

THE CHEMISTRY OF COMMON DOMESTIC LIFE.

By a Strong-Minded Woman—with a Strong Chemical Turn.

The subjects to be treated in this interesting series—and into which will be thrown the experience of a long married life—will be:—

- No. 1.—The AIR we breathe, and why our dear children (bless them!) always require a change of it at a certain period of the year.
- No. 2.—The COLD MEAT we eat, and why it generally produces ill-humour when there is no pudding after it.
- No. 3.—The JOINTS we cook at home, and the JOINTS that are cooked for us in a lodging-house, and how the latter invariably lose so much more in the cooking.
- No. 4.—The PANCAKES we fry and the wonderful PUDDINGS we contrive, whenever there is a doubt whether there will be sufficient for dinner.
- No. 5.—The POT-LUCK that our husbands will persist in bringing their friends home to partake of, and the various STEWS and BROILS that always come out of it.
- No. 6.—The LUNCHEONS we enjoy when alone, and the DINNERS we cannot touch when there is company.
- No. 7.—The SHERRY we drink ourselves, and the MARSALA we give our friends at an evening party.
- No. 8.—The SWEETS we give our children, and the BITTERS we receive from our husbands for so doing, on the absurd plea that it makes the poor little dears ill.
- No. 9.—The SOIL we cultivate in our conservatories and out in our balconies, and the FLOWERS (hyacinths particularly) we rear on our mantelpieces.
- No. 10.—The BEVERAGES we infuse after an oyster supper, and the SLOWS we imbibe when we have a cold.
- No. 11.—The ODOURS (including musk and patchouli) we love best, and the SMELLS we dislike most, especially that filthy tobacco-smoke.
- No. 12.—The PETS we cherish, and the real causes of the illnesses that are generally attributed to our over-feeding them.
- No. 13.—The QUARRELS we ferment and the STORMS we brew, whenever poor mother comes to make a short stay in the house.
- No. 14.—The TABLE-BEER we give our servants, and an analysis of the strange rapidity with which it is drunk, though the ungrateful creatures are always complaining of it.
- No. 15.—The TEA AND SUGAR we allow the Cook and Housemaid, and the extraordinary preference they have for that which is used in the parlour.
- No. 16.—What we BREATHE, and whom we BREATHE FOR, and the great benefit there is in STAYS, by their enabling us to breathe so much better, and how a

heated room generally improves the RESPIRATION and VENTILATION.

No. 17.—The BODY we love and nourish and take care of, with an exposure of the absurd fallacy that thin shoes, low dresses, and scanty clothing, are in the least injurious to health.

BEHIND THE SHUTTERS.

"My dear, these peas have no flavour."

"Not a bit, my love."

"You might as well eat bran, my dear."

"Just as well; but—no matter—I'll give it 'em. It's very provoking, my love, but—set your mind at rest—I'll give it 'em as they never had it."

Green peas are a sweet thing; like green youth; it is a pity they should ever be spoiled. Our esteemed friend, Mr. Dewlap—(no man is a Christian was prouder of the beauty of his pew in the church of St. Oil-cum-Honey)—our esteemed friend, we say, was particularly fond of green peas, and in the course of a tolerable long and to himself extremely useful life, he had so educated his palate—and what it had cost for its education, not he himself could tell!—that with the first green pea he could pretty well tell the hour when it was plucked; whether at sunrise or sun-down; the precise time, too, when the pea was shelled, whether a certain number of hours before dinner; or whether a few timely minutes before they dropt into the pot. Now, on the Sunday—it was a beautiful Sunday, late in June—on which Mr. Dewlap condemned the peas as being of no better flavour than bran, he had been much comforted by a sermon under the roof of Oil-cum-Honey, preached by the Rev. Joshua Stickleback, in denunciation of Sunday bakings. A shoulder of mutton, dripping under the kidneys, was a fearful type of what the consumers thereof in this world might—upon his authority—take it upon themselves to expect upon the coals. Mr. Dewlap dropt a five-shilling-piece in the plate that day; and Mrs. Dewlap observed to more than one friend, in the church porch, that they had been edified by a most sweet discourse. When the government wanted a bishop—she spoke in a whisper—she only hoped that the government would take its staff, and make a pilgrimage to the shrine of Oil-cum-Honey.

The next day, Mrs. Dewlap's brougham stopped, with almost ominous emphasis, at the door of Pottles, flourishing fruiterer and green-grocer; for the Dewlaps dwell in the beautiful suburban village of Tomtit-field. Nevertheless, the shop of Pottles, might have fairly held up its head, even in Covent-garden; it was so rosy with fruit; and so fresh, so cool, with the freshest and coolest of vegetables.

Mrs. Dewlap, having nothing to do, would always overwork herself, by causing herself to be driven to her own townfolk. She only dealt with people of unimpeach-

able character—in so far as that could be for their station—but how was she to know, who was who, unless she personally bent the whole powers of her intellect to the inquiry? Hence, Mrs. Dewlap drew up at the door of Pottles.

"Mr. Pottles, those peas you sent in yesterday"—

"Yes, my lady?"

"They were like bullets. You'll not contradict it,—bullets."

"Quite fresh, my lady. Picked on Saturday morning, and shelled the very last thing over night."

"Shelled over night!" exclaimed Mrs. Dewlap, astounded by the intelligence.

"And do you think, Mr. Pottles, that you can dare to hope to continue to serve me with peas shelled over night?"

"Shouldn't do it, of course, my lady," said Pottles, who began to feel all his guilt coming upon him, falling from the avenging blow of Mrs. Dewlap—"shouldn't do it, of course, except on a Saturday night."

"And wherefore on a Saturday night?" asked the lady.

"Why, my lady, because you know we don't keep open any time of a Sunday."

"I should suppose not; or do you suppose I would lay out a penny with an infidel? But if you do close on Sunday, and have to supply me with peas, can't you, at the last minute, shell them behind the shutters?"

Pottles was weak—Pottles was money-making—Pottles was afraid of losing his custom. He had already been threatened with a rival. What was to be done?

We cannot answer—that is, not for the very truth. But it is said that never again did Mr. or Mrs. Dewlap complain of insipid Sunday peas. They asked no questions. Pottles' Sabbath shutters, were, as ever, closed; but who can tell what things were shelled behind the shutters?

Next Parliament, Mr. Dewlap intends to be returned for the borough of Coesysoul; if only, as he has been heard to declare, to lift his voice against the unhallowed bill of Joseph Hume—of the infidel who would open the British Museum and the National Gallery after the hours of church.

Perhaps, however, Mr. Dewlap may be brought to a compromise: he may vote for the measure, with the amendment, that what is to be seen, may be exhibited—behind the shutters.

RUDE AND CRUDE OBSERVATIONS.

BY A PLATITUDINARIAN.

None of us like the crying of another person's baby.

"I won't" is a woman's ultimatum.

No man knows when he goes to law, or gets into a cab, what he will have to pay on getting out of it.

Red tape is the legal chad, with which a lawyer riddles his sheep.

If we all had windows to our breasts to-