

For the Pearl.

## SILENCE.

Silence is eloquent—

And sorrow, though severe  
Is not more plainly shown,  
By the heart-rending groan,  
Than by the silent tear.

There is a voice in grief—

Though it has pierced so deep,  
That sealed in apathy,  
The heart forbids to sigh  
And the eye forgets to weep.

It's want of words expresses

The fulness of its feeling,  
And painful silence speaks,  
That, grief that spirit breaks,  
Which language fails revealing.

There is a voice in Death—

The silence of the grave  
Conveys its lesson home,  
To those in health's fair bloom;  
The fearful and the brave.

Go to the place of tombs:

Gaze on the mouldering bier;  
The arm of conquest now,  
And the whitened locks of snow,  
Have found a pillow there.

The bud of infancy,

Ere it could charm the eye;  
Is cleft by Death's rude hand—  
Transplanted to expand,  
Beneath a milder Sky.

Ask silence, where they lie,

Who have removed hither?  
And she replies; "they're taking,  
(No care those slumbers breaking)  
A long—long sleep together."

Where is the damask cheek—

With white and crimson shaded?  
The flower has lost its bloom,  
And in the silent tomb,  
Its beauteous tints have faded.

Where is that speaking eye,

Whose light such life imparted?  
Its beams are quenched now,  
And from that lovely brow,  
"The glory has departed."

All—all that charms us here

Is transient as the wind,  
Or as the meteor's flight,  
Over the face of night;  
Which leaves no trace behind.

## GEESE KILLING IN LINCOLNSHIRE.

## A Frightful picture.

"I was (continues Sir George) similarly indebted to the kindness of fortune on another occasion, the particulars whereof I will here introduce, not only in exemplification of the foregoing remark, whereby I was within an ace of passing through Lincolnshire without visiting a slaughter-house of the native geese, but since the subject I am upon is one of comestibles and provisions for the table. Two years ago, while remaining a day in the town of Boston, my attention being then chiefly directed to the gigantic operations that propel the stagnant waters of the fens in artificial rivors of the sea; I had intended to bend my way to whatever spot I might see to the greatest advantage the means and the effect, whereby the science of drainage has there been conducted to so vast an extent. And having previously visited the noble church, whose eight spires, airily supported on lantern arches, springing from an octagonal turret, are only equalled by the architectural symmetry within the building, where the whole aisle and transepts, in unbroken space, and under one roof, are supported on lofty pointed arches of exquisite form, I had nothing in fact, else to do, when by mere chance, as I have already hinted, my attention was called to the red field of blood, whereon hundreds of poor geese yield up their lives daily, and perish, generation after generation, for the benefit of mankind. As I was strolling onwards in the direction of the fens, I had hardly proceeded clear of the suburbs of the town, when the busy hum of imprisoned thousands was borne upon the breeze, as of those multitudinous throngs which, during the depth and intensity of winter, are seen gallantly piercing the snow-storm in pointed column, and murmuring in gentle cackle as they plod along. For a moment I attentively listened, but a moment, to ears accustomed to rural sounds, was quite sufficient to reconcile localities, and account for the phenomenon. A few minutes more conducted me to the very spot from whence the sound proceeded, where, on a small plot of ground, a quarter of an acre in extent, a drove of five thousand geese were closely penned like sheep, cackling their sorrows to the winds, and awaiting their melancholy doom. From a thousand to sixteen hundred a week here die regularly by the hands of the executioner; and, as I learnt, upon making inquiry, that, according to arrangement carried into effect by the

proprietor of the establishment, three days in every week, of which the morrow was one, were set apart to slaughter, I made up my mind to go the next morning accordingly, and witness the ceremony. At ten o'clock the next morning, when I arrived on the premises, two hundred and sixty geese had been already barbarously assassinated out of six hundred, the number on that day doomed to die. The dead birds were all plucked, trussed, and laid in order, neatly ranged on shelves wherewith this, the first and outer apartment, was surrounded. The said apartment communicated by an outer door through the back yard of the premises by a series of wicket gates, to the plot of ground already referred to, and also by partitions with two other chambers, in one of which the geese were killed, and in the other stripped of their feathers. In the first of the two latter chambers, three boys were employed. The first boy, by virtue of his office, drove the geese a dozen at a time from the grand depot into a pen parted off in one corner of the apartment, and these, batch by batch, were usually disposed of as quickly as he could go to the depot and return. The second boy, though in point of fact he acted the part of a hangman, did nothing more than, taking each goose one by one out of the aforesaid pen, prepare it for execution. To this end, by a dexterous twist, he entangled together the pinions of the bird behind its back, and inserted its legs in one of eight nooses that hung suspended five feet from the ground against the wall, over a long trough which rested on the floor to catch the blood. The third boy's business was simple and sanguinary—merely that of cutting throats. Of this young matador, though scarcely twelve years old, the trenchant blade had not only passed across the weasands of all those geese that had already given up the ghost, but ere the sun had passed his meridian, the death-cackle of the whole devoted six hundred had sounded in his ears. His whole care and attention was necessarily occupied with the dying; though frequently unawares, and in despite of his best efforts, he received a flapping from a gory neck, or a tingling stream of blood spirted in his eye; whereat his countenance would gleam with a ludicrous expression of alacrity and surprise. He would then compose the limbs of his victims in death with double diligence, yet only precisely so long as they shewed by fluttering, in their last moments, a disinclination to behave decently. Afterwards, he allowed every goose to go out of the world in the best manner it could. So soon as a goose appeared thoroughly dead, its legs were disengaged from the noose to make room for another, when the defunct bird was tossed out of the chamber of death, through a small square window or aperture that communicated with the plucking-room. Here, behind a large table or dresser sat seven men and one woman, upon low seats, enveloped in a cloud of dust and down, and up to their hips in feathers; wherewith altogether they were covered with such profusion, that among the eight individuals, it was difficult at first sight to point out which was the woman. These people were paid for their labour, as I was told, at the rate of a shilling a score, wherewith, such is their dexterity and strength of thumb, that some are able at the aforesaid price, provided they have geese to pluck, to earn ten or twelve shillings a day. As near as I could judge, a goose was plucked naked as a needle in about six minutes; a plump fat bird, at all events, every forty or fifty seconds, from either one or other of the operators, was pitched heavily on the dresser. Thus, the artists, without favour or delay, vigorously pursued their work, while the noise of quills relentlessly ripped from their sockets, sounded like the crackling of a faggot in a baker's oven, or twigs snapped in twain by a lusty donkey, as he bursts through a thicket. Each goose, so soon as plucked, was pitched by the plucker as I before observed, upon the dresser. Hence it was removed by the man presiding over the first outer apartment already mentioned, and then immediately scientifically trussed and deposited on the shelves. After witnessing the various operations now described, I paid a short visit to the premises in the rear of these apartments, where a small steam-engine is continually kept at work in the double operation of grinding meal for the geese's food, and stirring and pounding the same into a compost together with potatoes. Three men, moreover, in the yard adjoining, sap green as high as their waistbands, were hard at work loading carts with shovels from a large heap containing at least a dozen wagon loads of pure goose manure. The reader now will, I trust, have formed an idea of a Lincolnshire poulterer's establishment, although, than the one cited, there are others, I believe, considerably more extensive. From hence the geese are despatched regularly to the London market, packed in baskets containing twenty-five birds each, of which baskets twenty-five also make a wagon load in weight, supposing each goose on an average to weigh eleven pounds, upwards of three tons. The wagons are forty-eight hours on the road, and the cargoes, on their arrival, consigned to sales-men, are disposed of to the poulterers."—Sir George Head's Home Tour.

**PRESERVATION OF GRAIN.**—A company has been formed at Marseilles, who undertake to keep grain and flour for the public, and, by means of a new process, to preserve all the grain intrusted to them from the ravages of insects of all kinds. The establishment not only undertakes to keep the grain securely, but guarantees the holders against any loss by fire.

## ON FOOD.

"The diversity of substances which we find in the catalogue of articles of food is as great as the variety with which the art of the science of cookery prepares them; the notions of the ancients on this most important subject are worthy of remark. Their taste regarding meat was various. Beef they considered the most substantial food; hence it constituted the chief nourishment of their athletes. Camels' and dromedaries' flesh was much esteemed, their heels more especially. Donkey-flesh was in high repute. Mæcenas, according to Pliny, delighted in it; and the wild ass, brought from Africa, was compared to venison. In more modern times we find Chancellor Dupret having asses fattened for his table. The hog and the wild boar appear to have been held in great estimation; and a hog was called 'animal propter convivium natum'; but the classical portion of the sow was somewhat singular—'vulva nil dulcius ampla.' Their mode of killing swine was as refined in barbarity as in epicurism. Plutarch tells us that the gravid sow was actually trampled to death to form a delicious mass fit for the gods. At other times, pigs were slaughtered with red-hot spits, that the blood might not be lost; stuffing a pig with asafetida and various small animals, was a luxury called 'porcus Trojanus;' alluding, no doubt, to the warriors who were concealed in the Trojan horse. Young bears, dogs, and foxes, (the latter more esteemed when fed upon grapes,) were also much admired by the Romans; who were also so fond of various birds, that some consular families assumed the names of those they most esteemed. Cælius tells us how to drown fowls in Falernian wine, to render them more luscious and tender. Pheasants were brought over from Colchis, and deemed at one time such a rarity, that one of the Ptolemies bitterly lamented his having never tasted any. Peacocks were carefully reared in the island of Samos, and sold at such a high price, that Varro informs us they fetched yearly upwards of 2000*l.* of our money. The guinea-fowl was considered delicious; but, wretched people! the Romans knew not the turkey, a gift which we moderns owe to the Jesuits. Who could vilify the disciples of Loyola after this information! The ostrich was much relished; Heliogabalus delighted in their brains, and Apicius especially commends them. But, of all birds, the flamingo was not only esteemed as a *bonne-bouche*, but most valuable after dinner; for, when the gluttonous sensualists had eaten too much, they introduced one of its long scarlet feathers down their throats, to disgorge their dinner. The modern gastronome is perhaps not aware that it is to the ancients he owes his delicious fattened duck and goose livers,—the inestimable *foies gras* of France. Thus Horace:

Pinguibus et ficiis pastum jecur anseris albi.

The swan was also fattened by the Romans, who first deprived it of sight; and cranes were by no means despised by people of taste.

"While the feathered creation was doomed to form part of ancient delights, the waters yielded their share of enjoyment, and several fishes were immortalised. The *muræna Helena* was educated in their ponds, and rendered so tame that he came to be killed at the tinkling of his master's bell or the sound of his voice.

Natat ad magistrum delicata muræna,

says Martial. Hirtius ceded six thousand of these fish to Cæsar as a great favour, and Vitellius delighted in their roe. The fame of the lamprey, or the *mustela* of Ausonius and Pliny, is generally known; and the sturgeon, the *acipenser sturio*, was brought to table with triumphant pomp; but the turbot, one of which was brought to Domitian from Ancona, was considered such a present from the gods, that this emperor assembled the senate to admire it. Soles were also so delectable, that, punning on the word *solea*, they were called the *soles* of the gods; the dorad, *sparus auratus*, was consecrated to Venus; the *labrus scarus* was called the brain of Jupiter, and Apuleius and Epicharmus maintain that its very entrails would be relished in Olympus.

"The *garum*, or celebrated fish-sauce of the Romans, was principally made out of the *sciæua umbra*, and the mackerel; the entrails and blood being macerated in brine until they became putrid.

Expirantis adhuc scombri, de sanguine primo  
Accipe fastosum munera cara garum ---

thus says Martial: and Galen affirms that this disgusting preparation was so precious, that a measure of about three of our pints fetched two thousand silver pieces. So delightful was the effluvia of the *garum* considered, that Martial informs us it was carried about in onyx smelling-bottles. But our luxurious civic chiefs are not aware that the red mullet—for such I believe was the *mullus*—was held in such a distinguished category among genteel fishes, that three of them although of small size, were known to fetch upwards of £200. They were more appreciated when brought alive, and gradually allowed to die, immersed in the delicious *garum*; when the Romans feasted their eyes in the anticipated delight of eating them, by gazing on the dying creature as he changed colour like an expiring dolphin. Seneeca reproaches them with this refinement of cruelty—'Oculis quoque gulosi sunt;' and the most renowned of Apicius's culinary discoveries was the *alec*, a compound of their livers.

"Snails were also a great dainty. Fulvius Herpinus was im-