

to sell his name and high influence for money or the paltry prestige of a shallow and evanescent popularity. It has been said he was vain of his position and jealous of his rivals, but none will ever know to what extent in this silent and retiring man his so-called vanity was anything more than his deep sense of the important art-principle which he believed himself to be the chosen instrument of conserving, and in what degree his so-called jealousy is to be attributed to his anxiety lest any who loved self more and truth less than himself should take a permanent hold and exercise a baneful influence upon music in England.

That he failed to appreciate the Wagnerian tendencies of the time cannot sufficiently be deplored, but we must remember that he belonged to an earlier school, of which he himself was one of the brightest ornaments; and it is pleasing to reflect that almost his last work—"The Maid of Orleans"—was first introduced to the English public by Dr. Hans von

Bülow, the greatest of Liszt's pupils, and the most illustrious and indefatigable exponent of Wagner's music.

Sterndale Bennett was rather the product of a school than the founder of one, and though he has left no imitators, he has left many pupils whose style is adapted rather to interpret intelligently the great classical pianoforte works than to show off the capacities of the great pianoforte firms.

Gentle and unassuming in his life, he has left behind him a memory full of heartfelt regrets in thousands of English homes. His loss has been, and will continue to be, deplored throughout the civilised world, and the vast concourse of men and women distinguished in every branch of literature, art, and science, that thronged his funeral at Westminster Abbey, was no unfit or inadequate tribute to the virtues and the genius of the most refined, industrious, and earnest of musicians, and the gentlest and purest of men.

H. R. HAWEIS.

HOW TO MAKE DISHES LOOK NICE.



FEAR that, as a nation, taste is not our forte. I wonder, too, if there is a n y French expression that would fully convey the idea,

"Wanted, a good plain cook." I suppose this really means: Wanted, a woman who can convert joints of raw meat into some state sufficiently intermediate between blueness and cinders as to render them eatable, and who also can make certain plain puddings, more or less heavy as the case may be, but who has no more conception of artistic taste than a cabbage, and would be as incapable of making a dish look elegant as of singing the shadow-dance from "Dinorah." And yet many of these persons are good honest souls, who mean well, and do their best, but somehow or other it is not in them.

They have been born in an uncongenial clime. For instance, contrast the dress of an English workman's wife whose husband earns, say, £2 a week, with that of a Frenchwoman in a similar station of life; and yet probably the latter spends less in dress than the former.

We have already compared a French pastrycook's window with an English one, but if there is ever a time in which we feel that Waterloo is indeed avenged,

it is when we contrast a French salade with the ordinary English specimen.

We can well imagine a young wife in deep consultation with her next sister a week before her first dinner-party, the cookery-book between them.

"Oh! what a pretty dish," exclaims one, "let's have that."

But, alas! they have no idea what the appearance of the dish will be when done, or more probably leave it to the cook to do as she likes, with one or two little things from the pastry-cook's—an expensive way of going to work, it should be borne in mind. I have been asked several times in strict confidence the question, "But ought it to have looked like that?"—a question very often involving a necessary sacrifice of either truth or politeness.

Francatelli observes: "The palate is as capable and nearly as worthy of education as the eye and the ear." Now, without entering into the question as to whether a patty to eat is equal to a Patti to hear or see in the way of enjoyment, there is no doubt that the palate is to a great extent influenced by the eye. For instance, a large cold sirloin of beef on the sideboard at a good old-fashioned hotel, neatly decorated with bright green parsley and snow-white curly horseradish; the dish resting on an equally snow-white cloth; its companions consisting of as tempting-looking a York ham, and some bright silver flagons, the latter enabling the looker-on almost to realise the "nut-brown ale" talked about of old, though what it was like we have not the least idea. There is a common saying, "It makes one hungry to look at it;" or, "It makes one's mouth water." Yet contrast this same piece of cold beef with a joint I recollect being once brought up for supper at some lodgings, where Mary Ann was, to say the least, in-artistic. She brought it up just as it was in the dish in which it had got cold—the dish smeary round the

rim with Mary Ann's thumb-marks. The gravy had of course settled, and was thickly studded over with hard white wafers of fat. Some of the fat, too, had settled on the meat itself. Yet the meat was in every respect equal to the decorated joint, and many a poor hungry man would see no difference between



THE TWO COOKS.

the two, any more than a hungry bull-dog would. At least, some might even prefer the latter, in order to lap up the cold gravy with the blades of their knives.

A poached egg nicely done, the yellow yolk surrounded with an equal rim of clear white, in contradistinction to one badly done, in which the yolk has broken and run and got mixed up with the white, is another instance of how much depends upon appearances, for both eggs would be equally wholesome.

Now, there are few nicer and at the same time prettier-looking dishes than a *salade mayonnaise*. Yet too often when directions are given, in books or otherwise, how to make mayonnaise sauce, the latter point—that is, appearance—is altogether left out of the question. Making mayonnaise sauce, and simply mixing it with some lettuce, and lobster, and hard-boiled egg, is certainly making a very nice lobster salad. Just in the same way the most beautiful clear jelly might be handed round in white pudding-basins, or even in the saucepan in which it was boiled; but how different to a handsome mould, with a few preserved fruits inside it, placed in the centre of a bright cut-glass dish, and a little cut lemon by way of garnish!

But we have been long enough on the subject, "How not to do it," and must begin at once with the practical recipe.

First the ingredients:—A lobster; and if there is any coral in it, take it out, and make some lobster butter with it, as it will do no good to the salad. This lobster butter will keep, and enable you at a future period to make lobster sauce in a hurry out of a preserved tin of lobster; and this cannot be done without lobster butter. Next, some fresh lettuces (French are by far the best for mayonnaise salads), a

small piece of butter, two fresh eggs—as we are only going to describe how to make enough for about four persons—some oil, and a little parsley. We will also suppose the house to contain some vinegar, a bottle of capers, a bottle of anchovies, and a bottle of olives, at the same time reminding timid house-keepers that these latter will do over and over again, and that probably a shilling bottle of each will last a twelvemonth.

We will now describe how a cook ought to proceed in order to make a good lobster salad.

The first thing she would do would be to place an egg in a saucepan, and boil it for twenty minutes or so, and then place it in cold water to get cold. Next, take a couple of anchovies out of the bottle, and place them on a plate (putting the bottle back in the cupboard; for if you get in the habit of putting each thing by in its place as you use them, you will never get into a muddle). Next, take a small penknife, and cut the anchovy open longways, and carefully remove the bone; if this is done properly, each anchovy will make four fillets or thin strips varying from two to three inches; wash them thoroughly in cold water, to remove all the salt and soft part. Dry them, and roll them up, as they look at times too much like worms if not rolled. Next, take a teaspoonful of capers, and drain them carefully on a cloth, in order to thoroughly remove the vinegar in which they have been preserved. Next, take six olives, and stone them. This is done by cutting a strip off them as thick as you can, keeping the edge of the knife scraping



LOOKING AT THE COOKERY-BOOK.

the stone the whole time. As a rule, the olive will look round after the stone is taken out, but of course they have no ends to them. A little practice will enable the cook to cut out the stone quite bare, leaving the flesh, so to speak, of the olive in one piece, which curls up again, and looks like an olive that had never been touched.

These directions may to some seem unnecessarily minute; but then we are writing for others who

perhaps have never seen an olive except in a bottle in the grocer's window, and then they thought them preserved plums.

Next, chop up not too finely a little piece of bright green parsley; enough to cover a threepenny-piece when chopped is quite sufficient.



MARY ANN'S METHOD OF SERVING.

Put all these things by on a clean dry plate for use—viz., the hard-boiled egg, cold, with the shell on; the anchovies, rolled up; the capers, dry; the olives, stoned; the parsley, chopped. And, as we have said, clear away what you have used before beginning anything fresh. Next, wipe, or quickly wash in cold water and wipe, the lettuces, and pile them up *lightly* in a silver or any oval-shaped dish. Next, remove all the meat from the lobster, not forgetting the soft part inside and the claws; cut it all up into small pieces not much bigger than dice, and spread the meat over the top of the lettuce in the dish, taking care as much as possible to make the shape high in the centre. A sort of oval pyramid may convey the idea, though it is not a very mathematical expression. Sprinkle a little pepper and salt over the lobster, and put the dish by in a cool place.

Next, the sauce itself. I believe the directions generally given to be wrong in this respect. It is a mistake to put in any pepper, salt, or vinegar at starting. I will therefore describe exactly how I make mayonnaise sauce, at the same time stating that I only remember one failure, and that was on an exceptionally hot day, and I had no ice.

Take a clean cool basin, one sufficient to hold about a quart. Next, take an egg, break it into a tea-cup, and carefully separate all the white from the yolk. This requires care, and the yolk must be passed from one half-shell to the other half very gently, in order to avoid breaking it. It is no use trying to do it at all with a stale egg. Place the yolk in a basin, and break it with a fork—a wooden salad-fork is best. Then drop some oil on, drop by drop at starting, and at the same time beat it up lightly but

quickly with the fork. Do not, pray, get impatient, and put too much oil in at once. Continue slowly till the yolk of egg and oil begin to look like yellowish cream. When it once begins to get thick, you may slightly increase the dose of oil, or let the drops fall more quickly. Continue the process till the sauce assumes the appearance of railway grease. This is rather a nasty simile; but then it is so exactly like it, that it conveys a correct idea. You may now add a little white vinegar. As the vinegar has the effect of making the sauce thinner—and the thicker the sauce is, the nicer it looks—this must be added with caution. A small bottle of dilute acetic acid, purchased from some good chemist, will be found best for the purpose, and is what I have always used myself, it being simply strong vinegar, about eight times stronger than ordinary; and, consequently, one-eighth of the quantity will answer the same purpose. Half a saltspoonful will be found sufficient, and will not have the effect of thinning the sauce. Next, with a silver knife, or ivory paper-knife, spread the sauce over the lobster, till the whole dish, with the exception of where the green salad shows round the edge, has the appearance of a mould of solid custard.

Now to ornament it. First select about a dozen of the brightest-looking capers, and stick them lightly over the sauce. They will stick easily without being in the least pushed in. Next pick out a dozen and a half pieces of the chopped parsley, each piece about the size of a pin's head, and drop these over it to give it a slight speckled appearance. Next take the beetroot, which of course is supposed to have been



AN ORDERLY MEAL.

boiled and got cold, and cut it into small strips about an inch long, and as thick as a wooden lucifer match split into four, and with these strips form a trelliswork of beetroot round the edge of the salad where the sauce joins the lettuce, so that the bottom of each strip just touches the lettuce, the strip itself resting on the sauce.

The contrast between the red trellis and the white

sauce has a very pretty effect. Next cut the egg into quarters lengthways, and place the pieces round the edge at equal distances, and put the olives and anchovies at equal distances between them; also arrange the small claws of the lobster, bent at the joint, around the border. By this means nearly all of the green salad is hidden, and the effect of the dish is exceedingly pretty. The remainder of the chopped parsley and capers may be placed round the edge, as when the whole is mixed up it will help to improve the flavour.

There is one thing more, however, that may make the dish look still prettier, and that is a little lobster spawn. If the lobster contained any spawn, take a small piece and cut it up into little pieces the size of a pin's head or a little bigger—a dozen and a half would be sufficient—and sprinkle these over the sauce alternately with the little green pieces of parsley.

It has been described how to make a nice-looking little lobster *salade mayonnaise* for about four persons. When, however, a considerably larger dish, and several of them, are required, such as for a wedding breakfast or ball supper, you should get by way of garnish a few little crayfish or prawns. A small crayfish placed in the corner of each dish, with its claws outstretched, resting on the mayonnaise sauce, looks very pretty. If, too, the dish is of a considerable size, a small one may be lightly placed on the top as an ornament.

Now we have described one way of ornamenting a lobster salad, but of course this is only one out of an infinite number of methods. Nor do we maintain that this is by any means the prettiest method; but we have given it as one of the simplest. For instance, mayonnaise sauce can be coloured red by mixing up

some lobster butter with it, or green by means of parsley juice. Plovers' eggs, too, when they can be obtained, form a very pretty garnish. Leaves or flowers can be cut out of beetroot with a stamp, and be used by way of ornament. The long thin tendons of the lobster can be arranged, too, to stick upright out of the centre, but they should be put in before the mayonnaise sauce is placed on the lobster.

Perhaps a few explanations of why the salad was prepared in the order named may not be out of place. It will be observed that the anchovies, capers, &c., were got ready early, but the beetroot was not cut up till long afterwards; the reason of this is, fresh-cut beetroot looks a bright red, but after some hours, if it gets stale, it has a sort of withered look, and turns a dirty reddish-brown colour; so too with the egg, never cut open a hard-boiled egg until it is nearly time to use it, as the egg dries up, and the yellow yolk looks dark and separates from the white. The capers, too, were dried, as if dropped on to the spread-out sauce wet they would spoil its appearance.

Lastly, do not be disappointed if you do not succeed in getting the sauce thick the first time; and do not be afraid of the oil. One yolk of an egg will use up nearly a teacupful of oil. It requires a peculiar quick movement of the wrist, and like whipping cream into a froth, it is not always learnt in a day. We fear that among the Mary Ann class, there are some heavy-fisted women who would never learn it at all. The dish, however, is well worth the trial; and if you can get one person to do the sauce and another to ornament the dish, all the better, as the exertion of making the sauce has often the effect of making the hand shake so much that it is incapable of arranging the beetroot, &c., with any degree of nicety. A. G. PAYNE.

EARTHQUAKES, AND HOW THEY ARE CAUSED.

BY J. E. TAYLOR, F.G.S., ETC.



ONE of the oldest and most general of the many agents which have modified the crust of the earth is that popularly known as an "earthquake." Fortunately for our densely-populated and ill-built towns, Great Britain is not now subject to earthquake shocks, although our oldest rocks are crowded with abundant evidences of their former action. Our carboniferous strata have been cracked through by them, and our hills and mountains elevated by their former convulsions. At present this country lies out of the way of great shocks, and we only experience faint and not easily recognisable tremblings, due to the nearly-spent forces dying out underneath us.

Earthquake action is nearly related to volcanic, and frequently one of these natural forces may pass into the other. Long-continued experiments in deep mines, in all kinds of rocks, have plainly proved that the heat increases as we descend. This increase of heat cannot

be ascribed to the heavier column of atmosphere which must press down at the bottom of deep mines. If we ascend some mountain-side from the sea-level, the cold increases about one degree for every 300 feet. We might, therefore, conclude that the heat in deep mines, if it were due to atmospherical pressure, would increase at the same rate. It gains, however, much more rapidly—sometimes as much as one degree for every forty-five feet of descent, and seldom less than one degree for every seventy.

If the heat goes on increasing continuously at the same rate, it becomes an easy matter to calculate to what depth we should have to go to reach a point where all the known solid substances are in a state of fusion. Chemists can tell us exactly what heat is required to melt iron, copper, &c., so that it would not be difficult to estimate the depth in the earth where, if the heat increase at the average rate of one degree for about sixty feet, these well-known substances are constantly in a molten condition. For various reasons of