

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 19, 1892.

[No. 47.

## TIGER HUNTING IN INDIA.

The tiger is the fiercest of all animals. He will not hesitate to attack as huge a beast as the elephant, and sometimes successfully. The hunter in our picture is evidently in a very precarious predicament. The enraged tiger has broken the "howdah," or hunting box, on the elephant's back and unless the Hindoo elephant driver can divert his attention from the hunter it will go pretty hard with the latter. The elephant seems to be very terrified and is racing and trumpeting "for all he is worth."

## HOW OUR ANCESTORS ATE.

A THOUSAND years ago, when the dinner was ready to be served, the first thing brought into the great hall was the table. Movable trestles were brought, on which were placed boards, and all were carried away again at the close of the meal. Upon this was laid the table-cloth, which in some of the old pictures is represented as having a handsome embroidered border. There is an old Latin riddle of the eighth century in which the table says: "I feed people with many kinds of food. First, I am a quadruped and adorned with handsome clothing; then I am robbed of my apparel and lose my legs also."

The food of the Anglo-Saxon was largely bread. This is hinted in the fact that a domestic was called a "loaf-cater," and the lady of the house was the "loaf-giver." The bread was baked in round, flat cakes, which the superstition of the cook marked with a cross to preserve them from the perils of the fire. Milk, butter, and cheese were also eaten. The principal meat was bacon, as the scorns of the oak forests, which then covered a large part of England, supported numerous droves of swine.

Our Anglo-Saxon forefathers were not only hearty eaters, but, unfortunately, deep drinkers. The drinking-horns were at first literally horns, and so must be immediately emptied when filled.

Later, when the primitive horn had been replaced by a glass cup, it retained a tradition of its rude predecessor in its shape, for it had a flaring top while tapering toward the base, so that it, too, had to be emptied at a draught.

Each guest was furnished with a spoon; while his knife he always carried in his belt; as for forks, who dreamed of them when nature had given man ten fingers? But you will see why a servant with a basin of water and a towel always presented himself to each guest before dinner was served and after it was ended. Roasted meat was served on the spit and on which it was cooked, and the guest cut off or tore off a piece to eat himself. Boiled meat was laid on the slices of bread, or later, on thick slices of bread called "trenchers," from a Norman word meaning "to cut," as these were to carve the meat on, thus preserving the table cloth from the knife. At first the trencher was eaten or thrown to the dogs, but at a later date it was put into a basket and given to the poor.

During the latter part of the Middle Ages the most conspicuous object on the table was the salt-celler. This was generally of silver in the form of a ship. It was placed in the centre of the long table, at which the whole household gathered, my lord and lady, their family and guests being at one end, and their retainers and servants at the other. So one's position in

fusion may be gained from the provision made by King Henry III. for his household at Christmas, 1254. This included "thirty one oxen, one hundred pigs, three hundred and fifty six fowls, twenty nine hares, fifty nine rabbits, nine pheasants, fifty six partridges, sixty eight woodcock, thirty nine plovers and three thousands eggs."

## WHO KNEW BEST?

ANOTHER some things Florence was sure she knew better than her mother, although she was but ten years old. One was about her new spring coat and hat. Florence wanted to wear them at once, but her mother said that she must wait for some time yet. This made her quite cross, but her mother did not allow her to wear her new clothes any sooner for that.

One bright, sunny morning her mother was in bed with a headache, and Florence had to get ready for school by herself. She went to the closet for her old coat and winter hood, and there on the nail was the new coat, and on the shelf lay the hat all ready to be put on.

"I do believe I will wear it to-day," she said to herself. "I am sure mamma would let me, it is so bright and warm." But she was really not at all sure. She would not have put on the new coat and hat and gone so quietly down stairs for fear Mary, the nurse, would see her, if she had been.

When she arrived at school, all the little girls came about her to admire her new clothes, and she felt very proud.

At recess the children were playing in the yard. The ground was damp and muddy, for it had rained all the day before. Florence was having a fine game of tag, quite forgetting her new coat. Suddenly, as she was running, her foot caught, and down she fell in the very muddiest part of the yard! The others ran to help her, and laughed merrily when they saw the plight she was in. But Florence did not laugh, she was much nearer crying! The front of her pretty light coat was black with mud, and her hat was bent out of shape. While the older ones were brushing off the mud and trying to console her, the bell rang and they had to go in to school. Florence was able to pay very little attention to her lessons, and received a number of bad marks, the first she had had that week. To make matters worse, when she came out of school, the rain was pouring down, and she had no umbrella. With her old coat and hood on, she would have liked the fun of running home in the rain. Now it was anything but funny, particularly as her mother opened the door when she came home, and saw her condition.

"You may go up stairs," said her mother, "and wait till I come."

The waiting was dreadful. Mary came and took her coat and hat away, but did not speak to her. At last her mother came, and Florence would have preferred any punishment to her mother's way of talking, it made her feel so small and so ashamed.

She cried a great deal, and said she was very sorry. But that did not take the stain off the coat. She was obliged to wear it, however, stain and all, until it was outgrown, to teach her that wrong-doing has lasting effects. I am glad to say that it did teach her.

It is a manly act to forsake an error.



TIGER HUNTING IN INDIA.

regard to the salt was a test of rank—the gentle folks sitting "above the salt" and the yeomen below it. In the house of the great nobles dinner was served with much ceremony. At the hour a stately procession entered the hall. First came several musicians, followed by the steward bearing the rod of office, and then came a long line of servants carrying different dishes. Some idea of the variety and pro-

Many of our favourite dishes have descended to us from the Middle Ages. Macarons have served as dessert since the days of Chaucer. Our favourite winter breakfast, griddle-cakes, has come down to us from the far away Britons of Wales, while boys have lunched on gingerbread and girls on pickles and jellies since the time of Edward II., more than five hundred years ago.—S. S. Claiborne.