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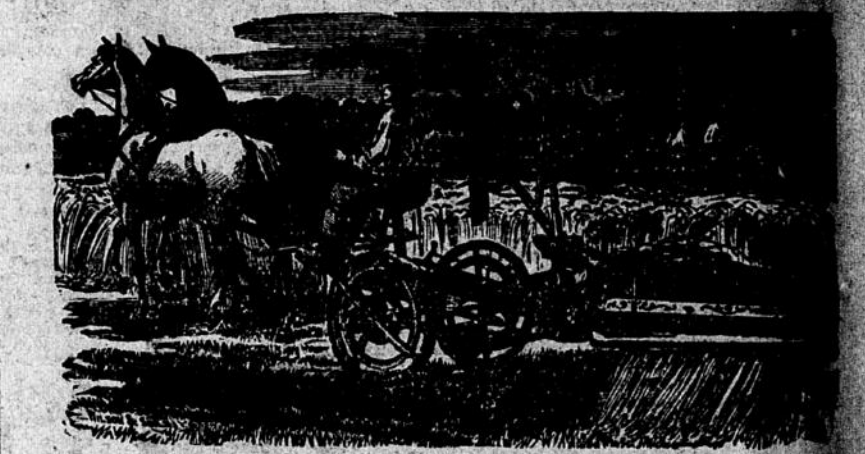
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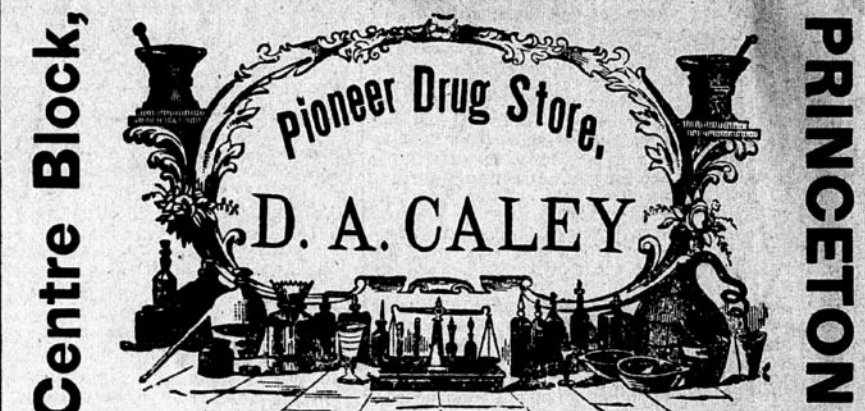
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A CHILD'S EMBARRASSMENT.

A LEGEND.

There went a widow woman from the outskirts
of the city.
Whose lonely sorrow might have moved the
stones she trod to pity.

She wandered weeping through the fields, by
God and man forsaken.
Still calling on a little child the reaper Death
had taken.

When, lo! upon a day she met a white robed
train advancing.
And brightly on their golden heads their golden
crowns were glancing.

Child Jesus led a happy band of little ones
a-Maying,
With flowers of spring and gems of dew all in-
nocently playing.

Far from the rest the widow sees and flies to
clasp her treasure;
"What ails thee, darling, that thou must not
take with thee thy pleasure?"

"O mother, little mother mine, behind the rest
I tarry;
For see how heavy with your tears the pitcher
I must carry.

If you had ceased to weep for me when Jesus
went a-Maying,
I should have been amongst the blest, with lit-
tle Jesus playing."

Emily Pfeffer.

SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

How the People of New England Then
Lived.

A bronze water fountain costing \$10,000
was recently presented to the town of Beth-
el, Conn., by P. T. Barnum, the veteran
showman. On the occasion of the present-
ation Mr. Barnum made a speech, in the
course of which he said: I am surprised
to find that I can distinctly remember
events which occurred before I was four
years old. I can see as if but yesterday our
hard-working mothers hatching their flax,
carding their tow and wool, spinning, reel-
ing and weaving it into fabrics for bed-
ding and clothing for all the family of
both sexes. The same good mothers
did the knitting, darning, mending, wash-
ing, ironing, cooking, soap and candle mak-
ing, picked the geese, milked the cows,
made butter and cheese, and did many other
things for the support of the family.
We babies of 1810, when at home, were
dressed in tow frocks, and the garments of
our elders were not much superior, except
on Sunday, when they wore their "go-to-
meeting clothes" of home-spun and linsey-
woolsey. Rain-water was caught and used
for washing, while that for drinking and
cooking was drawn from wells with their
"old oaken buckets" and long poles and
wells-weepers.

Fire was kept over night by banking up
the brands in ashes in the fireplace, and if
it went out one neighbor would visit an-
other about daylight the next morning with
a pair of tongs to borrow a coal of fire to
kindle with. Our candles were of tallow,
home-made, usually with dark tow wicks.
In summer nearly all retired to rest at early
dark, without lighting a candle except upon
extraordinary occasions. Home-made soft
soap was used for washing hands, face and
everything else. Families in ordinary cir-
cumstances ate their meals on trenchers
(wooden plates). As I grew older our fam-
ily and others got an extravagant streak, dis-
carded trenchers and rose to the
dignity of pewter plates and leaden
spoons. Tin peddlers, who traveled through
the country with their wagons, supplied
these and other luxuries. Our food con-
sisted chiefly of boiled and baked beans,
bean porridge, coarse rye bread, apple sauce,
baked pudding, eaten with milk, of which we
had plenty. The older portions of the
family ate meat twice a day, had plenty of
vegetables, fish of their own catching, oc-
casionally big clams, which were cheap in
those days, and shad in their season—these
were brought from New York and Bridge-
port by fish and clam peddlers. Uncle
Caleb Morgan, of Wolfpit, Mr. Puppington,
was our only butcher. He peddled his
meat through Bethel once a
week. It consisted mostly of
veal, mutton or fresh pork, seldom
bringing more than one kind at a time.
Probably he did not have beef oftener than
once a month. Many families kept sheep,
pigs and poultry, and one or more cows.
They had plenty of plain substantial food.
Droves of hogs ran at large in the streets
of Bethel.

Our dinners several times each week con-
sisted of "pot luck," which was corned
beef, salt pork and vegetables, all boiled
together in the same big pot hanging from
the crane, which was supplied with iron
hooks and trunnels, and swung in and out
of the huge fire-place. In the same pot
with the salt pork, salt beef, potatoes, tur-
nips, parsnips, beets, carrots,
cabbage, and sometimes onions,
was placed an Indian pudding,
consisting of plain Indian meal mixed
with water, pretty thick, salted, and pour-
ed into a home-made lumps bag which was
tied at the top. When dinner was ready
the pudding was first taken from the pot,
slipped out of the bag and eaten with mol-
asses. Then followed the "pot luck." I
confess I like to this day the old-fashioned
"boiled dinner," but doubt whether I should
relish a sweetened desert before my meat.
Bows of sausages called "links," hung in
the garret, were dried, and lasted all win-
ter.

There were but few wagons or carriages
in Bethel when I was a boy. Our grists of
grain were taken to the mill in bags on
horseback, and the women rode to church
on Sundays and around the country on
week days on horseback, usually on a
cushion called a pillion, fastened behind
the saddle, the husband, father, brother or
lover riding in front on the saddle. The
country doctor visited his patients on horse-
back, carrying his saddle-bags, containing
calomel, jalap, Epsom salts, lancets and a
"turnkey," these being the principal aids
in relieving the sick. Nearly every person,
six or well, was bled every spring.

Everybody had barrels of cider in their
cellars, and drank cider spirits called
"gumption." Professors of religion and the
clergy all drank liquor. They drank it
in all the hat and comb shops. The farm-
ers had it at haying and harvest times.
Every sort of excuse was made for being
treated. A new journeyman must give a
pint or quart of rum to pay for his footing.
If a man had a new coat he must "sponge"
it by treating. Even at funerals the clergy,
mourners and friends drank liquor.

At public vendues the auctioneer
held a bottle of liquor in his hand, and
when the bidding lagged he would cry, "A
drum to the next bidder." The bid would
be raised a cent, and the bidder would take

a dram boldly and to the envy of most of
the others. At house and barn raising li-
quor was also drank freely and danger-
ously.

The public whipping-post and imprison-
ment for debt both flourished in Bethel in
my youthful days. Suicides were buried
at cross roads.

COOKING EGGS.

Many, Different Ways of Cooking and Using
Eggs.

Many housekeepers think they know all
about eggs, but they will doubtless find in
the following, something they had not
heard of before: To tell good eggs, put
them in water; if the large end turns up
they are not fresh. This is an infallible
rule to distinguish a good egg from a bad
one.

Raw egg is a restorative to strength.
Break a fresh egg in a tumbler, mix with a
little sugar, beat to a strong froth, and add
a very little ice water if liked, or it may be
taken without this addition.

How to Use Eggs—Eggs that are to be
used in cake should be put into cold water
in summer, while you are making your
preparations, until you are ready to use
them. Then break each one separately into
a cup, to see if it is good; but by break-
ing all into the dish you beat them in, you
risk the whole by one egg. If good, turn
into the dish, and proceed the same with
the others.

EGG SANDWICHES—Boil fresh eggs five
minutes; put them in cold water, and when
quite cold peel them; then after taking a
little off each end of the eggs, cut
the remainder into four slices. Lay them
between bread and butter.

EGG BREAD—One pint of milk, two eggs
butter size of an egg, one-half cupful of
sugar, three teaspoonfuls of "sea foam,"
flour enough to make a batter; bake. This
makes one loaf.

TO PREPARE AN EGG FOR AN INVALID—
Beat an egg until very light, add seasoning
to the taste; then steam until thoroughly
cooked through, but not hardened; this
will take about two minutes. An egg pre-
pared in this way will not distress very
sensitive stomachs.

STUFFED EGGS—Six hard boiled eggs
cut in two, take out the yolks and mash fine;
then add two teaspoonfuls of butter, one of
cream, two or three drops of onion juice,
salt and pepper to taste. Mix all thorough-
ly, add the eggs with this mixture; put
them together. Then there will be a little
of the filling left, to which add one well-
beaten egg; cover the eggs with this mix-
ture, and then roll in cracker crumbs. Fry
a light brown in boiling fat.

WHITE EGG MUFFINS—One pint of flour,
whites of eight eggs, beaten to a stiff froth.
Add enough milk to make it in a thin bat-
ter. Put in a little salt. Very nice.

HARD EGG PUDDING—Six eggs beat-
ed, one pint of flour, a pint of milk,
a small piece of butter, salt, and pepper to
taste. Sprinkle some slices of boiled
ham (both fat and lean) with pepper, and
lay them across a deep dish that has been
greased; then pour the pudding batter over
the bacon and bake quickly.

EGG AU PLAT—Two eggs, two teaspoon-
fuls of bread crumbs, one ounce of butter,
over, salt and a little nutmeg. Melt the
butter in a small fat dish, and sprinkle
over one teaspoonful of the bread crumbs,
also the pepper, salt and nutmeg. Bake in
a quick oven five minutes.

FORCED EGGS FOR SALAD—Boil six
fresh eggs twelve minutes; when cold, halve
them lengthwise, take out the yolks, pound
them to a paste with a third of their vol-
ume of fresh butter; then add a quarter tea-
spoonful of salt, and as much cayenne as
will season the mixture well; beat these to-
gether thoroughly, and fill the whites of the
eggs neatly with them. A morsel of garlic,
not larger than a pea, perfectly blended
with the other ingredients, would, to some
tastes, greatly improve this preparation.

FORCED EGGS, OR EGGS IN SURPRISE
(ENTREMENTS)—Boil and divide, as in the
preceding receipt, half a dozen of fresh
eggs; pound the yolks perfectly, first by
butter, a seasoning of salt, cayenne and
nutmeg, or mace, a large teaspoonful of
more of minced parsley, and the yolks of
two raw eggs; slice a small bit of the whites
to make them flat; hollow the insides well,
fill them smoothly with the yolks, form a
dome in the center of the dish with the re-
minder of the mixture, and lean the eggs
against it, placing them regularly around.
Set them into a gentle oven for ten min-
utes, and send them quickly to table.

FORCEMEAT EGGS—Six eggs boiled hard;
one cupful of minced chicken, veal, ham
or tongue; one cupful rich gravy; half-cup-
ful bread crumbs; two tablespoonfuls of
mixed parsley, onion, summer savory, or
sweet marjoram, chopped fine; juice of
half a lemon; one egg beaten light. While
the eggs are boiling, make the forcemeat by
mixing the minced meat, bread crumbs,
herbs, pepper and salt together, and work-
ing well into this the beaten raw eggs.
When the eggs are boiled hard, drop for a
minute into cold water to loosen the shells,
break these away carefully, divide each egg
into halves; cut a piece of white off at each
end, that they may stand firmly when dish-
ed, and coat them thickly with the forcemeat
brown them by setting them in a tin plate
on the upper grating of a very hot oven,
and heap neatly upon a hot dish; pour the
boiling gravy, in which a little lemon juice
has been squeezed at the last, over them.

SCRAMBLED EGGS WITH TOMATOES—
Break six eggs into a bowl and beat with a
fork just enough to break the yolks. Take
from a can of tomatoes as many medium-
sized tomatoes as you have eggs. Use only
the pulpy part of the fruit, drawing off the
juice and seeds as much as possible. Put
a lump of butter into a frying pan, and
when melted, turn in the tomatoes, stir for
a minute, add the eggs, and continue stir-
ring until cooked. Season to taste and
serve very quickly.

POACHED EGGS WITH SAUCE—Make
the sauce by putting half a cupful of hot
water in a sauce-pan, with a teaspoonful
of lemon juice, three tablespoonfuls of veal or
chicken broth (strained), pepper, salt, mace
and a tablespoonful of butter, with a little
minced parsley. Boil slowly ten minutes,
and stir in a well-whipped egg carefully,
lest it should curdle. Have ready some
poached eggs in a deep dish, and pour the
sauce over them.

ANCHOVY TOAST WITH EGGS—Six eggs;
one cupful drawn butter—drawn in milk;
some rounds of stale bread, toasted and
buttered; a little anchovy paste; pepper
and salt to taste. Spread the buttered
toast thinly with anchovy paste,
and with this cover the bottom

of a flat dish; heat the drawn butter to
boiling in a tin vessel set in another of hot
water, and stir into this the eggs, beaten
very light; season to taste and heat—stirring
all the time—until they form a thick sauce,
but do not let them boil; pour over toast
and send to table very hot.

EGG PANCAKE—Beat six eggs light, add
some salt, and one pint of flour, and stir in
gradually enough milk to make a thin,
smooth batter. Make hot a griddle or skil-
let, butter the bottom, and put in enough
batter to run over it as thin as a dollar
piece. When brown turn it. When done
take it out on a dish; put a little butter, sugar,
and cinnamon over it. Fry another and
treat likewise, and so on until a plate is
piled. Send hot to table for dessert or
breakfast or tea.

EGGS A L'AUVERNAISE—Break the shells
of one dozen eggs, separate the yolks from
the whites, and keep each yolk by itself.
Beat the whites to a froth; add to them a
little salt, pepper and thick cream. Pour
the mixture into a well-buttered deep dish,
and arrange the yolks upon the top. Put
the dish into a gentle oven, and when set,
serve hot.

LAIT DE POULE—Beat till light the yolks
of two fresh eggs, and two teaspoonfuls of
powdered loaf sugar, and the same quantity
of orange-flower water. Stir quickly and
add a teaspoonful of boiling water. Drink
while hot.

THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE.

A Reminiscence of Two of Robert Burns.

In the course of his perambulations he
was occasionally a welcome visitor at the
hospitable mansion of the Rev. Mr. Jeffrey, the
worthy minister of the parish of Lockmar-
ben. One of the daughters of this good man,
named Jean, happened to do the honors of
the tea-table upon the poet's first visit.

Jeanie was just 17, of sweet, winning
manner, with waving golden tresses and
rosy cheeks; but above all, a pair of laugh-
ing blue eyes. Burns was charmed with her
artless manners, and particularly with her
"two sweet een"; his susceptible heart was
fired with admiration for the daughter or
his host.

The next morning at breakfast he pre-
sented her with the song which she little
dreamed was to give her immortality. It
was the song of the "Blue-eyed Lassie." *
* * The blue-eyed lassie bloomed into
womanhood, and captivated the heart of
James Renwick, a young merchant from
New York, who chanced to be in Scotland
upon business, she married him and soon
removed from this old manse at Lockmar-
ben to take up her residence in that city,
where her husband became a prominent
merchant of the highest respectability.

Mrs. Renwick's house was a favorite re-
sort of Washington Irving, who was a firm
friend of her son James, afterward the emi-
nent professor of chemistry in Columbia
college, and author of some scientific and
biographical works.

When Irving built his beautiful residence
at Sunnyside he was indebted to Mrs. Ren-
wick for the ivy which now so luxuriously
embowers that delightful abode. Procur-
ing the slip at Melrose Abby, she planted it
with her own hands, and often afterward
had the pleasure of seeing it beautify the
home of one of the most charming authors
which America has produced.

Mrs. Renwick retained much of Burns's
delightful portrait of her, even to her man-
ner years. George Thompson, son of the
publisher of the music and song of "The
Blue-eyed Lassie," who visited her in 1822,
and wrote his father an account of his in-
terview, said the "two sweet een" which so
fascinated the poet were still clear and full
of deep expression; that she had great sav-
oir of manners, and much good sense. She
told him that she often looked back with
pleasant memory to the many evenings
spent in the company of the great bard in
the social circle of her father's fireside,
listening to the brilliant sallies of conver-
sation.

Many a time said she, "have I seen
Burns enter my father's dwelling on a
cold night after a long ride over the moon-
oak. On such occasions one of the family would
lead to disencumber him of his
dreadnought and boots, while an-
other brought him a pair of
slippers and made him a warm dish of tea.
It was during these visits that he made him-
self perfectly happy, and opened his whole
soul to us; repeated and often sang many of
his admirable songs, and enchanted all
present with his many luminous obser-
vations and his frankness of manner. I never
could fancy that he ever had followed the
rustic occupation of the plow, because
everything he said or did had a gracefulness
and charm that was in an extraordinary de-
gree engaging."

None of Mrs. Renwick's children, of whom
the late Commodore Wilkes married a
daughter, survived her.

After her decease, a brief memoir, print-
ed privately for her family and friends, spoke
of her at the age of 77 "as adorning a high
social position with all those sweet and cap-
tivating amenities of manner which had in
her youth, rendered her to great personal at-
tentions, joined her one of the most fasci-
nating maidens of Annandale."

How Thaddeus Stevens Came to "Swear Off."

From the Philadelphia Times.
During the whole time of his resi-
dence in Lancaster Mr. Stevens was an
uncompromising teetotaler. This is the
history of his resolution to abstain. While
he was in Gettysburg he was a member of a
select circle who were accustomed to meet
around at each other's houses and spend
the evening in playing whist and drinking
wine and choice liquors. One evening one
of the party, a great favorite, who was
cashier of the bank in Gettysburg, becom-
ing a little inebriated was often saying many of
his two friends, who, finding his lack
of key, let him in and left him in the entry,
supposing he could find his way up stairs.
In the morning when his wife came down
she found him lying upon the entry door
dead. He had had an attack of apoplexy
during the night. When Mr. Stevens
heard of it he went into his cellar with a
hatchet, broke open the heads of his wine
and whisky barrels and would never taste
anything of the sort afterward. When he
became an old man and very delicate Dr.
Carpenter prescribed some alcoholic stim-
ulus as a medicine. He absolutely refused
to touch it. After holding out for several
days he came to the doctor's office one
morning, and dragging himself wearily up
the steps took hold each side of the door
frame to draw himself into the room. On
complaining of great prostration the doctor
told him frankly that he must either take
what was prescribed or die. "Then," said
he, "by God I'll take it."