

continuous time ; so rare, and of such short periods together, are the available landings on the Eddystone.

Where the bottom courses come into contact with the rock, thereby interfering with the system of dovetailing already described, each stone, besides being set in cement, is to be secured to the rock by two 1½-inch Muntz metal bolts passing through the stone and nine inches into the rock below. Each end of the bolt will be sawn down the centre to a depth of six inches, and a Muntz metal wedge driven into the slit. The ends of the bolts will thus be expanded, and any movement after their insertion prevented. Above the rock no bolting will be required.

The authorities of the Trinity House have not yet decided on the character of the light which will be shown from the new tower. We are, therefore, unable to describe the lantern and illuminating apparatus that will be employed. Otherwise our article has, we believe, touched, however lightly, most of the principal points of interest in connection with our subject.

That the new building, when completed, may be instrumental in preserving from the ocean's "vast and wandering grave" as many human lives as its predecessor, must be the sincere wish of every reader of these pages.



OUR ECONOMICAL GAME-DISHES.

ANY skill I possess in dressing game was acquired long ago, during a season spent at my brother's shooting-lodge in the mountains near Dungiven. There was no secret made of the reason why the privilege of a residence at the Lodge was accorded me.

"Margaret will be very useful as our cook ; so, mother, you must spare her," said Jack and Alfred.

I liked the thoughts of the expedition, and hastened to pack up cooking implements, and seasonings. I took with me two or three brace of grouse that had been hanging in the larder for a fortnight, and when, on our arrival, Jack drew them out of the hamper, exclaiming, "Why, Margaret, how foolish to bring coals to Newcastle in this way!" I was able to reply with dignity, "You declared that you would eat nothing but game, and I knew that you could not eat grouse newly killed."

"You're a brick!" replied both brothers, while their friend, Mr. Hastings, looked at me with an expression which I interpreted as one of admiration.

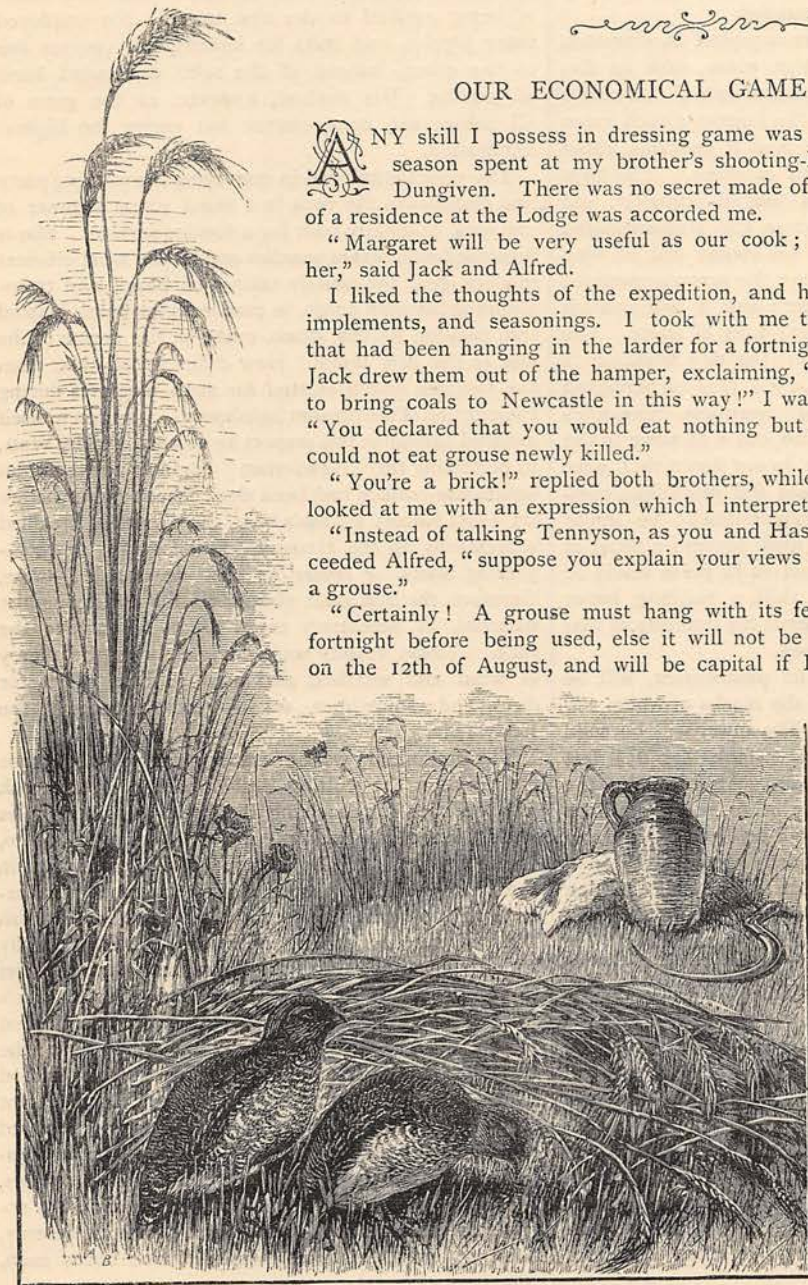
"Instead of talking Tennyson, as you and Hastings have been doing," proceeded Alfred, "suppose you explain your views upon the subject of cooking a grouse."

"Certainly! A grouse must hang with its feathers on for ten days or a fortnight before being used, else it will not be tender. These were killed on the 12th of August, and will be capital if I roast them properly."

There was a *sotto voce* assurance from Mr. Hastings that anything prepared by my hands must be excellent ; but I took the assurance for what it was worth. Biddy Freel, the mistress of a cabin near the Lodge, who swept our rooms and carried water and turf for us, came in as I was plucking and drawing the grouse just before putting them to roast.

"Dear, dear!" she cried. "What work is that for a lady like you! Gie me the bird. Sure I ha' made ready chickens in my time."

She watched me closely while I wiped the grouse



dry inside and outside, trussed them like chickens, bound a slice of bacon over the breast of each, and hung them before our clear turf fire. I could have baked them in our portable American stove, but preferred to roast them, as roast meat is more wholesome and more palatable than baked. I basted them every few minutes for fully half an hour, by which time they were well done. During the intervals of basting I had toasted two slices of bread, upon which I now laid the grouse, and served them up with their lawful accompaniment of bread sauce. The hungry sportsmen praised them highly; but my greatest triumph was won by a hash of cold grouse, prepared in the following manner :—

I cut the meat off several remains of cold grouse, and put the bones down to stew in a pint of water, with an onion (into which I stuck two cloves), six or seven whole peppers, a little piece of lemon-peel, and a salt-spoonful of salt. I let this mixture stew for an hour, and then took it off and strained it through the cullender. This gravy I thickened with a quarter of an ounce of butter and a table-spoonful of flour, and then I added a glass of port wine, a table-spoonful of lemon-juice, and a table-spoonful of ketchup. I next laid the pieces of cold grouse in the gravy, and let them gradually warm through by the side of the fire, but did not suffer them to boil. When the mixture had reached the point of simmering I served it, garnishing the dish with little triangles of toasted bread. It was on that occasion that Jack's feelings so overcame him as to make him exclaim, "I declare Margaret will be a treasure to her husband."

I used to stand at the Lodge door those September evenings, enjoying the bracing air perfumed with heather, and wondering what game my sportsmen were bringing home to me. I generally heard the report of a gun behind the nearest spur of Mullahash, and Mr. Hastings soon appeared. He had taken to returning before my brothers, in order to help me to dish our dinner.

One day he remained at home to learn to cook. I never taste a hare without recalling that day distinctly. The hare had been paunched ten days previously, and hung up in my larder. The weather was tolerably warm; so I thought it well to cook it, though a hare may be kept for three weeks in cold weather. Bidly Freel implored me to let her skin and truss the hare. She could not get over her horror at seeing "the likes of me" put my hands to such work. I watched her take the skin off; wash the hare and dry it carefully inside and outside; draw the fore and hind legs close to the body, and pass a skewer through each; fix the head between the shoulders with another skewer, and tie a string round and round it.

I was idle while this was being done, for Mr. Hastings was preparing the stuffing under my direction. He first beat up two eggs, and set the basin on one side. The next operation was to chop the rind of half a lemon very fine, and mix it with six ounces of bread-crumbs, a table-spoonful of chopped sage, thyme, parsley, and mint, and three ounces of finely-chopped beef suet. When this had been done he looked at me

with a ridiculous air of pride, and I bade him season his mixture with pepper, salt, and nutmeg, and bind it with the two beaten eggs. I then put the stuffing into the hare, sewed up the skin, placed it at some distance from the fire, and basted it well with milk. In a quarter of an hour, when there was no longer any fear of the outside becoming hardened and dried up, I drew it nearer the fire, and basted it with beef gravy, flouring it lightly when it was almost done. I let it roast for an hour and a half, and served it with the gravy.

"You have forgotten the red-currant jelly: Hastings' fault, no doubt; too many cooks, &c.," observed my ungrateful brothers.

"I did forget to bring the jelly; but I assure you Mr. Hastings has been a great help to me."

"What are you going to do with the small hares?"

"I mean to make hash of one, and soup of the other."

"You are teaching these fellows to be gourmets, Miss Montgomery: may I help you to make the soup and hash?"

"No, indeed, Hastings, we can't countenance such laziness," cried the gentlemen.

"Laziness!" he ejaculated.

"Laziness!" I re-echoed, but disdained to add another word. Next day I made the cold hare into a hash. I cut it into small pieces, which I laid aside, and then put the head and bones into a saucepan with a pint of water, a blade of pounded mace, three allspice, a little pepper and salt, an onion, and a bunch of herbs, and let it stew for an hour. I next strained this gravy, thickened it with butter and flour, and added three table-spoonfuls of port wine and two table-spoonfuls of ketchup. I laid the stuffing left from yesterday with the pieces of hare in the gravy thus prepared, let it heat gradually by the side of the fire, and simmer for five minutes, when I served it, garnishing the dish with bits of toast. The sight of some currant jelly, brought from home that morning, caused a good deal of laughing applause at dinner.

We jugged the other hare. Having skinned and washed it, we cut it into pieces, dredged flour over them, and fried them in boiling butter. Our next step was to put them into a saucepan with a bunch of herbs, two onions, each stuck with three cloves, three allspice, half a tea-spoonful of black pepper, and a strip of lemon-peel, and cover them with hot water. When it boiled we carefully removed the scum, and set the saucepan at the side of the fire to simmer till the meat was quite tender, which was in an hour and a half. We next took out the pieces of hare, thickened the gravy with a little flour and butter, added two table-spoonfuls of ketchup and a quarter of a pint of port wine, boiled it for ten minutes, strained it through a sieve over the hare, and served. This dish was particularly liked, and there remained enough of it to re-warm for next day.

But perhaps my finest achievement was the hare-soup. I took a freshly-killed hare, skinned it, took out its entrails, taking care not to lose any blood, and cut it into separate pieces, which I put into the pot

with a pound of lean beef and three quarts of water. I added a sliced carrot, a turnip, an onion, a few sprigs of thyme, some peppercorns, and four table-spoonfuls of flour blended in cold water. This was stirred till it boiled, then left to boil for an hour and a half. The next thing was to take out the best pieces and lay them aside. We let the soup boil for two hours longer, then took out the rest of the meat, cut it off the bones, pounded it in a mortar, put it back in the soup, and strained all through a hair-sieve. It was put back into the pot together with the pieces of hare that had been laid aside, and two table-spoonfuls of ketchup. After boiling for half an hour, and adding pepper and salt, it was ready to use.

"I slipped into the kitchen and overheard a remark of Margaret's to Hastings," said Jack to Alfred one evening at dinner. There was a pause. Alfred looked all interest and attention.

"It was this: 'You must not roast a partridge longer than thirty-five minutes.'"

Alfred laughed, as I thought, very affectedly. I coloured with indignation, and Mr. Hastings came to my aid.

"I was extremely interested in what your sister was kind enough to tell me: I consider her the best teacher in the world."

"Interested, were you? Well, every man to his taste!" and my brothers laughed again.

"She has let me help her a little—indeed, this partridge hash is chiefly mine," proceeded my pupil, modestly.

"You admire a talent for cooking in a lady more than for painting or music?" continued his tormentors.

"I admire *all* Miss Montgomery's talents, but her cooking most of all."

"Come, Mr. Hastings," said I, anxious to divert the conversation from myself, "tell them how you made this hash."

"Willingly. When I had plucked and drawn three partridges, I roasted them slightly—*i.e.*, for twenty minutes—having first covered them with paper, as it was necessary that they should not be browned. I next cut them into joints, and took the skin off the wings, legs, and breasts, which I put into a saucepan and covered up. I proceeded to make the gravy for them, instructed by my kind teacher. I minced up a slice of ham, a carrot, three shalots, three or four mushrooms, a bunch of herbs, two cloves, and three whole peppers, and fried them lightly in a little butter,

adding a pint of water, and some partridge-bones and small pieces kept from yesterday. We let this simmer (I dare say you fellows don't know what to simmer means) for half an hour, then strained it, let it cool, and skimmed off all the fat. This gravy was poured over the wings, legs, and breasts, with a glass of sherry and a small lump of sugar; the whole was then gradually warmed by the side of the fire, and when about to boil was served with sippets of toast."

"And the result——" I began.

"The result," he interrupted, "is that Jack and Alfred have nearly emptied the dish while I have been talking."

"Very well; they shall not taste the next dish—the broiled partridge—for this is a case of *toujours per-drix*. Here they come; now for my lecture.

"We plucked, drew, and cut in half, three partridges, wiping the insides thoroughly with a damp cloth. We seasoned them with salt and a small pinch of cayenne, and broiled them over a very clear fire for a quarter of an hour. I rubbed a small piece of butter over each half-partridge, and served them quite hot, with mushroom sauce."

It was towards the end of our stay at the Lodge that Jack brought me two large rabbits, which I turned into soup—memorable soup; for over its concoction Mr. Hastings asked me to be his wife, instigated there-to, my brothers always declare, by appreciation of my cookery. But this is a digression. I put the legs and shoulders of the rabbits into warm water first, then placed them in a stewpan with a bunch of herbs and a cupful of water. After simmering slowly till quite tender, I added three quarts of water, and boiled it for an hour. I took out the rabbit, picked the meat from the bones, and set it aside in a covered saucepan. Then I put the bones back into the soup, added half a head of celery, two carrots, one onion, one blade of mace, salt and pepper to taste, and a little pounded mace, and let it simmer for two hours. It was next skimmed and strained, and let cool. Pounding the meat in a mortar with the yolks of two eggs boiled hard, and the crumb of a roll previously soaked in the soup, I rubbed it through a cullender, added it gradually to the strained soup, and simmered it for fifteen minutes. The last operation was to mix two dessert-spoonfuls of arrowroot with half a pint of cream, stir it into the soup, bring it to the boil, and serve. This dish is economical, and most excellent.

L. MCCLINTOCK.

