

A DAY IN A SPICE FACTORY.

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My companions were an artist and a technical guide who knew the ropes. The former thought it was a pity we could not call up the spirits of Savarin and Mr. Original Walker to join us. Our guide ventured to go further back and suggest that classic patron of the kitchen, Lucullus. Then we all thought of Soyer, and I of "Fin-Bec," with whom I had often talked of *la gourmandise*. He was, as the reader knows, the late Blanchard Jerrold. His *Cupboard Papers*, if they had not the authority of *Le Physiologie du Goût*, nor the robust style of Walker whom he admired, were pleasant and instructive tributes to the important art of cookery. It was no mere restaurateur's mixing-room that we were to visit, no Soyer-like laboratory where a great *chef* presided over the culinary concoctions of sauces, ragouts, confections, and what not, where a few cupboards contained the bottled results of many varied recipes, but a vast factory employing hundreds of hands, a building pulsating with machinery, in which luxuries for the household were turned out by tons, table dainties not unworthy of a Roman feast and yet within reach of the humblest citizen. Contemplating this establishment, I am reminded of a favourite subject of my literary and journalist friend, when he was in the mood for discussing economic questions. He was not alone in regretting the influence of the Civil Service and other great Stores on the small shop-keepers. "They are doomed," he would say, "and we shall lose in them an important industrial class." It is not my business to discuss that subject. I mention it for the reason that a similar change in another direction is apparent in connection with the large manufactories. They swallow up the little ones. In both cases it is the survival of the fittest. The story of the great business houses is one of steady but assured progress. Nearly every notable industry has had its comparatively humble beginnings. Those which have not made headway under the stimulus of competition have been left behind in the race with Dickens's chronometer-maker. The rise of the successful ones has been gradual. Some have made their way more rapidly than others, but most of them look back on a time of patient struggle. Energy and enterprise are however not to be relaxed by success. The English manufacturer, unsupported by protective tariffs, must always be on the alert. He is continually face to face with an active competition. To pause is to go backwards, to go backwards is to be superseded. The contest is fiercer to-day than ever it was, in every business and in every profession, and both failure and success are increasingly emphasised. What might have been considered a great industry fifty years ago would, by comparison, seem small in these days. Several examples could be mentioned in the history of the famous industries of Leeds. Nowhere has the keenness of competition been met with more striking ingenuity and persistent enterprise.

The iron and cloth manufacturers of Leeds hold their own as they have done for many years in the foremost ranks of their several industries. One of the most remarkable instances of local energy is the rise of what may be called a comparatively new industry that has arisen phoenix-like from the ashes of an old spinning-mill, with new offices and warehouses covering the site of a coaching house, once famous for its fast diligences and its rare old wines. Furthermore the business is alien to the general character of Leeds industries; it would seem by association to have more affinity with such a river as the Thames than the Aire, with a city of corn mills and malt industries rather than a district of iron foundries, spinning mills, and cloth works; and yet within a comparatively few years it has given its chief production a local habitation and a name, and taken foremost rank among Yorkshire manufactures. Fifty years

ago its proprietors were no doubt content with their lot. One small building sufficed for their operations. Even then they had dealings with all parts of the world. As caterers for the zests and condiments of the table, the ally of cooks, the friends of clever house-keepers, they travelled east and west for appetising dainties, rivaling even the luxurious master of Tusculum and Neapolis in the long distances from which they brought their gastronomic novelties. Jerrold from his economic point of view would have had the firm remain in this comparatively limited position, leaving room for many rival and competing houses, but the old order changeth. Twenty years ago, this factory of household specialities employed thirty hands all told. To-day these have increased to five hundred people who, aided by steam, electricity, and the latest mechanical and scientific contrivances, turn out every week tons upon tons of familiar concoctions, condiments, appetisers, relishes, and other mixtures, inventions and foods that belong to the necessities and luxuries of our daily life.

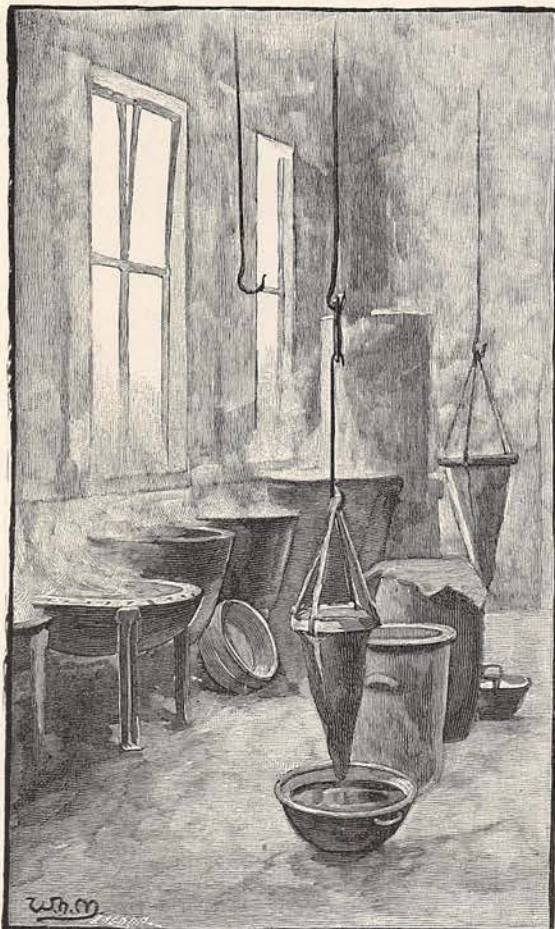
Among the many notable industries situated on the Northern river, Aire, there are none possessing more varied interest to the visitor who is invited to inspect them, than the works and warehouses of Messrs. Goodall, Backhouse and Co. at Leeds. If one started at the beginning of things in describing their manufactures, one would have to go to "the spice islands," to sunny Ceylon, to China and Japan, to Italy, South America and the antipodes, resting at last in the garden lands of Yorkshire, where eschalots are grown by the acre for Yorkshire "relish," and where fields of red poppies and lavender are cultivated for other branches of the mills, distilleries, and breweries that have taken the place of what was once one of the largest spinning establishments in Yorkshire. "Twenty religions and only one sauce" no longer applies to us as a nation, though it is quite possible that the Leeds firm might defend the cynicism to the extent of claiming to be the producers of the one sauce. Fortunately it is not my business to enter upon controversial questions, or to champion any given production. One sees wonderful testimonials to this and that condiment signed with popular and even illustrious names. I have simply in view a description of some of the most notable industries of the day, which seem to me not only of moment *per se*, but full of national interest. It has been well said that "Britain is an industrial state, and yet her citizens in the mass are comparatively uninformed about



BOILING JELLY FOR SQUARES.

the nature, extent, relations, processes and prospects of the great industries that preserve her overcrowded provinces from the gulf of relative pauperism."

The spice and condiment factory on the Aire has several specialities. One of the newest is a manufacture which for years taxed their ingenuity and resources. At the present time they have been engaged for a long period in various experiments with a view to give it a companion production. In this they have not yet succeeded. In the luxurious days of Charles the Fifth of France, his famous cook Taillevant made a gelatine sauce. Our grandmothers, who condescended to visit their kitchens, took



BOILING PANS AND FILTERS.

great pains in making calf's-foot jelly. It was a long and tedious business. To-day the housekeeper buys a small translucent packet, melts it in hot water, and in a matter almost of minutes she has a jelly for the table quite equal to anything our grandmothers made, and no doubt far better than the gelatine sauce served at the banquets of the Imperial Charles. We elect in our tour of the Leeds works to inspect the manufacture of "jelly squares." Ascending to one of the top stories by elevator, we find ourselves on a spacious floor which may be called the soaking room. Here we find stores of gelatine, which look like squares of old moulded glass, pale and transparent. After soaking for some hours, the gelatine is then mixed with carefully filtered water, essences and other ingredients, and melted at a very low temperature. If the heat is too great the compound liquifies. Place a bottle of jelly in the sun; it dissolves; cooling it will not restore it to its original condition. The operation of melting being delicate, steam-heat is used. We pass from the storing and mixing rooms to the boiling floor, where there are a dozen coppers, each holding 120 gallons. They are swung in steam jackets. Two boilings a day take place, making some 2,280 gallons. The emptying of the cauldrons the artist regards as a picturesque scene. The labour

in this department is mixed. Men and women share the duties of the place. The heated jelly is poured off through gauze silver into quaintly-shaped cans, which the women carry into the mould room where the liquid is poured into flat tins to cool, the depth of the deposit being regulated, so that when solidified it can be cut up into squares of equal weight, each making a pint or half-pint of jelly. There is in a corner of this room a small laboratory for essences. Various flavourings are kept and manipulated here, where the most costly kinds are also stored. These are the essences chiefly used in the manufacture of "jelly squares." From this floor, the material being sufficiently cooled, it travels a story lower, to be dealt with by a staff of girls. In the first place, however, it is put into cutting machines, which by pressure convert large slabs into squares about the size of a playing card, but an inch thick. They are then dusted with powdered sugar. This is a very tempting department and a busy one. The "jelly squares" have the appearance of "sweetmeats," a sort of "Turkish Delight." It is of many colours and flavours. Having undergone the sugar process, which is

something as superfluous to the looker-on as painting the lily or gilding refined gold, the squares are carried on trays to hot closets, where they are dried in a temperature of 80 degrees. The final process is one of cooling, after which they travel by lift to the packing warehouse. They are first wrapped in a paper made of vegetable parchment, and then enclosed in dainty boxes for the delivery counters where, in company with other merchandise, they are received by the railway carriers. "We enclose all our products in vegetable parchment," says our guide, "it keeps out the damp; we buy two tons of this paper at a time ready cut to size."

Passing through many stores of material, we ascend to the crushing-mills floor, where the first operations in connection with sauce-making begin. Here a number of mills are crushing and grinding garlic and eschalots. A novice standing over one of them would soon find himself weeping. He could not resist the pungency of the

desiccated bulbs due to the presence of sulphide of allyl which exists in many bulbous-roots and other vegetables. After the crushing comes the preliminary mixing of the garlic and eschalots with other ingredients, that include fruit syrups. Our guide then introduces us to the room where the preparation is boiled in a series of bright steel pans. West India tamarinds also form part of the appetising stew. Each pan holds eighty gallons, and the atmosphere is filled with the vapour of a row of them, which are watched by careful attendants. From



COOLING JELLY.

the boiling-room the sauce passes through pipes or shoots to the floor below to be macerated in casks, a process which occupies seven weeks. From there the liquor passes through strainers prior to storage. This macerating room is also occupied by hydraulic presses that squeeze the last drops out of the solid vegetable ingredients of the decoction, leaving behind a collection of savoury refuse which is ultimately destroyed. The sauce runs through the strainers into enormous vats, Heidelbergian tuns, built like wooden towers all of a row upon the foundations of the ground floor, averaging from 3,500 to 15,000 gallons each. One of the taps weighs 1 cwt. and is made of gun-metal. Upwards of 6,000 gallons are run off every week. The bottling is done by women and girls, as is shown in the accompanying illustration. We were curious to ask the price of garlic and eschalots. The former is worth £16 per ton, and is grown in Italy; the latter, £28 per ton, are specially cultivated for sauce by local farmers and gardeners. Sauce like wine improves with age, and is stored in other enormous vats besides these in the regular bottling room on that account. I tasted some that had been made years ago, and can now quite understand why *gourmets* use the relish as a "pick-me-up." A very different aspect of life is suggested by the fact that during a stagnation of trade some years ago in Yorkshire, the relish was taken by many families of the working classes with bread only. Meat was too expensive a luxury except for Sundays. Bread and sauce were among the most popular substitutes for beef. Lucullus sent voyagers many a league by sea and land for luxuries which to-day are outmatched at the table of the humblest citizen. The bread and sauce of the poor Yorkshireman would not have been unworthy of a Roman table. The collection of such a variety of ingredients would have been an imperial work. An author who could titillate the appetite of *la gourmandise* in those days seems to have had as good a time as a cook. Tiberius gave three thousand pounds for a dialogue in which the interlocutors were mushrooms,

fig-peckers, oysters and thrushes. France has always been famous for sauces. In the reign of Louis XII. there arose in the gay city a company of sauce-makers. M. Soyer looked up their statutes of 1394 and found that the famous sauce *à la cameline*, sold by them, was to be composed of "good cinnamon, good ginger, good cloves, good grains of paradise, good bread and good vinegar." The sauce known as *Tence* was to be composed of "good sound almonds, good ginger, good wine, and

good verjuice." Taillevant in his book on the sublime art gives, besides the *cameline*, *l'eau bénite* (holy water)—the sauce for pike *le saupiquet*, *le mostechan*, *la gélatine*, *la sauce à l'aloë*, *au moult*, that of milk-garlic, cold, red, and green sauces, *sauce Robert*, *Poitevine*, *à Madame raffée*, and *à la dodine*. I am not able to give you the recipe for Yorkshire relish, nor for any of the other trade-mark sauces of the day; and I don't think it is likely the reader will be led into any effort to compound those just quoted. The cooks in the middle ages and later strove in their inventions of sauce rather to be grotesque and original than to be either appetising or dainty. Garlic has, however, always been recognized as a leading ingredient of



BOTTLING YORKSHIRE RELISH.

every sauce for meat or fish, as it also still remains one of the most important esculents in the cook's kitchen or laboratory. It is a native of the East, and has been cultivated from the earliest times. It has something of the appearance of our common onion and bears a few whitish flowers. The bulb, however, when its outer scales are removed, is found to be composed of some dozen auxiliary bulbs, in which respect it is akin to the eschalot. These contain a viscid juice which is sometimes used as a cement. In the Leeds sauce factory it was stored in tubs, was perfectly dry, of a pale grey colour. Unlike eschalots, garlic will keep and can be ground at leisure. The English vegetable, on the other hand, is apt to sprout, and is therefore as a rule ground when fresh. It is a far cry from Italy to the West Indies, and thence to China. Lucullus, if he had desired a sauce such as that for which Leeds is famous, must have sent for tamarinds, and occasionally for "soy." Europe is said to be indebted to him for the cherry; fruit being an ingredient of modern sauces, the cherry would probably have stood him in good stead with the other choice fruits that ornamented his gardens and graced his luxurious board.

Another feature of the Leeds factory is the grinding and preparing of pepper in its various forms. Before arriving at these mills, which fill an extensive section of the factory, our guide calls attention to quantities of sacks and casks labelled "*P. Pepper*,"

and at once one finds the old alliterative conundrum running through one's mind, to crop up again and again as the "Punch-in-presence-of-the-passenger" troubled Mark Twain—"Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppercorns and if," &c. But these peppercorns which are piled up in the Leeds factory are not for pickling. The first process which they undergo is that of decortication. This is the work of a specially constructed mill, and in combination with other machines, sifters, hoppers, grinders and dressers Mr. Piper Pepper comes out very different in form and colour from his original substance. After decortication the corn is cleansed of husk, and before it is ground is not unlike a large seed pearl, white and hard. In the course of its purification it is tossed hither and thither from pillar to post, rushed down this shoot, forced up that, until it is almost burnished; and when it is ground the meal is similarly dealt with, travelling from mill to hopper, from hopper to dresser, and so on, propelled by mechanical forces that deposit in automatic collectors the various qualities, the last and best of all coming out in a fine grey powder which the pepper-master contemplates with pride, calling your attention to its colour and pointing out to you that although it may to an unpractised eye look like powder it is granulated and under the microscope each particle would show its distinct individuality; "and that," he observes, "is proof of perfect grinding and dressing."

Passing sundry mills that are grinding cinnamon, ginger, cayenne, and other machines which are desiccating liquorice root we are introduced to an entirely different industry altogether. The opponents of versatility in work and thought, the advocates of strict division of labour, would find some very practical illustrations on the other side at this Leeds factory of Goodall, Backhouse and Company. They are manufacturers of citrate of magnesia, turning out tons weekly. Entering this department we find in course of filling hundreds of those large bluish bottles that are familiar objects at all drug stores. The work here is just

as carefully organized and administered as if the entire factory was devoted to it; and the same may be said of other shops in the main and adjacent buildings, for the firm are brewers, distillers, carpenters, engineers, printers, tin canister makers, and many other things which belong to the production, packing and exportation of their various articles of commerce. In this citrate of magnesia factory are stores of sugar, citric acid, and Epsom and other salts, all white and more or less sparkling. These constitute the chief ingredients of the white granulated product. When mixed and flavoured the dry-looking compound develops a slight moisture. It is thereupon placed in metal pans that are heated through steam jackets. It stiffens but is pliable with the heat, and has the luscious appearance of sugar for wedding-cakes. At the right moment it is transferred to granulating machines from which it is collected and laid out to dry. On this day of our visit an order of two and a half tons was being completed for South America, which with Japan imports this article in large quantities from Leeds. Mentioning the firm's versatility—and I apply the term, if somewhat paradoxically, to its several specialities—it is only when leaving the main factory to inspect other buildings that one realizes to what extent they are brewers. Only partially protected from the weather, here in open ground are five vats, each containing 12,000 gallons of



GRINDING MILLS IN THE PEPPER AND SPICE DEPARTMENT.

either ketchup or vinegar, brewed in a department above them, and from which they are filled.

On the other side of what may be called the fore-court is the oldest of several engine-houses, and our guide introduces us to a typical Yorkshireman who has taken advantage of the steady heat of the place and a couple of windows that light it to indulge his horticultural fancy. "All of them from pips, every one," he says, pointing to the windows where a number of rather feeble orange-trees are pressing their shining leaves against the panes. The engineer possesses that love of flowers which is happily common among the working classes of England. No, he said with a regretful smile, he had not yet succeeded in growing an orange, the conditions were not sufficiently

favourable. If Mr. J. L. Toole, the comedian, had been our companion on this occasion, the Yorkshire engineer would soon have found a crop of oranges on his trees. Not long ago, in the autumn of the year, several American and English friends after dining with Toole at his house strolled into the garden to smoke. The genial practical joker had arranged the scene for them. Ripe tomatoes growing on the vine of a luxurious Virginia creeper only drew from the Americans an expression of agreeable surprise. Red apples in abundance on several dwarf trees did not excite the suspicion even of his English friends. But, in the exuberance of his fancy, Toole had overdone his autumnal decorations; when the guests came to rose-trees weighed down with grapes and arbutus laurels bearing a miscellaneous collection of nectarines and peaches, they looked for the string with which the fruits were tied. If ever my Yorkshire friend finds his orange-trees in full bearing let him look into the *Post* and see if Mr. Toole is playing at the local theatre.



CITRATE OF MAGNESIA HEATING PANS.

From the yard we enter sundry shops of a very different character from those under more immediate survey. Here are joiners shops, saw-mills, and smithies, all fitted with the latest machinery, all engaged in making instruments and wood-work used in the sauce and spice factory. Returning into the works for a moment to see the largest tin canister manufactory-in Leeds one finds the usual tin department which is now a feature of nearly all businesses in which this method of packing is adopted. Adjoining the tin works is the box-making department; here, after the boards have been guillotined, is a machine which turns out boxes complete at the rate of 28,000 per hour; it makes 400 revolutions a minute. Most of the smaller machines are manipulated by girls who prove themselves adepts in all the mechanical details of their work. They are singularly skilful in the making up and labelling of boxes, which being finished are transferred by travelling belting along a tunnel into the packing department. Before leaving the factory for the warehouse it is worth while to visit the laboratory. The chemist is an important factor in such works as these. The laboratory reminds one of a bit of South Kensington where the College of Chemistry is located. It is fitted up with every necessary appliance for experiment and analysis. Among his treasures the chief showed us one of his platinum dishes that is worth £120. No expense is spared here to give the works the full benefit of scientific tests and investigations. Under the microscope there happened to be a sample of pepper

which quite bore out the pepper-master's description ; it was indeed finely granulated, each individual particle having somewhat the appearance of a crystal.

It would be easy to spend a week in the various departments of this mixed industry on the Aire, and still find something new that would be worth describing ; one realizes this more particularly when one is invited to go over the warehouse in White Horse Street. Leaving behind over six acres of floor-rooms devoted to manufacturing, one is now surprised to meet with over three acres of stores, with sundry fresh industrial episodes such as the bottling of quinine wine, honey, and lavender-water.

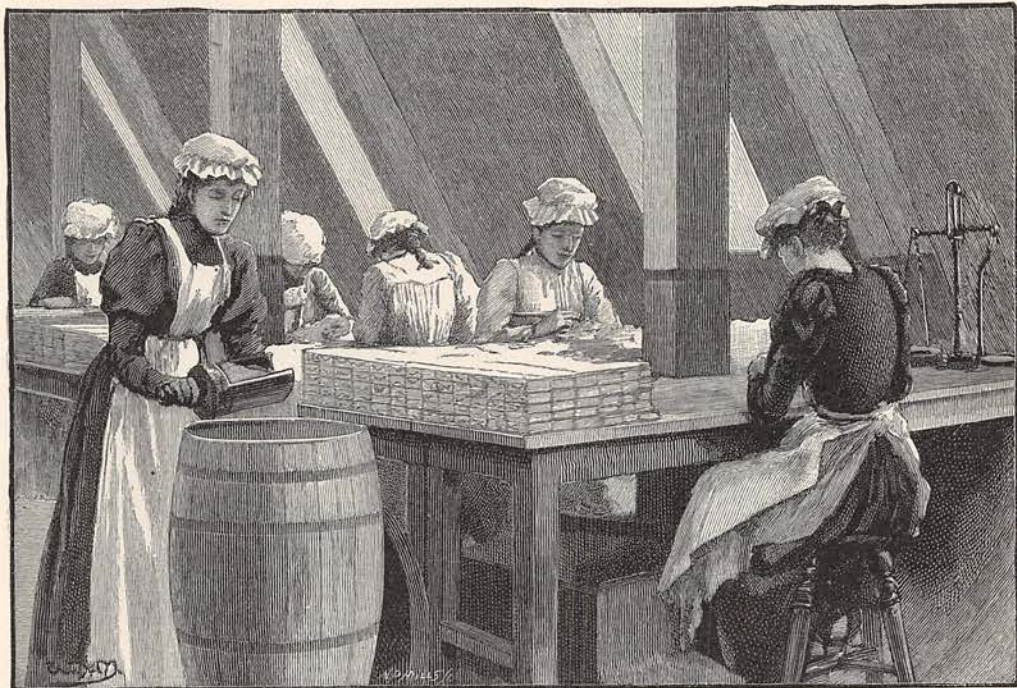
The warehouses and offices are in White Horse Street, named after an old posting house that is one of the pleasant memories of Leeds before the Aire was too much stained by the manufactures of cloth and iron. In the latter days of the eighteenth century the King's Arms in Briggate lost its prestige as a house of call. The White Horse took its place and Leeds was astonished and delighted with the announcement that during the Scarborough season a diligence would run every morning at seven from the White Horse, arriving every evening at Scarborough. The new coach seems to have been successful ; but the Scarborough coaches and their famous head-quarters have long since disappeared, and on the site of the famous old inn have arisen the bank-like offices of Goodall, Backhouse and Company with their adjacent stores and warehouses, a fine block of buildings which are illustrated and described in the local histories. "Five stories of the most modern and approved design," says Jackson, "doubled in capacity during the last two years. A portion of the building is lighted by electricity furnished by a very fine Crompton dynamo, and the 350 glow-lamps are profusely distributed over the offices, packing store, and bottling rooms. There are special facilities for communication between the offices of the principal and his army of managers by electric bells and speaking tubes ; steam hoists quickly transport visitors and merchandize to the various floors. The offices on the ground floor are most imposing, and occupy over 300 square yards."



IN THE LABORATORY.

From the managerial rooms, through a busy scene of desks and book-keepers, our guide introduces us to the warehouses. The "lift" or "elevator," or, as Leeds calls it, the "steam-hoist," has become quite an essential feature in works and warehouses that occupy high buildings. We go from the ground floor to the topmost story straightway, and there we walk out upon the roof whence there is a fine view of Leeds. But what a roof ! It is of high pitch, and how do you think it is tiled ? Well, you do not see any tiles ; it is shelved from eaves to apex and upon these shelves are ranged large transparent bottles of castor oil. "Why ?" we ask. "We buy the oil as imported, thick and dark," answers our guide, "it is then bottled as you see and placed here in the light to bleach ; it remains thus exposed in all weathers, and in the course of time undergoes a very advantageous change ; it improves both in colour and quality ; and this is our first process before we bring it to the pure light transparent liquid which you will see in course of bottling later on." We did see it later on. The room was hot and oily ; but the girls were doing their work just as cheerfully as others who were engaged with fresh bottlings of sauce, for in the warehouse there are also many vats and casks, the contents of which are being transferred to bottles. In both vats and casks there is a motor kept constantly going by engine power, which is on an important scale in the warehouse as well as the factory, supplemented for the electric light by powerful dynamos. "It is of moment," says our guide, "that gas and candles should be abolished in the storage of

such goods as ours, including oils of all kinds, acids, and other combustibles." Nearly every room in the warehouse is alive with women and girls packing baking powder, egg powder, salad oil, olive oil, peppers, and sauces. During the recent scourge of influenza, the demand for quinine and quinine wine has been enormous; and another product suddenly grew into universal favour. In what is called the dry-room, selecting one of many large casks, my guide drew forth a handful of long elegantly-shaped leaves. "This," he said, "is the eucalyptus which has recently become so popular; before the advent of the influenza the oil was hardly worth four shillings per pound; we are now selling it at twelve and thirteen"—which shows, one is tempted to remark, that even the influenza is not an unmixed evil; in saying which I am only echoing the observation of a distinguished London practitioner. Sir Joseph Hooker did a great deal to popularize the eucalyptus in various ways. I remember asking him in 1884, while walking over the botanical department of Kew Gardens, what kind of seeds his colonial and Indian correspondents were mostly asking for. "The eucalyptus," he answered;



PACKING BAKING POWDER.

"we have good reports of the results of our propagation and distribution of this Australian genus from Assouan, Bengal, Bombay, Jamaica, Singapore, Zanzibar and other places." It is not generally known that scores of useful commercial plants, now growing and making money in various distant parts of our empire, were introduced from the botanical gardens of Kew. One of Sir Joseph's chief occupations was finding out what would be useful in the horticulture and forestry of our colonies and propagating the same. Agitators who wanted Kew thrown open to the public at all times and in all seasons ignored the scientific work that was done there by Sir Joseph and his staff. But to return to this dry-room at Leeds. Unlike as the scene is to any pantomime, either at the local Grand or the metropolitan Drury Lane, it is impossible not to think of the Forty Thieves in presence of the array of jars and covered tubs of artistic shape that alternate with sacks and bags of every description. Here are cases of nutmegs, cloves, almonds, senna, all-spice, and liquorice; and porters were moving a cargo of honey from California, made up in well-packed tin cases to be transferred to shapely bottles and jars and labelled with pretty floral illustrations of the honey-country. "We know it is genuine," says our guide, indulging in his one humorous remark of our tour (if one may pass over his observation that all nutmegs are not necessarily wooden), "because we occasionally find a bee." He knew

well enough that he might jest at the expense of the Californian bee-master who sends his honey to the English market pure and well-packed. Any one who has travelled in the Great West or has tasted the honey they give you for breakfast in Switzerland could not mistake the excellence of the Californian product ; not that the English bee-master does not compete with a delicious honey, but his hives are on too small a scale. As in many other things that belong to the garden and the farm the Englishman is allowing himself to be beaten by foreign produce. Traversing these varied stores of spices, on the next floor you meet with a collection of every kind of farina, shellac, cuttlefish-bones (used for making tooth-powder). It was from the wet-room adjacent that the honey was being removed ; this product does not belong to what is called the dry department. The wet room is only another part of the great warehouse ; it contains capers, oils, scents, orange-quinine wine, lavender-water (distilled on the premises), and, as it seems to me, hundreds of other curious familiar and unfamiliar articles, not forgetting bromides, opiates, and a cupboard of poisons enough "to do" for all Leeds. On the quaint bags and packages from every country under the sun one noted with interest memoranda in Chinese and Japanese, Egyptian, Italian, Russian, Greek. It occurred to me to ask about soy. "Once in a way we buy a cargo," said our guide ; "it is made from some kind of nut which is burnt and crushed by the Chinese ; it is only when we buy soy that we use the water-way at the factory ; it comes to us by ship ; as a rule we do not use water carriage."

The warehouse is heated by steam, and such machinery as is required here is run by an engine of two hundred and fifty horse power ; at the factory there are several sets of engines. One of the things that has impressed me peculiarly in making these tours of British Industries, apart from the enormous capital involved, is the vast expenditure of enterprise and labour that belongs to some little and comparatively insignificant article of daily consumption, to the production of which the consumer rarely gives a thought. Such an insignificant thing as a bottle of sauce ; see how many hands it employs and in all parts of the world, and what a multitude of interests are concerned in it. To begin with, there is the Italian farmer growing his garlic (garlic was a god in Egypt) ; the English gardener his eschalots (Alexander the Great introduced the eschalot from Phœnicia into Greece) ; the West Indian gathering and packing his tamarinds ; the East Indian cultivating his pepper ; the fruit-grower with his raspberries, the mushroom-picker, and a score of others also at work in view of his ingredients : these have to deal with merchants, shippers, agents, middle-men, before the factory hands at Leeds can get to work ; and supplementary to these are the bottle-makers, the printers, the box manufacturers, and the carriers : all this before a single bottle of sauce is ready for sale. One understands however that these various investments in labour and products can be borne with profit when millions of bottles are sold in a year. Our guide asks if we would like to see the library. Of course we would. It is an enormous strong room. The books are ledgers, and other financial treatises. One shelf especially is labelled "Quotation books." I was at once interested in this shelf, one of the books was taken down and explained. "When we are asked for the price of certain goods, we give a quotation up to date and enter it in one of these volumes, each quotation having a counterfoil ; so you see, unlike other books, the more we quote the thinner our volumes become." "But it can never, I suspect, be said of any of your staff," remarked the artist, "that they have just enough of learning to misquote?" "No," said our guide, "I think our people know their business ; some of them have been in it all their lives, several have been with us for twenty or thirty years ; our heads of departments have grown up with it. Mr. Powell is the sole surviving partner, and you may judge of his energy and capacity when I repeat to you that twenty years ago when he took hold of the business we employed thirty people all told ; and that to-day we pay weekly wages to five hundred persons." With a brief interval for luncheon, we traversed these works from early morning until evening, and found no corner of them that was not worth attention. It is difficult, in a few pages of print, to depict the various scenes of such a tour ; but if I have done enough by way of suggestion to provide an explanatory text to the illustrations which embellish these notes, I shall have interested the reader in one of those wayside subjects that give variety to popular reading and add a new interest to familiar things.