JOHNNY BOUQUET'S WALKS.

AMONG BROKERS AND POLITICIANS.

POETIC HISTORY OF STOCK GAMBLING—WOMAN'S PLACE IN CIVILIZATION—GLIMPSES OF THE HARRISBURG IMBROGLIO—THE EX-LEADERS ON THE ETHICS OF THE CASE—PENNSYLVANIA'S POLITICAL DRIFT.

A bright but impracticable idea struck me last week as I saw a sheet of liquid ooze, rich and pitch-like, flowing on Fulton-st., that if I could lease it for a flower-bed and plant it with roses, one block's length of it would keep me a whole year. What wealth is in a city's refuse, though all exclaim against it! Some day we shall want to pump out our bays and rivers and live on the bottoms of them for sustenance, as the Dutch live in their polders or exhausted lakes, which the windmills have pumped dry. I have great respect for a Dutchman, because he grew the first tulips and began the culture of flowers. When I go into Wall-st. about the time of the last call of stocks, with a parcel of dinner bouquets, I feel as if I had a right there, because the first great speculation in the world was not in shares but in flowers. The tulip was brought from Smyrna to Holland in 1600; nine years afterward the bank of Amsterdam was created, the first north of the Alps in Europe; and soon afterward the tulipomania broke out, and taught Europe how to speculate. Said I yesterday to a broker—his name, I think, was Roosevelt—"Boss, you ought to put a tulip in the ornamentation of the new Stock Exchange."

"Two what?" said he.

"Don't get mad about it," said I—"*tulips*. I dare say you've often gone 'em two better! If it hadn't been for the tulips you couldn't sell your seat in the Exchange to-day for $30,000. You wouldn't have had any seat, may be, not to your pantaloons. You're nothing but a flower, anyway!"

He looked at me as if I was a lunatic.

"Now," said I, "Mr. Roosevelt, your family raised flowers for men in my business. Yes, sir; Johnny Bouquet was a merchant when you was a gardener. Your name means Rose-bed—rose field; for the *veldt* of the Dutch was the field, and in the German they call it Rosen-garten' or the rose-bed, or rose garden again. Mr. Blauvelt, your neighbor, was the blue-field; he kept a violet patch. In those days, sir, growing flowers and selling them to the world, and speculating in them, was the passion of princes and the glory of the Dutch."

"Johnny," said he, "why don't you hire a hall? I'll take this here big rooster of a bouquet, however, and hear a little more of it. Now, you don't mean to tell me that the flower market preceded the stock market?"

"Yes sir, beg an it, too. It wasn't till they got a Dutchman King of England that the Bank of England was chartered. New-Amsterdam was twenty-five years a Dutch settlement doing well in the fur business when the tulip-o-mania broke out in old Amsterdam on account of the wealth of the country, the luxury of the people, and their taste and passion for flowers, which their merchant sailors had collected in every quarter of the world, from Persia to Brazil. They were grown on the decks of the canal boats, planted in Prince Maurice's palace windows, tended by Grotius in his banishment, and watered by Zachary Jansen while he was inventing the telescope to sweep the rose fields of heaven. The tulip excelled every flower in Holland in bloom and dye; it was the flower of men—bold forward and erect, rising tall and independent upon its stem like a race-horse in its stall or a game chicken, which command fancy prices to this day, and why not a game flower, too, that can outbloom the noblest, or tell a lady, when sent to her, the bold hopes of its possessor?

"This last passion in rich men's souls to gamble in things of value broke out in Amsterdam in the year 1637 and raged for years, over tulips, of which there were thirty species—a good long stock list to call over every day. Ten millions of guilders represented the speculation, or nearly $4,000,000, tossed daily up and down. A tulip rose to the price of $1,000, or six times the value of the greatest share on the stock list now, and the mere "cats and dogs" of tulips brought $60 a piece. Women and the clergy and great Admirals like Piet Heyn—who had taken the Spanish treasure fleet with 6,000,000 silver dollars on board—and great ladies like the Archduchess Isabella, and foreigners like Richelieu and Gustavus Adolphus, sent their orders for tulips, and the brokers skipped lively you bet. He was the richest man whose tulips were numbered by the thousand, and he the poorest whose possessions were barren of bright flowers; for all rich floral introductions shared in the generous emotion—hyacinths, carnations, dahlias, roses. A single bulb once 'bulled' up to 30,000 florins, was bought by a partnership, and stocked like a mine or a railroad, and contracts to deliver tulips never yet produced or seen, were sold like calls and puts, while the aggregate daily dealings often outran all the bulbs in Holland. It was the rising sense of civilization and the appreciation of beauty in a free-hearted people with generous instinct for competition. No superstitious Spanish Netheriander shared it in the neighboring subjected provinces, and though it ruined some and wasted others, it bespoke the amusement of a brave, ideal, wealthy race, whose children inhabit the shores of the Hudson, and have made the Western wilderness to bloom. Yes, Mr. Roosevelt, we get our sentiment from our Dutch tulip progenitors."

"Is that it?" said he. "Where does Vanderbilt get his?"

"Oh! he has got it, though it was suppressed in the family a hundred years or so. Vanderbilt means the-man-on-the-bildt, or the knoll—the sandhill—a capital place to raise roses."

"I thought it meant bilk," said Mr. Roosevelt, who had been bearing telegraph stock and felt sour, "but as he has bought a houseful of pictures, a million or so, I suppose he might like tulips and posies. But I am opposed, Johnny, to putting tulips in the architecture of the Stock Exchange. It will encourage women coming down here to speculate, and bouquet men to come in during business hours, and"——

I took the hint and saw I had made the mistake again of consorting intelligence with poverty, which everybody resents.

ST. JOHN'S GUILD BALL.

My time of day, as Patrick has said, is night, and especially a ball night. I went to the Martha Washington reception last Wednesday with a basket of flowers, and leaving my assistants to sell them, took a seat in the circle and saw the ladies enter for two hours, or from 9 to 11, when the ball opened. Never have I been so struck with the tendency to plain-dressing and simple, tasteful jewelry. The style of republican France, when Josephine was still young and Hortense a little Miss, appeared to be revived in the gowns, worn generally without corsets and wrapped across the bust in two smooth folds, and from short waists dropping plainly to the feet, while the arms were bare from half way above the elbow, and hardly a varying tint appeared in either sash, collar or wristband—all dispensed with—though the hair may be in bands, Grecian fashion; yet, even this was rare.

It was in such a dress that General Bonaparte saw the widow of Beauharnais,—introduced to her by young Eugene,—and nothing led his eye to leave her beauteous face, dark with West India suns, to wander in the usual outre millinery of women's dress; he only saw her graceful head, on which he meant to place the crowns of Italy and France, and saw her fair and lily neck support a countenance of perfect love and admiration, and the republican maid had already won his heart. No doubt when Beauharnais was in Philadelphia, before he knew Josephine, marching at the head of of his company under Rochambeau, he bought many a posy from such a poor chap as Johnny Bouquet to give some Quaker lass he was besieging, and he married an American at last whose name was the Rose, Marie Rose Josephine, of Martinique, daughter of a custom house officer, and aged sixteen, and both husband and bride were republicans, he shedding the flower of his life under the guillotine; yet does his blood survive the restless conqueror's and beats in the royal lines of Bavaria, Sweden, Portugal, Russia and Brazil, and stained in death the long grasses of the Zulu land where Prince Louis paid the debt of the coup d'etat. There were better women than Josephine, but you cannot make women believe so. Josephine is the typical woman of modern times, as Mary, the Queen of Scots, had been before her, and, though I grieve to say it, America has not yet produced a universal woman, and came nearest to it in the *belle sauvage*, Pocahontas.

BEARING THE WOMAN'S CROSS.

I sat at the ball last Wednesday night and looked at the happy, comfortable couples take the platform and enjoy the dance so decorously, while from around and above another thousand as composedly looked on and talked and felt delight, and I said to myself: Has not the whole work of man, since Christ's mother bore him, been to protect and adore woman? What is Asia doing for woman, as we see her daughters shipped like sheep to the shambles of San Francisco? What has not Europe ceased to do for woman, since her marriage in France and its accessories are a subject of purchase—not the man's purchase of her, but the woman's purchase of the man? To receive the name and color of wife, her father must pay a price to the egotism of the bridegroom; and elsewhere in Europe the wife becomes the husband's laborer, like Ruth, laying at his feet what she has reaped all day; or around her career gathers the icy barriers of caste. In the land of the West, idealized to the point of almost Quixotic chivalry, woman, though not above all the vicissitudes of our nature, is the Commander of the Faithful. The test is a supreme one, and is going on from year to year. Will it fail?

The abundance of the land has made it possible for man to dispense with woman's labor here, while the expense of her social elevation has aroused man's extremest energies, and, driven from necessity to necessity, his triumphs have been superhuman. It has been written:

> Pale woman's fear has fought one-half the fray,
> At Saratoga and Thermopylæ.

But for woman's pride and social happiness what a Thermopylæ is not being contested every day in the year by a million American heroes! These brownstone fronts, these mammoth rents, these many servants, the carriage and the summer season, the children's private schools, the painted tiles, the gilded china, the bronzes and the ever-varying costume, the ladies' private cash account and systematic shopping, rise on the lover's back like his lady's weight in the French legend, the price of whose hand was to carry her to the top of a mountain:

> His eyes grow dim: his feet are lead,—
> Old Atlas paced as slow;
> He did not think so sweet a world
> Could make him stagger so!

The Republic has done all this for woman, and I fear they do not know it. The equal pressure and elevating force of republican society has made of one social purpose all the families of the land, but the political ingratitude of many a woman is accusing the nature of that society, and not until the round of fashion has brought back the plain dress of the Republic of ninety years ago has there been the least relevancy between dress and the Republic here. An American woman is the only political Queen below the crown, but she often behaves as if she would exchange it for the smallest consideration in Europe. If this were general, the reasoning of man would be that woman has been idealized beyond her capacity; that the tasks undertaken in her behalf have been unnecessary, and that our republican society has failed to dignify woman while it has disappointed her slave.

TALK WITH MR. OLIVER.

At the Fifth Avenue Hotel, early in the week, I met Mr. Oliver, of Pittsburg—who has been so close to getting a seat in the United States Senate for a month past, but was about to withdraw—when he took a nosegay from me to put in his neatly fitting suit of British goods, cut by our superior tailors. Said I: "Mr. Oliver, you will have to give it up, won't you?"

"I don't see how I can, Johnny," he replied. "I have a respectable ambition to go to the Senate, but don't want it so bad that I need lie awake nights about it. Having been nominated in the caucus, of course I must stand until it tells me to come down, or some equal authority. I have heard no objection made to me on the score of character, or record, or fitness, except that I am not well enough known. Hereafter, I think, even that cannot be said against me."

He smiled a gentle and melancholy smile: for Oliver is a handsome man, with black eyes, moustache and hair and an olive skin; and though they say he is a native of Ireland, he looks like a fine bred young American. He has the shrewd, amiable address common in Pennsylvania, and particularly in Pittsburg, which is a city of genius. Out of the smoke of Pittsburg came the beautiful songs of Stephen Foster, following in the line of Jim Crow Rice, who first began to mimic the happy African in his dances, while Foster conceived the music. I asked Mr. Foster's brother, Morrison Foster, once where that gift of music, so natural, so American, yet so universal, came from in his brother. "I think he took it from his mother's family," said Morrison Foster. "She came from the eastern shore of Maryland, and his father's family came from the head of the same peninsula in Delaware.

The show people say that Pittsburg is the best place in the country next to New-York for theatricals, and something in its people of inquisitiveness, humor and sociability, leads to fine young politicians like Oliver, whose business is making iron castings or forgings of various patterns, he watching the market meanwhile to see what is needed in the fancy iron line. It is true that he has no large public record, but has been very useful for many campaigns, collecting money among the wealthy people and leading the list liberally himself, and so Mr. Quay the great Republican manager of the State, felt that something was due Oliver, and put it as high as the Senate, which the Legislature thought too much.

"Young man," said I to Oliver, "do you think your election indispensable to the good of things? Will the world miss something if you drop out?"

"Not as bad as that, Johnny," said he, smelling his bouquet; "but I take the position that both parties will be benefited by holding to their organic laws, amongst which is the caucus. If the example is to prevail of overthrowing the caucus, there is an end to party regularity, and bushwhacking becomes respectable. Mr. Grow desired the caucus recommendation, and finding that he would be outnumbered there prevented his friends from going into the caucus, which then assembled and nominated me. I tell the Democrats that they, as well as the Republicans, will be benefited by adhering to the organization."

Oliver smiled as he said this, but it was the smile of one about to let go, and not reluctantly, for he has had to sit up day and night, and be the target for much publicity that business men are not accustomed to. Within forty-eight hours he had slipped his name from the list, maintaining all the while agreeable relations with Mr. Grow, who also ran down his flag twenty-four hours afterward, and left Pennsylvania to her usual chaos.

HOYT AND GROW.

Hoyt is a large, florid, country-spoken man, something of the type of Israel Putnam.

Grow, the most historical man in Pennsylvania excepting Simon Cameron and Governor Curtin, had his headquarters at the Lochiel House, in Harrisburg, when I called to see him—the hotel named for General Cameron's place below Harrisburg, and always the Cameron headquarters, carrying the old man's picture against the office wall. Mr. Grow is now a man of fifty-eight, while Mr. Oliver does not look to be forty-five. Grow is not a native of Pennsylvania, and that point is urged against him more than it is against Oliver, though one came from Connecticut and the other from Ireland.

Grow went to Amherst College, and was graduated the year Henry Clay was beaten by Polk. He was a Democrat, like most of the Connecticut settlers in Pennsylvania, among whom he pitched his lot as a young lawyer, and rafted on the branches of the Susquehanna and surveyed the wild mountain lands like Washington. About the time of the Wilmot Proviso Grow was the most effective speaker in Wilmot's district, and the Free Soil Democrats there sent him to Congress, where continuous service and fitness raised him to be Speaker at the time of the Rebellion. He is now a tall, thin, rather loose-jointed man, a little consumptive in appearance, but with a bright, intelligent eye, and hair and beard of grayish white, bunching out from his throat and temples and giving him something of a goat-like look.

The Lochiel House is a rather straggling building, and to get to Mr Grow's room you have to go up stairs and down again toward the rear of the building, and then you come into a large, square room, with the plainest sort of furniture, but well-lighted and a box of cigars on the bureau is the only refreshment, as Grow neither drinks nor tempts. He knows almost everybody in the State, is cordial but at times obstinate, and his favorite attitude, when weary of the day's contest, is to lie down on a lounge with his palms under his head and talk *sotto voce* about the ethics of the case, something like the following:

"The people of the State instructed their members of the Legislature to vote for me. The issue was distinctly made on the stump that the Senatorial question entered into the election for legislators. More than ninety votes were committed to me by the people. When they come up to Harrisburg, this machine here starts an intrigue with them, advises them to break their instructions, and they decoy enough Grow men away to have a bare majority of the caucus. Then, when they have paid no respect to the wishes of the people, and have justified men in breaking their faith and promise, they say: 'Now, you fellows, lay down, and let us walk over you in the caucus.' We say we will have nothing to do with your caucus, because you have got it together by a breach of faith. We say we shall stay out and be a caucus to ourselves until you let those people obey the instructions the people gave them!"

This talk exemplifies Mr. Grow's position, but it is not absolutely that of his supporters, while he was believed to be a man whose knowledge of affairs and independent views would illuminate the Pennsylvania representation in Congress, he was only hit upon as the most available person to suppress that growing dissent against the stolid rule which has been too often exerted in Pennsylvania to rebuke talent and promote subserviency.

THE CAMERONS.

Cameron came to power a third of a century ago, by a collusion against the caucus, though he was a Democrat at the time, and he persuaded several men to stay out of the caucus and unite with the Whigs to elect him over Judge Woodward. At a later period he beat Colonel Forney by the defection of three Democrats from the caucus. Thus does history repeat itself, and the Camerons are discomfited to-day, not by their opponents disobeying the caucus, but by refusing to enter it. No man is forced to abide the consequences of a game in which he does not play; that is the theory of the Grows.

When young Blaine arose, after a meteor career as Speaker and Member of Congress, the Young America portion of Pennsylvania resolved to welcome him back to the State and lead off for him to be President. The arrangements of the old managers of the State made this popular view inconvenient, and it was said that they objected to a man of the popular parts of Mr. Blaine running away with Pennsylvania. When he was beaten at Cincinnati in not the fairest and manliest manner, most of the young men of the State who had borne his banner were flung out of position, and made to feel that only by bending the knee and working out a long penance could they come to anything in Pennsylvania. Nevertheless the party warmth for Blaine rallied again last year and carried the State Convention at Harrisburg, but they were weeded out by a process acute but insufferable, and a delegation was fixed up to commit Pennsylvania to General Grant. At Chicago, however, nearly one-half the delegates broke away and voted for Blaine, and although both Blaine and Grant were beaten, the feeling of injury remained in Pennsylvania, and sought the occasion of the Senatorial election to express itself, not in a revolt but in independent action. The real leader was probably Mr. Wolfe of Lewisburg, the same gentleman who enforced the Constitution of the State against Kemble and others for corrupt solicitation. Behind the whole movement was a feeling in many parts of the State that the repeated victories of the Republican party were not finding expression as they ought to do, in an educated age, in a higher order of talent and address and a decent respect for the minority.

HOMES OF RULERS OF KEYSTONE.

Down on the beautiful river street of Harrisburg, which has been left open on the side next to the bluff, are the homes of the two Camerons, father and son, of the Governor of the State, and of the principal citizens of Harrisburg—the bankers, furnace-owners, iron rollers, lumber and coal men, etc. General Cameron lives in a large oblong house of limestone, bearing in its gable a stone with the initial of John Harris, who built it some years before the Revolutionary War, and this place was then called Harris's Ferry. It is a large, roomy, massive house of the Colonial style, and there General Cameron lives with one son, who has never been in public life or business, and one of his married daughters is generally in charge of the establishment.

He is in many respects a remarkable man, and was born in the last year of the eighteenth century, and is therefore eighty-two years old, yet still so clear of head and fond of worldly occupation that he is now travelling in the South and toward Cuba. In his veins are both German and Scotch-Irish blood, and he combines the two temperaments, the high ardor of the Scotch and their persistence and something of the stolidity and acquisitiveness of the German. Having been a printer till his thirty-third year, he established a bank in a country town, kept his hand in railroad interests and public concerns, and went to the Senate in 1845. He was four times sent to the Senate, and finally resigned to let his son take his seat, who has since been elected, so that the Camerons are now in their fifth Senatorial term. General Cameron has always been celebrated for his affability; his son, the present Senator, is more taciturn and not so accommodating, yet a more successful man in business than his father. He is testing the fact of the transmissibility of power in this country from father to son under the conditions of party management and not of public impulse. Our Holland Dutch progenitors became so attached to the military virtues of the Nassau-Orange family that they once beheaded their greatest statesman and tore in pieces two of his successors for suspected disloyalty to the Princes of Orange. But the Cameron family, which has made many a public man, figuratively speaking, go to the block, has not been famous in the forum or in war, though successful in politics.

Don Cameron lives in a large new stone mansion, half a square off, with corner pavilions and all the modern appurtenances of comfort and luxury, with a beautiful second wife; the niece of the Shermans, of Ohio; while his daughter has recently become the bride of Justice Bradley's son, and his sisters are married to the MacVeaghs, the Haldemans, and other public men of both parties in the State. The Cameron influence has reached into the Democratic party to that degree that one faction has always been called "Cameron Democrats." Hence, in the present Senatorial struggle the Democrats, generally speaking, keep their ranks and look, with possibly more disfavor, on the rise of a new Republican element in the State than upon a continuance of the evils of the former domination.

PROBABLE SENATOR.

The public opinion of the State is relatively sluggish compared with that of adjacent States, but a greater defect in it is the want of a formative power; to come together for a large purpose, dismissing all selfish and small considerations, and carry that purpose out without dividing into little factions at the promise of individual consideration or the suggestions of recriminations which cunning power always knows how to distribute.

When I was at Harrisburg the choice for Senator seemed probably coming to General Beaver, of Bellefonte, a townsman of Governor Curtin, though not his political supporter.

Beaver was born almost within sight of Harrisburg, or just across the Blue Mountain, and went to the war and lost his leg above the knee. His impulses are respectable, and he is an upright man, though the glittering prize of the Senate has tended to make him more than usually regular with his party of late. Soon after the war he made a speech in which he said that he had often wondered what had become of his leg that he lost in battle, and he had thought sometimes that it might have grown up and given succulence to some beautiful flower, and such was his forgiveness that he felt he would like to go and pluck that flower and plant it on the grave of the man who had shot him.

A thought like this, which might seem florid among Pennsylvania materialists, betokens the impulses of a generous and chivalric nature. At the close of the war he settled in Bellefonte, and studied law with Mr. McAllister, once the law partner of Governor Curtin, and married Miss McAllister. He is a man of fair Pennsylvania traits—thrift, sobriety and patriotism—goes about on crutches and wears spectacles. He may be the nominee, and in that case it would not be a victory for the regulars, nor yet for the independents, but something "betwixt and between."

If the Democrats would offer to support Mr. Wolfe, he could probably be elected, but it did not seem to me that the Democracy had any such orders from their leaders as would lead to the expectation of electing an out-and-out Independent.

JOHNNY BOUQUET.

HOME INTERESTS.

THE WEATHER AND THE FISH.

A RISE IN PRICES FROM THE STORMS AND FOGS OF THE PAST WEEK—THE RETAIL BUTCHERS' COMPLAINTS—EGGS ALMOST AS DEAR AS JEWELRY—SATURDAY'S PRICES IN THE MARKETS.

The stormy weather which has prevailed during the past week has made fish a little scarce, and the prices in consequence have advanced a trifle. These slight fluctations are felt more decidedly in the retail trade than in the down-town markets. The small dealers make the most of each advance in price, and so the percentage is rather larger up-town than in the regular markets. Halibut, for example, is 15 cents per pound retail in the markets, while 20 cents per pound is asked for it up-town. Other fish rise in like proportion. The prices ruling in the Fulton Market fish department Saturday morning were: Bass, 25 cents per pound; smelts, 15 cents; bluefish, refrigerated, 12½ cents; terrapin, from $12 to $36 per dozen; shad, from Savannah, 30 cents per pound; salmon, refrigerated, 35 to 45 cents per pound; mackerel, 15 cents; whiteperch, 15 cents; Spanish mackerel, 35 cents per pound; green turtle, very scarce, 20 cents per pound; frostfish, 10 cents; haddock, 8 cents; codfish, 7 cents; blackfish, 15 cents; flounders, 10 cents; seabass, 20 cents; eels, 18 cents; lobsters, very scarce, 12 cents per pound; sheepshead, 25 cents; soft clams, from 40 cents to $1 per hundred; scollops, 40 cents per quart; freshwater bass, black, 18 cents per pound; pickerel, 15 cents; hard crabs, $3 per hundred; salmon trout, 16 cents per pound; whitefish, 17 cents; redsnappers, 18 cents.

The smoked and dried fish are sold as follows: smoked herring, 2½ cents each; smoked haddock, 12½ cents per pound; smoked salmon, 20 cents; dry cod, 8 cents per pound.

The retail butchers complain of the lack of profit in their business. One grumbler declared that, since he had been in the business, he had never before this winter paid 9½ cents per pound for beef in bulk. They are evidently carrying on the business on purely humanitarian grounds, as, according to the dealers' argument, there is not a penny of profit and no prospect of things growing any better. All of which is owing to America's vast exportations of meat. "This shipping of such quantities of our best beef abroad has undoubtedly had the effect of making fine beef scarce in our own markets." The pious retail dealer, however, sells it to us at pretty much the old rates, and so there is no occasion for alarm on the part of the consumers. Fine rib roasts of beef sells from 18 to 20 cents per pound; porterhouse from 22 to 24 cents; porterhouse steak, 24 cents per pound; sirloin from 16 to 20 cents; round bone, from 16 to 18 cents; fresh rump beef sells from 12 to 14 cents per pound; fillet from 50 cents to $1 help roast, 14 cents; leg, 6 cents; corned navel, 10 to 12 cents; corned plate, 10 to 12 cents; rump, 12 to 14 cents. Veal loin sells from 18 to 20 cents per pound; veal leg, 18 cents; breast, 14 cents; veal cutlets, 25 cents; shoulders, from 10 to 12 cents per pound. Hindquarters of mutton from 14 to 16 cents per pound; forequarter, 10 to 12 cents.

The ruling prices for leading articles sold by the grocers in Vesey-st. and down town generally are as follows: Fine Java coffee, 33 cents per pound; good Java, 30 cents; Mocha, 35 cents; inferior, 33 cents per pound. Other varieties range from 22 to 33 cents per pound. Best English tea, 80 cents; Oolong teas sell from 25 to 80 cents per pound; Japan, 30 to 80 cents; young hyson, fine to extra fine, from 30 cents to $1 per pound; gunpowder tea, from 80 cents to $1; imperial green, 30 to 80 cents. Cocoa and chocolate, from 40 to 60 cents per pound. Cut sugar, 12 cents; granulated, 11 cents per pound; powdered, 12 cents; "A" sugar, 10 cents; light brown, 9 cents; dark, 8 cents per pound.

The newest arrival in the vegetable market is the Bermuda potato, at $1 per peck; water cress, deliciously fresh and tender, is also to be found, and sells for 15 cents per quart; rhubarb is selling from 10 to 15 cents per bunch; fresh mushrooms are to be had from 75 to 90 cents per pound; fresh tomatoes from 40 to 50 cents per quart; cucumbers are from 25 to 30 cents apiece; lettuce from 10 to 15 cents per head; celery 15 cents per bunch; cranberries 15 cents per quart; oyster plant 15 cents per bunch. The ordinary Winter vegetables are growing scarce; many of them were frozen during the cold weather, and the prices have advanced a little. Potatoes are selling from 30 to 40 cents per peck—very good potatoes are hard to find; sweet potatoes are 40 cents per peck; onions from 40 to 50 cents per peck; cabbages from 10 to 15 cents per head; turnips, 20 cents per peck; beets, 20 cents; eggs are happily growing cheaper, the prices which have prevailed during the past two months are almost unprecedented. Eggs are now selling from 48 to 55 cents per dozen.

The frozen game in market is scarce and prices are very high. Squab sell at $7 per dozen; English snipe, $6 per dozen; teal duck, 75 cents; mallards, $1 25; redheads, $1 75 per pair; canvasback, $3; plover, $6; pigeons, $2 50; winter snipe, 75 cents.

MENU.

Clam Soup.
Boiled Bluefish, Maitre d'Hotel Butter.
Saddle of Mutton, roast, Sweet Potatoes, Beets, Oyster Plant.
Chicken Croquettes.
Salad—Lettuce and Celery.
Cheese. Wafers.
Batter pudding, Cream Sauce.
Fruit.
Coffee.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

CHICKEN CROQUETTES.—Have ready a coffee-cupful of cold chicken, either roast or boiled, and chopped to the most complete fineness. Take a piece half the size of an egg of the best butter and let it heat to bubbling point over the fire. Stir into it a spoonful of milk and enough flour to make it of the consistency of drawn-butter sauce. Then when thoroughly cooked add a beaten egg and the chopped chicken and pepper and salt to taste. Spread it out on a platter to the thickness of a little less than an inch. Let it get cold. Then when wanted form the croquettes with the hands, dip them in cracker-crumb and fry in hot lard. A wire basket which can be dipped into the lard is good to fry croquettes in. This recipe can be used for any kind of cold meat or poultry; also for lobster. The mixture must be moist. The quantities given above will make enough croquettes for a moderate-sized family.

CREAM SAUCE FOR PUDDING.—To make a bowlful of cream sauce take a piece of butter the size of a small egg and beat it up with powdered sugar until it is a light cream. Then set it aside. Then into a small tin saucepan put a coffee-cupful of water and add to it a teaspoonful of flour mixed in a little cold water. Cook this thoroughly until it is like thin starch. Then take up the butter and sugar mixture, and while you are beating it energetically let some one pour into it slowly and gradually the hot flour sauce. If the beating is not stopped for a moment the whole sauce will rise and be foamy as sea-froth. Flavor with wine, brandy or vanilla, as preferred. This is the best sauce made. Potato flour is sometimes used instead of wheat flour.

VEAL CUTLETS.—Dust your cutlets with pepper and salt, dip them in beaten egg, then in cracker crumb, and fry slowly in hot butter or beef-drippings. When done take them out of the pan, and pour a little boiling water into the gravy, thickening it with flour previously browned in the oven. Serve on a very hot platter, with the gravy poured around the cutlets, and garnish the edge with watercress and slices of lemon.

POTATOES A LA NIEGE.—These potatoes are boiled, mashed, seasoned as usual with butter, milk, and salt, and then pressed through a colleuder to give the mass a light appearance.

PIGEONS ON TOAST.—Split some young pigeons down the back, wipe them, season with pepper and salt, rub with butter, sprinkle lightly with flour, and broil over a clear fire. Toast some neat, thin slices of bread, butter them thickly, and put a pigeon on each slice, arranging about them some sprigs of the fine watercress.

TOMATO SALAD.—For salad always select fresh, firm-fleshed, thoroughly ripe tomatoes of a good size. If you can't find these don't attempt to have tomato salad. Always peel them by dipping for an instant into boiling water. The skin slips off immediately. Then set them away to get cold, and when ready to serve slice them neatly into your salad bowl. Dress with two tablespoonsful of the best oil, a teaspoonful of vinegar, a pinch of salt, and a sprinkling of pepper.

WAFERS.—Cheese should always be accompanied by wafers or milk crackers. Buy a box of them and a short time before they are wanted put a plateful on a tin pan in the oven. Let them heat through but not brown. This freshens and makes them crisp.

RHUBARB TART.—Line a pie-plate with good paste and bake it with a filling of uncooked rice or of linen rags. When done remove the filling and put in the rhubarb already stewed and sweetened and flavored with a little lemon juice and peel. Instead of putting on a whole top crust, twist some strips of the dough or paste and lay three of them across the pie from edge to edge at wide intervals. Then lay three more strips over the first three so that they cross them in checker-board pattern. Arrange the oven so that the top and not the bottom will bake. Brown the strips slightly and quickly. Serve with a pitcher of cream.

THE VIRTUES OF CHOCOLATE.

From The London Globe.

The ordinary chocolate, as manufactured in Paris, Italy and Spain, is composed of cocoa, vanilla and sugar. Those who desire a more delicate flavor use cinnamon instead of vanilla, and a small quantity of spice. It is to be noted that chocolate when required for use should not be melted in a pan, which is liable to absorb the essential oil. The Milanese use a peculiar stone found in the environs of Milan, fluted and semi-circular in form, between two of which they crush the chocolate tablets. Two of these stones cost £12. We have already stated that Milan is celebrated for its chocolate, and it for the reason that these stones do not absorb any of its valuable properties. What these are we will endeavor to describe from competent authorities.

Grimod de la Reyneire, in the "Almanach des Gourmands" for 1806, says that, twenty years before, chocolate was the breakfast for old men only, but that it had become in those days the nourishment of all who wished to keep their imagination fresh and vigorous, and even of those whose brains were on a par with a fowl's. It may be a valuable hint to ladies and gentlemen who pursue the pernicious habit of 5 o'clock tea—pernicious because it undoubtedly destroys the appetite for dinner—that chocolate has not that effect. It was necessary to discover a substance, at once light and nutritious, friendly to the intellect and digestion, which, while enabling us to await a late dinner with equanimity, would not interfere with our doing honor to that meal. Therefore chocolate was invented. La Reyneire specially recommends its use to men of letters, to consumptive people, and to the ladies, whose charms, he declares, a cup of chocolate every morning for breakfast will preserve indefinitely. If that be so, then, indeed, this article has not been written in vain. The author of the "Physiologie du Gout" says that however copiously you may have lunched, a cup of chocolate immediately afterward will produce digestion three hours after, and prepare the way for a good dinner. He also strongly recommends it to the man of pleasure; to every one who devotes to brain-work the hours he should pass in bed; to every wit who finds he has become suddenly dull; to all who find the air damp, the time long, and the atmosphere insupportable; and, above all, to those who, tormented with a fixed idea, have lost their freedom of thought.

To make chocolate (it must never be cut with a knife) an ounce and a half is requisite for a cup. Dissolve it gradually in hot water, stirring it the while with a wooden spoon; let it boil for a quarter of an hour, and serve it hot with milk or without, according to taste. "More than fifty years ago," relates Brillat-Savarin, "Madame d'Arestrel, the lady-superior of the Convent of the Visitation at Belley, told me that if I wished to drink really good chocolate, it must be made the night before in an earthenware pot, and left. The night's repose concentrates it, and gives it a softness which makes it much better."

A DINNER IN JAVA.

From Cassell's Magazine.

This meal is served in Continental style, and cooked in as French a manner as a good Malay cook, under the leadership of a lady knowing all about it, can do it. Cocoanut oil is liberally used in the preparation of numerous dishes, as butter is too expensive for all cooking purposes. Some things I noticed that can be mentioned here. Never do the host and hostess take the top and bottom of the table. The latter assumes the place sacred to the father of an English family, the former sitting at the side. I however, saw this arrangement exactly reversed in one or two households. Never have I seen salt-spoons or fish-knives on a Dutch Batavian table. One helps oneself to salt with the point of one's knife. Finger-glasses are not brought on at dessert, but are before you all dinner-time. A dinner party is neither a stiff nor a solemn affair (though I have been at one that was rather silent), and I only found it differ from the every-day meal in there being a finer display of flowers on the table, a greater number of dishes (far too many), and in our having escorts to and from the dining-room.

The ladies were not in "dinner-dress," but wore comfortable visiting or driving toilet; gentlemen, their cool white suits. The host did not ask particular male guests to lead in certain ladies. He himself walked away with the oldest friend, perhaps, or chief lady guest, and the gentleman who thought himself entitled to do so took the hostess. The rest followed as they thought proper. At table our places were indicated by cards on our plates, and care was shown by the hostess in placing sympathizing partners together. The married guests occupied seats near the host and hostess at one end of the table, and the other was devoted to bachelors and maidens.

THOMAS HUGHES ON ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

As to the question of patriotism, speaking now for myself alone, I must say it seems to me that the most patriotic thing an Englishman can do just now is to help in drawing as close as possible the bonds which unite his country to the United States. Unhappily, as I think, the Imperial or anti-Continental policy (as I believe it is called) in Canada is not working in this direction. The determination of both political parties in the Dominion to construct at an enormous cost the long section of the Canada Pacific Railway to the north of Lake Superior can bear but one interpretation, involving the possibility in the future of hostilities between the two countries. An Englishman's first wish should be to make this impossible, and I do not know how he can do this better than by sending all that can be spared of our best blood into the United States.

The objection to this policy here takes many shapes, but is really founded on jealousy of the growing power and prosperity of the United States, and a fear lest they should outstrip England in other ways as decisively they have already done in the extent of their home territory. Such jealousy may be allowed to be natural, but is neither wise nor dignified. We do not admire a father wincing at the success of his son, who has built up for himself a bigger business than that of the old firm, or has acquired more acres than are numbered in the paternal estate. Why should we regard as patriotic in a nation what is only contemptible in an individual?

And again, speaking for myself only, I am free to admit that the resolve arrived at, without reference to any but economical considerations, to make the experiment in a Southern State was particularly welcome. What we English want, looking to the future, is, not only that England and America be fast friends, but that the feeling of union in the States themselves should be developed as soundly and rapidly as possible—that all wounds should be healed, and all breaches closed, finally and forever—for the sake of our race and of mankind. Much still remains to be done for this end, and I am convinced that a good stream of Englishmen into the Southern States may and will materially help on the good cause.

No Englishman, according to his powers and opportunities, worked harder than I by my tongue and pen, twenty years ago, against the cause for which the Southern States staked all that was dearest to them, in their struggle to break up the nation and perpetuate slavery. I held then, and hold still more strongly than ever, that they were in the wrong, and that their success would have been the greatest misfortune the world could have suffered in our times. But I am glad now, by lending such small help as I can, to build up some of their waste places, to show my respect and good will for a people of English blood, who fought through one of the gallantest fights of all history, against overwhelming odds, though for a thoroughly bad cause.

"BOB" TOOMBS' BRASS BAND.

From The Atlanta Constitution.

I suppose every one connected in any way with the University of Georgia has heard of the famous oak in front of the chapel, and in connection with it I will relate an anecdote of Bob Toombs, showing his impetuous, irresistible nature, which so characterized him in his after life.

Toombs had been attending college two years, and was within a week of graduating, when, in a difficulty, he stabbed one of the students, inflicting a serious but not fatal wound. For this act he was expelled by the faculty, who soon after were petitioned by the graduating class to allow him to finish with them as he had so nearly completed his course, and had also been given a speaker's place. Toombs himself petitioned them, but both were refused. He apparently submitted, but on commencement day when the chapel was crowded with visitors, and the seniors vehemently orating preparatory to receiving their diplomas, he stationed a brass band under the spreading limbs of the oak, whose music succeeded in bringing scores of town people, who were not then in the chapel, and also of clearing it of nearly all its audience.

Then in as cool a manner as possible, he placed himself in a chair and made an oration, such, it is said, as was never spoken by a student here before or since. He never received his diploma, though after his celebrated Boston speech it was sent him, but was returned with the answer: "D—n the diploma; when it would have been an honor to me I was refused it, now, when I am an honor to it, it is offered me." He was afterward reconciled with the faculty, and is now one of the staunchest supporters of the college.

THE EXISTING ORDERS OF CHIVALRY.

From The London Telegraph.

Orders of chivalry, as cheap and yet most acceptable rewards of conspicuous merit in the State servant and private citizen, are institutions highly favored by the majority of Continental Governments. After all, the ambition to obtain some "outward and visible sign" of Imperial or Royal recognition for faithful service or special achievement is neither unnatural nor unworthy; and ample means of gratifying it are afforded by the orders of chivalry at present in existence, which, according to the latest issue of the "Almanach de Gotha," number no fewer than 155, exclusive of service medals and war decorations, such as the Victoria and Iron Crosses. Of all European Sovereigns, the Kings of Spain and Prussia are the most copiously provided with the means of distinguishing those whom they may delight to honor; for the former can dispose of thirteen and the latter of twelve Orders of Knighthood. France possesses only one such order; the German Empire, none.

The most ancient existing Order is that of St. Andrew, or the Thistle, founded in the year 787, and the most modern is the Takovo of Serv