

'Essays by CJST'

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Essays
by C. J. S. T.

THE WITCHERY OF VEILS.

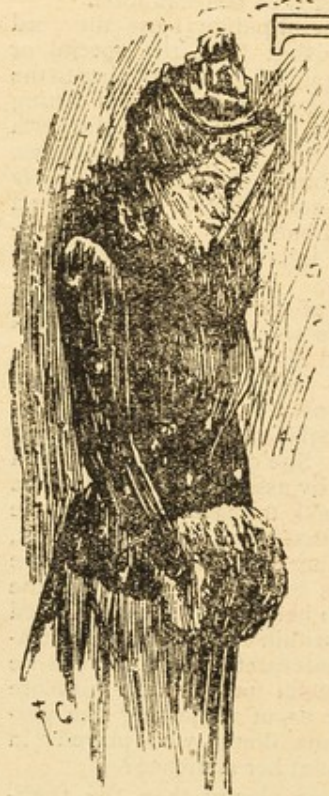


THE wise woman, who knows how to use her power with the opposite sex, rightly attaches much

importance to the veil as an aid to her subtle influence. It is more than probable Eve may have veiled her face with her tresses, as the fair Lady Godiva is supposed to have done during her memorable ride; but it is certain, from a very remote period, women have been accustomed to wear

the veil as a protection to the face, as well as a disguise, at times. In many Eastern countries it has been the custom, from the very earliest times, for ladies to veil their faces and charms from the gaze of the coarser sex. In Turkey, Egypt, and most Mahommedan countries, where women are guarded with such jealous care, it is yet forbidden them to go abroad in the public streets without their yasmiks, which completely hides the lower part of the face; but, as all who have visited these countries know, they still can make up for the part of the face that is hidden by the expressive manner of using their eyes. How much of the grace and beauty of the Spanish belle does she not owe to the mantilla, which adds a charm to her every movement, while

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Wherein
does the
witchery of
the veil lie,
for, as most
men will
tell you,
witchery it
has, of
some kind?

First of all,
it expresses
modesty. It
excites and
raises the



curiosity, and creates the desire to see
more clearly. The revelation may be dis-
appointing when the veil is withdrawn;
in fact, it very often is, but the veiled
object always suggests mystery, and some-
thing, perhaps beautiful, beyond. Like the
gauze curtain sometimes placed between a
piece of stage scenery and the eye, to soften
the hard lines and garish colours, a veil tones
down the features and obscures the blemishes.
No sensible woman over thirty years of age
would ever go out without wearing a thin veil
if she knew how much it improved her appear-
ance. However fair she may be to look upon,
it is an aid to her beauty, and, like the great

"She" who must be obeyed, it adds a charm to her presence, and imparts a subtle air of mystery. Even angels are sometimes said to veil their faces. In our cold, damp, and changeable climate the veil is undoubtedly a protection to the face, and what looks worse on a wintry day than to meet a woman whose prominent nasal organ, and perhaps high cheek bones or other extremities, are rapidly assuming a bluish tint, without a veil? Now note the difference that little piece of thin material will make in



her appearance.

The nose that was so much in evidence is toned down, the hard outlines of the features are all subdued, and the change altogether is wonderful.

The fine silk and net veils worn over the face were in-

troduced into this country in the early part of this century, before the age of coalscuttle bonnets with their silk curtains, that protected the faces of our great-grandmothers. Since then fashion has varied the veil in size and material, from fine silk to muslin, and from tulle to net. The origin of the bridal veil dates from very early times in the Jewish community. The custom is a pretty one, and always lends a fresh charm to the appearance of the wearer; and between you and me, gentle reader, it is often the secret of that general verdict we hear at almost every wedding about "the prettiest bride ever seen." The widow's veil, on the other hand, is indeed a symbol of woe, heavy, sombre, and unnecessarily ugly. It certainly embodies all the appearance of grief, and hides the sad face of

the wearer from the public gaze. Of the many vagaries of fashion with respect to veils, perhaps the most atrocious was the red veil, introduced and largely worn a few years ago, and which gave the wearer the appearance of suffering from a bad attack of scarlatina. Yet how many pretty women disfigured themselves by wearing them. Veils of bright colours are a mistake, and never look well ; in fact, nothing



can rival black for this purpose. Then we have had veils that have completely covered the face, chin and all ; those that have come as far as the mouth only ; and, prettiest of all, the neat short veil that just covered the tip of the nose.

Since their introduction, veils have ever been popular with women who like to be well dressed, and the fancy for them we hope may long continue.

OF ANCIENT PHYSIC AND OTHER GARDENS.

By C. J. S. THOMPSON.

"God Almighty first planted a garden; and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks; and a man shall ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegance, men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were not the greater perfection." So wrote the great and wise Lord Bacon, and the same love for the garden is innate in almost everyone. Gardening, as far as we know, is the most ancient form of human labour, inasmuch Adam followed the honourable occupation in the Garden of Paradise.

Besides this, we have the story of Sharrukin, one of the earliest men out of Bible history of whom we have record.

Sharrukin, King and Lord of Agade who abode in Accadia, which was situate at the end of the Persian Gulf, tells us the story of his own life, which occurred at a period of 3,800 years B.C.

The king begins by telling us that he does not know who his father was, but his mother was a princess, a circumstance which would tend, doubtless, to make his advent somewhat unwelcome. But the princess, like Pharaoh's daughter, bethought her of a way out of the difficulty, which in these prosaic days would be called by another name, and placed her offspring in a basket of rushes, closed it with bitumen, and set it afloat on the river.

Sharrukin was borne along in his frail bark by the flowing stream, and was eventually picked up by one Akki, a water carrier, who brought him up and made him his gardener, and "As a gardener," says Sharrukin, "the goddess Ishtar loved me, and raised me up to be a mighty king." Such is the story of Sharrukin, who rose from being a gardener to be the ruler of a kingdom. The Assyrians, inheritors of the Accadian civilisation, were especially fond of trees. Their kings would bring back any that struck them when they travelled into distant countries, and so cultivated a love for nature. The early Greeks were great lovers of flowers. Demosthenes alludes to those who grew roses, and Plato mentions books on horticulture, while Plutarch speaks of violets and roses. Flowers were twined in their garlands and used for decorative purposes.

There is little doubt that the early Egyptians were also highly skilled in gardening; and Athenæus states, in his account of the coronation feasts of Ptolemy Philadelphus, at Alexandria, about 285 B.C., that the flowers of every season were made to bloom simultaneously, and were scattered in heaps upon the royal path.

It is somewhat curious how gardens figure conspicuously in the mythology of all nations living in warm climates. The Mahomedan Paradise is described as a garden of exceeding beauty, where flowers of great magnificence bloom, and among whose groves and leafy bowers linger fair women and houris of surpassing loveliness, who await the coming of the faithful. The Chinese speak of the Gardens of the Immortals, which are said to be situate among the mountains of Thibet, and blest with perpetual summer; nothing within their borders can become weak or die.

Several ancient sages are believed to have retired to dwell among their bowers; but for hundreds of years now the road has been lost, and no one has ever succeeded in finding it since.

The Arabs have also a tradition concerning the wonderful Gardens of the Desert, which they believe were formed by an ancient tyrannical king, at immense labour and cost. This great ruler is said to have conquered all the nations of the East, and planted these gardens of great magnificence and splendour in the sands of the desert which he also claimed to conquer; but one day, while in their highest beauty, they suddenly disappeared, and were never seen again. Tradition states, that belated travellers in the Desert have at times caught glimpses of them through the fading twilight, and given extraordinary accounts of their gorgeous trees and flowers.

The Hindoos believe that the widow who offers her body to be consumed in the funeral pyre with that of her husband will thus expiate the sins committed by him and all

her relations, and dwell with him in a beautiful garden for ages. The countries of the East have ever been celebrated for their gardens; plants and flowers of every description being naturally cultivated and brought to greater perfection in the warmer climates than the colder ones of our Western hemisphere. The renown of the hanging gardens of ancient Babylon has come down to us at the present time. Their beauty must have been as remarkable as their design and construction were unique. They rose on a succession of terraces, supported by ponderous pillars, to the height of the walls which surrounded this famous city of antiquity. Then there are the floating gardens of Cashmere, which are really rafts of great size, in which are arranged trees, plants and shrubs in profusion. The centre is usually laid out with a garden, with arbours or a summer house. Floating on the river, with their leafy bowers and flowers of every hue, they appear like huge islands of oriental splendour.

In mediæval times, when the monasteries scattered up and down the land were the centres of knowledge, each had its own garden, which was the delight of the brethren, who loved to walk its winding paths and smell the fragrance of its blossoms.

Now and then pilgrims and others would bring seeds and slips of strange plants from foreign countries, and by this means many of our now common garden flowers were introduced and first brought to this country. But perhaps the greatest value of the garden to the monks of old was for the cultivation of the herbs and simples for the cure of their bodily ills. The monks and nuns were thus the first to cultivate medicinal plants, and we are largely indebted to them for a great deal of our early knowledge of a number of their properties. A famous garden of medicinal herbs was planted in the twelfth century by Hildegarde, an abbess of Bingen. She was renowned for her skill in healing, and her valuable collection of recipes to cure all ills she eventually compiled in a work called "Jardin de Santé." Many other abbesses of the time followed the example of the good Hildegarde, till at last the custom of planting medicinal herbs in the garden became almost universal, and every housewife had simples and remedies close to her hand to administer to those who were sick. In one part you might see a patch of yellow St. John's wort, to which a superstitious interest was attached, or bryony, and fever-few, with its golden disk, much used for fevers. Then near the hedges the straggling chamomile, the pink fumitory and centaury would be planted, with the marigold, purple monkshood, and coltsfoot; the last of great renown for coughs and colds.

In the seventeenth century, most large cities in Europe had their physic gardens, where medicinal plants were

cultivated. A relic of those times we have still existing in the old physic garden at Chelsea, founded by Sir Hans Sloane, and bequeathed by him to the Apothecaries' Society. Its quaint old-world look will be familiar to many students of pharmacy who have walked its paths, and pondered among its herbs, in their salad days.

The Dutch garden, with its straight walks and hedges, and its fantastically-clipped trees, dates from mediæval times, and though quaint, is both stiff and unnatural, and wanting in beauty to the artistic eye.

The style of garden usually found in France is that originated by Le Notre, about the close of the seventeenth century, the gardens of Versailles and Fontainebleau being typical specimens. Here, again, although often bright and pleasing, the effect is marred by stiffness and regularity, and everything seems dominated by straight lines and angles, with ornamental vases or statuary stationed at every available spot.

But for beauty and homeliness what can compare to the old English garden in all the glory of its summer garb? The very name brings a rush of recollections. The pleasance our ancestors used to call it—a name with a good old English ring, suggesting pleasure and rest. Its winding walks and shady arbours, the tall hollyhocks, and the big sunflowers with their drooping faces turned to the orb of light. The roses, damask, white, and pink, and the big clumps of heliotrope and clove pink, the gaudy stock, the rich gladiola, and the purple iris, all vie with one another to form a wealth of colour and delight. Then the perfume of the lads' love and sweet briar reaches us, bringing old world thoughts; and the little blue forget-

me-not, nestling under a great patch of love-lies-bleeding, brings back memories of years ago. Here we have a bower festooned with honey-suckle and blue convolvulus, where we can take our ease awhile and inhale the fragrance. Round the corner yonder, by that bush of elder, you can catch a glimpse of velvety lawn, banked by beds of scarlet geranium and calceolaria; and there, below the terrace, the old sun dial stands, its base twined by Virginia creeper.

In childhood and age we love the old garden. It plays a beneficent part in our lives, always soothing, inviting confidence, contemplation and retrospection, yet always giving pleasure. What intrigues it has harboured, and love trysts it has shielded; yea, what tales it could tell! But we, like the garden, must forbear.

DOCTORS AND DOCTORING—

THERE is, perhaps, no science or profession which has ever been surrounded by so great an atmosphere of mystery and empiricism as that of medicine. Even the prosaic common-sense light of this latter day 19th century has not altogether dispelled it; and one may often meet with educated people to whom the action of the simplest form of drugs is as mystic as a symbol of the black art. The truth of the old precept about the danger of a little knowledge is seldom brought home with greater force than when applied to doctoring. Time was when every housewife and chatelaine kept her book of recipes, that she guarded with the greatest care, which had been handed down from mother to daughter for generations; containing methods for preparing simples, and remedies for all the common ailments flesh is heir to. She would doctor her children, servants and dependants, and often have a reputation for her recipes and medical skill a score of miles around. But alas, for the decay of these good, old-fashioned domestic remedies. Nowadays the average extent of household treatment is reduced to a basin of gruel, a cup of beef-tea, or a linseed poultice, and even these not one woman in twenty knows how to make properly. A large number of people appear to have an innate desire to continually doctor themselves, and nearly everyone has ~~their~~ ^{his} own pet cure for ~~their~~ ^{his} own little ailments. Not infrequently, also, they become imbued with a commendable, but misguided, zeal to doctor their suffering fellow creatures—too often at the expense and discomfort of the latter. To meet this demand for amateur doctoring, there has sprung up within the last twenty years the class of remedies called "patent" medicines, the number of which is now legion and constantly increasing. It would appear hardly possible to place a limit on the gullibility of the British public, who, on reading the artfully worded advertisements, believe they are suffering from every symptom described, and so go forth eagerly to purchase the nostrum whether they do harm or good. That is another story, to borrow the phrase of a well-known novelist. Of the many species of the amateur doctor the female kind are most numerous. The common, or garden variety, may be found almost everywhere. A spinster, as a rule of uncertain age, with an insinuating manner, and a propensity for gossip—she invariably greets you with the remark, "You're not looking at all well," and then proceeds to diagnose your complaint. If your throat is sore she advises you to put a potato poultice tied up in a stocking around your neck; or should you be in the agonies of neuralgia she will recommend a gin and ginger poultice on the side of your face, or some other exquisite torture. Landladies are, as a rule, great at doctoring, and delight in brewing horrible concoctions they call "possets," which, if you are ever prevailed upon to swallow, the grievous remembrance thereof will cling to you for years. It is simply wonderful the number of remedies the amateur doctor has for rheumatism. If you are ever unfortunate enough to be attacked by this painful malady, you will be astonished to find that every friend you meet has a certain cure, which he is prepared to swear by. Divers and strange indeed are some of the prescriptions recommended, ranging

from waistcoats lined with flour of brimstone to living on stewed celery and horse-radish for a month. A cooling draught of rum and cayenne pepper is credited with marvellous virtues, or cobblers' wax in rum. All these are said to be certain cures. Self-doctoring is all very well if we know the proper remedy to take, and when to take it, but the majority of people do not; and at last find, after it has cost them considerable pain and expense, they have to seek skilled aid in the end. Medical practitioners, like other men, have often very marked and distinct peculiarities. Their calling is one of great responsibility, and considerable power is placed in their hands. In commencing practice, it is necessary to have a considerable faith in themselves as well as a certain amount of tact. Of the several varieties of the *genus medicus* we meet with, the newly fledged specimen will be familiar. Smart and well-dressed in appearance, he has just begun on his own account,

with all the glory of a big brass plate, and a red lamp over his door. He is imbued with a sense of his importance to mankind at large. It gives dignity to his step. He has formed his own opinions on the principles laid down by the leading medical lights of the day at whose feet he has sat, and will descant learnedly upon the latest theories in the advanced schools of German pathology. He attributes the origin of nearly every disease conveniently to bacteria, and believes he is destined to revolutionise the whole science of medicine. You need not send for him twice; patients are few, and are well looked after. He is usually in the forefront of the modern school of therapeutists, and tries all the new remedies. He prescribes no huge draughts and mixtures of portentous size and nauseating taste, but doses you with delicate little tablets or some tasteless pellets coated with sugar.

Perhaps the most popular practitioner is the sedate and middle-aged doctor. Somehow or other in the profession age inspires confidence, and the people who judge by outward appearances, and they are many, have a good deal of faith in a bald head, although there may be a deficiency of brains beneath. He is generally a pompous individual, of dignified mien, and a look of conscious superiority. He speaks in slow, measured tones as if to impress you with the great and superior extent of his knowledge. There is a certain solemnity about his visit that seems to befit the occasion, and you should feel honoured by the grave patronage.

Then there is the brusque specimen of his kind we meet with sometimes. He usually talks in a loud strident voice, keeping his patients in a state of absolute awe, and orders them about in the most dictatorial fashion. He is just the opposite of the mild and gentle doctor who is always a favourite with the ladies. His bland and genial countenance invites your confidence. He talks to you in soft insinuating tones, lending a sympathetic ear to your tale of woe, and cultivates what is known as a quiet bedside manner. Another favourite is the humorous and jolly medico, who has always a good story to relate when he calls to see you—about someone he knew who was just the same as you are. He always enters the sick room with a fresh, breezy look, and leaves you all the brighter after his visit. The doctor of the old school, one must confess, is somewhat of a bore, and often a bit of a humbug into the bargain. He will tell you he believes in the old tried remedies, and will have none of your new-fangled hospital

notions. In the good old times, when he was a student, "Young men were students, sir, and had to serve five years' apprenticeship to their profession. They were not rushed round the ward of a hospital, with some fifty others, just to look on when they could get the chance." He deplores the day when bleeding, cupping, and other equally barbarous operations went out of fashion, and, thank goodness, he can still prescribe plenty of antimony and calomel. He does not believe in a multiplicity of remedies, but usually pins his faith to a few ancient medicines. One individual we knew had but two prescriptions, which he used to order alternately. He used them for dyspepsia, anæmia, heart disease, consumption, typhoid fever, and delirium tremens, yet he built up a practice and left a large fortune to his children when he was gathered to his fathers. Others, we are afraid, must plead guilty to occasionally ordering little more than syrup and water to certain chronic patients, who like a visit from their doctor once or twice a week as a matter of course. But the doctor of the old school, at any rate, has the advantage of being safe, and experience will prevent him from despatching a patient with a simple skin eruption to the smallpox hospital, or declaring a nettlerash to be a bad attack of measles, as his younger brethren have possibly done before to-day.

As a rule the fashionable doctor is envied of his professional brethren. He lives well, drives good horses, and pockets big fees. He cultivates a courtly air as a man accustomed to the society of the great, and looks as if only the atmosphere of a palace or mansion was suitable to inflate his lungs. He generally orders simple medicines, but as regards modern remedies he is well up to date. His favourite tonic for puzzling maladies is a sea voyage, and he will order you to Australia, India or round the world with equal complacency and a wave of the hand. Truly, the

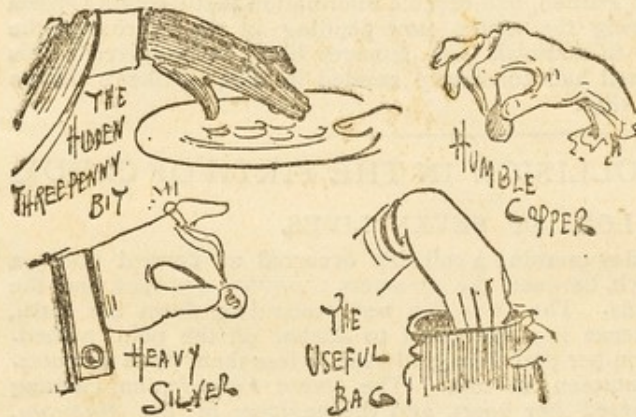
sea voyage is an admirable institution, and invaluable to some medical men.

To become a consulting physician or specialist is usually the highest ambition and goal of the medical aspirant. His waiting rooms are crowded daily, and fees roll in without trouble. He treats you with a gracious air of condescension, and expects due deference in return. As a rule, he is either spoiled or eccentric, but will take care you do not go away without paying.

After all, it is well to remember that doctors are not infallible by any means, and there is nothing occult about the art of healing. When we consult one we are simply getting a single opinion on what may or may not be based on a correct diagnosis. Therefore, ye sufferers, be not depressed, nor yet give up hope when you are told you will, probably, not live through another year, for there may be a man in the next street who will say you are good for a dozen.

HOW PEOPLE GIVE TO COLLECTIONS.

AMONG some of the curious characteristic actions by which people may betray their peculiarities to the close observer, is the manner which many



have of contributing to a collection, and the experiences of some who have long officiated in the capacity of collector are often amusing. Divers and strange also are the different forms of receptacles adopted by Church authorities for this very necessary and charitable purpose. They vary from the metal plate, be-

loved of Nonconformity, and which, we are told, stands unrivalled as an incentive to deposit a large coin, for obvious reasons, to the more accommodating velvet bag, of varied shape and size. Then we have noticed boxes, square and oblong, with long and with short handles, of violin and banjo like shape, ornamental and plain; also some remarkable polished copper and brass instruments, with long wooden handles, the facsimile of a warming-pan on a reduced scale, and even met with baskets. Perhaps one of the most primitive was a tin can, hooked on to the end of a long stick, which the sexton was wont to lower over the front of the gallery, in a little chapel away in the far north, for the purpose of collecting the contributions on the Sabbath.

As usual, in places where no change is given, people as a rule go prepared to give a coin of a certain value. The individuals who give half-sovereigns, and they are rare, usually hold the coin carefully between the finger and thumb, probably to convince those round about that it is not a

sixpence. Those who contribute half-crowns, and this is far from being a popular coin, generally drop it into the bag, where it falls with a heavy thud. They have a self-complacent look, as much as to say they have done their share, and are not ashamed of it. The shilling is a very popular collection coin, especially with men. It is a useful medium contribution, is not much missed, and is dropped in without temerity. The sixpence is even more popular still, and a great favourite with the fair sex. Its small size renders it convenient for concealing between the tips of the fingers, and the sound as it falls can never be mistaken for a copper. More than once in the

hurried search for a small coin, when the bag approaches, a half sovereign has been dropped in by mistake for sixpence, which is afterwards discovered to the dismay and chagrin of the giver, and the collection for the "worn-out curates' fund" increased by an involuntary nine and sixpence.

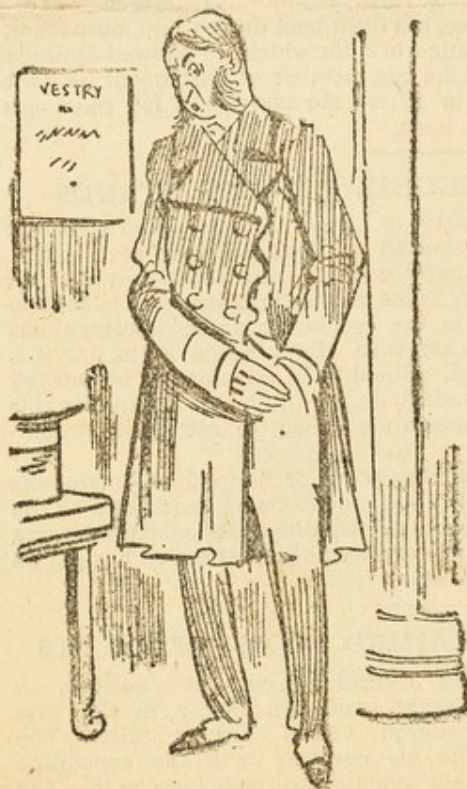
But, above all, the threepenny piece stands pre-eminent as a collection coin, and it is open to doubt whether collections generally would

benefit or suffer by the abolition of this diminutive but useful coin. It is said to form part of fully half the average collection, and might have been specially designed for that purpose, so easily may it be hidden between the finger and thumb of the giver, and gently deposited in the bag or box. One drawback is the fact that it rarely makes any sound in dropping into the bag, which causes the contributor to be somewhat doubtful at times if it has gone in at all. But far be it from the collector to despise the "nimble threepenny bit."

Then we come to the bronze. It would be a matter of astonishment to some to know the large number of pence and halfpence that are given to collections. They are heavy, and take up much room. Even farthings are sometimes found in the collection bags of so-called fashionable churches. A well-known divine of a West-end church,

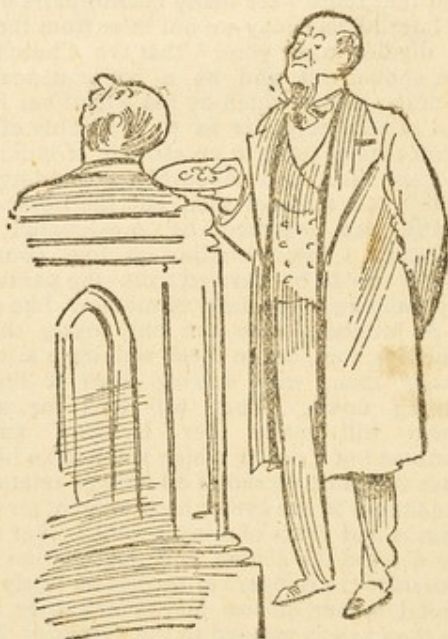


SELF-SATISFIED DROP OF THE HALF-CROWN.



THE LAST THREEPENNY BIT.

which is usually crowded, some time ago informed his congregation that their weekly offering did not average a farthing each person, and begged them to make it a penny. The well-dressed individuals who contribute coppers have often a peculiar habit of dipping their hand well into the bag. Now, a penny makes a good thumping sound in falling, and it may probably be on this account the humble copper is so carefully concealed by the fingers, and with a gentle, gliding motion is deposited in the receptacle. Among other curiosities of the collection bag, three-halfpenny pieces, foreign coins, and brass buttons are not unknown, and occasionally articles of jewellery have been found, after an exceptionally exciting exhortation. Finally, we come to those people who do not give anything, and sometimes puzzle the collector. They are either deeply absorbed in some distant object in the opposite direction, or engaged in a careful examination of the roof of the building, or may be singing vigorously, and apparently utterly oblivious of the fact that the bag waits under their nose. Others shrink up into a corner of the pew, and from a gentle deprecating glance, or shake of the head, the collector knows to pass on. The nervous man is always in a flurry, and begins to get his coin ready early. He first places it in his waistcoat pocket as a convenient situation, then he'll presently feel, to make sure it is there, and eventually, thinking he might perchance be unable to find it in time, holds it very consciously in one



NONE ARE SO BLIND AS THOSE WHO
WON'T SEE.

hand, his book in the other, and probably with the laudable intention of carrying out the scriptural precept of "Letting not his right



A CHEQUE: THE GENTLEMAN WHO LETS HIS RIGHT HAND KNOW.

hand know what his left hand doeth," blindly dives about for the entrance to the bag. The ostentatious and vulgar person first rattles his money in his pocket, or takes out his purse, and carefully placing the coin betwixt finger and thumb, drops it in from a lofty altitude. To study some of the eccentricities of collection-making, a visit should be made to some Nonconformist chapel in a small town on the occa-

sion of a great anniversary. As a rule, large flat metal plates are brought out, specially for the occasion, so that the meanest may be ashamed of giving copper. The individual to whom the plate is entrusted has agreed to give a certain amount, perhaps a bank-note, which is laid out on the plate to start with. Then the stout gentleman in the next pew, responding to nudges from his much-bedecked spouse, not to be outdone by his neighbour, deposits six greasy sovereigns on the note, which causes quite a flutter of excitement; and so on, till at the close, the reverend gentleman is enabled to announce a very gratifying increase to the funds. Such are a few of the peculiarities of collection contributors, which may not be unfrequently noticed by any careful student of human nature.

C. J. S. T.



STUDY OF A COLLECTOR, WAITING WHILE HIS PLATE IS PASSED UP.

THE ART OF CARRYING A WALKING STICK.

THE art of carrying a walking-stick, or even an umbrella, properly, is one that has to be acquired, and does not come by any intuitive sense to the majority of people.

To carry a stick in a manner that will not only look graceful, but without danger and annoyance to others, requires both thought and practice. The primary use of a walking-stick, we may take for granted, is to give assistance in walking, or as a means of assisting our locomotion, and not to poke our neighbour's eye out, or do other grievous bodily harm.

The evolution and development of the modern walking-stick is an interesting subject in itself, but into which we must not digress, beginning with the good old times when the quarterstaff

was carried for the purpose of defence, down to the beau's tasselled cane, and from the "crutch" of the more modern masher, down to the later "tree-trunk" or "clothes-prop" period. Certainly we have sadly

degenerated since the days of Brummel, when every dandy used and carried his walking-cane with as much grace as a lady manipulated her fan. Now, as a rule, it is a mere thing of fashion, being oftener carried for ornament than practical use; but that it is undoubtedly a considerable source of danger, the cause of numerous accidents in the crowded streets of our large cities, mostly due to the



IN THE DAYS OF BRUMMEL.



TWO STYLES.

thoughtless way in which it is carried, is a matter to which public attention should be drawn.

Having had a front tooth knocked out, and been severely prodded about various parts of the body, we can speak from painful experience as to this danger in our midst. The first of these modern nuisances is the



THE CIRCLE.

man who carries a gigantic stick with a formidable knob or projection at one end. He usually carries this article by grasping it in the centre, in a horizontal position, and naturally swings his arm backwards and forwards as he walks. He may be unconscious that he forms a sort of perambulating battering ram, but woe betide the individual who may unknowingly approach too near him from behind. Another man thinks proper to carry his stick under his arm in a similar position, projecting about two or three feet out at the back. Beware of him. If he should happen to stop suddenly, or turn to look into a shop window, as we have often seen him do, he kindly upsets the equilibrium of your hat, or you narrowly escape having your eye cut out; and, we may remark in passing, a "Beg pardon" won't restore sight to a "blind optic." Who has not come across those people who will gesticulate and

point at various objects, emphasizing their remarks with their walking-stick or umbrella, to the imminent danger of those in their vicinity? and it



EMPHASIZING THEIR REMARKS.

is extraordinary to what extent this habit is carried. It was formerly thought peculiar to the Briton, but he is gradually being educated or growing out of it; and the very necessary precautions the custodians of our art galleries were formerly obliged to make, in taking charge of walking-sticks and umbrellas, before admitting such visitors, are gradually

being relaxed. It is quite impossible for these people to inspect any object, from a valuable picture to a 'bus conductor, without poking or prodding at it. We must not forget to mention the man, probably of buoyant spirits, whom you may notice walking on his stick in a proper and sedate manner, suddenly commences swinging it round and round

like a wheel, describing circles with the greatest velocity, to the risk of any unconscious person who may be close behind. On the flights of steps running up from our underground railway stations, the walking-stick demon is very much in evidence (~~what a pity Mr. Gilbert didn't have him on his list~~); with his stick thrust under his arm, he is a frightful source of danger to women and children. Notice how he will perform progressive gyrations up the flight of steps, dodging from one side to the other, in order to get up quickly; and when he is suddenly brought

to a standstill by a block in front, those who are behind him run the risk of having their front teeth knocked down their throat, or other serious injury. We must confess the male sex are usually the greatest delinquents, although the ladies are not always faultless. How many long-suffering creatures of the male sex have not been prodded on the toe, or had the lower part of the trousers marked and torn, when walking beside a lady, who is carrying one of those atrocious long-sticked sunshades or parasols, and all owing to the manner in which it is carried.

Then the lady who rushes blindly down the street during a shower of rain, with umbrella unfurled and lowered to the charge, is a thing of absolute danger, and should be avoided as a mad bull; especially if you happen to be of somewhat corpulent proportions and not very agile. She makes straight for you, and the result of such a collision is decidedly unpleasant.

Now, as to the carrying of a stick or umbrella from an artistic or graceful point of view very little can be said, as neither of those articles





THE LADY WHO RUSHES BLINDLY THROUGH THE RAIN.

can be called artistic objects in themselves. Perhaps the most natural and easy mode is either to use it as an aid to walk with, as the walking-stick was intended to be, or, if carried, it should be held in a sloping position, with the handle lowered towards the ground. In adopting either of these positions we shall not prove a source of danger to others. If every one would only give a little thought to this matter, it would prevent many accidents which occur daily, and do away with an increasing danger which besets our crowded streets and thoroughfares.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE MODERN NECKTIE.

IN the present sombre and unattractive costume worn by the male of to-day, in which picturesqueness has been so completely sacrificed to utility, fashion has left him but one small portion of his attire, where he may yet display a little variety in colour and form, and that is in the shape of his scarf or necktie. 'Tis here a refined and well-bred man will show his good taste in some unobtrusive arrangement in silk or satin. The abject follower of fashion of the "masher" type delights to adorn his person with something eccentric in this way. As every man reveals more or less a certain amount of character by the way he dresses, it often follows the lower and more vulgar the taste the louder the necktie, which may be instanced in the delight 'Arry takes in decking himself in a tie of the brightest vermillion or other brilliant colour. However daring in point of colour a young man may be in his neck adornment he generally merges into the staid and more conventional black as he gets to maturer years.

Originally intended as a protection to the throat, the necktie has now degenerated to a mere ornamental item of dress, and to trace its origin we must go back to the stirring times of the Stuarts. Down to the early part of the seventeenth century, the ruff, which had grown to an enormous size, combined the offices of a neckcloth as well as collar. It was not until the close of the reign of Charles II. that neck-cloths, or cravats, were first worn in England, and were doubtless gladly welcomed as a change from the stiff and uncomfortable ruff. They were usually composed of rich Brussels or Flanders lace, tied in a knot under the chin, and the ends allowed to hang down square. Still later they were worn much longer, the ends being passed through the buttonholes of the waistcoat. The lace neckcloth was succeeded by the small cambric Geneva bands, not unlike those used by clergymen, and these were very generally worn by gentlemen during the reign of William III. The lace neckcloth again became fashionable in Queen Anne's time, but was finally abandoned about 1735. This was followed by a broad silk riband, which fashion ordained to be worn round the neck, and tied in a large bow in the front. A few years later white cambric stocks that buckled behind were introduced, and these were succeeded about 1789 by the muslin cravat, which was more comfortable to the wearer as well as graceful in appearance. The muslin cravat was passed twice round the neck, then tied in a capacious bow in front, in which at that time it was the fashion to bury the chin.

It was about this period that stiff linen collars first became generally worn, and the ruffle disappeared as a part of ordinary dress. We now come to the early part of the present century, when design and style in costume became still plainer. The cravat now assumed a more modified form, and was worn in various styles, always passed twice round the huge collar, and tied in a bow or some fanciful knot in the front, according to the taste of the wearer. Some of the methods used to tie the cravat certainly had the merit of simplicity, as shown in those worn in the early part of this century. Until about 1820 cravats were made very wide in



the centre, and tapered off towards the ends. Still later they were worn narrow, often crossed in the front, and secured by a breast-pin of large dimensions, a greater variety of patterns, and materials also, being introduced in their manufacture. Thirty years ago stocks and cravats commenced to disappear, and scarfs made up into various styles and shapes began to take their place, and they have gradually assumed smaller proportions, until we arrive at the neat productions of our own day. Now and again one may occasionally see the old-fashioned stock worn by some very conservative old gentleman, that recalls a past generation. At the present time neckties of English manufacture command the best prices, and are sought after in France, America, and almost every country in the world, being looked upon as the correct thing by those who would be thought well-dressed. They are mostly manufactured in London and the neighbourhood by three or four large firms, who

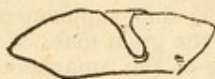
make this department a special business. Some hundreds of hands, mostly girls, are employed in the factories, and constantly turning out an endless variety of styles and patterns, from all sorts of materials. As a rule some half-dozen new styles are introduced each year, are exhibited in the shop windows, are taken up, and then drop out of fashion. Scarfs and ties that are sold in West-end shops for 3s. 6d. and 5s. each usually cost the retailer from 30s. to 45s. a dozen, which leaves him a good profit; but, on the other hand, when the run (which is often a short one) on a new style is over, and he has a lot left on his hands, he is glad to sell them at less than the price they cost. Like other things in these days of cheapness and competition, those who vend neckties complain that they cannot sell the more expensive ones like they used to do, and that the shilling scarf, or still cheaper articles of the City, have revolutionized their trade. As the ties sold at a shilling cost somewhere about eight shillings a dozen, the public will no doubt think there is yet a reasonable profit left for the seller. Such is the evolution of the modern necktie.

HATS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THE modern high silk hat, the hat of civilization and ultra-respectability, has from time to time been vigorously assailed and attacked by numerous writers ; but, strange enough, this flimsy cylindrical headpiece still survives, and retains its lofty position in public estimation.

It has never had a serious rival, and holds its position mainly for two reasons. First, because a more becoming substitute, and one that would harmonize with our present sombre style of dress, remains yet to be introduced ; and, second, that, unless such a substitute was adopted and worn by our acknowledged leaders of fashion, it would never become general or popular.

Harmony plays an important part as regards costume. The three-



GEORGE II. AND III.



PURITAN.



ELIZABETH AND JAMES.



THE REGENCY.



GEORGE III.
(BEAVER).

cornered hat of the early Georgian era would hardly look well with the sober regulation frock-coat of to-day, and a high silk hat would look equally ridiculous crowning a peruke, or with a full-bottomed coat of the last century. The hats of the Stuart period were both picturesque and admirably suited to the style of dress worn in those days of gorgeous attire and personal decoration. Since then hats, like other things, from a picturesque point of view, have gradually degenerated.

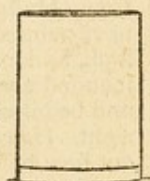


CHARLES I.

The first tall hats began to be worn in England towards the close of the last century, although the shape is said to have been derived from the high-crowned hat of Queen Elizabeth's time. They were very heavy, and covered with beaver, and were readily superseded by the French silk hat, introduced about fifty years ago, which had the advantage of being lighter, while it retained its stiffness. Since then, although hats have undergone many varieties of form, the material has not been altered. From time to time the changing hand of fashion has slightly varied its shape, either in moulding the sides or playing fantastic pranks with the brim. We have had the solemn flat-brimmed "stove-pipe," of imposing dimensions, and the jaunty "bell-topper," with curly brim, and numerous variations between. Then we have had hats tall and short, bell-shaped and conical, some with perpendicular and others with curved sides, until at last it would appear in the course of time we shall arrive at the earliest style again.



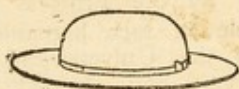
THE REGENCY.



STOVE-PIPE
(SILK).

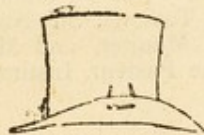
It is said, "A man only becomes a man when he is clothed ;" if so, his hat goes a long way to make or mar his personal appearance. The most that can be said for the modern hat is that its absolute rigidity carries with it a certain dignity. But fitting hermetically to the head, it bathes the scalp in perspiration, probably causing premature baldness, and further, it is incapable of proper ventilation. No one will venture to dispute that the primary design and use of a hat should be as a covering to the head, and to protect and shelter that valuable portion of the body from the excess of heat, cold, and exposure. Therefore, it is most essential a hat should be well and properly ventilated, light, comfortable, and easy to wear, and also manu-

factured of a material that is adapted to our variable climate. It is somewhat remarkable that the modern hat does not fulfil a single one of these necessary qualifications. It has not even the redeeming point of being picturesque, yet it is now worn and found among all the civilized nations of the earth, and is often discovered crowning the head of a dusky monarch or savage chief as their full-dress costume on state occasions. Some twenty-five years ago there was quite a vigorous attempt made to overthrow the supremacy of the high hat, and it was even proposed to form an association to rebel against the social tyranny it exercised, but all to no purpose—the "cylinder" still remains with us. Certain classes are very conservative in their style of hats, which easily betrays their calling, even to the inexperienced eye.



SOFT FELT.

The clerical hat with the broad brim, or the soft felt, is unmistakable. The man of sporting proclivities is fond of short crowns and well-curved brims, while the actor not unfrequently affects the soft felt or the "Rembrandt" type, with a brim of large or small proportions. The Sunday chapeau of the coster has a distinct individuality, which would be hard to



BISHOP'S HAT.

mistake, and the old-fashioned "bell-topper," covered with beaver, is still dear to the heart of the country farmer. It is easy to distinguish a German or a Frenchman in our streets by his hat, and the Englishman as a rule equally betrays his nationality when abroad.

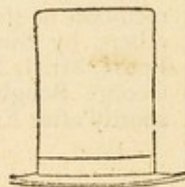
Divers and strange are the variety of uses hats are put to at times, from making a collection to the receptacle for a doctor's stethoscope, and for carrying numerous articles.

Whatever may be in the near future we know not, but the perfect hat yet remains to be designed. To become popular and generally worn, it is essential that it should be suitable to our modern mode of attire, and look well. It must afford proper protection to the head from all excesses of our changeable climate, be light and easy to wear, capable of sufficient ventilation, and composed of a material that will not easily spoil. The

sketches of hats which are given here were made at Mr. Heath's, of Oxford-street.



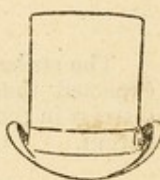
COACHING
(WHITE SILK).



BEAVER: 1820.



CLERICAL.



PRESENT STYLE
(SILK).

