# Victorian Times

## A Monthly Exploration of Victorian Life

Vol. B-2, No. 4 - April 2025

*Animals in Church Architecture* • *Oddities in Stained Glass* • *The Doings of Dustmen*
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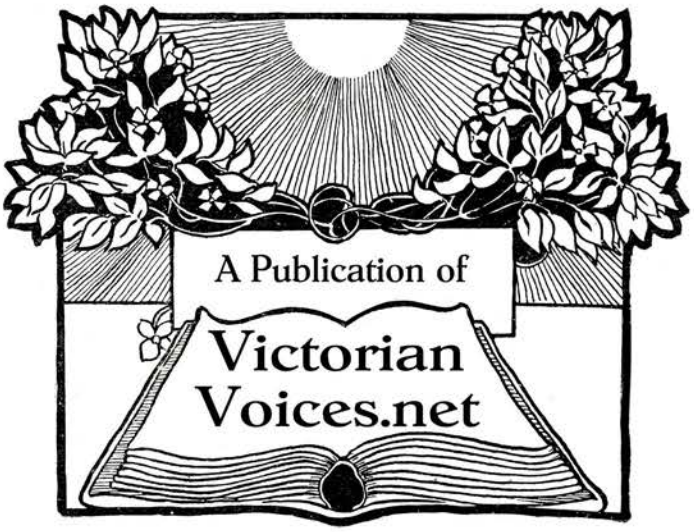
edited by Moira Allen



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# A Bit More About Pictures

Last issue, I talked about the issue of pictures vs. words. Let's be clear—I love both! And while I made a case for words, let's be honest—it was *pictures* that drew me to Victorian magazines in the first place. Actually, I fell in love with Victorian art (without knowing it) as a kid, when my dad (a commercial artist) would take me to art supply stores and let me pick out "Letraset" sheets of Victorian page decorations and fancy fonts. I love Victorian engravings; I even love Victorian catalogs, which are chock-full of pictures.

Pictures changed the way people wrote. If you've ever labored through an older Victorian novel, you may find it slow slogging because of the immense amount of *description* that it contains. If a book wants to "show" you a castle, sometimes it seems as if it's doing so stone by stone. We find this annoying because, hey, who doesn't know what a castle looks like? But when those books were written, the reader might never *have* seen a castle. Tourism wasn't an option for most, so if you didn't have a castle in your neighborhood, you'd probably *never* seen one, and without illustrations, the only way to "show" you that castle is to describe it. Endlessly.

Victorians brought us the idea that words—articles and stories—could be *illustrated*. If a Victorian magazine published an article on, say, Norway, you could for the first time actually see what bits of Norway, or a Norwegian peasant, or a Viking ship, actually *looked* like.

What made illustrations economical was the development of the lithograph—literally, art etched in stone. Woodcuts were also used, but their lifespan was shorter. Steel engravings were of better quality but more expensive. Lithographs made it possible not only to fill a magazine with black-and-white line art, but also to create gorgeous color prints that didn't have to be hand-tinted.

From the 1870's onward, Victorian magazines exploded with artwork. The age of the illustrator was born. Just as magazines created a vast new market for writers, they also created a vast market for artists. Illustrators traveled the world, bringing readers images of distant, exotic locations—and magazines would run lengthy travel serials to make the most of the cost of sending, say, a writer *and* an artist to Italy. To me, this was the Golden Age of Victorian illustration.

And then… it ended. Photography came upon the scene—or rather, photographic *film* came on the scene. Photography had been around for decades, but required long exposure times, masses of equipment, and the use of individual photographic prints. Photographic film meant that now, nearly anyone could use a camera. Developments in halftone printing ensured that these photos could make their way into the pages of magazines—and magazines, in turn, became more driven by images than by words. This marked the dawn of the era of articles on "oddities and eccentricities"—oddly shaped vegetables, international curiosities, strange performances (like diving horses), peculiar collections.

It also marked the end of the age of the illustrator. As halftones took over from line art, illustrations were designed to suit this new medium. Details disappeared and artwork focused on large swathes of shading. For a (thankfully brief) time, magazines like *The Strand* even attempted to illustrate fiction with photographs of posed models (e.g., a man with a knife looming over a cowering woman). High-quality color photography was still many years away, but the age of Victorian line art, with its incredible attention to detail, was over.

Except, of course, where magazines like this can resurrect it in all its original glory!

*—Moira Allen, Editor*
*editors@victorianvoices.net*

# Curiosities of Stained Glass Windows

THE PEDLAR'S WINDOW, ST. MARY'S CHURCH, LAMBETH, S.W.

By Ernest R. Suffling.

Probably every form of art has its idiosyncrasies, its anachronisms, and its curiosities, but the lack of a chronicler causes numberless interesting items to be passed unnoticed by those who love to have at their fingers' ends anecdotes and strange facts connected in any way with objects of art.

Our present purpose is to glance at a few interesting oddities of the beautiful and lasting art of staining glass.

The windows of Fairford Church, Gloucestershire, are among the finest in the kingdom, and contain a number of anachronisms, some of which are very curious.

One panel of the Crucifixion window shows the mounted figures of Pilate and Annas, the ex-high priest's father-in-law. These figures are doubtless intended to symbolise the fact that both Jew and Gentile were implicated in the divine tragedy.

Behind Pilate rides his body-guard, not a Roman soldier, but a fifteenth century knight in *cap-à-pie* armour.

In the foreground may be seen a soldier carrying, of all weapons, a Lochaber axe, while to make the whole figure more incongruous, he has a border to his jerkin or jazerant, upon which is to be read the French motto: "*Juge sans besoin.*"

Besides dragging the first and fifteen centuries together, some fifteenth-century glass painters might also have the charge of impiety laid against them. An instance of this occurs in Gouda Church, Holland.

One of the windows, the gift of a certain king of Spain, represents the Last Supper; but to the usual number of thirteen persons (whence the absurd superstition against thirteen sitting at table together) is added the figure of the Spanish king and donor.

The king and his wife have just entered the room, and are

WINDOW IN FAIRFORD CHURCH, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

"THE LAST SUPPER," IN GOUDA CHURCH, HOLLAND.

reverently kneeling, while Our Saviour, who has risen from his seat at the table, is graciously receiving them!

Of course, the window being painted by a Flemish artist, the assembled apostles are painted in correct Dutch costumes.

That the craving for patrons to view themselves in stained glass windows was a great drawback to pictorial truth and chronological accuracy may be noted in a fine example of Flemish work in the stained glass corridor of the South Kensington Museum.

The window was painted about 1540-60, having for subject "The Annunciation." The two principal figures—the Angel and the Virgin Mary—are drawn, coloured, and painted in an excellent manner, but from the sublime the whole composition is brought to the level of the ridiculous by the introduction into the sacred subject of two tiny figures representing a portly burgomaster and his buxom wife, the donors of the window.

The angel is delivering his gracious and momentous message, but is apparently unheeded by Mary, who, with hands uplifted in amazement, is gazing intently at the midget visitors, who have, unbidden, broken in upon her privacy.

The Pyramids and ancient temples may in modern days be profaned by unsightly advertisements, but we appear, happily, to have fallen upon times when patronage is not carried to such a fulsome length as in the sixteenth century.

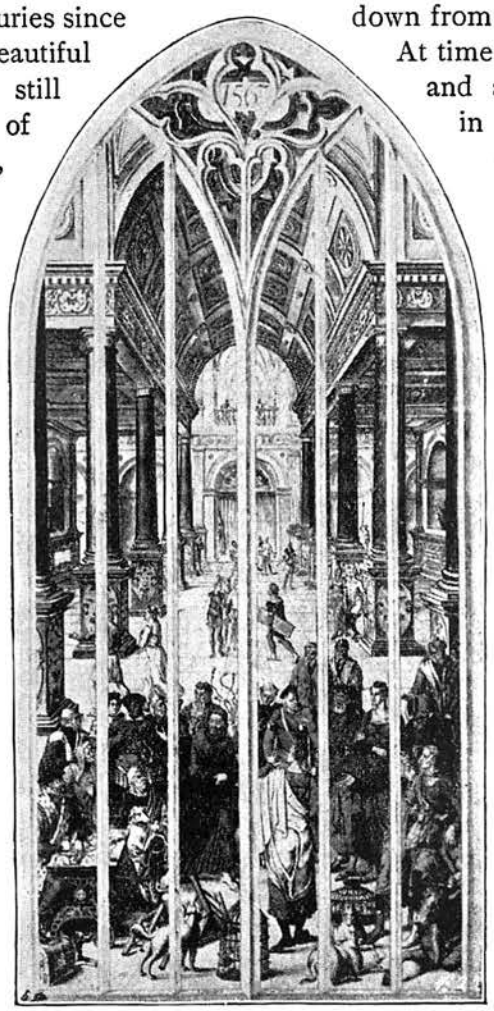
It is held as a general rule by modern stained glass artists that the introduction of anything in a window requiring *perspective* for its adequate interpretation is bad art. Canopies and other architectural features of a window are usually subject to a certain amount of shadow, and the various members of a canopy are brought forward or toned back so as to produce an effect of "perspective," but many artists decry this as false art and clamour for "flatness." Decoration of all kinds must, therefore, in modern days, be flat and unobtrusive, or the work of the producer is, by some critics, looked upon as an artistic crime.

"THE ANNUNCIATION," IN THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

That this was not the case with the Flemish glass painters of three centuries since is amply proved by many beautiful examples of their work still extant. The reproduction of the window herewith given, "Christ clearing the Temple" (painted in 1567) is probably one of the most remarkable renderings of perspective in a painted window that can be found in Europe.

Sometimes windows painted with special objects in view contain remarkable inaccuracies: thus a commission was given to a London artist to paint a small window for an Irish convent, the subject selected being "Via Dolorosa," and certain obligations were imposed upon the artist, which he faithfully carried out.

Everything in the window when finished was correct except one figure, which was very much out of place.



"CHRIST CLEARING THE TEMPLE."

That figure represented one of the nuns of the modern convent, standing amid the crowd of sad women, and, yet more strange, from her neck hung a crucifix.

She was actually wearing the emblem before the event took place.

Some thirty years since a lady was persistently importuned to defray the cost of a window for a certain college chapel, but for a long time she was obdurate. Still her purse was besieged, and at length, to obtain peace, she consented to present a window, if the subject might be kept secret until the unveiling ceremony.

The promise was given, the window ordered, painted, and fixed; and then, on a given day, the unveiling took place.

She had chosen for the subject "Job plagued with boils." Patient Job was represented as covered from head to foot with the loathsome disease, but was soon released from his physical infirmity by being taken down from his niche and broken up.

At times birds are also introduced, and animals receive recognition in stained glass, and we become so used to seeing winged bulls and lions that we cease to regard them with curiosity. In one instance that unclean animal, the pig, has not only a place in a window, but, not content with a nave light, is actually represented in the east window, from whence he looks down upon the various events which take place in the chancel of the primitive little church at Cartmel Fell, Westmoreland.

It may be noted that the pig symbolises St. Anthony, whose figure is in the window.

St. Mary's Church, Lambeth, contains a small window called "The Pedlar's Window," to commemorate a certain pedlar, who, dying, left a sum of money for the use of the poor of the parish. A small window, about two feet square, in the wall of the south aisle, contains a portrait of the pedlar with pack and dog, painted in the seventeenth century.

By the side of this

"ST. ANTHONY AND THE PIG," CARTMEL FELL CHURCH, WESTMORELAND.

small window is a large modern one of fine style and colouring, containing the seven acts of Charity, the eighth compartment being filled with the presentment of the pedlar and his dog. Thus the personality and charitable acts of the good man will in all probability be perpetuated for centuries to come.

"THE PEDLAR AND HIS DOG," ST. MARY'S CHURCH, LAMBETH, S.W.

A strange optical illusion was the means of the writer procuring commissions for two large windows for churches in Melbourne, Australia.

He painted a single-light window for Yarra-Yarra Church, near Melbourne, the subject of which was "Christ raising the daughter of Jairus."

The maid is represented as being raised from her couch by the Saviour, who, standing on the further side of the picture, with His left hand takes the maiden's hand in His, while with the right He points towards Heaven.

Behind the window grew a palm tree, and, upon certain nights of the year, the moon being at or near the full, a shadow was thrown from the palm leaves upon the window, and the wind raising and depressing the feathery leaves, caused it to appear to those inside the church that the Saviour's arms really moved, and some averred they could see the maid raise her head.

It was simply an illusion, but the commissions it brought were no illusions to the artist, who would willingly plant a palm behind each window he paints if the same results were likely to follow.

There are several windows still extant and in good preservation treating upon legendary or mythical subjects. Probably the finest examples occur in St. Neot's Church, Cornwall.

One window is devoted to St. Neot himself, and, in a number of compartments, gives a history of the chief events of his life. These absurd fables were in mediæval times held up as examples of holy life, and implicitly believed in by those who attended the church.

St. Neot is seen in one compartment bathing his feet in his favourite well. In another three fish are shown in the water, which were placed there by an angel, so that the saint might catch one whenever he felt hungry and prepare it for his meal. These fish were so blessed by the angel that so long as one only was taken from the well their number would never decrease, but there would always be three.

Then we have a picture of the saint ill in bed, and another of his servant cooking two of the fish which he has taken from the well. Poor fellow, he has spoiled the charm, and the saint angrily commands him to throw the broiled fish back into the well.

"THE CREATION WINDOW," ST. NEOT'S CHURCH, CORNWALL.

Another picture shows the faithful servant at the well side, and in yet another the fish are seen swimming about as gaily as if they had not suffered martyrdom a few minutes before by being grilled, like St. Lawrence, over a slow fire.

In the same church is another fine old window called the " Creation " window, because the first compartments are filled with different phases of the creation of the world. One picture shows the Divine Architect planning out the heavenly bodies with an enormous pair of compasses, the two limbs of which stretch from sun to moon without full extension.

THREE COMPARTMENTS OF THE WINDOW, SHOWING INCIDENTS IN ST. NEOT'S LIFE.

In the lower compartments of this window are shown a number of scenes from the life of Cain and Abel.

Everyone knows the cause of the death of Abel, but few probably could declare how Cain died.

A visit to St. Neot's Church will put visitors in possession of the facts of his death, for they may be read in the painted glass. The legend is as follows :

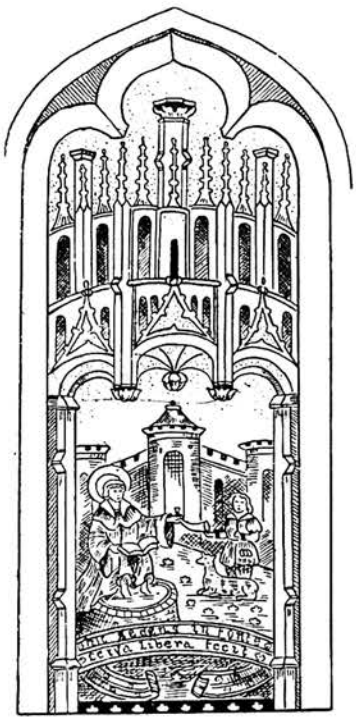
After Cain had killed his brother he fled into the wilderness, and, living apart from his parents, led the life of an outcast.

One day Lamech, who was fond of hunting, prepared himself for the chase, taking with him a lad as servant or game carrier.

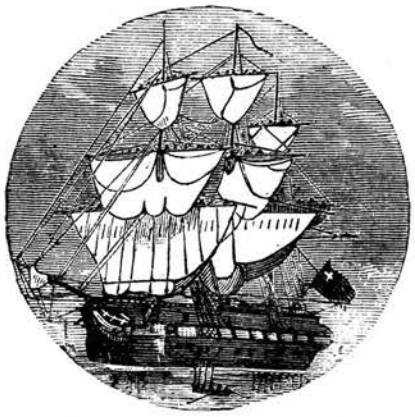
Presently the boy espied a hairy animal in a thicket, and pointing it out to his master, asked him to shoot quickly or the large animal would get away. Lamech fitted an arrow to his bow and shot, when lo! out from the bush rolled Cain, transfixed with his kinsman's arrow.

One compartment in the window shows Lamech armed with a crossbow! As this weapon was not invented till 5000 years after the death of Cain, there would certainly appear to be a slight discrepancy somewhere.

"LAMECH SHOOTING CAIN."
ST. NEOT'S CHURCH, CORNWALL.



ST. NEOT BATHING HIS FEET.



# ON EMIGRATING AS DOMESTIC SERVANTS TO NEW ZEALAND.

DOMESTIC servants wanted, such as cooks, nurses, housemaids, general servants, and dairymaids, to whom free passages to New Zealand will be granted," &c., is the commencement of an advertisement, under the heading of "Situations Vacant," which at present appears daily in the newspapers.

The fear of not getting a situation, dread of the voyage, and the erroneous ideas that clothes are exorbitant and work too hard in the Antipodes, keeps many, who have no ties here, or those who have pluck to break from such, from bettering their condition by emigrating, for they need not tarry if the above-named causes alone deter them from setting off to the bright new land. Long before their steamer (most of the New Zealand emigrants are sent by steamship) has arrived, eager mistresses will have written to the agent offering places to the coming servants.

Wages range from £25, £30, up to £50 a year. Ten shillings a-week is what an ignorant, untaught girl commands, and any servant, more especially one fresh from the old country, with a character and experience, will earn £35 to £40 as easily as she does £16 to £18 at home. In town an efficient cook will be offered £50 a-year.

Clothes are very little dearer than in England. Hats, dresses, boots, and unmade stuffs are much the same; but frilling, gloves, and small accessories are higher, but not exorbitant.

I do not think work is harder. There are fewer contrivances to save labour; no hot and cold water pipes laid on, fewer cooking utensils, cruder stoves and ovens than in Britain, but there are no stairs, and halls are a scarce commodity. So, weighing one thing against another, work will be found much the same as at home. Owing to the high rate of wages, a much smaller staff of servants are kept in Colonial households, and in consequence a maid's work is more general. A cook will be required to do washing and baking, and a housemaid will be tablemaid too. To make up for the lack of servants, the mistresses take part in the housework. They assist to make the beds, trim the lamps, dust the drawing-room, and help the cook forward in her work for dinner. If the master or mistress want anything, they go for it themselves. Bells are seldom rung, for Antipodean employers are considerate, and saving of giving trouble. Servants have as much leisure time to devote to sewing and mending as at home, for people in the Antipodes lead simpler lives, and, as a rule, dine early. If the maids have broken the neck of the day's work in the morning, in well-ordered households they have their evenings to spend as they like.

I would recommend up-country—or bush-life, as it is also called—to any girl fresh from home. Wages in the bush are higher. New Zealand maidens prefer towns, and it is difficult to get a servant to go up-country.

A station (sheep farm) situation is sure to please an English girl, from its very strangeness. The maids at a squatter's (sheep farmer's) homestead are far from shops and town amusements but a concert in the nearest township (village), a dance at some selector's (small freehold farmers), varies the monotony of bush life for what are called "the ladies in the kitchen." The cook, housemaid, and nurse of a New Zealand friend of mine, instead of spending an orthodox afternoon out, as town servants do, used to ask for a few hours' holiday and for horses. Leave being granted, the trio mounted and cantered cheerily away, their mistress, meanwhile, keeping house and looking after the children. Colonial, and more especially up-country, mistresses, are, as you will see from the above riding episode, willing to allow their servants to partake of any gaiety or recreation within their power; but expect, in return, when a stress of work comes, that the handmaidens will face it ungrudgingly. An emergency may happen by the cook decamping. Then the housemaid must be her substitute, and help her mistress till another comes. Perhaps half-a-dozen guests may ride up, without warning, and the servants must not grumble at the extra labour they entail.

In the bush, a church may be too far to attend regularly, but mostly every township has one, and, at any rate, travelling clergymen hold service, from time to time, at outlying stations. In Otago (South Island), the greater proportion of the population being Scotch, Presbyterian churches abound.

On a run (another name for a station) there is a "hut," where dwell the "hands," viz., shepherds, ploughmen, rabbiters, and, during the wool harvest, a regiment of shearers. However plain of feature a lass may be, when in service at a squatter's she is certain of receiving several offers of marriage from steady men, whose wages, including their food, begin at £50 per annum, and range from that up to £80 or £100.

The climate of New Zealand is very healthy, and is very much like a greatly improved edition of home. In the South Island it is cold in May, June, and July; but snow, except in the mountains, seldom lies, and roses and geraniums flower outside throughout the whole year. Summer is not over hot, but like a long continuance of a perfect day in June in England.

The North Island is much warmer, and altogether it has an ideal climate, never too cold, and never uncomfortably high in temperature. Otago (South Island) is rugged and mountainous. The scenery and people are very Scotch; so, to any one coming from the north of the Tweed, it is a pleasant province from its very likeness to home.

Owing to the dearth of servants, who marry and leave their mistresses disconsolate, the New Zealand Government offer to frank girls from any town in this country out to the brighter Britain. All that is required of them is to have characters for honesty and sobriety from their two last employers and their minister. Their ship outfit, in regard to bedding, is also free; so a girl can voyage out to the Antipodes without one penny of expense. Steamers take forty-five days, and sailing ships double that time. Once the first few days of sea-sickness are over, the passage, be it made under steam or sail, will be found wonderfully pleasant, for everyone settles down into a leisurely monotony, and passengers oftener than not regret that the time passes so swiftly.

For the voyage out by steamer a girl would need six weeks' stock of underclothes; and, if by sailing ship, double the quantity, as no washing is done on board. Three weeks of the time will be in hot latitudes, and the other three in cold. Every sensible person on board wears their oldest clothes—one warm gown and one of print are all the dresses required. A thick petticoat, woollen stockings, a woollen comforter, flannels, and an ulster are needful. A shady hat, and one devoid of feathers, fit for rough weather, is all that is wanted for head-gear. Boots used on ship-board, owing to the rolling, are apt to go over at the heels, and it is well to keep out only a pair of worn ones, over which goloshes may be drawn when the decks are damp, and have a pair of stout house shoes as well. A few pockets, with tacks to nail them up with, are most necessary for tidiness and comfort. They can be made of any scraps of linen or print. There should be one to hold brush, comb, hair-pins, looking-glass, and pincushion; and another pouch, into which a book or sewing can be dropped. Remember there are no chairs or tables in a cabin, therefore everything careers about when the ship rolls. Four are usually in a cabin, but those who pay £70 passage money are no better off as to space. The emigrants are well looked after, and their quarters cleanly, well-aired, and well supervised.

If an emigrant would like to pass a most luxurious time on the sea, let her add to her kit a folding-up cane chair, such as her richer shipmates aft lay out ten shillings on, for use on deck.

For wear, in New Zealand, a servant needs exactly the same outfit as she had for service in the old country. She will have her trunk brought up from the hold during the voyage at intervals, and on the last luggage day could extract from her kit a better dress to land in. A wooden box is as serviceable as any, if strong, and a carpet-bag will do best for the cabin.

Out in the colonies, if a maid will dress as she did when in service at home, her clothes will cost her no more; but Antipodean servants often fritter away all their high wages on tawdry finery and jewellery.

Hawkers, every few months, visit stations with a van load of every conceivable article of dress. They have a well-stocked shop packed on four wheels and drawn by a team of bullocks. Their prices are those of country shopkeepers in England, and, owing to them, a girl in service up country has plenty of opportunity to renew her wardrobe.

I can vouch for this much. If any servant, energetic and steady, goes out to the colonies she will never repent it. During a lengthy visit to the Antipodes I never met with one who regretted having emigrated.

If a girl will make up her plain morning dresses herself, and avoid spending money on useless finery out of her yearly £35 or £40, she ought to be able to spare a £10 note to send to the old folks at home. Likely, she will try to persuade them, or, at any rate, some brothers or sisters, to bid England "farewell for evermore," and set sail for the fairest and southernmost of our colonies, where all the necessities of life are cheap and only labour is dear.

E. B. S.

SOW AND LITTER OF PIGS CARVED IN BRAUNTON CHURCH, DEVON.

# ANIMALS AT CHURCH.

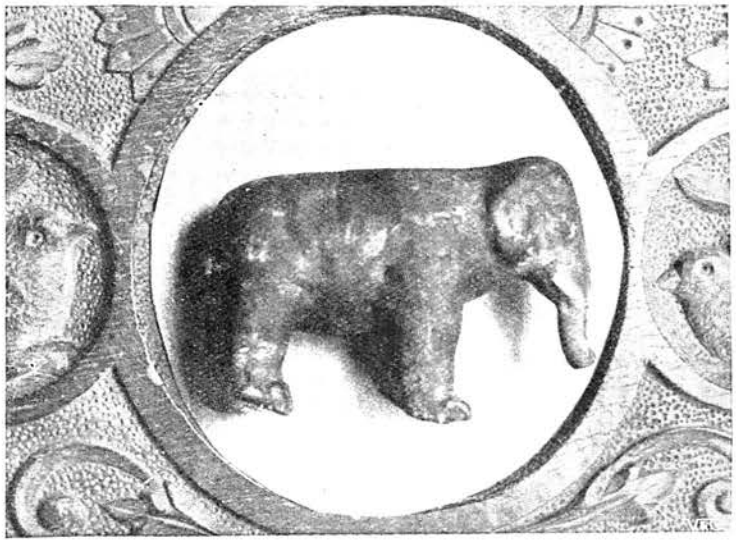
BY YORK HOPEWELL.

FEW people have any idea of the number of curious carvings and sculptures of animal life that are to be found in various cathedrals and churches throughout our Islands; and these are often discovered in the most unusual and unexpected places—odd corners of small churches that usually escape the notice of nine-tenths of the visitors who enter the buildings. Many of them, of course, bear some relation of heraldry to the originators they have so long survived; but many, also, are either frankly decorative or else memorials of some dead prototype.

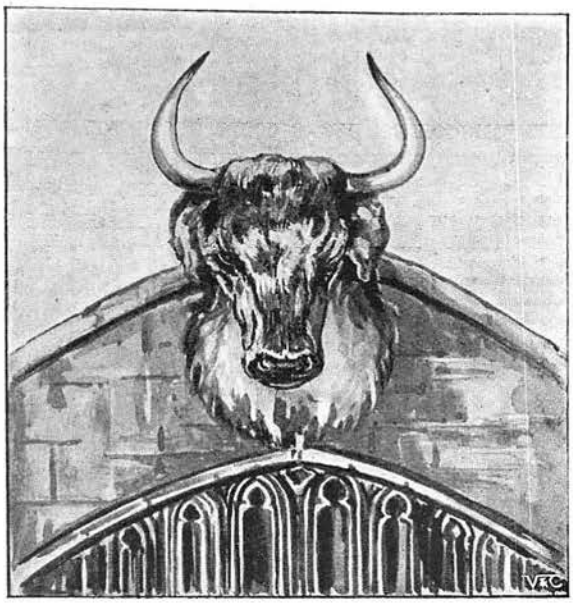
Probably, were all the churches that have carvings of animals in them gone through systematically, we should find, apart from the merely heraldic animal designs, that the favourite creature to be portrayed in such places and circumstances is the dog. There are several examples of "man's friend" being commemorated in our ecclesiastical edifices. A photograph of one of these is given here, though it is to be regretted that the vandalism of a bygone age has resulted in the head of the dog being broken off. The animal was carved somewhat like a spaniel of to-day, and lies at the feet of the wife of Sir Brian FitzAllen, Earl of Arundale. His tomb, where this sculpture is to be found, is in Bedale Church, in North Yorkshire. At his own feet is a lion, but this is not clearly seen in the photograph, which was taken from the other side, to show what is left of the spaniel at the feet of his lady. This fine monument has been much defaced, and all the shapeliness of the figure has been rubbed off. The quaint carving of the claws and the shagginess of the dog's coat, however, are still plainly discernible. The lion here is clearly one of the crest of the "Howard" family, to which the Arundel earldom belongs.

Deerhurst has a fine specimen of a dog-carving in its church. It is on the tomb of Lady Cassey, and, as usual, the animal is placed at her feet. This instance is remarkable from the fact that the name of the favourite is carved below it, a most unusual circumstance. The dog, "Terri," had evidently been a particular pet of his mistress, and his affection and hers have been commemorated in this manner. There are one or two places in the North of England besides those mentioned, where a dog has an effigy, and there is also the one at Ingham Church, in Norfolk, where under the dog is placed its name, "Jack," though the sculptor spelt the word in his own way, according to the fashion of his day.

A capital example of the carving of a dog in a church is that at St. Mary's, Warwick. Here, on a marble slab, near the entrance to



AN ELEPHANT ON A MISERERE IN EXETER CATHEDRAL.

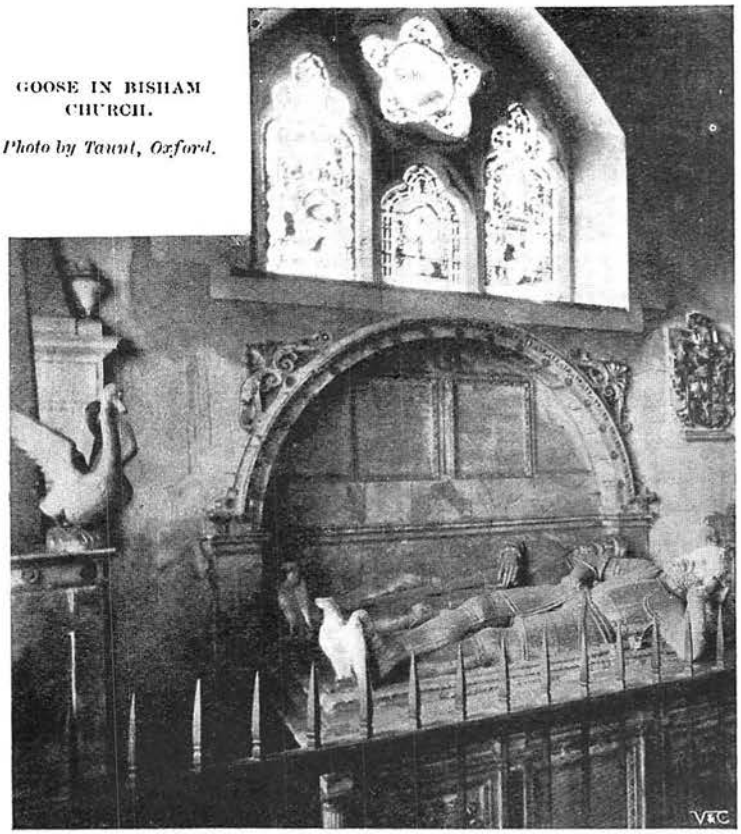


OX'S HEAD AT HORNCHURCH, ESSEX.

the Beauchamp Chapel, is the tomb of the Earl and Countess of Warwick, both of whom died at the very beginning of the fifteenth century. The Earl's feet rest on a bear, and the lady's on a dog which bears a collar of bells round its neck. The bear here carved at the Earl's feet is almost unique ; there are few carvings of bears in English churches.

If there is any animal that can challenge the dog for supremacy as an adorner of churches, that one is the lion. Why the lion should have been such a popular subject, outside heraldic considerations, for church decoration can only be explained from the prominence the Scriptures always give to him as a model of strength, power, and sovereignty. It was not easy to choose which of the lion-carvings to illustrate here, but we have decided upon the one in Ripon Cathedral. This well known brass shows a fine example of the king of beasts and is the subject of an old story. It is said that a certain gentleman of the neighbourhood was some centuries ago travelling in far lands, when one day, in a wood, he was suddenly confronted by a fierce lion. He at once fell down on his knees and began to pray, and the lion, after one or two supercilious glances, turned round and left without molesting him. On his return to his home he had this brass put up in the cathedral as a memorial of his escape. On the brass he can be clearly seen at the right end, praying, surrounded by trees, whilst the figure of the lion stands out well against the background of trees. Lately this brass in the old minster at Ripon has shown signs of wear, and the lines are not now so clear as they were some years ago.

There are several other instances of lions in churches up and down the land. One we have mentioned above at Bedale Church, and there are heads of this animal to be found amongst the carvings on more than one bishop's throne, including that in Exeter Cathedral. This throne, by the way, is one of the most interesting of all such articles of church furniture in England. The extraordinary heads of creatures carved on it were done probably about the beginning of the fourteenth century. Besides such examples, well known and comparatively common, as the dog and lion, it has the rarer ones of the pig and the cow, and the still more rare ones of the sheep and the monkey ! I shall give another case soon where a full-sized figure of a monkey adorns a tombstone in an English church, but I must confess that this throne at Exeter is almost the only instance with which I am acquainted where a sheep is carved in an



GOOSE IN BISHAM CHURCH.

*Photo by Taunt, Oxford.*

*Photo by*] [*Saunderson, Richmond.*

HEADLESS SPANIEL AT THE FOOT OF THE COUNTESS OF ARUNDALE IN BEDALE CHURCH.

English church—that is, as apart from the many cases of the "Lamb," as symbolical of the Saviour.

There is, however, the figure of the lamb at the foot of the tomb of an Earl and Countess of Warwick who lie buried in the choir at St. Mary's, Warwick. Here, again, the Earl's feet rest on a bear—which animal used to be the badge of the ancient Nevilles, Earls of Warwick—and the feet of the Countess rest upon this effigy of the lamb.

Speaking of the pig, no more curious instance of that animal being used in decorating any church can be given than the one at Braunton, near Ilfracombe, in Devonshire. It appears that in days gone by the Braunton people resolved to build a church, and began the edifice on the hill overlooking the village. But their building fell to the ground without apparent cause, and a second effort resulted likewise, also a third. Then one night the chief builder heard a voice, as

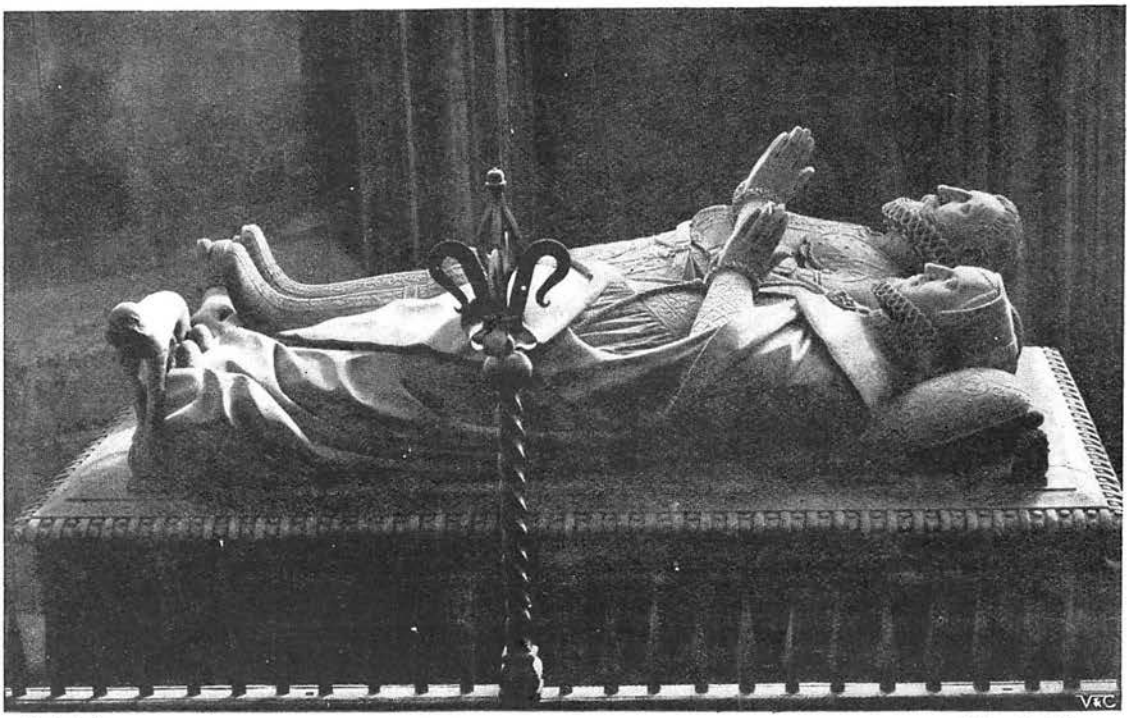


*Photo by*] [*Russell & Sons.*

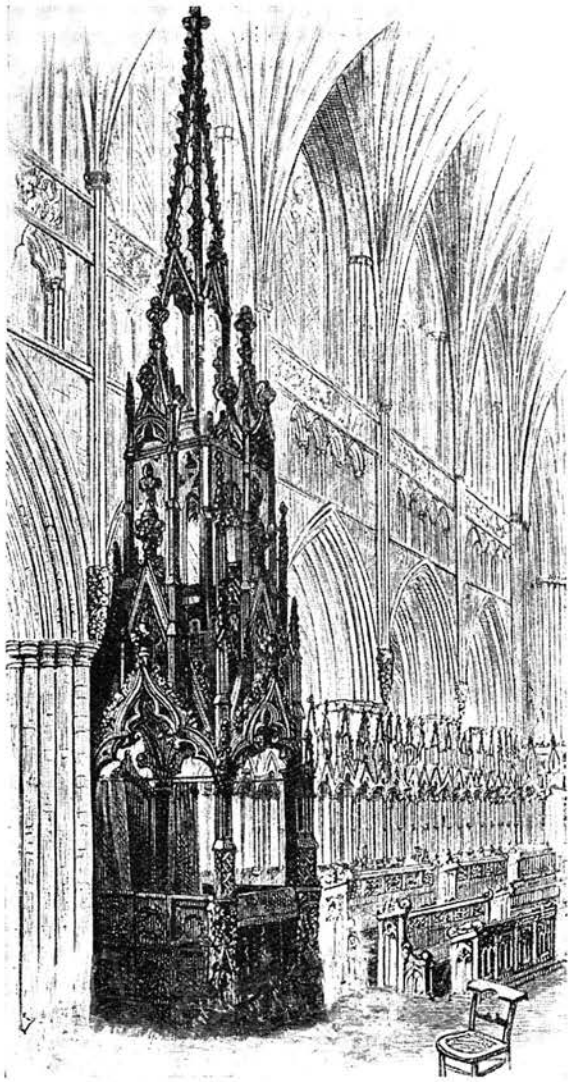
MONKEY AT THE FOOT OF A COUNTESS OF LINCOLN IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

PELICANS IN ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCH, YARMOUTH.

from heaven, and it told him, he said, to seek for the spot where a sow was feeding her litter of six pigs, and to build the church there. This was done by the good folks of Braunton, and the church was built where the famous sow was found, and finished without further interruption.

To keep in memory this extraordinary miracle there was carved upon the interior roof of the church the figures of the old sow and her litter, with a fitting inscription placed under it. The roof was re-slated in 1887, but great care was taken that the celebrated carving should not be injured, and there it is to-day for the visitor's inspection. The church itself has a strange name, being dedicated to St. Brannock.

Most of the animals we have mentioned and shall mention may be found in more than one church in the country. But the one we are now to speak of is at least unique in that no other counterpart of it is known to exist in any British church. It is the carving of the elephant on a *miserere* in Exeter Cathedral. Some authorities go so far as to question whether the animal is intended for an elephant, but there can be little doubt on that score, though it is to-day much defaced and in a most awkward position for telling what it actually looked like when first carved. The picture here given of it is hardly a true one in the fullest sense, as the artist had the utmost difficulty in trying to obtain even the barest photograph of it, owing to the extremely inaccessible situation it shares with the *miserere* on which it is carved, and also owing to the fact that it is almost impossible to throw the light on it. He had therefore to get the best picture he could, and to work from that afterwards. As to the date of this carving, and why such a comparatively unknown animal, as an elephant was in such distant days to our forefathers, should be sculptured here, nothing is known, except for one or two items which show us, judging from the style of the work and the appearance of age, etc., that we must go back centuries to get at its origin.



BISHOP'S THRONE AT EXETER CATHEDRAL, ADORNED WITH HEADS OF SHEEP, COW, PIG, AND MONKEY.

We spoke just now of the head of a monkey being carved on a bishop's throne. There is one church in England which has a full-grown monkey wrought on a tomb, and that church is no less a place than St. George's Chapel, at Windsor. If the visitor to this famous spot can get permission to look round the Lincoln Chapel, he will find therein the tomb of the Earl of Lincoln, who was for thirty years the Lord High Admiral of England in the reign of Good Queen Bess. He was a great favourite of hers, as he had been of her father and her brother, both of whom he served faithfully. He died in 1584, and this monument was erected to his memory by his Countess, who was herself afterwards buried here. The recumbent figures show the Earl and his lady, and whilst his feet are resting on the effigy of a greyhound, hers are pressed against the figure of a monkey, which is standing upright. All these sculptures are in an excellent state of preservation, and the chief difficulty we had with the photograph arose from the bad light of the chapel, which only allowed of the picture being taken from one point. The figure of the greyhound at the Earl's feet could not be shown for this very reason, or it would have proved interesting, being perhaps the best of all dogs sculptured in our churches, for clearness of outline and capital preservation.

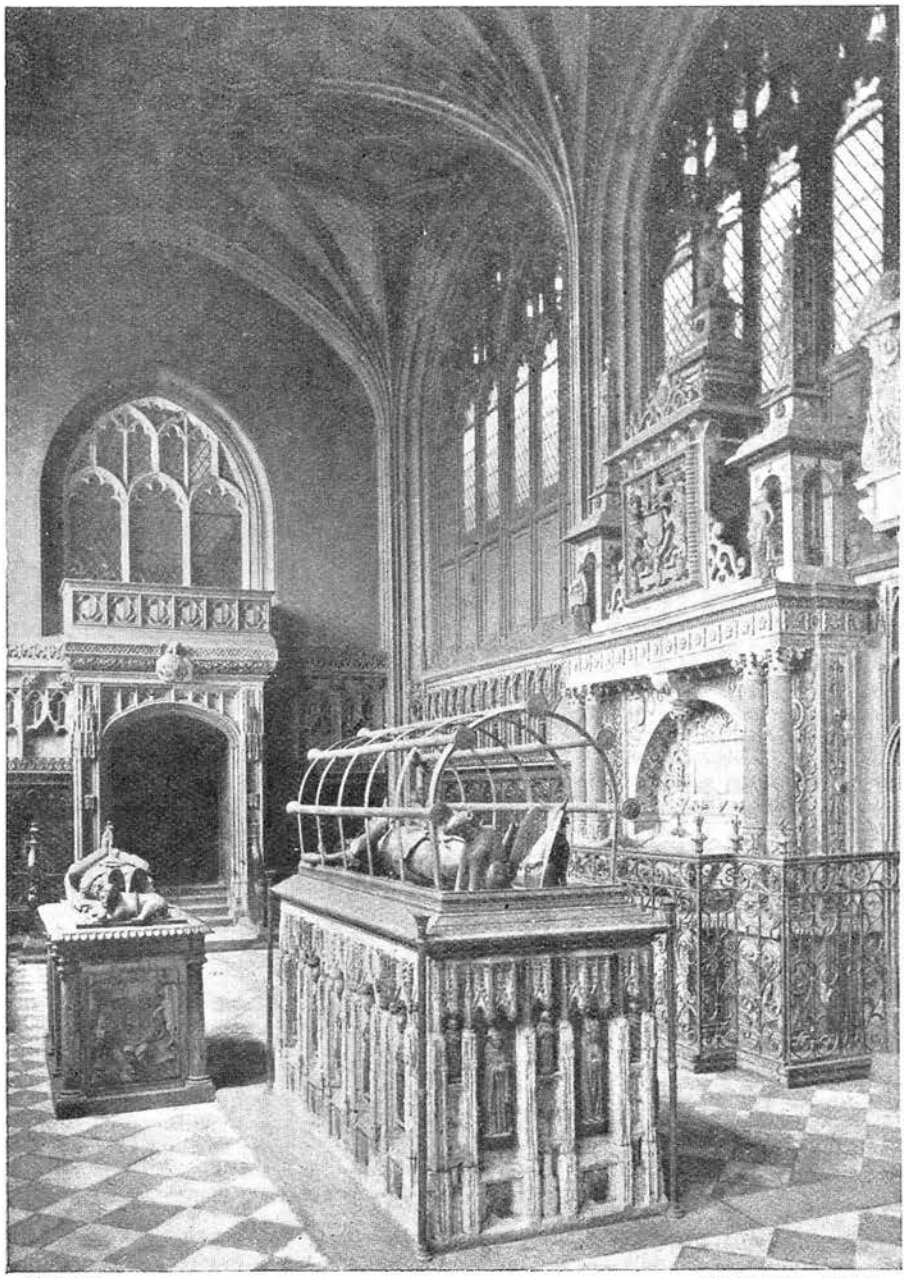


*Photo by]* [*Frith & Co., Reigate.*

IN THE BEAUCHAMP CHAPEL, ST. MARY'S, WARWICK.

It is surmised, though little is known to-day about the matter, that this monkey must have been a great pet of the lady's, and that it was perhaps buried in this grave with her. Monkeys were so little known in our own land in 1584 that, when one was here as a pet, it must have been highly valued, especially if it were a gift, as seems probable in this case, since her husband had travelled widely. Our photograph was taken especially for this article by the kind permission of the authorities at Windsor Castle, and is the first that has appeared of this quaint tomb.

The pretty little village of Hornchurch, in Essex, can claim a unique example of

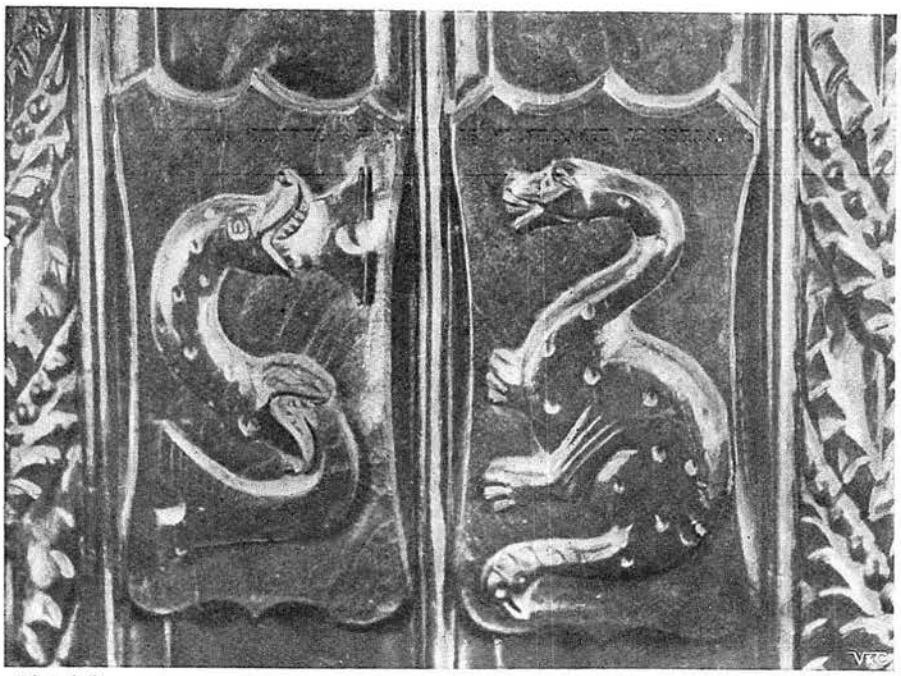


*Photo by]* [*Phillipse, Ilfracombe.*

THE "KANGAROO" IN MORTHOE CHURCH.

animal carving, for it must surely be the only place in England whose church is externally adorned with the finely wrought head of an ox. This is to be seen over the gable end of the edifice, and stands out most prominently above the chancel window. The name of the village itself has been derived from this very ornament on the sanctuary, so we are told, though whether rightly so or not we must leave others to say. The church was formerly connected with a priory whose crest, it is said, was an ox's head. This carving represented that crest, as is believed to-day; and though the church was once called "Havering" Church, owing to its being then in a parish of that name, it is surmised that it began to be called the "Horned Church," hence Hornchurch, as to-day. However that may be, there is no doubt of the originality of the emblem, for, except the oxen's heads on the Exeter throne, the cow has not been particularly prominent in sculpture in English churches. There is one, however, on the pulpit of St. Peter's, Cornhill, London.

A goose, opening its wings for flight, is to be seen carved on a tomb in the church of Bisham, the pretty Thames village. It is an excellent piece of work, and is, which is more uncommon in these things, in excellent preservation. The iconoclasts of the days of Cromwell and of later days have destroyed thousands of such sculptures that were full of meaning and that had most interesting histories attached to them. But this goose of Bisham was fortunate in escaping the hand of the destroyer, and, unlike many other memorials of animals in Thames-side churches, it remains whole to-day. Curiously enough, at the feet of the knight whose tomb is close beside it there will be noticed two birds, which were intended, doubtless, to represent eagles. But the eagle is quite common as a sculpture in the churches over England, just as is the lion, and for almost precisely the same reasons; therefore we have not given any other special photograph of it here. The goose is distinctly more scarce in this connection.

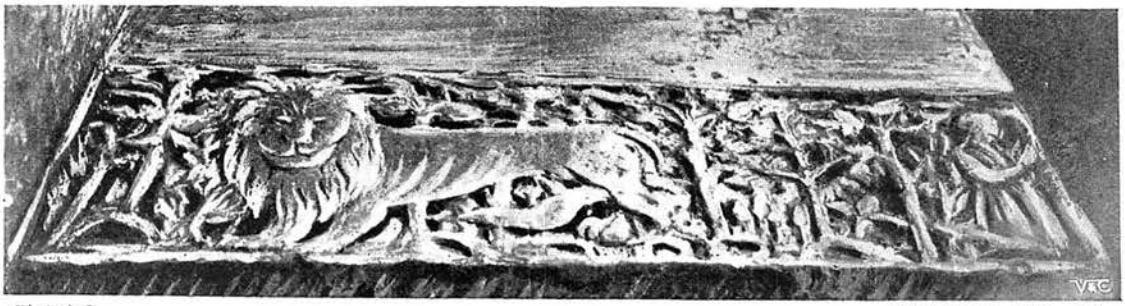


*Photo by]* [*Saunderson, Richmond.*

LION IN RIPON CATHEDRAL.

At Coxwold Church, in Yorkshire, there is a finely wrought stag. It is on what is known as the Belasye monument, and here also there is a lion at the feet of the lady, whose effigy is beside that of her husband. At the feet of

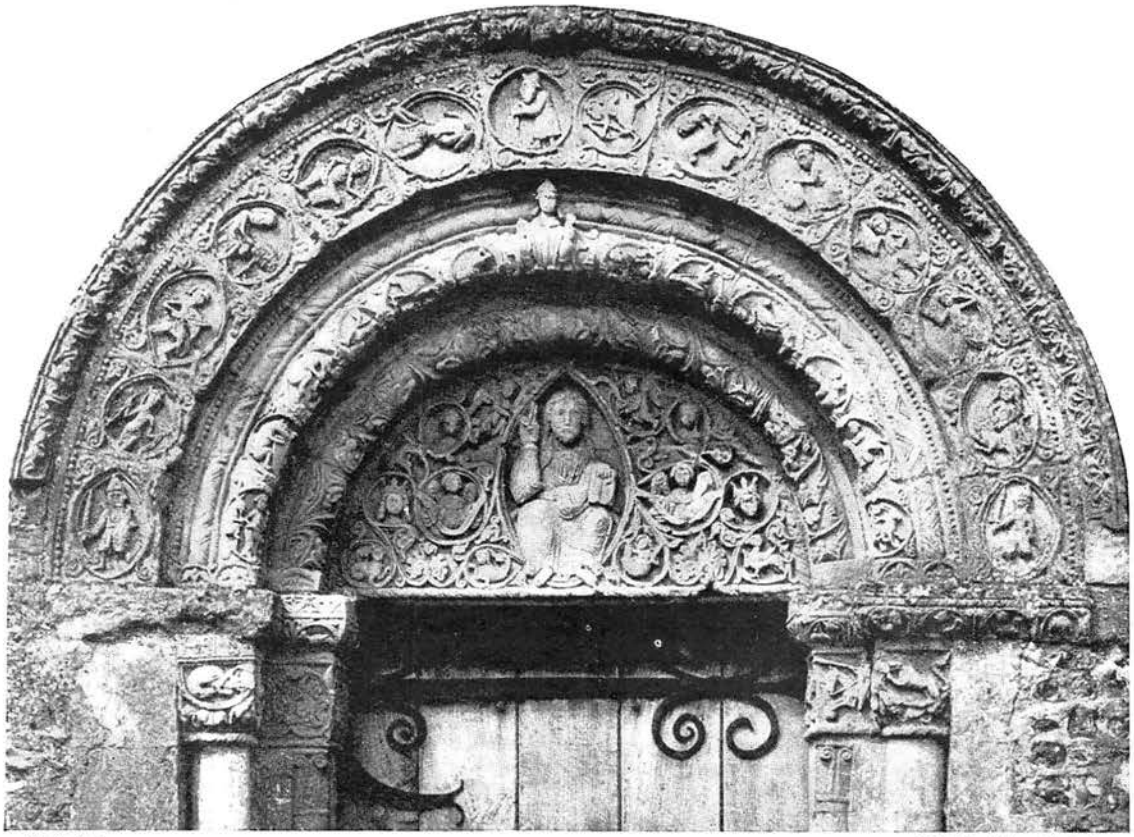


*Photo by]* *[Frith & Co., Reigate.*

ARCH AT BARFRESTON CHURCH, WITH DOGS, RABBITS, PIGS, AND OTHER ANIMALS ON ITS INNER MOULDINGS.

the man rests a noble figure of a stag, complete except for one of the horns, which has been broken off. The effigy of the man is painted the colour of steel armour, and that of the lady is black. Both the lion and the stag are painted a dark brown colour, and this, together with the dark recess in which the monument lies, has made the work of the photographer anything but easy. Notwithstanding this, the figure of the stag can be clearly seen on our picture, and was probably intended to mark the knight's prowess as a hunter, or else was included as figuring in some coat of arms of the ancient Belasye family.

There are at least two cases where pelicans are prominent as fine carvings in English churches, and probably more than two, since the pelican has ever been a noted bird of scriptural allusion. A famous example is that of Foxe's tomb, in Winchester Cathedral. But the other, and the better example, is that of the pelicans above the choir-stalls in the well known St. Nicholas' Church, Great Yarmouth. The pelican is in each case represented as resting on her nest, and the young ones are looking up, waiting to be fed from the mother's bill. Fine, bold figures are they all, too. In grace and delicacy of finish, the birds on the Winchester tomb seem crude and rough, indeed, beside these at Yarmouth.

At Barfreston Church, near Deal, there is a beautiful old Norman porch which has on its inner mouldings some strange carvings, including two pigs drinking from the same pot, several dogs chasing rabbits, and other subjects not usually found in similar positions. The church is said to have been erected as a thank-offering by a noble who almost lost his life in the forest, and this may account for the prominence given to forest animals in the beautiful sculptures which adorn it.

Mention of these forest animals naturally brings to mind the two hares which are to be found in the south choir aisle of Wells Cathedral. At the foot of an effigy of Bishop Harewell, to whose name they bear an obvious reference, they afford an excellent example of fourteenth century animal sculpture.

Then let us mention the carving of an animal which has given rise to more contention, most probably, than that of any other such subject in any church. We refer to the sculpture known as the "kangaroo," in the church at Morthoe, North Devon. This country church, about five and a half miles from Ilfracombe, has become noted for this

quaint carving. It adorns the end of one of a series of pews which have suffered much at the hands of some old carver. Fishes abound on some of these pew-end carvings, but there is only one "kangaroo." To us to-day the strange animal appears much more like an old drawing of the "leviathan" of Job, or like a sea-serpent, than like a "kangaroo"! But local tradition will persist in the belief that the sculptor, whoever he was, in his own times meant this for a picture of that animal, therefore it is always called the "kangaroo."

The Priory Church, Bridlington, can show a fine carving of two nondescript animals commonly supposed to be dragons. They are ready for fight, and below them are portrayed the figures of a wolf and a crow. But there has been some uncertainty whether the sculptor really meant to portray those animals, and one authority maintains that the figures are intended for a fox and a goose. Another sculptured animal here, which some folk call a cat, is believed to have been meant for a lion. It is not easy to say which contenders are right in such cases, for the carvings are often quaint and rare, in more senses than one, and ancient ecclesiastical artists did not err on the side of over-scrupulous accuracy in their designs of human and animal figures.

One strange omission from this list of animals carved in our churches cannot fail to be noted, and that is the horse. There is no really satisfactory example of a horse carved in any English church. The omission would be extraordinary in any case, seeing how common an animal, even as a favourite, a horse is. But it is all the stranger when one thinks of hundreds of recumbent knights, men to whom, when alive, a good horse was a most necessary thing. How it is that not a single one of these—at any rate, of importance—ever commanded or suggested the sculpturing of his favourite steed on his own monument, is one of the many points of curiosity connected with the present subject. The model of a noble horse, a past favourite, is not unknown on gravestones in churchyards and on memorial stones raised especially over the tomb of the steed itself. But as an ornament of the more elaborate tombs in our churches, the sculpture of the horse may be said to be conspicuous by its absence.

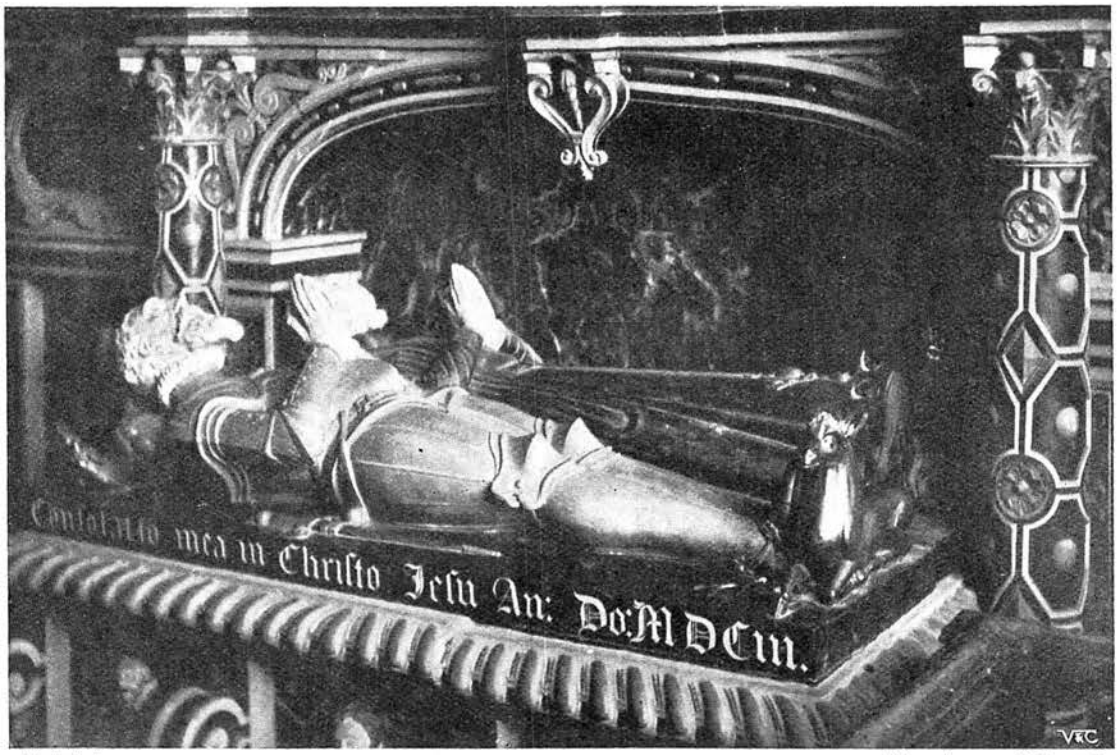



*Photo by*] [*Saunderson, Richmond.*

STAG AT THE FOOT OF A BELASYE IN COXWOLD CHURCH, YORKS.

# THE BROOK AND ITS BANKS.

By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A., Author of "The Handy Natural History."

## CHAPTER V.

The bank-vole—A long-tailed field mouse—Its varied diet—Insect-eating—Robbing a moth-hunter—Treacles and their visitors—The voles as climbers—The water-shrew—*Signification of its name*—Habits of the water-shrew—Its activity and grace in the water—Teeth of the shrews—Structure of its ears—Mode of swimming—The flattened body—Colour of the water-shrew—Its food—The shrew and the rat—An unfounded accusation—Burrow of the water-shrew—Superstitions regarding the shrews—The shrew ash—Land-shrews — The shrew-mouse — Distinctive structures—Mortality among shrews—Killing shrews with shovels—The pigmy shrew—Our smallest mammal.

As might be expected from its name, the BANK-VOLE (*Arvícola glarèolus*) is to be sought upon the banks of our brook. As its tail is nearly as long as that of the common mouse, it is often called the "long-tailed field mouse," and it may easily be distinguished from a true mouse which does inhabit the country by the shortness of its ears, the bluntness of its snout, and the white colour of its paws.

It has many of the habits of the campagnol, but its diet is more diversified, including insects, worms and snails, and it is accused of eating young birds.

A rather startling incident, showing its insect-eating proclivities, was witnessed by my son, Theodore Wood, some years ago.

In those days he was an enthusiastic lepidopterist, and was in the habit of going out at night "treacling" for moths. This process is simple in principle, though rather difficult in practice. Many moths are irresistibly attracted by the odour of treacle mixed with the newest and coarsest rum. The moth-hunter, therefore, mixes treacle and rum, and at night paints with the mixture the trunks of suitable trees. Attracted by the odour, the moths fly to the bait, swallow the sweet mixture greedily, and become so intoxicated that they either fall or can be picked off the tree with the fingers.

Now, the "treacler" has many enemies. Slugs of the most portentous dimensions descend from their hiding places in the tree, and absorb the treacle just as if they were so many hungry leeches fastening on a plump and thin-skinned patient. Toads sit in a row round the trunk of the tree, waiting to snap up any moth that falls. The bats soon learn the value of a treacled tree, and sweep rapidly by it, whipping off the pre-occupied moths as they pass by.

On one occasion my son caught sight of a bank-vole, which had climbed up the tree and was taking its share of the spoil.

All the voles are admirable climbers, as indeed is necessary, in order to enable them to gather the corn and fruit of the hawthorn and wild rose. Their paws grasp the corn stems or tree twigs as if they were hands like those of the monkey, and they run about the slender branches of the hedges and shrubs that line the banks like monkeys among the trees of their native forests.

Like the campagnol, they make globular nests of grass, which may be found among the herbage of the bank by those who know where and how to look for them.

JUST as the ordinary farmer lumps together half-a-dozen species or so of small birds, under the comprehensive title of "sparrows," so do most people consider that every animal which labours under the misfortune of being small in dimensions, brown in colour, and having a tail appended to its body, must be either a rat or a mouse, according to its size.

No one can be familiar with the banks of any brook without being acquainted with the pretty little WATER-SHREWS, which, like their relatives of the land, are almost invariably considered as mice, although, as we shall presently see, they are not connected in any way with the creatures which they superficially resemble.

If the observer will pick out some spot where he can be tolerably screened, and where the water of the brook is clear and rather shallow, he will be very likely to come upon the water-shrew (*Crossopus fodiens*). Both of these names are very appropriate. The first, or generic, name is of Greek origin (as all generic names ought to be), and signifies "fringe-footed." The name is due to the fringe of stiff hairs with which the feet are edged. A similar fringe is found on the lower surface of the tail. As these fringes are white, they are very conspicuous. Their object will presently be seen.

The second, or specific, title is (as all specific titles ought to be) derived from the Latin, and refers to the habits of the species. It signifies a digger or burrower, and alludes to its custom of digging burrows in the banks of the brook in which it loves to disport itself, and where it obtains much of its food.

As with other creatures, absolute stillness and silence is required on the part of the observer before the water-shrew will even show itself. Though there may be plenty of the little animals within a few yards, not one will be visible. But in ten minutes or thereabouts the silence will reassure them, and they will make their appearance on the bank.

I have seen them playing with each other on the bank of a rivulet which at that time was so dried up by want of rain that the water was scarcely a foot in width. They were almost within reach of my hand, and I could easily have killed one or two with a stick. But as I prefer watching the habits of animals to killing them, they continued their pretty and graceful evolutions undisturbed.

Being sociable little creatures, a single water-shrew is seldom seen, and, if the observer should detect one of the animals, he may be tolerably certain that it will presently be joined by others. They are as playful as kittens, and, in their way, quite as graceful, their lithe bodies and active limbs being able to assume as many varied attitudes as may be seen in a family of kittens at play.

They chase each other over the bank, pretend to fight fiercely, squeaking the while as if wounded to death, just as puppies will do when playing and making believe to be hurt. Then one will jump into the water, and dive, as if to escape, while one or two others will pop in after it, and chase it under water.

Indeed, on the occasion which I have just mentioned, the whole proceedings reminded me forcibly of the games in which the boy swimmers of Oxford were wont to indulge for the best part of a summer's day.

One of our favourite games was for one to dive into the Cherwell (mostly from the top of a pollard willow), and then for the rest to dive after him, and try to catch him under water before he had swum a certain distance. We used to shriek in our sport quite as much, and as loudly in proportion to our size, as the water-shrew squeaks, and I cannot but think that if any being as much superior to man as man is to the shrew could have watched us, we should have amused him much in the same way that the shrew amuses us.

In his admirable work on the British mammals, Mr. Bell states that the water-shrew will dive into a shallow, rippling stream, and run over the stones, pushing its long snout under them, and turning them over, should they be small, for the sake of dislodging and capturing the fresh-water shrimp (*Gammarus*), and then carrying it off to the bank and eating it with an audible, crunching sound.

I have not personally observed the creature engaged in this sub-aquatic hunt, though I have often seen it dive, and have been near enough to note its singularly beautiful aspect as it wriggles its irregular way under the surface.

Air is largely entangled among the hairs of its body, the imprisoned bubbles looking just

like globules of shining silver. The water-spider, which is also a common though unsuspected inmate of the brook, is adorned in a similar manner when it dives.

No one can watch these pretty little creatures without being interested and amused. But amusement ought not to be our sole object in observing the inhabitants of a brook. Let us catch one of the animals and keep it long enough to examine it. There is little difficulty in capturing a water-shrew, as the little animals are so fearless when they think themselves unobserved that a small hand-net can easily be slipped over them in their gambols. We need not keep our captive long, and, after inspecting the characteristic fringe of the feet and tail, we will examine its head and jaws.

A mere glance at the head ought to tell us that it cannot be a mouse, no mouse having a long, pointed snout, which projects far beyond the lower jaw. On opening its mouth and examining its teeth, we not only see that it cannot be a mouse, but that it is not even a rodent. It is, in fact, much more nearly related to the hedgehog than to the mouse. All its teeth are sharply pointed, and the lower incisors project almost horizontally forwards. The animal must, therefore, be predacious in character, and a comparison with the structure of other animals shows that it belongs to the important though not very numerous group of the insectivora, or insect-eaters, of which the mole is the generally accepted type. There are, however, some systematic zoologists who hold that the shrews, and not the moles, ought to be the typical representatives of the insectivora. This, however, is a matter of opinion, and its discussion does not come within the scope of our present undertaking.

Before we release our captive, we will examine its ears.

These are small, as are those of all water-inhabiting mammals, but there is a peculiarity in their structure which is worthy of notice. They are furnished with three small valves, which, being made on the same principle as those of the heart, are closed by the pressure of the water as soon as the animal dives below the surface, and open by their own elasticity when it emerges.

Now, we will allow it to escape into the water, and take note of it as it swims away.

I have already casually referred to the irregular course which it pursues in swimming. This is due to the fact that the water-shrew drives itself along by alternate strokes with the fringed hind feet, so that its progress reminds the observer of that of a boat propelled by two unskilful rowers, who have not learned to keep time. Still, its pace is tolerably rapid, though it lacks the steady directness which characterises that of the water-vole.

Another remarkable point in its swimming is that the outstretched legs cause the skin of the flanks to be widened and flattened in a way that reminds the observer of the flying squirrel when passing through the air. Although in the water-shrew the skin is not nearly as much flattened as in the squirrel, it is expanded sufficiently to alter the shape of the creature in a notable manner.

Supposing the observer to be tolerably familiar with the terrestrial shrews, he must have been struck by the blackness of the fur of the back, and the contrasting whiteness of the under-surface. So strongly, indeed, is the contrast marked, that an exceptionally dark variety was long considered as a distinct species, and called the "oared shrew."

Like the insectivora in general, the water-shrew is not at all particular in its diet, providing it be of an animal nature. As most of us know, the hedgehog, although its normal food consists of insects, snails, and the like, will feed on frogs, toads, mice, and even snakes and blindworms. So will the water-shrew, if it can be fortunate enough to find the dead bodies of any of these creatures, for it is not sufficiently powerful to kill them for itself.

In Mr. Bell's work, to which reference has already been made, there is an interesting notice of the carnivorous habits of the water-shrew.

An ordinary rat had been caught and killed in a steel trap, and upon the body of the rat was perched a little black creature, which proved on examination to be a water-shrew, which was trying to make a meal upon the rat. It had already bored a hole in the side of the rat, and was so absorbed in its task that it suffered itself to be touched with a stick without being alarmed.

This little animal does not restrict itself to the neighbourhood of water, but is often found at some distance inland. It has been accused, and I believe with justice, of devouring the eggs of river fish, a crime which, as I have already mentioned, is wrongly attributed to the water-vole.

Although we may see the water-shrew swim away and disappear below the surface of the water, we may watch in vain for its reappearance. As is done by the duckbill of Australia, the animal always makes several entrances to its burrow, one of them being on the side of the bank, below the surface of the water. It can, therefore, enter or leave the brook without being observed.

All the shrews, whether of the land or water, were at one time the objects of universal dread, and even the toad and blindworm could scarcely be more feared.

As one old writer remarks, in his sweeping condemnation of the animal, "It beareth a cruel minde, desiring to hurt anything, neither is there any creature that it loveth, or it loveth him, because it is feared of all."

It was held to be the special foe of cattle, biting their hoofs while in the stall and running over their bodies as they lay chewing the cud in the field. A cow over which a shrew had run was said to be "shrew-struck," and to fall straightway into a sort of consumption, accompanied with swellings of the skin.

The disease, being caused by the shrew, could only be cured by the shrew, the usual mode of treatment being to burn the animal alive and rub the cow with the ashes. As, however, a shrew might not always be at hand when a cow was taken ill, the ingenuity of our forefathers devised a plan of having essence of shrew always within reach.

A shrew was caught alive, and a hole bored into the trunk of an ash tree. The shrew, which must be still living, was put into the hole, the entrance to which was then closed with a wooden plug. As the body of the shrew decayed, its virtues were supposed to be absorbed into the tree, so that a branch of a "shrew ash," or even a few leaves, were supposed to be an effectual cure if laid upon the suffering animal.

The tail of a shrew, when burned and powdered, was considered as a certain remedy for the bite of a dog; only the tail must be cut from a living shrew.

I have already made casual mention of the shrews of the land.

Two species of land-shrews are recognised as inhabitants of England. One is the common SHREW, or SHREW-MOUSE (*Sorex vulgáris*), which for a long time was thought to be identical with the water-shrew. The fringed feet and tail, however, afford sufficient indications that it is a distinct species.

Towards the end of autumn there seems to be quite a mortality among the shrews, their bodies being plentifully strewn about the roadways and paths across fields. Why this should be so no one can tell, though many conjectures have been offered, one absurd theory being that man and the shrew are so antagonistic to each other, that when a shrew tries to cross a pathway made and used by man it dies from sheer antipathy.

This fact was known to Pliny, and Topsel, the old writer who has already been quoted, is of opinion that when a shrew dies in a cart-rut, the finder should not fail to secure so valuable a prize.

"The shrew which by falling by chance into a cart road or track doth die upon the same, being burned and afterwards beaten or dissolved into dust, and mingled with goose-grease, being rubbed or anointed upon those who are troubled with the swelling coming by the cause of some inflammation, doth bring into them a wonderful and most admirable cure and remedy."

The same author mentions its predacious habits, and states that it is especially fond of the putrid flesh of the raven, the French using it as a bait, and killing numbers of shrews as they are feasting on the dead bird. He is especially careful to mention that the deluded shrews are killed with shovels.

The third species of British shrew is the PIGMY-SHREW (*Sorex pygmæus*), which is even smaller than the harvest mouse, and is the smallest of all the British mammals.

I have mentioned the three species, because until quite recently much confusion reigned concerning them and their habits, and much difficulty has been found in disentangling them.

For example, no distinction had been recognised between the common shrew and the water-shrew, while the pigmy-shrew was thought to be the young of the common or erd-shrew, and an exceptionally large specimen of the water-shrew was supposed to be a separate species, and distinguished by the name of oared-shrew.

So, by means of carrying out our study of the water-shrew we have not only found much that is interesting and amusing, but have added something to our knowledge of animal physiology.

(*To be continued.*)

NEST OF THE CAMPAGNOL.

TRYING!

(*Very young married woman, dreadfully nervous, presiding at her own "five o'clock."*)

First Lady—"No sugar in *my* tea, please!" Second Lady—"Oh, please, only a very little milk in my tea!" Third Lady—"Oh, pardon! no milk at all in *my* tea!" Fourth Lady—"No cream, please, in my tea!" Cantankerous Old Gentleman—Um! No water in my tea, please!"

## THE DOINGS OF DUSTMEN.

DUSTMEN are not picturesque as a class, nor are they connected in our minds with very pleasant associations. They are invariably dirty, generally noisy, and inevitably thirsty. We can, most of us, recollect them as darting suddenly out of doorways and traversing the pavement with their unsavoury loads on their shoulders, careless of collisions with the passengers who endeavour to pass in front of them, and prodigal of ash-clouds in the faces of those who pass behind them. Or we may recollect them conspicuous by their absence, as being insensible to the attractions of the largest possible D put in the most prominent place in the window; as causing us suddenly to find out that a local board of works exists, to whom we blindly address a letter; and as bringing down upon us officials of the Bumble type, who talk to us of boards, inspectors, and contractors, go through long explanations as to "how it is"—which seem to afford them the highest satisfaction—and then go off and leave us as before; further, as causing us to write again to this ephemeral, evanescent body, the local board; and finally, as bringing us the dustmen themselves at last, with bad-humour added to their other characteristics.

And then, perhaps, it will presently appear that you have omitted to give the dustman a fee the last time he emptied your bin. Hence all your trouble and consequent extension of parochial knowledge. In vain the most vigorous and upright housekeeper may try to escape this impost. Useless to justify your meanness by the most lucid reasonings of political economy as applied to dustmen; in vain take your stand upon your rights as a citizen and an Englishman—in the meantime, your dustbin is festering below, and permeating your house with typhoid and choleraic odours.


BOXING-DAY.

The board, we read of—they debate, and are reported in the local papers. The inspector of nuisances, we believe exists, because we heard how he interfered, six months ago, with somebody's drainage, and had to be coaxed away from pulling up the pavement in front of somebody's shop just at Christmas time. The whole of the parochial system, we have no doubt,

exists in its entirety; but what is its importance, in comparison with the dustman's when the bin is full?

Under these circumstances, it will be interesting to penetrate a little into the habits and characteristics of a gentleman who holds in his shovel so large a portion of our happiness and comfort. And let it be conceded to his enemies, first of all, that the dustman does undoubtedly drink to excess. Whether his calling may be an excuse for this, since there is a fiction that dusty occupations require a great deal of something to "wash the dust down," may be an open question ; but it is certain that if his calling is no excuse for his drinking, it is the cause of it. The "Tips" amount to about two shillings a day, and are divided equally at some public-house where dustmen congregate, and quickly converted into liquid refreshment. These small offerings are designated amongst the brethren of the basket and shovel as "sparrow money"—possibly an idea originated by some facetious dustman in allusion to its scrap nature and the chance manner in which it is picked up.

As a matter of course, when Christmas comes round the dustman is to the front. The reception and collection of Christmas-boxes goes by the mysterious name of "building up"—dustmen alone can say why. It takes three dustmen to collect Christmas-boxes, and on these occasions they are considerate enough to carry a pencil and book, in which they enter the amounts they receive, and the names of the donors, thus avoiding any risk of calling twice at the same house—an instance of delicacy of feeling for which no doubt the public, now informed, will be duly grateful. The same public will perhaps be a little astonished to hear that these Christmas-boxes realise to each dustman from £5 to £10, which usually go towards increasing the Inland Revenue returns on excisable articles.

While the working dustmen are drawing their sustenance out of the dust in this manner, it can easily be understood that their masters and employers —the contractors—are not doing so badly. There is, in truth, a vast amount of money made out of rubbish. Perhaps now, when so many people have found this out, and competition is keener, there is more necessity for sharpness and business knowledge than formerly,

GOING THROUGH THE HALL.

but that a quantity of money is still made at dust-collecting is unquestionable. And it is simple enough to understand that if you can utilise or sell what almost everybody is anxious to get rid of, your chances of large profits are considerable. We once knew a master dustman who had risen from a very low position in life to the possession of a large wharf, numbers of carts, horses, and men, mountain ranges of dust-heaps, and a lovely country-house. He was a jovial, merry soul, and weighed close upon eighteen stone. His wealth had originated by a chance which occurs sometimes to his trade. He had contracted to dig out and cart away rubbish preparatory to laying the foundations of a large building. He was to receive five shillings a load for doing this ; but, after digging a little way, sand was discovered, when it instantly

WHEN THE BIN IS FULL."

became worth the builder's while who employed him to buy the sand of him, to be used in the course of erecting the building. Thus, although the contractor was paid five shillings a load to take the stuff away, he was able, when he "struck" sand, to save the expense of all horses and men, to still receive, as per contract, five shillings a load for taking it away, and then to obtain another five shillings a load from the builder for letting it stop where it was! It is not often that such pieces of good fortune occur to contractors, since the nature of the soil can generally be pretty closely ascertained before making the agreement; but sometimes the most business-like men are forgetful, and the most skilful are deceived, and then such chances happen as that by which this particular contractor obtained what he used to term his "bit of fat."

We might have enjoyed the pleasure of this gentleman's friendship for many years, had he not had an unhappy prejudice against vaccination at a time when small-pox was very prevalent.

"Vaccination is a delusion," he would say. "Look at me. I was never vaccinated, and I am constantly, in the course of my business, going into infected places; and yet I have no fear."

"Vaccination," echoed a friend of this dustman, "is a delusion. Look at Mr. Western. He was never vaccinated, and he is constantly, in the course of his business, going into infected places; and yet he has no fear."

But small-pox had marked Mr. Western for its own, and one day it arose in his neighbourhood, possibly from one of his own dust-heaps, and laid the mighty dustman low. He died, and his friend got vaccinated as quickly as possible.

Dustmen are rather particular about the funerals of their comrades, when one of them has returned to the element of his trade. By means of burial clubs, to which most of them are subscribers, there is a sum of money always at hand to furnish a funeral. Even when respect for the deceased induces them to carry the coffin on their shoulders, they indulge in a profusion of mourning coaches, velvets, feathers, and other funeral pomps and vanities. The Irish custom of "waking," too, exists in a certain degree amongst the dust fraternity, for there is usually a great deal of drunkenness about the neighbourhood, on the part of friends and relations of the dead dustman, for two or three days after he has been laid underground.

A civilising influence is much needed among dustmen, though it is possible to be too fastidious. A gentleman once complained bitterly to their employer, of the dustmen who came to his house—their language and manners were, he said, most offensive to him.

"I can easily understand it," said the contractor, "and I don't attempt to deny it. But you would hardly believe the difficulty I have in getting gentlemen of education and culture to follow my dust-carts!"

A. H.

## SOME THINGS WE SAY, AND DO, IN AMERICA.

I HAD been absent from my native land many years that hot September morning upon which I returned, feeling half a pensive exile, half a home-sick stranger, to New York.

Everything was strange to me; the very madness and riot of business signs upon Broadway, the novelty of the elevated railway on mighty stilts, even the breathless rush of people in the streets, seemed to me something I had never seen before, so many and many a long year was it since I had seen them. Nothing came back to me as half-forgotten things do come back by something like the slow development of the old-fashioned daguerreotype, and for a time I felt appalled that I had remained away from it so long that I no longer had a fatherland.

This nightmare impression of absolute estrangement from my own land lingered with me for months. In time it slowly wore off, and now I look back to the foreignness of America to me as upon a dream.

I never shall forget, however, various curious things that in those foreign days made an impression upon me. They are things that neither American nor stranger has ever, to my knowledge, related in print, notwithstanding the volumes of impressions concerning us that have been given to the world.

As we walked from one of the Sixth Avenue stations to the restaurant where I was to have my first "square American meal," I noticed how different the letter-boxes are from the purple-red pillars of England, re-

minding one of Tommy Atkins on guard at street-corners. They are dark green and small, and are fastened to street lamp-posts. They are so insignificant that I probably should not have noticed them but for the marvellous ornaments they each and all wore. These were ornaments in a true sense of the word, being proofs of the trustworthiness of the community those boxes served. They were bundles of papers, pamphlets, and even books, too bulky to be forced into the aperture for letters, therefore left there on the top of the box, in full view and open exposure to every passer-by, till the postman should make his next round.

This is a common practice all over America; that is, in cities. Every Christmas time since then I have been amazed to see how thoroughly the American public is trusted. Every Christmas, often at other times, the letter-boxes are filled high with packages of all sizes and shapes, awaiting the postman. Every one of them had a Christmas look, and even the postage stamps on them would tempt dozens of street-arabs, one would think. If any are stolen, I never heard of it, and the practice is so general as to receive no attention. Once at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Twentieth Street I saw a sudden gust of wind send half a dozen of these packages flying. Every passer-by put himself in pursuit, but he who caught the most of them was the pea-nut vendor whose stand is at that corner.

That opportunity is not lacking to steal is proved by the number of times I have paused at midnight, returning from some entertainment, to expatiate upon the honesty of a people that could see a stamped newspaper or two lie all night long upon the top of a post-box without running away with it.

The English postman, the French, Italian, German, are forbidden to receive packages and letters *for* the mail, but the American knows no such restriction. Hence, in the University town where I live one may see at all hours of the day stamped letters stuck under the keyhole-protector of doors, till the "letter man," as he is called here, shall in passing take them away. More than once I have seen a letter fastened down with a stone upon gate-posts, remaining there for hours in perfect security, till carried away by a knapsacked man in grey.

Ours is a very rural town, buried in foliage, with wide streets, gardens, and letter-boxes somewhat far apart. As a University town, lovingly inhabited by literary people, it sends and receives countless letters; these letters are left lying about, confided to public honesty in a perfectly startling way.

Upon that day of my return we stopped at a news-stand to buy a paper. The owner was nowhere to be seen, but upon the stand was perhaps twenty cents, perhaps more, in silver and copper. My companion selected a paper, laid down ten cents, took seven from the silver and copper collection, and we walked away.

I looked timorously over my shoulder, expecting to be grabbed by a policeman, although I had not yet seen one in America, they being few and far between. Since then I have found exactly this a frequent practice, and once in New York, for three days in succession, I helped myself to both my paper and my change without once encountering the owner.

Yet there are New York aldermen in Sing-Sing prison, and Canada riots with our defaulters!

The simplicity which characterises literary and University circles here is in striking contrast to the extravagant flutter and pretentious flop of American fashionable life. Brains are the circulating medium, not money; ideas, not jewellery, are personal ornaments. The simplicity of daily life would remind one of that of quiet University towns in Germany, only that nothing really American *can* be sluggish, and that grotesque economies and pinching needs are not to our manner born. Many of the professors who have lived much abroad have brought foreign wives home with them; few of the American wives have not lived much abroad, and nothing provincial marks social intercourse in which many languages are spoken. The simplicity is not intellectual where men are in close communion and *rapport* with the most searching, complex, and abstruse minds of the age, and of all nations and races. Neither can it be said to be spiritual where the doctrine of evolution stands higher than that of special creation, and knowledge, not faith, is the mainspring of religion. It is merely a simplicity of outward habit, of homes, dress, manners, and conversation. That simplicity would be accounted eccentricity in the University cloisters of England, if it were not considered actual homespun rusticity. A prominent and still youthful professor makes an evening call. He is one who writes articles for American and European journals, that set the intellects of both countries agog. His mind is both massive and subtle, his speech trenchant, his dress and manner beyond reproach, and he sits all the evening with the package of eggs on his knees that he is taking home for to-morrow's breakfast! *We* make an evening call upon the wife of a professor and savant, of many tongues. We approach the house with reverence, humbled with consciousness that our tongues are so few, our own knowledge so shivering and mean a thing. Nevertheless, we are not in the least surprised when the wise professor himself answers the bell.

The baby-perambulator is a feature of American rural, even of University towns. Whether the young American father is fonder of his offspring than other men are, I am not fully prepared to say, although I have my "bias of opinion." Certainly he devotes himself more to its service than any man of equal social position in the world. The Frenchman adores his children, and appears continually with them in public, yet nowhere but in America would the college professor trundle his baby-cart through the streets with all the pride of a Roman emperor in triumphal procession. No slave is there to whisper, "Remember thou art mortal," and he evidently does not remember it, as he chirrups and "goo-goo's" to the drooling tyrant he fancies he governs—but don't.

When I arrived on that September day, we went directly to a restaurant, that I might eat of green

corn, of egg-plant, summer squash, and monstrous water-melon, before the waning of their season.

It was not an aristocratic restaurant by any means; merely one of the *bourgeois* order, where food and cooking are strictly indigenous to the country, and French cooking and viands despised as "kickshaws" and "stuff." The patrons were well-to-do business men of the neighbourhood, mingled with clerks, book-keepers, and a preponderance of ladies from out of town on shopping excursions. Scarcely had we entered than I had a feeling that this is indeed a republic, where there is no servile class, and where even the restaurant *garçons* carry themselves jauntily, as if consciously in possession of a vote.

A little child with us knew no English, and chattered to us in her native French. The *garçon* who served us looked at her with smiling interest. Presently, he deliberately laid down his napkin, and with deliberation chucked her under the chin.

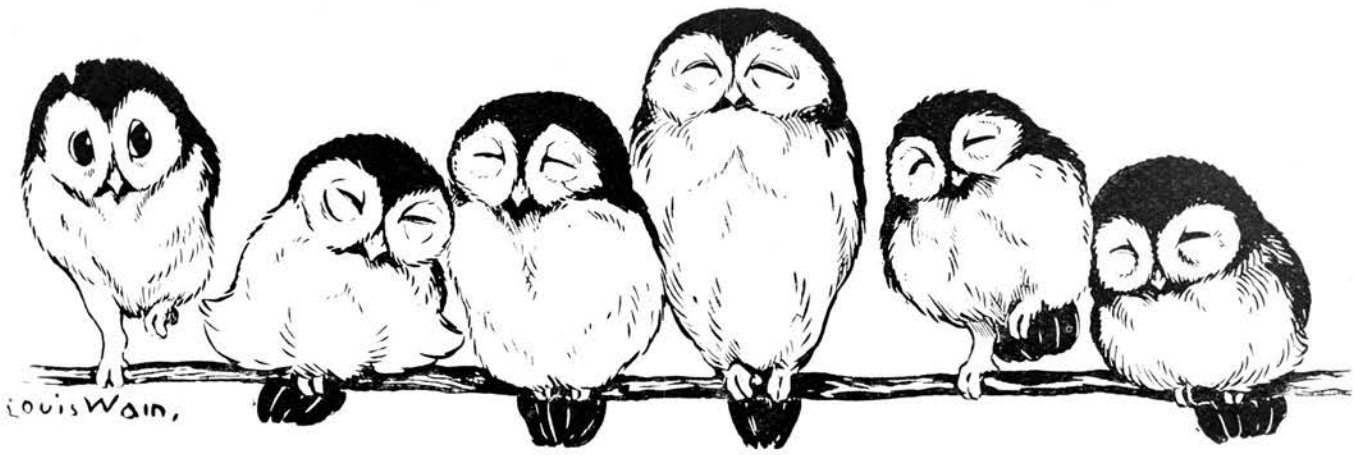
"That's a funny way to talk," he said; "better learn the American language; it's lots easier!"

"The land of the Free!" I murmured.

One day I was reading in a public library. Near me sat a young woman, neatly, even elegantly dressed, and attentively reading a file of periodicals devoted to housekeeping. I wished to see one of them, and asked her for it. She gave it to me with easy good manners, and we entered into conversation. She told me, with a pretty foreign accent, how she cooked certain things, of which things her family were most fond, and of her intention, some time, to send some of her own recipes to this housekeeping journal. We parted with mutual politeness, and I did not see her again for some time. One week discrepancies arose between our linen list and articles returned from the laundress. I insisted to the youth who brought them that the laundress should come herself. She came. It was my friend of the public library.

We have an excellent table-girl, neat, light-handed, but not "light-fingered," and the colour of gingerbread. Serving breakfast and lunch, she waits upon us in a gay *foulard* over her woolly tresses, thus immensely adding to the picturesqueness of our somewhat foreign *ménage*. At dinner she appears in the *bonnet blanc* of a French *bonne*, and no persuasion can induce her to leave it off. As is the habit in America, our two servants eat exactly what we do, serving the kitchen table by de-serving the dining-room. One day our matron was about to send away the fried oysters. "You may have 'em all," said Phyllis, replacing the dish; "we jest dispise 'em in the kitchen."

DELIVERANCE DINGLE.




### Plaint.

"ALAS, how easily things go wrong!"
A verse too much, or a page too long,
And you find you 've expended your soul in vain,
For back your manuscript comes again.

"Alas, how hardly things go right!"
You are either too heavy, or else too light;
You 've too little, or else too much to say—
And it 's "not available" either way!

*Margaret Vandegrift.*

## COOKERY.

### OMELETTES AND CUSTARDS.

*Cheese Omelette.*—If an omelette is merely to serve as a side-dish or *slight* addition to a dinner, an egg and a half for each person will be enough; but if it is to be the main-stay—perhaps the only hot dish, as at breakfast or luncheon—two eggs per head will not be too large an allowance. Take white or yellow cheese in preference, and grate or chop it fine. The quantity will depend on the strength of its flavour. Better put in too little than too much, in order to keep the omelette *delicate*. Chop fine a leaf or two of parsley, and, if you have it, one of chervil. Break your eggs into a bowl, beat them well together with a fork, but not too much or to a froth. Mix in your chopped-up cheese and herbs with a pinch of salt and the slightest dust of pepper. Your frying-pan (an earthen one does

well for omelettes) being ready, with a good lump of butter melted in it, give a final stir to your beaten eggs, to mix all equally, before pouring into the pan. As it fries keep shaking it, raising the edges all round with your slice. When the upper surface is nearly set, fold the omelette in two, making it nearly the shape of an apple turnover. After half a minute, turn it; and after another half minute serve on a hot dish. Omelettes should never be overdone, but should be juicy and only semi-solid in the middle. This omelette resembles in flavour the old-fashioned dish called rammakins, or ramequins (a descendant of the still more ancient Welsh rabbit), but is lighter and gives less trouble. It may be presented at the same complacent moment—*i.e.*, towards the close of a pleasant dinner.

*Omelette, with Cheese.*—Grate your cheese, chop your herbs, and beat your eggs, as before; season the same. Mix the *herbs only* with the eggs. Put the cheese into a small saucepan, moisten with a spoonful of milk, cream, or stock, and warm the cheese through over a gentle heat. Fry as before. Just before folding the omelette, put the cheese into the middle, just as you would put the apple into an apple turnover. After folding your omelette, with the cheese snug in its place, finish off and serve as above directed. Mustard should be at hand, to be eaten, if liked, with either of these omelettes.

*Plain Omelette.*—The same as the preceding, omitting the cheese and the herbs.

*Sweet Herb Omelette.*—The same as the preceding, with any or all of the following herbs, chopped very fine, mixed in small quantities with the eggs before frying:—parsley, chervil, and chives, most usual; onions, shalots, thyme, sage.

*Kidney Omelettes.*—Veal: Cold roast kidney, if underdone, answers exceedingly well. Slice very thin, or chop into quite small dice, a piece about the size of a turkey's egg. Put a little cold veal gravy—or, if you have none, stock—in a saucepan over the fire, with a bit of butter and a dust of flour. Work them into a smooth sauce. Season with lemon-peel, lemon-juice, salt, pepper, and grated nutmeg. Into this put your kidney, to get warm through without ever coming to a boil. Make a plain omelette: before folding it, take the slices of kidney out of the sauce with a spoon, or small slice, draining the sauce away from them. Put them in the middle of the omelette, then fold the omelette and finish it. Lay it in the middle of an oval dish, made very hot, and pour the boiling sauce round, not over it. Mutton and beef: One mutton kidney, or a piece of beef kidney of equal dimensions, will suffice for an omelette of five or six eggs. Slice the kidney, raw, very thin. Put it into a saucepan with a table-spoonful of gravy, or stock, half a glass of red wine, a dessert-spoonful of mushroom catchup, and a dust each of flour, pepper, and salt. Stew these together, stirring continually, until the kidney is done. You must not let it boil, or it will be hard and leathery. While still tender and juicy, put it in the middle of your omelette, and pour the sauce round the latter, as directed above.

*Bacon or Ham Omelette.*—Take the required quantity of cooked ham or bacon, fat and lean together, and mince it tolerably fine. It is usual to mix this addition to an omelette throughout its substance, as was directed for sweet herb omelette, instead of putting it altogether in the middle. For *that*, it would require to be stewed in some sauce, and it would not be easy to propose a suitable one for ham and bacon. But, in nearly every case, the cook is at liberty to choose between the two methods. Even cold kidney and meat, minced, may be mingled with the eggs before frying. It is evident, however, that any ragoût is best deposited altogether in the centre of the omelette just before it is folded. There is no definable limit to the articles with which this kind of omelette may be made—young green peas, while still a rarity; the tips of asparagus, small mushrooms, shrimps, prawns, oysters, and bits of lobster-flesh, are all excellent in their turn.

*Salmon Omelette.*—Fish omelettes, in like manner, may either have the particles of fish dispersed through their substance or be served together in a ragoût. We prefer the latter mode, except with such ingredients as the flesh of red herring, bloaters, kippered salmon, &c., which are analogous to ham and bacon. Fish omelettes, too, have the advantage that, as the quantity of fish needed is small, and must be cooked in some way previous to putting it into the omelette, cold remains will mostly serve very well, and so be turned to good account in an elegant shape. For an omelette of six eggs, take cold salmon equal in quantity to three hens' eggs. If you have any cold lobster, shrimp, or oyster-sauce, or even plain melted butter, put just enough in a saucepan to warm the fish in, which you will have separated into flakes, preferring the fatty, or belly parts. Add more butter; season delicately with lemon-juice, nutmeg, and pepper, keeping the ragoût as thick as may be, as you have no use for surplus sauce. Put this ragoût in the middle of your omelette, and finish off as in other cases. Have ready heated a hollow oval dish; in the middle of this put a good lump of butter, with which chopped parsley has been incorporated. Lay the omelette on this and serve. The butter, melting beneath the omelette, will make the only sauce required. All fish omelettes should have a liberal allowance of butter both inside and out.

*Sweet Omelette* (*plain*).—While beating your eggs, throw in a few grains of salt and a good sprinkling of pounded lump sugar. You may further flavour with any delicate aromatic that goes well with sweets; with essence of lemon, vanilla, rose-water, orange-flower water, noyau, or curaçoa. This omelette, when fried, should be laid on the naked heated dish, with nothing under or around it. Dust over it a good coating of sugar. Herring-bone the top with a red-hot iron rod that has been wiped with damp canvas after taking out of the fire; or set it a minute under a red-hot salamander, to convert part of the sugar into candy.

*Rum Omelette.*—Proceed as before, only flavour with a tablespoonful of rum, and be liberal with the sugar mixed with the eggs. Warm half a tumbler of rum in a saucepan. When the omelette is laid in the heated dish, pour the rum round it, and set light to and serve it.

*Preserve or Jam Omelettes.*—Proceed as before; flavour your eggs with nothing but sugar—at least, with nothing that would disaccord with the kind of jam you use. For a strawberry omelette, you might flavour with orange-flower water; and for an apple marmalade omelette, with essence of lemon. Before folding the omelette, lay in the middle two or three tablespoonfuls of any jam you prefer or have—strawberry, raspberry, black currant, gooseberry, apricot, greengage, orange marmalade, cranberry, &c. &c. All these omelettes, as well as the preceding, should be sugared, and partially candied by heat, on the top.

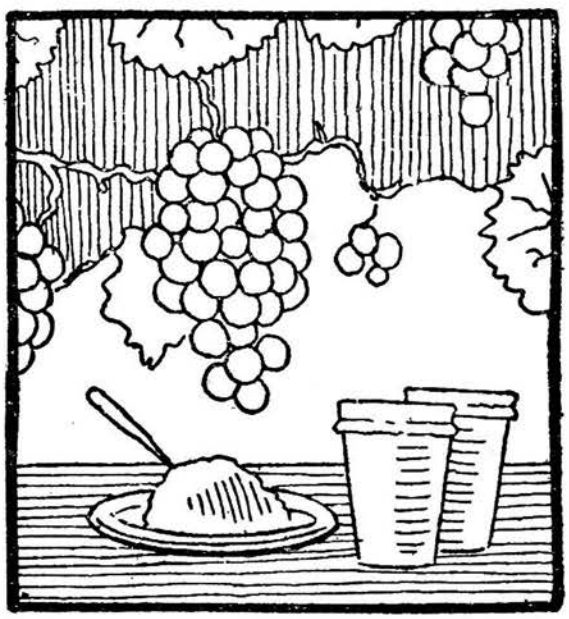
*Devilled Omelette* (*Indian*) is a contradiction, a union of opposites, a combination of the soft with the strong, of the smooth with the fiery. Under its smooth placid face it conceals the fiercest of tempers, and we cannot help regarding it as an unfair trap for unwary eaters. Mix up with your eggs, chopped parsley, mint, chives, or young green onions, salt, and cayenne. In the inside put any highly-curried ragoût. If you have any mulligatawny soup, pour a ladleful of it, hot, round your omelette, as sauce.

N.B.—In serving a large party of guests with omelette, it is better to make several middle-sized ones than to attempt an unusually large one, which would not be cooked equally throughout. From five to seven eggs make the most manageable omelette; more are less easy to turn out neatly. This plan likewise gives you the

opportunity of sending up a variety of omelettes ; the different ingredients are so easiiy prepared and introduced. Soyer applies and carries out the idea in his *Macedoine*, or medley of omelettes, though he only makes a diversity of sweet ones. "Instead of making one with eight eggs, make four," he advises, "with two eggs each, of different kinds of preserves." Serve on the same dish, sugar over, &c., as before. A medley of fish omelettes would be equally agreeable, if served in harmonious companionship. For four kinds take, say, salmon, sole, lobster, and oysters. The only extra trouble would be the making of four different fish stews in four different saucepans. The only sauce needed is a good lump of butter well worked in chopped parsley laid at the bottom of the hot dish. The contents of each omelette could be indicated by laying on the top of each, by way of tickets, one oyster (cooked), a flake of salmon, a morsel of lobster, and a bit of sole ; and the choice offered would please most people, ladies especially. Fish omelettes are particularly acceptable and light at a sociable supper, on returning from a concert or a theatre.

*Omelettes Soufflées.*—These are *baked*, not fried, and are placed on the table in the same dish in which they are cooked. Therefore, if you have a deep silver or plated dish, use it ; if not, a tin one. Butter the inside of your dish, to prevent, in some measure, the omelette from sticking to it. Have a couple of salad-bowls, and a dozen eggs. Break the yolks into one bowl, and the whites into another. To the yolks put a pinch of salt, a teaspoonful of flour, three-quarters of a pound of finely-pounded sugar, and orange-flower water or vanilla to taste. Beat up these well together ; then beat the whites to a froth ; then put the two together, and beat up again. Pour the whole into your dish, and set it into a smart oven. As soon as it is well risen, and nicely brown on the top, it is done. Dust the top with sugar. Set it on the table with the speed of magic ; it is one of the things which *cannot* wait. Before you can discuss its merits, it is gone. To prevent its catching a fatal cold, you may wrap it in a blanket on its way from the kitchen to the dining-room.

*Gardiners' Omelette* (*à la Jardinière*).—Make a rich ragoût with all sorts of vegetables, salad, herbs, green peas, French beans, &c., or whatever the season offers you. Beat up half this ragoût with a dozen eggs, and with the mixture make, in the usual way, either a couple of omelettes or one large one. Pour the rest of your ragoût into a heated dish, and serve your omelettes on the top of it.



# COOKERY.

## OMELETTES, CUSTARDS, AND PUDDINGS.

*Omelette Soufflée, in a Mould.*—Take a large mould, of simple form ; butter the inside well throughout. Break six eggs, putting the yolks and whites into separate basins. To the yolks add three tablespoonfuls of pounded sugar, one of arrowroot, four macaroons broken to crumbs, a salt-spoon of salt, a dessert-spoonful of grated candied citron-peel, and the same quantity of candied orange-flowers, if you can get them. Beat all these well together ; then beat your whites of egg to a froth, mix the beaten yolks with them, and beat again. Pour these into your buttered mould, not filling it more than half full. If you have any beaten eggs left, put them into a second mould, to make a second omelette. Set into a gentle oven ; when done, turn it out on to a piping hot dish, dust with sugar, and serve with the remembrance that time, tide, and *omelettes soufflées* wait for no man. This makes a pretty dish to set before no matter whom. It is as handsome as it is good.

*Onion Omelette.*—Fry lightly in butter a few sliced white onions. When they are nearly done enough, moisten with cream, and season with salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Mix them up with half-a-dozen beaten eggs, and finish off your omelette in the usual way.

*Anchovy Omelette.*—This omelette is fashioned in a different way to the preceding. By the same mode a variety of articles may be enclosed, both savouries and sweets. Take half-a-dozen salted anchovies ; steep them in warm water a quarter of an hour to freshen them a little. Cut off the flesh in strips. The fillets of anchovy, bottled in oil, sold at Italian warehouses, answer perfectly. Fry thin slices of bread, cut them into small squares, and on each square lay a bit of anchovy. Beat up, rather more than for an ordinary omelette, a dozen eggs ; season with pepper and salt. With half the quantity make a large, flat, thin omelette, like a pancake. Do not turn it, but lay it on a hot dish. Over its surface distribute your bits of fried bread and anchovy. With the remainder of your eggs make another omelette like the first. Lay it over the other, with the under-side uppermost. Set it a few minutes before the fire, or in a gentle oven, to make the two surfaces adhere, and serve with any savoury sauce that suits your taste.

*Italian Eggs* (*à l'Italienne*).—Break seven or eight eggs into a saucepan, with a bit of butter in it. Add the juice of a lemon, a glass of white wine, enough pounded sugar to make them decidedly sweet, a pinch of salt, and any approved flavouring, as orange-flower water or curaçoa. Then proceed exactly as with scambled or mashed eggs. When they are set without being hard, pile them on a hot dish, dust them well with sugar, and candy it a little, either under a salamander or with a red-hot fire-shovel.

*Spun Eggs* (*Œufs en Filagramme*).—The French name of this preparation is not quite so correctly composed as "telegram," first coined and circulated by the *Times*. Never mind. The dish will pass ; let the word pass also. Make a syrup of sugar, white wine, and water, in a rather wide stew-pan, that is not too shallow. Beat together eight fresh eggs, with a dessert-spoonful of flour or arrowroot. Take a cullender or strainer, whose holes are about the diameter of a strip of vermicelli. Set it over the hot syrup, and through it force the eggs, making them issue in threads, which, falling into the syrup, will be immediately set and hardened—poached, in fact. On taking them up, let them drain a minute, and pile them on a dish. They may be served either hot or cold, or used to garnish other sweet dishes. This is one of the things which, in former days, housekeepers in country mansions used to lock themselves inside their still-rooms to make,

for fear the kitchen-maid (or perhaps their mistress) should steal the secret.

*Eggs as Snow* (*Œufs à la Neige*).—Set a pint of milk, or more, on the fire in a shallow stew-pan, sweeten liberally with sugar, flavour with a couple of bay-leaves, and any other approved aroma—vanilla, orange-flower water, or rose-water. Separate the whites and the yolks of six eggs. Beat the whites to a froth, with a little pounded sugar. When the milk boils, poach in it, one by one, table-spoonfuls of this froth, turning them over with a ladle or slice until they are equally done all round. The dish will be handsomer if you vary their size, making some twice as big as others. As they are done arrange them on a large dish, grouping the biggest in the middle. When all the frothed whites are thus disposed of, set the stew-pan of milk on the side of the stove. First mix a small quantity of the milk (after it has cooled a little) with the egg yolks, and then thicken with them what remains. Pour this amongst and around (not over) your snowy froth. Serve cold. Sweet biscuits or sponge-cakes are often eaten with it. Few things that give so little trouble make so elegant a supper dish. If you have not yet tried it, please to do so. Executed on a large scale, it may even figure as a centre dish.

*Baked Custard.*—Take as many eggs as will fill your dish level when laid in it in their shells. Beat them together; sweeten liberally, for a custard with too little sugar is very insipid; add a small pinch of salt. Flavour with whatever you like—brandy, rum, liqueurs, essence of lemon, vanilla, rose-water, or orange-flower water; either of the last three are the most delicate. Then add as much new milk as will fill your dish nearly to the brim. Stir all together; grate a little nutmeg on the top. Set it into a *very* gentle oven. Watch, and take out without shaking it, as soon as it is fairly set.

*Baked Custard, in a Crust.*—Butter the inside of a cylindrical cake-tin. Line it with thin pie-crust, not too rich with butter, and set it into the oven till the crust is nearly baked enough. Then pour into it a custard made as above, but with a smaller proportion of milk, to render it stiffer. Bake gently. On taking out, set it in a cool place to stand all night. Just before serving, take it out of the tin, and set it on its dish. Custards with crusts may be made small and shallow, in tin patty-pans, or earthen saucers. Such custards are especially suitable for juvenile entertainments. Children are so delighted at having a whole pie, dumpling, or custard, all to themselves! Custards, made as above, are excellent cooked in small cups *with covers to them*, in a shallow saucepan of boiling water, or steamed in a steamer fitted to the top of the saucepan.

*Chocolate and Coffee Custards* are made by incorporating chocolate with, or adding strong coffee to, the milk which enters into the custard.

*Boiled Custards.*—The proportions of milk and eggs employed depend on the degree of consistency required. Four eggs to a pint of new milk do nicely. Sweeten, flavour, after thorough mixing, and stir slowly and continually over a gentle fire; or better, in an earthen vessel plunged in a saucepan of boiling water. When sufficiently thickened, pour into cups or glasses, grate a little nutmeg over their surface, and drop a ratafia on the top of each. Some recommend the leaving out a certain number of whites of egg from custards. If you *want* them for any other purpose, that is all very well; otherwise it is wasteful and needless. The grand secret of making good custards is (besides sufficient sweetness) *the application of very gentle heat.* Custards made with arrowroot being impostors, have no right to appear in the society of eggs.

## EVERY-DAY DESSERTS—PART XI

### And Desserts for Every Day.

MONDAY, APRIL 1.

**Almond Loaf.**

**One-half of a pound of sugar, one-half of a pound of butter, five eggs beaten stiff, one-half of a pound of flour, one-half of a grated nutmeg, one wineglass of brandy, one-half of a pound of seeded raisins, one-fourth of a pound, each, of citron and blanched almonds, one teaspoonful of baking-powder. Bake. Sauce 3.**

TUESDAY, APRIL 2.

**Souffle.**

**Heat together till thick, one tablespoonful of powdered sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, the beaten yolks of five eggs, two teaspoonfuls of corn-starch, juice of one lemon. Strain through a fine sieve. Stir till cold, add the whites of five eggs beaten stiff. Bake in a buttered mould set in hot water. Eat with currant jelly.**

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3.

**Westlake Pudding.**

**One pint of flour, one-half of a cupful of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one egg, three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, one teacupful of seeded raisins, milk for soft dough. Steam. Sauce 5.**

THURSDAY, APRIL 4.

**Smothered Jam Pudding.**

**Bake in an oblong pan, cake of one-half of a cupful of butter, one cupful of sugar, one-half of a cupful of milk, two eggs, one and three-fourths cupfuls of flour, one and one-half of a teaspoonful of baking-powder. When cold spread with raspberry jam, and cover that with whipped cream.**

FRIDAY, APRIL 5.

**Orange Custard Pie.**

**Bake, in open shell, one cupful of powdered sugar; one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of smooth corn-starch, one teacupful of boiling water, yolks of three eggs, juice and grated rind of one large orange, all mixed together. When "set," cover with meringue of whites, and brown.**

SATURDAY, APRIL 6.

**Ice Cream Cake (good).**

**Bake, in layers, cake of one cupful of sugar, one and one-half cupfuls of flour, one-half of a cupful of corn-starch, the whites of four eggs beaten stiff, one-half of a cupful of butter, one-half of a cupful of milk, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, spread with boiled icing (Recipe *C*).**

SUNDAY, APRIL 7.

**Cocoanut Drops.**

**One grated cocoanut, one-half its weight in powdered sugar, the white of one egg beaten stiff. Drop on buttered paper. Bake in a slow oven.**

MONDAY, APRIL 8.

**Batter Pudding.**

**Boil two hours, pudding made of one pint of milk, four eggs beaten stiff, two cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of baking-powder. Sauce 5.**

TUESDAY, APRIL 9.

**Kisses (Excellent).**

**Beat powdered sugar into the whites of two eggs until very thick. Bake on buttered paper, in a slow oven.**

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 10.

**Claret Jelly.**

**One-half of a box of gelatine dissolved, one stick of cinnamon, one pint of boiling water, three-fourths of a cupful of claret, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar. Strain into wet moulds.**

THURSDAY, APRIL 11.

**Scotch Pudding (very good).**

**Two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of sour cream, three cupfuls of flour, three eggs, one cupful of seeded raisins, one teaspoonful of soda. Bake in a loaf. Sauce 8.**

FRIDAY, APRIL 12.

**Cheese Straws.**

**Roll piecrust thin, cut in long narrow strips, spread with grated cheese, fold over, in shape like Lady Fingers, pinch edges, rub over white of egg, and bake.**

SATURDAY, APRIL 13.

**Fairy Pudding.**

One quart of boiling milk, five tablespoonfuls of corn-starch, five eggs beaten stiff, ten tablespoonfuls of sugar, butter the size of a walnut. Cook together, add three-fourths of a glassful of sherry when cold. Sauce 10.

SUNDAY, APRIL 14.

**Tapioca Pudding.**

Soak three tablespoonfuls of tapioca in water three hours. Add to custard made of three-fourths of a quart of milk, yolks of three eggs, one cupful of sugar, teaspoonful of vanilla and bake.

MONDAY, APRIL 15.

**Sponge Cake Pudding (good).**

Stir together, till the palest straw-color, one and one-half cupfuls of powdered sugar and the yolks of five eggs beaten. Then add *lightly* one and one-fourth cupfuls of flour and the whites of five eggs beaten stiff. Bake and eat with sauce 7.

TUESDAY, APRIL 16.

**Cocoanut Transparency.**

Bake, in open shell, one-half of a pound of sugar, one-half of a pound of butter melted slowly together and add four eggs beaten stiff and cooked thick, stirring constantly. Strew, when ready for the oven, with grated cocoanut.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 17.

**Orange Meringue.**

Slice six peeled oranges in a dish, and pour over one pint of milk boiled with one-half of a cupful of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of smooth corn-starch, allowed to cool. Make meringue of the whites of three eggs beaten stiff for top, and brown.

THURSDAY, APRIL 18.

**Chocolate Pudding (good).**

Make cake of the whites of three eggs beaten stiff, one cupful of powdered sugar, one and three-fourths cupfuls of flour, one-fourth of a cupful of butter, one-half of a cupful of milk, one teaspoonful of baking-powder. Bake in a loaf, and then cover with icing made of one cupful of milk, one-fourth of a cupful of melted chocolate, one-half of a cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of corn-starch all boiled together. Eat with sauce 10.

FRIDAY, APRIL 19.

**Mock Cream Pie (very good).**

Bake, in deep, round tins, batter made of three eggs beaten stiff, one cupful of sugar, one and one-half cupfuls of flour, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. When baked cut off the top, scoop out the inside and fill with custard; one pint of milk, three tablespoonfuls of flour, five tablespoonfuls of sugar, two eggs, boiled together.

SATURDAY, APRIL 20.

**Almond Cheese Cakes.**

Line patty pans with pastry, and drop in a mixture of the whites of three eggs, one-fourth of a pound of powdered sugar, juice of one-half of a lemon, one-half of a pound of blanched and chopped almonds. Bake in a moderate oven.

SUNDAY, APRIL 21.

**Snow Drops.**

One cupful of powdered sugar, one-half of a cupful of butter, one-half of a cupful of milk, two cupfuls of flour, the whites of three eggs beaten stiff, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Bake in patty pans, sauce 7.

MONDAY, APRIL 22.

**Mugly.**

Three-fourths of a teacupful of rice, four tablespoonfuls of sugar one and one-fourth pints of water boiled till like porridge, with one stick of cinnamon, afterward removed. Pour in wet mould and cover with blanched and split peanuts.

TUESDAY, APRIL 23.

**Jelly Pile.**

One pint of milk, four eggs, two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, flour for thin batter. Bake on a griddle, butter and spread with sweet jelly, and pile together, like little layer cakes. Sauce 7.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24.

**Black Pudding (good).**

One cupful of sugar, one-fourth of a cupful of butter, one and one-half cupfuls of flour, two eggs, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, one-half of a cupful of milk, one-fourth of a cake of melted chocolate. Bake in a loaf. Sauce 8.

THURSDAY, APRIL 25.

**Rice Layer Pudding.**

One-half of a cupful of rice soaked in four cupfuls of milk, two hours; add four tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of melted butter. Put layers in pudding dish, alternately with layers of jam. Bake. Sauce 10.

FRIDAY, APRIL 26.

**Lemon Pie.**

Bake, in two crusts, mixture of juice and grated rind of one-half of a lemon, one-half of a cupful of water, one-half of a cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of flour, two teaspoonfuls of butter.

SATURDAY, APRIL 27.

**Snowdrift Pudding.**

One pint of boiling milk, one-fourth of a cupful sugar, two tablespoonfuls of smooth corn-starch, boiled thick, the whites of three eggs beaten stiff with one teaspoonful of vanilla. Eat cold, sauce 10.

SUNDAY, APRIL 28.

**Almond Cocoanut Pudding.**

One-half of a pound of butter, one-half of a pound of flour, three-fourths of a pound of sugar, whites of six eggs, one and one-half pounds of chopped citron, one small grated cocoanut, one pound of almonds, one-half of a wineglass of brandy, one-half of a wineglass of sherry. Bake. Sauce 8.

MONDAY, APRIL 29.

**Minute Pudding.**

Rub three tablespoonfuls of flour smooth, in nine tablespoonfuls of milk and add three eggs beaten stiff. Boil one and one-half tablespoonfuls of butter in one and one-half pints of milk, add one teaspoonful salt and first mixture, and boil together till thick. Serve at once with sauce 5.

*—Ruth Hall.*

## NO ROOM FOR CHILDREN.

With fingers tack-jammed and torn,
With back-hair frowzy and red,
A woman clothed in her very worst rags
Wrestled with stove-pipes and said:
"Move! Move! Move!
For wings like a dove do I pray,
To fly far away—to seek shelter and rest
In some sphere where there's no Moving Day.

"I've house-hunted by the square mile;
Faced landlords testy and grim—
Climbed stair-cases steep for desirable rooms,
Cellars viewed, dusty and dim.
Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!
Applying for key and permit,
One's spirit sore-pressed in the search for a house
That family and pocket-book fit.

"And then when I've found one at last,
The landlord will ask sure as fate:
'Pray, how many children?' and show me the door
After confessing to eight.
Room! Room! Room!
No room for the children at all—
Desirable houses for families of two,
The rest of us pushed to the wall."

Oh, landlords of houses to rent;
Oh, landlords, your children and wives,
No doubt dwell securely in homes of their own,
Peacefully spending their lives.
Rest! Rest! Rest!
We would not that harm might befall;
But we envy—we covet, what? wrong, do you say?
*We long for a home*—that is all.

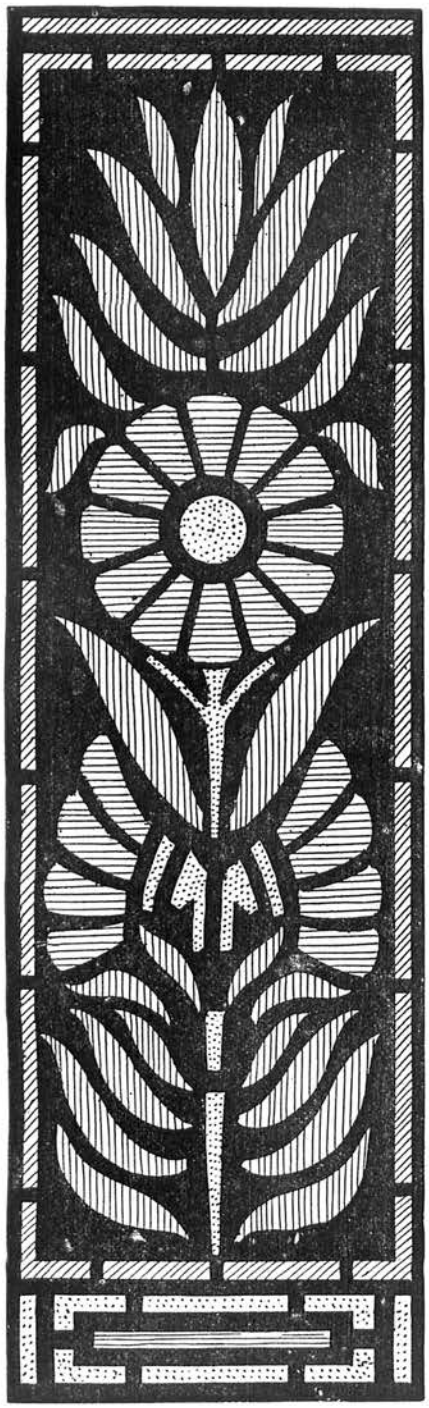
*—Ella Lyle.*

## USEFUL HINTS.

LEMON DROPS.—Grate the peel of three good sized lemons, add to it half a pound of castor sugar, one tablespoonful of fine flour, and beat well into it the whites of two eggs. Butter some kitchen paper and drop the mixture from a teaspoon into it and bake in a moderate oven on a tin sheet.

SULTANA DROP CAKES.—Mix one pound of dry flour with half a pound of butter; after you have rubbed it well in, add a quarter of a pound of castor sugar, half a pound of sultanas well-washed and dried, one egg and two tablespoonfuls of orange flower water, and one tablespoonful of sherry or brandy; drop on a baking sheet well floured.

GHERKIN PICKLE.—Cut some nice young gherkins or small cucumbers, spread them on a dish and sprinkle the ordinary cooking-salt over them, and let them lie in the salt for seven or eight days. Drain them quite free from salt and put them in a stone jar, covering them with boiling vinegar. Set the jar near the fire and cover over the gherkins plenty of nice fresh vine leaves, and leave them for an hour or so, and, if they do not become a pretty good colour, pour the vinegar back again and boil, and cover them each time with fresh vine leaves; after the second time they will become a nice spring green. Tie it up with parchment or use a good cork, and keep it in a dry place.



## A SIMPLE METHOD OF WINDOW DECORATION.

MANY of our readers live in London or in the suburbs, and are troubled by an involuntary knowledge of their neighbours' back yards, and the unsightly objects that too often disfigure them. Without indulging in the beautiful but expensive luxury of a stained glass window, it is often a problem how to retain the desired light in a passage or room, and yet shut out a disagreeable view.

A very simple invention has been shown us with this object in view, and one that can be accomplished for a few pence by any girl who has skilful fingers and a certain amount of taste. This invention consists of cutting out on cartridge paper what is known as a stencil plate, filling in the spaces so cut out with a sheet of tracing-paper, and colouring the latter with transparent water-colours. The effect of this contrivance when placed in the window is of light seen through soft colouring, and of a handsome coloured design bordered by dark bands that represent the leadings of coloured glass, and that throw into relief the lighter portions of the pattern.

The designs used for this decoration should be as open as possible, but have to be arranged so that their various parts can be connected together by the short thick bands known as "ties." There is not much difficulty in obtaining suitable designs either from the numerous sheets of fret-work patterns that are published, or from the same sheets of stencil-patterns, while anyone who has the power of adapting a design intended for another object, will find plenty of subjects from conventional wall-paper designs, from crewel-work patterns, or designs for stained glass windows; while the fortunate ones who have a talent for drawing can easily sketch in a stiff flower pattern like the one illustration we give, and see that it is connected together in every part.

To commence the work, take the exact size of the window; if it is a very large window not divided by small window-panes, join the sheets of cartridge-paper together so that the join comes in the centre, and fix them firmly with strong glue. Trace or draw the design upon the paper, and fit it exactly into the space. Connect all open parts of the main design with the "ties," and make these ties very visible, or the cutting knife may ignore them. Place the sheet on which the design is drawn on a sheet of glass, with another sheet of cartridge-paper matching it in size between it and the glass; take a sharp short penknife or a stencil-knife and cut away all the parts of the pattern that are to be open. Cut through both sheets of paper at the same time, and pin them together firmly, so that they are in no danger of shifting during the operation.

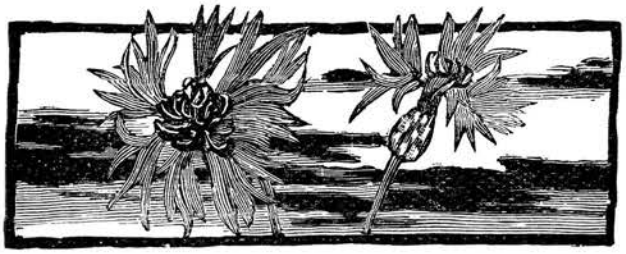
Examine the work from time to time and see that no mistakes are made, and when it is completed, remove the under cut-out sheet, and put in its place a flat sheet of tracing-paper. Take some water-colours and colour the tracing-paper wherever the openings in the design render it visible.

Use only transparent colours, such as cobalt lake, gamboge, sap green, burnt sienna, and any madders. Paint in roughly and colour every exposed part thoroughly. Raise the cartridge-paper up, and again go over the colouring, bringing it this time beyond the exposed places, in order that should the pattern shift when gummed down to it, no unpainted part is visible. These transparent colours can be mixed together and also shaded; and as they look much lighter against the light than on the pattern, they require a good deal of colouring. Gamboge is shaded with burnt sienna or lake, cobalt with sap green, lake with rose or purple madder, and a variety of greens made by mixing cobalt and gamboge, and working in burnt sienna or lake at the tips of the leaves. The colouring is very easy, it is entirely conventional, and confined to crude effects.

Let the paint dry, then place the coloured paper face downwards on a board, and carefully gum to it the under sheet of the cut-out cartridge-paper, fitting the open spaces to the colouring. Allow the gum to dry, then turn the painting face upwards and gum the upper sheet of cut-out cartridge-paper over it, fixing it down with its edges even everywhere with the edges of the under sheet. Let the gum dry, and then hold up the pattern to the light. If any part of the tracing-paper shows uncoloured, retouch these places with water-colours. As a finish lay a single coating of Aspinall's enamel over the cartridge-paper, taking a light colour such as pigeon-egg blue in preference to a dark one, as the Aspinall is only used to preserve the paper, not to darken it; the effect of leaded lines being already attained by the double pattern. Fix to the windows either with fine furniture-points or by gumming strips of paper to the sides of the wood and colouring them.

The illustration given is either intended to be enlarged for a centre pane of glass, or to be put upon one of the long narrow strips of glass of a hall window. The line round the pattern paint with cobalt blue, the lines beneath with gamboge and burnt sienna, the centre of the flower with gamboge and lake, the petals with lake shaded with madder, the leaves with various kinds of greens.

B. C. SAWARD.



## HOW TO CUT AND MAKE WALKING-STICKS.

In setting before the amateur instructions which have successfully guided many, both in England and Scotland, to make their own walking-sticks, we shall endeavour to do so in the simplest possible manner, and to speak of using such tools and materials as every one can easily obtain, if they are not already in possession of such. Some hints on the subject have already appeared in a previous part of this work.

And, first, as to the instruments and materials required. A good, large, single-bladed knife, which costs one shilling to one shilling and sixpence; a small saw, to go in the inside pocket of coat, one shilling to one shilling and sixpence; shellac varnish in bottle, made with twopenny-worth of pale shellac in half a gill of methylated spirits, and left over-night to dissolve; half a gill of pale, quick-drying copal varnish, which will cost something under sixpence at a colourman's; some broken crown or sheet glass, for scraping; glass-paper, coarse and fine; two small tin dishes (lids of mustard canisters will do), for holding the varnish while being used, one for copal the other for spirit; a rasp, or coarse file, and a fine one for rounding off knobs and heads whilst shaping. Though not essential, still, a hand-vice, or one to be fastened to a kitchen table, the latter kind not costing more than seven or eight shillings, assists very materially in the shaping of heads.

The best time of the year to cut sticks is in winter, when the circulation of the sap is dormant, but, with reasonable precautions, especially if they are to be barked, they may be cut at any time, even in midsummer. Those that are intended to have the bark on should, however, if possible, be cut in cool weather, to prevent the shrivelling of the bark, which spoils the appearance of many sticks.

The likeliest localities to find sticks, and where one will be permitted to cut them, are the sides of old, disused roads, commons, sides of ponds, lakes, and streams; and the richer the soil in which they are the straighter the growth. Be careful never to cut anything that is valuable, or that may prove valuable as timber.

When we have reached a locality where the bushes give evidence of yielding a stick or two, search should be made for such as are straight, or nearly so, and without knees. Such only can prove available to the limited means for straightening at the command of the amateur. The next point is to examine if a head can be got on each one that is selected as being straight enough. The material out of which the head is made must either be the root or a larger branch out of which the stick grows. There is very little use in attempting to boil heads and twist them, as even after being rounded they are very much inferior in look and "catch" to knobs, or square heads, straight off the stick, or at a slight angle up or down.

Should the root or larger branch promise a head, the knife may be used in severing the small roots, and then saw the main one. It is sometimes easier to cut the stick to length and trim it previous to cutting it at the root or from the main stem, as it is then more rigid.

In order to prevent pricking and scratching the hands, a pair of old gloves prove very useful when getting the stick out of the ground and trimming the branches.

The first process is to cover over those places that have been cut, the head in particular, with a coat of thick shellac varnish. Indeed, if the spot is large, the varnish may be poured over, and this will give a coating which will effectually prevent the stick cracking, as it would most likely do, especially in hot weather, if not covered in from the air. We now lay them flat in a cool place, and after the lapse of three or four days examine them, and those that are not quite straight we make so with both hands, or over the knee, and put them back again, repeating this for two or three days, until the desired position is kept. Those that are rather thick or unmanageable in regard to straightening may be tied with rag or tape (string or rope will mark) to a rigid stick, a clothes'-prop, or iron rod; or, if thoroughly dry, they can be held before a very strong fire for a few minutes till very hot, when, upon being withdrawn and bent into proper position, and so kept till cool, they will retain it. "Shop" sticks very often lose their normal straightness, and such can be brought back by the same method.

Should cracks occur in the head during the seasoning or straightening they can be filled up with gutta-percha or a composition of resin and beeswax, melted in an iron spoon, and coloured to resemble the stick, and this can easily be done so well as to defy detection. Should the crack admit of such, a slip of the same kind of wood may be neatly and closely inserted with glue or gum, previous to varnishing.

The varieties that can be recommended are first those that are made with the bark left on, as hazel, whitethorn, hawthorn, sloe or blackthorn, brier or wild rose, laburnum, rowan or mountain ash, common ash, oak, broom, barberry, crabtree, and wild cherry. For alpenstocks, the best is hazel, with light-coloured bark.

Those that can be barked are whitethorn, blackthorn, brier, common ash, broom, whin or gorse, oak, barberry, holly, juniper, and lilac.

Brier can be treated a third way, and that is by removing the upper bark and leaving the inner one, which, by proper treatment, to be noticed afterwards, looks not unlike partridge cane.

And here it may be proper to mention staining and colouring materials, which are used, if thought desirable, previous to varnishing. Sticks that are to have the bark left on, when it has become shrivelled may be made to look very well by having the ridges filed and smoothed, and a little dragon's-blood, turmeric, or saffron, mixed with the first coat of varnish, applied equally over the bark. For instance, on common ash a little turmeric or saffron will often produce a fair imitation of orange-tree, and dragon's-blood will metamorphose a whitethorn into a "real Milesian blackthorn." Sticks that have had the bark wholly removed may be stained a rich brown colour with the following mixture, applied with a soft rag tied on the end of a long penholder:—One teaspoonful of ground logwood in a teacupful of water, cold or hot, with a piece of washing soda the size of a hazel nut, allowed to stand for two or three days exposed to light. Black may be got by applying on the top of the foregoing iron liquor, which may be bought of the chemist, or made by allowing a few nails to be dissolved in strong vinegar, acetic, or pyroligneous acid.

When brier is half-barked, it may be darkened by rubbing with lime-water, or by thrusting the stick into a heap of mortar, withdrawing it in a few minutes, and allowing the lime to act on it for a night, wiping all traces of it carefully off before varnishing.

If the bark is to be left on, file the knots, shape the head, fill up cracks, and smooth the bark lightly with glass-paper. If the bark is to come off, do so first with the knife, then scrape with glass, file knots, shape head, and finish with coarse and fine glass-paper. Then stain, and, lastly, before varnishing, rub the wood hard with a

piece of polished iron or steel, such as a key, or the back of a knife, and this will improve it very much in polish, closing up the pores of the wood, and saving varnish.

"Artificial" sticks may be made out of slips of oak, hickory, greenheart, ebony, &c., rounded and tapered, and heads fitted on by having a recess drilled out with brace and bit or burnt out to fit firm on end of stick, and glued on. Deerhorn, bone, or ivory heads may be bought, but stronger ones can be made out of "knees" of thorn, brier, or holly, seasoned for several months, and thoroughly dry when put on. Silver or plated ferules can be put round to hide the junction of head and stick, or a little silver strap can be pinned on after the head has been fastened on. These sticks may be of their natural colour, or stained black, to imitate ebony.

Supposing the smoothing to be thoroughly finished, varnishing comes next. The first coat given is shellac varnish, put on as thinly and evenly as possible with a brush, or, what does quite as well, with the "cushion" of the forefinger of the right hand. Allow this coat to dry for half an hour, and then put a monogram on the head if desired, or the date and place of cutting, with ink, which will not "run" now, because of the first coat of varnish. We next apply the copal varnish in the same manner, as thinly and evenly as possible, and lay the stick aside to dry for two or three days.

A very convenient arrangement is to insert nails near the top of a large airy cupboard or press, by which means several can be drying at one time. After the second coat is quite dry, the stickiness so often felt in copal varnishing may be entirely removed by giving as a third coat the thinnest possible layer of spirit-varnish, and an extra coat of spirit-varnish after that for the head; and, when the stick requires it, give a thin coat of spirit-varnish all over, to keep it tidy and bright, especially on the head, which wears, as might be expected, more quickly.

And, last of all, to finish, it is necessary to have the stick feruled. Ferules can be bought for one penny or three-halfpence each retail, or ninepence a dozen, assorted sizes, at umbrella shops; or, ordered at a coppersmith's, they can be made very strong with steel point. Should it not be quite convenient, however, to get them, old gas-tubing may be cut up with the sharp edge of a file, and fastened by hammering tightly on. Alpenstocks are best feruled with two or three inches of good brass tubing, and a large bradawl, with about an inch or so of the blade left on, hammered in as a pike to catch the ground.

And now, in conclusion, a few remarks on the merits of the different sorts that have been already mentioned. Hazel grown in low districts is usually dark-coloured in the bark, and not so highly esteemed as the light-coloured variety, which grows chiefly in Wales and the Highlands of Scotland. Whitethorn, if peeled soon after cutting, has yellow lines marking the circulation of the sap, but these can be scraped off. Blackthorn with the bark off makes the finest "white" thorn, but they are most valued with the bark on, the knots closely set, and triple spikes, if possible, at every knot. Brier is the most easily got of all the varieties, and it is remarkably strong. Should it not taper enough, it may be reduced so as to give it the shape. Those that grow on a breezy hill-side often rub against their neighbours, thereby producing eccentricities which improve the sticks by "individualising" them. Rowan, or mountain ash, makes a good tramping stick, though it has not much appearance, and, with common ash, it has the property of not firing delicate hands. Common ash shooting from an old stem, when thoroughly smoothed and varnished, shows fine silky threads streaking its white surface. Broom and barberry have the prettiest barks, both as regards streakings and colour, and both can be stripped should it be injured. Oak, unless a shoot from an old trunk, is not worth the trouble of making into walking-sticks. Gorse or whin gives by far the prettiest markings of any barked stick, and is remarkably strong.

## CREAM DAINTIES.

*Junkets.*—Put some rennet into some warm new milk, and let it get cold. Then throw some crushed lump-sugar on it, with a little powdered cinnamon, and pour some cream over it.

*Burnt Cream.*—Beat four or five eggs up in a stewpan with some flour, and gradually add to them a quart of milk. Then add a little ground cinnamon, with some dried and also some candied lemon-peel cut in small pieces. Place a pan over a gentle fire, and simmer the contents, taking care to stir them continually while on the fire. When ready, pour it into a dish, and bake it in an oven until the contents adhere to the sides of the vessel, and then cover the surface with powdered loaf-sugar.

*Rice Cream.*—Mix four handfuls of ground rice, and half a pound of sugar, in two quarts of milk or cream, together with two raw eggs beaten up. Thicken them in a saucepan over a quick fire, stirring them continually.

*Cream Toasts.*—Cut a pound of French roll in slices as thick as a finger, and lay them in a dish. Pour over them half a pint of cream, and a quarter of a pint of milk, and sprinkle some crushed lump-sugar and cinnamon on their surface. When the pieces of bread are soaked in the cream, remove them, dip the slices in some raw eggs, and fry them brown in butter.

*Chocolate Cream.*—Simmer a quart of milk with a quarter of a pound of loaf-sugar, for a quarter of an hour, and then add some raw eggs beaten up, and a sufficient quantity of chocolate to flavour it.

*Cream Cheese.*—Take four quarts of new milk, and one quart of cream, together with one pound of almonds beaten up, half an ounce of powdered cinnamon, and one pound of loaf-sugar. Curdle the milk by the addition of some rennet, and having drained away the whey, compress the curd into a solid mass.

*Lemon Cream.*—Peel three lemons, and squeeze out the juice into a quart of good milk: add the peel cut in pieces, and cover the vessel for a few hours. Then add some eggs beaten up, and a pint of water well sweetened. Strain the milk, and simmer it over a gentle fire until it becomes of the consistence of cream, and pour it into jelly-glasses.

*Italian Cream.*—Boil two quarts of milk, with sugar, salt, and some ground cinnamon. Then pour it into a dish, and mix with it about ten raw eggs beaten up, and bake it in an oven at a moderate heat. This dish will be much improved by the addition of a little cream.

*Maiden Cream.*—Beat some raw eggs into a froth; put them in a saucepan with milk and sugar, and a little cinnamon to flavour it, and pour it into a shallow dish, and bake it.

*Sherry Cream.*—Simmer a pint of cream; add to it gradually three spoonfuls of sherry wine, and then stir it continually that the cream may not curdle. Afterwards flavour it with sugar, cinnamon, and nutmeg.

*Orange Cream.*—Take half a dozen oranges, grate the peel into a pint and a half of water, and beat up with it four eggs. Sweeten the liquid, pass it through a strainer, then simmer it until it becomes of the consistence of cream, and pour it into glasses.

*Hasty Cream.*—Take a quantity of milk, fresh from the cow if possible, put it in a pan over a moderate fire, until it begins to boil, then take it off, and put it on one side until a quantity of cream collects on the surface. Remove this, and put it in a dish. Repeat the boiling, and again remove the cream from its surface, until the whole of it has been taken away. Then sweeten it with loaf-sugar, and send it to table.

## SCIENCE AND ART OF MODERN ETIQUETTE.

ARRANGED FOR THE FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND.

### Courtship and Marriage.

HEN a young man is in love with a girl, or thinks he is—which at this stage of the game is very much the same thing—and desires to make her his wife, let him tell her so, having first made himself moderately certain that his love is reciprocated; and if it is, she will let him know it. There is no set rule for asking the momentous question. The young man may have prepared a petition of rhetorical elegance, and memorized it. At a suitable moment he may possibly give tongue to the opening words, but the peroration will never be completed. His ideas will forsake him before he is fairly under way and he will gasp, grow red all over, and as the perspiration stands out on his forehead and nose in big drops, he will fall back on the old familiar, "Do you love me, darling?" "Will you be my wife?" or some other sentence of five words requiring an immediate and decisive answer. Let the query then be made in the good old-fashioned way. Stilted language should be avoided, for if the young lady is not equipped with a pair of stilts she will be placed at a disadvantage. Avoid following the example of heroes in ante-revolutionary three-volume novels, who fall upon their knees, abjectly clasp their hands and exclaim, "Beauteous lady, you see before you an humble adorer," etc. Consider the awkwardness of rising from your lowly position in case of a decided refusal; aside from that, you are liable to knee out your trousers. On the other hand, it is not well to approach the subject too cautiously, as in the case of the youth who commenced his proposition by saying:

"If I should ask you to be my wife, what would you say?" To which the maiden very properly replied:

"Ask me and find out."

As has been said, proceed in a straightforward manner; to use a mixed metaphor—plunge in, burn your bridges behind you, remembering that

> "He either fears his fate too much
> Or his deserts are small,
> That dares not put it to the touch
> To gain or lose it all."

To the young lady I will speak in the first person singular, since a young lady is generally a singular person whose ways are often beyond comprehension. To her it is only necessary to say, if the man you love asks you to be his wife, snap him up; he may change his mind. After that don't keep him alternating between heaven and that other place where smoking jackets, palm-leaf fans and cooling drinks are in constant demand. Of course a little coquetry and some attention from other men are not to be despised, and may cause your *fiancé* to remember that he is not booked for a "walk-over," bearing in mind that a flirtation is nothing but *at*tention without *in*tention; avoid extremes.

Don't let your future lord and master pay for your trousseau. Better is a white silk, or a *crepe de sheeny* dress and a receipted bill therewith, than a calico gown and subsequent contention. Do not believe that he loves you as woman has never before been loved; remember that to love you in that Amelie Whatshername style he must needs be a phenomenal record-breaker. Do not expect him to be affectionate all the time; if he fails to call you "darling" nineteen times out of a possible twenty, or if at intervals he appears distrait, don't resent it—perhaps he is wearing tight boots or a boil. Even after marriage you will have something to put up with. The terrible day will come when he will inform you that you can't make pie like his mother! Do not grieve over it, for a pie that resembled that estimable lady would at least be a culinary freak, and possibly tough. Always appear at breakfast with your boots buttoned and your bangs nicely bung. Bear and forbear, remembering that there are always two *dernier ressorts* —a rolling-pin or the divorce court.

Having gotten my *dramatis personæ* in readiness, the curtain may now be rung up for the chief act in the drama—the wedding. The young couple having decided to cleave unto each other in the accepted form, and a date being fixed for the event, invitations are issued. The verbal invitation is to be avoided as lacking in the amount of importance due to the affair, while a display advertisement, top of column next to reading matter, in your favorite paper, savors too much of the sensational, and posters, tacked upon fences or to convenient trees, are apt to be blown down or torn up. A suitably engraved invitation is the proper thing, the very fact of its announcing that "your presence is requested" being suggestive of presents of a different description.

The church wedding and the home wedding are the only proper forms for the interesting ceremony, and as the latter is in nearly all respects the same as the former, but on a modified scale, the organ being replaced by the piano, music-box or a solo upon a tissue paper covered comb, the description of the more elaborate affair will serve as a guide for the other.

In this country there is no appointed hour for a wedding, as there is in England, where, according to law, "the rites of marriage is to be performed between the hours of 8 a. m. and noon, upon suspension and felony with fourteen years transportation." The husband-elect having been in pain of suspension—or rather suspense—for some days, is likely to be on time, even though after events may ultimately cause him to wish that, of two evils, he had chosen the fourteen years, rather than life service.

Taking a day wedding as first in chronological order, dress comes in as an important consideration, excepting, perhaps, in the South Sea Islands, where a string of beads and a seraphic smile constitute the

acme of full dress. The bridegroom should be dressed in a frock coat, light trousers—not necessarily "summer weight"—a hard-boiled shirt and a four-in-hand tie. A cardigan jacket, satinet pants, an outing shirt and woolen tippet is a costume tabooed by the highest authorities. The victim may wear gloves, unless his ultimate intention is to handle his wife without them, but they should be light-colored, with stitched backs—boxing gloves or yarn mittens would spoil the effect of his otherwise correct appearance. Although soon to start upon his wedding journey, it is not necessary that he should proceed up the aisle with his grip-sack in one hand, his umbrella in the other and a supply of railroad literature under his arm.

A day wedding being generally the prelude to a quick departure by rail, the bride should be attired in a traveling suit, with bonnet to match. A corsage bouquet is not out of place, if fastened on where it should be; while her gossamer and shawl-strap may be left in the carriage, if the depot is to be the next stopping place.

At an evening wedding, the bridegroom—not *groom* unless the gentleman is actually employed in a livery stable—should appear in full evening dress. A mask and domino is too suggestive of overweening modesty, while a Highlander's kilt, plaid and other regalia are too airy for any other than a tropical wedding.

While the bride should be dressed in gorgeous array, her toilet should not be of such a nature as to suggest a previous visit to a bargain counter, but should be of white silk or satin. A Mother Hubbard wrapper, trimmed with Hunter's point-lace, savors too much of a nonchalant disposition.

It is the duty of the best man to support his friend, the bridegroom, during the trying ceremony, not necessarily by patting him on the shoulder and bidding him "brace up," or by administering sub rosa nips from his pocket flask, but by his presence. His duty it is to accompany his friend to the altar and stand at his right hand during the ceremony. He also has the clergyman's fee in his possession, ready to hand it over at the proper time; the practice of "having it charged" has fallen into disuse. With the bridegroom, he awaits in the vestry-room the coming of the bride.

A pretty form for a wedding procession is this: The ushers, sometimes alluded to as shortstops, lead the way in couples; then the bridesmaids, if any happen to be standing 'round, or the maid of honor, should she replace those young ladies, and lastly the bride, leaning heavily on the arm of her father—a uniformed policeman, while tending to preserve order, would hardly be a satisfactory substitute for the old gentleman. As the cortege reaches the lowest altar-step, the ushers break ranks, after the manner of "soups" in a spectacular drama, the bridesmaids separate to the right and left (a maid of honor may omit this act) and the bridegroom, who, with his best man, has made a timely appearance, takes the bride by her lily white hand and leads her to the altar. By this time the organ has finished pealing the wedding-march and the clergyman pronounces the necessary vows to slow music—and red-fire if desired. The organ again breaks forth—or down—in another wedding-march and the contracting parties pass down the aisle, enter a carriage or convenient horse-car and proceed, as the newspapers say, "to the home of the bride's parents, where a reception was held."

Wedding presents may be sent at any time after the invitations are issued, the earlier the better, to allow of the unloading of duplicates. Of late years the custom of displaying the wedding gifts has well-nigh been abandoned. If they are to be exhibited, it is in poor taste to place the more modest gifts upon a table by themselves and allude to it as the ten-cent counter.

The fashion of wedding breakfasts is rapidly being introduced into this country, but should it happen that no refreshments are served, the guests should preserve a smiling demeanor, neither suggesting that the wedding is a "snide affair," nor that the host would be doing the polite thing in marshaling them to the nearest "beer-joint" with free-lunch attachment, and then and there providing an impromptu feast.

*—Fred H. Curtiss.*

## BLUE MONDAY—AS THE BOY SEES IT.

[Yawns.] Oh, bless me! this is Monday, and I must start for school:
There'll be cold hash for dinner—cook cross as any mule.
I hate this thing of washin'—I think it is a pest!
When I'm a man and married, *my* wife shall have a rest.
There won't be ne'er a Monday in my house, to call blue!
I'll have the "wash" cremated—that's just what I will do.
When one shirt gets too dirty—or if I of it tire,
She shall not bother washin'—*I'll throw it in the fire!*
Oh-o-h! I wish these Mondays would never come around.
There goes the gong for dinner—I hate the very sound!
I had dyspepsia *awful* last Monday night—that pie
They gave me almost *did* me; I really thought I'd die!
And then the hash! 'twas awful—the memory makes me groan
It still lies in my stomach—I know it's turned to stone.

AS THE MAN SEES IT.

An atmosphere of soapsuds is hanging o'er the place
So thick, the air is reeking—I feel it in my face!
Ugh! how I hate your Mondays—it's gloom inside and out;
But yet, they are an evil one cannot do without.
Wife! wife! where are my slippers? Declare, they fairly "squash"!
They're reeking, too, with soapsuds. Have *they* been "in the wash"?
Why, everything is in it—You've "washed" my entire rig:
The next thing you'll be "washing" will be my Sunday wig!
I'll not come home to dinner . . . I know you'll have cold "hash,"
Or, by way of diversion, a sweet potato "mash"!
Oh, no! I'll eat my dinner—perhaps my supper, too,—
With Jones, or at the restaurant—I leave the hash for you!
[Slams the door.]
* * * * * * * *
There! that's the old experience I've weekly had for years—
I always leave home angry, my wife dissolved in tears!
I almost wish that Monday [as Mondays with me are]
Were wiped, for e'er and ever, from off the calendar!

*—Letitia Virginia Douglas.*

## DINING A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

A THOUSAND years ago, when the dinner was ready to be served, the first thing brought into the great hall was the table. Movable trestles were brought, on which were placed boards, and all were carried away again at the close of the meal. Upon this was laid the tablecloth. There is an old Latin riddle of the eighth century in which the table says: "I feed people with many kinds of food. First, I am a quadruped, and adorned with handsome clothing; then I am robbed of my apparel and lose my legs also." The food of the Anglo-Saxon was largely bread. The bread was baked in round, flat cakes, which the superstition of the cook marked with a cross, to preserve them from the perils of the fire. Milk, butter, and cheese were also eaten. The principal meat was bacon, as the acorns of the oak forests, which then covered a large part of England, supported numerous droves of swine. Our Anglo-Saxon forefathers were not only hearty eaters, but, unfortunately, deep drinkers. The drinking horns were at first literally horns, and so must be immediately emptied when filled; later, when the primitive horn had been replaced by a glass cup, it retained a tradition of its rude predecessor in its shape, so that it, too, had to be emptied at a draught. Each guest was furnished with a spoon, while his knife he always carried in his belt; as for forks, who dreamed of them, when nature had given man ten fingers? But you will see why a servant with a basin of water and a towel always presented himself to each guest before dinner was served and after it was ended. Roasted meat was served on the spit or rod on which it was cooked, and the guest cut or tore off a piece to suit himself. Boiled meat was laid on the cakes of bread, or later, on thick slices of bread called "trenchers," from a Norman word meaning "to cut," as these were to carve the meat on, thus preserving the tablecloth from the knife. At first the trencher was eaten or thrown upon the stone floor for the dogs who crouched at their master's feet. At a later date it was put in a basket and given to the poor who gathered at the manor gate. During the latter part of the Middle Ages the most conspicuous object on the table was the salt-cellar. This was generally of silver in the form of a ship. It was placed in the center of the long table, at which the household gathered, my lord and lady, their family and guests, being at one end and their retainers and servants at the other. So one's position in regard to the salt was a test of rank—the gentlefolks sitting "above the salt" and the yeomanry below it. In the houses of the great nobles dinner was served with much ceremony. At the hour a stately procession entered the hall. First came several musicians, followed by the steward bearing his rod of office, and then came a long line of servants carrying different dishes. Some idea of the variety and profusion may be gained from the provision made by King Henry III for his household at Christmas, 1254. This included thirty-one oxen, 100 pigs, 356 fowls, twenty-nine hares, fifty-nine rabbits, nine pheasants, fifty-six partridges, sixty-eight woodcock, thirty-nine plovers, and 3,000 eggs. Many of our favorite dishes have descended to us from the Middle Ages. Macaroons have served as dessert since the days of Chaucer. Our favorite winter breakfast, griddle cakes, has come down to us from the far-away Britons of Wales, while the boys have lunched on gingerbread, and girls on pickles and jellies since the time of Edward II, more than 500 years ago.—American Analyst.

## EASTER IN THE OLDEN TIME.

OLD WAYS THAT DO NOT ALTOGETHER DIE OUT.

LENT is and has always been a gray time; everything is subdued and serious, and there is a sort of repression in the very air, as if the world waited expectantly. It is a saying with English Church people that Ash Wednesday is the coldest, dreariest day in the year, and truly the atmosphere seldom contradicts the opinion. How glorious by contrast is the day when all the dull tints and solemn chants are cast aside and tone, color, and happy thoughts merge into the grand triumphal anthem in which nature and humanity express relief from the strains of chill winter and joy in receiving spring.

It is an old superstition that the sun dances upon Easter morning, and that anyone who rises at four o'clock and looks toward the East can see the marvelous jig. There are persons living who will stake their veracity upon having witnessed this sight, but the writer cannot personally avouch more than that she has seen the sun's *reflection* quiver in a pan of water.

The word Easter is taken from the Saxon "Oster," meaning to rise, and in every possible way is the idea of a resurrection shown forth, at this time, even to the practice anciently followed in England of putting out all the fires and lighting them on Easter-eve from consecrated flints preserved in the churches especially for this purpose. It was popularly supposed that the holy fire thus obtained would avert storms.

Upon Easter-eve, called Holy Saturday, great preparations were made for the coming feast. Trifles, clotted-cream, green sauce, and eggs were set forth in great array. But woe unto the luckless mortal who tasted of anything before sundown of Easter-eve.

A last century custom at Oxford was to have the first dish brought in on Easter day consist of a red herring, arranged by the cook to represent a man riding on horseback and set in a salad. And they ate gammon and spinach also, to show their abhorrence of Judaism.

The North of England as well as Ireland teemed with singular usages. In Yorkshire the young men of the villages had a custom of taking off the girls' buckles on Easter Monday and on Tuesday the girls returned the compliment by depriving them of theirs. On Wednesday they were redeemed by little forfeits, and this occasioned a feast, in which the Tansy cake played a part. It was made from butter, sugar, sherry, cream, and tansies, a bitter herb used by the Jews at their Passover to purge from sin. It was certainly good for indigestion and particularly beneficial to the stomach in the spring.

At one time it was usual to divide two great cakes in the churches between the young people, but in 1645 Parliament ordered instead that the cake-money should be spent for bread for the poor. In this case the French mandate was turned around and those who could not get cakes took bread.

But the young people consoled themselves in many ways. One of the queer sports in vogue was "heaving," or lifting persons bodily and carrying them about, after which a forfeit was claimed. The Plantagenet king, Edgar Longshanks, himself set the fashion, by suffering his gentlemen to lay hands upon him, and the country people followed suit enthusiastically. On Monday the women "heave" the men and on

Tuesday the men "heave" the women. We may well imagine that it was an affair of gallantry with the young and handsome and of speculation with the homely. Cherry-lipped damsels doubtless had to complain of many "chaps," and ancient, spiky maidens parted with their very best pinchbeck ear-rings for the privilege of being hoisted for a little while on the men's shoulders.

The Crusaders found "heaving" among the Orientals and liked it well enough to bring it home. Strangely enough, in accordance with the habit we have of yielding our worn-out sports to our children, there has survived in the nursery a remnant of this play in the game of "making a chair" with crossed hands "to carry my lady to London."

"Going-a-pudding-pieing" was a Kentish custom which prevailed late in the present century. The young people went about in groups and ate this delicacy in public houses and drank cherry-beer with it. The "pudding-pie" was flat like our modern cheese-cake, made with a raised crust, filled with custard and sprinkled with currants.

All through Lent no good Christian dared eat an egg, and this denial made them the most coveted dainty of Easter Day. They were served in every style at table, and made the prominent token of the holiday. In Russia they were used as a sort of presentation card, Easter day being set apart for visiting, and every guest presenting his host with a dyed egg.

The fashion of dyeing eggs is of course "as old as the hills." Red seems to have been everywhere the favorite color, though among the rich they were often silvered and gilded.

The boys of Solway Frith used to hoard their eggs during the forty days' fast, and on Easter Monday go about "knocking" with their companions, just as boys do nowadays. The unbroken egg in the contest became "cock" of one, two, or three, according to the number it shattered, and if it smashed an egg which was itself a "cock" it added the luckless one's previously gained honors to its own.

It is singular that the very same method we use now to color eggs was in vogue several hundred years ago. In the stone floored kitchens of medieval England white-aproned maids, harried by waiting youngsters, used to immerse the eggs in hot water and score names and dates upon them with pointed bits of tallow, after which they were put into the dye-kettle, and came out with the letters shining from their beds of color.

How ingenious we used to think our father when he scratched our names on the dyed eggs with his pen-knife, maybe adding the picture of a hen. And yet in an ancient volume we see this very same process gravely advocated as superior to the tallow writing.

In Cumberland many of these "Pashe eggs" are preserved still, and a curious record they present. The "Pace Egger's song" is still heard in the North and runs thus:

> Here's two or three jolly boys, all of one mind,
> We have come a pace-egging, and hope you'll prove kind,
> I hope you'll prove kind with your eggs and strong beer
> And we'll come no more near you until next year.

The egg is as much an association with Easter as is the goose with Christmas, and even the ancient view of it is preserved in our Easter cards when it is frequently made the symbol of the Resurrection. The Egyptians considered it as a sacred emblem of the redemption of mankind after the Deluge, and the Jews adopted it and used it at the Passover feast.

The parsons of Warwickshire must have kept many hens, for we read that it was once customary for the young men to catch a hare and bring it to the parson before ten o'clock on Monday, when he was bound to give them a calf's head and a hundred eggs for their breakfast.

The clergy universally relaxed their dignity on this feast day, and the churches, which were also the theaters of ancient times, were temporarily given up to the people's entertainment. Of course the performances had a symbolical and ecclesiastical character, but that did not detract from their jollity, and if the good Bishops who played at hand-ball on the green, did it symbolically, the inferior clergy were none the less grateful nor the people less edified.

They set an example which has been followed by enthusiasts even down to the present time, although they wot not of their authority for the play. At the Royal Observatory, London, the boys and girls still pull each other down hill, and in our own Capitol city, Washington, the White House lot has been given over from time immemorial to the children's use on Easter Monday, and they gather there in troops to "roll eggs."

And we still eat "hot cross buns" on Easter Sunday (those of us who have preserved the mysterious formula) and purchase "aniline dyes" to transmute our pearls into colored jewels for our children to knock, or, as they say—"pick."

Old ways do not altogether die out, after all.

*—Florence H. Brown.*

## ELECTRICITY IN THE HOME.

**Its Present Uses, and Bright Possibilities for the Future.**

ALF a century has not yet been completed since electricity became in a tangible, helpful way man's servitor through the agency of the electric telegraph. Scarcely half a generation has passed since the wonderful inventions of Edison and others broadened the field of service by introducing the telephone and harnessing the subtle fluid as a motive power; while half a decade ago the thought of finding in electric currents the means for heating dwellings, and accomplishing other results of which heat is the prime factor, would have been regarded at least with extreme incredulity.

But the initial steps in these directions have unmistakably been taken, and it is now only a question of the time which will be required by American genius to bring forth the devices and adaptations necessary to make this agency of service in so many departments of the home life as to work a practical revolution in domestic methods.

So far as the business man is concerned, it would seem as though perfection had been approximated already. Reaching the privacy of his office, and taking up his mail, he speaks into the phonograph such answers as require his personal attention, and is relieved from further thought or care except their inspection and signing after the writing shall have been performed by the stenographer. If he desires to communicate personally with other business men a thousand miles away or more, the long-distance telephone gives the privilege of doing so, as though sitting in the distant office beside them. If a friend from some other city drops in late in the day, he can be taken home to dinner without danger of subsequent misunderstanding; for the private line between house and office will carry up the news that another plate may be laid upon the dinner table, and if it is desirable to draw fresh supplies from butcher or grocer,

the same instantaneous agent takes the message. The electric car, swift in its service and comfortably warmed by the subtle force which gives it motive power, will for a ridiculously small sum bear them over the intervening distance as quickly and quite as comfortably as through the agency of one's own coachman and "pair."

Of course these items are only suggestive of the many ways in which business interests are served by electric force. It reaches to all parts of the establishment, and aids the porter in his work, at the same time that it is conveying the master's speech between cities hundreds of miles asunder. It lightens the labor, saves the time and adds to the convenience of all classes of mankind, with scarcely an exception. As it does this for man and his business, it may not be amiss to ask what it is doing for woman and the home.

It is scarcely necessary to mention the systems of bells which may be placed in every part of the house, giving communication from bedchambers to servant's quarters, from the living and dining apartments to the kitchen, and even from the seats of the master and mistress at table to every portion of the household, including the coachman's quarters. These devices are comparatively well known, and the attachment of light power by means of switches, and the placing of electric lights wherever they may be needed, renders it possible to do many wonderful things with the minimum of effort, as well as to make a modern house a very undesirable place for a burglar or any other marauder. But even yet we have scarcely reached the realm peculiar to the housewife, and the labors which pertain to her department.

In the first place, it has been successfully demonstrated that electricity may be used to warm the house, dispensing entirely with fires. A full report was recently published of the manner in which a Brooklyn man had solved this problem, a synopsis of which will not be without interest, even though we should not, just at present, wish to follow his example. His supply of electric force was taken from the service wires in his city, and as he used the current for other purposes, separate wires were laid for each kind of service, in order that the expense of each could be determined; but it appears, nevertheless, that where there is a supply taken into the house for any purpose, it may without embarrassment furnish current for all branches of utility.

The gentleman in question used for his experimentation the furnace plant already in his house. But its mission was much modified. From the cold-air box ran a main pipe, in which was placed what may be called the central electric heater. From this main pipe smaller pipes, in about the usual manner, radiated to carry the air to the several apartments. In each of these pipes a secondary heater was placed. The method employed was, primarily, to use the central heater for slightly warming the current of air as it entered. In mild weather this was found to be all that was necessary, and the apartments were kept remarkably comfortable—the more so as the air was not burned or dried, and had no impregnation of gas or other deleterious element. When the temperature was lower, as many of the secondary heaters as might be required were turned on, and in this manner severe weather was robbed of its terrors. Yet as a further guard against emergencies, special heaters were placed in all portions of the house. These were simply electric radiators of a peculiar form, and when they were placed, with the proper wires and switches, all the work of caring for them was done. When their services were demanded, the switch was turned; when no longer needed, it was shut off.

Of course a great problem is not solved to a practical degree in a moment; it will no doubt be a long time before we shall find tenements or flats in the market for rent, fitted with electric heating devices. Yet we may in anticipation picture some of the evils which will be abolished, and some of the advantages which will be gained. How pleasant it will be, for instance, to be able to comfortably warm any corner of the building which may for any purpose ever require warming, with no further trouble regarding connections than are associated with the placing of wires to convey the light current necessary. No chimneys, no flues, no smoke, soot, dust or noise! Think of the luxury involved in all the possibilities which will rise before the contemplation! How they multiply, on cold mornings, as we have to do this and that disagreeable task; and how we shall look forward to the time when the turning of switches—the work only of an instant—will save us from all these vexatious things!

It is in the kitchen that perhaps the most remarkable revolution has been wrought, and it is one which will appeal to the housewife who "broils" over the hot stove next summer, or tries to clear her kitchen of the fragrant evidence left behind by the "odorless" oil or gas stove. If we may believe the published report from this Brooklyn house, every morsel of food that requires cooking is cooked by electricity. The old kitchen range is still there, but it no longer devours and consumes as before. Instead it simply serves as a metal table, upon which are placed electric broilers, oven and water heaters, not varying greatly in appearance from those formerly used, but each having within itself a small heater, and being connected with the electric mains by insulated wires. Every drop of water used in the house is heated in the same way, the old boilers being retained, with the range pipes removed, and the heaters being inserted and connected in the usual manner. Fancy building a fire directly in the midst of the body of water which it is proposed to heat! In the laundry work, ordinary looking flatirons are connected with the insulated wires, and are kept perpetually heated, as long as they are needed, by the arrangement in their interior. Of course only a single iron is needed, and the operator can select one just to her taste, and have the satisfaction of always using the same.

To the great majority of people, the first actual

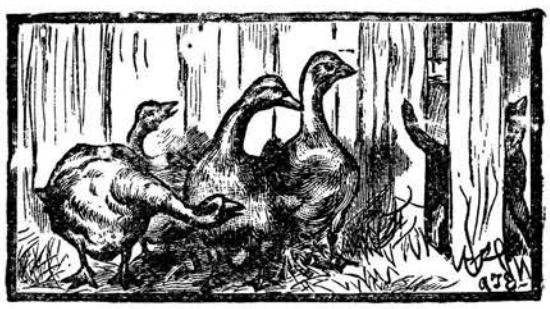
comprehension of the progress which has been made in the matter of cooking by electricity was given at the recent World's Fair, where a section devoted to this subject was ably presided over by Miss Helen Louise Johnson. There were in operation, electrical ovens, coffeepots, teapots, teakettles, stewpans, chafing dishes and broilers. The oven was perhaps the most notable object, being so arranged, with an incandescent light inside, and a glass door, that the entire process of cooking could be closely followed by the attendant. In a published description of the apparatus, Miss Johnson says: "The electrical ovens are made of Russian iron, lined with wood and asbestos, which allows of absolutely no radiation of heat into the room. The heating plates are so placed that the heat can be applied either from above or below, or both at the same time; this and the degree of heat being controlled by a switch placed on the outside. An incandescent lamp lights the oven and in the front is a glass door through which observations may be taken of the progress of events on the inside. The thermometer is attached to the top of the oven, showing the exact degree of heat." It may be explained that the wires are so arranged that the electricity in passing through them gives an incandescent heat, as in the incandescent lamp in passing through the platinum wire. In the oven, these wires are arranged at both top and bottom, but in other utensils they are generally simply at the bottom.

But it is not to be supposed that the World's Fair had, even during the time of its continuance, a monopoly of the art of cooking by electricity. At the Rhode Island state fair, held last September (1893), a complete public exhibition of the art was made daily, to which the special attention of hotel men and others was invited. The matter has also had attention at the food and health expositions held in various New England cities during the fall and winter. At the recent international meeting of the league of press clubs held in St. Paul, it was found that the St. Paul Press Club had their delightful clubhouse fully fitted with electrical cooking apparatus, with the performance of which the members were so much pleased that many of them went home fully determined to introduce the "reforms" in their own homes, for the comfort and convenience of their wives.

There can be no question of the many advantages of cooking by this means. To quote from a recent candid article in the Electrical Age: "The heat is turned on at the moment it is wanted and applied just where it is needed, and there is practically no waste; whereas, in the case of a coal fire, much heat is lost in the process of bringing the temperature up to the required degree. With electric heat, however, the full degree of heat is available in a moment, and there is no long waiting for it to cool down, as in the case of coal fires. The total absence of all the disagreeable features of coal fires, such as handling coal and ashes, is another great argument in favor of electric heating, and the possible extra cost for current would be more than offset by the satisfaction and enjoyment resulting from its use. In the summer time what could be more convenient than electric heat to cook with? What is there that is as near the ideal method of heating and cooking as such use of the electric current? All of these advantages are now available in any house where an electric light current enters, or can be put in; but as to cost of electric current for such purposes we are not advised. Considering its advantages, however, thousands of householders would be glad to pay the extra cost for the luxury in having such heat. On the other hand, central stations, where the current is generated, would derive an immense benefit from an extensive use of current for such purposes. It is a question with most of these stations how to make them pay during the daytime. If electricity should become extensively used for domestic purposes, as indicated above, the problem would at once be solved, as the greatest demand for current for house uses would be made in the daytime."

It is in fact the problem of cost which has now to be met and solved in such manner as to make this innovation practical in the homes of the world. For the wealthy, to whom the expense is no barrier, it has already been satisfactorily demonstrated. The present cost of fully fitting up a kitchen in a private house, including a heater for the hot-water boiler, is said to be from $60 to $77; and this will not be regarded an extravagant figure. It is the cost of current which must be more especially taken into consideration. But we may feel sure that as its necessity and desirability in everyday life are demonstrated, as is being so rapidly done, the matter of expense will be met and conquered. We are still in the beginning of our experience with electricity, notwithstanding all of the wonderful things which have been done in the past few years, and there is no reason to doubt that when the period of experimentation and comparative wastefulness has been passed, we shall enter that of comparative economy and cheapness. This may be safely predicted from the history of every similar invention, and also from the fact that the use of electricity has so many features of economic advantage, in that there need be absolutely no waste of current, time or heat energy. And as American genius has devised the steps thus far, and shown their practicability, let us believe that it will perfect the means which shall bring these blessings within reach of the average families of our land.

*—A. Menlo Parker.*



## MY GREAT AUNT'S PORTRAIT.

I wonder if, some future day,
When looking on this cardboard square,
(My photograph), some girl will say,
(Some slim young maid with yellow hair,)

"This is my great great aunt, you know;
She lived, well I can scarcely tell
Just when, but awful long ago;
The picture's taken very well;

"I mean for those days, but oh, dear,
How quaint and funny it seems now;
And don't her hair look very queer
Cut in a fringe across her brow?

"And goodness me, how dreadful tight
Her sleeves are made; how choking high
Her collar is—so prim and white;
Just fancy now, if you and I

"Should dress like that! We'd scare the town!
It must have been the fashion then;
How did she get into that gown,
And how did she get out again?"

Oh dear unknown, the years will play
The very same old pranks with you;
Some other merry girl will say,
When your sweet picture meets her view,

"This is my great great aunt, you know;
Born—well, I cannot tell the year,
But very, very long ago;
And doesn't she look quaint and queer?"

—*Hattie Whitney.*

## RUBENS.

By C. B. Todd.

Rubens was a large, black, curly haired Newfoundland dog belonging to Colonel ———, of the British Army, who, while still a young man, emigrated to America.

It was not on battlefields, however, that Rubens won his laurels. He came to the colonel in 1848, a puppy of one year's growth. The next year—in March, 1849—his master, his friend Dr. ———, his horse Blucher and the dog Rubens, left New York for the newly discovered goldfields of California, the party sailing in the bark *Eugenia* for Vera Cruz, Mexico, intending thence to proceed overland to Acapulco on the Pacific, and there take ship for San Francisco. They were the pioneers over this route, which afterward became very popular with gold-seekers.

The overland journey from ocean to ocean was performed on horseback. From Vera Cruz to Mexico the road was paved with broken stone, obsidian, I judged from the colonel's description, the sharp edges of which wounded Rubens's feet, and his master provided horsehide shoes, in which he marched very comfortably. At every village the way was infested with bands of snarling, snapping mongrel curs, the only species of dog then known in Mexico. Rubens, seeing a group of these curs fighting, would march up and command the peace by a pat of his paw and an ominous growl, or by a display of white teeth that at once sent them to their kennels, howling in terror.

In the City of Mexico, where the party spent several days, Rubens soon became a general favorite. The fair señoritas, who had never before seen a dog of his birth and breeding, took him into special favor. They praised his huge paws, his black, glossy coat and beautiful brown eyes. They feasted him on bonbons and other sweetmeats, tied ribbons about his neck, toyed with his long locks, invited him to their little *fêtes* and entertainments, and so caressed him that he became quite the envy of the gilded youth of the capital.

After several weeks the travelers continued their journey to the Pacific, taking for their highway the deep valley of the Guarvucca, one of the largest rivers of Mexico, whose waters flow to the Western Ocean. After journeying several days along its banks, charmed by their tropical beauty and verdure, the party approached the frowning walls of the pass by which it passes the Sierra Madre Mountains and escapes to the sea. It was a dark, gloomy defile, very tortuous, with here and there a grassy opening or grove of trees on the banks, between which the river rushed impetuously. A trail, seldom traversed, wound through the cañon, crossing and recrossing the river repeatedly in its efforts to force a passage. Arrived at the first of these fording-places, the colonel unwound his lariat from the saddle-bow, and describing several circles in the air, gave the end to Rubens, and motioned him to cross the stream, whereupon the brave fellow, taking the end in his mouth, plunged in, swam over, and winding the rope several times around the trunk of a tree on the opposite bank, held it there while the horsemen crossed, steadied by the rope. He performed the same feat one hundred and seventeen times while they were forcing their way through the cañon. At Acapulco the party waited forty days for a vessel bound to San Francisco. At length the British steamer *Unicorn*, eight months from New York around Cape Horn, hove in sight, crowded from stem to stern with gold-seekers. The colonel and his friend thought themselves fortunate in securing, for one hundred dollars each, the upper part of a large coop on deck, which, when the steamer left port, had been filled with fowls for the use of the ship's company. Their horses had been sold in the city, but Rubens yet remained to be provided for. The captain, appealed to, flatly refused to take him. "Sailors," he said, "believed that dogs on shipboard brought bad luck; besides, there was no room." The colonel said nothing more, but that afternoon, as the captain stood on the plaza watching the crowd, he felt a tap on his legs caused by a dog's tail, and looking down, there stood Rubens with a letter in his mouth, and a most beseeching expression in his brown eyes. The captain read the letter, which ran thus:

"Dear Captain: I am Rubens, Colonel Battersby's dog. I came all the way from New York across Mexico with my master. I have taken care of him for three years. I swam the torrent for him one hundred and seventeen times in one day. If you leave me behind I don't know what will become of him, but am sure I shall never see him again. Please, captain, take me too."

"Well, well," said the captain, patting him, "you are too fine a fellow to lose, so I guess we will find room for you."

And when the *Unicorn* sailed, Rubens had a berth on deck near the coop occupied by his master.

When the party landed at San Francisco they found a city of tents, inhabited by eager gold-seekers, drawn from every quarter of the world. In this city of cosmopolites Rubens soon became a prominent character. At first he was guardian and custodian of a large marquee

which his master erected and let at night to lodgers. Later, when the colonel became a merchant, Rubens made himself useful in various ways. He guarded the store at night. He held his master's horse, brought water from a well, and did a variety of errands.

His exploits on the water exceeded those on land. Bringing in rowboats that had got adrift was one of his diversions. One day, Colonel Battersby, walking with the dog on the bay-side, saw a friend's boat that had broken loose and drifted nearly a mile out before being discovered.

"He can never bring it in, colonel," said the owner, who stood looking after his lost property.

In reply, Rubens's master pointed out the boat; the dog swam out to it, clambered upon it until he could grasp the painter with his teeth, and then calmly towed it back to its berth, amid the huzzas of a crowd of excited spectators.

Rubens also saved several persons from drowning. In Summer he always accompanied his master into the mountains for a month's shooting, at which time his favorite diversion was catching rattlesnakes by the tail, or through the middle, and snapping off their heads before they could strike.

"I often wish I had kept a list of his victims for a day," said the colonel; "it would have run up into the hundreds, I am sure, for they were very plentiful in the hills in those days. He would steal on them, seize them ere they had time to coil, and 'snap' them so violently as to break the vertebræ, sometimes so hard as to behead them."

RUBENS.—"THE BRAVE FELLOW, WINDING THE ROPE SEVERAL TIMES AROUND THE TRUNK OF A TREE ON THE OPPOSITE BANK, HELD IT THERE WHILE THE HORSEMEN CROSSED."

In 1852 Rubens accompanied his master back to "the States," *viâ* the Central American route, and became one of the *attaché* of the colonel's country-seat in New Jersey. He died suddenly in 1853, while watching a game of cricket on the Hoboken Cricket Grounds. His master held him in such high esteem that he had him mounted and placed in the entrance-hall of his mansion, where he remained until the outbreak of the war, when the colonel gave up his home to enter the Army.

# Janitors I Have Met, and Some Others

By Albert Bigelow Paine

## III.—LEARNING BY EXPERIENCE

DAY by day, and piece by piece, our purchases appeared. Now and then a delivery wagon would drive up in hot haste and deliver a stewpan, or perhaps a mouse trap. At last, and on the third day, a mattress.

Of course, I had been down and protested, ere this. The cheerful liar at the transfer desk had been grieved, astonished, thunderstruck at my tale. He would investigate, and somebody would be discharged, at once. This thought soothed me. It was blood that I wanted. Just plain blood, and plenty of it. I know now that it was the transfer man's blood that I needed, but for the moment I was appeased and believed in him.

Our matting, promised within two hours from the moment of purchase, was the last thing to arrive. This on the fourth day—or was it the fifth? I was too mad by this time to remember dates. What I do recall is that we laid it ourselves. We had not, as yet, paid for the laying, and we said that rather than give that shameless firm another dollar we would lay that matting if it killed us. Morally it did. I have never been quite the same man since that terrible experience. The little woman helped stretch and held the lamp, while I pounded my thumb and swore. She said she had never realized until that night how well and satisfactorily I could swear. It seemed to comfort her and she abetted it.

I know now that the stripes on matting never match. We didn't know it then, and we tried to make them. We pulled and hauled, and I got down on my stomach, with one ear against the wall and burned the other one on the lamp chimney which the little woman, in her anxiety to help, held too close. When I criticised her inclination to overdo matters, she observed that I would probably be able to pull the matting along more easily if I wouldn't lie down on the piece I was trying to pull. Then we both said some things that I suppose we shall regret to our dying day. It was a terrible night. When morning came, grim and ghastly, life seemed a failure, and I could feel that I had grown old.

But with breakfast and coffee and sunshine came renewed hope. We were settled at last, and our little place looked clean and more like a playhouse than ever.

Our acquaintance with the janitor was not, as yet, definite. I had met her once or twice informally, it is true, but as yet we could not be said to have reached any basis of understanding. As to her appearance, she was brawny and Irish, with a forbidding countenance. She had a husband whom we never saw—he being employed outside—but whose personality, nevertheless, became a factor in our subsequent relations. Somehow, we instinctively avoided the people below stairs, as cats do canines, though we had no traditions concerning janitors, and we are naturally the most friendly and democratic people in the world.

Matters went on very well for a time. We congratulated ourselves every morning on how nice and handy everything was, now that we were once settled, and laughed over our recent difficulties. The precious ones were in their glory. They had appropriated the little four by six closet back of the kitchen — it had been shown to us as a servant's room — and presently we heard them playing "dumb waiter," "janitor," "locker-locker door," "laying matting," and other new and entertaining games incidental to a new life and conditions. The weather remained warm for a time, and it was all novel and interesting. We added almost daily to our household effects, and agreed that we had been lucky in securing so pleasant and so snug a nest.

But one morning when we awoke it was cold. It was early October, but there was a keen frosty feeling in the air that sent us shivering to the kitchen range, wondering if steam would be coming along presently. It did not come, and after breakfast I went down to interview our janitor on the subject. I could see that she was not surprised at my errand. The incident of the gas supply had prepared her for any further eccentricity on my part. She merely waited with mild interest to hear what I could really do when I tried. Then she remarked tersely : —

"Yez get steam on the fifteenth."

"Quite so," I assented, "but it's cold to-day. We may not want it on the fifteenth. We do want it now."

These facts did not seem to impress her.

"Yez get steam on the fifteenth," she repeated, with even more decision, and I could tell from her manner that the interview was closed.

I went back to where the little woman was getting breakfast (she had laughed at the idea of a servant in our dainty little nest) and during the morning she and the precious ones hugged the kitchen range. In the afternoon the sun looked in at our parlor windows and made the room cheerful for an hour. Then it went out behind the precipitous hillside park opposite, and with the chill shadow that crept up over our windows came a foreboding that was bad for the romance and humor of the situation. In the evening we crept to the kitchen range, and hibernated there, more or less, while the cold spell lasted. It was warm by the fifteenth, but on that day, in the hours of early dawn, we were awakened by a Wagnerian overture in the steam radiators. It became an anvil chorus ere long and there was no more sleep. By breakfast time we had all the things open that we could get open to let in fresh air and we were shouting to each other above the din and smell of the new pipes. We made allowance, of course, for the fact that things *were* new, and we said we were glad there would be enough heat in cold weather, anyway, by which you will see how innocent we really were in those days.

It grew cold in earnest by November first. And then, all at once, the gold-painted radiators, as if they had shown what they could do and were satisfied, seemed to lose enthusiasm. Now and then in the night, when we didn't want it, they would remember and start a little movement from the Nibelung, but by morning they seemed discouraged again and during the day they were of fitful and unresponsive temperature.

At last I went once more to the janitor, though with some hesitation, I confess. I don't know why. I am not naturally timid, and usually demand and obtain the rights of ordinary citizenship.

Besides, I was ignorant then of janitorial tyranny as the accepted code. It must have been instinct. I said:—

"What's the matter with our heat upstairs?"

She answered:—

"An' it's what's the matter with yer heat, is it? Well, thin, an' what *is* the matter with yer heat upstairs?"

She said this, and also looked at me, as if she thought our heat might be afflicted with the mumps or measles or have a hare lip, and as if I was to blame for it.

"The matter is that we haven't got any," I said, getting somewhat awakened.

She looked at me fully a minute this time.

"Yez haven't got any! Yez haven't got any heat! An' here comes the madam from the top floor yesterday, a bilin' over, an' a sayin' that they're sick with *too much* heat. What air yez, then, sallymandhers?"

"But yesterday isn't to-day," I urged, "and I'm not the woman on the top floor. We're just the people on the first floor and we're cold. We want heat, not comparisons.'

I wonder now how I was ever bold enough to say these things. It was my ignorance, of course. I would not dream of speaking thus disrespectfully to a janitor to-day. I had a dim idea at the time that the landlord had something to do with his own premises, and that if heat were not forthcoming I could consult him and get action in the matter. I know better than that, now, and my enlightenment on this point was not long delayed.

It was about twelve o'clock that night, I think, that we were aroused by a heart-breaking, furniture-smashing disturbance. At first I thought murder was being done on our doorstep. Then I realized that it was below us. I sat up in bed, my hair prickling. The little woman, in the next room with the precious ones, called to me in a voice that was full of emotion. I answered, "Sh!" Then we both sat still in the dark while our veins grew icy. Somebody below was begging and pleading for mercy, while somebody else was commanding quiet in a voice that meant bloodshed as an alternative. At intervals there was a fierce struggle, mingled with destruction and hair-lifting language. Was the janitor murdering her husband? Or could it be that it was the other way, and that tardy justice had overtaken the janitor, and, at the hands of her husband or some outraged tenant, she was meeting a well-merited doom? Remembering her presence and muscular proportions I could not hope that this was possible.

The little woman whispered tremblingly that we ought to do something. I whispered back that I was quite willing she should, if she wanted to, but that for my own part I had quit interfering in Hibernian domestic difficulties some years since. In the morning I would complain to the landlord of our service. I would stand it no longer.

Meantime, it was not yet morning, and the racket below went on. The very quantity of it was reassuring. There was too much of it for real murder. The precious ones presently woke up and cried. None of us got to sleep again until well-nigh morning, even after the commotion below had degenerated into occasional moans, and final silence.

Before breakfast I summoned up all my remaining courage and went down there. The janitor herself came to the door. She was uninjured, so far as I

could discover. I was pretty mad, and the fact that I was afraid of her made me madder.

"What do you mean," I demanded, "by making such a horrible racket down here in the middle of the night?"

She regarded me with an amazed look, as if I had been dreaming.

"I want to know," I repeated, "what was all that noise down here last night?"

She smiled grimly.

"Oh, an' is *that* it? Yez want to know what was the *n'ise*, do yez? Well, thin, it was none o' yer business, *that's* what it was. Now go on wid yez, an' tend to yer *own* business if yez have any. D' y' mind?"

With the information that I was going at once to the landlord I turned and hurried up the stairs to avoid violence. She promptly followed me.

"So yez'll be after telling the landlord, will yez? Well, thin, yez can just tell the landlord, an' yez can just sind him to me. You'll sind Tim Reilly to me. Maybe yez don't know that Tim Reilly once carried bricks fer my old daddy, an' many's the time I've given him a bite an' a sup at our back door. Oh, yes, sind him to me. Sind Tim Reilly to me, an' I'll see, when me ol' man comes home late wid a bit of liquor in his head, if it's not for me to conthrol 'im after our own fashions, widout the inquisitin' of people who better be mindin' of their own n'ise. Kep' yez awake, eh? Well, thin, see that yez never keep anybody else awake, an' sind Tim Reilly to me!"

She was gone. We realized then that she had seen better days. So had we. When I passed her on the front steps she nodded in her usual expressionless, uncompromising manner. I did not go to the landlord. It would be useless, we said. The helplessness of our position was becoming daily more evident.

And with the realization of this we began to discover other defects. We found that the house faced really almost north instead of west and that the sun now went behind the precipice opposite nearly as soon as it touched the tops of our windows, while the dining room and kitchen were wretchedly dark all day long. Then, too, the crooked fireplace in the former was a disfigurement, the rooms were closets, or cells, the paper abominable, the wardrobes damp, the drawers swollen or exasperating misfits, the whole apartment the flimsiest sort of a cheap showy contract structure such as no self-respecting people should occupy. We said we would move. We recited our wrongs to each other in detail, and began consulting Sunday papers immediately.

### Chrysander's Quest.

THE young knight Chrysander sat pensively in the tapestry chamber at Poplinium, surrounded by six beautiful maidens. A cloud was on his brow, a trouble in his heart; for he found no meaning in the many, many words which flowed musically from those rosy lips. And he departed in pain; but came again upon the morrow, with a lofty purpose and a bold resolve.

"Sweet ladies," he said, "deign to impart your secret lore to a humble scholar. Naught is known to me of all these mysteries whereof ye discourse, neither do I understand the words of your speech. Teach me, therefore, I pray you, that I too may speak this strangely beautiful language."

Then they taught him until the sun sank in the west, and until the twilight faded; and yet was he but little wiser than before. And again he departed in pain; and through the weary hours of the night he pondered upon all that he had heard.

On the morrow he betook him once more to the maidens, and cried, "O damsels, your toil is but in vain! The mystic language is yet sealed to me, and its subtleties baffle my best wit. So soon as I have learned fitly to discriminate between a box-pleated gore and a double-biased panier puff, behold, even then I straightway forget the true difference between slashing and shirring, nor am I able, for all my striving, to tell what it is to run up frilled tatting with a basted hemstitch, or to pink the fluting of peplum points. Woe is me! I cannot learn this lore!"

But the fair maidens cheered Chrysander, bidding him take heart and give due diligence to his task, and all should be well.

Even so it came to pass. The heedful knight waxed wiser and yet more wise, until he became like unto the maidens, thinking even as they thought, and speaking as they spake. In good time he forsook his rude oaths, "By Bacchus!" and "Holy Saint Jingo!" and "Great Cæsar's ghost!" and learned to say "By Bombazine!" and "Rip up my bastings!" and to vow by holy Honiton and sacred Sarcenet. And as the bird of the desert returns daily to the cool spring where it is wont to slake its thirst, so did the knight Chrysander daily revisit the refreshing fountains of occult knowledge.

At length he bethought him in what manner he might requite those damsels, his teachers, who had thus enriched him with the treasures of their wisdom. And he made for them many pleasant lays and ditties. Likewise, he took counsel with his heart, and framed the Seven Goodly Proverbs, that are known by every maid, not only in Poplinium, but also throughout all the land of Polonaisia. And these are the Seven Goodly Proverbs:

1. A basted bias gathers no pleats.
2. Never look a pinked tuck in the seams.
3. One shirr in the mull is worth three in the scrim.
4. A basque is known by the stitches it keeps.
5. You may lead a woman to the machine, but you cannot make her hem.
6. Better is a slashed gore with bangles, than a gusset of tulle and honiton therewith.
7. Frilled tatting fulls deep.

To this day, men may read the Seven Goodly Proverbs, worked in letters of gold, in the tapestry chamber at Poplinium; but of all the brave rhymes writ by Chrysander, only these remain:

"Let the double-shirred Peplums from Gussets refrain,
And beware ere they take up the Darts of Gros-Grain!
For, though Paniers should basque in the Pleats of Nainsook,
And though Ruches and Plastrons should join in rebuke,
You may baste, you may bias the Gore if you will,
Yet the Yoke of the Tucker will hang round the Frill!"

*J. Bouckman.*

## Miss Carnarsie's Crinoline.

ORRIBLE!"

Madame Marquetrie elevated her well-bred eyebrows in polite reprobation, while the attendant coughed just the ghost of a cough.

"It vill be ze mode," said Madame, gently, but conclusively. "Madame Kilvankul, ze Mesdemoiselles Amboy,—ah! ze *haut ton*, ze best people, all haf ordaired such costumes. Mademoiselle vill not vish to be out of ze fashion, one—how you call it?—one dowdie, eh?"

"Of course not," I replied, indignantly; "and if they are ally going to wear that dreadful thing——"

"It is as I haf ze honnair to inform Mademoiselle. Ze *ande dames*, ze bankair, ze doctair, ze air-r-r-istocratique lie, all——"

"Very well," I interrupted with a sigh, "I suppose I all have to make a guy of myself like the rest. But it is ugly."

Madame shrugged her shoulders till they touched her ears; d extended her palms with a deprecating gesture. "*Mais n.* Whatevair is in ze fashion is alvays *charmant.*"

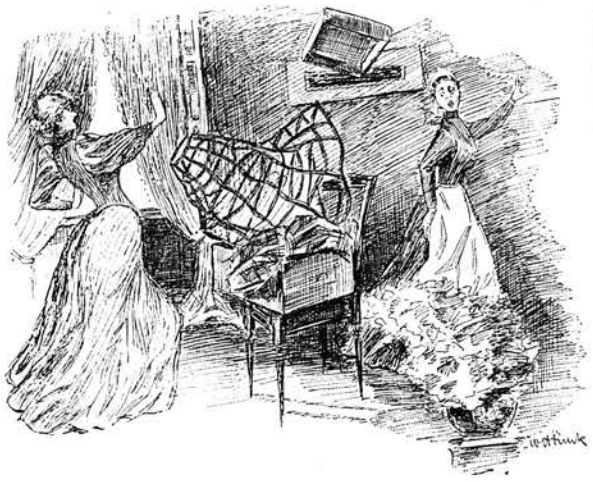
"*Ah ciel! Oui!*" murmured the attendant, imitating her istress exactly in both shrug and gesture. "Obsairve," ntinued Madame, turning the dummy supporting the cosme around in order to reveal its beauties in a clearer light, it is no longair ze—how you call him?—ze skimpy skairt, a etle sing like raggy doll-aby. *Non!* It like one beeg alloon. It ake one grand splay. People all say, 'Aha! ie is of ze ech fader; she of ze air-r-r-tocrat.' *Cer-inement.*"

"*Certainement!*" muttered the attendant, like an echo.

Though I by no means regarded Madame Marquetrie's argument as sound, there was no help for it. Crinoline was to be in fashion; and in these days one may as well be dead as out of the fashion. So I ordered the costume, bore the agonies of "trying on" with commendable patience, and in due course the dress was sent home.

Of course I was anxious to see how I should look in it. I had the box taken to my room, and, assisted by Pinner, my maid, I proceeded to open it. My fingers trembled with excitement as I fumbled at the cords, so that I could hardly untie them. Pinner shared my agitation.

The last knot was reached, when, bang! whop! a simultaneous shriek and squawk,—one mine, and the other Pinner's,—the lid flew into the air, and something like a gigantic



Jack-in-the-box bounded up with a tremendous flutter and thump. The shock and the fright threw Pinner one way and me the other, both staring with horrified eyes at the thing which seemed to be nodding at us threateningly.

I recovered my senses first and began to laugh. "Lawk! Miss, what on airth is that?"

"The new dress, you goose," I replied. "Don't you see?"

"Aw!" grunted Pinner, bending cautiously over the box, "I thought it might be one of them dinnermite machines. It bounced up at a body so, I'm all of a tremble."

"It's only a crinoline skirt," I said grimly, lifting the combination gingerly out of its nest. "Come; help me try it on."

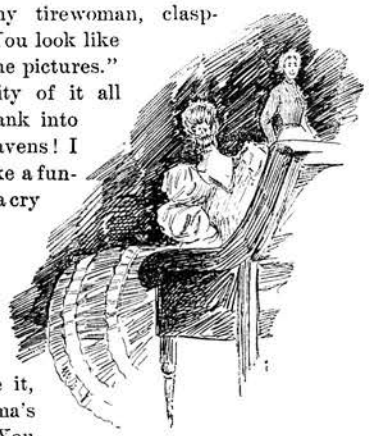
Possibly you have already divined that I am a rather original young person — "a crank," brother Willis calls me. I have always hated the thousand-and-one details of dress-making. I just say to my *modiste*, "I want a new costume; get me up the proper thing, and don't bother me about it." When it comes home I put it on, and there's an end.

I know almost as much about the steam engine as I do about the intricacies of attire. Awful, isn't it? But it is the sad truth, and I cannot help it. So when this fearful and wonderful construction was buttoned, and pinned, and laced upon me, I stared, first at my figure in the glass, then at the costume itself, with a dazed and mournful gaze. Was *that* Carry Carnarsie?—that vast, silken mound, surmounted by a tiny bust and head? Once she had lower limbs, and was made after the manner of human creatures. Now she was no more than a modernized Hindoo idol set upon a pyramidal pedestal.

And the costume itself! What a complex combination of loops, bands, tapes, steel things, like revolted clock-springs, and sheets of stuff stiffened with glue,—or whatever it may be,—billowing, bounding, swaying, sweeping! I admit there was a sort of majesty in its very voluminousness. As I swished up and down the room I was conscious of a new dignity, a sense of importance such as I had never experienced before. I felt almost queen-like as I turned to Pinner with haughtily elevated head and inquired,

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"Gorge-ious!" breathed my tirewoman, clasping her hands in ecstasy. "You look like one of them empire-esses in the pictures."



I laughed, for the absurdity of it all struck me irresistibly, and sank into an arm-chair; when—oh! heavens! I was all sticking out in front like a funnel. I jumped up again with a cry of horror.

"Will it do that whenever I sit down, Pinner,—before people, you know?"

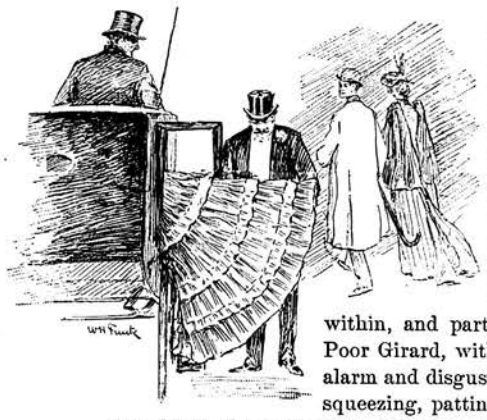
"Oh no, miss," replied my maid, soothingly. "You must learn how to manage it, same as ladies did in your ma's time, when they wore tilters. You give it a hitch behind and a kick at the side, you see, and it's all right."

After an hour's faithful practice I acquired the trick; that is, I could sit down gracefully and respectably, with the back of the skirt arranged behind me like a silken aureola. With a sigh of relief I took it off and directed Pinner to hang it carefully over the form. I had conquered the monster,—so I fondly imagined.

But oh! that never-to-be-forgotten night of the Amboys' reception! Girard came early. Girard, you know, is my—but that is another matter; I am talking of crinoline now. I kept the dear fellow waiting a full hour; for I wanted to look particularly nice, and that awful costume gave Pinner and me no end of trouble.

When I came down stairs Girard looked at me with a quizzical air.

"I am to appear," he said, "as Lowell observes, 'with a silken wonder at my side.' Well, since I am to be the Palinurus of this galley" [who was Palinurus, anyway? It isn't fair to attack a defenceless girl with classical bomb-shells], "let us set sail at once."



We descended to the carriage, and I prepared to spring into it with my usual agile grace, when I felt myself seized and pulled back, as by a giant hand. My wretched skirt had caught and jammed in the narrow door. There I stuck, partly within, and partly out of the vehicle. Poor Girard, with a face of alarm and disgust, was madly squeezing, patting, and punching the refractory crinoline, in the wild endeavor to get it into the carriage.

At length I succeeded in getting in, skirts and all, and Girard followed. By hitching and twisting, I managed to allow ten inches of seat to Girard. The remainder I occupied myself. I literally filled the carriage to overflowing: I spread on the floor, I tapped at the roof; I looked out of one window in the shape of a flounce, and out of the other, in the guise of a ruffle; I lay across Girard's knees; I tickled his nose; I felt myself to be utterly barbarous and abominable.

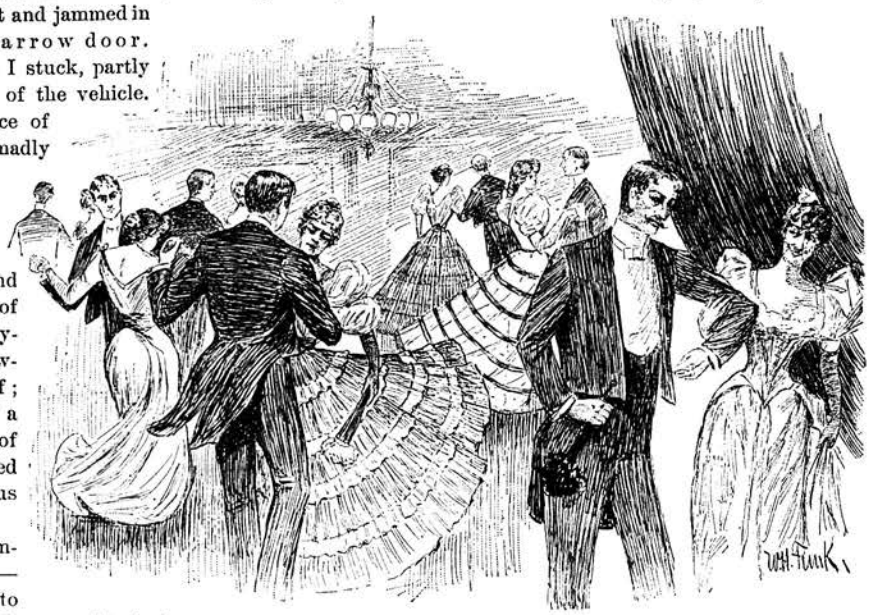
We arrived at last before the Amboy mansion and Girard sprang out,—I mean he started to spring out; but his foot caught in one of my murderous springs, and he fell headlong! It had been raining, and the street was very muddy. I shed tears as I beheld his plight. The impetus of his fall carried him so far forward that his dear golden curls were plunged into the foaming gutter; and when he arose,—I am afraid he used improper words,—his face was as black as a negro's, his collar, neck-tie, and shirt-front were smeared, and his gloves were just ruined.

A friend of Girard's assisted me from the carriage, while poor dear Girard went to change his linen and rearrange his hair. I waited in the ante-room till he came. He looked very solemn, but said nothing about the mishap my miserable crinoline had caused him.

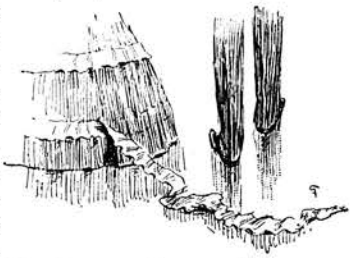
I was somewhat reassured when I saw that nearly all of the younger women present wore costumes similar to mine. "You see, dear Girard, it is the fashion."

He made no direct reply, but mumbled something in his mustache about "fools and fashion," which I thought it best not to notice.

We danced. I used to pride myself on my waltzing, and Girard is one of the nicest waltzers I know. But that night it was as if I were dancing in a cyclone; and Girard was in torture. First, the skirt would bob out in front; then it would whirl out behind. Next it would double in between my ankles, while I felt sure it was shooting up to my shoulders in the rear. Sometimes a fold of it would thump against Girard's knees; and as he tried to push it aside without losing the rhythm of the waltz, there would be a r-r-ip! and his heel would tear off a yard or so of the hem, leaving it to trail behind us like a snake bent on a remorseless vendetta.



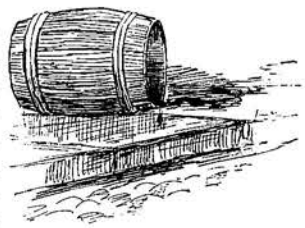
Other couples plunged against us; then our crinolines, meeting, would leap up together like two waves curling into froth of snowy laces, blinding, tripping up, and discomposing our devoted partners. There were even accidents. Colonel Hawtie, one of the most elegant men in our set, dancing with Lillie Lavelle, caught his foot in her skirt, and both went down, sliding on their hands and knees half a dozen yards across the waxed floor. Everybody stopped dancing; even the orchestra paused; and there was a dead silence in the room for a full minute. The colonel rose, dusted off his gloves, and with a very pale face escorted Lillie to a seat. Then, in a voice grave and calm, but loud enough for everyone to hear, he said, "Miss Lavelle, permit me to wish you a very good evening," and departed. Girard told me afterward that the colonel swore he would not go into society again while those "man-traps" were in vogue. Such a pity, too! Lillie has been setting her cap for the colonel this year or more.

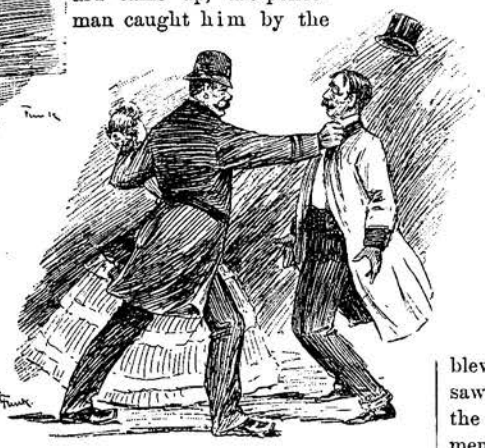


Altogether I never passed a more uncomfortable evening; and I could see by Girard's face that he was irritated and disgusted. Consequently at an early hour I pleaded a severe headache, and we took our departure. A high wind was blowing in the streets, and, as we stood upon the steps waiting for our carriage to be brought around, my abominable skirts were thrashed and whipped to and fro like the loosened sail of a ship in a gale. As we crossed the sidewalk I had to cling tightly to Girard's arm to avoid being lifted off my feet. As I was about entering the carriage and had let go my hold of Girard, a sudden furious gust came tearing down the street, and before my escort could seize me I was borne bodily away.

My crinoline, flattened against me, took the whole power of the wind, and I was utterly helpless to resist it. I flew along at a dizzy pace; sometimes trotting rapidly on the tips of my toes, again floating quite clear of the ground. I shrieked for help, and Girard used dreadful words. I could hear him running after me, but I kept ten yards ahead of him in spite of his best efforts. I grasped frantically at every object I whirled past; but I only succeeded in seizing an empty ash-barrel, which overturned and came rolling after me with a noise like reverberating thunder.

I really don't know what would have ultimately happened to me had I not finally dashed madly into the arms of a huge policeman. He caught me and held me fast. I was so hysterical with fright and exhaustion that I could not answer his questions; and seeing Girard running after me, he supposed that I must be endeavoring to escape from him. As Girard came up, the policeman caught him by the collar and drew his club.





"Ah, ye vagabin," said my blue-coated rescuer gruffly, "it's after the leddy yez are? Well, me buck, it's meself yez have to settle wid. Now kape still, will yez?" as poor Girard, too blown with running to utter a word, struggled in the man's grip. "I'll give yez a taste of the stick on yez nut that'll knock the tricks out of yez."

Grasping the huge arm that wielded that dreadful club over Girard's head, I shrieked out explanations and prayers for mercy. Girard, having recovered his breath, managed, at length, to enlighten the representative of the law as to our mishap.

With a roar of laughter that rolled away on the wind like the bellowing of a bull, he released Girard, and good-naturedly went and brought our carriage to where we stood sheltered by a wall.

Girard and I rode homeward in silence. He was very angry, and I was completely crushed with mortification. That night we had a quarrel, the first since we had known each other, and parted in anger. I went to my room, and, without undressing, threw myself into a chair and burst into a passion of tears. I had been foolish, and Girard had been unreasonable. What is one to do when fashion sets a law but obey it? "Ridiculous extreme!" he said; which, *entre nous*, was true, though of course I wouldn't admit it. What woman would?

Finally I arose to prepare for bed. I parted the curtains and stood looking listlessly out of the window for a moment. The wind was still blowing furiously, roaring through the branches of the trees and flaring the smoky flames of the street lamps. Suddenly my wandering gaze rested upon a solitary figure leaning against a lamp-post across the way. My heart throbbed quicker, for I recognized Girard. The poor fellow was watching my window. How harsh and unloving I had been to him! My tears began to flow afresh, and, late as it was, I felt as if I must go down and call him to me. But a contrary spirit restrained the impulse, and so I stood shielded by the curtain watching him for a long time.

Suddenly I saw him start and lean forward, as if peering into the basement windows, then run across the street. Now I observed that my room was full of smoke. I had noticed the smell of burning for some time, and had even coughed with the irritation; but I had been too deeply absorbed to give heed to it. I am a dreadful coward about fire, and for a moment I stood still, too scared to think what I ought to do.

A tremendous hubbub downstairs aroused me from my trance. I ran to the door and opened it, but quickly closed it again; for the hall was full of thick, blinding smoke. My room was on the second floor in the front. Mother and father occupied the rear apartment. They had already escaped, for I could hear their voices in the street. They were calling my name.

What should I do? Escape by the stairs was out of the question; I could not have breathed an instant in that smoke. Even my room was now so full that I could not see, and I felt as if I were strangling. I threw up the window and leaned out, calling for help.

A small crowd had collected below. Thick, black volumes of smoke were pouring out of the lower windows and front doors, lighted by the red, fitful flashes within. As the cloud blew aside for a moment I saw Girard struggling in the grasp of a number of men, who were restraining him from entering the house to rescue me. There were cries of "Fire!" "She's up there,

I saw her!" "She will be smothered before the firemen come!" "A ladder! get a ladder!" Many running feet sounded on the sidewalk. Doors re-echoed under heavy blows. From afar off came the faint clang of the engines.

By this time my room was unbearable. I leaned out as far as I could, but the acrid smoke poured around me, strangling and maddening me. I was no longer capable of reasoning. My one frenzied thought was to escape from that awful demon whose poisonous breath was killing me. Hardly knowing what I was doing, I gathered my skirts as well as I could about my ankles, and got out upon the ledge. I heard Girard's voice shouting in agony:

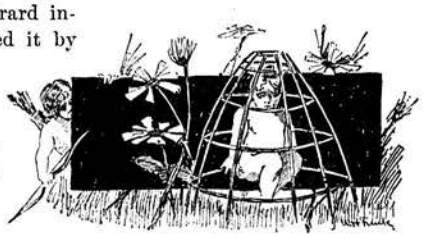
"Don't jump! Don't jump! Ladders are coming!" But I gave no heed. Closing my eyes I slid off into the void.

The height was full twenty feet; sufficient to maim, if not destroy me outright. But I forgot that danger in my supreme terror of the fire. However, instead of plunging straight down to the pavement, I felt myself buoyed up. My crinoline, spreading out, caught the air like a parachute, and supported me. Still my flight was a sufficiently perilous one. I descended heavily into Girard's outstretched arms, and we both rolled to the earth together. Overwrought with excitement and terror, though unhurt, I fainted with my head on Girard's breast.

When I recovered consciousness, I was lying upon a sofa in a neighbor's house. The fire in our own dwelling had been put out with slight damage. Girard sat beside me holding my hand and gazing at me anxiously. Poor fellow! how pale he was! I smiled up at him, and with a glad cry of joy he bent over and kissed me. I felt his tears upon my cheek.

"Darling," he whispered, "forgive me. I will never say a word against crinoline as long as I live. It saved your life. You shall wear it twice as large, if you will."

But I could be generous, too; and though I was grateful to the crinoline which, after covering me with shame, had made reparation by saving my life, I declared I would discard it, fashion or no fashion. Girard insisted, and finally we settled it by what the traders call "splitting the difference"; that is, I would wear crinoline, if everybody else did, but it should be in a modified form. C. L. HILDRETH.



## A PEEP AT BILLINGSGATE.

IT matters not whether the season be spring or summer, autumn or winter, whether the weather be wet or fine, precisely at five o'clock in the morning the market of Billingsgate is opened to the public, all the year round.

Very few fish vessels now come up the Thames to Billingsgate, but those that do—their freight consisting chiefly of soles and haddocks—are to be seen drawn up alongside the various wharves, between which and the market continuous strings of particularly powerful porters ply; giving themselves just time to deposit their silvery burden, and start for a fresh load. Up and down Thames Street, so far as the eye can reach, are ponderous vans from the different railway companies, laden with fish from every part of the kingdom.

Waiting for the commencement of the day's business are a goodly number of persons; but it is particularly noticeable that the rough element is, when the market first opens, conspicuous by its absence. Those persons we see before us now are fishmongers or their *employés*, and by them is secured the pick of the morning's consignment. When they have made their bargains and gone their ways, down comes the class with which the name of Billingsgate is so intimately associated in more ways than one. As yet, Billingsgate is comparatively clean and tidy; scales, and shells, and mud have not had time to accumulate; but as the day advances, these unsavoury articles collect to a very unpleasant extent. It need scarcely be remarked that great attention is paid to the sanitary arrangements of the place, the nature of the wares requiring that cleanliness should reign supreme. At or about seven o'clock the costermongers arrive in their hundreds, and so soon as they appear on the scene the state of affairs alters materially. All is noise and hubbub; costers hoarsely shouting, empty vans trying to get through impossible places; bustle and muddle everywhere, diversified by a torrent of pure "Billingsgate" pouring from every quarter. With regard to this latter feature, the law is being put in motion to improve matters, and one individual has already been haled before the Lord Mayor for indulging in language—well, not of the choicest. It would not be advisable for a non-professional to get in the way just at this juncture; he had much better keep out of the locality,

unless he has a partiality for contact with fishy baskets, cods' tails flapping in his face, and possibly a nip on the ear from a live lobster. Truly, to such a one his friends would have good reason to exclaim with Mercutio, "How thou art fishified!" Billingsgate at this particular hour is not the place for manners, and the weakest go to the wall.

When the costermongers come, the real excitement begins. They do not purchase from the salesmen, but from a class of individuals who are styled *bummarees* —why, history sayeth not—who have already bought from the principal salesmen. The sales take place by auction, and no sooner is the lot knocked down than the money is handed out by the coster, and off he goes with his fish. These gentry are not regular customers; they are not particular whether they vend fruit or fish, and are consequently as often found at Covent Garden as at Billingsgate. It is wonderful how the news of a large haul gets about; but it does, and down come the ready-money costers "like a wolf on the fold."

At the present moment the market is being rebuilt, the new structure having been commenced in May, 1874; but this does not materially affect the carrying on of business, which is transacted partly in the old and partly in the new building.

In the olden days fish was necessarily brought to town entirely by water, or by cumbrous wagons; and owing to the perishable nature of the commodity, and the time occupied in its conveyance, the supply was exceedingly uncertain. Matters are, however, now quite altered, a regular market of sound fish being always secured by means of the railways. In the days of which we are speaking, the vessels or wagons which were fortunate enough to arrive first with their freight, were absolutely certain of a ready and profitable sale, whilst the unlucky craft or vehicle which did not succeed in reaching Billingsgate till late, had to put up with whatever price was offered. If the catch of any particular kind of fish was unusually large, more especially did the late-comers suffer.

It is a fact not generally known, that some of the English fishing vessels remain at sea for many weeks, sometimes not touching land for over a month. Notably is this the case with those attached to the Norfolk and Suffolk coasts. These vessels congregate about the fishing banks in the North Sea, and are visited nearly every day by swift steamers, which carry provisions to the fishermen, and bring away the fish they have caught. They (the steamers) then put on all speed and carry their cargoes to Yarmouth or Harwich, on rare occasions coming all the way to Billingsgate. Their object is, of course, to get the fish to market at the earliest possible moment, and the choice of ports is entirely dependent on the state of wind and tide. From Harwich and Yarmouth fish trains run every night, the contents of which are delivered at Billingsgate prior to the opening of the market.

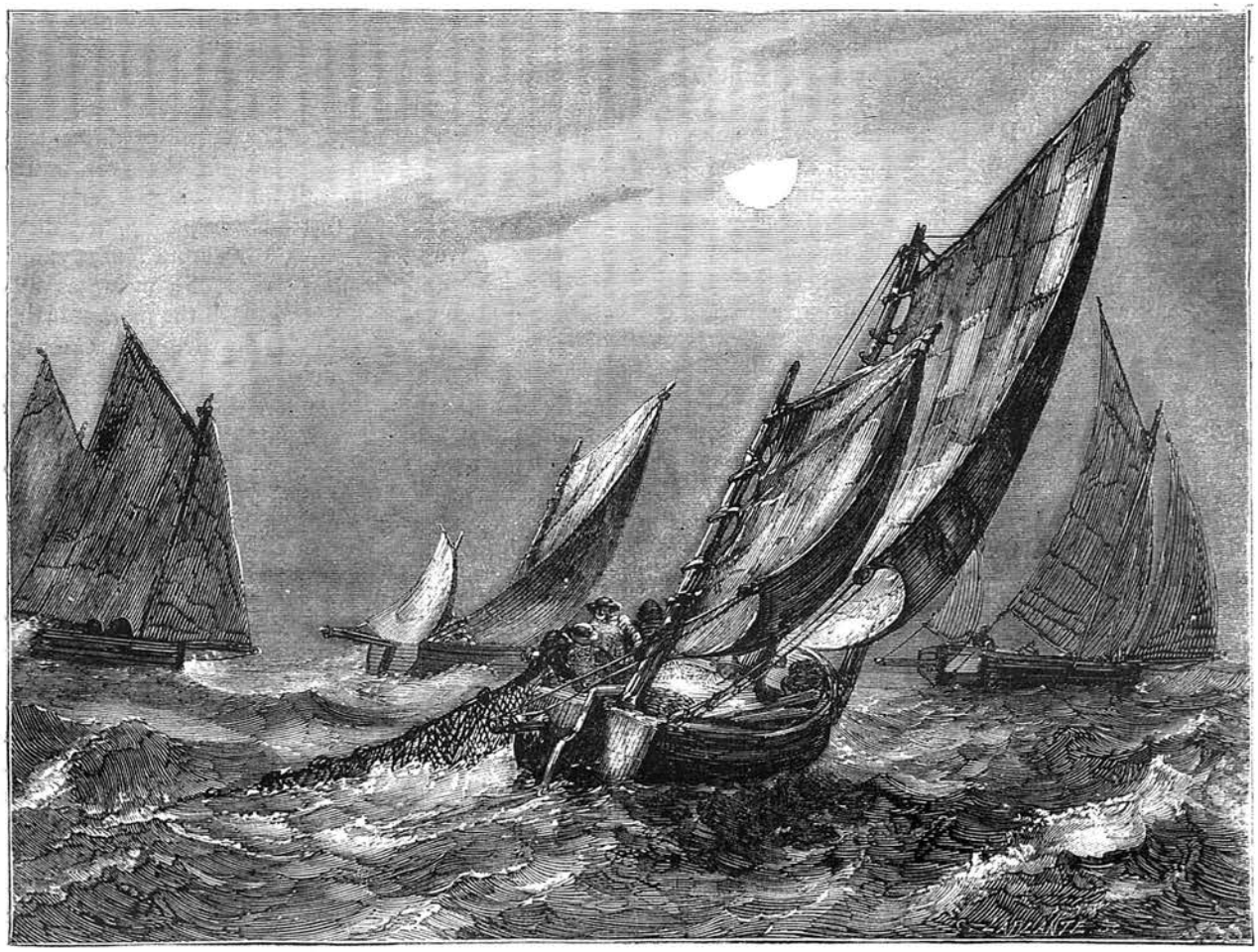
It has no doubt struck many people besides ourselves that it is difficult to procure cheap fish at watering-places, even though the smacks come in laden with scaly spoil under our very eyes. The reason is not far to seek. The fishermen are sure of a market in London, but were they to depend upon local demand, they would often be subject to heavy losses. A very great deal of the fish which is consumed at (say) Brighton or Hastings, has already made a journey to the metropolis, whence it has been sent back to the order of the local fishmongers.

It may, perhaps, be interesting to point out the localities from which the different kinds of fish arrive. From Yarmouth the supply consists almost entirely of herrings, and the quantity sent up is perfectly astounding. On some occasions, nearly one hundred tons have been dispatched in a single night. From the north of England, and Scotland, salmon is the staple commodity. The South-Western line brings mackerel, and pilchards come in large numbers from Cornwall. The fresh-water fish pour in from all parts, and are mostly purchased by Jews, who cook and sell them after their peculiar style. The delicate whitebait is captured, during certain seasons of the year, in the Thames, between Blackwall and Woolwich, and in a part of the river where the water is particularly dirty. Lobsters arrive in large quantities from Norway, and the Shetland and Channel Isles. So many as fifty thousand have been known to reach the market in one day; but whatever the supply, the demand is always equal to it. These fish are edible at the age of one year and a half, and are supposed to be in their prime when three years old. Oysters—precious bivalves!—come from all parts, the 4th of August being known in the trade as "Oyster Day"—*i.e.*, the day on which the oyster season commences. The public, however, do not wait for August. Oysters in June and July will suit them just as well. Sprats, humble but tasty sprats, are caught in vast quantities off most parts of the English coast, and also in the Firth of Forth, and come into season on the 9th of November—Lord Mayor's Day. Whether his lordship has a dish of these fish at his inaugural banquet, is a matter of doubt to many minds. Our impression is that he has not. The larger kind of eels come from Holland, being well taken care of in water-tanks. Cod is also brought alive to this country, receiving the *coup de grâce* on its arrival. Soles, plaice, brill, haddock, skate, dabs, turbot, and most of the "bottom" fish, are taken off Denmark and Holland. Costermongers have a wonderful partiality for haddock, of which they purchase very large quantities, curing and drying the fish, and selling it in the poorer neighbourhoods of London. This is the more curious as dried haddock is a somewhat expensive luxury if purchased at a first-class fishmonger's; perhaps, however, the costers possess the secret of preparing it in some cheap manner. Flat fish find ready customers in the Jews, who fry them in oil and sell them to those who appreciate such delicacies. In several of the narrow lanes adjacent to Billingsgate are "boiling houses," where the crabs and lobsters are sacrificed, and made to acquire that beautiful red which many people imagine is their natural colour. The lobster goes into the boiling water alive—a piece of unnecessary cruelty to be strongly deprecated; but the more sensitive crab is, first of all, dispatched by the skilful application of a needle. The claws and

legs would fly off as if by magic, were this not done.

Some of the wealthiest men in the City are fish salesmen. Some deal in one description of fish only, whilst others deal in all. The salesman knows perfectly well, by the aid of the telegraph, what sort of supply the morning will bring forth, and is therefore able to make his arrangements beforehand. To this fact, also, a great deal of his prosperity may be referred. There are no less than 800 regular fishmongers in London, and as they all have to make their purchases through salesmen, and those purchases nearly every day in the week, it will readily be seen that the salesman's business is one in which there is always plenty to do.

It is impossible to do more than guess at the daily or yearly quantity of fish brought to this market, and for many reasons, the principal being that there are no customs' duties or excise on fish caught on our coasts, and consequently no record is kept of the numbers taken. In a carefully-written article which appeared some years since in the *Quarterly Review*, the writer quoted the opinion of a Billingsgate authority, who estimated the yearly supply as follows :—Salmon, 29,000 boxes, 7 in a box ; cod, alive, 400,000, averaging 10lbs. each ; ditto, barrelled, 15,000 barrels, 50 to a barrel ; ditto, salt, 1,600,000, averaging 5 lbs. each ; haddocks, 2,470,000, at 2 lbs. each ; ditto, smoked, 65,000 barrels, 300 to a barrel ; soles, 97,520,000, at ¼ lb. each ; mackerel, 23,620,000, at 1 lb. each ; herrings, 250,000 barrels, at 150 each ; ditto, red, 100,000 barrels, at 500 each ; ditto, bloaters, 265,000 baskets, at 150 each ; eels, 9,000,000, at 6 to a lb. ; whiting, 17,920,000, at 6 oz. each ; plaice, 36,600,000, at 1 lb. each ; turbot, 800,000, at 7 lbs. each ; brill and mullet, 1,220,000, at 3 lbs. each ; oysters, 500,000,000, at 400 to a peck ; crabs, 600,000 ; lobsters, 1,200,000 ; prawns, 12 tons, at 120 to a lb. ; shrimps, 192,295 gallons, at 320 to a pint.



MACKEREL FISHING OFF THE COAST OF CORNWALL.

It will be seen that the smaller descriptions of shellfish are not included in these astounding figures, but we may mention that mussels, cockles, and periwinkles are estimated at thousands of milllions ! It is supposed that between two and three million pounds sterling change hands for fish in a single year.

As we have already mentioned, the scene we have attempted to describe may be witnessed any morning in the year—Sundays of course excepted ; and the lovers of the noisy, the fishy, and the picturesque, will therefore do well to get up betimes some fine day and take a peep at Billingsgate for themselves.

EDWARD OXENFORD.

## UNCONSCIOUS OATHS.

"'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth."
—*All's Well that Ends Well.*

HE conversation of shallow and illiterate people abounds in ejaculations and an infallible proof of refinement is the infrequent use of exclamations. A man of a vulgar nature is constantly attempting to strengthen his assertions by oaths. Surprise, joy, grief, and impatience in him find expression by profane swearing. In a low state of civilization all kinds of oaths are common. Such was the case in English society until the early part of the present century. Says Robert Mackenzie, in a recent work upon that period, "A general coarseness of manners prevailed. Profane swearing was the constant practice of gentlemen. * * * * They swore at inferiors because their commands would not otherwise receive prompt obedience. The chaplain cursed the sailors because it made them listen more attentively to his admonitions. Ladies swore, orally and in their letters. Lord Braxfield offered to a lady at whom he swore, because she played badly at whist, the sufficient apology that he had mistaken her for his wife. Erskine, the model of a forensic orator, swore at the bar. Lord Thurlow swore upon the bench. The king swore incessantly. When his majesty desired to express approval of the weather, of a handsome horse, of a dinner which he had enjoyed, this 'first gentleman in Europe' supported his royal asseveration by a profane oath. Society clothed itself with cursing as with a garment."

At the present day in New England many curious relics of former oaths are still found, some having lost entirely their original signification, and it is quite probable that many an honest Yankee housewife would be greatly shocked upon learning the true meaning of the expressions that so often fall from her lips. How many a careful mother who expresses impatience or a slight indisposition by "O dear," would be pained to hear her little son echo her feelings by "O God," and yet such is the literal interpretation. This expression is a corruption of *O Dea*, the vulgar Latin for *O God*, the Latin word *Deus* being the original of our word Deity. "O dear me suz" is then *O dea, me sustine* or O God, sustain me.

In France "*Mon Dieu*" is as frequent in the best society as "indeed" is among us and should be so rendered in translation; but to the English-speaking people "My God" is a phrase too sacred to be slightingly uttered. "Lordy massy" or "Laws a' massy" is nothing else than "Lord, ha' mercy," hardly the equivalent of "indeed" and yet so frequently used. "Law sakes" means, of course, for the Lord's sake, the s being transferred from Lord's to sake. "My gracious" is "my gracious Lord;" and "mercy on me" is a prayer to the Deity to have mercy on me. "By gor" and "by gorry" are mild forms of a manifest oath. By the well known rule of the substitution of l for r these words become "by goll" and "by golly" or "by jolly." "Gad," "egad," and "gosh" have the same signification. "O heavens" is an oath especially forbidden by the Saviour and "heavens and earth" falls under the same interdict.

The phrases "I vum, "I swow," and "I snum" are easily interpreted, as "I vow," and "I swan" is probably "I swear." "By Jiminy" is a corruption of "by Gemini," the Twins, the third sign of the zodiac. Since the heavenly bodies were supposed to have a potent influence upon human affairs, it was a frequent practice to swear by the stars and constellations, as is attested by the expression, "my stars." "My stars and garters," however, has a different origin and is an oath formerly much used by the English nobility, stars referring to the decorations worn upon the breast and garters to the jewelled sign of the order of the Garter, an institution founded in A. D. 1349 by Edward III. The story is often told, though entirely unsupported by evidence, that the Countess of Salisbury, at a ball, happening to drop her garter, the king took it up and presented it to her with these words, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*,"—evil to him who evil thinks. This accident is said to have been the origin of the order and the motto. *Rastell's Chronicle*, however, gives another version of the incident. "Some do affirme, that this order beganne fyrst by Kyng Richard *coeur de Lion*, at the siege of the citie of Acres, where in his greate necessytie there was but twenty-five knights that firmlye and surelye abode by him, where he caused all of them to wear thonges of blue leythere aboute their legges, and afterwards they were called knights" of the Garter.

"By Jinks" and "by Jingo" are corruptions of "by St. Gingoulph." The names of the saints were often used in oaths by the early English; as, "St. Peter," "St. Paul," "St. George," and "St. Andrew." It was common to swear by Christ's body, blood, and death, and such expressions are found in the dramas of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. "'Sblood" means God's blood; "zounds," God's wounds; "'s death," God's death; "'s body" and "*odds bodikins*," God's body or the host. "Marry," so often seen in Shakespeare, is a corruption of the oath "by the Virgin Mary." "By'r Lady" refers, of course, to the same. "By the mass" was a very common oath; mass being the old name for the Lord's supper. God's *sonties* is God's saints, or sanctities, or *santé* (health). "Gramercy" is without doubt the French *grand merci*. "By the old Harry" is an oath referring to the evil one and is derived probably from the Scandinavian *Hari* or *Herra*, names of Odin, though others have claimed it to be a corruption of "Old Hairy," referring to the hirsute coat of Satan. "The Deuce" is euphemistic for "the Devil" and "Old Nick" and "Old Scratch" are also vulgar names for the same personage, said to be of Scandinavian origin, the former from *Neck* or *Nikke* and the latter from *Scrat* or *Schret*, names of deities of the Norsemen. "The Dickens" is a shortened form of the diminutive *Devilkins* or the little Devil.

Such are a few of the many expressions that have survived even in the best society; and should their real meaning be expressed, their use in most instances would not be tolerated. After all, the Frenchman's "*Mon Dieu*" is not much worse than our "O dear"—certainly the meaning is the same.

He who taught the law of the highest life, has bidden us. "Swear not at all: neither by heaven; for it is God's throne: Nor by the earth; for it is his footstool: neither by Jerusalem: for it is the city of the great king: Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be, yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil."

—*F. A. Hosmer.*

## LONDON VEGETARIANS.

Vegetarian propagandists were unusually active in London last summer. There is a society devoted to this "ism" and during the season vegetarian dinners were given to city missionaries and their wives, members of leading professions, clergy, physicians, farmers and others. At one dinner 600 guests were entertained. Vegetarian dinners were given to the Salvation Army, Congregational clergymen, Baptists, Unitarians, Wesleyans, Positivists, and Quakers, Good Templars, the poor at city missions. There are 23 vegetarian restaurants in London, exclusive of vegetarian "homes," where vegetarian travelers are accommodated. Several seaside vegetarian homes have been established and one of them is called "Cerealia."

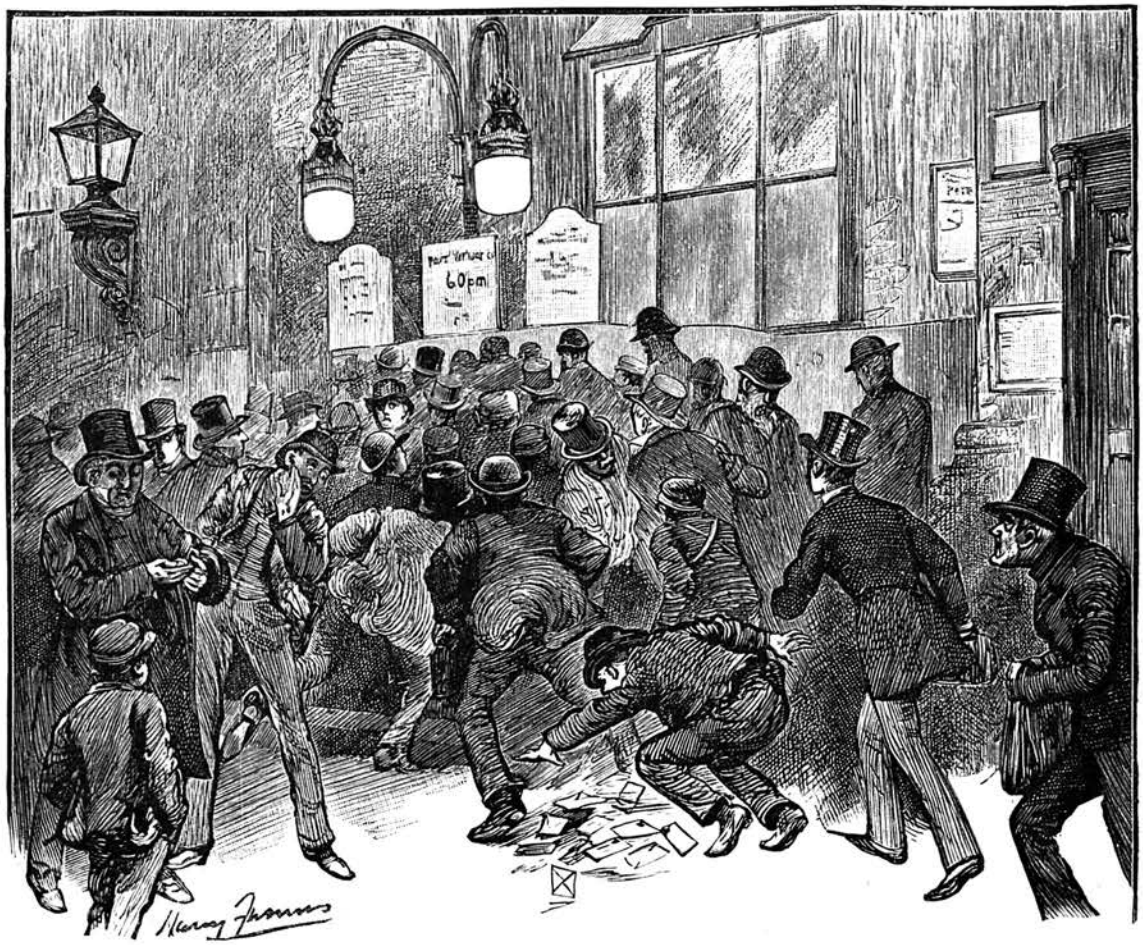

THE HOSPITAL.
*From a Drawing by* HARRY FURNISS.

## THE POST-OFFICE.

MR. FAWCETT has been accused of wishing to make the world at large a department of the Post-Office. This is only one way of saying that the Post-Office has attracted an unusual share of attention under the rule of the present Postmaster-General. In every branch there has been some notable advance. A new means of sending small sums by post has been given to the public in postal notes. Investments in Consols have been placed within the reach of the poor through the medium of the Savings Bank, while children have been encouraged to make a beginning of saving by means of the penny stamp slips. The carriage of parcels, the most important reform since the introduction of the penny post, has been initiated, and sixpenny telegrams are promised next year. These continual adaptations of the postal system to the needs of the public have quickened the interest always felt in the far-reaching organisation which plays so active a part in our social life. There is a certain attraction in great size and in conspicuously efficient work. When the work is done by our own servants and the results are wholly good, a harmless feeling of self-satisfaction heightens the pleasure with which we listen to large figures and astounding statements.

The Post-Office is an example of the mode in which things change while names remain. It was originally the office which arranged the posts or places at which, on the great roads, relays of horses and men could be obtained for the rapid forwarding of Government despatches. There was a Chief Postmaster of England many years before any system of conveyance of private letters by the Crown was established. Such letters were conveyed either by carriers, who used the same horses throughout their whole journey, or by relays of horses maintained by private individuals, that is, by private post. The scheme of carrying the correspondence of the public by means of Crown messengers originated in connection with foreign trade. A Post-Office for letters to foreign parts was established "for the benefit of the English merchants" in the reign of James I., but the extension of the system to inland letters was left to the succeeding reign. Charles I., by a Proclamation issued in 1635, may be said to have founded the present Post-Office. By this Proclamation he commanded "his Postmaster of England for foreign parts to settle a running post or two, to run night and day between Edinburgh and London, to go thither and come back again in six days, and to take with them all such letters as shall be directed to any post-town in or near that road." Neighbouring towns, such as Lincoln and Hull were to be linked on to this main route, and posts on similar principles were directed to be established on other great high-roads, such as those to Chester and Holyhead, to Exeter and Plymouth. So far no monopoly was claimed, but two years afterwards a second Proclamation forbade the carriage of letters by any messengers except those of the king's Postmaster-General, and thus the present system was inaugurated. The monopoly thus claimed, though no doubt devised by the King to enhance the Royal power and to bring money into the Exchequer, was adopted by Cromwell and his Parliament, one main advantage in their eyes being that the carriage of correspondence by the Government would afford "the best means to discover and prevent any dangerous and wicked designs against the Commonwealth." The opportunity of an extensive violation of letters, especially if they proceeded from suspected Royalists, was no doubt an attractive bait; and it is rather amusing to notice how the tables were thus turned on the monarchical party by means of one of the Sovereign's own acts of aggression. However, from one motive or another Royalists and Parliamentarians agreed in the establishment of a State Post, and the institution has come down without a break from the days of Charles I. to our own.

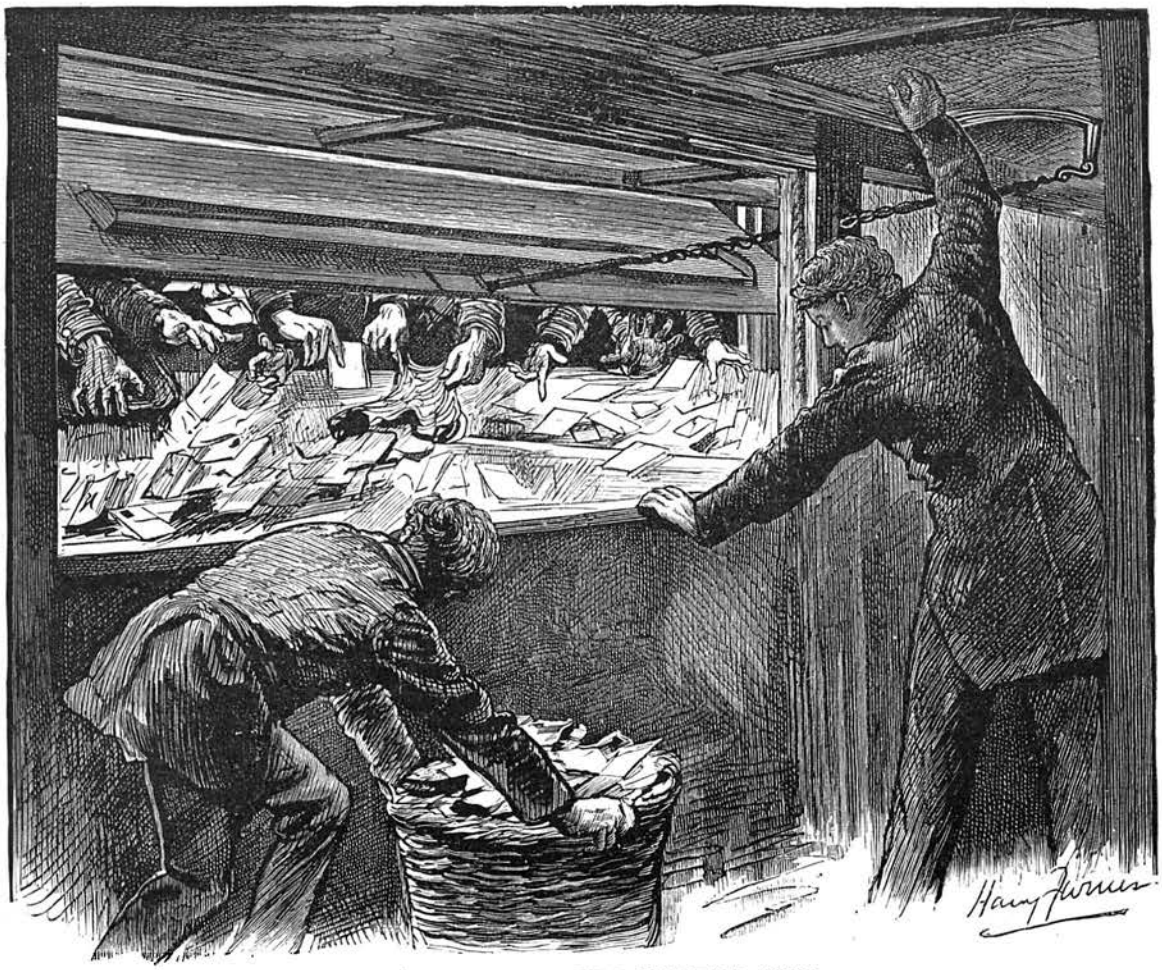
When the condition of the roads in early times is remembered, it may be imagined that the carriage of post-letters was not very rapid. So lately as 1784 the mail-bags were carried by post-boys on horseback at an average rate, including stoppages, of from three to four miles an hour. In 1783, Mr. John Palmer, the manager of the theatre at Bath, then the Capital of the West, suggested to Mr. Pitt that the passenger coaches, which had begun to run on the principal roads, should be employed to carry the mails. It forcibly recalls the difference in the state of the country then and now, to observe that in advocating this reform Mr. Palmer lays as much stress upon the superior safety of the mails if conveyed by coach, as upon the greater speed with which they would be carried. "The mails," he says, speaking of the old system, "are generally entrusted to some idle boy without character, mounted on a worn-out hack, and who, so far from being able to defend himself or escape from a robber, is much more likely to be in league with him." If conveyed by coach, on the other hand, the mails should, he recommends, be accompanied by well-armed and trustworthy guards. We all have a tolerably vivid picture in our minds of the well-appointed mail-coach of later times, with its fine horses and brisk guard. Dickens has also photographed for us in his *Tale of Two Cities* the same vehicle in its younger days, with its guard armed to the teeth and its load of passengers each suspicious that his neighbour might be a highwayman in disguise. But the still earlier picture of the post-boy jogging along the country roads on his sorry nag with the mail bags slung over his back affords a yet stronger contrast to the limited mails and travelling post-offices of the present day. Mr. Palmer's suggestion, it is needless to say, was adopted, though like many other reforms it was sturdily opposed by the Department; and when some thirty years later the roads were, thanks to Mr. MacAdam, brought into their greatest state of perfection, the speed of the mails was gradually increased till it attained more than ten miles an hour. Very shortly afterwards railways were introduced, and in 1830, on the opening of the line between Liverpool and Manchester, the mails were conveyed by train. Thanks to steam-power, the correspondence which in Palmer's time must have taken more than




SIX O'CLOCK AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE—OUTSIDE.
*From a Drawing by* HARRY FURNISS.

four days to travel from London to Edinburgh, and in the best coaching days must have been more than a day and a half in transit, is now less than ten hours on the road, and a letter written in London this afternoon will be delivered in Dublin tomorrow morning. The use of the railways, however, was still in its infancy when Sir Rowland Hill's great innovation, the uniform penny postage, was sanctioned by Parliament. With greatly improved means of conveying its mails, and with a low and simple tariff, the Post-Office may be said to have attained its majority in 1840. Its childhood had been prolonged, but it was destined to show by the brilliancy of its subsequent career with what capabilities it had been endowed.

The Penny Post at once doubled the correspondence of the country. Those of us who have never known any other system can hardly realise the annoyances to which letter-writers were previously exposed. The lowest charge for a letter from London to Birmingham was ninepence. This charge only carried a single sheet of paper; any inclosure at once doubled the amount. The mode of calculating postage led to the oddest results: Mr. Cobden informed Sir Rowland Hill of a case in which a packet of 32 ounces, posted by a ship's captain at Deal, was handed to the addressee in London charged with more than 6*l*. No wonder that in such circumstances the Revenue was extensively defrauded. The system of franking, by which a letter passed free under the signature of a privileged person, was outrageously abused. Traders sent their customers' letters in bales of goods, and friends were utilised as carriers and purveyors of news to the greatest possible extent. There is a well-known story of a woman in the Lake District whom Coleridge befriended by the payment of a shilling for her letter, and who when the postman was out of sight explained that her son had arranged to write to her in blank letters which she should refuse, by way of letting her know that he was well, and at the same time saving the postage. Marks and names on newspapers, which might be franked by the use of any distinguished name without the owner's consent,



SIX O'CLOCK AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE—INSIDE.
*From a Drawing by* HARRY FURNISS.

were also employed to convey messages. It is therefore not surprising to find that, in the year before the introduction of the new postage, each person on the average wrote only three letters in the course of the year. In the following year the average was seven; it is now thirty-six. In 1839, there were eighty-two millions of letters posted, of which about one in every thirteen was franked. In 1840, the circulation rose to 169,000,000, although franking was abolished. At the present time it has reached the astonishing total of 1,280,000,000. It will perhaps be gratifying to the pride of Englishmen to learn that, notwithstanding the boasted superior education of Scotland, each member of the community there writes on the average thirty-one letters in the year, while in England and Wales the number is forty-one; in Ireland only seventeen. But increased letter correspondence is only one item in the growth of the Post-Office. Post-cards did not exist in 1839; they are a wholly new invention within the memory of all of us. Their circulation now exceeds 144,000,000. In addition 288,000,000 of book packets and circulars, and 140,000,000 of newspapers passed through the post in the year, making a total of more than 1,852,000,000 of packets of one kind and another. The increase in the circulation during a single year is now nearly equal to the total number of letters carried by the department in 1839.

The conveyance of correspondence is no longer the sole duty which the Post-Office undertakes. We can pay our debts through the post, and no less a sum than £31,000,000 was thus transmitted last year. This total is the more remarkable from being made up of small sums. About £3,500,000 were sent by means of no less than 8,000,000 of postal-orders, and as many as 948,000 of these little papers represented one shilling only. Again, the Post-Office carries on an enormous banking business. One person in every ten in England and Wales is its customer, and it holds deposits to the extent of £39,000,000. This is a business not only unknown in 1840, but commenced little more than twenty years ago. When the Penny Post was introduced,

telegraphic communication may have been the dream of a few savants. It was many years before it made good its footing. In 1870, its further development was entrusted to the Post-Office. At the present day there are nearly 6,000 post-offices and railway stations opened for the receipt and despatch of public messages, and more than 30,000,000 of such messages are forwarded in the course of the year.

The head-quarters from which the business represented by these large figures is controlled, consist of the two buildings forming the General Post-Office, and facing each other on either side of St. Martin's-le-Grand. The newer of these buildings, that on the west side of the thoroughfare is occupied by the Postmaster-General and his staff.

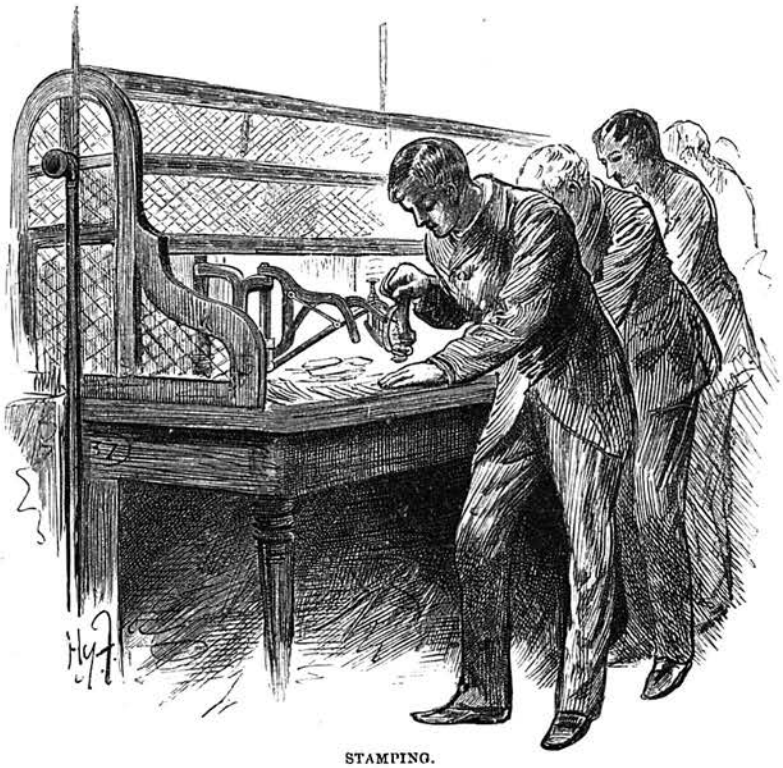
SIGNING THE STAMP BOOK—HIS MARK.
*From a Drawing by* HARRY FURNISS.

When the Civil Service is considered as a career for the sons of the well-to-do, the West-End offices are generally uppermost in the mind. But the Post-Office numbers in its employ many hundreds of the young men who pass through the ordeal of the Civil Service Commisioners, and, owing to the constant expansion of business and consequent chances of promotion, it is becoming a somewhat popular office. It may be imagined, however, that the time of its servants is not devoted, according to the popular conception of a Civil Service clerk to reading the paper. From the Permanent Secretary, Mr. Stevenson Blackwood, downwards, no one under Mr. Fawcett's rule finds time hang heavy on his hands, and any one glancing down at the basement of the new Post-Office, as he passes in the evening, will see clerks busily engaged long after official hours. In the same building is generated the electricity which keeps the telegraphic system of the country at work, and here are the instruments which transmit our messages, and the small army of men and women who work them. The older building on the east side of St. Martin's, which formerly accommodated the whole central service, is now entirely given up to the receipt, sorting, and despatch of correspondence. There was formerly a popular superstition, not yet we fancy entirely dead, that every letter posted in the United Kingdom was first sent to St. Martin's-le-Grand, and thence forwarded to its destination, even though this might be in the next street to the office where the letter was posted. It is needless to say that no such waste of power takes place. Every post-town throughout the country acts as a centre for the distribution of letters, and in the metropolis there are district-offices which perform the same function. Many letters, indeed, never pass through any office except that at which they are posted.

Still, the ever-increasing correspondence of the country leaves abundance of letter-work to be done at St. Martin's-le-Grand; for the General Post-Office, is the medium of communication between London and the provinces, the Continent, and more distant parts of the world. It would be hazardous to say how many men are employed in the nightly despatch of the evening mails; but some idea may be formed from the fact that about five hundred are engaged on a busy night in the Foreign Department alone. The exigencies of the work have indeed had a very lamentable effect on the building itself. For, whereas it was originally a handsome pile with a straight sky-line, as befits the classic style which it affects (it was designed by Mr. Smithe, the architect of the Bank of England), it is now disfigured by all sorts of excrescences, the meaning of which is that a second story has been improvised within, and the roof perforce raised. Originally, too, it boasted a handsome central hall open to the public, but some years ago it was found necessary to fill this space with sorting desks, and every corner of the building is now turned to use. Even the surrounding yard, which was freely open to the public until recently, has now been closed on one side to accommodate the carts and waggons of the Parcels Post, while the Department has burrowed like a mole and is sorting its parcels under the hoofs of its contractors' horses.

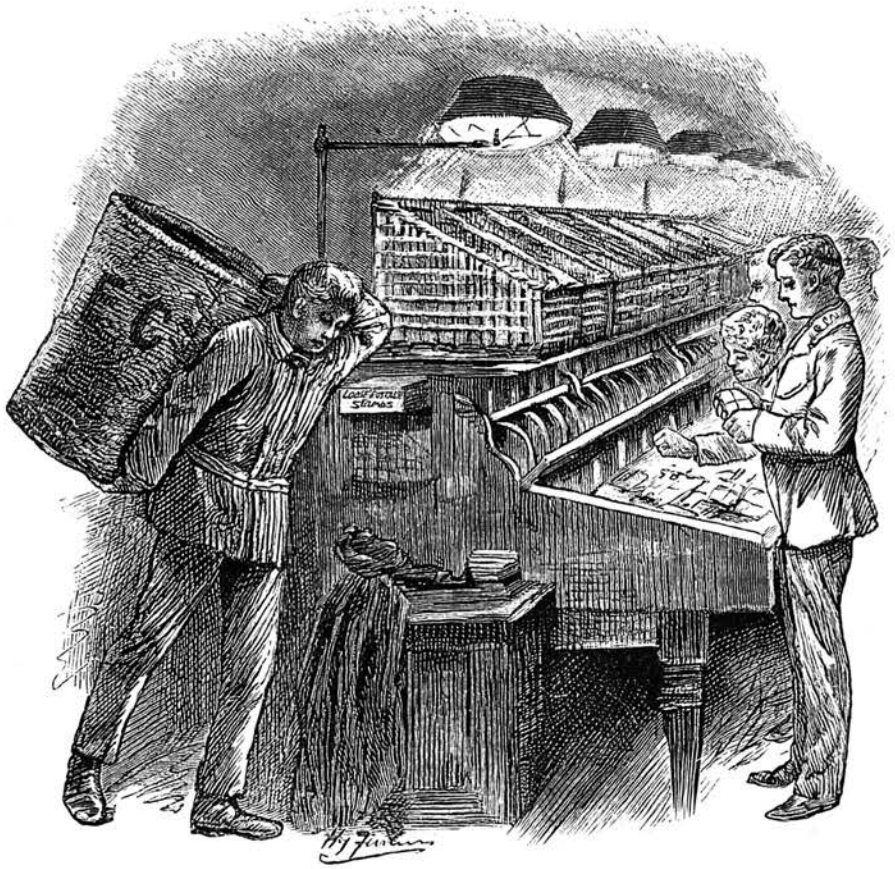
From half-past five to eight in the evening

is the busy time at the Post-Office, and any one who enjoys a scene of bustle and activity should obtain leave from the Postmaster-General to visit the building at that time. A few minutes before six a flap is raised over the country letter-box in the front of the building, so that a bagful of letters may be shot in at once. The scene which takes place as the hands of the clock approach the hour is vividly reproduced in the accompanying sketch. Letters are posted by the score rather than singly. Sacks and bags pour down their contents, while practised posting clerks take long-shots at the box from a distance. Very eager men seem, as one of the officials says, as if they were going to post themselves; and occasionally they do post things they certainly never intended to part with. Not long since a man rushed up with a pair of fowls in one hand and some letters in the other. He knew he had to post something, but he had not time to consider what; so he dropped the fowls into the box and went off with the letters. The general rule is that a letter cannot be given back when once posted; we do not know whether this principle was rigidly enforced in this instance. Inside, the arriving letters drop down a wide funnel, and are received in deep circular wicker baskets. When one of these baskets can hold no more, a wooden lid, which exactly plugs the bottom of the funnel, is let down, and receives the letters for the next few seconds. Meantime, the full basket is removed, and an empty one takes its place. Then a boy rushes down, digs amongst the accumulation of paper till he finds a handle, removes the lid, and tips the letters resting upon it into the basket. It takes a very few minutes to fill a basket, and half a dozen clerks are employed in keeping up a fresh supply. Presently, the four quarters are chimed, and the clock begins to strike the hour. As the last note dies away, the funnels are once more plugged by the lids, and at the same time the flap is let down, the letter-boxes resume their ordinary appearance, and the rush for the evening mails is over for another four-and-twenty hours. Inside, however, the real business of the evening is commencing. As basket after basket is filled, it is dragged from the place of posting to a long flat desk known as the facing table. Here, as the letters are emptied out pell-mell, they are promptly taken possession of by scores of nimble fingers, and reduced to something like order. Packets are separated from letters proper, insufficiently stamped letters are detected, circulars and pamphlets which pass for a halfpenny, but should have been posted by half-past five are eliminated, and the bulk of the letters are arranged the right way up for stamping. From the facing table boys hurry with armfuls of letters to the stampers. Almost like lightning the stamp descends upon letter after letter, at once defacing the postage stamp to prevent its future use, and showing the office through which the letter has passed and the despatch by which it goes. Indeed, the obliterating stamp shows even more than this. For each man engaged in the work has to sign in a book every evening, under an impression of the mark which he is to use,—an incident portrayed in Mr. Furniss's drawing. Thus, in any inquiry respecting the delay or ill-treatment of a letter, not only the despatch by which it left the General Post-Office, but the hand by which it was stamped, can be traced by means of the post-mark. For a time the great press of work is at the facing and stamping



STAMPING.
*From a Drawing by* HARRY FURNISS.

tables. But the carrier-boys are soon hurrying further down the room and depositing bundles of letters before the sorters. This is the most serious part of the work. The men sit at long tables, and facing them are a series of compartments or pigeon-holes, bearing various labels. The sorting has three stages. At the first set of tables the letters are sorted into divisions, at the next into subdivisions, and at the third and last into "roads." The divisions consist of the several main lines of railway and a few of the very large towns, such as Manchester, Liverpool, and Glasgow, while the carelessness of the public is represented by a compartment headed "Blind," for addresses which puzzle the sorters. As the divisional pigeon-holes are filled, their contents are taken off to the second set of tables, which are specially appropriated to the several railways. Here the bundles are further divided under the heads of the large towns on each line; and finally, the packets thus obtained are sorted into the name under which they will leave the building, or to use the technical term, into the "roads" on which they will be delivered. This term has come down from the old coaching days, or, to go still further back, from the original running-posts of Charles I., which, it will be remembered, followed the great main roads. As now used, however, it often designates a single post-town, and must be taken as only a distinguishing name for the final sortation to which the letters are subjected. Sorting is perhaps a tamer process than stamping, as a little thought is required to shuffle the letters aright, and consideration and speed bear an inverse ratio to each other in any manual labour. But it is striking to see the rapidity with which a practised hand will make the bundles of letters disappear and re-form before him. In the case of packets, a larger table is used, and baskets are substituted for pigeon-holes. The packets fly about in a merry way, as they are thrown with unerring accuracy into the several mouths yawning to receive them, and the scene, looking down one of the long tables, is a very lively one. It is this phase of the sorting process that the artist has selected for his sketch.



SORTING LETTER PACKETS.
*From a Drawing by* HARRY FURNISS.

As the sorting tables are now getting fairly into work, it is time to ascend to the gallery and take a bird's-eye view of the long room.

To the lazy visitor who likes to take his amusement without mental exertion, this is perhaps the best part of his tour. He is, as it were, wrapped in an atmosphere of hurried movement. Long rows of men are dealing out the letters like cards, boys are hurrying from one table to another with piles of letters, batches of mail-bags just arrived from District Offices are being hurriedly shunted in and made to disgorge the bundles of letters within them, letter-packets are being poured from one basket to another, the overseers are shouting their directions to the busy crowd. There is a strong light on the floor and the tables, while directly below us are dark shadows and bright circlets of yellow flame glancing up from the dark setting of the almost opaque shades.

When we have taken in to the full the enjoyable sensation of watching a crowd of workers from this safe eminence, we may by circuitous passages and odds and ends of stairs—all giving one the impression that they could not have been intended by the architect — arrive at the Newspaper Room, and see the process going on below repeated with such variations as the bulkier nature of the things to be sorted demands. There is one duty in this room which must be the desire of all the younger sorters. A boy stands on the top of a long flat table wallowing in newspapers almost up to his knees, and throws handfuls along the table to the end where the facing clerks stand,—performing in fact the same function as the policeman who makes a crowd "move on." While the facing and stamping and sorting takes place, it is the duty of certain experienced officials to make a tour of the tables and to pounce upon a certain number of packets for examination. These are taken to a separate desk and opened, the rule being that everything which is posted open at the ends may be subjected to this process. The object of the examination, which the artist has shown in process in the accompanying sketch, is to ascertain whether anything is being sent for a halfpenny in the folds of the newspaper which is liable either to letter or book rate. It is said that of the newspapers selected for examination about half are found to offend. It is to be hoped, however, that this result is not a guage of the honesty of the public, but an evidence of the wonderful detective power developed in the examiners through constant practice. Proceeding a little further on the upper story of the building, we come to the Foreign Room, where we may stand by a shoot and see sacks of letters despatched to all parts of the world, and may learn the startling fact that a circular may be sent for a halfpenny to the north of China, travelling over long distances through the dreary flats of Russia and the desolate wastes of Siberia by a courier on horseback, or, at the will of the sender, crossing the two great oceans by way of San Francisco. Both in the Newspaper and the Foreign Rooms small witches' cauldrons may be noticed here and there, containing a simmering red compound, which "an officer"—every one is an officer in the Post-Office—stirs up from time to time, though not with the orthodox trident. This is the wax used for sealing the large bags. The foreign-going wax is of a superior character, quite a delightful scarlet, and the old man who has grown grey and bent in superintending its use, has an air quite in keeeping with his odd employment. He puts his wax not on the bags themselves, but on wooden labels through which the twine passes,—labels which, after guarding their bags half round the world, are carefully preserved and returned to St. Martin's to pass through the fiery waters of purification and enter upon another round of service. There can be few greater travellers in the British Isles than these little labels.

From the Foreign Branch we may pass to the Registered Letter Department, but it will probably take more time than there is at the disposal of a casual visitor to understand thoroughly the mysteries of this craft. A registered letter is never passed from one officer to another without a receipt being taken for it. If any idea has been given of the process of sorting and the speed with which it is necessarily performed—about half a million of letters pass through the General Post-Office every night—it will be obvious that the giving and taking of receipts from table to table would be practically impossible. The difficulty is got over by substituting for the letter itself a form of receipt containing the address. This form is given out by the clerk who opens the registered letter-bag on its arrival. It passes through the whole process of sortation, and when it reaches the hands of the man who is to make up the bag for despatch, it is signed by him, brought to the original table, and exchanged for the letter itself. Thus only two hands touch the letter—the clerk who opens the in-coming bag, and the clerk who makes up the out-going. Registered letters are sent in separate small blue bags, which are put inside the larger bags for final despatch.

But time flies, and there are one or two corners of the main room to be seen before the bags are made up. One of them is

devoted to the task of extricating from their hopeless situation the letters which, through the incoherence of their addresses, have got into a blind turning. Experienced officials search the Post-Office Guide and Directories, and if a probable destination is found, the endorsement we have all sometimes seen on our letters, "Try so and so," is made. Some of the most extraordinary perversions of addresses which have been detected by this process have been preserved by the department in a book which is shown to visitors. One would not at first sight recognise that "Santlings, Hilewite," was intended for "St. Helen's, Isle of Wight," or that "Haselfeach in no famtshere" meant "Hazelbeach, Northamptonshire." Metropolitan places come in for their share of distortion. Holborn Viaduct is consolidated into "Obanvidock," and Mile End appears as "Mailand." Either an excess of loyalty, or some haziness as to the precise division of labour between the Sovereign and her Ministers must have prompted the person who addressed a letter "to the Sectery of Wore, Chelsey Osbitile, London, Queen Victoria," while the importance of preserving a broad distinction between urban and rural districts may perhaps have animated Lord Northbrook's correspondent, who addressed his lordship as "Lordnorthbrook, Stroton House, Country." Of course there are addresses which are absolutely hopeless, and there are letters which bear no address at all. One can quite understand from one's personal experience that a letter must occasionally be slipped into the post in a blank envelope. But it is somewhat startling to be told that in each of the last two years there were more than 26,000 of such letters; and perhaps still more so to find that carelessness is not precluded when money is at stake, for in this batch was inclosed in each year about £6,000 in cash, cheques, or some other form. It was perhaps, however, confidence in the Post-Office rather than negligence which was exemplified by the man who in 1881 posted a £5 Bank of England note without any cover whatever, but merely folded in two, and bearing a penny postage stamp.

THE DETECTIVE DEPARTMENT—SEARCHING THE NEWSPAPERS.
*From a Drawing by* HARRY FURNISS.

In another corner of the building aid of a different character is given to the public. There is a "Hospital" for packets which arrive in bad condition. It needed the Parcel Post fully to exemplify the extraordinary carelessness of many persons in packing, but the Hospital in the Letter Department is never idle. Every evening may be seen there delicate articles of millinery escaped from their paper wrappers, which have been torn to shreds by contact with harder substances, whalebone and steel cutting its way through paper covers, packets of seeds or powder gaping at every corner, or, perhaps, a plaster medallion inclosed in a single sheet of paper already torn in two or three places. Such wounded and helpless packets are carefully tended in the Post-Office Hospital (over which a distinguished athlete whose face may be seen in the accompanying sketch, presides), and are sent on their way with an appropriate outfit. In another corner is an official who keeps an account of all letters addressed to the Queen. Many of these are sent unpaid, and, as Her Majesty pays postage like her subjects, these letters are invariably refused, and the postage collected if possible from the senders.

BLIND LETTERS.
*From a Drawing by* HARRY FURNISS.

Here also are records kept of the amount of work done by the Post-Office for other departments. The correspondence of the Government is reckoned by many thousands of letters every day,—probably 50,000 would be under the mark. The Savings' Bank Department of the Post-Office itself furnishes a very good contingent every day.

Eight o'clock is now approaching, and interest centres in the making up and despatch of the mail-bags. At the north end of the great room is a crowd of men and boys jostling each other in the eagerness of the work. Bags labelled to the various post-offices are held with open mouths to receive the bundles of letters tossed into them. Here is a lad with a full bag ruthlessly twisting its canvas neck, and throttling it with a piece of string. Little gas jets fly out from under the tables, huge sticks of wax are produced, the ends of string are buried under a molten mass, and the official seal clapped on. In all the haste there is method. Certain seals are used for certain bags, and the man who uses them signs his name in a book, so that the bag may be hereafter traced to him, if necessary. Rapidly the bags are shouldered and hurried away to the gallery outside the building.

Up to the last moment batches of letters are brought up from the late-fee boxes The first sortation only can be effected with these letters. They are sent to their appropriate line of railway, and put in a bag labelled for the travelling post-offices to be then further sorted. Outside the scene is very animated. Backed against the railings, so as to bring the top of the cart on a level with the floor, stands a row of the pair-horse mail-vans with which London is familiar. These carts are constructed with a door behind, and a roof which opens in two flaps. To receive the mails the door is shut and the roof opened so that the mail-bags can be thrown from the gallery into the cart. Down a shoot from the upper story of the building come upon

the floor of the gallery heavy bags of newspapers, while from the lower floor issue the letters in a constant stream. Over each cart is placed a ticket denoting the line to which it is going, or, in some cases, the name of a very large town, such as Manchester or Liverpool ; and by each cart is a clerk, who ticks off the number of bags deposited. The hurried movements of the porters as they enter, or pass along the gallery bent under their loads, the crowd round the newspaper shoot, the touches of colour on the uniforms of postmen and mail drivers, and on the sides of the carts as they move off one by one with their appointed cargoes, the stream of dark figures crossing the yard within a few minutes after the clock has struck—for work is finished for the majority at eight o'clock—all seen by the imperfect light of flaring gas-lamps in the gathering darkness of the evening, and enlivened by the cries of the checking clerks, the constant thud of the bags as they come down the shoot or are thrown into the carts, and the stamp and scrape of the horses' hoofs on the stones of the yard as the first effort is made to move the weight behind, combine to give a strong element of picturesqueness to the departure of the mails. By a quarter past eight the yard is empty, and half-an-hour later the mails should be in the trains.

The Post-Office does all its cartage by contract, and the contractor is bound to convey the mails from the Post-Office to the railway terminus in a specified time. All the great mail-trains again start and arrive at a time fixed by the Postmaster-General. The carts which leave St. Martin's a few minutes after eight must reach the most distant terminus, Paddington, in little over half an hour, and by nine o'clock all the mail-bags are on their way at the top speed which steam can achieve to their respective destinations. This busy scene, enacted every night, represents, it must be remembered, only one phase of activity at the General Post-Office. There are midnight provincial mails to be despatched ; the morning mails go out between six and eight ; and there is the constant service of London throughout the day. There are also specially heavy mails from abroad, and the extraordinary pressure of the great holiday times. During the last Christmas week nearly fourteen millions of extra letters and packets passed through the Central Office. Occasionally, too, there are startling despatches by single business firms. One such firm last year posted 132,000 letters at one time, and another 167,000 post-cards. What such abnormal work must mean can only be guessed by reference to what takes place every night. That it can be disposed of without sensibly interfering with the ordinary correspondence of the country proves that the arrangements of the Post-Office have attained a high pitch of efficiency.

Let us endeavour to follow some of the letters which we have seen despatched from St. Martin's-le-Grand a little further on their routes. Some of them have a very plain and simple experience. They travel in the bags in which they leave the General Post-Office directly by rail to the town to which they are addressed, where they are sorted and delivered. Others again are conveyed from the station at which the train deposits them, many miles across country in a mail-cart to the town for which they are intended, often performing the journey at dead of night. Then there are the letters which are intended for country places which are not post-towns. There are now more than six hundred post-towns in England and Wales, and it is a principle of postal circulation, handed down from the earliest days, that other places should, as a rule, be grouped around these towns as centres. The letter for a country village, therefore, first arrives in a sealed bag at the post-town from which such village is served. It is there re-sorted into another bag addressed to the village post-office, or it may be given at once to a rural letter-carrier to deliver on his round. For post-towns are connected with the villages and scattered country-houses, rectories and farms, in the district around, by the country postman, who not only delivers but collects on his walk, and thus forms an important link between the most out-of-the-way place and the world at large. But there are many letters which are not suffered to lie quietly in their bags during the rapid journey of the train. Inside the mail-van the scene at St. Martin's-le-Grand is repeated in miniature. Many of the bags which are delivered from head-quarters are opened, the contents re-sorted, and fresh bags addressed to minor post-towns, or to other places on the line of railway are made up and sealed. Letters arriving late are, as we have seen, perforce subjected to this process, but they are by no means singular in their fate. The travelling post-office is extensively used as a supplement to the great central establishments, and as a means of hastening the journey of letters after they leave the train. If, for example, the travelling post-office, instead of delivering at some town half a dozen bags, all addressed to the post-office there, the contents of which must be re-

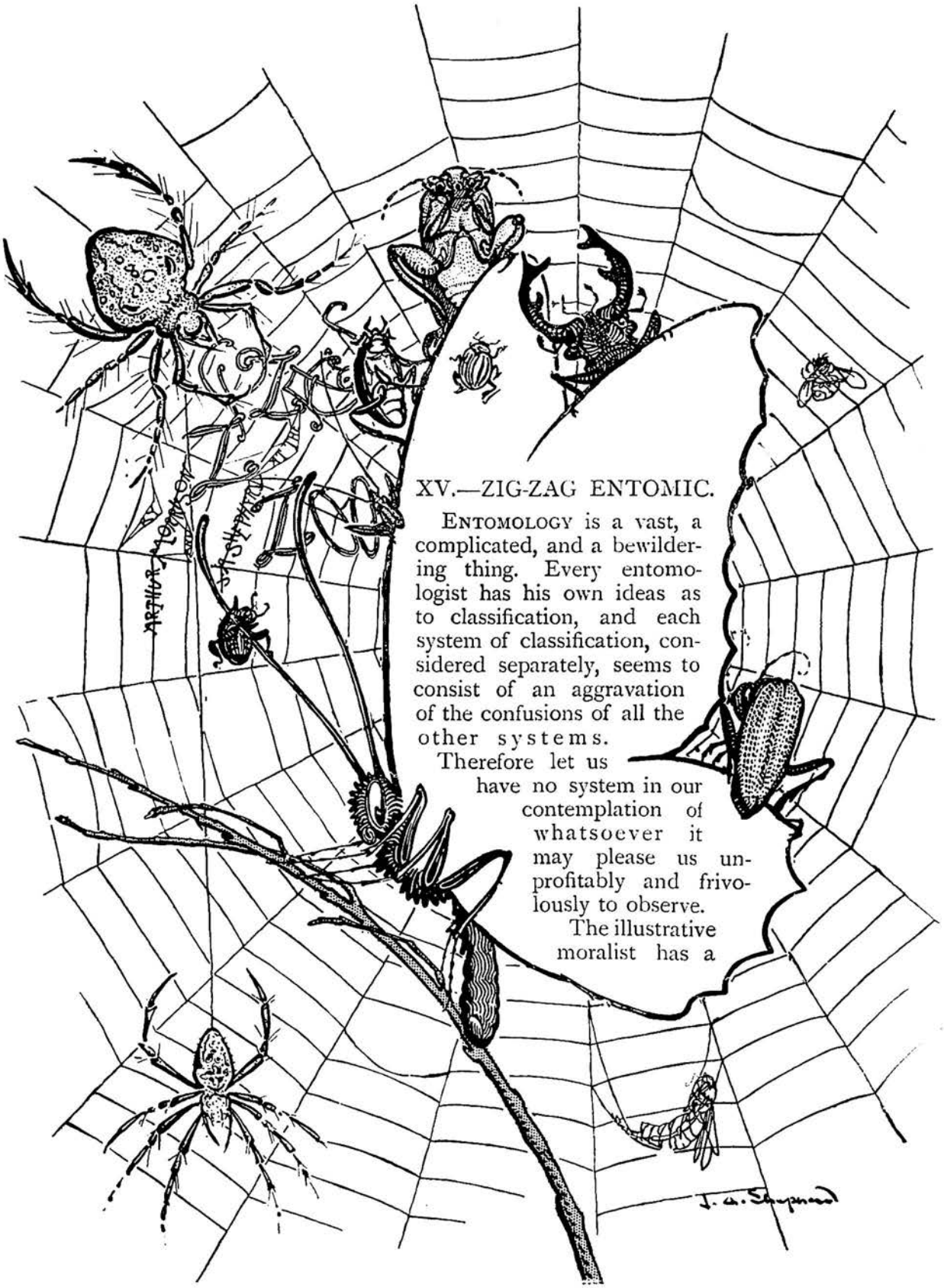
sorted, gives out each bag already addressed to some more distant place which is served from the town, the letters may be sent on without delay and much time is obviously saved. At many places which are not even post-towns, bags made up in the train are at once deposited. Nor is this deposit of bags confined to places at which the mail-train stops. At certain points on the great lines nets are erected into which bags may be thrown from the passing train, while the travelling post-office in its turn catches mail-bags in a similar way. The letters and packets which are the subject of this game of catch do not, as may well be imagined, always escape scatheless. But the occasional receipt of a packet with the unpleasant endorsement "found open," or even with the contents somewhat shattered, is willingly put up with in consideration of the great convenience of receiving correspondence direct from such trains as the Limited Scotch and the Irish mails, and the Flying Dutchman, instead of waiting till the letters can be brought back again from some distant town.

In Germany the travelling post-office is used even more extensively than in this country, but the Germans are not in so great a hurry as the English, and the bag-exchanging apparatus is comparatively little employed.

Such are some of the adventures which befall our letters. We find them on the breakfast table in the morning, and treat their appearance as no more remarkable than that of the coffee and toast. We write to our friends with a confidence approaching to absolute certainty that they will be reading our words the next morning. That which is matter of everyday occurrence ceases, of course, to be astonishing. But when we stand in the whirl of the General Post-Office, and see the letters flying hither and thither, and realise the number of hands through which they pass, the many combinations and rearrangements to which they are necessarily subject, and the scant time for consideration on the part of those who handle them, we approach the question, as it were, from the other side, and it seems really surprising that half our letters do not miscarry. As a piece of organisation in which machinery takes no part, but which depends entirely upon forethought and care on the part of the controllers, and dexterity of finger and nimbleness of mind on the part of the subordinates, the letter post has few rivals. Carlyle was never tired of exulting in the marvellous efficiency produced by military drill. The Post-Office exemplifies a skill of a higher kind than that of soldiers, and may boast an army moving with a precision as exact as that. of any destructive force, and working always, not for any merely negative result, but to further the better acquaintance of man with man, to facilitate the interchange of ideas and commodities, and consequently to increase good will and mutual helpfulness.

WAX.

*From a Drawing by* HARRY FURNISS.

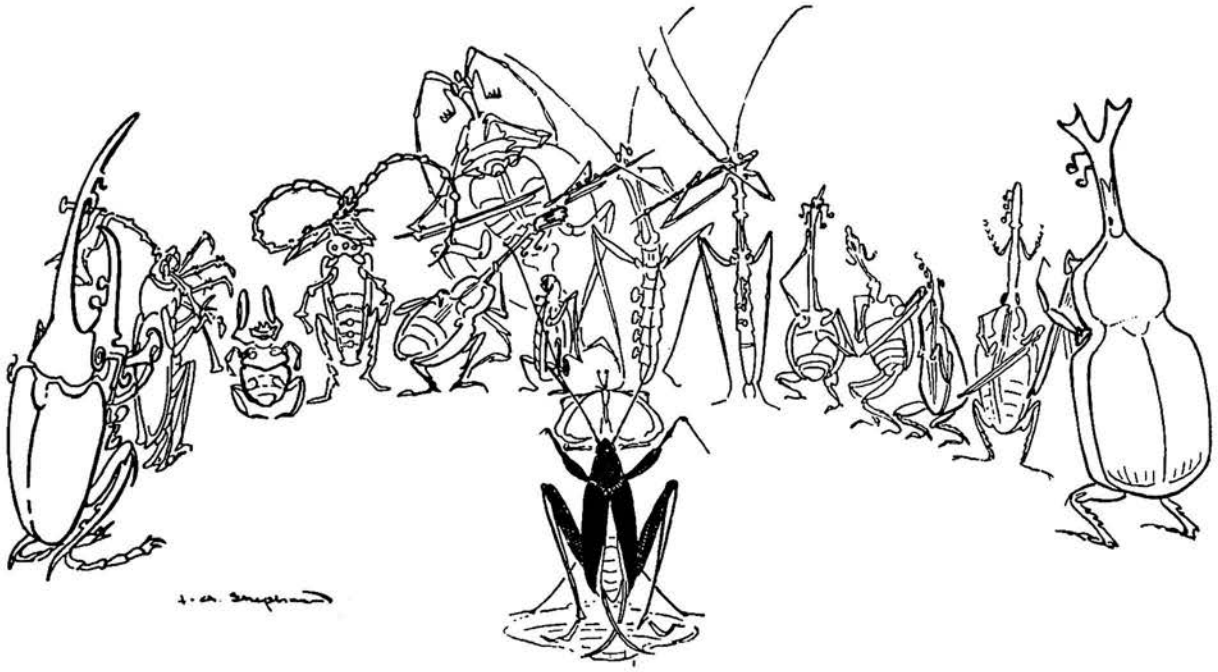


## XV.—ZIG-ZAG ENTOMIC.

ENTOMOLOGY is a vast, a complicated, and a bewildering thing. Every entomologist has his own ideas as to classification, and each system of classification, considered separately, seems to consist of an aggravation of the confusions of all the other systems.

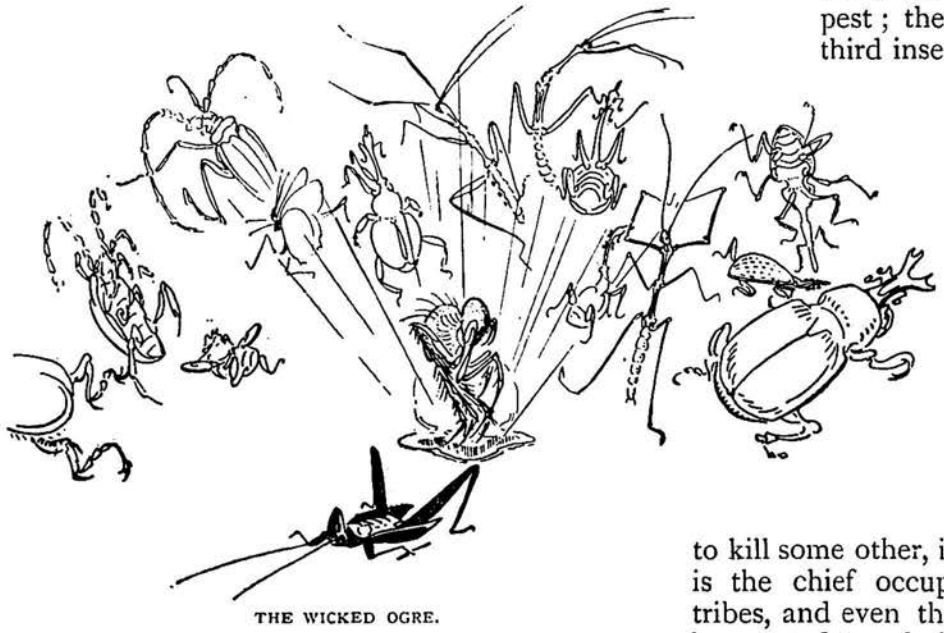
Therefore let us have no system in our contemplation of whatsoever it may please us unprofitably and frivolously to observe.

The illustrative moralist has a



AN ORCHESTRA.

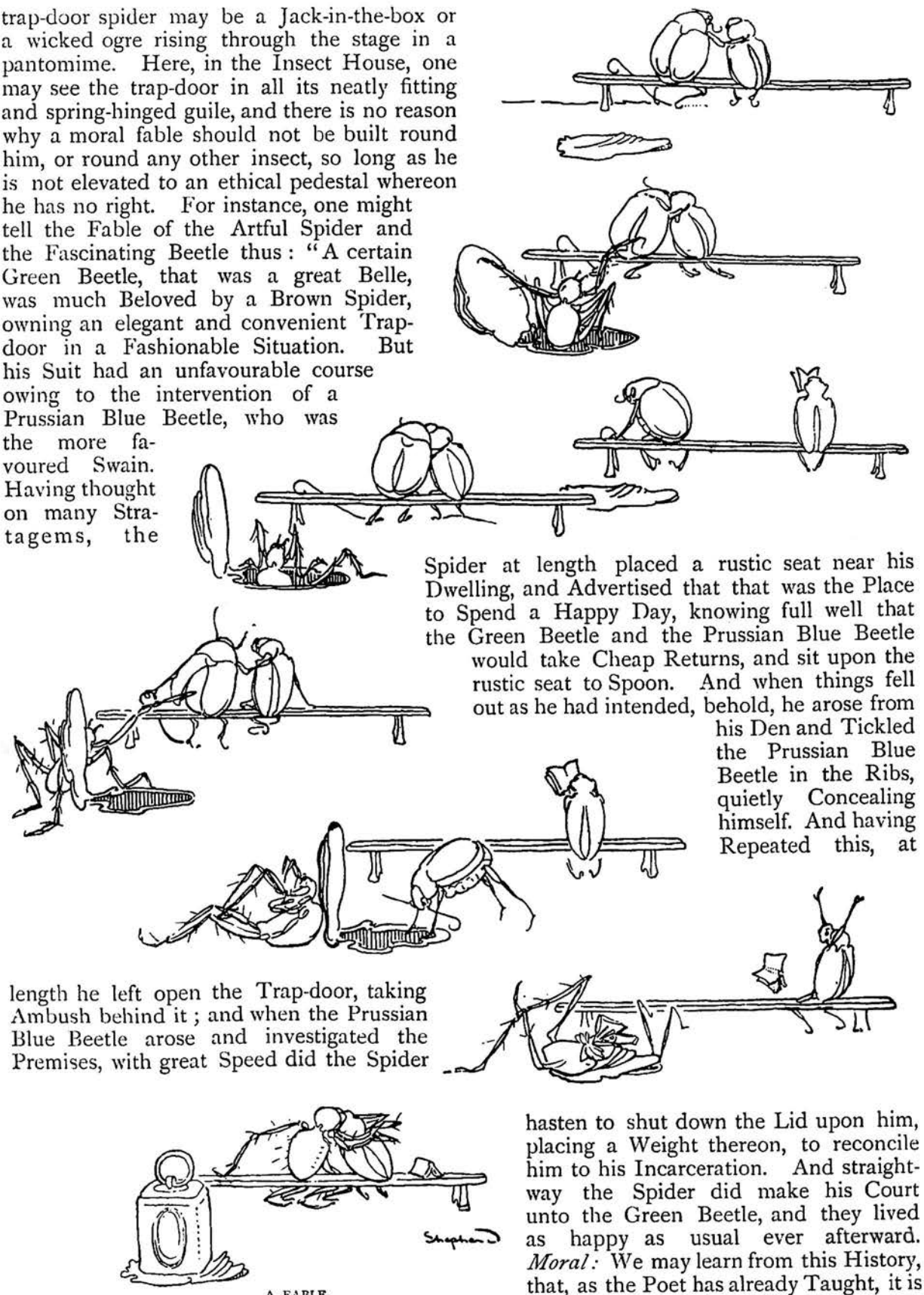
way of rushing to the insect world for his lessons, though a moment's reflection and a few inquiries would convince him that the insect world is the most immoral sphere of action existing. The pervading villainy of the whole insect kingdom is obvious in the very system of their existence; for if ever you inquire what is the earthly use of some particular insect, you always find that it is to eat some other insect, which, if allowed to increase, would do all sorts of frightful damage. You then find that the use of this second insect is to kill some other insect, an equal pest; the object in life of the third insect being to unite in large numbers and assassinate some entirely different and very large insect indeed, who spends his days and nights skirmishing about and devouring all the different sorts of insects we have just been speaking of. Therefore, since the mission of every insect is to kill some other, it is plain that murder is the chief occupation of the insect tribes, and even the illustrative moralist is reported to admit that murder is not a strictly moral amusement. Also, since it is proper that every insect should be kept in restraint by some other, it is plain that the sum of insect depravity, apart from murder, must be vast indeed; which disposes of the insect as a popular preacher.



THE WICKED OGRE.

But the insect as an ogre, the insect as a pirate, as a flute, a flageolet, a torpedo, a Jew's harp, a walking-stick, a double bass, and a Jack-in-the-box—in such characters he shines, often literally. For the beetle *Xylotrupes*, with his glossy back, is a double bass, and nothing in the world else—unless it be a bloated violoncello. Just as the stick insect may be a flute, a flageolet, a walking-stick, or a mere twig, as fancy may persuade you; and as the

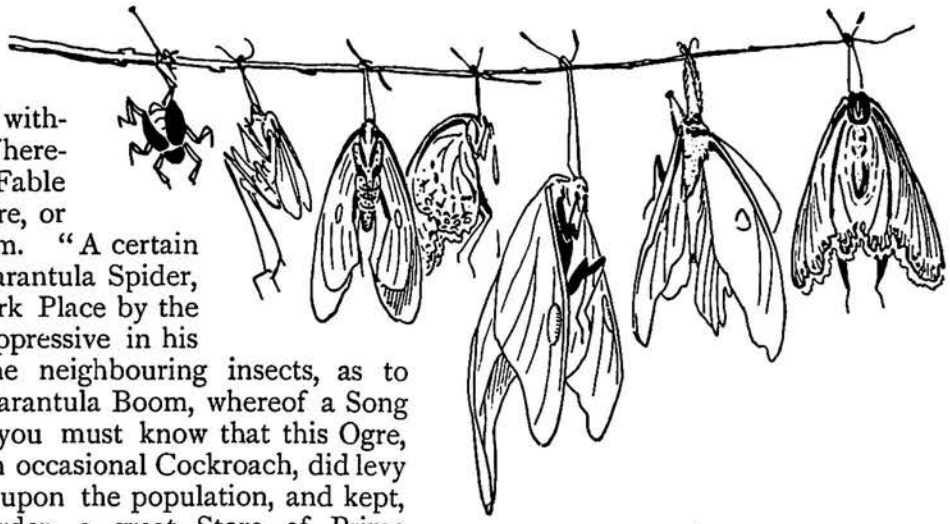
trap-door spider may be a Jack-in-the-box or a wicked ogre rising through the stage in a pantomime. Here, in the Insect House, one may see the trap-door in all its neatly fitting and spring-hinged guile, and there is no reason why a moral fable should not be built round him, or round any other insect, so long as he is not elevated to an ethical pedestal whereon he has no right. For instance, one might tell the Fable of the Artful Spider and the Fascinating Beetle thus: "A certain Green Beetle, that was a great Belle, was much Beloved by a Brown Spider, owning an elegant and convenient Trap-door in a Fashionable Situation. But his Suit had an unfavourable course owing to the intervention of a Prussian Blue Beetle, who was the more favoured Swain. Having thought on many Stratagems, the Spider at length placed a rustic seat near his Dwelling, and Advertised that that was the Place to Spend a Happy Day, knowing full well that the Green Beetle and the Prussian Blue Beetle would take Cheap Returns, and sit upon the rustic seat to Spoon. And when things fell out as he had intended, behold, he arose from his Den and Tickled the Prussian Blue Beetle in the Ribs, quietly Concealing himself. And having Repeated this, at length he left open the Trap-door, taking Ambush behind it; and when the Prussian Blue Beetle arose and investigated the Premises, with great Speed did the Spider hasten to shut down the Lid upon him, placing a Weight thereon, to reconcile him to his Incarceration. And straightway the Spider did make his Court unto the Green Beetle, and they lived as happy as usual ever afterward. *Moral:* We may learn from this History, that, as the Poet has already Taught, it is unwise to introduce your Dona to a Pal."



A FABLE.

The big hairy Tarantula Spider, too, the ogre that will kill a bird or a mouse when large insects are scarce, is here with his venom and ugliness in complete order. He sheds his skin periodically, sometimes leaving it perfect throughout except in the one place through

which he emerges, so that it would be possible to "have him stuffed" without killing him. Whereof one may tell the Fable of the Wicked Ogre, or the Tarantula Boom. "A certain Ogre, that was a Tarantula Spider, and dwelt in a Dark Place by the hillside, grew so oppressive in his Demands upon the neighbouring insects, as to create a Scare or Tarantula Boom, whereof a Song was written. For you must know that this Ogre, not satisfied with an occasional Cockroach, did levy daily contributions upon the population, and kept, hanging in his Larder, a great Store of Prime Joints, much greater than his Requirement.



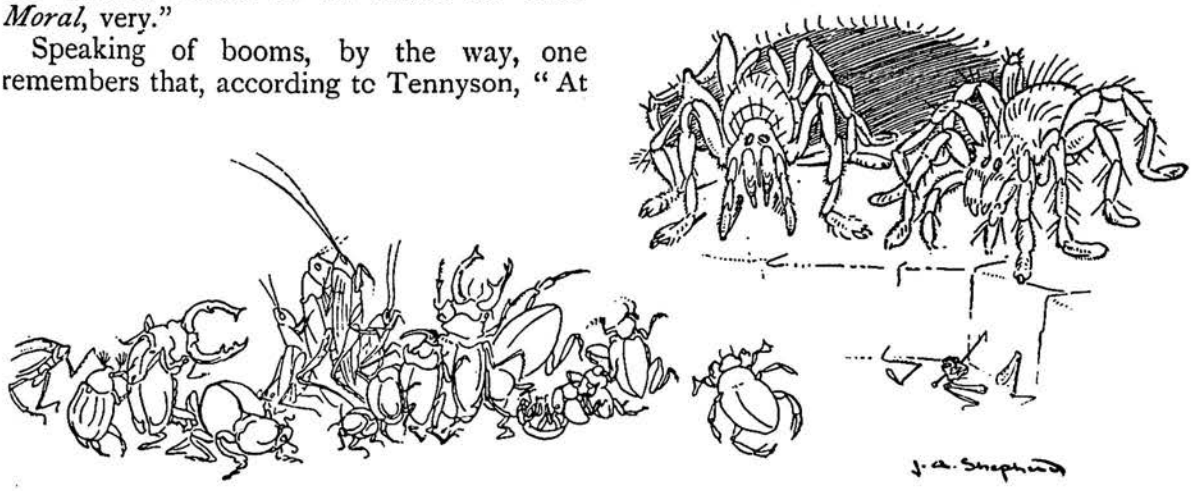
THE OGRE'S LARDER.

And the Song of the Tarantula Boom was sung more than ever, and people grew Mad. Among many other Things, this Ogre demanded the Sacrifice every day of a White Lady. And still did all the Crawling Things, being bitten by the Tarantula, or as some said, Tara-ra Boom, fall to Dancing and Singing the aforesaid Song like Mad, because of the Boom; all the White Ladies and all the others; and there was much High Kicking and Flinging of the Heels: Until at last all the Insects, finding the Tara-ra Boom beyond endurance, resolved to Come in their Thousands and Slay the Ogre. Of which the Ogre having privy Information, he set about to devise some means to Terrify his Assailants. To that end he Cast his Skin, taking much care not to Damage the suit of clothes, and set it Empty but seeming Full beside him. And when the Posse of Insects, driven Desperate with much repetition of the Tara-ra Boom (or as some did now call it, the Tara-ra Boom D. A., because it was Deuced Annoying), came unto the Ogre, behold, he was Twins. And they marvelled much, saying one to another, Lo, the Job has doubled in size; verily it would seem a Bit Too Thick. Thus they went Home in their Thousands, each diligently slinging his respective Hook, by Reason of the game not being Good enough. And so it was that the Tara-ra Boom D. A. lasted for ever.

*Moral*, very."

THE STRATAGEM.

Speaking of booms, by the way, one remembers that, according to Tennyson, "At




TWINS.

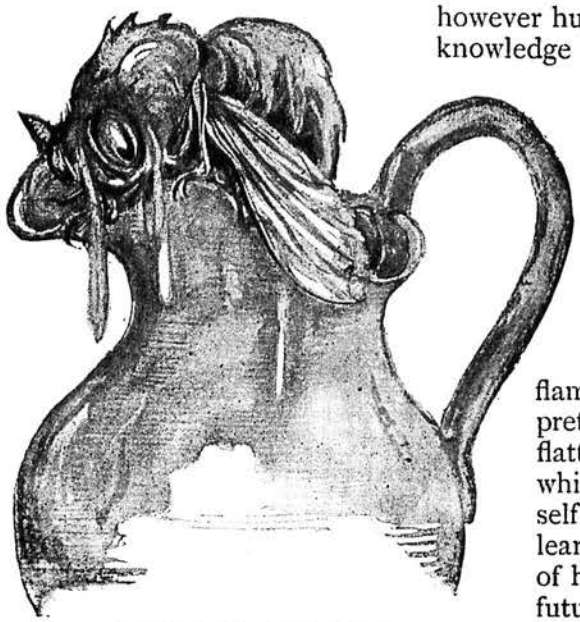
THE INSECTEER.

eve the beetle boometh." But the only beetle one remembers as effecting much in the way of a boom is the Colorado Beetle. The beetle, as a general thing, is not given to publicity of any sort, preferring a retired and quiet life. He never interferes in public affairs—having too many legs to look after. The Bombardier Beetle, however, *can* boom. Touch him, and you will hear.

Quantrill, here, is very kind to the Tarantula Spiders, often giving them a steam bath to assist them in getting rid of their old suits of clothes. Quantrill keeps in order the moths, butterflies, caterpillars, and spiders in the Insect House. He is a man who has arrived at a state of being when nothing feels crawly—not even a centipede. To be on terms of daily intimacy with lions, tigers, elephants, and pelicans is a great thing, but I feel a more peculiar awe for a man who is the confidential friend of several scorpions, and who keeps two spider-ogres on show in glass cases; consequently, I am always respectful to Quantrill, and inspect his person carefully for stray scorpions before coming very near.

"WHAT A LOVELY SEALSKIN! BUT THERE'S MOTH IN IT."

A certain amount of entomology is forced on everybody, whether of a scientific turn or not. There are very many seaside lodging-houses where the whole of the inmates, without distinction of scientific tastes, sleeplessly adopt the study from their first night of residence. The sea air invariably stimulates interest in natural history. Nobody, therefore, however humble, need despair of acquiring entomological knowledge from want of material. The earnest student need do no more than buy an expensive sealskin cloak to gather together an instructive swarm of moths, sufficient to engage his attention for a long time. The Japanese, by-the-bye, have a pretty story to account for the rushing of moths at a flame. The moths, they say, in love with the night-flies, were bidden to fetch fire for their adornment. The moths, being naturally fools from the circumstance of being in love, rushed at the first flame available, and were damaged. This is a very pretty excuse for the moth, and perhaps more flattering than the belief prevalent in this country, which is that the moth is fool enough to burn himself without being in love. Because a moth never learns wisdom. Once having got away with the loss of half a wing, he might reasonably be expected, in future, on observing the light that caused the damage, to remark, knowingly, "Oh, that's an old flame of

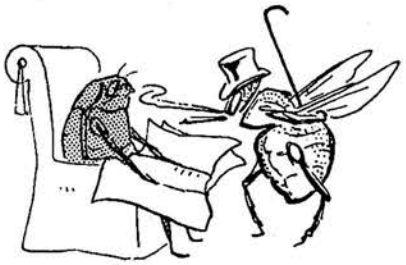


INTEMPERANCE EVEN IN MILK.

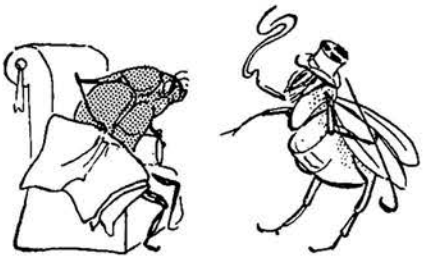
mine," and pass by on the other side. But he doesn't. He flies into it again and burns his other wing, or, more probably, roasts himself completely. Thousands of generations of scorched and roasted moths have passed away without developing the least knowledge of the properties of fire in their descendants. The moth remains consistent, and a fool.

There are few things of its size more annoying than a bluebottle. He is always bursting with offensive, bouncing, robust animal spirits. He snorts and trumpets about your room in an absurdly important manner, when you are anxious not to be disturbed. To personal acquaintances of his own size he must be an intolerable nuisance. He is like those awful stout persons who wear very shiny hats very much on one side, who hum loud choruses, slap you boisterously on the back, take you forcibly by the arm and drag you out for promenades when you are anxious to be left alone. He is preferable to these persons, inasmuch as with some expenditure of time and temper and the shattering of various small pieces of furniture you may smash the

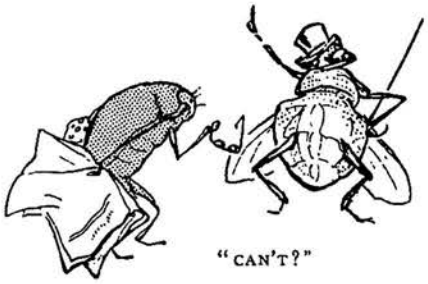
"HULLO, HOW DO?"



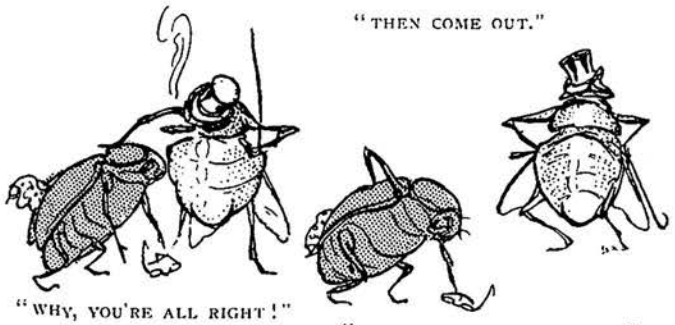
"SEEDY, EH?"



"THEN COME OUT."

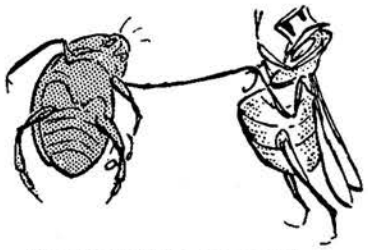


"CAN'T?"

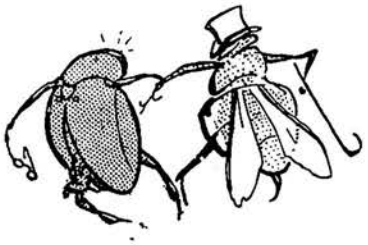


"WHY, YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!"

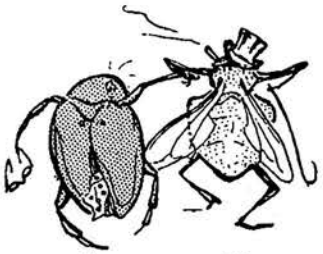
"NOTHING WRONG WITH YOU."



"ONLY A LITTLE TOO FAT."



"COME ALONG!"



"NO SHIRKING!"

"SOON PUT YOU RIGHT."

"YOU WON'T?"

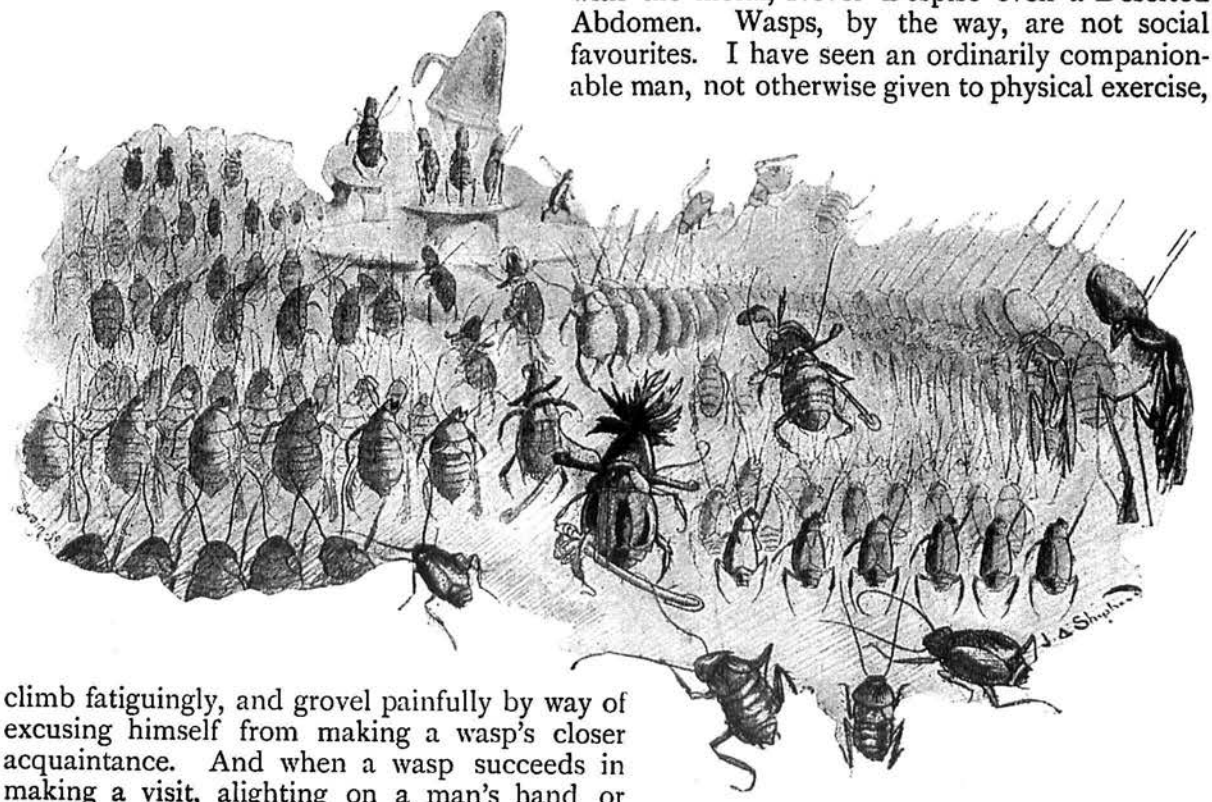

"WELL, I'M OFF!"

bluebottle, whereas the law protects the other creature. The bluebottle, however, adds to his other objectionablenesses by plunging among and rolling in your meals before your very eyes.

The Death Watch is another domestic insect never very cordially received. He only taps by way of telegraphic signal to his friends, but after all the terror he has caused he might have had the consideration to invent some other system. The Death-Watch, the Death's-Head-Moth, and the Pirate Spider are the banditti among insects—who are all cut-throats themselves to begin with.

THE PIRATE AND THE DEATH'S-HEAD.

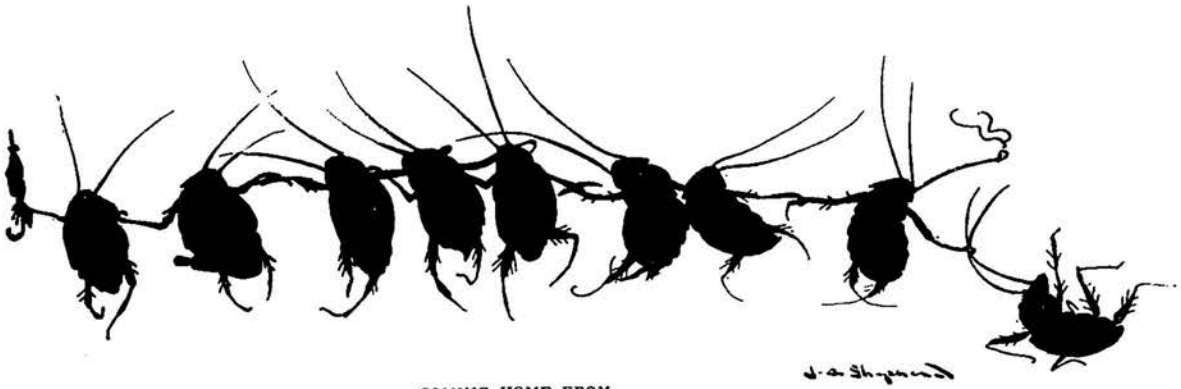
One of the most remarkable characteristics of insects as a class is their contempt for legs. No insect minds the loss of a leg or two, having so many others. A spider sometimes will get along very well with one. Indeed, every insect would seem to be made of parts which are complete strangers to each other. I have seen a wasp "divided," like Clonglocketty Angus McClan, "close by the waist," but not in the least inconvenienced by the solution of continuity. The front half, having the best of the bargain by reason of retaining the wings and legs, strolled away in the most unconcerned fashion, leaving the unfortunate abdomen, legless and wingless, to get home as best it might. Whereon one might construct yet another fable, relating the meeting of the front end of that wasp with an enemy, and its inability to use its sting at a critical moment, with the moral, Never Despise even a Deserted Abdomen. Wasps, by the way, are not social favourites. I have seen an ordinarily companionable man, not otherwise given to physical exercise,



A REVIEW.

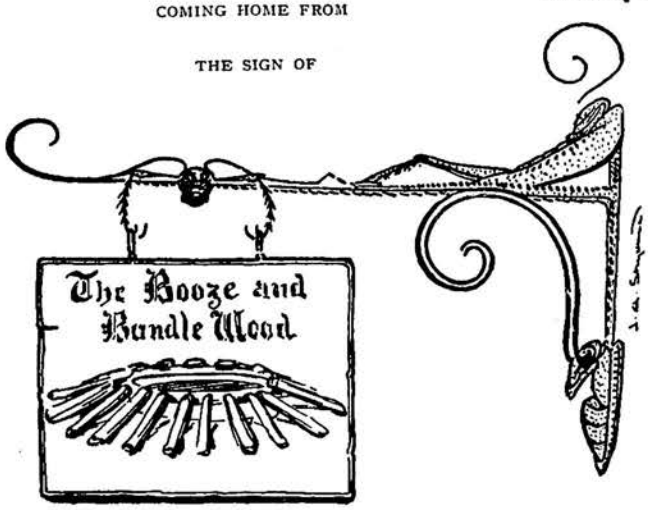
climb fatiguingly, and grovel painfully by way of excusing himself from making a wasp's closer acquaintance. And when a wasp succeeds in making a visit, alighting on a man's hand or neck, that man never asks him to sit down, because it is when a wasp sits down that one best understands the uselessness of his acquaintance. The only satisfactory way of averting a wasp-sting is to stand on the animal's back for five minutes before he commences.

The domestic black-beetle is so called in celebration of its being brown in colour and not a beetle. Beetles are aristocrats who keep their wings in sheaths. The more proper name for *Blatta Orientalis* is the cockroach, because it is equally



COMING HOME FROM

THE SIGN OF




unlike a cock and a roach. Its use in the economy of Nature is to supply a consolation for big feet. It is well known as a kitchen ornament, although its natural diffidence of disposition induces it to reserve its decorative effects for the evening, when it organizes reviews and parades on every available spot. Few domestic pets are regarded more affectionately by their proprietors. Lettuce leaves and wafers are distributed for its comfort nightly, and I have known even respectable teetotalers to pander to its depraved tastes, and provide it with the means of shocking intoxication in an old pie-dish provided with convenient ladders.

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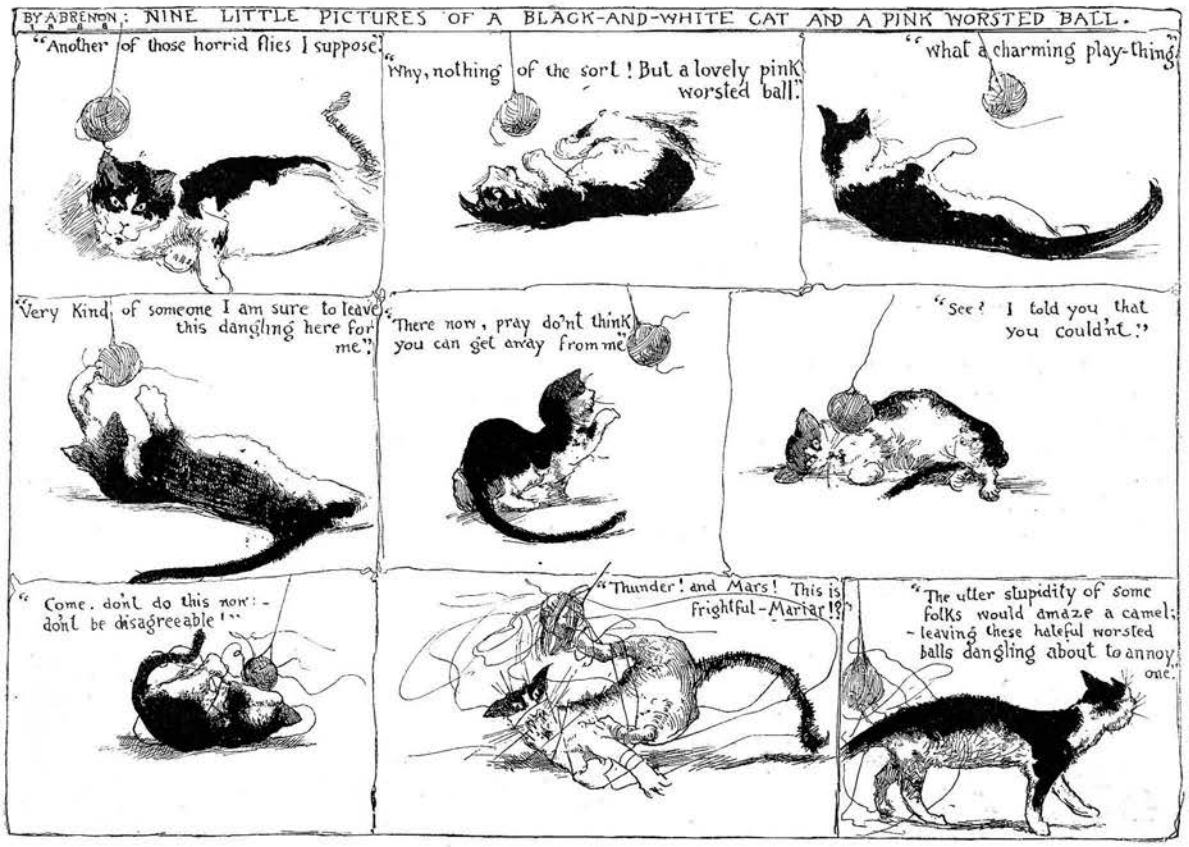



*St Nicholas Magazine, 1888*

## CRACKERS AND CHEESE.

THAT HAVE BEEN LAID UPON THE SHELF.

THE most admirable housekeeper is the one who makes all her pennies go on two-penny errands. One of the surest ways of doing this is to have a watchful eye upon the latter end of things,—the last slice of ham, that you think of giving to the cat but ought to mince for an omelet; the last spoonful of jelly, that you might add to your bottle of vinegar, and not sweeten the dishwater with it; the last bit of meat and potato, left from dinner, that should go to the soup-pot and not to the scavenger. As to crackers and cheese, so long as one is crisp and dry, and the other moist and fresh, you need no advice, they will disappear as rapidly as you can wish. It is when they are both stale and no longer inviting for the table that I would give you my ways of disposing of them. Grate all the bits of cheese, no matter how dry, on the horseradish grater. You will have a light, flaky mass that will keep for a long time if put in a dry, cool place, and it is in the most convenient form to use for flavoring. A favorite dish for dinner with us is

**Rice Entree.**

Stew a cupful of rice until well done. Add a small cupful of milk, two eggs (well beaten), and pepper and salt to taste. Pour into a shallow pan, sprinkle grated cheese thickly over the top, and bake until the top is nicely browned.

A wholesome and economical dish for lunch is

**Toast with Gravy.**

Toast slices of bread in proportion to your family; soften by dipping for an instant into hot, salted water; cut in halves and lay neatly on a platter. Now prepare sufficient thickened gravy to cover the toast, of milk, meat broth, cold gravy left from dinner, or all three together. When it is about done, sprinkle in grated cheese to suit your taste, pour over the toast, and serve hot. If the platter is set in a hot oven for five minutes it improves it.

This is almost the same as the "Welsh Rabbit," except that the gravy for the latter is made very rich with cheese and it is usually baked brown.

If you do not mind a little extra trouble, it is nice to have a set of small dishes of ware strong enough to stand the heat of the oven, for baking various articles that are easily "mussed" in moving from one dish to another. The small-sized plates called sauce plates are about right, and can be kept for this special purpose. For a few cents you can get at the tinner's a sheet of tin to suit the size of your oven. Have a heavy wire put around the edge with a handle at each end, and it is a very convenient article to set your small dishes on to bake, and makes really no more trouble in the end than by serving in the ordinary way. Nothing could be more appetizing than

**Baked Eggs.**

Arrange the bake-saucers on the sheet of tin and make them hot in the oven; put a small piece of butter and a spoonful of cream, milk, or water in each; break in your eggs carefully, so as not to disturb the yolk or daub the edge of the plate, and sprinkle pepper, salt and a spoonful of grated cheese over the top. Let them bake in a gentle heat, so that they thicken but do not harden. By the time they have a good pearly film over the top they should be done.

The grated cheese is of course in just the shape desired for macaroni.

As to crackers, roll or pound any broken pieces, together with the crumbs left from time to time in the bottom of the bag, and keep them in a dry place, for various purposes.

A delicious pudding can be made thus:

**Cracker Pudding.—No. 1.**

Take three eggs, or four if you can afford it, to a quart of milk, saving out the whites of two; sweeten to taste, add a cupful of pounded crackers, a half-cupful of grated cocoanut; flavor with vanilla, and bake until the custard is set, but not turned to whey. Have the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth, and by stiff I *mean* stiff; add a couple of tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and when the pudding is nearly done spread over the top, sprinkle lightly with grated cocoanut, and set on the slide of the oven to brown lightly. Bits of jelly dropped here and there over the top make an ornamental addition, just before served. This dessert is as good cold as hot.

For breakfast, lunch or tea, we all like

**Baked Crackers.**

For a family of six, take eight of the large, square crackers. Make a custard of two eggs (well beaten), a pint of milk, a tablespoon even full of cornstarch, or heaping full of flour, and season with pepper and salt. Dip each cracker thoroughly in the milk, and lay in a shallow bake-tin; pour the custard over them, and so soon as they float sprinkle grated cheese thickly over the top, and bake carefully in a moderate oven. To be just right, the custard should be set, but not watery, and the top delicately browned. Broken crackers can be used for this dish, though they will not look as well.

We think it is quite as good as macaroni.

You will find the children very fond of

**Cracker Pudding.—No. 2.**

Lay crackers (broken or whole) in a deep dish, and pour over them enough hot milk or water, slightly salted, to more than cover. Lay a heavy plate on top to hold them down, and keep in a warm place a couple of hours, or until they are almost like a jelly. Use sweetened cream, flavored with nutmeg or vanilla, for sauce, and serve with a spoonful of jam or jelly with each saucer.

I think if you taste it, you will want to keep a plateful for yourself.

The large, square crackers make excellent toast for breakfast.

**Cracker Toast.**

Spread a very little butter over each cracker before toasting, and watch them carefully while they brown, as they scorch more quickly than bread. If you prefer softened toast, have a dish of hot milk well seasoned with butter, pepper and salt standing near. Dip each cracker in as soon as toasted, and when all are laid on the plate, pour the remainder of the hot milk over them just before serving.

If there is any one in the family who drinks crust coffee, broken crackers can be slowly browned in the oven until they are a good coffee-color, and used instead of bread crumbs. It makes a delicate and nutritious beverage.

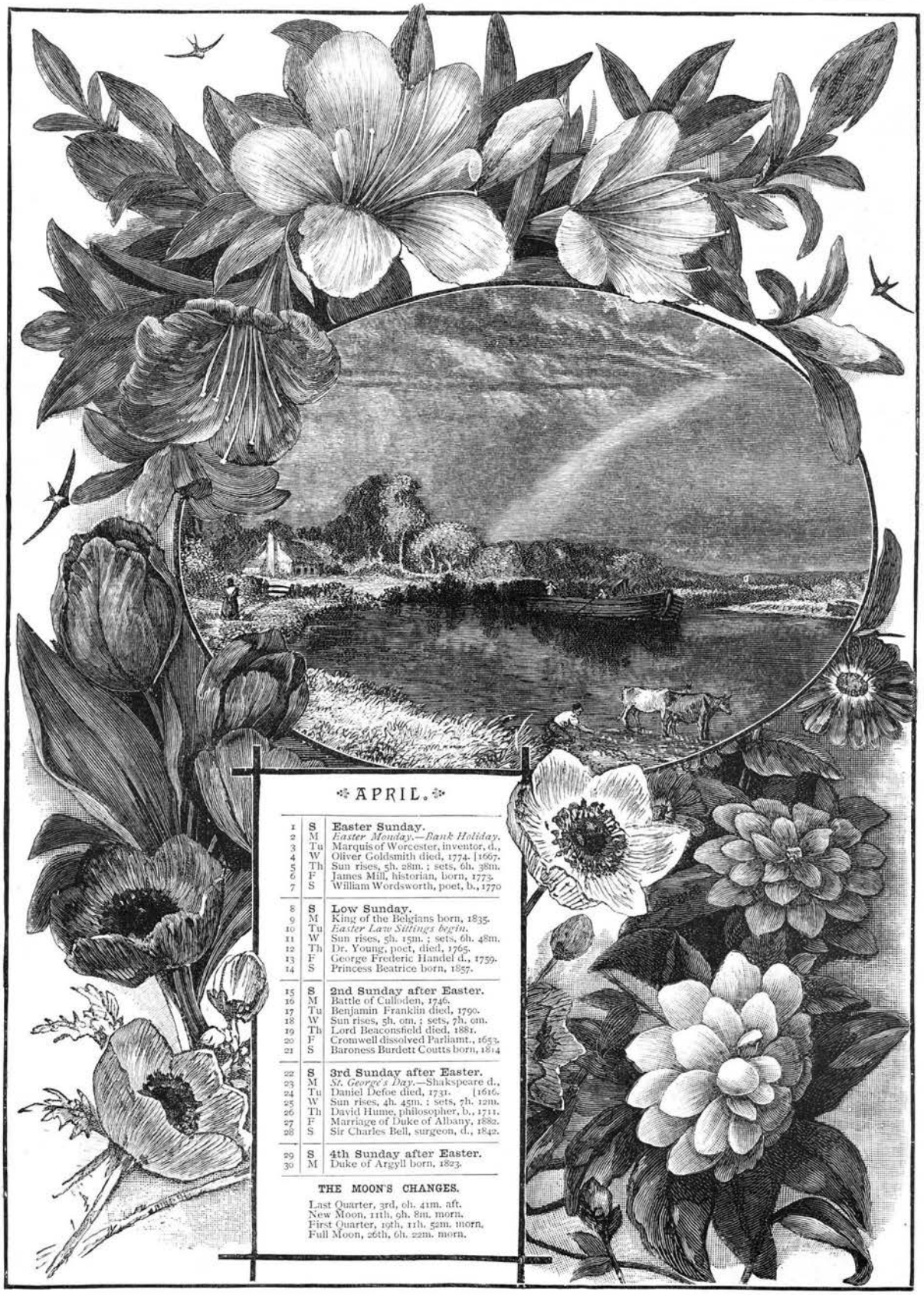
—*Mrs. George Annable.*

## WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME "YES?"

My little girl ran in and out,
  Uneasy at her play,
To beg for this, and sue for that,
  With childhood's restless way;
And every favor that she asked
  Was one I could not grant,
'Twas "No, my child, it isn't best,"
  And "No, my dear, I can't."

Till wearied, I exclaimed at last:
  "I wish you'd stay or go;
I'm tired of all this run-about,
  And tired of saying 'No.'"
My little girl made answer then,
  With pretty sauciness:
"If you are tired of saying "No,'"
  Why don't you tell me 'Yes?'"

—*Mrs. George Archibald.*



## APRIL.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | S | **Easter Sunday.** |
| 2 | M | *Easter Monday.—Bank Holiday.* |
| 3 | Tu | Marquis of Worcester, inventor, d., |
| 4 | W | Oliver Goldsmith died, 1774. [1667. |
| 5 | Th | Sun rises, 5h. 28m. ; sets, 6h. 38m. |
| 6 | F | James Mill, historian, born, 1773. |
| 7 | S | William Wordsworth, poet, b., 1770 |
| 8 | S | **Low Sunday.** |
| 9 | M | King of the Belgians born, 1835. |
| 10 | Tu | *Easter Law Sittings begin.* |
| 11 | W | Sun rises, 5h. 15m. ; sets, 6h. 48m. |
| 12 | Th | Dr. Young, poet, died, 1765. |
| 13 | F | George Frederic Handel d., 1759. |
| 14 | S | Princess Beatrice born, 1857. |
| 15 | S | **2nd Sunday after Easter.** |
| 16 | M | Battle of Culloden, 1746. |
| 17 | Tu | Benjamin Franklin died, 1790. |
| 18 | W | Sun rises, 5h. 0m. ; sets, 7h. 0m. |
| 19 | Th | Lord Beaconsfield died, 1881. |
| 20 | F | Cromwell dissolved Parliamt., 1653. |
| 21 | S | Baroness Burdett Coutts born, 1814 |
| 22 | S | **3rd Sunday after Easter.** |
| 23 | M | *St. George's Day.*—Shakspeare d., |
| 24 | Tu | Daniel Defoe died, 1731. [1616. |
| 25 | W | Sun rises, 4h. 45m. ; sets, 7h. 12m. |
| 26 | Th | David Hume, philosopher, b., 1711. |
| 27 | F | Marriage of Duke of Albany, 1882. |
| 28 | S | Sir Charles Bell, surgeon, d., 1842. |
| 29 | S | **4th Sunday after Easter.** |
| 30 | M | Duke of Argyll born, 1823. |

### THE MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Quarter, 3rd, 6h. 41m. aft.
New Moon, 11th, 9h. 8m. morn.
First Quarter, 19th, 11h. 52m. morn.
Full Moon, 26th, 6h. 22m. morn.

### FIXED AND MOVABLE FEASTS, ANNIVERSARIES, &c.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Low Sunday .. . .. .. April 8. | Rogation Sunday .. .. .. May 6. | Pentecost.—Whitsunday .. .. May 20. |
| St. George .. .. .. .. „ 23. | Ascension Day.—Holy Thursday .. „ 10. | Birth of Queen Victoria .. .. „ 24. |

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