

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE EXCHANGE. Those who exchange monograms, stamps, &c., must include them in a stamped envelope, with their own pseudonym and that of the correspondent with whom they are desirous of effecting an exchange, clearly written at the top of the envelope.

The following packets, containing stamps, monograms, autographs, and regimental badges, have been received and forwarded—

- FROM TO
Ada Three
Sheffield Guardsman
G. Dorr The Hon. Miss M.
Mrs P. E. G. W.
Alben Sunbeam
A. E. L. Susie; Lotus Leaf; Silvertop; Tracy
H. S. Lu Lu
Anita Union Jack
Mrs. Union Jack
B. A. B. Nora
Truce Sheffield
Tons Tracy; Gipsy Pollie; Susie
Z. Susie; Lotus Leaf
Carlotia Susie
H. S. Susie; Lotus Leaf
F. T. African; F. E. B.
Jurisdiction Lu Lu
Mezlip Sheffield
M. H. J. Union Jack
Edith Union Jack
Hollyhock Lotus Leaf
Estella B. Susie
Marguerite Lotus Leaf
Miss A. Estella B.
Colleen Lotus Leaf
Minnie Guardsman
E. L. B. P. E. B.
Ade Gussie
L. W. F. Susie
E. J. C. Lu Lu
Clarice Gussie
Hampstead Gipsy Pollie
Thora Lotichen
W. D. Susie; Lotus Leaf
M. H. D. Trinka
M. S. Estella B.
Bobadille Silvertop; Susie
Georgie Lotus Leaf; Susie
P. Lillian Lu Lu
Mr. A. E. P. M. C. S.; E. G. W.
E. M. Maudie
Susie H. E. M.
Bianche Gipsy Pollie
Frida Lotus Leaf; Susie; Mezlip; Frances (Scarboro');
Mullechop Lotus Leaf; Frances (Scarboro'); Susie
D. P. P. Augusta
Mrs. Erin
Dorothea Lu Lu
Rose Warren Mezlip
La Blonde Crow
Coral Lu Lu
Cuckoo J. African
Lu Lu Curiosity Hunter
Sarah Lu Lu
Clara Sunbeam; Ruthin; E. G. W.
A. B. L. African; Gipsy Pollie
Orl Lotus Leaf; Susie
A. L. Estella B.
M. S. Nora
Eleanor Lu Lu
Nina Trinka
Lucy W. Curiosity Hunter; Silvertop; Union Jack
G. F. Jurisdiction
E. F. B. G. N. C.
Lottchen L. E. B. Weston; M. C. H. (Penryn)
Pussy Susie
Miss D. Gussie; Lotus Leaf
Chittabob Trinka
Pendope Trinka
HOLLYHOCK.—The following communication has been received: "Paddy" acknowledges with thanks the eccentric monogram from "Hollyhock," which the latter forgot to send before."
HELVELYN.—The following communication has been received: "W. D." is surprised at having received no answer from "Hellyn," to whom she sent some crests at least a month ago."
MILROY, AIR, AND MISS P. B.—Full addresses wanted, as we have enclosures to forward to you.
MISCELLANEOUS.
Ivy.—We have not received the communication you refer to.
THIRP.—Thanks.

BOUDOIR. SUSSEX.—No physician of the name you give is recognised by the London Directory.

FENELLA (Leamington).—Apply to Messrs Day and Son, Gate-street, W.C., for the cost of crest album reviewed in our columns last week.

DRESS.

We willingly oblige our readers with such patterns as have been kindly lent by subscribers in answer to requests for the same, but we can only lend such patterns when the request for the loan of them is accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

Mrs O. (Blinburgh).—Your letter has been addressed to Messrs Savory and Moore.

G. F.—The white silk dress should be made with a train; the skirt should measure at least six yards round the bottom, and every breadth must be gored, so there are no pleats at the waist. On account of this plainness below the waist, pelicans and corsets are worn.

The Hon. Mrs M.—Bands made up of brilliant plumage are the newest trimmings in Paris for ball dresses. Speckled feathers, arranged in a similar manner, are also worn.

Mrs D. (Exeter).—The mauve and the grey silk may be made up into one dress, thus—the skirt and high bodies should be mauve, and trimmed with white jet; a grey silk tunic (short in front and very long at the back), likewise grey corset and braces, should be worn over the mauve under-dress.

2. Many tunics are cut out of four widths of material, and are deeply indented round the edge. No pleats are worn below the waist; the silk petticoat should be bordered with a deep box pleating. 3. Shawls are seldom worn now except folded straight as scarves.

A CONVEYER'S SCISSOR.—Yes, stripes are still fashionable, but are not plain, unbroken lines; the newer variety being formed of medallions or small patterns. (2) The Bismark and deep orange stripes are popular on black grounds.

INQUIRY.—We have seen the contrivance you mention for keeping natural flowers fresh on a ball dress for a single evening. It consists of thin hollow tubes of india-rubber, painted green, and filled with delicate moss which has been well soaked in water. The stems of the flowers are then inserted through small holes bored in the tubes; there is no difficulty in concealing the tube if a natural flower is to be worn for head-dress. We cannot give you the address where the tubes are to be procured. (2) Long gloves for evening wear.

WORK.

VIOLET.—All communications intended for insertion in our columns, must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer. We cannot insert your inquiry, because you have failed to comply with our rules.

PRIMROSE.—A design in fretwork for an oval mirror was given in THE QUEEN, Oct. 31, 1863. Let us know if it will suit your purpose.

A KNITTING.—Directions for knitting an under petticoat were given in THE QUEEN, Nov. 21, 1863. An illustration accompanies the directions, which are by Mlle. Riego.

Mrs T.—Illustrated instructions in tatting and explanation of terms appeared in THE QUEEN, Dec. 26, 1863. (2) Tatted caps are in vogue for morning wear.

AN OLD SCISSOR.—The directions for knitting a Spanish opera hood were given in THE QUEEN, Jan. 3, 1863. For a pattern for carriage boots see the same number.

of the Empress only leads up. Women, it is said, must have influence, and do have it; but the whole result of their efforts amounts only to something like the following. In religious matters women are earnest, but shy of inquiry, and conservative. They are useful, perhaps, in keeping some men from going too rapidly down hill; but, on the other hand, they impede the progress of others. Women worship good social position. To attain this they scheme and contrive, and when they experience little social triumphs or defeats they are happy or miserable, in a way utterly incomprehensible to men. Nevertheless, men are influenced by women even in this matter; and after a time they also become degraded into beings who take care for social position. All the good women can do is to communicate "a respect for the observances of religion and a nervous sensibility to social distinctions." Women's intellectual influence is nothing, because they are badly educated; but they have a great deal of tact, and "in practice and action are proud of being recognised as useful and sound advisers." The conclusion of the whole matter is, "it is possibly because the influence possessed by women is so intangible, depending as it does less on the reason than on the sentiment, affection, and convenience of the other sex, that women are so jealous to assert and to protect it."

It is a curious little picture this to present to women. Probably they will not be much affected by it. It is allowed that they have influence in the matters which they care about; and, if this be granted in the points about which the Saturday Review considers they are interested, it is possible that they may also have it in other things about which that journal considers they do not take any trouble at all.

We doubt much whether women are "jealous to assert and protect" their influence. We are only jealous about a thing which we think there is a possibility of our losing. When we are as sure of anything as women are of their influence, we make very little fuss about asserting our right. We simply exert it. To our thinking that is what women do, when they have a mind to employ their influence.

Our contemporary allows that women have some influence. He does not say that they might not have more. Evidently his experience has been of a not the most exalted kind of woman. We are rather sorry for him when we consider what the women of his average acquaintance must be. They are apparently very commonplace and narrow. Possibly a large number of women are so; but there are exceptions, and the writer does not seem to know them.

We think that the amount of influence to be exercised by women depends in great measure on themselves. Women do not undertake to speculate; they undertake to act; and while men are content in the matters of practical life to follow the sensible courses indicated to them by their wives, women will, we think, be content to leave to men the speculative influence, so long as the practical issues of things are left largely in their hands.

A day may also arise when improved "educational systems" may bring women more up to the intellectual level of men. Then their quick insight and ready sympathy may enable them to influence even the far-seeing among the philosophers. The average woman, however, influences the average man more than even the Saturday Review acknowledges. Average men are not so much superior to average women as that journal would have us believe.

After all, while women possess, and we know that they possess, power to move men to do very much what they like, they will not grumble that the Saturday Review should speak slightly of their influence. Facts, to the minds of women, are more impressive than speculations.

THE PERFORMANCE OF OBVIOUS DUTIES.

WE HEAR A GOOD DEAL OF TALK in the present day about the mission of women. All sorts of remarkable, not to say conflicting, views are put forth upon the subject. One party assures us vehemently, and not too politely, that the mission of woman is submission. For ourselves we may as well confess that, when we hear this opinion expressed, we instantly conceive a low opinion of the common sense and powers of observation of the speaker; for though women may have large powers of self-devotion—nay, though they may find no higher pleasure than in self-sacrifice—submission pure and simple, without cause evident to them in some way, is not at all in the way of women. Even when the submission is forced, there are a thousand ways in which resistance can and will take place.

Then, again, we are told that women should attend to household affairs; but all women have not houses to regulate. Then, for the large class of the necessarily unemployed, there are always benevolent people who are endeavouring to find work.

The benefit of associated labour is very great in all cases; especially is it great where women are concerned. It is quite true that women like to work together; and, though submission may not be the easiest of virtues, they do work well under direction. Therefore, among the Englishwomen whom the general stir of the day has roused to exertion, there is developing a tendency to the formation of sisterhoods, and to the searching for work lying beyond the bounds of home and home duties. It is good, undoubtedly, that a large number of women should be awakened to the need there is for them to prove themselves of some use in the world. It is but a poor object of existence to care only for that small portion of the race which constitutes one's own individuality; and all means are good which will shake a woman loose from a habit of indolent self-seeking. But the people who are most easily acted upon by the call to be up and doing, are often those who already are possessed of energy, and who have the will to work at anything that is set before them. Such women as these are often apt to consider that the work which is nearest to them is not sufficient for them to do. They look for a larger and wider sphere in which to act.

We do not condemn those who seek to give full scope to their powers. But, in these days of restlessness and seeking for some new thing, which seems grand because it is distant, we would utter a word of warning. While new work is being sought, perhaps some duty that lies close to home is being neglected.

Lady Herbert of Lea has just given us three short biographies of women who did some work in the world. One of these was a young lady of good position, the joy and comfort of her father and mother, the helper of all the poor around their dwelling. She desired to do more work; she wished to become a Sister of Charity. She asked from her parents permission to follow this new path. We commend, to those who are looking out for duties apart from their homes, the following extract from her father's answer to her application:

"I believe that Providence has reserved for you a special mission; that in and around your home there are hundreds of poor and suffering souls to relieve, to cherish, and to support, who, without you, would be left uncared for; that in the houses of the Sisters of Charity such works are being carried on admirably already without your help, but that there is no one to do your work at home, or to take your place. I believe you can arrive at a higher degree of perfection, and sanctify your soul better, by remaining in the position in which God has placed you, and fulfilling the manifold duties of your station with simplicity and diligence."

Victorine de Galard Terraube followed her father's advice, and did her work steadily and well at home.

We are perfectly well aware that some women live where there is but little work to do, and that, if they do anything at all, it must be in places far distant from the home. But that need never be the case in towns, or even in villages. Sometimes, and that more often than everybody is willing to allow, the obvious work is in the home circle. It may be that a woman's most acceptable work will consist in giving up all hope of doing that which she would like to do. A mother or father may call for her care, young sisters may have to be looked after; the ordinary duties of daily life, and the routine of common society may be what is best and most self-denying for her to undertake.

There is a great deal of work in the outer world for woman to do; and, when the call for them comes, it is well that they should respond to it heartily. But, what is of equal importance to be determined by those who desire to work is this, that in going away from home, or out from among home duties, they do not leave a place which no one else can take. We fear greatly that "the daily round, the common task," are too often in danger of being despised, as not affording enough for energetic people to be busy about. Home work, however, is the first and most important thing in such a nation as ours, where the home life is so jealously and rightly cherished. When this is well and fully done, and not till then, the time arises to look out for what else can be helped on in the world. We would earnestly commend these considerations to women, especially to young women, who are anxious to be of some use, and do not quite see what first to do. Let them do well the duty which lies next to them; and, if the time should appear to come for more extended work, let them not undertake it to the neglect of what it is obviously their duty to perform.

A SHILLING'S-WORTH OF PRINTED PAPER:

WHERE I GOT IT, WHAT IT CONTAINED, AND SOME THOUGHTS WHICH IT SUGGESTED.

"CHEAP PUBLICATIONS? yes, sir. What will you have, sir?"

I had entered one of the many alleys which lead from east Strand to Lincoln's-inn-fields. Literally speaking, I had passed suddenly from Elysium to Hades. They were something less than forty paces apart. I had left behind me a church, five shops displaying wares of gold and silver and costly apparel, carriages drawn by gaily caparisoned horses along a broad street in which the atmosphere was by comparison free and wholesome, throngs of well-dressed, comely English men and women and children. I could still hear the tramp of their feet and the roar of the wheels, but the scene and the people which surrounded me were wholly different. The traveller who reaches the summit of a barren mountain, and suddenly changes the bleak and shrubless side which he has all the morning looked at, for a fertile valley watered by pleasant streams beyond, is not sensible of a greater change. The court up which I had passed was narrow. It abounded in sudden angles. The gutters were choked with dirt. Squalid children were playing (?) in them, and disagreeing with each other. Others were fighting. Women were standing on door-steps talking in loud and shocking voices to some costermongers. Such talk as theirs, when heard upon a man's tongue, makes the blood run cold. What it did on theirs you may imagine. Some of the shops exposed meat for sale, others coal and potatoes and neat bundles of wood, which were the only neat things there to be seen. Others had some of the very dirtiest old French books—I mean internally as well as externally dirty, laid on boards of a character calculated to make them still dirtier externally. All the windows were well nigh opaque: behind some of these were broken statuettes, and damaged photographs at a penny apiece. Shops that dealt in hardware, mostly "damaged," like the one-armed or one-legged statuettes, and butter and candles, and periodicals, all of which articles were confused together, with the latter greatly predominating, were numerous. I passed before one of these windows. Pictures in hideous colours, of hideous men and women, were dimly observable through dirty glass. In round numbers, there were as many as a dozen atrocious murders being done at that moment behind the glass, and about an equal number of suicides, and women appealing to ruffians for mercy, and struggling with them; and ghosts, exulting over prostrate victims, grinning diabolically; midnight carousals, dashing highwaymen, highwaywomen, and some other pictures, which my pen, with a due regard for the ladies before whose eyes these words will come, refuses to describe. I entered this shop. On doing so it became evident that the periodicals proved the staple of the business, and the huxtering was but a secondary affair. I breathed an atmosphere of horrible deeds—in woodcuts. It was a shop of very small dimensions, but the most was made of its proportions. From roof to floor, on all the walls, on the doors, on the top of the counter and the sides of the counter, there was nothing but printed paper periodicals, show-bills, and pictures in red, yellow, and green. I stated what I wanted to a girl who was nursing a baby behind the counter, but who was at first too deeply absorbed in the fortunes of a girl (beautiful, but poor, of course), who was in the power of a wicked old earl, to pay much heed to my question. A shrill voice from the interior woke her up to my wants. There were other children on the floor. All the children were alike, but here and there were blue eyes and a sweet face, which recalled those infinitely beautiful lines:

Off in streets and humblest places, I detect far wandered graces, That from Eden wide astray, In lowly homes have lost their way.

It is only among the children though, and among these but rarely, that one sees in such a place any imaginary traces of the beauty and innocence which are the charm of childhood. As they grow they "lose their way" more and more lamentably, and with ever-lessening possibility of regaining—or rather discovering—the right track. Roused by the shrill voice, the girl put aside the book she was reading and said hurriedly the words I have set down above, and which I now repeat.

"Cheap publications! yes, sir; what will you have, sir?" Then the speaker was proceeding to enumerate them all. Each one was laid in distinct heaps. I took one from each, not pausing to look at them. I had eighteen. I paid a shilling for them. Stowed them away out of sight. Bade the girl good morning, at which she seemed rather surprised, and left her to resume the narrative of the naughty earl. She could not understand how it was I didn't care whether they were "this week's or last week's numbers." The last week's numbers were clammy and damp, and bore a date fourteen days in advance of the one on which I bought them. They all do this.

I have my shilling's-worth of printed paper on my table now. The reader will by this time understand that my cheap periodicals are not those meritorious ones which are of such great value in the present day, so honourable to their conductors, and so eminently useful in the education and culture of the people. From the eighteen I have selected two or three which are very far superior to all the others. The highest price I paid was a penny. Six I had for threepence. Some were "given away." Two of the penny ones I put upon the fire

THE QUEEN, The Lady's Newspaper.



THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.

IT HAPPENS TO ALL OF US occasionally "to see ourselves as others see us;" and we are bound to confess that the image thus presented to our mental vision, in the majority of cases, is not of a flattering nature. Sometimes we overhear what is not intended for our ears; sometimes a friend is good enough to repeat for our edification what some one else has said, and though the repetition may be intended "for our good," it is probable that most frequently it might as well have been left unsaid, unless it was intended to produce annoyance and irritation. Once now and then it may occur that we hear ourselves spoken of simply as objects existing for some end in the world, but viewed by the speaker from some proud pre-eminence which removes him or her from immediate sympathy with us.

Our contemporary, the Saturday Review, not unfrequently treats its readers to selections of the latter sort. From its post of observation it looks round on the world, and allots to all their due description. Women not unfrequently form the subject of its discursive writing; and we have just been furnished with some remarks upon their influence, which we are required to take as embodying the manly view of the womanly character, and of the extent of women's influence.

In the introduction to the article the writer informs us that all the women of England are sympathising with the Empress Eugenie, because she wishes to go to Rome, and the Emperor will not let her.

Parenthetically, we may remark that we think the writer is here a little speaking without book. As our own experience of the matter, we may state that all the women we have heard express an opinion on the subject, have agreed in thinking that, in the present state of affairs, the presence of the Empress at Rome would be an unwise thing, to say the least of it. But we bow to the Saturday's manly experience, which is of course of more weight than ours.

Then comes the gist of the matter, to which the little affair

directly I had looked at them, exclaiming, involuntarily, "Is there no law to punish men for issuing these vicious publications?" By this means I reduced my number of distinct journals to fourteen. In these I find that I have forty-six continuous tales. I began to count the number of murders and suicides, escapes and captures, and curses invoked by parents upon children, but I found this to be a deplorably hopeless task, and gave it up in despair. They are all illustrated. All have as many as two half-page woodcuts, some of them as many as eight or nine distinct pictures. In addition to these continuous stories there are numbers of short ones, little biographies, jottings, scientific clippings, sayings and doings; varieties, original and select; random readings, diamond dust, poetry, and answers to correspondents. In all, and not reckoning the two publications, which cost twopence, that I burned, I find that I have something like two hundred large printed pages, and nearly the whole of this is fiction. Let me give you a specimen or two of the quality, cut at random from them. Here is one:

"And she has enemies—?"
 "Yes: rich, powerful, implacable."
 "They pursue her with fiendish vengeance?"
 "They do."
 "Here in England as in her own land?"
 "Yes: here as everywhere."
 "But do not her wild fears, her groundless suspicions, her horrible paroxysms of terror, magnify the danger?"
 "No: they but anticipate it."
 "But Valentine—"

That is a foretaste of what is to follow. I cut it from the opening chapter of a new tale which happens to be among the numbers I bought. This is how the chapter ends:

That rich, beautiful, but miserable woman, a wanderer under the shadow of a Nameless Terror.

It is the story of this woman—of her wrongs, her sin, her sufferings, and her doom—that we propose to tell in these pages.

This is lucid. I can understand it, and can fancy I see the purchasers—their name is legion—rubbing their hands and chuckling at the prospect here held out for future numbers. But what can be said of the following?—

"Why, 'tis too late."
 "Oh, well, as for that, you see—"
 And Ardesoif waved his hand.
 "But, in case—"
 "Well, it's come to that."
 "What then?" asked Oliver.
 "The mails pass there."
 "The Royal Post."
 "But the Parliamentarians—"
 "Are now the Royalists, you would say."
 "To make the matter brief," said Oliver, "suppose so."
 "Very good."
 "What then?"
 "Your steed will take you down the yard."
 "The yard?"
 "To the stabling."
 "Yes. Well?"
 "Then he knows his way?"

Ardesoif laughed.
 "I should believe he did, having been there so often."
 "Well, and if he does?"
 "If he does?"
 "Yes."
 "What then?" continued Oliver.
 "Why then—"
 "Well?"
 "Tap at the window."
 "But if I cannot see one?"

and so on. One could write a column of this as willingly and about as quickly as he would eat a score of natives. How do the readers like it? No one, I hope, will call it "sensational." The passage is not a solitary one; I could match it with at least half a dozen others from the one week's instalment of the same fiction. The labyrinths of a well-contrived "maze" are far from equal to it; but then I am lost in admiration when I do get to the end, and that subtle suggestion which follows the instruction to tap at the window. "But if I cannot see one?" There is no getting over that; so I will leave it.

But it is the state in which these authors leave their stories and their readers for the week that strikes me as the subtlest stroke of genius. I have cut a few for the benefit of my readers, who will see what kind of corn the one grain that follows all the columns of what I may, in a charitable frame of mind, call the chaff, is. Here is one:

With a movement of offended pride, softened nevertheless by a secret hope born of her love for Roland Henshaw, Amy seized the lamp which her companion carried, opened the door, and rushed into the room.

Then one long, loud, maniacal scream escaped her lips, and she dropped writhing at Gertrude's feet.

Her eyes had encountered—not the handsome face of Roland Henshaw—but the hollow eyes and grinning teeth of a skull, peering up at her from among the pillows of the couch.

(To be continued.)

What was peering up? The grinning teeth, or the hollow eyes, or the empty sockets? What did she do? How eagerly the reader will seize the next number to get these questions answered. These authors have a keen eye for business. My next cutting is even worse:

She stood gazing at the corpse, her hand bedewed in blood. Five times she had struck him—five times, in spite of the imploring look, the uplifted hand, the faltering voice for mercy; and her first husband rolled a lifeless body at her feet!

(To be continued.)

Stories are left in conditions different from these sometimes. Milder forms have been tried simply as experiments; but I am told that "they won't do, the circulation goes down, and vigour must be introduced." Accordingly, the next number to one that was all milk and water is all blood, and thunder, and grinning skeletons; and the pictures are almost cruel enough to render the artists amenable to some of the laws of the land. After the above, this is mild:

"Death alone can save you," said the girl.
 "Then welcome death!" was the stern reply.

(To be continued.)

The next is milder still. It belongs, I should say, to the class "that won't do."

Here, child; you look hungry and cold. Take this. My little daughter put it into my pocket as I came out to my "beat" to-night, but you need it more than I. I have little girls; and, God knows, if anything should happen to me, they may need a crust, like thee, which may Heaven forbid!

(To be continued.)

Fancy B 2099 talking after that fashion, and then who will despair of the mortal regeneration of the whole human race? It doesn't somehow sound quite right, though, and I shan't wonder if the virtuous "B" turns his coat in the course of succeeding chapters, "which, may Heaven forbid!" as he piously exclaims in such very precise English.

The titles of these tales indicate their character with admirable fidelity. The authors have a passion for alliteration in their titles; one reads of countless mysterious marriages with maniacs, black bands, midnight marauders, &c., &c., "The Fortune of a Fair Girl who fell among Thieves," &c., &c. Generally speaking, a great deal depends upon a title, which must be one of two things, either very romantic and sentimentally suggestive, or indicative of crime and consequences. "Old Westminster Bridge, or the Trail of Sin," or "The Daughter

of Midnight, or Mysteries of London Life," are fair specimens of the latter. "Stella, or the Grave on the Sands," may be taken as a sample of the former. The same principles regulate the selection of the names of characters and scenes, and there is an awful weariness in the repeated incidents and the unvarying round of earls and baronets, knights and misers, sinned against and sinning, profligate women, highborn ladies dowered with the hate of hate, hate of a malicious kind, too, and girls who are young and unprotected, and, of course, beautiful. There is usually an underplot, too, which is often worked into the main story with considerable ingenuity. That the stories are exciting cannot be denied; that is, exciting to the classes of readers for whom they are designed, and by whom they are devoured with an avidity week after week such as is never manifested for other than "sensational" literature. Sometimes, but that is rare, vigorous (always marked by strong epithets, notes of admiration, exclamations, &c.) passages are found, and sometimes there is pathos; but, as a rule, it is by events, and a complication of designs on the part of the characters, plot, and counterplot, and assassinations, that the interest of the reader is secured, and to this end the weekly instalment usually has an ending of a character which has much in common with the samples I have given above.

I was told a day or two ago by an author who has written many very popular stories for this kind of publication, that the reign of terror was going out, and a reign of tears coming in, that readers liked to be made to cry, and that, to borrow a forcible expression from the author to whom I have referred, "an order for a new story was sure to follow the proprietor being informed by some readers that they had 'cried their eyes out' over that last chapter." Everything depends upon these leading stories. The circulation is affected at once by a good or bad one. A single continuous tale has been known in a few weeks to send up the sale many thousands; a bad one to have a precisely contrary effect.

Miss Braddon, who, by the way, should by this time know something of sensation authors, describes one in the second chapter of the latest novel she has commenced. Here is the first appearance of this gentleman, who lived in the dingiest court in the Temple. A friend has just arrived at the foot of the stairs leading up to the room. Having mounted several flights, he "stopped to take breath, and he had scarcely done so when he was terrified by the apparition of a very dirty boy, who slid suddenly down the banister. * * * He ran upstairs again, and placed himself astride upon the slippery balustrade, with a view to another descent, when a door above was suddenly opened, and a voice said,

"You know where Mr Manders, the artist, lives?"
 "Yes, sir; Waterloo-road, sir; Montague-terrace, No. 2."
 "Then run round to him, and tell him the subject of the next illustration in the 'Snuggler's Bride.' A man with his knee upon the chest of another man, and a knife in his hand; you can remember that?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "And bring me a proof of chapter fifty-seven."
 "Yes, sir."

The door was shut, and the boy ran downstairs past George Gilbert as fast as he could go; but the door above was opened again, and the same voice called aloud,

"Tell Mr Manders the man with the knife in his hand must have on top-boots."
 Even a very cursory examination of the woodcuts in my shilling's-worth of printed paper is sufficient to assure me that this is the sort of method generally adopted. The top-boots play a wonderfully important part in the picture. What would the ruffian be without them? All the romance would be gone. A brigandish hut would, of course, be understood by the artist. Without the hut and the top-boots the picture would not be worth having.

I pass over the little stories. I forgive the writers for printing execrable lines from their readers under the title of poetry. Nobody will object to their clippings from *Punch*. Even cuttings from other so-called comic papers are made to shine like good deeds in this naughty world when contrasted with the predominating matter. What could I say more than that?

I have got to the last pages. But here is matter more marvellous than any that has preceded it. My scissors must present to you what I won't attempt to describe:

Annette, tall, fair, genteel, and just eighteen, would like to correspond with the "Architect."
 Little Jenny is a pretty girl, and is sure to get married in due time. She must not be impatient.

A. C. wishes to correspond with the "Widow of forty." He is of that age, and has four children.

How gratified the "Architect" must be to learn that "Annette" would like to correspond with him, and impatient "Little Jenny" what a flutter her halfpennyworth of literature would cause in her bosom. "Pretty girl; sure to get married," and all for a halfpenny; think of that reader, and never mind the "A. C." and his four children who wants to correspond with the "Widow of forty."

An Orphan writes, in answer to C. H. A.:—"I am eighteen; petite, with light hair, brown eyes, and fair complexion. I have been told that I am pretty, but not handsome; have received a good education, am an orphan, and shall receive £2000 when I come of age, left me by my father. I am considered very affectionate. If this description will suit C. H. A., I shall be happy to correspond and exchange *carte-de-visites*." It is not every day that a young lady with so many matrimonial qualifications is to be met with; and if C. H. A. be really in search of a wife, we should counsel him to seek no further, but stop here, and "rest, and be thankful."

Of course C. H. A. goes in and wins. But the benevolent editor, having brought the parties together, declines to chronicle results. Who would not marry an orphan with £2000, light hair, brown eyes, and a petite figure.

Kate is eighteen, rather above the medium height, golden hair and very deep blue eyes, Grecian nose, slight, elegant figure; is called beautiful; understands domestic arrangements, as she has been her brother Albert's housekeeper since her parents' death. Would like to correspond with a well-educated gentleman from twenty to thirty. She is good-tempered, musical, called "aristocratic looking," and has a fortune of £5000. As this is perfectly genuine, no letter will be noticed not containing *carte-de-visite*. Communications thus accompanied, and sent within fourteen days, will meet with honourable notice. Address Miss Linden, Post-office, Wingham, Kent.

Oh! fie Miss Kate, to insinuate that notices are not all perfectly genuine, ought to be quite beneath a lady who owns a Grecian nose, aristocratic features, and £5000. Fie, I repeat!

Here's a virtuous servant maid—they have not all £5000 you know—poor, but with principle.

W. E. wants a husband. She is a domestic servant, fair, stout, tall, and rather good-looking. Her age is twenty, and she would prefer an Englishman, but would not marry a man who smoked tobacco, as, from her experience, she is sure that nasty habit leads to illness and drunkenness.

Perhaps "W. E." has been under door-step cleaner at Windsor. I hope her principle will meet with its own reward. But she might have waited till a smoker asked her to marry him.

My next—I take them at random—is a deplorable case; and mark how ingeniously the editor throws out the bait to his "male" readers.

Ella and Marian are eighteen years of age, about five feet two inches in height, with natural curling hair, pretty faces, and soft

voices—"an excellent thing in woman." Ella is a blonde and Marian a brunette, and they both possess small but independent incomes. Living in a quiet country village, they have little society. The squire's family and the parson's daughters think themselves entitled to patronise them, while the villagers consider them quite rich ladies. What are they to do? They are both loveless, and they ask our advice. Can any of our male readers suggest a means of rescuing them from the dullness of a country life?

I have some hundreds of this kind of thing in my shilling's-worth of printed paper. There are big girls, and little girls, young girls, old girls, and girls of "about thirty years of age." Brunettes and blondes, with every conceivable kind of nose, every superlatively good kind of disposition. Every desire for matrimony. Every qualification for wives ornamental, wives domestic, "wives honest," and, in short, every possible sort of wife that isn't a bad sort. Some, with the most charming candour, confess to a "wart on the right cheek," and ask in a P.S. how to remove it; or an arch look about the eyes (squin?) Hair—but I can't do justice to the hair, so I will merely remark that it is generally curly, seldom brown, and nearly always "golden," or "auburn," and, when neither of these, is usually "raven-hued." Lips are of course "ruby," sometimes "full," figures are invariably well-proportioned. Many are "pious." Some "teach in Sunday Schools;" others have a "passion for music," or "poetry," or "flowers." They all want somebody who can "offer a loving heart," "is fond of home," "domesticated," will be "all in all to them," and "help them on the thorny way of life." Everybody wants to get everybody else's *carte-de-visite*. Some are "willing to exchange;" one says, "I am not pretty, but beauty is only skin deep." Philosophic young lady! The grapes are very sour. Some hope they do not exceed the bounds of "maidenly modesty" after declaring themselves as perfect as the Venus de Medici, and possessed of all the virtues that ever have been combined in a single living being, and some that are in their cases for the first time. These dear creatures generally hope the gentlemen won't think them "egotistical!" Having seen the description of Robert, a certain Katie says he "possesses much that I admire and long for, and I cannot but flatter myself that our ultimate acquaintance would be productive of years of mutual happiness." A certain "Constance" admits she has rather a partiality for curly black hair, and would not object to carry on a correspondence with the possessor of it." Some are "jolly-looking." Here is one:

Louisa Letitia Morgina would like to enter into the matrimonial state. Is a tall, fine-grown, jolly-looking girl, about eighteen; dark wavy hair, features *petite*, nose slightly aquiline, small hands and feet; very ladylike manners, considered to be the belle of the town in which she resides; very fond of music, dancing, and the languages; should make a jolly little wife for a nice, steady young man. He should be about twenty, tall, good-looking, and very dark; should be well acquainted with the languages, very fond of home, loving, and affectionate in his manners—one who would fix his heart on me, and me alone. Address 7, East Bassets, Hayle, Cornwall, enclosing *carte de visite*, which will be immediately returned if not approved of, and if approved of will have the lady's in return. No triflers need apply.

There! Triflers beware of L. L. M., who is the belle of the town, and very sedate, as most belles are, especially belles who are anxious "to enter the matrimonial state."

Of course, if no gentleman replied this couldn't go on. But we have gentlemen, "young architects," and "surgeons," and "solicitors" for the five thousand pounders, and "honest blacksmiths" and wheelwrights, who hate smoking, for the servant girls who are sure tobacco leads to drunkenness and vice. "Rasselas," and the editor says he "writes sensibly" considers that the "fair ones" "place a higher value on mere external appearance than on those inner qualifications of mind, character, and disposition necessary to cement a happy union," but it unfortunately leaks out that "Rasselas" is "plain." Some of the men set forth their offers in a business-like way. Here is a specimen of the style:

A gentleman, aged forty-three years, good-looking, and energetic in business pursuits, is open to treat with a lady of medium age, with ample means, as wife. Address "B. C.," Post-office, Leicester.

Is it not charming? No nonsense, no sentiment, but an unmistakable "open to treat." Another is certain any lady who corresponds with him "will have no reason to regret it." Some of these fellows describe themselves as "lively, amiable, quick, affectionate, well-educated, good musician, and private in volunteer corps." Some of the replies excite disgust. One writing from Derby says he has no ears. In this particular he must be unlike the others, whose I should suspect are rather long. Wm. Burly, who "is so sadly in want of a wife of the middle height, about twenty-one, that he would not object to a small fortune."

My readers who have come thus far with me will be glad to hear that there are not quite so many poor simpletons among their countrymen these pages would appear to show. It will be some relief to them to know that, though I have treated them as if I believed they were what they pretend to be, the majority, if not all, these hundreds of matrimonial notices are paid for as "copy," just as any other portion of the journal is, and that, so far from being the production of miscellaneous correspondents, they are, addresses and all, the fabrication of some one engaged for the work, and for whose pen it is a pity there is not some more honest employment.

But there are graver considerations which force themselves upon all who look into these journals, and who know that they, with some newspapers conducted upon kindred principles, are almost the sole reading of such vast numbers of our countrymen and women, that I dare not attempt to enumerate them. I see them almost everywhere. I need not have gone into a byway to purchase my copies; they are in the highway shops. You may see boys and girls reading them under lamps and by shop windows in the streets at night. You may find them in homes where you would not expect to see such books. They are the literary food of men, women, and children. And what food, or rather poison, it is! These murders and suicides, and passions of earls for fair girls from the country, and drunken revelries of thieves. This everywhere forced and hideously unnatural representation of events, men, and women. How it drags the people down and down, makes them familiar with crime—in print at least—throws a halo round vice, and exalts, in the place of homely, honest sympathy, maudlin sentiment. I do not mean to say that they apply the principles of the things they read to their own lives, and that warpers refuse to marry weavers in the hope of finding a "melancholy creature with a murder on his mind;" but I do say that it alters the whole tone of their life for all that; that it takes away well nigh all that is imaginative, poetic, and beautiful in their nature; and that the very worst supplement a man or woman can have to a day's work is a dose of penny or halfpenny periodicals of the character of the fourteen I have before me now. But they are used to them. To wean them is no light task; like the opium, the poison has become necessary to them, or they think so. Their reading is something after the fashion of dram-drinking; both result in self-oblivion, in a dreamy stupor to surrounding events, which leaves them but the wrecks of men and women. With wholesome meat and drink within their reach, they turn aside to the unwholesome banquet. The penny public, as Miss Braddon has very correctly said, "like their literature as they like their tobacco—very strong." Would it were otherwise!

J. D. C.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION AND THE LIVERPOOL GYMNASIUM.

WHAT UNIVERSITY OF THE FUTURE, at which, according to Mr Tennyson, there shall be
 Prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
 And fair girl graduates with their golden hair,
 as yet looms very indistinctly on the horizon. Even in this go-ahead age we have not made our girls more gregarious than the limited accommodation of Minerva House affords. Female colleges, either under high, low, or broad auspices, find but small favour, and Dr Mary Birch has not yet succeeded in enlisting followers in her train. We have not made the acquaintance of any lady who, like Miss Blimber, would have esteemed the acquaintance of Cicero beyond most earthly blessings, and the *bas-bleu* has become a phrase as obsolete as the thing itself. Our women are highly educated, but they do not, except in rare instances, seek to wander out of the beaten paths; and while their mental training has reached a high pitch, the saying of the great poet has been borne in mind:

Be that you are,
 That is a woman; if you be more, you're none.

But in our physical education, which the old Greeks placed for both man and woman before the mental one, there are symptoms of a herding together of women for educational purposes; an assumption, not of trencher cap and gown, but of the very becoming gymnasium costume—a sketch of which accompanies this article—in their course of study.

This wonderful nineteenth century, with its inventions, its high refinement, its eager thirst after knowledge, is now accused of having neglected physical, in its pursuit of mental, education. We have drawn the bow too tightly: our young men have burnt the midnight oil, and our girls have been finished up to the extremest point of finishing schools, and we have turned out great intellects and (so say the physiologists) weak and listless frames. Our universities have not sought to encourage bodily exercise beyond casting a somewhat cold patronage on boating and cricket, while mild and unsatisfactory "calisthenics" have been the recreation of ladies' schools. And now the trumpet of physical education is blown with no uncertain sound, and we are told by men of science and learned doctors that we must attend to the culture of our poor bodies if we wish to secure that greatest of earthly blessings—health; that we must not plead that we have gone on all this time very well without that culture, for that Nature, while allowing us to violate her laws for years, is a stern task-mistress when the day of settlement arrives that she visits the sins of the fathers upon the children, and will exact the penalty to the uttermost farthing. The call has been answered. Athletic clubs have sprung up on all sides, cricket has taken a wider range and a firmer hold, our boys get more of that play, without which Jack would indeed be dull; gymnasia have been erected in some of our chief towns, and physical education, for adult as well as juvenile, is decidedly on the move.

And are women to be excluded from the movement? Are country girls to be satisfied with their riding (when they can get it), their constitutional (when they can be induced to take it), archery, and croquet? and our town young ladies with their shopping excursion and their walk "in the square"? Is Minerva House still to retain that formal, not to say awful, procession with which we are all so well acquainted? and, combined with what has been well termed "the ridiculous sham of calisthenics," is it to be the sole recreation of its "highly finished" students? Are girls to go on believing that helplessness and inactivity are feminine accomplishments, and an amount of physical exertion "not becoming a young woman"? To be sure, some of them break out in after life in lines which Minerva House would have been horrified at. They drive and they hunt—that is all allowable; but it is alleged they are also disciples of the gentle craft, and no mean performers at "a warm corner" in a battue. Misapplied energy this, we take leave to think. Somewhat forgetful of Angelo's monition to Isabella, quoted above, are they who follow such physical studies. Is there, however, no *via media* for women who feel the ills of inactivity? no relief for those poor souls cabined and confined in the atmosphere of modern drawing-rooms—town-bred birds who beat against their cages, gilded or otherwise, and,

Sickening of a vague disease,

sigh for that needful exertion which shall brace the weak frame and impart tone to the system? The modern gymnasia supply the answer. There, under the superintendence of competent professors of the gymnastic art, women can take that gentle or rigorous exercise, according to their physique, which, in the words of Ruskin, "shall secure for them such physical training and exercise as may confirm their health and perfect their beauty; the highest refinement of that beauty being unattainable without splendour of activity and of delicate strength."

Is this true? Have we been going astray for the last century, and have we to seek the old paths, and from our children learn the half-forgotten lore? Rather humiliating to this intellectual age to be told we have been bringing up our women like exotic plants in a hot-house atmosphere, with all refinements of culture, and the whole Minerva House system up to boiling pitch, to eventually turn out "finished" specimens who will take cold during somewhat damp croquet, and be used up after a shopping lounge. Have modern accomplishments, calisthenics, and "the use of the globes" eventuated in this? Have they taught nothing else than precise order; have not "plums, prunes, and prism" been too much the texts from which our girls have copied? But there is a good time coming. There is a stirring among the dry bones of a dead system; sinews and flesh and skin are, as in the vision which the Prophet saw in the valley, coming to their aid, and, if the signs of the times are to be trusted, the breath will not be wanting, and "they will stand upon their feet an exceeding great army."

And Liverpool will lead the van. As the second city in the empire she has not unworthily taken the post of honour. While Clapham boasts a gymnasium highly patronised by women, and most ably conducted, and King's-cross has a German one, there is, as far as we know, nothing else in London befitting the name. Liverpool is fortunate enough in the director of

her athletic school to have secured a gentleman most thoroughly qualified for the post: Mr Hulley has graduated early in his adopted profession, and has been fortunate enough in finding a goodly soil for his labours. The public spirit and enterprise of Liverpool have raised a building there which, it is not too much to say, will be a pattern for the gymnasia of the future. A spacious hall, with every appliance and means for muscular exertion, where each invention of modern gymnastics has ample room and verge enough, and where music is made a great adjunct of the work, is the testimony which she has given to what has been termed "the dignity of muscles." The inhabitants have well responded to the call. It has already become, in its first year, an institution of which they might well be proud, and while evoking that amount of hostile criticism which most new things—and gymnasia rank among them—call forth, has held on in its course, a success genuine and almost beyond expectation. It is with the ladies' hare in it we have to do.

Two hundred and thirty-two female members have been admitted during the first year of its existence, and it may be added that they are chiefly taken from the upper stratum of society. Divided into classes averaging from twenty to fifty members in each, they go through, under Mr Hulley's superintendence, a course of light gymnastics, chiefly based on the system of Dr Lewis, an eminent physician in the United States. The exercises consist of those with the dumbbell (here for both men and women only a pound in weight); the weight-machines, which are termed "pulley-hauls" (we believe Hood first gave the name to something similar in calisthenics); the bar-bell, a new invention, consisting of a two-handed dumbbell about three or four feet long; and the rings, the latter simple wooden ones, about two or three inches in diameter, but which are made the media of some of the most graceful feats in the course.

to the benefit they have derived. In addition to the regular class work the pupils jump, vault, and run. About 4 feet is the highest jump, but they vault about 5 feet 8 inches with the aid of a board. The parallel bars are favourite work, but the swings and seesaws have the call. Directly the exercises, properly so called, are over, a rush is made to them, and they are never unoccupied. Then the "pulley-hauls" are brought into requisition, and the firm feet and steady brains ascend what may be termed the rigging—a mass of rope ladders, both level and on an incline, where they are taught the value of a firm tread and accustom themselves to look down from heights; in these days of Alpine touring no despicable advantage. Mr Hulley always accompanies them in their climbings, and nothing that may be considered in the least degree dangerous is allowed to be done unless he is present. Scarcely anything can be imagined more interesting or charming than the gymnasium on an afternoon when some fifty or sixty ladies, married women as well as girls, occupy it. The military precision of their movements when in class, the freedom with which they abandon themselves to their favourite exercise when the regular work terminates, the eager rush of pattering feet as some half-dozen seize hold of "the giant stride," a circular swing suspended from the roof,—the somewhat exciting contest for possession of the favourite seesaw—the energetic attack on the fort, a French invention by which one is taught to climb—while a crush up the spiral iron staircase that leads to the gallery proclaims something special in that direction: it is a sort of hammock suspended between the ropes at a considerable incline, and the task or amusement is to take a seat in the said hammock and pull yourself up by the arms as far as those arms have the power to take you. A window marks the line where comparative easy progress ends and difficulty begins. Some are content with the half-way house; but there are others who go on to the goal just under the roof, and then how delightful the sensation to let go and slide down with a run! Great is the struggle for a seat in the hammock. We wish we could enumerate half the novel devices that the Liverpool school of physics abounds in, and convey to our readers a tithe of the pleasure the mere looker-on enjoys from the novel sight; but space warns us to bring these remarks to a close.

We confess to feeling great interest in the subject of women taking their part in this gymnastic movement, and should like to get at their true opinion thereon; for to them we must look to decide the question. All the doctors in the world may preach on the subject, as they have preached about tight lacing and "the stone ideal," and little has the feminine world attended to their sermons. It may be that the very fact of medical men recommending the gymnasium may militate against its usefulness: the sex are led and not driven. But what do they think of it themselves? The Liverpool ladies have spoken out bravely. What say their sisters? Is this movement the mere excitement of the hour? Do they hold it only

Something better than their dog,
 A little dearer than their horse?

Is it to rank with croquet and play an inferior fiddle to archery? Or is it really to take root in the land, and are our gymnasia of the future to be graced by the winning presence of those who, while themselves imbibing "the vital principle of bliss," will act as a spur to the exertions of man? There was a law in Sparta that made it necessary for a young woman to pass an examination in gymnastics before she could enter into the state of matrimony. We are far from wishing such a terrible ordeal to be gone through by our rising generation, and, besides, only see what a pull the second city of the empire would have over other localities? But if physical education helps them in after years better to fulfil the duties of that state of life into which they may be called, if it is true that the training of the gymnasium will make them stronger in body and healthier in mind, some modification of Lycurgus's law might figure with advantage in our code. That we live in an age of progress is the tritest of axioms. But in our progress we have often to seek the old paths, and this is one. To the present generation is committed, among other things, the solution of the question on which these few remarks have touched. For good or evil it is for them to decide, and they must remember that "the youth of a nation are the trustees of posterity."

J. C. C.



THE LADIES' GYMNASIUM COSTUME.

Dress is of course an important point. Our sketch will speak for itself. Of all colours, scarlet, mauve, violet, white, and Rob Roy tartan, the long tunic and Turkish trousers, confined a little above the ankle, a sash round the waist sometimes giving occasion for the display of a little finery in the shape of gold fringe, &c., and thin boots comprise an eminently graceful and, be it added, not in the least unfeminine costume. We say this, because there is an opinion among several very estimable persons, with which we have reason to think Minerva House agrees, that gymnastic studies are identical with "fastness," are apt to make young ladies at all inclined to be rapid, more so, and while they develop chest and muscles, encourage other developments more masculine than becoming. We have not, as far as our experience goes, seen anything either in dress or work to confirm this. The former, we repeat, is eminently graceful and becoming; the latter need call for no display of any masculine or rollicking proclivities, supposing for one moment that our fairest and dearest possess them. Instances there may be, doubtless, where a girl, fond of exercise and full of health and strength, might become a little too eager to show off and undertake feats more fitted for a man. But a gymnasium properly conducted does not in the least encourage this sort of thing. It should be borne in mind, too, that in these schools of physical education the strong and robust are, as a rule, far in the minority. The gymnasium is for the weak and delicate there to gain strength and tone, not as a rule for the healthy subject; though, if that healthy subject is oppressed by the demon of fat, a course of its work would no doubt be beneficial. There are ladies among the members of the Liverpool gymnasium who, when they first joined, came under the denomination of invalids, or at least were instances of that too common class, "delicate women." Under medical direction they sought relief in gymnastics, and many would gladly bear testimony

DOMESTIC REMINISCENCES OF HARD WINTERS.

THE YEAR THE EXCHANGE WAS BURNT.

WHY SHOULD IT ALWAYS be brought against the English as a small fault or mannerism that they make the weather a subject of frequent talk? In England, more than in many countries, the wellbeing of the people—at any rate of the poor—often hangs on the sudden and unlooked for changes to which our climate is so liable, and all fair promise of fruit or other crop falls a sacrifice to unseasonable weather. Then what so natural as that all should take especial interest in its changes, watch them with anxiety, and speak of them with interest?

In a leading cross thoroughfare of London there stood a house in 1838, the type of which is fast disappearing from our great metropolis. Each floor projected beyond the one below it, and threw the darkening shade of a verandah, without the advantage of a balcony. Two gables to the front, stouter beams everywhere than are now used in building, and a certain pitch from the horizontal that gave a slight slope to the tables and an inclination to bow forward to tall articles of furniture, bestowed a quaint antiquity on the appearance of the building now almost unknown in London's houses. On the 6th of January, in the above-named year, a pleasant evening party met in the drawing-room of this antique house, and, of course, the weather was the subject of conversation—the mildness of the winter so far, the moist greasiness of the streets, and the disagreeableness of every journey undertaken before that small party could be got together. A little later the master of the house brought his contribution to the weather conversation, and declared the state of things hitherto discussed to be suddenly changed to pavements white and bright, hardened roads, and a sharp cleansing frost, and related how the severest winters stored in his fifty years of memory had begun as late as that—

some on that very date—and had, in spite of coming so late, proved long and severe; and so it was that year. The frost which began on that twelfth night lasted thirteen weeks, with only one slight break, insufficient to liberate the ice-bound water.

Three nights later, in another old house in the city, four sisters watched the crackling fire, piled high to keep the intense frost from intruding even into that well-warmed room. The clock on the staircase chimed and struck hour after hour; the blaze of the glowing fire flashed up, exaggerated the deep relief of the carving on the chimney-piece, and threw it up to the ceiling in grotesque repetition; the noise of London's streets grew less and less, and dropped off into silence; the four pair of young eyes became heavier and heavier, and still the watched-for only brother did not come. "How late he is!" "Where can he be?" "Surely I heard some one turn up the court!" "Yes, and there is his key in the door, and now he is coming—coming past the drawing-room—up to us." And on he came and soon was in the room, and greeting his sisters with a cheery "Where do you think I have been? Smell my clothes." The room was strong with the smell of smoke, and echoing with clattered questions. "It must have been a great fire! Where was it?" "The Royal Exchange was burnt!" "Impossible! You mean to say Aldgate Pump!" "Truth, I assure you. Gentlemen are helping to work the fire engines. I should have helped too, but there were plenty there without me. I saw your shoemaker, M., of Cornhill; he had been hard at work; his trousers were rolled up, and he told me his legs were bruised with the heavy icicles knocking against them. Parts of the old building, which we have always thought to be of solid stone, turn out to be only wood with stone facings. The old chimneys used to love to listen to, went to the last, and as the overwhelming flames licked up to the top of the steeple, and it cracked and gave way beneath their power, the chimneys were playing 'There is nae luck about the house!'"

All England was as incredulous as the four watching girls when, the next day, this unlooked-for news spread through the country. No one had ever dreamed that fire could molest the Royal Exchange, of all buildings in the world, "that concourse of all the nations," as Pennant rightly names it, "arising before us with the full majesty of commerce." Pennant writes of the building destroyed in 1838: "It was rebuilt, after the fire of London, by the City and the Company of Mercers, at the expense of £80,000, which for a considerable time involved the undertakers in a large debt. It was completed by September 28, 1869, and opened by the Lord Mayor." When it was burnt the intense frost made the difficulty of getting water very great.

During the frost of thirteen weeks' continuance an immense quantity of snow fell, and piled itself deep in the streets of London, where the traffic turned its frozen mass to brown. The din of London was silenced, as the carts and carriages moved noiselessly along the yielding surface, and that absence of the usual uproar seemed almost like magic, after the snow, from losing its whiteness, discontinued to put forward an evident reason for the unwonted stillness. Never were thermometers so watched as during that long frost, when, I think, the mercury went down to six below zero, and when men chuckled and felt warm and comfortable if it got nearly up to freezing within doors.

When the frost did go, when the April sun so made itself felt that the long-fettered water broke its bonds of ice, did it not make its presence evident in every house? Drip! drip! drop! drop! from every pipe, gutter, and tank. What times for the plumbers! what mending, and shovelling, and bailing and plugging! Two cottages near the Elephant and Castle unluckily standing under the full jet of a broken main, belonging to the water company, were washed down, and the inmates escaped with difficulty from under the cascade. The Thames was not frozen over below bridge, but near London Bridge me crossed it by only jumping from one lump of ice to another. The pool was very difficult to navigate, and the smaller craft got sorely battered with the floating masses of ice.

Spring has seldom seemed so welcome as it did that year, yet it was a chilly, ungenial one, when it at length arrived. I think it was later on in the same year that several porpoises came up the Thames, sometimes as far up as between the Tower and the Custom-house. I have often thought the Thames might be the best locality toward which Mr Buckland should direct his attention in his wish to obtain a living porpoise. Off Gravesend, and from there to Greenwich, and now and then higher up still, they may be seen. If one could be caught no further from London than that, the difficulty of transmitting the unwieldy gentleman would be greatly decreased. Is it early or late in the year they are most likely to test the advantages of the Thames as a playground?

EMMA W.

A GOLDEN WEDDING.

THERE ARE FEW PERSONS at all familiar with the writings of our modern novelists who have not read Frederika Bremer's scenes of Swedish society, in her story of "The Neighbours," and who cannot, therefore, recall to mind her description of an ancient couple who had inhabited the same house and the same rooms for half a century, celebrating their golden nuptials. There are still fewer persons in England who have been eye-witnesses of such an interesting celebration. The fiftieth anniversary of a wedding-day is, indeed, one of rare occurrence in most circles of English domestic life; but it is still more rare to find an occasion when such an event is celebrated in the pleasing, heartfelt manner in which I witnessed a golden wedding kept at Leicester on Christmas Eve.

That day fifty years the now aged pair were wedded, and 1866 completed half a century of married life, surrounded by four daughters, whose labour of love it had been for a week previously to prepare for such jubilant commemoration. Invitations issued, the room in which friends were to be received was decorated with all the verdure that Christmas could supply, and presented a blaze of light. In the centre stood, upon a raised stand, a huge wedding-cake, conspicuous for its golden adornments and its fifty lights—typical of Time's consummation. Conspicuous, also, was an emblazoned inscription recording the special nature of the rejoicing, with the dates "1816" and "1866" on either side; and beneath were the places of honour occupied by the bride and bridegroom of fifty years gone by, who, on entering the room, had been welcomed by Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" played as a duet. Time had dealt so leniently with the lady that, to quote the words of a venerable preacher present, "She might have been led to the altar that very day!" On one side of the apartment was a table richly laden with "wedding" gifts presented that day by "troops of friends" at home and abroad. They were various and appropriate, useful and beautiful. Pheasants and champagne; Christmas pastry and confectionery; silver cake basket, biscuit box, and set of castors; books (including several volumes of "Matthew Henry's Commentary"); handkerchiefs, slippers, and smoking cap for the bridegroom, and silks, laces and headdress for the bride. But description of the gifts must here cease, and host, hostess and friends have their share too. As Robert Bloomfield says, in singing of the happy memories of a long wedded life, so may it be said of the guests on this occasion,

The cordial greetings of the soul,
Were visible in every face;
Affection, void of all control,
Govern'd with a resistless grace.

The giant cake having been cut and handed round with wine to each friend, the congratulatory toast of the day was proposed by the youngest Benedict in the company; his appropriate words being supplemented by some of mingled joy and sublimity from the lips of the reverend gentleman already referred to—words that evidently went to the heart of the old bridegroom, for, as he rose to reply,

A big round drop
Fell, bounding on his ample sleeve;
A witness which he could not stop,
A witness which all hearts believe.

His comely partner, too, "viewed her daughters round!"

Her features spoke what joy she found,
But utterance had made a stand.

It was at this moment that Miss Brenner's description of a like celebration came vividly to my recollection: "It was cheerful and peaceful in the room, and the patriarchs appeared in the sunny light as if surrounded by a glory. It was the feast of love and truth on the earth."

Wishes of happiness to the venerable pair having been warmly reciprocated amidst a clamour of loving words and exulting voices, the following "Rhymes" were read by their fair authoress with a piquancy and expression that pleased all hearers:

The spirit of this day fifty years
Walked in at the door as you might do;
What was he like? oh, a kind of goblin,
Or cherub, or something between the two.
His little nose was exceedingly red,
And his little knuckles extremely blue;
The wint'ers were something like you know,
Fifty years ago.

He said he was come for a little chat,
So I asked him politely to take a chair,
And ordered immediately something hot
To keep out the keen December air.
What was it? oh, what does that matter to you;
Perhaps it was gruel, and very good too,
He was so old-fashioned, he looked such a guy,
That some rude observation I scarcely could smother.
At last he began to look very sly;
He shut up one eye and he winked with the other.
"Oh my, how the bells did ring," he said,
"The gruel was fast getting into his head!"
How jolly the bells did ring, you know
This day fifty years ago!

The bells don't half ring now-a-days;
The world's all upside down, I think.
We had no queer new-fangled ways,
And bless you! how people did eat and drink
In the wonderful olden time!
Such monstrous weddings! such prime roast beef!
They brought at the appetite some relief;
It really was sublime!

"Did they ring the bells when they eat roast beef?"
Said I, for I couldn't make head nor tail
Of his discourse; "why no," he said, "to be brief
I'll just begin at the very old tale
Of Adam and Eve. (You know Adam and Eve?)"
"Oh please," I observed, "might I ask you to leave
Out the Deluge, and all about Babel at least;
(If he'd gone on like that he would never have ceased)
All that to our ears is exceedingly stale!"
Be quiet," he said, "and attend to my tale."

"Well, Adam and Eve in the garden, you see,
Were married not far from the great apple tree;
(Some modern philosophers say 't was a quince,
But that doesn't matter to you nor to me),
And weddings have been all the rage ever since."
I thought to myself, if that is the way
People used to run on, old boy, in your day,
Why give me . . . but here he stopped suddenly short,
And looked hard at nothing, a great way off;
He gave a slight sentimental cough.
There's something coming now, I thought:
He fumbled and rummaged awhile in his brain,
Then started afresh in a different strain.

"Fifty years ago to-day
The bells rang merrily
For the wedding of as blithe a pair
As one would wish to see.
"She looked all fresh and blooming then,
As the solemn 'Yes' she said;
And he was as fine a man I ween
As ever wooed a maid.
"Side by side that day they kneeled
In the little church to pray;
And side by side they wander still
Adown life's rugged way.
"And I will show them you to-night,
If you will come with me:
I'll show how in the faithless world
Some faithful hearts there be."

He scarcely gave me time to think
What pretty things he had just spoken,
When bang! one might say in a blink,
I thought my very bones were broken,
I found myself in a blaze of light,
And all around me smiling faces:
I was in one of those happy places
That love in the cold world makes so bright.
What's this? a wedding? ay, that it is,
The cake, and the presents, and all complete;
But where is the bride? and the bridegroom too?
And what, round the cake full rich and sweet,
Mean the fifty lights like a temple lit?
Explain, good spirit, 'tis past my wit.
Then the spirit said, "See that stately dame,
And the hearty old gentleman by her side;
He is the bridegroom, the very same,
And she was the blushing, blooming bride
Fifty years ago, as you heard me say:
So this is their golden wedding day."

I looked around me and I thought,
For all the radiant light
Of youth has fled, this wedding day,
It is a glorious sight.
Fair as the sunset on a summer's eve,
Or as the stars the vanished sunbeams leave.

The angels weep when love is not
About the warm and glowing hearth.
Ah! tend with joy this lamp of love
That shineth here and there on earth.
Ye ministers of God's commands,
Join firmer still these hearts and hands!
I thought, mayhap, the angels wing
Their way to earth for scenes like this:
I thought I heard the seraphs sing
A marriage song in realms of bliss!

M. S. CAILLARD.

Then followed congratulations to the poetess, and to the daughters of the house (the "marriage garland"); the inspection of the wedding-gifts, and a general exchange of compliments among the witnesses, young and old, of the ceremonial scene; the happy countenance of both host and hostess, as the ceremony drew to a close, speaking, as it were, the very words of the poet:

Through all my days I've labour'd hard,
And could of pain and crosses tell;
But this is labour's great reward,
To meet ye thus, and see ye well.

Heartily did all concur in the solemn wish expressed by the

bridegroom that this golden wedding might prove but a fore-taste of another "Marriage Feast," at which all then present might again meet; and by none could this wish be more fervently entertained than by her whose own silver wedding is not so far distant—by
HONORA SPENCER.
Dec. 31, 1866.

CAUSERIES DE PARIS.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

AT LAST IT IS OVER! the *Jour de l'An* of 1867! with its toils and its pleasures; its forced *tremmes* and friendly interchanges of gifts; its disappointments and its pleasurable surprises! All is set at rest, and as we for one—perhaps in rather an unthankful spirit—feel inclined to say it, set at rest, thank God! for another long twelvemonth! With ourselves, to whom Christmas is the family festival of the year, New Year's Day comes as a secondary holiday; little more attention is paid to it, if even as much, as to Twelfth Night; but here it is all in all to children, servants, workpeople, dependents, of all sorts. In all households it is a delightful moment of anticipation for the younger members, while in many a poor and working dwelling it has been worked for diligently for weeks, as bringing with it the daily bread and fuel of the hard winter months! Even the little wooden sheds on the boulevards, at which their bigger and more pretentious neighbours grumble as interfering with their claims, and against which the higher orders of promenaders inveigh for obstructing their passage, are for the most part the chief resource of the year to many of those who tenant them during the fifteen days allowed them by the municipality of Paris. There are curious statistics connected with these *barques*, which, since 1790, have been sometimes put down by one Government, then restored again, holding their own in opposition to higher powers for a long series of years. Their occupants have also resisted divers attempts, made at various intervals, to establish some sort of uniformity in the construction of these temporary shops; and as lately as three years back, having to appeal to the Emperor, were by him authorised to carry out their own contrivances, without let or opposition from the municipal authorities. This accounts for the variety and vagaries of these sheds, which give to the richest and most fashionable boulevards the aspect, for a time, of a country fair. The *Ville de Paris*, however, has had about a thousand of these *barques*, constructed for 450 francs a-piece (about £18 sterling), which may be recognised by being painted over with white and blue stripes, and which it lets out, according to their size, for fifteen or thirty francs. Some vendors hire these, while others either set up their sheds themselves with old deal boards, or, for twenty francs, agree with *emballeurs* or packers to build up and carry away the whole concern at the end of the given fortnight. Their number last year amounted to 3136, which is about the average for the last three years. It is by no means easy to obtain the permission to hold these stalls, which is only granted to such as can prove a two years' residence in the city, and that they are, from one cause or another, incapacitated from active labour. A few stallholders purchase and retail their own goods; but by far the greater number agree with certain larger tradespeople to give them up a certain amount of merchandise, which is returned or accounted for at the termination of the transaction.

This year has been peculiarly favourable to these petty vendors, and the *Jour de l'An* of '67 must be looked upon as a sample one. Everyone who could be out yesterday seemed to be in the streets and on the boulevards, along which there was scarcely any possibility of moving; fortunately the day was dry, and not over cold, and enabled the small fry, who delight in the show of the *barques*, and for whose benefit they are specially fitted up, to enjoy them to the full. Oranges and the old-fashioned *sucre de pommes*, answering to our barley-sugar, are still favourites there, and compete very successfully with the more highly organised establishments of Gouache and Boissier, opposite, which, however, find customers of another order altogether. The new toy of the year at these small shops consisted of what is called a *tourte volante*, or flying top, a small apparatus, costing 29 sous (a shilling and twopenny), which is wound up, and then let out in the air, in which it continues to revolve, keeping up its rotatory motion on the ground until fairly worn out. There is also a new sort of balloon, which is inflated by means of a sort of whistle, combining at once the delights of a ball, and, I will not say musical sound, but a noise. A new description of Pharaoh's serpents is also in great demand. But the new year may be said to be the triumph of dolls! Never were such dolls seen or imagined! Moral writers and preachers may say and write what they please, as long as such toys, so dressed up, are set before the eyes of the rising generation. No reform in taste of dress or luxurious habits can be expected of the little ladies who are to be the mammas of such fast-looking playthings. They must later in life desire to emulate the style they have so much admired on their charming wax dolls, or they would scarcely be feminine in their propensities and aspirations. The two wax figures at Siraudin's, who represent "La Ville de Paris" (not France) and "L'Exposition" (the latter holding a crown in her hand, and bearing on her magnificently embroidered satin skirt the arms and emblems of the different nations of the world, the former covered with the golden bees, the emblems of Imperial Government) are both said to be striking likenesses of two very well known ladies in the *monde* and *demi-monde* of the capital. Before these specimens of the doll kind an ever-changing crowd was stationed all day yesterday, and when, on hearing a sort of murmur of disappointment issuing from some individuals leaving this temple of "sugar and spice, and all that's nice," I ventured to inquire the cause, the reply, seriously given, was, "Il n'y a plus de 'mignons' (a new *bonbon*), 'il n'y en aura qu'à sept heures!'" A dreadful announcement, which sent many an oblivious purchaser home disappointed. One of the principal *confiseurs* of the boulevards had a row of *pompes ananas*, or dolls in pineapple shapes; whilst another lower down had improved (or deteriorated) the idea by making them into sugar-loaves! Giroux had some charming room aquariums, combined with greenhouses for windows, the smallest of which cost 700fr. (£28). Others had a small *jardinière* at the top, an aquarium in the middle, and bouquet-holders, capable of containing small but rare plants, on three sides, the whole got up with much taste in bronze *doré* and *laque de Chine*.

The numbers of individuals employed to show off and sell these *objets* of a day must be very great, and one felt rather puzzled to know how the requisite number could be obtained at this particular period, who could not naturally be kept in employment all the year round. The information was supplied me by one of the leading dealers himself. It is the habit, it appears, to levy a regiment of the best-looking young women employed in large establishments at fine needlework, or other work done at home, about one month before the *Jour de l'An*. They are given the run of the shop for three days, by which time several have suffered severely from too free a use of the sweet things under their charge, and are consequently to be trusted in dispensing them. Well paid, well dressed (that is an essential point, always insisted on), these young ladies, chosen for their good looks and good manners, have nothing to do but to make themselves agreeable to the customers and induce them to buy as much as possible, and the object being gained, the first fortnight of January expired, the young ladies return to their homes and usual avocations, with what must be called sweet

memories of New Year's Day, perhaps to be renewed on another occasion.

Your readers have probably heard that the fashion of jet is to give way for that of amber, which, it is said, will now be worn in the way of ornaments just as much as its predecessor was. Accordingly, at one or two large shop windows amber beads, bracelets, necklaces, and every imaginable adaptation of the material—not bright yellow and transparent, but of the milky species—was exhibited. There will of course be an immense amount of imitation got up, and then the mode will disappear.

The year, not quite thirty-six hours old, has announced itself by the first fall of snow, not only of the season, but of the last two winters. A bright sunshine accompanies the white mantle which has been thrown over the city, and which is hailed as the harbinger of health and wealth and good things for the future, just as our green Christmas had given rise to doleful predictions among the weather-wise.

One of the fashionable occupations (I will not call it pleasures) of the past month has been, among a certain clique of ladies, to hear the lectures called *conférences*, at Notre Dame, preached by Le Père Hyacinthe. Seats are retained from six o'clock in the morning, and their occupants are obliged to take possession of them two or three hours before the commencement of the lecture, or to lose them altogether. He is said to be very eloquent and forcible in delivery, and to have the rare art of touching upon the most delicate and intimate subjects without coarseness or offending. In one of his last lectures it appears the Rev. Father enlivened his discourse, as is his wont, by introducing an anecdote of domestic life, of which the foundation had been taken by Alexandre Dumas the younger for his new piece, *Les Idees de Madame Aubray*, which is to be acted shortly at the Gymnase. The author was not a little surprised to hear his plot enlarged upon before such an audience, having only lately given it up into the hands of the director of the Gymnase.

Costa's oratorio is being translated by E. Pacini, though it is not quite known in what locality it will be performed. The hall of the Athenée is too small, and it has been suggested that the trial may be made during the Exposition (along with so many other trials), in the theatre or concert-room now erecting there. M. Strauss, the leader of the Bals Masqués of the Opera, has already very liberally contributed towards the funds of the Literary Athenaeum I have mentioned to you before, by a donation of 5000 francs (2000), from the proceeds of the first masked ball.

The Emperor and Empress received officially, as usual, on New Year's Day, yesterday. It was remarked that his Majesty, in answer to the complimentary addresses of the Diplomatic Body, alluded briefly to his desire that peace and union might prevail among nations during the coming year; and that, in replying to the Archbishop of Paris, he laid great stress on the moderation and Christian forbearance displayed on all occasions by that prelate. The visit to Rome has not, it appears, been given up without a few internal marks of annoyance; and some anecdotes are related of the manner in which the project broke down, which, did they not relate to so high a lady, it would be amusing to record. The Emperor and Empress often walk out on the terrace of the Tuilleries, and the other day extended their promenade along one side of the Champs Elysees. Walking exercise being ordered for his Majesty's health, it has been rumoured that he would for awhile take possession of the Palace of the Elysee, whose larger gardens would better suit his Majesty for that purpose than the confined terrace of the Tuilleries.

Baron Brisse, whose *menus* in the journal *La Liberté* I have occasionally given you, is about to change his system; and, instead of a bill of fare, fit only for dinner parties, and requiring a large fortune, announces that he will give daily the *menu* of a family meal, consisting of three dishes, with the most approved and easiest mode of arranging these, combined with gastronomic art. In addition to this, the proprietor of *La Liberté*, M. Emile de Girardin, offers as a premium to all new or ancient subscribers a work by this celebrated *gourmet*, containing a whole series of recipes of the most refined order of cookery. What adds to the charm of this promise is, readers are informed that the volume is published at Hachette's; no one will be permitted to purchase it, it being reserved for subscribers alone.

Mlle. Thérèse, who has long been silent, is to appear again shortly. She has been sparing her voice, being engaged at 1500f. a night for the duration of the Exhibition. A new song has been written for her, called "Les Odeurs de Paris." The title is that of a book by M. Louis Veullot, a well-known writer, in which she is introduced at length as one of the features of the age. Anyone who knows Thérèse's songs can imagine what this one will be in her hand. M. Veullot, it appears, argues that it will make the fortune of his book, which has already raised him a host of enemies, from the acrimony and edge of its satire.

Paris, Jan. 2.

BERLIN.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

AT last it is officially announced that the officers and men in the late Hanoverian army have been released from their oath of allegiance to King George. The document granting the wished-for liberty runs thus:—"Hietzing, Dec. 24, 1866.—I decree herewith that all my officers, army officials, sub-officers, bandsmen, and soldiers, who wish for their discharge, on account of their private affairs, shall receive the same. I desire, therefore, you will make known in a suitable manner—1. Every officer and army official who sends in a petition for discharge shall receive that discharge from you in my name. 2. You may likewise discharge in my name such sub-officers, corporals, bandsmen, and soldiers as wish for their dismissal. The method I leave to you.—I remain, my dear Lieut.-General, your well affected—GEORGE REX. Witness to his Majesty's signature.—G. DANIELS, Colonel and Adjutant-General." A deputation of officers went to Vienna to his Majesty to solicit this favour, and they returned successful. General Arentschild has been appointed to carry out his Majesty's wishes. The postal authorities donned the uniform of Prussia on the 1st inst.

Schleswig-Holstein has now had the last link riveted of the chain that is to bind her to Prussia, for on the 24th ult. King William signed the law for its incorporation.

It appears now that the return of the Emperor Maximilian is "indefinitely postponed," as the following paragraph (which I have taken from his Majesty's proclamation to his subjects on the 1st of last month) clearly shows:—"In the meantime, Mexicans, counting upon you all, without excluding any political class, we shall continue the work of regeneration with courage and constancy, having been placed in charge of your countrymen.—(Signed) MAXIMILIAN." But I suppose we shall soon hear again of a projected return, "owing to circumstances over which he has no control," and "with the heartfelt sorrow of the people who had unanimously called him to the throne," &c., &c.

The death of the wife of the editor of the *Vienna Gazette*, Mme de Techenberg, is announced by the *Frankfort Europe*. The death took place in a ball-room whilst the deceased was walking.

The French Ambassador at Vienna, Duc de Grammont, has received the Order of the Grand Cross of St. Stephen. I mentioned in one of my late letters that there was a rumour that the duels in which Count Clam-Gallas and Marshal Benedek were to figure had "come off." This rumour is said to be without foundation, as the adversaries have been reconciled. Prince Metternich was to have left Vienna on the 1st inst.; but whether he has done so or not I have not heard. The Emperor of Austria and family have returned from Schönbrunn to the Hofburg at Vienna, where his Majesty will take up his winter quarters. On dit that Prussia is trying to "get

hold of" Hungary, and add the name of that country to the already large list of annexed provinces. It is also asserted that coins bearing the inscription "Charles I., King of Hungary," are in circulation, though very limited in number. This, in my opinion, should be taken *grain siccitæ*.

The *Provincial Correspondence* denies the truth of the statement that Count Bismarck intended going shortly on a visit to Italy. The Count is now said to be hunting with Count Oasselburg (with whom he is staying) at Herz.

King Louis of Bavaria has followed the example of his regal brothers in giving to his people a proclamation. It is very similar to those that have been issued by the other kings, but as I have given the others I cannot in fairness omit this:

Hohenschwangau, Dec. 17.

"In the tour which I have recently made my attention was especially directed to the Franconian provinces, so severely afflicted, and which, by the sufferings they have borne, by the sacrifices they have made, as well as by the full expression of my warmest and most profound gratitude, acquired the first claims on my paternal solicitude. The object I had proposed to myself in this journey has been achieved. I have been enabled to closely examine, and on the very spot, the situation of the country, to open my heart to its complaints and wishes, to inform myself as to the wounds caused by the war and the means of curing them, to recompense merit and to sympathize with misfortune, and may it please God to consolidate again and in a durable manner the ties of reciprocity between prince and people which a melancholy catastrophe seemed to have compromised. In seeing with satisfaction these results accomplished by the Divine aid, I must first of all respond to the touching manifestations of love and fidelity which have reached me from all parts, from the towns and the fields, by the full expression of my warmest and most profound gratitude."

"In that I have a new and powerful stimulus to make the happiness of my people the object of all my efforts, and to seek in its love my highest recompense on earth.—Louis."

A rumour from Prague reaches me to the effect that early in the present year the Emperor of Austria will set out for that city, where he will be crowned as King of Bohemia. Abdication at present seems all the "go," a game at which a number of crowned heads (and those with dual coronets) have been playing. Rumour points at Duke Ernest of Gotha, as the last up to the present time, who has intimated a wish to join in the sport. Of course his territory is to be absorbed by that insatiable kingdom.—Prussia. I am told that the money of the Donation Fund is not to be given in cash to those amongst whom it is to be divided, but it is to be expended in purchasing landed property about Posen, and the estates thus purchased are to be presented to those whom I have already mentioned—viz., Count von Bismarck, General von Roon, Moltke, Steinmetz, Von Dettendorf, and Von Falkenstein.

In conclusion, I give an extract from the *Universal German Gazette* on the meetings and greetings of the Kings of Saxony and Prussia, at Grossbeeren, that occurred a short time back:—"The royal train stopped at the right side of a platform arranged for the occasion. King William walked quickly forward to meet King John, and said, 'Welcome, brother-in-law!' The latter, holding his plumed hat in one hand, and with the other straight down by his side in quite a military attitude, said with a serious and deeply-moved air, 'to the King, 'Your Majesty, I—' King William did not allow him to finish, but taking him by both hands, drew him near, exclaiming, 'No ceremony, brother-in-law!' and kissed him on both cheeks. They afterwards entered the royal carriage arm-in-arm, followed by the Prince Royal, Albert, who, with a profound bow, kissed the hand of the King of Prussia."

FLORENCE.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

SIGNOR TONELLO has recently had an interview with the Pope. The audience lasted about half an hour, during which time His Holiness made no attempt to hide the coldness which he felt towards the envoy who was the bearer of a letter from Victor Emmanuel. On reading the first sentence of the letter the Pope said, with a serious and deeply-moved air, to the King, "Your Majesty, I—" King William did not allow him to finish, but taking him by both hands, drew him near, exclaiming, "No ceremony, brother-in-law!" and kissed him on both cheeks. They afterwards entered the royal carriage arm-in-arm, followed by the Prince Royal, Albert, who, with a profound bow, kissed the hand of the King of Prussia."

"The bishops cannot be considered among us as simple pastors of souls, since they are at the same time the instruments and defenders of a power at variance with the national aspirations. The civil power is therefore constrained to impose those measures upon the bishops which are necessary to preserve its tenets and those of the nation."

"How is it possible to terminate this deplorable and perilous conflict between the two powers—between Church and State?"

"Liberty can alone bring us to that happy state of things which your lordships consider so enviable in America. Let us render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's, and peace between Church and State will be troubled no more."

"Yielding to my deference to these principles in removing the prohibition to the return of the bishops and their residence in their sees. I believe that liberty is good in profession and practice, and, further, that it has the virtue of converting those who are called to enjoy its benefits."

"I trust that your lordships, returning to your dioceses with the sincere sentiment of respect for the law expressed in your letter among a people who wish to remain Catholic without relinquishing the rights and aspirations of the nation to which they belong, will bless that liberty which protects them, and upon which the reconciliation of interests hitherto appearing irreconcilable can alone be based."

The accounts from Rome are so far satisfactory that they show that there is not the slightest likelihood of any disturbance sufficiently great to drive the Pope from the Vatican. The Florence journals state that orders have been given to arm two vessels of war under the command of Commander Ribotti, to support the claims of Italy upon the Turkish Government in the affair of the mail steamer Prince Thomas. The *Opinion*, in a letter from Rome, says:—"France supports the efforts of the Italian Government, which up to the present, however, have remained without result. Counsels arrive from all parts in favour of moderation being shown by the Pope towards Italy. The Pope has declared that he will not abandon Rome."

The officers of the Pontifical army were presented to the Pope this morning by the Minister-at-Arms, who assured his Holiness that they were all entirely devoted to his cause, and were ready to fight, not against the Romans, for they were the friends of order, but against foreigners who should dare to come and disturb the public peace.

The Pope replied that he did not doubt the sentiments entertained by his soldiers. He urged them to guard themselves from falling into the dangers on which the enemies of the Holy See relied, and to preserve amongst themselves concord, peace, and moderation. "Resist," said his Holiness, "all seductive influences, and persevere in the defence of the great cause to which you have been called by Providence, and which is the cause of justice and religion."

The projected marriage between Prince Amadeus, the second son of Victor Emmanuel, and the young Princess de la Cisterne, although opposed by Baron Ricasoli for political reasons, is generally looked upon favourably by the people. The princess is highly accomplished, and speaks several languages. Her graceful and her youth captivated the young prince, who is only twenty-one years of age, at first sight. The King has given his sanction to the marriage.

The ex-President of the Chamber of Deputies, Signor Cassinio, has committed suicide. The event has cast a gloom over the bar of Turin, of which he was a distinguished member; indeed, his loss is deplored by all political men, without distinction of party.

In the Chamber of Deputies, Signor Ferraris was elected fourth Vice-President, and the committee of presidency is now complete.

Signor Mari, on assuming the office of President, delivered a speech, in which he dwelt upon the loss sustained by the House through the death of several members since the last session.

ADELA OF BLOIS;
OR, EIGHT HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

A Tale of Crusading Times.

CHAPTER I. A.D. 1067.

Wave high your torches on each crag and cliff
Let many lights blaze on our battlements,
Shout to them in the pauses of the storm
And tell them there is no hope.

MATURIN'S "Bertram."

ALL NIGHT LONG the Lady Matilda, with her becoming children, knelt before the holy shrine in the old Abbey of Feschamp.

Anxiously had they watched through the lingering twilight, for the whitening sails of the Conqueror's fleet. No sails appeared, and the night fell dark and stormy upon the English Channel. Meet was it that prayer should ascend to him who rules the destiny of nations, for the hopes of all future times were rocked upon that midnight sea. The field of Hastings was won. Harold was slain, England was subdued, and the ships of William the Conqueror, filled with the flower of Norman chivalry, and followed by the sad remnant of Saxon nobles, were speeding to the Norman coast.

Was it Woden the storm-throned, that thus with relentless fury pursued the Viking's progeny, despoilers of the Saxon race? Was it Thor the thunder-voiced, warning the proud Conqueror that the great heart of England still throbbed with the pulse of freedom, though the vale of Sangnelac was red with the blood of her bravest sons? Was it the spirit of a milder faith that prevailed over that night of darkness, spread a calm morning on those troubled waters, and through that all-pervading sunlight scattered blessings countless as the liquid jewels that paved the track of the reneged ships?

The Mora with its splendid convoy was in sight, the bells rang out merrily their matin chimes, and while Matilda lingered to unite in the anthem of thanksgiving and praise, the little Adela, escaping from the care of the attendants, found her way through the dim aisles to the door of the church, where she stood the radiant picture of delight, gazing with childish interest upon the scene before her.

The solemn service over, Matilda with her stately train emerged from the Abbey, and encircled by a princely retinue of knights and ladies, watched the swelling canvass, which under the pressure of a steady breeze, bore the gallant vessels into port. Impatient of delay, the royal children ran eagerly down the green slope to the water's edge. "Now brothers mine," said the fiery William, "the fair and goodly land of England to him who, in three stones' cast, shall twice strike yon fisherman's buoy." Seizing a pebble as he spoke, he was about to hurl it towards the destined mark, when Adela thoughtlessly grasped his arm. The stone dropped idly into the wave, sprinkling the short cloaks and embroidered tunics of the little group. A derisive laugh followed this exploit, and Adela, familiar with the effects of William's anger, fled from his uplifted hand to the protecting care of Richard, who, sheltering her with his arm, exclaimed, "Robert, imagine you buoy a Saxon earl, and try your prowess upon him. I resign all claim to the conquered realm."

"Book and bell, latin prayers, and a pilgrimage for my brother Richard," replied Robert, selecting a smooth pebble and preparing to throw; but, ere the stone left his hand, a well-directed missile from William struck the buoy, and sank it for a moment beneath the waves. With a look of proud disdain Robert hurled the stone. It fell dimpling the waters far beyond the mark. "England is mine," shouted William, as again with unerring aim he dashed the buoy beneath the surface. "England is mine," he repeated, pointing exultingly to the Saxon banner grasped in the hand of his own effigy upon the prow of the Mora. Robert smiled contemptuously, and rejoined his mother.

All eyes were now directed towards the gallant bark which rode proudly into port, amid the joyous flutter of banners, gonfanons, pennons, and streamers, which from every mast, spar, and standard, waved and flapped in the morning breeze.

A glad shout burst from the assembled multitude, and cries of "Long live the Conqueror William! Long live our good Duke of Normandy!" echoed by the clangor of trumpet and chiming of bells, welcomed the victor on shore. Fondly embracing his lovely wife and children, and graciously receiving the greeting of his rejoicing subjects, he turned to present the noble Saxons, that swelled the pomp of his train.

"My Matilda will welcome Edgar Atheling, in whose veins flows the blood of her sire Alfred the Great. The brave Earls Morcar and Edwin, the noble Walthoof, and his beautiful daughter Maude, are also guests at our court, and must lack no courtesy at our hands."

While Matilda with high born grace and dignity received her reluctant guests, the little Adela, accustomed to the sight of mailed knights in princely array, felt herself irresistibly attracted by the timid girl who clung tremblingly to the arm of Earl Walthoof. Other eyes than hers were fascinated by the appearance of the lovely stranger. A yellow kirtle of the finest wool fell in graceful folds to her feet; over this was thrown a purple robe, which confined at the bodice by a girdle exquisitely wrought, draped without concealing the delicate proportions of a figure cast in nature's finest mould. A crimson coverchief half hid the jewelled network, from which her fair brown hair, brightening to gold in the sunshine, escaped in rich abundance over a neck of snow. The steady light of her meek violet eyes fell lovingly on Adela, and the faint tinge upon her cheek deepened into a brilliant blush as the sprightly child, kindly taking her hand, led her forward to receive the kiss of welcome from the Queen Duchess Matilda.

CHAPTER II.

But doth the exile's heart serenely dwell in sunshine there?

A succession of brilliant pageants and knightly entertainments awaited the Conqueror, his nobles and hostages, in their pompous progress through all the towns and cities of Normandy, from Feschamp to Bayeux.

Robert, already wearing the spurs of knighthood, girt with silver baldric, and bearing high the lance with its pointed bannerol, led the van; gallantly conducting the young Earls Morcar and Edwin, and the royal Atheling; while the aspiring Prince William, attaching himself to a band of his father's best trained bowmen, practised on bright winged birds those feats of archery in which he speedily became so cruelly skillful.

Adela obtained a place near the gentle Maude, and strove by every childish art to charm back the smiles that transiently enlivened the sad countenance of the Saxon maiden. Not less assiduously, and not more successfully did the Duke King, and his haughty consort, employ the fascinations of easy grace and polished wit to beguile the gloomy musings of the captive Walthoof. So passed they on, the sad hearts with the gay. So sat they in the halls of mirth, the one keeping strict lute fast, the other revelling in triumphal feasts; one sole thought embittering the fast, and sweetening the feast—and that thought England.

In a chamber in the palace of Bayeux were assembled the household of the Conqueror, busy in their daily occupations. Groups of girls, with nimble fingers, wrought silently under the eye of Matilda, the sad epic of England's fall.

"Leave thy tangled skeins to these fair maids and the skillful Turol, and come thou apart with me," said William, abruptly entering and drawing his Queen aside within the deep embrasure of the window, "'tis thy glory and mine that I would speak."

The conference lasted long. The young princes summoned the maidens to the mimic tourney in the tilt-yard, and waiting clouds prepared the gorgeous couch of sun, beyond the hills of Bretagne, ere the wily statesman had completed the unfoldings of all his schemes for fixing the Norman line securely upon the throne of Edward the Confessor. He revealed his apprehensions from the stern character of Walthoof, and his hopes from the fascinations of his niece Judith d'Annole. From Edgar Atheling he feared little. The boy, reared in a foreign Court, a stranger to Saxon language and manners, had neither desire nor capacity to contend for a dignity unsuited to his years. He was already hand and glove with Robert, and subject to the imperious will of the young knight.

But Morcar and Edwin were more dangerous foes. Kinsmen of the late king, and at least disaffection they might rouse the friends of the famous Earl Siward, vanquisher of Maebeth; the thegns of Norfolk, Ely, Huntingdon, and Northumbria, stretching far to the Scottish border; and the valiant man of Mercia allied to the terrible Welsh.

"The victory at Hastings, my Queen," said William, with his blandest smile, "does not establish peaceful rule o'er all the hills

OUR PLANTS AND FLOWERS.

BEAUTIFUL HARDY FLOWERS FROM SEED.

(Concluded from page 479.)

OF ALL THE FLOWERS OF SPRING none surpass in decision of tone and attractiveness the bright yellow and abundant-flowering Alyssum saxatile, a plant which every garden should possess a stock of. It is easily raised from seed without trouble, and the seed is only twopenny per packet in Mr Thompson's catalogue (Ipswich). There is a new variety of the same plant, with a dwarf habit, and this is also to be raised from seed with equal facility. Then its snowy-white associate, Arabis albidus, may be raised as freely as mustard and cress; and so may the charming blue Arabis deltoidea and purpurea, which are among the very best of all rockwork flowers. The Alyssums, Arabis, and Aubrietias, are the most useful and telling ornaments of the rockwork-border and spring garden, and it is surely an advantage that we may raise them in quantity for almost nothing! Even more valuable, because absolutely unkillable in any soil that I have yet seen it planted in, is the evergreen Iberis sempervirens, which looks a neat little evergreen all through the summer, autumn, and winter, and is a sheet of snowy beauty in spring. Capital, like the preceding kinds, for all sorts of rock and rootwork, for edgings of clumps of choice shrubbery, for the mixed border, and the regular spring garden where such a special arrangement exists. It is, however, better to enjoy the beauty of spring flowers in all parts of one's garden or pleasure grounds, than to make an isolated arrangement for them, though there is no reason why a special little garden or nursery should not be devoted to the choicer kinds. Among the various flowers used for spring gardening at Cliveden, none is more beautiful or useful than the Honesty (Lunaria biennis), which is much used for the centres of beds or large roses, or back rows or ribbons. Being a biennial it must be sown every year in early summer, and by autumn the plants will be fit to put in the flower garden, where they will flower finely the following spring. To this valuable spring flowering order also belongs the several varieties of wallflowers, all of which may be raised from seed as readily as the common cabbage. So much for the cruciferous tribe, the next in which we find any important hardy perennial plants is the rock-rose tribe. The dwarf little bushy helianthemums are very pretty and hardy enough to grow almost anywhere, though they prefer a chalky soil, and do remarkably well on such. They produce a dense bloom in summer, and are neat little evergreen bushes, at all times.

The pansy may be raised from seed with the greatest ease, and a capital plan it is as the plants raised in this way bloom with great vigour and for a long time. Besides, we may happen to raise pretty or interesting varieties; it is, therefore, most desirable to raise these charming flowers from good seed. In the Dianthus tribe, the Cheddar pink (D. celsus)—which grows so nicely on some of the walls at Oxford, and would do well on any old wall—the mixed kinds of carnation and picotee, the maiden pink (D. deltoidea), and, of course, the pretty varieties of sweetwilliam, are among those best worth raising. The Indian pinks are not hardy. The old scarlet lychnis, the charming rose campion (Lychnis Chalcedonica), L. fulgens (a very fiery dwarf plant), and Saponaria ocyroides (a capital rockwork trailer, flowering brightly in spring), are also well worth raising from seed, as they are all hardy and ornamental. Among the Silenes S. schafta must not be forgotten, as it is a neat, bright, hardy, perennial; while pendula and pendula alba should be raised in quantity for the spring garden, of which they are one of the chief ornaments.

The flax family contains some very pretty dwarf plants not often seen in gardens, and among the best, narbonneuse, a pretty blue; perenne, perenne album, and monogynum, pure white. These are neat and graceful-looking plants, flowering freely and doing well in ordinary garden soil. Of the hardy geraniums I should recommend Endressii, thecineum, and sanguineum, all ornamental, and free and hardy enough to grow in any soil; in fact, they will be perfectly satisfied with a rubbish heap. The Fraxinellas, showy when grown on a warm soil, and interesting from being covered with glands secreting a volatile matter, which have given the plant the reputation of making the air surrounding it inflammable; grow from seed too, but rather slowly. The fine blue Baptisia australis and exaltata, the silvery Anthyllis barba-jovis, the ornamental Astagaluses, and the pretty Galegas, biloba, orientalis, and persica, are all first-rate. These are all plants of the pea tribe, and are in the highest sense hardy, beautiful, and useful for the cultivator of hardy flowers. Their best use is for the rockwork border. To the same family belong the everlasting peas, which have no need of praise, though the pure white variety, which is the most beautiful, and lasts the longest in bloom in consequence of not seeding much or at all, is very little grown to what it deserves. I know of no finer plant on ordinary garden soils when allowed to trail over a rockwork, or down a bank, or make an irregular circle on the turf. Its white flowers are most useful for cutting, and attractive in the mass. The species called rotundifolius is of a fiery brick-red, and well worth growing. The blue perennial lupin, too, is a very hardy and useful plant, and its white variety is also worth cultivation for variety sake; and in the same order the valuable spring flowering Orobanchus verus and flaccidus are indispensable. O. verus is used very successfully for spring gardening at Belvoir Castle, the seat of the Duke of Rutland. There is no finer dwarf border plant, as it is a perfect mass of pretty flowers in spring, and is always of neat habit.

The little red-berried trailer, sometimes called the "Strawberry Plant" (Fragaria indica)—about which a correspondent recently made inquiries—comes free from seed, and is nice for rock and rootwork, &c. Many fine Potentillas may be raised from seed that is quite cheap. They are useful for large rockworks or for central positions in the mixed border, where, however, their habit is somewhat coarse and straggling. In the evening primrose tribe, Enothera œnalis, Fraserii, Missouriensis, and riparia, and Zauschneria Californica will be found excellent. Indeed, the first and third are indispensable to the grower of hardy flowers. With them should be raised Lythrum roseum superbum, a grand plant for the border or tall ribbon, quite hardy and strong, and very showy when in flower. Calandrinia umbellata is a very gem among dwarf hardy things; so good, indeed, that a batch of it should be raised every year for planting out the following season, as young plants bloom more continuously than old ones, and there cannot be a more attractive feature in the garden than some of this plant in a bed of fine peaty or sandy earth. It is of the most vivid magenta, quite distinct from any other flower we grow; quite free from seed in the open border on fine sandy and well-drained soil. The pretty dwarf Sedums, too, are offered, but it is perhaps better to get them as established plants, as they are very cheap and easily increased, but if you should try a few, do not omit Kamtschaticum of a bronzy golden colour, and populifolium which makes a dwarf little shrub. The equally dwarf and equally pretty Saxifragas are also offered, and nothing can be more suitable for embellishing a small or, indeed, any kind of rockwork. If fond of plants of remarkably graceful foliage try one of the Ferulas and Memm athamaticum, both remarkable for their elegantly cut leaves, though their flowers possess no beauty.

In the Scabious tribe will be found Morina longifolia, a plant of curious and handsome habit, and flowers both pretty and interesting; and in the composite tribe, Achillea Ægyptiaca, with pretty silvery leaves; Bellis perennis (the double daisy), so useful for spring gardening; Echinops ritro, very curious heads of flower; Galliardia aristata; Hieracium aurantiacum; Liatris scariosa; Pyrethrum roseum, fl. pleno; and Santolina incana, will be found excellent. Space prevents us from doing more than give a mere enumeration of the very best of the hardy flowers to be raised from seed, but the reader may depend that all named will give much satisfaction; their heights and colours will be found in the catalogue, and by obtaining these plants any amateur will add much to the beauty and interest of the garden.

The very important Campanula tribe contains not a few good things; the best are Campanula carpatia and carpatia alba, both most valuable; macrantha, large and showy; nobilis, very large and quite distinct; and the fine and popular old C. pyramidalis, both the white and the blue; Platycodon grandiflorum, and Symphandra pendula in the same order, are both first-rate. The Gentians come but very slow and uncertain from seed even in the hands of experienced gardeners, and therefore gentian seed is of little use to the amateur; and the seed of the larger kind of Phloxes scarcely more useful, because good ready-made plants of even the newer kinds may be bought cheap in most nurseries.

Anchusa italica, the various kinds of finely marked snapdragon, Linaria alpina, Mimulus in variety, Penstemon barbatus, Hartwegii and ovatus are all fine hardy plants, well worthy a place in any garden. The same is true of Veronica incana, Dracocephalum argenteum, Monarda fistulosa, Physostegia virginiana, Salvia argentea, and Acanthus mollis and spinosus, two large leaved plants. In the Primula tribe the very finest and safest seed that can be sown is that of the mixed kinds of polyanthus, which flower so sweetly in early spring under shrubby margins along shady walks, and which are indispensable to a full enjoyment of the spring garden. In the Thrift tribe, Armeria cephalotes will give much satisfaction, its flowers being large and of a lovely rose; and this ends a brief selection of the best hardy flowers in existence, to most of which, I trust, your readers will give a trial, and thereby much spread their beauties through the British Isles, the climate of which is more fitted for the growth of a great number of hardy flowers than that of any other country.

NOTES AND QUERIES ON PLANTS AND FLOWERS.

HORTICULTURE IN PARIS.—The cultivation of flowers and rare plants in Paris has for some years past greatly extended. This is due in a large measure to the municipality of the city of Paris, the gardens of which are models of good management, elegance, and variety in the choice of their ornaments. At the beginning of 1855 the number of gardeners and workmen belonging to the municipality was only 3; in 1858, 12; in 1862, 40; in 1864, 60; and in 1865, 101. The plants and shrubs have similarly increased. In 1855 only 600 could be furnished; in 1865 there were delivered 1,602,265, of which 1,575,500 were furnished by the florist of La Muette, 23,579 by the nursery of Longchamps, and 3186 by the fir nursery. A comparison of the accounts, from 1855 to 1865 inclusively, shows that the cost of the shrubs and plants got from the city nurseries and distributed during that period was on an average only 13 centimes.—Galignani.

ANSWERS.

BULBS.—Plant them immediately wherever you intend them to bloom. You should not have kept them so long out of the ground.—Ed.

MANAGEMENT OF FERNS.—Give air at the top if you can. Do not give much, because the dry air of a room flowing rapidly through the case would do mischief. (2.) Ferns should be kept moist at all times; but at this season very little water suffices to keep them so. We have seen them grown successfully in rooms lighted with gas; but the cases were ventilated at the top, and the ferns kept in a naturally moist condition by being planted in cocoa fibre, which does not get "sour" or "soddened."—Ed.

TO STOP THE GROWTH OF FLOWERS.—You may readily stop the growth of flowers by clipping them off with gathering scissors or a knife. Perhaps you wish to know if they can be preserved in full beauty. We have seen them preserved with a view to that end by those who make a business of it; but to our minds they are neater when so preserved than badly-made artificial flowers, and these are abominations. With our fertile soil and great gardening resources we should be able to enjoy the "verities" of the floral world, and forget all about flowers bruised and dried in hot sand. The everlasting flowers and the grasses are the only kinds that can be preserved in their full beauty.—Ed.

INDIA-RUBBER PLANT, &c.—The India-rubber plant usually does very well in a warm sitting-room with ordinary attention. We fear many people ruin indoor plants by drying them off. The dry air of a room is apt to quickly dry the soil, and therefore the soil right throughout the ball should be kept moist. There has been so much nonsense written about "keeping plants dry in winter" that thousands of valuable plants have been destroyed in consequence. We have seen amateurs, and practical gardeners too, keeping plants "dry in the winter" till they perished before their very eyes, and they could not see the cause. The fact is that all growing plants require to be kept moist in winter as well as in summer, the only difference being that, in consequence of the slow evaporation, a very few waterings suffice to keep them moist in winter compared to what are required in summer. Doubtless your plant suffered from want of water. The best way is to get a nice young plant with a straight stem. Ask some gardener or nurseryman to give it a potting for you, and keep it in the stove till rooted in the fresh soil. Then place it in a sitting-room, keep the soil moist, and be sure and give a good soaking, or several of them in succession, rather than small dribbles, which merely wet the surface of the pot and, perhaps, leave the deep main roots to perish in dry dust. Clean the leaves occasionally with a moist sponge. It should go on very well then for several years without potting. It is one of the most valuable of all plants for "room gardening." We have seen it thrive in the greenest health in London rooms. (2.) Try Mrs Loudon's "Lady's Companion to the Flower Garden." You are quite right in seeing no beauty in "modern gardening." Cultivate variety, and in it you will find what you want. Call if you can at Backhouse's, of York, and see the alpine plants; and also at Henderson's, at St. John's Wood, in spring, summer, or autumn. Cultivate lilies, narcissi, hardy spring flowers of all kinds; the finer sorts of hardy perennials (to raise many of these quickly and cheaply consult an article which will shortly appear in THE QUEEN), carnations, picotees, sedums, saxifrages, and all the good hardy plants you can obtain. See also in due season the subtropical garden at Battersea Park, and a few visits of that kind may teach you more than any of the books which attempt to deal with English flower gardening.—Ed.

DRESS AND FASHIONS.

DESCRIPTION OF OUR COLOURED PLATE OF PARISIAN FASHIONS.

FIRST TOILETTE.—A light stone satin dress trimmed in vandykes with the new gimp called *Passementerie cascade*. The paletôt is made of the same material as the dress, and has no ornament upon it; the lining is white satin. A white tiny velvet bonnet, with white blonde lappets, arranged to form a Psyche bow. A small plume of white feathers at the side.

SECOND TOILETTE.—A black gros grain dress trimmed with two rows of blue satin *rouleaux*; the sleeves are ornamented to correspond. A blue satin petticoat. A black velvet Marie Antoinette bonnet, with a wreath of bronzed leaves round it, and a row of Venetian point lace falling on the hair.

THE PARISIAN FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

DURING the past week everybody I have come in contact with was busy about New Year's Day; the most delicate, fragile-looking women appear to have turned suddenly into *commissionaires*, for they through the streets positively laden with packages. Children are the grand preoccupation of the moment, for everyone seems bent on making them presents, and the various shops have certainly of late put forth most enticing wares. Very marvellous toys have been invented for this anniversary of the most universally observed of all festivals in France—*Le Jour de l'An*. The prettiest plaything is decidedly the *panier à salade*, which consists of a real carriage made of wicker work (exactly as they are made at present), drawn by a pretty horse, which trots by machinery, managed by pressing down with the foot a pedal concealed at the bottom of the carriage. Then there are the new balloons, which realise Nadar's throne, "heavier than the air;" and, lastly, there are the needle-guns, which are to be seen everywhere, for both toys and ornaments are now made after the model of this far-famed Prussian weapon. Gold and silver pencil-cases are even produced in the form of needle-guns, and are richly ornamented with precious stones. Fans appear to have been very favourite New Year's offerings, and most useful will they prove, as we are now entering on the

season when the fan plays a very important part in a lady's toilette. The simplest fans for evening are made of coloured silk, mounted with either mother-of-pearl or ebony; those in white silk, marked with the initials of the owner, are considered in the best taste. The Louis XVI. fans are extremely popular; they are made of silk which is painted, and the mother-of-pearl sticks or mounts are likewise painted to imitate either garnet or amber. Then there are the very costly painted silk fans, the subjects portrayed being highly artistic, and these are mounted with ivory, which is likewise painted, besides being exquisitely carved. Some affect the Watteau style, representing, for example, lattice work, on which roses are climbing, or else a basket from which sprays of flowers are escaping; while on others Chinese and Byzantine designs are reproduced. Some fans, which are made of dark silk or of black *crêpe*, and are adorned with a large spangled butterfly in the centre, are intended for the theatre, and those made of white lace, lined with pale-coloured silk, are to be used chiefly at balls.

We are again entering the most brilliant season of Parisian life; the Court, the City, and the Ministers are all issuing invitations for balls, dinners, &c. For the Court receptions on the 2nd of January the most magnificent toilettes have been prepared, and from a large number of Court trains which have come under my notice I will describe two, each differing widely in style from the other.

The first was made of white tulle *bouillonné* in horizontal lines, on cerise satin; cross cut bands of cerise satin were sewn between the *bouillonnés*, and each terminated with a simple bow without ends; these bands were arranged like rays on the tulle; the train was bordered with a founce of fine *point d'Angleterre*, headed with a pleating of cerise satin. The dress was white tulle without any trimming in front, save a cerise satin pleating round the edge. The head-dress was composed of a tiara of cerise velvet with long diamond *aiguillettes* falling on the forehead.

The second train consisted of white satin, and was worn over a dress of the same material; it was bordered all round with a band of costly Russian sable. The dress, which was cut in the *Princesse* form, was trimmed down the front and round the edge of the skirt with sable, and a band of the same fur replaced a *berthe* round the shoulders. An *aiguillette* of diamonds and a narcissus in white velvet served for head-dress.

This white dress, enriched with costly fur, was inspired by a toilette in the same style which the Princess Metternich wore during her visit at Compiègne. The Princess's dress differed from this one, inasmuch as it was made of dead white silk, and had a high bodice. Ball dresses made of silk are much more frequent than at this time last year; white silk decorated with white bugles, or, as it is called in Paris, "white jet," will, it is said, be the popular evening toilette this season. A new form of bodice has lately been introduced which serves equally well for morning and evening wear. At the back of this bodice there is a small round *basque* which terminates with fringe, then at each side there are two wide sash ends cut straight at the bottom. If for evening wear these ends are trimmed with either jet, crystal, or pearl fringe. If the hair is arranged in two long plaits, à l'antique (so fashionable at the present moment), and which proves very becoming with a low dress, then beads similar to those used for the fringe are entwined with the plaits. If for day wear, the sash ends and the *basque* are trimmed either with crystal drops or chenille fringe.

As at this present season there is universal paying and receiving visits, I will describe a few pretty toilettes suitable for such social ceremonies. First, for a young girl: A blue gros grain dress, plain round the skirt, but with a *tablier* in front of the same material, bound with velvet, and fastened down at the sides with two rows of pearl buttons, similar buttons being repeated in the centre of the *tablier*. A *casaque* to match the dress, fitting the figure closely, with a *peplum basque* attached to a blue velvet waistband, fastening the band with three pearl buttons. A white felt *toquet*, bordered with a long plait of blue velvet, which falls with two ends as low as the edge of the paletôt, and terminates with ornamental jet drops; a single rose at the left side of the *toquet*.

Toilette for a youthful married lady: A pearl-grey gros grain dress, with an immensely long train, a black velvet tunic vandyked round the edge, and ornamented with conical jet buttons. This tunic opens at the sides, and is slashed together again with bars of black braid embroidered with jet beads. It is fastened the entire length of the front with large gimp buttons. To this tunic a black velvet bodice is attached; the sleeves are grey gros grain, and have black velvet *revers* on the epaulettes and cuffs. The white cuffs are Venetian guipure of the *mousquetaire* form; a Dubarry collar, likewise of guipure, with cravat to match. This style of collar is for the present very fashionable; it has short square ends, and a lace cravat in the centre, which is fastened to the collar.

For a reception toilette, which will likewise serve for a dinner dress, a Montepan dress of white satin, with a sapphire blue velvet tunic. This tunic is divided into three parts; the centre portion being cut with a point, the two sides terminating squarely. This tunic forms a low bodice, and above it a white silk *guimpe* is worn; round the bodice, instead of a *berthe*, there are three rows of large jet beads, festooned on the shoulders with jet *agrafes*. The head-dress consists of blue velvet and jet *bénoîtions*.

For *semi-toilette* wear many pretty jackets have been introduced of late, and one of their chief characteristics is that they are cut square in front instead of round as formerly. Many are made after the shape of a small short *paletôt-sac*, only they are open in front and are fastened together again with bars of gimp or braid. Others are made without sleeves and are left open, so that the waistband and bodice are plainly visible. These small jackets are either made of the same material as the dress or else of light-coloured cashmere, embroidered with silk of various colours, or with gold. The loose *sac* jackets are made either of velveteen or silk. Violet velvet, trimmed with black gimp, is very popular over a black silk dress. Fringe or lace is now generally added to the edge of jackets. Chenille is again reappearing, both for embroidery and fringe; likewise for the *Auvergnale* bonnets—the favourites of the season. Almost all full dress bonnets are made of white terry or white velvet, and are trimmed with split feathers and white jet.

The guests at Compiègne have found much amusement this season in a game which the Empress was the first to introduce, and which to play well requires a certain amount of inventive genius. What is called the "official reception" terminates about ten o'clock; the ladies then retire to their apartments, and many remember themselves of their jewels, &c., and at eleven o'clock those whom the Empress has previously invited repair to her Majesty's private boudoir to play this new game. The names of all the gentlemen who are staying at the Palace are first written on different slips of paper, and these slips are put into a velvet bag; the bag is handed to the Empress, who draws out a single slip; the name thereon is read aloud, the gentleman is sent for, and is bound to relate a story which must amuse the company for an hour. Some manage to do this in a most charming and graceful manner; for example, M. Edmund About excels at this impromptu story-telling, whilst others are most amusingly awkward; but the Empress and her guests appear thoroughly to enjoy the game whether well or ill played.

ELIANE DE MARSY.

DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. 1. BODICE WITH BASQUE (WHITE SERGE).

The new fashion of short petticoats necessitates the adoption of fancy bodices of all descriptions; and as the weather is now too chilly for muslin, thicker materials, such as cashmere, reps, serge, and velveteen, are substituted in its stead. The engraving No. 1 illustrates a bodice of this description; the material is white serge, which is powdered with small jet beads. These beads are not worked all over the bodice, but so as to simulate pointed epaulettes, gauntlet cuffs, and a *fichu*. The waistband is lined with stiff white muslin, and the basque is attached to it. The trimmings at the edge of the basque and sleeves consist of violet silk and black guipure edging. The collar is likewise made of similar materials, and the buttons are violet silk, worked with jet.

No. 2. HIGH BODICE (WHITE CASHMERE).

No. 2 represents a bodice without a basque; the material is white cashmere, and the trimmings blue silk, and both black and white Cluny edging. The collar, braces, waistband, and bands on the sleeves are all of blue silk; black guipure is sewn round the edge of these blue silk ornaments and the white lace upon them, so as to face the opposite way. The bodice is worked with steel spangles, as illustrated in the engraving. Either a blue or black silk skirt can be worn with this bodice.

No. 3. PROMENADE TOILETTES.

No. 3a. *First Toilette*.—A brown velvet dress with a *peplum* to match; the latter is trimmed with gimp and jet fringe. A pale blue velvet bonnet turned up at the back à *l'enfant*; shaded blue feathers on the outside, and a small bouquet of rosebuds inside. Linen collar and cuffs.

No. 3b. *Second Toilette*.—A grey velveteen dress over a petticoat to match. The dress is cut as a *fourreau*, vandyked round the edge of the skirt, and every vandyke terminates with a grey silk tassel. A black velvet bonnet turned up at the sides; an *angrette* in the centre.

OLLA PODRIDA.

The cottage table with velvet-covered top, so universally used in the drawing-rooms of the present day, is now covered with morocco in the place of velvet, and with a tasteful design in gilt stamped on it, has a pretty effect. We have seen some in dark green, blue, cerise, and light brown, so that either the tint of the furniture may be consulted in the choice, or a contrast may be selected according to the taste of the purchaser. A convenient portfolio stand of novel design appeared to us a useful article. It was somewhat in the style of a small stand for music, light and elegant in make, in height proportioned to that of the fashionable lounging-chair, and, being open at both ends, it would admit of a portfolio of any size being placed in it. This pretty piece of furniture we saw at Mr Acre's, Oxford-street.

A new ornament for the breakfast-table is the silver marmalade jar, affixed to a stand like the biscuit-box, and with a cover and hinge. This is a most useful substitute for the cut-glass preserve-jar, which is liable to be chipped and injured by use, whereas its silver representative will form an equally acceptable present and at the same time prove a lasting remembrance of the donor.

Amber still continues to be very fashionable in various ways, being used for mixing with flowers in headresses, for trimming the edge of bonnets, and also in large beads for bracelets and necklaces. Jet is in high favour also; it is set with silver, with cameos, with onyx, and we have lately seen it as a mounting to a brooch and earrings of Wedgwood ware, its deep and glossy black forming a pleasing contrast to the delicate white design raised on the peculiar blue ground of that much-esteemed material. The fancy for glittering and gaudy trimmings seems at present to be at its height; gold tissue is used for *peplums*, *berthes*, waistbands, and the various accessories to the evening toilette of a lady of fashion; and we have observed wide ribbons of gold material with broad stripes of velvet in very bright colours, suitable for wearing with these dazzling dresses.

Amongst the numerous articles of luxury and convenience which are invented almost each day for the benefit of the fair sex, we have met with few that deserve more especial notice and praise than the "Royal Victoria Quinquartite Travelling Basket," brought out by H. Cave, of Edwards-street, Portman-square. Into this the traveller may pack linen, bonnets, hats, dresses, collars, and laces, in short, every requisite for dress, with the most marvellous facility and safety. It is so arranged and divided that the lightest and most delicate ball-dress, as well as the most fascinating of *catalane* bonnets, to say nothing of wreaths for the hair, may travel side by side with the heavy winter garments of their owners without receiving the slightest injury; and moreover, when, to all appearance, its capabilities have been taxed to the utmost, and the lady sighs as she thinks of the



No. 1. BODICE WITH BASQUE (WHITE SERGE).

No. 2. HIGH BODICE (WHITE CASHMERE).

impossibility of adding one more dress to the already well-filled basket, the cleverly contrived expanding top comes to her rescue, and the desired addition finds in it a commodious resting-place. This convenient travelling companion is very strongly made, is perfectly waterproof, and will bear with impunity the rough handling of railway officials.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS ON DRESS AND FASHION.

WIDTH OF FASHIONABLE SKIRTS.—Can anyone tell me how many breadths of silk there should be in one of the fashionable short skirts, and also what should it measure round the edge?—GEORGE.

SILK LACE.—Will any of your readers oblige me with directions how to whiten, or else dye, black (and retain the gloss) silk lace. I have a quantity of various patterns and widths which were once white, but are now yellowish or dusky.—N. BONSOLE.

CLARISSA HARLOWE DRESSES.—I would feel greatly obliged to any of your readers who would inform me how the wide striped fabrics are cut in the "Clarissa Harlowe" dresses where there are

no pleats round the waist—if both sides of the breadth are gored to make the stripes match, or only one side.—IGNORAMUS.

TO STIFFEN A NET-DRESS.—Can any reader of THE QUEEN tell me how a net-dress should be stiffened when washed. No quantity of starch will make it stiff as when new, and I know of no clear starcher.—SOAP-SUDS.

ANSWERS.

GLOVE BOXES.—In reply to "Hoity Toity's" question, I beg to tell her that I have seen a good choice of the expanding glove-boxes she asks for, at S. Reid's, 161, Oxford-street. They are also to be purchased at Asser and Sherwin's, in the same street.—GAUNTLET.

TOILE CIRÉE.—I beg to inform "Convolutus" that the French leather (*toile cirée*, as it is erroneously called) for trimming petticoats is to be procured only at Jannings's, 211, Oxford-street. It is sold by the yard, at 2s. 6d., and, as it measures one yard and a half in width, three-quarters will be sufficient for a petticoat. French leather is very preferable to American cloth for the purpose, being much lighter.—MÉLANIE.

CRINOLINE.—In reply to "Crino's" inquiry, I beg to tell her that "Thomson Frères" in Paris is the same firm as "Thompson" in London. His trade mark here is a crown, and therefore it is used on all the articles manufactured by him for sale in England. The "jupe cage" simply implies a "skeleton" petticoat. The most convenient form is the "Pompadour," which can be slightly raised on one side or the other when walking, thus preventing the inconvenience of the crinoline knocking against the foot of one's companion. I have seen a good selection of these petticoats at S. Francis's, 11, Edwards-street, Portman-square.—MÉLANIE.

LARGE PIN MONEY.—In the Court of Chancery, on Friday, the case of "Fletcher v. Moore" was heard in the form of a petition by the Hon. Robert Cotton, which has been long pending, for the discharge of the receiver, and to be let into possession himself, as tenant for life under his wife's settlement, of valuable estates in Cheshire and Lancashire, consisting mainly of collieries. The petitioner's wife was the granddaughter of Ellis Fletcher, and under his will entitled to large property in the above counties; and on her marriage in June last, when both she and the petitioner were under age, this property was settled under the Infant Settlement Act, upon trust for the petitioner for life, subject to a term of ninety-nine years, in trustees, to secure the lady the unusually large amount of £4000 a year for pin money, and an additional sum of £2000 for other purposes. The settlement provided for letting the tenant for life into possession of the estates and collieries in due course, and the husband being now of age applied to the court for that purpose. After a short discussion, his Honour made an order that the petitioner should be let into possession, he undertaking to pay the pin money and the £2000 half-yearly.

THE SILK TRADE AT LYONS.—The *Solent Public* of Lyons says: "As to the fabrication of silk the year closes under great discouragement, especially for plain goods. A revival in damaged is still spoken of, and the truth is that the taste for resuming this article is more and more decided every day, favoured by the approach of the Exhibition. But damasks being more particularly winter stuffs, it will be necessary to await the spring orders to know if the demand is serious and will be durable. However that may be, the symptoms already manifested cannot be overlooked, and what confirms them is that much greater activity prevails in the dye-houses which work in colours than in those confined to blacks. The news from the American market continues unfavourable. The gradual lowering of the price of gold nevertheless permits a glimpse of an approaching future under more favourable conditions for the sale of merchandise, which will be by so much relieved. There remain, it is true, the quasi-prohibitive tariffs which fall upon products of importation. The message of President Johnson contains some satisfactory declarations on this subject; he foresees, not far distant, the moment when the prosperous situation of the American Treasury will permit the lowering of their tariffs; but it must not be forgotten that Mr Johnson is a man of the South, and that, in that quality, he ought to sympathise with the reduction of duties, while Congress, on which in the last resort depends the question of customs' duties, is rather disposed to further increase the existing taxes. However, as the Northern States have no silk manufacture to protect, a new rise in the imposts will not turn upon that branch of trade. The French commissioners show themselves completely reassured on this head."

The newly invented chignon holder enables ladies to form easily, with their own hair, a much prettier and more gracefully shaped chignon than is usually seen. It is made in tortoiseshell, and keeps the upper part of the chignon always close and curved in shape, entirely hiding the *frizette*, and gradually swelling out without destroying that beautiful outline of the head. When the chignon is formed it cannot get out of order, and if a lady has too little hair, more can be added without fear of detection. It can be sent by post to any part for 45 stamps, with instructions for use by the sole inventors, Stacey and Co., Court Hairdressers, &c., 45, Cranbourn street, London, W.C.—[ADVT.]



No. 3a.

No. 3. PROMENADE TOILETTES.

No. 3b.

THE WORK-TABLE.

BY Mlle. RIEGO DE LA BRANCHARDIERE, 2, Old Quebec-street, Oxford-street, W.,
BY APPOINTMENT TO H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

No. 1. TRICOT VESTE FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

MATERIALS, for the Centre, 4oz. of mauve, claret, or light blue, 3 ply fleecy, a long tricot needle, the stem of which measures No. 7 bell gauge. For the Border one skein of white fleecy and two skeins of partridge wool, Walker's crochet needle No. 1, and one dozen of buttons.

This veste is commenced at the back of the waist and increased at both sides to the shoulders, working in the ordinary tricot stitch.

THE CENTRE.

Commence with the coloured fleecy, and make a chain of 6 stitches.

1st row—Miss the last chain, *, put the needle into the next stitch, and bring the wool through in a loop on the needle; repeat from * until there are six loops on the needle. And to "work back," take the wool on the needle and bring it through the last loop of the 6; then take up the wool and bring it through two of the loops at a time, until there is only one left on the needle.

2nd row—Keep the loop on the needle, and put the needle into the upright loop or rib next the one which forms the edge; bring the wool through in a loop, when there will be 2 loops on the needle; put the needle into the next upright loop, and bring the wool through; repeat from * until there are 6 loops, then work back, as in the first row.

3rd row—Take up the wool and bring it through the last loop on the needle, to form an ordinary chain stitch; then put the needle into the first upright loop or rib of the second row and bring the wool through, when there will be 2 loops on the needle; put the needle into the next upright stitch, bring the wool through and repeat from *, until there are 6 loops on the needle, then to increase a stitch put the needle into the wool between the two last stitches, and bring the wool through as before; then put the needle into the last stitch and bring the wool through. Work back as in the 1st row.

Repeat the second and third rows—that is, increasing 2 stitches every alternate row until 20 rows in all are worked.

Then work 14 rows as the third row—that is, increasing every row.

TO SHAPE THE RIGHT SHOULDER.

1st row—Work on the last row, and raise 21 loops as in the second row, then work back.

2nd row—Work as the last, but at end of the row take the 2 last stitches of the 21 together and work them as one stitch, so as to decrease it for the neck.

Work 4 rows more, decreasing at the end of each.

Work 3 rows without shaping, then raise the loops as before. Take a piece of wool and make 6 chain stitches with it, then raise these 6 stitches so as to add them to the last row of the neck; work back; and to form the front of the veste, work 34 rows of the same stitch, decreasing one stitch at the beginning of every 6th row. This finishes the right front.

TO SHAPE THE LEFT SHOULDER.

Commence in the 11th stitch of those left at the back, and raise the remaining 21 loops. Work back. Work 5 rows, decreasing a stitch at the beginning of each row; then 3 rows without shaping, and at the end of the last row make 6 chain, raise 6 loops on it, and continue the row as usual.

For the left front work 34 rows, decreasing a stitch at the end of every 6th row.

THE BORDER.

1st row—Use the white wool, and work a row of plain crochet all round the outer side of the veste, putting the needle into the second stitch from the edge of the work, so as to leave a selvage at the back.

2nd row—Use the partridge wool, and work a plain row on the selvage of the veste, keeping the white row in the front.

3rd row—With partridge wool work a plain row on the last row.

4th row—Use the same colour as the veste; for the points, make 4 chain, and in the first stitch of these 4 chain work 4 treble; then on the third row, miss 1 and work 1 plain; repeat these points.

5th row—White wool; 1 chain and 1 plain on each point.

6th row—Partridge wool; 3 chain, miss 1, and 1 plain; repeat. Work this border on the inner side of the veste.

THE BAND.

With the white wool make a chain the size of the waist, and work a row of treble crotchet; then work a plain round on both



No. 1. TRICOT VESTE FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

sides with the partridge wool, then, with the same colour as the veste, work a round of 3 chain, miss 1, and 1 plain.

THE POCKET.

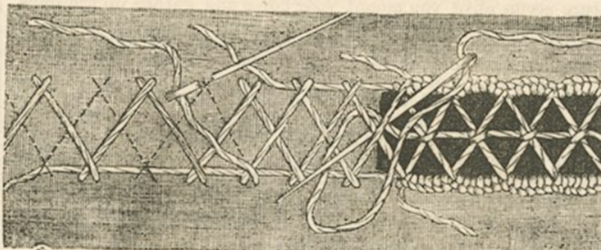
Use the same colour as the veste. Make 14 chain, and work in the tricot stitch a strip of seven inches, then 7 rows, decreasing a stitch at the beginning and end of each row. Fold this in the shape, and join the sides together.

Work the border round the edge, make two straps the same as the waistband, and attach them to it and to the pocket. Sew the fronts and back of the veste to the waistband, leaving the edge row in the front.

BY E. L.

No. 2. IMITATION GUIPURE INSERTION.

Simple insertions are in frequent request for tuckers, borders for jackets, caps, collars, &c., or for any other article where a centre is required to which a double row of lace can be sewn,



No. 2. IMITATION GUIPURE INSERTION.

the centre or insertion being lined with ribbon. Our design exactly meets this demand. It is to be worked on muslin, so that it will be found stronger than the purl edge used for similar purposes. First trace out two straight lines, enclosing the width required for the insertion; take French embroidery cotton No. 30, and form long cross stitches as illustrated in the engraving; work over the lines which form the border with buttonhole stitch; and, lastly, loop the crosses together in the

centre, by passing the cotton round the needle. The manner of doing this is very clearly drawn with the needle in position for working. When the embroidery is completed, cut the muslin from the back and introduce either a coloured ribbon or black ribbon velvet of the exact width of the open work.

No. 3. TRIMMING FOR A WHITE PETTICOAT.

Since sewing machines came into vogue, petticoats are lavishly ornamented with tucks. The trimming represented in engraving No. 3 consists of tucks and embroidery in black silk, and it is intended for a fine long cloth petticoat. The ornamentation commences with two straight tucks and a hem, each measuring one inch wide. To this is sewn a straight border with perpendicular tucks, measuring half an inch in width. The tucks form Vandykes, and on the top of the Vandykes facing upwards there is another border embroidered in ingrain black silk, the edges being done in button-hole stitch, and the stars in the centre in *point lancé*. Two tucks one inch wide, and a deep hem terminate the petticoat. This trimming will answer equally well for a little girl's white frock.

No. 4. BORDER FOR CURTAINS, ANTIMACASSARS, &c. (NETTING).

This border may be used for a variety of purposes, either for an entire curtain, for simply the border of a curtain, for a piano front, and for an antimacassar. The materials required are Strutt's knitting cotton, No. 8 for the plain netting, and soft, untwisted French cotton for the darned pattern and for the fancy netting; two meshes, one the eighth of an inch in diameter, the other a flat mesh, measuring half an inch across. Commence with the round mesh and Strutt's knitting cotton, and net 16 rows plain; then take the flat mesh and the untwisted cotton and net a plain row, taking up in regular succession every loop of the preceding row. The next row is produced by simply crossing the loops thus: Leave the first loop and net the second one, then take up the first loop, net the fourth loop, and then the third, and so on to the end, crossing the loops, which gives the fancy pattern illustrated in our engraving. This completes the 18th row. 19th, 20th, and 21st rows are netted plain with the round mesh and knitting cotton. The border terminates with the two broad rows in fancy netting, alternating with three rows of plain stitches. Before darning the pattern, wash, stiffen, and stretch the netted foundation.

WORK-TABLE NOTES AND QUERIES.

GAUGE FOR KNITTING.—Can any subscriber to THE QUEEN inform me where I can procure a scale for knitting different sized socks and stockings, and what number pins suited to the Angola wool?—ELIZA.

PASTEL PAINTING.—I should be much obliged if any reader of THE QUEEN would kindly tell me of a good but inexpensive book on pastel painting? Any hints for a beginner would be most gratefully received.—LITTLE OWL.

MOULDS FROM CLAY MODELS.—Will one of your correspondents kindly give me some plain directions on taking moulds from clay models. I model figures in clay myself, but have no idea how to take casts of them in plaster of Paris. I should be glad if I could hear of some book on modelling, and should be very grateful if any of your correspondents could help me in my difficulty.—C. L. W.

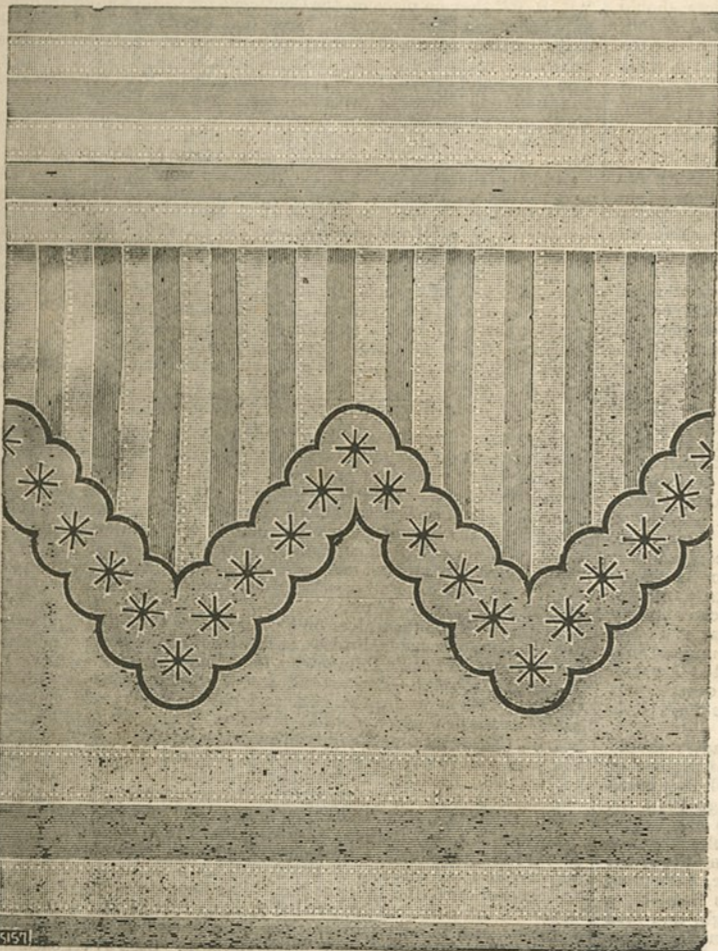
ANSWERS.

RAISED BORDER—KNITTING AND CROCHET.—I beg to tell "Zaida" that she will find directions in Mlle. Riego's "Winter Book" (1862) for a very pretty ermine border in knitting for a baby's polka jacket; and in a later "Winter Book" is a good recipe for a crochet border for the same purpose.—TRICOTEUSE.

CIRCULAR CAPE FOR A BABY.—I should strongly recommend "Beatrice" to make a knitted or crochet shawl for her baby instead of the circular cape, which is now so very old-fashioned. She will find a good recipe for a crochet shawl in Mlle. Riego's "La Mode Winter Book," and for a knitted one in "The Useful Knitting Book."—A MOTHER.

EIDER DOWN QUILT.—As "A Chilly Mortal" wishes to have an inexpensive quilt, I am glad to inform her that I have found grey goose down answer very well for filling a duvet. I made several which have been in use three years, and seem as light and warm as at first. The grey goose down can be procured at Heal and Son's, Tottenham-court-road. I make the cases of twilled cotton, and the down has never come through; it will require 2½ lb. to fill the size she mentions.—MATERFAMILIAS.

HOW TO CLEAN WHITE SILK SCREENS.—I am sure "Jager" will find it a very difficult matter to clean her white silk screens without injuring the paintings on them. Bread would be the only safe thing to try; it must be well rubbed over the silk, and the process repeated several times. I have no doubt that Farey's lavender spirit would clean them, but it would require the utmost care and delicacy to prevent the liquid spoiling the paintings. To that part of the white silk nearest the design the liquid must be



No. 3. TRIMMING FOR A WHITE PETTICOAT.



No. 4. BORDER FOR CURTAINS, ANTIMACASSARS &c. (NETTING).

applied with a camel's hair brush, so as to follow the outline without touching the colours, and it must be rubbed off with a dry brush of the same kind.

ARTIFICIAL WATER.—I have seen an artificial sea made of light green silk or sarsenet, stretched quite loosely across the top of a small box without a cover, and I think this would perhaps answer "Annie's" purpose, as the paper boats could be lightly gummed to it; and if air be introduced into the box, either by means of bellows or by blowing with the mouth, the silk, not being tight, will undulate so as to imitate the motion of the sea.—JACK TAR.

TO MOUNT OSTRICH EGGS.—There are many ways in which ostrich eggs may be mounted with great effect. On silver stands, with a rim of the same material, they make handsome goblets, the top being cut off and turned downwards with a silver bordering to form the foot.

—I notice in your last publication a request made by a correspondent that some one would suggest a use for an ostrich egg-shell. I have seen very handsome sugar-basins made of the same, mounted on a silver tripod elegantly chased, with a fretwork of silver round the edge of that end which has been cut off to form the basin, a delicately-formed handle made in the oval form to match; and a pair of antique silver sugar-tongs make the whole a complete and pretty set.—S. A.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—Besides the well-known articles de Paris, in all their tasteful variety, elegance, and ever-changing designs, a new and very delicate product of industry will be shown in basket-work, carried to such a point of perfection as to imitate lace; and this species of manufacture has attained to so important a place in decorative art as to be an object of special admiration and research.—Morning Post.

PASTIMES.

RIDING.

LADY EQUITATION.

I HAVE JUST READ in THE QUEEN the communication from "Diana" respecting the breaking in of a young colt by a lady in Australia. I do not think that this was necessarily an extraordinary feat, as some colts, even when first mounted, will go off quietly, though this is not a common occurrence; and I have known one or two ladies do this with success, but I have never tried it myself, as there is always some danger, and it is exceedingly hard work.

We had a large riding party and picnic a short time ago, and as we were riding home some of us were trying the speed of our horses, and it was proposed that we should have a regular race on the following day. We had no objection, as only our own friends would be there to see it, and it was arranged that five of us should have a race for a mile from our house, on which the course was to be marked out.

And I cannot help thinking that the stumpy action, which you rightly complain of, is as much due to joints shaken by constant hammering on hard ground as to original faulty construction in the animals. Such a M'Adamising as anyone may see in any fashionable place would cripple Gladiator himself in a couple of years, particularly if he were trained, as most ladies' horses are, to canter always on the same leg.

having three different kinds of spurs—one the sheath spur, one with the rowel, set in the usual manner, and the other with the large horizontal rowel; we changed horses and spurs every day to try each kind, and we all decided in favour of the horizontally-rowelled spur with no neck, as being by far the best.

Melbourne, Oct. 25, 1866.

THE HABIT AND THE HORSE.

I ADOPT for my motto the title of a most excellent work on female equestrianism, which appeared some years ago, but which did not meet with the success it deserved.

That evil is wrought Thro' want of thought As much as thro' want of heart.

It seems to me, also, that fashion has decreed that ladies should have their horses of the pattern displayed on the frontispiece of some ballad of the "Give me but my Arab steed" school, very much more resembling some sort of a spider or daddy longlegs than the genuine animal, and that their minds, corrupted by the contemplation of this false type, have become incapable of comprehending the structure and points of a really good horse; and, to bring the living creature into some kind of likeness to the ideal monster, they must put a sharp bit into his mouth to make him carry his head high, and then stick on all sorts of tackle to keep it low enough, and then they mistake his cramped and painful gait for fine action, regardless of the danger which must arise from constrained, unnatural movement.

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at our door. If we could but be heard we would soon alter all that, but fashion condemns us to silence.

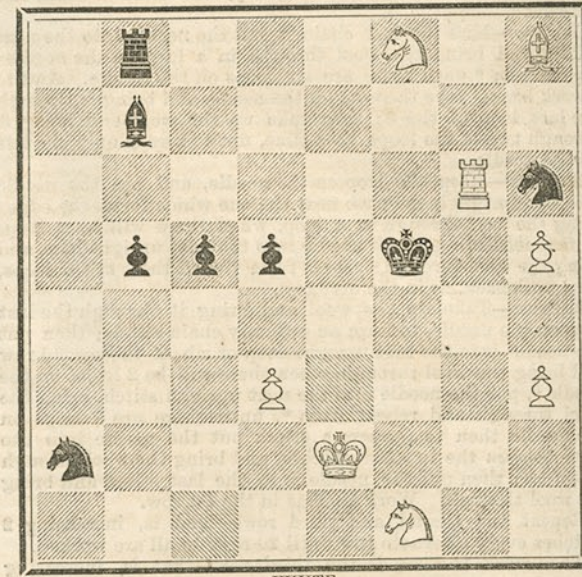
NOTES AND QUESTIONS ON PASTIMES.

ÉCARTÉ.—Will any of the kind contributors to THE QUEEN oblige by sending some instructions for playing the game of écarté?—JANE.

SCHOOL TREAT.—Can anyone suggest an amusement for a day-school treat—not a Christmas tree, as the children had that last year, but something of the same kind, and inexpensive?—PRIMROSE.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 23. BLACK.



White to move and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO DOUBLE ACROSTICS IN OUR LAST.

Star—Ling.

- 1. S igma L
2. T ahit I
3. A spe N
4. R in G

Christmas—Mistletoe.

- C has M
H our I
R edres S
I nteres T
S pel L
T im E
M eri T
A g O
S teep L E

OUR BOUDOIR.

This department of THE QUEEN is edited by a Lady; and are also the departments of "Dress and Fashion," "Work Table," and "Domestic Economy."

NOTES AND QUERIES.

AUTHOR OF BOOKS.—Can anyone tell me who is the author of the books "Faith Gardeny's Girlhood" and the "Gayworthys," and what other books has the same author written?—GEORGIE.

REVERED.—Can any of your readers kindly give me the derivation and right pronunciation of "revered"? [Revered, denoting the ornamental work at the back of an altar table, is derived from the French arriere dos; but as the word is Anglicised it is pronounced as if written "rear-doss," in two syllables.—Ed.]

COCK AND BULL STORY.—I should feel obliged to any reader of THE QUEEN giving me information about the common saying, "cock and a bull story." From what saying is the story derived?—JURISDICTION. [This answers to the French "Faire un conte de ma mere Poie," which of course means any story fit for children, and at once ludicrous and incredible, as well as spun out. We do not know the true origin of this ancient saying.—Ed.]

ANSWERS.

RESIDENCE IN GERMANY.—It is with pleasure I can assure "E. P. P." that no place on the Continent for those who desire quiet enjoyment can equal Dresden. The climate is delightful, though for some persons July and August may be too warm, in which case Schandau, an hour's journey from the town, forms a desirable change. The walks and drives around it are unequalled. It is not advisable to take English servants (with the exception of the children's nurse); they never understand the stoves or how to market, and one German domestic easily does the work of two English ones, at wages from 9s. to 18s. per month. Furnished apartments (a flat, as in Edinburgh) for the family "E. P. P." describes would probably be £9 per month for the family. For a shorter time it is best to go to a boarding-house; at an excellent one the terms are £5, 10s. or £6 per month, and frequently the presiding lady speaks English. The Opera, if not the first on the Continent, is of the highest class, and the gallery one of the best in Europe. Dresden is, besides, a very healthy town; the walks around are beautiful. For educational purposes the best masters there, at 4s. 6d. and 6s. per hour, rank with the best in London. March is a most agreeable month to commence a residence. There is an English church and an English club in Dresden.—K. D.

CHILDREN TEETHING.—MRS WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething has gained a greater reputation in America during the last fifteen years than any remedy of the kind ever known. It is pleasant to take, and safe in all cases; it soothes the child and gives it rest; it softens the gums and allays all pain or irritation; it regulates the bowels, cures wind, cholera, or dysentery, and diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. It is highly recommended by medical men, and is sold by all medicine dealers at 1s. 1 1/2d. per bottle. Full directions on the bottles. London Depot, 205, High Holborn.—[ADVT.]

We understand that Morison's Ointment is the best application for all cases of wounds, bruises, sores, &c., and is fast superseding all others. Morison's Pills purify the blood and fluids.—[ADVT.]

TABLE CROQUET.—Parkins and Gotto, sole agents for Cavendish's patent. This is by far the best and cheapest out; will suit any table, as the field may be made any size. Prices 12s. 6d., 15s., and 18s. 6d. (No. 3 recommended); sets for presents, 27s. 6d., and upwards. Carriage paid to any railway station in England, on receipt of post-office order. Laws of the Game, by "Cavendish," 6d., by post 7d.—Parkins and Gotto, 27 and 28, Oxford-street, London, W.—[ADVT.]

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, AND SORE THROAT.—"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES," which have proved so successful in America, for the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, or any irritation or soreness of the throat, are now imported and sold in this country at 1s. 1 1/2d. per box. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher says: "I have often recommended them to friends who were public speakers, and in many cases they have proved extremely serviceable." Principal Office, 205, High Holborn. Sold by all chemists.—[ADVT.]

GLEANINGS FROM THE NEW BOOKS. BY A LOUNGER.

THE PROJECTED ROYAL ITALIAN MARRIAGE.

(From the Florence Correspondent of the Press.) THE marriage of Prince Amadeus, second son of Victor Emmanuel, with the young Princess de la Cisterna, is at present nothing more than a Court intrigue.

AUSTRIAN DANCE MUSIC.

(From the Cornhill Magazine for January.) It may not be denied that the dance music of Vienna, both in form and execution, is altogether sui generis, and well worth the notice of an educated ear.

THE LATE MRS. GILBERT, THE POETESS.

(From the Athenaeum.) THE last of the "Taylors of Ongar" has gone to her rest. On the 20th ult. died at Nottingham, in her 85th year, the above-mentioned lady, the widow of the late Rev. Joseph Gilbert, but who was better known in literature as Anne Taylor of Ongar.

SLEEPLESSNESS.

(From the Spectator.) It used to be believed that the cause of sleep, or rather the proximate cause, was the turgidity of the blood-vessels of the brain. They pressed on something too hard and the man went to sleep.

but their difference of colour rendered them clearly distinguishable. When the animal was fed and again allowed to sink into repose, the blood-vessels gradually resumed their former dimensions and appearance, and the surface of the brain became pale as before.

People have been trying to discover this secret empirically for ages with wonderful little success, there being perhaps no subject on which the evidence of individual experimenters differs so greatly or so comparatively so uselessly.

One man of this kind tries to sleep by repeating the multiplication table, to "fatigue the brain into sleep," says the Cornhill essayist; but, as we should think, to refresh the brain by giving it work to do which requires no exertion at all.

78. When Maria Troeloff the stage, the following couplet was written in the green-room, by G. Colman:— You bloom and charm us, yet the bosom grieves When Trees of your description take their leaves.

79. BREVITY OF LIFE. Man's life's a vapour, And full of woes; He cuts a caper, And down he goes!

80. EPIGRAM. Here I lie bereft of breath Because a cough Carried me off— Then a coffin They carried me off in.

81. SINGULAR EPITAPH. In Plumstead churchyard was copied the following singular epitaph, from a tombstone which stands on the right hand side of the path:— Weep not for me, my parents dear There is no witness wanted here The hammer of Death was give to me For eating the Cherish off the tree Next morning Death was to me so sweet, My blissed Jesus for to meet, He did ease me of my pain, And I did join his holy train The cruel one his death can't shun For he must go when his glass is run.

THE WISE, THE WITTY, AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

Note.—The Editor of this column of THE QUEEN will be obliged by appropriate contributions to it from any stores its readers may possess; the object being to make a complete collection of really good things.

THE SISTER SCIENCES; OR, BOTANY AND HORTICULTURE.

By Dr. BULGARDO, L.S.D., Treasurer of several Learned Societies, and Professor of Asparagus at the University of Battersea.

TO MARY, WITH A BUNCH OF FLOWERS. Nay! say not faded—'tis despair Has thus subdued them, for they see That in themselves, however fair, They ne'er can hope to equal thee!

HORTICULTURE.

TO MOLLY, WITH A BASKET OF FRUIT AND VEGETABLES. Nay! say not shrivell'd—'tis despair Has thus subdued them, for they see That in themselves, however fair, They'll ne'er be relish'd, love, like thee!

A COLLECTION OF GOOD EPIGRAMS.

75. TRUE WIT. True wit is like the brilliant stone Dug from Golconda's mine; Which boasts two various powers in one, To cut as well as shine.

76. FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAEZL. Two ears, and but a single tongue, By Nature's laws to man belong; The lesson she would teach is clear, "Repeat but half of what you hear."

77. THE POET FOILED. To win the maid the poet tries, And sonnets writes to Julia's eyes;— She likes a verse—but, cruel him, She still appears a-verse to him.

LIMITED KNOWLEDGE.—A western print mentions a class of persons who don't rise till nine o'clock in the morning, fearing, if they get up earlier, their knowledge will not last them through the day.

A BASHFUL LOVER.—A Green Mountain boy fell in love with a very pretty girl, and determined to court her. To that end he dressed himself in his Sunday-go-to-meetings, went to her father's house, and found her alone.

The Perfumed and Illuminated Almanack just published by Mr Rimmel at 98, Strand, 123, Regent-street, and 24, Cornhill, is one of the most charming of the long series of these favourite annuals. It is almost an indispensable requisite for every lady's pocket-book.

GAZETTE DES DAMES.

A GASTRONOMICAL.

BARON BRISSE again! The Figaro announces that this nobleman is about to publish 365 menus, and, besides a menu per day, a thousand recipes borrowed from the best practitioners of the old school.

THE MARRIAGE SEASON IN NEW YORK.

WITH the opening of the fashionable season an epidemic of marriage has set in. The extraordinary activity observable in the great jewellery stores on Broadway, the fancy goods establishments in Maiden-lane, at the milliners' and mantua-makers' shops, and in the dry goods trade, is accounted for by the happy conductors of these places on the ground that matrimonial contracts and costly wedding gifts are the prevailing fashions of the fall.

LADIES' MEDICAL COLLEGE.

THIS new school recommences its lectures on Monday next. During the present session twenty-five ladies have entered as new students. In social position, education, and intelligence, these ladies are quite on a level with the students at the men's medical colleges, while their assiduous attention and propriety of conduct has been an exceptionable.

WHICH GOES FIRST?

The amusing correspondent who writes the Standard "Echoes from the Continent" sends the following:

"I hope that Echo is not perpetrating a lese-Majesté in repeating an Imperial judgment recently delivered at Compiègne, and which would have done honour to Solomon. The question to solve was very knotty and delicate—it was about precedence. The Princess—contended that she was to have la pas of the Duchess—because her husband was the oldest prince of the two empires. 'Apply in the case,' said a high person consulted in the matter, 'the rule invented by the Sovereigns—consult the age; neither of them will walk on first.'

"On dit that more than one lady shoots at Compiègne. There is no novelty in the fact. The Empress of Austria bagged many hares in the preserves of Luxemburg during the Congress of Vienna; and one may see in the Arsenal of Stockholm a long rifle, which was charged with a grain of lead, and with which Queen Christian killed time by shooting at flies in her bed-room, and she missed none."

THE WOMEN OF HOLLAND

The women in many parts of Holland appear just now to be possessed by a strange spirit of fanaticism. They profess to be apprehensive that the wickedness of the country is about to call down upon it terrible calamities. Stimulated by the preachers, the women are greatly distressed at the prevalence of liberal opinions, which they identify with atheism and Antichrist; and many of them—even ladies of the highest rank—are being re-baptised—in an oddly primitive manner, it is said, and by no means consistent with modern notions of propriety—by way of purging themselves of the national sin.

FEMALES.

A NEW crime has just been invented in France which suggests sundry serious reflections. Everybody knows, or at least ought to know, that by our English law it is an offence to kiss a woman against her will, but it has been reserved for French jurisprudence to determine that it is a criminal act to call a woman a "female."

There are, indeed, few more trustworthy tests of sound cultivation, and of a good style in talk and in writing, than the manner in which women are described. Let anybody run over in his mind the various turns of phrase which are now prevalent, and he will feel at once that it is by no means an easy thing for the un-cultured author or talker to steer clear of something very like vulgarity in the choice of them.

on all occasions a gent, he is by no means free from such an amount of the gentish element as will be certain to break out now and then in its unmistakable ugliness. One knows almost instinctively the classes of men with whom the objectionable use of most of these terms is most common. Of course, almost all of them may be and are continually used without suggesting the faintest odour of ill-breeding or ignorance of the rules of good taste.

Of the rest of the words which are made to do duty for the simple word "women," they are the delight of everybody who wishes to talk fine, and to appear what he or she considers to be "gentel." Where well-bred men or women would speak of their companions as "men and ladies," the gentish mind prefers to speak of "gentlemen and ladies." These words are often to the delight of that particularly odious sort of men who look down upon women as a kind of inferior animal, to be flattered to their faces as simpering unable to enter into rational conversation, and to be classed together in an indiscriminate lump as "the sex," or "the female sex," born to play a part antagonistic to that of the worthier race who are detestably described as their "lords."

NATURAL HISTORY.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS ON NATURAL HISTORY.

TURTLE DOVES.—There is now in the aviary at Knowsley (says the Liverpool Advertiser) a turtle dove which hatched two young ones in a tree in the open ground on Christmas Day morning. The same pair of doves hatched on Christmas Day last year in the same tree, and on New Year's Day the year before.

SIGNS OF WINTER.—On Tuesday several very large flights of wild ducks, widgeon, and other wildfowl passed over the metropolis, and for some time hovered over the Thames between Battersea and Kingston, and ultimately made off in the direction of the south coast. The appearance of these feathered visitors at this season of the year indicates the approach of hard weather in the north.

VILLAGE NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETIES.—In most places there is at least one person who takes an interest in Nature's works. Very probably he is in humble circumstances; in all likelihood he is considered harmless by his contemporaries, or, as they would phrase it, "a button short!" There are also usually two or three more who use their eyes and know something of the habits of birds, insects, or plants. If these three or four would meet together and talk the matter over they could arrange affairs according to their own convenience; and, all being straightforward, we may suppose them to agree in inviting as many people as they think likely to come to attend at such a place on such a night. In villages it is always easy to hire a room for such a purpose at a trifling cost; and in them, as in towns, one or more of the parties interested will, in all probability, be able to lend a room or rooms, on one occasion at least. Where practicable, the coffee handed round evening is much enhanced by having tea or coffee handed round before the real proceedings begin. The conversation which then arises serves to place at their ease those who might otherwise be prevented by shyness from taking part in the business of the evening. Indeed our experience leads us to believe that naturalists seldom find any difficulty in conversing with one another when once the ice is broken; and the pursuit of Nature is so truly Catholic that Churchmen and Dissenter, Papist and Protestant, can alike join in it without any fear of treading upon one another's (mental) corns.

LYRA DOMESTICA.

ALEXANDRINE.

MAIDEN of proud Grecian blood, Thy flashing eye and maiden tresses, Have sped the dart, in wanton mood, Which, rankling deep, my soul distresses. Look on my cheeks so pallid now, And on my lip—and on this token, Of many a warmly uttered vow, Predestined only to be broken. Yet, fondly, spite this cruel feat, I love thee, and could love thee ever, Did not thy smile, so deadly sweet, Declare too plainly my true sever. Go, then, false, dusky, thorn-clad rose! Thy flashing eye and raven tresses, And beauty-flashing cheek, will lose, Ere long, the charm which each possesses!

CHARLES C. MACKLEY.

CHRISTMAS IN THE HOSPITALS.—The sick in the London hospitals have not been forgotten during the Christmas season; they have been made to feel, so far as it has been possible, something of its festivity and all its religious import. The wards of many hospitals are gaily decorated, not only with holly and mistletoe, but with every variety of bouquets and floral devices, and some present a singularly gay and pleasing aspect. Such change in their fare as can be permitted has occasionally been made. The chaplains and lady visitors are chiefly to be thanked for this reasonable labour of love.—British Medical Journal.

THE EXCHANGE.

NOTICE.

COLLECTORS of all kinds have constant occasion to exchange duplicates of articles with other collectors.

The QUEEN has been long adopted as the medium for effecting exchanges of stamps, crests, monograms, and such like.

REGULATIONS. 1. All communications must be post-paid, and have the name and full address of the sender.

2. Three postage stamps must be inclosed for the transmission of answers.

3. Exchanges of stamps, monograms, and crests must inclose, with lists of from one to twelve, one penny stamp; with lists of thirteen to twenty-four, two stamps; and so on in the same proportion.

The EXCHANGE will admit the following: AUTOGRAPHS, ENGRAVINGS, PHOTOGRAPHS, BOOK PLATES, INSECTS, POSTAGE STAMPS, BOOKS, MUSIC, PATTERNS, COINS, MONOGRAMS, SHEETS, CRESTS, MINERALS, STAMPS, CIGARETTES, NATURAL HISTORY, WATER MARKS, DRAWINGS, PLANTS AND SEEDS.

And all other Collections of NATURAL HISTORY, ART, CURIOSITY, and VERTU.

MONOGRAMS.—I have some entirely new, beautiful, eccentric monograms to exchange for others equally good.—PIMROSE.

POULTRY.—I have a fine young game cock which I wish to exchange for two Sebright bantam hens; or, if this should not be considered fair, I would take one bantam hen in exchange.—X. Y. Z.

MOTHS.—I can exchange the puss moth (C. vinna) or the death's head moth (A. atropos) for the emperor (S. pavona minor).—R. C., QUEEN office, 346, Strand.

CRESTS.—I have a packet of twenty-three coloured and named crests and monograms which I should like to exchange with any subscriber for an equal number. I have also a great number of foreign postage-stamps, which I fear are too common for exchange; can anyone tell me what to do with them?—TWEE.

POINT LACE BOOKS IN EXCHANGE FOR BOOKS ON ILLUMINATING.—I have both Riego's Point Lace Books, and would give them in exchange for "Suggestions for Illuminating," by Randle Harrison; or I should be glad to hear from anyone who will offer anything else in exchange.—MERRILL.

BOOKS.—I wish to exchange: Cumming's "Readings on the Gospels and Acts of the Apostles," 5 vols., for other books, and would take any three of the following volumes: "The Rectory and Manor," "Working and Waiting," "Sunday Echoes," by Mrs. Cary Book; "The Draytons and Davenants," "Christian Life in England," by "Schomberg-Gotta," authoress's "Wordsworth's Poems; "Passages from the Life of a Daughter at Home." Or I would take volume for volume.—SELF-HELP.

SEALS.—I have about three dozen good named seals (fourteen of which are coronets) to exchange for good coloured monograms named. I would give coronet for coronets, and two seals for each illuminated regimental badge, or illuminated coronet, or one seal for two good coloured monograms. I have also a number of coloured addresses to exchange, good ones; also white crests and monograms.—SPANIEL.

CRESTS AND MONOGRAMS.—I have a dozen good clean coloured and named crests, also a dozen of good monograms (not named), which I shall be happy to exchange for eighteen clean coloured and named crests.—FLORA.

I have six coloured crests and monograms, which I shall be glad to exchange for any equal number of stamps, not common ones. Also, I have an Indian receipt stamp (6 annas) which is considered rather rare, for which I shall require three good seals. I have also an autograph of Agnes Strickland, for which I should like a Royal one. Packets sent to me to choose from must have the name and address of the sender inclosed.—CUCKOO.

POSTAGE STAMPS.—I should be glad to exchange any of the following stamps:

British guiana, orange 2c., blue 4c., pink 8c., green 24c.; Barbados, green, blue, black 1s.; Trinidad, red; Brunswick, red; yellow 1s.; Belgium, grey 1c. (new issue); South Australia, green 1d., orange 2d., blue 6d., violet 6d., orange 9d., yellow 1s.; Sweden, blue 4s.; Jamaica, blue 1d.; Queensland, orange 1d., blue 2d., green 6d. I should be glad of stamps sent for me to choose from. Amongst others, I am in want of Bergsdorf, Lubek, Poland, Finland, Sicily, Romagna, Chili, Mexico, &c.—BLUE-BELL.

I wish to exchange the following stamps: Hong Kong, 2c. and 24c.; St. Vincent, 1d. and 1s.; Western Australia, 4d. blue oak; Naples, 2 gr.; Prussia, 1 silb. grosch.; India, 8 pie, and Lanna and 2 annas yellow, all obliterated. Also I have a packet of 15 good coloured crests and monograms, all named, to exchange for stamps. I will give one stamp or crest for each stamp new to me; and anyone wishing to exchange must send name and address, and list, to—LU LU.

MUSIC.—I wish to exchange the following songs and pieces: "I cannot bear to say farewell," music by Franz Abt; "The Old Church Chimes," "The Old Village Mill," "Coming of the Flowers," by V. Wallace; "There's Light behind the Cloud," "What Bells are those so soft and clear," "Alice Lee," ballad; "The Old House by the Lindens," "Fantasie sur un Theme Allemand," by J. Leybach; "La Captive d'Amour," Nocturne; "Benny Jean," by Brinley Richards; "Le Buisson," Etude de Salon; "La Kermesse," "Scene from Faust," by Gounod; "Illustrations Opératiques," "I Lombardi," "Fantasie on 'Satanella,'" by Kuhn; "Le Casse-tête de Roses." I will give any five of these for one of the following books: "Leila on the Island," "Leila at Home," "The Settlers at Home," by Miss Martineau.—TUFFY.

"Douce Pensée," Henri Ravina; "I would that my love" (Mendelssohn), Brinley Richards; "Vallées des Roses," Mazurka, Henri Rouhier; "Guitare de Paris," P. de Vos; "Lieder Ohne Worte," No. 5, Book 1, Mendelssohn; Sonata in B flat, Mozart; Sonata in D major, Mozart; Sonata in A major, Mozart; "La Dove Prende," Thalberg; "Study," No. 3 in A minor, Thalberg; "Impromptu Polka," Schuhoft; "Where the bee sings," Bencini; "Presto Scherzando," Fauser. Songs: "L'Éclair," Hély; "Ritorno à Mo," Guglielmo; "Il Messaggero," Guglielmo; "Il Ballo," Guglielmo; "Santa Lucia," Cotteau; "Sweet Spirit," hear my Prayer, V. Wallace; "All hail to the greenwood," trio, Donizetti; "La Vierge," Beethoven; "Tra, la, la," Gordigiani. I will give three of any of the above pieces or songs for one of the following: "Grand Galop Chromatique," Liszt; "Les Latins," Scherzo, Prudent; "Fantasie sur Sonnambula," Prudent; "Sonate Pathétique," Beethoven; "Les Ailes," Blumenthal; "Lied," No. 2 in E major, Heller; "Restless Nights," No. 13, Heller.—E. H. M.

I have the following pianoforte pieces I wish to exchange—

viz.: "Fantasie from 'Oberon,'" Favarzer; "Illustrations du Prophète," Liszt; "Fanfare Militaire," Ascher; "Robert le Diable," E. Prudent; "La Rosée du Soir," Kuhn; Mendelssohn's "Pilgrim's March" from the fourth symphony (this last as a pianoforte duet). All in excellent condition. For any one or two of these, I should like any of Mozart's, Beethoven's, or Spohr's symphonies, arranged as pianoforte duets.—GIGAMUFFIN (Leeds).

I should be glad to exchange the following duets. They are perfectly new:

Beethoven's "Overture to Fidelio" (air), by Hummel; "Marche Cortège de l'Opéra Irene," by Gounod; "March from 'Tannhäuser,'" R. Wagner; "Waltz," the "Hilda Waltzes," the "Mabel Waltz," and the "Faust Waltz," if possible, arranged as duets.—MUFFLECKON.

I am anxious to get the following songs, and would not object to legible MS. copies:

Scena and aria, "Ah perfido spargiuro," Beethoven; "Qui la voce sua soave," from "I Puritani," "L'estasie," Ardit; soprano scenes from "Der Freischütz" and "Oberon"; "It is the time for singing," Gounod; "Der Mehlberg" (part song), Smart. Pianoforte Music: Books 1 and 3 of S. Heller's "Sleepless Nights"; "Scherzo," from Beethoven's Symphony in A, transcribed by G. A. Macfarren. My music, though not new, is in fair condition, and I will give a liberal exchange for any of the songs named. I have a great many pretty songs bound up, of which I would make a list for anyone wishing to exchange MS. copies who would send their address through the Editor of THE QUEEN, who has mine. If "Trinka" has not yet met with "The Land of the Leal," I shall be happy to copy it in exchange for one of Schumann's songs. Will she exchange a list of her songs with me?—BELLA.

An old gentleman from the country, stopping at a first-rate hotel in New York, wrote home that his room was six storeys high, and his bill was three storeys higher than his room.

announced the sad event to the Countess de la Ferronay, who had only lately arrived at the chateau.

Prince Gustave Wassa, lieutenant-general in the Austrian service, has just arrived in Paris for the purpose of paying a visit to the Duchess of Hamilton, Princess Mary of Baden, his sister-in-law.

PRUSSIA.—The King of Prussia has conferred the Order of the Black Eagle upon M. de Lavalette, the French Minister of the Interior, and upon M. Benedette, French Ambassador at the Prussian Court.

The law for the incorporation of Schleswig-Holstein was signed by the King on the 24th ult.

From Hanover we hear that the sale of King George's horses, carriages, &c., produced nearly 100,000 thalers.

The Europe of Frankfurt announces the sudden death of Mme. de Teschenberg, wife of the principal editor of the Vienna Gazette.

The Crown Prince of Prussia will, it is said, attend the opening of the Paris Exhibition with a brilliant suite.

Prince William of Baden is about to go to Berlin to congratulate the King of Prussia, in the name of the grand ducal family, on the 60th anniversary of his entrance into the military service.

The Universal German Gazette describes in the following curious terms the meeting of the King of Prussia and the King of Saxony at Grossbeeren.

The royal train stopped at the right side of a platform arranged for the occasion. King William walked quickly forward to meet King John, and said to him, 'Welcome, brother-in-law!'

Royal, Albert, who, with a profound bow, kissed the hand of the King of Prussia.

AUSTRIA.—The Emperor and Empress of Austria left the Palace of Schönbrunn for the imperial residence at Vienna, where, on the following day, the 29th anniversary of the birth of the Empress was celebrated.

The King of Hanover had last week, at his residence at Kutzling, a grand family dinner, at which the Emperor and Empress of Austria were present.

BAVARIA.—The ex-King Otho of Greece and his consort, as well as the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, are expected at Munich, where their Royal Highnesses are to pass a few days.

ITALY.—Prince Amadeus of Savoy has arrived at Venice, where he purposes to stay some time. 'Letters from Miramar,' says the Liberator, 'bring favourable news.'

The King of Italy left Florence on the 24th ult., to spend the Christmas-fêtes at Turin. Prince Amadeus, second son of his Majesty, had previously arrived at Venice.

ROME.—The Pope has addressed an antigraph letter to the committee of Roman nobles who, in the name of the majority of the nobles and citizens of Rome, had placed themselves at the disposal of the Pope to defend the Holy See.

PORTUGAL.—The Queen is quite convalescent. King Victor Emmanuel is expected in Lisbon on a visit to the King and Queen of Portugal.

The Infanta Dona Isabella, grand-aunt of the King of Portugal, is dangerously ill.

INDIA.—Bombay telegrams of Dec. 13 report.—'The Viceroy has returned to Calcutta. The committee appointed to inquire into the circumstances attending the death of the Bishop of Calcutta

have reported to the Government. The blame is mainly thrown on the commander of the steamer Koel, who has been relieved of his command. Sir Bartle Frere has not quite recovered from the accident which happened to him at Kandallah by his horse falling upon him.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS. CHELSEA.—On the 29th ult., Viscountess Chelsea, of a son. CHOLMONDELEY.—On the 29th ult., the Hon. Mrs Cholmondeley, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES. SCOTT—JELF.—On the 29th ult., at St. Michael's, Burleigh-street, by the Rev. G. E. Jelf, M.A., brother of the bride, Edward A. Scott, Esq., assistant master of Rugby School, to Mary Augusta, eldest daughter of the Rev. E. W. Jelf, D.D., Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, and Principal of King's College, London.

DEATHS. ASHLEY.—On the 1st inst., of bronchitis, at his residence in Upper Brook-street, the Hon. John Ashley, Q.C., of Coton House, Warwickshire, Eliza, wife of the Hon. Charles Lennox Butler, aged fifty-four years.

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.—DUBLIN EXHIBITION, 1865.—This celebrated old Irish Whisky gained the Dublin Prize Medal. It is pure, mild, mellow, delicious, and very wholesome.

WHAT DO THE WILD WAVES SAY NOW? Why that the Flying Cross and the Flying Spur have arrived, and with magnificent KAISOW COGNAC of delicious flavour, and which may be had at a mere commission on the importer's price.

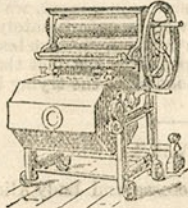
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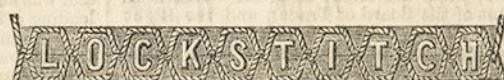
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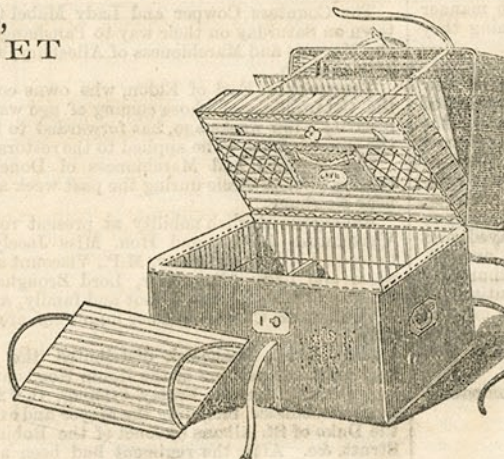
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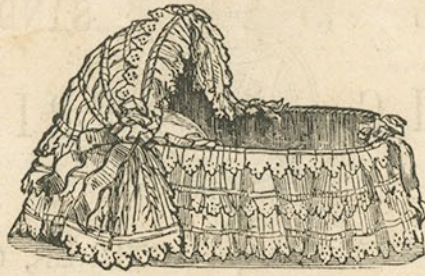
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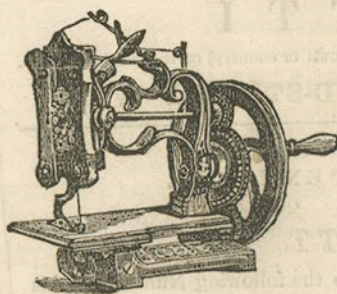
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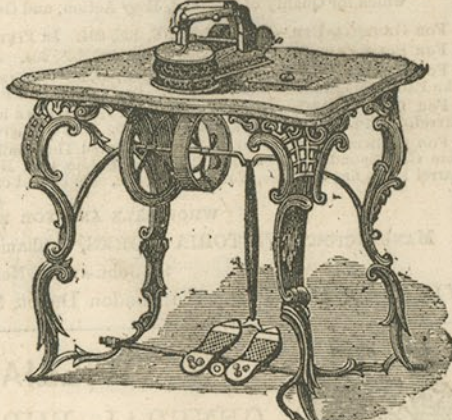
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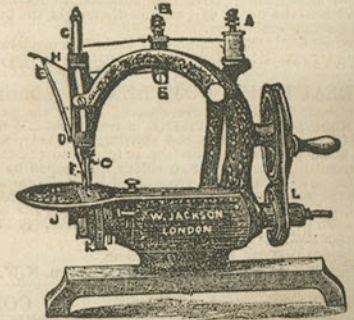
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