

HOW ENGLAND STRIKES A COLONIST.

BY THE HON. PHILIP CARTERET HILL, LATE PREMIER OF THE PROVINCE OF NOVA SCOTIA.



BROUGHT up from his earliest youth to reverence and admire the parent country as the home of all that is good and great, as the fountain from which all the liberty and constitutional government now existing in the world have flowed—as, in short, the Empire distinguished above all others in the annals of the human race

in war, in science, in laws, in religion—the feelings of one born and educated in a distant part of the Empire, who for the first time sets his foot on the shores of England, can be but faintly understood by an Englishman. From the days when he hears in the nursery the fabled exploits of Jack the Giant-killer on English soil, down to the hour when he studies with delight the real struggles of Englishmen for civil and religious liberty, and the successful issue of their efforts, in the pages of England's historians, every lesson of his childhood, youth, and manhood has been one of England's glory.

The surface of England is covered with material monuments of her wonderful history, which, in the nature of things, can have no parallel in a new country; and these must ever possess an irresistible attraction to a colonist. There is but one Westminster Abbey in the world; there is no such regal dwelling in any land as Windsor Castle. But with all the attractions arising from their beauty and historical associations, it is not to material monuments that the eyes of the visitor from the colonies are turned with deepest interest. The working of that Constitution which, itself the growth of many ages, has been the fountain from which every other land has drawn whatever of constitutional liberty it may possess, the condition of the people living under it, the administration of the law, the guarantees for the civil and religious liberties of the people, the basis of the commercial supremacy of the nation, the causes which have led the inhabitants of a narrow island, handicapped with a climate more suited to the development of frogs than of human beings, to such an unparalleled pre-eminence among the nations of the world, these and many other kindred questions constitute to the mind of a reflecting man the chief subjects for study. Nor are the lighter aspects of English life devoid of deep interest to an observer from the New World. I cannot, of course, pretend to cover the vast field embraced in this catalogue; I can only touch upon a few of those features which strike one from my point of view most forcibly.

It is said that nine persons out of every ten, when they meet a friend, open the conversation by some remarks on the subject of the weather. This is not only true but natural. Whom does not the climate and the state of the weather concern? It affects the pleasure of monarchs, it is everything to the beggar; I cannot therefore escape the universal law; I must speak of the weather. And let me frankly say that I cannot like the English climate; the eternal rain disconcerts me. The English winter presses hard on all alike; it presses on the rich, for they do not know how to make their houses comfortable as we do in Canada with hot air or steam or hall stoves, to the absence of which, in my judgment, is to be largely attributed the prevalence of consumption in the British Islands; it is harder still on the poor, for they cannot guard against the cold damp atmosphere of their dwellings if they would. A bright clear sky, with the snow crisp and dry as we have it in Canada, and this for weeks continuously, even although the temperature is much below that of an English winter, is infinitely preferable to dark gloomy skies and an unceasing downfall of rain.

How under such depressing skies the Anglo-Saxon energy of character has survived, and led Englishmen into every land, from the Tropics to the Poles, and covered the face of the earth with busy and flourishing communities, is still to me one of those mysteries of which the solution lies deep below the surface. Any other race of men would have become as weak and colourless as the washed-out tints which æsthetically-disposed young men and women now profess to admire, and would never have strayed beyond the borders of the British Isles.

The wealth of the wealthy and the exceeding poverty of the poor always strike a colonist very forcibly. There are rich people and poor people on the other side of the Atlantic, but they are not divided by so wide a gulf as in England. In every community, and especially in large cities, poverty will exist as long as drunkenness and vice and ignorance prevail; but, unless I am deceived, the wretched condition of the poor in England is not always due to their own vice or improvidence. The country is over-populated; the demand for labour, especially for unskilled labour, is not equal to the supply. A poor man, even when he can find employment, has to toil very hard for a very small remuneration. Of the comforts which the same amount of toil would procure him in one of the colonies he knows little; of anything approaching to luxury he knows nothing, unless in his dreams.

Doubtless the reason for this abject poverty is often to be traced, as the advocates of temperance assure us, to the drinking habits of the people; but we must not lay the whole blame on intemperance. The highly artificial state of society and the excess of population form important elements of the question.

Nor is the misery of the poor due to any active

injustice or oppression on the part of the rich; the wrong-doing is rather negative in its character. The victims of the Black Hole of Calcutta were not bayoneted nor strangled; they simply trampled each other to death in their frantic struggles to get access to the one small opening which supplied air. And the poor in England, in their overcrowded dwellings, are doing the same thing; the place is too strait for them, and up to the present time the British Nabob has been fast asleep, and the sentinels have been afraid to disturb his slumbers, and to tell him that his poor were crushing each other in the dust in their struggle for life. There are indications on all sides that the bitter cry which has now come up from the outcasts of London and Liverpool, and other great cities, has aroused the nation to a sense of its responsibilities, and that the door of relief may yet be opened in time to many who are now shut up to a life of unutterable wretchedness.

Communists, I know, and many who would be shocked to be classed with communists, have a remedy for all this inequality, which has, at least, an elegant simplicity to recommend it. Take the land, they say, from the present owners, and divide it equally among the whole people. The unemployed classes in London, it appears from the proceedings of a recent meeting, as reported in the daily papers, are opposed to State-aided emigration as a remedy for their distress, and think that the landlords should be "emigrated," and they colonised at home. But if the land were equally distributed to-morrow, it could no more support the present population of England than if each individual had a conveyance in fee simple of an acre of sand in the Desert of Sahara.

There are, no doubt, many persons by no means of the criminal class in this country, of whom it might be truly said, if they emigrated, that they had left their country for their country's good. I refer to that class who are either too proud or too lazy to work, and who, if they cannot obtain some Government appointment, and live at the expense of the tax-payers of the country, are content to live on their friends.

It does not require a long residence in the country to see that this class is a large one; nor, as it seems to me, is it very difficult to account for its numbers. There are snobs and snobbery in abundance, both in the United States and in Canada, but I hope I may be pardoned for saying that the peculiar and artificial conditions of life in England are more favourable to their growth than in newer countries. I would not venture to use the language of scorn and contempt which fills the pages of Thackeray's "Book of Snobs," but the slavish bondage to "Society," which reigns with an iron rule in England, cannot fail to strike the mind of a colonist very forcibly. It not unfrequently assumes a ludicrous aspect. In one small town, I had the assurance of one of the residents that, small as the community was, there were about fifty distinct gradations of rank, each about half an inch higher than the other, but that these infinitesimal differences were sacred in the eyes of the inhabitants.

It is this preposterous estimate of the value of their

own half-inch on the scale that produces so many of the class of "loafers." They will not dig, but they are not ashamed to beg; anything—death itself—would, in their estimation, be preferable to descending half an inch on the social scale, even though the descent might land them in comparative affluence. In fact, "caste" prevails, only it is under another name.

It would be impossible for a visitor from the colonies not to be struck with the evidences of the great wealth of England. They abound on every hand, but he who would realise its extent fully must see London in the season. The world can show nothing comparable to Hyde Park on a fine day. It is not merely the splendour of the equipages, the well-dressed crowds, nor the beauty of the grounds which strike a stranger most forcibly. These can all be seen in other great cities of the world. It is their bewildering numbers, the unceasing flow of the glittering stream, which fill him with wonder. The wealth, of which all this is but the outward sign, must be almost boundless in extent.

It may not be out of place here to say how refreshing it is to see men in the Park, on every day of the week alike, who dress like gentlemen. London appears to be the last place remaining in the kingdom where men think it necessary to do so. In every other town which I have visited, what has been well termed the cattle-drover style of dress prevails. Tweed suits and felt hats are worn by all. Singularly enough, however, those who adopt this style of dress appear to be secretly ashamed of it. For I have noticed that everywhere, on Sundays, after the manner of coal-heavers and other sons of toil, they invariably appear arrayed in their best apparel, including their tall hats. Nor is this habit confined to the British Islands; it prevails universally, and probably is merely an indication of the democratic spirit of the age, which having levelled many thrones and kingdoms, is now occupied in the humbler sphere of levelling all distinctions in dress.

But whence comes all the boundless wealth of England? To what cause is due her undisputed supremacy in commerce? How did her Empire come to encircle the globe? These are the questions which present themselves for solution, which are always fresh, and which can never lose their interest.

When we come down to what gold-miners call the "hard pan," it appears to me that we reach the mental, physical, and religious character of the Anglo-Saxon race. This is the true basis of England's wealth and greatness. There is some truth in what the physical geographers tell us of the effect of the natural conformation of a country on the character of its inhabitants. The British Islands would appear to have been designed to produce a nation of seakings and colonisers; their insular position and inhospitable climate have developed a race of men such as the unclouded skies and perpetual summer of the tropics have never yet produced: men who, scorning hardship, knowing and loving the freedom of the ocean, could not brook slavery on shore. Who but Englishmen would have ventured to cross the stormy Atlantic in a crazy craft like the *Mayflower*,

and to brave the dangers and hardships of settling in an unknown land among savages cruel as tigers, for conscience-sake, and love of liberty?

I do not wonder that the inhabitants of Plymouth feel a pardonable pride in the fact that the Pilgrim Fathers embarked from that ancient port on their perilous voyage, and that the event is commemorated by a noble stained window in their magnificent Guildhall. The pier known as the Barbican, whence the embarkation took place, cannot be seen by a visitor from the New World without feelings of the deepest interest. Who of those that witnessed that scene could have dreamed of the mighty results which were to flow from the departure of a handful of humble men and women in a vessel scarce fitted, as we should think now, to cross the Channel?

But little more than two hundred years have elapsed, and that handful has become one of the greatest nations of the earth; and the most marked feature of that wonderful growth is that the liberty-loving, God-fearing character of the Pilgrim Fathers has been, and to this day is, the real foundation of the expansion and development of the American people into their present high position. It was the New England leaven which leavened the whole North with its hatred of slavery, and which led to the emancipation of the slaves in the South. It was from Massachusetts, with the noble foundation of Harvard University as the centre, that the love of literature and science has spread through the land, and elevated the whole national character.

Englishmen ought to be proud that all this wonderful history has sprung from the display by some of their own sons of their own noblest characteristics, and that within a period which, in the life of a nation, is but a hand-breadth. In truth, it is only their own history repeated, and their own indomitable love of civil and religious liberty exhibited on a new stage.

As I look across the border-line which separates this great nation from the Dominion of Canada, and contemplate its almost fabulous prosperity, its boundless resources, its lofty place in the scale of nations, I am filled with indignation, or perhaps I should say with sorrow, even after this long interval of time, when I reflect that, but for the insane measures of Lord North and his colleagues, the whole undivided continent of North America might still form a portion of the British Empire. Doubtless, no people numbering fifty millions of souls, and possessed of almost boundless wealth and power, could have continued to be governed by despatches dictated by the changing humour or caprice of a Colonial Minister in Downing Street. To retain the old colonies within the Empire, they must have been incorporated with it as an integral portion, having a voice in the making of all laws affecting their welfare.

It is too late now to think of remedying the disasters which flowed from the madness of the statesmen of a former generation. All that now remains is to profit by the lesson which their policy teaches. We can even find an illustration of this lesson at a period long anterior to the American Revolution. The only Empire

of antiquity that approached in its real grandeur and civilisation the British Empire was that of Rome; and though nominally she gave to all her dependencies the privileges of Roman citizenship, it was in name only. Her vast territory was really held together by the strong imperial arm, and when she called in her legions the Empire went hopelessly to pieces. The truth is that external force, as a means of combining a number of peoples and lands of varied interests into one great whole, becomes too feeble to effect its object at great distances.

Canada and Australia are advancing in the path of progress by "leaps and bounds." They are happy and contented. Lord Carnarvon, in his recent lecture on the subject of his tour in Canada, states that the very countenances of the people spoke of contentment. In both hemispheres they are loyally attached to the parent land. Their emancipation from the leading-strings of the Colonial Minister has gone on *pari passu* with their progress in wealth and population; and their attachment to the Fatherland and its illustrious Sovereign has grown and increased also. But it requires no more of the gift of prophecy than is involved in an ordinary knowledge of human nature, to see that when they have begun to approximate to the numbers and wealth of the United States, which may not improbably be at no distant day, the statesmen of the future must be prepared to grapple with the great question of a federation of the whole Empire.

It would be idle now to dream of what might have been if the United States had not been separated from the parent-country. Never in the history of the world had any nation such a colony, or such an opportunity to become, by the mere moral power of its greatness, the guardian and pledge to the human family of universal peace. But the opportunity was thrown away, and, instead of a strong right hand to help her, Great Britain has now the arm of a gigantic rival to confront her in every Court and market of the world.

It is more profitable to turn to the future. Time, the healer of all things, may yet bring round a compensation. The Dominion of Canada is greater in extent than the whole of the United States, and possesses fertile land enough to support untold millions of families in comfort; Australia, the Southern Britain, possesses such boundless territory and resources that no one can venture to predict its future. The golden opportunity which the statesmen of a former generation threw away will yet again, at no distant day, present itself to the rulers of England. I have seen enough in my visit to this country to feel assured that the feelings of the people towards the colonies have undergone an entire revulsion from those which once prevailed. Nor is there any reason to doubt that those hopes for the grandeur and permanence of the great British Empire, entertained in common by Englishmen and colonists, may yet be realised, and that the English language, laws, and religion will yet prevail over the greater part of the globe.

MORE IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND.

BY THE HON. P. CARTERET HILL, FORMERLY PREMIER OF THE PROVINCE OF NOVA SCOTIA.



IFE in England is many-sided. Containing within its narrow circumference the heart and centre of an empire of many lands and varied climates, England presents an infinite variety of hues and aspects to any observer who will take the trouble to open his eyes and look around him. A visitor from the New World cannot but be struck

with the absolute independence with which Englishmen live up to their own ideas, whether they coincide with the general current of opinion or not. On the other side of the Atlantic public sentiment rules with almost irresistible force; no erratic departures from the general law are tolerated; every man must conform to the rules of the majority. If you know one young man in the United States you know them all. They resemble each other with curi as fidelity in dress, manner, and appearance. Their very thoughts, racy and original as they are, run in the same groove, and they give expression to them in the same crystallised forms of speech. This iron rule does not prevail to nearly so great an extent in Canada, but it exists with sufficient force to make the independence of the individual Englishman marked even to a Canadian. The old Indian generals who affect Eastern modes of life in misty England, the retired sea-captains whose talk is ever in nautical phrases of nautical matters, and other riders of hobbies innumerable, who have furnished materials to many authors, and amusement to many generations of readers, abound in England and help to render the land picturesque and attractive.

All these harmless and amusing eccentricities are almost ruled down into a dead level of monotonous uniformity in the New World. Perhaps I should except New York from this general statement. This, the greatest city in America, is the most cosmopolitan in its character. Men of all nationalities go to make up its vast population; it is less distinctively American than Philadelphia or Boston. Its young men, whether intentionally or not, closely resemble young Englishmen; indeed, all classes exhibit their own peculiarities uninfluenced by the repressing tyranny of general habits or opinions.

It is impossible for any colonist, especially for one who has ever taken any part in public life himself, not

to look with deep interest on the public life of Great Britain, and to note the points in which the systems differ. Standing as the Imperial Parliament confessedly does at the head of all the representative assemblies of the world, a man must be hopelessly dull who does not see in its constitution and working subjects of profound interest. Nothing can illustrate so forcibly the perfect adaptation of the machinery to the end proposed as the marvellous smoothness and harmony with which its work is accomplished. Measures of the utmost importance, amounting almost to revolutions, are introduced, debated, and carried with little apparent acerbity of feeling or bitterness of language. Not, of course, that the actors in the arena do not feel deeply, but because the traditions of centuries have produced a moral atmosphere which, by an unseen yet irresistible influence, represses all unseemly ebullitions of feeling and violence of language. Nor is this merely the veneering and varnish resulting from education and refinement. There are men of education and refinement in the Parliaments of Germany and France, and yet they become bear-gardens whenever anything that approaches the character of a burning question is being discussed. Over and above the high personal tone of the great majority of the members of the British Parliament, the unwritten law—the traditions of many ages—exercise a silent influence which cannot be ignored or trampled on with impunity.

I have in a former paper spoken of some of the customs, especially in connection with elections, in the Colonies, which tend to import into their public life more acerbity than is exhibited in the political contentions of the parent land. Whether the amenities which now so happily distinguish English Parliamentary life will survive the gradual lowering of the franchise, I do not venture to predict, nor indeed is it my province to enter in these columns into any discussion which has a political aspect. All I am concerned with at present is to notice the almost unbroken smoothness with which the political machinery runs, when we consider the vast interests which are involved in the decisions of Parliament, and the tremendous importance to the classes affected, of every great change in the laws.

A very interesting feature of English life to a colonist is the survival of old customs and institutions in the midst of the busy life of the nineteenth century. No one can see, for example, a Bluecoat Boy in the quaint costume of Edward VI.'s time, quietly walking the streets of modern London, without being struck with the wonderful vitality not merely of ancient institutions, but even of the outward forms originally impressed upon them. There is a tremendous *vis inertia* in the English mind, passively opposed to all change, which partly accounts perhaps for the preservation of many customs and institutions even where they might with advantage be altered or modified. There may be good reasons with which I am not acquainted for re-

taining the Bluecoat School in the same locality which sufficed a former generation, but I never looked through the iron gates as one looks through the bars of a lion's cage, and saw a crowd of boys playing in a dismal paved courtyard, without being filled with wonder and admiration—wonder that any governing body should keep six or seven hundred youthful Britons caged up in such a melancholy prison—admiration at the tenacity which over-rides even well-grounded objections which are not vital, and which reverences and preserves the heritage received from the past unless driven by some overwhelming necessity to abandon it.

Perhaps it is the same passive resistance to change which has prevented Englishmen from availing themselves of some changes which are improvements, and which are in use in other countries. I think the average Englishman is very suspicious of anything which is not hammered on his own anvil, and so adheres to his own way as the safer course. Thus the railways in the United Kingdom are admirably and solidly laid, and the trains run with a smoothness and freedom from jarring which is delightful; but any person who has travelled in Canada or the United States will miss the admirable system of "checking" luggage which prevails in those countries; every traveller in England is familiar with the vexations resulting from the necessity of personally looking after his various boxes and trunks, especially where there are several changes of train in the course of his journey. In any part of the continent of America the traveller may pass from one point to another, however distant, without any thought or anxiety about his luggage; he simply on starting receives a numbered check or counter for each piece, and on arriving at his destination, it is delivered up to him on the production of his check. I have travelled frequently and over many thousand miles in the United States and Canada, and I never lost an article.

I have often looked on with astonishment when, on the arrival of a train at one of the great London stations, I have seen a vast pile of luggage in hopeless confusion surrounded by a clamorous crowd of claimants, and wondered why railway directors in England do not adopt the simple and efficacious check system, and so rob railway travelling of one of its greatest annoyances. Blessings many are in store, I doubt not, for the manager who will first bestow this boon on the travelling public, especially from the "unprotected females" who are obliged to travel alone, to whom the prospect of a frantic struggle to secure their luggage at a crowded station is really appalling.

In connection with this subject, there is another feature which has often struck me with wonder. English trains run rapidly; let us say, for example, at the rate of forty-five miles an hour, which is a not uncommon speed. If a storm of wind is blowing at the not very high rate of fifteen miles an hour, and in an opposite direction to that of the train, it is quite clear that the train is exposed to a current of air which rushes past it at the rate of sixty miles an hour, or in other words, at a rate not far short of the velocity of a hurricane. And yet the engine-driver is often exposed to the

full force of the storm without any other shelter than that afforded by a wooden fence or parapet, which in reality is no protection whatever except to his lower extremities. If we suppose the gale through which the train is rushing to be accompanied by cold rain and sleet, the exposure seems to be too great to call on any man to endure.

In Canada, and indeed all over the continent of America, the engine-driver is protected by a shelter composed chiefly of glass, which shuts him in completely from the weather, and which yet permits him to see clearly in all directions. I noticed a few days ago several locomotives at one of the large London stations furnished with a shelter for the driver very much the same as those used in Canada, and I have no doubt that all the lines will eventually adopt them, as indeed humanity appears to dictate.

A few years ago it would have been sufficient to prevent the adoption of either of the changes I have referred to by English railway directors that they came from abroad, especially from the other side of the Atlantic. It appears to me, however, that a marked and happy change has taken place in the feelings of the nation in this respect. Most educated Englishmen now know something about the great territory stretching from ocean to ocean, embraced within the limits of the Dominion of Canada; they know it as a part of the great British Empire, in whose cities and villages the Queen reigns as absolutely and as firmly as in London or Edinburgh. But even with regard to the United States, a great change of feeling has taken place; the antipathy to everything American or "Yankee" has given way to sentiments of esteem and respect.

The whirligig of time has brought round strange revulsions of sentiment. Those who were present at the International Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876 will remember it as a magnificent scene, worthy of the great nation whose one-hundredth birthday it was intended to celebrate. But the most remarkable feature of all the splendid scene was not the collection of treasures from all quarters of the globe, nor the unrivalled beauty of the grounds. That great pageant was held especially to commemorate the throwing off of their allegiance to George III. by the old Colonies, and their solemn determination to abide by that decision to the death. His granddaughter, reigning in his stead, sent her representatives to join in the celebration, and the British Court exceeded, as was universally admitted, that of every other foreign nation in splendour. Had any of the actors in the bloody scenes of the American Revolution ventured to predict that one short century would have worked such a wondrous change, he would have been deemed either mad or disaffected.

The visit of the Prince of Wales in 1860 had done much to produce kindly feelings in the American people. The Exhibition in Philadelphia tended largely to deepen those feelings, and at length all the remaining bitterness which had sprung from the bloodshed of the previous century was buried with the Queen's wreath of flowers in the grave of President Garfield.

All who have read, even in the most cursory way, the history of the American Revolution, must remember the bitter taunts and reproaches to which Benjamin Franklin, as the representative in London of the disaffected Colonies, was obliged to submit in silence before the assembled Cabinet of that day. But the iron entered into his soul and he never forgot the indignity. He had his *amende* when some years afterwards he was presented to the King, as the first American Minister at the Court of St. James', in the very same dress in which he was reviled while the Colonies were yet struggling for their independence.

But time has brought round a more remarkable compensation even than this. The genius and work of the American philosopher are now recognised and admired by the nation which once derided him, and even the place of his temporary abode in London is marked as a distinguished spot to be had in reverence of the passers-by. I noticed recently in Craven Street a tablet affixed to a house bearing the following inscription: "Lived here, Benjamin Franklin, Printer, Philosopher, and Statesman. Born 1706, died 1790." If he could have had a vision of that tablet, I doubt if he would have preserved his historical coat with such vindictive care.

There are two features of the English soil which always attract a visitor from the New World—the ancient buildings surrounded by a halo of historical associations, and the charming rural scenery. I know of no more interesting mode in which a day may be spent than by a visit to Westminster Abbey, except perhaps a day spent in the Forum at Rome, as one of

an audience assembled to hear its points of interest described on the spot by one of the resident archaeologists. It just seems to make history real, and to clothe the dim figures of the mighty dead with all the freshness and vitality of the living. And what can be more interesting than to see the best-preserved baronial hall in England at Penshurst Place, and to walk round the ball-room with all its antique furniture just as it appeared when Queen Elizabeth was entertained there?

Accustomed as we are in Canada to boundless extents of forest in its natural state, the almost garden-like cultivation of every available acre of soil in England is at first very attractive. The trim hedges, the sweet-smelling may, the undulating fields, the melody of the lark—whose notes are not heard in Canadian meadows—all make up a scene which both by its intrinsic beauty and novelty is for a time very fascinating; but shall I confess that this feature of fair England at length loses some of its attractiveness for me, and that I long for a glimpse of some limitless reach of forest and mountain and lake as nature made them? I do not know that I am singular in this; some Englishmen have the same longing. In one of Charles Kingsley's letters he mentions that in a part of the glebe at Eversley he had formed, so far as he could, a "forest primeval" for his children. Perhaps this craving for nature is hidden more or less deeply in every heart. Whether this be so or not, he must be very difficult to gratify who feels no emotions of pleasure as he looks round on the smiling fields, the venerable architectural remains, and above all on the moral aspect of a country, the seat of an Empire which has no parallel on earth.

THE ART OF SOUP-MAKING.



AN author has truly said that "Cookery, though a science, is not, and cannot be, an exact science; while the professors of cookery propound their recipes as if it were exact. They give a recipe with so much particularity, that they have to give another and another to cover a different set of particulars not included in the first."

There is a constant controversy going on as to the economy, digestibility, and necessity of soup at the commencement of a dinner; some maintaining that a dinner without it cannot literally be called a dinner; others, prejudiced against "slops," discarding it from their tables altogether; while a few who would gladly, perhaps, take advantage of an opportunity to reduce the meat bills, have only the *will*, being ignorant of the way. The average middle-class wife and mother may have sighed over the items of ribs and sirloins of beef, and legs and shoulders of mutton, and said to herself, "Ah! we must take to having a little soup." With praiseworthy promptitude and zeal, she has perchance opened her cookery-book, of the old extrava-

gant style, and closed it sorrowfully, a sadder, if not a wiser woman, with brain all dizzy from the strings of ingredients, and the long line of knuckles of veal, shins of beef, "old fowls," and slices of ham, which she is commanded to "throw into the stock-pot" if she would insure success.

Now with soup-making, as with all else, once master the theory and the practice is comparatively easy; while, on the other hand, *years* of practice *without* a perfect knowledge of the why and the wherefore will prove of no avail. Let me illustrate my meaning clearly: the would-be soup-maker, in scanning a recipe, discards it as impracticable because she lacks one or more of the ingredients mentioned, while she who grasps the *modus operandi*, owing to her theoretical knowledge, at once substitutes others, or perhaps dispenses with them altogether.

No doubt, in many families, the prejudice against soup has arisen from the fact that it is usually prepared and served in large quantities, instead of, as at the tables of the rich, in small portions, though many of the kinds which I hope to enumerate would furnish in themselves a substantial meal for a growing