

## A BACHELOR ON BABIES.



**BIGHO!** what a world of delusions it is! Here have I been chuckling for the last ten years about the folly which makes all mothers or fathers entertain the belief that there is something so very extraordinary about their own baby, as to distinguish it from every other baby in the kingdom. And now I've a little niece of my own, who, I am firmly and impartially convinced—this time without

any possibility of a delusion—is the most remarkable child in Great Britain or out of it. No other child that I have seen has such interesting ways; and I am absolutely positive that none other has or could have such wonderfully beautiful eyes. To look into them is like gazing down a cool, shadowy, moss-fringed well, and catching a glimpse of the blue crystal heavens reflected from the depths below. Sometimes I almost lose myself in the silent and infinite world that I see shadowing itself forth behind the blue haze of those baby-eyes; and her childish prattle is to me the quaintest and sweetest music that was ever made by two little lipping, laughing lips.

But I know I'm a fond, foolish, doting old uncle all the same, and that at this very moment there are thousands of equally fond and foolish folk who are looking into the depths of their own little bairnies' eyes, and wondering if there ever was such a child since the days when the Lord of Life Himself lay on the lap of His beautiful young mother, a wee helpless Babe.

We bachelors, many of us, affect a manly—save the mark!—and cynical abhorrence of the nursery, but the thought of *that* babyhood and motherhood should sanctify and hallow every little cot or cradle in the world, if the memory of our own mother has not already done so. I am afraid, however, that I have no right to speak as representing the great army of—I was going to say martyrs, but I mean, of course, unmarried; for although I have never a

chick nor child of my "ain," I fancy there's a good deal of the father, if not the mother, in my heart of hearts, which may come to the surface some day. At least I hope so.

The thought of that Divine Babyhood, of which I have just been speaking, has often made me feel as if I did not wonder that nearly every woman (every mother, at all events) should be born, as she seems to be born, with a sort of instinctive and intuitive faith in Christianity. And if that thought were not enough, what mother is there who could read of His taking the little ones in His arms and blessing them, without praying that hers too might be led to Him; without her heart swelling up in a great stream of love and faith and trust to Him who was Himself meek and lowly as a little child?

Yes—to come back to my subject again—I know that it's all one vast delusion, and that my little niece Theodora (the "gift of God," a beautiful name for a child!) is just like thousands of other little Marys and Willies and Rosies in this great world, whose parents and uncles and aunts are all victims of the same hallucination. While I am wondering why my neighbour, Mrs. Williams, allows her little boy's hair to grow down upon his shoulders in that untidy and unbecoming fashion, she, with a mother's love and pride, is watching him go down the road to school, fully assured that everybody will, like herself, be struck with his resemblance to an infantile Hamlet or St. John. And if we could look right into the depths of her mother-heart, we should, I doubt not, find there as much love and thankfulness to God for giving her such a beautiful child, and as much kindness and affection to others, as if he really were such.

What a beautiful and loving delusion it is! Although, when I come to think of it more attentively, I am not so sure that it is a delusion, after all. It may be that, instead of having hoodwinked and blinded us to the imperfections of our own children, our Father, and their Father, has but lent a new keenness to our vision, has but brushed away the cobwebs and dust that blinded us, so that we can see more truly and deeply into the hidden beauty and mystery which He has cast around each of His little ones.

And so, though others may smile at our "delusion," and think our idolised darling only an "ordinary" baby, and in no way different from thousands of other little pink-fleshed, soft-dimpled scraps of humanity in the world, we yet know that she is none the

less a special and loving gift sent down to us from heaven by the Father of Light.

Yes, she is only an "ordinary" baby; only a little soul fresh from the hand of God, and carrying with her some waft and whisper of the far-off Eternity from whence she came. You know what Emerson says, that "Infancy is the perpetual Messiah which comes to the arms of fallen men, and pleads with them to return to Paradise." And there is a beautiful saying of old Jean Paul, of which I often think: "The smallest children," he says, "are nearest God, as the smallest planets are nearest the sun." And if it be so, it is no wonder that we should feel hushed and awed and thrilled, as we sometimes do, in the presence of a little child.

I have often wished—as what scribbler has not?—that I had the gift of second sight, so that I could follow this or that magazine on its way from the central office, till it found a welcome and a resting-place in one of the many homes of this great kingdom. It would be very interesting, and perhaps not a little humbling and edifying, to hear the different opinions of the various folk who might read or skip, as the case may be, one's own "prose and worse," as (I think) Tom Hood has it. I fancy, in the present case, I see some indignant young mother tossing her pretty head with an air of matronly and superior wisdom, as she exclaims: "A bachelor, indeed! What can he know about children? Such impudence these scribbling fellows have!"

Or perhaps some matter-of-fact young Briton throws this gossip on one side as "sentimental humbug." Yes, perhaps it is sentiment, I don't deny it; but "sentiment" is very different from "sentimentalism." I know there are people who would stand on the graves of England's noblest sons, in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey, and remark derisively that the nose of Shakespeare's statue was crooked—but I'm not one of them. And you wait till you've a bairnie of your own, my fine fellow, and see if you're not as big a fool as the rest of them—or if you're not, well, I'm sorry for you, that's all!

What the women leave unfinished in our moral education, says Goethe, the children complete in us; and I believe with Oliver Wendell Holmes, that many of the noblest and most beautiful traits of a man's character are left undeveloped and unperfected, until he knows what it is to have a little child look up in his face, and say, "father."

COULSON KERNAHAN, F.R.G.S.

## DIPS INTO AN OLD COOKERY BOOK.

By RUTH LAMB.

## DIP I.



**THERE** was no GIRL'S OWN PAPER, or any other cheap periodical with its column of "Useful Hints" or choice recipes for concocting table dainties, in the days when this old MS. cookery book was written out. Now, if we want to study

the culinary art, we are bewildered with the number of volumes offered for our instruction.

We may read for ourselves, or we may go to school and learn cottage cookery, or we may fit ourselves to prepare a dinner composed of almost endless courses, and embracing everything, in and out of season, that wealth and luxury can suggest.

Things were different a century and a half ago. There were few printed cookery books, and these passed into very few hands. There were family recipes for dainty dishes, much valued and thought of. Instructions for making these were guarded as almost sacred mysteries, and rarely committed to paper. Mothers, even in well-to-do-homes, did the more delicate part of the cookery themselves,

and taught their daughters, and so the knowledge was passed on from generation to generation, or perchance from mistress to maid, when the latter was trustworthy.

The MS. book into which you are going to peep along with me, dear girls, was written out in 1721, and is one of the household treasures in a delightful old home, built more than a hundred years earlier still. The title page runs as follows:—"Mrs. Anne Jackson. Cook Book. Anno Domini, 1721." But, alas! I cannot easily give you a notion of the elaborate flourishes which adorn the name.

The capitals are something to be remem-

bered; but the zeal of the writer seems to have evaporated before the title was completed, for the "Domini" is quite devoid of ornament, and the date a very poor sample of figures.

Half a century later "Mrs. Anne Jackson. Cook Book" had passed into another hand; for, on the next page, we find the inscription: "Barbara Wilkinson's Book," with the further admonition, "When this you se, Remember me."

Mistress Barbara appears to have used this family cookery book as most people do their family Bibles; for, on its last page, we have a list of "Childer Born of John and Barbara Wilkinson," thirteen in number, between 1743 and 1767.

In the country districts of Cumberland at the present time there is a strong leaning towards Scriptural, and especially patriarchal names. John Wilkinson and his wife Barbara manifested the same liking in their day, as the register on the fly-leaf of the old cookery-book abundantly testifies. Amongst the boys' names are Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Jonathan, John, Thomas, and Mark, only George having a modern appellation. The girls are Ann, Mary, Grace, Betty, and Barbara.

Grace would, I suppose, be almost reckoned a Bible name, on the same principle as that of the man who called his child Acts in order to compliment the Apostles. Any way, Grace is a sweet name, and suggestive of everything that is good as well as attractive.

To return, however, to the contents of the "Cook Book," which comprise some ninety recipes, beside many which are lumped together in this wise: "For jillies, pastes, and creams, with some preserves, from ye 148 to ye 154"—that is, page.

The writing all through is beautifully neat, clear, and legible, being something like printing in italics, and has been the work of one hand, the index and one or two pages excepted, which are of a later date, and probably added by its second possessor, Barbara Wilkinson.

Mrs. Anne Jackson's views on the subject of orthography must, however, have been very independent of fixed rules, and her style foreshadows modern phonetic spelling.

One cannot but feel that it is at least desirable to select and adhere to one method of spelling a word; but Mrs. Anne sometimes uses a "c," an "s," or two of the latter, just as it happens.

I remember once asking a person, "How is your name?"—a rather peculiar one—"spelled?"

"Some spells it one way, and some another," was the cheerful response.

"But how do *you* spell it?" I asked, determined to be correct if possible.

"I don't spell it at all, ma'am, or anything else, for I can't tell one letter from another. Put it any way you like. It's sure to please me."

I accordingly did my best, and I hope the person to whom the letter went would have no difficulty in finding out who was the writer, per my hand. I could not help thinking of this when I glanced through the "Cook Book."

One thing I feel certain about, and that is the excellence of the recipes so carefully preserved for more than a century and a half. I will quote a few in the quaint wording and spelling of the MS., and I think they will be found equally instructive and amusing.

The recipes for preparing freshwater fish, such as are found in the Cumberland lakes, are decidedly *loathsome*; and as we are this very day operating upon a large pike, caught by one of the youngsters, we will tell how he

is to be cooked, à la Mrs. Anne Jackson's Cook Book:—

How to Rost a Picke.

"Take ye pike. Scrape it and take liver, sueit and herbs, and beat them all together like forcemeat. Then put it into the pike bely, and then sue up ye bely of ye pike. Then speet" (spit) "it allye length; then cordeit with brood inckle. So baste it with butter that it burn not" (you may take this for sauce). "Then take ye forsemeat out of ye pike belly, and ye gravy that drops from the pike and a little sack or wine and anchove dissolved in it. Beat it altogether" (for sauce). "So serve it up. Garnish ye dish with pickel cockels & oysters."

We are told in another place how to pickle the cockles. "Take 6 quarts of cockles, and wash them; then sett them over ye fire. Stue them to ye open, then pick the fish out of them. You must save ye liquor and put salt and whole peper and clove peper, whole cloves and mace. Boyle those all together, then put your fish and give them a boyle. So then take them off ye fire, and cover them up fit for us."

The instructions with regard to the quantity of salt, and the various spices, would seem to a youthful cook slightly indefinite. An experienced cook would know that only a little of each is needed.

"To Bake Charrs" (a delicious little fish for which Windermere is famous, and the name of which is usually spelled char). "Take ye heads and tails and fins off them. Then cutt them and rub them very clean with a cloth. When you bake them, take for 3 dozen of charrs, one ounce of mace and cinnamon, the same of cloves, and peper for your seasoning. You must save a third part till they be baked, and then lye it on when you put in ye clarified buttor."

The above is really a recipe for the famous potted char, the baked fish being placed in layers, seasoned, and covered with clarified butter, like other potted meats.

With our "Roast Picke" we must have a contemporary soup, and here is a recipe to make one, which will serve a good, large party.

"Take a hough" (shin) "and a neck of beef. Set it all night over ye fire. Put in a little peper of both sorts, a race or two of ginger, and a posy of sweet herbs. Stir up your pot next morning, and strain it through a collander, and let it stand till it be cold, and take off all ye fat. Fry some beef or veal or mutton with a little bit of butter to keep ye pan from burning, & to get ye gravy, and put ye meat and gravy into ye soup. Sitt it over a slow fire about half an hour. Put in 2 onions. Stick one with cloves; then put it" (the soup, not the onion, which should go in before the half hour's stewing takes place) "through ye collander again & then put in 2 or 3 anchoves and a little clarrit or strong bear, then pour out your soup into a boull. Then put into your stue pan half a pound of butter. Sitt it over ye fire till it be burnt brown; then put ye soup into it by podingers" (or mugsfuls) "and lett every podinger full boyle up as you put it in and stir it very well all ye time with a little salt. Have on ye dish bottom a little rice or french barley bread and a little parsly, spinage, & sallory scodded" (scalded) "and shred small. Poorye soup on it and into ye soup fried bread cut in slices. Garnish your dish with nice parsley and carrots."

For our entrées we will have first "A Frigocoy of Chickins." "Take chickens: cut them in small peices, season them with cloves, maes, nutmugg, peper and salt, some time and parsely shred small, and a handfull of grated

white bread. Fry them in sweet butter rridiforant tender, then drane ye butter from them and put to them a pint of clarrit wine and some strong; or, if you have it not, take faire water and 3 anchoves, nutmegg and an onion and some lemon. Lett these all stue together and 2 yolks of eggs with a little clarrit wine. Put all together, stir it well together and dish it up *in all hast*."

Our second entrée shall be "Broyted Pigens." "Take peigons fresh out of ye coat. (Nothing is said about killing them before cooking). Pull them and dress them very clean. Wash them well and drye them with a cloth. Then take ye livers and shred them very small. Season them well with peper and salt and put the livers with a good peice of butter into their bellies and sew up at both ends. You may broyle them in an appleroster, if you have not a thing on purpose" (Dutch oven suggested) "not too near ye fire and bast them as ye drye."

No instructions are given for ordinary roast meats, but we have elaborate information "How to dress Turkes and there sauce."

"Take vor Turkes and cut ye heads of, and dress it clean, and then drow it and square it like a chicken for roasting and stuff ye crops with forset meat, which make of veal, taking out ye skins and beast sueit. Shred and beat with a pestell to it be like past almost and then season it with cloves and nutmegg and peper of both sorts and salt, and sweet herbs dried and rubbed. Sage, sweet margon" (marjoram) "and time or winter savory and parsley with a yolk or two of eggs and a spoonfull of cream: or two according to ye quantity of meat: but 1 yolk and 1 spoonfull of cream is sufisbent for 2 Turkey crops. Then speet them and ly them up close. So rost them; & for ye sauce take ye neck and head and set them on a stuepan with a little water and an onion or two. Lett them boyl along time. Then put in some grated bread and dust in some black peper and let it boyl to it be very thick. And so dish it up."

Game does not seem to have occupied the attention of the fair writer of the Cook Book, or else it was not plentiful in the neighbourhood. At any rate we find no recipes for cooking anything but ground game. There are instructions "How to Stue a Hair, a Rabbet, and to rost them," also a recipe for venison sauce, which last is so very comically worded that we may get a laugh out of it, though we may not be much enlightened in a culinary point of view. It runs thus:—"Take a neck of mutton and sett it on to boyle in a stue-pan and lett it boyle all night. You may put in a few whole cloves and Jeemaca peper—if you have no other—for ye broth; then take it off and put it through a collander, then hadd clarrit wine and brown suggar and a good peice of cinment and grated bread, and then let it boyle a peice to it be thick."

It is easy to ascertain the intentions of the writer, though the directions are slightly hazy, and we are not informed what should be put in if we are not restricted to "whole cloves and Jeemaca peper."

There is also no limit to the other seasonings, so a tyro would have to keep spoon in hand, and taste as she goes on adding.

But I will close the "Cook Book" for the present, only adding that our "Rost Picke" turned out supremely good, equally to the satisfaction of the young angler, and those who partook of his spoil, when thus prepared for the table.

I will dip again into some very attractive recipes for sweets, cakes, and home-made wines, and give you, dear girls, the benefit.

(To be continued.)



## DIPS INTO AN OLD COOKERY BOOK.

By RUTH LAMB.

## DIP II.



BEFORE leaving savoury dishes and dipping into the sweets, it may be as well to present a selection of recipes for sauces and seasonings. Here are instructions "To Make Sace for a Docke. Take ye gisserts and penen's" (gizzard and pinions, or giblets, as they are called) "of the docke and a litle other meat, and dreg it with a litle flower and frye them. When half-fryed, dreg with flower again. So frye it a litle more. Then put it into a sace pan and water to it" (size of pan and quantity of water being left to the imagination) "put one onion, a litle peper and salt. Soe boyle them all together. Soe serve."

Following closely upon this we are informed how to make "Sauce for a Goose," and as it is universally admitted that "Sauce for the goose is also sauce for the gander," we will copy the recipe. "Take apples and peepe them and cutt them small and stue them in a litle water to ye be smooth. Then put a litle salt in; soe sweeten it toe ye tast, and put it on a pleat and send it toe ye table with ye goose. But you must mix vinicar and mustord and shugor together, and put it under ye goose on ye dish when it goes up to ye table."

Perhaps these sauces may suffice as a sample: for sundry recipes for gravies which are furnished by our old "Cook Book" are got up so entirely regardless of expense, that they would probably be as costly as the dish of which they are supposed to form an accompaniment only.

Amongst the puddings and sweets there are many excellent recipes, several of which I will give. But as the most delightful sample of indefiniteness I ever met with, I present the following, and any girl who reduces it to anything like common-sense, will have solved no ordinary problem: "How to Make Duch Friters." "Take new milk, or cream, and flower, or white bread grated and boyl'd very thick, then beat it in a wood mortar very well. Then put a litle shugar, scinnement, nutmegg, and a litle sack and roas water and a pritty deall of eggs all beat together. Then greas ye booard; then poor ye bater on ye booard. So draw it of with anything into your fat, then drane them and grate on shugar."

Can anybody tell what a "pritty deall" is? To me it is an "unknown quantity." One assumes that being "friters" these Dutch articles are fried, and, of course, assumes the presence of a frying-pan and boiling fat. But the "boord" and the "anything" which is to be used in "drawing of the bater," present such difficulties that I give them up. A happy thought suggests that the batter may, perhaps, be slipped into the pan on a floured cloth, like that from which oatcake is thrown on to the griddle.

The amusingly varied spelling of the same words in one recipe may, I think, be accounted for. Probably many of the recipes were copied, by the fair hand and in the beautiful writing of Mrs. Anne Jackson, from the MS. of friends, and, in transferring them to her own book, she religiously adhered to the spelling, however peculiar it might be, feeling that such sacred mysteries were not to be lightly tampered with.

I suppose everybody likes to have a finger in that good old Christmas dainty, a mince pie; so

"To Make Mincht Pyes: Take 2 pound of mutton, of ye legg of mutton, par boyle it. Then take 2 pound of mutton sueitt and chop them together. Season them with salt, peper, cloves, mace, cinnement, nutmegg and shugar. Then put 3 pound of currans, 1 pound of rasons stoned and chopped small. Some candid lemmon and an oring. Soe, full ye pyes, and bak them."

If I make my Christmas pies by the above, I shall substitute beef and beef suet for mutton; but I can easily understand why mutton figures conspicuously in these pages. Great numbers of sheep are fed on the mountain slopes, or "fells"; farmers and "statesmen,"—as those are called who own the land they till—kill their own mutton. Beef is a comparatively scarce article even now, and only to be obtained once a week, and from a distance of several miles. Any person unacquainted with this fact would be surprised, on examining a recipe which tells "How to Make a Stake Pye," to discover that it is made from a neck of mutton in these parts.

I have no hesitation in saying that the next recipe for a Gooseberry Ffool (one f would not express it) is not to be surpassed for excellence. "Take a pint and a half of gooseberries, clean picked from ye stalks. Put them into a basson with a pint and a half of fair water and boil them with a pound and a half of fine sугар, till it be of a good thickness. Then put to it ye yolks of 6 eggs and a pint of good cream (well beaten together) with a nutmegg quartered. Stir those well together, till you think ye be enough, over a slow fire, and put it into a dish and eat it cold."

When the aforesaid "Ffool" was served out at our table the other day, a youngster was asked how he liked it. He made no response, but shovelled away manfully with his spoon until his plate was empty. Then, with a sigh of satisfaction, he sent it for a fresh supply; remarking that to talk about such good stuff as that, whilst there was any within reach, was a horrid waste of time.

It may be added that the "Ffool" is excellent, and more suited for unlimited consumption when made with about half the quantity of cream and eggs here set down. The sugar is also rather in excess, even for a very "sweet tooth."

"A Silly Bub" seemed such a suitable appendage to a gooseberry fool, that I was going to copy the recipe for making it. But, alas! a closer examination of ye Cook Book shows

me that it exists in the index only. The page on which the instructions for compounding this dish with an imbecile name is gone altogether, and it must be sought for as "Syllabub" in some more modern volume.

There is nothing melancholy about the next recipe, although "To Make Weep" sounds rather doleful. It is only to tell us how to whip cream. "Take a quart of good cream, take ye white of 1 egg well beaten. Sweeten it to ye tast with loaf shugar; then take a jacklet stick" (equivalent to the modern whisk) "and weep it about to it froth; then take it of. So do, to you have enough to cover ye creams, which you must remember to put ye rien of a lemmon into ye cream before you weep it; and ye creams that leaves" (drains from the whip) "you may put it into litle pots, and send it up to table amongell ye creams."

"Ye creams" for which the weep is intended to form a roofing, are delicious compounds. One is of gooseberries prepared by stewing and forcing through a sieve. Then sugar and a pint of good cream are added, and we are told "if that be not enough put more to it; to it be well coloured. Soe, put ye weep all over it. Soe, serve."

We had quite a family conclave over another recipe, and after much vain deliberation and many wrong guesses in the drawing-room, I went into the kitchen to consult the reigning powers in that department. Nobody could solve the difficulty. Instructions were given in ye Cook Book "How to Candy Shoups" and "How to make Shoups for cream." We were told in the former to "take ye Shoups and wash them; clean them after you have opened them; half them and make ye sirrep of roaswater and shugar; then put in your shoups and candy them as you doe lemmon pil." Candied lemon and orange peels were prepared at home in those days.

Now, the information was plain enough, only nobody knew what "Shoups" were, and this was the cause of all our deliberations. The next recipe, which bade us "Take them, open them, clean them from ye stones that is in them, wash them and boil them till ye be soft," seemed to suggest stone fruit of some kind.

The housekeeper wondered whether "scoop" could be the correct word, and thought that "h" had really been meant for "k"; because the insides of apples and other fruits are sometimes scooped out, and, after being stewed till tender, the hollows are filled up with whipped or flavoured cream.

Another reference to the MS. demolished this, apparently, hopeful suggestion, for we are further told: "beat them well and put in two or three eggs, as your dish is for greatness; but I think 3 litle enough for one dish. Two spoonfull of roaswater, two of sack are to be put in and shugar. Sennement and mace to ye tast: thicken them in your pan over ye fire, then put them into your dish."

In addition to the good things enumerated, there was to be a sauce of "shuggar and cream," or "cream, roaswater, sack and shuggar," which would be all very delightful if one only knew where to find the sloups, or even where to look for them. My feminine curiosity grew stronger. I was resolved not to be baffled by a word of five letters in an old cookery book; so I started on a visit to the farm-house, hard by, in order to consult its mistress.

If I did not succeed there, I intended to go off in search of the "oldest inhabitant" of the dale, and to find out the meaning of shoup, if I wore out a pair of shoes in the

attempt. Happily, my good friend at the farm gave me the information. "We call those things on the wild roses, with the hairy seeds in them, 'tupes,' pronounced shoups in our part of the country. But I should think it cannot be those things after all."

It was, though, and shoups are neither more nor less than hips and the hairy seeds of the wild rose are "Ye stones that are in them," and which require to be removed before the cooking process is commenced.

I reported my success in the kitchen, and was amused to find that the housekeeper had heard hips called "choops," but could not imagine anyone would use them in cookery. Others, however, know and appreciate the excellence of jelly made from them, or "conserve of hips."

Having given these recipes for sweets, it may not be amiss to furnish one or two for puddings. Anyone might guess that the

home of ye Cook Book must be amid rich pastures, where milk and cream are abundant, and eggs to be had at a reasonable price; all these articles being used in a reckless fashion unknown in city dwellings. The result is admirable, as in this "potatye pudding."

"Boyle ye tates, take of ye skin and stamp them, and to a pound of potatoes put ro eggs, half a pound of butter pressed and stamped among ye potatoes, put in 2 spoonfull of roas water, 2 of sack, a little mace, sinnement and salt; soe bake all together. An hour will bake it. Drane butter and suggar, after you have baked it—soe serve."

"How to make a Quaken" (quaking) "pudding.—Take a pint of cream, ten eggs, leaving out 7 of ye whites, and mix 2 spoonfull of fine flower with a little of ye cream first. Season it with sinnomon or nutmegg; beat it very well. Butter and flower your cloth very well and put in a little salt."

It will be easily understood that the little salt should be mixed with the other ingredients at first, and not applied to the cloth in which the pudding is to be "boyled." It is an exquisitely delicate pudding; but the flavouring both in this and other recipes may be much improved. From the frequent mention of mace, cinnamon, and nutmeg, we form a notion of the small number of articles available for flavouring purposes, when ye Cook Book was written out. Still, the more substantial and important ingredients may be relied on, and in these lesser matters, it is easy to introduce some of the modern essences which impart a subtle perfume to many a dish, so as to vary the taste, without altogether discarding the homely spicery which figures so conspicuously in these pages.

Last dip, number three, will introduce instructions for "cake and wine" of home manufacture. (To be concluded.)

## JANET'S TRUST.

### CHAPTER II.



AD a thunderbolt fallen amongst them it could scarcely have had a more startling effect than had Janet's words upon her sister and friend.

"Not accept five hundred pounds, and they in such dire need of money! Oh, it is too absurd," thought

George; and yet he did not say a word, but sat gazing at the floor.

"You must be mad, Janet Grey!" cried Meta, wildly; and flinging herself into a chair, she wept passionately.

"I am very sorry that my resolution should surprise and shock you so much," said Janet, looking sadly from one to the other. "God knows the money would be most welcome to me—"

"Then why not take it?" said George, eagerly. "You want it very badly, and—"

"Yes, we want it badly—very badly," answered Janet, gravely. "But, George, have you forgotten my dying father's words? 'Do not part with those deeds, no matter what may happen. Keep them, my child, till you are able to use them and prove that you and Meta have a right to the property. Let nothing tempt you to give them up.'"

"Yes, I remember that he told you that," said George, quickly; "but he did not foresee—"

"There I think you are mistaken," cried Janet. "That he did foresee this offer of money, I feel quite certain; and therefore he warned me not to part with the deeds on any account. He gave those papers to me as a trust, and I should be very wrong if I were to give them up at the first temptation that comes to me. And do you not see also, dear George, that this man's offer only proves that our cause is a good one? By taking this five hundred pounds we may, perhaps, lose double the money. I have no idea how much the property is really worth; but it is worth more than he offers, I am sure, or he would not be so anxious to silence us for ever. Be that as it may, however, nothing will persuade me to give up my father's trust."

"You are right, Janet, I feel sure," cried George, quickly. "What a fool I was not to see that from the first! Of course, he must think you have a good claim, or he would not offer you such a large sum of money. Your

claim is good—it must be good! But how are we to prove it? How shall we, poor as we are, go to law against a rich man like this Mr. Berwick? Oh, it is quite useless to think of such a thing!"

"Yes, so it is at present, George. We can do nothing now, I know; but it is hard to say what may turn up—what help we may receive. And even if it should never be proved—even if we were always to go on working, as I suppose we shall—yes, even if we were starving, I should be bound to refuse the five hundred pounds, and be true to my trust."

"You are a brave girl, brave and true, Janet," said George, as he paced up and down the room. "But oh, my poor dear, your life is a hard one."

"Yes, it is hard, George; and yet we should feel thankful to God that we have got on so well. Meta and I do not fare sumptuously, but we are never hungry. So long as I get plenty of work I shall not complain. If I could only live without taking money from you, and send Meta to school, I should be quite happy."

"Then why don't you take the money?" cried Meta. "If you feel happy sitting there stitching and sewing, I hate it. I have as much right to accept the money as you have, although you are eighteen and I am only twelve. Father said the property was for me too; so I'll just go to this gentleman and tell him that—"

"Meta!" cried Janet, in a voice full of pain.

"Well; why shouldn't I? Why should we work and pinch, and half starve, when we might be so nice and comfortable? Why, if we had these five hundred pounds, we should not require to sit and sew the way we do. We—"

"My poor little sister!" said Janet, gently, "you seem to think that five hundred pounds is a fortune that would never come to an end. That if we took this money we should be as rich as the princess in the fairy tales. But indeed, dear, it would not be such a great thing after all; although it would be an immense help, of course. If we sat down to do nothing, and lived upon this money, Meta, it would be all gone in a few years. If we put it out at interest, even supposing we got five per cent., it would only bring us in twenty-five pounds a year, and we could not live very comfortably on that, dear; could we?"

"No; of course not," grumbled Meta, looking rather blank. "But still, it would be

enough to help you a great deal; and you might send me to school, and let me grow up like a lady.

"Yes; it would enable me to do that, certainly. And, oh, Meta, you do not know how strongly tempted I feel to accept this money! It would be such a help."

"Then accept it, Janet, dear—for my sake, accept it. Say you will." And Meta raised her eyes imploringly to her face.

"Hush, dear. Do not tempt me to do what I feel—what I know—would be wrong. Listen, darling," and Janet put her arms round her sister, and drew her towards her. "You know, Meta, God has commanded us to honour and obey our parents. Well, dear, that does not mean that we are to obey them only whilst they are alive, but also after their death. And so, you see, I am bound to do what father told me, no matter what it may cost me. No matter what amount of pain I may feel in fulfilling my trust, I must and will obey his last will and strict injunctions."

"Yes. But if father only knew how poor we are, and how—"

"But father must have known—must have expected that we should be poor, dear, and still he told me to keep the deeds. So now we must forget about this money, Meta, and work patiently—"

"Oh, but it is so hard to refuse it," cried the girl, softened by her sister's words, yet unable to give up the money without a struggle. "Father was always so fond of his little Meta. I am sure he would not like us to refuse such help if he were with us now."

"That I cannot say, Meta. But I do know that he told me, almost with his last breath, to keep the deeds. Therefore, we must make-up our minds to be patient, and go on exactly as we have been doing since his death."

"Oh, dear! I suppose so. But it is hard to go on for ever, sitting still, sewing and stitching at servants' dresses."

"It is hard, darling," said Janet, softly; "hard for us both; but for you, at your age, doubly hard. But let us try and bear it patiently, Meta. Who knows what may turn up for us in the future! God may help us out of our difficulties in some way that we do not think of now. And do you know, dear, I have been half promised some work from a lady this very morning. If I get it it will pay me well; and if I should happen to please her she will give me more. Then, in time, I may be able to let you go to school without taking the five hundred pounds at all."

"Oh, Janet, that is good news. You are a

one mild but rather damp March morning, as I sat shivering over the fire with a throbbing head and generally uncomfortable sensations, which I believed to be the first symptoms of a feverish cold, "you must make haste and change your gown. I have ordered the carriage to come round immediately after luncheon to take us to Dunsted to call on Mrs. Gower."

"Who is Mrs. Gower?" I asked, wondering when I had heard the name before, with which I seemed to have a confused, half-painful remembrance, that refused to define itself.

"She is the wife of the new vicar of

Dunsted, and a very charming woman. They have not been at the vicarage much more than a year, and it is their first home, so you see they are quite an interesting young couple. I met her at the Carringtons' a few weeks ago and promised to call soon, because she was expecting a visit from a young lady to whom her brother has lately become engaged."

"Oh, Mabel, please excuse me," I pleaded; "my head aches, and I feel in no mood for seeing strangers."

"Nonsense, Dorothy, you must rouse yourself. The air will do you good; it is the worst thing possible for a head-

ache to sit over the fire. And I know you will like Mrs. Gower and this Miss—oh, whatever is her name? I have quite forgotten it. Well, it does not matter; but she comes from London, and is very pretty and *distinguée*."

It seemed easier to go, languid and poorly as I felt, than to resist Mabel's imperious will. So I went away to dress, wondering stupidly what connection the name of Gower could have with my past, and why it should recall to me so vividly the old, quiet days at Wylea and Leonard Glynne.

(To be continued.)

## DIPS INTO AN OLD COOKERY BOOK.

By RUTH LAMB.

D. P. III.



FEW days ago I was talking with a lady who holds a first-class diploma from the National Training School, South Kensington, and who is an able

lecturer and writer on cookery.

In the course of our conversation I mentioned the old book into which we have been dipping. She said, "I should like to have a peep into that book; most of those old recipes are first class."

"But they sound extravagant, on account of the great quantities of butter, eggs, and cream used in compounding them," I replied.

"Ah," said she, "that shows the difference between the prices of things when that book was written out, and those we pay nowadays for the same kinds of articles."

This remark set me thinking of summer prices, on market days, when I was a child, and I well remember being with my mother when she purchased fresh butter at sixpence per pound and fresh eggs at eighteen for sixpence. So, even in my day, and considerably more than a century after our old Cook Book was written, we country folk had little need to stint in the matter of eggs and butter. Even at Christmas time we once considered fresh eggs very dear at a penny each, and now

we pay at least twice that price, so we need to study economy in the use of them.

According to promise, I will now give recipes for cakes of various kinds, and first instruct you "how to make a wigg." Probably the name will puzzle you as much as it did me when I first went, as a little girl, to visit my grandmother in the North Riding of Yorkshire. The old housekeeper said to me, as tea was coming in, "I've made some wiggs for you, honey; do you like them?"

I knew nothing about wiggs except those spelled with one "g," and intended to cover bald heads; but I was agreeably surprised to find that those made for my special benefit were a kind of very light teacake, made as follows. "Take 2 quarts of flower,  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. of butter, 2 eggs, or three whites, and a little barm." These are evidently to be mixed into a very light dough with milk, and allowed to rise thoroughly, as we are next told to "Hot ye milk hot! Then let it coole and put in mace caraway or coriander seeds to taste. Let them be light blown." These teacakes are baked in round tins, are thick enough to cut in three, and should be buttered very hot. The following is for a "spice cake" of superlative quality:—

"Take  $3\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. of flower, dried before ye fire; 3 lb. of currans, washed and dried; half a pound of raisons, 8 eggs and enough of new yest; half a pound of sugar; cinnamon and nutmeg as much as you think fit. Take a pint of cream, a gill of sack, a pound of butter, and *warm* these on ye fire. So knead your cake and bake it. But first give it time to rise."

"To make Chees Cakes, take a quart of *crood* (*curd*). Drear it very well in a seve. When ye whay is well dreaned from it, take it and work it a little; then work in half a pound of butter and a penny loaf of stale white bread grated fine; a little cinnamon, mace and 7 eggs, but take from them 4 whites, before ye beat them, a quarter of a pound of shuggar and a lb. of currans. A glass of brandy. Work these all very well together. So make ye cakes" (that is, line your patty pans) "with puff paste and put your chees into them."

This last recipe is one of the daintiest that can be desired, and is well worthy of attention, as is also the following for making "A Fruite Cake":

"Take 2 lb. of fine flower, well dried before ye fire, and 3 lb. of currans, well washt and clene pect and dried again, and half an ounce of season which let it be cloves, sinnamon and

nutmeg" (the pounded spice sold in packets would answer very well, but if the recipe be exactly adhered to) "beat them fine and mix among ye flower. Then take a gill and a half of cream and a pound of butter—which warm it over ye fire till it be melted, and then lett it stand till it be new milk warm before you mix them. In ye meantime take ale and a little new yeast and 2 eggs: beat them very well together, and to your cream and butter add 2 spoonfull of brandy, and 2 spoonfull of rose water. Then take your flower and hast"—that is heat—"it up, working it well with ye hands. Sett it before ye fire half an hour to rise. Then have your currans warm before ye fire, and put them in when ye oven is hot. Let your pann or remm"—tin or rim—"be well buttered."

The writer of these recipes was well aware of the importance of having flour thoroughly dry for making pastry and cakes; and fruit not only well dried after washing it, but just warm.

Many a cake has been rendered heavy by the use of damp flour, or by putting in cold, wet currants that had neither been drained nor dried before the fire. Slow cooking was also appreciated, as in many recipes we are told to bake or boil "verrey sokeny" or gradually, to insure a satisfactory result.

Home-made wines, brewed to eat with home-made cakes and biscuits, are much less common than they used to be. But there are still country housewives who pride themselves as much upon the gooseberry, currant, and cowslip wines as a millionaire does on his cellar of old port. I know one dear old lady of the old school who has a wonderful stock of home-made wines, some of which have been above thirty years in bottle, and are excellent in flavour and possessing great strength. A small cup of her spiced elder wine made hot and taken at bed time is looked upon as a sovereign remedy for a cold in the head, and is deemed a most comforting winter draught under any circumstances.

I have no doubt Mrs. Anne Jackson's recipes for home-made wines will be found excellent, so I will give two or three.

"To Make Cowslip Wine. To every 6 quarts of water, add 3lbs. of loaf shugar, and boyle them together an hour, scuming them well. Then let it boyle a little and put it into an earthen pot to 3 quarts of clean pect cowslips. Then put toe it ye juce of 2 lemmons, the ringes (rinds) being put with it. When it is quite cold put on two or three spoonfulls of new yest, stirring it once or twice every day.

When it hath wrought 4 or 5 days, then squeeze out the cowslips, put the liquor into an earthen pot with a tap in it. Let it stand a fortnight close stopt and then bottele it."

"How to Make Curren Berry Wine. Take 20 quarts of curren berries; bruse them with your hands and putt to them 10 quarts of spring water and mix them well, and then lett it stand 2 days. Stir it as often as you can; then strane it through a fine seve, then putt it through a fine flannen bag. Put to every quart of wine half a pound of shuggar. Stir it well, then put it into a brandy cask or a sack runlet, putt in some brandy and lett it stand one month or two; then bottle it with a little shugar in every bottle."

I feel bound to suggest one or two amendments in the above. First, that you should crush the "curren berres" with a wooden masher instead of your hands, unless you wish the latter to be in a sad state for some time afterwards, and quite unrepresentable. Then, that the quantity of brandy should be accurately defined. My old friend puts a dessertspoonful into each bottle before she fills it with the wine, when drawing it off from the cask or large earthen jug in which it has been standing.

There are several other recipes for wine, also some wonderful things in the way of sack possets and mulled liquors. But in place of selecting from these I will furnish two of a different kind for making "Strong Mead" and "Small Mead," the daily beverage of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors in the time of the Heptarchy. But I must transpose the sentences, as in the "Cook Book" the instructions for clearing it during "boyling" come in after it is supposed to have been a year in bottle.

"To Make Strong Mead. Take a quart of honey to 3 quarts of water, and lett them boyle an hour. In the meantime when it's begun to boyle, take ye white of an egg and beat it very well with a pint more of water, and put it in. Then scum it very well; this will help to make it clear. Then if it be not very clear, put it through a clean flannin into a clean cask and clay it up very close, letting it stand half a year; then bottle it and let it stand half a year before you use it."

The "claying up" was the plastering of stiff clay round the bung to insure the perfect exclusion of air.

"To Make Small Mead. To 8 gallons of water, put 1 gallon of honey and 3lbs of loaf shuggar. Boyle and clear with whites of eggs, keeping it scuming for an hour, till it is clear, then put in it mace, cloves, cinnemon, and ginger if you think fit. Let it boil an hour longer. Take it off ye fire and infuse ye juce of 6 lemmons. When it is cooled, clear it from ye sedments into a barrel with 6 or 8 spoonful of new ale yest, and a good hand of balm and sweet bryer. When it has done working close it up in ye barrel, and after it has stood so a fortnight bottel it up with a bit of loaf shuggar in ever bottel."

Good mead is no despicable liquor, and bee keepers may make it at no appreciable cost by soaking the combs in cold water after the honey has been drained out. By thus washing the combs sufficient honey is obtained for the purpose. The liquor when boiled, with a bag of spices in it, a little lemon juice and

rind, and then cleared and worked as in the above old recipes, makes excellent mead.

Does anybody know in these days a drink called "Ebulum?" I never heard of it until I made its acquaintance in the MS. pages before me. To make it: "Take 8 gallon of your best wort at ye first coming of. Bruse one coop of barby berries, and boyle them in ye wort, and a quartoun of hops, and a quartoun of ginger" ( $\frac{1}{4}$  lb I presume) "and a quartoun of an ounce of cloves. Bruse them and put them in a bagg together and boyle them in it. Then lett it stand a moneth in barrels. Then take stones out of one pound of raisons—and 2lbs of suggar—and draw it into bottels, putting ye raisons and suggar into it."

That is to say, the raisins and sugar are to be divided, and a little quantity put at the bottom of each bottle, before the ebulum is drawn off, and corked up for use.

For the better understanding of this quaint old recipe, let me say that the coop of barby-berries is a cupful of barberries, and the "wort" is the sweet liquor made by infusing malt—the first operation in brewing beer.

Having dipped sufficiently into the old book for information about the cooking of meats, savoury and sweet, and the compounding of drinks, I will finish my work by showing how housewives in "ye olden tyme" anticipated Mr. Rimmel and his co-perfumers, and made for themselves sundry toilet accessories and table ornaments. I hardly think the young readers of THE GIRL'S OWN will be likely to test these recipes; but I have no doubt they will read them with interest and amusement.

"To Make Syrrep of Violets. Take vilots, striped and cleaned from ye whites. To every ounce of vilots, take 2 ounces of water; soe steep them upon embers, till ye water be as blew as a vilot, and ye vilots turned white. Then put in more vilots into ye same water. Again ye third time. Then take, to every quart of water, 4 lb. of suggar and boyle it to a syrrop and keep it for your use. Thus you may also make syrrep of roses."

"To Candie Flowers ye Best Way. Take roases, violets, cowslips or gilly flowers, and pick them from ye white bottoms. Then have some suggar boyled to a candie height, and put in soe many flowers as ye suggar will receive, and continually stir them with ye back of a spoon. When you see ye suggar harden on ye sides of ye skillet and on ye spoon, take them off ye fire and keep them, with stirring in ye warme skillet, till you see them part and ye suggar, as it were, sifted upon them. Then put them upon a paper while ye are warme, and rubb them gently with your hands till all ye lumps be broken, then put them into a cullender and sift them as clean as may be, and pore them upon a clean cloth and shake them up and down, till there be hardly any suggar hanging about them. Then, if ye would have them look as tho' ye were new, then have some help, and open them with your fingers, before ye be quite cold, and if any suggar hang about them, you may wipe it off with a fine cloth. So serve."

Whether these candied flowers are to be eaten or only admired, the writer sayeth not; but she tells us how "To keep flowers all the year," and for what purpose: "Take any sort

of pritty flowers you can get, and have in readeness some roasewater made very slipery by laying Gum Arabeck therein. Dip your flowers very well, and swing it out again, and stick them in a seve to dry in ye sun. Some other of them you may dust over with fine flower, and some with sifted suggar, after you have weated them. So dry them. Either of them will be very fine; but those with suggar will not keep so well as the other. They are good to set forth Banquotts and to garnish dishes and will look very fresh and have their right smell."

Glance from these simple gummed flowers to the artistic and beautiful table-decorations of to-day. One can hardly realise the rapid march onward in the way of ornament made in the last few years. Give another glance at the list of perfumes and cosmetics which are poured in upon us from day to day, and then go back a century and a half and picture a great-grandmother carefully concocting from this, the last recipe I shall give: "A Rare Sweet Water. Take Sweet Marjoram, Lavender, Rosemary, Muscovey, Thyme, Walnut leaves, Damask Roses, Pinks, of all a like quantity, enough to fill your Still. Then take of ye best Orice powder, Damask Rose powder, and Storax, of each 2 ounces. Strew one handfull or 2 of ye powder on ye herbs. Then distill them with a slow fire. Tie a little musk in a piece of lawne, and hang it in ye glass wherein it drops. When it is all drawn out take your sweet cakes" (that is, the masses of flowers) "and mix them with ye powders that are left dry, and lay among your clothes, or with sweet oyles, and burn them for perfume."

I close the book upon the rest of recipes. I trust that some of the really valuable ones will be tried by young cooks and the results as much appreciated as they have been at our own table. In any case the pictures of domestic life which may be realised from them, the quaint wording and the oddly varied spelling of the old MS., must afford some instruction and amusement.

There is a little element of superstition and mystery, too, which hangs round the yellow leaves of the book; as I was informed by the friend who enlightened me as to the meaning of "shoops." She told me, in a sort of mysterious whisper, that Mrs. Anne, the writer of the Cook Book, was believed to be identical with a certain "Old Nannie" of terrible memory who was said to have walked long after her decease. I was anxious to know where she did the walking, and was informed under the very roof where I was then abiding, though her real home, when in the flesh, had been at some distance.

"Then depend on it," said I, with a hearty laugh, "the people who once lived here had borrowed her Cook Book and never returned it. If all book borrowers—and keepers of the same—could be haunted by the rightful owners of the volumes it would be a very good thing for many of us."

My friend did not look upon the matter as a thing to laugh at; but she added that it was a very long time since old Nannie had been seen to walk, a statement which I fully believed, and so bid farewell to Mrs. Anne Jackson and her Cook Book of 1721.

[THE END.]

