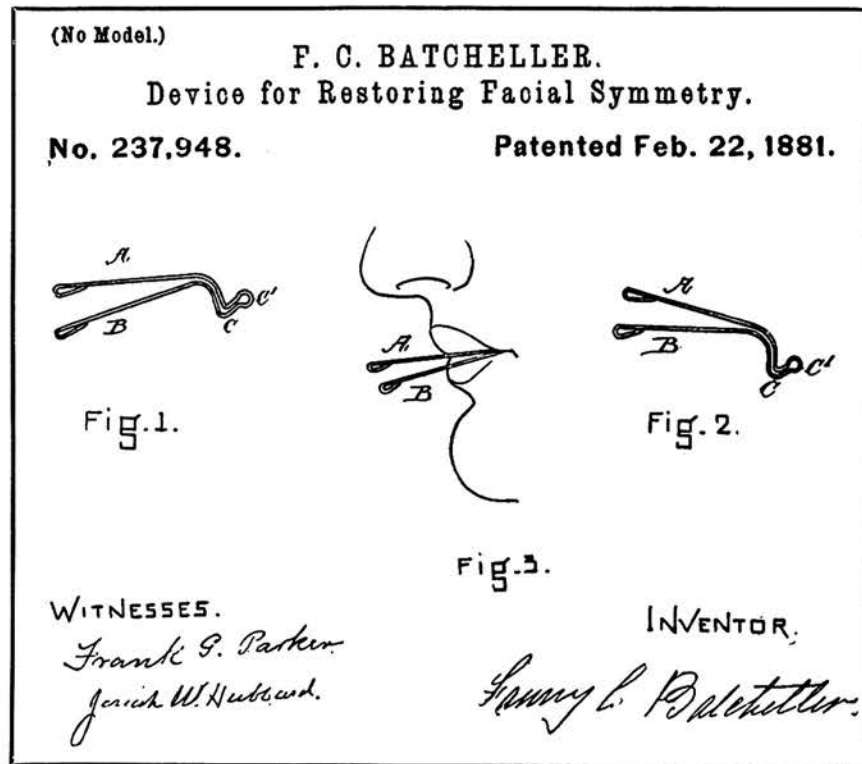
Emily E. Tasse

and many years elapsed before another patent was granted to a female applicant, viz., No. 182, issued to Rebecca Croxton in 1675 for weaving point lace.

When ex-Senator J. J. Ingalls visited the World's Fair he expressed himself as very much surprised and disappointed that the building

devoted to woman's exhibit had so little to show for her boasted achievements. Woman's progress is the theme of the hour; much is claimed by her in every department of life, and an endless controversy seems to have been aroused to meet those claims; but a visit to the United States Patent Office will give definite and incontrovertible information concerning the advance made in industrial arts by female inventors, for ever since this great institution had a history a faithful record has been kept of all manner of contrivances to ease labor or add to the comfort and convenience of humanity that have been discovered both in this country and abroad. From this authentic record it appears that the first invention ever made by a woman in the United States was a method of weaving silk with straw, devised by Mary Kies in 1809, and that six years had passed before a second Mary (bearing the surname Brush) produced a corset, in 1815. Four years later Sophia Usher claimed the honor of making a new carbonated liquid cream of tartar, and, after another quaternion interval, Julia Planton broke the silence by asserting her invention of a foot for a stove. These were the pioneers among feminine claimants in the realm of invention. Following them through the first three decades which exhibit their new talent woman produced twelve other more or less useful novelties, viz.: a method of weaving grass for hats, a method of accelerating spinning-wheel heads, a mode of manufacturing moccasins, a sheet-iron shovel, a method of whitening leghorn straw, a globe for teaching geography, a cook stove, a bellows, a balsam lavender, a calash balloon for ladies, a method of cutting straw and fodder, and a mode of manufacturing external fibers of *asclepias syriaca*.

These first intimations of inventive genius are prophetic of her future career under its guidance. The earliest American *patent* taken out by a woman was



one for shedding (a way of dividing the warp threads in a loom to allow the passage of the shuttle), by Eliza B. Judkins in 1834, and was numbered 1,075, the office having reached that figure in its register of patents granted to men. Eve was late in plucking fruit from this tree of knowledge. Adam was more than a thousand points ahead of her in the arena of competition, many of the patents being for those marvels of ingenuity before which the world bows in homage.

Glancing down the list of women inventors it will be seen that during ten of the first years that they presented themselves as applicants before the Patent Office, viz., 1839 to 1849, only fourteen patents were issued to them, the last of this number being bestowed upon Agdalena S. Goodman, of Florida, the only native-born American woman so far to become the holder of this kind of monopoly—her discovery being “an improvement in broom brushes.” The official series of numeration had at that time reached 6,423.

In the year 1860 five patents were issued to female applicants, these being an egg cup, an invalid chair, a shoe sole, a butter worker, and an alleged improvement in reaping and mowing machines; but in 1863, while the Civil War was raging, as many as twenty-six feminine claimants had their applications granted, five of these patents being improvements in corsets and skirt

supporters, the rest consisting of a floor warmer, three improvements in ruffles, two lamp shades, a case for packing bottles, hair crimpers, stocking supporters, an improvement in ambulances, a mechanism for starting the sewing-machine, three liniments, a burner for coal-oil lamps, a fastening for studs, a new style of military caps, and an apparatus for reducing hemp, flax, etc., to a fibrous condition. While husbands, brothers, and sweethearts were at the front of war battling to preserve the integrity of their country, woman seems to have pressed into those avenues of civil occupation which threatened to be deserted, and her mental powers were quickened into greater activity. The belligerent attitude of the nation had its effect upon her also, as is marked by the invention by one Mary Jane Montgomery of an “improved war vessel” which would make the constructors of our modern type of battleships stare with astonishment.

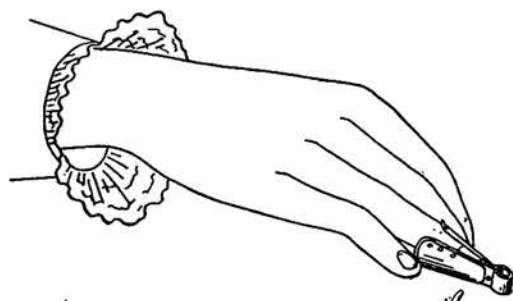


Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.

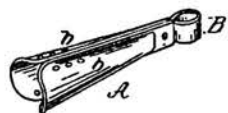


Fig. 4.

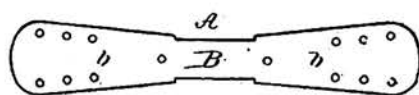


Fig. 5

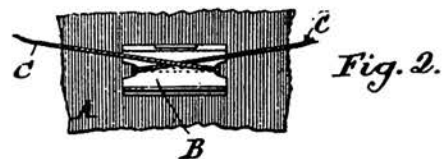
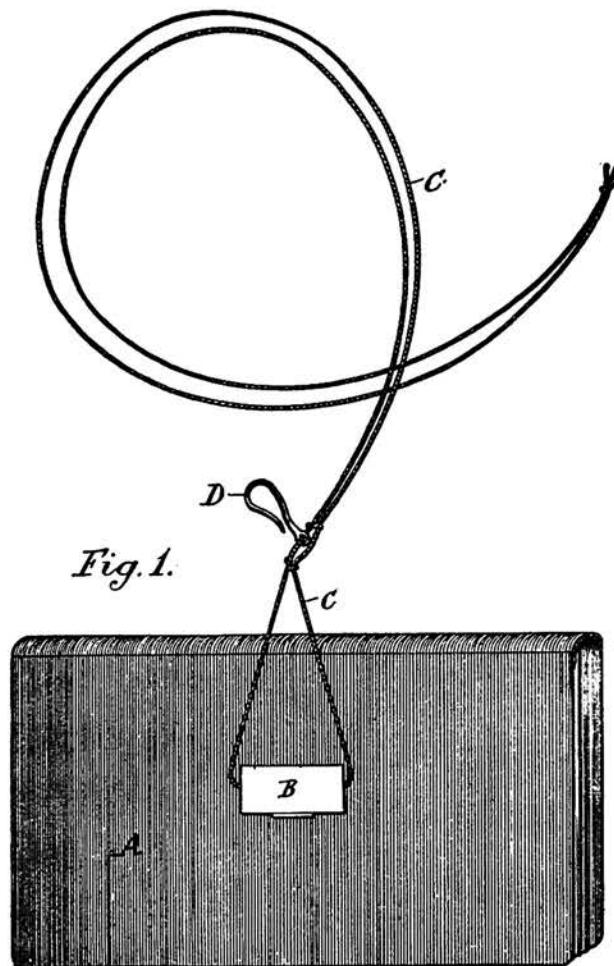
FOR MAKING FINGERS TAPER.

The natural drift of woman's mind is indicated by the examples of her inventions already mentioned. Her principal sphere being the home, it is in domestic articles that she seeks scope for improvements. In matters of dress and personal adornment she has made many changes; but she appears to confine her attention to her own habiliments, for, although numerous systems for cutting ladies' garments have been invented by men, it is very seldom that "an apparatus for shaping pantaloons" or "an improved shirt front" is contributed to gentlemen's clothing by a woman. But the numbers of corsets, skirt supporters and bustles that she has invented cannot be estimated.

To the dairy she has added occasionally a new churn or butter worker, and she has embellished the shelves of her pantry with novelties in the form of fruit jars well filled with preserves prepared from improved recipes.

It is noteworthy that most of her inventions consist of improvements in already existing articles; but there is one striking exception to this rule in the case of Mrs. Nancy M. Johnson, the *originator* of the first ice-cream refrigerator in this country in 1843. Prior to her invention of a crank to turn the cream, it was manipulated by the slow process of stirring with a spoon. This gifted lady died at her residence in Washington city at ninety-five years of age, having many years before sold her right of patent for \$1,500.

In the kitchen department woman has substituted new dish-washing machines, clothes boilers, wringers and irons for the older ones in use, among which may be counted, to the honor of the negro race, a wringer, invented by a colored woman, Ellen Eglin, in 1888, and sold by her to an agent for \$18 because she feared that white ladies would discriminate against its universal introduction into their households. In the hands of the agent it became quite a financial success. But, despite the assertion of Charlotte Perkins Stetson that the cook stove is the idol to which womanhood is daily sacri-



PATENT SAFEGUARD FOR MY LADY'S POCKETBOOK.

ficed, it is a singular fact that not one of the feminine victims has ever made a decided improvement in the configuration of this domestic Moloch. There are a few ovens, stoves and heating attachments for gas-burners accredited to female ingenuity, and a few cooking utensils, but the question remains for optimists and pessimists to decide why it is that man has always been the prime creator in the culinary department. Is it because he thinks more about eating, and hence devises new methods for facilitating the preparation of food and rendering it more palatable? or have his efforts in this direction been stimulated by an affectionate solicitude to lessen his helpmate's labors? However this may be, the mistress of the household seems to have waited for her husband to make cooking easier, while at times, even in the early years of the century, she surprised her neighbors by such incongruous inventions as a sub-marine lamp and telescope—a device produced by Sarah P. Mather in 1845, which has proved of great advantage in deep-sea work. In fact, Lieutenant Hobson might have materially lightened his difficulties in raising the *Maria Theresa* had he first consulted the archives of the Patent Office and used for his purpose the “apparatus for raising sunken vessels” invented by Emily E. Tasse, of Pennsylvania, as far back as 1876. That her plan is a very simple conception will be seen from the accompanying drawing. An air-pump, operated by a steam-engine, is connected with an air-tight tube, which is fitted into the deck of the sunken ship, all the hatches and other openings being carefully closed. Another air-tight tube extends from the bottom of the hull up to the surface of the water, and then curves down to the same level, or below the hull. When set in action a screw propeller at or near the surface drives the water from the hull and discharges it through the curved tube, while the air-pump simultaneously fills the vacant hull with condensed air. Thus the sunken body becomes buoyant, and the work of raising it is easily accomplished. “Too primitive a device!” is the brief comment of our modern wrecking companies, so Miss Tasse's ingenuity is commemorated only by a few sheets of paper filed away on the Patent-Office shelves and never opened except by some delver after curiosities.

In medical appliances woman has invented a number of more or less useful abdominal bandages, several kinds of spectacles, an electrical head clamp for relieving pain, etc., but in surgery she has accomplished some very funny devices. Her instincts tending ever toward the preservation of beauty, we find on record a “device for restoring facial symmetry,” patented by Fanny C. Batcheller, of Boston, in 1881, “to be used by persons whose faces have from any cause, either natural or artificial, become misshapen.” The invention consists of a spring which, when attached to the individual's teeth, acts so as to press the deformed feature into normal shape, and “is especially adapted for restoring the mouth lines to their proper position,” as illustrated in the drawing accompanying the specifications. Another invention, which has its use from an æsthetic point of view, is a “finger compress,” which proposes to make the hands more shapely by giving them pretty, tapering fingers, especially in cases where the tips have become flattened or enlarged by constant practice on the piano or some other musical instrument.

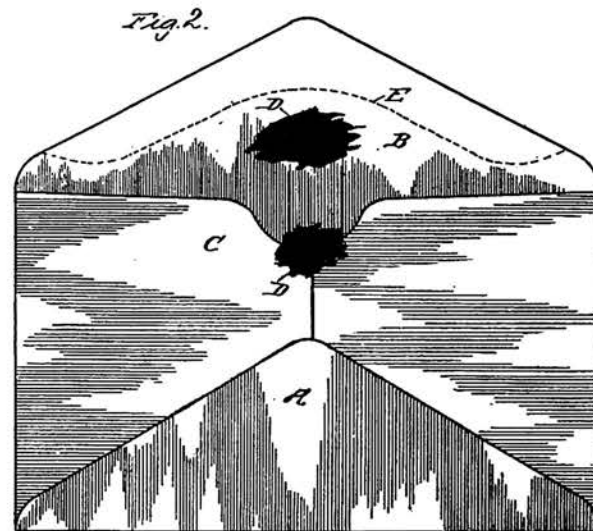
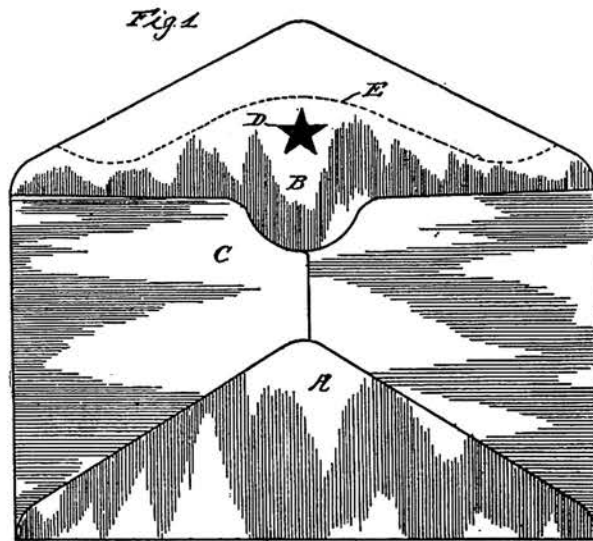
It is a singular fact that in the nursery its rightful queen has devised so

few amusements for her little subjects. Apart from dolls and doll patterns women have invented very few toys, though several novel baby jumpers and walkers and children's chairs and beds have been added to the furniture of the Liliputian apartment. Neither is this attributable to the fact that in recent years women devote more time to the bicycle and less to their children; for, apart from the ungraceful garments which, because of their comfort, many see fit to don when they mount the metal steed, female riders have contributed little or nothing toward the evolution of the bicycle, unless we may mention a pneumatic tire invented by Dell M. Hawes, of Minnesota, and a bicycle lock constructed by Kate Parke, of Illinois.

In furniture woman's ingenuity tends principally toward making combination articles. She has patented a large number of convertible chairs, wardrobe bedsteads, folding beds, and such quaint combinations as a bath-tub and travelling bag, a combined trunk and couch, a school desk and organ, a combined stove, table and cabinet, a child's carriage and cradle, a clothes washer and churn combined, a work table and basket, and, most important of the list, a window-cleaning chair, which can be converted into a ladder as readily as a seat. It is a curious fact that in building appurtenances it is the windows which gain her absorbed attention. She makes new sash and shutter fasteners, curtain rings, ventilators, sliding-windows, a device for raising and lowering windows, and a portable window balcony for flowers. Since 1892 there has been a noticeable increase in the number of agricultural implements supplied by woman to the farmer, who will give them a trial.

Several years ago a certain Mississippi lady invented a hand cotton-picker, somewhat resembling in shape a pair of tongs, for which she was offered \$30,000; but, being infatuated with her creation, she rejected this sum and took out her patent in 1883. She has since realized nothing from her invention.

Perhaps one of the most important inventions ever made by a woman is the baling press, which an Illinois lady, Sarah W. Trabue, has helped to per-



"A MEANS OF DETECTING THE OPENING OF SEALED ENVELOPES.

fect, the details of which would be too lengthy and wearisome for the perusal of any one but a mechanic. It is also of interest to know that a woman, Maria E. Beasley, is joint patentee with the two men who created the great barrel-making plant at Philadelphia.

Another machine, whose complicated mechanism has attracted attention both in Europe and America, and supplies a long-felt need by manufacturing satchel-bottom paper bags, was invented by Miss Maggie Knight, who also superintended the erection at Amherst, Mass., of her machine to fold bags, an invention which, it is alleged, does the work of thirty persons.

A funny invention, which has been patented both in Great Britain and in the United States by an English woman, Eleanor C. Whitlock, is a device for preventing purses from being stolen from the pocket, which proposes to keep the owner informed of the safety of her property by means of a cord securely fastened to a suitable clasp on the purse, which, passing around the neck of the wearer, is hooked into a button-hole of her dress. Another odd contrivance, evidently evolved by a lady who was jealous of the contents of her letters being pried into, is "a means of detecting the opening of sealed envelopes," invented by Leonie P. Callmeyer, of New Jersey, in 1892, which suggests that a star or some other figure be stamped on the under side of the flap of the envelope in ink or any other composition that when dry is stable, but spreads rapidly when it becomes moist. If any one attempts to open the envelope by steaming it the dishonorable act will at once discover itself, as the inky star will spread and run down into the paper. Such are some of the vagaries in which the female mind indulges when she tries to give substantial form to her imaginings instead of selecting a more practicable object.



STRANGE FRIENDSHIPS AMONG ANIMALS.



ALTHOUGH the old saying may generally be true that "birds of a feather flock together," there have been many instances known of animals totally unlike in habits living together in perfect happiness. In just the same way as many boys and girls whose tempers are altogether different live together with their parents, and choose quite distinct occupations to suit their various tastes, so birds, and cats, and dogs, and cattle have sometimes shown the greatest affection for each other in spite of their individual peculiarities.

It happened once that a cat was deprived of all

her kittens: most likely they had to share the same fate as many other kittens, and were taken from her to be drowned. At any rate, the poor animal was so desolate and miserable that she actually took under her care a litter of young rats, which she nursed and tended with all the care of a fond mother until they were old enough to take care of themselves. The owner of the cat, who was a poor man, exhibited the animals, in return for which he collected a considerable sum of money.

I remember, too, reading of a goose that was very fond of a house-dog. They sat together near the kennel the day through, only parting at meal-times, when the goose went to be fed, returning immediately afterwards to its place by the side of its friend. They quite understood each other, for when the dog barked the goose would cackle and run at the offender; and if only permitted, she liked to roost

with the dog all night, instead of taking her proper place with her own companions. Sometimes, when the dog ran into the village, the goose would, if possible, follow him, running and flying alternately, in order to keep pace with her friend. One day the dog began to be ill, when the faithful bird stationed herself at his side, and could not be induced to move even to take food; so to prevent her dying of hunger, her pan of corn was placed close to the kennel. Notwithstanding her care, however, the poor dog died; and in a few days a new house-dog was installed in his place, who so nearly resembled the old one in form and colour, that either the goose mistook him for her old friend, or she felt attracted to him because of the similarity between the two animals, and approached quite in a friendly way within his reach. Sad to say, the new dog seized her by the throat and killed her on the spot, so that she was not left long to mourn her sad loss.

Hares and rabbits also have frequently been tamed to great perfection. A gentleman once had a hare that would eat its food from his hand, and its two companions were a greyhound and a spaniel. During the day the three animals romped about and frolicked in high glee, and at night were often seen lying together on the hearth. The greyhound and the spaniel were field dogs, and amused themselves by hunting hares, though they treated their playfellow with the greatest kindness.

Another gentleman had a dog, a hare, and two

cats living together, and a very happy life they had of it. The dog acted as a guardian over his three friends, evidently conscious of his own superiority in strength, for he barked quite savagely at any one for whom they manifested any sign of fear.

In Scotland, not very long ago, a dog, cat, and two rabbits lived together on such very good terms with each other that they well deserved the designation they were known by of "the happy family." The dog was evidently, both in her own estimation and in that of all the other members of the family, at the head of the establishment. The rabbits were two fat, smooth, and lively animals, but not rounder or handsomer than Minnie, the cat. If the dog regarded herself as the head of the family, puss unmistakably regarded herself as the mistress. When the dog was lying asleep, she used to seat herself on her back, either to doze or to take a quiet survey of what was going on around, as if the seat had been made expressly for her use. The rabbits gambolled about, too, to their hearts' content, the touch of their soft paws seeming rather to soothe the dog than to cause her any annoyance. When, one day, two puppies appeared upon the scene, they were welcomed with scarcely more joy by the mother than by puss and the rabbits. A large box was provided for them, where they all slept together at night, and not many sights more interesting can be imagined than the peaceful slumber of this happy family.

HEALTH FOR TROPICAL TRAVELLERS.

By "MEDICUS."



ALTHOUGH I am no advocate for invalids going far away to tropical climates, for the cure of any ailment that can possibly be benefited by a residence at one or other of our own sea-side or inland health resorts, still a

great many of our readers do go or have to go, and it is on their account I am giving the hints contained in this paper.

There are indeed a large number of cases of illness that may be cured even before one reaches one's destination—cured by the rest and quiet of months of life on the ocean wave. What is called insomnia, or sleeplessness, is one of these. This insomnia is a disease brought about usually by hard work, anxiety, and worry; and although I do not mean to describe its symptoms or physiology at present, I may just say that it is all too apt to become chronic, and then it is almost, if not quite, incurable. It is usual for the sufferer to go to the seaside for a time in order to get rid of it. She needs in such a case to be very careful in the choice of a place of residence.

There is no model watering-place in this country, such as there are in some parts of,

say, Germany, where bad music and street cries are vigorously interdicted.

I myself lately suffered from a kind of nerve prostration, with sleeplessness, caused by the pain of lumbago-sciatica, a complaint from which I sincerely trust none of our readers will ever suffer much. I had always liked Brighton rather—it is bracing, anyhow; and although lower in caste than Scarborough, one can find amusement in it. I am here now, and despite the dreadful noises with which the Corporation of Hove permits the streets to ring from morn till dewy eve, I must say I am better.

But, O! the first nights and days! I hardly know anything more trying to the nerves than to be racked with pain, and feeling wretchedly tired and sleepy, without the chance of getting even forty winks, owing to the yelping and yelling of quadrupeds and bipeds on the street beneath. I ought to have gone further afield—away down in Cornwall or on the Welsh coast. There is many a beautiful, dreamy, drowsy wee place that positively can woo one to sweetest slumber. But I feared the long journey. Well, here at Brighton, or rather Hove, the first week was a terrible one. Probably I had not slept two consecutive half-hours the night before, but well I knew there could be no rest till after twelve. There was nothing for it but to lie till then and read, with hot and weary eyes. A political meeting

dismissed itself at ten, and the young people played games and chased each other, shrieking up and down the street for half-an-hour after. There might be a semi-lull after this, broken only by a yelping fox-terrier that made periodical rushes at anything or anybody passing. Then the people from the Alhambra came along, laughing, talking, screaming, whistling, and singing snatches of the songs they had been listening to. Then perhaps a couple of inebriate individuals would stop beneath the window to have a long and stupid argument. Perhaps they fought, and the policeman came, and of course the fox-terrier. But when twelve tolled out from the belfry there was comparative quiet, broken only by the tireless voice of that fox-terrier—comparative but certainly not complete silence. The walls of many of the houses in Brighton are hardly a brick thick. The town is to a great extent jerry-built, and the tail-end of an earthquake would be the worst thing that could happen to it. So not only does the old lady next door begin to cough, but the spoiled baby begins to cry, not from illness apparently, but from ill-nature; and his mother-in-law—no, I mean his father's mother-in-law, that would be *his* grandmother—instead of spanking him, wheedles and kisses and cuddles him (I could hear her), and that makes him worse. He keeps it up grimly till one o'clock strikes, then all is

hushed except the bronchitic old lady's cough. Some insane idea of putting on my dressing-gown and going in next door with a bottle of paregoric for her comes into my mind; and I might kill two birds with one stone, I might tackle the baby, I might knock at the bedroom door and say to the granny, "Is your rest broken by a sick child? Here is a bottle of Mother Quackinbosh's Syrup; it is 'grateful, comforting, and warranted to strike only on the box.'" I have nearly fallen asleep when a puff of wind makes the windows rattle in the frames, and I get up to stick bits of paste-board in the sashes; and as soon as my head is once more on the pillow the fox-terrier has another eruption. In despair I read again, and two o'clock strikes. It is a bright moonlight night, and the Cochin China cock in an adjoining yard thinks it is morning and begins to hullo, and starts all the other cocks within a mile of him. Three o'clock strikes. I put out my candle and lie round on my other side. I'm nearly off. A cats' concert begins just under the window, and is kept up nearly an hour. I open the window and say "Shoo!" They don't mind that. I get the water jug and commence to empty water down into the area. The thing slips out of my hand and falls down with a terrible and startling crash. There is an end to the concert. Perhaps I've killed a cat. I won't go into mourning. But a window is thrown open over the way, the fox-terrier yelps again, four o'clock strikes, and a policeman comes hurrying up the street as wide awake as any policeman ever is. It is broad daylight now, and I am going to try to sleep. The jackdaws are making a terrible row though, and I lie and toss till a quarter to five. I know it is a quarter to five because there is a cockatoo who, precisely at that time every morning, arouses the neighbourhood with his ear-splitting yells.

But "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," comes at last, and I doze. No, I cannot say "balmy sleep;" there is not much balm about it. I dream that I am once more in Africa, fighting Somali Indians, till one with a hideous yell is about to thrust a spear into me, and I awake to find it is no Indian at all, but a fiend with a milk-pail shouting "Miawk!" Wearied and worn I turn out now and have my bath. But the day has begun now in earnest, and the street cries are hideous, discordant, awful. Shouts of "milk" and "mackerel," yells of "rags and bones," German bands, music troupes, street pianos, hurdy-gurdies, grinning Italian children with accordions, blind men with melodeons, a wretch with a cornet, a boy with a concertina, the boot-lace man, the stay-lace man, costermongers by the dozen, a Tipperary Highlander in ragged Scotch costume and bagpipes, and the little yellow dog down the street, who gets so many thrashings from the other dogs every day that I wonder he has a single bone left unbroken.

Well, that is "twice round the clock" in Brighton or Hove. Hardly suited to a nervous invalid, is it?

But now, reader, I am going to send you *a-packing over the sea* and far away, and tell you what you are going to do *en voyage*, and after you reach the foreign land.

I am presuming you are an invalid. Australia is eminently suited to a large number of cases, especially those of chest weakness. India, both East and West, is so also, and even the Cape of Good Hope.

But if time is no object, and you are at all nervous, I should advise you to go in a sailing ship, for the sake of the quiet, the almost holy calm, compared to the steam-mill rattle and din of an ocean packet. If, in one of these, your cabin happens to be amidships, you shall very likely be awakened every night by the noise of the men taking up ashes and cinders. It is a terrible noise, and it is added

to by the clatter of the fellows' tongues—sailors I could not call them.

There is of course nothing of this kind in a sailing vessel, and some of those that go southward and round the Cape are marvellously fast. Once they get hold of the trade winds they rip along in the most enjoyable way. You will not be sea-sick long in a sailing ship, because the motion is less jerky, and there are no vile smells. However, if you are sick for a few days, you must fight it. Go on deck every day, well or ill, and have a sea bath every morning. Clothe warmly for the first week, then bend your fine weather gear—I mean wear light dresses.

But listen—Have light flannels next the skin if you value your health.

I shall now suppose that you have reached port, and from port have travelled to the spot that is to be your home for some time to come.

Your health will have been greatly recruited by the long quiet voyage and the bracing ozonic breath of old ocean. Well, everything about and around you will be so fresh and new, that you may be pardoned for imagining you have received a new lease of life. And so you may have, only you must take care of it, or the exhilaration you feel on your first arrival may give way to depression, not to say despondency, after a few weeks.

I have myself considerable experience of life in tropical lands; but Stanley himself, the illustrious African traveller, bears me out in what I am now going to advise, as far as dress and dietary in hot countries are concerned.

Well, you are now in a tropical country, and not yet acclimatised. You must not think of living as you did in dear old England—not in any way, unless you want to get terrible bilious attacks, ailments of the liver, and probably even sunstroke.

The strength must be kept up; for what with the heat and the extraordinary activity of the skin, debility and exhaustion are very likely to ensue if not guarded against.

It is to be hoped you sleep well, and rise in the morning betimes well refreshed. Labour is cheap in tropical climes, and you may have had a wee black lass to keep the punkah in motion and fan you to sleep. Get up and have your coffee; then your bath. Even if the water be rather warm, you will find this most refreshing, especially if you soap all over with good soap. Dress leisurely.

Dress, if possible, all in woollen clothing.

This may be light enough, and it defies a chill. A chill in a hot climate is always dangerous, and nearly constantly followed by some degree of fever.

Besides, as you cannot help perspiring, it is possible you may at times *volens volens* have to sit in a draught. There is nothing more dangerous to a weakly person. But the wearing of woollen clothing will reduce the danger to a minimum.

Disorders of the alimentary canal are easily brought on in tropical countries, as well as ailments of still more important internal organs. Therefore, I counsel all to do as I do, wear a light flannel bandage round the loins next the skin. It should be changed every day in very hot weather, and is a very great protection indeed.

It may feel cool and nice to sleep between linen or cotton sheets, but to the invalid it is highly dangerous. Be warned, therefore, and adopt the woollen system. The coverings need be but light—indeed, they must be light—but they ought to be of wool.

The mattress should be very flat. Hair is best, I think. Most spring mattresses are beds of misery, owing to their disagreeable movements, and the distressing position of body they cause one to assume. A good mattress *must* be flat to be healthy, and the pressure of the body should not interfere with its flatness.

A hammock is far better than a wretched spring mattress. In India I have often been unchristian enough to wish that an elephant might lie down on top of the man who made my mattress.

I hardly know how to advise ladies as to head gear. The best form, I think, is some kind of sun hat. If a few green leaves are placed inside there will be less chance of sunstroke or distress caused by the sun.

Now as to *fruits*. I take this portion of the dietary first, because they are best eaten before breakfast; but they must be eaten sparingly even in the morning. No seed-filled fruit should be taken. Mangoes are good, so are guavas and bananas. The good old-fashioned orange is better than all; yet, I think, only the juice should be swallowed. Well, there is the pine-apple, a delightful fruit indeed, but a dangerous one. Take a slice, or even two, of a nice ripe one, but swallow only the juice.

In the cool of the morning—if there be any cool—you may take a five minutes' tour in the open air. Then have a light breakfast, with *good* tea or pure coffee and plenty of milk—goat's if possible. If meat is taken it should be tender and lean. What you must avoid at this meal and at all meals are fat and oily substances.

A very light but nutritious lunch may be taken about one o'clock—and dinner in the cooler part of the afternoon, say about six o'clock or after.

I do not advise for a moment that you should stint yourself in food—far from it; indeed, the enervation caused by heat demands the highest degree of nourishment. But it should be of a non-stimulating kind. Hence, too much meat should not be partaken of. Fish, mutton, goat flesh, fowl, eggs, and milk, with light nutritious puddings, are all good. The eggs may be cooked in a variety of ways. Then there is *milk*. You can hardly use too much milk. But if at all weakly, it is well to peptonise it. I don't know if Fairchild's peptonising powders can be obtained in India, though so much prescribed here. So it would be well to take out with you quite a large supply. Dilute one pint of good milk with a quarter of a pint of pure filtered water; add one powder, and place in hot water—as hot as the hand can bear it—for twenty minutes. Then let it cool. Ice it if you like, and use it as a drink. This is most excellent nourishment in any case where there is a tendency to laxity of the system.

As to *work*. Whether physical or mental, I do not think one can do the same amount as in a temperate climate. My own experience is that mental toil renders one sleepy and stupid if the weather be *very* warm, and that physical soon exhausts. But anyhow, the early morning and the evening are the times for labour, whether mental or bodily. For all reasons avoid the heat of the mid-day hours, when birds sit silent under the shade of the branches, and even the crows are waddling about with their mouths wide open.

If you are travelling, do it as early as possible, and if in a hurry, resume it again after or near to sunset.

Use an umbrella or sunshade if exposed to the sun, no matter how good your hat may be.

Beverages.—If you are travelling, carry with you a small portable filter. If at home, make a practice of having all the water both boiled and filtered before you drink it. The juice of half a lemon added to a tumblerful of water, with sugar to taste, makes a very wholesome beverage. But green limes are far better than lemons. If you can have neither, a little citric acid will do good.

Soda-water iced with a dash of claret is good. But sweetened effervescing waters such as lemonade are not very wholesome.

Alcoholic beverages must be avoided, with the exception of a little of the lighter wines.

Great care must be taken to reside in a healthy locality—not anywhere near a marsh, but on ground as high as possible.

Travel away to the Indian Highlands if possible. No one who does not do so can have any idea of the richness and beauty of the country, nor even of its healthfulness.

As to *medicines*.—If you live according to wise rules, never eat or drink of anything that is too heating or stimulating; get good sleep

at night; take the morning tub regularly, and a reasonable amount of exercise combined with recreation; remembering also that work itself is of value from a health point of view; and if you keep up the strength by means of easily-digested food, you will have very little need to resort to the medicine chest. Indeed, I advise you so to live that you shall be independent of medicine unless in case of accident.

In my next health lecture I shall—if agreeable to His Serenity the Editor—give a brief account of the symptoms of some of the com-

plaints most common to European residents in tropical countries.

I believe this will make a very nice and useful paper, and I will not forget to say a word or two about how to retain a good complexion even in India. For you must know that I think it is quite possible for a young lady to return home to Britain, after a good long spell in the tropics, looking as bright and bonnie as a new shilling, instead of as yellow as an Australian sovereign or a withered dock leaf.



WAX FLOWERS. No. 9.

BY MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON.

THE PERIWINKLE.

Materials.—Steel cutting-pin, one bottle crimson paint (dry), one package white wax, one spool green cotton-wound wire, one bottle green paint, dark. These materials will make a cluster of periwinkles, a cluster of white and a cluster of crimson verbenas, leaving enough for a handsome spray of ivy and tea-roses.

Have ready a cup of water and a clean sheet of writing paper. Cut of stiff paper or card board a pattern like Fig. 1. Then lay a sheet of wax

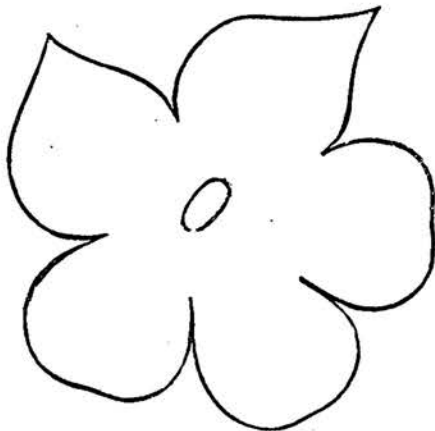


Fig. 1.

down smooth on the writing paper. Wet the point of the pin in water, and carefully cut out exactly by the pattern. Three of the size and shape of Fig. 1, will be enough. Then wet the ball part of the pin in water, shake off the drops; then place your “periwinkle” in the left hand, and roll the curved edges cup-shaped with the ball part of the pin. This can be easily done.

Each one of the three should be prepared in this manner, and laid aside until the stems are ready. Cut from the spool wire one stem two

and one-half inches long, make a hook by bending the wire over at one end; on this hook a small piece of wax should be placed (about as large as two pin-heads); this can be done with the very small scraps of white wax. Color this small ball with the crimson paint, rubbed on with a small Canton flannel cloth. Cut two more pieces of wire one and one-half inches long, and prepared in exactly the same manner. Then you place the “periwinkles” on their stems. This is done by carefully punching the stem-wire through the centre of the flower (just enough to bring the ball through on the right side), pressing the flowers up neatly and carefully around the stem, leaving the longest or centre stem to project half an inch above the others. You can now make the leaves.

Cut a card board pattern like Fig. 2. Then

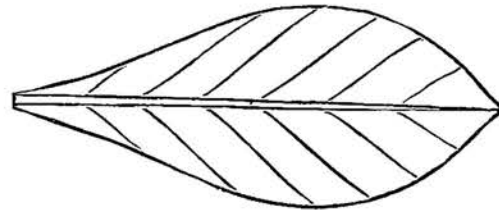


Fig. 2.

out of scraps of white wax, cut by the pattern six pieces like Fig. 2. These when stemmed will make three leaves. For the stems, cut of the wire three pieces one and one-half inches long. Take two leaves and lay together, with the wire laid in between nearly the whole length of the leaf; press together firmly, then lay down on the table, and with the pin (first dipped in water,) make small veins, as represented by Fig. 2.

The three leaves are stemmed together with the cluster of flowers, the leaves projecting above the flowers.



WOMEN WARRIORS.

BY FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

Haarlem only, but in many other cities of the Netherlands ; but, from the point of view of the searcher after romance, she will not bear comparison with Jeanne Hachette, the valiant

WHETHER the woman warrior can properly be held up as an example for the imitation of her sex may be a question open to debate. What is certain is that she has seldom, if ever, shown herself unfeminine in the sense of being unattractive to man, or indifferent to his affectionate regard. The alleged Maid of Orleans may or may not be an exception to the rule ; for the extent to which her life realised the ideal of maidenhood has been the subject of frequent and acrimonious argument. But the general principle remains. Almost all the women warriors about whom history is eloquent were married ; several of them were married more than once ; a goodly proportion of them succeeded in being the heroines of exceedingly romantic stories ; and the student of their careers is constantly rewarded by the discovery of distinctively feminine traits.

The famous Kenau Hasselaar, the woman warrior of Holland, in spite of the statuesque beauty attributed to her by contemporary prints, does not, perhaps, cut such a romantic figure as some of the others. Holland is not the most romantic of the nations, and Kenau Hasselaar was a widow of unimpeachable respectability, who had attained to the ripe age of forty-seven before she became a warrior. Armed with a pike, and commanding a regiment of Amazons, she did her duty, and more than her duty, at the siege of Haarlem. Statues to her memory salute the eye, not at



KENAU HASSELAAR.

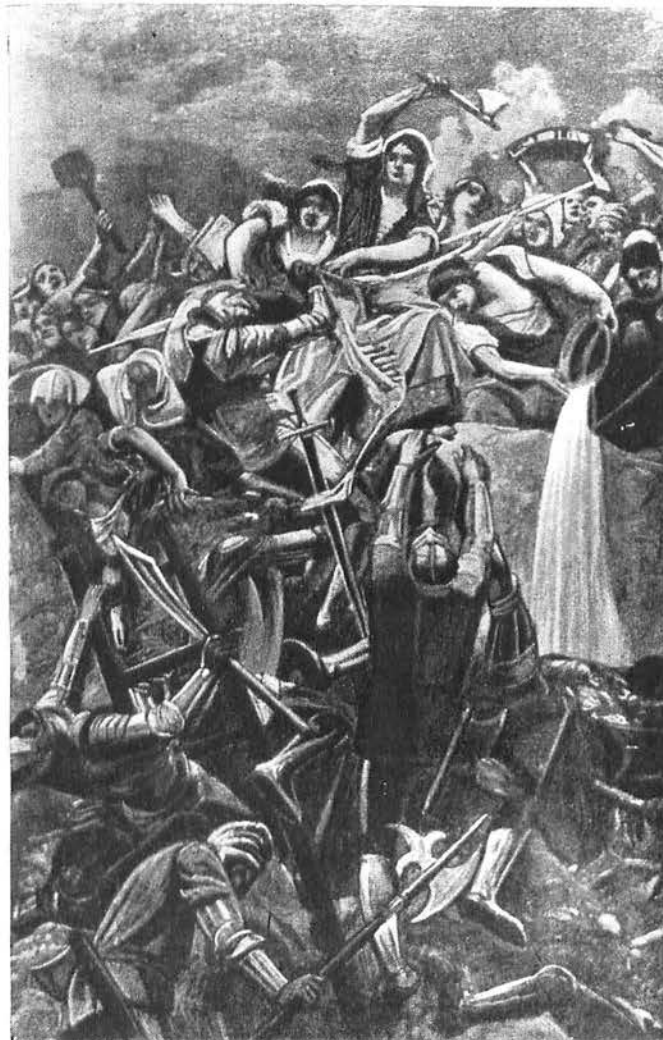
defender of Beauvais, who, after the notorious Jeanne d'Arc, holds the foremost place of any woman warrior in the hearts of Frenchmen.

Hardly any element of romance, and hardly any womanly trait is wanting, in this story of Jeanne Hachette. She flourished, as all the world knows, in the reign of Louis XI, who had trouble with that "first-class fighting man" Duke Charles the Bold of Burgundy. When the Duke marched up unexpectedly to besiege Beauvais, Jeanne was out in one of the suburbs, engaged in the thoroughly womanly occupation of getting married. A dance to celebrate her nuptials was actually proceeding in the garden of the village inn when the rude Burgundians arrived. They made a point of capturing her, because she was so beautiful, while the bridegroom and the other guests were permitted to get back to the town. During the short period of her detention the Burgundian officers made love to her; and there is no saying what might not have happened if her lover, Colin Pilon, had not sallied forth at dead of night and rescued her.

Exhilarated by this adventure, the blushing bride became at once a woman warrior. When the Burgundians came up, the next morning and tried to take the town by storm, they found her in the



midst of the male soldiers, waiting for them on the wall. Provided with no better weapon than a hatchet, she knocked a Burgundian standard-bearer on the head and took his banner from him. Then the touch of true womanliness comes into the story. Instead of continuing to fight, she left that task to the soldiers, while she carried the banner round the town and showed it to all the other women of Beauvais. It was a very feminine



JEANNE HACHETTE AT THE BATTLE OF BEAUVAIS.

thing to do; and one's heart goes out to Jeanne Hachette for doing it. And one also rejoices to learn that after the battle was over, and the Burgundians were driven back, she and the other women warriors of Beauvais had their reward. Jeanne, "in consideration of her good and virtuous resistance" was made "free, quit, and exempt" of the payment of all kinds of taxes; and a special decree of Louis XI. enacted that all the women who had distinguished themselves should thenceforward take precedence of their husbands. It is probably the only instance on record of an Order in Council directing the grey mare to be the better horse.

The later days of Jeanne Hachette are veiled in mystery. It is known that her first husband was killed at the siege of Nancy, and that she married a second, one Jehan Fourquet, almost immediately afterwards, and that one of her descendants was still drawing a pension from the government in the reign of Charles X. But though the house where she was born is pointed



STANDARD CAPTURED BY JEANNE HACHETTE.

out to strangers, and though the banner which she captured is still preserved at Beauvais, the date of her death is uncertain, and no incident of her life after her second marriage has been recorded.

Passing from the siege of Beauvais to the siege of Saragossa, we find another woman warrior distinguishing herself. The name of

rare instances in which a civilian population has successfully defied an army. When it was made known that the French were marching against Saragossa, General Palafox mustered all the regular troops that he could find, "and found that they amounted to two hundred and twenty men, and that the public treasury of the province could furnish him only with two thousand reals, a sum in English money equal to £20 16s. 8d."

With these inadequate resources he successfully withstood the French until British movements in their rear obliged them to retire. As for the performances of the woman warrior whom the siege produced, that is, perhaps, best told in the words of Dr. Vaughan, Radcliffe Travelling Fellow of the University of Oxford, who visited Saragossa shortly after the siege and published a thirty-



THE MAID OF SARAGOSSA.

the Maid of Saragossa is, thanks to Sir David Wilkie's famous picture, familiar to every one; the story of her exploit, and the circumstances of the siege itself are perhaps less widely known. The incident is chiefly memorable, from a military point of view, as furnishing one of those

two page pamphlet on the subject in 1809. He writes:—

"The sand-bag battery before the gate of the Portillo was gallantly defended by the Aragonese. It was several times destroyed, and as often reconstructed under the fire of the

enemy ; the carnage in this battery throughout the day was truly terrible. It was here that an act of heroism was performed by a female to which history scarcely affords a parallel. Augustina Zaragoza, about twenty-two years of age, a handsome woman of the lower class of the people, whilst performing her duty of carrying refreshments to the gates, arrived at the battery of the Portillo at the very moment when the French fire had absolutely destroyed every person that was stationed in it. The citizens and soldiers for the moment hesitated to re-man the guns ; Augustina rushed forward over the wounded and slain, snatched a match from the hand of a dead artilleryman, and fired off a twenty-six pounder, then, jumping upon the gun, made a solemn vow never to quit it alive during the siege ; and having stimulated her fellow-citizens by this daring intrepidity to fresh exertions, they instantly rushed into the battery, and again opened a tremendous fire upon the enemy. When the writer of these papers saw this heroine at Zaragoza, she had a small shield of honour embroidered upon the sleeve of her gown, with 'Zaragoza' inscribed upon it, and was receiving a pension from the government and the daily pay of an artilleryman."

The feminine touch here is to be found, perhaps, in the stopping to register a solemn vow at a moment when it was more important to get the cannon loaded and fired as quickly as possible ; but Augustina finished her vow and got back to business so quickly that it would be grossly unfair to press the point.

In modern times the majority of women warriors have been *cantinières* of the French army. One reads in the books consecrated to such subjects how they have rescued wounded soldiers, how they have repulsed cavalry, how they have received the honorary rank of corporal or sergeant, and also how they have married and been more precious than rubies to their husbands. But none of these heroines, not even Thérèse Jourdan, who was attached to the army for seventy-nine years, excites our

admiration quite so much as does brave Mademoiselle Juliette Dodu, who, in the Franco-Prussian struggle, risked her life in order to give information to her country's generals.

Mademoiselle Dodu was a Creole, born at Réunion in 1850. In 1870 she was employed in the telegraph office at Pithiviers. The Prussians came there, and, of course, seized the wires and used them for their own purposes, sending Mademoiselle Dodu to her room, so as to have her out of the way. It happened, however, though they did not know it, that the wire passed through the room ; and it occurred to Mademoiselle Dodu that she might as well tap the wire and find out what the Prussians were doing. Taking down an important message in this way, she conveyed it to the sub-prefect, who had it translated into French and despatched to the French general in time to save his army corps.

It was a daring exploit, and Mademoiselle Dodu nearly paid the penalty of it with her life. Tempted by the prospect of Prussian gold, a servant-girl denounced her. She was arrested, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be shot ; but at the last moment Prince Frederick Charles intervened and pardoned her, and even went so far as to



JULIETTE DODU.

congratulate her on her courage and patriotism. Whether a man who had done the same thing under the same circumstances would have been pardoned and congratulated on his courage and patriotism may be doubted ; but the age of chivalry is not dead, and, in spite of the leading case of Jeanne d'Arc, men have nearly always found it difficult to be very hard upon a woman warrior, or to insist upon her playing the game in strict accordance with the rules.

But one must pass from the women warriors who have occupied subordinate positions and only distinguished themselves by happy accident, to those who have figured as leaders, and sought the glory of the general officer rather than that of the private of the line,

Jeanne d'Arc, unless one goes back to Boadicea and Semiramis, may be taken as the parent of these ; but her career is too well known to be handled here. The principal question that arises is, whether the Marquise de La Rochejacquelein can properly be included among her heirs, or whether it is necessary to pass straight on to that more marvellous woman, Marie Caroline Louise de Bourbon, Duchesse de Berry.

Let it be granted, at any rate, that Marie Louise Victoire de Donnissan, who first married M. de Lescure, and afterwards Louis du Verger de La Rochejacquelein, was a woman warrior whose unimpeachable courage interfered in no way with her romantic disposition. She drove away from Paris amid cries of "*Ce sont des aristocrates,—à la lanterne !*" She got to Vendée, where the temper of the country had just been typified by the case of a peasant who had slain a *gendarme* with a pitchfork, shouting at him, "*Rendez-moi mon Dieu !*" When her first husband put himself at the head of the revolt, she bravely acted as his aide-de-camp ; when the battles were proceeding, she knelt near at hand and prayed Heaven to grant the victory to his arms ; when M. de Lescure was wounded, she nursed him in the Château de La Boulaye, and only left his side when he insisted that she should ride round the neighbouring parishes, sound the tocsin, and harangue the peasants. And, even in the



THE DUCHESS OF BERRY.

field, amid the hardships and exertions of campaigning, she still remained so much a woman that she feared a *fausse couche* as the consequence of these mental agonies and physical fatigues. Nor is the account, which she gives in her memoirs, of her interview with the surgeon the confession of any but a thoroughly womanly woman.

"Never shall I forget that man, whose name I did not know, and who did not know me. He was young, nearly six feet high, and had four pistols and a large sword in his belt. I had lost my wits, and I told him to be careful, as I was afraid of being bled. 'Ah ! well, I'm not afraid,' he answered ; 'I've killed more than three hundred men in the war, and this very morning I cut a *gendarme's* throat, so that I'm not afraid of bleeding a woman.' Without answering I stretched out my arm to him."

In spite of her panic, and in spite of her husband's death, Madame de Lescure continued to follow the Vendéen army until the rout of Savenay. In order to avoid arrest she had to disguise herself as a shepherd, but she ultimately got to the Château de Drémeuf, where she was delivered of twins. Later, after the amnesty, she married M. de La Rochejacquelein, and, living in retirement, wrote her fascinating memoirs. She did not die until 1857.

Beyond question, however, the most fascinating



MADAME ROCHEJACQUELEIN.

of all the many fascinating lady adventurers is Caroline Ferdinande Louise de Bourbon, Duchesse de Berry, whose mad escapade of the year 1832 is now so nearly forgotten that it is not an unknown thing for fairly intelligent people to confuse her with Madame Dubarry, than whom she was so much greater and more glorious.

The widow of the heir to the throne of France, a young woman remarkable alike for her beauty and her high spirits, the Duchesse de Berry, had accompanied Charles X. in that journey into exile which was to end in destitution, religious mania, and the hair shirt of the eremite. But, though she went with him to Holyrood, she was not satisfied to stay there. The spirit of adventure stirred within her. Since Charles X. had abdicated at Rambouillet, her son Henry V. was the rightful heir to the throne of France, and she herself was the rightful regent. And, since she could not possibly establish her boy on the throne by force of argument, there was nothing for it but to go to France and foment the necessary insurrection. So she travelled across the Continent, took ship from Italy, and landed near Marseilles, with two attendants, to defy the armies and overthrow the government of Louis Philippe.

It is impossible to follow the history of this mad escapade in detail, or to do more than single out the incidents which, in the midst of hardships and hazards, bring out the true womanliness of the heroine. Here is one such incident.

The Duchesse was approaching Montpellier and she wanted a passport so that she might journey safely to La Vendée, where the insurrection was to be started. So she dismissed her attendants and walked boldly into the Château de Bonrecueil, where the Mayor of the Commune lived, and asked for him.

"Sir," she said, "you are a Republican, I know, but no political opinions can be applied to a proscribed fugitive. I am the Duchesse de Berry, and I come to ask you for an asylum."

"My house is at your service, madam."

"Your office enables you to provide me with a passport, and I have depended on your getting one for me."

"I will procure you one."

"I must to-morrow proceed to the neighbourhood of Montpellier; will you afford me the means of doing so?"

"I will myself conduct you thither."

"Now, sir," continued the Duchesse, holding out her hand to him, "order a bed to be got ready for me, and you shall see that the

Duchesse de Berry can sleep soundly, even under the roof of a Republican."

This, certainly, was an excellent beginning. The story of it reads more like romance than history; and the nearest historical parallel to it is, perhaps, the collapse of the walls of Jericho in response to the blast of a trumpet. A male warrior, we may be sure, would never have ventured upon an act of such desperate audacity; and from the point of the dramatic fitness of things it is a thousand pities that an adventure so gallantly inaugurated should not have ended in a glorious success.

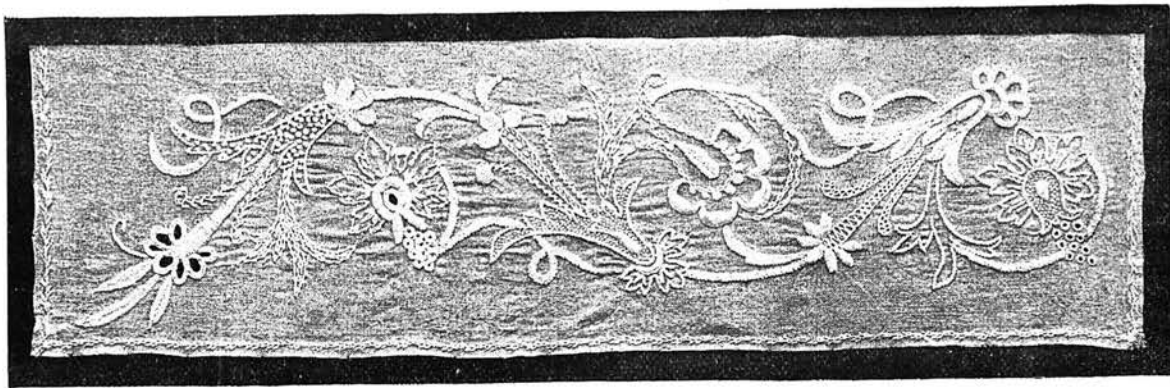
For, truth to tell, the expedition was a lamentable failure. The Duchesse did, indeed, raise the Vendéen peasantry, but Louis Philippe promptly sent his soldiers after them. For a few months the Chouans conducted a campaign which principally consisted of strategic movements to the rear. The Duchesse ultimately took refuge in a house at Nantes, where she was hidden in a secret retreat behind the chimney. She was quite safe there until the gendarmes, who were searching for her, happened to light the fire. The heat scorched the fugitive, and the smoke nearly suffocated her. She endured the discomfort as long as she could, but at last she had no alternative but to step out and surrender. She was arrested and locked up in the Château de Blaye.

The climax of the story, however, is still to come. No sooner was the Duchesse de Berry safely under lock and key than certain grave suspicions began to spring up in the minds of her gaolers. It was evident to them—it became every day more evident—that their prisoner was about to be confined. Seeing that she was a widow, and that a dozen years or so had passed since her husband's death, the scandal of the situation was obvious; and the reigning dynasty was resolved to make the most of it. A long official correspondence was exchanged upon the subject, and every arrangement was made for obliging the Duchesse to confess her shame. But, to the surprise of every one, there was no shame to confess. While engaged in her arduous preparations for raising the banner of revolt in France this dashing woman warrior had, nevertheless, found leisure to contract a secret marriage, of a morganatic character, with Count Hector Lucchesi-Palli, an Italian nobleman, descended from one of the most ancient and honourable families of Sicily. This child was the offspring of that union—a very proper and charming climax to the career of the most dashing and delightful of all the women warriors.



NEW MOUNT MELLICK WORK.

BY JOSEPHA CRANE, AUTHOR OF "MOUNT MELLICK EMBROIDERY," ETC. ETC.



DESIGN FOR SMALL TABLE-CLOTH.

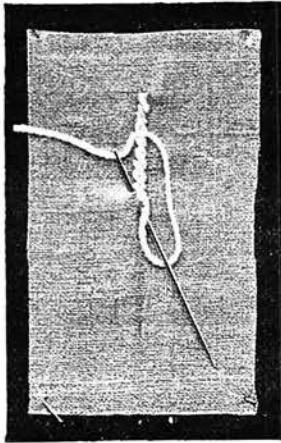


FIG. 1.—ROPE-STITCH.

STRICTLY speaking, these stitches are not new, but are revivals of old stitches often employed in the work called Mount Mellick; but they may be new to many who have read my article in CASSELL'S MAGAZINE for January, 1892,* and in their adaptation the novel effects depend upon the taste and skill of the embroiderer.

The small table-cloth which you see in the largest illustration is made of common holland, which costs about eightpence a yard. The cotton used is Strutt's knitting cotton; Nos. 10 and 12 are very suitable. In the little cloth there is a great variety of stitches, as you will notice, and of several of these I will give clear directions for working.

Before doing so, however, I must remark that in doing Mount Mellick upon a coloured material I am not keeping to the strict law of this embroidery, which decrees that it should be done upon white, and white only. However, as it looks remarkably well upon

*See *Victorian Times*, July 2024.

holland, I do not see why it should not be worked upon it; and I also advise the same designs, stitches, and work generally being done upon the coloured linens which are so greatly gaining ground now. You can get them in many charming colours—navy-blue, butchers' blue, heliotrope, etc. etc.; and if you will only try the effect of Mount Mellick work done in knitting cotton as usual upon them, you will be very much pleased. As the linen is strong, it is excellent as a foundation for this work, which requires that to

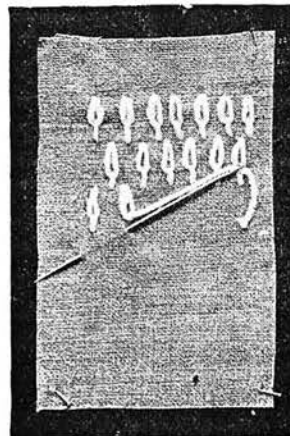


FIG. 2.—LOOP-STITCH.

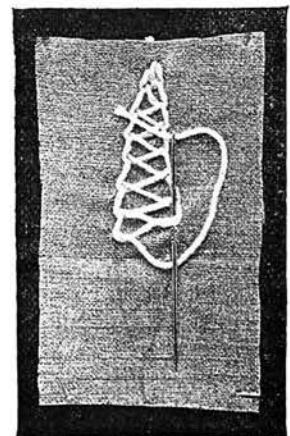


FIG. 3.—TRELLIS-STITCH.

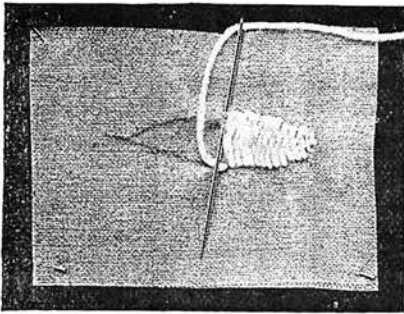


FIG. 4.—INDIAN FILLING.

be of a stout material. On thin stuffs the work is too heavy to look well, and it draws the material up, and wrinkles are the result, and its washing badly is another.

The shape of this cloth is long. It is a yard long and twenty-three inches across the ends, without the lace. This shape is obtaining very much for afternoon tea-cloths, as a variety from the square. As the holland is cheap, the knitting cotton costs but a few pence, and the bordering lace is also very inexpensive, you will see that the cloth does not cost much money, though it takes a little time to execute.

All the conventional transfer patterns are good for Mount Mellick work, which should always be done in conventional designs, all others being extremely inappropriate. These can be ironed off with a cool iron, and are, as a rule, extremely good and artistic.

Satin-stitch, well padded, button-hole-stitch, etc., are in this cloth, and form a relief which stands out above the rest of the work. As these have been explained before, I will go on to the other stitches here used, and which are illustrated with the needle left in the



FIG. 5.—PLAIT-STITCH.

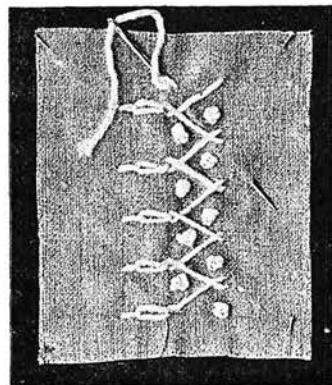


FIG. 6.—LOOPED HERRING-BONE-STITCH.

actual work—the best method, I consider, of teaching or learning any given work.

Fig. 1 shows rope-stitch, which, if neatly executed, is useful and pretty, and if uneven is certainly not the latter. Begin as if you were going to work chain-stitch, but instead of placing your needle in the loop, put it at the left side of the stitch and draw it through the loop of cotton. Take a magnifying-glass if you cannot make out distinctly how this is done, and note that each slanting stitch lies close to the one before and after it. If you allow any gaps it spoils the evenness.

In Fig. 2 you will see a stitch that is most useful in Mount Mellick work. It is called loop-stitch, and sometimes daisy-stitch, because it often serves to make

an actual daisy, each stitch representing a petal—only for this purpose you would make the loop much longer and the stitch that fastens it down shorter than in this illustration. It is used, when longer, as the spikes of wheat-ears. Make a long row of rope-stitch first of all, and then loop your stitches slanting and at short intervals, sometimes one on each side, and at other times two on each side. For this purpose, the stitch fastening it down may be longer. Done as you see it in the illustration, it is a very useful stitch for filling up large spaces, the interior of leaves, etc. etc. Never crowd your stitches together, as if you do they lose their distinctness; and always take care to have the rows very even—the stitches in between the preceding rows, and never placed one under another. You can also use this stitch for forming the veins of a leaf; and another good way is to make one half of your leaf entirely of this stitch, the loops radiating in a slant from the centre vein, and allowing each loop to be by the side of the others, the points coming to the edge. Some people use a thicker number of cotton for this stitch, and it is a good plan if your pattern is large and the space to be filled is also large. For smaller designs, what you are working with answers admirably.

Trellis-stitch is shown in Fig. 3, and this will be a very special favourite with the worker who likes “quick returns” from a small expenditure of labour. Begin at the tip and work from side to side, always keeping your cotton under your needle and putting your needle into the preceding stitch, as this keeps the latter firmly in its place. I have varied this stitch myself by making a line of stitching right up the middle, and thus fastening the trellis down, but it looks very well as you see it here. A leaf may be very nicely done if, after the trellis is finished, you button-hole the edges down, widely or narrowly, according to your fancy.

Indian filling is the name of the stitch in Fig. 4. The needle goes through the material only at the edges of the leaf or petal, and not at all in the middle. Look at the way the needle is placed, and note that the cotton lies under it. Having done this, draw your needle out, and then take up the same amount of the material—just a few threads—as that taken before, and this is done behind the thread of the last stitch. Then keep your cotton to the left, and work as in illustration. You can pad this stitch if you like to have it in relief; but if you do so, remember only to place your padding in the middle of the leaf, and to allow an edge on both sides through which the needle goes from side to side.

Plait-stitch is seen in Fig. 5. The stitch is not done like the feather-stitching, shown in the former article, as the cotton is over the needle, and

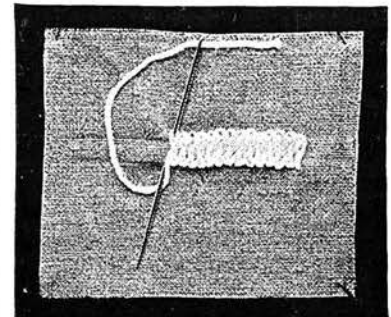


FIG. 7.—CABLE-PLAIT-STITCH.

instead of all the stitches being exactly in the middle, each stitch is taken a little at the side of the last. Work from side to side, and never put two stitches or more on one side, and not the same number on the other, but carefully alternating each stitch.

In Fig. 6 I have shown how common herring-bone can be utilised to form a pretty stitch, very little of the material being taken up by the needle.

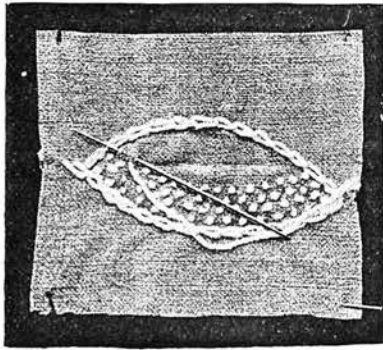


FIG. 8.—POINT SABLÉ.

Loops are placed at the top of the stitches, as shown in the illustration, if for a border, and on both sides of the herring-bone if for an insertion. French knots are placed, as you will see, in the spaces; and, though described in the former article, I have left the needle in one of the knots, in case the worker has not that article before her. After taking your needle up through the material, twist your cotton once or twice, according to its thickness and the size of the knot you wish to make, and then put the needle in again close, but not into where you drew it out in the first place.

Cable-plait-stitch (Fig. 7) is not easy to learn. Having put your needle behind the cotton, you give it a twist and bring it up to the edge. This twist forms the loop. Then bring your needle out as you see in the illustration, and then proceed, after withdrawing it, by making your twist close to the work.

In Fig. 8 is a leaf outlined in ordinary chain-stitch,

and filled up with what is called *Point Sablé*. Now, this stitch is easy to do, and is more knack than anything else. It is just like a simple back-stitch, but is not that in reality, because a back-stitch is taken perfectly straight in exactly the same line of the material—the thread, I might say—as the one out of which your cotton comes. But in *point sablé* you take the stitch at an infinitesimal angle (just the difference of one thread, perhaps), and that makes it round and like a grain of sand—hence its name—and not flat like a seed. When well done it is very pretty, but when flat it is very ugly. Always see that your stitch comes between two others and not under those you have worked excepting when you fill up an awkward corner of where the leaf slopes, and then you have to manage, perhaps, one stitch above three, and not between two, on account of the space not permitting you to do it. But even then you must try and not get stitches close to each other, though, possibly, one would have to be above another to start the row, as you will see would have to be the case when beginning the fifth row in the leaf before you.

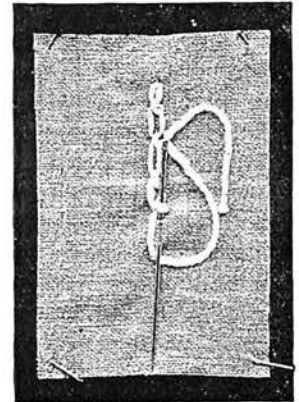


FIG. 9.—CABLE-STITCH.

Cable-stitch (Fig. 9) is the last which I shall describe. Make a chain, and then, putting your needle under the cotton you have withdrawn, give it a twist, and place your needle as you see in the illustration. The little twist makes the link between the chain loops. It is a useful stitch for stems, filling in surfaces, tendrils, etc.

THE PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES.

IN many cases the spelling of a proper name is no guide to its correct pronunciation. Each of these cases is a trap to the unwary. They see the name in print, but perhaps they have never heard it pronounced, or they may have heard it pronounced wrongly. Hence, when they have occasion to utter it themselves, they either adopt this erroneous pronunciation, or trust to the spelling of the word and the "light of nature," with equally erroneous results.

Now rude people will laugh at these little slips, and though the laugher may very likely be, on the whole, far worse educated, as well as far worse mannered, than the person laughed at, yet no one cares to be ridiculed even by a boor. The following annotated list of words, whose orthography furnishes no clue to their accepted pronunciation, may perhaps help to cheat the scoffers out of an ill-natured laugh. If so, so much the better.

Davertry is pronounced "Daintry." Indeed, 'tis so spelt in Shakespeare (1 *Henry IV.*, iv. 3), where Falstaff says: "The shirt was stolen from mine host of St. Albans, or the red-nosed innkeeper of Daintry." Evesham is pronounced "Esham," and has been time

out of mind. Thus Taylor, the "water-poet" (who died in 1656), writes: "I came to the ancient town of Evesham (corruptly called Esham)." Corrupt or not, the local pronunciation has prevailed, and you may safely follow it. Sawbridgenorth (in Essex) is pronounced "Sapsworth," improbable as that may seem; Madresfield Court (near Malvern), the seat of Lord Beauchamp, is pronounced "Matchfield," Lord Beauchamp's name "Beecham," and Malvern "Mawvern." Wimpole, the Cambridgeshire seat of Lord Hardwick, is pronounced "Wimple"; Pontefract (Yorkshire), generally shortened into Pomfret, is pronounced "Pumfret." Cirencester is pronounced "Sisseter" or "Sisster"; you may take your choice between the two. Gloucester is pronounced as it is always spelt in Shakespeare, "Gloster." Worcester is pronounced "Wooster," the "oo" like the "or" in "worsted," not like "woo." Belvoir, the seat of the Duke of Rutland, is pronounced "Beaver"; Caius College, Cambridge, is pronounced "Keys," etc.; Derby is pronounced "Darby," at least by the "Upper Ten"; Hertford and Berkshire are pronounced "Harford" and

"Barkshire." (Hertford is, etymologically, Hartford—the ford of the hart.) Beaconsfield is pronounced "Beckonsfield"; Disraeli "Dizzrayly," in three syllables, not four. Boleyn is pronounced "Bullen" (the "u" as in "bull"). It is indeed so spelt by Gray in the famous line: "And gospel light first dawned from Bullen's eyes." There is a branch of the unhappy queen's family still flourishing in Dorsetshire, who both write and call themselves Bullen. Lord Cassilis is called Lord "Cassils" by "those who know"; so Cholmondeley is "Chumley"; Marjoribanks, "Marchbanks"; Cowper, "Cooper"; Cecil, "Sessil"; Fiennes, "Fines"; and Cockburn, "Coburn"; while St. John is pronounced exactly as if written "Singe'un." Finally, let me add that the first syllable of Balzac's name rhymes with "gal," not "gall." This I mention because I once heard a writer for the *Times* call that famous novelist "Bawlsac." Ah! one more last word. Should anyone mispronounce any name or word in your hearing, the well-bred method of correction, if you must correct, is to take or make an opportunity of repeating the word or name rightly.

HALF A DOZEN APPLE DUMPLINGS.

At a Farmers' Picnic, held at Worthington, Mass., Thursday, August 21, 1890, E. R. Brown of Elmwood, Ill., a native of Worthington, read the following: "Allow me to dish up briefly for you, in rhyme, my favorite fruit, the apple. I call my little poem, 'Apple Dumplings,' and it shall be my good-bye to you, to this delightful rustic scene, to this panoramic sweep of hills, and to the dear mountain brooks that to-day whisper unutterable things to me as they did long years ago to my boyish imagination."

DUMPLING No. 1.

THE APPLE IS KING.

I sing not the fruitage of old Yucatan,
The citrus of Spain, or the plums of Japan;
The Florida orange may glow in the South,
The peach of New Jersey may melt in your mouth;
The broad-breasted quince has a heavenly smell,
And I love California's apricots well;
Bananas of Nassau and Malaga grapes,
In clustering richness and ravishing shapes,—
They're beautiful all, but bepraise them who will,
A ruddy old monarch outranks them all still:
A fruit universal, coeval with man:
'Tis the blessed old APPLE; gainsay it who can.

DUMPLING No. 2.

SOME NAMED VARIETIES.

Of the spherical beauties inspiring my verse,
It makes my mouth water the names to rehearse;
It calls up the flavors, the scents and the joys
Of seedlings beloved by the barefooted boys;
The tree by the roadside, the scrub by the stream,
With fruit at whose tartness a blue jay would scream.
The "Dub Stem," the "Long Stem," and "Water-core Sweet,"
"Spice Apple and Pig Nose,"—O what a rich treat
To the hungry boy's teeth in the brave long ago,
A relish no well-pampered palate can know.
Boys claimed them and named them, and boys, with the worm
And the squirrel, were joined in an apple-grab firm;
And the names of the ruby-cheeked seedlings we knew
To shape and to flavor were fitting and true.
E'en the catalogue names it is pleasant to hear,
Which glibly the peddler pours into your ear.
There's the famous "*Fameuse*,"—she's Canadian, you know,—
In a bright crimson vest wraps her bosom of snow;
The "*Roman Stem*," every-day, plain and humdrum,
And the "*Maiden's Blush*," tender and juicy (yum, yum!)
The acid old spinster, the "*Bellflower Yellow*,"
Looks down with contempt on that kindly old fellow,
The "*Rambo*," and warns him to keep proper distance,
While "*Jonathan*" laughs at her threats of resistance.
Respectable "*Baldwin*" gets red in the face,
But swears by Pomona's whole catalogued race
That naught but sweet cider he smells of or touches,
But leaves "*Sops of Wine*" to the "*Oldenberg Duchess*."

DUMPLING No. 3.

THE ORCHARD.

The old-fashioned orchard in memory dear,
Its bloom is the glory of all the round year;
There lover may loiter with innocent lass
And no one shall startle with "Keep off the grass!"
There the oriole flashes in black and bright gold,
While cat-bird and blue-jay with jealousy scold.
And well you may know, by the clubs in its top,
What tree bears the earliest, toothsomest crop.
Her tent in the branches the canker-worm pitches—
A tent-maker skillful who never drops stitches,—
Her children uncounted squirm forth from the nest
To gorge on green leafage and never to rest
Till the farmer's old musket invites them to stop,
Or the woodpecker gobbles them into his crop.

DUMPLING No. 4.

THE APPLE PARING BEE.

I recall now the days when 'twas Puritan creed
In garret and cellar to store against need:
Dried boneset for sickness, and pork for the spider,
Blue yarn for mittens, and jars of boiled cider;
But chief in the list was the rich "apple sass,"
Well flavored with quinces or wild sassafras,
Not less than a barrel to last all the year,—
On company days 'twas the pride of our cheer.
To its making the matron invited a legion,
The rustics and maidens of all the wide region,
Like "quiltings" or "raisings" and "huskings" so free;
But best of them all was the famed "Apple Bee."
There swift fly the hours, full of innocent mirth,
There pedigree plays second fiddle to worth,
There Jane with pink fingers sweet apples is paring,
While Jonathan quarters and cores, often daring
A long coil of peeling to toss o'er his head,
To fall in initials as fateful when read,
As the Delphian Oracle's awe-striking token,—
Two J's in a looping that cannot be broken.
When the sun of October paints leafage and apple
With russet and crimson and brindle and dapple,
And, mixing fresh tints on a calm evening sky,
Puts a flush on the "Fulton" and stripes on the "Spy,"
How fragrant the heaps that for cellar or mill,
Lie under the trees, and the wonder grows still
That families small many barrels must store
Of cider,—for vinegar,—same as of yore!
E'en the cider mill teaches of nature the law,
Some blessings are sweetest when drawn through a straw;
The smaller the apple and redder the skin
The better the cider that's hidden within.

DUMPLING No. 5.

APPLE PIE.

O the hot Apple pie! 'tis a work of high art,
Regaling the senses and warming the heart.
Now list, while I give you a precious prescription
For building a pie worth the poet's description:
Right deftly the fruit, tart and tender, bestow
On a wide snowy sheet of the liveliest dough,
White sugar and nutmeg sift on with neat fingers:
Touch lightly, work quickly,—no true artist lingers!—
Next a slice of sweet butter, some cinnamon dust,
And now with dexterity lay the top crust,
And away to the oven, thence soon to appear
In a cloud of rich fragrance, the table to cheer,
'Tis the Yankee's delight; but to make it complete
There's an old and wise adage I beg to repeat,
That the best apple pie, if it's served without cheese,
Is like giving a kiss, and—omitting the squeeze!
When work is all done, quick they sweep every scrap up,
And round the big chimney the old game of "snap up"
Rolls on through the best room, hall, spare room and kitchen,
I'll gran'ther's cracked voice cries, "Look out for the britchin'!"
Then the jolly old fiddle, oft counted profane,
Shrieks out with a lively old "shave-her-down" strain,
"Zip Coon," "Soldier's Joy," or "Virginia Reel,"
With a shuffle of pumps and a clatter of heel,
Till the welcome announcement, "Refreshment is nigh!"
Great pitchers of cider and acres of pie!

DUMPLING No. 6.

AND LAST.

When Jupiter had his "swell wedding," we're told,
Hesperian maidens brought apples of gold
By the apronful, love for the gay bride to prove,
And a smile of approval to win from old Jove.
But what, pray, are apples of gold to compare
With the "Astrachan" juicy, or "McIntosh" rare?
Then cheers for King Apple, red, golden, and streaked,
Elliptical, spherical, spheroid or peaked,
Sub-acid, mild, bitter, or spiced like sweet pickle,
Or sours that would sharpen the teeth of a sickle,—
Hurrah for King Apple! for pleasure or gain,
For health and for beauty O long may he reign!

Ambulance Dogs in the German Army.

BY FREDERICK A. TALBOT.

IT has been said that the most comforting companion to a man is his dog. Certainly, few members of the brute creation possess the intelligence, sagacity, fidelity, and reliability with which this animal is so characteristically gifted. The shepherd would sooner part with his home than be deprived of his faithful collie—the safeguard of his flock. Then what an unfading, glorious roll of fame is associated with the dogs of St. Bernard in their heroic rescues of exhausted travellers from death. Numerous instances could be cited where the dog has rendered invaluable services as life-saver, messenger, guardian, and what not. But it is extremely doubtful whether the animal has ever been subjected to a stranger and more dangerous, albeit humane and necessary, service than that for which it is retained in the German army. The military authorities of that country have trained the dog to become a four-footed member of the Red Cross Society, to minister to and to succour the wounded on the battlefield, besides fulfilling other duties which it would be either impossible, or undesirable, for an ordinary soldier to fulfil. Needless to say the dog, with its innate proclivity, has accommodated itself to the requirements of its new duties, notwithstanding their arduous nature, with great readiness, and has already proved itself to be, under certain conditions, a more apt and thorough servant than the soldier himself.

The idea of utilizing the dog upon the battlefield emanated from Herr J. Bungartz, the celebrated German animal painter and author. It was fifteen years ago, in 1885, that he first devoted his energies towards the training of these clever little animals, and with such success have his efforts been

crowned that he has received the grateful thanks of all the leading officers in the German army. Questioned as to what induced Herr Bungartz to employ the dog in this unique capacity, he replied:—

“In reading the results of sanguinary conflicts I have always been impressed with the large number of men that are counted as ‘missing.’ The term is far-reaching and ambiguous in its significance. It neither implies that the men are prisoners, wounded, killed, nor escaped. In the Franco-German War the loss on the German side in ‘missing’ alone was proved to be very large indeed. Turning to the present conflict in South Africa, what a large number of English soldiers have been reckoned in the casualty lists under that ominous heading! Their relatives and friends have not the remotest idea as to whether they are alive or dead, and in many instances they have never been seen or heard of again. An officer in the German army, Major-General Von Herget, has rightly asked, ‘What is the use of all the progress we make in medical science if the wounded are not found?’ Well, I considered that some means should be established to discover the wounded, and as I have always evinced such an



From a) HERR BUNGARTZ. [Photo.]

enthusiastic interest in animals, particularly in dogs, it occurred to me that it would be possible to utilize the canine intelligence and sagacity to accomplish such a humane and beneficial object.”

“Did you experience any difficulty in the training of the animals?” I asked.

“Well, the work was arduous at first,” he replied. “It required unremitting attention, since the work was absolutely new to them. But by dint of perseverance and patience, together with kind treatment, the clever animals soon became accustomed to the work. They are mainly employed for the



From a] A DOG EQUIPPED FOR SERVICE. [Photo.

searching of the battlefield for wounded soldiers, and bringing those found to the notice of the ambulance-bearers, also to act as messengers; but the former duty is that for which they have been principally trained. A big battle, the fighting-line of which may, as has been the case in South Africa, stretch over a frontage of twenty miles, and be followed up for several miles, necessarily means a large expanse of country for the stretcher-bearers to search for those who have fallen. If the battle has been a keenly contested one, the number of wounded is necessarily large, and it is impossible for the ambulance-bearers to attend to them with that urgency and dispatch which it is expedient should be employed. When they have been brought to the ground, the wounded soldiers with their last remaining strength drag themselves away to some sheltered position so as to be safe from the fierce rays of the sun, and also to escape the enemy's fire. They crawl along until forced to stop from sheer exhaustion. They lose con-

sciousness, and, perhaps, in that interval of senselessness the ambulance-bearers pass that way, and the wounded man is overlooked. Or, again, he may be so exhausted that, although the ambulance-bearers may pass within a few feet of him, he may be too weak to cry out for help. Still, he hopes against hope, and looks anxiously for that assistance which never comes, and after hours of hard struggling dies. If he had remained where he had fallen he would have been found and succoured. Many a wounded soldier has been found dead, where it was proved that had help reached him an hour or two before he would have been saved. After nightfall the work of the ambulance-bearers, difficult though it has been throughout the day, is rendered exceedingly more so. Then they are only able to render aid to those who are lying immediately in their path, while those who have sought shelter in the ditches, furrows, or in the undergrowth are unconsciously left to languish in their pain. But with the employment of ambulance dogs such is not the case. The wonderful instinct of the animals guides them directly to the spot where a wounded man is lying, wherever it may be, and the ambulance-bearers following up in the rear are piloted to the spot by the dog."

The outfit of the dog consists of a little saddle-bag fastened round his body. This contains a small quantity of nourishing and stimulating refreshments. Then he also carries a small supply of surgical bandages in a wallet something similar to that which is sewn up in the coat of every English soldier, and which the man can utilize for the purpose of binding up his own wounds if he is sufficiently strong to do so. Over

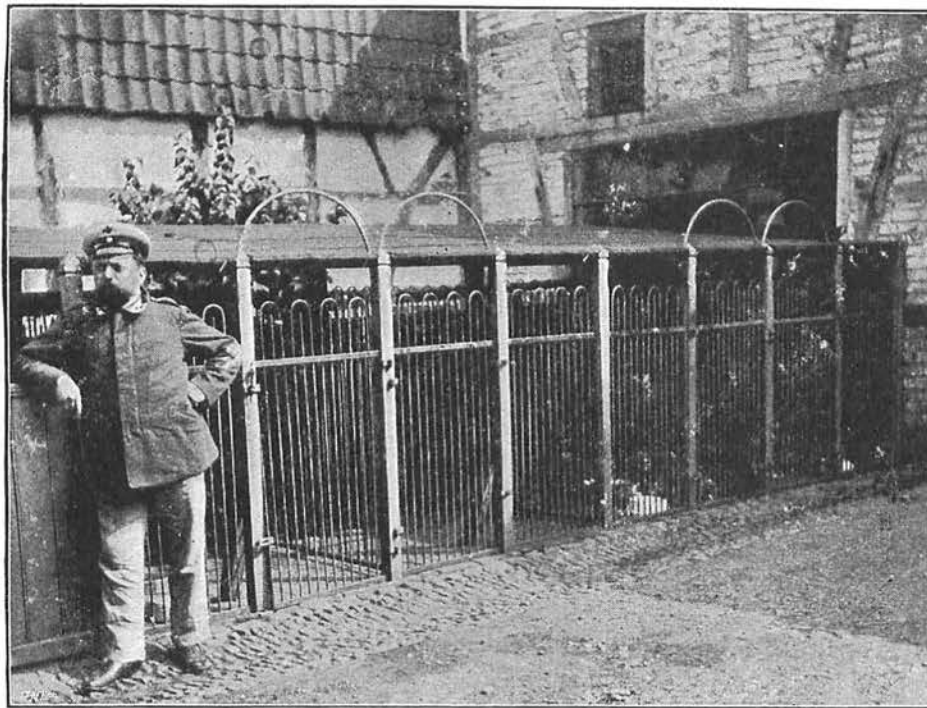


From a] A GROUP OF AMBULANCE DOGS. [Photo.

these two bags is wound a coverlet with a large Red Cross imprinted upon it, to designate the mission in which the dog is engaged. The dog is accompanied by a conductor. When the battlefield is reached the dog immediately commences its search, and so sensitive are its faculties that it will trace out the concealed wounded with astonishing celerity and surety. When it has found the man it lies down beside him and attracts his attention. The man, if he be not too exhausted, releases the saddle bag containing the refreshments, and also the surgical bandages. The dog remains by him, and presently, if the man has regained his strength and bound up his wounds, he follows the dog, who guides him quickly back to the conductor, who in turn signals the ambulance-bearers, and the rescued soldier is quickly removed to the hospital. If, when the dog reaches a wounded man, and after lying beside him for a few minutes finds that the soldier makes no effort to obtain the food, the animal recognises intuitively that something serious is amiss, and accordingly hastens back to his conductor, who,

tion to the foregoing accoutrements adjusted to its body the animal is provided with a little bell upon its collar, something similar to the sheep-bell, which is constantly tinkling. The wounded soldiers are able to hear this tinkling, and the slightest movement they may make is immediately realized by the dog, since its ear is far more sensitive than the human ear, so that it is enabled to perceive sounds which are absolutely inaudible to the conductor. The tinkling bell also serves as a guide to the latter when he is being piloted to the spot where the wounded man is lying. The conductor is provided with a small acetylene lamp, with a powerful reflector, so that a brilliant white light is cast over a wide area upon the ground. The sagacity and intelligence displayed by these dogs are marvellous. They are indefatigable in their efforts and they never make a mistake, though some of the conditions under which they pursue their errands of mercy and humanity are sufficiently trying to render them almost incapable.

The kennels for the dogs are at Lechenich, at which place they also undergo their



From a

THE KENNELS AT LECHENICH.

[Photo.

seeing that the bag on the animal's back has not been touched, and answering the dog's mute appeals, follows it, and is soon brought to the wounded soldier, who was, perhaps, too weak to assist himself upon the dog's former visit.

But it is at night that the dog displays its cleverness to the best advantage. In addi-

systematic training under the supervision of Herr J. Bungartz himself, assisted by his son and one or two other interested gentlemen and military officers. The Red Cross dogs are owned by a society of which Herr Bungartz is the president, and which now possesses some 700 members, who pay an annual subscription towards the support



From a]

SEPP.

[Photo.

of the association. The society has received the highest patronage in the country, and all the prominent officials, both in the Civil and Military Administrations, are interested in its welfare and the introduction of the dogs upon the battlefield. The training of the dogs is purely complimentary, neither is any charge levied upon the dogs when they are taken over by the military authorities.

It will undoubtedly be a satisfactory point to the inhabitants of this country to know that the dogs best adapted, and indeed the only ones that can accomplish this task, are the Scotch collies. Not the modern collie, however, which has somewhat deteriorated in the essential characteristics for which it has so long been famed, but the old type of collie, which is somewhat difficult to obtain nowadays. Naturally the dogs should be taken in hand while they are young, as the labour of training is thus much facilitated.

"Have you yet been able to adequately prove the services these dogs would render upon the battlefield?" I then inquired.

"We have not yet experimented with them upon an actual battlefield," was his reply, "but we have attended several military manœuvres, in which the dogs have acquitted themselves so magnificently that they have earned unstinted praise from some of the leading officers in the German army. One of the most comprehensive and difficult trials we have conducted was at Coblenz last year by the order of the officer commanding the Eighth Army Corps. The dogs were subjected to a very exacting test under adverse conditions, both by day and night. As

may be supposed, the latter was the more difficult. Two hundred soldiers were ordered to lie out upon the field to represent the wounded. Some of them simply lay in the open, but others were ordered to conceal themselves in the shrubbery, undergrowth, and in such places. A base hospital was improvised, and at first the ambulance-bearers, to the number of 500, equipped with lanterns throwing a brilliant light, were ordered to search the field to minister to the wounded and to bring all those they discovered back

to the hospital. When they had searched the field the dogs were called out together with their conductors. There were four dogs: Castor, with Mr. Moers; Tominka, with Non-commissioned Officer Henn; Sepp, with my son; and Resi, conducted by myself. I started first with Resi, followed shortly afterwards by my son and the others. The ground was terribly uneven and quite strange to the dogs. Then, again, we were followed



From a]

WRITING A MESSAGE FOR THE DOG TO CARRY.

[Photo.

by the principal officers conducting the experiments, riding on horseback, with the ambulance-bearers bringing up the rear. The noise of the horses' hoofs, together with that of the stretcher-bearers, considerably disturbed the dogs, so that no little difficulty was experienced in inducing them to settle down to the work in hand. Presently, however, they regained their usual quietness and proceeded steadily with their task. The search commenced in the Forest of Coblenz, where twelve men had successfully concealed themselves. The work, therefore, under these circumstances, could not have been more difficult had it been conducted under the conditions of grim reality. In one place, while jumping a wide ditch, Resi broke a small lantern which she was carrying. The twelve men, however, were very soon revealed by the two dogs Resi and Sepp, while the other two animals also discovered six men that had been well hidden in another part of the forest.

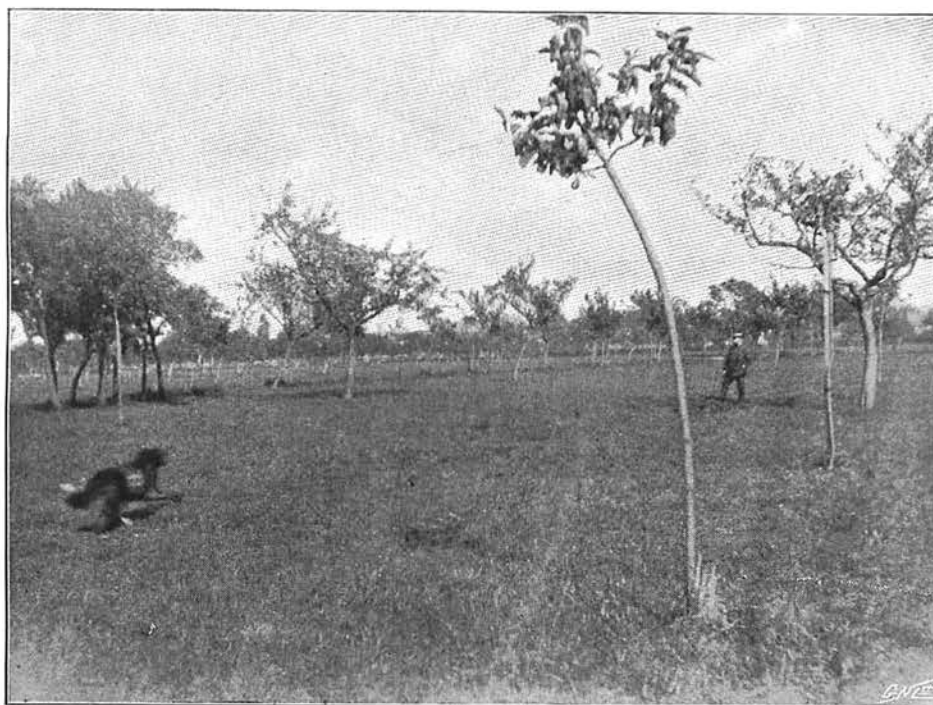
"The following day a similar test was undertaken, this time in broad daylight. The same number

of soldiers were laid out as wounded, and the Ambulance Corps made a thorough search of the field. Then the dogs were brought into action, and at the end of twenty minutes, when the command of 'halt' was given, they had discovered no fewer than eighteen men concealed in ditches, among the dense undergrowth, and so forth, who had been completely overlooked by the stretcher-bearers. Eighteen men missing out of two hundred wounded is a large percentage! What an enormous number it would represent, in a proportionate degree, after a large battle where the wounded can be counted in their thousands! The commanding officer was so convinced by this conclusive test of the superiority of the dogs in this remarkable work that he advised the different regiments in his (the

Eighth) Army Corps to take over ambulance dogs."

"Was it a difficult matter to induce the military authorities to favour the scheme?" was my next inquiry.

"No, they warmly favoured our scheme from its very beginning. We experienced great difficulty, however, in obtaining the necessary facilities to employ the dogs at the manoeuvres. When we founded the society for some time we were working in the dark, and were completely at a loss to know whether our dogs were advantageously placed in case of need. The military authorities, however, came to our aid by taking over some of the dogs,



From a]

DOG RETURNING FROM A WOUNDED MAN TO THE CONDUCTOR.

[Photo.

and the majority of them are in good hands, so that I am sure, at the psychological moment, they will acquit themselves with perfect success and satisfaction. But I am sorry to say that in some cases faulty treatment of the creatures exists, and therefore it cannot be expected that they will, in time of need, accomplish their work so well as those which have been kindly and persistently trained.

Remembering that Herr Bungartz had mentioned that the dogs would be employed for other purposes in addition to their ambulance duties, I inquired the nature of these additional duties.

"They can be employed for the transmission of messages, and they prove very fleet messengers indeed," was his answer. "One dog, which was stationed at Coburg, was trained specially for this work. His training



From a]

DOG BRINGS SUCCOUR TO A WOUNDED MAN.

[Photo.

runs comprised distances of about 150yds., and were undertaken in varying weathers, so that he might become thoroughly accustomed to the work. He accompanied his master through the manœuvres, and on one occasion carried a message over a distance of about a mile and a half in the rapid time of four minutes, and this notwithstanding the fact that he was considerably hindered on his journey by the inhabitants of one or two hamlets through which he passed. This particular dog is out training about five times a week, generally in the early morning, so that you will recognise that the training of the dogs necessitates considerable patience and time, so that it should not only remember what it has learned, but should be taught new things as well.

“Then, in addition to carrying messages, they could be requisitioned to carry ammunition from the waggons up to the firing line; to guard baggage, and also to insure the safety of the outposts at night. For this last duty they are peculiarly adapted on account of their keen sense of hearing; so that the outpost would receive tidings of the approach of an enemy by the behaviour of the dog long before any movements were audible to his own ear.”

Last year this society trained seven new

dogs, which have now been attached to the medical corps stationed at Cologne, Würtemberg, Straubing, Landau, Süchteln, Limbach, and Hohenlimburg respectively. There are several other dogs in course of training at present, and they will doubtless be attached to other corps when they have completed their inculcation. Last year the cost of training and maintaining the dogs and kennels amounted to about £130. Of course, the dogs are not retained at the head-quarters at Lechenich any longer than is possible after their course of training has been completed, but they are attached to some regiment.

It is the desire of Herr Bungartz that the utilization of dogs in connection with ambulance work should become international. In developing his scheme he has been simply animated by the desire to mitigate, as far as possible, the horrors of war, and to make the lot of the wounded easier. He is quite prepared to divulge his method of training the dogs, which is peculiarly his own, to the Government of any nation. The success of the scheme has been adequately proved in the case of the German army. Will our military authorities make a similar introduction of canine ambulance workers into the British Army?

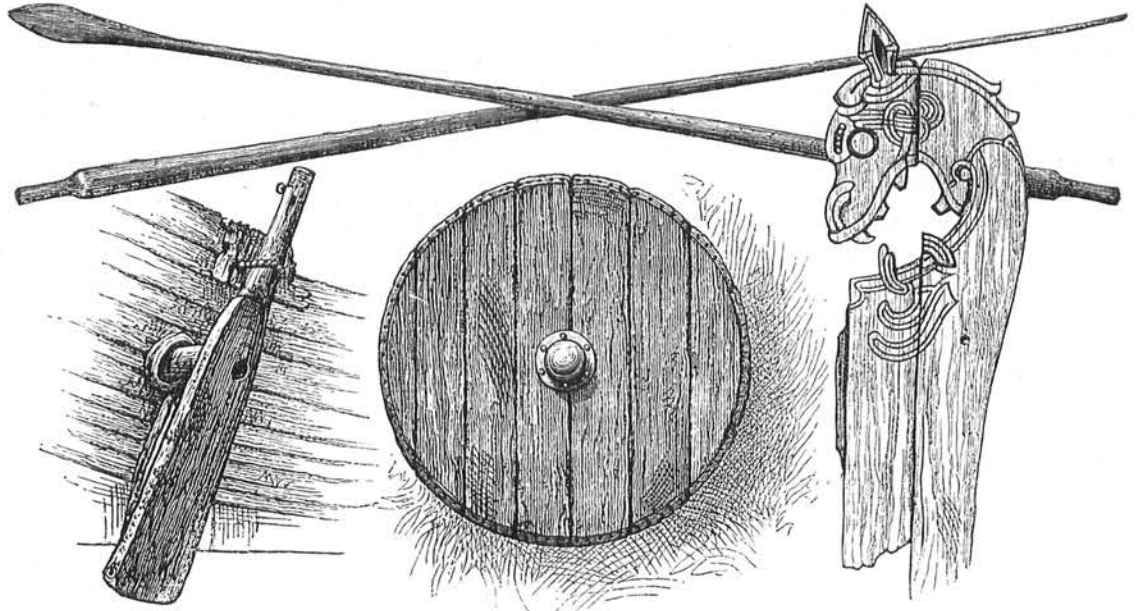
OUR TOUR IN NORWAY.

THE DIARY OF TWO LONDON GIRLS.

SITTING on the Tower, "Tryvandshoiden," about four o'clock, Wednesday afternoon.

August 13th.

Sitting on a bench at the top of this tower of polished wood, which is thirty feet high, and boasts a flag-staff and seventy-three steps, we are delighted and amazed at the glorious views we obtain. This tower is erected on an open space in a forest 1,925 feet above the level of the sea, and is nearly two miles beyond Frognersøter. To the south may be seen the open sea outside Christiania, to the east the frontier of Sweden, to the north the vast forests of Nordmarken, to the west the mountains of Hallingdal and Thelemarken, of which the snow-clad peaks of "Norefjeld" (5,033 feet) and "Gausta" (6,300 feet) are especially observable, although about eighty

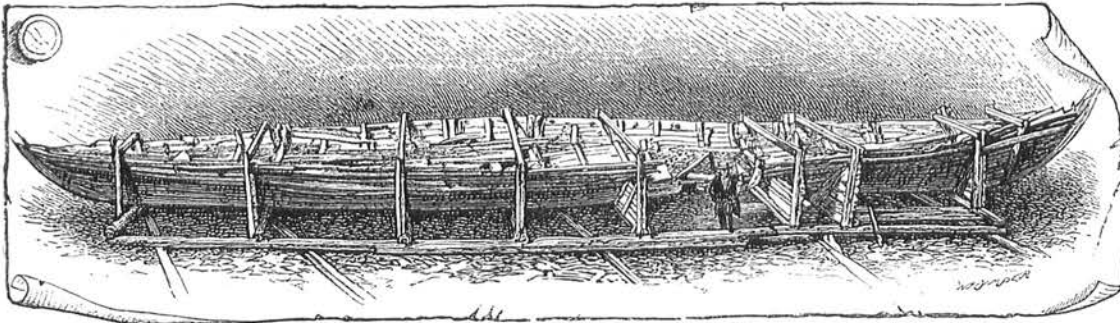


DETAILS OF THE VIKING SHIP.

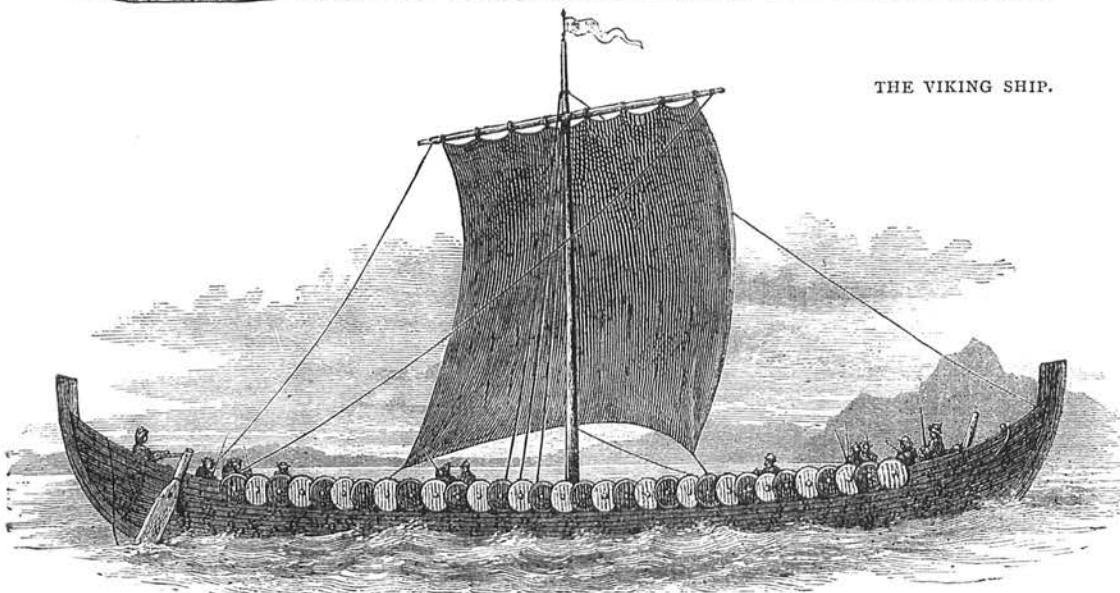
miles distant. As I gaze, I am high above the top of magnificent forests sweeping fold on fold of deep green velvet o'er lesser ranges, and rolling about the distant mountains like rich

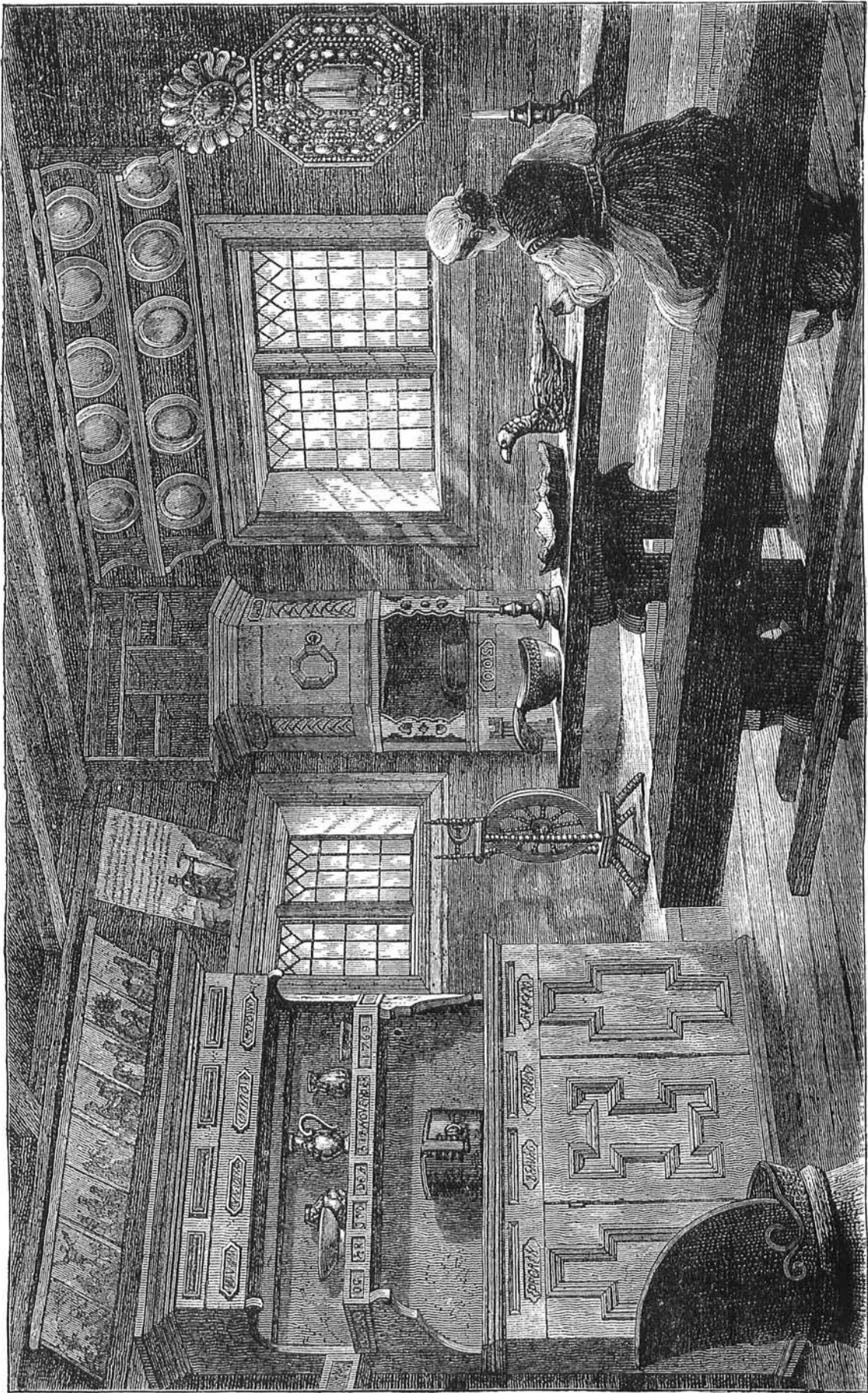
fur mantles. Far away in the Tyrian haze glimpses of snow reveal its dazzling splendour. The mysterious Fjord, dotted with islets, and appearing as if it were enclosed by land,

sparkles in the brilliant sunshine, and bears on its jewelled bosom gleaming sails and fluttering pennons. Many a silvery lake and solitary tarn embellish the landscape. Busy Christiania looks compressed and small; beyond, across the bay, amid dark trees, Oscar's Hall is but a tiny white speck. One streak of pale blue smoke rises beyond and below this vast forest. Five cows are grazing beneath us amid the fir-boles. They each wear a bell, whose harmonious tinkling makes sweet melody. It is most ravishing; the walk, too, was delightful, among strawberries, bilberries, variously coloured mosses, ferns, and overshadowing trees. We rested at Frognersøter (five miles from Christiania), which is a pretty chalet, and in the shrubbery, where we partook of milk, and fruit we car-



THE VIKING SHIP.





INTERIOR OF "HOVESTUEN PAA BYGDO."

ried from Christiania market. Soon after leaving the town we passed a space of ground enclosed by wooden palings, containing thousands of tons of ice in enormous blocks, covered thickly with saw-dust. There were two carts, each with two horses, removing eight or ten blocks at a time. This is a storehouse for summer, and is replenished in winter from the neighbouring lakes. The ice is sold to different parts of Norway, England, and other countries, and has to be cleared before the ensuing season.

	kr.	ore.
Fruit at market	0	75
Milk at Frognersceter ..	0	60
Bill at the "Grand" ..	13	60

Grand Hotel,
Thursday, August 14th.

Last night every one was quite surprised that we had walked to "Tryvandshoiden." We remarked that many others, particularly gentlemen, went in a carriage and pair. We concluded we enjoyed the walk far more, and had plenty of time to ramble about and examine all the pretty nooks.

This morning we went to "Vor Frelser Kirke" (St. Saviour's Church), on the "Stortovet," the large market place. It is a fine building, and holds the King's pew. A large new organ is in process of being made, which is very interesting to see. It will doubtless be a splendid instrument. The Industrial Museum, Sculpture Gallery, Art Union, and National Gallery claimed our attention for some time, and then we went to the University to see the "Viking Ship," which was discovered in 1880, at Gokstad, in the neighbourhood of Sandefjord, in a mound of blue clay, a species of earth undoubtedly selected for its excellent qualities as a preserver of wood. "We learn from several parts of our ancient history that it was a very common northern custom during the last centuries of heathenism (the Viking period) to bury celebrated men in one of their ships. The corpse was laid in the vessel, and a mound generally thrown over it. This ship dates back to the time of the Vikings, between the end of the 8th century and the middle of the 11th. Who the chieftain who was buried in the ship was, is a vain question. The length of the vessel from stem to stern is 23.4 metres (about 80 feet), and the width across the beams 5 metres (about 17 feet). It carried 16 oars on each side; and was, therefore, of the size called in the old Norse term a "Sextensesse." Sixty-three men were necessary to row a "Sextensesse," as each oar required two men, who relieved one another alternately. When fully manned the vessel probably numbered 80 men. It is entirely of oak, clinker-built, the boards connected with iron nails, and the seams caulked with oakum made of cow's hair spun into three-stranded cord. The planks and the frame timbers are fastened together with withes of trees' roots, which are passed through holes made in the under part of the frame timbers, and through corresponding holes in blocks projecting from the inner side of the planks. The workmanship is throughout very carefully and gracefully executed. All the planks have planed, moulded edges both inside and out, and many of the pieces belonging to the ship are adorned with ornamental designs. Both ends are very sharp, and have beautiful lines. There is no deck, but only loose bottom boards resting upon notches cut in the frame timbers. There is not the slightest sign of seats for the rowers; it would seem, therefore, they have rowed standing. Several of the oars are about 20 feet long. They have passed through holes about 18 inches below the gunwale.

In order to prevent the sea from washing through the holes when the oars were taken in, the holes are provided with a sliding board.

There has only been one mast and one sail (a square sail). The mast was frequently lowered, for instance, when rowing against a head wind, or when preparing for battle. To provide some protection against the weather, it was customary to stretch a tent-cloth above some part of the vessel, under which most of the hands could find shelter.

One point wherein the old ships especially differed from those of the present day was in the construction of the rudder and its adaptation. Down to the fourteenth century the rudder was not fastened to the stem of the boat, but on the right hand side a little in front of the stem, which side is still called "stýrbord" (steer-board). It resembles mostly an oar with a very long blade, and hangs in a rope which passes through a pierced knob fastened to the side of the ship. It was managed by a tiller fixed in a hole in the upper end; a thin rope which was probably passed through the iron ring near the bottom of the rudder must have been used to draw in the rudder when not required. Several of the ship's ropes were found. They are all made of bass; some are covered over with finer spun fibres of the same article. An iron anchor was found forward on the starboard side, but so corroded as to make it impossible to preserve it; only the wooden stock is kept.

The ship, although somewhat used and showing some signs of wear and tear, has been comparatively new when drawn on shore to be turned into a coffin. A sepulchral chamber of wood has been built from the mast to the stem. It is in the shape of a span roof, formed of round pieces of timber, which ascend from both sides of the ship up to the ridge-pole; the gable walls at both ends consist of erected planks. In this chamber the body of the deceased has been placed unburnt on a bed, together with such personal effects as custom required should be buried with him. Unfortunately, this ship-tomb had been visited by grave-robbers, in all probability during the Pagan era. The barrow was very large, of the usual circular form. The ship had been interred in the middle, on her keel, decorated with shields hung close together along the rail on both sides of the vessel. The marauders dug an entrance into the mound on the port side, and gained access through a large opening which they cut in the ship's side and the wall of the grave-chamber. The bones of the body had nearly all disappeared with the handsome weapons and equipments deposited with the dead chief. Only a few ancient relics were left. A number of bronze and lead mountings to belts and harnesses; the bones of a very little dog; and the bones and feathers of a peacock, supposed to be his favourite animal, buried with him. The bones of eight or nine horses and dogs which were sacrificed at his funeral; fragments of three oak boats; a landing stage; remains of bedsteads, two of which have been put together, and are much the same shape as those now in use among the Norwegian peasantry; and a great variety of kitchen utensils, wooden plates, finely carved wooden drinking cups, and many other articles. The cooking utensils were only of service while coasting when a harbour could be gained, as not any trace of a fire-place can be discovered in the ship.**

We then visited King Oscar's Palace, where he passes the month of February during the assembling of Parliament. He has so many fine palaces in Stockholm, the capital of Sweden, that his sojourn in Norway is generally brief. "Det Kongelige Slot" is finely situated on an eminence at the end of "Karl Johan's Gade." In front is an equestrian statue of King Karl Johan, cast by the Norwegian sculptor Brynjulf Bergslien. It was erected in 1875 by the voluntary contributions

of the whole nation. The inscriptions on the two sides of the pedestal are, "Det Norske Folk reiste dette Mind" ("The Norwegian People raised this Memorial"), and "Broderfolkets Vel" ("The Sister Nation's Welfare"). Carl Johann, as he styled himself, though christened Jean Baptiste Jules Bernadotte, was raised by his talents and fortune to the dignities of Marshal of France and Prince of Ponte Corvo; and on the death of Charles XIII., in 1818, came to the Swedish throne under the title of Charles XIV. He died of apoplexy on March 8th, 1844, and was succeeded by his son Joseph Francis Oscar, who had in 1823, at Stockholm, married Josephine Maximiliana, daughter of Eugene Beauharnais, Duke of Leuchtenberg (whose wife was Augusta Amelia, Princess of Bavaria). Under the title of Oscar I. he reigned fifteen years, and died on July 8th, 1859, and was succeeded by his son, Charles Louis Eugene, who ascended the throne under the title of Charles XV. He died in 1872, and was succeeded by his brother, Oscar II., who had on June 6th, 1857, married Sophia, daughter of the late Duke William of Nassau, by whom he had four sons: the heir apparent, Gustavus Adolphus, Duke of Wermeland and Crown Prince, born June 16th, 1858; also Oscar, Carl, and Eugene.

The succession to the throne is hereditary in the male line, according to the law of primogeniture. On the extinction of the male line the estates have full power to elect a king. The sovereign is of full age in Norway at the completion of his eighteenth year, in Sweden at the close of his twentieth. Before his coronation the king is required to take the inaugural oath, to subscribe an engagement to maintain inviolate the evangelical Lutheran religion.

Norway remains a free kingdom, independent and undivided. On the Norwegian coins the royal title is altered so that Norway is named before Sweden. Only the Crown Prince or his eldest son can be viceroy. A Norwegian or Swede can be appointed governor. The king has the executive power. The "Storting" consists of the delegates of the nation, who deliberate and vote in two chambers called the "Odelsting" and "Lagting." The nation is composed of the clergy, citizens, and peasants, the rank of nobility having been abolished by the "Storting" in 1821. Both in Norway and Sweden the peasants and citizens hold a higher rank than in most European states.

Education is compulsory, and the primary schools are numerous, so there are few who cannot read, or read and write. There are thirteen gymnasiae or colleges for higher education, and six institutions for the training of teachers for the popular schools.

The University in Christiania has an attendance of about 650 students. Attached to it are a library, a botanical garden, and collections of natural history. At the same place there is a military academy, and a commercial institute.

The length of the Norwegian railway is 230 miles.

The Palace contains a very fine ball-room, and from the roof is a splendid prospect of the adjacent country and buildings. Afterwards we walked along the Drammensveien to Skarpsno, and ferried across the bay to Oscarshall, the King's villa, situated on a prettily wooded peninsula called Ladegaardsoen. Here we were charmed with everything, and beguiled the time most pleasantly, wandering about the park, the villa, and Hovestuen. The villa contains many curious and valuable relics, also a series of oil paintings by Tidemand, in the banquetting hall, depicting "the life of the Norwegian peasant from the cradle to the grave." From the round Tower of Oscarshall is a most beautiful panoramic view, comprising

* Professor O. Rygh.

the bright blue Fjord dotted with islands, and gleaming with white sails, distant mountains, forests, corn fields, and the imposing structures of Christiania. Everything is radiant with life and gaiety, and on so glorious a day one is filled with an indescribable sense of pleasure at so novel and bewitching a scene. Hovestuen, or the Hove Cottage at Bygdo, is a most interesting piece of old Norwegian architecture. It was built in 1738 at Lilleherred, in Thelemarken, and has for a long time been one of the principal attractions for tourists visiting Thelemarken, as one gets from it a true idea of how the people lived in Norway in the last century. Last year the cottage was presented to King Oscar II. by the owner, Mr. Ole Hove, in whose family it had remained since its erection. It is now placed in one of the prettiest parts of the King's Park at Bygdo. It is full of interesting furniture and antiquities, and is embellished with many curiously carved and painted inscriptions. Kate and I were delighted, and exercised great patience and perseverance in endeavouring to obtain a book containing the history of this extraordinary relic, which, when purchased, we carried with much care to Christiania.

	kr.	ore.
Fruit at market	1	10
Cakes	0	45
St. Saviour's Church	0	50
King's Palace	1	0
Ferry to Oscarshall	0	40
Bill at the "Grand"	10	40

We did not return to *table d'hôte*, but ate our fruits and cakes in the King's Park, and came back to tea and cutlets about 9 p.m.

Steamship "Rollo,"

Friday, August 15.

This morning we concluded our purchases, went over the House of Parliament, and returned to *table d'hôte* at half-past two. We left the "Grand" about half-past four to come on board the "Rollo." The harbour was crowded with people, chiefly relatives of eighty emigrants who are bound for America. The farewells were conspicuous and touching, and tears very plentiful. Five pounds each will cover the whole of their expenses till they reach the New World. They mostly go for three years, then re-visit their native country; but, generally preferring the new land to the old, they return to America and settle there for life. The "Rollo" has carried 300 emigrants on some occasions. After tea one played a concertina, while the others danced. They stepped well to time and tune, and we were glad they could so soon banish the sorrow of parting, and appear so cheerful.

The Norwegians have the credit of discovering America prior to Columbus. "Herjulf, a descendant of Ingulf, and his son Biarn, subsisted by trading between Iceland and Norway, in the latter of which countries they generally passed the winter. One season, their vessels being, as usual, divided for the greater convenience of traffic, Biarn did not find his father in Norway, who, he was informed, had proceeded to Greenland, then just discovered. He had never visited that country; but he steered westwards for many days, until a strong north wind bore him considerably to the south. After a long interval, he arrived in sight of a low, woody country, which, compared with the description he had received of the other, and from the route he had taken, could not, he was sure, be Greenland."

Proceeding to the south-west, he reached the latter country, and joined his father, who was located at Herjulfsnæs, a promontory opposite to the western coast of Iceland. In 1,001, the information which Biarn gave of this discovery induced Leif, son of Eric the Red, the discoverer of Greenland, to equip a vessel for the unknown country. With thirty-

five persons he sailed from Herjulfsnæs towards the south, in the direction indicated by Biarn. Arriving at a flat stony coast, with mountains, however, covered with snow, visible at a great distance, they called it Hellsu-land. Proceeding still southwards, they came to a woody but still flat coast, which they called Markland. A brisk north-east wind blowing for two days and two nights, brought them to a finer coast, woody and undulating, and abounding with natural productions. Towards the north this region was sheltered by an island; but there was no port until they had proceeded farther to the west. There they landed; and as there was abundance of fish in a river which flowed into the bay, they ventured there to pass the winter. They found the nights and days less unequal than in Iceland or Norway; on the very shortest day (Dec. 21st) the sun rising at half-past seven, and setting at half-past four. From some wild grapes which they found a few miles from the shore, they denominated the country Vinland, or Winland. The following spring they returned to Greenland.

This description can only apply to North America. The first of the coasts which Leif and his navigators saw must have been Newfoundland or Labrador; the second was probably the coast of Brunswick; the third was Maine. In 1004 Vinland was visited by Thorwald, another son of Eric the Red, and in 1005 by Thorstein, another son, with his wife Gudrida and twenty-five companions; but they were driven by the contending elements to the remote western coast of Greenland, where they passed the winter in great hardships. This adventure was fatal to Thorstein, whose corpse was taken back to the colony by his widow. The first serious attempt at colonising Vinland was made in 1009 by a Norwegian chief, Thorfin, who had removed to Greenland, and married the widow Gudrida.

The voyage along the Christiania Fjord was replete with interest, and we remained on deck till about 11 p.m. We passed a storehouse for ice on the coast close to the Fjord, the ice being conveyed and removed by boats.

It seems strange and yet pleasant to be returning to England; we are truly thankful for the enjoyment we have experienced, and yet long to be safe at home once more.

	kr.	ore.
Bill at "Grand"	10	0
Waiter, portorage, &c. ..	6	0

On the "Rollo,"

Saturday, Aug. 16.

A most lovely day, calm sea, and Kate not ill. I am so glad; it is such a relief to me. Between 6 and 7 a.m. we anchored at Christiansand for about an hour. The morning was thick with mist, so we did not go ashore, but watched the loading of cargo, &c., among which is a quantity of timber pulp for the making of paper. The fare on this boat is first rate; we have a most liberal table, and are well served by the steward and five assiduously attentive waiters. We have, too, marmalade, and the constant demand for it is cause of endless amusement. Captain Pepper is a capital organiser, most careful and kind. Steward and Mrs. Barrington are all that can be desired; the former is always ready with laugh and joke. The two mates have been most polite to us on the captain's bridge. There are about thirty gentlemen to nine ladies. I believe we two and one merry American girl are the only spinsters. I need hardly say we share with her the large amount of courtesy and attention we receive on all sides.

This morning on deck we formed a lively coterie. I produced my book on "Hovestuen paa Bygdo." A Norwegian gentleman recited, while an English gentleman wrote the Eng-

lish and put into form the few lines of verse. Several others listened and some took notes. The following is a translation of the inscriptions which are engraved on the walls, cupboards, and beds.

Above the entrance door we read, "God bless your entrance and departure from now till all time." Under this, on the broom-shelf (a shelf used in former times for the house-broom), is carved the date "1738," and underneath, "D. I O S." On the front cupboard to the right is carved, "O. O. S. T. S. D. 1738," and besides that there is painted on the same cupboard, "O. O. S. H M T D H 1837." On the first shelf to the left in the grate of the fireplace, and in succession to the same on the front cupboard to the left, which stands to the right of this shelf, one reads the following inscription: "I, Ole Olsson Enggrav (the valley grave), and my second wife, Kone Gunhild Ionsdatter Huthvet, came here to Hove the 10th December, 1818, and was born the 3rd November, 1769. 1821." Besides this there is on the same cupboard, partly above and partly underneath, the following inscription painted: "I, Ole Olsson Holla, and Mari Torgrinus datter (daughter) Holla, came here to the farm under Hove 29 March, 1828." On the cupboard behind the throne to the left there stands in carved letters, "Soli Deo Gloria, O. O. S." On the second throne cupboard stands further engraved in carved letters, "God with us, T. S. D." Round the bed one reads, "God guard from harm and danger house and ground, goods and gard" (the Norwegian word "gard" means the surroundings and appurtenances of a farm; the Norse root "garth," yard in Anglo-Saxon. It is found in place names in England—e.g., Fishguard, Applegarth. "Yerde," in old English switch or twig, and a yard was a place inclosed by twigs. A similar idea is contained in "garth.") "people and cattle, everything which is here, in the name of Jesus. Amen."

Finally, there is above the entrance and the door of the linen-closet painted the following inscription: "Anlong Olsdatter (daughter) was born on the 10th Sept., 1875. Ingeri Olsdatter was born the 11th Nov., 1878. Ole Olsson was born 17th Jan., 1822. Anne Olsdatter was born 12th April, 1825." A small picture represents this: "King Charles XII. asked General Stenbuck which of all the country-people lived the best." The reply was in verse. Literal translation:—

"A peasant who has eight cows and a house, God-fearing, honest, and a good neighbour besides;
Faithful to his God and King, with every man's confidence,
A little deferential, and a friend to his priest,
Knows nothing of the magistrates, nor anything of law,
Lives far in the mountains, keeps little company,
Uses well his field, hatchet, spade, and scythe,
Wears his homespun coat, leather trousers, and vest;
On good terms with his wife whom he himself has chosen,
And happy in his work. He lives the very best."

A young Englishman, who told us his *nom de plume* is "B. O. S.," kindly put the above in more rhythmic form:—

THE HAPPY MAN.

"An eight-cowd peasant possessing one horse,
True to his God, and his neighbours, of course;
True to his sovereign, and every man's friend,
Who speaks to his priest with a deferent bend;

Who lives far away in the mountain's fresh air,
 Of laws and the rod he is not aware;
 His friends call but rarely, no landlord has he;
 From the sword, dearth, and illness he ever is free.
 He tills his own field, and the mead for his cows,
 And wears the rough cloth that is spun in his house;
 Than he with his wife, the girl of his mind,
 Not one upon earth can a happier find."
 B. O. S.

This evening the gentlemen proposed a concert. We were rather shy of performing, but when they declared themselves to be passionately fond of music, and commenced by singing what they could remember, Kate and I determined to do our best, and recalled everything we possibly could, vocal and instrumental. Everyone was so generous, not in the least quizzical, and the hours flew by delightfully till eleven o'clock. Naughty "Miss American" cheated us, and retired before the concert began, so that she should not be asked to sing; the two married ladies bravely sat it out, so we did not feel quite deserted. Some of the gentlemen sang remarkably well.

S.S. "Rollo," Sunday, August 17.
 5 o'clock p.m.

An unanimous raising of hats when we came on deck this morning, and we were soon engaged in pleasant conversation with the "Major," who has been in India and Tel-el-Kebir, and is full of information; Mr. "Hamilton," who is well up in London news; the "Melancholy Dane," who is full of fun; a clergyman, who has kindly presented us each with a copy of the New Testament in Norske; and others. Captain Pepper asked me to play the hymns for morning service, and at the same time handed me a paper with the numbers 257, 193, and 370, saying that if I liked to select something different, I might. I chose "The Pilgrims of the Night," which he laughingly suggested was not quite orthodox, being an evening hymn. The service was very short. Captain Pepper did most of it; he only accepted assistance from the clergyman present to read the lessons. The manner in which the steward rang the bell for service was truly comical. All the gentlemen attended naturally enough, and I wondered why in England men seem to think that women have souls to be saved and men have not, that the absence of the latter is so often conspicuous in churches.

We dined at half-past two. The weather is most glorious. We have made a tour of the

ship, examining the quarters of the emigrants. The "Major" is so tall, I was constrained to ask him how "long" he is. He replied by asking if I desired his measurement by the yard, and added that he is 6ft. 3in. in his socks. By the bye, he sings very prettily "sotto voce."

We supposed we should reach Hull about half-past seven, and arrive at Ranmoor to-night, but we are still far from land, and not likely to get in till ten or eleven. Some advise us to stay on board all night, but the general impression is that doing so would be very uncomfortable, and that we should be wiser to go to the Station Hotel, Hull. We have all become so friendly, and the voyage has been so pleasant, that the pang of parting is again bitter.

Station Hotel, Hull, 12 p.m.

About half-past ten we left the "Rollo," in a small tug, for the pier. The Custom House officers came on to the "Rollo," and despatched the luggage in a very few moments.

This is a fine hotel, and we are thankful to be safe once more on the shores of dear "old England." We can scarcely forbear a secret wish to be going home direct, to tell our tales, although we are sure of a hearty welcome at Ranmoor.

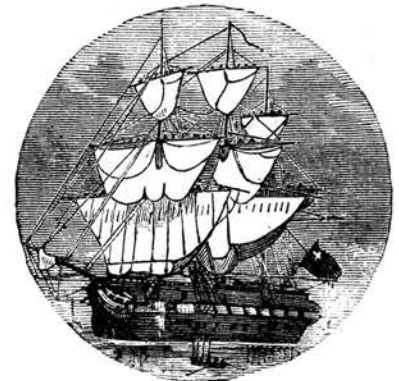
	£	s.	d.
Bill on S.S. "Rollo"	1	11
Stewardess and waiters	0	5
Omnibus to Hotel	0	1

Ranmoor, Monday, August 18th.

Back again. This morning, at 7.30, we had a pleasant meeting at breakfast at the Station Hotel, Hull, and numerous farewells. "The Melancholy Dane" (he wished to be called this) was invaluable. What a genuinely kind, good-natured face he has! He accompanied us to the office of Messrs. Wilson, procured us our portmanteau and wraps, which had been so kindly conveyed by Captain Soulsby, of the "Domino," from Smeby's Hotel, Bergen. He, "the Melancholy Dane," then obtained a cab, and drove with us to the station. Not content with assisting us so much, he conducted us safely to Sheffield, and did not leave us till he saw us and all our belongings comfortably placed in little Lizzie's brougham. Not till then did we say goodbye! Is any language adequate to convey our gratitude to this young stranger? We must show our appreciation of such unselfish kindness and care, when he comes (as we hope he will) to see us in our English home, where we live unceremoniously, but happily, and are ever ready to give a welcome to those whom we have met in our delightful summer rambles.

	£	s.	d.
Bill at Station Hotel	13	0
Tickets to Sheffield, 3rd class	9	1
Porterage, &c.	2	6

We consider that the whole trip cost £30 each.



THE POET'S SOCIAL GUIDE

When dining out, if you should find
 A lady on your right,
 And *item* on your left, as well,
 It's not considered quite
 The proper thing to concentrate
 Upon your mastication,
 And thus to leave the damsels twain
 To silent rumination.

THE REASON

The reason for this curious rule,
 I take it, without question,
 Is this: unless you talk a bit
 'Twill bring on indigestion.



In walking, if you meet a maid,
 Wife, widow, divorcée.
 And if she smiles in passing you,
 As one who says, "Good day!"
 A gentleman will always lift
 His hat with graceful mien,
 Not grudgingly, but as above,
 That his whole head be seen.

THE REASON

The hat is raised that we may see
 If he is bald or not;
 Though she removes nor hat nor switch
 From off her vacant spot.

W. W. WHITELOCK.



EVERY-DAY DESSERTS—PART IV.

AND DESSERTS FOR EVERY DAY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1.

Banana Fritters.

One pint of milk, two teacupfuls of flour, three eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and one-half of a saltspoonful of salt. Slice in batter two bananas, and drop, by the spoonful, into a kettle of deep, very hot lard.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 2.

Chocolate Cream Pudding (good).

Bake in layers, cake made of one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, one-half of a cupful of butter, one-half of a cupful of milk, two cupfuls of flour, the whites of four eggs beaten stiff, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Spread with boiled icing made with whites of two eggs. Take out half the icing and add to it one-fourth of a cake of melted chocolate, and spread with dark icing and with the white over each layer.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 3.

Peach Cottage Pudding (good).

Stir sliced peaches into batter, made of one-half of a cupful of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one beaten egg, one cupful of milk, one pint of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in a loaf. Sauce 8.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4.

Fruit Jelly.

Make candied fruit for August 22, cover with jelly of one-half of a box of gelatine soaked, one stick of cinnamon, one pint of boiling water, one cupful of white wine, one cupful of sugar, dissolved together, strain and when cool, add one-half pint of whipped cream beaten in. Add to fruit when cold.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5.

Sweet Potato Pie.

Take two medium sized, boiled sweet potatoes, and mash through a sieve. One pint of milk, three eggs beaten stiff, one cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of brandy, and spices to taste. Bake in an open shell of pastry.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6.

Paradise Pudding.

Chop fine six apples, add six eggs beaten stiff, one and one-half cupfuls of bread crumbs, the grated peel of one-half of a lemon, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, one-half of a teaspoonful of nutmeg, one wineglass full of brandy, and sugar to taste. Boil three hours. Sauce 8.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7.

Gems.

One pint of flour, one cupful of milk, one egg beaten stiff, one-fourth of a cupful of sugar, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and one-half of a saltspoonful of salt. Bake in patty pans. Sauce 6.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8.

Plum Pie.

Bake in two crusts, sliced and pitted plums, with twice the measure of fruit in moistened sugar.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 9.

Rice Cakes.

Two cupfuls of boiled rice, one quart of milk, three eggs beaten stiff, one-half of a cupful of melted butter, one tablespoonful of sugar, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, flour for stiff batter. Bake in muffin rings. Sauce 7.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 10.

Peaches and Cream.

Cut peaches—peeled and stoned, of course,—just before dinner. Pass powdered sugar with them, and cream.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11.

Hasty Pudding.

To one quart of boiling water and one cupful of cornmeal, add one-half of a cupful of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one pint of milk, boil one hour. Fifteen minutes before serving add one tablespoonful of butter. Sauce 13.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12.

Peach Batter Pudding.

Half fill a dish with halved pared peaches, pour over batter of

one pint of milk, four eggs beaten stiff, two cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of baking powder, and bake. Sauce 8.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13.

Chocolate Blanc Mange.

Boil together, two minutes, one quart of hot milk, four tablespoonfuls, each, of corn-starch and sugar, then, stir in two tablespoonfuls of melted chocolate, and mould. Serve with whipped cream.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14.

Pear Jelly.

Peel and quarter twelve pears. Stew tender in a little water. Drain, and add to syrup made of one pound of sugar boiled with one pint of water and juice of two lemons. Cook ten minutes. Put in dish, and add to syrup one-half of a box of soaked gelatine. Let it boil up and strain over pears.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15.

Cracker Plum Pudding.

Fill dish with buttered Boston crackers, in layers, with raisins spread between them. Fill up the dish with milk, cover and leave all night. Add four eggs beaten stiff, one-half of a cupful of sugar. Steam one and one-half hours, and brown in the oven. Sauce 9.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 16.

Puff Puddings.

Two eggs beaten stiff, two cupfuls of milk, two cupfuls of flour, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of melted butter. Bake in cups. Sauce 4.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 17.

Peach Meringues.

Double recipe for Sauce 10. Make meringues of whites of eggs. Just before dinner, slice peaches in long, slender glasses and fill up with the boiled custard, heaping meringue on top.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18.

Almond Cakes.

Bake in patty pans. One cupful of powdered sugar, one-half of a cupful of butter, two cupfuls of flour, four eggs beaten stiff, one teaspoonful of vanilla, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half of a pound of blanched almonds. Sauce 10.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19.

Bird's Nest (good).

Bake six peeled and sweetened apples, cover with custard of one and one-half pints of milk, yolks of three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Bake till firm, eat with sauce 5.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20.

White Jelly.

One quart of hot milk boiled with five tablespoonfuls of rice flour; one cupful of powdered sugar rubbed with one tablespoonful of butter, one half of a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Beat all together and cool. Then, add one-half pint of whipped cream. Sauce 10.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21.

Fanny's Pudding.

Three cupfuls of sweet apple sauce, beaten in custard of one quart of milk, four eggs beaten stiff. Bake with bread crumbs strewn over top. Sauce 8.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22.

Boiled Rice.

Cook in double boiler, six hours, one quart of milk, two large tablespoonfuls of rice. Serve with scraped maple sugar. Scrape from a cake of sugar, shavings, with a sharp knife, and pass, also, butter to eat with rice. This combination is very nice with boiled rice.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 23.

Waverley Pudding.

Bake in wide, low tins batter made of one cupful of butter, three cupfuls of sugar, one and one-half pints of flour, three eggs, one cupful of milk, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one teaspoonful of vanilla. The next day cut in long, narrow strips and fry in hot, deep lard. Sauce 7.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 24.

Spice Pudding.

One-half of a pint of sugar, scant one-half teacupful of butter, two eggs, one-half of a cupful of milk, one-half of a teaspoonful of cloves, one-half of a teaspoonful of cinnamon, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, flour for stiff batter. Boil. Sauce 5.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25.

Pan Dowdy (delicious).

Half fill a baking dish with sliced apples, and cover with batter. Mix together one pint of flour, one-fourth of a cupful of sugar, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, one large teaspoonful of baking powder, add one cupful of milk, one egg, two teaspoonfuls of butter melted in two tablespoonfuls of boiling water. Bake and serve with sauce 7.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26.

Fruit Bread Pudding.

One cupful of bread crumbs, one pint of milk, three eggs beaten stiff, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, and one cupful of raisins. Sauce 8.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27.

French Buns.

One-half of a cupful of butter, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, two eggs, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half of a cupful of chopped, candied lemon peel, one and one-half pints of flour, and one-half of a pint of milk. Bake in greased muffin rings on greased pans. Sauce 9.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 28.

Apple Omelet.

Five eggs beaten stiff, two tablespoonfuls of milk, two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar beaten lightly with the eggs. Fry in saucepan greased with butter. As soon as it "sets," spread carefully with sweet apple sauce, and turn over in half. Serve with powdered sugar strewn over.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29.

Blackberry Fritters.

Same recipe for September 1, substituting drained, canned blackberries for bananas. Eat with maple syrup.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 30.

Rice Meringue.

One cupful of hot, boiled rice, three cupfuls of milk, three-fourths of a cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of corn-starch, the yolks of two eggs, and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Heat the rest and add rice. Bake and add meringue of whites of two eggs.

—*Ruth Hall.*

THE FIRST GRAY HAIR.

And thou hast come at last,
Thou baleful issue of the buried years—
Sad fruitage of the past.
Root nurtured in a loam of hopes and fears;
I hail thee, but I hate thee, lurking there,
Thou first gray hair!

Thou soft and silken coil,
Thou milk-white blossom in a midnight tress!
Out from the alien soil
I'll pluck thee in thine infant tenderness,
As the rude husbandman uproots the tare,
Thou first gray hair!

Of all the fleecy flock
Thou art the one to loathe and to despise;
The cheat within the shock,
The mould that on the early harvest lies,
The mildew on the blossoms of the pear—
The first gray hair!

And thou, the Judas art,
The tattler of old Time, who doth betray
The weary, worn-out heart,
Ere yet we dare to dream of its decay;
Thou art a hint of wreck beyond repair,
Thou first gray hair!

—*Jas. Newton Matthews.*

THE ISOLATION OF LIFE ON PRAIRIE FARMS.

IN no civilized country have the cultivators of the soil adapted their home life so badly to the conditions of nature as have the people of our great Northwestern prairies. This is a strong statement, but I am led to the conclusion by ten years of observation in our plains region. The European farmer lives in a village, where considerable social enjoyment is possible. The women gossip at the village well, and visit frequently at one another's houses; the children find playmates close at hand; there is a school, and, if the village be not a very small one, a church. The post wagon, with its uniformed postilion merrily blowing his horn, rattles through the street every day, and makes an event that draws people to the doors and windows. The old men gather of summer evenings to smoke their pipes and talk of

the crops; the young men pitch quoits and play ball on the village green. Now and then a detachment of soldiers from some garrison town halts to rest. A peddler makes his rounds. A black-frocked priest tarries to join in the chat of the elder people, and to ask after the health of the children. In a word, something takes place to break the monotony of daily life. The dwellings, if small and meagrely furnished, have thick walls of brick or stone that keep out the summer's heat and the winter's chill.

Now contrast this life of the European peasant, to which there is a joyous side that lightens labor and privation, with the life of a poor settler on a homestead claim in one of the Dakotas or Nebraska. Every homesteader must live upon his claim for five years to perfect his title and get his patent; so that if there were

not the universal American custom of isolated farm life to stand in the way, no farm villages would be possible in the first occupancy of a new region in the West without a change in our land laws. If the country were so thickly settled that every quarter-section of land (160 acres) had a family upon it, each family would be half a mile from any neighbor, supposing the houses to stand in the centre of the farms; and in any case the average distance between them could not be less. But many settlers own 320 acres, and a few have a square mile of land, 640 acres. Then there are school sections, belonging to the State, and not occupied at all, and everywhere you find vacant tracts owned by Eastern speculators or by mortgage companies, to which former settlers have abandoned their claims, going to newer regions, and leaving their debts and their land behind. Thus the average space separating the farmsteads is, in fact, always more than half a mile, and many settlers must go a mile or two to reach a neighbor's house. This condition obtains not on the frontiers alone, but in fairly well peopled agricultural districts.

If there be any region in the world where the natural gregarious instinct of mankind should assert itself, that region is our Northwestern prairies, where a short hot summer is followed by a long cold winter, and where there is little in the aspect of nature to furnish food for thought. On every hand the treeless plain stretches away to the horizon line. In summer, it is checkered with grain fields or carpeted with grass and flowers, and it is inspiring in its color and vastness; but one mile of it is almost exactly like another, save where some watercourse nurtures a fringe of willows and cottonwoods. When the snow covers the ground the prospect is bleak and dispiriting. No brooks babble under icy armor. There is no bird life after the wild geese and ducks have passed on their way south. The silence of death

rests on the vast landscape, save when it is swept by cruel winds that search out every chink and cranny of the buildings, and drive through each unguarded aperture the dry, powdery snow. In such a region, you would expect the dwellings to be of substantial construction, but they are not. The new settler is too poor to build of brick or stone. He hauls a few loads of lumber from the nearest railway station, and puts up a frail little house of two, three, or four rooms that looks as though the prairie winds would blow it away. Were it not for the invention of tarred building-paper, the flimsy walls would not keep out the wind and snow. With this paper the walls are sheathed under the weather-boards. The barn is often a nondescript affair of sod walls and straw roof. Lumber is much too dear to be used for dooryard fences, and there is no inclosure about the house. A barbed-wire fence surrounds the barnyard. Rarely are there any trees, for on the prairies trees grow very slowly, and must be nursed with care to get a start. There is a saying that you must first get the Indian out of the soil before a tree will grow at all; which means that some savage quality must be taken from the ground by cultivation.

In this cramped abode, from the windows of which there is nothing more cheerful in sight than the distant houses of other settlers, just as ugly and lonely, and stacks of straw and unthreshed grain, the farmer's family must live. In the summer there is a school for the children, one, two, or three miles away; but in winter the distances across the snow-covered plains are too great for them to travel in severe weather; the schoolhouse is closed, and there is nothing for them to do but to house themselves and long for spring. Each family must live mainly to itself, and life, shut up in the little wooden farmhouses, cannot well be very cheerful. A drive to the nearest town is almost the only diver-

sion. There the farmers and their wives gather in the stores and manage to enjoy a little sociability. The big coal stove gives out a grateful warmth, and there is a pleasant odor of dried codfish, groceries, and ready-made clothing. The women look at the display of thick cloths and garments, and wish the crop had been better, so that they could buy some of the things of which they are badly in need. The men smoke corncob pipes and talk politics. It is a cold drive home across the wind-swept prairies, but at least they have had a glimpse of a little broader and more comfortable life than that of the isolated farm.

There are few social events in the life of these prairie farmers to enliven the monotony of the long winter evenings; no singing-schools, spelling-schools, debating clubs, or church gatherings. Neighborly calls are infrequent, because of the long distances which separate the farmhouses, and because, too, of the lack of homogeneity of the people. They have no common past to talk about. They were strangers to one another when they arrived in this new land, and their work and ways have not thrown them much together. Often the strangeness is intensified by differences of national origin. There are Swedes, Norwegians, Germans, French Canadians, and perhaps even such peculiar people as Finns and Icelanders, among the settlers, and the Americans come from many different States. It is hard to establish any social bond in such a mixed population, yet one and all need social intercourse, as the thing most essential to pleasant living, after food, fuel, shelter, and clothing. An alarming amount of insanity occurs in the new prairie States among farmers and their wives. In proportion to their numbers, the Scandinavian settlers furnish the largest contingent to the asylums. The reason is not far to seek. These people came from cheery little farm villages. Life in the fatherland was hard and toilsome, but it was not lonesome. Think

for a moment how great the change must be from the white-walled, red-roofed village on a Norway fiord, with its church and schoolhouse, its fishing-boats on the blue inlet, and its green mountain walls towering aloft to snow fields, to an isolated cabin on a Dakota prairie, and say if it is any wonder that so many Scandinavians lose their mental balance.

There is but one remedy for the dreariness of farm life on the prairies: the isolated farmhouse must be abandoned, and the people must draw together in villages. The peasants of the Russian steppes did this centuries ago, and so did the dwellers on the great Danubian plain. In the older parts of our prairie States, in western Minnesota, eastern Nebraska and Kansas, and the eastern parts of North and South Dakota, titles to homestead claims are now nearly all perfected by the required five years' occupancy of the land. Thus, there is no longer a necessity that the farmers should live upon the particular tracts which they cultivate. They might go out with their teams to till the fields, and return at evening to village homes. It would be entirely feasible to redivide the land in regions where it is all of nearly uniform fertility and value. Let us suppose that the owners of sixteen quarter-section farms, lying in a body and forming four full sections, should agree to remove their homes to the centre of the tract, and run new dividing lines radiating to the outer boundaries. Each settler would still have 160 acres, and no one would live more than a mile from the remotest limit of his farm. The nearer fields could be used for stock, and the distant ones for grain. The homes of the sixteen families would surround a village green, where the schoolhouse would stand. This could be used for church services on Sunday, and for various social purposes on week-day evenings. Such a nucleus of population would, however, soon possess a church in common with other farmers in the neighbor-

hood who might still cling to the old mode of isolated living, and there would probably be a store and a post office. An active social life would soon be developed in such a community. The school would go on winters as well as summers. Friendly attachments would be formed, and mutual helpfulness in farm and household work would soon develop into a habit. There would be nursing in illness, and consolation for those mourning for their dead. If the plains people were thus brought together into hamlets, some home industries might be established that would add to family incomes, or at least save outlay. The economic weakness of farming in the North is the enforced idleness of the farmer and his work animals during the long winter. After threshing and fall ploughing are finished there is nothing to do but to feed the stock. Four or five months are unproductive, and all this time the people and the animals are consuming the fruits of the working season. Even the women are not fully occupied in the care of their little houses and the cooking of the simple meals; for the stockings are no longer knit at home, there is no hum of the spinning-wheel, and the clothing is bought ready-made at the stores. If it were possible to restore to the farm some of the minor handicrafts that were carried on in the country thirty or forty years ago, there would be great gain in comfort, intelligence, and contentment. Now and then, while traveling over the Dakota prairies, I hear of a family that sends to market some kind of delicate cheese, or makes sausages of superior quality that find ready sale in the neighboring towns, or preserves small fruits. These little industries might be much extended if the farmers lived in communities, where extra labor could be had when needed, and where there would be mental attrition to wear off the rust of the winter's indolence and stimulate effort on new lines.

The early French colonists who set-

tled along the shores of the Red River of the North, in Manitoba, divided the land into long, narrow strips running back from the river banks, and thus formed a continuous village many miles long. In this they followed the example of their ancestors who first occupied the shores of the St. Lawrence. It was adherence to this custom, and resistance to the division of the land into checker-board squares, that brought on the rebellion of Riel and his half-breeds on the Saskatchewan. The Mennonites, who occupy the western side of the Red River just north of the American boundary, live in villages. With the exception of a few peculiar religious communities in Iowa and Kansas, I know of no other instances where farmers have established their homes in compact settlements. In all our prairie towns, however, one finds in winter many farmers' families who have left their houses and stock to the care of hired men, and are living in rooms over stores, or in parts of dwellings rented for temporary occupancy, in order to give their children opportunity for education and to escape the dreary monotony of isolation. The gregarious instinct thus asserts itself, in spite of habit, and of the inherited American idea that a farmer must live upon the land he tills, and must have no near neighbors. This habit will be hard to break, but I believe it must yield some time to the evident advantages of closer association. I have known instances, however, where efforts at more neighborly ways of living have been made on a small scale, and have failed. In the early settlement of Dakota, it sometimes happened that four families, taking each a quarter-section homestead, built their temporary dwellings on the adjacent corners, so as to be near together; but a few years later, when they were able to put up better buildings, they removed to the opposite sides of their claims, giving as a reason that their chickens got mixed up with their neighbors' fowls. In

these instances, I should add, the people were Americans. There is a crusty individuality about the average American farmer, the inheritance of generations of isolated living, that does not take kindly to the familiarities of close association.

I am aware that nothing changes so slowly as the customs of a people. It will take a long time to modify the settled American habit of isolated farmsteads. If it is ever changed, the new system will have to be introduced near the top of the rural social scale, and work down gradually to the masses. A group of farmers of superior intelligence and of rather more than average means must set an example and establish a model farm village; or perhaps this could be done by the owner of one of the so-called bonanza farms, who might subdivide four sections of his land, as I have described, and invite purchasers to build their homes around a central village green; or, still better, he might himself put up the farmhouses and barns, and then offer the farms for sale. The experiment would be widely discussed by the newspapers, and this extensive free advertising could hardly fail to attract as purchasers a class of people with faith in the idea, and possessed of such a sociable, neighborly disposition as would open the way to har-

monious living and to considerable practical coöperation in field work and the care of animals. One successful community would soon lead to the formation of others, and the new system would steadily spread.

The plains of the West extend from the Gulf of Mexico to the valley of the Saskatchewan in the British territory. A belt about three hundred miles wide on the eastern side of this vast region receives sufficient rainfall for farming. This belt is the granary of the continent, and even with its present sparse settlement it produces an enormous yearly surplus of wheat and corn. Its cultivators have thus far been engaged in a hard struggle to establish themselves on the soil, procure the necessities of existence, and pay off their mortgages. They are getting ahead year by year, and in the older settled districts good houses are taking the places of the pioneer shanties, and the towns show thrift and progress. Before long these prairie people will begin to grapple with the problems of a higher civilization. Then it will be found, I believe, that the first great step in advance in the direction of more comfortable living, and of intellectual development and rational social enjoyment, is the abandonment of the lonesome farmhouse, and the establishment of the farm village.

E. V. Smalley.



GOOD HOUSEKEEPING ECLECTIC

LITERARY COOKING.

How to Cook Novels, Make Theological Soups, Society Hash and Pious Puddings.

* * * It is the "living present" that alone concerns the callow fledging author of to-day, and his work would be much simplified and made more readily marketable if a guide were available. No sooner has the youthful writer discovered that he can make the verb agree with its nominative in number and person with comparative ease that he leaps to hasty conclusion that he is a born genius. This is the most critical time in his life, and it is precisely at this period that the guide becomes a desideratum. His prepositions may govern the objective case with painful regularity. The verb "to be" may have the same case after it as before it, in quite a normal fashion, and yet his book may provoke contemptuous language from the irate critics, and prove a dead failure from the want of a little reasonable guidance. In default of a regularly framed guide of the kind indicated, the following hints may be useful.

HOW TO COOK NOVELS.

Scotch Broth.—Take one old woman in a country village—Scottish by preference, but if you don't know anything about Scotland it doesn't matter. She must have a cottage with a window in it, and as she should be a confirmed invalid, the whole world, of course, must pass before this window. There must also be a kail yard in the vicinity to give local color and smell. The village heroes and heroines may be anybody, provided they have no traces of originality. Care must be taken to remove the faintest suspicion of a regular plot from the story, or the broth will be spoiled beyond remedy. The family potato, the village pump, the kirk door, and the tavern, are to be shredded small and mixed well through the pot so that they do not interfere with each other. To give the proper Scotch flavor it is necessary to cultivate the art of misspelling correctly; but this becomes easy to the ignorant young writer. His chief danger will be the temptation to spell difficult words of one syllable in the ordinary fashion. The best plan is to spell these words in any way that is certainly not English and they will pass for Scotch with most readers. A few tears added discreetly will neutralize any tendency to

"Scotch wut," which is always dangerous. The mixture is specially agreeable to English palates. Serve up in one volume, crown octavo, six shillings.

New Irish Stew.—This is a great improvement upon the old-fashioned Irish dishes provided by extinct writers like Maria Edgeworth, Samuel Lover, and Charles Lever. These were either too pathetic or too mirth-provoking. The new Irish stew has neither of these qualities. Take a dreary strip of bog land in a deserted part of the wilds of Connaught, with a broken-down mud cabin and a few drills of "peeyaties"—the newest form of this much-dismembered word. The hero must be a melancholy wretch, innocent of the slightest gleam of humor, with an objection to rent of any kind and a tendency to mitigated Fenianism under the name of Irish Home Rule. A Romish priest may be thrown in, but great care must be taken to select the very driest specimen of the kind that can be found. It is not necessary to have a heroine; but, if desired, a barefooted slip of a girl (always ostentatiously referred to as "the colleen") may be used, provided there is nothing interesting about her. A drunken squabble at a lonely inn may be introduced according to taste, but it must not be in any way amusing. The ingredients for this stew are so inexpensive that it may be produced for about three-and-six per volume.

Society Hash.—A very popular dish, and easily made out of commonplace materials. Take selected portions of the Ten Commandments, and chop them up fine for flavoring. Young literary cooks find much difficulty at first in deciding which of the Commandments should be chosen for trituration so as to make a spicy mixture. Following the methods of certain French *chefs*, the Seventh Commandment has lately been much affected by English novelists, and it certainly affords a strong savor, quite to the taste of the lax morality of our time. The socialistic variety of this dish includes "his ox, or his ass, or anything that is thy neighbor's." The other ingredients for society hash are unimportant. They may consist of broken scraps of the Third, Sixth, and Eighth Commandments, judiciously mixed. A modern novel which does not contain a fair proportion of swearing, a fragment of murder, and a goodly share of fraud, is destined to speedy death.

Theological Soupe-Maigre.—This is a dish which requires very careful cooking, for if undone it is insipid, while if overdone it is emetic. The most successful method is as follows: Take a young curate of studious propensities, who has read Rousseau, Tom Paine, and Shelley, without having the faintest idea of what these writers mean, and whose mind is a hopeless muddle of atheism, the rights of man, and free love. He must be placed in a position where he can air his ignorance without restraint—as a missionary to Central Africa, or as the curate-in-charge of an agricultural English parish, where neither savage nor clodhopper can reply to his sophisms. The skillful novelist has unlimited opportunities for

"padding out" to three volumes by inserting long quotations from forgotten authors, whose theories have been exploded long ago. As this concoction appeals to a very limited circle, it is necessarily expensive, three volumes usually costing about a guinea and a half.

Pious Pudding.—To one good young man with an interest in foreign missions add one religious young woman, teacher in a Sunday school, who devotes her life to the collection of subscriptions for the conversion of the Jews. The devout dialogues of these two characterless characters may be diluted with an unlimited admixture of quotations from tracts of a perfectly harmless kind. This pudding may be recommended as absolutely non-intoxicating and a very mild stimulant. It is quite within the range of moderate incomes, and rarely exceeds, crown octavo, three-and-six.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*



Bird Life in the Cities. SPEAKING OF BIRD LIFE in the cities, a writer in one of the New York papers remarks that the presence of sparrows and pigeons in most American cities has become so common as not to cause wonder, but it is always with surprise that some people find the nest of a woodland songster near home, when there seems to be no excuse for such an uncongenial existence. But to the denizens of the air a city is not entirely devoid of beauty, for there are many roof gardens, parks, and bits of natural scenery where they can get glimpses of things which are denied to the sight of the ordinary pedestrian below. A bird's view of a city in the summer season would reveal many unexpected spots of beauty, glowing with blooming flowers, green plants, climbing vines and shady trees. Many of them are high above the ground, exposed from some window, on a roof, or in a conservatory extension, opened to welcome the fresh air.

"In city squares, shaded with trees, and in the green parks birds might be expected, but elsewhere one would hardly look for meeting with a thrush, blackbird, blue tit, wren, robin, or any of the other song birds of the woods. In Paris there are many bits of hidden gardens that attract song birds near the houses, and it is not unusual to be awakened in the morning by the shrill song of a thrush or robin. Even in London and New York stray wanderers locate themselves near window gardens high up in the air, or on a tree that has pushed its way up between the rows of houses. Jackdaws congregate in numbers in English cathedrals, startling the night visitor with their unearthly croaking, which mingles sometimes with the tones of the organ or sweet chimes. The storks of Strasburg are well known as

city inhabitants. Bats tenant belfry towers, ruins, and deserted buildings in every city, and their swift, shadowy flight in the dusk of the evening startles visitors who venture into such uncanny places. The doves of Italy have been immortalized in Hawthorne's 'Marble Faun,' and one immediately recalls Hilda in her high tower feeding and watching them. In America doves are rarely met with in cities, outside of the parks and wooded squares, where they occasionally steal a march on some thrush by stealthily laying an egg in its nest to be hatched out with the regular brood.

"Swallows are frequent visitors in cities, especially in those situated near marshes and the seacoast, where they are assured of plenty of food in the shape of insects. With bold impertinence they descend chimneys and build their nests on the inside of the brick structure, where they are apparently safe from all harm. But the modern revolving chimney ventilator is rapidly driving these birds away. These birds, so swift of wing and gentle in nature, are favorites for companions, but in the cities they are more the friends of those living high up above the pavements. They seldom venture down in the streets, but over the tops of the houses they sweep in graceful circles, entertaining hundreds of silent watchers in the homes of brick and stone.

"In the seaboard cities the roof watcher sees many birds which people dwelling below never dream of finding near at hand. Long lines of hawks, gulls, terns, and other sea fowl fly across from the bays and sounds to the inland rivers and lakes. Sometimes, as if interested in the strange appearance of the city, with its curling clouds of smoke, they circle around it repeatedly before continuing their flight. A few venture closer to the roofs, but the rumbling noise and the strange sights frighten most of them to a safe distance. Tired with their long flights, wild pigeons in former days frequently lighted upon city houses, and, meeting no harm, they have been known to return many times.

"In nearly every city there is a great quantity of food material scattered around that attracts the birds, especially in the autumn, when their natural supply of food is growing scarce. In their migratory flights thousands of birds in the course of a month make a temporary rest in some town or small city, where they devour the crumbs and pieces of meat that are thrown out for them. By scattering plenty of crumbs on the roof of a house at this season, one will soon attract flocks of many kinds of birds. They can discern the food at a long distance, and after once being fed will be sure to return. The roof garden is consequently an excellent place to study the migrating birds in the fall. By taking a station behind a chimney at a safe distance the hungry birds can be studied very closely and leisurely with an opera glass. Day by day they will return, and if fed regularly they will often defer their journey south until very cold weather overtakes them. Then, as if loath to say farewell, they will finally take a hasty departure. As migrating birds

remember very well their old feeding places from year to year they are apt to hunt out the same house next season and renew their visit.

"Birds love gardens and flowers. They will search them out in the dreariest place, even in the very factory districts of the city, where curling clouds of smoke obscure the bright rays of the sun most of the day. A roof garden, or a high window garden, fragrant with blooming plants and green vines, will attract the delicate humming bird, the sweet wren, the noisy sparrow, the bright chippy, and the tuneful thrush. Place a cage songster near the window, and his shrill notes will soon bring companions to the place, where amid the green bowers, they will chirp and pick up the crumbs of bread and grain."

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

TALKING of queer clubs, the city of Strasburg has the queerest yet. The principal rule requires that each member shall at least once a day ascend the Cathedral spire, and the organization is known as the Strassburgermunsterthurmplatformaljetageeinodermehrmahleersterigerungsverein. It is reported, but not vouched for, that each member is obliged to give the club name in order to be admitted to his home after midnight!

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EATING IN BERLIN.

The Berliner loves soups, of which he has a large variety, says a letter to the New York *Sun*. Some of the most favored "suppen" are "Feiner Gries in Milch" (milk soup with semolins). "Bouillon mit Ei" (beef tea with eggs floating on top of it). "Suppe von Rindfleisch mit gebackenem Mark" (beef tea with balls of marrow, eggs, and bread crumbs). There are a number of German national dishes, the merits of which cannot be gainsaid. Goose with stuffing of pounded chestnuts, prunes and apples mixed with calf's liver, onions, eggs, and various spices, is a standard dish at most restaurants. You can also have partridge cooked and wrapped up in vine leaves, with rashers of bacon, and fowls cooked in jelly. Roast partridges with sauerkraut is a good variation of the French *perdrix aux choux*. Rehbraten (venison) with cream sauce is not to be despised, and smoked Pommeranian goose breasts. Westphalia hams, Brunswick sausages, and sundry other German house dishes, many of which are also exported, have gained a world-wide renown.

The partiality of the Germans for beer appears in several departments of cookery. Beer soup is common enough, and so is beer sauce, especially with carps and eels, for which the best of "weissbier" is used. Beef stewed in beer and flavored with spices is a favorite dish. Among Kaltieschalen (cold drinks) "Bier Kaltieschale" holds the first place. Every known vegetable when cooked plain, is eaten cold as a salad, besides which there is herring salad with the fish chopped fine mixed with potatoes, onions, apples, and pepper, and moistened with oil, vinegar, and cream.

To wash down the miscellaneous solids there is a choice of very different wines. Beer, which has supplemented wine at the dinner tables of some of the best Vienna hotels, is not countenanced by the higher class restaurateurs and hotel keepers of Berlin, with whom the consumption of wine is a matter of stern expectation. The average Berliner in his judgment of wine is guided largely by the label on the bottle and the seal on the cork.

The time for dinner at the principal hotels is 3 o'clock. A very fair dinner can be had for \$1.25. The higher class restaurants, Unter den Linden, Wilhelmstrasse, Bellevuestrasse, and the West End, are the best places for becoming acquainted with the current of public opinion. At these a good dinner, without wine, can be had for seventy-five cents and upward. There are hundreds of less expensive dining places in Berlin, and an excellent dinner may even be obtained at some restaurants for twenty-five cents.

A DISH OF APPLES.

What plant we in the apple-tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop, when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky,
While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass,
At the foot of the apple-tree.—Bryant.



HERE are many varieties of apples to choose from in cooking, and many ways of cooking them. A great deal depends on the way they are cooked whether they are palatable or not. In making apple sauce they are sometimes cut up in a careless manner, put into a tin basin on the stove, stewed and sweetened in a haphazard way, and dished with some portions stewed soft and hard lumps remaining. Take the same apples, put into an earthenware pudding-dish, add sugar according as the apples are tart, a little water, cover close with a plate, cook slowly in the oven, until the apple turns red, the sugar and water combined with the juice of the apple turns into a delicious jelly with all the aroma of the fruit in it—that does justice to the apple. Apples should always be cooked in porcelain or earthenware, and stirred with a wooden or silver spoon.

It is economy to quarter apples before paring, for this reason—they are easier handled, and can be pared thinner (the finest flavor is next the skin); bruises and specks come out easier. If deep-cored, it is easier taken out, and there is no danger of leaving a bit behind to choke the eater, as there is when the apple is sliced.

Probably apples are cooked in the form of pie oftener than any other way, especially here in New England. Still, pie-eating is not wholly confined to the East, as witness the fact that a large pie manufacturer in Chicago calculates that it takes 40,000 pies a day to supply the demand in that city. Rev. H. W. Beecher once wrote with enthusiasm of the apple pie. He said, "It should be made of generous proportions and eaten as soon as taken from the oven. Twelve hours old it was but the 'ghost' of a pie."

I remember reading a quarter of a century ago or so, in the "Drawer" of *Harper's Magazine*, an article by George W. Curtis, in which he wrote in glowing terms of the apple pie, if rightly made: "The dish should not be an ordinary pie-plate, but quite deep, so that when done one could dip a spoon into the juice, which would be 'nectar fit for the gods.' The apples should be juicy and spicy, generous in quantity, sugar ditto, covered with a toothsome crust, and slowly baked until brown and flaky." During 35 years I have collected many recipes for cooking apples in various forms. The following are some of them—variations on the genus pie:

Apple Meringue Pie.

Bake in one crust rich apple sauce. When the pastry begins to brown, cover with a meringue made of the whites of three eggs beaten stiff, sweetened and flavored with a few drops of extract of lemon.

Grated Apple Pie.

Enough grated apple to fill the pie. Put in a bowl, add a piece of butter half the size of an egg, juice of half a lemon and grated rind; sweeten to taste. Bake in one crust.

Apple Turnovers.

Mix one pint of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, two level teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, and three tablespoonfuls of sugar; rub

through the sieve, then add two tablespoonfuls of butter. A beaten egg, added to a half-cupful of milk, stir into the dry ingredients. Flour the board, roll dough one-fourth of an inch. Cut out with a saucer, put on two tablespoonfuls of the stewed apple, pinch the edges, and fry in hot fat.

Fancy Apple Pie.

Stew, strain, and sweeten apple to taste. When cold add three eggs to a pint of apple, a teacupful of cream, whipped. Beat all together and bake in one crust.

Apple Puffs.

Six apples stewed, strained, flavored and sweetened to taste; add a pinch of salt. Cut paste into pieces four inches square, put on a spoonful of sauce, fold over the other half, and bake in a pan lined with paper.

Apple Tarts.

Ten apples stewed, strained, sweetened with $1\frac{1}{2}$ cupfuls of sugar, three eggs, a large spoonful of butter, juice of a lemon. Beat together, line tart-tins with paste, fill with the mixture and bake.

Apple Patties.

Bake in deep tart-shells a mixture of one-half a pound of sugar boiled with half a pint of water until thick; add one pound of chopped apples, juice of half a lemon; boil together until stiff.

Grandmother's Fried Apple Pies.

Dried apple soaked over night, stewed, sweetened, flavored with lemon peel. Crust.—One cupful of milk, one-half cupful of sugar, one egg, pinch of salt, butter as large as a walnut, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream-tartar, add flour to roll; roll an eighth of an inch thick, cut out with a saucer, put a spoonful of apple on one half, turn over the other, wet the edges and press together. Fry in hot lard.

In making apple pies in the spring when apples have lost their bright flavor, the addition of two tablespoonfuls of boiled cider to each pie will be found an addition to the flavor of the pie.

Speaking of apple-dumplings reminds us of the king who was puzzled to know how the apple came inside of the dumpling he was eating. There are several ways of cooking this excellent dish. We may boil, steam, or bake it. We may cover each apple singly, or slice the apples, covering the top of the dish with a crust.

Sliced Apple-dumpling.

Invert a teacup in the pudding-dish, fill with sliced apples, sugar to taste. Crust.—Two cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, large spoonful of butter, stir with a spoon, roll out, cover the dish, making a hole for the escape of steam. Bake, steam, or boil.

Baked Apple-dumplings.

Roll thin a nice paste and cut into square pieces; pare and core easy-cooking apples and roll each one in a square of paste, and bake about three-quarters of an hour.

Bird's-nest Pudding (Miss Parloa).

Six medium-sized apples, one quart of milk, half a nutmeg, five eggs, one cupful and a quarter of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, a pint and a half of boiling water. Put the water, with half a cupful of sugar, in a saucepan on the stove to cook for ten minutes. Add the pared and cored apples and cook until they begin to grow tender. Drain and place in a pudding-dish, sprinkling over them one-fourth cupful of sugar. Beat eggs, sugar, salt and nutmeg; pour over the apples, and bake.

Apple Pudding.

Place some apple sauce, which has been sweetened and flavored, in the bottom of a pudding-dish. Make it two inches thick. Make corn-starch blanc-mange, or pudding, and pour over the apple sauce, using the whites for frosting.

Batter Apple Pudding.

One cupful of sour cream, one egg, two-thirds cupful of sugar, half-teaspoonful soda, and of salt. Flour enough for a batter to drop from the spoon. Butter the pudding-dish, fill with pared and quartered apples, pour batter over and bake.

Fruit Batter Pudding.

One pint of milk, one pint of flour, one tablespoonful of butter, half a teaspoonful of salt, one pint of pared and quartered apples. Beat the eggs, add the milk, and the rest of the ingredients and

beat to a smooth batter, add the apples and bake half an hour in a buttered pudding-dish.

Apple Snowballs.

One cupful of boiled rice. Wring small cloths out of hot water, lay over a bowl, spread the rice on thinly, put a pared and cored apple in the center, tie the cloth together and steam.

Apples with Rice.

In a well-buttered pudding-dish put a layer of boiled rice. Add a layer of thinly sliced apples, then another layer of rice, alternating until the dish is full. Add a little water and bake. Eat with cream and sugar.

Apple Rice Pudding.

One cupful of boiled rice, six chopped apples, one pint of milk, one cupful of sugar, beaten yolks of four eggs, juice and rind of one lemon. Bake 30 minutes, spread on the beaten whites with two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and brown.

Baked Apple Charlotte.

Place a layer of buttered bread (crust cut off) at the bottom of a buttered mould. Lay sliced apples over this, sprinkling with sugar and cinnamon; then add another layer of the bread, and so on until the mould is full. Cover and bake slowly.

Swiss Pudding.

Cover the bottom of a pudding-dish with grated bread crumbs, then sliced apples, alternating until the dish is full. Make a custard of four eggs, a quart of milk, one-half cupful of sugar, salt and spice, and bake.

Apples au Beurre.

Cut slices of stale bread one-quarter of an inch thick. With a paste-cutter cut into rounds, spread butter on them and place in a buttered pudding-dish. Peel and core apples and place one on each round. Fill holes in the top with butter and sugar. When half-done add more sugar and spice. Cook slowly; eat warm.

Paradise Pudding.

Six chopped sour apples. Beat six eggs, add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cupfuls of bread crumbs, the grated peel of half a lemon, half a teaspoonful of salt, nutmeg, and sugar to taste. Boil three hours.

Apple Tapioca Pudding.

Soak one large cupful of tapioca over night. In the morning cook half an hour in the double boiler. Add one cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, three pints of pared and quartered apples. Turn into a buttered pudding-dish and bake an hour or more. The tapioca should be soaked in three pints of cold water, after being washed.

Sweet Apple Indian Pudding.

Scald two quarts of milk and pour gradually on to it one cupful of Indian meal; put this in the double boiler and cook half an hour, stirring often. Add one cupful of molasses, two teaspoonfuls of salt, three tablespoonfuls of butter, one quart of pared and quartered sweet apples, and a little ginger. Butter a deep pudding-dish, turn in the mixture and bake in a slow oven three hours, or longer.

Dried Apple Pudding.

Wash a pound of dried apple, soak over night, cook slowly until soft, add half a cupful of sugar, a little extract of lemon. To a pint and a half of bread crumbs add the beaten yolks of two eggs, put a layer in the pudding-dish, then a layer of apple, until the dish is full. Bake, and frost with the whites of the eggs.

Suet Apple-dumpling.

To a pound of finely chopped suet add a little salt, and flour enough to make a dough when wet with cold water. Pare and core sour apples. Cover each one with dough, tie up in a wet cloth, drop into boiling water, and boil one hour.

Old Style "Pan Dowdy."

Cover the bottom of a pudding-dish with pared, sliced apples an inch thick, sprinkle cracker crumbs half an inch; continue until the dish is full, sprinkling sugar over each layer. Bake one hour, the first half covered with a plate. Eat with cream.

Slippittie (A German dish 100 years old).

Two quarts of pared, quartered, and cored sweet apples; boil until tender. Thicken the juice with a tablespoonful of flour smoothly mixed with cold water. Keep hot. Have ready a kettle with three quarts of boiling water, into which stir wheat flour until thick as corn-meal mush. Boil three minutes. Brown a handful

of fine bread crumbs in butter in a spider. With a large spoon drop one spoonful at a time in the browned crumbs, turning it over, and place on a hot platter, dipping the spoon each time in water, so it will slip off easily. Dish the apples in a separate dish and send both to the table hot, to be eaten together.

Apple Slump.

Pare, core and quarter a dozen tart apples. Place in a porcelain kettle with one cupful of water and two cupfuls of molasses. Crust.—One pint of flour, one teaspoonful of cream-tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt. Add sweet milk to make a dough. Roll out, cover apple; steam half an hour without lifting cover.

Apple Custard, No. 1.

Three cupfuls of stewed and strained apple, two cupfuls of sugar. When cold, beat five eggs light, stir alternately into a quart of milk with the apples, pour into a pudding-dish and bake. To be eaten cold.

Apple Custard, No. 2.

To a quart of rich boiled custard add a pint of grated apple. Place in a fancy dish and cover the top with whipped cream, over which grate nutmeg.

Apple Custard, No. 3.

Two pounds of stewed, strained, and sweetened apple. Add one tablespoonful of butter, when cold, whites of three eggs. Bake until slightly brown, then strew powdered sugar over.

Apple Dessert.

To one quart of cooked, strained apple, add one pint and a half of boiling water, two cupfuls of sugar, and two ounces of gelatine soaked in one pint of cold water. Strain into moulds, and serve with cream.

A Dainty Dessert.

Beat the white of an egg and a cupful of fine white sugar together until stiff, then add the pulp of four baked apples mashed fine, beating all together. Soak one-fourth box of gelatine in a little cold water, add a half-pint of boiling water, stirring until dissolved. Add to the rest; flavor with pine-apple.

Apple Toast.

Toast slices of stale bread, and butter. Stew apples at the same time, sweeten and spread on the toast while both are hot. Serve at once.

Apple Bread.

One-half pint sweet apple sauce; add one-half pint milk, $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, a little salt; mix quickly and bake 40 minutes.

Dried Apple Cake.

Two teacupfuls of dried apples, soaked over night, chopped fine, cooked soft in two teacupfuls of molasses; when cold, add to cake. Cake.—One cupful of sugar, half a cupful of butter, four cupfuls of flour, two eggs, one cupful of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, cinnamon and cloves.

Apple Short-cake.

Make a short dough as for biscuit, roll out thin and bake. While warm, spread over good apple sauce. Beat the whites of three eggs until stiff, sweeten, spread smoothly over the top and brown in the oven.

Dutch Apple Cake.

One pint of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, half a teaspoonful of salt, large tablespoonful of butter rubbed in flour, one egg, three-fourths cupful of milk. Beat well and place in a shallow pan. Pare six apples, cut into eighths, lay in rows on the cake, points down. Sprinkle three tablespoonfuls of sugar over the cake, and bake.

Apple Cream Cake.

One egg and the yolk of another, one cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one-half cupful of milk, one teaspoonful of cream-tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, two cupfuls of flour. Bake in three tins. Filling.—One grated sour apple, white of one egg, one cupful of fine sugar. Beat together, spread between and on top of the cake.

Apple Layer Cake.

Four eggs, one cupful fine sugar, four tablespoonfuls of milk, one and a half cupfuls of sifted flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, one tablespoonful of melted butter, added last. Bake in

layers. Filling.—Two sour apples, grated rind and juice of a large lemon, cupful of sugar, one whole egg.

Friar's Omelet.

Six apples stewed and sifted; while hot add one cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of butter, cool and add three beaten eggs and the juice of a lemon; brown one cupful of stale bread crumbs in one tablespoonful of butter; butter a mould, sprinkle crumbs on the bottom and sides, fill with the prepared apple, cover with crumbs, bake half an hour; cool, turn on a platter, serve with sugar and cream.

Apple Omelet.

Five eggs beaten separately, two tablespoonfuls of milk, two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Fry in omelet-pan. As soon as it sets spread with apple sauce, and turn over in half.

Apple Meringue.

Make a syrup of a teacupful of sugar and a pint of water; when boiling add six apples, pared, cored, quartered, part at a time, cooking until clear. Put into a dish, pour syrup over, beat whites of three eggs stiff, add 12 tablespoonfuls of sugar, the juice of half a lemon, pile over the apple, and set in a cool oven to dry.

Charlotte de Pomme.

Grate 10 sour apples, mix with two cupfuls of sugar. Line a dish with slices of sponge cake, turn in the apples, make a hole in the middle and fill with currant jelly. Put into a mould and set on ice. Turn out in a dish and cover the top with slices of sponge cake.

Floating Island of Apples.

Bake nine apples; when cold, sift. Beat in enough sugar to sweeten. Add the whites of five eggs, flavor with rose-water, mix until light, and heap on cold boiled custard made from the five yolks of the eggs, a cupful of sugar, a pinch of salt, and one quart of milk.

Apple Fritters.

Two beaten eggs, one cupful of sweet milk, three cupfuls of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, one teaspoonful of salt; mix and add two cupfuls of chopped apples. Fry in spoonfuls in hot lard.

German Compote of Apples (From Mrs. Bayard Taylor).

Peel and core apples, leaving them whole. Fill up the cavities with currant jelly, placing them in a pudding-dish, adding as much water as the dish will hold without touching the filling of the apples. Add half a pound of sugar and the thin peel of half a lemon. Cover tight, and cook slowly until done. Remove the apples to a glass dish, boil down the syrup to a jelly and pour it over.

Apple Ginger.

Make a syrup of two pounds of sugar, one pint and a half of water, boil up, add one ounce tincture of ginger. Add two pounds of apples, pared, cored, and quartered. Cook until clear, skim out, boil down the syrup and pour it over.

Apple Porcupine.

Pare and core a dozen apples, filling the cavities with sugar and spice. Cover and bake. Arrange them in a dish for serving. Put quince jelly among them. Cover with a meringue made of the whites of four eggs and half a cupful of sugar. Stick blanched almonds in the meringue.

Apple Jelly for Cake.

Peel and grate two large sour apples; add the grated rind and juice of a lemon, a small piece of butter, one cupful of sugar, the white of one egg; cook until clear, when cold spread between cake.

Apple Water Ice.

One quart stewed apple, add juice of two lemons. Press through a sieve, add one quart of clarified sugar, and freeze.

Mould of Apple Jelly.

A pound of apples, pared, and cut up, put into the porcelain kettle with three ounces of sugar, half a pint of water, juice and rind of a lemon. When soft, strain and stir in one ounce of gelatine that has been dissolved in one gill of water. Fill a mould; when cold turn out and serve with half a pint of whipped cream piled in the center.

A Dish of Snow.

One pint of stewed, strained, sweetened apple flavored with rose-water. Add the whites of two well-beaten eggs. Eat cold with cream.

Apple Dessert.

Pare and remove the cores from tart apples, put them in a steamer and cook until soft. Remove, without breaking, to a pud-

ding-dish, cover them with fine sugar and let them get cold; then fill the core cavities with currant or quince jelly. Beat the whites of eggs—allowing one white for two apples—with powdered sugar, flavor with lemon; cover the apples with the meringue, dust again with fine sugar, and brown in a slow oven. Serve with a custard made of the yolks of the eggs.

Apple Water.

Roast half a dozen apples; when cooked pour over a pint of boiling water. Mash and strain. Add sugar, or honey.

Fried Apples, No. 1.

Eight apples, wiped, and cut in slices across without paring. Put a piece of butter half the size of an egg, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a pinch of salt, half a gill of water in the frying-pan with the apples. Cook until soft.

Fried Apples, No. 2.

The same as No. 1, adding pepper. Cover tightly, as soon as cooking stir up, leave off cover, stir until all the water dries out, then serve.

Grandmother's Way.

After the salt pork was fried for dinner, it was taken out with nearly all the fat, the sliced apples were fried without losing their form; when brown on one side, turned over and browned, then used to garnish the platter of fried pork.

Iced Apples.

Pare and core apples, fill cavities with butter, sugar, and nutmeg, bake until nearly done. When cold, frost with white of egg and sugar, brown slightly in the oven. Serve with cream.

Baked Apples, No. 1.

Pare and core apples, fill the cavities with brown sugar, put into a pudding-dish, add a cupful of hot water. Cover and bake. When done, remove to a dish, leaving one in the pan. Remove the skin, mash into a pulp, add a little salt and cinnamon; stir all together and pour hot over the apples. When cold it will jelly.

Baked Apples, No. 2.

Wipe and core a dozen apples, put into a pudding-dish, fill the cavities with sugar; take a tablespoonful of butter, the same of flour, rub smooth, add boiling water enough to cover the apples. Grate nutmeg over and bake slowly.

Baked Apples with Whipped Cream.

Pare and take out cores from a dozen apples, and put them in a pudding-dish, fill centers with sugar, stick a clove in each, and sprinkle a tablespoonful of sugar over each apple. Cover the dish until half done, remove the cover, and continue cooking until perfectly tender. Arrange on a glass dish and serve with whipped cream.

Sweet Apples and Cream.

Bake sweet apples in a pudding-dish, covered. When done remove the skin, place in a glass dish, and serve with cream sweetened and flavored with vanilla.

Scotch Baked Apples.

Peel and core, fill the core with butter, sugar and candied lemon peel. Mix sugar and water and brush over the apples; sprinkle with bread crumbs browned in hot butter. When done turn into a dish and pour cold custard around them.

Apples Baked with Nuts.

Pare and core sour apples. Fill the centers with chopped hickory-nuts and sugar. Bake slowly, covered until nearly done.

Dried Apples and Raisins.

Wash one-half pound of apples, one pound of raisins washed and stemmed, put in soak over night. Stew in the same water until cooked tender. Add sugar to taste.

Apple Sweetmeats.

Make a syrup of two pounds of sugar and two quarts of water. Pare, core and quarter acid apples, weigh them, and allow a pound of fruit to a half-pound of syrup. Drop the apples into the hot syrup, cooking a few at a time, skim out and put into jars kept in a pan of hot water on the range. When all are cooked fill up the jars with syrup and seal.

Apple Marmalade.

Pare, core and cook the apple until soft. Add a teacupful of sugar to one of apple, and cook until clear, stirring often.

Apple Jelly.

Wipe and cut into quarters, removing stems and blossom end. Allow a quart of water to a peck of apples. Cook slowly, covering

closely. When soft, turn into a jelly-bag and drain without pressure. Allow a pint of sugar to a pint of juice. Heat the sugar in the oven while the juice is boiling 20 minutes. Then add to the juice, stirring well. Cook five minutes and pour into glasses boiling hot, setting them on a wet towel to prevent breaking.

Crab-apple Preserve.

Pour boiling water over the apples to remove the skin; put them in water enough to cover, simmer slowly until soft; take out and drain. Make a syrup, pound for pound. Cook until clear.

Dried Apple Jelly.

Two quarts of dried apples, washed and soaked over night. Cook slowly; when soft pour off the juicy part, add an equal amount of warm sugar and boil until it jellies.

Apples In Jelly.

Pare and core apples, leaving them whole, cook in water until soft. Remove the apples and add to the water one-half pound sugar to every pound of apples, a lemon cut in slices. When boiled clear, put in the apples and cook until clear, put into a deep glass dish, boil the syrup down, pour over the apples and let them get cold.

Bolled Cider Apple Sauce.

The cider must be boiled while sweet, reduced to one-half. Skim until clear. Put into stone jars or jugs and let it settle before using. Pare, core and quarter sweet apples. Put into porcelain kettle with enough cider to cover. Cook very slowly until done. Stir them with a wooden spoon, so as to have them cook evenly.

Sweet Apple Pickle.

Pare and quarter the apples. Make a syrup of a pound of sugar to a quart of vinegar, add cloves if liked. Cook the apples a few moments; put into glass jars and cover close.

Sour Apple Pickle.

Four pounds of sugar, two quarts of vinegar, ground cloves and cinnamon in a bag and boiled in the syrup. Pare and core apples enough to fill the syrup; cook until clear. Put into jars and pour the syrup over. Next day heat the syrup again and pour over.

Does the reader remember, when a child, of going through the orchard some cold day in winter and seeing an apple hanging on a high branch of a tree, red and frozen? After much coaxing with stones and sticks it falls to the ground, and you eagerly set teeth into its frozen surface. How much better the flavor to the childish palate than the apples that are lying cozily nestled in the barrel down cellar.

Now in the case of frozen apples, don't think they are spoiled. Thaw them out in the dark. When thawed, wipe, cut out the stem and blossom end, cut up and cook in a little water. Let the juice drip through the jelly-bag, but do not squeeze it. Take as much sugar as juice, heat in the oven, add to the juice after boiling it 20 minutes; boil together five minutes, dip out hot into tumblers, and see if it does not taste like the frozen apple that cold day in winter.

—M. J. Plumstead.



SMALL TRADERS.



AMONG the few proverbs in the English language against which no other proverb can be quoted that either contradicts or neutralises it, is the following—"One half of the world does not know how the other half lives," and this can nowhere be better proved than in our overgrown metropolis. To pass through any of our West End fashionable streets, in which the inhabitants almost seem to be suffering under a plethora of wealth, and to whom want, unless by name, is unknown, can give but a very imperfect idea of the misery which exists in the densely crowded back slums of Bethnal Green, Shoreditch, and Ratcliff Highway, or the thousands of individuals whose first thought, when they wake in the morning, is in what manner they can obtain the food on which to support themselves through the day.

The flourishing barrister, when he drives in his carriage to the Court of Law to plead the cause for which he has received a heavy fee, little dreams of the pecuniary anxieties of many an attorney's clerk, and the difficulty he finds to make both ends meet; and the fashionable physician, to whom minutes are as guineas, seldom dreams of the hard struggle many a general practitioner in a poor neighbourhood, with skill scarcely less than his own, has to keep up even a respectable appearance.

Again, the members of the female aristocracy when giving their orders to a court milliner, and imperatively insisting on the sumptuous dress, in which they are to appear at the next drawing-room, being sent home without fail by a certain hour on the day previous to the event, seldom if ever cast a thought on the poor workwoman whom she obliges to work half through the night, or to be dismissed from her employment, and thereby be thrown out of bread, should she refuse or remonstrate against the injustice practised on her.

Perhaps the strongest contrasts between rich and poor may be found in the mercantile world. A stranger walking through Cannon Street, Lombard Street, Threadneedle Street, and in fact the whole of the City, for the poor and the working classes are now almost completely driven from it, might imagine, while viewing the palatial edifices in which our merchants and bankers carry on their affairs, that all engaged in commerce are to a greater or less degree accumulating wealth with most enviable facility. But even here the traces of a hard struggle for dear life may be observed by marking the exertions of the costermongers with their barrows laden with fruit, and the anxieties and difficulties attending their transactions.

But it should also be remembered that the street

fruit-seller is not the only open-air dealer in the City; there are others, whose lot is far more to be sympathised with; a class indeed as far inferior to his as a pawnbroker in a low neighbourhood would be to a Rothschild or a Baring. Let us take for example the seedy-looking, broken-down individual, in threadbare garments and napless hat, once black, now brown from exposure to the atmosphere, who has invested a capital of perhaps a couple of shillings in a number of "very pretty gold watches, with chains and keys complete," which he offers to the public "at the small charge of one penny each." If you have leisure and patience, watch him for some time, and find how often he repeats his monotonous offer before he finds one purchaser. What his trade returns are it would be difficult to say, for he is not communicative on the subject of his private affairs; but let us assume that he has been standing in the road beside the pathway at the broad end of Cheapside, from nine in the morning till six in the evening, and in the whole nine hours has succeeded in obtaining a customer every ten minutes. His gross returns for the day can, at that rate, only amount to four shillings and sixpence, out of which he has to deduct the first cost of his watches, which will leave him but a sorry balance to the good when he mentally makes up his accounts in the evening. It would be interesting to trace how many persons' hands one of these penny watches has passed through before it reached the purchaser, and what was the proportionate profit or wage of each. Might not a proposition of the kind be introduced as a question in the decimal section of some work on arithmetic? It would tend to prove the amount of skilled labour frequently employed in the manufacture of a child's penny toy.

The dealer in penny watches, in common with the open-air fruit-seller, is much interested in the state of the weather. A wet or even a damp day to him would seriously diminish the lustre of his wares, and thereby greatly deteriorate their sale, for their gold-plating is too thin to stand much rubbing.

Other dealers in metal street-wares also suffer much from atmospheric moisture. There is a dealer in dolls' copper saucepans and kettles, holding perhaps two table-spoonfuls each, who generally takes up his stand near the Mercers' Hall, and appears to melt away, taking his wares with him, at the approach of rain, but who regularly appears again at the first glimpse of sunshine. Other street-trades suffer perhaps more from the effects of the weather than any of those which have been brought under the reader's notice. Dealers in "twenty-four views of the principal edifices in London, comprising the Mansion House, Bank, and Royal Exchange, printed on thick folding paper in the best manner, being the cheapest article of the kind ever offered to the public for the small charge of one penny," suffer severely, as well as their wares, from the rain. A speck of mud or the drippings from a passing umbrella will frequently destroy the beauty

and the sale of a whole series of these views ; in fact, many a dealer has become bankrupt or insolvent from the effects of a sudden violent shower of rain.

Before quitting the subject of the sale of fruit in the streets, a singular change, and one worth noticing, has of late years taken place among the dealers. If the reader be middle-aged, he may remember that some twenty-five or thirty years since the open-air sale of oranges was almost, if not entirely, in the hands of the Jews. In fact, it was a practice among the wealthier of that creed, when they found a destitute but worthy co-religionist, to start him in life again with a basket of oranges, and in the present day many a respectable Jewish tradesman may trace his first fortunate step in life to that circumstance. Now a Jew street orange-dealer is rarely if ever to be met with. On questioning a Jewish lady on the subject, she told me that it arose from the Irish having taken up the trade, and strange as it may appear, so great was their energy and perseverance that in the end they contrived to get the whole trade into their hands. She also brought another curious fact connected with the Irish under my notice.

Formerly the street-trade in old clothes was confined almost entirely to the Jews, in fact it was almost looked upon as a Hebrew institution among us. But now they are comparatively hardly ever to be seen, and from the same cause which deprived them of the orange trade—the influx of the Irish—the Jew in this case, as in the former, being driven from the field by the superior tact and energy of the Emerald Islander.

I asked my lady friend what street-trades were now left for the Jews. She told me there were comparatively but few, even the sponge and slate-pencil trades had been lost to them, but in whose hands they now were she could not say. Possibly the whelk and shrimp trades were the most prominent, but she added that there were but few English-born Jews to be found amongst them, and that they were almost all immigrants from the Polish synagogues, who were in the habit of sending their poor to England so as to relieve themselves from the onus of supporting them. On my asking for an explanation of the cause of the whelk trade being almost exclusively in the hands of the Polish Jews, she informed me that both whelks and shrimps were considered as *trifer* (unclean), and therefore the English Jews as a rule abstained from the trade ; “but,” she added, “although the Polish Jews sell them, they never eat them.”

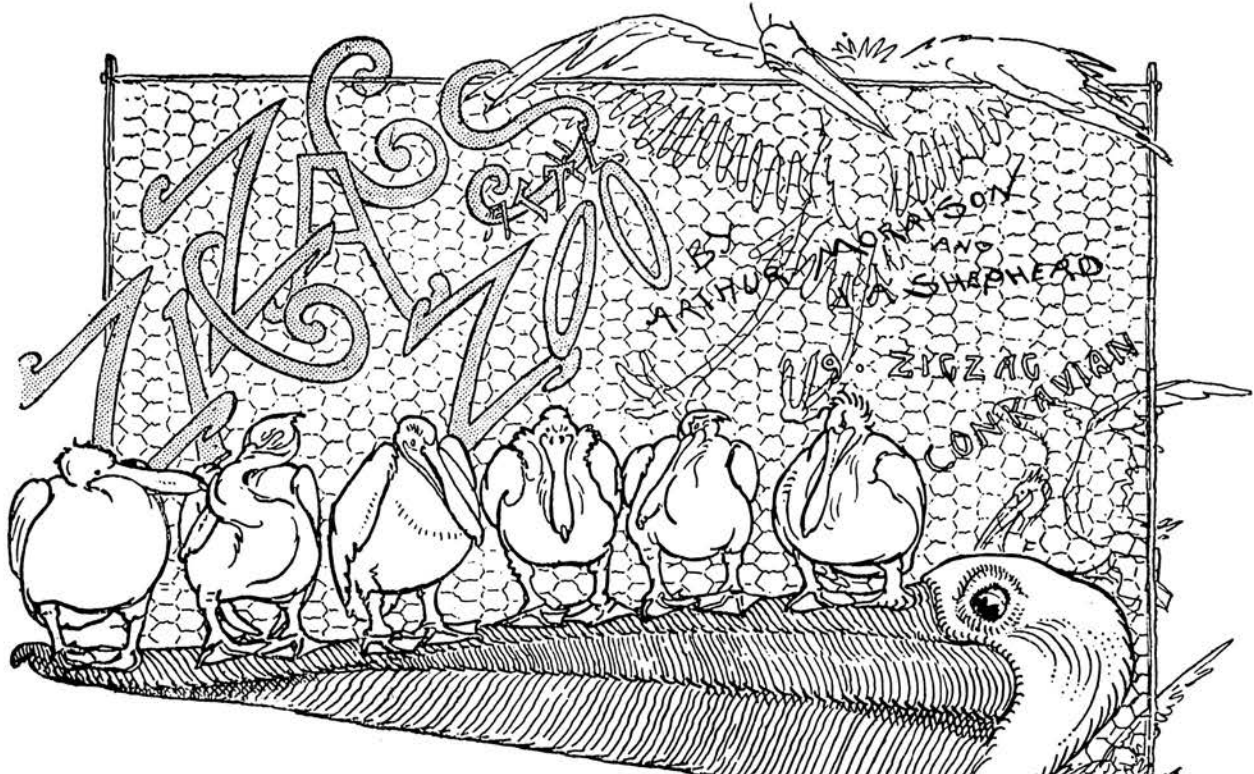
Strange as it may appear, the trade in whelks is something enormous, so much so indeed as to raise our wonder from what localities so vast a supply can be obtained, and if the consumption continues at its present ratio, in the eastern districts alone, whether the source of the supply may not soon become exhausted. Nor is this a causeless alarm. Some ten years ago oyster-stalls, in our populous thoroughfares, were as common as those of the whelks in the present day. Now an oyster-stall is comparatively rarely to be seen, and on those few which still sell them an English oyster is seldom to be found. Certainly, for

one stall even of the large-shelled foreign oysters there are at least ten of whelks, and from their rapid sale they are evidently much appreciated by the public.

Would but my space admit, I could bring forward many curious details respecting the street fish-trade in London, especially that branch employed in curing and selling dried haddocks, which is chiefly carried on in the Kent Street district in the Borough. There also many other small and ill-paid trades may be found, which would tend to prove how desperate is the struggle for life among a large portion of our “really” industrious poorer fellow-citizens. In the Kent Street district principally reside the makers of paper ornaments for fire-stoves. This again is an occupation greatly under the influence of the weather. Imagine the expenditure first incurred in purchasing the particular quality of paper, and the skill in selecting the appropriate shades of colour, the amount of labour, if not taste, required in the manufacture of half-a-dozen of these ornaments, and the anxious glances at the sky to ascertain the state of the weather, previous to the dealer starting on his or her round on the morning of the sale. Imagine also the effect of a sudden shower of rain on their delicate wares, as well as the deterioration from the dust and other casualties, and how worthless is then the “ornament” on which so much skill and anxiety have been expended.

And then again let us take into consideration the lot of other dealers, even in wares which suffer no deterioration from the weather, and which are in constant demand, say for example the dealer in skewers for butchers and the vendors of dogs’ meat. In London this trade is entirely in the hands of women, and, to use their own expressive phraseology, “a hard bit of bread it is.” The skewer-maker’s room, from the number of chips of wood spread over it, resembles a small carpenter’s workshop more than anything else, only the bed in it destroys the illusion. Her profits are of the smallest, as may be judged from the fact that after the purchase of wood, and the time, skill, and labour bestowed on the skewers, she receives for them only eightpence per thousand, and even to obtain that she is obliged to call at the houses of many customers, frequently extending over a very considerable area. She would willingly raise the price of her wares, but the experiment would be a dangerous one. Poor as her trade is, and small as are the profits, there is considerable competition in it, especially from the gipsies, who having easier means of obtaining their raw material—wood—frequently free of cost altogether, whether honestly or dishonestly it would perhaps be better not to inquire too closely, would in all probability undersell her.

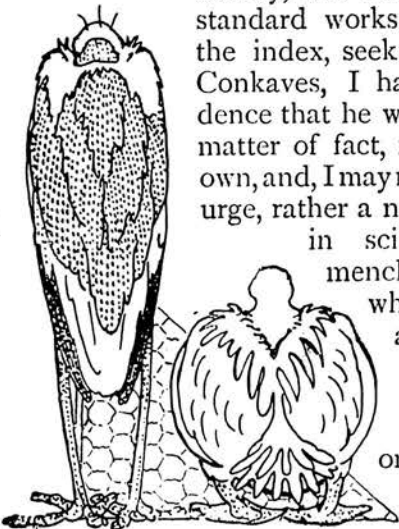
A hundred other small trades might be mentioned from which the means of supporting life are as difficult to obtain as those I have named, but I submit that those are sufficient to prove to the thriving man of business at what a heavy cost of time, anxiety, and labour, a large proportion of those engaged in the humbler ranks of commerce procure from their profits the bare means of existence. WM. GILBERT.



IF the gentle reader, full of a general desire for knowledge and a particular enthusiasm for natural history, will refer to any one of the great standard works on birds, and, turning to the index, seek for the family title of the Conkaves, I have every hope and confidence that he will not find it ; because, as a matter of fact, it is a little invention of my own, and, I may modestly urge, rather a neat thing

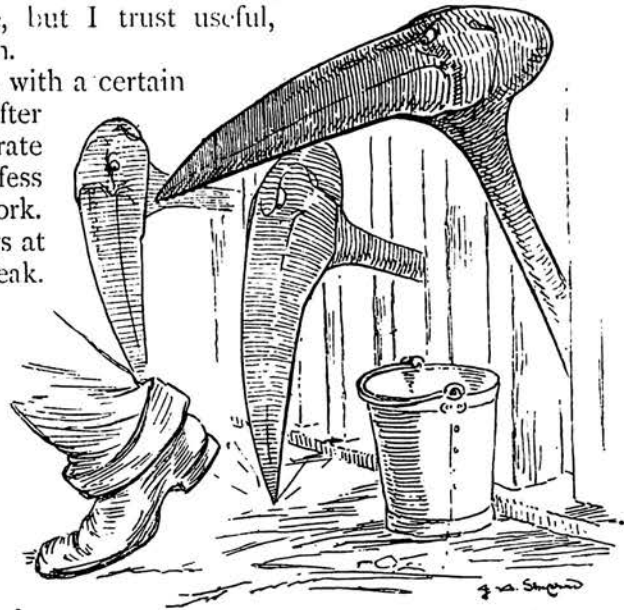
in scientific nomenclature, on the whole. It has the advantage of including in one family the storks and the pelicans, which in all orthodox books on birds are planted far apart and out of sight of

each other, with many orders, tribes, and families between. Under my title they are gathered amicably together in the common possession of very long bills, like two tailors on a man's doorstep. The word is derived, in the proper and regular manner, from ancient sources ; from *conk*, a venerable Eastern word, signifying a nose or beak, and the Latin *avis*, a bird.



And I offer the term freely as my humble, but I trust useful, contribution to science ; my first contribution.

The stork is regarded, in many countries, with a certain semi-superstitious reverence and esteem. After many prolonged and serious attempts to saturate myself with a similar feeling, I regret to confess to a certain smallness of esteem for the stork. You can't esteem a bird that makes ugly digs at your feet and heels with such a very big beak. Out in their summer quarters the storks are kept in by close wire, and close wire will give an air of inoffensiveness to most things. But, away in a by-yard, with a gate marked "private," there stands a shed wherein the storks are kept warm in winter, behind wooden bars ; and between these bars stork-heads have a way of dropping at the



PICKS AND CHEWS.

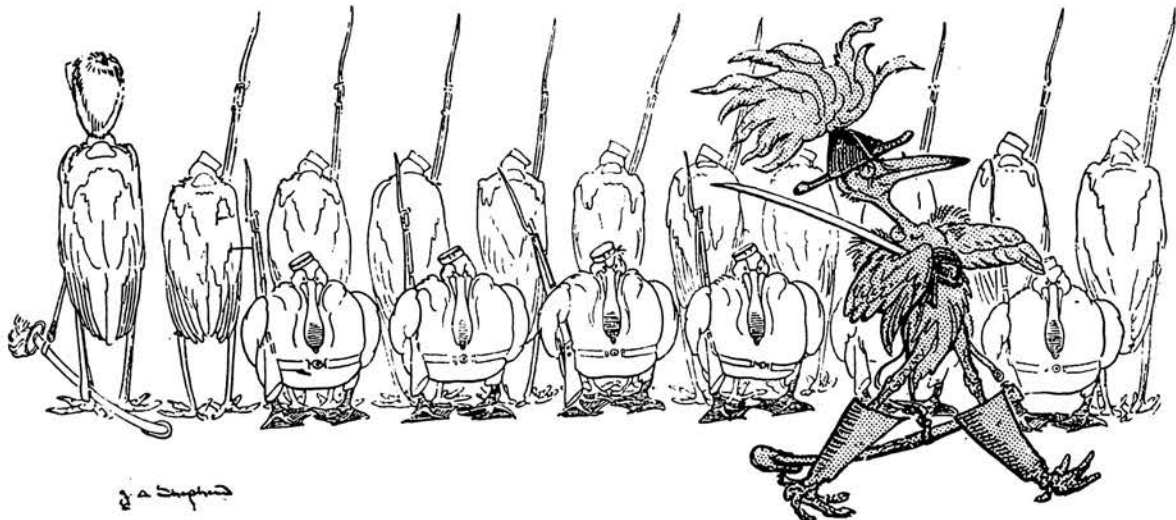


THE PELICAN LEFT.

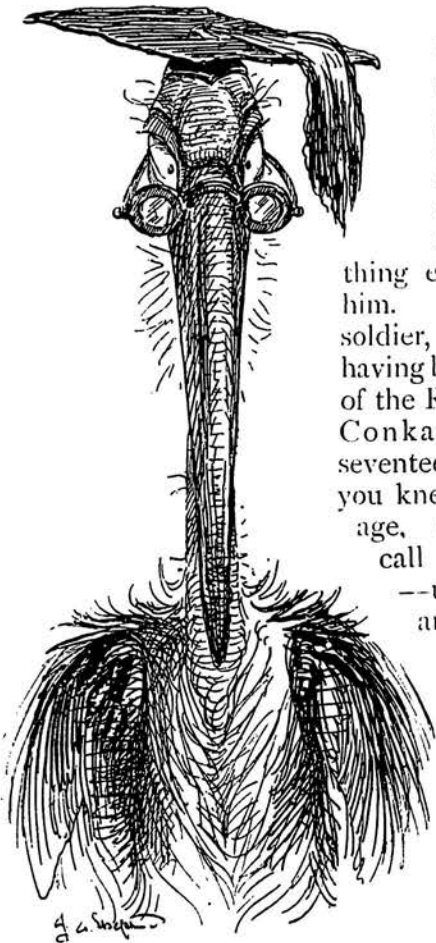
toes of the favoured passer-by, like to the action of a row of roadmen's picks.

The stork has come off well in the matter of bodily endowment. The pelican has a tremendous beak—achieved, it would seem, by a skimping of material in the legs ; but the stork has the tremendous beak and legs of surprising growth as well. His wings, too, are something more than respectable. At flying, at eating, at portentous solemnity of demeanour—in all these and in other things the pelican and the stork score fairly evenly ; but at walking the pelican is left behind at once. This makes one suspect the stork's honesty. The pelican has a good beak and wings, and pays for them, like an honest bird, out of its legs, just as the ostrich pays for its neck and legs out of its wings. But the stork is abnormally lucky in beak, neck, legs, and wings together, and even then has

material left to lay out in superfluous knobs and wens to hang round its neck, which leads to a suspicion that many of its personal fittings belong properly to some other bird. I've a notion that the unlucky kiwi might identify some of the property.



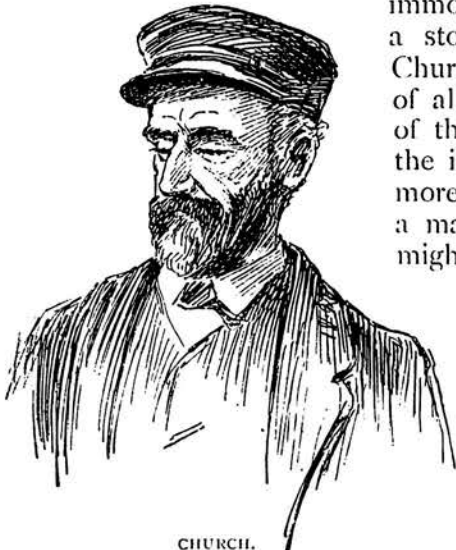
ARMY.



UNIVERSITIES.

marabou, for instance—might fairly claim brevet rank as judge, after the example of the adjutant. The elevation of a beak to the bench might be considered an irregular piece of legal procedure; but, bless you, it's nothing unusual with a stork. Put any bench with something to eat on it anywhere within reach of a stork's beak in this place, and you shall witness that same elevation, precedent or no precedent.

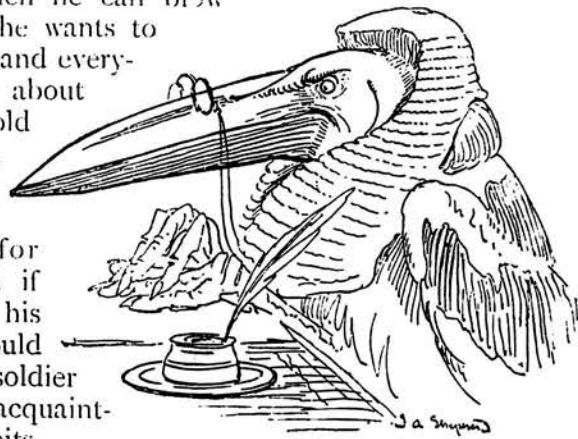
A common white stork hasn't half the solid gravity of an adjutant or a marabou. He has a feline habit of expressing his displeasure by blowing and swearing—a habit bad and immoral in a cat, but worse in a stork accustomed to Church. Church, by-the-by, is the keeper of all the conkavians, as well as of the herons, the flamingoes,



CHURCH.

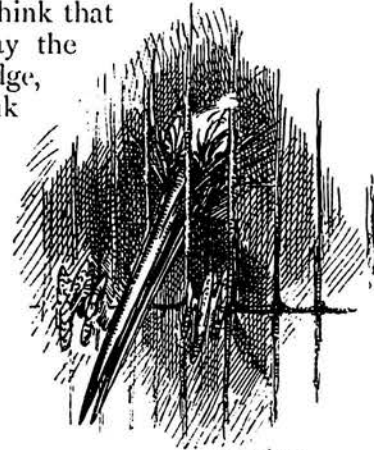
Perhaps the adjutant should be acknowledged king of the conkavians. Billy, the Zoo adjutant, has, I believe, no doubt on the subject at all. Billy is an ornament to the military profession—a very fine fellow, with a thing on the back of his neck like a Tangerine orange, and a wen on the front of it, which he can blow out whenever he wants to amuse himself, and every-

thing else handsome about him. He is an old soldier, too, is Billy, having been Adjutant of the Regent's Park Conkavian Corps for seventeen years; but if you knew nothing of his age, still you would call Billy an old soldier—upon a little acquaintance with his habits.



LAW.

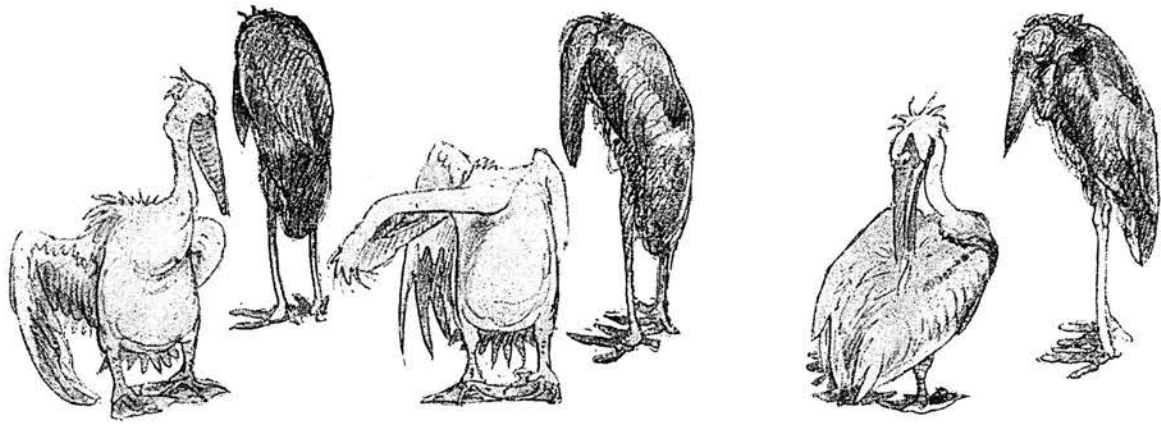
There seems no valid reason why the professional aspirations of the stork should be restricted to the army. If an adjutant, why not a dean? Why not a proctor? There is the making of a most presentable don about a stork; and I have caught a stork in an attitude of judicial meditation that might do honour to any bench. There is no reason why "sober as a judge" should not be made to read "sober as a stork," except that the stork is the more solemn creature of the two; and I think that some species of stork—say the



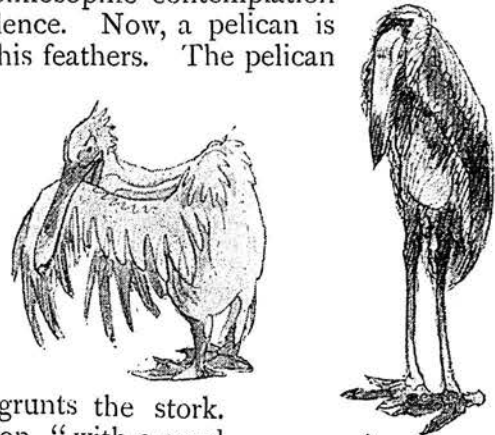
SWEARING.

marabou, for instance—might fairly claim brevet rank as judge, after the example of the adjutant. The elevation of a beak to the bench might be considered an irregular piece of legal procedure; but, bless you, it's nothing unusual with a stork. Put any bench with something to eat on it anywhere within reach of a stork's beak in this place, and you shall witness that same elevation, precedent or no precedent. A common white stork hasn't half the solid gravity of an adjutant or a marabou. He has a feline habit of expressing his displeasure by blowing and swearing—a habit bad and immoral in a cat, but worse in a stork accustomed to Church. Church, by-the-by, is the keeper of all the conkavians, as well as of the herons, the flamingoes, the ibises, the egrets, and a number of other birds with names more difficult to spell. It is impossible to treat disrespectfully a man with such widespread responsibilities as this, or there might be a temptation to mention that he is not an unusually high Church, although his services are not always simple, often involving a matter of doctorin'. But, then, some people will say anything, temptation or none. And after all, it is pleasant to know that, whatever a stork or a pelican wants, he always goes to Church.

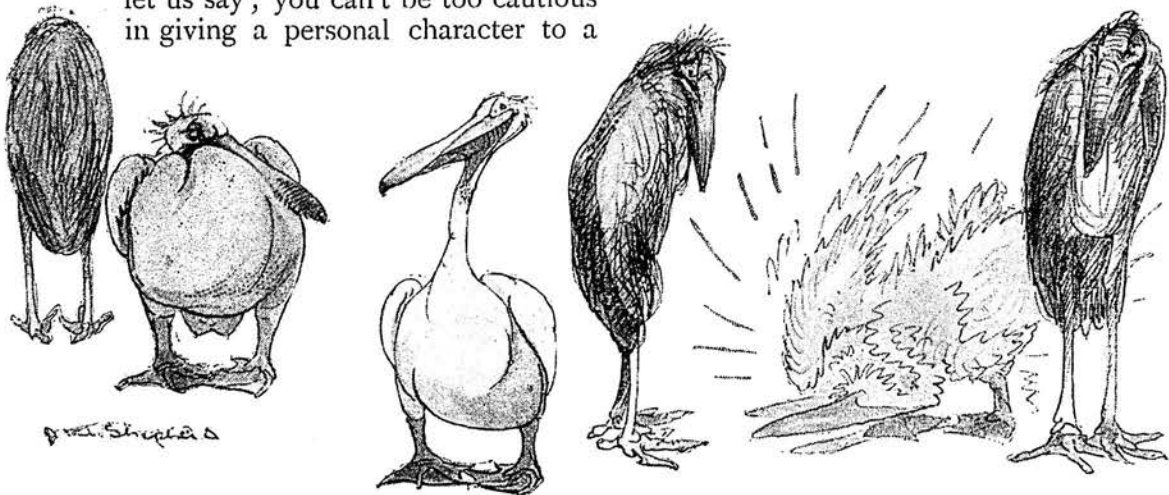
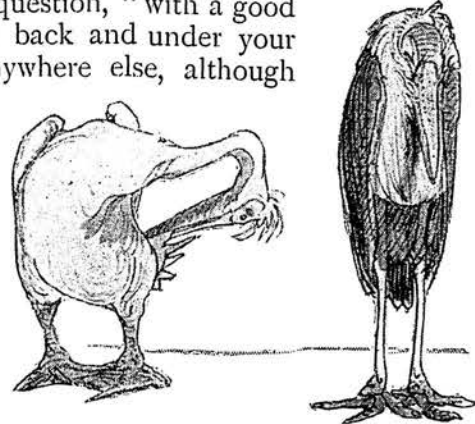
This being the case, there is a proverb about cleanliness that makes one wonder why the marabou stork doesn't wash himself. It isn't as though he never wanted it. I have a horrible suspicion about this

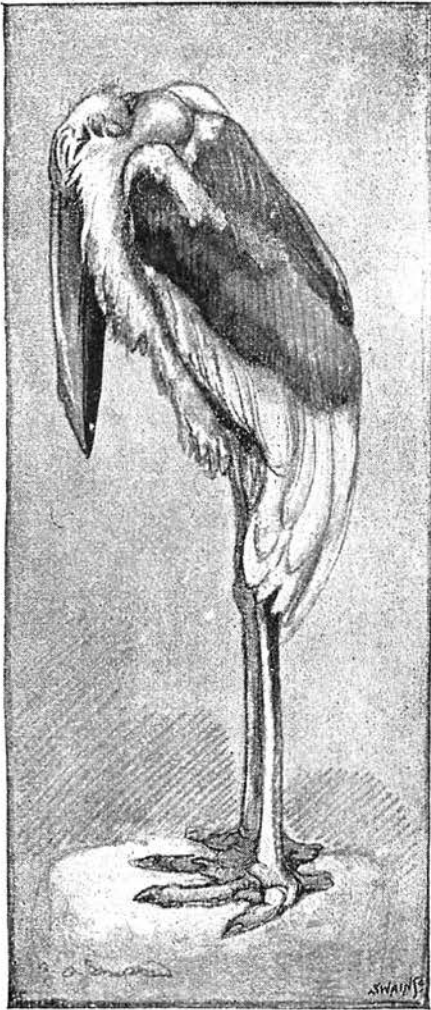


philosophic old sloven. I believe his profession of philosophic contemplation is assumed, because it is the easiest excuse for indolence. Now, a pelican is not a bird of graceful outline, but he *is* careful about his feathers. The pelican is a scrupulous old Dutchman, and the stork is an uncleanly old bird. And uncleanly he must be left, for it takes a deal to shame a stork. You can't shame a bird that wraps itself in a convenient philosophy. "Look here—look at me!" you can imagine a pelican cleanliness-missionary saying to the stork. "See how white and clean I keep all my feathers!" "Um," says the stork, "it only makes 'em a different colour." "But observe! I just comb through my pinions with my beak, so, and they all lie neat and straight!" "Well, and what's the good of that?" grunts the stork. "And then you see," says the pelican, ignoring the question, "with a good long beak you can reach everywhere, over your back and under your wings; see, I'm as clean under my wings as anywhere else, although it's covered up!" "Beastly vanity," growls the old stork, getting bored. "Then," continues the Dutchman, "you give yourself a good shake, and there you are!" "And then," says the philosopher sarcastically, "to-morrow, I suppose, you'll have to do it all over again?" "Of course!" "Oh! I hate a fool!" says the stork, and closes the lecture.



Thus the marabou. The ordinary white stork is comparatively respectable, and so is the adjutant—or comparatively almost respectable, let us say; you can't be too cautious in giving a personal character to a





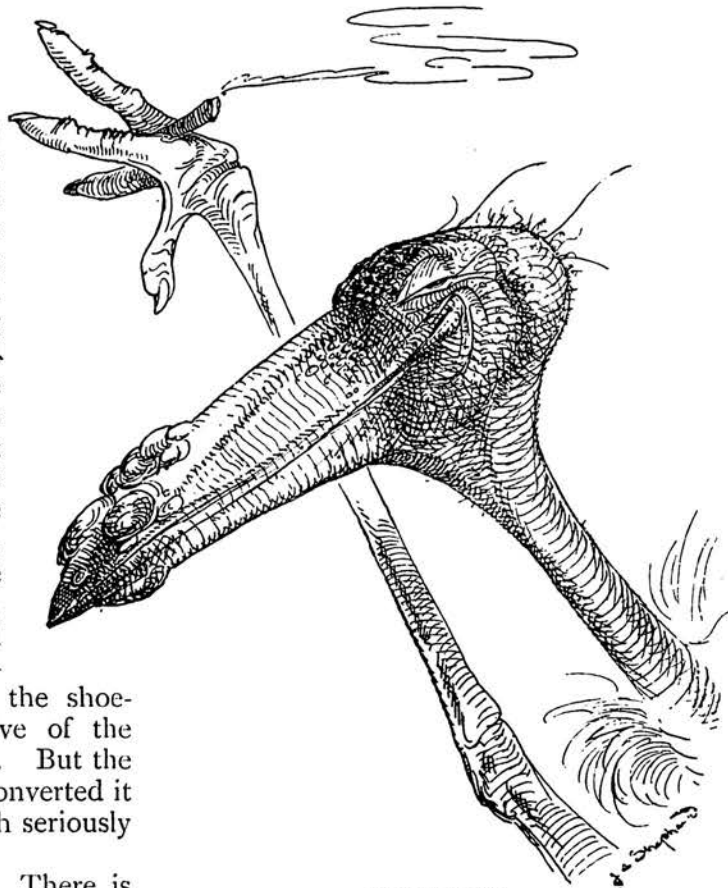
COGITATION.

I should like to see the marabou stork on his nightly ran-tan, if only to gloat over his lapse of dignity, just as one would give much to see Benjamin Franklin with his face blacked, drunk and disorderly and being locked up. But, as a shocking example, the marabou is quite bad enough with his awful head in the morning; his awful head and his disreputable nose, that looks to want a good scraping. I respect Billy, the adjutant, for his long service and the Tangerine at the back of his neck. The ordinary stork (although he swears and snaps) I also respect, because the goody books used to tell pious lies about him. The whale-headed stork, which is also called the shoe-bird, I respect as a sort of relative of the shoo-fly that didn't bother somebody. But the marabou has forfeited all respect—converted it into nose-tint. I must talk to Church seriously about the marabou.

Now, the pelican is no humbug. There is

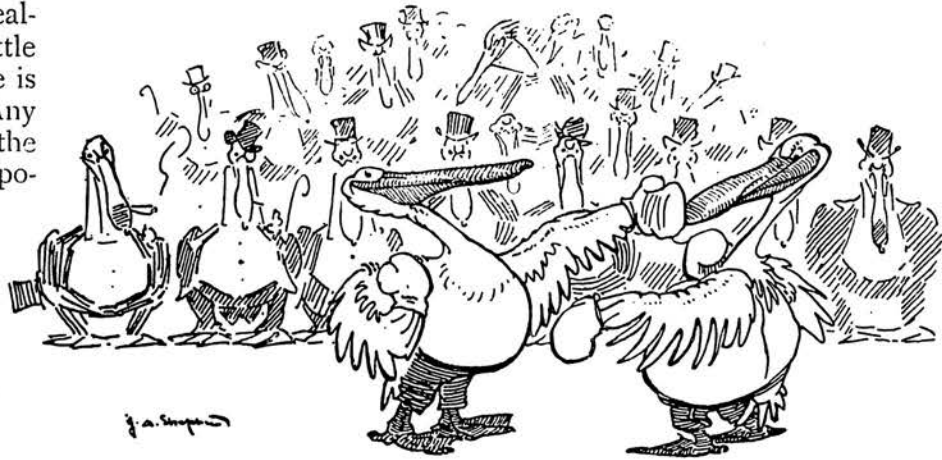
stork. For long, long, the stork has enjoyed a reputation for solemn wisdom, for philosophical dignity. Now for the first time I venture to question this reputation—to impeach the stork as a humbug. It is easy to achieve a reputation for profound and ponderous wisdom, so long as one looks very solemn and says nothing. This is the stork's recipe. Go up to Billy here, or one of the marabous, as he stands with his shoulders humped up about his head, and make a joke. He won't see it. He will lift his eyebrows with a certain look of contempt, and continue to cogitate—about nothing. If the joke is a very bad pun—such a frightful pun that even a stork will see and resent it—perhaps he will chatter his beak savagely, with a noise like the clatter of the lid on an empty cigar-box; but he will continue his sham meditations. "Ah, my friend," he seems to say, "you are empty and frivolous—I cogitate the profounder immensities of esoteric cogibundity." The fact being that he is very seedy after his previous night's dissipation.

That is the chief secret of the stork's solemnity, I am convinced. He has a certain reputation to maintain before visitors, but after hours, when the gates are shut and the keepers are not there to see, the marabou stork is a sad dog. I haven't quite made up my mind what he drinks, but if he has brandies and sodas he leaves out too much soda. Look at that awful nose! It is long past the crimson and pimply stage—it is taking a decided tinge of blue. It *looks* worse than brandy and soda—almost like bad gin—but we will be as charitable as possible, and only call it brandy and soda.



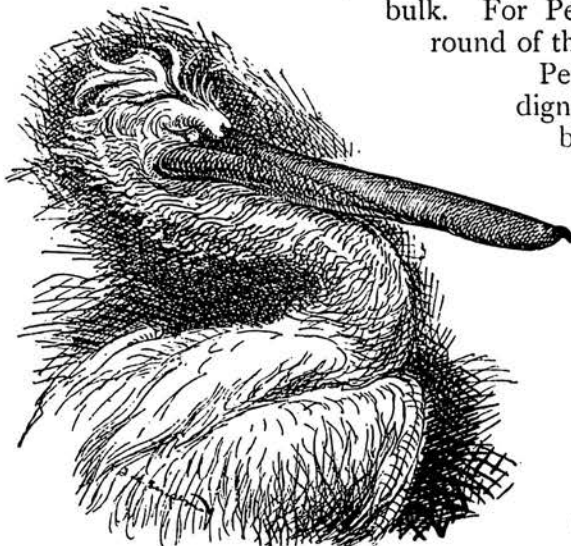
THE RAN-TAN.

nothing like concealment about his little dissipations; and he is perfectly sober. Any little irregularity at the pelican club just opposite the eastern aviary never goes beyond a quiet round or two for a little fish dinner. It is quite a select and a most proper club. Indeed, the first rule is, that if any loose fish be



A QUIET ROUND OR TWO.

found on the club premises, he is got rid of at once by the first member who detects him. And the club spirit is such that disputes frequently occur among members for the honour of carrying out this salutary rule. The chairman of the club is an old crested pelican, who, by some oversight, has never been provided with a private name of his own. I think he should be called Peter, because he can take such a miraculous draught of fishes. It *is* a draught; you know—a pelican doesn't eat fishes—he drinks them down in bulk. For Peter, a dozen or so fresh herrings is a mere swill round of the mouth.



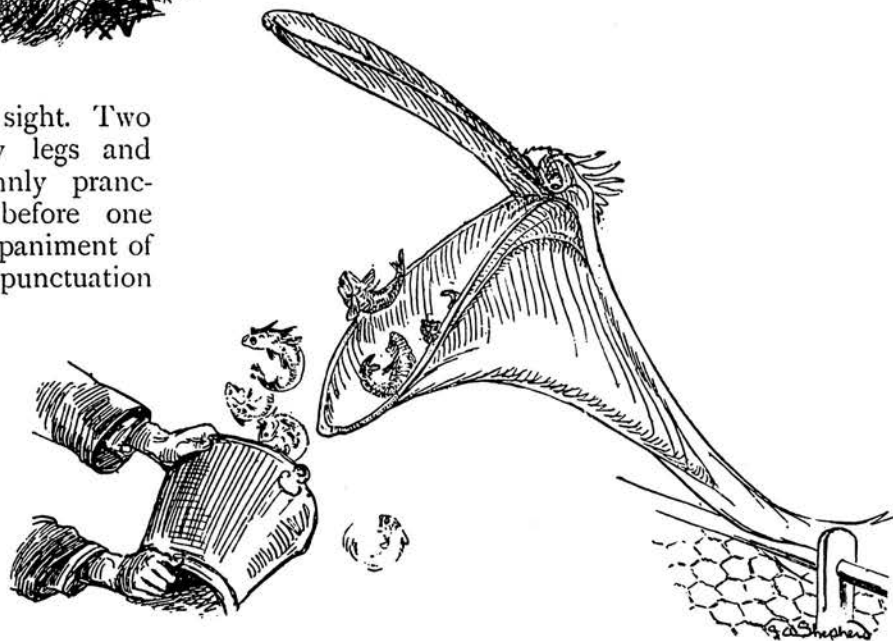
PETER.

Peter walks about the club premises with much dignity, deferred to on all sides by the other members. His kingship is rarely disputed, having been achieved by the sort of conquest most familiar in the pelican club; and his divine right is as much respected as his tremendous left.

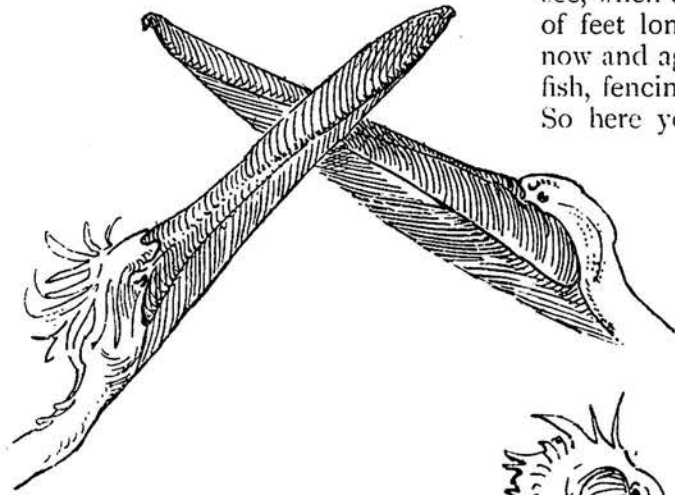
A pelican never bears malice; he hasn't time, especially now, with competition so keen in the fish business, and Church's fish pails only of the ordinary size. There is never any ill-feeling after a little spar, and each proceeds, in the most amicable way, to steal some other pelican's fish. A spar at this club, by-the-by,

is a joyous and hilarious sight. Two big birds with stumpy legs and top-heavy beaks, solemnly prancing and manœuvring before one another with an accompaniment of valiant gobbles and a punctuation of occasional pecks—a gleesome spectacle.

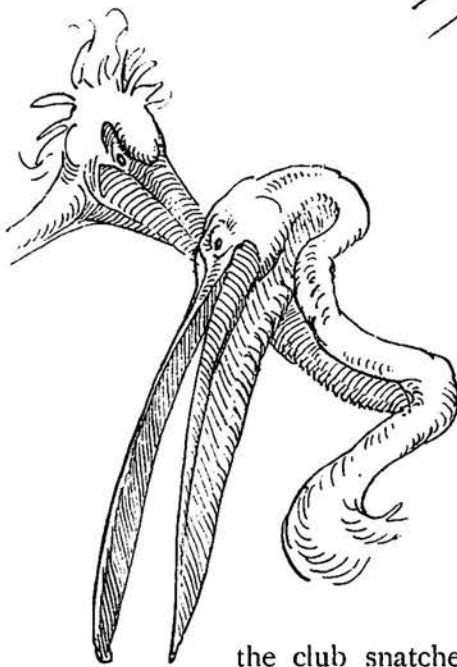
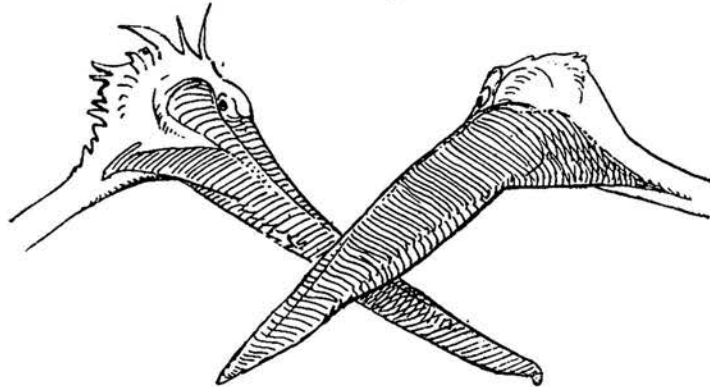
Another sport much exhibited at the pelican club is that of the broadsword. The school of fence is that of Mr. Vincent Crummles — one — two — three — four — over; one—two—three —four—under. You



A SWILL ROUND.



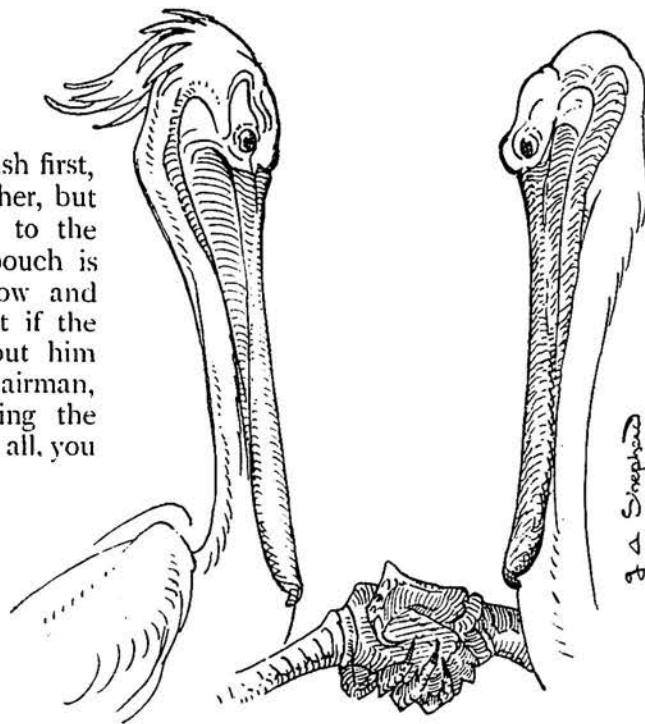
see, when a dozen or two birds with beaks a couple of feet long or so get together in a small area, and now and again rush all in the same direction for fish, fencing is certain to develop, sooner or later. So here you have it, *secundum artem*—one—two—three—four—over; one—two—three—four—under; and although none have yet attained the Crummelian degree of knocking out sparks, there is a deal of hollow noise, as of thumping on a wooden box. But there is never any after-malice, and in less than five minutes



either combatant will swallow a fish rightfully belonging to the other, with perfect affability.

There is a good deal of the philosopher about the pelican, and of a more genuine sort than characterizes the stork. The pelican always makes the best of a bad job, without going into an unnecessary tantrum over it. If another member of

the club snatches a fish first, the pelican doesn't bother, but devotes his attention to the next that Church throws; a fish in the pouch is worth a shoal in somebody else's. Now and again Peter loses his temper for a moment if the others catch the first snack, and lays about him with his bill—but then, when a fellow's chairman, and a lot of other fellows come snatching the lunch from under his nose—why, hang it all, you know . . . But it is only for a moment, and Peter is soon in position for the next pouchful. He is artful about this position. When Church appears at the rails with a pailful of fish most of the members rush to those rails, jostle together and shove their beaks through them and over them—any way to get nearer the pail. But the chairman

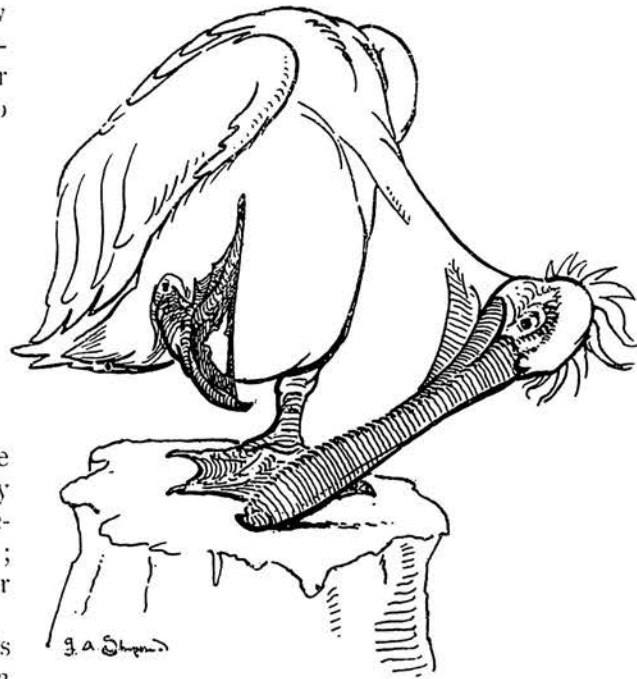


J. A. Shepherd

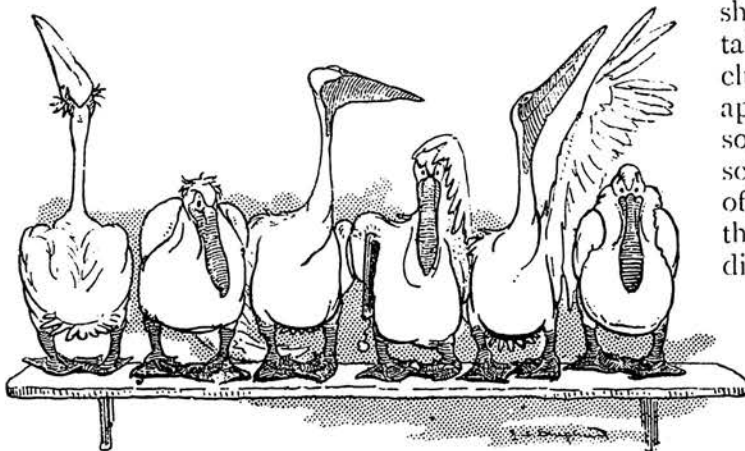
knows very well that Church doesn't throw the fish outside the rails, but into the inclosure, somewhere near the middle; and near the middle the sagacious Peter waits, to his early profit—unless Church is unusually slow about throwing the fish, in which case Peter is apt to let his excitement steal his sagacity, and to rush into the pell-mell, anxious to investigate the delay.

There is a deal of excellent wear in a pelican. One has been here about thirty years, and two more have been established on the same premises for a quarter of a century. All these three are in capital working repair and will probably last, with a patch or two, and a little soleing and heeling, for a century or two more; no respectable pelican is ever bowled out for less than three figures.

In the winter the club takes up its quarters in the shed behind the inclosure: a



A LITTLE SOLEING AND HEELING.



SCHOOL.

shed sumptuously furnished with certain benches and forms, whereon the club stands in rows, with a general appearance of a number of very solemn naughty boys in a Board school. In winter, too, Church will often put his bucketful of fish on the ground, so that the club may dine in a clubbier way. But whether you watch this club feeding together from the pail, each member doing his best to put away the whole pailful at a gulp, or whether you observe them playing a sort of greedy game of lacrosse with fish

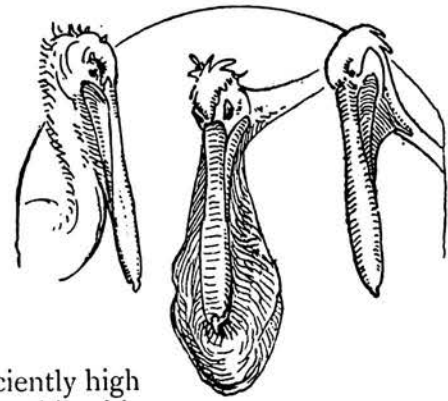
which Church throws them, you will be equally amazed that the pelican was used as a symbol of charity and brotherly love in early and middle Christian art.

I have seen a pelican enact a most instructive moral lesson at a pail-dinner. Observe the bill and pouch of a pelican.

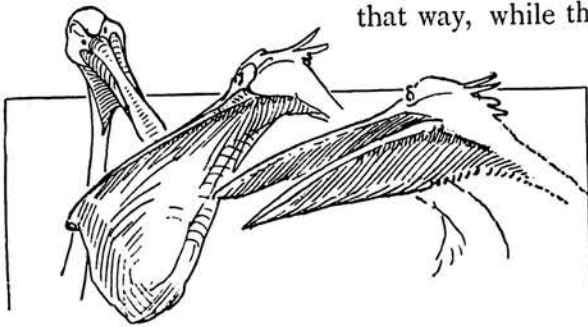
The pouch is an elastic fishing-net, and the lower mandible is a mere flexible frame to carry it. Now, I have observed a pelican to make a bounce at the fish-pail, with outspread wings, and scoop the whole supply. But then his trouble began. The whole catch hung weightily low in the end of the pouch, and jerk and heave as he might, he could never lift the load at the end of that



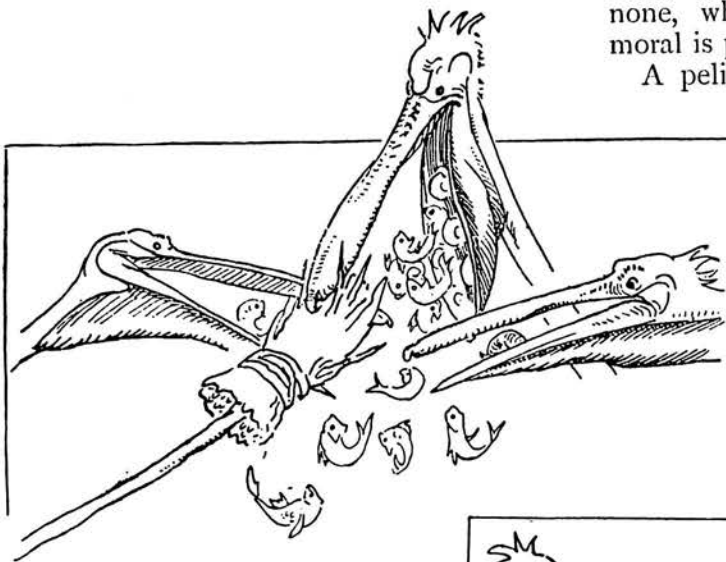
CLUB DINNER.



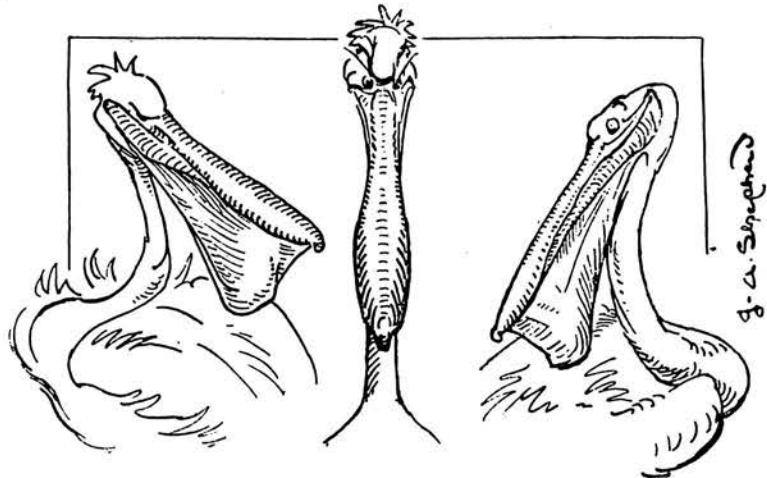
long beak sufficiently high to bolt it. Meanwhile, his friends collected about him and remonstrated, with many flops and gobbles, betting him all his fish to nothing that he would lose it after all; this way they chased that bag, and that way, while the bagger, in much trepidation and with many desperate heaves, wildly sought remote corners away from his persecutors. Now, by the corner of the club premises stands an appliance, the emblem of authority, the instrument of justice, and the terror of the evilly-disposed pelican — a birch-broom. This, brandished in the hands of Church, caused a sudden and awful collapse of the drag-nets, an opening, a shower of fish and many snaps; wherefrom walked away many pelicans with fish, and one with none, who had looked to take all. The moral is plain to the verge of ugliness.

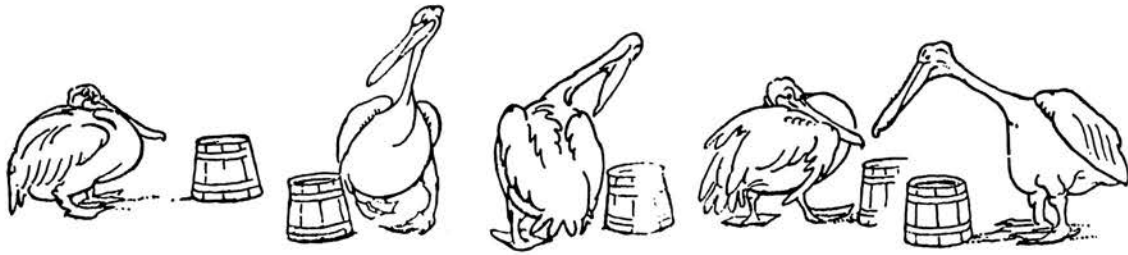


A pelican has no tongue—or none to speak of. It is a mere little knob scarcely the size of a cherry. The long, long meditations of the pelican (lasting between feeding times) are given up to consideration whether or not the disgrace of this deficiency is counter-balanced by the greater capacity for fish which it gives the pouch. After all, it is only another instance of that com-



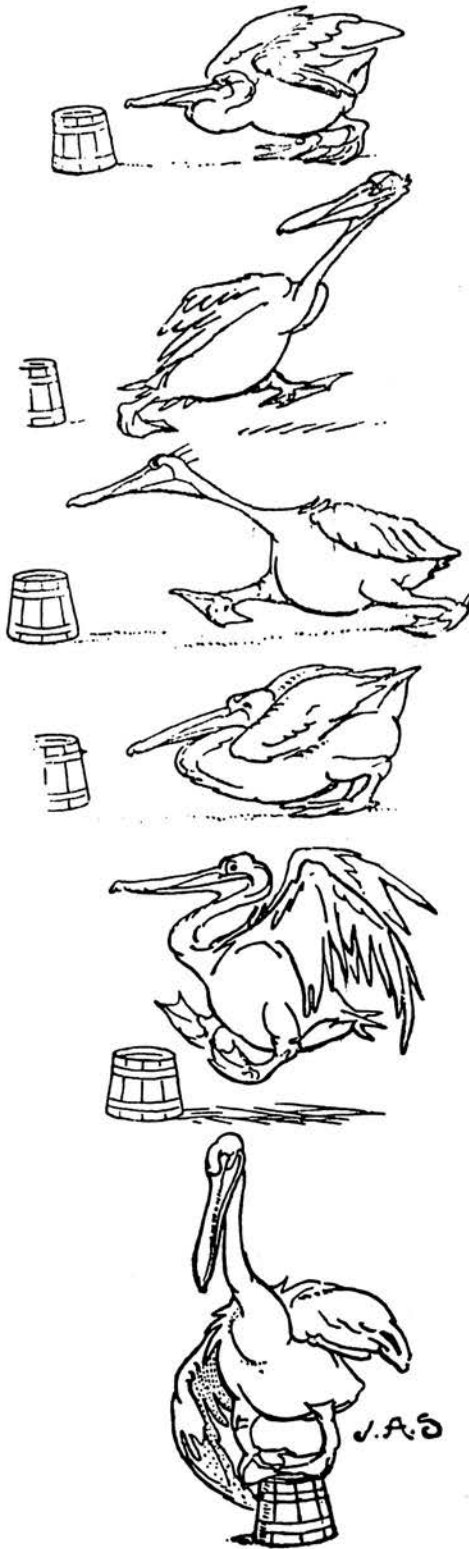
mercial honesty which makes the pelican pay for his beak out of his legs; he gives his tongue for a pouch. There should be a legend of the pelican applying honestly to Adam to buy a pouch, and the wily stork waiting and waiting on the chance of snatching one without paying for it, until all had been served out; afterwards living all its life





on earth in covetous dudgeon, unconsoled by its wealth of beak, legs, wings, and neck, and pining hopelessly for the lost pouch. There are many legends of this sort which ought to exist, but don't, owing to the negligence of Indian solar myth merchants, or whoever it is has charge of that class of misrepresentation.

The pelican can fly, although you would never believe it, to look at the club members here. To a Zoo pelican a flight of two feet is an undertaking to be approached with much circumspection and preparation, and a summoning of resolution and screwing of courage proper to the magnitude of the feat. It takes a long time to learn to fly on to a bottom-up bucket. The Zoo pelican begins on



a shadow—not a very dark one at first—and works his way up by jumping over darker shadows to straws and pebbles, before he tries a bucket. The accomplished bucket-jumper makes a long preliminary survey and circumnavigation of his bucket before performing, and when he does begin it is with a number of wild rushes and irresolute stops. When at last he gets the proper length of run, and the right foot in front, and doesn't see anything to baulk him, he rises with a great effort, and all the lookers-on who don't know him stare up over the trees, and are astonished to find him, after all, only on the bucket. His pinions are cut, poor fellow! If they were not, what would become of the fishmongers' shops?



With ruddy fruit the orchard now is hung;
The golden hop droops pendent in the breeze.
For Autumn from her ample hand hath thrown
Her richest treasures on the laden trees.—*Hasthorndale Revisited.*

AUTUMN, yet with her hand grasped in the feeble clasp of Summer, as if the latter was loth to depart, while there is still so much green hanging about the woods, and so much blue and sunshine about the sky and earth. But the leaves are rustling in the forest paths, the harvest-fields are silent, and the heavy fruit that bows down the branches, proclaim that the labour of Summer is ended—that her yellow-robed sister has come to gather in and garner the rich treasures she has left behind. Beautiful are the old English orchards during this month, with their gnarled and twisted branches, and moss-covered stems, standing upon a thick carpet of grass, that looks green all the year long—a verdant sward, spread purposely for the fruit to fall upon, when they have drunk in their fill of mellowness, and dyed their cheeks with the rosy hues of the sunshine. Pleasant is it to look upon these fine old deformed trees, whose shoulders are round and backs are bent, through the heavy loads which they have borne year after year, and who still seem to glory in their hale and hearty old age, and to boast of the weighty burthens which have sunk their grey old heads, yet still left such sunny streaks behind. What forgotten feasts have they supplied! What old-fashioned,

heavy, oaken tables have they helped to furnish, sending forth, a century ago, high-piled dishes of rich, ruddy, and golden-rinded fruit to the happy guests, who now lie in the village churchyard, opposite the moss-covered orchard wall—yet so near, that Spring sometimes blows her blossoms upon their graves—perhaps on the narrow bed of the “grey forefather” who first planted that hoary stem. What sweet faces have looked up from beneath those aged boughs! What merry voices have sounded within that ancient enclosure! The gladsome shout of childhood—the silvery laugh of the modest maiden—the deep-chested chorus of the bluff old farmer—all met to gather into the dry and wide store-rooms, the weighty fruit that ever came of its own accord, and neither asked for man’s attendance or labour.

Now rustic groups may be seen wandering far away to the woods and sunny lanes, to gather blackberries and nuts; and these are amongst the pleasantest of all Autumn excursions. What wild places do we sometimes stumble upon during these rambles! Some such we have now in our eyes, which we visited years ago, which we had to make our way to through narrow paths, hemmed in with

broad fern and prickly gorse bushes, many of which rose high as our heads—for they had never been cut down within the memory of man. And every now and then we come to the old hedgerows, covered with golden and silver-coloured moss, and dark through the clouds of sloes and bullaces that grew above, and the huge carved-like ebony blackberries that hung below. There are few such hedges to be found now; for many and many a year had they grown on, and no one had heeded them. The bramble had spread out before, and the sloe bushes behind; and the hawthorns and crab-trees had gone on deepening, Summer after Summer, until the hunter was compelled to draw his rein when he approached them; for they had at last formed such an impenetrable barrier, that neither

Dint of hoof, nor print of foot,
Did mark that wild luxurious soil—
No sign of travel or of toil.

What haunts were these for the Naturalist! Here he might rest concealed for hours, and watch the habits of beasts, birds, and insects—see them feed, build, and burrow—lead forth their young from spray to spray—and note a many things which are now slowly finding their way into books. Such spots called up the England of ancient days, when the skin-clad Briton, with his javelin in his hand, and his long hair blown back, pursued the chase through the wooded wilderness; ages before the Roman galleys had ploughed up the sand on our storm-beaten shores. They filled the mind with poetic images, such as seldom float before the eye in walled cities—such as only rise up where Nature still reigns in all her primitive grandeur. I rambled through them, and dreamed of the old Antimms which reigned over England a thousand years ago—pictured the forests which Harold marched through, when he met William of Normandy on the field of Hastings—and heard the tramp of the Saxons as they passed for the last time over those ancient fields.

'Twas a wild spot; for there old legends say,
In former days, a Druid's altar stood.
And huge, grey stones are stretched out every way
Among the moss-grown stems of that wild wood.

This is the month that partridge-shooting commences; and many an eager sportsman now hurries off to the empty corn-fields, to waken those echoes which, but a week or two ago, rang back the song of the reaper, with the roll of his murderous gun. Not, we trust, that all are tempted by the work of destruction alone; for we believe that numbers go with as keen an appetite for the beauties of nature as we ourselves possess. Yet there is something very spirit-stirring in this manly sport—in the attitude of the dog as he throws up his head, and makes a dead stop—in the pleasure with which he sets out to seek the bird after the shot is fired. After all, I prefer seeing the old birds at the head of their young ones, as they half fly and half run, about the close of Summer, hiding themselves among the corn or long grass, until the intruder has passed. I never looked upon the beautiful plumage, so richly diversified with brown, black, and ash-colour, without regret, when I saw all these mingled hues dabbled with blood; to me it was ever "a sorry sight."

Hop-picking is about one of the last, and the most beautiful of rural employments. There is something so green and clean about a hop-plantation, and such a soothing aroma arises from the smell of the bine, that it seems like the last sweet smell that Summer has left behind. Nor can anything be more graceful than the drooping vine-shaped leaves, and the golden cones, that have twined in all kinds of fantastic shapes around the tapering poles. What picturesque groups do we see at work! What a gipsy-like encampment has every little family formed! While picking, washing, cooking, and nursing all go on together in harmony at the same time. And a pretty picture did we once see of an innocent child, asleep in its little crib—while on its rounded face the shadows of the hop-leaves flickered and played in the trembling sunbeams—

Like the last smile of Autumn,
Beaming above the yellow woods.

I have often fancied that a herd of deer never appear more beautiful than when seen, amid the changing foliage of Autumn, either standing or lying down. They harmonise with the brown russet hue of the fern, above which their lofty antlers and graceful necks arise with a forest-like majesty—all in keeping with the rich and varied tints of the verdurous roof above their heads. How stately they seem to march between the broad avenues of trees; and how fine is the attitude when, with outstretched neck, one pauses to reach the red cluster of hawthorn berries which just sweep below the tips of his antlers. But, above all, how beautiful to see them crossing a sheet of water, that spreads out like a mirror in some ancient English park.

We now see riding leisurely upon the air the light and graceful downs of the dandelion and thistle, gliding noiselessly along, like transparent and winged insects, now alighting for a moment upon the leaves, then floating away high up in the clear air, until they become invisible to the eye. Spanning from branch to branch, we see the light, silken network of the spider bending in the breeze, while the little mechanist sits safely in the centre of his own mazy structure, his airy walls beaded with pearl—for such seem the rounded dew-drops that glitter on the star-like points of the closely intersected wheel on which he rests. We see the bee moving drowsily and listlessly along, like a weary traveller who almost despairs of reaching his next resting-place, so wide apart now lie the road-side flowers—those beautiful half-way houses which he met at every step, as he went singing merrily on his way through the land of Summer. Hope, who looked with a cheerful countenance upon the landscape of Spring, has departed; instead of watching each green and flowery object day by day as they budded and blossomed, we now see only the traces of slow and sure decay, the green fading bit by bit, until the leaves become like the skeleton wings of an insect, the wind blowing through those places which were before marked with azure, and crimson, and gold. The Sun himself seems growing older; he rises later from his bed in the morning, and returns to rest earlier in the evening, and seems not to have that strength which he possessed when he rose in the youthful vigour of Spring, and the bright and cheerful manhood of Summer; for his golden eyes seem clouded, and his breath thick and heavy, as he struggles through the surrounding fog. All these are marks of the seasons, telling us that the year is growing grey, and slowly tottering towards the darkness and grave-like silence of Winter.

But September brings with it one great rural holiday to those who keep Nature's carnival, and enjoy the changes of the seasons. To us, who dwell in the neighbourhood of old woods, our Nutting-day was an excursion often talked of for weeks before it arrived. It was the pleasantest of all our gipsy feasts, for it was held in the centre of a wild wood, in one of Nature's own summer-houses, in a bower, not by art,

But by the trees' own inclination made.

A spot which, even to reach, we had to pass through one of Earth's Paradises; for never did more beautiful hills rise up above a pastoral country, than those we ascended on our way to the woods. No grim board ever disgraced those ancient oaks, warning the lover of nature not to trespass; for, excepting the underwood, and the wild fruits, there was nothing we could have carried off there,

for the bole of the smallest tree would have been a load for half a dozen horses. Game we meddled not with, and this the old Squire well knew; we trampled nothing down but the entangling thicket, bramble, and sloe, and hazel, and wild rose, which generally took toll of our drapery as we passed, giving a scratch for a pressure, and a rent for a tug, which only increased our merriment the more. There was ever some lady's shawl to disentangle; some heavy and well-filled basket to extricate from the bushes; a long rent to pin up; a trailing brier to cut away, before we could pass further; a brook to leap, and a circle to take, which sometimes only led to more impenetrable shades; a stray companion to hunt up, whose "whereabout" was only known from the direction in which the voice came, for these petty perils were the very charms of Nutting. What stooping, and creeping, and pulling, and dragging, was there, where neither gignor chaise could move a foot, unless the wild underwood and weeds had been cleared. Then what a beautiful glade we at last came to; one which the foot of man had seldom passed; which the richest carpet that was ever spread out never exceeded in softness—the very turf was elastic; it had been formed by the fallen leaves of many centuries. And the oak that stood in the centre! You marvelled how a single stem could bear such majestic branches; for Architecture, with all the skill and means of art, could never invent a pillar to support such a projecting weight, as that which sprang from the bole of a single tree. At the foot of this venerable monarch of the forest we piled our baskets and bottles, doffed all superfluous drapery, then sallied into the thicket with our hooked sticks, to drag down the hazel boughs, and strip them of their brown shellers, which fell from out the deep bordered cups, as the boughs were shaken. As we wish to make all true worshippers of Nature acquainted with Browne's "Britannic Pastors," we shall present them with another rural picture. The scene is "Nutting," and this exquisite word-painting was first produced about the close of the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

A wandering boy sets out to gather nuts,
A hooked pole he from a hazel cuts:
Now throws it here, then there, to take some

But bootless and in vain; the rocky mold
Admits no cranny where his hazel hook
Might promise him a step; till, in a nook
Somewhat above his reach, he hath espied
A little oak; and having often tried
To catch a bough, with standing on his toe,
Or leaping up, yet not prevailing so,
He rolls a stone towards the little tree,
Then, getting on it, fastens warily

His pole into a bough, and at his drawing,
The early-rising crow with clamorous caw-
ing,

Leaving the green bough, flies about the rock,
Whilst twenty couples to him flock.
And now within his reach the thin leaves
wave;

With one hand only then he holds his staff,
And with the other grasping, first the leaves,
A pretty bough he in his hand receives;
Then to his girdle making fast the hook,
His other hand another bough hath took;
His first a third, and that, another gives,
To bring him to the place.

We must not pass over the beauty of sea-side scenery at this season of the year, for we are children of the ocean; and, next to our matchless English landscapes, do we love the rocks that guard, and the waves that are ever washing around our lovely island. Pleasant is it now to stand upon some tall headland, and watch the ever-moving waves, as they roll through the shifting shadows of the clouds, purple, and green, and golden, onward and onward, until they are lost among the indistinct haziness of the distant sky. Then how solemnly falls upon the ear that never-ceasing murmur of the waves—that voice which for countless ages has never been silent, but day and night, for evermore, beats time with its melancholy music upon the pebbly beach. Or to walk under the tall white cliffs, which have stood for undated centuries, above! above! when that wide sea was mastless, and neither the shadow of man nor ship had ever been mirrored upon its waves; for even then they stood, as they do now, reflecting back the bright autumnal sunshine. Like things of life, the tiny fishing-boats mount above the waves, diminishing in the distance until they appear mere specks—until you can only just discern the spots of light which indicate the white sails, and you can almost fancy that they are "Birds of calm brooding on the charmed wave." What great golden pathways seem at times to stretch over the deep—reaching to the very verge of the sky—smooth to appearance, yet, when trodden, rough and perilous, as that which the pilgrim traverses on his way to the shrine of his saint—on his journey towards Heaven. Who can imagine those terrible convulsions which severed England from the opposite coast of France; that stormy hour, when the sea rushed in between—when the mammoth and the mastodon stood moaning upon the severed cliffs; and no human eye beheld that mighty crash? Who that gazes upon the sea can for one moment doubt that such changes have taken place?



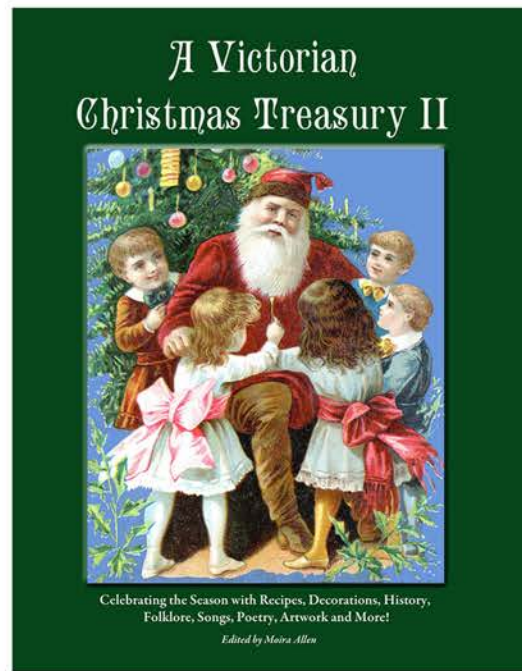
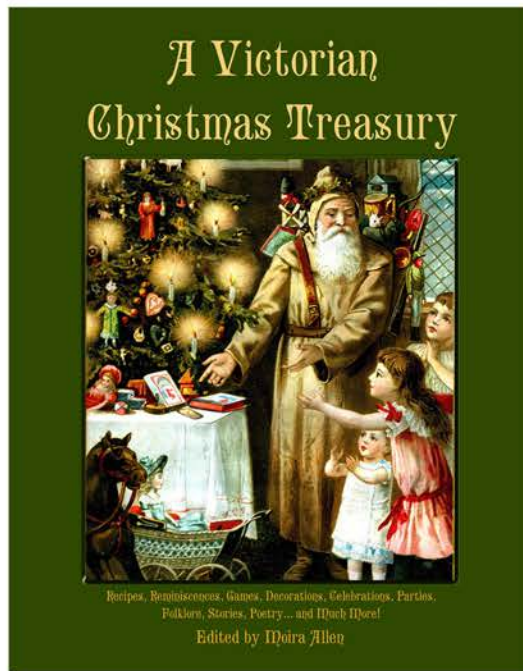


Our Pictorial Calendar.—September.

- | | |
|---|------------------------------|
| 1. Squirrel (hoards for winter). | 7. Sword Grass Moth. |
| 2. Snipe reappears. | 8. Long-horned or Tea Poppy. |
| 3. Nightjar goes away. | 9. Heath. |
| 4. Pale Clouded Yellow Butterfly
(female). | 10. Succory or Chicory. |
| 5. Small Heath Butterfly. | 11. Pink Persicaria. |
| 6. Privet Hawk Moth. | 12. Flea Bane. |
| | 13. Common Mallow. |

Boy's Own Paper, 1884

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