

PICKLES, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

To Pickle Mushrooms.—Wash your mushrooms in salt and water. Put them into a stewpan with a handful of salt but no water. Stew them for two hours on a slow fire. Drain off the liquor and put them down with as much vinegar as will cover them. Then give them a dozen boils and draw off that. Take fresh vinegar, add mace, cloves, white pepper and ginger, and give them a boil. Put them in bottles and when cold cork them closely.

Shalot Catsup.—To a quart of shalots, put one quart of water, and a handful of basalt. Boil it over a slow fire till reduced to half again. Season it with half an ounce of mace and long pepper, a quarter of an ounce of cloves and allspice. Bottle and seal it.

Mushroom Catsup.—Break your mushrooms into a crock and put basalt on them. Let them lie for three days, then squeeze them and let them settle until the next day. Strain them through a hair sieve and let them boil to half with two ounces of white pepper, allspice and chili pepper, and half an ounce of cloves and mace.

Pickled Onions.—Choose the smallest onions, and pour boiling water upon them, and let them remain in it for twelve hours. Then peel and pare them with a silver knife until they are perfectly white. Then fill your glasses and cover them with white wine vinegar, which should previously be spiced with white spices.

Walnut Catsup.—Pound three hundred walnuts in a large mortar and lay them in a crock with layers of basalt for three or four days. Then squeeze them in a hair cloth bag. To every three quarts of juice add one quart of vinegar, a bottle of anchovies, and three cloves of garlick. Give it several boils on a slow fire, and add to it three-quarters of an ounce of mace, red pepper, and allspice. Give it then one gentle boil and put it into bottles which are perfectly dry.

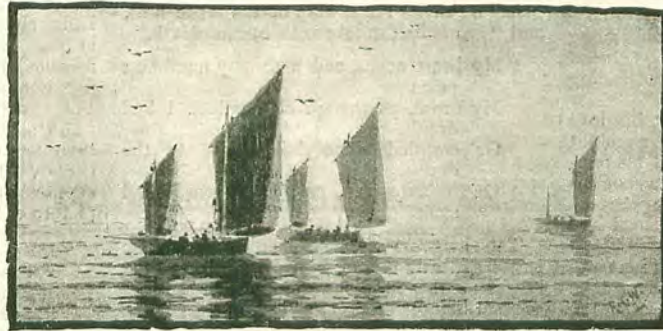
Pickle for Red Cabbage.—Choose the cabbage fresh and of a deep purple colour. Slice it with a silver knife, and cover it with white wine vinegar, to which salt, cayenne, mustard seed, and whole allspice have been previously added.

Indian Pickles.—To two quarts of best white wine vinegar, put two ounces of garlic, two ounces of sliced and salted ginger, two ounces of long Jamaica pepper, two ounces of white mustard seed bruised, some pieces of horseradish all well salted, and let it remain three days, and three more drying in the sun or before the fire. When sufficiently dry throw them into the vinegar, which is not to be boiled. The pickles must be salted and dried in the same manner, and then thrown into the vinegar. Cauliflowers and carrots should get a slight scald. You may put cabbage, French beans, gherkins, Indian

cresses, lemons, small onions, small apples, or anything into this pickle after preparing them with salt as directed above. As the vinegar wastes, renew it. This pickle will keep three years. A little cayenne pepper is a good addition to them. Use a bone or a wooden spoon to take them up.

To Pickle Gherkins.—Put them into a narrow topped pitcher with as much white wine vinegar as will cover them, boiling hot. Set them by the fire for three or four days, boiling them once a day, and keeping them closely covered until they are of a fine green. Take a head of garlic, one ounce of white mustard seed, half an ounce of mace, half an ounce of black pepper, half an ounce of long pepper, half an ounce of sliced ginger, a good handful of salt. Add this much spice to three quarts of fresh vinegar and boil it for five minutes, and pour it hot upon the gherkins, having previously drained the first vinegar off. Tie them down with leather.

To Pickle Walnuts.—Put one hundred walnuts to steep in salt and water for a fortnight, change the water and let them lie another fortnight. Boil as much vinegar as will cover them with one ounce of cloves, four ounces of long pepper, two ounces of ginger, and pour it on them boiling hot. Keep them in a glazed crock. They will not be fit for use in less than three months.



KEATS: THE TRUE GRECIAN.

By SARSON C. J. INGHAM.



KEATS, the Adonais of young poets, well deserves to be the study of the young.

He died young, and his "In Memoriam" was sung by Shelley in strains which carried his subject eye to that pure heaven, which

he could scarcely have conceived, had there not been some awakening of spiritual apprehension in himself.

A melancholy interest attaches to lives of rare promise nipped in the bud. Moreover, Keats was in a large measure self-educated and had the embarrassments of delicate health, poverty, opposition and scorn all to contend with. Yet, in the brief spring, which was his only season, he unfolded so much of what was in him, that the violets on his Rome grave are a fitting emblem of the exquisite fragrance

which lingers round a name, now enshrined with the names of the immortals.

This year was the centenary of his birth, which took place at Moorfields.

He was sent for the completion of his education to a private school, where the only classical instruction he had was in Latin. His education was good as far as it went.

It is interesting to note that his tutor was the father of Professor Cowden-Clarke, who wrote on Shakespeare.

But if Keats was denied the privilege of learning Greek, he had Greek qualities of mind and heart which were of more value to him than grammar and the lore of Attic words. A fine sense of proportion, of the fitness of things, an eye for form, an instinct that drew him from childhood into the currents of the Greek atmosphere which traverse our English, rendered him the most Greek of all our poets, unless we except Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and she perhaps had been much less Greek if she had been left to form her mind accord-

ing to her own ideas, and had missed the Hellenic culture which she received first from her father and later from Hugh Stuart Boyd.

This kind of scholarship was finely substituted for Keats by his own processes of natural selection. Between the age of fifteen and nineteen he read Chaucer, Spenser and Shakespeare, also Homer in English.

In one of his finest sonnets he has preserved to us the powerful impressions made upon his mind when he first read Chapman's Homer. His joy was like that of the astronomer who sees an unknown planet come into view.

Spenser's wealth of exquisite metaphor excited the wonder and admiration of the youth, whose brain was already teeming with imagery. He formed his style in a large measure from Spenser; he made him his teacher, and did not altogether escape the dangers of imitation, since he sometimes produced by art that profusion, which from the pen of the Elizabethan poet, came out of the tropical luxuriance of his nature.

Nor was he quite clear of some of the defects of Shelley's style, *i.e.*, letting one image or idea lead into another, until the thought with which he started was weakened.

Like most young poets Keats had an outer and an inner life, which worked contrary one to the other, and could not be brought into unison. While a mere boy, his father apprenticed him to a surgeon, and he was sent to walk the hospitals, taken into the dissecting-room and the operation-theatre.

To his quivering sensibilities this was an ordeal which did not lose its pain with use, so that he could only bring an unwilling spirit into a profession to which he seemed doomed.

He was only seventeen when he published his first volume of poems. It was a little book, but it made him known to men whose appreciation of its quality was an incentive to him. Among his friends and admirers were Shelley, Leigh Hunt and Severn the sculptor. All of these had an ardent desire to be of service to him. A strong friendship was formed between Severn and Keats. But Keats' sensitiveness rendered him morbidly shy and distrustful of men who were his social superiors. He never responded with any degree of frankness to Shelley's advances, always suspecting patronage and friendliness on unequal terms. We may wonder at this since Shelley, though the son of a baronet, was a burning Socialist, renounced his chances of a title and never evinced any aristocratic sympathies.

The incidents of Keats' uneventful life are best learned from his letters, which show him on another side than is revealed by his poetry. Some of them are racy and show how much mirth and humour there was in him. On those rare occasions when he rose to the high-water mark of enjoyment—as he did when with congenial companions—he found himself among the mountains of Wales.

But his life was one of thought and feeling rather than of action.

He loved deeply and truly; but his love poems are not intense and passionate, as might have been considering his youth and his temperament; also much of the poetry of his time—Byron's for instance.

Keats' genius lay more in the refined and spiritual perception of beauty.

The luxuriance of his style at times runs into sensuousness; but he is never coarse, and he reserves his tragic powers to describe the sufferings of the gods rather than of men and women.

His last effort, "Hyperion"—a fragment—is the most powerful. It may be taken as a specimen not only of classic poetry, but of the poetry of science, which converts the old myths into pictures of the forces of nature at rest, and in their upheaval, and in the giving place of one power to another.

The expression and the attitudes of agonised Titans are reminiscent of his own observations of pain as a medical student.

His treatment of classical mythology, both in the "Endymion" and "Hyperion," was original and gave reality to the ideals of Pagan deities. He endowed them not only with force but feeling, and with aspirations and affections like those of mortals refined and sublimated.

It is in the classical domain that he is at his best, because its severity restrains an extravagance of ornament, which runs wild in "The Eve of St. Agnes," and other of his poems. It is a fault that time must have corrected had he not so early been called into eternity.

Like all true poets, he had a keen and loving appreciation of the beauties of nature. He was glad to escape from Moorfields to the country when the passion for creating was upon him.

He wrote "Endymion" in the Isle of Wight, and published it the year after his juvenile poems appeared.

The auspices were far from propitious, since he had made the mistake of a dedication to Leigh Hunt.

Leigh Hunt was regarded as a Radical, and party feeling ran so high that the very fact of his patronage exposed the young poet to ill-treatment from Tory reviewers.

In those days political bias had a freer rein given to it than it has now.

"Endymion" was cruelly handled by Jeffrey in the *Quarterly Review*. Jeffrey was one of the literary autocrats of the day, and his satire crushed the young poet.

Once he had believed that his poetry would live; now he exclaimed bitterly that "his name was writ in water." Hæmorrhage and death soon followed upon that cruel laceration of his feelings. The pathos of the end turned the tide of feeling, and great was the resentment against the author of the article which had so affected him.

Jeffrey must have endured very keen remorse, for naturally he would believe what so many voices said, that his scorn was the cause of the poor lad's death.

A kind of laughter that has tears in it found expression in a parody of "The Death of Cock Robin."

"Who killed poor Keats?
I said the *Quarterly*,
With my bow and arrow,
I killed poor Keats."

It is more likely, however, that unkind criticism simply hastened an event which was at no very great distance.

Keats' weakness was so extreme that in one of his odes he complains of an oppression, which only such as are similarly affected will understand. In his "Ode to the Nightingale" he envies the ecstasy of the little bird, and "grows half in love with easeful death."

"My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness
pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had
drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the
drains.
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had
sunk."

The languors of a consumptive physique had frequently visited him during his young life, and the insidious disease had already marked him for its prey.

The large veins in his hands spoke to a perilous excess of sensibility, and he had been much weakened by long and devoted attention to a dying brother.

It was to recruit his energies that he ventured on a visit to Rome. Shelley, hearing that he was on the way was on the look-out for him.

He wanted to receive him into his own home; his heart was full of generous appreciation, sympathy and help. He promised himself the pleasure of teaching Greek to the young poet, who had all of Greek but the tongue.

Keats, however, declined his proffered kindness, and not very graciously. No doubt the languor of decline was gaining upon him, and he preferred to suffer alone; though if he must die, Shelley would fain have taken him into his own inn and given him a dying bed.

February 24th, 1821, the end came, one of the most touching episodes in the history of literature.

Shelley, who knew so well the anguish of being disesteemed, and whose admiration of Keats had not been warmly reciprocated, paid the most generous tribute to his memory one poet could pay to another. Most appropriately he entitled this elegy *Adonais*.

In it he bids farewell to the old Greek beauty, and argues that the old life lives on

in the *Amma Mundi*; but unable to resist the hope of a new and conscious life, he says:

"Peace! peace! he doth not sleep!"

To the reviewer, whose scathing article was in every one's thoughts:

"Thou canst not soar where he is sitting
now."

For in imagination he saw him promoted to
"One of the thrones of unfulfilled re-
nown."

Only three years Keats' senior, it was not long before Shelley followed him into that Silent Land, whose secrets we can never guess. It is touching to remember that a little volume of Keats' poems was in his hand when he was surprised by wreck and death.

Whatever admiration we may feel for the genius of these poets, there is a want in them, which is richly supplied to us in the poets of our own day.

God and man's destiny as revealed to us in Holy Scriptures are the worthiest themes of the poet's song.

Beside Tennyson, Browning, Bryant, Whittier, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Longfellow, Keats is a beautiful Pagan.

The muse of Milton was classic-Christian; but that of Keats is classic-Pagan. What he was in the secret of his heart we cannot tell.

Faith in God and the Unseen might be hid amongst the beauty which, not finding expansion here, needed only the light of Eternity to bring it into glorious evidence.

If it be so his reserve on the questions that most deeply affect us is still a thing to regret; for it is the glory of a Christian to be a confessor of the truth, as far as he apprehends it. Infinitely beyond the merit of such confession is our Lord's promise that if we are not ashamed of Him, He will not be ashamed of us, but will acknowledge us before His Father and the Holy Angels.

As a specimen of Keats' method in his treatment of the gods and of the fine melancholy which he can weave around ideal conceptions of primeval existence, we subjoin his picture of Saturn dethroned.

"Deep in the shady sadness of a vale,
Far sunken from the healthy breath of
morn,
Far from the fiery noon and eve's one
star,
Sat grey-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair,
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air
was there,
Not so much life as on a summer day
Robs not one light seed from the
feathered grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did
it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still dead-
ened more
By reason of his fallen divinity
Spreading a shade. The Naiad mid her
reads,
Pressed her cold finger closer to her lips.

"Along the margin sand large foot-marks
went
No further than to where his feet had
strayed,
And slept there since, upon the sodden
ground.
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless,
dead,
Uncepted, and his realmless eyes were
closed,
While his bowed head seemed listening
to the earth,
His ancient mother, for some comfort
yet."