

## THE CHRISTMAS SLEIGH RIDE TO GRANDPA'S.

The social customs which mark the festive season of Christmas have no finer feature than that which brings, in an especial manner, the members and relatives of the family together. During other periods of the year one may be taken up with business, or employ his leisure hours in the society of social intimates or casual acquaintances. But when Christmas comes, there is a sort of home-feeling which creeps in upon one; a feeling that there should be, as near as possible, a complete family reunion. It is natural to say "I'll be home at Christmas!" and upon that day the head of the family, be he father or grandfather, is the object of especial honour and attention, while he feels more than usually beneficent towards those who are, or have been, dependent on him.

Our artist, entering into the spirit of the season, represents on another page, a whole family driving to Grandpa's to partake of the family Christmas dinner. The idea is surely not a bad one. May we hope that many friends and relatives will unite upon the coming Christmas day, as they have done upon so many others, to renew the bonds of family relationship, and testify that ever and always, despite the calls of business or the dull routine of duty, blood is still regarded as being thicker than water. The Christmas season has no more striking feature than the almost compulsory recognition of family relationships it imposes; and in this, if in nothing else, do we see manifested the finger of Him who came down from Heaven to teach us all to give glory to God on High, and to pray for peace on earth to men of good-will.

## DINNER-TABLE TECHNOLOGY.

To a man who is not an habitual diner-out, the most embarrassing item connected with the *faste* of a state dinner is without doubt the bill of fare—now invariably couched in the peculiar technical phraseology of the French school of cookery. Take the ordinary case of a man who is capable of appreciating a good dinner, but who can lay no claim to the pretentious title of *gourmet*. Such a man attends, say, for instance, one of the annual dinners given by the many charitable societies, national or otherwise, that exist in this country. When the dinner is announced the worthy gentleman takes his seat at the table with a well-whetted appetite, and a thorough intention to enjoy the good things provided. After settling himself in his chair, his first act is to unfold his napkin. This he does with a comfortable, contented air, and a look expressive of pleasant expectations. He next takes a look at the bill of fare. Hey, presto! down goes the barometer. The comfortable air of contentment vanishes, and our friend's face assumes an aspect of perplexity that might have suited the countenance of a Theban puzzling over the Sphinx's riddle, but certainly does not become the countenance of a well-fed Christian on the eve of satisfying the demands of his appetite. This is the kind of thing that meets his anxious gaze:—*Galantine de Poulet à l'Aspic, Hure de Sanglier à la Chasseur, l'Até de Gibier aux Truffes à l'Orléans, Basin de Foie Gras à la Parisienne, Ronde de Boeuf à l'Anglaise*. "What the devil," he cries, surveying his *carte* with a rueful air, "does it all mean? What's *Ronde de Boeuf à l'Anglaise*, now, I wonder! I'll see anyhow!" And when he gets it he finds that the dish bearing this pretentious name is nothing else than plain Roast Beef. Naturally he feels indignant at being imposed upon in this manner, and vents his indignation in language more expressive than elegant. Or perhaps, as did a Montreal Scotsman on the occasion of the last St. Andrew's Day dinner, he rushes into print to inform the public that he knows what Scotch Haggis is, but he would be obliged to anyone who could give him any definite information as to *Hure de Sanglier à la Chasseur*.

Such expressions of disgust at the present technology of the dinner-table will continue to be made until the general public is better acquainted with what may be termed the literature of eating and drinking. Such a work has yet to be written; and when it does appear, it will contain much of interest alike to the archaeologist, the gourmet and the general reader. Their is hardly a dish in the whole category of French cookery that is not named after some celebrated personage, or in commemoration of some event, either domestic or historical. Even a great many of our own simple English dishes have a history connected with their name. How many of the thousands of people who see a sirloin of beef upon their table, at least once a fortnight, are unacquainted with the story how the Merry Monarch, after partaking freely of such a joint at a Christmas banquet, vowed that a glorious fellow like that, who had given him so much enjoyment, deserved a recompense, and, drawing his sword, there and then knighted the loin, which to this day bears its lawful title, Sir Loin of Beef. The sandwich, the traveller's best companion, next to his pocket-pistol, owes its name to the celebrated statesman, its inventor, John Montague, Earl of Sandwich, who died in 1792. Another English dish, a great favourite with tavern epicures, the Welsh rabbit—also called, and erroneously so, rarebit—was so named by the lusty Englishmen in contempt for the temperate vegetarian diet of the Welsh. The Germans, in a similar way, bestowed during the last century the nickname of *Metzer Krommetsvogel*, Metz fieldfares, upon ordinary bread-and-butter.

But to return to our French dishes. The oldest sauce known in the history of French cookery is the Sauce Robert. "Mad Rabelais," writing at the beginning of the sixteenth century, mentions it. As Brillat-Savarin said of the Sauce Béchamelle, that you could eat your own father with it, so the naughty chanoine says, the Robert is not only healthy, but absolutely necessary; and further he reckons the inventor

of the condiment among the benefactors of his country. An oft-quoted verse says:

"Broussin, dès l'âge le plus tendre  
Posséda la sauce Robert,  
Sans que son Précepteur lui pût jamais apprendre  
Ni son crédo, ni son pater."

The Béchamelle sauce, in the composition of which onions and cream are the principal ingredients, owes its name to its inventor, the Marquis de Béchamelle, a nobleman at the Court of Louis XV., and, if we may credit history, a great dabbler in the culinary art. The Mayonnaise, or more properly Mahonnaise is of Balearic origin; and was introduced into France by the Marshal Duke de Richelieu, who learnt the secret of its composition after the capture of Port Mahon, in Minorca. The name was originally confined to the sauce or dressing, but now includes both basis and dressing. Readers of Wilkie Collins will remember the extravagant eulogy of this prince of dishes that the author puts into the mouth of the German "surgeon-optic":—"You know how to make him—you make him with creams. Is he chickens or lobsters? I like lobsters best, but chickens is goot too. The garnish is lofely—anchovy, olive, beetroots; brown, green, red on the fat white sauce. This I call a heavenly dish. He is nice-cool in two different ways; nice-cool to the eye, nice-cool to the taste." And then when he had finished, in a burst of thankfulness, "Ach! how goot of Gott when he invented the world to invent eatings and drinkings, too!"

The origin of the name given to the delicious green Ravigote Sauce so highly prized in France is uncertain. Some *gourmets* ascribe it to the verb *ravigoter*, to reinvigorate, revive; while others insist that the reinvigorating properties of the sauce gave rise to the expression *se ravigoter*. Sauce Cumberland, the indispensable adjunct to wild boar's head, was invented by Duke Ernest of Cumberland, afterwards King of Hanover.

The soups alone, in a history of gastronomic literature, would fill nearly a whole volume. Their name is legion, and the anecdotes that might be related in connection with their multifarious titles, would occupy no inconsiderable space. A soup but little known in this country, is the French Bread Soup, technically known as "Soupe à la Louis XVIII." There are also the soups "à la Louis XIV.," and "à la Louis XV." Of the bread soup—a sufficiently nasty composition, not unlike hog-swill in appearance—the eighteenth Louis was so inordinately fond that he partook of it daily, and grew so stout on the diet that a semicircular piece had to be cut out of his dining-table for the accommodation of his capacious stomach. In fact bread soup did for him what lampreys did for one of our Henrys—killed him. "Portage à la Xavier" was the invention of the same monarch, when, before ascending the throne, he was simple Louis Xavier Stanislaus de Bourbon, and known as Monsieur. "Soupe à la Colbert" was named after its inventor, the great Colbert, comptroller-general of the finances under Louis XVI., and, like his royal master, *bon vivant* of no mean order. It is not known after which of the members of the great house of Condé the "Potage à la Condé" was named, but there is little doubt that it owes its title rather to the patronage than the paternity of the great man. The Condés were not the men to spend their lives in fussing around a kitchen range. Perhaps poor unfortunate, foolish Vatel, the Condé cook who committed suicide because the fish did not arrive in time for dinner, was the inventor, and dedicated it to his patron in gratitude for favours received.

But if the soups, consommés, purées, and potages, are numerous, what shall we say to the innumerable *entrées* and *bonnes bouches*. To keep track of them all would be hard work for a Babbage Calculating Machine. It must suffice to quote a few of the better known among them. "Côtelettes à la Soubise" were named after their inventor, Charles, Prince de Rohan, and Marshal of France, who was beaten at Rosbach, in 1757, by Frederick the Great; but was, none the less, as brave a general as he was a great cook. Another Rohan, the Prince de Guéméné, celebrated for his bankruptcy of 28 millions, gave his name to the "Carré de Veau à la Guéméné." "Poulets à la Villeroi" are so named after the Duchess de Villeroi, afterwards Duchess de Montmorency-Luxembourg. The Marquise de Pompadour, the celebrated mistress of Louis XV., who has left her name to a toilette, and to the fashion of wearing the hair recently so much in vogue with the ladies, is also celebrated in the annals of cookery. Several dishes bear her name, and she was the inventor of the "Filets de Volaille à la Bellevue," now better known as "Filets à la Pompadour"—which were first prepared and served at the Château de Bellevue. The Duchesse de Mirepoix, wife of the Marshal of France of that name, invented two dishes which belong to high culinary art, and are rarely, if at all, met with in this country, the "Sauté de Pigeons au Sang," and "Cailles (Quails) à la Mirepoix." "Perdrix à la Montgelas," are so called after Councillor Montgelas of Toulouse. Montgolfier, the celebrated aeronaut, was the godfather of "Filets de Veau à la Montgolfier," but history is silent as to the reason wherefor the great mechanician bestowed his name upon a dish of veal cutlets. One would imagine that he was above such things. Perhaps, however, they formed his principal sustenance while suspended, like Mohammed's coffin, betwixt heaven and earth. In that case we certainly should add to the list of *plats* "Omelettes à la Blondin" and "Pancakes à la Niagare." "Ris de Veau à l'Artois," i. e., veal sweetbreads, were christened after the Comte d'Artois, brother of the soup-loving Louis XVIII., and the time-honoured "Salmagundi," that used to be such a favourite with our fathers, took its name from its inventor, the Countess Salmagondi, Lady of honour to Marie de Medici.

Lastly, the liquors claim our attention. But few of these bear French names. England and America are *par excellence* the birth-place of made drinks; but, alas, little is known of the etymology and derivation of the quaint names lavished by the Saxon peoples upon their favourite draughts. Kings, princes, nobles, divines and statesmen have given their names to the exquisite *plats* that grace the *gourmet's* table and tickle his delicate palate. But the memory of these distinguished persons has been preserved by other deeds than mere culinary triumphs. Would that it were so with the humbler individuals who have bequeathed their names to the every-day beverages of the bar-room. Who, for instance, was the immortal "John Collins?" By what deeds of valour or of skill did those inseparable friends, Thomas and Jeremiah make themselves famous, and hand down their illustrious names to an admiring and appreciative posterity? When and where did John, of pomarian celebrity, flourish, and was he really the inventor of the demulcent beverage that bears his name? Whence

have we "rum shrub," the amber "cobbler," and the whole tribe of "cocktails," "smashes" and "slings." On the two last one may be allowed to hazard a conjecture. The "smash" is surely too significant to need explanation; but may not the "sling" have a meaning akin to "slew?" With regard to the rest, with one or two exceptions, history is silent. Grog, the favourite English beverage among the lower classes, and which has even found its way to the continent under the appellation of "grog," has, as might be supposed, a maritime origin. In the last century a well-known staunch seaman of the old school, Admiral Sir Edward Vernon, called by his men Old Grog, in allusion to his program coat, endeavoured to introduce an innovation on board the vessels in his command by ordering the rum served out to the sailors to be mixed with water. The indignant sailors thereupon bestowed upon the diluted liquor the *soubriquet* they had given their commander, and in lapse of time "Grog" came to be applied to any mixture of spirit and water. For the derivation of "Punch" we must, strange to say, look to the East. *Pantscha* is the Hindostanee for five. The elements of punch are five, viz., rum, tea, sugar, lemon, and water; and hence the brew received the name Punch, corrupted from the Hindostanee.

## CANADA SOUTHERN RAILWAY BRIDGE AT ST. THOMAS, ONT.

The Canada Southern Railway scheme is a mere revival of the old "Bertie" line which was defeated by the Great Western Company obtaining a charter. It was revived again under the title of the "Great Southern," and many prominent Western Canadians know to their cost how that scheme also fell through. When the Province of Ontario obtained its own Legislature, another charter was granted for a railway line over the same district, that is intersecting the Southern limits of the Province of Ontario, on an almost direct line from Fort Erie, opposite Buffalo, to Windsor, opposite Detroit. To compete with this line, or rather to prevent its construction, the Great Western Company obtained a charter for an "air line" road from Glencoe to the eastern border of Southern Ontario, all the roads being intended to cross the "International" railway bridge, in which, because of its Buffalo and Lake Huron branch, the Grand Trunk Company is so largely interested as to become virtually proprietors. Great progress has been made in the construction of the "air line," and the rival road, the Canada Southern, is also being pushed forward with energy. In the present number we give a sectional view of the bridge on the latter at St. Thomas, County Elgin. The length of the bridge is to be 1,400 feet, the height, 85 feet. It is composed of 14 spans of "Howe's Truss Bridging," 45 feet each in length, supported by 14 trestle bents or piers, and extended by 50 trestle bents, placed 15 feet apart. The bridge was designed by F. N. Finney, Esq., Chief Engineer of the Canada Southern Railway, and is being constructed by Dunn, Holmes & Moore, of Lyons, N. Y., who have the contract for building the bridges on the main line. The bridge was commenced on the first of October, to be completed in two months.

## BRUCE MINES LANDING.

The village of Bruce Mines, on the shores of Lake Huron, or, more strictly speaking, on the St. Mary's river, is situated opposite the lower end of the Island of St. Joseph, about thirty-five miles from Sault Ste. Marie, and nearly four hundred miles north-west of Toronto. Its importance consists in the fact of its being the central depot for a large district of country, containing most valuable deposits of copper, iron, and other metals, which are yet but very imperfectly explored, and, comparatively speaking, not worked at all. Only the "Bruce Mines," owned by the West Canada Mining Company, have been persistently worked, yielding about three thousand tons of copper ore per annum, of the value of about a hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars. The mining operations on the north shores of Lakes Huron and Superior are capable of immense development; and though up to the present time, for the want of convenient transport and for other causes, the mineral wealth of the north-western region of Ontario has added comparatively little to the riches of the country, yet the day is coming when that same region will be one of the main-stays of the national industry. Those who own rich mining lots will, doubtless, profit handsomely by them.

The sales of sporting horses are numerous at present in England, and the high prices ordinary horses are bringing is something marvellous. Recently ten of Sir Joseph Hawley's blood-stock were brought to the hammer at Tattersall's, realising a total of 7,270 guineas, or an average of 727 guineas each. Monoca, a bay mare by Beadsman, out of Madame Eglantine (the dam of The Palmer, Rosicrucian, &c.), fetched 400 guineas; Happy Wife, a bay mare, foaled in 1863, by the same sire, 420 guineas; Columba, by Charleston, 220 guineas; and Wave, a bay mare by Vortex, 200 guineas. A bay mare by Fitz-Roland, out of Pero Gomez' dam, changed hands for 210 guineas; and a brown filly, named Penniless, by Beadsman, was sold for 50 guineas. The famous bay horse, Pero Gomez, 5 years old, by Beadsman, out of Salamanca—whose pedigree traces back to Bay Middleton, and who is a winner of the St. Leger and many other races—was put up at 2,000 guineas, and eventually passed into the possession of the Earl of Portsmouth for 3,000 guineas. The Palmer, own brother to Rosicrucian, a bay horse, seven years old, the winner of many races, was sold for 1,450 guineas. Asteroid, a bay horse, foaled in 1858 by Stockwell, out of Tee-Totum, fetched 1,100 guineas; and the last of the list, Fitz-Roland, a chestnut horse, by Orlando, also a winner of many races, was sold for 220 guineas.

The French Government has given orders for plans and surveys to be made for the construction of large steamers for the service between Calais and Dover. These steamers are to carry thirty railway carriages, and the transit is to be made in one hour and ten minutes. M. Dupuy de Lôme is entrusted with the preparation of the plans of a water-station, which will be situated two kilometres out of Calais harbour. The depth of water here will be sufficient to receive vessels of the largest tonnage and the enormous transport steamers.

It is computed that 112,875,725 tons of coal were raised in Great Britain in 1870.