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"EVEN AS WE HAVE BEEN APPROVED OF GOD TO BE ENTRUSTED WITH THE GOSPEL, SO WE SPEAK: NOT AS PLEASING MEN, BUT GOD WHICH PROVETH OUR HEARTS."

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THE MONSTER.

(FROM THE SERVIAN OF ZMAI, AFTER LITERAL TRANSLATION
BY NIKOLA TESLA.)

BY ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.

"In place of the heart, a serpent;
Rage—for the mind's command;
An eye aflame with wildness;
A weapon in the hand;

"A brow with midnight clouded;
On the lips a cynic smile
That tells of a curse unmatched—
Born of a sin most vile.

"Of longing, or hope, or virtue,
No vestige may there be;
You, even in vice inhuman—
What can you want of me?

"You in its maddest moment
The Deepest Pit designed,—
Let loose to sow confusion
In the order of mankind;

"Here Hatred found you crawling
Like vermin, groveling, prone,
Filled you with blood of others
And poisoned all your own.

"Your very thoughts are fiendish—
Smoke of the fires of Hell—
Weird as you are, how is it
I seem to know you well?

"Why with your wild delirium
Do you infect my sleep?
Why with my daily footstep
An equal measure keep?"

The monster mutely beckons me
Back with his ghostly hand,
And dreading his fearful answer
I heed the grim command.

"Nay, softly," he says, "I pray thee,
Silence thy frightened moan,
And wipe the sweat from thy forehead:
My kinsman thou, my own!

"Look at me well, good cousin;
Such wert thou fashioned of!
Thou, too, wouldst me resemble
Without that magic—Love!"

NEW YORK CITY.

THE TELEGRAPH.

BY SAMANTHA WHIPPLE SHOUP.

The darkness and the silence lie
Between your soul and mine,
Like some great river rolling by
Beneath a night of stormy sky,
Where not a star may shine.

But, as beneath the sullen brine
'Twixt lands of kindred speech,
There runs a slender, living line
O'er which there flash, by lightning sign,
The thoughts of each to each,

So, 'neath that parting flood of death
There runs a living line
Of steadfast memory and faith,
Of love not born for mortal breath,
Between your soul and mine!

DUBUQUE, IA.

A PARABLE.

BY ROBERT GILBERT WELSH.

UPON his life Sanjarim looked in pain,
And saw its incompleteness and its stain.

From these he sought with tears to wash him free,
Nor knew how blest a thing it is to see.

Again Sanjarim looked upon his life,
And noted not that sin and self were rife,

Then, smiling, went his way among mankind,
Nor ever dreamed, alas, that he was blind!
NEW YORK CITY.

THE STUDY OF BARBARICS.

BY PROF. C. M. MEAD, D.D.

SOME twenty years ago "the funny man" of *The New York Times* wrote an article on co-education, ironically contending against it on the ground that girls are not able to cope with boys in the prosecution of college studies. The principal study of the freshman year, he said, consists in getting cows to ascend the chapel stairs. But every one knows that all women are by nature afraid of cows, so that it is manifest that in this study girls would always be at a great disadvantage. In the sophomore year, it was affirmed, the leading study is baseball. Here again, it was argued, girls could not hope to attain any proficiency, for nature has so constructed them that it is utterly impossible for them to throw a ball accurately; if one should attempt to act in this capacity the ball would be more likely to go through the president's study window than to reach the catcher's hand. And so the writer went on, showing how, in regard to boating, football and all the other important studies of college girls are utterly unable to compete with the other sex.

This was twenty years ago. It is beginning to be doubtful whether such an article would now be regarded as funny at all. Such a style of argumentation might now be regarded as seriously meant. In other words, one might in all sincerity now hold the opinion that occupations such as those above spoken of really are the most important studies of the college course. If we may judge by what is seen in the public press, little else is attended to or thought of in our colleges except athletics. It used to be supposed that young men went to college in order to acquire mental culture by the study of mathematics, classics, physics, ethics, metaphysics, etc. But now it looks as tho their chief consideration, in the choice of a college to go to, were the question where they can make the greatest proficiency or get the most glory in athletic games. It is a common remark that any college which hopes to draw students must present strong inducements in the line of athletics, whatever else it may have or not have. No matter how superior an intellectual culture it may be able to furnish, if it has no fine baseball, boating, or football "teams" it will get few students. This fact would seem to indicate that the study of athletics is regarded as the chief thing in a college course.

But what is the attitude of college faculties? What has just been spoken of as influencing boys in the choice of a college might be regarded as youthful folly. It might be assumed that the mature men who compose the college faculties would in no way countenance such a degrading conception of the function of a college. It might be expected that they would take pains to show that they regard athletics as forming a very subordinate part of a student's business in college, and that they would emphatically and relentlessly suppress all tendencies to give it a prominent and leading place in the thoughts and occupation of the students. But such expectations are by no means realized. On the contrary, whatever may be the private opinions of these presidents and professors, they do nothing to discountenance or put down the fast-growing tendency to make athletics the most absorbing business of their students. They do not prohibit the intercollegiate match games, which are exerting in every way a demoralizing influence on the country. So far from this, it is commonly reported that they are eager to secure for their respective colleges those who promise to shine as athletes, and even that

such men are admitted when, except for their athletic qualification, they would be rejected. Instead of suppressing these public football match games, which in hardly anything are more decent than prize fights or bull fights, they greet the returning "teams" and congratulate them on the honor which they have done to their *alma mater* by their barbaric display of muscular force on the arena! Why is this? A Harvard instructor remarked to me not long ago that the faculties are afraid to take any action by way of restricting or suppressing these brutal contests. Why? Because if any one faculty should undertake to control its students in this matter, the students would go to other colleges. But why, then, do not all the college faculties combine to do this? I wish some college president would answer this question.

If there were nothing else to be said against these intercollegiate match games, the betting which they occasion would be enough to condemn them. But in truth, what can be said for them? Physical exercise, in the form of gymnastics or athletics, is a good thing. But it is good only when practiced as a means of physical culture—the physical culture itself being a means of mental and moral culture. When the physical exercise becomes, not a means, but an end in itself, and, worse yet, when the ultimate end aimed at is not spiritual culture, but victory over other men in a trial of muscular strength, then the training which has this for its end no longer deserves to be called by the name of athletics. Let us call it what it is—*Barbarics*. And let us hope that, if not all colleges together, at least some one college will soon have the courage to declare that barbarics shall henceforth form not only not the chief study, but no part of the study, of the college course.

HARTFORD THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

THE MAKING OF ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

BY A. V. S. ANTHONY.

THE making of a fine illustrated book involves an amount of time and careful consideration not dreamed of by the average purchaser who sees it for the first time in its dainty dress. In turning over the leaves of the volume, few readers give any thought to the height or width of the page, or to the type measure, or to the margins, unless they be excessive, because if the page is harmonious, the eye is satisfied, and it takes but little cognizance of the ways and means by which it was obtained. This harmony of arrangement may be briefly stated as a proportion of, say, two to three. For example, a page six inches wide should be about nine inches high, with the type so adjusted as to give an extra margin on the outside and bottom of the sheet. The selection and size of the type is a matter which may be controlled somewhat by the quality of the text; but on general principles, an open, legible font, with not too heavy a face, makes the most pleasing and presentable page. The character of the letter-press—and the quantity also—will, in some measure, determine the superficial size of the sheet, as it will not answer to have the book so bulky that it might be mistaken for a directory, nor so thin that it would pass for a bound pamphlet, tho this can be managed, in part, by the thickness of the paper selected. All these questions of mechanical details must be settled before the compositor commences his work, and they are determined after consultation with the art editor, to whom is given the poem or story to be illustrated. The story or poem is then carefully read for its most striking pictorial points. If the essential features of the work are descriptive landscapes, he must carefully weigh the value of each contemplated picture and give prominence to the most important; and it is necessary that he should have a very clear and distinct idea of the ability of the best available artists to whom he must intrust the making of the drawings. He has not only to determine what kind of subject will enable the artist to represent himself at his best, but also who of the many will give most value to the book; for harmony, as well as variety, is the result to be sought for.

The same rule holds good when we consider the figure men. It is a comparatively easy matter to decide between Howard Pyle and Edwin A. Abbey, or W. T. Smedley and C. D. Gibson, or C. H. Reinhart and others, tho all of these clever artists are what might be called first-class, all-round men; but one can discriminate in

a selection as easily as between the dainty delicacy of T. B. Aldrich and the rugged resonance of Joaquin Miller.

In bygone times when engraving on wood was the medium for translating the artist's work, a knowledge of the peculiar abilities of the several engravers was necessary to the art editor; but to-day "process" reproduces the artist's work in relief, or half-tone plates, and the engraver, by stress of circumstances, is compelled to give more or less of his skillful work to relieve these mechanical reproductions from the dull, flat uniformity of tone which they have on leaving the etching bath.

If opportunity serves, the art editor consults with the author whose work is intrusted to his care; tho, curiously enough, it is not often that the author knows much about art, while it is very seldom that you find an artist who does not know considerable about literature. Take, for example, that admirable selection of "Elizabethan Songs," selected, arranged and illustrated by Edmund H. Garrett (Little, Brown & Co.).

As this is only a rambling chat about illustrated books, the writer can best interest his readers by taking them into his confidence and telling some of the inside happenings in the construction of some of the volumes that have been produced by him.

Some years ago John G. Whittier published a little poem called "Snow Bound." This poem, a simple recital of homely New England life, had a most extraordinary sale. Its hold upon the public was so pronounced, that the publishers, Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, decided to put it into holiday dress, and the writer was commissioned to superintend the illustrating of it; and as he had a theory that absolute juxtaposition of text and pictures was essential, and needing some broken forms for the sake of variety, he wrote out the whole poem on paper of the proper size, and roughly sketched in the various designs that he had determined on. The result was something out of the common run of books, in those days, and an edition of ten thousand copies was sold before the holidays. As this was a book of only sixty-five pages, and the price was five dollars, the success of this venture was most gratifying to the publisher and also to the writer. Perhaps it is within bounds to say that nearly forty thousand copies in all of that little work were printed and sold! Largely, the success was due to the new setting of the poem.

"The Ballads of New England" followed immediately, and the writer went to Boston to be near the dear old Quaker poet, and was brought into intimate relations with him. He made many visits to Amesbury to consult with Mr. Whittier, and in wandering over the adjacent country. He well remembers climbing to the top of Pow Wow hill to look over the country described in "Cobbler Keesar's Vision." It was a beautiful summer's day, and the genial poet was in a most delightful mood, and talked in so modest a way that I wondered if he really knew how affectionately he was regarded by his public.

In due time "The Ballads of New England" was issued, and Mr. Fields asked me to pick out a fine tree-calf copy of the work to give to Mr. Whittier, who happened in at the old corner, opposite Park Street Church. An hour later Mr. Whittier climbed up to my den, which was on the fifth story of the building, and, holding the book in his hand pointed at me, said: "Friend Anthony, I fear thee has been imprudent in putting my poor verse into so expensive a dress." I told him of the number we had printed, what they sold for, and, better still, that the edition was nearly exhausted before the day of publication; and that, instead of the dress being a charge on the wrong side of the ledger, the house would be some thousands of dollars the richer for the venture. A few months later the poet was at my house, and, handing him a copy of the "Ballads," I asked: "Mr. Whittier, what do you now think of my extravagant setting?" He smiled that peculiar smile of his that all who have seen it will remember, and said: "Friend Anthony, thee was right. I have reason to know it." And from that time to his death Mr. Whittier never knew what it was to want a dollar for friendly charity.

To be associated with such men, when making an illustrated book, was a delight that comes into the life of but few men. Among my treasures is a photograph of the poet, on the back of which two attempts had been made by him to write his autograph and age in pencil. He finally succeeded with purple ink. I had written him for his latest photograph, as I desired to make a portrait of him on copper. A month passed, and then came his letter, in which he said he had been too feeble to write, and that as he should never sit again he sent me the last picture he had. Within a month he was gone.

Another book which I recall is the large illustrated edition of Longfellow. Here again my relations with my poet were most cordial and helpful. One of the first forms of the book was on the press when Mr. Longfellow came into the office of the University Press, which was quite near his home. I took a sheet into the counting room to show him how it looked. One of the illustrations was in "The Quadroon Girl," and called for a rising moon, and the artist, who should have known better, had drawn a crescent moon, and I, who should and did know better, had overlooked it. Mr. Longfellow called my attention to the fact that a rising moon, in the early evening, must always be a full moon. A few min-

utes' work with a graver turned that crescent into a round moon.

Another blunder was prevented by the presence of Mr. Longfellow in my office when I was laying out the illustrations for "Miles Standish." I had left a considerable space among my types for a handsome picture of the old Hall from which Miles was supposed to have come. I described to the poet the kind of magnificent, old, baronial mansion, with the trees, and hedges and terraces that I intended to have for that illustration. He surprised me by saying that the old Hall was still in existence, and that the picture must be an actual view, as were all the others in the volume, which he had described in the several poems. Here was trouble. I hunted everywhere, but no "County Histories," no "Baronial Halls," no "Mansions of Old England" gave me any clew. Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire, must be found; but where? Nothing in the Public Library, Athenæum or Harvard libraries gave me the slightest hint. Mr. Justin Winsor, the librarian of Harvard, became interested. He wrote to a friend who was the librarian of the Liverpool Library, and I wrote to London, to have an artist to go up into Lancashire and hunt up what remained of the building.

The publication day of that particular part was drawing very near. The types of the work had been set, and the pages cast, way beyond the page where a great vacant space was yawning for a picture. One morning the English mail brought me my sketch. I hastened to Harvard, and found that Mr. Winsor had heard from his friend, who not only wrote that there were two copies of a book called "Mansions of England and Wales," catalogued as being in America, one in the Astor Library, and one in Washington—and inclosed in the letter was a photograph of the structure, given him by a Liverpool lawyer who had married into the Standish family. Sketch, photograph and old steel engraving all harmonized! No one looking at the picture of "Duxbury Hall," in the volume, would ever dream of the worry and anxiety that picture cost. So one can readily see that it is no easy sailing over the troubled waters one must cross to make a "picture book" that can be relied on for accuracy and faithfulness.

Again, when arranging for the illustration for a poem called "The Fire of Driftwood," I chanced upon a friend who was a descendant of the Devereux family spoken of; and the drawing of the chairs, and other accessories, was made from the actual articles.

These few incidents will give my readers the pleasant side of bookmaking: as it falls to the lot of but few engaged in the work to have such text to handle, and such delightful, appreciative authors to advise with.

These books were done in the old-fashioned way, modeled on the best examples. Nowadays we have much foisted upon us that has little else to recommend it than what is *bizarre*. The last number of the "Yellow Book," had the contents sheet next the front cover. It seems to the writer that the art of bookmaking, which is the result of long and careful study, ought not to be altogether disregarded.

As a question of "make up," what would the readers of this journal think if they found the *Heading* placed at the foot of the last page?

But it is not necessary that the "make-up" of a book should be done by rule of thumb. To get away from the "setness" and stiffness of the conventional page, it has become the fashion to extend the illustrations out into the margins, not because there is need for it—it is a sort of Japanese fad. When this is done artistically the result is beautiful. It is only necessary for me to refer to W. Hamilton Gibson's "Sharp Eyes" (Harper & Brothers), where text and illustration ramble together. I know of no more artistic blending of pictures and text than can be found in this volume. But then Mr. Gibson was both author and artist of the work, and he knew precisely how far his pencil could supplement his pen. There was no chance work about the "lay out" of this book; there was no blind blundering after the uncommon and strange, as every page was carefully studied for composition and arrangement; and the printer's devil had no hand in it. What will my readers think when I tell them that Mr. Gibson spent three months on the arrangement of the pages? It may be many a day before we see another such example of what can be done by artistic direction and almost perfect typography.

Now we will put ourselves "between boards," as it were, and have a word or two about covers.

The outer dress of a book is an important matter. It should be rich and dignified, and in a way indicate the quality of its contents. We know a law book at a glance; and I have an idea that I can go into a bookstore and from the covers of the books give a pretty close guess as to who is the publisher, and what the character of the literature is. For example, I should never look for Whittier's "Snow Bound" in a cover decorated in flamboyant swirls; nor "Lowell's Letters" with three or four panels in different colored cloths. Look at the books on the elevated railroad stands, note the covers, that might have been taken from vagrant tomato cans, and then go to the Grolier Club and see what taste and skill can accomplish on a binding, and my meaning will be clear.

NEW YORK CITY.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF DR. McCOSH.

BY ETHELBERT D. WARFIELD, LL.D.,
PRESIDENT OF LAFAYETTE COLLEGE.

"THERE is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel." He came to us with the words of Ruth in his heart. He has made them so good that but for the rich Doric of his speech we should hardly have known his foreign birth. In the midst of the home of his adoption he sleeps his long sleep, side by side with the great dead—Aaron Burr, Jonathan Edwards, John Witherspoon, Ashbel Green, John McLean. With the birthmark of Saxon Scotland set deeply on his whole being, Dr. McCosh had that breadth of nature which has made the best of American citizens out of so many of alien birth; yea, more, he possessed a grasp of truth, of the deep meaning and purpose of life, which released him from the limits of nationality, and gave him the freedom of the republic of letters; more even than this, he had given his allegiance to a higher than any earthly king, and as a citizen of the city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God, he was a leader among his fellows, self-sacrificing, self-reliant, helpful and strong. He brought to Princeton ripe scholarship, rich experience of men and things, a name already known to fame. He found a fertile, fallow field. How he wrought in it, how he made the land to blossom beneath his hand, is known of all men. There was no sudden mushroom growth. It was all the steady, hard-earned fruitage of faithful toil, in all of which he was but the head of a goodly company of fellow-workers. But he was the head. His was too aggressive, dominant, restless a temperament to follow or be still. But vigorous, self-assertive as he was, he saw life with eyes wide open and with mind alert. Decided, he was yet catholic; confident, he was yet open to conviction. But this side of his life is better known to the world than some of the gentler aspects of his broad manhood. It is of these as they impressed one of his students that I particularly wish to speak in this paper.

He was a man of great simplicity of character. This simplicity was so constant a factor in his daily life and so well known to the students that it was often practiced on. He was so downright and outspoken that I doubt if it ever occurred to him that any one ever suspected the sincerity of his interest in "his boys." That interest was great and far better informed than was generally believed. He never paused for recognition before speaking to a student. His way was to speak quickly, to detain a moment with a conventional question, and gather up the threads of memory as he spoke. He often blundered into amusing mistakes, but he accomplished his purpose. He made the boys feel that he wanted to know them, and he came into touch with them and into a truer relationship than most college presidents attain. Even with alert and lively interest with little or no actual contact until the senior year, it is not easy to know the names and faces of several hundred boys; and when those youths are going through the sharp transformations of adolescence—boys to-day, men to-morrow, clean faced to-day, bearded like the pard to-morrow, clothed and in their right mind to-day, in the barbaric abandon of sweater and blazer and college cap to-morrow, it requires more of the tricks of the politician to be sure of your man than were dreamed of in his philosophy. To us he was "dear old Jimmy." It was a term of unmixed affection, a diminutive of real love. He said once, after a long journey, that he had had a fine trip; it had been Doctor McCosh this and President McCosh that, but he was glad to get back to his boys, to whom he was only Jimmy. He knew that there was a familiarity which did not breed contempt but only the more endeared.

He was a man of deep enthusiasm of nature, and he knew how to impart that enthusiasm. His success as a man and as a teacher lay in this quality. He was always absorbed in what he was doing; he would be absorbed in thought when he would meet a boy on the campus, and it would require a wrench to pull himself up and turn his thoughts to the objective reality which confronted him. He would be absorbed in his lecture, when some quaint phrase would raise a laugh, and he, unconscious of the cause, would have to rouse himself to the situation; hence it was that he could not always command attention, tho he usually won it by the vigor of his thought, the beauty of his diction, and the self-absorption of his own interest. To the better men in every class his courses were very attractive; and when he would have his elective classes come to his house for a social evening, there was a revelation to many of the genial, gentle, whole-souled man. One of his enthusiasms was for the noble movement of his youth, the secession of the Free Church in 1843. He spoke of this publicly one evening in the Philadelphia Society in a way to stir every noble heart. It was a memory of self-sacrifice to God's service which was fruitful in his whole life. In it he learned the lesson of self-surrender to the cause of truth, leaving the result with God. In this he schooled himself for the coming to America, for another of the great enthusiasms of his life, the enthusiasm for Princeton.

From the time he came to America he was an American, and to him the greatest of American institutions was Princeton College. Some might think this an amiable weakness on his part; he nobly proved by the suc-

ness of his twenty years of devoted labor that it was not merely a pardonable folly. From the first he won the confidence of men. It was universally recognized that a new era was beginning for the old college. The ways and means began to be given him, the great plan passed from his mind to realization. That realization was worked out without any sacrifice of the sturdy traditions of the college, traditions in which the highest objects of Church and State stood side by side, and not less without any violence to the views, philosophic and practical, which he had expressed in the Scottish pulpit, the Irish professor's chair, and the printed volumes of his philosophy. His loyalty to truth was supreme, the end of his philosophy was reality, his faith feared no conflict between the revelations of God in creation and the inspired Word. He, therefore, encouraged all forms of investigation and lent his active aid not less to the study of biology than to that of ethics. The result was that, as the buildings grew on the campus, the courses broadened in the curriculum. But the every course of proved educational value was admitted, the sturdy old view of the college as a teaching body, not a shop for the sale of intellectual wares, remained. An educational purpose with ever-widening scope, but still definite, consistent, exacting, marked the progress of his development. And over it all was thrown the halo of his deepest enthusiasm: "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory." Broad, catholic, evangelical Christianity was the motive and the goal of all.

The depth and vigor of the enthusiasm for the grand old Church he served so well, linked as it is with his college, was seen in his indignation at the well coupled thrust in Dr. Holmes's poem read at the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Harvard College. His conduct on that occasion, if not altogether the most judicious, was characterized by his usual straightforward and fearless loyalty to the truth; and there were many who loved and honored him the more for it.

Coupled with this vigor and ability, there was the tender heart, easily stirred. I well remember how his eyes filled with tears at the parting words of the valedictorian of our class, how solicitous he was, and at the end how deeply distressed he was about the outbreak of fever in Princeton in May, 1880; and it would be easy to multiply instances of his quick and generous sympathy.

His impulsiveness was well illustrated by an incident of his later years. I called on him in October, 1891, to invite him to come to Lafayette to assist at my inauguration. We were sitting in the sunny south room looking across the valley of New Jersey, and I found him, the past his fourscore years, hard at work upon his little treatise on "Our Moral Nature," published the next year. He at once accepted my invitation. But Mrs. McCosh, who was present, protested and urged me not to ask it. He broke in, declaring he would go, and would make a speech, too. Mrs. McCosh reminded him that the last time he had spoken in public he had paid for it by two weeks of illness. He said he wouldn't be sick this time. On her insisting that he would, he broke out: "Well, I won't be sick but a week this time; I'll go—I'll go." And he kept his word. That October day was a day of fierce, driving wind and rain, he came and made a speech that none who heard it will ever forget.

As I came away from his funeral an old conductor on the Pennsylvania Road came and sat down by me and said: "I carried Dr. McCosh to and from New York many, many times from his first coming to Princeton. He always was courteous and thoughtful and grateful for aid. I always watched where he was going, and often told him the text he had preached from when away over Sunday; and he was always pleased, and would say, 'And how did you know that?' chuckling to himself. He was a great man, but he had a simple heart."

It was thus that those who knew him well, not reverencing the thinker and the leader less, loved the simple, direct and loyal man the more. We might weep for him were he not so full of years, we might regret his large and capable hand were not his great work done; as it is there is nothing left to do but thank God for a life so nobly planned, so grandly lived, and for a death so painless and serene.

EASTON, PENN.

AN OLD THANKSGIVING FIRESIDE.

BY ALICE MORSE EARLE,

II.

MANY household utensils once in common use in New England are now nearly obsolete. In many cases the old-time names are disused and forgotten, while the object itself may still be found with some modern appellation. In reading old wills, inventories and enrollments and the advertisements in old newspapers, I have made many notes of these old-time names, and have sometimes succeeded, tho with difficulty, in identifying the utensils thus designated. Of course the different English shire dialects supplied a variety of local names. Scotch and Irish pronunciations show in other names. In some cases good old English words have been retained in constant use in New England, while wholly archaic in the fatherland.

In every thrifty New England home there stood a tub containing a pickle for salting meat. It was called a *powdering-tub*. This use of the word *powder* for salt

dates even before Shakespeare's day. The word *powdering-tub* appears in nearly every early inventory, and the piece of furniture has been found in our own day in many a nineteenth century New England home.

Grains is an obsolete word for tines or prongs. Winthrop wrote in 1643 that a snake crawled in the Assembly room, and a parson "held it with his foot and staff with a small pair of grains and killed it." From the place of the word in inventories it was evidently applied in New England to a fork employed in cooking.

Spenser used the word *flasket* thus: "In which to gather flowers to fill their flasket." It was a basket, or hamper, made of woven wicker. John Hull, writing in 1675, asks that "Wikker Flasketts" be brought to him on the "Sea Flower." In 1736 and on June 19th, 1739, "Cloaths Flasketts" were advertised in the *Boston News Letter*. I think the "flaggetts" of early wills were flaskets.

A *skeel* was a small, shallow wooden tub principally used for holding milk to stand for cream. It sometimes had one handle. The word is still used in Yorkshire. Akin to it is the word *keeler*, a small wooden tub, which is still constantly heard in New England, especially in application to a tub in which dishes are washed. Originally cedar keelers were made to hold milk, and a *losset* was also a large flat wooden dish used for the same purpose.

A *skipet* was a vessel much like a dipper, small and round, with long handle, and used for laddling liquids.

A *quarn* was a hand-mill for grinding meal, and was a part of the earliest kitchen furnishing, or sometimes it stood in a room by itself. It was a step in domestic progress beyond pounding grain with a pestle in a mortar, and was of earlier date than the windmill or water-mill. In Wiclif's translation we read in Matthew 24: "Two wymmen schalen be gryndyng in quern," etc. This word is also used by Shakespeare in "Midsummer Night's Dream." In early New England wills the word is found, as in one of 1671: "I paire Quarres and Lumber in the quarne house, 10s." It was sometimes spelled *cairn*, as in a Windham will, and also *quern* and *quirn*. Quarrens are said to be still in use in remote parts of Wales and Scotland.

Sometimes a most puzzling term will be found in one of these old inventories, one which appears absolutely incomprehensible. Here is one which seems like a riddle of which the answer is irrevocably lost:

"One Billy bassha Pan."

It is found in the kitchen inventory of the rich possessions of Madam De Peyster, in 1774, which inventory is preserved in the priceless family archives at the Van Cortlandt Manor House, at Croton-on-Hudson. You can give any answer you please to the riddle; but my answer is this, in slightly altered verse. I think that Madam De Peyster's cook used that dish to serve

"A sort of soup or broth or stew
Or hotchpot of all sorts of fishes,
That Greenwich never could outdo,
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffern,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach and dace;
All these were cooked in the Manor kitchen,
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse."

The early settlers were largely indebted to various forest trees for cheap, available and utilizable material for the manufacture of both kitchen utensils and tableware. Wood-turning was for many years a recognized trade; dish-turner a business title.

Governor Bradford found the Indians using wooden bowls, trays and dishes, and the "Indian bowls," made from the knots of maple trees, were much sought after by housekeepers till this century. A fine specimen of these bowls is now in the Massachusetts Historical Society. It was originally taken from the wigwam of King Philip. Others are in Deerfield Memorial Hall. Wooden "nog-gins" (low bowls with handles) are constantly named in early inventories, and Mary Ring, of Plymouth, thought in 1633, that a "woodden cupp" was quite valuable enough to leave by will as a token of friendship. Wooden trenchers, also made by hand, were used on the table for more than a century, and were universally bequeathed by will, as in that of Miles Standish. In the Connecticut *Courant* of May, 1775, they are advertised for sale with pewter and china. White poplar wood made specially handsome dishes. Wooden trays were made in which to set milk. Wooden bread troughs were used in every home. These were oblong, wooden, trencher-shaped bowls, usually about a foot and a half in length, hollowed and shaped by hand from a log of wood. Across the trough ran lengthwise a stick or rod on which the flour was sifted in a temse or searse or sieve. The saying, "set the Thames on fire," is said to have been originally "set the temse on fire," meaning that hard labor would, by the friction of constant turning, set the wooden temse, or sieve, on fire.

It was not necessary to apply to the wood-turner to manufacture these simply shaped dishes. Every winter the men and boys of the household manufactured for use through the entire year all kinds of domestic utensils and portions of farm implements that could be whittled or made from wood with simple tools. And by the cheerful kitchen fireside much of this work was done. Indeed, the winter picture of the fireside should always show the figure of a whittling boy. They made butter paddles of red cherry, salt mortars, pig troughs, pokes, sled neaps, ax helves, which were sawn, whittled and carefully scraped with glass; box traps and "figure 4

traps"; noggios, keelers, rundlets, flails, cheese hoops, cheese ladders, stanchions, handles for all kinds of farm implements, and niddy-noddys. Strange to say, the latter word is not found in any of our dictionaries, the word is as well known in country vernacular as the article itself—a hand reel, or, as the old country riddle:

"Niddy niddy,
Two heads and one body."

One other winter industry of the boys which gave a universal furnishing of the kitchen fireside, must not be overlooked—the birch broom. It was a shining example of the beautiful fitness of domestic productions, when the supply at hand and native ingenuity produced exactly the right thing. It is said that these brooms were first made by the Indians, and if so they deserve to rank with the snowshoe and canoe as examples of perfection. A straight young birch tree was selected, of exactly the proper size, and the trunk cut about six feet long. It was then split up from one end for about twelve to eighteen inches in straight, slender, pliable slivers. Then a band of an inch or two wide was marked at the base of the slivers, and a fresh set of strips was cut from the other end of the stick toward the band, until enough of the heart was left for a strong handle. The second set of splints was then turned down and tied down firmly over the first bunch, and the handle was smoothed and trimmed to the proper size. When the broom was half worn, the restraining band was untied and the spreading broom-head made an ideal oven besom, penetrating to every corner of the ash-filled receptacle. For over a century nearly every farmer's boy throughout New England earned his scanty spending money by making these brooms for market. There was a constant demand for them in the large towns. Every sleigh carried from farm to market a bunch of these brooms when the farmer made his annual town trip.

Another never-ceasing winter home industry was the shelling of corn. To the boys it seemed truly unending. The full ears were scraped over the back of a knife whose edge was deeply imbedded in a piece of wood; or the ears were drawn upward against the flat, sharp edge of the long iron handle of the fryingpan, which had been placed across an empty tub or bushel measure, into which the loosened kernels fell.

The dancing firelight shone out on no busier scene than on the grand candle-dipping. It had taken weeks to prepare for this great domestic industry. Tallow had carefully been saved from the domestic animals killed on the farm. The honeyed store of the patient bee had been robbed of wax, and the fragrant bayberries by the roadside had been boiled until they rendered a beautiful green wax, which was a standard farm production, a staple article of traffic till this century, and was constantly advertised for sale in the newspapers. It was noted and praised by many early travelers. Robert Beverly thus described it in 1705:

"A pale brittle wax of a curious green color, which by refining becomes almost transparent. Of this they make candles which are never greasy to the touch, nor melt with lying in the hottest weather, neither does the snuff of these ever offend the smell like that of a tallow candle, but instead of being disagreeable if an accident puts a candle out, it yields a pleasant fragrant to all in the room; insomuch that nice people often put them out in order to have the incense of the expiring snuff."

When the candle-dipping began, a fierce fire was built in the fireplace, and over it was hung the largest house kettle, half filled with water and melted tallow. Candle rods were brought down from the attic or pulled out from under the edge of beams, and placed about a foot and a half apart, reaching from chair to chair. Across these rods were laid, like the rounds of a ladder, shorter sticks or reeds to which the wicks were attached at intervals of a few inches. The wicks of loosely spun cotton or tow were dipped time and time again into the melted tallow, and left to harden between each dipping. Of course, if the end of the kitchen, where stood the rods and hung the wicks, were very cold, the candles grew quickly, since they hardened quickly; but they were then more apt to crack. When they were of proper size they were cut off and stored away in a candle box. Sometimes the tallow was poured into molds, when, of course, comparatively few candles could be made in a day. In some communities itinerant candle makers carried molds from house to house and assisted in the candle manufacture.

These candles were placed in candlesticks, or sometimes in large rooms were set in rude chandeliers of strips of metal with sockets, called candle-beams. Handsome rooms had sconces, and the kitchen often had a sliding stand by which the candle could be adjusted at a desired height. Snuffers were as indispensable as the candlestick and were sometimes called snuffing-iron, or a word, not in the "Century Dictionary," snit—from the old English verb, "snyten," to blow out. The snuffers lay in a little tray called a snuffer tray, or snuffer dish, or snuffer boat, or snuffer slice, or snuffer pan. Save-alls, a little wire frame to hold up the last burning end of candle, were another contrivance of our frugal ancestors.

At an early day rude lamps were used, *Phabe* and *Betty* lamps of the simplest form, filled with grease or tallow, with a twisted rag for a wick. Usually they had a hook and could be hung by the chimneyside to read by, or over the back of a chair to spin by. Many a chair have I seen with back scorched by a hanging "kial."