

The Dominions of Flora.

The Lilac.

I feel too tired and too old
Long rambles in the woods to take.
To seek the cowslip's early gold
And search for violets in the drake;
Nor can I, as I used to, bend
My little bed of flowers to tend;
Where grew my scented pinks, to-day
The creeping witch-grass has its way.

But when my door I open wide
To breathe the warm, sweet air of spring,
The fragrance comes in like a tide.
Great purple plumes before me swing;
For looking in, close by the door,
The lilac blossoms as of yore;
The earliest flower my childhood knew
Is to the gray, worn woman true.

Dear common tree, that needs no care,
Whose root in any soil will live,
How many a dreary spot grows fair
With the spring charm their clusters give!
The narrow court-yard in the town
Knows thy sweet fragrance, and the brown,
Low, hillside farmhouse, hides its eaves
Beneath the gray-green of thy leaves.

Loosed by the south wind's gentle touch,
In perfumed showers thy blossoms fall;
Thou'kest little, givest much;
Thy lavish bloom is free to all;
And even I, shut in, shut out
From all the sunny world about,
Find the first flower my childhood knew
Is to the gray, worn woman true.

The Rose.

The rose is the type of a large family of plants known as *Rosaceae*. To this family belong our finest flower and our most valuable fruits. The apple, pear, plum, cherry, almond, quince, peach, blackberry, raspberry and strawberry all belong to this family, with many varieties of desirable flowers, besides the queen of the garden. Of the rose itself there are many species, beginning with the common dog or wild rose of the fields and woods up to the delicate china rose, the odoriferous damask rose of Provence, which yields the fragrant and costly attar, and the delicious roses of our gardens, the hybrid or remontant, with their gorgeous color, and the moss rose with its beautiful buds. The dog rose, with its single flower, consisting of five petals, is the type of the whole family, including even the cultivated kinds, which have a great number of so-called petals, but which are really changed stamens and pistils that go to make up the double blossoms. The rose is extremely long-lived, and trees and bushes still exist in vigor which are considerably more than one hundred years old. It is propagated by seed and by all the arts known to the gardener, as by layering, by cuttings of the stem or roots, by grafting and by budding. It has been the theme of the most ancient poets and has been used to adorn the gardens of civilized man from the most remote periods. All the ancient writers upon husbandry have treated of the culture of roses. The Greek Theophrastus, and the Latin Varro, Columella, Virgil and Pliny have all written more or less fully upon this subject. The twentieth book of Pliny's "Natural History" is devoted to roses, and they are referred to in other portions of the work. The cultivation of the flower must have been quite extensive in those days; for roses were used in profusion in the ancient religious ceremonies, but, while the flowers were extensively cultivated, the art of propagating them, producing new varieties, was almost unknown. Still, while modern rose-cultivators have greatly increased the varieties and have improved the form and color of the flowers, yet all our present profusion in quantity is far less than that which the Romans produced in their gardens from the few kinds which they cultivated. So enormous was the quantity of flowers grown and used that the stories of the voluptuousness of the Sybarites, who were not satisfied with a less luxurious bed than one of rose-leaves, and used these flowers abundantly for this purpose, are not at all incredible. It is certain, however, that the Roman gardeners possessed some varieties now lost and unknown excepting in history, and which have been sought for by enterprising florists without success throughout all Italy. A kind, which is said by Pliny and Virgil to have bloomed semi-annually, for instance, has not been discovered, although it has been closely searched for.

The Roman gardeners possessed the secret of forcing and retarding the blooming of their roses, and in this continued the blooming season during nearly the whole year. Florists did not want for patronage in those days, although the same complaints which we now hear of were made then about the extravagant expenditures of the Emperors and nobles of Rome.

Nero spent \$10,000 of our money for roses alone for one fête, while a tenth part of the sum spent by our modern Cæsar very recently was considered a most extravagant outlay, even for an extraordinary occasion, for all the floral decorations. All the rose-houses in the world at this day could not supply the demand of ancient Rome alone.

The Greeks were the first to extract perfumes from roses, and this art was acquired by the Romans and has continued in the East to the present day, where large plantations are cultivated expressly for the production of the costly attar. The island of Rhodes was chiefly occupied by rose gardens, and its name signifies the isle of roses, Rhodon being the Greek word for rose, while

medals are still in existence in cabinets of collections which were struck in Rhodes having a rose on one side and a sunflower on the other. The Moors in Spain followed the Romans in this special culture, and, if we may believe history, possessed a variety which exists now only in the imagination of the swindling flower peddlers, who offer for sale blue roses and tree strawberries. The Moorish historians mentioned rose culture as a prominent pursuit, and said: "There are roses of many colors—carnation, white, yellow and sky blue; some of the best being blue outside and yellow within." This story is, however, most likely a fiction of a reporter of those days who desired to create a sensation; for another writer states that there were only four kinds of roses—white, yellow, purple and flesh color. The Moors practiced some curious arts, such as filling hollow pipes like stems of trees with earth, and planting roses at the top, so as to form a blooming head, which, by pruning, they loaded with flowers. They may serve as a hint to modern growers, who might thus produce various ornamental and picturesque devices for the adornment of gardens and lawns. As regards the blue rose of this period it may after all be no myth, for the yellow rose then written of was not known or believed in until quite recently. So that ardent and hopeful rose-growers may still continue to grow seedlings in the expectation of gaining a fortune by means of a sky-blue rose. But though we have not a blue rose, we have a green one, which is more than the Moors had, and so modern times may justly claim to be ahead of the ancients. Everywhere in the East is the land of roses. Damascus gives us the exquisite damask rose. Cashmere, Barbary and Egypt all contribute the rose oil or essence, and in India at the present day the rose is grown in fields of hundreds of acres for the extraction of the attar. The rose fields of Bengal are described occasionally by modern writers in terms as glowing as the colors exhibited on the broad fields. Here the rose bushes are grown as trees "full fourteen feet high, laden with thousands of flowers in all states of expansion and filling the air with exquisite perfume." In the noted Valley of Cashmere the people hold a feast of roses at the most abundant season of the flowers, when they dance upon the ground, strewn with roses, amid great mounds of them, upon which they recline when weary.

At the present day roses are cultivated all over the world, but the gardens of Italy, Spain and France excel in their culture. The moist, cool climate of England favors their growth, and standard roses are grown there to perfection in many a cottager's humble garden as well as in the broad grounds of the wealthy people. In America, the rose has been too much neglected, but it is becoming more popular, partly through the enterprise of the florist and partly through the liberality of the wealthy citizens, who spend thousands of dollars for the flowers. To complain of this expenditure as a wicked waste and reckless extravagance is foolish and mistaken. If any complaint is due it is because of the possession rather than the spending of the money, for it is then scattered usefully among the laborers who have planted and tended the roses and the workmen who have built the rose-houses. Money so spent is like "the gentle rain from heaven; it blesses him who gives and him who takes." In this way a man of wealth is a mere agent for the circulation of money, for he can not enjoy a dollar of his wealth without sharing its enjoyment with some fellow-creature. This constantly increasing demand for flowers encourages their production, and thus cheapens them, and enables the florist to offer a whole dozen of rooted plants, packed, ready to go safely by mail, for a single dollar, to every person who can find the dollar, and what industrious person can not? And this business has of late years increased so enormously that there are several rose-growers who have dozens, and some more than a hundred, propagating houses, which they fill with newest varieties from the grower who make a specialty of producing seedlings and new kinds, and so spread them broadcast in the mail-bags from Oregon to Florida and from Maine to California.

There are now in cultivation hundreds of named varieties from the purest white to a deep dark crimson almost black in its velvety shading. We have even a striped rose and a pure green one, and others with shaded colors and mixed tints and pure yellows and reds with every intervening shade and mixture of colors, as saffron, dreamy yellows and whites, pinks, bluish and flesh-color. A selection of a hundred varieties costing but eight dollars offers one of the most exquisite delights of the garden for a mere trifle; while in a few years, by a little pains in propagating by layers or by cuttings, a large stock may be accumulated, sufficient to plant large beds and fill the whole space around the homestead with hardy roses,

which are grown as easily as a currant bush or a raspberry or grapevine. And considering the beauty and delightful fragrance of the rose and its easy culture, who would not wish to have his premises overflowing with them?—*N. Y. Times.*

Revolutionary Reminiscences.

In Frankford, Pa., a suburb of Philadelphia, back of an old anti-revolutionary mansion, stands a little octagonal Summer house, to which tradition correctly points as the spot where the first Fourth of July was celebrated. On the 6th of July, 1776, after the Declaration of Independence had been signed, Thomas Jefferson and several other patriots met there to talk over the incidents of the six days just passed. Jefferson was a relative of Dr. Enoch Edwards, who owned the house, and during his stay at Philadelphia, especially while writing the famous Declaration of Independence, he frequently rode out to Frankford and spent the night with his maternal relative. There are no records to show who it was that accompanied Jefferson to Frankford on the 6th of July. The old citizens of the place say it was Benjamin Rush, Robert Treat Paine and the poet Hopkinson, of Bordentown, N. J. Dr. Enoch Edwards, who was a brother of the great theologian Jonathan Edwards, of Princeton, afterward joined the party, and informed them that Mrs. Edwards had still some cherry wine left from last year, which he thought could be procured. In the meantime, the doctor produced the bottle that he kept "for medicinal use only," and the thirsty patriots began a free discussion of the memorable events of the most exciting week in American history. They derived no little merriment in retelling the account of Caesar Rodney's ride of eighty miles from New Castle, Delaware, on a mule, so that he might be present on the 2d of July and cast his vote. It was even asserted that the mule was so anxious to reach Philadelphia by morning that it would not stop to let Rodney get a mug of beer.

The story-telling continued long after the wine was drunk, and, unable to endure the thirst longer, Dr. Edwards borrowed Mrs. Edwards' figured pitcher and went up to the "Jolly Post Inn," which is still standing on the main street, Frankford, and procured some beer. Near the State House, at that time, stood a stable, and from it came an immense number of flies, which Jefferson then averred were British flies, on account of the way they punished the unadorned pates and thinly clad ankles of the signers. Rush declared that Franklin never looked so quizzical as when he coughed and said: "We must hang together or else most assuredly we shall hang separately for this week's work," while Hopkinson declared he didn't think Hancock had so much fun in him as when he made a great bluff flourish and signed his name to the document. "There," said he, throwing his head back and laying his quill down, "Johnny Bull can read my name without spectacles." It was long after sundown before the party adjourned.

The house in which this knot of patriots gathered was octagonal, as the Frankford people call it, "eight-square." It is of Corinthian style, elaborate workmanship, costing as much in its time as would build a modern cottage. It covers an area of eighty feet; it has a porch and eight Corinthian columns. Each side of the house measures six feet, with the porch, ten feet. Little of the original house remains, but through all the patching and renovating the original pattern has been preserved. The summer-house stands in the rear of the residence of F. K. Wamroth, which is off from the main street.

Jefferson was fond of visiting here; it afforded him a pleasant retreat from the excitement of the day. The walk that led from the back of the mansion to the little summer-house was shaded by huge Lombardy poplars, which was called by the writer of the "Little deed of our liberties," the "Dark Walk." In those days the house stood close to the road, which was known as the "King's Highway," and was the common thoroughfare between Philadelphia and Bristol. The New England and New York delegations to Congress, who used this road, regarded Dr. Enoch Edwards' home as a "half-way house."

The first public observance of the signing of the Declaration of Independence was made in 1778, when a portion of the signers gathered in the Philadelphia Tavern. The city had just been evacuated by the British, so that the rejoicing had a double significance. After the banquet the people gathered. There was speech making in the afternoon, and fireworks in the evening, the whole celebration concluding with a cold collation and the hurrahs of the people.

Watermelon trains are as common now in Georgia, Tennessee and Kentucky as peach trains will soon be in Maryland and New Jersey.

The Caterer.

Raspberries.

RASPBERRY VINEGAR.—Place in an earthen or stoneware vessel bruised ripe raspberries and vinegar; of each two quarts. Cover and let stand for twenty-four hours; then strain and press through a fine hair sieve. To each pint of liquor add one pound of white sugar. Place on a moderate fire and stir with a wooden spatula until the sugar is entirely dissolved. Now remove from the fire and take off the scum. When cold add to each quart two ounces of proof spirits.

CONCENTRATED RASPBERRY VINEGAR.—Put two quarts raspberries, whole, into a jar and pour over them one quart of the best white wine or apple-cider vinegar; cork up the jar closely and let them stand to infuse for one week. Then pour all into a hair sieve and strain off the liquor. Put two quarts of fresh raspberries into a clean jar and pour the raspberry liquor over them, cork up closely and again let stand for another week, after which filter the infusion and add six pounds of the finest white pulverized sugar. Place on a moderate fire and stir until the sugar is completely dissolved. Now remove from the fire, take off the scum, and bottle. Both these vinegars, when duly diluted with water, make a most agreeable and cooling drink, and one which is peculiarly grateful in fevers.

RASPBERRY SYRUP.—Mash four quarts of raspberries in an earthen pan; set in a warm place until fermentation commences. This fermentation, I will here say, is desirable in order to destroy the pectin or mucilage contained in the fruit, and which would cause the syrup to jelly after being bottled. Now filter the juice and add the sugar—two pounds of sugar to each pint of juice. Place on a moderate fire and stir constantly until the sugar is entirely dissolved. Then remove the scum and bottle. This syrup, like the vinegar, makes a very delicious flavor for various beverages.

RASPBERRY JAM.—Mash a quantity of raspberries in an earthen pan and add pulverized sugar—one of sugar to each pint of pulp. Place on the fire and stir constantly with a long-handled wooden spatula for twenty-five minutes. Then fill your glasses or jars with the warm jam, and when cold lay a piece of branded paper, cut to suit, over the top of the fruit (this is done to prevent mold). Cover the jars tightly with paper or bladder and set away for use.

RASPBERRY CREAM.—A quart of the richest cream will be required for one pint of raspberries; mash and rub the fruit through a fine hair sieve to extract the seeds. Boil the cream and add it to the pulp while it remains hot. Sweeten with powdered sugar to your taste. Let it become quite cold. Now raise a froth by beating with a whisk. Take off the froth with a perforated skimmer, and lay it on a hair sieve to drain. Then fill your glasses with the residue of the cream and top off each glass with froth.

RASPBERRY RATAFIA.—To four quarts of raspberries add two quarts of proof spirits and one pound of white sugar. Infuse in a close vessel for one week. Now strain and press through a hair sieve, after which filter through a flannel bag and bottle.

RASPBERRY BRANDY.—Mix together equal parts of mashed raspberries and brandy. Cover closely and allow to stand for twenty-four hours. Strain and press. Sweeten to taste. Flavor with cinnamon and cloves. Filter through a flannel bag, and bottle.

Currants.

RED CURRANT JELLY.—Free the fruit from all stalks and leaves and add to them one-fourth their weight or measure of red raspberries. Mash them all so to crush every berry. This operation of mashing will be greatly facilitated by making the fruit scalding hot. Now pour the pulp into a flannel-jelly bag to filter, placing a wooden or earthen vessel underneath to catch the juice as it trickles through. Boil the filtered juice in a bright copper preserving pan, allowing one pound of white sugar to each pint of juice; remove the scum as it forms on the surface. A very few minutes will suffice to boil this to a jelly, which may be ascertained by placing a little on a cold saucer in cold water or on ice. If it congeals in a moment it is done, but if it remains quite fluid the boiling should be continued. We will here say that the all-prevailing mistake by our housewives in making currant jelly is that they boil it too much. The flavor of currant jelly is made still more delicious by the addition to it of a fourth part of raspberry; this tones down the sharp acid of the currants.

BLACK CURRANT JELLY is made precisely as the above, except that the fruit being hard and dry, a little red currant juice must be added. In the absence of juice water may be used.

ANOTHER METHOD of making red currant jelly is as follows: Pick the berries from the stalks into a stone jar; when you have the desired quantity cover the jar closely and

set it in a large saucepan half full of cold water, place on the fire and simmer for an hour. Now pour the contents of the jar into a jelly bag and let the juice filter into an earthen pan. Be particular to avoid pressing the bag, as this forces through what would detract from the brilliant color of the jelly. Now add a pound of finely pulverized white sugar to each pint of juice. Place on the fire and stir constantly until the sugar is dissolved and the scum has risen. This scum must be carefully removed. You have now only to fill your glasses or jars with the warm jelly, and when quite cold lay branded papers over the surface of the jellies and cover tightly with paper or dried bladder and set away for use.

CURRANT SYRUP.—Mash three quarts of currants and one quart raspberries together in an earthen pan. Let these stand until fermentation begins; then filter off the juice and add sugar—two pounds to each pint of juice. Now place over the fire, and stir until the sugar is entirely dissolved. Then remove from the fire, take off the scum, and bottle. This is a most exquisite flavor with which to heighten the cooling qualities of summer beverages.

Lemons.

There is no more wholesome, refreshing and grateful beverage for family use or as an offering to a friendly visitor than a well-made glass of lemonade. As commonly and hastily prepared it is often pungent, overtart, and leaves a dry, powdery taste upon the tongue. Besides, one has not always the ready fruit at hand when wanted. A little forethought and labor at the proper season, and a faithful observance of the following directions, will enable one to have a delicious beverage ready to serve the whole year round.

The midwinter months are the period of the greatest abundance, cheapness and high quality of most tropical fruits. It has long been the practice in my family to make up at that season a whole box of lemons, with the requisite number of oranges, into syrup; and so we have a full twelve months' supply for household use, as well as for visitors, and to send to invalid friends and neighbors. We call it by the name it bears in Italy and the Orient, where it is a common family beverage; in Arabic, shurbet, from shereb, to drink; Hindoo, shoorb; Italian, sorbetto; French, sorbet; English, sherbet.

LEMON SHERBET.—The best lemons come to us from Florida, and the next in quality from Palermo, in Sicily. Choose those having a thin, smooth skin, large and solid, in preference to thick, rough-skinned ones, which are almost sure to prove spongy and dry. Select from those that have never been unwrapped, wash them lightly in cold water, wipe dry, wrap in clean, soft paper and keep in a cool, dry place. This treatment removes any stale flavor communicated by decaying fruit or the odor of the box. The best oranges for this purpose are those from Jamaica, and next the Floridas. Buy them, like the lemons, in their original wrappers; wash and repack in like manner.

The materials and proportions for the syrup are as follows: Three pints lemon juice, one pint orange juice and six pounds granulated sugar. This will require about three dozen lemons and a half dozen oranges, all of large size. With a fine grater rub off the thin yellow rind of the fruit, but none of the white; the lemons and oranges separately, of course. Mix the gratings well with four times their weight of pulverized white sugar and put into bottles, which keep corked when not in use. You have thus two excellent, pure, ever-ready flavorings for cakes, pies, puddings, blanc-manges, ices, and whatever else you like.

Now pare off the white rind, scraping it clean down to the pulp. Cut the fruit in half, pick out all the seeds, squeeze out the juice with a wooden squeezer and strain it as fine as possible through a flannel jelly-bag. Measure it, add to each quart of the mixed juices three pounds of sugar; stir it until it is a perfectly clear syrup, pour into wide-mouthed bottles or jars, brinfal, and keep in a dark, cool place until they are clear and free from specks; carefully remove the scum, cover tightly and keep in a cool cellar or in an ice-chest. Thus made the syrup will retain its freshness for any length of time. The above recipe should yield about four quarts, or sufficient for about sixty glasses of very rich sherbet. It may be mixed either with ice-water as a cooling drink, or with hot water as a night-cap. Made in the large way the last trial by the writer was as follows: One box lemons, 300 large and fine; 60 oranges; yield, 12 quarts lemon juice; yield, four quarts orange juice; add 48 pounds of sugar; product, 30 quarts syrup. It is always welcome and popular at ladies' Fairs, especially when served by a pretty "Rebecca at the Well," in turban and flowing robes, with a rockery, ferns and a never failing bowl of sherbet at her side. If you desire to give it an Oriental, Arabian Nights' flavor, add to each quart a tea-

spoonful of rose water or orange flower water, to your taste.

All this may seem a needless amount of labor but it is amply repaid by the superior yield and quality of the syrup. The seeds are bitter, and if any are crushed in the squeezer, or remain a short time in the juice, they impart their flavor to it. So of the peel; if the fruit is pressed without removing it the juice is embittered by it; more over, it absorbs a portion of the juice and so causes waste. Lastly, the oil of the rind, or zest, tends to cause fermentation in the syrup and prevents its keeping. When made for immediate use a small portion of the zest may be mixed in but not when intended for long keeping.

A pleasant mixed beverage is made by adding to the syrup an equal portion of raspberry sherbet, five quarts scarlet raspberries, two quarts wine-vinegar and eight pounds granulated sugar. Gently mash the berries, put them into a porcelain-lined kettle, add the vinegar and stir three times a day for a week, keeping the kettle well covered meanwhile. Strain through a close flannel cloth. Mix one pound of the sugar with the seed pulp, work it well and strain. Put all the syrup together into the kettle, add the rest of the sugar, boil and skim till the scum no longer forms, then bottle while still hot, and seal. It is diluted with cold water and drunk like the lemon sherbet.

A delicious sauce for waffles, muffins and all kinds of hot pancakes is the lemon butter. One pound pulverized sugar, one-fourth pound butter, six yolks of eggs, well beaten; four whites of egg, whipped to a stiff froth; three lemons, the juice; two lemons, the rind thinly grated. Melt the butter and rub it with the sugar to a smooth cream. Mix the whites and yolks with the juice of the three lemons and the grated rind of two of them, and beat to a smooth paste; then mix the whole, put it into an enameled saucepan and boil twenty minutes, stirring well to prevent scorching. Pour into jelly tumblers and keep tightly covered.

Orange butter is made in like manner.

Mrs. Langtry on American Beauty.

The *Herald* has a column interview with Mrs. Langtry respecting her American tour, her plans for the future, and her impressions of the ladies of this country. Not much interest will be felt by our readers in Mrs. Langtry's experience or purposes, but the ladies, no doubt, will be pleased to read what the foreign beauty has to say of their personal appearance and taste in dress. This part of the interview is given as follows:

"In the first place, I think American women have very pretty faces, so bright and winning. One sees more pretty faces here than in England. Then I think they have beautiful hair and very pretty hands and feet." "And their figures?" "Well, I must take the liberty to say that I think their figures are generally bad. The American standard of figure is altogether too plump to please me." "Whom do you consider the most beautiful American woman you have seen?" "Mary Anderson, decidedly." "Mary Anderson is not over plump." "She is not. I should have said that the over plumpness I spoke of refers principally to the married beauties I have seen." "In which town did you see the prettiest women?" "In Baltimore. It struck me that every woman there was a beauty. And I think that Baltimore was the only town that did not boast of its native beauties." "Do you admire the dress of American woman?" "I cannot say candidly that I do; on the whole, I think they dress too smartly on the street and too simply for theater. I think they mix their colors badly and have too many bows and ends on their dresses. To my taste a woman cannot be too simply dressed for the street. A dress of simple, neutral tints pleases me best. I saw a woman on the street the other day wearing a grey ulster, a blue dress and scarlet kid gloves. Just think of that!" and Mrs. Langtry almost shuddered at the thought of scarlet gloves, "and also she had a bouquet of corsage of daffodils. That was rather a gay mixture of colors, was it not?"

Fish and Thirst.

Mr. M. D. Conway, writing from London to the *Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette* about the Fisheries Exhibition, says: I judge by the appearance of the "American bar" that the United States understand the close connection between fish and thirst. A large framed poster gives in detail the names of ninety-four different kinds of American drinks. The fact that the war is ended and the Union restored is delicately shown in the three 18 penny "long drinks," respectively called "Stonewall Jackson," "President Lincoln" and "General Grant," placed side by side. It will be interesting, perhaps, to your teetotal readers to know that small placards are widely distributed with the names of these ninety-four drinks printed on a brilliant background of stars and stripes.