

HOME TREASURY

TOYS

BASEBALLS

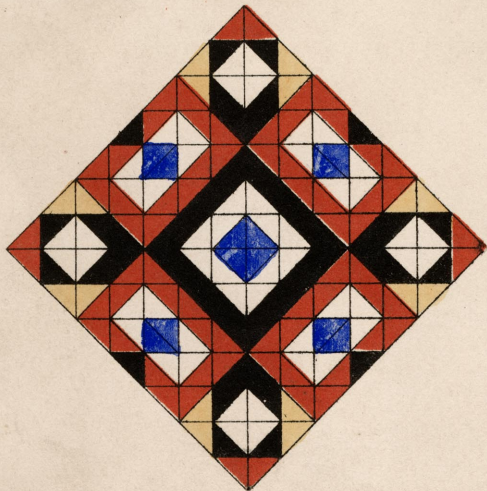
TESSELATED
PASTIME.

TABLES

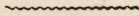
PARLIES

JOSEPH CUNDALL

24



The Home Treasury.



TESSELATED PASTIME.

WITH

A CHAPTER ON SOME USES OF THE TOY

AND ON

TASTE IN ORNAMENTAL PATTERNS.

BY

FELIX SUMMERLY.



LONDON:

JOSEPH CUNDALL, 12, OLD BOND STREET.

—
1843.

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TESSELATED PASTIME.

IT was the first of June, the birthday of little Marian, who was eight years of age. When she awoke she found the sun shining brightly through the window, and she said to her younger sister Henrietta, whom she called Hennie—"Hennie, dear, it's my birthday; and Miss Misfit is to come and play with us. And we are to go to the Zoological Gardens with Mamma, if it is fine. It *will* be fine I am sure, see how beautifully the sun is shining."

"Now, young ladies, please to get up," said the nurse, bringing in a large can of water. "It is half past six." So the two little girls both sprung out of bed, enjoyed their bath, helped each other to tie and button what was necessary, and hastened to their mother, who always herself heard them say their prayers.

“I wonder,” said Marian to her Mother, “what time Miss Misfit will come, and how soon we shall go to the Zoological Gardens?”

“Soon after breakfast,” replied her Mother, and all three went down stairs; the little girls saying, as they jolted down one step at a time, “How happy we shall be to-day!”

They found the breakfast all ready; their basins of milk smoking, and the slices of bread and butter cut. The little girls used to look out every morning for the skim made by their milk when cooling, and their mother indulged them, by turns, with the skim from the hot milk used for the coffee. On this morning it was Hennie’s turn to have it; but she gave it, together with the skim from her own basin, as a little birthday present to her sister: which was very thoughtful and kind.

The breakfast was scarcely over, when up drove a carriage to the door. Both the girls ran to the window to see if it was not their young friend. The carriage door soon opened, and out stepped Miss Misfit, a little girl about ten years of age. She was very smartly dressed; more like a woman than

a child. Her mother, I am sorry to say, was not a very wise woman, and taught her child to think a great deal too much of fine clothes by always dressing her in them. At this visit Miss Misfit was dressed in a yellow satin bonnet with a light blue feather—a pink satin dress with fine lace cuffs and collar. Both the children thought their little friend looked very smart and beautiful, and Marian said to her Mother, rather sorrowfully, “ I wish I had a pink satin gown instead of a plain white frock.”

“ I don’t think,” answered the Mother, “ you would be able to play about on the grass as you do without spoiling your clothes, if they were so fine ; and I should not wonder if Miss Misfit found them rather awkward to her even to-day.”

The little party were soon made ready to go out, and off they started in the carriage for the Zoological Gardens. They had not gone very far before large drops of rain fell. Presently there blew some gusts of wind, and down followed a heavy shower. The windows of the carriage were drawn up, and all the faces of the party looked *very* blank. Patter,

patter came the rain, until the pavement seemed to smoke. The clouds looked so dull, so heavy, and so massive, that it seemed as though it would be a thoroughly wet day; and the Mother said, "This wet will never suit for the Zoological Gardens: we must give up our visit there; but, to make up for the disappointment, we will drive round by the Bazaar and chose some present for Marian." The children looked sorrowful indeed; but their faces brightened at last, and they tried to be as happy as they could under the sad disappointment.

The carriage shortly reached the Bazaar, and all the party stepped out. They passed from one counter to another, admiring and wanting everything. The dolls and dolls' clothes were especially tempting. "You know, my dears," said the Mother, "we are only going to buy some *one* thing this morning." Marian asks but for a doll, Hennie proposes a set of baby tea-things, then Marian changes her mind to having a box of colours, and Hennie's fancy is for a Noah's Ark. "Suppose, as you cannot both choose a different thing, you ask

me to choose for you." "Oh yes, Mamma," said the children, "pray do you choose for us."

"I shall choose for myself," exclaimed Miss Misfit. "My Mamma gave me five shillings to spend to-day;" and as she said this, she stopped before a counter at which were sold fancy worsteds and all sorts of patterns for worsted needle working. "What splendid patterns!" "Yes, Miss," answered the shopkeeper, "they are splendid, and very fashionable too. Here's a portrait of the infant Prince of Wales in his cradle, which may be worked beautifully in cross-stitch; the price is only eight shillings." "I wish I had eight shillings," sighed Miss Misfit, "but I have only five shillings." The shopwoman then produced a pattern of a dog carrying a basket of flowers, which, she said, might be bought for five shillings. "Is this fashionable also?"

"Very much so, Miss: they are much bought by ladies who work in worsted." "Then I will have the dog, it will make a lovely footstool." So Miss Misfit paid the money and took the pattern.

Next to this counter was a bookseller's, and among the books was a small thin square box en-

titled "Tesselated Pastime," which the Mother proceeded to examine, and after looking at it, she said to Marian, "*this* shall be your present."

"What an odd present! What queer little bits of stuff! They look something like lozenges! I wonder what is the use of them! I don't see any beauty in them at all!" exclaimed Miss Misfit.

"Thank you, Mamma," said Marian, "but I don't quite understand what to do with it." "You will learn all that in time, my dear, and we shall see whose toy will please longest. The Pattern of the Dog or the Tesselated Pastime."

The party then left the Bazaar. But as Marian and Miss Misfit were skipping down the steps, Miss Misfit's foot slipped, and down she fell into the soft mud, scraped together at the edge of the pavement; and she dragged Marian along with her. The children were not hurt, but their frocks were covered with dirt. The fine pink satin frock was quite spoiled. But the mishap on Marian's white frock could easily be remedied by the washerwoman. Marian looked at her mother as much as to say, "You were right, dear Mother, when you told me

to be satisfied with my white frock, and that the pink satin would be very likely to be in the way."

Home the party went, and soon after they had arrived, there came a friend of the little girls whose name was Mr. Felix Summerly.

The children showed him their purchases, each one asking him which he liked best: and something like the following conversation took place:

Miss Misfit. Is it not a splendid Pattern?

Mr. Summerly. A Pattern of what, my dear?

Miss M. Why a Dog, to be sure.

Mr. S. A Dog! what's the shape of his eye? Tell me, Marian.

Marian. I think his eye looks rather square.

Mr. S. Did you ever see a dog with a square eye?

Hennie. What a funny dog to have a square eye! Our dog Fanny's eye is a round one, I think.

Marian. And then the nose is square!

Hennie. And his tail too!

Marian. The brown patch is square!

Hennie. His feet too are square!

Both. Mamma! Mamma! Miss Misfit's dog is all square. Square eyes, square nose, square ears, square tail, square feet—and they all laughed very much.

Miss M. I never saw that before; certainly dogs are not square. But you must allow that the colours are very beautiful.

Mr. S. But who ever saw colours on a dog, with straight lines and square corners?

Marian. And the flowers too are all in squares—I never saw real flowers so.

Miss M. I see Mr. Summerly does not like worsted work at all.

Mr. S. You are quite wrong, my dear. I think very beautiful work may be done in worsted, but I do not like imperfect forms. When you are somewhat older you will find out that it is much better not to take the shapes of animals, or anything else as patterns which you cannot form truly. When you work any pattern it should be one that is not an *imperfect* copy of any thing. In this pattern, you try and make a dog—but you cannot succeed, be-

cause you cannot help making him look square in all parts, as the canvas on which you work is made up of squares. I think such forms ought not to be chosen. Needle work in worsted must always be in straight lines or in squares, and therefore your pattern should be always of such a kind that straight lines and squares will suit them. Straight lines and squares do not suit forms which are round, or oval, or curved. Besides, if you want to represent any animal, you can do it so very much better by means of a pencil, or a colour brush, that it is not wise to take worsted for the purpose. An endless number of beautiful patterns may be made by straight lines and squares. You may see how beautiful they are in the Turkey carpet in your father's dining room, and in your mother's Indian shawl; and when you are taken to the British Museum, where you are allowed to enter if you are ten years of age, but not if younger, I advise you to look at the ornaments formed of straight lines and squares, on the pots and vases which are kept in the room called the Etruscan Room.

Whilst Mr. Summerly was thus speaking he opened the new toy call "Tesselated Pastime." "Here's the very thing to teach you how to make beautiful patterns of squares; and you can find out a new pattern every day. Hennie, dear, bring me one of the red pieces. How many corners has it?"

Hennie. One, two, three—three corners.

Mr. S. That is called a triangle. Now bring another, and join the two long sides together. Do you know what shape the two pieces make?

Marian. I think they make a square.

Mr. S. Yes, they do. How many corners has a square, Hennie?

Hennie. One, two, three, four—four corners.

Mr. S. Now, Hennie, make a red square—now a white square—put them together—add another red square—another white square—(see pattern, No. 1). Another red. How many red squares in this pattern?

Hennie. One, two, three.

Mr. S. How many white?

Hennie. Two.

Mr. S. How many red triangles ?

Hennie. One, two, three, four, five—five.

Marian. No, Hennie, six.

Hennie. Yes, six. Why, this will teach me to count ; won't it, Mr. Summerly ?

Mr. S. Yes, it will teach you to count, and to make patterns too.

Whilst this dialogue was going on, Marian and Miss Misfit had both taken some of the pieces—and each one had made a pattern—of a single line. First they made it of black and white squares, one after the other ; then of black and white triangles : then two white squares (No. 4), and a black ; then a white, black, and red square, following each other ; then they changed them again to black, red, white, red, black (No. 6). And so they went on amusing themselves for a long time, making patterns of various kinds, until dinner time came. After dinner the weather brightened, but as the ground was still very damp, the little party were obliged to give up all thoughts of going to the Zoological Gardens that day. So Mr. Summerly proposed another drive in

the carriage; and the coachman was told to go to Ludgate Hill.* The carriage stopped before a silk mercer's, whose name was Mr. Hilditch, and the whole party alighted from the carriage, and went into the shop. Up the centre of the shop the children saw a very pretty pavement, and upon examining it, found that it was made up of the same kind of little pieces as their Toy. On the opposite side of the street Mr. Summerly took them to see another specimen of the same kind of pavement at a house called the London Coffee House. The party then crossed Blackfriars Bridge, and went to the

* Mr. Summerly perhaps would have taken his little party to see the finest specimen of pavement in London, at the Reform Club, had he been a member of that place. He also forgot to tell them to go to Westminster Abbey, and see the old Mosaic pavement laid down before the altar, by Abbot Ware, many centuries ago; and the shrine of King Edward the Confessor, and tomb of King Henry the Third, made of little Mosaics, both in Westminster Abbey: and, also, never to pass through Canterbury without examining the beautiful Mosaic pavement in Trinity Chapel, in the Cathedral. Perhaps, too, he thought that there was plenty of time hereafter for them to become acquainted with Mr. Owen Jones's Patterns of Tesselated Pavement, and with the handsome Collection of Roman Pavements, made years ago, by Mr. Fowler.

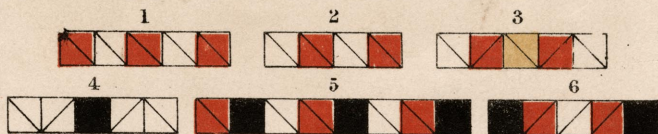
Warehouse of Messrs. Parker and Wyatt on the south east side of the bridge, in a street called Holland Street, where they saw large tubs full of the little pieces, which are called Tesseræ, and also a great number of patterns formed of them. At this warehouse, Mr. Blashfield who had invented this kind of Tesseræ explained to the party how each little piece was made of *dry* powder, and then pressed so very tightly together that it became hard, and afterwards was baked in an oven. He showed them, too, how each piece was laid down on floors, according to a very simple plan invented by Mr. Singer. When they had inspected all the other interesting objects at this warehouse, the party returned home very much delighted with what they had seen, and especially with their new Toy of the Tesselated Pastime.

Soon after this birthday, Mr. Summerly again came to see his little friends. He found that the Toy was a constant amusement to them, and especially on wet days when they were unable to go out: that it was as good and as fresh as when first bought. As good, because the pieces were so hard that they

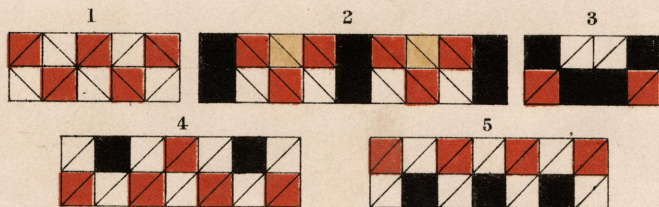
could not be broken or injured—and as fresh, because every day some new pattern was invented. Little Hennie had learned to count very readily, and enjoyed counting by these pieces, because the taking them up and laying them down kept her in action, as little children like to be. She had also learned, by degrees, to form very full patterns (see No. 22 &c.). Marian had begun to work one for a kettle holder, as a present for her grandmamma (No. 24), and even Miss Misfit had gone to the Bazaar and begged the shopwoman to exchange the square Dog for worsteds, and had worked a very handsome square pattern, which her friend, Marian, had invented for her out of the Tesseræ; and they all agreed that the Tesselated Pastime had been a most capital Birthday present.



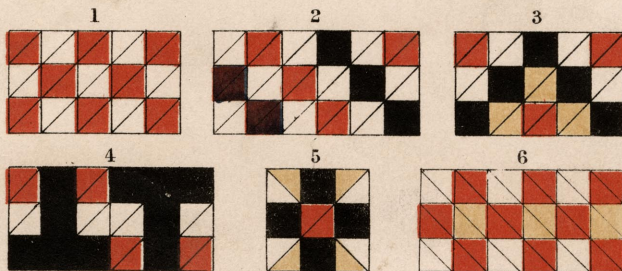
PATTERNS OF ONE LINE.



TWO LINES.

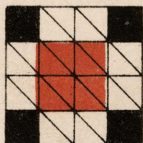


THREE LINES.

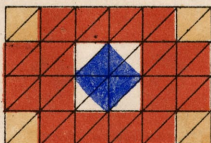


PATTERNS OF FOUR LINES.

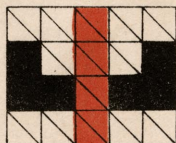
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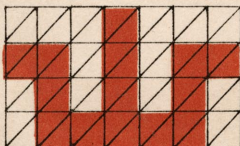
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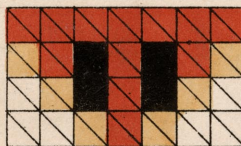
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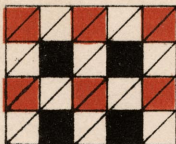
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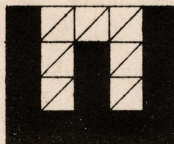
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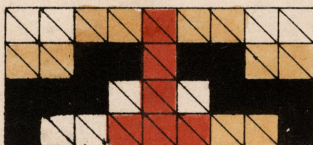
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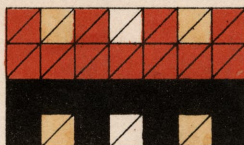
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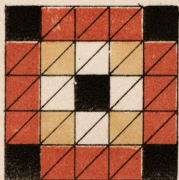


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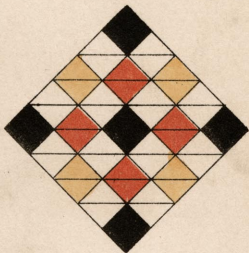


PATTERNS OF FIVE LINES.

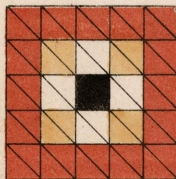
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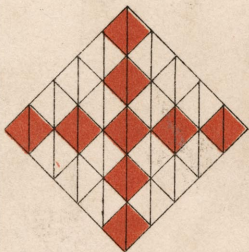
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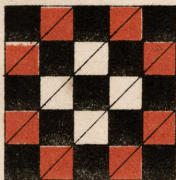
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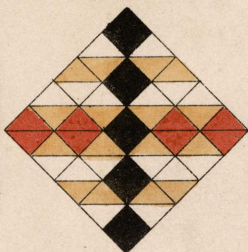
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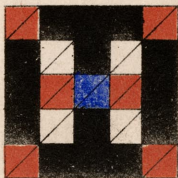
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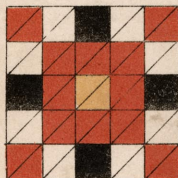
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9



MISCELLANEOUS PATTERNS.

1



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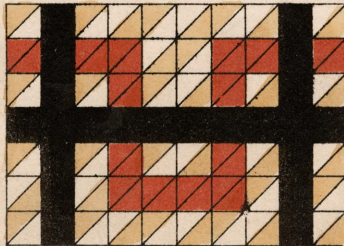
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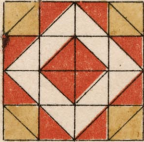
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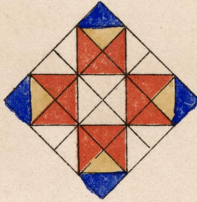
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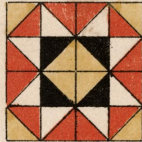
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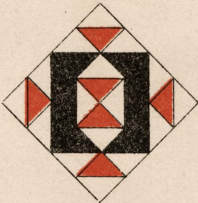
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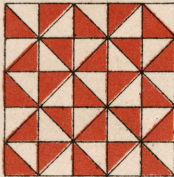
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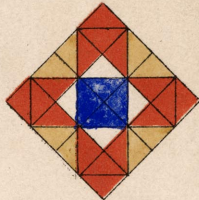
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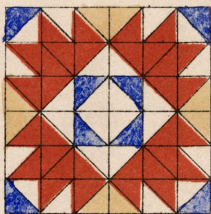
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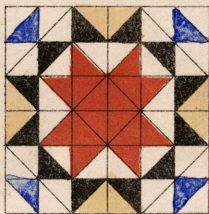
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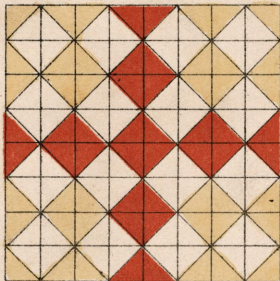
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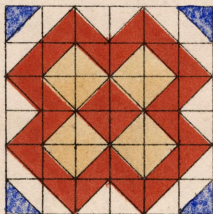
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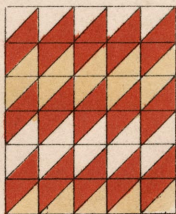
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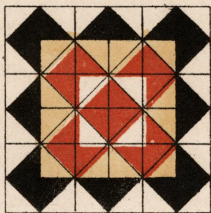
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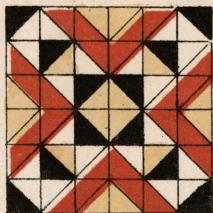
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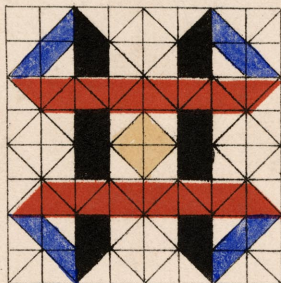
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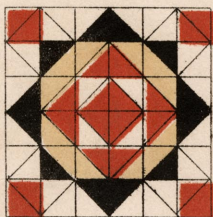
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21



22



23



H O M E T R E A S U R Y

T O Y S

P A T T E R N S

T E S S E L A T E D
P A S T I M E .

A S H E S

T A B L E S

J O S E P H C U N D A L L