

CONCERNING PIES.

Pies Past, Present, and Future.

A writer in All the Year Round practices of pie—

"Two pies loom large out of the dimness of our past experience. They were and will always be historical pies to us. The first of these was a goose pie; it came either from Yorkshire or Durham. It was a Titianic pie. It was beautiful to look at, and its seasoning was inspiration. It was a huge tomb of a pie, with brown figures exquisite in design (so ran our boyish mind) as the fringe of the Egin marbles. On the raised lid baked flowers and fruit were displayed, and the browned flower of the rosemary served as a handle to open the pie.

Within, coiled up and sleeping in concentric folds, lay all the eatable animals of Noah's Ark: so it seemed to our hungry and excited vision. Day after day we came upon fresh strata, differing in tint and taste, yet all imbedded in a transparent jelly which only gulls could have fused into such a mould. What a conglomerate it was! The mere catalogue of the contents of that pie would be a small volume. It was an edible Chinese puzzle. There were first and foremost, the young twin green geese (removed in the very April time of their sweet youth), one innocent tucked inside the other—folded, as it were, in the arms of his bigger brother—and both embalmed in salt, pepper, mace, allspice, and an amberly agglutination of jelly. They were boneless; for so the learned embalmers had wisely willed it. Then, in a snug and stately corner lay a savory turkey, brooding over a duck, a fowl, and a small covey of partridges, mingling and interchanging flavors.

After a whole month's devotion to this pie, breaking into a brief intermission for the flavor of fresh herbs, we dug out (after much labor and research) the rose tongue of some unknown animal. Somewhat later a hare rewarded our exertions, hidden in a retired nook where it had secreted itself with the well-known cunning of that timid but delicious creature. That pie was full of pleasant and strange surprises as Caliban's island was full of 'sweet sounds' that gave delight and harmed not.

The second pie was a pigeon pie—a mere tartlet to the Yorkshire or Durham giant. It was an immense pie, the pigeons, with their stiff legs sticking up in the centre of the outer crust in a combined snail-like manner, or like the stalks of an extinct bouquet. It was a quiet soubre London Sunday morning when the pie began to be cooked in the oven of the nearest baker. We were just through the dark lane of a long fever, and we were weak, faint, nervous, restless. The family went to church. The bells ceased. The house grew deadly quiet. Just then hunger fairly set in, and grew every moment more exacting in its demands. The leaden-footed hours—how they crawled as we sat staring at the window! At last we all went down to the kitchen street at the church end began to darken with coats and brighten with ribbons. Presently the glum law stationer opposite, at an unobtrusive, returned home with his respectably miserable family, opened his door and went in, and then we heard the well-known family voices, and heard our knocker go; and then the pie—the pie—arrived from the baker's.

"There is an old west country proverb that 'the devil never ventures west of the Tamar, for fear he should be put into a pie.' There is, indeed, some warrant for this quaint proverb, for Devonshire people, either from an antediluvian foe, or from a stolid and reckless English dislike to the practice of cooking, have a tendency to put everything under crust. Ling, conger, shrimps, lobsters, rock, pilchard, leeks, oysters, turnips, parsley, potatoes—they are all inured under the same roof of crust, and are all indiscriminately devoured. Of all the west country pies, snail pie is, in our humble estimation, the most incongruous and the most detestable. The odious composition is made of fat clammy mutton chops, embedded in layers of sliced apples, shredded onions, and tempora! O tempora! O more!—lower sugar! The result is nauseous, unsociable, and, in course of time, hatred of the whole human race. The greasy, sugary, oniony taste is associated, in our mind, with the detested name of Bideford.

"Of the fish pies of Cornwall and Devon, what can we say that is encouraging or satisfactory? Ling is a sickly, unwholesome-looking fish, like a consumptive cod, and can never thrive—in or out of a pie. Cod is too dry and tasteless for a pie. Pilchard pie, mixed with leeks and filled up with scalded cream, announces its own horrors. Oyster pie, however, intermingled with slices of sweetbread, and the fattest sort of chivalrous seasoning of salt, pepper, and now to a dish of the gods, painful to dwell upon when not on hand to refer to. Bel pie needs no eulogium. To us the el pie is like the May bough and the cowslips. It recalls the brightest scenes of youth.

"And now, by due sequence, we come to the emperor of pies, the Roi des Rois, le brave des braves, the Ferigord pie. If Montepulciano be the king of Italian wines, as Redi has laid down in his jovial bacchanalian poem, the glorious pie of Ferigord, the treasure-house of good things, is the potentate of all possible pies, as the haggis, according to Burns, is "the great chiefdom of the pudding race." Into it are crowded all the choicest things of the sky, earth and ocean. The very making of it is a pleasure. We revel over every item of the recipe. What an amusement for a wet day in the country!

"You make a minced forecoat of green truffles and a little delicate cutting of basil, thyme, and knotted marjoram—rarest herbs of the garden. To these you add woodcock's liver, a little fat bacon, a few currants, and the flesh of a wild fowl, some pepper and some salt. Then lard with spikes of bacon, the breasts of two pheasants, two partridges, two woodcocks and some more game, divides the backs, sever the legs and wings, and place a whole pheasant, boned, in the centre. These are to be seasoned with white pepper, a little Jamaica pepper, salt, and mace. To receive these spoils of earth and air, construct a sarcophagus of classic form and of thick raised crust.

Line this soft chest with slices of fine fat bacon. Pave it with stuffing, and on this pleasant bed lay the game with a light and loving hand, intermingled with whole green truffles fresh from the cool earth, and lately rooted out by the sagacious truffle-hunter's dog. If you crowd and squeeze a truffle, too green and raw, you may remember Ferigord will boast one good pie the best. Spread over all soft carpets of white nutmegs, bacon, and in turn the whole under a thick crust. It must be baked with calmness and deliberation, for it takes a long time ripening in the oven.

"Let us turn to pies of a more feminine character—the pie of the orchard and of the garden. Our first recollection of fruit tarts is associated with our first visit to the country, when, as boys, we were pressed into the long green thicket of a garden. There, first seeing fruit alive upon the tree, blooming and glowing with the life-blood in its veins, we remember fancying ourselves in the garden of Eden, the housekeeper's very little daughter (at twelve) or her incomparable Kye. There, forgetful of the hours and careless of the

hot widening sunshine, singing like twin wrens on the same bough of apple blossom; flowers at our feet, flowers around us, flowers above our heads, we sat on three-legged stools under the currant trees and stripped of the little buds of ruby and garnet, of white coral and black blood color, chattering all sorts of nonsense from fairy bodies. How white and vaporing the clouds when they every moment changed their shape! How green and tender the grass on the lawn with the daisies and gold cups floating up to the surface like the fragments of gold leaf in Dante's water.

"We remember with the keenness of yesterday our first impressions of the various flavors, the soft negative white currant, the sharp or more acid red, and that indescribable quality of the black, the dry stems and leaves of which are impregnated with the smell of the fruit.

"Then we had again (under supervision) to divert the fruit of their barren stalks, and our crowding delight was to see them plied round the tea-cup and rooled in from our gaze under a dome of paste. The blended favor of the red currant and the velvety raspberry struck our boyish fancy as superlatively happy, the warm raspberry striking perfume through the juicy currants, while a libation of mellow cream over the whole made a dish fit for Olympus. The black currant tar, too, had a rougher charm of its own. The fruit, swollen in the baking, yielded so generous a flood of crimson black juice that we joyfully dived ourselves with it, lips and hands, into the remembrance of unsung blackberries.

"A curious old cookery book of 1710, written by one Patrick Lamb, 50 years master cook to royalty, and who in his time had cooked for Charles the Second, James the Second, King William and Queen Anne, containing one or two receipts for pies and tarts, which are interesting, as showing the culinary fashions of the seventeenth century.

"Mr. Lamb's book contains a pretty series of pies arranged according to the months which they especially become. For January, oyster pie; for February, spring pie; for March, apple pie; for April, broiled apple pie; for May, crango pie; for June, humble pie (he shall eat humble pie—the inferior part of venison—a woodman's proverb); for July, potato pie; for August, cream tart; for September, lumber pie; for October, artichoke pie; for November, quince pie; for December, steak pie.

"Delightful way of recording the changes of a year! Almost as good as an epicurean wine-tonce planned by our friend Professor Dreikopf. We were to begin with Rome and march straight from there on Montepulciano; to then we were to go to Sicily, and examine the sites of the old, the new, the German world come next, we lunched at each Rhenish town to taste its variety of hock. Then came the claret, and the Burgundy, a delicious episode in champagne. Spain followed Greece, and we were to wind up with a bottle of Lactyma Christi on the edge of the crater of Vesuvius."

CRIME.

History of a Prussian Poisoning Case. The Berlin correspondent of the London Daily News gives the following account of a remarkable case recently tried in Germany. One of those causes celebres has just been tried at Posen, which would almost justify the belief as entirely destitute of all principle of justice as others are of sign of hearing. The facts are mainly as follows:—The master book-binder was a man who had been living with a woman and two children in six ears, Wilman had worked as a journeyman for a bookbinder named Pisch, of Wollin, where he had been married to Maria Genm, the daughter of Pisch's housekeeper. Wilman was on a visit at Wollin, at the end of 1858, and beginning of 1859, he was accompanied by Maria Genm, who very suddenly, and Maria Genm, according to a previous arrangement, came into the possession of the house and furniture. Soon after this Wilman commenced business in Wollin, and in February, 1860, married Maria Genm, who in addition to Pisch's property, had inherited the estate of her father, who had died in 1858. Wilman had two sons, John and Paul, were the result of this marriage. Mrs. Genm died very suddenly in 1862, leaving all her property to her husband, and the children of whom the eldest died in the same mysterious manner three months later. In June, 1863, Wilman married a second time, and this time he was possessed some fortune. The latter married her in the following December, leaving everything to her husband, and died a few days after the marriage. Wilman had a daughter, who was married to a man named Kose, who had one child by her first marriage. This child sickened immediately after her mother's wedding, and died in a day or two, by which the fourth Mrs. Wilman inherited the property. Wilman then removed from Wollin to Posen. It is hardly necessary to add that the fourth Mrs. Wilman's life was not of very long duration, she died in September, 1866, having made a will in favor of her husband a month or two before. Under the provisions of the will, the property was divided into two parts, one for the husband and one for the wife. The husband had made arrangements for burying her the day after her death. But the extraordinary mortality in the Wilman family excited attention. The police here took the matter up and their first suspicions were strengthened when they found that Wilman had called in no medical assistance, and that he had not allowed a funeral procession was about to start, and the burial of the body was prohibited. On searching the house of the deceased, a quantity of arsenic was found in a chest. All the bodies of Wilman's former wives, as also those of his two children, were found to be poisoned with arsenic. A medical investigation. The result was the same in all six cases; a large quantity of arsenic was detected, and there could not be a shadow of a doubt, that Wilman had committed the crime. The very sudden death of Pisch during Wilman's visit, and also of his first wife's aunt, are extremely suspicious coincidences under the above circumstances.

"Whisky Operations" in Illinois. The Bloomington Postgraph tells the following story of a "whisky operation" in Pekin, which, from our own information, we believe to be merely true—the only difference in the version being that the detective employed a couple of watermen to look after the whisky, and it was they who were arrested by the Sheriff instead of the detective who had gone off to arrange for a substitute.

We have heard of a case of sharp practice that is said to have occurred in our sister city of Chicago, and which has attracted the attention of everybody that has any interest in whisky. A detective, or some other kind of an individual in the whisky-appeal, had been discovered by the police, and he was taken to the police station. He was taken to the police station, and he was taken to the police station. He was taken to the police station, and he was taken to the police station.

THROUGH LINE BETWEEN WASHINGTON PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK. Trains between Washington and New York are now run by the following schedule:

FOR PHILADELPHIA. Leave daily (except Sunday) at 7:45 A. M., and 12:15 P. M., and 7 P. M. Leave for New York at Philadelphia at 7 P. M. only.

THROUGH FREIGHT LINE, VIA NORTH PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD to Williamsport, Mahanoy City, Mount Carmel, Centralia, and all points on Lehigh Valley Railroad and its branches.

RAILROAD LINES.

NORTH PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—THE MIDDLE ROUTE.—Shortest and most direct line to Eastern States, including Mahanoy City, Mount Carmel, Centralia, and all points on Lehigh Valley Railroad and its branches.

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.—SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.—EVENING DAILY TRAINS.—Leave Philadelphia at 6:30 P. M., arriving at Easton at 10:30 P. M., and at Pottsville at 11:30 P. M.

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.—SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.—MORNING TRAINS.—Leave Philadelphia at 6:30 A. M., arriving at Easton at 10:30 A. M., and at Pottsville at 11:30 A. M.

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READING RAILROAD.—GREAT TRUNK LINE.—Leave Philadelphia at 6:30 A. M., arriving at Reading at 10:30 A. M., and at Pottsville at 11:30 A. M.

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RAILROAD LINES.

1868.—FOR NEW YORK.—THE CAMDEN AND TRENTON RAILROAD COMPANY'S LINES. FROM PHILADELPHIA TO NEW YORK, AND VICE VERSA.

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M. THOMAS & SONS, NOS. 139 AND 141 S. FOURTH STREET. MARBLE-TOP BARS, CHANDLERS, DOORS, ETC.

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