

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.

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## 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



child. At any rate, the advantages of commencing dinner with soup are manifest in the saving of the meat bills, and economy practised in utilising scraps of all kinds for the making of the soups, and the comfortable sensation experienced after a little has been taken; for let any person who feels, as the saying goes, "too hungry to eat," swallow a few spoonfuls of soup, and the feeling of exhaustion will quickly pass away. Indeed, a well-known authority has said that nothing tends more to restore the tone of the stomach, and make easier of digestion than which is to follow, than a little soup.

There are three kinds which may be termed everyday soups, viz., clear soups, thick soups, and purées: the first especially suitable for hot weather, and to commence a good dinner; the second and third for colder weather, or when soup constitutes the greater part of the meal.

Cleanliness in every detail is the first thing necessary, and, after that, the gradual bringing to the boil of the stock; many people know very well that it is absolutely necessary that meat for soups, stews, tea for invalids, and the like, should cook as slowly as possible after the liquid simmers; but they are unaware of the great importance of letting the process of ebullition be a slow one. The reason is simple; the more slowly the meat cooks, the more it expands and yields its juices; indeed, it is well to add a spoonful of cold water from time to time, to check the heat and assist in throwing up the scum; for, in the case of clear soups especially, the liquid must be skimmed thoroughly *before* it boils; then, after the simmering has commenced, it must be continuous until the end.

As to the stock itself, in spite of the usual recommendation to keep the stock-pot always simmering, and throw in from day to day whatever in the way of bones and trimmings will yield any nourishment, it is a very great mistake; for, in the first place, the contents will be unequally cooked, and long stewing will spoil the flavour; the stock, that is to say, will have a stale taste if cooked over and over again. It is far better to empty the pot every night, set the stock in a cool place until morning, and skim carefully. Wash out the pot, and if any of the previous day's bones do not seem as dry as they should be, stew them a few hours longer, with any other fresh or cooked bones that may be handy, scraps of meat, ham, bacon, game, or poultry, in fact anything but fish; vegetables *may* be added, but the stock will not keep so long. It is best not to put in seasonings of any kind until it is determined for what sort of soups or gravies they may be required. Those who do not possess a stock-pot may substitute a stew-pan if the lid be a well-fitting one. Keep the steam in and the smoke out; never take off the lid of a saucepan on a smoky fire, but fortunately in these days of close ranges and gas-stoves, the open fire-grates of our ancestors are almost obsolete for cooking purposes.

To commence, then, with purées and thick soups; and for the first it is essential that the whole of the ingredients be rubbed through a coarse wire sieve (those who do not possess one may use a colander), but they

may now be bought very cheaply, with a wire bottom inside the usual holes. Many people will not take the trouble to rub anything through a sieve, but only those who have never proved the advantage will shirk the little extra labour, for the difference in the flavour of soups, curries, &c., thus treated can only be proved after experience. The first lesson I learned in this way was some years ago, on seeing a Frenchman make a delicious "vegetable soup," by throwing all kinds of vegetables and herbs into cold water, the only additions being salt, pepper, and a small piece of dripping. The whole—when the vegetables were quite tender—was rubbed through a sieve. A friend thought the last part of the business quite unnecessary, and served the same kind of soup with the vegetables just cut up, and floating in it, and needless to say the result was *not* satisfactory. Besides, it should be borne in mind that the thorough amalgamation of the ingredients tends to increase the digestive properties of the dish, and this certainly is a point worthy of consideration.

In the case of vegetable soup as above, stock is, of course, superior to water, and then no dripping will be required. A mixture of carrots, turnips, and parsnips in small proportion, onions or shalots, a good supply of fresh parsley, with any other herbs that are liked, and the outer sticks of celery will furnish an excellent soup at a merely nominal cost. The water in which a piece of meat has been boiled will form a good groundwork. The changes may be rung *ad libitum* by adding at one time a kidney cut finely, at another a piece of milt, a cow-heel or calf's foot; and the thickening, too, may be varied almost indefinitely. Pea flour, lentil flour, arrowroot, or wheaten flour, will all answer the purpose, and sago, rice, and tapioca are admissible, while if a few potatoes are used with the other vegetables, the soup will be found thick enough for most people. Carrots should never be peeled, only brushed or scraped; their best flavour and colour are near the surface; indeed, in France the outer part only is used for the best dishes. Turnips, on the contrary, should be thickly pared, as they are pithy and indigestible unless so treated. Curry powder or paste may be used with advantage in thickening this soup. The hot compounds of a few years back are out of date, and there is now no lack of delicious curry powders in the market at a low price. This is a first-rate thing in cold weather, giving zest to the dish and great support—especially if rice be served in or with the dish—to those who partake of it. A pinch of sugar is at all times an improvement to brown soups generally; and whenever Spanish onions are out of season, if English-grown ones are parboiled with some sugar, and the first water thrown away, their strong flavour will be considerably reduced. Leeks when obtainable are valuable for soup, so are shalots, the flavour being so mild.

With regard to seasoning, be careful at first. Some people put in sufficient salt to season the whole, forgetting that although two quarts of liquid can be boiled down to half the quantity, the salt *does not* evaporate, therefore it is best to defer, at any rate, part of the seasoning until nearly the end. Celery seed may



always take the place of fresh celery, but it must be very cautiously used—a salt-spoonful is quite enough for a gallon of soup; a bottle sufficient for a year's use in ordinary families may be bought for a shilling. Mixed herbs, too, must not be forgotten by those who would excel in soup-making, as they not only impart flavour, but develop more fully that of the vegetables, meat, &c., of which the soup is compounded. In the case of white soups, when milk is added, it should be brought separately *just* to the boil, and then put in at the last moment of serving, just as cream is in the *richest* white soups. Eggs should be stirred in off the fire—never boiled in the soup, or it will curdle—then returned for a moment to the range and well stirred.

Nothing, perhaps, makes a more nutritious purée than haricot beans or lentils; thorough washing of the latter especially is the first thing, then several hours' soaking and very slow boiling, followed by a vigorous rub through the sieve. Tomatoes, too—those sold in

tins will be quite good enough—furnish a tasty dish at a small cost. When the soup is required to be brown, a little sauce or ketchup and some browning should be added, and the meat and vegetables first fried a little. For white soups the vegetables only, not the meat, may be cooked in a little fat without taking any colour. This is a process known as "sweating," or, better still, "steaming;" a few minutes will suffice, then the cold water or stock should be poured over; soup thus made has a very superior flavour. A purée of green peas (than which there is no better) is rendered still more delicious if the shells are cooked in the stock, which must be strained off before the peas are added. I have by no means exhausted my list of purées, but sufficient has been said, I trust, to give the amateur a fair idea of how to commence; other kinds may have attention (space permitting) in a future paper, together with recipes for clear soups, but it is best to try one's prentice hand on the thick kinds.

L. HERITAGE.

## AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

BY THE REV. A. H. MALAN, M.A.

THIRD PAPER.—PORTRAITURE.



PRINT I.—"VIGNETTE."  
(From a Photograph by the Author.)

**S**TRANGE as it may seem, this is the least satisfactory branch of his art to the amateur. He is unfairly handicapped, yet he is required to produce portraits equal in merit to those taken by others who have facilities altogether beyond his own reach. His friends know little about his disadvantages, and care less; they are content with the fact that when they go to a "real photo-

grapher" they "come out" nice-looking people; when an amateur takes them they come out frights. Let us analyse this matter for one moment. To begin with, the thing is looked at from opposite points of view. The amateur—at least while in the early stage—aims only at technical excellence—a good photograph. If people will not put on pleasant expressions he laments the omission, but does not rate his work thereby; whereas sitters naturally care only for their looks, and, moreover, have a curious knack (with, of course, the exception of the reader and the writer) of expecting to come out far better-looking than they actually are.

Now the real photographer has a studio, with well-arranged side and roof windows, facing north, inde-

pendent of the sun. His lighting is ready-made; a thousand previous attempts, under precisely the same conditions, have made a badly-lighted model almost an impossibility. He has a portrait lens of large calibre, which will take a likeness in two or three counts; a head-rest for nervous folk; also a clever re-toucher.

And how is it with the much-abused amateur? Well, he wants to take a portrait of somebody, and as it is raining and blowing he ushers his guest into a sitting-room. Then he shuffles about the furniture, arranges the person near the window, and prepares for action, when—the sun blazes out: furniture, camera, and sitter must undergo a fresh re-arrangement. That effected, his small-apertured lens requires at least a dozen counts, during which, possibly, the sitter wobbles, and must be taken again. Or there may be no wind or rain, so he tries his luck outside; takes some portraits, as he thinks, on the whole creditably; and then, when the proofs are presented to the originals, there follow the usual comments:—"Anyhow, I'm not like *that*; I've no hollow in my cheek!" "What an expression! I suppose it was the light."

"I always *do* take badly; but why is my nose covered with black specks?—Perhaps you poured on the acid

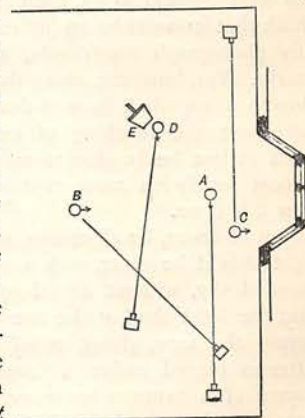


Fig. 1