

out of the house of her father. If thou beatest a pretty wife, men will side with her against thee, and carry thee before the Cadi, who indeed will have no pity on thee; but if thou whackest an ugly wife, people shall laugh, and the Cadi say—'sarve her right.' Yet even in thy choice of ugly wives be circumspect, and profit of the tale I will tell thee of a rich merchant of Bagdad and the artful Cadja of Bassora." Here the old Cogia reclined on his cushion and dozed off, and the young Cogia having already done so, the pair slept, the time for going to press came, and the old man's story is unavoidably held over till next week.—*London Hornet*.

REFORM IN THE KITCHEN.

We recently noticed, says the *Graphic*, the inauguration of the Epicurean Club, with utilitarian objects, its scheme being nothing less than the reform of English cookery. The cause is one which should command attention, and the means suggested seem well adapted to its advancement. Our friend Sybarite, who keeps a *chef*, or dines at a Pall Mall Club, may fail to see the necessity for the new movement. There is no place in the world, he will tell you, where you may get a better dinner than in London. And so you can, by paying for it at an inordinate price. But good dinners are not a national institution in England. Dinners *de luxe* are invariably of foreign fashion. The bill of fare is known by a foreign name; the dishes on the list are scarcely to be identified, except through a foreign language. The combinations of food and sauces upon which those who can purchase their enjoyment mostly live are unknown to the mass of the people. They are a mystery even to the middle classes—those whom travel or a habit of inquiry have not drawn in their direction. Even men with money to command its contents must serve an apprenticeship to the knowledge of a good *menu*. They must know what to eat and when to eat it before they can hope to order a dinner; and the same discrimination is required as regards the accompanying wines. But surely it is not necessary to know all this, pleads a plain English friend—say the average Jones. Englishmen, he argues, are the best fed people in Europe; their beef is a proverb, and their mutton might be; nobody can beat them in fish; and their pies and puddings and vegetables are fit for princes. Interfere with their dinners—you might as well interfere with their beer.

All this is true, my dear Jones, but you are—pardon me—just as unreasonable as Sybarite, in not perceiving that the truth is but of partial application. You ought to know that, although a considerable portion of your countrymen are able to dine every day upon good English food, prepared in a good English manner, there is still a more considerable proportion who are able to do nothing of the kind. Leaving the latter class out of the question for the present, let us see how those who can command the best English fare habitually live. And here let us say a word for English fare itself. Who will not agree with Thackeray in his version of our friend, "Persicos odi, puer, apparatus?"—

A plain leg of mutton, my Lucy,
I prythee get ready at three;
Have it tender, and smoking, and juicy,
And what better meat can there be?

Nothing can be better; but Thackeray was not contemplating the capabilities of an ordinary plain cook, nor the ignorance of the mistress of an establishment who is unable to direct her. Fortunate indeed is he who, in a household containing only one or two domestics, can insure his leg of mutton being "tender, and smoking, and juicy," and its accompaniments of a kind to enable him to "smoke his canaster and tippie his ale in the shade" with satisfaction when they are consumed. The chances are that the leg of mutton is overdone or underdone, or is an unpleasing combination of both—a cinder, say, at the large end, and with a half-raw shank. The potatoes, probably, under pretence of paring, have been cut into octagonal shapes, and have patches of blue about them relieved by an occasional eye; sodden outside, they have a hard centre, like that of a pine-apple. Say that there is, besides, a cauliflower, or one of those vegetables called miscellaneously "greens." Very good things are cauliflowers, and so are greens; but cauliflowers may be too crisp or too mashy, and Mary is accomplished in either extreme; while her greens, besides being brown, have usually the fatal gift of being stringy, and unrelieved from the presence of strangely-scented water. Mary, upon her attention being called to these drawbacks (so sadly interfering with the enjoyment of your canaster and your ale), will say in her defence that she is very sorry, but she is not a professed, only a plain cook, and she didn't know that you were so particular. Smithereens, Mary! (we use the exclamation in place of a worse one) are you so stupid as not to see that nothing but plain cooking is required to make the leg of mutton and its accompaniments perfection in their way, though the cauliflower and greens would be all the better if served with proper gravy or seasoning, instead of the supply of such things being made a toil at the table? But Mary, like her kind generally, confounds plain cookery with bad cookery; if you want a dish properly cooked, she tells you that she does not understand your French fashions. We are aware of a girl who excused herself upon this ground for sending up a dish of whitebait "in one another's being mingled" to the extent of something like a mash.

They have great notions of mashes, by the way—these plain cooks. Try them with rice, when you venture upon a curry, and you will see. With curry it is a great point that every ear of the *bhat* should be dry and separate, that it should stand on end, indeed, as much like quills upon the fretful porcupine as is convenient. An accompaniment like a rice pudding is fatal to the best curry; yet all you have to do to secure the porcupine arrangement is to wash the vegetable well in cold water before boiling, so as to get the flour from the outside, and as soon after boiling as the grains begin to swell, throw it into a cullender and pour cold water over it, then return it to the saucepan, dry, and leave a cloth over it until required. There is nothing French about this surely, nothing that the plainest cook ought not to be able to do; but what are you to expect from people who cannot even boil a potato? When we complain of English cookery it is not of the English fashion, but of the English practice; not of English cookery when good, but of English cookery when bad. What we want to see is the same intelligence which the French bring to bear upon their own cookery, brought to bear by the English upon theirs. And this can be done by attending to a few intelligible rules. Indeed, the few intelligible

rules once acquired, an English cook who can read and understand ought to be capable of executing most of the simpler foreign combinations, and so obtain relief from the monotony of plain roast and boiled.

There is another point which should not be forgotten in reference to the latter suggestion, the point of economy. Nothing is so thrifty as good cooking, nothing so wasteful as bad. A well-cooked dish, giving pleasure to the palate, is far more nourishing than an ill-cooked one, which probably produces only indigestion; and nourishing food is secured in the easiest manner by a little attention to soups and stews. A good English dinner, such as our friend the average Jones recommends, is a far from economical meal. Meat, as we all know, is very dear, and the most is not made of it. It is all very well for Thackeray, in the little poem already quoted, to say summarily of the leg of mutton—

And when it has feasted the master
'Twill amply supply for the maid.

We should think that it would, and Mary would find more than enough in the reversion for herself and the policeman besides. But prudent householders make greater demands upon legs of mutton in these days. Yet what do they do with them? They eat them cold, or make of them horribly insipid hash, with a greasy accompaniment, variations in the shape of triangular bits of toast, and a pervading motive of mace. They might do far better if they took a lesson or two from the French, or even availed themselves of intelligible English books on the subject, and they would then find that the French people do not any more than the English people feed upon what are called kickshaws. They may have these on high days and holidays, but kickshaws are no part of the regular *cuisine*. Take that standard dish, for instance, the *pôt au feu*. There is nothing kickshawy about that; it is wonderfully satisfying at the same time that it is fragrant and appetizing. But the English neglect soups and stews most absurdly. If they boil beef or mutton, they throw away soup almost half made, and have no idea of utilising such things as bones, though the latter, with the aid of vegetables, have large capabilities. There is nothing, indeed, belonging to a joint that may not be made available; but in English kitchens all kinds of resources are wasted, and although what we call middle-class people live well, they might live far better at the same cost, and leave something besides for their poorer brethren.

Their poorer brethren—how they live is horrible to think of. They eat bad fish, and worse meat—when they get the latter at all—and have not the slightest idea of cookery. Their ideal is a cut from a joint; and in emulation of this, their scraps of meat are usually roasted or fried. They buy dreadful sausages, intercepted from sanitary inspectors, or saveolys equally deleterious and uneatable, save for the seasoning with which they are disguised. The cheap parts of beef, mutton, or pork—representing what we call giblets in poultry—are probably the most wholesome meat they get, as these are cheap enough to be comparatively accessible when fresh. But even such food as this is half wasted through the manner in which it is cooked; and the French, with much the same material resources as the English, manage to live twice as well. The inculcation of the knowledge and habits which will give the same advantages to our countrymen is a main object of the "Knife and Fork Club"; and if its members do the good they propose to the classes who keep cooks but cannot get a satisfactory potato, and through these to the helpless who have to help themselves, no man will say that they have not earned their own epicurean banquets.

CURIOUS ANTIPATHIES.—The subject of sympathies and antipathies is extremely curious. Boyle fainted when he heard the splashing of water; Scaliger turned pale at the sight of water cresses; Erasmus became feverish when he saw a fish. A curious story is told of a clergyman, that he always fainted when he heard a certain verse in Jeremiah read. Zimmerman tells us of a lady who could not endure the touch of silk or satin, and shuddered when touching the velvety skin of a peach. Mr. Julian Young tells the story of an officer who could not endure the sound of a drum, and ultimately fell dead when compelled to hear it. There are whole families who entertain a horror of cheese; on the other hand there was a physician, Dr. Starke, of Edinburgh, who lost his life by subsisting almost entirely upon it. Some people have been unable to take mutton, even when administered in the microscopic form of pills. There is the case of a man falling down at the smell of mutton, as if bereaved of life, and in strong convulsions. Sir James Eyre, in his well-known little book, mentions three curious instances of idiosyncrasy—the case of a gentleman who could not eat a single strawberry with impunity; the case of another, whose head would become frightfully swollen if he touched the smallest particle of hair; the case of a third who would inevitably have an attack of gout a few hours after eating fish.—*London Society*.

A pedagogue in Indiana, who was "had up for unmercifully welting the back of a little girl," justified his action by explaining that "she persisted in flinging paper pellets at him when his back was turned. This is no excuse. The Town Crier once taught school up in the mountains, and about every half hour had to remove his coat and scrape off the dried paper wads adhering to the nap. He never permitted a trifle like this to unsettle his patience; he just kept on wearing that gaberdine until it had no nap, and the wads wouldn't stick. But when they took to dipping them in mucilage he made a complaint to the Board of Directors.

"Young man," said the chairman, "if you don't like our ways, you'd better sling your blankets and git. Prentice Mulford tort skule here for more'n six months, and he never said a word agin the wads."

The T. C. briefly explained that Mr. Mulford might have been brought up to paper wads, and didn't mind them.

"It ain't no use," said another director, "the children hev got to be amused."

The T. C. protested that there were other amusements quite as diverting.

The third director here rose and remarked, "I perfectly agree with Cheer; this youngster better travel. I consider as paper wads lies at the root uv poppilliar education; ther a necessara adjunck uv the skuil systim. Mr. Cheerman, I move and second that this yer skoolmaster be shot."

The T. C. did not remain to observe the result of the voting.—*Town Crier, San Francisco News Letter*.

MISCELLANEA.

JAPANESE GREETINGS.—At Meida my groom fell in with a friend, and it was most amusing to see the two lads—half naked, their wonderfully tattooed limbs showing the lowliness of their class—meet one another bowing and prostrating themselves with more ceremonious greetings than would be exchanged between two Western potentates:—"Welcome, welcome, Mr. Chokichi! This is indeed a matter of congratulation. You must be fatigued; let me offer you a cup of tea." (All this, by the by, with the word "imperial" thrown in most untranslatably at every step.) "Thank you, sir. This is truly rare tea. *Kekko! Kekko!* delicious! delicious! Whence are you making your imperial progress?" "From Odawara. It is a long time since I have had the pleasure of placing myself before the imperial eyes." And so they went on, with truly Oriental courtesy; nor did there seem any reason why they should ever have stopped, unless I had given a signal for a start, when down they went again in renewed prostrations. Five minutes afterwards I overheard my groom telling one of the other horseboys a long story, the upshot of which was to show what a rogue, rascal, and villain was his acquaintance, whom he had parted with so affectionately, with compliments coming as much from the heart as kisses exchanged between fine ladies.

OLD DOMINIE FORD.—On Colfax Mountains once lived good old Dominie Ford. The Dominie was a good old shell Baptist who distilled apple-toddy during the week and made special prayers and preached doctrinal sermons on Sunday. His *forte* was in praying for specific things, and like the chaplain in the Massachusetts Legislature, he always told the Lord more than he asked for.

One day he had visitors—Major Colfax being present, when he prayed as follows:

"O Lord, Thou knowest the wickedness and depravity of the human heart—even the hearts, O Lord, of our visitors. Thou knowest the wickedness of thy servant's nephew, John Ford. Thou knowest, O Lord, how he has departed from thy ways and done many wicked things, such as swearing and fishing on Sunday; and Thou knowest, O Lord, how he returned, no longer ago than last night, in a state of beastly intoxication, and whistling, O Lord, the following popular air:

"Shoo fly, don't bodder me!"

And the Dominie screwed up his lips and whistled the air in his prayer.

A writer in the *Church Journal* says:—Not long ago it was my evil fortune to sit for half an hour at a dinner table, in one of our large cities, by the side of a woman who impressed me as being the most utterly shallow, frivolous, characterless person I had ever seen. The writer of the "Girl of the Period" articles should have made her acquaintance. She could have given him several new suggestions. After dinner I made enquiry about this woman, and learned to my horror that she was the leading soprano in Dr. So-and-so's church—one of the most fashionable Protestant churches in the city. Think of it, good people! Think of a woman like this, standing up in the reverent atmosphere of the Lord's house, and leading you in the solemn aspirations of praise, the tender confessions of sin, the earnest petitions for illumination and help of which your hymns are the expression! Think of such a person singing "Just as I am," or "Nearer, my God, to thee!"

A CAT STORY.—Leonard, of the *Cleveland Leader*, has invented a sheet-iron cat, with cylindrical attachment and steel claws and teeth. It is worked by clockwork. A bellows inside swells up the tail at will to a belligerent size, and by a tremolo-attachment causes, at the same time, the patent cat to emit all noises of which the living bird is capable. When you want fun, you wind up your cat and place him on the roof. Every cat within a half mile hears him, girds on his armour, and sallies forth. Frequently fifty or a hundred attack him at once. No sooner does the patent cat feel the weight of an assailant than his teeth and claws work with lightning rapidity. Adversaries within six feet of him are torn to shreds. Fresh battalions come on to meet a similar fate, and in an hour several bushels of hair, toe-nails and fiddle-strings alone remain.

I believe there is a tendency in the mind of every human being to kick an old hat out of his way whenever he may encounter it on the sidewalk. I have seen men go into the middle of the street simply to kick one of these dilapidated objects. A few years ago we noticed away ahead a most shocking hat, lying top downward on the sidewalk. A tall, consequential, dignified-looking person was walking slowly on before, and as he approached the dilapidated tile, he raised his right leg and gave it a vigorous kick, which ought to have sent it across the street, and would have done so if the hat hadn't been filled with paving stones. As he limped along we heard him utter the word "d—n!" and his countenance, as we passed him, wore an expression of dissatisfaction.—*Bowdich*.

An instrument has been invented in Germany which will measure, with perfect accuracy, the heat of the hottest furnace. It is based on the principle that the resistance of pure metals to the electric current increases with the temperature in a very simple ratio. A platinum wire of known resistance is coiled around a cylinder of fine clay, and covered with a tube of the same material. The tube is a Daniel's battery, of two cells, and with a resistance measurer, and placed in the furnace whose temperature is to be ascertained. It is then only necessary to read off the indications of temperature on the graduated resistance measure.

Eliza Emery warns all the girls in the South and West to look out for her gay, deceiving, runaway husband, David. She says that he has cruelly left her, and told the folks when he started that he was going south-west to preach universal salvation and marry a Hoosier. Eliza thinks he may be easily known, and to prove it says: "David has a scar on his nose, where I scratched it!"

A servant of A. T. Stewart was taken ill with small-pox, and instead of thrusting her out of doors and having her sent to the pest-house, he gave up his house to her, and she now occupies it alone, excepting only her attendants. It is a generous act and deserves especial mention.