

"for I have no practice as yet. And I am not denying the power of a physician to help nature in certain cases—of course not; but what I say is that for healthy people the doctor is the worst adviser possible. Why, where does he get his experience? From the study of people who are ill. He lives in an atmosphere of sickness; his conclusions about the human body are drawn from bad specimens; the effects that he sees produced are produced on too sensitive subjects. Very likely, too, if he is himself a distinguished physician, he has gone through an immense amount of training and subsequent hard work; his own system is not of the strongest; and he considers that what he feels to be injurious to him must be injurious to other people. Probably so it might be—to people similarly sensitive; but not necessarily to people in sound health. Fancy a man trying to terrify people by describing the awful appearance produced on one's internal economy when he drinks half a glass of sherry! And that," he added, "is a piece of pure scientific sensationalism; for precisely the same appearance is produced if you drink half a glass of milk."

"I am of opinion," said the Laird, with the gravity befitting such a topic, "that of all stimulants nothing is better or wholesomer than a drop of sound, sterling whiskey."

"And where are you likely to get it?"

"I can assure ye, at Denny-mains—"

"I mean where are the masses of the people to get it? What they get is a cheap white spirit, reeking with fusel-oil, with just enough whiskey blended to hide the imposture. The decoction is a certain poison. If the government would stop tinkering at Irish franchises, and Irish tenures, and Irish universities, and would pass a law making it penal for any distiller to sell spirits that he has not had in bond for at least two years, they would do a good deal more service to Ireland, and to this country too."

"Still these measures of amelioration must have their effect," observed the Laird, sententiously. "I would not discourage wise legislation. We will reconcile Ireland sooner or later, if we are prudent and considerate."

"You may as well give them Home Rule at once," said Dr. Angus, bluntly. "The Irish have no regard for the historical grandeur of England. How could they?—they have lost their organ of veneration. The coronal region of the skull has in time become depressed through frequent skullah practice."

For a second the Laird glanced at him; there was a savour of George Combe about this speech. Could it be that he believed in that monstrous and atheistical theory?

But no. The Laird only laughed, and said, "I would not like to have an Irishman hear ye say so."

It was now abundantly clear to us that Denny-mains could no longer suspect of anything heterodox and destructive this young man who was sound on drainage, pure air, and a constant supply of water to the tanks.

Of course we could not get into Portree without Ben Inivaig having a tussle with us. This mountain is the most inveterate brewer of squalls in the whole of the West Highlands, and it is his especial delight to catch the unwary, when all their eyes are bent on the safe harbour within. But we were equal with him. Although he tried to tear our masts out and frighten us out of our senses, all that he really succeeded in doing was to put us to a good deal of trouble, and break a tumbler or two below. We pointed the finger of scorn at Ben Inivaig. We sailed past him, and took no more notice of him. With a favouring breeze, and with our topsail still set, we glided into the open and spacious harbour.

But that first look around was a strange one. Was this really Portree Harbour, or were we so many Rip Van Winkles! There were the shining white houses, and the circular bay, and the wooded cliffs; but where were the yachts that used to keep the place so bright and busy? There was not an inch of white canvas visible. We got to anchor near a couple of heavy smacks; the men looked at us as if we had dropped from the skies.

We went ashore, and walked up to the telegraph office to see whether the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland—as the Cumbræ minister called them—had survived the equinoctials, and learned only too accurately what serious mischief had been done all along these coasts by the gale. From various points, moreover, we subsequently received congratulations on our escape, until we almost began to believe that we had really been in serious peril. For the rest, our friends at Borna were safe enough; they had not been on board their yacht at all.

That evening, in the silent and deserted bay, a council of war was held on deck. We were not, as it turned out, quite alone; there had also come in a steam-yacht, the master of which informed our John of Skye that such a gale he had not seen for three-and-twenty years. He also told us that there was a heavy sea running in the Minch, and that no vessel would try to cross. Stornoway Harbour, we already knew, was filled with storm-stayed craft. So we had to decide.

Like the very small and white-faced boy who stood forth to declaim before a school full of examiners and friends, and who raised his hand, and announced in a trembling falsetto that his voice was still for war, it was the women who spoke first, and they were for going right on the next morning.

"Mind," said Angus Sutherland, looking anxiously at certain dark eyes; "there is generally a good sea in the Minch in the best of

weathers; but after a three or four days' gale—well—"

"I, for one, don't care," said Miss Avon, frankly regarding him.

"And I should like it," said the other woman, "so long as there is plenty of wind. But if Captain John takes me out into the middle of the Minch, and keeps me rolling about on the Atlantic on a dead calm, then something will befall him that his mother knew nothing about."

Here Captain John was emboldened to step forward, and to say, with an embarrassed politeness,

"I not afraid of anything for the leddies; for two better sailors I never sah ahl my life long."

However, the final result of our confabulation that night was to try to resolve to get under way next morning, and proceed a certain distance until we should discover what the weather was like outside. With a fair wind we might run the sixty miles to Stornoway before night; without a fair wind there was little use in our adventuring out to be knocked about in the North Minch, where the Atlantic finds itself jammed into the neck of a bottle, and rebels in a somewhat frantic fashion. We must do our good friends in Portree the justice to say that they endeavoured to dissuade us; but then we had sailed in the *Whit Dove* before, and had no great fear of her leading us into any trouble.

And so, good-night!—good-night! We can scarcely believe that this is Portree Harbour, so still and quiet it is. All the summer fleet of vessels have fled; the year is gone with them; soon we, too, must betake ourselves to the south. Good night!—good-night! The peace of the darkness falls over us; if there is any sound, it is the sound of singing in our dreams.

(To be continued.)

FOREIGN COOKERY.

The merit of French cookery is its simplicity. Goldsmith knew nothing about the matter when he talked of "green and yellow dinners" at the French Ambassador's. In fact, he puts himself out of court in recommending such a compound as stewed pig with prune sauce. Fresh pork can only be served roasted; salt pork, boiled. At the same time it must be admitted that in the north of France and in Belgium they serve fruit sauce with sausages. The sauce is none other than the gooseberry fool made of green gooseberries rather less than ripe and unsweetened. The Belgians boast that they, of the whole Gallic race, best understand what is good. A wealthy Frenchman, now residing in the Walloon country, recently endorsed this statement. On being asked why he had expatriated himself, he replied that he had tried four different lands, with the view to ascertaining in which of them the inhabitants kept the best table. "In France," he continued, "I found they ate well but drank bad wine; in Germany they drank good wine but ate the most execrable dishes. In England the eating and drinking were alike bad; in Belgium they were both good."

The majority of Frenchmen certainly drink remarkable stuff under the name of wine; but even the artisans among them eat more palatable food than comfortable shopkeepers across the Channel. And this is due in a great measure to a proper economy of resources. Not only does the French housewife utilize many a scrap which her English sister throws away, but she is chary of her condiments, wisely judging that to mix several is to destroy the flavor of all. Take an English and a French salad. The former is not considered complete by many Britons unless it contain, in addition to the ordinary ingredients, mustard, anchovy, and the yolk of eggs. Often the lettuce is watered by a deplorable "salad mixture," sold in bottles, where vinegar and cream unite in deadly coalition. The condiment of an ordinary French salad consists simply of salt, pepper, vinegar and oil. The oil should be to the vinegar in the proportion of three parts to one. A frequent mistake of the English is almost to reverse the proportion, with consequences painful to the victim and distressing to his friends.

Again, the French hold, regarding meat and vegetables, the same theory as West Indian negroes about rum and water. "Both good, but no mix well." As a rule, a Frenchman thinks that with bread and roast meat he has enough to occupy his attention for the nonce. Vegetables will form a pleasant dish to follow. But then these will not consist of cabbage or cauliflower à la *Pean chaude*. Yet in nine cases out of ten they have no other seasoning than a little fresh butter. The French have always steered clear of a rock on which cooks of other nationalities are constantly coming to grief. They avoid spices like an infectious thing, except in confectionary, where they have their proper place. Germans are terrible sinners in this respect, spoiling excellent bread by adding to it caraway seeds; while Belgians think no vegetable can taste well unless flavored with cinnamon. The worst fault of French cooks is an undue love of garlic. Many a leg of mutton have they thus spoiled for all gourmets but themselves. Another mistake they frequently make is to serve mutton underdone. Beef is the only meat that can thus be served.

There are of course some notable exceptions to the French practice of separating the meat from the vegetables. Fried potatoes are recognized as the natural adjunct to beefsteaks; and turnips are eaten with ducks to the great content of the diner. Peas are too good to be

thrown away on this bird. But the most comforting of French dishes in its season is *Perdre aux choux*. It consists of partridges, stewed with cabbage, and served up with sausages and thin slices of bacon. Pigeons are also served in this fashion. Another cheering mess on a cold autumn day is *lapin en gibelotte*. You take a rabbit and a moderate-sized eel. Having cut them up, you add mushrooms and small onions, and stir the whole till well mixed; on this a little light white wine—Grave will do—is poured; there should not be more than a sherry-glass. Next, pour about double the quantity of bouillon, and season with salt, pepper, thyme, and parsley. You now withdraw the pieces of eel and the onions, and set the mixture to stew over a brisk fire. When the sauce is diminished by about two-thirds you throw in the eel and onions, and now stew over a gentle fire. The result will bear an application of the Spanish proverb:

"He who lets the Puchero pass
Must be either in love, or asleep, or an ass."

To which may be added, "or dyspeptic." The dish is for persons of robust digestion. It is a great favorite with the bourgeois classes in little France. A worthy Parisian grocer once took his bride for the honey-day (they are afraid to make it a month in France) to St. Cloud, and treated her to a nice dinner at a popular restaurant. A gibelotte was the crown and glory of the entertainment; and in the ecstasy of their delight the happy pair cut their initials on one of the bones, with what vague dream of poetry one hardly realizes—possibly with the genial wish that the very dog who should crunch it might know of their joy. Twenty-five years of bliss followed, when the pair resolved to celebrate their silver wedding by another trip to St. Cloud and a second dinner at the identical restaurant. Needless to say, a gibelotte was ordered, and that it was pronounced delicious; while the lady was only too pleased at discovering that one of the bones, apparently none the worse for wear, was still doing duty after the lapse of a quarter of a century. Time had not obliterated her initials so lovingly interlarded with her husband's. There is much to be got out of a bone.

A pleasant, sweet dish for winter is "pine-apple salad." Another good salad consists of oranges and apples, carefully peeled and cut in thin (but not too thin) slices. Add plenty of powdered sugar and a little cold water, just enough to form a little juice. A table-spoonful of fine brandy will do no harm. The salad should be dressed a short time before dinner. It ought to stand a little while. An excellent substitute for fruit tarts may also be mentioned. It is simply to serve the fruit and the pastry separately. You have stewed fruit—cold is best—in one dish; in the other, little biscuits or cakes called *merilles*, though in Saintonge the name for them is *bêtises*, fondly, not contemptuously, given. *Bêtises* are neither more nor less than slices of unsweetened pastry, served hot and crisp. Those who don't care for fruit will find them capital accompaniments to a glass of good wine. They may be eaten too with cheese.

Every one knows Abornethy's receipt for dressing cucumbers. Had the doctor, however, lived in France he would have found there were better uses for this maligned vegetable than to fling it out of the window. The weakest stomach can digest it, cut in slices and stewed in butter, or boiled whole and served with white sauce. And it is at least as good dressed this way as vegetable marrow. A more questionable custom of the French is to eat artichokes raw, with vinegar and oil. They are not bad, but to my mind there are many pleasanter ways of procuring one's self an indigestion.

A word as to a famous French soup. When the morning's reflection is saddened by the remembrance of the previous evening's diversion, a Frenchman turns neither to green tea nor to soda and brandy for solace, but orders himself a basin of onion soup. It is made on this wise:—Melt a little butter in a saucepan; next throw in some sliced onion (quality and quantity are matters of taste). When the onion begins to brown, throw in a little flour. Wait a bit; then add water, pepper, and salt. These are all the ingredients necessary.

A wrinkle for brain-workers—especially for those who are suddenly called upon for an extra amount of work. Too generally they fly to tea and coffee, powerful auxiliaries undoubtedly, but they exact too heavy payment for their services. Brillat-Savarin recommends a cup of chocolate, with the smallest piece of amber powdered and added as one would sugar, though not as a substitute for sugar. He declares this mixture enabled him to get through an immense amount of work, while allowing him to sleep tranquilly when his labors were over. On the other hand, two cups of strong coffee prevented him from sleeping forty hours. Marshal Richelieu, who took Minore from the English was the inventor of this innocuous stimulant. It's only fault is that it costs money.

THE EVOLUTION OF IDEAS.

Intellectual evolution has become predominant, and the unfolding of ideas has become more significant than the creation of new organs. Instead of producing higher organisms, nature has given to the human species the faculty of invention. By means of this faculty man has transferred the form of the human organs, as well as their functionary and formal relations, to the instruments he invented, and the pro-

ductiveness and receptiveness of the former have thereby been remarkably increased. The evolution of ideas has thus accomplished what the further development of organisms would have done. In the first stone hammer man has unknowingly imitated his fore-arm with closed fist; in the shovel and spoon we see the fore-arm and hollowed hand; in the saw we find a reproduction of a row of teeth; tongs represent the closing together of thumb and fingers; in the hook is a bent finger, reproduced; the pencil is simply a prolongation of the fore-finger; so, we see in all instruments, from the simplest to the most complicated, only an improvement and completion of the human organs; and thus we find that all the inventional thoughts of men are directed towards the same aim as that toward which organic development tends. After a careful consideration of facts before us, few will doubt that in the invention of instruments we have reproduced the human organs, though some one might suggest that this reproduction is not the result of the action of natural laws, but only the consequence of careful contemplation, and say that in nature, as well as in technique, there are mechanical problems to be solved; and as in the former success is granted by natural selection, so in the latter by industrial progress, that a reproduction of organs can scarcely be avoided, for, if in our instruments the power and usefulness of our organs are to be extended, it is only natural that we give them a corresponding form. The weakness of this reasoning will be apparent if we show that in those products of our thought, which are not the results of a mere practical tendency, and where a further completion of the human organs was out of question, in products where our intelligence had seemingly a perfectly free field for operations, we have been directed by the same laws, and led by the same tendency, which is the basis of all organic development. The development of technical science is based upon a continuous increasing of relations between man and the external world, and is perfectly identical with organic evolution, which takes place under a further differentiation of organs with increasing adaptation. But this is not only true of this single phase of culture. The same organic construction is to be found in the whole world of thought. Ideas unfold and evolve one from the other, and differentiate strictly according to the law of evolution. When the world is ripe for certain ideas they are produced. Before each great discovery a kind of fermentation seizes the minds of humanity, and it is the task of the genius to concentrate the thoughts of his time and bring them to a conclusion.

EDUCATION.—Education, in its broadest sense, is undoubtedly the main business of youth. Theirs is the season of preparation for a future life of action. But we are too apt to regard school and study as the whole of education, whereas it is but a part, and is valuable only as it is made to contribute to the general fund. Often the very best way to prepare to do anything is to begin to do it. Practice makes perfect, and facility in anything is gained chiefly by continual exercise in it. As life consists largely of work, it would seem to be the path of wisdom to accustom the boy and the girl to take some regular share in it suitable to their years, that they may not, upon entering its real business, stand aghast and overwhelmed by the multitude of claims which they are powerless to fulfil. The true end of all culture is to develop efficiency in action and nobleness of character; and the acquisition of knowledge, though important as one means, can never, by itself, produce either of these. It must be vitalized by individual thought and utilized by personal action before it can put real value into one's life or produce anything like an abundant harvest. These processes should go on simultaneously.

PERSONAL beauty is enhanced by a lovely disposition. A vacant mind takes all the meaning out of the fairest face. A sensual disposition deforms the handsomest features. A cold, selfish heart shrivels and distorts the best looks. A mean, grovelling spirit takes all the dignity out of the figure and all the character out of the countenance. A cherished hatred transforms the most beautiful lineaments into an image of ugliness. It is as impossible to preserve good looks with a brood of bad passions feeding on the blood, a set of low loves tramping through the heart, and a selfish, disdainful spirit enthroned in the will, as to preserve the beauty of an elegant mansion with a litter of swine in the basement, a tribe of gipsies in the parlour, and owls and vultures in the upper part. Badness and beauty will no more keep company a great while than poison will consort with health, or an elegant carving survive the furnace fire. The experiment of putting them together has been tried for thousands of years, but with one unvarying result. There is no sculptor like the mind. There is nothing that so refines, polishes, and ennobles face and mien as the constant presence of great thoughts. The man who lives in the region of ideas, moon-beams though they be, becomes idealized. No arts can do the work of nature.

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